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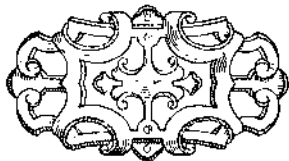
English poetry

OF THE *Seventeenth Century*



English poetry

OF THE *Seventeenth Century*



SELECTED AND EDITED BY
ROBERTA FLORENCE BRINKLEY

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
COUCHER COLLEGE

REVISED EDITION

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preface

THE PURPOSE of this revision of *English Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*, as of the original edition, is to provide an anthology of somewhat different type from others available. Not restricted to the lyric, it furnishes sufficient material from representative poets to give some conception of the rich variety of the century in types, in experimental verse forms, and in ideas, without offering an exhaustive treatment or a confusing multiplicity of examples. The book is designed for both the general reader who wants a real acquaintance with the century and the special student of the period. Figures primarily Renaissance in mood have been omitted even when they overlapped the Seventeenth Century in chronology; but since Spenser's influence carries over into the century and reaches even the greatest figure, a group of the Spenserians has been included. Although Milton is readily available and is frequently studied in a separate course, some of his poetry is included in order that the other writers may be seen in relation to this dominant figure and that teachers who offer a general period course may have convenient material showing Milton's different moods. No excerpts from *Paradise Lost* are given because the editor feels that the poem should be read in its entirety. In fact, it is a basic principle of the edition that complete poems or large divisions, such as cantos or eclogues, should be offered. Excerpts are given in only a few cases when it seemed possible and desirable to illustrate ideas or style in brief compass.

The publishers found from their experience with the first edition that they had limited too strictly the content of the book, and therefore they asked the editor for an expansion of material. An effort has been made throughout the anthology to expand only where the inclusion of additional poems would be of real advantage either in emphasizing ideas already presented or in illustrating new points. Three additional poets are also represented, making twenty-eight

in this edition. For those who stress the metaphysicals, Henry King has been chosen, primarily for his haunting poem "The Exequy"; for those who wish a complete survey of the century, Dorset and Sedley have been added.

Some of the short biographical sketches have been completely rewritten, and others have been revised in the light of new documentary material. An attempt has been made to maintain the original plan of depicting the personality of the various figures without abandoning the sequence of events or the essential dates. The purpose in trying to reach this balance is to bring to life the stimulating individuals represented by these old names.

The introduction, designed to give a condensed account of some of the outstanding ideas of the century, has been slightly expanded, and in some parts revised. In order to bring out the relations of the poets to this background, the chronological order of arrangement has been kept. The bibliography, which provides a brief reference list of obvious material for supplementary study, has been brought up to date.

Since the editor has prepared the text for the reader inexperienced in Seventeenth Century spelling and orthography, the old forms of spelling have been retained only where they affect rhyme or rhythm; punctuation has been modernized; elisions in many cases have been expanded; and unnecessary capitals and italics have been eliminated.

In the first edition the editor expressed thanks to the staff of the Library of Congress for their generous co-operation; to Dean Dorothy Stimson of Goucher College and to Dr. James G. McManaway, then of Johns Hopkins University and now of the Folger Shakespeare Library, for reading the essay on the period; to Dr. McManaway and the late Dr. Ray Heffner, then of Johns Hopkins University, for consultation regarding the bibliography; and to her sister, the late Sarah Gibson Brinkley, for reading all the original material and giving constant advice on the problems of editing. In connection with this edition the editor

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wishes also to express appreciation for the suggestions of additional material which were made by Dr. Alexander M. Witherspoon of Yale University and by Dr. Robert R. Cawley of Princeton University, as well as for more casual suggestions from other colleagues in the field; to Dr. J. Milton French of Rutgers University for advice on several points; and to Dr. William Riley Parker of Ohio State University for some very helpful detailed criticism, especially in connection with Milton and Vaughan.

ROBERTA FLORENCE BRINKLEY

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English poetry

OF THE *Seventeenth Century*

THE Seventeenth Centura in England

THE MODERN world evolved in the seventeenth century. The ideas which are basic in our thought were developed and systematized from an embryonic and chaotic state by the zeal and almost superhuman efforts of the giant intellects that dominate the period. These ideas did not come forth without conflict: the monarchy was overthrown and then restored; the church suffered an upheaval; and religious faith felt the impact of the materialistic view resulting largely from the new science. The very turn of the century is marked not only by an attempt to crush out the new science but also by the beginning of experimental methods. It was in 1600 that Bruno, who accepted and expanded the Copernican idea of the universe, suffered martyrdom and that William Gilbert published the first great scientific work to be published in England, *On the Magnet, on magnetic bodies, and on the earth as a great magnet, a new physiography, demonstrated by many arguments and experiments*. In differentiating between arguments and experiments, Gilbert led the way toward the true scientific method.

The century is marked by a tireless search for truth, regardless of the consequences. Bacon set this keynote when he said, "The inquiry, knowledge, and belief of truth is the sovereign good of human nature." He reasoned against the practice of the schoolmen, who "have withdrawn themselves from the contemplation of nature and experience and sported with their own reason and the fictions of fancy"; he criticized the method of Aristotle, who "did not consult experience in order to make right propositions and axioms, but when he had settled his system to his will, he twisted experience round and made her bend to his system"; and he substituted for these means the scientific method of the wide observation of facts. At the beginning of the century he advanced the idea that man was merely on the threshold of

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truth and must assume the obligation of adding to the store of the world's knowledge.

The need of more practical means for the discovery of truth was answered by the development of mechanical instruments to insure precision. The first of these was the telescope. It gave evidence to the physical sense which reason alone could not have fathomed, and it revolutionized man's conception of his relation to the universe and to God by furnishing physical evidence of the Copernican theory. The Ptolemaic system had made the earth and man the focal point of the universe and of God's attention. The extent of space was comprised within ten concentric spheres, limited, patterned, accountable. The Copernican system, however, changed the fixed center from the earth to the sun and greatly extended the conception of space, though leaving it still bound by the outer sphere of fixed stars. Bruno, in interpreting the Copernican theory, gave evidence that there were no bounds to space and that man is on the smallest of countless universes, whirling in illimitable space about the sun. The sudden projection into infinity staggered man's imagination and necessitated a thorough-going readjustment of his ideas. In the first place, the heliocentric theory of the universe was held to be contrary to the Scriptures: it changed the location of heaven and hell and violated the literal interpretation of various passages, which were eagerly cited as evidence against the new theory. In the second place, it revealed that the stars, which according to the old belief governed man's fate by their influence, were other worlds, remote and not concerned about man's affairs. Comets, long held to be miraculous portents of death and disaster, were discovered to have a place in this universe; and their supernatural powers vanished when it was found that their return could be accurately predicted. The old science of astrology had to pass. Speculations arose as to whether other creatures dwelt upon these newly discovered worlds and vied with man for the attention of a God suddenly lost in an infinity of space, and whether voyages

could be made to the moon. Comedy, satire, and serious study reflect the different attitudes of thought concerning the possibility of such a voyage and the nature of the inhabitants of the moon. The telescope became increasingly popular, and even literature is full of references to it: in Daniel's masque *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, for example, a sibyl used a telescope to describe the goddesses, who descend from a mountain; and in *Paradise Lost* Milton's recollection of the appearance of the moon's surface as he had seen it through Galileo's telescope in Fiesole was used in figuratively portraying Satan's shield. In Restoration England a private individual might have a telescope on top of his house, as did Pepys, for the entertainment of his friends or join the crowds which gathered to look through the great telescope in St. James's Park. The Royal Society spent much time in improving the instrument and recording observations made under various conditions.

A second mechanical instrument which changed man's thoughts about himself and his world was the microscope. This revealed to him the marvelous perfection of his body in even its most minute organisms, and the structural infinity and complexity of tissue. He learned many things about the structure of the human organs and for the first time became acquainted with the basic facts of modern physiology. The discovery of the capillaries added the final proof to Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood; the corpuscular composition of the blood was ascertained; and vast realms of living creatures of which man had never dreamed became visible. The microscope led also to the study of plant anatomy and to a classification of plants based upon structure instead of upon a description of external appearance. Furthermore, sex was recognized in plants and the primary facts in plant reproduction were understood. Nature seemed excessive, terrifying in its fecundity. Milton expresses this idea in *Comus* when he speaks of the seas with their "spawn innumerable," the teeming earth, and the air crowded with birds. Man felt overwhelmed by the stupen-

dous sweep of the new cosmos, so crowded with worlds and packed with creatures; and a spirit of melancholy became prevalent. Some would not accept the evidence of the senses; others refused to look through the telescope and the microscope, holding that faith must be preserved even if it meant the denial of actuality. With great humor Galileo wrote to Kepler of a professor of philosophy at Pisa who tried "with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations, to charm the new planets out of the sky."¹

Donne said that the "new philosophy calls all in doubt," but the disturbing evidence to the physical senses afforded by these two instruments was less significant than the profound shock to faith occasioned by the development of mathematics and the application of the laws of mathematics to astronomy and physics. The importance of the gift of the seventeenth century in mathematical notation can hardly be overemphasized, for modern algebraic symbols were first originated. Other very significant developments were: the decimal system, analytical geometry, logarithms, and calculus. Tycho Brahe and Copernicus had been obliged to make their computations through laborious arithmetical processes. If no quick and accurate method of computation had been devised, the century could never have made the steps of progress which it achieved, for the new mathematics made it possible to work out the laws of nature through formulae. The application of mathematical laws to the phenomena of motion led men to see that nature operated by laws which could be depended upon as invariable and to question whether God were necessary to the mechanism of the universe. Descartes argued that there was no place for an active Providence who could interfere in the working of these laws. The development of mathematics also led to greater confidence in reasoning, and fuller reliance on the rational. The determination of the unknown from the known, the steps in analytical generalization, the trustworthiness of the law of cause and effect—all these were found valuable not

¹ Quoted by O. Lodge in *Pioneers of Science* (1893), p. 106.

only in science but also in the more abstract realm of philosophy.

In the mental confusion which resulted from the conflict between science and religion, some found a safe retreat in mysticism, where the individual could depend upon the personal experience of religious ecstasy instead of upon the evidence of his senses. Donne in *The Second Anniversary* questions the soul:

When wilt thou shake off this pedantry
Of being taught by sense and fantasy?²

Browne thinks that faith is strengthened by being challenged, and holds that there are not enough doubts for an active faith to overcome. Direct communion with God will give all one needs to know, and this contact can be secured through contemplation or found revealed in nature and the happy innocence of childhood. Donne, Herbert, and Crashaw are the poets of mystic contemplation; Vaughan and Traherne, of nature and childhood. Milton, on the other hand, holds that the new science is based on theories and that theories are relatively unimportant. Others follow Hobbes in the denial of faith and the acceptance of a purely materialistic philosophy, or Descartes in the separation of faith and reason by the theory of dualism.

In contrast with the disturbance of faith by science was the increased knowledge of the Bible and interest in religious thought resulting from the publication of the King James Version in 1611. The way in which the Biblical phraseology and ideas permeated the thought of the entire century is revealed by the literature of the period. It molds the style of many of the writers in prose, accounting for the sonorous tones of Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, and Milton; it becomes the substance and form of the graphic allegories of Bunyan; it stirs the poets to epic conceptions—*Christ's Victory and Triumph*, *The Apollyonists*, *Davideis*, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*; it bears fruit in a drama conceived

² Lines 290-92.

in the classical mold, *Samson Agonistes*, and in a great satire, *Absalom and Achitophel*; and it is the inspiration of the lyric poets—Drummond, Wither, Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, Traherne, Crashaw, Quarles, and Herrick.

Gradually the mind worked its way out of the first reaction of gloom, which led to skepticism on the one hand and to blind faith and retreat into mysticism on the other, and became aware that the new theory of the universe was a stupendous challenge to a broader view and not a destructive attack on faith. A creator who could conceive of the grandeur of an infinity of worlds and originate laws to give order to their motion was a greater god than a being who could conceive of only a limited universe. As man began to discover realms of knowledge of which he had previously been unaware, he saw that apparent lack of order in the world as he knew it might be attributable to man's restricted view and not to the plan. Perhaps there was a rational scheme of which man's puny mind could only dimly conceive. Late in the century Blackmore in his poem *The Creation* phrases the idea that if one could understand the entire system of worlds, faith would be strengthened rather than decreased:

Would not this view convincing marks impart
Of perfect prudence and stupendous art?

The idea of ordered systems of worlds was paralleled in the realm of creatures by a revival of the ancient conception of a "scale of nature" or "chain of being." No one species could ascend beyond its link in the chain or usurp the realm of the other, nor could the vegetable world encroach upon the animal. Evidence for such a law lay in the theory that without its existence chaos would prevail.

In this way man once more adjusted himself to the natural world, but he could not find his old complacency. His mental vision had been expanded by the new light it had received, and with enthusiasm and unremitting effort the intellectual leaders set out to explore the powers of the mind and to in-

crease knowledge and understanding. It had become evident that the way to reach truth was through greater accuracy in observations and that to be accurate one must have adequate tools for measurement. The invention of the barometer, thermometer, air pump, and pendulum clock marks other steps of progress in science. Indeed, Robert Hooke, one of the members of the Royal Society, thought it might be possible to gain all knowledge through instruments; and man's ability to invent and discover did appear to be unlimited.

It soon became evident that more could be accomplished through a combination of efforts, and by 1645 a group of interested men were collaborating in their attempt to advance scientific knowledge. This group was known as the "Invisible College." It met first in London during the time of the greatest disturbance of university life in the civil war period, and later divided upon the return of some of the members of the group to Oxford. The London group is associated with Gresham College and forms the nucleus of the Royal Society, which was finally chartered in 1663. By the formal organization of the Royal Society public recognition was made of the national need of cooperation in furthering knowledge. Through correspondence and the visits of foreign scientists cooperation was, indeed, made international. Experiments were performed, inventions demonstrated, and data accumulated; and a careful record of all proceedings was kept in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

As the century advanced it became apparent that scientific principles and laws could be applied to practical affairs. The principle of accuracy and exactness was evidenced even in speech and writing. The Royal Society cultivated "a close, naked, natural way of speaking; positive expressions; clear senses; a native easiness; bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can." Bishop Wilkins, a member of the Society, even attempted to find a symbolic language which would be as exact as is notation in mathematics. The fundamental postulate that certain causes in-

evitably produce certain results was applied to the study of governments; the laws of statistics were applied by Sir William Petty to population and trade; and the principle of balance, by Harrington to property.

The search for truth was carried over into the realm of human nature, and the study of man's mind and attitudes originated. Types of character were analyzed in the *Character Books* and portrayed by Jonson on the stage. History was interpreted through personality by Bacon in his *Henry VII*. Biographical writing became popular, and the carefully ascertained facts of a person's life were seen to be as essential to the understanding of his nature as was the close noting of his manners and eccentricities which made the more vivid portrait. Anthony Wood's facts and Aubrey's anecdotes were both important; and the blending of the two types of material by Walton marks a notable advance in biographical writing. Lyric writers studied and described the emotions. The old conventional pattern of the chivalrous code and idealistic love between man and woman was ruthlessly destroyed by Donne. He analyzed the actual emotions of love, laying bare the diversity of moods: cynicism and idealism, sensuality and purity, gaiety and despair, self-giving and grasping dominance—all are set forth in his poems. He and all the other religious poets of the age also portrayed such emotional states as resulted from the conflict between doubt and faith or the lure of sin and the desire of the soul for God.

The critical temper of mind was also focused upon the traditional conceptions of the Bible and of history. Spinoza in 1670 argued in his *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* that the miracles of the Old Testament could be explained as the workings of laws that it was possible to determine. Father Simon in *Histoire critique du Vieux Testament* attacked the reliability of Scriptural text. Both works were known in England; the latter was translated into English in 1682 and stimulated Dryden to write *Religio Laid*. In history the attempt to sift fact from legend led into zealous research in

the antiquities of Britain. The fabulous account of the settlement of Britain by Brutus, descendant of ^Eneas, and of the incredible exploits of its heroes, including Arthur, was discarded. The monuments of Britain, old coins, old burial urns, old manuscripts—all could throw light on the past and help to separate truth from fiction. The Antiquarian Society, like the Royal Society, shows the appreciation of cooperative effort. Manuscripts were collected and transcribed; scholars in their enthusiasm frequently worked thirteen and fourteen hours a day at copying materials. Courteous exchange of valuable manuscripts and of transcriptions was made with foreign scholars. The generosity of the great collector of manuscript material is illustrated by the hospitality of Sir Robert Cotton, which made available his library for the constant use of scholars.

One of the most far-reaching results of the new realism was the conflict which immediately originated between authority and freedom. Cromwell's words, "Bethink you that you may be mistaken," might be used as a motto for the intellectuals. Intellectual life had long been based upon the authority of books and abstract theory, not upon the actualities of experience. The method employed by the medieval schoolmen to arrive at truth was the method of deduction from some general principle assumed to be true, but not tested for its truth by observation of fact. Such a method led to emphasis on a process of reasoning founded upon opinion, and often amounted to no more than the spinning out of words. Though Bacon admired the ancients, he saw that truth could be reached only after the mind had been liberated from the bondage of blind acceptance of the principles set up by the ancient writers, particularly Aristotle, and of the method of syllogistic reasoning perfected by the medieval schoolmen. Like Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar Errors*, Bacon set out to meet the "Goliath and Giant Authority." Men should not make the ancients their dictators, he said, for "knowledge derived from Aristotle will at most rise no higher than the knowledge of Aristotle."

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Authority, he held, should be tested by reason and experiment; one should not be satisfied merely with theoretical arguments; but with a critical temper of mind, a spirit of inquiry, and a willingness to defer judgment over a period of time, one should observe things as they are and base opinion upon facts, not words. Bacon began a controversy over the relative value of the ancients and the moderns, which centered at first in the fields of science and philosophy but later in the century extended into the realm of literature.

One phase of the conflict between the ancients and the moderns in literature found expression in the new criticism, which went back to the ancients for models and standards. The establishment of the neo-classical rules is not due solely to French influence; there is a continuous movement toward a norm from Sidney, through Ben Jonson, to Dryden. This movement is in part an effort to gain the sophistication of maturity. The setting up of social codes, the development of satire, the critical temper of the age, the growing rationalism, the influence of scientific thought—all these contribute to the changing style in literature. The Jacobean and Caroline literature was considered too unrestrained. It was individual and emotional; freedom of expression led to violation of good taste; and imagination and fancy were not sufficiently curbed. Experimentation in verse forms had produced such oddities as stanzas shaped to form altars, crosses, and wings. Waller in his poem on the Earl of Roscommon's translation of Horace expresses the reaction against the literature of the first half of the century:

Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill-governed, in the clouds is lost.

The literary world became as weary of such exuberance as the political world of violence, and in both realms there arose the desire for stability. Early in the century Ben Jonson had shown in *Timber* that the classical writers had many valuable suggestions for the English. He pointed the way to the improvement of English literature when he told Drum-

mond that the study of Quintilian would correct the defects of his writing. The scientific point of view also influenced literature: regular and dependable laws had been discovered in nature, and it was thought that laws of composition might be discovered in literature. The only field of research was in the writing of past ages. Jonson does not, however, advocate the "rules" drawn from the medieval interpretation of Aristotle, but a return to the primary sources. These are to be followed "as guides, not commanders," for "we have our own experience, which, if we will use and apply, we have better means to pronounce." In Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* the relative values of ancient and modern literature are left balanced. Dryden advocated the analytical study of literature as it is and advanced the idea that although conformity to law generally improved literature, sometimes violation of law, as in the case of Shakespeare, was compensated by other qualities. But even Dryden felt with many others of his age that Shakespeare could be improved, and illustrated his theory by adapting *Antony and Cleopatra*. He did not depreciate native English genius but felt that it would gain by conforming to certain basic laws. He also urged the merits of rhyme on the ground that it acted as a restraint to an over-luxuriant fancy, for he felt that the overflow of the romanticists needed to be limited by the bounds of the closed couplet.

The literary quarrel over the ancients and moderns was not, however, limited to criticism; it found expression again in Sir William Temple's *An Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning* (1690) and in Swift's *Battle of the Books* (1704), which took the discussion over into the eighteenth century.

Milton saw that freedom must be given also to the expression of thought and wrote his magnificent *Areopagitica*, protesting the act to re-establish the censorship of the press in 1643. His plea for the freedom of the press is one in principle with his constant plea for liberty—social, intellectual, religious, or political. In this work he establishes the prin-

ciple upon which the more specialized arguments may be based: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties." In a glowing defense of man's reason and the cause of truth he argues for freedom of intellectual activity as a foundation for national progress.

In education there was also a definite break with authority—the authority of the medieval scholastic system. Bacon was the first to see that there should be a humanitarian ideal back of learning, and in both *The Advancement of Learning* and the *New Atlantis* he sets forth the ideal that the "gift of reason" is for "the use and benefit of mankind" and that knowledge is "a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate." Cowley reiterates this aim in his *Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*. Milton turns the humanistic ideal definitely toward the academic system, defining "a complete and generous education" as "that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

Music was affected by its release from the authority of the church. When the Puritans forbade the use of music in the church, composers who had looked on music as primarily the handmaid of religion began to concentrate their attention upon the development of secular music. The Puritans had no quarrel with music itself; they opposed the elaborate church music as they did the richly carved high altars, and saw to it that both disappeared. But England was still a singing nation, Puritan no less than Cavalier. It was a Puritan parson in Jonson's *Epiccene* who "sat up late of night, singing catches"; Cromwell himself had an organ, and engaged an orchestra of forty-eight pieces to play when his daughter married.³ Vocal solos became more popular, and the musical settings for the excellent lyrics of the time were carefully fitted to the metrical pattern. During the Commonwealth much music was published, and in 1657 the Puritan Council

³ Scholes, *The Puritans and Music*, p. 5.

appointed a Committee for the Advancement of Music.⁴ By the Restoration, English music was ready to profit by contact with French music. The break with traditional religious concepts, and the skeptical and intellectual attitude made impossible the old mystical expression which had characterized the music of worship. Music also became more intellectual, with more emphasis on structure and less on emotion. The experimental spirit of the age led to much experimentation in music, and many advances were made. There was great activity in the development of musical instruments, the laws of vibration were studied, and innovations in musical theory were promoted. Even Mr. Pepys entertained himself by inventing "a better theory of musique than hath yet been abroad." Purcell, in whom the new music of the century culminated, not only tried all the known forms of music but also developed other forms. The emphasis upon definiteness and clarity of pattern in music reveals the same temper of mind that is shown by precision in science and mathematics or by neat exactness in literary expression.

This conflict between authority and freedom took place not only in literature, the press, education, and music, but also in the civil, religious, and philosophical ideas. King James I had come to England claiming full power by the "Divine Right of Kings." He was "as God" to his subjects and claimed to hold over them the power of life and death. To the people this authority seemed a contradiction of their old laws and personal rights; they held that the law was supreme and that the king contracted with his subjects to see that the law was carried out. In the attempt to establish the precedent of early times, scholars and lawyers turned to a study of the Common Law. Many of the documents, however, were in Anglo-Saxon, and through long neglect that language had been completely lost. The restoration of the vocabulary and grammar is one of the most thrilling of all the miracles of literary achievement. From the likeness of Anglo-Saxon words to the Dutch and from the use of familiar

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 282-86.

materials, such as the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, or of the *Aeneid* "Scottished," an understanding of the language finally emerged. Parliament, convinced by this study that supreme authority was vested in the law, set out to maintain the rights of the people; and the rebellion was on.

As in all periods of war, the conflict had its impact upon the writers. The reactions were of as many different sorts as there were different temperaments, making a vivid cross section of human response. Suckling is the man of action. He drops his pen and is off to join the Scottish expedition, lavishing his wealth on the equipment of his troop in order to make a brave show before the enemy. Waller, on the other hand, works with "covert guile," fomenting a plot within the capital itself in the hope of restoring it to the king. Down in Devonshire Herrick is apparently insensible to the great upheaval that is going on; and when the Puritan forces eject him from his parish, he hastens joyfully to London to see his poems through the press. Wither, though he had enjoyed the patronage of Princess Elizabeth, seems never to have been a whole-hearted Royalist and swings over to Cromwell's side, sells all that he has to aid the cause, and becomes a captain in the Parliamentary forces. Cowley goes to France with the Queen's Party and devotes himself to dangerous secret negotiations. Milton gives up his carefully planned literary program and consecrates his talent and rare scholarship to writing in liberty's defense, even though he recognizes that such writing is done, as he says, with his left hand. Of such men we might well say, "Not of an age, but for all time."

Diametrically opposed to the idea of the sovereignty of the law and the responsibility of the king in maintaining his part of the governmental contract is the idea set forth by Hobbes two years later in the *Leviathan*. To him the social contract does not mean mutual responsibility but the delegation, once and for all, of authority to a supreme power. To attain peace and security, the people must focus in the king all authority, both civil and religious, and merge all individual rights in the rights of this all-powerful state or

Leviathan so established. Certainly Hobbes's theory seemed ratified by the failure of the Commonwealth. Hobbes held that man's nature is naturally evil and that the only check upon it is external law. Milton's explanation for the failure of the Commonwealth, however, is that the nation had not learned that true freedom lay in self-control through the dominance of the power of reason. The removal of external authority therefore led to the substitution of license for liberty. *Paradise Lost* is the literary interpretation of this age. Here Milton shows that true liberty in "right reason dwells/" and that without the guidance of reason "all the upstart passions rise/" snatching the reins of government in the individual life and bringing about a state of anarchy. Outer authority, he says, is only an indication of the loss of inner authority, the dominance of the rational. Others find an explanation for the chaotic conditions in the rise of the middle class and its insistence upon social equality, an advance which broke the order sustained by the "chain of being." The failure of the Commonwealth necessitated the Restoration, and it seemed that once more authority and the upper classes were dominant. But a nation that had beheaded a king could depose a king, and when the old conflict between authority and freedom was augmented by the fear of Catholicism and its implication of authority in religion, James II had to flee the kingdom. Meanwhile Locke added the support of his great name to the social contract theory, arguing that the supremacy lay in the will of the people. When William of Orange accomplished the bloodless revolution in 1688, the modern nation had already arisen and the major source of power lay in Parliament.

The Parliamentarians, who had fought to gain freedom from the authority of the king, fought also for liberty in religious beliefs and practices. They believed that men had a right to think for themselves in religion; but having overthrown the authority of the church, they themselves would have shown the very intolerance they had put down had not Cromwell restrained them. Under Cromwell general liberty

of worship was sustained, including that of the Jews; intolerance was shown only to the Catholics, who represented the power of authority. This breadth of thought was not maintained after the Restoration, and Charles II introduced strict laws against the Dissenters. It was not until the Act of Toleration in 1689 that the separation of the church and the state advocated by Milton really came into being. Locke's *Letter Concerning Toleration* is another landmark in the development of modern thought, in its logical distinctions between the provinces of civil government and religion. Beginning with 1689, freedom of worship was granted to all sects except the much-feared Catholics and the "heretical" Unitarians.

When we turn to the conflict between authority and freedom in philosophy, it is again Bacon who hurls the challenge. The first step in the advancement of thought is to rid oneself of all the prepossessions which arise from one's natural predisposition, whether racial or individual, from society and the accepted use of words, and from the accepted systems of philosophy. These he calls the Idols. Slowly, by the inductive method, one may then build up reality. Bacon, however, did not try to enter the theological realm. He kept the regions of reason and faith clearly separate, and so there could be no conflict; the end of reason was knowledge, but the end of faith was wonder. Hobbes, on the other hand, recognized only that to which the senses could testify. The only things which were real were the material. These realities were governed by mechanical laws which could be calculated and understood through the study of mathematics. Descartes, the great French philosopher who shaped much of English thought, started, like Bacon, with the principle that one should doubt all things. He conceded a dual reality of matter and the soul, both of which could be rationally understood. In England much sympathy for the philosophy of Descartes and much opposition to that of Hobbes were found in the group called the Cambridge Platonists. They reconciled the duality of matter and spirit by giving reason the control

over the lower realms. Reason is something more than the "Inner Light" of the Quakers or the "Witness of the indwelling Spirit" of the Puritans: it is the very spirit of God, found not in inspired revelation but in a moral law which should be the guiding principle of life. "To follow Reason is to follow God" is the summary of the faith of the Cambridge Platonists as stated by one of their number, John Smith. This belief found realistic expression in a life of positive goodness, recognized as more important than faith in any creed. Milton saw in this rational choice of the good a substitute for the state of innocent goodness in the Garden of Eden, a "Paradise within thee, happier far," and recognized as the "true wayfaring Christian" the one who could distinguish between good and evil and choose good even when his natural desires made evil pleasing to him. Locke approached even more nearly the modern point of view. He broke entirely with traditional knowledge and opinion and set forth the idea that all one can really know is what he learns through experience and his own intellectual effort.

Tools with which to work, freedom from tradition and authority, and confidence in intellectual power were the gifts of this century to mankind. With these in his possession he caught the vision of progress. It is difficult for the modern age to conceive of a time when man looked back to the days of ancient Greece and Rome as the period of perfection and felt that since then the world had been plunging on a downward career toward ultimate destruction. Such, however, was the belief until the changing thought of the seventeenth century prepared the ground for the conception of continuous development. To earlier centuries the increasing age of the world meant only growing remoteness from the vigor of youth. This idea had been fostered by the portrayal of the golden age in classical literature, and it was popularized through the revival of this literature during the Renaissance. The pastorals of Renaissance England are full of it, and Spenser's poetry shows how much it had become a part of the thought of the age. The Christian picture of the state of

innocence before the fall of man became colored by the classical representation of the golden age and gained great popularity in Puritan England. The high point of its expression is in the beautiful portrayal of life in the Garden of Eden in *Paradise Lost*. The Puritans held that the process of degeneration had gone on steadily since the fall and would terminate in the destruction of the world. From the ashes would arise like the phoenix (one of the favorite figures of the seventeenth century) a new heaven and a new earth—a golden age to be anticipated in the future.

When James I was welcomed to the throne of England, the poets and pageant makers used the idea that now Astraea would return to earth and a new golden age would be ushered in. There were no remarkable changes, however, and it was soon apparent that after all it was only the "rusty iron age." To men who accepted the idea that they lived in the iron age and that they were not the equals of the ancients, there naturally came the doubt as to whether nature was still capable of producing men with as great ability, either physical or mental, as those of the past. Old tombs were opened and the bones measured, an experiment which established the fact that men had decreased in physical size. The result was that many believed that nature was losing her power and that not only was man degenerating but also that the universe was diminishing, and even that the very plants and animals were becoming smaller than in previous ages. The controversy over the decay of nature was so current in the reign of James I and the early years of Charles I that the question became the subject of books and was used for disputations in the universities. Bishop Goodman in 1616 wrote a book entitled *The Fall of Man, or the Corruption of Nature Proved by Natural Reason*, which was answered by George Hakewill in 1627 with *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the World*. Hakewill pointed out that belief in the Providence of God was irreconcilable with belief in the decay of nature. In the following year the subject of the decay of nature was used for disputa-

tion at Cambridge; and Milton, in writing the poetical treatment of the subject which was distributed among the audience, *Naturam Non Pati Senium*, argued on the negative.

With the growth of the new science it became apparent that new truths were constantly being reached. Discoveries and inventions were enabling man to attain heights that he had scarcely yet dreamed of. These were marshaled as proof that man was advancing beyond the achievements of the past. There also arose a sense of greater surety, for the laws of nature were found to be invariable and dependable, so that nature could be counted on to carry on her processes without alteration. In the light of the view that knowledge was to be used to meet human needs, man saw that through his own powers he could improve conditions, physical and social, and literally build a "new Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land."

It was with exhilaration that the giant intellectuals attempted to prove themselves equal to the challenge of progress. There was an intensity of eagerness about their work and a spirit of co-operation in a great task that, together with unusual gifts of genius, proved sufficient to meet the demands that arose. With enthusiasm these men set out to enlarge their own mental horizons: Bacon, perceiving that "the sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge," reached forth to take all knowledge for his province; Crashaw wrote of the "large drafts of intellectual day"; and Donne acknowledged a "hydroptic, immoderate desire of human learning." In *The Harmony of the World* Kepler expressed the thankful exultation characteristic of these workers: "That ... for which I have devoted the best part of my life to astronomical contemplations—at length I have brought to light, and recognized its truth beyond my most sanguine expectations." Traherne sums up the new idea: "From the centre to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills all is Heaven before God, and full of treasure: and he that walks like God in the midst of them is blessed." ⁵

⁵ *Centuries of Meditations*, IV, no. 37.

Looking at the progress of this century, one questions why these developments could not have come in the other great age of scientific progress, the period between Pythagoras and Plato in Greece. The seventeenth century, however, fulfilled certain conditions necessary for further advance. There was a change in the type of reasoning: the Greeks turned to the philosophical inquiry of *why* things happen; the seventeenth century studied the more objective question of *how* things happen. Theory was, therefore, replaced by experiment. A convenient and quick system of notation to use in making astronomical computations or in interpreting other phenomena, a system which Greek mathematics had not provided, was developed; and, finally, instruments which made possible more accurate observations were produced. The extraordinary contribution of the century to the history of scientific thought lies back of all the progress in the period and was made possible by the achievements of such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Bacon, Harvey, Kepler, Toricelli, Boyle, and Newton. Throwing off the restraining bondage of authority of all sorts and cooperating in organized effort to increase human knowledge, the leaders in thought used the new tools for accuracy and the new standards of precise thought so effectively that they created the idea of progress and challenged succeeding centuries to move forward in invention, discovery, and thought.

"WHAT if this present were the world's last night?" Donne asks with the abruptness and the startling power characteristic of his poetry. It is the ability to awake the sluggish mind to sudden perception which is one of the basic appeals of Donne. Whatever the method employed to gain this result, we follow him with surprised delight. After more than three hundred years we still feel the spell of his abounding vitality, his intensity of emotion, and the penetration of his mind. It is not strange, then, that many of the younger poets throughout the century recognized a new master, or that when the great Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral wished to destroy the poems of his young manhood, he could not stop their course.

Donne's life, as well as his poetry, is marked by paradox. A student at both universities, he was unable to receive a degree at either because, having been brought up a Roman Catholic, he could not take the required oaths. When he was a young man squandering his wealth and himself in dissipated living in London, he was also poring over books of divinity, trying to settle for himself the relative truth of the Catholic and the Anglican beliefs. Within his own family were martyrs for the Catholic faith: his uncle had been imprisoned and then banished, and his brother Henry had died as the result of imprisonment for his religion. But Donne had to be intellectually satisfied. St. Augustine, Chrysostom, and the rest appear as the carved figures of the saints adorning some cathedral, and his dissipations as the fantastic gargoyles overhanging them. Eventually this devout Catholic family was to see its most brilliant member become one of the greatest Anglican divines. Independently wealthy after he came of age, Donne was to experience a period of subsistence on the charity of friends while the long-sought court preferment was withheld in order to force him into divinity. Finally the greatest celebrator of inconstancy became the most constant of lovers, and the gay sinner, so conscious of

sin that he could never really find peace or quiet serenity.

The exact chronology of Donne's early life is difficult to follow. We know that after preparation, probably by a tutor, he entered Oxford in 1584 and that he was admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1591.¹ Between the two dates he seems to have studied at Cambridge for a while. It may have been during this time also that he was on the Continent. What we do know with some degree of certainty is the emotional history of his young manhood. This is expressed in strange, pulsating poems in which the thought and feeling tear their way through new rhythms, destroying the smooth lyricism characteristic of the Renaissance. The earliest dated poems are three satires of 1593,² which give Donne precedence over Bishop Hall in this field. Donne's satires are portraits of types, which, although modeled upon Persius, show Donne's characteristic closeness of observation and realism of treatment. His love poems reveal his free experimentation in passionate love. Toward women he is utterly cynical; they are all inconstant, man's torture and the satisfaction of desire. Therefore he will range where he wills, variety being "love's sweetest part."

The expedition of Essex to Cadiz afforded Donne both an escape from a morass of infidelity and an opportunity for adventure, and so in 1596 Donne was out of England from June to August. In 1597 he again joined Essex, this time in the unsuccessful Azores Expedition. The expedition was handicapped at the very beginning by a violent storm, which for Donne resulted in a poem of graphic description sent back to his friend, Christopher Brooke. A companion poem, *The Calm*, was produced when the vessel reached the tropics. These two poems mark a departure in lyrical poetry, as they deal with actual details of a real experience. Apparently they made an impression on Ben Jonson, for more than twenty years afterwards, on his visit to Hawthornden, he quoted a part of *The Calm* to William Drummond.

¹ Sparrow, "The Date of Donne's Travels," in *A Garland for John Donne*, pp 131-32

² Gosse, *Life and Letters*, I, 28.

Upon his return to England Donne secured the position of secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. He soon held an important place in the household, was sent abroad on missions of responsibility, and took part in the exciting events in which the Lord Keeper was involved at home, especially the events connected with the defection of Essex. He was also thrown into contact with Anne More, the niece of Lady Egerton and hostess for her uncle after Lady Egerton's death. The sudden love which Donne gave Anne was far more spiritual than any he had previously experienced. It lasted to the end of his life, giving him a steadfastness he had never before known; and it brought the realization that a love which satisfies is the union of spirit as well as body:

Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book.

In 1601 Donne's secret marriage to Anne put an end to his promising career. Anne's father was so enraged that he had Donne and the friends who had assisted in the marriage thrown into prison. He also influenced Egerton to dismiss Donne. Donne had spent his inheritance; and when he regained his freedom and Anne, there followed years of financial insecurity. At first they lived with relatives and then secured an uncomfortable little house in Mitcham. Donne himself spent much time in London trying to obtain an opening with some great patron suitable to his learning and ability. His now steadfast love did not prevent despair. Poverty, the continual sickness of a growing family, and delayed preferment weighed down his spirit; perhaps suicide was justifiable—probably during this time he wrote *Biathanatos*, a pamphlet justifying suicide under certain circumstances; perhaps America would offer a new start. Lady Herbert, the mother of George Herbert, found gracious ways to aid the family, and her encouragement sustained his spirit. During this time his knowledge of divinity enabled him to assist Bishop Morton in arguments against the Catho-

lies. Impressed by Donne's great learning and abilities, Bishop Morton offered him an opening in the church, but in spite of his financial need he declined on the ground that his early life had unfitted him for such a calling.

When things were at the worst at Mitcham, a reconciliation was made with Donne's father-in-law, who agreed to furnish a regular allowance as Anne's dowry. Donne's mercurial spirits rose, and procuring suitable clothing to appear among his friends in high places, he again attempted to gain court preferment. At last, quite by chance, a way opened for at least temporary security. Donne won the patronage of Sir Robert Drury by writing an elegy on the death of his young daughter Elizabeth. Sir Robert removed Donne's entire family from the unhealthy Mitcham house to his own home in London. Later Donne accompanied Sir Robert and his wife to the Continent, though Anne, in ill health and depressed by forebodings, tried to dissuade him. To this parting belong *A Valediction Forbidding Mourning* and *Sweetest Love, I Do Not Go*. The intangible bond between Donne and Anne even in their separation is revealed by Donne's vision of Anne's passing through the room bearing a dead child in her arms. The vision was accounted for later when news came that the expected child had died at birth.

Donne returned to Drury House in 1612 and for a while seems to have been comfortable and happy. He was often with his friends, especially in the congenial group gathered around Lucy, Countess of Bedford, at Twickenham Garden. But sickness came and the loss of several children. Finally, when Donne thought surely to receive a place at court through the influence of a powerful patron, the king, who needed Donne's services for the Protestant cause, refused to prefer him in any field but the church. Donne did not immediately accept. His conscience still troubled him, and his faith had felt the impact of the new science. In his period of study in the 1590's he had recognized that truth could not be reached either easily or quickly:

On a huge hill,
Cragged 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.

Donne turned to further study of divinity and after reaching the conclusion that "reason is our soul's left hand, faith her right," was ordained in 1615. He became the king's chaplain and was granted an honorary degree from Cambridge at the king's personal request. For six years he was a popular preacher at Lincoln's Inn, but he aspired to a higher position. Finally the king granted him the deanship of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Anne had died before Donne's ultimate success, and Donne, frequently in ill health, brooded upon death, a subject which had always had a peculiar fascination for him. He designed his own monument and posed for it wrapped in his winding sheet. He kept a painting of this design by his bedside as a perpetual reminder of death. Six weeks before his death he preached his last sermon, *Death's Duel*, and his congregation felt then that he was preaching his own funeral sermon.

Donne's later years were as burning with consecration as his early years with excesses, and all his religious moods are given in the *Holy Sonnets*. He had himself experienced joy in sin, and he had known the extreme agony of repentance. Out of his experience he poured forth his life to reach men as good and as bad as himself. Never fully at peace as was Herbert, whom he had finally won for the church, he constantly argued to rewin his own faith and tortured himself with the fear that his sin was not fully pardoned. He wanted to give his life completely to God, but unable to reach out with confidence, he pleaded with God violently to take possession:

Batter my heart, three-personed God . . .
That I may rise and stand, overthrow me ...

His troubled mind, his constant study, and his unflagging zeal wore out a body spent with many sicknesses.

Donne's poetry covers a wide range of types: satires, verse letters, epithalamia, elegies, funeral elegies, lyrics, and divine poems. Of these the most interesting are the love lyrics and the divine poems. Observing his own complex psychology in love and religion, Donne gives in these poems an accurate and realistic portrayal of a variety of moods. He widens the range of love poetry, for he revolts against the Petrarchan convention of idealized love and presents all the conflicting moods of a lover. His analysis of emotional states does not, however, follow the experience; it is a part of it. Emotion and mind seem to work simultaneously, so that even while Donne enjoys or suffers, his keen, quick mind observes and analyzes. T. S. Eliot has compared this state to that of a penitent in the confessional,³ but Donne has more accurately described it in his phrase, "a naked, thinking heart."

Donne's poetry has many characteristics which are commonly termed "metaphysical." Dr. Johnson in his *Life of Cowley* gives as the dominant characteristic of metaphysical poetry "*discordia concors*, a combination of dissimilar images or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike." Donne often produces a mental shock by the odd analogies which he uses, yet his figures are never mere adornment or a conscious exercise of intellectual ingenuity as in the poems of some of his followers; they are the spontaneous expression of a fertile and analytical mind, seeking by the least obvious symbols to convey its own activity. Sometimes his conceits are condensed and enumerated until the mind of the reader is taxed by the quick transition from one likeness to another; again they are expanded, as in *A Lecture upon the Shadow*, to the furthest extent that

³ The Percy Turnbull Lectures on Poetry at the Johns Hopkins University, 1933.

Donne's agile wit can push them, and the mind is wearied in pursuing the subtle line of reasoning. In both cases the purpose is to make a precise definition. These figures are new in material as well as in treatment, for they are not drawn in large numbers from mythology, nature, or sensory perception as in the Renaissance, but rather from Donne's wide reading and his contemporary interests. They have an intellectual quality. They come from law, religion, the arts; they show the impact of the new science and the new mathematics; they reveal an interest largely mechanical and technical even in music or the things of daily life.⁴ They are far from Milton's poetic realm of the "simple and sensuous."

In form Donne was frankly experimenting, as his wide structural variety shows. He was deliberately turning away from Elizabethan sweetness and searching for a medium identical in tone with the content. Always dramatic, he electrifies one into attention and produces an excitement in the mind of the reader almost equal to that of his own mind. Sometimes he gains his effect by an abrupt and colloquial beginning, or by hyperbole and paradox, sometimes by a surprising analogy, and again by harsh metrical effects. Especially in the last he reminds one of Browning, who was a great admirer of Donne's poetry.

Though we may analyze in detail the qualities of Donne, we cannot explain his full power. Emotional force, intellectual vitality, and strangeness of style all have their share, but there are flashes of imagination that open up whole vistas of perception and rich harmonies that beat out their peculiar rhythms, which cannot be analyzed. We are sometimes forced to agree with both of Ben Jonson's famous comments: "He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things,"⁵ and "That Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging";⁶ yet Donne's very phrasing and rhythm

⁴ Rugoff, *Donne's Imagery*, gives an excellent analysis.

⁵ *Conversations*, ed. Laing, VII

⁶ *Ibid.*, I,

seem a part of the vigor and intensity of their author, and dissonance, as well as harmony, forms a part of his perennial fascination.

Song

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,¹
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,²
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou beest born to strange sights, 10
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, will tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet. 20
Yet do not; I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will fe
False, ere I come, to two or three.

¹ The mandrake root is forked and therefore supposed to resemble the human body.

² The sirens are here identified with the mermaids.

The Indifferent

I can love both fair and brown;
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays;
 Her who loves liveness best, and her who masks and plays;
 Her whom the country formed, and whom the town;
 Her who believes, and her who tries;
 Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
 And her who is dry cork and never cries.
 I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
 I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you? 10
 Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
 Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out
 others?
 Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
 Oh, we are not; be not you so;
 Let me. and do you, twenty know.
 Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
 Must I, who came to travail thorough you,
 Grow your fixed subject because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
 And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore 20
 She heard not this till now, and that it should be so no more.
 She went, examined, and returned ere long,
 And said, "Alas, some two or three
 Poor heretics in love there be,
 Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy.
 But I have told them, 'Since you will be true,
 You shall be true to them who are false to you.' "

Woman's Constancy

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
 To-morrow when thou leavest, what wilt thou say?

Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
 Or say that now
 We are not just those persons which we were?
 Or that oaths made in reverential fear
 Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
 Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
 So lovers' contracts, images of those,
 Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose? 16
 Or, your own end to justify,
 For having purposed change and falsehood, you
 Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
 Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
 Dispute, and conquer, if I would;
 Which I abstain to do,
 For by to-morrow I may think so too.

The Legacy

When I died last, and, dear, I die
 As often as from thee I go,
 Though it be but an hour ago,
 And lover's hours be full eternity,
 I can remember yet that I
 Something did say, and something did bestow;
 Though I be dead, which sent me, I should be
 Mine own executor and legacy.

I heard me say, "Tell her anon,
 That my self," (that is you, not I) 20
 "Did kill me, and when I felt me die,
 I bid me send my heart when I was gone,
 But I alas, could-there find none,
 When I had ripped me and searched where
 hearts did lie;"
 It killed me again, that I who still was true
 In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
 But colors it, and corners had;
 It was not good, it was not bad,
 It was entire to none, and few had part. 20
 As good as could be made by art
 It seemed; and therefore for our losses sad,
 I meant to send this heart instead of mine,
 But oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

The Message

Send home my long-strayed eyes to me,
 Which, oh, too long have dwelt on thee;
 Yet since there they have learned such ill,
 Such forced fashions,
 And false passions,
 That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain; 10
 But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of pretestings,
 And cross both
 Word and oath,
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes
 That I may know and see thy lies,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish 20
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou art now.

The Triple Fool

I am two fools, I know,
 For loving, and for saying so
 In whining poetry;
 But where's that wise man, that would not be I,
 If she would not deny?
 Then as the earth's inward, narrow, crooked lanes
 Do purge sea-water's fretful salt away,
 I thought, if I could draw my pains
 Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
 Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce, 10
 For he tames it that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art and voice to show,
 Doth set and sing my pain,
 And, by delighting many, frees again
 Grief, which verse did restrain.
 To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
 But not of such as pleases when 'tis read;
 Both are increased by such songs,
 For both their triumphs so are published, 20
 And I, which was two fools, do so grow three:
 Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

The Bait

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will some new pleasures prove,
 Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
 With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,
 Warmed by the eyes more than the sun.
 And there the enamoured fish will stay,
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channel hath, 10
 Will amorously to thee swim,
 Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loth,
 By sun or moon, thou darkenest both;
 And if myself have leave to see,
 I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
 And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
 Or treacherously poor fish beset
 With strangling snare, or windowy net. 20

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
 The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
 Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
 Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou needest no such deceit,
 For thou thyself art thine own bait;
 That fish that is not caught thereby,
 Alas, is wiser far than I.

The Computation

For the first twenty years, since yesterday,
 I scarce believed thou couldst be gone away;
 For forty more I fed on favors past,
 And forty on hopes, that thou wouldst, they might be
 the last.
 Tears drowned one hundred, and sighs blew out two;
 A thousand, I did neither think nor do,
 Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
 Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
 Yet call not this long life, but think that I
 Am, by being dead, immortal. Can ghosts die? 10

Love's Deity

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
 Who died before the god of love was born.
 I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
 Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
 But since this god produced a destiny,
 And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
 I must love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god meant not so much,
 Nor he in his young godhead practiced it;
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch, 10
 His office was indulgently to fit
 Actives to passives. Correspondency
 Only his subject was; it cannot be
 Love till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
 His vast prerogative as far as Jove.
 To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
 All is the purlieu of the god of love.
 Oh, were we wakened by this tyranny
 To ungod this child again, it could not be 20
 I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
 As though I felt the worst that love could do?
 Love might make me leave loving, or might try
 A deeper plague, to make her love me too;
 Which, since she loves before, I am loth to see.
 Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be
 If she whom I love should love me.

The Ecstasy

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
 A pregnant bank swelled up to rest

The violet's reclining head,
 Sat we two, one another's best.
 Our hands were firmly cemented
 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; 10
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.
 As, 'twixt two equal armies, fate
 Suspends uncertain victory,
 Our souls, which to advance their state
 Were gone out, hung 'twixt her and me.
 And whilst our souls negotiate there,
 We like sepulchral statues lay;
 All day the same our postures were,
 And we said nothing, all the day. 20
 If any, so by love refined
 That he soul's 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; 30
 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 mixed souls doth mix again
 And makes both one, each this and that.
 A single violet transplant,
 The strength, the color, and the size,
 All which before was poor and scant,

Redoubles still and multiplies. 40
 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
 Of what we are composed and made,
 For the 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? so
 They are ours, though they are not we; we are
 The intelligences, they the sphere.¹
 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;²
 So soul into the soul may flow,
 Though it to body first repair. 60
 As our blood labors 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
 To 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 revealed may look; 70
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
 But yet the body is his book.

¹ According to medieval teaching the heavenly bodies were moved by "intelligences," which controlled them.

² In the old astrological conceptions the air transmitted the influence of the stars. The body, says Donne, serves as a like medium for the soul.

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 are to bodies gone.

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, 10
 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; 20
 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.
 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.¹ 30
 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 favorites,
 All glory of honors, 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 to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
 Running, it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day. 10

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
 This, or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves, re-
 move. 20

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.

¹ "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." *Luke* 17 33

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. 30

The Good Morrow

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
 Did till we loved? were we not weaned till then,
 But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?¹
 'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desired, 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, 10
 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 mixed equally;
 If our two loves be one, or thou and I 20
 Love so alike that none do slacken, none can die.²

¹ According to legend seven young men of Ephesus, who hid in a cave to escape the persecution of the Christians by Decius, slept on there for two hundred years.

- "If our two loves are *one*, dissolution is impossible; and the same is true if, though *two*, they are always alike. What is simple—as God or the soul—cannot be dissolved, nor compounds, e.g., the Heavenly bodies, between whose elements there is no contrariety."—Grierson.

The Canonization

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love;
 Or chide my palsy, or my gout;
 My five gray hairs, or ruined fortune flout;
 With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve;
 Take you a course, get you a place,
 Observe his honor, or his grace;
 Or the king's real, or his stamped face¹
 Contemplate; what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who's injured by my love? 10
 What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?
 Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my veins fill
 Add one more to the plagu' bill?
 Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,
 Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
 Call her one, me another fly; 20
 We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
 And we in us find the eagle and the dove.
 The phoenix riddle hath more wit
 By us; we two being one, are it.
 So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit;
 We die and rise the same, and prove
 Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
 And if unfit for tomb or hearse
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse; 30
 And if no piece of chronicle we prove,

¹ The king's face appears on the currency.

We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
 As well a well-wrought urn becomes
 The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
 And by these hymns all shall approve
 Us canonized for love;

And thus invoke us: "You, whom reverend love
 Made one another's hermitage;
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
 Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove 40
 Into the glasses of your eyes
 (So made such mirrors, and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomize)
 Countries, towns, courts: beg from above
 A pattern of your love."

The Undertaking

I have done one braver thing
 Than all the worthies did,
 And yet a braver thence doth spring,
 Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart
 The skill of specular stone,
 When he which can have learned the art
 To cut it, can find none.

So if I now should utter this,
 Others, because no more 10
 Such stuff to work upon there is,
 Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within
 Hath found, all outward loathes,
 For he who color loves, and skin,
 Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
 Virtue attired in woman see,
 And dare love that, and say so too,
 And forget the he and she;

20

And if this love, though placed so,
 From profane men you hide,
 Which will no faith on this bestow,
 Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing
 Than all the worthies did;
 And a braver thence will spring,
 Which is, to keep that hid.

Elegy XVI

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
 Or 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 feigned 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,

10

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, 20
 Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness; thou hast read
 How roughly he in pieces shivered
 Fair Orithyia,¹ whom he swore he loved.
 Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have proved
 Dangers unurged; feed on this flattery,
 That absent lovers one in the other be.
 Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
 Thy body's habit, nor mind's; be not strange
 To thyself only; all will spy in thy face
 A blushing womanly discovering grace. 30
 Richly clothed apes are called apes, and as soon
 Eclipsed 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!
 The indifferent Italian, as we pass
 His warm land, well content to think thee page,
 Will hunt thee with lust and hideous rage 40
 As Lot's fair guests were vexed. But none of these,
 Nor spongy hydroptic Dutch shall thee displease,
 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 50
 With midnight's startings, crying out, Oh, oh,

¹ Unable to sigh gently as a lover should, Boreas, the north wind, roughly seized the nymph and bore her away to his home.

² Hospitals.

Nurse, oh, my love is slain, I saw him go
 O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
 Assailed, fight, taken, stabbed, bleed, fall, and die.
 Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
 Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

Song

Sweetest love, I do not go
 For weariness of thee,¹
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter love for me;
 But since that I
 Must die at last, 'tis best,
 To use myself in jest
 Thus by feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
 And yet is here to-day; 10
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way.
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Speedier journeys, since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot add another hour,
 Nor a lost hour recall! 20
 But come bad chance,
 And we join to it our strength,
 And we teach it art and length,
 Itself o'er us to advance.

¹ Written to his wife upon the occasion of Donne's going to the Continent with the Drurys.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
 But sigh'st my soul away;
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
 My life's blood doth decay.

It cannot be
 That thou lov'st me as thou say'st, 30
 If in thine my life thou waste;
 Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
 Forethink me any ill;¹
 Destiny may take thy part,
 And may thy fears fulfil;
 But think that we
 Are but turned aside to sleep;
 They who one another keep
 Alive, ne'er parted be. 40

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 the earth brings harms and fears;
 Men reckon what it did and meant; 10

¹ Walton says that Donne's wife held that "her divining soul boded *her* some ill in his absence"; her fears were fulfilled, for while Donne was away, she gave birth to a dead child.

But trepidation of the spheres,¹
 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 refined
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss. 20

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.

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

And though it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other far doth roam, 30
 It leans, and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect as that comes home.

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

A Lecture upon the Shadow

Stand still, and I will read to thee
 A lecture, love, in love's philosophy.

¹ The reference is to the explanation of the harmless variation in date of the equinox under the Ptolemaic system

These three hours that we have spent
 Walking here, two shadows went
 Along with us, which we ourselves produced;
 But, now the sun is just above our head,
 We do those shadows tread,
 And to brave clearness all things are reduced.
 So whilst our infant loves did grow,
 Disguises did, and shadows, flow 10
 From us and our cares, but now 'tis not so.

That love hath not attained the highest degree,
 Which is still diligent lest others see.

Except our loves at this noon stay,
 We shall new shadows make the other way.
 As the first were made to blind
 Others, these which come behind
 Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
 If our loves faint, and westwardly decline,
 To me thou falsely thine, 20
 And I to thee, mine actions shall disguise.
 The morning shadows wear away,
 But these grow longer all the day;
 But oh, love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light,
 And his short minute after noon, is night.

The Will

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
 Great Love, some legacies: here I bequeath
 Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
 If they be blind, then Love, I give them thee;
 My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
 To women or the sea, my tears.
 Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore

By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give; 10
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad hath been;
 My money to a Capuchin.
 Thou, Love, taughtest me, by appointing me
 To love there where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics,
All my good works unto the schismatics 20
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to a university;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
 My patience let gamesters share.
 Thou, Love, taughtest me, by making me
 Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness; 30
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
 And to my company my wit.
 Thou, Love, by making me adore
 Her who begot this love in me before,
Taughtest me to make as though I gave, when I did but re-
 store.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls,
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels, I to Bedlam give;

My brazen medals unto them which live 40
 In want of bread; to them which pass among
 All foreigners, mine English tongue.
 Thou, Love, by making me love one
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
 For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
 The world by dying, because love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will be no more worth
 Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
 And all your graces no more use shall have 50
 Than a sundial in a grave.
 Thou, Love, taughtest me, by making me
 Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
 To invent, and practice this one way, to annihilate all three.

The Funeral

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm,
 Nor question much,
 That subtle wreath of hair which crowns my arm;
 The mystery, the sign, you must not touch;
 For 'tis my outward soul,
 Viceroy to that, which, then to heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to control,
 And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
 Through every part 10
 Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
 These hairs which upward grew, and strength and art
 Have from a better brain,
 Can better do it; except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain,
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they are condemned
 to die.

Difference of sex no more we knew,
 Than our guardian angels do;
 Coming and going, we
 Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
 Our hands ne'er touched the seals,
 Which nature, injured 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.

The Autumnal

No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace
 As I have seen in one autumnal face.
 Young beauties force our love, and that's a rape;
 This doth but counsel, yet you cannot scape.
 If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame;
 Affection here takes reverence's name.
 Were her first years the golden age? That's true,
 But now they are gold oft tried and ever new.
 That was her torrid and inflaming time;
 This is her tolerable tropic clime.
 Fair eyes! Who asks more heat than comes from hence,
 He in a fever wishes pestilence.
 Call not these wrinkles, graves, if graves they were,
 They were Love's graves, for else he is nowhere.
 Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit
 Vowed to this trench, like an anachorit;
 And here till hers, which must be his death, come,
 He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
 Here dwells he; though he sojourn everywhere
 In progress, yet his standing house is here—
 Here where still evening is, not noon nor night,
 Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
 In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
 You may at revels, you at council, sit.
 This is Love's timber, youth his underwood;

There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,
 Which then comes seasonabliest when our taste
 And appetite to other things is past.
 Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platan tree,
 Was loved for age, none being so large as she, 30
 Or else because, being young, nature did bless
 Pier youth with age's glory, barrenness.
 If we love things long sought, age is a thing
 Which we are fifty years in compassing;
 If transitory things, which soon decay,
 Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
 But name not winter faces, whose skin's slack,
 Lank as an unthrift's purse, but a soul's sack;
 Whose eyes seek light within, for all here's shade;
 Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out than made; 40
 Whose every tooth to a several place is gone,
 To vex their souls at resurrection:
 Name not these living death's-heads unto me,
 For these, not ancient, but antique be.
 I hate extremes, yet I had rather stay
 With tombs than cradles, to wear out a day.
 Since such love's motion natural is, may still
 My love descend, and journey down the hill,
 Not panting after growing beauties; so
 I shall ebb out with them who homeward go. 50

*Twickenham Garden*¹

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
 Hither I come, to seek the spring,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
 Receive such balms as else cure everything;
 But oh, self traitor, I do bring

¹ The country house of Lucy, Countess of Bedford, at Twickenham.

The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
 And can convert manna to gall;
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought
 True paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'Twere wholesomer for me that winter did 10
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh and mock me to my face;
 But that I may not this disgrace
 Endure, nor yet leave loving, Love, let me
 Some senseless piece of this place be;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may groan here,
 Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with crystal vials, lovers, come
 And take my tears, which are love's wine, 90
 And try your mistress' tears at home,
 For all are false that taste not just like mine;
 Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judge woman's thoughts by tears,
 Than by her shadow what she wears.
 O perverse sex, where none is true but she,
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

A Fever

Oh, do not die, for I shall hate
 All women so, when thou art gone,
 That thee I shall not celebrate
 When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die I know;
 To leave this world behind is death;
 But when thou from this world wilt go,
 The whole world vapors with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, goest,
 It stay, 'tis but thy carcass then; 10
 The fairest woman, but thy ghost;
 But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schools that search what fire
 Shall burn this world, had none the wit
 Unto this knowledge to aspire,
 That this her fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
 Nor long bear this torturing wrong,
 For much corruption needful is
 To fuel such a fever long. 20

These burning fits but meteors be,
 Whose matter in thee is soon spent.
 Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
 Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet 'twas of my mind, seizing thee,
 Though it in thee cannot persevere;
 For I had rather owner be
 Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

An Anatomy of the World¹
The First Anniversary

There is not now that mankind which was then,
 When as the sun and man did seem to strive
 (Joint tenants of the world) who should survive;
 When stag, and raven, and the long-lived tree,

¹ This poem was written to commemorate the death of Elizabeth Drury and is important as an expression of the idea of the decay of the world and of the skepticism aroused by the new science. The first 111 lines, with their fulsome flatten' of Elizabeth Drury, are omitted.

Compared with man, died in minority;
When if a slow-paced star had stolen away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see it again,
And then make up his observation plain;
When, as the age was long, the size was great; 10
Man's growth confessed, and recompensed the meat;
So spacious and large that every soui
Did a fair kingdom and large realm control;
And when the very stature, thus erect,
Did that soul a good way towards heaven direct.
Where is that mankind now? who lives to age,
Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
Alas! we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true made clock run right, or lie.
Old grandsires talk of yesterday with sorrow, 20
And for our children we reserve to-morrow.
So short is life that every peasant strives,
In a torn house, or field, to have three lives.
And, as in lasting, so in length is man
Contracted to an inch, who was a span;
For had a man at first in forests strayed,
Or shipwrecked in the sea, one would have laid
A wager that an elephant or whale
That met him, would not hastily assail
A thing so equal to him; now alas, 30
The fairies and the pigmies well may pass
As credible; mankind decays so soon,
We are scarce our father's shadows cast at noon;
Only death adds to our length; nor are we grown
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old text; or had we changed to gold
Their silver; or disposed into less glass
Spirits of virtue, which then scattered was.
But 'tis not so: we are not retired, but damped; 40
And as our bodies, so our minds are cramped;

'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
 In mind and body both bedwarfed us.²
 We seem ambitious God's whole work to undo;
 Of nothing He made us, and we strive too,
 To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
 Do what we can to do't so soon as He:
 With new diseases on ourselves we war,
 And with new physic, a worse engine far.
 Thus man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom so
 All faculties, all graces are at home
 (And if in other creatures they appear,
 They're but man's ministers, and legates there,
 To work on their rebellions and reduce
 Them to civility, and to man's use),
 This man, whom God did woo, and loth to attend
 Till man came up, did down to man descend;
 This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh, what a trifle, and poor thing he is!
 If man were anything, he's nothing now; 60
 Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
 To his other wants; yet when he did depart
 With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.
 She, of whom the ancients seemed to prophesy,
 When they called virtue by the name of *she*;
 She, in whom virtue was so much refined
 That for allay³ unto so pure a mind
 She took the weaker sex; she that could drive
 The poisonous tincture and the stain of Eve
 Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify TO
 All by a true religious alchemy;
 She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou knowest this,

² In the first quarter of the century this theory of the decay of the world engrossed many minds. The discussion became so popular that the subject was used for debate at both universities. Milton's *Naturam non pavi senium* furnishes the poetical illustration for a fellow-student's disputation. Books were written arguing the subject and philosophic opinion was divided.

³Alloy

Thou knowest how poor a trifling thing man is,
 And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
 The heart being perished, no part can be free,
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernatural food, religion,
 Thy better growth grows withered and scant;
 Be more than man, or thou'rt less than an ant.
 Then, as mankind, so is the world's whole frame 80
 Quite out of joint, almost created lame:
 For before God had made all the rest,
 Corruption entered, and depraved the best;
 It seized the angels, and then first of all
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turned her brains, and took a general maim,
 Wronging each joint of the universal frame.
 The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
 Both beasts and plants, cursed in the curse of man.
 So did the world from the first hour decay; 90
 That evening was beginning of the day,
 And now the springs and summers which we see,
 Like sons of women after fifty be.
 And new philosophy calls all in doubt,⁴
 The element of fire is quite put out;
 The sun is lost, and the earth; and no man's wit
 Can well direct him where to look for it.
 And freely men confess that this world's spent,
 When in the planets and the firmament
 They seek so many new; then see that this 100
 Is crumbled out again to his atomies.
 'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone;
 All just supply and all relation:

* "Copernicus' displacement of the earth, and the consequent disturbance of the accepted mediaeval cosmology with its concentric arrangement of elements and heavenly bodies, arrests and disturbs Donne's imagination much as the later geology with its revelation of vanished species and first suggestion of a doctrine of evolution absorbed and perturbed Tennyson when he wrote *In Memoriam* and throughout his life." (Grierson, I, 188-9).

Prince, subject, father, son are things forgot,
 For every man alone thinks he hath got
 To be a phoenix, and that there can be
 None of that kind of which he is, but he.
 This the world's condition now, and now
 She that should all parts to reunion bow,
 She that had all magnetic force alone, no
 To draw, and fasten sundered parts in one;
 She whom wise nature had invented then
 When she observed that every sort of men
 Did in their voyage in this world's sea stray,
 And needed a new compass for their way;
 She that was best and first original
 Of all fair copies, and the general
 Steward to fate; she whose rich eyes and breast
 Gilt the West Indies, and perfumed the East;
 Whose having breathed in this world did bestow 120
 Spice on those isles, and bade them still smell so,
 And that rich Indy, which doth gold inter,
 Is but as single money, coined from her;
 She to whom this world must itself refer,
 As suburbs, or the microcosm of her,
 She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is;
 And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
 That this world's general sickness doth not lie
 In any humor, or one certain part; 130
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
 Thou seest a hectic fever hath got hold
 Of the whole substance, not to be controlled,
 And that thou hast but one way, not to admit
 The world's infection, to be none of it.
 For the world's subtlest' immaterial parts
 Feel this consuming wound and age's darts.
 For the world's beauty is decayed, or gone,
 Beauty, that's color and proportion.
 We think the heavens enjoy their spherical, 140

Their round perfection embracing all,
 But yet their various and perplexed course,
 Observed in divers ages, doth enforce
 Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
 Such divers down-right lines, such overthwarts,
 As disproportion that pure form; it tears
 The firmament in eight and forty shires,
 And in these constellations then arise
 New stars,⁵ and old do vanish from our eyes;
 As though heaven suffered earthquakes, peace, or war, 150
 When new towers rise, and old demolished are.
 They have impaled within a zodiac
 The free-born sun, and keep twelve signs awake
 To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab control,
 And fright him back, who else to either pole
 (Did not these tropics fetter him) might run:
 For his course is not round; nor can the sun
 Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
 One inch direct; but where he rose to-day
 He comes no more, but with a cozening line, 160
 Steals by that point, and so is serpentine;
 And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
 He means to sleep, being now fallen nearer us.
 So, of the stars which boast that they do run
 In circle still, none ends where he begun:
 All their proportion's lame; it sinks, it swells;
 For of meridians, and parallels,
 Man hath weaved out a net, and this net thrown
 Upon the heavens, and now they are his own.
 Loth to go up the hill, or labor thus 170
 To go to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
 We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
 They're diversely content to obey our pace.
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
 Doth not a Teneriffe or higher hill

⁵ The appearance of a new star in Ophiuchus in 1604 created considerable excitement.

Rise so high like a rock that one might think
 The floating moon would shipwreck there and sink?
 Seas are so deep that whales being struck to-day,
 Perchance to-morrow, scarce at middle way
 Of their wished journey's end, the bottom, die: 180
 And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
 As one might justly think that there would rise
 At end thereof, one of the antipodes.
 If under all, a vault infernal be,
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a straight hot room be thrust)
 Then solidness and roundness have no place.
 Are these but warts and pock-holes in the face
 Of the earth? Think so; but yet confess, in this 190.
 The world's proportion disfigured is;
 That those two legs whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment, are bent awry.
 And, oh! it can no more be questioned,
 That beauty's best, proportion, is dead,
 Since even grief itself, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion.
 She by whose lines proportion should be
 Examined, measure of all symmetry,
 Whom had that ancient seen, who thought souls made 200
 Of harmony,⁶ he would at next have said
 That harmony was she, and thence infer
 That souls were but resultances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies go,
 As to our eyes the forms from objects flow;
 She, who if those great Doctors truly said
 That the ark to man's proportions was made,
 Had been a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary

⁶ The doctrine of the harmony of the soul was attributed to Pythagoras. Probably "that ancient" is Aristoxenus, the musician, who we learn from Cicero held that the soul is a harmony.

Both elements, and passions lived at peace 210
 In her, who caused all civil war to cease;
 She, after whom, what form soe'er we see,
 Is discord and rude incongruity;
 She, she is dead, she's dead; when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is;
 And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
 That here is nothing to enamor thee;
 And that not only faults in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
 Poisoning the fountains whence our actions spring, 220
 Endanger us; but if that everything
 Be not done fitly and in proportion,
 To satisfy wise and good lookers on,
 (Since most men be such as most think they be)
 They're loathsome too, by this deformity.
 For good and well must in our actions meet;
 Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
 But beauty's other second element,
 Color and luster, now is as near spent.
 And had the world his just proportion, 330
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
 As a compassionate turquoise which doth tell
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
 As gold falls sick being stung with mercury,
 All the world's parts of such complexion be.
 When nature was most busy, the first week,
 Swaddling the new-born earth, God seemed to like
 That she should sport herself sometimes, and play,
 To mingle and vary colors every day;
 And then, as though she could not make enow, 240
 Himself His various rainbow did allow.
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one;
 Yet sight hath only color to feed on,
 And color is decayed: summer's robe grows
 Dusky, and like an oft dyed garment shows.
 Our blushing red, which used in cheeks to spread,

Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
 Perchance the world might have recovered
 If she whom we lament had not been dead;
 But she in whom all white, and red, and blue 250
 (Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an unvexed paradise; from whom
 Did all things verdure, and their luster come;
 Whose composition was miraculous,
 Being all color, all diaphanous,
 (For air and fire but thick gross bodies were,
 And liveliest stones but drowsy and pale to her),
 She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our world is;
 And learn'st thus much by our anatomy, 260
 That it should more affright than pleasure thee;
 And that, since all fair color then did sink,
 'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
 To color vicious deeds with good pretense,
 Or with bought colors to illude men's sense.
 Nor in ought more this world's decay appears,
 Than that her influence the heaven forbears,
 Or that the elements do not feel this.
 The father or the mother barren is:
 The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour, 270
 In the due birth time, down the balmy shower;
 The air doth not motherly sit on the earth
 To hatch her seasons and give all things birth;
 Springtimes were common cradles, but are tombs;
 And false conceptions fill the general wombs;
 The air shows such meteors as none can see,
 Not only what they mean, but what they be;
 Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
 The Egyptian Mages to have made more such.
 What artist now dares boast that he can bring 280
 Heaven hither, or constellate anything,
 So as the influence of those stars may be
 Imprisoned in an herb, or charm, or tree,

And do by touch, all which those stars could do?
 The art is lost, and correspondence too;
 For heaven gives little, and the earth takes less,
 And man least knows their trade and purposes.
 If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
 Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
 She, for whose loss we have lamented thus, 290
 Would work more fully and powerfully on us;
 Since herbs and roots, by dying lose not all,
 But they, yea ashes too, are medicinal,
 Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
 It would be (if not followed) wondered at;
 And all the world would be one dying swan,
 To sing her funeral praise, and vanish then.
 But as some serpents' poison hurteth not,
 Except it be from the live serpent shot,
 So doth her virtue need her here to fit 300
 That unto us; she working more than it.
 But she, in whom to such maturity
 Virtue was grown, past growth, that it must die;
 She, from whose influence all impressions came,
 But, by receivers' impotencies, lame;
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
 So that some princes have some temperance;
 Some counsellors some purpose to advance
 The common profit; and some people have 310
 Some stay, no more than kings should give, to crave;
 Some women have some taciturnity;
 Some nunneries some grains of chastity—
 She that did thus much, and much more could do,
 But that our age was iron, and rusty too,
 She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is;
 And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
 That 'tis in vain to dew, or mollify
 It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing 320

Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
 But those rich joys, which did possess her heart,
 Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
 But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
 The body will not last out, to have read
 On every part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts that are of most effect;
 So the world's carcass would not last, if I
 Were punctual in this anatomy;
 Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell 330
 Them their disease, who fain would think they're well.
 Here therefore be the end. And, blessed maid,
 Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
 Whose name refines coarse lines and makes prose song,
 Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
 Who till his dark short taper's end be spent,
 As oft thy feast sees this widowed earth,
 Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
 That is, thy death; for though the soul of man 340
 Be got when man is made, 'tis born but then
 When man doth die; our body's as the womb,
 And, as a mid-wife, death directs it home;
 And you, her creatures, whom she works upon,
 And have your last, and best concoction
 From her example and her virtue, if you
 In reverence to her, do think it due
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
 As matter fit for chronicle, not verse;
 Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make 350
 A last, and lastingest piece, a song. He spake
 To Moses to deliver unto all,
 That song,⁷ because He^r knew they would let fall
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
 But keep the song still in their memory:
 Such an opinion (in due measure) made

⁷The song of Moses, *Deut.* 32.

Me this great office boldly to invade;
 Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
 Me from thus trying to imprison her,
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could do, 360
 I saw not why verse might not do so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature; heaven keeps souls,
 The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrolls.

Satire III: On Religion

Kind pity chokes my spleen; brave scorn forbids
 Those tears to issue which swell my eyelids;
 I must not laugh, nor weep sins and be wise.
 Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
 Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
 As worthy of all our souls' devotion
 As virtue was in the first, blinded age?
 Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
 Lusts as earth's honor was to them? Alas,
 As we do them in means, shall they surpass 10
 Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
 Meet blind philosophers in heaven, whose merit
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
 Thee, whom he taught so easy ways and near
 To follow, damned? Oh, if thou darest, fear this;
 This fear great courage and high valor is.
 Darest thou aid mutinous Dutch, and darest thou lay
 Thee in ships, wooden sepulchers, a prey
 To leaders' rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
 Darest thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth? 20
 Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North discoveries? and thrice
 Colder than salamanders, like divine
 Children in the oven, fires of Spain and the line,
 Whose countries limbecs to our bodies be,
 Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he

Which cries not, "Goddess!" to thy mistress, draw
 Or eat thy poisonous words? Courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold and
 To thy foes and His, who made thee to stand 30
 Sentinel in His world's garrison, thus yield,
 And for forbidden wars leave the appointed field?
 Know thy foes: the foul devil, whom thou
 Strivest to please, for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
 The world's all parts wither away and pass,
 So the world's self, thy other loved foe, is
 In her decrepit wane, and thou, loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
 Flesh, itself death, and joys which flesh can taste 40
 Thou lovest, and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loathe.
 Seek true religion. Oh, where? Mirreus,
 Thinking her unhoused here and fled from us,
 Seeks her at Rome; there, because he doth know
 That she was there a thousand years ago;
 He loves her rags so, as we here obey
 The statecloth where the prince sat yesterday.
 Crantz to such brave loves will not be enthralled,
 But loves her only who at Geneva is called 50
 Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
 Contemptuous, yet unhandsome; as among
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges.
 Graius stays still at home here, and because
 Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws,
 Still new like fashions, bid him think that she
 Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
 Embraceth her whom his godfathers will
 Tender to him, being tender; as wards still 60
 Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
 Pay values. Careless Phrygius doth abhor
 All, because all cannot be good; as one,

Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
 Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
 As women do in divers countries go
 In divers habits, yet are still one kind,
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
 ness too much light breeds; but unmoved, thou
 Of force must one, and forced but one allow, 70
 And the right; ask thy father which is she,
 Let him ask his; though truth and falsehood be
 Near twins, yet truth a little elder is;
 Be busy to seek her; believe me this:
 He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
 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,
 Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he that will 80
 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 endeavors 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 90
 Signed 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? 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 mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know; 100

Those past, her nature, and name is changed; to be
 Then humble to her is idolatry.
 As streams are, power is; those blest flowers that dwell
 At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and clo 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
 Consumed in going, in the sea are lost.
 So perish souls, which more choose men's unjust
 Power from God claimed, than God Himself to trust. 110

Holy Sonnets

Show me, dear Christ, Thy spouse so bright and clear.
 What! is it she which on the other shore
 Goes richly painted? or which, robbed and tore,
 Laments and mourns in Germany and here?
 Sleeps she a thousand, then peeps up one year?
 Is she self-truth, and errs? now new, now outwore?
 Doth she, and 'did she, and shall she evermore
 On one, on seven, or on no hill appear?
 Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
 First travel we to seek, and then make love? 10
 Betray, kind husband, Thy spouse to our sights,
 And let mine amorous soul court Thy mild dove,
 Who is most true and pleasing to Thee then
 When she is embraced and open to most men.



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 towards hell doth weigh.

Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee
 By Thy leave I can look, I rise again; 10
 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 adamant¹ draw mine iron heart.



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, nor 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, 10
 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.



At the round earth's imagined corners,² blow
 Your trumpets, angels; and arise, arise
 From death, you numberless infinities
 Of souls, and to your scattered 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.³

¹ The meaning is "like a magnet."

² "And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth. . . ." *Rev.*

7:1.

³ Cf. "Shall not taste of death," *Matt.* 16:28.

But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
 For, if above all these, my sins abound, 10
 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 hadst sealed my pardon with Thy blood.



As due by many titles I resign
 Myself to Thee, O God: first I was made
 By Thee, and for Thee, and when I was decayed,
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was Thine;
 I am Thy son, made with Thyself to shine;
 Thy servant, whose pains Thou hast still repaid;
 Thy sheep, Thine image, and till I betrayed
 Myself, a temple of Thy Spirit divine.⁴
 Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
 Why doth he steal, nay ravish that's Thy right? 10
 Except Thou rise and for Thine own work fight,
 Oh, I shall soon despair, when I do see
 That Thou lovest mankind well, yet wilt not choose me,
 And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.



I am a little world made cunningly
 Of elements, and an angelic sprite;
 But black sin hath betrayed to endless night
 My world's both parts, and oh, both parts must die.
 You which beyond that heaven which was most high
 Have found new spheres, and of new lands can write,
 Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
 Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,
 Or wash it if it must be drowned no more.

⁴ "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" / *Cor.* 3:16.

But oh, it must be burnt! Alas, the fire 10
 Of lust and envy have burnt it heretofore,
 And made it fouler; let their flames retire,
 And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal⁵
 Of Thee and Thy house, which doth in eating heal.



This is my play's last scene; here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race
 Idly, yet quickly run, hath this last pace;
 My span's last inch, my minutes' latest point,
 And gluttonous death will instantly joint
 My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space;
 But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whose fear already shakes my every joint.
 Then as my soul to heaven, her first seat, takes flight,
 And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell, 10
 So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
 To where they are bred, and would press me, to hell.
 Impute me righteous, thus purged of evil,
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.



Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
 Buffet, and scoff, scourge, and crucify me,
 For I have sinned, and sinned, and only He,
 Who could do no iniquity, hath died:
 But by my death cannot be satisfied
 My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety;
 They killed once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucify Him daily, being now glorified.
 Oh, let me then, His strange love still admire;
 Kinejs pardon, but He bore our punishment. 10
 And Jacob came clothed in vile harsh attire

"For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up . . ." *Psalm 69:9.*

But to supplant, and with gainful intent;
 God clothed Himself in vile man's flesh, that so
 He might be weak enough to suffer woe.



Batter my heart, three-personed God; for You
 As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
 Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
 I, like an usurped town to another due,
 Labor to admit You, but oh! to no end;
 Reason, Your viceroy in me, me should defend,
 But is captived and proves weak or untrue.
 Yet dearly I love You, and would be loved fain,
 But am betrothed unto Your enemy. 10
 Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
 Take me to You, imprison me, for I
 Except You enthrall me, never shall be free;
 Nor ever chaste, except You ravish me.



Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one:
 Inconstancy unnaturally hath begot
 A constant habit; that when I would not,
 I change in vows and in devotion.
 As humorous is my contrition
 As my profane love, and as soon forgot:
 As riddling distempered, cold and hot;
 As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
 I durst not view heaven yesterday; and to-day
 In prayers and flattering speeches I court God. 10
 To-morrow I quake with true fear of His rod.
 So my devout fits come and go away
 Like a fantastic ague: save that here
 Those are my best days, when I shake with fear.

*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 loved there, and who loved me; 10
When I have put our seas twixt them and me,
Put Thou Thy seas betwixt 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, the eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor Thou nor Thy religion dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul,
But Thou wouldst have that love Thyself; as Thou 20
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now;
Thou lovest not, till from loving more Thou free
My soul; whoever gives, takes liberty;
Oh, if Thou carest not whom I love,
Alas, Thou lovest not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered 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; 30
And to scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

Hymn to God, My God, in My Sickness

Since T am coming to that holy room
 Where, with Thy choir 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 southwest discovery,
Per jretum febris, by these straits to die, 10

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.

Is the Pacific sea my home? or are
 The eastern riches? is Jerusalem?
 Anyan and Magellan and Gibraltar,
 All straits, and none but straits, are ways to them,
 Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Shem. 20

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.

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So, in His purple wrapped, receive me, Lord;
 By these, His thorns, give me His other crown;
 And as to others' souls I preached Thy word,
 Be this my text, my sermon to mine own:
 Therefore that He may raise, the Lord throws down. 30

*A Hymn to God the Father*¹

I

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
 Which is my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt Thou forgive those sins, through which I run,
 And do run still, though still I do deplore?
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

ii

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
 Others to sin? and made my sin their door?
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

10

III

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
 But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
 Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore;
 And, having done that, Thou hast done,
 I fear no more.

¹ This hymn, later set to music and sung at St. Paul's, was written at the time of Donne's serious illness when he was about fifty. The music is given in Grierson, II, 252-4.

BEN JONSON agreed with Donne that a reform in lyric poetry was needed. In his dedication to *Volpone* he said:

If my muses be true to me, I shall raise the despised head of poetry again and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty and render her worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master spirits of our world.

His method of restoring poetry was not, however, like Donne's. He preserved the musical quality of Elizabethan song, but used it as an aid to the complete expression of thought, never allowing it to become of primary importance. He returned to the classical writers for models and appealed to the mind through the calculated effects of balance, precision, and compactness, as well as through the sensitively logical development of a thought, no matter how slight in itself.

Both Donne and Jonson had tremendous influence on the younger poets: the religious "metaphysical" poets, Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, and Traherne, are primarily followers of Donne; the Cavalier poets, Carew, Herrick, and Lovelace are known as "Sons of Ben." Suckling, according to his mood, could follow either master; and many other poets throughout the century bear the imprint of one or both of these great minds.

Although his work shows a wide range of scholarship, Jonson had little formal education. He attended Westminster School, possibly through the influence of William Camden, the headmaster, whom he praises highly in a later poem. Apparently he did not have university training, and the degree of Master of Arts conferred on him by both universities was

¹ Briggs, W. D., "The Birth-Date of Ben Jonson," in *Modern Language Notes*, XXXIII (1918), 137-45.

an honorary degree in recognition of literary achievement. After Westminster, Jonson's step-father, who was a bricklayer, seems to have demanded the services of his son, and Fuller draws a pleasant picture of Jonson, who "having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." Later he had the opportunity to read in Sir Robert Cotton's magnificent library, to which he and Camden and many other brilliant men had free access. In his *Discoveries* he speaks regretfully of not being able to repeat everything that he had read as he had been able to do until he was forty, but adds that he can still repeat "whole books."² When his own library was burned, it was primarily the loss of his voluminous notes which he regretted.

Finding the "trowel in hand" distasteful, Jonson ran away in search of adventure to join the English troops in the Netherlands. There, like an epic hero, he fought in single combat between the two armies and returned to his comrades bearing victoriously the trophies which he had stripped from the body of his foe. There was, however, little active service at this time, and the routine of army life had no more appeal for him than bricklaying. So he again found his long legs useful in getting himself out of the army and back to London.

The chronology of events during these years is vague. We know that he married a woman whom he briefly described to Drummond as "a shrew but honest," that he says he resumed his "wonted studies" upon his return to London, that he may have belonged for a time to a traveling company of players, and that by 1597 he was writing plays for Philip Henslowe's company.

Jonson rapidly became a successful playwright, but his daring and quarrelsome nature (possibly inherited from the Scotch borderland ancestry of his mother) got him into a number of difficulties. He was imprisoned in the Marshalsea for daring to complete a comedy which Thomas Nashe had more prudently left unfinished. A quarrel with Gabriel Spencer, an actor in Henslowe's company, resulted in a duel

² Edited by Schelling (1892), p. 18.

in which Jonson killed Spencer. Imprisonment in the Old Bailey followed, and Jonson barely escaped hanging by claiming the rights of "benefit of clergy," which permitted those who could read to go free. His thumb was branded, however, so that all who saw him would know of his crime, and his property was confiscated. There was a third imprisonment, this time in Newgate, when Jonson voluntarily joined his collaborators, Chapman and Marston, who were paying the penalty for satire on the Scotch and a humorous portrayal of the king in *Eastward Ho*. Only the aid of influential friends saved him from having his ears and nose disfigured. At a banquet which Jonson gave in celebration of the release, his mother disclosed that if he had not been released, she had prepared another means of escaping the shame, a "lusty poison," for both him and herself.

Other comic portrayals brought on trouble with the playwrights. Some of his colleagues were material for comedy which Jonson could not resist. Marston was the first to recognize himself, and the "War of the Theatres" was on. Jonson had to take many a gibe in the plays of others, but his satirical caricatures of his fellow playwrights compensated until Shakespeare entered the combat and gave Jonson such a "purge" that for a while he wrote no more comedies.

Many of Jonson's associations with the theatre were, on the other hand, friendly and appreciative. Shakespeare acted in his plays; the younger playwrights vied with each other for the interest and patronage which entitled them to be "sealed of the Tribe of Ben"; and the child-actors at Blackfriars, able to recognize the true warmth and generosity beneath the burliness, brought their problems to him. He helped little Nathan Field with his Latin, and he expressed his affection and praise for Salathiel Pavy in one of his tenderest poems.

The personal magnetism of Jonson brought him a wide range of friends: King James, who made him poet laureate and called upon him to write the Court Masques; Sir Walter Raleigh; Bacon; Donne; Shakespeare; Beaumont; Selden;

the "Sons of Ben"; and two of the outstanding patrons of literature, Lord Falkland and Lucy, Countess of Bedford. At the Mermaid and in the Apollo Room of the Devil Tavern he presided as the first of the great literary dictators. Scenes at the Mermaid come alive for us in Fuller's description of the wit combats of Jonson and Shakespeare or in Beaumont's lines:

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.³

In the Apollo Room were held some of the "lyric feasts" sung by Herrick, where Jonson's verse "outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine." Here, too, was a select company, governed by Jonson's *leges convivales* and limited by the regulation: "Let the dull, stupid, sad and base fellow keep away. Let the learned, polite, merry and worthy fellow approach. Let not women of merit be thrust out."

Doing the unusual appealed to Jonson all through his life. He became a Catholic for twelve years and on re-entering the Protestant faith emptied the communion cup to show the sincerity of his conversion; he acted as tutor to the young son of Sir Walter Raleigh on a foreign tour; in 1616 he did what no one before him had ever done—he chose and prepared for publication a folio volume of the writing he wished to be remembered by, calling it his "Works," to the great amusement of his critics; and, most interesting of all, he set out on a walking tour to Scotland in spite of a figure grown somewhat Falstaffian from long sitting in the taverns. John Taylor, the Water-Poet, followed Jonson to Scotland to parody his trip, but found him enjoying distinction in high

³ "Master Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson."

circles and wrote back to London an appreciative tribute. Jonson's visit to Drummond is recorded in the *Conversations*, which give us much of Jonson's personality and many unrestrained comments on his famous contemporaries.

The death of King James, itself a misfortune to Jonson, was followed by the loss of other important friends, including Bacon and Camden. His circumstances changed greatly. Charles I. did not call on him for masques for about five years, and then a new opportunity brought to a head the old rivalry between poet and architect. Inigo Jones won out, and Jonson was never again asked to write a court masque. He had suffered a stroke of paralysis in 1628 and seems to have been in need. He was appointed City Chronologer, but when he was unable to perform his duties, he was in danger of losing his job. For several years, until the king intervened, he was deprived of his salary. He returned to the writing of plays, but his plays were no longer successful. Finally, the king granted him various pensions. Except for a group of young men who visited him in his home and for aspiring writers who wanted his criticism or approval, few gave evidence of remembering Jonson. But his death in 1637 brought him again before the public mind, and at his funeral Westminster Abbey was thronged with his former admirers. The inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson," cut on the slab of blue marble which marked his grave was as unaffected as his lyrics and bore testimony not to the great classicist, but to the rugged, warm, and individual personality of the man.

The diversity of Jonson's work shows the complex nature of the man. Jonson created the "comedy of humors," a type of play in which only the dominant trait of each character is emphasized. The realism of contemporary London is in these plays and a Renaissance zest for life, but here, too, are the satirical analyses of a mind intellectually detached and an amazing technical ability in interweaving complex plots. In contrast with the realistic "humor" comedies stand the Roman tragedies, which go back to the past for both plot and style. A third type of dramatic writing is astonishingly

different from both of these: the masques are devised with great imaginative fancy and show a remarkable combination of daintiness and erudition. In the field of the lyric Jonson at times comes very near perfection, and in that of prose criticism he ably demonstrates in still another medium his breadth of learning and keen critical power. In range and variety of literary creation there are few who can compare with Ben Jonson.

*Gipsy Songs*¹

1

The faery beam upon you,
 The stars to glister on you;
 A moon of light
 In the noon of night,
 Till the fire-drake hath o'er gone you!
 The wheel of fortune guide you,
 The boy with the bow beside you;
 Run aye in the way
 Till the bird of day,
 And the luckier lot betide you! 10

2

To the old, long life and treasure!
 To the young, all health and pleasure!
 To the fair, their face
 With eternal grace
 And the soul to be loved at leisure!
 To the witty, all clear mirrors;
 To the foolish, their dark errors;
 To the loving sprite,
 A secure delight;
 To the jealous, his own false terrors! 20

¹ From *The Gipsies Metamorphosed*.

*Song*¹

Thus, thus begin the yearly rites
 Are due to Pan on these bright nights;
 His morn now riseth, and invites
 To sports, to dances, and delights.
 All envious and profane, away;
 This is the shepherd's holiday.

Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground
 With every flower, yet not confound
 The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,
 Bright day's eyes, and the lips of cows, 10
 The garden star, the queen of May,
 The rose, to crown the holiday.

Drop, drop your violets, change your hues,
 Now red, now pale, as lovers use;
 And in your death go out as well
 As when you lived unto the smell:
 That from your odor all may say,
 This is the shepherd's holiday.

*[Song of Zephyrus and the Spring]*¹

Zephyrus

Come forth, come forth, the gentle spring,
 And carry the glad news I bring,
 To earth, our common mother;
 It is decreed by all the gods
 That heaven, of earth, shall have no odds,
 But one shall love the other.

Their glories they shall mutual make,
 Earth look on heaven for heaven's sake;

¹ From *Pan's Anniversary*.¹ From *Chloridia*.

Their honors shall be even;
 All emulations cease, and jars;
 Jove will have earth to have her stars
 And lights no less than heaven.

Spring

It is already done in flowers
 As fresh and new as are the hours,
 By warmth of yonder sun;
 But will be multiplied on us
 If from the breath of Zephyrus
 Like favor we have won.

[Both]

Give all to him: his is the dew,
 The heat, the humor, all the true
 Beloved of the spring;
 The sun, the wind, the verdure, all
 That wisest nature cause can call
 Of quickening any thing!

An Epigram of Inigo Jones

Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
 And labors 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.
 The Lybian 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.

Obcron, the Fairy Prince

A Masque of Prince Henry's

The first face of the scene appeared all obscure, and nothing perceived but a dark rock, with trees beyond it, and all wildness that could be presented: till, at one corner of the cliff, above the horizon, the moon began to show, and rising, a Satyr was seen by her light to put forth his head and call.

I Sat. Chromis! Mnasil! none appear?

See you not who riseth here?

You saw Silenus, late, I fear.—

I'll prove, if this can reach your ear.

He wound his cornet, and thought himself answered; but was deceived by the echo.

Oh, you wake then! come away,

Times be short are made for play;

The humorous moon too will not stay:—

What doth make you thus delay?

Hath his tankard touched your brain?

Sure, they're fallen asleep again:

Or I doubt it was the vain

Echo, did me entertain.

Prove again—

Wound his cornet the second time, and found it.

I thought 'twas she!

Idle nymph, I pray thee be

Modest, and not follow me:

I not love myself, nor thee.

Here he wound the third time, and was answered by another Satyr, who likewise showed himself.

Ay this sound I better know;

List! I would I could hear moe.

At this they came running forth severally, to the number of ten, from divers parts of the rock, leaping and making antic actions and gestures; some of them speaking, some admiring: and amongst them a Silcne, who is ever the prefect of the Satyrs, and so presented in all their chori and meetings.

2 *Sat.* Thank us, and you shall do so. 20

3 *Sat.* Ay, our number soon will grow.

2 *Sat.* See Silenus! ¹

3 *Sat.* Cercops too!

4 *Sat.* Yes. What is there now to do?

5 *Sat.* Are there any nymphs to woo?

4 *Sat.* If there be, let me have two.

Silcn. Chaster language! These are nights
Solemn to the shining rites

Of the Fairy Prince and knights,

While the moon their orgies lights. 30

2 *Sat.* Will they come abroad anon?

3 *Sat.* Shall we see young Oberon?

4 *Sat.* Is he such a princely one,

As you spake him long ago?

Silen. Satyrs, he doth fill with grace
Every season, every place;

Beauty dwells but in his face;

He's the height of all our race.

GUI Fan's lather,- god of tongue,
Bacchus, though he still be young, 40

Phoebus, when he crowned sung,

Nor Mars, when first his armor rung,

Might with him be named that day:

¹ In the pomps of Dionysus, or Bacchus, to every company of Satyrs there was still given a Silene for their overseer or governor.

² Mercury, who for the love of Penelope, while she was keeping her father Icarus's herds on the mountain Taygetas, turned himself into a fair buck-goat; with whose sports and flatteries the nymph being taken, he begat on her Pan.

He is lovelier, than in May
 Is the spring, and there can stay
 As little as he can decay.

Omn. O that he would come away!

3 *Sat.* Grandsire, we shall leave to play
 With Lyaeus³ now, and serve
 Only Oberon. so

Silen. He'll deserve
 All you can, and more, my boys.

4 *Sat.* Will he give us pretty toys,
 To beguile the girls withal?

3 *Sat.* And to make them quickly fall.

Silen. Peace, my wantons! he will do
 More than you can aim unto.

4 *Sat.* Will he build us larger caves?

Silen. Yes, and give you ivory staves,
 When you hunt; and better wine— 60

1 *Sat.* Than the master of the vine?

2 *Sat.* And rich prizes, to be won,
 When we leap, or when we run?

1 *Sat.* Ay, and gild our cloven feet?

3 *Sat.* Strew our heads with powder sweet?

1 *Sat.* Bind our crooked legs in hoops
 Made of shells, with silver loops?

2 *Sat.* Tie about our tawny wrists
 Bracelets of the fairy twists?

4 *Sat.* And, to spite the coy nymphs' scorns, 70
 Hang upon our stubbed horns
 Garlands, ribands, and fine posies—

3 *Sat.* Fresh as when the flower discloses?

1 *Sat.* Yes, and stick our pricking ears
 With the pearl that Tethys wears.

2 *Sat.* And to answer all things else,
 Trap our shaggy thighs with bells;
 That as we do strike a time,
 In our dance shall make a chime—

⁸ A name of Bacchus, Lyaeus, of freeing men's minds from cares.

3 *Sat.* Louder than the rattling pipes
Of the wood gods—

1 *Sat.* Or the stripes
Of the tabor; when we carry
Bacchus up, his pomp to vary.

Omn. O that he so long doth tarry!

Silcn. See! the rock begins to ope,
Now you shall enjoy your hope;
Tis about the hour, I know.

There the whole scene opened, and within was discovered the frontispiece of a bright and glorious palace, whose gates and walls were transparent. Before the gates lay two Sylvans, armed with their clubs, and dressed in leaves, asleep. At this the Satyrs wondering, Silenus proceeds:

Silcn. Look! does not his palace show
Like another sky of lights? 90
Yonder with him live the knights,
Once the noblest of the earth,
Quickened by a second birth,
Who for prowess and for truth
There are crowned with lasting youth
And do hold, by Fate's command,
Seats of bliss in Fairyland.
But their guards, methinks, do sleep !
Let us wake them.—Sirs, you keep
Proper watch, that thus do lie 100
Drowned in sloth!

1 *Sat.* They have ne'er an eye
To wake withal.

2 *Sat.* Nor sense, I fear;
For they sleep in either ear.⁴

3 *Sat.* Holla, Sylvans!—sure they're caves
Of sleep, these, or else they're graves.

⁴ For they sleep in either ear. The Latin phrase is, *In utramvis aurem dormire*; and means to sleep soundly, without any thoughts of care. Whaley.

4 *Sat.* Hear you, friends!—who keeps the keepers?

1 *Sat.* They are the eighth and ninth sleepers!

2 *Sat.* Shall we cramp them? no

Silcn. Satyrs, no.

3 *Sat.* Would we had Boreas here, to blow
Off their heavy coats, and strip them.

4 *Sat.* Ay, ay, ay; that we might whip them.

3 *Sat.* Or that we had a wasp or two
For their nostrils.

1 *Sat.* Hairs will do
Even as well: take my tail.

2 *Sat.* What do you say to a good nail
Through their temples? 120

2 *Sat.* Or an eel,
In their guts, to make them feel?

4 *Sat.* Shall we steal away their beards?

3 *Sat.* For Pan's goat, that leads the herds?

2 *Sat.* Or try, whether is more dead,
His club, or the other's head?

Silcn. Wags, no more: you grow too bold.

1 *Sat.* I would fain now see them rolled
Down a hill, or from a bridge
Headlong cast, to break their ridge- 130
Bones: or to some river take 'em,
Plump; and see if that would wake 'em.

2 *Sat.* There no motion yet appears.

Silcn. Strike a charm into their ears.

At which the Satyrs jell suddenly into this catch.

Buz, quoth the blue fly,

Hum, quoth the bee:

Buz and hum they cry,

And so do we.

In his ear, In his nose,

Thus, do you see?— [*They tickle them.* 140

He ate the dormouse;

Else it was he.

The two Sylvans starting up amazed, and betaking themselves to their arms, were thus questioned by Silenus:

Silen. How now, Sylvans! can you wake?

I commend the care you take
In your watch! Is this your guise,
To have both your ears and eyes
Sealed so fast as these mine elves
Might have stolen you from yourselves?

3 *Sat.* We had thought we must have got
Stakes, and heated them red-hot, 150
And have bored you through the eyes,
With the Cyclops, ere you'd rise.

2 *Sat.* Or have fetched some trees to heave
Up your bulks, that so did cleave
To the ground there.

4 *Sat.* Are you free
Yet of sleep, and can you see
Who is yonder up aloof?

1 *Sat.* Be your eyes yet moon-proof?

1 *Syl.* Satyrs, leave your petulance, 160
And go frisk about and dance;
Or else rail upon the moon:
Your expectance is too soon.
For before the second cock
Crow, the gates will not unlock;
And, till then, we know we keep
Guard enough, although we sleep.

1 *Sat.* Say you so? then let us fall
To a song, or to a brawl:
Shall we, grandsire? Let us sport, 170
And make expectation short.

Silen. Do, my wantons, what you please.
I'll lie down and take mine ease.

1 *Sat.* Brothers, sing then, and upbraid,
As we use, yond seeming maid.

SONG

Now, my cunning lady: moon,
 Can you leave the side so soon
 Of the boy you keep so hid?
 Midwife Juno sure will say,
 This is not the proper way 180
 Of your paleness to be rid.
 But, perhaps, it is your grace
 To wear sickness in your face,
 That there might be wagers laid
 Still, by fools, you are a maid.

Come, your changes overthrow,
 What your look would carry so;
 Moon, confess then, what you are,
 And be wise, and free to use
 Pleasures that you now do lose; 190
 Let us Satyrs have a share.
 Though our forms be rough and rude,
 Yet our acts may be endued
 With more virtue: every one
 Cannot be Endymion.

*Here they jell suddenly into an antic dance full of gesture
 and swift motion, and continued it till the crowing of
 the cock: at which they were interrupted by Silenus.*

Silen. Stay! the cheerful chanticleer
 Tells you that the time is near:—
 See, the gates already spread!
 Every Satyr bow his head.

*There the whole palace opened, and the nation of Faies were
 discovered, some with instruments, some bearing lights,
 others singing; and within ajar off in perspective, the
 knights masquers sitting in their several sieges: at the
 further end of all, Oberon, in a chariot, which, to a loud
 triumphant music, began to move forward, drawn by*

two white bears, and on either side guarded by three Sylvans, with one going in front.

SONG

Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air, 200
 And air fly into fire,
 Whilst we in tunes, to Arthur's chair⁵
 Bear Oberon's desire;
 Than which there's nothing can be higher,
 Save James, to whom it flies:
 But he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes.

Who hath not heard, who hath not seen,
 Who hath not sung his name?
 The soul that hath not, hath not been;
 But is the very same 210
 \With buried sloth, and knows not fame,
 Which doth him best comprise:

For he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes
*By this time the chariot was come as far forth as the face
 of the scene. And the Satyrs beginning to leap, and ex-
 press their joy for the unused state and solemnity, the
 foremost Sylvan began to speak.*

1 *Syl.* Give place, and silence; you were rude too late;
 This is a night of greatness and of state,
 Not to be mixed with light and skipping sport,
 A night of homage to the British court,
 And ceremony due to Arthur's chair,
 From our bright master, Oberon the fair,
 Who with these knights attendants, here preserved 220
 In Fairyland, for good they have deserved
 Of yond high throne, are come of right to pay
 Their annual vows; and all their glories lay

⁵ The Tudor sovereigns represented themselves as descendents of Arthur and held that the long-expected return of Arthur was fulfilled in the restoration of his race to the throne.

At's feet, and tender to this only great,
 True majesty, restored in this seat;
 To whose sole power and magic they do give
 The honor of their being; that they live
 Sustained in form, fame, and felicity,
 From rage of fortune or the fear to die.

Silcn. And may they well. For this indeed is he, 230
 My boys, whom you must quake at when you see.

He is above your reach; and neither doth
 Nor can he think within a Satyr's tooth:
 Before his presence you must fall or fly.
 He is the matter of virtue, and placed high.
 His meditations to his height are even,
 And all their issue is akin to heaven.

He is a god o'er kings; yet stoops he then
 Nearest a man, when he doth govern men, 340
 To teach them by the sweetness of his sway,
 And not by force. He's such a king as they
 Who are tyrants' subjects, or ne'er tasted peace,
 Would, in their wishes, form for their release.

'Tis he that stays the time from turning old,
 And keeps the age up in a head of gold;
 That in his own true circle still doth run;
 And holds his course as certain as the sun.
 He makes it ever day and ever spring
 Where he doth shine, and quickens everything
 Like a new nature: so that true to call 350
 Him, by his title, is to say, he's all.

1 *Syl.* I thank the wise Silenus for his praise.
 Stand forth, bright Faies and Elves, and tune your lays
 Unto his name; then let your nimble feet
 Tread subtle circles that may always meet
 In point to him, and figures, to express
 The grace of him and his great emperess.
 That all that shall to-night behold the rites
 Performed by princely Oberon and these knights,

May without stop point out the proper heir
 Designed so long to Arthur's crowns and chair.

260

SONG BY TWO FAIES

1 *Faie*. Seek you majesty, to strike?
 Bid the world produce his like.

2 *Faie*. Seek you glory, to amaze?
 Here let all eyes stand at gaze.

Cho. Seek you wisdom, to inspire?
 Touch then at no other's fire.

1 *Faie*. Seek you knowledge, to direct?
 Trust to his without suspect.

2 *Faie*. Seek you piety, to lead? 270
 In his footsteps only tread.

Cho. Every virtue of a king,
 And of all, in him, we sing.

*Then the lesser Faies dance forth their dance; which ended,
 a full SONG follows by all the voices.*

The solemn rites are well begun;

And though but lighted by the moon,

They show as rich as if the sun

Had made this night his noon.

But may none wonder that they are so bright,

The moon now borrows from a greater light:

Then, princely *Oberon*, 280

Go on,

This is not every night.

*Oberon and the knights dance out the first masque dance,
 which was followed with this*

SONG

Nay, nay,

You must not stay,

Nor be weary yet;

This is no time to cast away,

Or for Faies so to forget
 The virtue of their feet.
 Knotty legs and plants of clay
 Seek for ease, or love delay, 290
 But with you it still should fare
 As with the air of which you are.

*After which they danced forth their second masque dance
 and were again excited by a*

SONG

1 *Faie*. Nor yet, nor yet, O you in this night blest,
 Must you have will, or hope to rest.

2 *Fate*. If you use the smallest stay,
 You'll be overtaken by day.

1 *Faie*. And these beauties will suspect
 That their forms you do neglect,
 If you do not call them forth.

2 *Faic*. Or that you have no more worth 300
 Than the coarse and country Fairy,
 That doth haunt the hearth or dairy.

*Then followed the measures, corantos, galliards, &c., till
 Phosphorus the day-star appeared, and called them
 away; but first they were invited home by one of the
 Sylvans with this*

SONG

Gentle knights,
 Know some measure of your nights.
 Tell the high-graced *Ohcron*,
 It is time that we were gone.
 Here be forms so bright and airy,
 And theinmotions so they vary,
 As they will enchant the Fairy
 If you longer here should tarry. 310

Phos. To rest, to rest! the herald of the day,
 Bright Phosphorus, commands you hence; obey.

The moon is pale, and spent; and winged night
 Makes headlong haste to fly the morning's sight,
 Who now is rising from her blushing wars,
 And with her rosy hand puts back the stars.
 Of which myself the last, her harbinger,
 But stay to warn you that you not defer
 Your parting longer: then do I give way,
 As night hath done, and so must you, to day. 320
*After this they danced their last dance into the work. And
 with a full SONG the star vanished and the whole ma-
 chine closed.*

O yet how early, and before her time,
 The envious morning up doth climb,
 Though she not love her bed!
 What haste the jealous sun cloth make,
 His fiery horses up to take,
 And once more show his head!
 Lest, taken with the brightness of this night,
 The world should wish it last, and never miss his light.

Song

To Celia¹

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;

¹ This delicate lyric is based upon material from four letters of Philostratus, a Greek writer living about 170-245 A D

a. "Drink to me with thine eyes only. Or if thou wilt, putting the cup to thy lips, fill it with kisses, and so bestow it upon me "
 Letter 24.

b. "I, as soon as I behold thee, thirst, and taking hold of the cup, do not, indeed, apply that to my lips for drink, but thee."

Letter 25.

But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee 10
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

Hymn

Queen and huntress,¹ chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close: 10
Bless us, then, with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

c. "I send thee a rosy wreath, not so much honoring thee, though this also is in my thoughts, as bestowing favor upon the roses, that so they might not be withered."

Letter 30.

d "If thou wouldst do a kindness to thy lover, send back the relics of the roses I gave thee], for they will smell no longer of themselves only, but of thee."

Letter 31.

The translation is that of Richard Cumberland in the *Observer*, No. 74.

¹ At the conclusion of *Cynthia's Revels* Queen Elizabeth is represented in a masque as Cynthia or Diana. This song opens Act V, Scene 3, a scene preparatory to the masque.

Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

FROM A *Celebration of Charts*
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, enamored, 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, i

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.¹ 2

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Ha' you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Ha' you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?

¹ Perfection resulted when the four elements were brought into i combination which would overcome their normal strife.

Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she! 30

FROM *The Sad Shepherd*

Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
 Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
 The world may find the spring by following her,
 For other prints her airy steps ne'er left.
 Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
 Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
 But like the soft west wind she shot along;
 And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
 As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

On My First Daughter

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
 Mary, the daughter of their youth;
 Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
 It makes the father less to rue.
 At six months' end she parted hence
 With safety of her innocence;
 Whose soul heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
 In comfort of her mother's tears,
 Hath placed amongst her virgin-train:
 Where while that severed doth remain, 10
 This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
 Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

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 just 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?
 Rest in soft peace, and asked, 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."

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
 In a little? Reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die;
 Which in life did harbor give
 To more virtue than cloth live.
 If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth;
 The other, let it sleep with death:
 Fitter, where it died, to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

*Epitaph on S[alathiel] P[avy], a Child
 of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel¹*

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 seemed to strive
 Which owned the creature.

¹ One of the child-actors.

Years he numbered scarce thirteen
 When fates turned cruel, 10
 Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel;
 And did act, what now we moan,
 Old men so duly,
 As, sooth, the Parcae² thought him one,
 He played so truly.
 So, by error, to his fate
 They all consented;
 But viewing him since, alas, too late!
 They have repented, 20
 And have sought, to give new birth,
 In baths to steep him;³
 But being so much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

FROM [A Pindaric Ode]

*To the Immortal Memory and Friendship
 of That Noble Pair
 Sir Lucius Gary and Sir H. Morion*

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far, in May,
 Although it fall and die that night;
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be. 10

² The Fates who had control over birth and death.

³ Medea restored the youth of Jason's aged father by means of a magic bath.

*To the Memory of My Beloved
Master William Shakespeare,
And What He Hath Left Us*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame,
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance; 10
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
These are as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron—what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie 20
A little further to make thee a room:¹
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line. 30
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,

¹ Shakespeare, buried at Stratford, would not be placed beside the first three English poets to be buried in Westminster Abbey. Compare William Basse, *On Mr. William Shakespeare*.

From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
 For names, but call forth thundering Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius,² him of Cordova³ dead,
 To life again, to hear thy buskin⁴ tread
 And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come. 40
 Triumph, my Britain; thou hast one to show
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime
 When like Apollo he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit: 50
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,⁵
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus,⁶ now not please,
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion; and that he
 Who casts to write a living line must sweat
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat 60
 Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame,

² Pacuvius and Accius were early Roman tragic poets.

³ Seneca, who was born at Cordova.

⁴ The buskin, the boot worn by Greek tragic actors, and the sock, the light shoe worn by actors in comedy, are used to represent Shakespeare's tragedies and comedies, respectively.

⁵ Aristophanes wrote satirical comedies.

⁶ Plautus and Terence were writers of Latin comedy.

Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made as well as born.
 And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue; even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned and true-filed lines,
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance. 70
 Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza and our James!
 But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
 Or influence⁷ chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light. 80

To William Camden

Camden,¹ 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;²
 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!
 Man scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst teach. 10

⁷ Belief in astrology was just beginning to wane in the seventeenth century. See "On Lucy, Countess of Bedford," l. 8, for a similar reference.

¹ Camden was headmaster at Westminster School when Jonson was in school. According to some stories, it was Camden who first encouraged Jonson to attend school at all.

² Camden's greatest work was *Britannia*, a general survey of England.

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.

*On Lucy, Countess of Bedford*¹

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
 I thought to form unto my zealous Muse
 What kind of creature I could most desire
 To honor, 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; 10
 I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
 Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
 Only a learned and a manly soul
 I purposed her, that should, with even powers,
 The rock, the spindle, and the shears² control
 Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
 Such when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
 My muse bade Bedford write, and that was she!

*To Penshurst*¹

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show,
 Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row

¹ The home of the Countess of Bedford was a frequent resort of the poets. Donne, Chapman, Drayton, and Jonson were among those enjoying her patronage.

² Each of the three Fates had a symbol: for Lachesis, who set the length of life, a globe; for Clotho, who spun the thread of life, a spindle; for Atropos, who cut off life, a pair of shears

¹ Penshurst was the home of the Sidney family, and the scene is still very much as Jonson described it. The picture of home life is particularly pleasing. Sir Robert Sidney, father of Waller's *Sacharissa*, occu-

Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold;
 Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told,
 Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
 And, these grudged at, art revered the while.
 Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
 Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
 Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport;
 Thy mount, to which the dryads do resort, 10
 Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
 Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade;
 That taller tree, which of a nut was set
 At his great birth where all the Muses met.²
 There in the writhed bark are cut the names
 Of many a sylvan, taken with his flames;
 And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
 The lighter fauns to reach thy Lady's Oak.
 Thy copse too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,
 That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer 20
 When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends.
 The lower land, that to the river bends,
 Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed;
 The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.
 Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the tops,
 Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sidney's copse,
 To crown thy open table, doth provide
 The purpled pheasant with the speckled side;
 The painted partridge lies in every field,
 And for thy mess is willing to be killed. 30
 And if the high-swollen Medway³ fail thy dish,
 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,

pied the castle in Jonson's day and entertained many of the poets.
 Waller also wrote a poem on Penshurst and celebrated Lady Dorothy
 Sidney in many lyrics.

² The acorn was planted on the birthday of Sir Philip Sidney.

³ The Medway is the river on which the estate is located.

Officially 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. 40
 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 are reared 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. 50
 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; 60
 Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat,
 Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat;
 Where the same beer and bread, and self-same wine,
 That is his lordship's shall be also mine,
 And I not fain to sit, as some this day
 At great men's tables, and yet dine away.
 Here no man tells my cups, nor, standing by,
 A waiter doth my gluttony envy,
 But gives me what I call, and lets me eat;
 He knows below he shall find plenty of meat. 70
 Thy tables hoard not up for the next day;
 Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray

For fire, or lights, or livery; all is there,
 As if thou then wert mine, or I reigned here:
 There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
 That found King James when, hunting late this way
 With his brave son, the prince, they saw thy fires
 Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
 Of thy Penates had been set on flame
 To entertain them; or the country came 80
 With all their zeal to warm their welcome here.
 What great I will not say, but sudden cheer
 Didst thou then make 'em! and what praise was heaped
 On thy good lady then, who therein reaped
 The just reward of her high housewifery;
 To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
 When she was far; and not a room but dressed
 As if it had expected such a guest!
 These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
 Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal. 90
 His children thy great lord may call his own,
 A fortune in this age but rarely known.
 They are, and have been, taught religion; thence
 Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.
 Each morn and even they are taught to pray,
 With the whole household, and may, every day,
 Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts
 The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
 Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
 With other edifices, when they see 100
 Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
 May say their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

Ode to Himself

Come leave the loathed stage,
 And the more loathsome age,
 Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
 Usurp the chair of wit!

Indicting and arraigning every day
 Something they call a play.
 Let their fastidious, vain
 Commission of the brain
 Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
 They were not made for thee, less thou for them. 10

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
 And they will acorns eat;
 'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
 On such as have no taste!
 To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
 Whose appetites are dead!
 No, give them grains their fill,
 Husks, draff to drink and swill:
 If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
 Envy them not; their palate's with the swine. 20

No doubt some moldy tale,
 Like *Pericles*,¹ and stale
 As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish—
 Scraps, out every dish
 Thrown forth and raked into the common tub,²
 May keep up the Play-club:
 There, sweepings do as well
 As the best-ordered meal;
 For who the relish of these guests will fit
 Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit. 30

And much good do it you then:
 Brave plush and velvet men
 Can feed on orts; and, safe in your stage clothes,³

¹ The popular story of Pericles originated in Greece early in the Christian era.

² Since Sheriff's set a good table, there would be many scraps, or *orts*, 1. 33.

³ The gallants who secured seats on the stage were dressed to excite the admiration of other spectators.

Dare quit, upon your oaths,
 The stagers and the stage-wrights too, your peers,
 Of larding your large ears
 With their foul comic socks,
 Wrought upon twenty blocks;
 Which, if they are torn, and turned, and patched enough,
 The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stuff. 40

Leave things so prostitute
 And take the Alcaic lute;
 Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;⁴
 Warm thee by Pindar's fire:
 And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold,
 Ere years have made thee old,
 Strike that disdainful heat
 Throughout, to their defeat,
 As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
 May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain. so

But when they hear thee sing
 The glories of thy king,
 His zeal to God and his just awe o'er men,
 They may, blood-shaken then,
 Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers
 As they shall cry, "Like ours,
 In sound of peace or wars,
 No harp e'er hit the stars
 In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
 And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain."⁵ 60

⁴ Alcaeus and Anacreon were Greek lyric poets.

⁵ In the seventeenth century the Great Dipper, or Charlemagne's Wain, was associated with the name of Charles I.

THE BROTHERS, Phineas and Giles Fletcher, have an unusual interest for the student of literature in that they look back to one mountain peak in literature and forward to another. In their stanza forms and in the use of pastoral and allegory, they were imitating Spenser. Though the new religious and didactic themes appeared rather quaint in a style fashioned and embroidered after the Spenserian pattern, they gained an immediate audience from the admirers of Spenser. But as Spenser prepared the way for the Fletchers, they, in turn, prepared the way for Milton; *The Apollyonists* by Phineas is a precursor of *Paradise Lost* and *Christ's Victory and Triumph* by Giles, of *Paradise Regained*. The importance of these poets does not, however, consist solely in their relation to greater figures; they have written much that is of moving beauty and independent value.

The Fletcher family was attracted by either the religious or the literary life, or a combination of both. The grandfather of the poets was a divine; their father was a sonneteer; their cousin John, a distinguished dramatist, collaborator with Beaumont; they themselves were both poets and divines.

Phineas Fletcher began his literary career at King's College, Cambridge, when he contributed in 1603 to the collection of verses published by the university in commemoration of the death of Queen Elizabeth. In 1615 he wrote a pastoral play to be acted before King James on his visit to the university. Although the king's party left the university before the play could be produced, the play was given later at King's College.

After fifteen years at Cambridge, Phineas left the university life to become chaplain to Sir Henry Willoughby. Through Sir Henry he received an appointment to the rectorship of Hilgay in Norfolk, where he remained until his death.

Though the composition of his poems belongs to an earlier period, it was not until he had been settled at Hilgay for several years that he published any of his work. His *Pisca-*

tory Eclogues are in obvious imitation of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, except that the pastoral figures are fishermen instead of shepherds. The poet himself is Thyrsil, and his father and other contemporary figures appear under pastoral names. His most ambitious poem is *The Purple Island*, a massive work of most extraordinary conception. The physiology and anatomy of the human body are presented allegorically by the geography of this island, and the intellectual and moral qualities by its warring inhabitants. He strains ingenuity to point out all possible resemblances and in so doing, crowds the mind with pictures. The theme itself is ugly and the allegory far too intricate to be effective, but the treatment is at least curious and fantastic. The poet, representing himself as the shepherd Thyrsil, narrates the story to an eager group of shepherds and shepherdesses, who gather around him day after day through the spring on a hillside near Cambridge. The pastoral setting provides delicate descriptive introductions to the cantos, making a strange contrast with the narrative. The *Locustae* or *Apollyonists* is of particular interest for Milton. The Latin poem with its English paraphrase tells of the fall of the angels under the leadership of Satan. Fletcher represents the forces of Satan as planning a subtle revenge on God by working through the Roman Catholic Church to foment the Gunpowder plot, an idea which Milton used in his youthful *In Quintum Novembris. Paradise Lost* is, however, more heavily indebted than is the earlier poem. Fletcher's magnificent conception of Satan as a powerful and indomitable character, and his picture of Sin as the Porter of Hell gave Milton a suggestion for his portrayal of Satan and for his famous allegory of Sin and Death, the keepers of Hell Gate in *Paradise Lost*, Book II.

These long poems are written in a variation of the Spenserian stanza which simplifies the rhyme yet leaves the stanza definitely reminiscent of Spenser. Frequently Fletcher is very melodious, and Quarles did not hesitate to call him "the Spencer of this age."

The Apollyonists

CANTO I

1

Of men, nay beasts; worse, monsters; worst of all,
 Incarnate fiends, English Italianate;
 Of priests, O no! mass-priests, priests-cannibal,
 Who make their Maker, chew, grind, feed, grow fat
 With flesh divine; of that great city's fall,
 Which born, nursed, grown with blood, the earth's empress
 sat,
 Cleansed, spoused to Christ, yet back to whoredom fell,
 None can enough, something I fain would tell.
 How black are quenched lights! Fallen heaven's a double
 hell.

2

Great Lord, who graspest all creatures in Thy hand, 10
 Who in Thy lap layest down proud Thetis' head,
 And bindest her white curled locks in cauls of sand,
 Who gatherest in Thy fist and layest in bed
 The sturdy winds, who groundest the floating land
 On fleeting seas, and over all hast spread
 Heaven's brooding wings to foster all below,
 Who makest the sun without all fire to glow,
 The spring of heat and light, the moon to ebb and flow,

3

Thou world's sole Pilot, who in this poor isle 20
 (So small a bottom) hast embarked Thy light,
 And glorious Self and steerest it safe, the while
 Hoarse drumming seas and winds' loud trumpets fight,
 Who causeth stormy heavens here only smile,
 Steer me, poor ship-boy, steer my course aright;
 Breathe, gracious Spirit, breathe gently on these lays;

Be Thou my compass, needle to my ways;
Thy glorious work's my freight; my haven is Thy praise.

4

Thou purple whore,¹ mounted on scarlet beast,
Gorged with the flesh, drunk with the blood of saints,
Whose amorous golden cup and charmed feast 30
All earthly kings, all earthly men attaints,
See thy live pictures, see thine own, thy best,
Thy dearest sons, and cheer thy heart that faints.

Hark! thou saved island, hark! and never cease
To praise that hand which held thy head in peace;
Else hadst thou swum as deep in blood as now in seas.

5

The cloudy night came whirling up the sky
And scattering round the dews, which first she drew
From milky poppies, loads the drowsy eye.
The wat'ry moon, cold Vesper, and his crew 40
Light up their tapers; to the sun they fly
And at his blazing flame their sparks renew.²

Oh, why should earthly lights then scorn to tine
Their lamps alone at that first Sun divine?
Hence as false as falling stars, as rotten wood, they shine.

6

Her sable mantle was embroidered gay
With silver beams, with spangles round beset;
Four steeds her chariot drew: the first was gray,
The second blue, third brown, fourth black as jet.

¹ This is the whore of Babylon described in *Rev.* 17, and identified with the Roman Catholic Church.

² It is interesting to compare Milton's lines,

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.

Paradise Lost VII, 364-5.

The hollowing owl, her post, prepares the way; 50
 And winged dreams, as gnat swarms fluttering, let
 Sad sleep, who fain his eyes in rest would steep.
 Why then at death do weary mortals weep?
 Sleep's but a shorter death; death's but a longer sleep.

7

And now the world, and dreams themselves, were drowned
 In deadly sleep; the laborer snorteth fast,
 His brawny arms unbent, his limbs unbound,
 As dead, forget all toil to come, or past;
 Only sad guilt and troubled greatness, crowned
 With heavy gold and care, no rest can taste. 60
 Go then, vain man, go pill the live and dead,
 Buy, sell, fawn, flatter, rise; then couch thy head
 In proud, but dangerous gold, in silk, but restless bed.

8

When lo! a sudden noise breaks the empty air:
 A dreadful noise, which every creature daunts,
 Frights home the blood, shoots up the limber hair;
 For through the silent heaven hell's pursuivants,
 Cutting their way, command foul spirits repair
 With haste to Pluto, who their counsel wants.
 Their hoarse bass-horns like fenny bitterns sound; 70
 The earth shakes, dogs howl, and heaven itself, astound,
 Shuts all his eyes; the stars in clouds their candles drowned.

9

Meantime, hell's iron gates by fiends beneath
 Are open flung, which framed with wondrous art
 To every guilty soul yields entrance eath;³
 But never wight but He could thence depart,
 Who, dying once, was death to endless death.

³ Easy.

So where the liver's channel to the heart
 Pays purple tribute, with their three-forked mace
 Three Tritons stand and speed his flowing race, 80
 But stop the ebbing stream if once it back would pace.

10

The porter to the infernal gate is Sin,⁴
 A shapeless shape, a foul deformed thing,
 Nor nothing, nor a substance, as those thin
 And empty forms which through the air fling
 Their wandering shapes, at length they're fastened in
 The crystal sight. It serves, yet reigns as king;
 It lives, yet's death; it pleases, full of pain;
 Monster! ah, who, who can thy being feign? 89
 Thou shapeless shape, live death, pain pleasing, servile reign!

11

Of that first woman and the old serpent bred,
 By lust and custom nursed, whom when her mother
 Saw so deformed, how fain would she have fled
 Her birth, and self! But she her dam would smother,
 And all her brood, had not He rescued
 Who was His mother's sire, His children's brother:
 Eternity, who yet was born and died;
 His own creator, earth's scorn, heaven's pride,
 Who the Deity infleshed, and man's flesh deified.

12

Her former parts her mother seems resemble, 100
 Yet only seems to flesh and weaker sight,
 For she with art and paint could fine dissemble
 Her loathsome face. Her back parts, black as night,
 Like to her horrid sire, would force to tremble

⁴ Milton gets a suggestion here for Sin and Death, who guard the gates of hell. *Paradise Lost* II, 648-89.

The boldest heart. To the eye that meets her right
 She seems a lovely sweet, of beauty rare;
 But at the parting, he that shall compare,
 Hell will more lovely deem, the devil's self more fair.

13

Her rosy cheek, quick eye, her naked breast,
 And whatsoe'er loose fancy might entice, 110
 She bare exposed to sight, all lovely dressed
 In beauty's livery and quaint device.
 Thus she bewitches many a boy unblest,
 Who drenched in hell, dreams all of paradise:
 Her breasts, his spheres; her arms, his circling sky;
 Her pleasures, heaven; her love, eternity.
 For her he longs to live; with her he longs to die.

14

But He that gave a stone power to descry
 'Twixt natures hid, and check that metal's pride
 That dares aspire to gold's fair purity, 120
 Hath left a touchstone erring eyes to guide,
 Which clears their sight and strips hypocrisy.
 They see, they loathe, they curse her painted hide;
 Her as a crawling carrion they esteem;
 Her worst of ills, and worse than that, they deem,
 Yet know her worse than they can think, or she can seem.

15

Close by her sat Despair, sad ghastly sprite,
 With staring looks, unmoved, fast nailed to Sin;
 Her body all of earth, her soul of fright,
 About her thousand deaths, but more within; 130
 Pale, pined cheeks, black hair, torn, rudely dight,
 Short breath, long nails, dull eyes, sharp-pointed chin;
 Light, life, heaven, earth, herself, and all she fled.

Fain would she die, but could not; yet half dead,
A breathing corse she seemed, wrapped up in living lead.

16

In the entrance Sickness and faint Languor dwelt,
Who with sad groans toll out their passing knell,
Late fear, fright, horror that already felt
The torturer's claws, preventing death and hell.
Within loud Grief and roaring Pangs that swelt 140
In sulphur flames, did weep and howl and yell.

A thousand souls in endless dolours lie,
Who burn, fry, hiss, and never cease to cry,
"Oh, that I ne'er had lived; oh, that I once could die!"

17

And now the infernal powers through the air driving,
For speed their leather pinions broad display;
Now at eternal death's wide gate arriving,
Sin gives them passage; still they cut their way
Till to the bottom of hell's palace diving,
They enter Dis'⁵ deep conclave. There they stay, 150
Waiting the rest, and now they all are met,
A full foul senate; now they all are set,
The horrid court, big swoll'n with the hideous council sweat.

18

The midst, but lowest (in hell's heraldry
The deepest is the highest room) in state
Sat lordly Lucifer; ⁶ his fiery eye,
Much swoll'n with pride, but more with rage and hate,
As censor mustered all his company,
Who round about with awful silence sate.
This do, this let rebellious spirits gain, 160

⁵ Dis is Pluto, ruler over Hades.

⁶ Compare the counsel in Pandemonium, *Paradise Lost* II, 1-505.

Change God for Satan, heaven's for hell's sovereign:
 O let him serve in hell, who scorns in heaven to reign!⁷

19

Ah, wretch! who with ambitious cares oppressed,
 Longest still for future, feelest no present good;
 Despising to be better, wouldst be best,
 Good never; who wilt serve thy lusting mood,
 Yet all command: not he who raised his crest,
 But pulled it down, hath high and firmly stood.

Fool! serve thy towering lusts, grow still, still crave,
 Rule, reign; this comfort from thy greatness have, 170
 Now at thy top thou art a great commanding slave.

20

Thus fell this Prince of Darkness, once a bright
 And glorious star; he wilful turned away
 His borrowed globe from that eternal light;
 Himself he sought, so lost himself: his ray
 Vanished to smoke, his morning sunk in night,
 And never more shall see the springing day.

To be in heaven the second he disdains;
 So now the first in hell and flames he reigns,
 Crowned once with joy and light, crowned now with fire
 and pains. 180

21

As where the warlike Dane the scepter sways,
 They crown usurpers with a wreath of lead,
 And with hot steel, while loud the traitor brays,
 They melt and drop it down into his head,—
 Crowned he would live, and crowned he ends his days;
 All so in heaven's courts this traitor sped,

⁷ Satan, in *Paradise Lost* I, 263, says, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

Who now, when he had overlooked his train,
 Rising upon his throne, with bitter strain
 Thus 'gan to whet their rage and chide their frustrate pain.

22

See, see, you Spirits (I know not whether more 190
 Hated, or hating heaven) ah! see the earth
 Smiling in quiet peace and plenteous store.
 Men fearless live in ease, in love, and mirth;
 Where arms did rage, the drum and cannon roar;
 Where hate, strife, envy reigned, and meager dearth,
 Now lutes and viols charm the ravished ear;
 Men plow with swords; horse-heels their armors wear;
 Ah! shortly scarce they'll know what war and armors were.

23

Under their sprouting vines they sporting sit. 200
 The old tell of evils past; youth laugh and play
 And to their wanton heads sweet garlands fit,
 Roses with lilies, myrtles weaved with bay.
 The world's at rest; Erinnyes, forced to quit
 Her strongest holds, from earth is driven away.
 Even Turks forget their empire to increase;
 War's self is slain and whips of Furies cease.
 We, we ourselves, I fear, will shortly live in peace.

24

Meantime (I burn, I broil, I burst with spite)
 In midst of peace that sharp two-edged sword 210
 Cuts through our darkness, cleaves the misty night,
 Discovers all our snares; that sacred word,
 Locked up by Rome, breaks prison, spreads the light,
 Speaks every tongue, paints, and points out the Lord,
 His birth, life, death, and cross; our gilded stocks,
 Our laymen's books, the boy and woman mocks;

They laugh, they flee, and say, "Blocks teach and worship
blocks."

25

Springtides of light divine the air surround
And bring down heaven to earth; deaf Ignorance,
Vexed with the day, her head in hell hath drowned;
Fond Superstition, frighted with the glance 220
Of sudden beams, in vain hath crossed her round;
Truth and Religion everywhere advance
Their conquering standards; Error's lost and fled;
Earth burns in love to Heaven; Heaven yields her bed
To earth, and common grown, smiles to be ravished.

26

That little swimming isle above the rest,
Spite of our spite and all our plots, remains
And grows in happiness; but late our nest,
Where we and Rome, and blood, and all our trains,
Monks, nuns, dead and live idols, safe did rest. 230
Now there, next the oath of God, that wrestler⁸ reigns,
Who fills the land and world with peace; his spear
Is but a pen, with which he down doth bear
Blind ignorance, false gods, and superstitious fear.

27

There God hath framed another paradise,
Fat olives dropping peace, victorious palms;
Nor in the midst, but everywhere doth rise
That hated tree of life, whose precious balms
Cure every sinful wound, give light to the eyes,
Unlock the ear, recover fainting qualms. 240
There richly grows what makes a people blest,

⁸ The king, James I.

A garden planted by Himself and dressed,
Where He Himself doth walk, where He Himself doth rest.

28

There every star sheds his sweet influence
And radiant beams; great, little, old, and new,
Their glittering rays and frequent confluence
The milky path to God's high palace strew;
The unwearied pastors with steeled confidence,
Conquered and conquering, fresh their fight renew.

Our strongest holds that thundering ordinance 250
Beats down and makes our proudest turrets dance,
Yoking men's iron necks in His sweet governance.

29

Nor can the old world content ambitious light;
Virginia, our soil, our seat, and throne,
(To which so long possession gives us right,
As long as hell's) Virginia's self is gone;
That stormy isle, which the Isle of Devils'⁹ hight,
Peopled with faith, truth, grace, religion.

What's next but hell? That now alone remains,
And that subdued, even here He rules and reigns, 260
And mortals 'gin to dream of long, but endless pains.

30

While we, good harmless creatures, sleep or play,
Forget our former loss and following pain,
Earth sweats for heaven, but hell keeps holiday.
Shall we repent, good souls, or shall we plain?
Shall we groan, sigh, weep* mourn, for mercy pray?
Lay down our spite, wash out our sinful stain?

Maybe He'll yield, forget, and use us well,¹⁰

⁹ Bermuda is meant.

¹⁰ Belial makes a similar argument for "ignoble ease and peaceful sloth" in Milton's portrayal of the Council.

Forgive, join hands, restore us whence we fell;
Maybe He'll yield us heaven and fall Himself to hell. 270

31

But me, O never let me, Spirits, forget
That glorious day when I your standard bore,
And scorning in the second place to sit,
With you assaulted heaven, His yoke forswore!
My dauntless heart yet longs to bleed and sweat
In such a fray; the more I burn, the more
I hate: should He yet offer grace and ease,
If subject we our arms and spite surcease,
Such offer should I hate, and scorn so base a peace.

32

Where are those Spirits? Where that haughty rage 280
That durst with me invade eternal light?
What! Are our hearts fallen too? Droop we with age?
Can we yet fall from hell and hellish spite?
Can smart our wrath, can grief our hate assuage?
Dare we with heaven, and not with earth to fight?
Your arms, allies, yourselves as strong as ever;
Your foes, their weapons, numbers, weaker never.
For shame, tread down this earth! What wants but your
endeavor?

33

Now by yourselves and thunder-daunted arms,
But never-daunted hate, I you implore, 290
Command, adjure, reinforce your fierce alarms;
Kindle, I pray, who never prayed before,
Kindle your darts, treble repay our harms.
Oh, our short time, too short, stands at the door!
Double your rage; if now we do not ply,

We lone in hell, without due company,
And worse, without desert, without revenge shall lie.

34

He, Spirits, (ah, that, that's our main torment!) He
Can feel no wounds, laughs at the sword and dart,
Himself from grief, from suffering wholly free; 300
His simple nature cannot taste of smart,
Yet in His members we Him grieved see;
For, and in them, He suffers; where His heart
Lies bare and naked, there dart your fiery steel,
Cut, wound, burn, sear, if not the head, the heel.
Let Him in every part some pain and torment feel.

35

That light comes posting on, that cursed light,
When they as He, all glorious, all divine,
(Their flesh clothed with the sun, and much more bright,
Yet brighter spirits) shall in His image shine, 310
And see Him as He is; there no despite,
No force, no art their state can undermine:
Full of unmeasured bliss, yet still receiving,
Their souls still childing joy, yet still conceiving,
Delights beyond the wish, beyond quick thoughts perceiving.

36

But we fast pinioned with dark fiery chains,
Shall suffer every ill, but do no more;
The guilty spirit there feels extremest pains,
Yet fears worse than it feels; and finding store
Of present deaths, death's absence sore complains: 320
Oceans of ills without or ebb, or shore,
A life that ever dies, a death that lives,
And, worst of all, God's absent presence gives
A thousand living woes, a thousand dying griefs.

37

But when he sums his time and turns his eye
First to the past, then future pangs, past days
(And every day's an age of misery)
In torment spent, by thousands down he lays,
Future by millions, yet eternity
Grows nothing less, nor past to come allays. 330
Through every pang and grief he wild doth run,
And challenge coward death; doth nothing shun
That he may nothing be, does all to be undone.

38

Oh, let our work equal our wages, let
Our Judge fall short, and when His plagues are spent,
Owe more than He hath paid, live in our debt;
Let heaven want vengeance, hell want punishment
To give our dues; when we with flames beset,
Still dying, live in endless languishment,
This be our comfort: we did get and win 340
The fires and tortures we are whelmed in;
We have kept pace, outrun His justice with our sin.

39

And now you States of Hell, give your advice,
And to these ruins lend your helping hand.
This said and ceased; straight humming murmurs rise:
Some chafe, some fret, some sad and thoughtful stand,
Some chat, and some new stratagems devise;
And everyone heaven's stronger powers banned,
And tear for madness their uncombed snakes;
And everyone his fiery weapon shakes, 350
And everyone expects who first the answer makes.

40

So when the falling sun hangs o'er the main,
Ready to drop into the western wave
By yellow Cam, where all the Muses reign,
And with their towers his reedy head embrace,
The warlike gnat their fluttering armies train;
All have sharp spears, and all shrill trumpets have;
 Their files they double, loud their cornets sound,
 Now march at length, their troops now gather round;
The banks, the broken noise, and turrets fair rebound. 360

GILES FLETCHER received his early training from the famous Westminster School and proceeded to Cambridge, though not enrolled in the same college as Phineas. That he was there in 1603 is established by the fact that his verses, the most poetical of all the contributions to the Cambridge volume of that year, appeared with those of Phineas. Through university appointments the brothers were still associated after graduation until Phineas became chaplain for Sir Henry Willoughby in 1615.

Giles, unlike Phineas, published his chief work, *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, while he was still at Cambridge. His models are apparent, but in his preface he acknowledges the literary mastership of "thrice-honoured Bartas, and our (I know no name more glorious than) Edmund Spenser, two blessed soules." This poem was the first significant religious poem published in England. In an effort to prepare for the favorable consideration of this new type, Giles made a strong argument in his preface for the use of religious subjects in poetry, but the poem was not well received. Phineas, who was devoted to his frail younger brother, wrote a poem comforting him for the harsh criticism:

Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem;
(The glasse, through which an envious eye doth gaze,
Can easily make a mole-hill mountain seem.)
His praise dispraises, his dispraises praise:
Enough, if best men best thy labors deem,
And to the highest pitch thy merit raise.

In spite of this point of view Giles, to us so clearly the best singer of all the Spenserian followers, was forever silenced.

Two years after Phineas left Cambridge, Giles took a little church in Suffolk, but seems to have returned to Cambridge for his B.D. It was not long before he was appointed rector of Alderton in Suffolk. There is an in-

¹ Langdale, *Phineas Fletcher*, pp. 11-12.

teresting story, though its truth is questionable, that Sir Francis Bacon presented him with the latter position. He did not live long after going to Alderton, and Fuller attributes his early death to an uncongenial environment, saying quaintly:

... his clownish, low-parted parishioners, having nothing but their shoes high about them, valued not their pastor, according to his worth, which disposed him to melancholy and hastened his dissolution.

His great poem, divided into four cantos, takes up the Atonement, Temptation, Crucifixion, and Resurrection of Christ, and incorporates in epic pattern much of the Calvinistic theology of the seventeenth century. The second canto was particularly useful to Milton in *Paradise Regained*, and Milton's picture of Satan as an old man in "rural weeds" in the scene of the first temptation is clearly reminiscent of Fletcher's "aged sire" who "came slowly footing" to meet Christ. The poem reaches its greatest height of beauty, however, in the fourth canto. Here the poem becomes an ecstatic hymn of the bliss of paradise, reminding one of the close of Dante's *Paradiso*.

The stanza which Fletcher used is made up of eight lines, Spenser's nine lines with the seventh omitted. The omission makes an easier rhyme scheme, *ababbccc*, but forms a closing triplet which gives a finality to each stanza that interrupts the progress of the narrative.

Giles is a poet of genius. His lines sing, and his narrative is lifted up by the beauty and luxuriance of his powerful imagination. Sometimes his richness becomes cloyingly sweet, and sometimes paradox is so freely used and so strikingly emphasized by antithesis* that it becomes a flaw; yet in spite of these characteristics his poem abounds in lines which are breath-taking in sheer loveliness. That he followed Spenser and was imitated by Milton are facts which become lost in the enjoyment of his melody and poetic pictures.

Christ's Triumph after Death

1

But now the second morning from her bower
Began to glister in her beams; and now
The roses of the day began to flower
In the eastern garden, for heaven's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy began to show.

The early sun came lively dancing out,
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,
That heaven and earth might seem in triumph both to shout.

2

The engladdened spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began to eblazon from her leafy bed; 10
The waking swallow broke her half-year's sleep;
And every bush lay deeply purpured
With violets; the wood's late-wint'ry head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

3

And now the taller sons, whom Titan warms,
Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,
Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms;
And if they chanced to slip the prouder pines, 20
The under corylets did catch the shines
To gild their leaves; saw never happy year
Such joyful triumph and triumphant cheer,
As though the aged world anew created were.

4

Say, earth, why hast thou got thee new attire
And stickest thy habit full of daisies red?

Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
 And some new-found-out bridegroom meanest to wed.
 Tell me ye trees, so fresh appareled,
 So never let the spiteful canker waste you, 30
 So never let the heavens with lightning blast you,
 Why go you now so trimly dressed, or whither haste you?

5

Answer me, Jordan, why thy crooked tide
 So often wanders from his nearest way,
 As though some other way thy stream would slide,
 And fain salute the place where something lay?
 And you sweet birds, that, shaded from the ray,
 Sit caroling and piping grief away,
 The while the lambs to hear you dance and play,
 Tell me, sweet birds, what it is you so fain would say? 40

6

And thou fair spouse of earth that every year
 Gettest such a numerous issue of thy bride,
 How chance thou hotter shinest, and drawest more near?
 Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight hast spied,
 That in one place for joy thou canst not bide.
 And you dead swallows, that so lively now
 Through the flit air your winged passage row,
 How could new life into your frozen ashes flow?

7

Ye primroses and purple violets,
 Tell me why blaze ye from your leafy bed, so
 And woo men's hands to rend you from your sets,
 As though you would somewhere be carried,
 With fresh perfumes and velvets garnished?
 But ah! I need not ask; 'tis surely so:

You all would to your Savior's triumphs go;
There would ye all wait and humble homage do.

8

There should the earth herself with garlands new
And lovely flowers embellished adore;
Such roses never in her garland grew,
Such lilies never in her breast she wore, 60
Like beauty never yet did shine before.

There should the sun another sun behold,
From whence himself borrows his locks of gold
That kindle heaven and earth with beauties manifold.

9

There might the violet and the primrose sweet
Beams of more lively and more lovely grace,
Arising from their beds of incense meet;
There should the swallow see new life embrace
Dead ashes, and the grave unheal his face
To let the living from his bowels creep, 70
Unable longer his own dead to keep;
There heaven and earth should see their Lord awake from
sleep.

10

Their Lord, before by other judged to die,
Now judge of all Himself; before forsaken
Of all the world, that from His aid did fly,
Now by the saints into their armies taken;
Before for an unworthy man mistaken,
Now worthy to be God confessed; before
With blasphemies by all the basest tore,
Now worshiped by angels, that Him low adore. 80

11

Whose garment was before indipped in blood,
 But now imbrightened into heavenly flame,
 The sun itself outglitters, though he should
 Climb to the top of the celestial frame
 And force the stars go hide themselves for shame;
 Before that under earth was buried,
 But now about the heavens is carried,
 And there forever by the angels heried.¹

12

So fairest Phosphor, the bright morning star,
 But newly washed in the green element, 90
 Before the drowsy night is half aware,
 Shooting his flaming locks with dew besprent,
 Springs lively up into the orient;
 And the bright drove, fleeced in gold, he chases
 To drink, that on the Olympic mountain grazes,
 The while the minor planets forfeit all their faces.

13

So long He wandered in our lower sphere
 That heaven began his cloudy stars despise,
 Half envious, to see on earth appear
 A greater light than flamed in his own skies. 100
 At length it burst for spite, and out there flies
 A globe of winged angels, swift as thought,
 That on their spotted feathers lively caught
 The sparkling earth, and to their azure fields it brought.

14

The rest, that yet amazed stood below,
 With eyes cast up, as greedy to be fed,

¹ From the Old English, *herian*, to praise.

And hands upheld, themselves to ground did throw;
 So when the Trojan boy² was ravished,
 As through the Idalian woods they say he fled,
 His aged guardians stood all dismayed, 110
 Some lest he should have fallen back afraid,
 And some their hasty vows and timely prayers said.

15

Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
 And let the Prince of glory enter in!³
 At whose brave volley of siderial states,
 The sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen,
 When leaping first from earth, He did begin
 To climb His angel's wings; "Then open hang
 Your crystal doors," so all the chorus sang
 Of heavenly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang. 120

16

Hark! how the floods clap their applauding hands,
 The pleasant valleys singing for delight;
 The wanton mountains dance about the lands;⁴
 The while the fields, struck with the heavenly light,
 Set all their flowers a-smiling at the sight;
 The trees laugh with their blossoms; and the sound
 Of the triumphant shout of praise that crowned
 The flaming Lamb, breaking through heaven, hath passage
 found.

² Jupiter, disguised as an eagle, carried off Ganymede from among his playmates on Mt. Ida to become cup-bearer to the gods on Mt. Olympus.

³ "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." *Psalm* 24:7.

⁴ "Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together." *Psalm* 98:8. ". . . the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." *Isaiah* 55:12.

17

Out leap the antique patriarchs, all in haste,
 To see the powers of hell in triumph led, 130
 And with small stars a garland interchased
 Of olive leaves they bore, to crown His head,
 That was before with thorns degloried.

After them flew the prophets, brightly stoled
 In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
 Striking their ivory harps, strung all in chords of gold.

18

To which the saints victorious carols sung,
 Ten thousand saints at once, that with tfre sound
 The hollow vaults of heaven for triumph rung;
 The cherubim their clamors did confound 140
 With all the rest, and clapt their wings around;

Down from their thrones the dominations flow,
 And at His feet their crowns and scepters throw;
 And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

19

Nor can the martyrs' wounds them stay behind,
 But out they rush among the heavenly crowd,
 Seeking their heaven out of their heaven to find,
 Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud
 That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud;
 And all the virgin souls in pure array 150
 Came dancing forth and making joyous play:
 So Him they lead along into the courts of day.

20

So Him they lead into the courts of day,
 Where never war, nor wounds abide Him more;
 But in that house eternal peace doth play,

Acquiating the souls, that new before
Their way to heaven through their own blood did score,
 But now, estranged from all misery,
 As far as heaven and earth discoasted lie,
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality. 160

21

And if great things by smaller may be guessed,
So in the midst of Neptune's angry tide
Our Britain Island, like the weedy nest
Of true halcyon,⁵ on the waves doth ride,
And softly sailing, scorns the water's pride;
 While all the rest, drowned on the Continent
 And tost in bloody waves, their wounds lament,
And stand to see our peace, as struck with wonderment.

22

The ship of France religious waves do toss,
And Greece itself is now grown barbarous; 170
Spam's children hardly dare the ocean cross,
And Beige's field lies waste and ruinous,
That unto those the heavens are envious,
 And unto them, themselves are strangers grown,
 And unto these, the seas are faithless known,
And unto her, alas! her own is not her own.

23

Here only shut we Janus' iron gates,
And call the welcome Muses to our springs,
And are but pilgrims from our heavenly states,
The while the trusty earth sure plenty brings, 180
And ships through Neptune safely spread their wings.
 Go, blessed Island, wander where thou please,

⁵ The halcyon bird built her nest on the waves; and during the time she was brooding, the waters were calm.

Unto thy God, or men, heaven, lands, or seas;
Thou canst not lose thy way; thy king with all hath peace.

24

Dear Prince, thy subject's joy, hope of their heirs,
Picture of peace, or breathing image rather,
The certain argument of all our prayers,
Thy Harry's and thy country's lovely father,
Let peace in endless joys forever bathe her
 Within thy sacred breast, that at thy birth 190
 Brought'st her with thee from heaven to dwell on earth,
Making our earth a heaven, and paradise of mirth.

25

Let not my liege misdeem these humble lays,
As licked with soft and supple blandishment,
Or spoken to disparagon his praise;
For though pale Cynthia near her brother's tent
Soon disappears in the white firmament,
 And gives him back the beams before were his,
 Yet when he verges, or is hardly riz,
She the vive⁶ image of her absent brother is. aoo

26

Nor let the Prince of Peace his beadsman blame,
That with his Stewart⁷ dares his Lord compare,
And heavenly peace with earthly quiet shame;
So pines to lowly plants compared are,
And lightning Phoebus to a little star.
 And well I wot, my rhyme, albe unsmooth,

⁶ From the Latin *vivere*, to live.

⁷ The use of "Stewart" here connotes more than the rank of steward. Walter, son of Fleance and the Welsh Princess Nesta, returned to Scotland and became Lord High Stewart and the ancestor of the Scottish line of kings. The name, Stuart, was derived from this office.

Ne says but what it means, ne means but sooth,
 Ne harms the good, ne good to harmful person doth.

27

Gaze but upon the house where man embowers:
 With flowers and rushes paved is his way, 210
 Where all the creatures are his servitors;
 The winds do sweep his chambers every day,
 And clouds do wash his rooms; the ceiling gay,
 Starred aloft, the gilded knobs embrace.
 If such a house God to another gave,
 How shine those glittering courts He for Himself will have?

28

And if a sullen cloud as sad as night,
 In which the sun may seem embodied,
 Depured of all his dross, we see so white,
 Burning in melted gold his wat'ry head, 320
 Or round with ivory edges silvered,
 What luster super-excellent will he
 Lighten on those that all his sunshine see,
 In that all-glorious court in which all glories be?

29

If but one sun, with his diffusive fires,
 Can paint the stars and the whole world with light,
 And joy and life in each heart inspires,
 And every saint shall shine in heaven as bright
 As doth the sun in his transcendent might,
 (As faith may well believe what truth once says) 330
 What shall so many suns united rays
 But dazzle all the eyes, that now in heaven we praise?

30

Here let my Lord hang up His conquering lance
 And bloody armor with late slaughter warm,
 And looking down on His weak militants,
 Behold His saints, midst of their hot alarm,
 Hang all their golden hopes upon His arm;
 And in this lower field disparting wide,
 Through windy thoughts that would their sails misguide,
 Anchor their fleshly ships fast in His wounded side. 240

31

Here may the band that now in triumph shines,
 And that, before they were invested thus,
 In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
 Pitched round about in order glorious,
 Their sunny tents and houses luminous;
 All the eternal day in songs employing,
 Joying their end, without end of their joying,
 While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.³

32

Full, yet without satiety, of that
 Which whets and quiets greedy appetite, 350
 Where never sun did rise, nor ever set;
 But one eternal day and endless light
 Gives time to those whose time is infinite;
 Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
 Beholding Him whom never eye could see,
 And magnifying Him that cannot greater be.

• 33

How can such joy as this want words to speak?
 And yet what words can speak such joy as this?

³ In *Revelation* is given the account of Christ's final victory over Satan and his works.

Far from the world, that might their quiet break,
 Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss, 260
 Poured out in pleasure on their beds of bliss;
 And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
 Their eyes on Him, whose graces manifold,
 The more they do behold, the more they would behold.

34

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes;
 Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
 That on God's sweating altar burning lies;
 Their hungry ears feed on their heavenly noise
 That angels sing, to tell their untold joys;
 Their understanding naked truth, their wills 270
 The all, and self-sufficient Goodness fills,
 That nothing here is wanting, but the want of ills.

35

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
 No bloodless malady empales their face,
 No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
 No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
 No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
 No fear of death the joy of life devours,
 No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
 No loss, no grief, no change wait on their winged hours. 280

36

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
 And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain;
 The infant wonders how he came so old,
 And old man how he came so young again;
 Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain,
 Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe,

And all are kings, and yet no subjects know.
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

37

For things that pass are past, and in this field
The indeficient spring no winter fears; 290
The trees together fruit and blossom yield;
The unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears.

And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below;
Three rivers here of milk and wine and honey flow.

38

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood;
Of living diamond the building was, 300
That all things else besides itself did pass;
Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
And little pearls for dust, it seemed to have,
On which soft-streaming manna, like pure snow, did wave.

39

In midst of this city celestial,
Where the eternal temple should have rose,
Lightened the Idea Beatifical: ⁹
End and beginning of each thing that grows,
Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows;
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear, 310
Yet sees and hears and is all eye, all ear;
That nowhere is contained and yet is everywhere.

⁰ The entire description of heaven is based upon *Revelation* 21-22. These lines are a somewhat Platonic phrasing of *Rev.* 21:22, "And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

40

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
Before and after all, the first and last,
That moving all, is yet immovable;
Great without quantity, in whose forecast
Things past are present, things to come are past;
 Swift without motion, to whose open eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie,
At once absent and present to them, far and nigh. 330

41

It is no flaming luster made of light,
No sweet consent, or well-timed harmony,
Ambrosia for to feast the appetite,
Or flowery odor mixed with spicery,
No soft embrace or pleasure bodily;
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
 A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odor, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

42

A heavenly feast, no hunger can consume,
A light unseen, yet shines in every place, 330
A sound no time can steal, a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter, an entire embrace
That no satiety can e'er unlace;
 Ingraced into so high a favor, there
 The saints with their beau-peers whole worlds outwear,
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

43

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains.
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,

Spending your endless evening that remains, 340
 Among those white flocks and celestial trains
 That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
 That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,
 Psalming aloud the holy honors of His name.

44

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song,
 Were every verse as smoothly filed as glass,
 And every member turned to a tongue,
 And every tongue were made of sounding brass,
 Yet all that skill and all this strength, alas!
 Should it presume to gild, were misadvised 350
 The place where David hath new songs devised,
 As in his burning throne he sits emparadised.

45

Most happy prince, whose eyes those stars behold,
 Treading ours under feet, now mayest thou pour
 That overflowing skill wherewith of old
 Thou wou'st to comb rough speech; now mayest thou shower
 Fresh streams of praise upon that holy bower,
 Which well we heaven call, not that it rolls,
 But that it is the haven of our souls:
 Most happy prince, whose sight so heavenly sight beholds! 360

46

Ah, foolish shepherds, that were wont esteem
 Your God all rough and shaggy-haired to be;
 And yet far wiser shepherds than ye deem,
 For who so poor (though who so rich) as He,
 When, with us hermiting in low degree,
 He washed His flocks in Jordan's spotless tide;
 And, that His dear remembrance ay might bide,
 Did to us come and with us lived and for us died?

47

But now so lively colors did embeam
 His sparkling forehead, and so shiny rays 370
 Kindled His flaming locks that down did stream
 In curls along His neck, where sweetly plays
 (Singing His wounds of love in sacred lays)
 His dearest spouse, spouse of the dearest Lover,
 Knitting a thousand knots over and over,
 And dying still for love, but they her still recover.

48

Fair Egliset, that at His eyes doth dress
 Her glorious face, those eyes from whence are shed
 Infinite bel-amours, where to express
 His love, high God all heaven as captive leads, 380
 And all the banners of His grace dispreads.
 And in those windows doth His arms englaze,
 And on those eyes the angels all do gaze,
 And from those eyes the lights of heaven do glean their blaze.

49

But let the Kentish lad that lately taught
 His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
 Young Thyrtilis,¹⁰ and for his music brought
 The willing spheres from heaven to lead a round
 Of dancing nymphs and herds, that sung and crowned
 Eclecta's hymen with ten thousand flowers 390
 Of choicest praise, and hung her heavenly bowers
 With saffron garlands, dressed for nuptial paramours,

¹⁰ Young Thyrtilis is Thirsil, by which name Phineas Fletcher represented himself. In *The Purple Island*, Canto XII, Phineas Fletcher describes the betrothal of Eclecta, the daughter of Intellect, and Voletta, or the will, to Christ. The passage, like the above, is much influenced by *Revelation*.

50

Let his shrill trumpet with her silver blast,
Of fair Eclecta and her spousal bed,
Be the sweet pipe and smooth encomiast;
But my green Muse, hiding her younger head
Under old Camus' flaggy banks, that spread
 Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
 With their own wat'ry shadows wanton play,
Dares not those high amours and love-sick songs assay. 400

51

Impotent words, weak lines, that strive in vain,
In vain, alas, to tell so heavenly sight!
So heavenly sight as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can that seems of greatest might,
 Might any yet compare with Infinite?
 Infinite sure those joys, my words but light;
Light is the palace where she dwells—O blessed wight!

DRUMMOND, who, like a true Elizabethan, thought to gain immortality by his verse, is "eternized" instead by a visit from Ben Jonson. Two men more unlike can scarcely be imagined—burly Jonson with his love of canary, drinking Drummond's ancestral cellars dry, and the neat, ascetic Scotchman, rebelling somewhat at the manners of his guest. Yet Drummond was so keenly interested in Jonson's outpouring comment on the London poets that he kept a careful record of their conversations. In spite of their dissimilarities in things physical, there was a marked congeniality in their literary taste: both were scholars, men of precise and tireless reading, who held that their conquest of authors entitled them to the trophies which boldly enrich their pages.

Though many other opportunities were open to him, Drummond chose to spend his life in scholarly retirement at Hawthornden. His father had intended him for law, and after Drummond had received his master's degree from the University of Edinburgh, gave him the opportunity to study law on the Continent. Court preferment was also possible for him, both through his father's position as gentleman-usher to the king and through recognition of Drummond's complimentary verses to the king and members of the royal family. But Drummond had other ideals; the glories of the court were to him only "gilded glories which decay." The proportion of two years spent in literary Paris to one year spent at Bourges in the study of law shows us his taste. When, in the year following his return to England, his father's death left the family estate in his possession, he did not hesitate in his choice. Surrounding himself with a large library of books in Latin, French, Italian, Hebrew, and Spanish, as well as English, he established himself at the age of twenty-four at picturesque Hawthornden. He formed a lasting friendship with the leading Scotch poet, Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, and made connection with the London poets through correspondence with Michael Drayton, whom he had

long admired. His quiet life seems not to have been disturbed during the wars, even though he was a Royalist and the inventor of a number of military machines.

The marked French influence shown in Drummond's poetry came both from his reading and from his residence in France. When he was in Paris, Pontus de Tyard, the last of the Pleiade, had recently died, and Ronsard was still the great literary master. Drummond's first published poem, *Tears on the Death of Mosliades* (1613), occasioned by the death of Prince Henry, is quite in the manner of Ronsard. Gosse says that his "best pieces might have been translated into French of the beginning of the seventeenth century without raising any suspicion of foreign influence."¹

Italian influence is also very marked in the poems. In fact, Drummond is primarily an exotic poet. He says of himself, "I first began to read, then loved to write," and in both content and style he shows his literary sources. In his personal library of 552 volumes only fifty books were in English; and from lists of his reading that have been preserved, we know of his wide reading in French and Italian. Some of his sonnets are direct translations from the French and Italian, and others are in close imitation. Like Petrarch he celebrated a real love and, after the death of his sweetheart, continued his sonnet sequence as an expression of his sorrow. He points out "that he was the first in the Isle that did celebrate a mistress dead."²

Although the sonnets of Drummond are of literary parentage, they have deep biographical interest, for the young woman "for whom they were done, and whom only I wish should see them"³ was Mary Cunningham, who died suddenly just before the date set for their marriage. To her Drummond was faithful for fifteen years; and when he finally married at the age of forty-five, he married a woman whose

¹ *Jacobean Poets*, p. 102.

² Quoted in Ward's introduction, p. xlii from Folio, 1711: *Memoir*,

p. 3^v.

³ Quoted in Ward's introduction, p. xlii from *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv, p. 83.

resemblance to Miss Cunningham had won his affection! It is notable, also, that there was almost no poetry after this marriage. In the life of a married man and unfortunate father, who had to bury six of his nine children in their infancy, poetry was supplanted by prose which was actuated only by the king's need of support.

In his criticism made during the visit to Hawthornden, Jonson pointed out the two chief weaknesses of Drummond's poems: "They smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the time." As a counteraction he suggested that Drummond read the classical Latin authors and especially advised Quintilian, "who, he said, would tell me the faults of my verses as if he lived with me." But Drummond never achieved the manner of the Latin and Greek classical writers. Praise of Plato in the sonnet beginning "That learned Grecian" and the adoption of the idea of the pre-existence of souls "which see, know, love in heaven's great height" is as far in this direction as he gets. He remains of France and Italy and faintly echoes the fuller songs of the Renaissance.

Drummond is a sensuous poet, and the gorgeousness of his clear colors and vivid pictures is too little known. In the fields of the sonnet and the madrigal he is best; Ward says, "It is even questionable if there be any more beautiful sonnets in the English language than the best of Drummond's."⁴ He holds us by the perfection of his versification. He is a supreme artificer, formal and smooth, the poet of order and beauty, but his work is not strongly individualized even in its most personal moods. He seems most genuine in his religious poems, where we find a sensuous beauty that occasionally hints of Crashaw.

Sonnets

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,

* Introductory *Memoir* to his edition, p. xvi.

Sole comforter of minds with grief oppressed;
 Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
 Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possessed,
 And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
 To inward light which thou art wont to show,
 With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
 Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

10



My lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
 With thy green mother in some shady grove,
 When immelodious winds but made thee move,
 And birds on thee their ramage¹ did bestow.
 Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
 Which used in such harmonious strains to flow,
 Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
 What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
 Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
 But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
 Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear:
 Be therefore silent as in woods before;
 Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
 Like widowed turtle, still her loss complain.

20



Thrice happy he, who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
 Though solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that eternal love.
 O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,

¹Warbling.

Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
 Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
 O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalmed, which new-born flow'rs unfold, 10
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
 How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!
 The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
 Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.



I know that all beneath the moon decays,
 And what by mortals in this world is brought,
 In Time's great periods shall return to nought;
 That fairest states have fatal nights and days;
 I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays,
 With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
 As idle sounds, of none or few are sought,
 And that nought lighter is than airy praise;
 I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
 To which one morn oft birth and death affords; 20
 That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
 Where sense and will invassal reason's power:
 Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
 But that, O me! I both must write and love.



That learned Grecian,² who did so excel
 In knowledge passing sense, that he is named
 Of all the after-worlds divine, doth tell
 That at the time when first our souls are framed,
 Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
 They live bright rays of that eternal light,
 And others see, know, love, in heaven's great height,

* Plato.

Not toiled with aught to reason doth rebel.
 Most true it is, for straight at the first sight
 My mind me told, that in some other place
 It elsewhere saw the idea of that face,
 And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight;
 No wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
 Sith I her lov'd ere on this earth she came.

10

Madrigal

This life, which seems so fair,
 Is like a bubble blown up in the air
 By sporting children's breath,
 Who chase it everywhere,
 And strive who can most motion it bequeath:
 And though it sometime seem of its own might,
 Like to an eye of gold, to be fixed there,
 And firm to hover in that empty height,
 That only is because it is so light.
 But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
 For even when most admired, it in a thought,
 As swelled from nothing, doth dissolve in nought.

10

Madrigal

Unhappy light,
 Do not approach to bring the woeful day,
 When I must bid for aye
 Farewell to her, and live in endless plight.
 Fair moon, with gentle beams
 The sight who never mars,
 Long clear heaven's sable vault; and you, bright stars,
 Your golden locks long glass in earth's pure streams;
 Let Phoebus never rise
 To dim your watchful eyes:
 Prolong, alas, prolong my short delight,
 And if ye can, make an eternal night.

10

Song

Phoebus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy career may with roses spread;
The nightingales thy coming each where sing;
Make an eternal spring,
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before, 10
And, emperor-like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates not hope betray), 20
Which, only white, deserves
A diamond forever should it mark:
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see, than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise;
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear. 30
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise;
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,

And with her tresses play,
 Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
 The winds all silent are,
 And Phoebus in his chair,
 Ensaffroning sea and air, 40a
 Makes vanish every star:
 Night like a drunkard reels
 Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels;
 The fields with flow'rs are decked in every hue,
 The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue:
 Here is the pleasant place,
 And everything, save her, who all should grace.

An Hymn of the Ascension

Bright portals of the sky,
 Embossed with sparkling stars,
 Doors of eternity,
 With diamantine bars,
 Your arras rich uphold,
 Loose all your bolts and springs,
 Ope wide your leaves of gold,
 That in your roofs may come the King of kings.
 Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
 He doth ascend the air: x<
 Straight doth the moon Him shroud
 With her resplendent hair;
 The next encrystalled light
 Submits to Him its beams,
 And He doth trace the height
 Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.
 He towers those golden bounds
 He did to sun bequeath;
 The higher wand'ring rounds
 Are found His feet beneath; 20
 The Milky Way comes near,
 Heaven's axle seems to bend,

- Above each turning sphere
 That, robed in glory, heaven's King may ascend.
 O well-spring of this All!
 Thy father's image vive;
 Word, that from nought did call
 What is, doth reason, live;
 The soul's eternal food,
 Earth's joy, delight of heaven; 30
 All truth, love, beauty, good:
 To Thee, to Thee be praises ever given!
 What was dismarshaled late
 In this Thy noble frame,
 And lost the prime estate,
 Hath reobtained the same,
 Is now most perfect seen;
 Streams which diverted were,
 And troubled strayed unclean
 From their first source, by Thee home turned are. 40
 By Thee that blemish old
 Of Eden's leprous prince,
 Which on his race took hold,
 And him exiled from thence,
 Now put away is far:
 With sword, in ireful guise,
 No cherub more shall bar
 Poor man the entries into paradise.
 By Thee those spirits pure, 50
 First children of the light,
 Now fixed stand and sure
 In their eternal right;
 Now human companies
 Renew their ruined wall;
 Fallen man, as Thou mak'st rise,
 Thou giv'st to angels, that they shall not fall.
 By Thee that prince of sin,
 That doth with mischief swell,
 Hath lost what he did win,

- And shall endungeoned dwell; 60
 His spoils are made Thy prey,
 His fanes are sacked and torn,
 His altars razed away,
 And what adored was late, now lies a scorn.
 These mansions, pure and clear,
 Which are not made by hands,
 Which once by him joyed were,
 And his, then not stained, bands
 (Now forfeited, dispossessed,
 And headlong from them thrown) 70
 Shall Adam's heirs make blest,
 By Thee, their great Redeemer, made their own.
 O well-spring of this All!
 Thy father's image vive;
 Word, that from nought did call
 What is, doth reason, live;
 Whose work is but to will,
 God's coeternal Son,
 Great banisher of ill!
 By none but Thee could these great deeds be done. 80
 Now each ethereal gate
 To Him hath opened been,
 And glory's King in state
 His palace enters in;
 Now corned in this high priest
 In the most holy place,
 Not without blood addressed,
 With glory heaven, the earth to crown with grace.
 Stars which all eyes were late,
 And did with wonder burn, 90
 His name to celebrate,
 In flaming tongues them turn;
 Their orby crystals move
 More active than before,
 And entheat¹ from above,
¹ Divinely inspired.

Their sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore;
 The quires of happy souls,
 Waked with that music sweet,
 Whose descant care controls,
 Their Lord in triumph meet; 100
 The spotless sprites of light
 His trophies do extol,
 And, arched in squadrons bright,
 Greet their great Victor in his capitol.
 O glory of the heaven!
 O sole delight of earth!
 To Thee all power be given,
 God's uncreated birth!
 Of mankind lover true,
 Indearer of his wrong, no
 Who dost the world renew,
 Still be Thou our salvation and our song!
 From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
 When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

[Look How the Flower]

Look how the flower which lingeringly doth fade,
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
 Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
 As high as it did raise, bows low the head;
 Right so my life, contentments being dead,
 Or in their contraries but only seen,
 With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
 And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
 As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night
 By darkness would imprison on his way, 10
 Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
 Of what yet rests thee of life's" wasting day.
 Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

[The Baptist's Sonnet]

The last and greatest herald of heaven's king,
 Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
 Among the savage brood the woods forth bring,
 Which he than man more harmless found and mild;
 His food was locusts and what there doth spring,
 With honey that from virgin hives distilled;
 Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
 Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
 There burst he forth: "All ye, whose hopes rely
 On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn; 10
 Repent, repent, and from old errors turn."
 Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry?
 Only the echoes, which he made relent,
 Rung from their marble caves, "Repent, repent!"

[Love]

Love which is here a care
 That wit and will doth mar,
 Uncertain truce, and a most certain war,
 A shrill tempestuous wind
 Which doth disturb the mind,
 And like wild waves our designs all commove:
 Among those sprites above
 Which see their Maker's face,
 It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
 A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest, 16
 Eternal joy which nothing can molest.

THE PASTORAL strain of Spenser embodied in the graceful octosyllabic verse-mold of Jonson is the unique contribution of George Wither to English poetry.

Wither did not find his real talent, however, until imprisonment in the Marshalsea set him yearning for the spreading beeches of his native Bentworth and the charming pastoral scenes of Hampshire. Why he was put in prison for writing *Abuses Stript and Whipt* has never been discovered. The satire is very general in scope and deals with man's moral nature rather than with the faults of individuals. Far more open satire from Donne had been disregarded. Apparently Wither's attack was interpreted as fitting certain members of the court and church, in spite of its generality, and only the interference of Princess Elizabeth, Wither's own appeal in verse to the king, and the suppression of the issue finally secured his release.

The severity with which he was treated during the early days of his imprisonment was a novel experience for Wither. He had been brought up in luxury at home, and though after two years at Oxford University, he says that he was called home by his father "to hold the plough," the expression he uses does not connote financial need. He was soon established at Lincoln's Inn, ostensibly to study law. He joined the group of young poets in the Inns of Court and formed a lasting friendship with William Browne, who probably introduced him to Michael Drayton. Through his *Nuptial Poems* for Princess Elizabeth he won the patronage of the Princess and seemed well on the way to success, but suddenly he was subjected for apparently slight cause to extremely severe punishment. He writes of his hardships: "I was for many days compelled to feed on nothing but the coarsest bread, and sometimes locked up four and twenty hours together without so much as a drop of water to cool my tongue."¹ This experience deterred Wither from further satire until he

¹ Quoted by Edmund Gosse in *Jacobean Poets*, p. 183.

turned Puritan and Parliamentary, but it did not stop the flow of his verse. It is to this period that we are indebted for his loveliest poems: his contribution to the *Shepherd's Pipe* of Browne, Christopher Brooke, and John Davies of Hereford and his pastoral in five eclogues, the *Shepherd's Hunting*. Of the latter Gosse says: "In all the days of James I, no more unaffected melodies, no brighter or more aerial notes, were poured forth by any poet than are contained in this delicious little volume. . . ." ² In this poem appears the best known passage of his writing, his statement of the power of poetry, found in the *Fourth Eclogue*.

Only two of his later works are really distinguished. *Fidelia*, which followed the *Shepherd's Hunting* (c. 1617), is an unfinished poem representing a woman's epistle to an inconstant friend. Written largely in heroic couplets of considerable finish, it contains the lyric sung in the best manner of the Cavaliers,

Shall I wasting in despair
Die because a woman's fair?

Fair Virtue, or the *Mistress of Philarete*, though probably written earlier, was not published until 1622. Here he sings of philosophy, but places his didactic poem in a pastoral frame. In his sincere love of nature he is less artificial than most of the pastoral poets, and the descriptions of his own Hampshire country are rightly famous. In presenting the idea of nature as a consoling power, Wither anticipates Wordsworth.

With Wither's later life and writing, students of literature are little concerned. He left the court circles which he had satirized in *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, sold his property to furnish out a troop of horse, and became a captain in Cromwell's army. During the conflict the lives of Wither and Denham came into interesting contact. For a time Wither enjoyed residence on Denham's confiscated estate; later when

² *ibid.*, p. 186.

Wither's forces were overpowered by Denham, Denham saved Wither from hanging by saying to the king that "whilst [Wither] lived, he should not be the worst poet in England." Whether or not Wither's "dear Betty," whom Aubrey calls "a great wit," who "would write in verses too," encouraged her husband to production, Wither wrote far too much. After the reign of James I silence would have enhanced his reputation. His religious poetry is poor; his satire puts him back in prison (Newgate this time); and his prose is hopelessly dull.

Though Wither died in the year that *Paradise Lost* was published, he was not of this later age into which his long life had brought him. We associate him rather with the earlier times—with the period of his birth, when the Armada was making its way toward England; with Spenser, his poetic master; and with William Browne of Tavistock, his warm personal friend and literary associate.

FROM *The Shepherd's Hunting*

Philarete. Seest thou not in clearest days
 Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays,
 And that vapors which do breathe
 From the earth's gross womb beneath,
 Seem not to us with black steams
 To pollute the sun's bright beams,
 And yet vanish into air,
 Leaving it unblemished fair?
 So, my Willy,¹ shall it be
 With detractions breath and thee. 10
 It shall never rise so high
 As to stain thy poesy.
 As that sun doth oft exhale
 Vapors from each rotten vale,
 Poesy so sometime drains
 Gross conceits from muddy brains,
 Mists of envy, fogs of spite,

¹ William Browne.

'Twixt men's judgments and her light;
 But so much her power may do,
 That she can dissolve them too. 20
 If thy verse do bravely tower,
 As she makes wing, she gets power;
 Yet the higher she doth soar,
 She's affronted still the more,
 Till she to the highest hath past,
 Then she rests with fame at last.
 Let nought therefore thee affright,
 But make forward in thy flight;
 For if I could match thy rhyme,
 To the very stars I'd climb, 30
 There begin again, and fly •
 Till I reached eternity.
 But, alas, my Muse is slow;
 For thy pace she flags too low.
 Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
 Her short wings were clipped of late,
 And poor I, her fortune ruing,
 Am myself put up a-mewing.²
 But if I my cage can rid,
 I'll fly where I never did. 40
 And though for her sake I'm crossed,
 Though my best hopes I have lost,
 And knew she would make my trouble
 Ten times more than ten times double,
 I would love and keep her too
 Spite of all the world could do.
 For though banished from my flocks,
 And, confined within these rocks,
 Here I waste away the light
 And consume the sullen night, 50
 She doth for my comfort stay,
 And keeps many cares away.

² *The Shepherd's Hunting* was composed while Wither was imprisoned for writing the satire, *Abuses Stript and Whipt*.

Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the springtide yields,
Though I may not see those groves
Where the shepherds chant their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel,
Though of all those pleasures past
Nothing now remains at last, 60
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief,
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre envy's evil will,
Whence she should be driven too,
Were it in mortal's power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace, 70
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling; 80
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness

In the very gall of sadness. 90
 The dull loneness, the black shade
 That these hanging vaults have made,
 The strange music of the waves
 Beating on these hollow caves,
 This black den which rocks emboss
 Overgrown with eldest moss,
 The rude portals that give light
 More to terror than delight,
 This my chamber of neglect, 100^{oo}
 Walled about with disrespect:
 From all these and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair,
 She hath taught me by her might
 To draw comfort and delight.
 Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this.
 Poesy, thou sweetest content
 That e'er heaven to mortals lent,
 Though they as a trifle leave thee
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee, 110^{to}
 Though thou be to them a scorn
 That to naught but earth are born,
 Let my life no longer be
 Than I am in love with thee.
 Though our wise ones call thee madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness
 If I love not thy maddest fits
 More than all their greatest wits.

FROM *Fair Virtue*
or
The Mistress of Philarete

Two pretty rills do meet, and meeting make
 Within one valley a large silver lake,¹

¹ This is the Pool of Alresford, in Hampshire, near Wither's home

About whose banks the fertile mountains stood
 In ages past bravely crowned with wood,
 Which, lending cold-sweet shadows, gave it grace
 To be accounted Cynthia's bathing place,
 And from her father Neptune's brackish court
 Fair Thetis² thither often would resort,
 Attended by the fishes of the sea,
 Which in those sweeter waters came to play. 10
 There would the daughter of the sea-god dive;
 And thither came the land-nymphs every eve
 To wait upon her, bringing for her brows
 Rich garlands of sweet flowers and beechy boughs.

For pleasant was that pool, and near it then
 Was neither rotten marsh nor boggy fen.
 It was nor overgrown with boisterous sedge,
 Nor grew there rudely then along the edge
 A bending willow nor a prickly bush,
 Nor broadleafed flag, nor reed, nor knotty rush; 20
 But here, well ordered, was a grove with bowers:
 There grassy plots set round about with flowers.
 Here you might through the water see the land
 Appear, strowed o'er with white or yellow sand.
 Yon, deeper was it; and the wind by whiffs
 Would make it rise and wash the little cliffs,
 On which oft pluming sat, unfrighted then,
 The gagging wildgoose and the snow-white swan,
 With all those flocks of fowls which to this day
 Upon those quiet waters breed and play. 30

For though excellencies wanting be,
 Which once it had, it is the same that we
 By transposition name the Ford of Arle,
 And out of which along a chalky marl
 That river trills whose waters wash the fort
 In which brave Arthur kept his royal court.⁸

² Thetis was a Nereid, daughter of Nereus, not Neptune.

⁸ Winchester. Alresford was only seven or eight miles away.

North-east, not far from this great pool, there lies
 A tract of beechy mountains, that arise
 With leisurely-ascending to such height,
 As from their tops the warlike Isle of Wight 40
 You in the ocean's bosom may espy,
 Though near two hundred furlongs thence it lie.
 The pleasant way, as up those hills you climb,
 Is strewed o'er with majoram and thyme,
 Which grows unset. The hedgerows do not want
 The cowslip, violet, primrose, nor a plant
 That freshly scents, as birch both green and tall;
 Low sallows, on whose bloomings bees do fall;
 Fair woodbines, which about the hedges twine;
 Smooth privet, and the sharp, sweet eglantine; 50
 With many more, whose leaves and blossoms fair
 The earth adorn, and oft perfume the air.

When you unto the highest do attain,
 An intermixture both of wood and plain
 You shall behold, which, though aloft it lie,
 Hath downs for sheep and fields for husbandry.
 So much, at least, as little needeth more,
 If not enough to merchandise their store.

In every row hath nature planted there
 Some banquet for the hungry passenger. 60
 For here the hazel-nut and filbert grows;
 There bulloes,⁴ and a little further sloes;
 On this hand standeth a fair wilding-tree;⁵
 On that large thickets of black cherries be.
 The shrubby fields are raspice-orchards there,
 The new-felled woods like strawberry gardens are:
 And had the king of rivers blest those hills
 With some small number of such pretty rills
 As flow elsewhere, Arcadia had not seen
 A sweeter plot of earth than this had been. 70

⁴ Both bulloes and sloes are wild piums'

⁵ Crab-apple.

That without them dares her woo; 30
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how 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? 40

A Christmas Carol

1

So now is come our joyfullest feast;
 Let every man be jolly.
 Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,
 And every post with holly.
 Though some churls at our mirth repine,
 Round your foreheads garlands twine,
 Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
 And let us all be merry.

2

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
 And Christmas blocks are burning; 30
 Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
 And all their spits are turning.
 Without the door let sorrow lie;
 And if for cold it hap to die,
 We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
 And evermore be merry.

3

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
 And no man minds his labor;
 Our lasses have provided them
 A bagpipe and a tabor. 20
 Young men, and maids, and girls, and boys,
 Give life to one another's joys;
 And you anon shall by their noise
 Perceive that they are merry.

4

Rank misers now do sparing shun,
 Their hall of music soundeth,
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders run;
 So all things there aboundeth.
 The country-folk themselves advance,
 For crowdy-mutton's come out of France; 30
 And Jack shall pipe and Jill shall dance,
 And all the town be merry.

5

Ned Swash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
 And all his best apparel;
 Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
 With droppings of the barrel;
 And those that hardly all the year
 Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
 Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
 And all the day be merry. 40

6

Now poor men to the justices
 With capons make their arrants,

And if they hap to fail of these
 They plague them with their warrants.
 But now they feed them with good cheer,
 And what they want they take in beer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year,
 And then they shall be merry.

7

Good farmers in the country nurse
 The poor, that else were undone. 50
 Some landlords spend their money worse,
 On lust and pride at London.
 There they roisters do play,
 Drab and dice their land away,
 Which may be ours another day;
 And therefore let's be merry.

8

The client now his suit forbears,
 The prisoner's heart is eased;
 The debtor drinks away his cares,
 And for the time is pleased. 60
 Though others' purses be more fat,
 Why should we pine or grieve for that?
 Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat,
 And therefore let's be merry.

9

Hark how the wags abroad do call
 Each other forth to rambling;
 Anon you'll see them in the hall,
 For nuts and apples scrambling.
 Hark how the roofs with laughters sound!
 Anon they'll think the house goes round, 70

For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

10

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing,
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box;
And to the dealing of the ox
The honest neighbors come by flocks,
And here they will be merry. 80

11

Now kings and queens poor sheep-cotes have
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
The wisest men play at noddy.
Some youths will now a-mumming go,
Some others play at rowland-hoe,
And twenty other gameboys moe,
Because they will be merry.

12

Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller? 90
No; let us sing some roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, whilst thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods, and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry.

William Browne 1590(?) -1645

THOUGH William Browne was educated at Oxford University and spent the years of his maturity in the law courts at London, his poetry is so wholly the product of his early environment that he is always spoken of as William Browne of Tavistock. The quiet beauty of the Tavy valley determines the nature of Browne's best poetry quite as much as do the pastorals of his literary masters, Sidney and Spenser. But Tavistock was also aglow with pride in Drake and its other heroes, and so it is Tavistock again that accounts for the patriotic fervor which colors the pastorals of Browne. To glorify this region he dedicates all his poetic powers and his great store of learning, enriching his references by the use of legend and history.

Britannia's Pastorals, Browne's most famous work, contains 10,000 lines of description in three books. The first book appeared shortly after Browne went to the Inner Temple in 1613; the second, in 1616; and the third, not until the manuscript was found in the Salisbury Cathedral library in 1851 and printed for the Percy Society in the following year. In spite of its great length the poem is unfinished. Its worst faults are the result of his literary discipleship. In general conception he follows Drayton's *Polyolbion*, giving a poetic geography, which is, however, restricted in scope to Devon. His rivers, like Drayton's, are populated by nymphs, and his valleys inhabited by idealized shepherds. His story is a romance so complicated and so interrupted by episodes that it is almost impossible to follow it. In devising the narrative, Browne very obviously was following the intricacies of the *Arcadia* and the *Faerie Queene*; he even imitates the archaisms of Spenser and adds allegory to his already weighted story. Strangely enough, however, he does not attempt the Spenserian stanza, but uses the heroic couplet.

The best parts of the poem are found when Browne gets away from the artificial conventions of the pastoral and

writes out of his love for the scenery in which he spent his boyhood. His "shady groves" are the real forests of Devon, full of English song birds; his "enameled meadows" are actual hayfields; his "purling rills" are the river scenes he knew; and though he may marry his rivers in the most conventional manner of Drayton or of Spenser, they still flow through Devon. He brings the courtly romance into sharp contrast with a country marriage scene or adds to a conventional rosy-fingered dawn the reality of the closely observed shining track of the snail. He often makes poetic use of simple details which his accuracy of observation has given him, and he loves nature with an intensity that is unusual before Wordsworth. In London, busy with the law, his heart cries in longing,

Devon, O Devon in wind and rain!

Browne's work has also another kind of interest for us; it influenced Milton. Milton's copy of Browne's poems, annotated in his own hand, substantiates the evidence given by his poetry. Browne is Milton's predecessor in the pastoral elegy; his elegy for William Ferrar, a friend drowned at sea (*Britannia's Pastorals* II. 1), and the monody on the death of Mr. Thomas Manwood (*Fourth Eclogue* of the *Shepherd's Pipe*) should be read in connection with *Lycidas*. Browne also wrote a masque for the Inner Temple on the story of Ulysses and Circe, a work which may have influenced *Comus*. And finally, *Britannia's Pastorals* gave suggestions for such widely differing works as *L'Allegro* and *Paradise Regained*. Both in his own right as a descriptive poet of local scenes and in his influence upon a far greater poet than himself, Browne demands our study.

Though Browne could count among his friends some of the great intellectual men of his time—such men as Chapman and Drayton among the more Elizabethan figures, or Ben Jonson, Selden, and Wither in the seventeenth century—seems never to have felt the spirit of his own

age. He retired more and more within himself and even broke off associations with his friends. As early as 1624 he gave up his work in the law courts and returned to Exeter College, Oxford, as tutor to Robert Dormer, later Earl of Carnarvon. Here he received his master's degree. We next hear of him in the household of the Herberts of Wilton. In 1628 he married and retired to an estate of his own in Dorking, where he could enjoy the pastoral scenes he loved. He took no part in the disturbances which swept the country. To him the new period was inferior to the old, and the golden age was in the days of Elizabeth, when Sidney and Spenser were the leading poets and Drake of Tavistock went voyaging.

FROM *The Shepherd's Pipe*

The Fourth Eclogue

THE ARGUMENT

IN THIS the author bewails the death of one whom he shadoweth under the name of Philarete, compounded of the Greek words *φίλος* and *ἀρετή*, a lover of virtue, a name well befitting him to whose memory these lines are consecrated, being sometime his truly loved (and now as much lamented) friend Mr. Thomas Manwood, son to the worthy Sir Peter Manwood, knight.

Under an aged oak was Willie laid,
 Willie, the lad who whilom made the rocks
 To ring with joy, whilst on his pipe he played,
 And from their masters wooed the neighboring flocks.

But now overcome with dolours deep

That nigh his heart-strings rent,

Ne cared he for his silly sheep,

Ne cared for merriment.

But changed his wonted walks

For uncouth paths unknown,

Where none but trees might hear his plaints,
And echo rue his moan.

Autumn it was when drooped the sweetest flowers,
And rivers, swollen with pride, o'erlooked the banks;
Poor grew the day of summer's golden hours,
And void of sap stood Ida's cedar-ranks.

The pleasant meadows sadly lay
In chill and cooling sweats
By rising fountains, or as they
Feared winter's wasteful threats.

20

Against the broad-spread oak,
Each wind in fury bears;
Yet fell their leaves not half so fast
As did the shepherd's tears.

As was his seat, so was his gentle heart,
Meek and dejected, but his thoughts as high
As those aye-wandering lights, who both impart
Their beams on us, and heaven still beautify.

Sad was his look (O heavy fate!
That swain should be so sad,
Whose merry notes the forlorn mate
With greatest pleasure clad);

30

Broke was his tuneful pipe
That charmed the crystal floods,
And thus his grief took airy wings
And flew about the woods.

Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And night too sparing of a wished stay.
Ye wandering lamps, O be ye fixed a space!
Some other hemisphere grace with your ray.

40

Great Phoebus! Daphne¹ is not here,
Nor Hyacinthus² fair;

¹ A nymph loved by Phoebus, or Apollo, who was changed into a laurel tree to escape the pursuit of the god.

² A youth beloved of Apollo and accidentally killed by the discus of the god.

Phoebe! ³ Endymion and thy dear
 Hath long since cleft the air.
 But ye have surely seen
 (Whom we in sorrow miss)
 A swain whom Phoebe thought her love,
 And Titan deemed his.

But he is gone; then inwards turn your light,
 Behold him there: here never shall you more; so
 O'erhang this sad plain wuh eternal night;
 Or change the gaudy green she whilom wore
 To fenny black! Hyperion⁴ great
 To ashy paleness turn her!
 Green well befits a lover's heat,
 But black beseems a mourner.
 Yet neither this thou canst,
 Nor see his second birth,
 His brightness blinds thine eye more now,
 Than thine did his on earth. 60

Let not a shepherd on onr hapless plains
 Tune notes of glee, as used were of yore!
 For Philarete is dead. Let mirthful strains
 With Philarete cease for evermore!
 And if a fellow-swain do live
 A niggard of his tears,
 The shepherdesses all will give
 To store him part of theirs.
 Or I would lend him some,
 But that the store I have 70
 Will all be spent before I pay
 The debt I owe his grave.

O what is left can make me leave to moan,
 Or what remains but doth increase it more?

³ One of the names for the goddess of the moon. Endymion, a beautiful shepherd of Mt. Latmos, was beloved by this goddess.

⁴ Sometimes used for Helios, god of the sun.

Look on his sheep: alas! their master's gone.
 Look on the place where we two heretofore
 With locked arms have vowed our love
 (Our love which time shall see
 In shepherd's songs forever more,
 And grace their harmony); 80
 It solitary seems.
 Behold our flowery beds;
 Their beauties fade, and violets
 For sorrow hang their heads.

'Tis not a cypress' bough, a countenance sad,
 A mourning garment, wailing elegy,
 A standing hearse in sable vesture clad,
 A tomb built to his name's eternity,
 Although the shepherds all should strive
 By yearly obsequies, 90
 And vow to keep thy fame alive
 In spite of destinies,
 That can suppress my grief:
 All these and more may be,
 Yet all in vain to recompense
 My greatest loss of thee.

Cypress may fade, the countenance be changed,
 A garment rot, an elegy forgotten,
 A hearse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
 A tomb plucked down, or else through age be rotten: 100
 All things the impartial hand of Fate
 Can raze out with a thought;
 These have a several fixed date
 Which ended, turn to nought.
 Yet shall my truest cause
 Of sorrow firmly stay,
 When these effects the wings of time
 Shall fan and sweep away.

Look as a sweet rose fairly budding forth
 Bewrays her beauties to the enamored morn, HO
 Until some keen blast from the envious North
 Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born;
 Or else her rarest smells delighting
 Make her herself betray,
 Some white and curious hand inviting
 To pluck her hence away:
 So stands my mournful case,
 For had he been less good,
 He yet, uncropped, had kept the stock
 Whereon he fairly stood. 120

Yet though so long he lived not as he might,
 He had the time appointed to him given.
 Who liveth but the space of one poor night,
 His birth, his youth, his age is in that even.
 Who ever doth the period see
 Of days by heaven forth plotted,
 Dies full of age, as well as he
 That had more years allotted.
 In sad tones then my verse
 Shall with incessant tears 130
 Bemoan my hapless loss of him,
 And not his want of years.

In deepest passions of my grief-swollen breast,
 Sweet soul! this only comfort seizeth me,
 That so few years did make thee so much blest,
 And gave such wings to reach eternity.
 Is this to die? No: as a ship,
 Well built, with easy wind,
 A lazy hulk cloth far outstrip,
 And soonest harbor find, 140
 So Philarete fled;
 Quick was his passage given,

When others must have a longer time
To make them fit for heaven.

Then not for thee these briny tears are spent,
But as the nightingales against the breer
'Tis for myself I moan, and do lament
Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st me here:
Here, where without thee ail delights
Fail of their pleasing power, 150
All glorious days seem ugly nights;
Methinks no April shower
Embroider should the earth,
But briny tears distil,
Since Flora's beauties shall no more
Be honored by thy quill.

And ye his sheep, in token of his lack,
Whilom the fairest flock on all the plain,
Yean never lamb, but be it clothed in black.
Ye shady sycamores, when any swain 160
To carve his name upon your rind
Doth come, where his doth stand,
Shed drops, if he be so unkind
To raze it with his hand.
And thou, my loved Muse,
No more shouldst numbers move,
But that his name should ever live,
And after death my love.

This said, he sighed, and with o'erdrowned eyes
Gazed on the heavens for what he missed on earth. 170
Then from the ground full sadly 'gan arise
As far from future hope as present mirth;
Unto his cote with heavy pace
As ever sorrow trod,
He went with mind no more to trace
Where mirthful swains abode;

And as he spent the day,
 The night he passed alone.
 Was never shepherd loved more dear,
 Nor made a truer moan. 180

FROM *Britanni's Pastorals*BOOK I, *Song 2*

Near to this wood there lay a pleasant mead,
 Where fairies often did their measures tread,
 Which in the meadow made such circles green,
 As if with garlands it had crowned been,
 Or like the circle where the signs we track,
 And learned shepherds call it the zodiac.
 Within one of these rounds was to be seen
 A hillock rise, where oft the fairy queen
 At twilight sat, and did command her elves
 To pinch those maids that had not swept their shelves; 10
 And further, if by maidens' oversight
 Within doors water were not brought at night;
 Or if they spread no table, set no bread,
 They should have nips from toe unto the head;
 And for the maid that had performed each thing,
 She in the water-pail bade leave a ring.

As I have seen upon a bridal day
 Full many maids clad in their best array,
 In honor of the bride come with their flaskets
 Filled full with flowers: others in wicker baskets 20
 Bring from the marish rushes to o'erspread
 The ground whereon to church the lovers tread;
 Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the plain
 Ushers their way with many a piping strain:
 So, as in joy at this fair river's birth,
 Triton¹ came up a channel with his mirth,

1 The herald of Neptune.

And called the neighboring nymphs each in her turn
 To pour their pretty rivulets from their urn.
 To wait upon this new-delivered spring,
 Some running through the meadows, with them bring 30
 Cowslip and mint; and 'tis another's lot
 To light upon some gardener's curious knot,
 Whence she upon her breast, love's sweet repose,
 Doth bring the queen of flowers, the English rose.
 Some from the fen bring reeds, wild thyme from downs;
 Some from a grove the bay that poets crowns;
 Some from an aged rock the moss hath torn,
 And leaves him naked unto winter's storm;
 Another from her banks, in mere goodwill,
 Brings nutriment for fish, the camomile. 40
 Thus all bring somewhat, and do overspread
 The way the spring unto the sea doth tread.

BOOK n, *Song 3*

Hail, thou my native soil! thou blessed plot
 Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
 Show me who can so many crystal rills,
 Such sweet-clothed valleys or aspiring hills;
 Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines;
 Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines;
 And if the earth can show the like again,
 Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.
 Time never can produce men to o'ertake
 The fames of Grenville, Davies, Gilbert, Drake, 10
 Or worthy Hawkins,- or of thousands more
 That by their power made the Devonian shore
 Mock the proud Tagus;³ for whose richest spoil
 The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
 Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
 By winning this, though all the rest were lost.

² Distinguished naval heroes.⁸ River of Spain and Portugal.

[*Down in a Valley*]

Down in a valley, by a forest's side,
 Near where the crystal Thames rolls on her waves,
 I saw a mushroom stand in haughty pride,
 As if the lilies grew to be his slaves.
 The gentle daisy, with her silver crown,
 Worn in the breast of many a shepherd's lass;
 The humble violet, that lowly down
 Salutes the gay nymphs as they trimly pass:
 These, with many more, methought, complained
 That nature should those needless things produce, 10
 Which not alone the sun from others gained,
 But turn it wholly to their proper use.

I could not choose but grieve that nature made
 So glorious flowers to live in such a shade.

Song

For her gait if she be walking,
 Be she sitting I desire her
 For her state's sake, and admire her
 For her wit if she be talking:
 Gait and state and wit approve her;
 For which all and each I love her.

Be she sullen, I commend her
 For a modest; be she merry,
 For a kind one her prefer I.
 Briefly, everything doth lend her
 So much grace and so approve her
 That for everything I love her. 10

HERRICK'S long life began just after the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* were published and before Shakespeare's great plays were written; it lasted until the whole tone of poetry was changed, with Dryden as the great poet and Wycherly the leading playwright. But Herrick seems to have been as little aware of this change as he was of the change in the universe in which he lived. Science did not show her "lovely face" to him; no great thirst for learning fired him to that white heat that kept men studying thirteen and fourteen hours a day; loyalty to the king inspired only songs, not service. Herrick was born into a singing world, and as Swinburne says, "He is and will probably be always the first in rank and station of English song-writers."¹

The facts of Herrick's external life have little interest for us except as they bear upon his songs. The early apprenticeship to his uncle, who was a goldsmith, his late entrance at Cambridge, his transfer to Trinity College to study law—these have little to do with the Herrick we know. Of the years immediately following his university life we know nothing except what we can gather from the songs they have given us. This was the period when

He could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best.

It was the time of "lyric feasts" with Ben Jonson at "the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun," and of imitation of "Saint Ben" in his most delicate imaginative vein. Great names appear among his friends: Endymion Porter, Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and the Duke of Buckingham. The distinguished musicians, William and Henry Lawes, set his lyrics to music, and his songs were sung at Whitehall before the king and queen.

Suddenly in 1627 the gay Herrick dons the chaplain's

¹ Preface to his edition of Herrick's poems, *The Muses' Library*, p. x.

gown and is off with the Duke of Buckingham to the island of Rhe on an expedition against the French. Two years later he leaves the London he loves so much to become the minister at Dean Prior in Devonshire. There was no acceptance of "the collar" as in the case of Herbert and no agonized rending of the soul as in the case of Donne. Whatever caused the change in his way of life, the same Herrick that sang in the taverns of London now sings in the vicarage. Though at times he rebels against "loathed Devonshire," Devon becomes the substance of some of his finest songs, and his life there seems full of gay content, only occasionally touched by the yearning of the exiled university and city man for a more congenial scene.

He lives simply, but his threshold is worn by the poor; his life as a bachelor is made comfortable by his faithful servant, Prudence Baldwin, and bright by the charming girls or dreams of girls who love him even when his hair is gray. He attends the wassailings, the Christmas celebrations, and the country dances, and he joins in the making of columbine chains and cowslip balls. He learns the fairy lore of Devon and through his verses makes the fairies live for us as only Shakespeare has done before him. Like Horace, his poetic master, Herrick employs the pagan feeling for ritual. Rose Macaulay in *The Shadow Flies* has given us a vivid imaginary picture of the half-pagan ceremonial with which Herrick kept the church calendar. To him Devon is not Browne's Devon of "wind and rain"; it is a bright Devon of birds and flowers and gay young people bringing in the May. We hear stories of a stern minister who can hurl the manuscript of his sermon with curses at a sleeping parishioner, but we really know only a poet who writes his sermon notes in verse, brings a rose as an offering to the child Jesus, and sees in the fleeting beauty of the flowers the message of mortality. His childlike expressions of thanks to God are for his simple physical comforts: his little house, his hen that lays an egg a day, his pets. His most intimate experience of God is through nature:

We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who with His sunshine and His showers
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

When the Roundheads came into power, they gave Dean Prior to John Symes, Puritan, for they had no sympathy with Herrick's ideas. We hear no mournful note from "Robin Red Breast," as Herrick terms himself, only the glad song:

Ravished in spirit, I come, nay, more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity.

Back in London he seems still to have been oblivious of political events. In 1648 he was publishing his collected poems, both secular and religious, dedicated to Charles, Prince of Wales; and as Gosse comments, "People were invited to listen to little madrigals upon Julia's stomacher at the singularly inopportune moment when the eyes of the whole world were bent on the unprecedented phenomenon of the proclamation of the English republic."²

How he lived in the London of the Commonwealth we do not know; he may have received assistance from that great patron of literature, his friend, Endymion Porter. It was not until 1662 that the vicarage at Dean Prior was returned to him by Charles II. At above seventy years of age he went back to Devonshire for a period of thirteen years of further service in the quiet countryside. But age, the sudden plunge into reality, and the sober years in London had stilled his song.

Herrick's verse is limited to the lyric, but in that field he has tremendous range and flawless technique. He creates an amazing variety of verse forms, and he never fails to mold his thought into a delicate but firm and compact structure. He shows the shaping power of the classical Latin poets, especially of Horace; the delicacy of the Greek lyricist, Anacreon; and the polish of Ben Jonson. His poetry is his

² Gosse, "Robert Herrick," in *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 127.

"living stone," as he wished; in an artistry so perfect that it seems artless and in the exquisite simplicity of his verse he has attained enduring fame.

His Prayer to Ben Jonson

When I a verse shall make,
 Know I have prayed thee,
 For old religion's sake,
 Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
 When I, thy Herrick,
 Honoring thee, on my knee
 Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
 And a new altar; 10
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
 Writ in my psalter.

An Ode jor Him

Ah, Ben!
 Say how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the Triple Tun,¹
 Where we such clusters had
 As made us nobly wild, not mad;
 And yet each verse of thine
 Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine. 10

My Ben!
 Or come again,

¹ Taverns in London where Jonson and his group often assembled.

Or send to us
 Thy wit's great overplus;
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it,
 Lest we that talent spend,
 And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more. 20

To Live Merrily and to Trust to Good Verses

Now is the time for mirth,
 Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;
 For with the flowery earth
 The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come,
 For now each tree does wear
 (Made of her pap and gum)
 Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the rose, and now
 The Arabian dew besmears 10
 My uncontrolled brow
 And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee,
 In sack of such a kind
 That it would make thee see,
 Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth,
 To pledge this second health
 In wine, whose each cup's worth
 An Indian commonwealth. 20

A goblet next I'll drink
 To Ovid, and suppose,
 Made he the pledge, he'd think
 The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup
 Of aromatic wine,
 Catullus, I quaff up
 To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;
 O Bacchus! cool thy rays! 30
 Or frantic, I shall eat
 Thy thyrses and bite the bays.

Round, round, the roof does run;
 And being ravished thus,
 Come, I will drink a tun
 To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus, next,
 This flood I drink to thee.
 But stay; I see a text
 That this presents to me. 40

Behold, Tibullus lies
 Here burnt, whose small return
 Of ashes, scarce suffice
 To till a little urn.

Trust to good verses then;
 They only will aspire,
 When pyramids, as men,
 Are lost in the funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet
 In Lethe to be drowned, 50
 Then only numbers sweet
 With endless life are crowned.

Fame Makes Us Forward

To print our poems, the propulsive cause
 Is fame, the breath of popular applause.

*To the Water Nymphs Drinking at
 the Fountain*

Reach with your whiter hands to me
 Some crystal of the spring;
 And I about the cup shall see
 Fresh lilies flourishing.

Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this—
 To the glass your lips incline;
 And I shall see by that one kiss
 The water turned to wine.

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
 Enthral's the crimson stomacher;
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbons to flow confusedly;
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat;
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility;

Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

The Night Piece, to Julia

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee;
The shooting stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake or slowworm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee. 10

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
My soul fill pour into thee. 20

The Argument of His Book

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.
I sing of Maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access

By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.
 I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
 Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
 I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
 How roses first came red and lilies white. 10
 I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
 The court of Mab and of the fairy king.
 I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)
 Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon:
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along. 10

We have short time to stay as you;
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything.
 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. 20

To Blossoms

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?

Your date is not so past
 But you may stay yet here a while,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good night?
 Twas pity nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth
 And lose you quite. 10o

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you a while, they glide
 Into the grave.

To Primroses Filled with Morning Dew

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teemed her refreshing dew?
 Alas, you have not known that shower
 That mars a flower;
 Nor felt the unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warped as we, 10o
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
 To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
 The reason why

Ye droop and weep.
 Is it for want of sleep?
 Or childish lullaby?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet 20
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweetheart to this?
 No, no, this sorrow shown
 By your tears shed
 Would have this lecture read:
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
 forth.

Corinna's Going A-Maying

Get up! get up for shame! the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.
 Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east
 Above an hour since, yet you not dressed;
 Nay, not so much as out of bed?
 When all the birds have matins said, 10
 And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May,

 Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the springtime, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown or hair;
 Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you; 20
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,

Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
 Come and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
 Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
 How each field turns a street, each street a park 30
 Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch: each porch, each door ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields, and we not see't?
 Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May, 40
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
 But is got up and gone to bring in May;
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
 Some have dispatched their cakes and cream
 Before that we have left to dream;
 And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth. 50
 Many a green-gown Ijas been given,
 Many a kiss, both odd and even;
 Many a glance, too, has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament;
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks picked; yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty. 60

Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapor or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;

So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying. 70

To Meadows

Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been filled 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.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round: 70
Each virgin, like a spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now, we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with disheveled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

ROBERT HERRICK

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

20

His Answer to a Question

Some would know
 Why I so
 Long still do tarry,
 And ask why
 Here that I
 Live and not marry.
 Thus I those
 Do oppose:
 What man would be here,
 Slave to thrall,
 If at all
 He could live free here?

10

Upon the Loss of His Mistresses

I have lost, and lately, these
 Many dainty mistresses:
 Stately Julia, prime of all;
 Sappho next, a principal;
 Smooth Anthea, for a skin
 White, and heaven-like crystalline;
 Sweet Electra, and the choice
 Myrha, for the lute, and voice;
 Next, Corinna, for her wit,
 And for the graceful use of it;
 With Perilla: all are gone;
 Only Herrick's left alone,
 For to number sorrow by
 Their departures hence, and die.

10

ROBERT HERRICK

Or bid it languish quite away,
And it 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.

To the Rose

Song

Go, happy rose, and interweave
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fettered me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold, to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods, at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go,
And tell her this—but do not so,
Lest a handsome anger fly

Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.

To Phyllis, to Love and Live with Him

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee:
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed and bless thy board.
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread,
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down. 10
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat,
Their milk thy drink; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread
With cream of cowslips buttered.
Thy feasting-tables shall be hills
With daisies spread, and daffodils,
Where thou shalt sit, and redbreast by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets
Of primroses and violets. 20
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought, and this as brave,
So that as either shall express
The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
At shearing-times, and yearly wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast, and grace of it.
On holy days when virgins meet
To dance the hays with nimble feet, 30
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The queen of roses for that year,

And having danced, 'bove all the best,
 Carry the garland from the rest.
 In wicker baskets maids shall bring
 To thee, my dearest shepherding,
 The blushing apple, bashful pear,
 And shamefaced plum, all simpering there.
 Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
 The name of Phyllis in the rind 40
 Of every straight and smooth-skin tree,
 Where kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.
 To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
 Bepranked with ribands, to this end,
 This, this alluring hook might be
 Less for to catch a sheep, than me.
 Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
 Not made of ale, but spiced wine,
 To make thy maids and self free mirth,
 All sitting near the glittering hearth. 50
 Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
 Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
 Of winning colors, that shall move
 Others to lust, but me to love.
 These, nay and more, thine own shall be,
 If thou wilt love and live with me.

*Upon Julia's Clothes*¹

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
 Then, then, methinks how sweetly flows
 The liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
 That brave vibration, each way free,
 Oh, how that glittering taketh me!

¹ Cf. *Delight in Disorder*, p. 187.

His Request to Julia

Julia, if I chance to die
Ere I print my poetry,
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire;
Better 'twere my book were dead,
Then to live not perfected.

The Rosary

One asked me where the roses grew;
I bade him not go seek,
But forthwith bade my Julia show
A bud in either cheek.

How Roses Came Red

Roses at first were white,
Till they could not agree
Whether my Sappho's breast
Or they more white should be.

But being vanquished quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread;
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

How Violets Came Blue

Love on a day (wise poets tell)
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violets should excel,
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus, having lost the day,
 Poor girls, she fell on you
 And beat ye so (as some dare say),
 Her blows did make you blue.

To Music, to Becalm His Fever

Charm me asleep, and melt me so
 With thy delicious numbers,
 That being ravished, hence I go
 Away in easy slumbers.
 Ease my sick head,
 And make my bed,
 Thou power that canst sever
 From me this ill,
 And quickly still,
 Though thou not kill,
 My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
 From a consuming fire
 Into a gentle-licking flame,
 And make it thus expire.
 Then make me weep
 My pains asleep;
 And give me such repose
 That I, poor I,
 May think, thereby,
 I live and die
 'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
 Or like those maiden showers
 Which by the peep of day do strew
 A baptime o'er the flowers.
 Melt, melt my pains
 With thy soft strains,
 That having ease me given,

With full delight,
 I leave this light
 And take my flight
 For heaven.

30

The Country Life

To the Honored Mr. End. Porter, Groom of the Bed-chamber to His Majesty

Sweet country life, to such unknown
 Whose lives are others', not their own,
 But serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.
 Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
 To seek and bring rough pepper home;
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
 To bring from thence the scorched clove;
 Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
 Bring'st home the ingot from the West. 10,
 No, thy ambition's masterpiece
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
 Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
 All scores, and so to end the year:
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
 Not envying others' larger grounds,
 For well thou know'st 'tis not the extent
 Of land makes life, but sweet content.
 When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
 Calls forth the lily-wristed morn, 20,
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
 Which though well soiled, yet thou dost know
 That the best compost for the lands
 Is the wise master's feet and hands.
 There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
 With a hind whistling there to them,
 And cheer'st them up by singing how

The kingdom's portion is the plough.
 This done, then to the enameled meads
 Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads, 30
 Thou seest a present godlike power
 Imprinted in each herb and flower,
 And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
 Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
 And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
 The heifer, cow, and ox draw near
 To make a pleasing pastime there.
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks 40
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool,
 And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
 A shepherd piping on a hill.
 For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
 Thou hast thy eves and holidays,
 On which the young men and maids meet
 To exercise their dancing feet,
 Tripping the comely country round, 50
 With daffodils and daisies crowned.
 Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
 Thy Maypoles too with garlands graced,
 Thy morris dance, thy Whitsun ale,
 Thy shearing feast, which never fail,
 Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
 That's tossed up after fox-i'-the-hole,
 Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth tide kings
 And queens, thy Christmas revelings,
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit, 60
 And no man pays too dear for it.
 To these, thou hast thy times to go
 And trace the hare F the treacherous snow;

Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The lark into the trammel net;
 Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade,
 To take the precious pheasant made;
 Thy lime twigs, snares, and pitfalls then
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
 O happy life! if that their good 70
 The husbandmen but understood,
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these,
 And, lying down, have naught to affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.
Coetera desunt—

His Content in the Country

Here, here I live with what my board
 Can with the smallest cost afford;
 Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
 They well content my Prue and me.
 Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
 Whatever comes, content makes sweet.
 Here we rejoice because no rent
 We pay for our poor tenement,
 Wherein we rest, and never fear 10
 The landlord or the usurer.
 The quarter-day does ne'er affright
 Our peaceful slumbers in the night.
 We eat our own, and batten more
 Because we feed on no man's score;
 But pity those whose flanks grow great
 Swelled with the lard of others' meat.
 We bless our fortunes when we see
 Our own beloved privacy;
 And like our living, where we're known
 To very few, or else to none. 20

His Grange, or Private Wealth

Though clock,
 To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
 A cock
 I have, to sing how day draws on.
 I have
 A maid, my Prue, by good luck sent
 To save
 That little Fates me gave or lent.
 A hen
 I keep, which, creaking day by day, 10
 Tells when
 She goes her long white egg to lay.
 A goose
 I have, which, with a jealous ear,
 Lets loose
 Her tongue to tell what danger's near.
 A lamb
 I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him, lately dead. *>
 A cat
 I keep, that plays about my house,
 Grown fat
 With eating many a miching mouse.
 To these
 A Tracy I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rural privacy.
 Which are
 But toys to give my heart some ease: 30
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

Upon Prue, His Maid

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid,
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

*A Ternary of Littles**Upon a Pipkin of Jelly Sent to a Lady*

A little saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine,
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil,
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head,
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little quire,
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

10

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

Ceremonies for Christmas

Come, bring with a noise,
 My merry, merry boys,
 The Christmas log to the firing;
 While my good dame, she
 Bids ye all be free,
 And drink to your hearts' desiring.

With the last year's brand
 Light the new block, and
 For good success in his spending,
 On your psalteries play,
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the log is a-teending.

Drink now the strong beer,
 Cut the white loaf here;
 The while the meat is a-shredding
 For the rare mince pie,
 And the plums stand by
 To fill the paste that's a-kneading.

Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve

Down with the rosemary and bays,
 Down with the mistletoe;
 Instead of holly, now upraise
 The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;
 Let box now domineer
 Until the dancing Easter Day,
 Or Easter's eve appear.

Then youthful box, which now hath grace
 Your houses to renew,

Grown old, surrender must his place
 Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
 And many flowers beside,
 Both of a fresh and fragrant kin,
 To honor Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
 With cooler oaken boughs,
 Come in for comely ornaments,
 To re-adorn the house.

20

Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold;
 New things succeed as former things grow old.

Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve

Down with the rosemary, and so
 Down with the bays and mistletoe;
 Down with the holly, ivy, all
 Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall;
 That so the superstitious find
 No one least branch there left behind;
 For look, how many leaves there be
 Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
 So many goblins you shall see.

The Ceremonies for Candlemas Day

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
 Till sunset let it burn;
 Which quenched, then lay it up again
 Till Christmas next return.
 Part must be kept, wherewith to teend
 The Christmas log next year;
 And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
 Can do no mischief there.

The Wake

Come, Anthea, let us two
 Go to feast, as others do.
 Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
 Are the junkets still at wakes,
 Unto which the tribes resort,
 Where the business is the sport.
 Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
 Marian, too, in pageantry,
 And a mimic to devise
 Many grinning properties. 10
 Players there will be, and those
 Base in action as in clothes;
 Yet with strutting they will please
 The incurious villages.
 Near the dying of the day
 There will be a cudgel-play,
 Where a coxcomb will be broke,
 Ere a good word can be spoke;
 But the anger ends all here,
 Drenched in ale or drowned in beer. 20
 Happy rustics! best content
 With the cheapest merriment,
 And possess no other fear
 Than to want the wake next year.

The Hock Cart, or Harvest Home

*To the Right Honorable Mildmay,
 Earl of Westmorland*

Come, sons of summer, by whose toil
 We are the lords of wine and oil;
 By whose tough labors and rough hands
 We rip up first, then reap, our lands.
 Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,

And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.
 Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
 Dressed up with all the country art.
 See here a maukin,¹ there a sheet,
 As spotless pure as it is sweet; 10
 The horses, mares, and frisking fillies
 Clad all in linen, white as lilies.
 The harvest swains and wenches bound
 For joy to see the hock-cart crowned.
 About the cart hear how the rout
 Of rural younglings raise the shout,
 Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
 Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves, 20
 Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
 Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat;
 While other rustics, less attent
 To prayers than to merriment,
 Run after with their breeches rent.
 Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
 Glittering with fire, where for your mirth
 Ye shall see first the large and chief
 Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
 With upper stories, mutton, veal, 30
 And bacon, which makes full the meal,
 With several dishes standing by,
 As here a custard, there a pie,
 And here all-tempting frumenty.²
 And for to make the merry cheer,
 If smirking wine be wanting here,
 There's that which drowns all care, stout beer;
 Which freely drink to your lord's health,
 Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
 Next to your flails, your fanes, your fats, 40

¹ **Maukin.** In Devon, a cloth.

² **Wheat which has been hulled and boiled in milk.**

Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
 To the rough sickle, and crook'd scythe,
 Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe.
 Feed and grow fat; and, as ye eat,
 Be mindful that the laboring neat,
 As you, may have their fill of meat;
 And know, besides, ye must revoke
 The patient ox unto the yoke,
 And all go back unto the plough
 And harrow, though they're hanged up now. 50
 And, you must know, your lord's word's true:
 Feed him ye must, whose food fills you;
 And that this pleasure is like rain,
 Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
 But for to make it spring again.

The Wassail

Give way, give way, ye gates, and win
 An easy blessing to your bin
 And basket, by our entering in.

May both with manchet stand replete;
 Your larders, too, so hung with meat,
 That though a thousand, thousand eat,

Yet, ere twelve moons shall whirl about
 Their silvery spheres, there's none may doubt
 But more's sent in than was served out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so 10
 As that your pans no ebb may know;
 But if they do, the more to flow,

Like to a solemn, sober stream
 Banked all with lilies, and the cream
 Of sweetest cowslips filling them.

Because thou prizes! things that are
 Curious and unfamiliar.
 Take first the feast; these dishes gone,
 We'll see the fairy court anon.

A little mushroom table spread,
 After short prayers, they set on bread;
 A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glittering grit to eat 10
 His choice bits with; then in a trice
 They make a feast less great than nice.
 But all this while his eye is served,
 We must not think his ear was sterved;
 But that there was in place to stir
 His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
 The merry cricket, puling fly,
 The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
 And now we must imagine first,
 The elves present to quench his thirst 20
 A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
 Brought and besweetened in a blue
 And pregnant violet; which done,
 His kitling eyes begin to run
 Quite through the table, where he spies
 The horns of papery butterflies,
 Of which he eats, and tastes a little
 Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle.
 A little fuzz-ball pudding stands
 By, yet not blessed by his hands, 30
 That was too coarse; but then forthwith
 He ventures boldly on the pith
 Of sugared rush, and eats the sag
 And well-bestrutted bee's sweet bag,
 Gladding his palate with some store
 Of emmets' eggs; what would he more?
 But beards of mice, a newt's stewed thigh,
 A bloated earwig, and a fly;

With the red-capped worm that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut, 40
 Brown as his tooth. A little moth,
 Late fattened in a piece of cloth;
 With withered cherries, mandrake's ears,
 Mole's eyes; to these the slain stag's tears;
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snail;
 The broke-heart of a nightingale
 O'ercome in music; with a wine
 Ne'er ravished from the flattering vine,
 But gently pressed from the soft side
 Of the most sweet and dainty bride, 50
 Brought in a dainty daisy, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height; this done, commended
 Grace by his priest; the feast is ended.

The Hag

The hag is astride .
 This night for to ride,
 The devil and she together;
 Through thick and through thin,
 Now out and then in,
 Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
 She takes for a spur;
 With a lash of a bramble she rides now;
 Through brakes and through briers, 10
 O'er ditches and mires,
 She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
 Dares now range the wood,
 But hushed in his lair he lies lurking;

While mischiefs by these,
 On land and on seas,
 At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise
 And trouble the skies;
 This night, and more for the wonder,
 The ghost from the tomb
 Affrighted shall come,
 Called out by the clap of thunder.

The Fairies

If ye will with Mab find grace,
 Set each platter in his place;
 Rake the fire up, and get
 Water in ere sun be set.
 Wash your pails and cleanse your dairies;
 Sluts are loathsome to the fairies.
 Sweep your house; who doth not so,
 Mab will pinch her by the toe.

The Mad Maid's Song

Good morrow to the day so fair;
 Good morning, sir, to you;
 Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
 Bedabbled with the dew.
 Good morning to this primrose, too;
 Good morrow to each maid
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
 Wherein my love is laid.
 Ah, woe is me, woe, woe is me,
 Alack, and welladay!
 For pity, sir, find out that bee
 Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;
 I'll seek him in your eyes;
 Nay, now I think they've made his grave
 In the bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
 But I will go, or send a kiss
 By you, sir, to awake him.

20

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
 He knows well who do love him,
 And who with green turfs rear his head,
 And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
 With bands of cowslips bind him,
 And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
 That I shall never find him.

Discontents in Devon

More discontents I never had
 Since I was born, than here,
 Where I have been, and still am sad,
 In this dull Devonshire;
 Yet justly too I must confess,
 I ne'er invented such
 Ennobled numbers for the press,
 Than where I loathed so much.

His Return to London

From the dull confines of the drooping West,
 To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
 Ravished in spirit, I come, nay, more, I fly
 To thee, blest place of my nativity!

Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground
 With thousand blessings by thy fortune crowned.
 O fruitful genius! that bestowest here
 An everlasting plenty, year by year;
 O place! O people! Manners framed to please
 All nations, customs, kindreds, languages I 10
 I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
 That I amongst you live a citizen.
 London my home is: though by hard fate sent
 Into a long and irksome banishment;
 Yet since called back; henceforward let me be,
 O native country, repossessed by thee!
 For, rather than I'll to the West return,
 I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
 Give thou my sacred reliques burial. 20

His Prayer for Absolution

For those my unbaptized rhymes,
 Writ in my wild, unhallowed times;
 For every sentence, clause, and word
 That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
 Forgive me, God, and blot each line
 Out of my book that is not Thine.
 But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one
 Worthy Thy benediction,
 That one of all the rest shall be
 The glory of my work and me. 30

Another 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. Amen.

To Find God

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
 A way to measure out the wind;
 Distinguish all those floods that are
 Mixed in that watery theater;
 And taste thou them as saltless there
 As in their channel first they were.
 Tell me the people that do keep
 Within the kingdoms of the deep;
 Or fetch me back that cloud again,
 Beshivered into seeds of rain;
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
 Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
 Show me that world of stars, and whence
 They noiseless spill their influence:
 This if thou canst; then show me Him
 That rides the glorious cherubim.

20

A Thanksgiving to God for His House

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell,
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof;
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry;
 Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me while I sleep.

20

Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor,
 Who thither come and freely get
 Good words, or meat.
 Like as my parlor, so my hall
 And kitchen's small;
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin, 20
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipped, unflead;
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee; 30
 The worts, the purslane, and the mess
 Of watercress,
 Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink. 40
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one;
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day;

Besides my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year;
 The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream for wine. 50
 All these, and better, Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart;
 Which, fired with incense, I resign
 As wholly Thine;
 But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

His Litany to the Holy Spirit

In the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomfited,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drowned in sleep, 10
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
 No one hope, but of his fees,
 And his skill runs on the lees,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill
 Has or none or little skill,

Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 20

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said, 30
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 40

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

The White Island, or Place of the Blest

In this world, the isle of dreams,
 While we sit by sorrow's streams,
 Tears and terrors are our themes

Reciting:

But when once from hence we fly,
 More and more approaching nigh
 Unto young eternity,

Uniting:

In that whiter island, where
 Things are evermore sincere;
 Candor here and luster there

10

Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
 Out of hell an horror call,
 To create, or cause at all,

Affrighting.

There, in calm and cooling sleep
 We our eyes shall never steep,
 But eternal watch shall keep,

Attending

20

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
 Me immortalized, and you;
 And fresh joys, as never too
 Have ending.

His Winding-Sheet

Come thou, who art the wine and wit

Of all I've writ:

The grace, the glory, and the best

Piece of the rest.

Thou art of what I did intend

The all and end;

And what was made, was made to meet
 Thee, thee, my sheet.
 Come then, and be to my chaste side
 Both bed and bride. 10
 We two, as relics left, will have
 One rest, one grave.
 And hugging close, we will not fear
 Lust entering here:
 Where all desires are dead or cold
 As is the mold;
 And all affections are forgot,
 Or trouble not.
 Here, here the slaves and prisoners be
 From shackles free; 20
 And weeping widows long oppressed
 Do here find rest.
 The wronged client ends his laws
 Here, and his cause.
 Here those long suits of chancery lie
 Quiet, or die:
 And all Star-Chamber bills do cease,
 Or hold their peace.
 Here needs no court for our request,
 Where all are best, 30
 All wise, all equal, and all just,
 Alike in the dust.
 Nor need we here to fear the frown
 Of court or crown;
 Where fortune bears no sway o'er things,
 There all are kings.
 In this securer place we'll keep
 As lulled asleep;
 Or for a little'time we'll lie
 As robes laid by; 40
 To be another day re-worn,
 Turned, but not torn:
 Or like old testaments engrossed,

Locked up, not lost;
And for a while lie here concealed,
To be revealed
Next at that great Platonic year,
And then meet here.

To Death

Thou bid'st me come away,
And I'll no longer stay
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years,
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times;
And next, to take a bit
Of bread, and wine with it;
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout,
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence:
These done, I'll only cry
God mercy, and so die.

10

To Robin Redbreast

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be
With leaves and moss-work for to cover me;
And while the wood-nymphs my cold corpse inter,
Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister!
For epitaph, in foliage next write this:
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is.

Death Ends All Woe

Time is the bound of things, where'er we go,
Fate gives a meeting. Death's the end of woe.

The Pillar of Fame

Fame's pillar here at last we set,
 Out-during marble, brass, or jet;
 Charmed and enchanted so
 As to withstand the blow
 Of overthrow;
 Nor shall the seas,
 Or o u t r a g e s
 Of storms, o'erbear
 What we uprear;
 Tho' kingdoms fall,
 This pillar never shall
 Decline or waste at all;
 But stand for ever by his own
 Firm and well-fixed foundation.

10

To his book's end this last line he'd have placed:
 Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste.

LITTLE is known of the life of Francis Quarles, but two of the slighter facts that have come down to us catch the interest of students of literature: Quarles studied at Christ's College, Cambridge, which Milton was to enter later, and he was a friend of Phineas Fletcher's. So it was that the most unique of the religious poets was trained in the same college that brought forth the greatest, and two of the quaintest of all the English poets became college mates.

After college Quarles entered Lincoln's Inn to study law. Later he was connected with the court, serving as cupbearer to Princess Elizabeth and accompanying her abroad after her marriage to the Elector Palatine. More suited to his natural bent was his next position as secretary to Archbishop Ussher in Ireland. He had married in 1618, and he and his family lived in the bishop's home. His son John praises Ussher in a poem for "the example of his life" and attributes to the archbishop "that little education I dare own." How long Quarles remained in Ireland we do not know, but in 1639 he gained the office of Chronologer of the City of London, an office which had previously been held, at least nominally, by Ben Jonson. Whatever his duties were, they did not interrupt the steady output of religious works. Finally, however, loyalty to the king stirred Quarles to action, and he joined the royal party at Oxford in 1644.

Quarles's life was to an unusual degree dedicated to God and the king, and the advent of eighteen children into his home seems scarcely to have interrupted this main trend. Indeed, his wife states that "he preferred God and religion to the first place in his thoughts; his king and country to the second; his family and studies he reserved to the last."¹ She did not hold this rating against him, however, but paid a loyal tribute by saying, "His equal may be desired but can

¹ Quoted in the Memoir prefixed to *Emblems, Divine and Moral* (1866), pp. xvii-xviii.

hardly be met withal." His poetry was an offering to the cause of religion; his prose, to the cause of the king. For writing *The Loyal Convert*, extenuating the king's alliance with the Catholics, Quarles was deprived of his property and was accused of Catholicism. He never recovered from the ill treatment he received for this attempt to aid the king, and he died in the same year.

Quarles, in his study by three in the morning, was a voluminous writer and an exceedingly popular one. The religious content of his poems, which to-day makes against his popularity, created a demand for his works in the day when the King James Bible was the book of the people. His long poems are all paraphrases of Scripture. His first bears the startling title *A Feast of Worms Set Forth in a Poeme of the History of Jonah*; others are the *Song of Solomon*, *Ecclesiastes*, *Esther*, *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, and *Job*. The poems which are not Scriptural paraphrases contain a note of religious teaching and of piety, which had a general appeal. It is his *Emblems* (1635) which has won the greatest popularity and the most lasting fame.

His emblem consists of a Scripture motto, a print, and a poem illustrating and enlarging the thought of the verse and picture. It is accompanied by some suitable quotation from the Church Fathers or other religious writers and a final epigram. The entire assemblage gives a little sermon on the text, and its purpose is solely to edify. Quarles himself thus defines an emblem:

An Emblem is but a silent parable: Let not the tender eye check, to see the allusion to our blessed Saviour figured in these types. In Holy Scripture he is sometimes called a Sower; sometimes a Fisher; sometimes a Physician: And why not presented so as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters, God was known by hieroglyphics. And indeed, what are the Heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of his glory?

The idea of the prints, to which undoubtedly much of the popularity of the *Emblems* is due, was not original with Quarles but was taken from Herman Hugo's *Pia Desideria* (1624). The quaintness of these illustrations is the chief charm for the modern reader, although the many felicitous lines, the frequent imaginative power, and the vigor and flow of his rhythm are also to be admired.

Book I—Emblem XV



REV, 12:12

The devil is come unto you having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.

Lord! canst Thou see and suffer? Is Thy hand
Still bound to the peace? Shall earth's black monarch take

A full possession of Thy wasted land?

Oh, will Thy slumbering vengeance never wake,
 Till full-aged, law-resisting custom shake
 The pillars of Thy right, by false command?
 Unlock Thy clouds, great Thunderer, and come down;
 Behold whose temples wear Thy sacred crown;
 Redress, redress our wrongs; revenge, revenge Thy own.

See how the bold usurper mounts the seat 10
 Of royal majesty; how overstrawing
 Perils with pleasure, pointing every threat
 With bugbear death, by torments over-awing
 Thy frightened subjects, or by favors drawing
 Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat;
 Lord, canst Thou be so mild, and he so bold?
 Or can Thy flocks be thriving when the fold
 Is governed by the fox? Lord, canst Thou see and hold?

That swift-winged advocate that did commence 20
 Our welcome suits before the King of kings;
 That sweet ambassador that hurries hence
 What airs the harmonious soul or signs or sings,
 See how she flutters her idle wings;
 Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by sense:
 Sense-conquering Faith is now grown blind and cold,
 And basely cravened, that in times of old
 Did conquer heaven itself, do what the Almighty could.

Behold, how double Fraud does scourge and tear 30
 Astraea's' wounded sides, ploughed up and rent
 With knotted cords, whose fury has no care;
 See how she stands a prisoner, to be sent
 A slave into eternal banishment,
 I know not whither, oh, I know not where:
 Her patent must be canceled in disgrace;

¹ Astraea, the goddess of justice.

And sweet-lipped Fraud, with her divided face,
Must act Astraea's part, must take Astraea's place.

Faith's pinions dipt? and fair Astraea gone?

Quick-seeing Faith now blind? and Justice see?
Has Justice now found wings? and has Faith none?

What do we here? who would not wish to be 40

Dissolved from earth, and with Astraea flee
From this blind dungeon to that sun-bright throne?

Lord, is Thy sceptre lost, or laid aside?

Is hell broke loose, and all her fiends untied?

Lord, rise, and rouse, and rule, and crush their furious pride.

PETER RAV. IN MATTH.

The devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the world, man's perpetual enemy: he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spur-reth bodies; he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger, exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth errors, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace, and scattereth affliction.

MACAR.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

EPIG. 15

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

Book IV—Emblem III

PSALM 17:5

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

Whene'er the Old Exchange of profit rings
 Her silver saints-bell of uncertain gains,
 My merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings:
 How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
 The charms of profit are so strong, that I,
 Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly.

If time-beguiling Pleasure but advance
 Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,

O how my sportful soul can frisk and dance,
And hug that siren in her twined arms! 10
The sprightly voice of sinew-strengthening pleasure
Can lend my bedrid soul both legs and leisure.

If blazing Honor chance to fill my veins
With flattering warmth, and flash of courtly fire,
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains;
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;
My antic knees can turn upon the hinges
Of compliment, and screw a thousand cringes.

But when I come to thee, my God, that art
The royal mine of everlasting treasure, 20
The real honor of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,
How nerveless are my limbs I how faint and slow!
I have no wings to fly, nor legs to go.

So when the streams of swift-foot Rhine convey
Her upland riches to the Belgic shore,
The idle vessel slides the wat'ry way,
Without the blast or tug of wind or oar;
Her slippery keel divides the silver foam
With ease: so facile is the way from home! 30

But when the home-bound vessel turns her sails
Against the breast of the resisting stream,
O then she slugs; nor sail nor oar prevails;
The stream is sturdy, and her tides extreme:
Each stroke is loss, and ev'ry tug is vain;
A boat-length's purchase is a league of pain.

Great All in All, Thou art my rest, my home;
My way is tedious, and my steps are slow:
Reach forth Thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am Thy child, O teach Thy child to go; 40

Conjoin Thy sweet commands to my desire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

ST. AUGUST. SER. XV. DE VERB. APOST.

Be always displeas'd at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not: for where thou hast pleas'd thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest; always add, always walk, always proceed; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate: he that standeth still, proceedeth not; he goeth back that continueth not; he deviateth that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way than he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3

Fear not, my soul, to lose for want of cunning;
Weep not; heaven is not always got by running:
Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow;
True love will creep, not having strength to go.

Book V—Emblem VI¹

PSALM 73:25

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

¹ This is the Emblem of which Browning writes so delightfully to Elizabeth Barrett on August 19, 1846. He refers to Quarles' *Emblems* as "my childhood's pet book" and recalls the "squat little woman-

I love, and have some cause to love, the earth:
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
 She is my tender nurse; she gives me food.
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
 Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
 And with their Polyphonian notes delight me. **10**
 But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow creature,
 My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
 She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore.
 But, Lord of Oceans, when compared with Thee,
 What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye; **20**
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky.
 But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee?
 Without Thy presence heaven's no heaven to me.

Without Thy presence earth gives no refection;
 Without Thy presence sea affords no treasure;
 Without Thy presence air's a rank infection;
 Without Thy presence heaven itself's no pleasure.

figure with a loose gown, hair in a coil, and bare feet" sitting on a "terrestrial ball." Finchfield is the home of Quarles, and Hilgay, of his friend, Phmeas Fletcher.

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven? 30

The highest honors that the world can boast
 Are subjects far too low for my desire;
 The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
 But dying sparkles of Thy living fire.
 The proudest flames that earth can kindle be
 But nightly glowworms, if compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence wealth are bags of cares;
 Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet sadness;
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
 Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness. 40
 Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be;
 Nor have they being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
 Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what farther crave I?
 And having Thee alone, what have I not?
 I wish no sea, nor land; nor would I be
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

BONAVENT. SOLILOQ. CAP. I

Alas! my God, now I understand (but blush to confess)
 that the beauty of Thy creatures hath deceived mine eyes,
 and I have not observed that Thou art more amiable than
 all Thy creatures; to which Thou hast communicated but
 one drop of Thy inestimable beauty: for who hath adorned
 the heavens with stars? who hath stored the air with fowl;
 the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers ButBut
 what are all these but a small spark of divine beauty? 0.

S. CHRYS. HOM. V. IN EP. AD. ROM.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ.
 Having therefore all things in Him, I seek no other reward;
 for He is the universal reward.

 EPIG. 6

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
 And scorn this dross within him; that, without him?
 Cast up, my soul, thy clearer eye; behold,
 If thou be fully melted, there's the mold.

[Sweet Phosphor, Bring the Day] ¹

Will it ne'er be morning? Will that promised light
 Ne'er break, and clear those clouds of night?
 Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,
 Whose conquering ray
 May chase these fogs: sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

How long! how long shall these benighted eyes
 Languish in shades like feeble flies
 Expecting spring? How long shall darkness soil
 The face of earth, and thus beguile
 Our souls of rightful action? When will day 10
 Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray
 May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,
 And give our unsouled souls new motion?
 Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
 Thy light will fray
 These horrid mists; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

¹ *Psalm* 13:3: "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death."

Let those have night that slyly love to immure
Their cloistered crimes, and sin secure;
Let those have night that blush to let men know
The baseness they'ne'er blush to do; 20
Let those have night that love to take a nap,
And loll in Ignorance's lap:
Let those whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,
Let those have night, that love the night.
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes! sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Alas! my light-in-vain-expecting eyes
Can find no objects but what rise
From this poor mortal blaze—a dying spark 30
Of Vulcan's forge, whose flames are dark
And dangerous; a dull, blue-burning light,
As melancholy as the night.
Here's all the suns that glister in the sphere
Of earth. Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
Haste, haste away,
Heaven's loitering lamp; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance! O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks earth into a lethargy, 40
And with thy sooty fingers has bedight
The world's fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spite.
Since thou hast puffed our greater taper, do
Puff on, and out the lesser too.
If ere that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou hast not blown as it will burn.
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

[*Even Like Two Little Bank-dividing Brooks*] ¹

Even like two little bank-dividing brooks
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
 And having ranged and searched 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.

Even so we met; and after long pursuit,
 Even so we joined; we both became entire.
 No need for either to renew a suit,
 For I was flax, and He was flames of fire. 10
 Our firm united souls did more than twine;
 So I my best beloved's am; so He is mine.

If all those glittering 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 divine treasure, 20
 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 into the least remove.
 He's firmly mine by oath, I His by vow;
 He's mine by faith, and I am His by love;

¹ *Canticles* 2:16: "My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies."

He is mine by water, I am His by wine:
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus He is mine. 30

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

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, 40
Which He accepts as 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. 10

OXFORD UNIVERSITY and then the church was the pattern followed by the King family. Henry King and his younger brother, John, took their degrees at Christ Church, which was the college their father had attended. They had the unusual privilege of being at Oxford when their father was not only Vice-Chancellor of the University but also Dean of Christ Church. Later their father became Bishop of London; and when they also entered the ministry, they were located in London, where many influential friends helped to advance them.

Henry's preferment was especially rapid, but there were a number of personal misfortunes to break the happiness of this period. Following his father's death in 1621, there was a widespread accusation that the Bishop of London had become a Catholic before his death. King took this matter so seriously that he preached a sermon refuting the charge and later had the sermon printed. Several of his children died, and then in 1624 he lost his wife, to whom he was devoted. Unfortunately, his elevation to the Bishopric of Chichester came just before Chichester surrendered to the Puritans, and King lost his library and his property. For a number of years he had to live in retirement in various places, probably on the generosity of relatives and friends. After the Restoration he returned to Chichester, where the last nine years of his life were calmer.

King's poems were printed in 1557 without the consent of the author. Perhaps as a Royalist and prominent divine he preferred being known by his elegies upon Charles I., his translation of the *Psaltps of David*, or his many sermons. The publishers saw in the poems an "addition to your credit," and it is the credit of the poems alone that has preserved the name of King even as a minor literary figure. At that, he is better known as Donne's close friend and executor (and in all likelihood the publisher of Donne's poems) than he is for his own work.

It is largely as a representative poet that he has importance. An edition of his poems in 1700 even bore Jonson's name on the title page; the metaphysical quality of some of his poems, especially of "The Exequy," is reminiscent of Donne; and the neat handling of the couplet vies with that of Waller or Cowley. His tributes to Donne and Jonson show a keen perception of the distinctive talent of each, but King is not merely imitative. Whenever he writes with deep feeling, he finds his own strain and can create a phrase which has genuine power. Some of his light poems have an appealing charm and grace, for King was musical and had very good technical ability. Much of his poetry is occasional, and therefore not of especial interest today; but had King written nothing but "The Exequy," he would deserve a place among the unforgotten.

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

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
From thy grieved 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, 10
Though almost blind. For thee, loved 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 business is.
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolved into showers. 20

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 passed;
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; 30

But thou wilt never more appear
 Folded within my hemisphere,
 Since both thy light and motion
 Like a fled star is fallen and gone;
 And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
 An 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; 40
 Were it a month, a year, or ten,
 I would thy exile live till then,
 And all that space my mirth adjourn,
 So thou wouldst 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 50
 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. 60

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-lived right and interest
 In her whom living I loved best;
 With a most free and bounteous grief
 I give thee what I could not keep.
 Be kind to her, and pritheer look
 Thou write into thy doomsday book 70
 Each parcel of this rarity
 Which in thy casket shrined doth lie.
 See that thou make thy reckoning 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. 80

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.
 Stay for me there; I will not fail
 To meet thee in that hollow vale. 90
 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 every 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 breathed his drowsy gale. 100

Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears;
Nor labor 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 hath the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave. no
But hark! my pulse like a soft drum
Beats 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
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. 120

*Upon the Death of My Ever-desired Friend,
Doctor Donne of Paul's*

To have lived eminent, in degree
Beyond our loftiest flights, that is, like thee,
Or to have had too much merit is not safe;
For such excesses find no epitaph.
At common graves we have poetic eyes
Can melt themselves in easy elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse
And pin it with the hatchments to the hearse.
But at thine, poem or inscription,

Rich soul of wit and language, we have none; 10
 Indeed a silence does that tomb befit
 Where is no herald left to blazon it.
 Widowed invention justly doth forbear
 To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
 Late her great patron; whose prerogative
 Maintained and clothed her so, as none alive
 Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
 Though he the Indies for her dower estate:
 Or else that awful fire which once did burn
 In thy clear brain, now fallen into thy urn, 20
 Lives there to fright rude empirics from thence,
 Which might profane thee by their ignorance.
 Whoever writes of thee, and in a style
 Unworthy such a theme, does but revile
 Thy precious dust and wake a learned spirit
 Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit.
 For all a low-pitched fancy can devise
 Will prove at best but hallowed injuries.

Thou, like the dying swan, didst lately sing
 Thy mournful dirge in audience of the king; 30
 When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
 Presented so to life that piece of death¹
 That it was feared and prophesied by all
 Thou hither earnest to preach thy funeral.²
 Oh, hadst thou in an elegiac knell
 Rung out unto the world thine own farewell
 And in thy high victorious numbers beat
 The solemn measure of thy grieved retreat,
 Thou mightest the poet's service now have missed,
 As well as then thou didst prevent the priest, 40
 And never to the world beholden be
 So much as for an epitaph for thee.

¹ The picture which Donne had made of himself in his shroud.

² The reference is to the famous "Death's Duel," Donne's last sermon, preached after a severe illness.

I do not like the office. Nor is't fit,
Thou, who didst lend our age such sums of wit,
Shouldst now reborrow from her bankrupt mine
That ore to bury thee which once was thine.
Rather still leave us in thy debt; and know,
Exalted soul, more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy hearse what we can never pay
Than with embased coin those rites *defray. 50

Commit we then thee to thyself. Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thine own fame
Leave thee executor, since, but by thy own,
No pen could do thee justice, nor bays crown
Thy vast desert; save that, we nothing can
Depute to be thy ashes' guardian.

So jewellers no art or metal trust
To form the diamond, but the diamond's dust.

To UNDERSTAND Herbert's poetry, one must know something of his life, for the facts of his life and the personality of the man form the very substance and spirit of his poems.

Herbert's background and early training account largely for the quality of his character. He was of an old and noble family, and he spent his early years in the ancestral home on the border of Wales. Here his widowed mother personally supervised the early education of her sons. The beauty of her character and the fine qualities of her mind are revealed to us in Donne's many tributes in verse, especially in *The Autumnal*, and in his commemoration sermon. Further evidence of her personal charm is shown by her happy marriage some years later to John Danvers, a man much younger than herself. It is only natural that such a vivid person should have a great influence on her children, and this influence was of primary significance in the life of the poet.

When Herbert was about five, his mother established a home at Oxford, where her son Edward was attending the university, and put his education into the hands of tutors. Later she moved to London and entered him in Westminster School. Here he was such an excellent scholar that the headmaster predicted he "would not fail to arrive at the top of learning in any art or science" if he did not injure his health by over-study. It was in London that the friendship which developed between Lady Herbert and Donne brought Herbert into contact with another dominant personality which became a great shaping force in his life and in his poetry.

When Herbert entered Cambridge University, it was understood that he would proceed to the ministry. His mother had dedicated him to the church in his infancy and had brought him up with the idea that the church was his goal. This ideal, no doubt, accounts for a personal purity of both life and thought which makes one think of Milton. The first year that he was at Cambridge, when he was only sixteen, he wrote a New Year's letter to his mother telling her of his

ambition to become a poet and of his feeling that the poets use love in too restricted a sense when they limit it to the love between men and women. As for himself, he says, "My poor Abilities in Poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." He enclosed in the letter two sonnets on the subject, a New Year's gift which must have warmed the heart of Lady Herbert. But in this letter was also an ominous note, for he mentioned "my late Ague," a malady from which he was only intermittently free the remainder of his life. Already the headmaster's fears had been realized.

After receiving his M.A., Herbert remained at Cambridge doing some teaching and lecturing, and devoting himself to further preparation in divinity. But new possibilities were opening up for him. He had been taught elegant manners and good taste in dress; he was fond of music and was a good conversationalist; he had a pleasing personality. These qualifications, in addition to his excellent scholarship, led to his being chosen in 1620 as Orator of the University. In the case of others this position had meant political preferment and had led to the office of Secretary of State. Herbert considered it "the finest place in the University" and in a letter to his stepfather described in detail its duties and honors:

. . . the Orator writes all the University letters, makes all the orations, be it to King, Prince, or whatever comes to the University; to requite these pains, he takes place next the doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the proctors, is regent, or non-regent at his pleasure, and such like gayness, which will please a young man well.¹

The years of his position as Orator were pleasant ones: he kept his own horse, he indulged his cultured tastes, he had a country house and entertained his friends. Through his position he gained many friends of prominence and power: the Marquis of Hamilton, the Duke of Richmond, Sir Henry

¹ Quoted in Palmer's *Life and Works of George Herbert*, I, 29.

Wotton, and Sir Francis Bacon. Even James I. was attracted to him and made him welcome at Court. His brother Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, had already entered diplomatic life and was ambassador to the French Court; one brother was Master of Revels at the English Court; three others were in public service—now the way seemed open to him. Apparently he spent a good deal of time seeking court preferment, and in June 1624 he secured a six months' leave of absence from Cambridge. In fact, there is little evidence of his being at Cambridge very much after this time, although he did not resign his position until 1627.

The feeling that the church was his calling was, however, only dormant. The death of his most influential friends and even of King James would not necessarily have ended the chance for a young man of Herbert's ability and training to secure worldly preferment, but the impact of these losses turned Herbert's thoughts back to the religious life. The conflict which Herbert now experienced is fully recorded in his poetry. It is not the torment of Donne, torn between the attraction of sin and the desire for God, but a stern battle between his ambition to fulfill an office for which he recognized his own pre-eminent qualifications and the call to a life of religious service. Walton tells us that Herbert spent some time quietly with a friend after the death of King James and then returned to London with his mind made up to enter the "Sacred Orders." During that same year both Herbert and Donne were at the home of Lord Danvers, and no doubt the urging of Donne was added to that of Herbert's mother to confirm this decision. But even Herbert's acceptance in 1626 of the appointment as prebendary of Leighton did not necessarily mean entrance into the ministry. This position was only a sineture, and there was a resident vicar for the parish. Herbert was actively interested in this church, which was badly in need of repair, and undertook its restoration. With the aid of his mother, who at first objected to his project ("For, George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse to undertake to build churches"), he raised

money among his friends to rebuild the church. Since Leighton was near Little Gidding, where Nicholas Ferrar had established his devout religious community, Herbert may have become personally acquainted with Ferrar, but all we know concerning their relationship is that Herbert had tried to get Ferrar to take the prebendary, that Ferrar was in charge of the repairs on the church, and that a warm friendship existed between the two men throughout Herbert's life.

It was not, however, until after his mother's death that Herbert resigned the Oratorship. Already his valiant fight against tuberculosis had begun, and between further indecision and ill health three more years elapsed before he entered the church. Finally, with health apparently restored, he made a very suitable marriage and came to his deliberate and open-eyed acceptance of "the collar." He was ordained priest in 1630.

He was established at Bemerton, near Salisbury; and the record of his life there is given in his charming *Country Parson*, as well as in his poems. There were daily prayers at the church, the care of his parishioners, and pleasant hours of recreation with his viol or his lute to fill his calmly happy life. Twice a week he walked over to Salisbury Cathedral for an afternoon of music with a group of friends. There were only three years of life left to Herbert; but these were years of consecrated service, of beauty in daily living, and established peace. He wrote Ferrar, "I have now found perfect freedom."

The most recent student of Herbert, F. E. Hutchinson, says that, "Gosse has no warrant for asserting that Herbert destroyed his 'amatory verse' when at last he entered the ministry." - The probability is that he wrote little but religious verse. In his last illness Herbert sent his poems, *The Temple*, to Ferrar with the direction to burn them unless he thought they might "turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul." Ferrar wisely published the poems, which achieved immediate popularity—six editions in eight years—

² Hutchinson, *The Works of George Herbert*, p. xxv.

and greatly influenced both Crashaw and Vaughan. These poems give no evidence of contact with the new ideas of the period: there is no intellectual questioning and no interest in scientific advance. Although Herbert knew Bacon so well that the latter dedicated to him a translation of the Psalms, his only indication of Baconian influence is found in the *Church Porch*, where he gives as a kind of introduction to religion much sound advice on how to get along in the world. *The Temple* is concerned primarily with such things as his own spiritual conflicts, the beauty of church ritual, the celebration of the special days of the church calendar, or the symbolism of the various parts of the church building itself.

The poems show excellent craftsmanship and are an important demonstration of how greater structural unity may be secured in the short poem: Herbert clearly announces the theme, gives it emotional development, and brings it to a logical close. He experimented widely in verse forms, devising many new patterns and even carrying out symbolic designs in stanza structure, as in *Easter Wings*. Though his poems are metaphysical, showing the dominance of Donne, they have greater simplicity and clarity than Donne's. His figures are quaint rather than startling and often lie in the titles of his poems, as in *The Collar* or *The Pulley*. To the modern reader the stylistic qualities are of interest; but the spell of the poems lies in their utter sincerity, appealing tenderness, and elevation of common things. Richard Baxter, one of the great divines of the period, says: "Herbert speaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whose business in the world is most with God. Heart-work and heaven-work make up his books."³

The Resolve

My God, where is that ancient heat towards Thee
 Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
 Beside their other flames? Doth poetry

³ Baxter, Richard, *Poetical Fragments*, 1681, preface.

Wear Venus' livery, only serve her turn?
 Why are not sonnets made of Thee, and lays
 Upon Thine altar burnt? Cannot Thy love
 Heighten a spirit to sound out Thy praise
 As well as any she? Cannot Thy dove
 Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
 Or since Thy ways are deep and still the same, 10
 Will not a verse run smooth that bears Thy name?
 Why doth that fire, which by Thy power and might
 Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
 Than that which one day worms may chance refuse?

FROM *The Church Porch*

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
 Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.
 Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
 The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
 Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.
 A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.



Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
 By dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
 If those take up thy day, the sun will cry
 Against thee; for his light was only lent. 10
 God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those feathers
 Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.



The way to make thy son rich is to fill
 His mind with rest before his trunk with riches.
 For wealth without contentment climbs a hill
 To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.

But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be called his treasure.



When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power),
Be sure to do it, though it be but small. 20

Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stour
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself.
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.



By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself, see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou findest there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind. 30



Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break.
By great deeds show that thou canst little do,
And do them not: that shall thy wisdom be,
And change thy temperance into bravery.



Mark what another says; for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reason, like a potion. 40

If truth be with thy friend, be with them both;
Share in the conquest and confess a troth.



Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindness.



Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done. 50
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone.
Write on the others, "Here lies such a one."



When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou, for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking. Quit thy state;
All equal are within the church's gate. 60



Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:¹
Praying's the end of preaching. Oh, be dressed;

¹ Hyde in his *George Herbert and His Times* gives vivid pictures of Herbert's constancy in both private and public prayers.

Stay not for the other pin: why, thou hast lost
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

*Jordan*¹

When first my lines of heavenly joys made mention,
 Such was their luster, 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,
 Offering their service, if I were not sped.
 I often blotted what I had begun;
 This was not quick enough, and that was dead. 10
 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 pretense!
 There is in love a sweetness ready penned;
 Copy out only that, and save expense."

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,

¹ The winding course of the Jordan River symbolizes to Herbert the intricate "metaphysical" style.

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in;
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
 Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears; 10
 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.

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 flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure.
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay. 10

"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."

Peace

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
 Let me once know.

I sought thee in a secret cave,
 And asked if Peace were there.
 A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No,
 Go seek elsewhere."

I did, and going did a rainbow note.
 "Surely," thought I,
 "This is the lace of Peace's coat;
 I will search out the matter." 10
 But while I looked, the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
 A gallant flower,
 The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
 "Peace at the root must dwell."
 But when I digged, I saw a worm devour
 What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man,
 Whom when for Peace 20
 I did demand, he thus began:
 "There was a Prince of old
 At Salem¹ dwelt, who lived with good increase
 Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
 His life from foes.
 But after death out of His grave
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;

¹ Salem was the original name for Jerusalem and means peace. The Prince of Salem is Christ, the Prince of Peace. Christ is also "the bread of life," and the twelve stalks of wheat are the twelve apostles who spread the Christian religion. The entire figure is very much forced.

Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set. 30

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein,
A secret virtue bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace which everywhere 40
With so much earnestness you do pursue
Is only there."

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 bleed, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine 10
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 20
 Of what is fit and not. Forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
 Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away! Take heed!
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's head there! Tie up thy fears! 30
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need
 Deserves his load."
 But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
 And I replied, "My Lord!"

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 plucked 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 allowed 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. 20

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.

The Glance

When first Thy sweet and gracious eye
 Vouchsafed even in the midst of youth and night
 To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltering in sin,
 I felt a sugared, strange delight,
 Passing all cordials made by any art,
 Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
 And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
 My soul hath felt, even able to destroy, 20
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
 His swing and sway.
 But still Thy sweet original joy,
 Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
 And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
 And got the day.

If Thy first glance so powerful be.
 A mirth but opened and sealed up again,
 What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
 Thy full-eyed love!

20

When Thou shalt look us out of pain,
 And one aspect of Thine spend in delight
 More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
 In heaven above.

V *Affliction*

When first Thou didst entice to Thee my heart,
 I thought the service brave;
 So many joys I writ down for my part,
 Besides what I might have
 Out of my stock of natural delights,
 Augmented with Thy gracious benefits.

I looked on Thy furniture so fine,
 And made it fine to me;
 Thy glorious household stuff did me entwine,
 And 'tice me unto Thee;
 Such stars I counted mine; both heaven and earth
 Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

10

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
 Where joys my fellows were?
 Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reserved
 No place for grief or fear.
 Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
 And made her youth and fierceness seek Thy face.

At first Thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses;
 I had my wish and way.
 My days were strowed with flowers and happiness;
 There was no month but May.

20

But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones;
Consuming agues dwell in every vein
And tune my breath to groans.
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived. 30

When I got health, Thou took'st away my life,
And more, for my friends die.
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with every storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book
And wrap me in a gown. 40
I was entangled in the world of strife
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatened oft the siege to raise,
Not simpering all mine age,
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took the sweetened pill till I came near;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness, 50
Turning my purge to food, Thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth Thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what Thou wilt do with me
 None of my books will show.
 I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree,
 For sure then I should grow
 To fruit or shade; at least some bird would trust
 Her household to me, and I should be just. 60

Yet, though Thou troublest me, I must be meek;
 In weakness must be stout.
 Well, I will change the service, and go seek
 Some other master out.
 Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.

The Temper

How should I praise Thee, Lord! How should my rhymes
 Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
 If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
 My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some forty heavens, or more,
 Sometimes I peer above them all;
 Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
 Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
 Those distances belong to Thee.
 The world's too little for Thy tent,
 A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost stretch
 A crumb of dust from heaven to hell?
 Will great God measure with a wretch?
 Shall He thy stature spell?

O let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
 O let me roost and nestle there;

Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
 And I of hope and fear. 20

Yet take Thy way, for sure Thy way is best;
 Stretch or contract me, Thy poor debtor.
 This is but tuning of my breast
 To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
 Thy hands made both, and I am there.
 Thy power and love, my love and trust,
 Make one place every where.

*The Pilgrimage*¹

I travelled on, seeing the hill where lay
 My expectation.
 A long it was and weary way.
 The gloomy Cave of Desperation
 I left on the one, and on the other side
 The Rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's Meadow strowed
 With many a flower.
 Fain would I here have made abode,
 But I was quickened by my hour. 10
 So to Care's Copse I came, and there got through
 With much ado.

That led me to the Wild of Passion, which
 Some call the wold,
 A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
 Here I was robbed of all my gold
 Save one good angel, which a friend had tied
 Close to my side.

¹ Cf. *Pilgrim's Progress*. All the essentials of the latter appear in this brief poem.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
 Where lay my hope, 20
 Where lay my heart. And climbing still,
 When I had gained the brow and top,
 A lake of brackish waters on the ground
 Was all I found.

With that abashed and struck with many a sting
 Of swarming fears,
 I fell and cried, "Alas, my King!
 Can both the way and end be tears?"
 Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceived
 I was deceived; 30

My hill was further. So I flung away;
 Yet I heard a cry
 Just as I went, "None goes that way
 And lives!" "If that be all," said I,
 "After so foul a journey death is fair,
 And but a chair."

*Antiphon*¹

Chorus. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Verse. The heavens are not too high;
 His praise may thither fly.
 The earth is not too low;
 His praises there may grow.

Chorus. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Verse. The church with psalms must shout;
 No door can keep them out. 10

¹ Cf. *Psalm CXLVIII* and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, V, 160-204.

But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Chorus. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Denial

When my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent ears,
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse.
My breast was full of fears
And disorder.

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder.
Each took his way: some would to pleasure go;
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms. 10

As good go anywhere, they say,
As to benumb
Both knees and heart in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come!
But no hearing.

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to Thee,
And then not hear it crying! All day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing. , 20

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untuned, unstrung.
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipped blossom hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartless breast;
 Defer no time,
 That so Thy favors granting my request,
 They and my mind may chime
 And mend my rhyme.

30

Decay

Sweet were the days when Thou didst lodge with Lot,
 Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
 Advise with Abraham, when Thy power could not
 Encounter Moses' strong complaints and moan.
 Thy words were then, "Let me alone."

One might have sought and found Thee presently
 At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well.
 "Is my God this way?" "No," they would reply;
 "He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
 List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell."

10

But now Thou dost Thyself immure and close
 In some one corner of a feeble heart,
 Where yet both sin and Satan, Thy old foes,
 Do pinch and straighten Thee, and use much art
 To gain Thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
 Of Thy great love once spread, as in an urn
 Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
 Cold sin forcing it, till it return
 And calling justice, all things burn.

20

Vanity

The fleet astronomer can bore
 And thread the spheres with his quick-piercing mind.

He views their stations, walks from door to door,
 Surveys as if he had designed
 To make a purchase there. He sees their dances,
 And knoweth long before
 Both their full-eyed aspects and secret glances.

The nimble diver with his side
 Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
 His dearly-earned pearl, which God did hide 10
 On purpose from the venturous wretch;
 That he might save his life, and also hers
 Who with excessive pride
 Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtle chymic can divest
 And strip the creature naked, till he find
 The callow principles within their nest.
 There he imparts to them his mind,
 Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
 They appear trim and dressed 20
 To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
 But his dear God? who yet His glorious law
 Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
 With showers and frosts, with love and awe,
 So that we need not say, "Where's this command?"
 Poor man, thou searchest round
 To find out death, but missest life at hand.

Discipline

Throw away Thy rod,
 Throw away Thy wrath.
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path.

GEORGE HERBERT

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent;
 I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
 But by book,
And Thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed,
 For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot.
Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
 Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God.
Throw away Thy wrath.

10

20

30

The Posy

Let wits contest
 And with their words and posies windows fill.¹
Less than the least
Of all Thy mercies is my posy still.

This on my ring,
 This by my picture, in my book I write.
 Whether I sing,
 Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest,
 Comparisons go play, wit use thy will.
Less than the least
Of all God's mercies is my posy still.

Love [2]

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lacked anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."

Love said, "You shall be he."

"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,

I cannot look on Thee."

IP

Love took my hand and, smiling, did reply,

"Who made the eyes but I?"

¹ *Posy* here means *motto*. Such brief mottoes were often inscribed upon glass or in rings.

"Truth, Lord, but I have marred them; let my shame
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 Pearl

(*Matthew* 13:45) ¹

I know the ways of learning, both the head
And pipes that feed the press," and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire;
What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire; ³
Both the 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. 10

I know the ways of honor, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit;
In vies of favors whether party gains
When glory swells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a truelove 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. 20

¹ "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

² The printing press referred to was apparently operated by water.
³ Knowledge of alchemy.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
 The lullings and the relishes of it;
 The propositions of hot blood and brains;
 What miith 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. 30

I know all these, and have them in my hand;
 Therefore not seeled,⁴ but with open eyes
 I fly to Thee, and fully understand
 Both the main sale and the commodities;⁵
 And at what rate and price I have Thy love,
 With all the circumstances that may move.
 Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
 But Thy silk twist let down from heaven to me
 Did both conduct and teach me how by it
 To climb to Thee. 40

The Flower

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are Thy returns! Even as the flowers in spring,
 To which, besides their own demean,
 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 shriveled heart
 Could have recovered greenness? It was gone

⁴ When young falcons were being trained, their eyelids were sewed together.

⁵ Herbert understands the terms on which he comes to God, both what he gives up and what he gains.

Quite underground, as flowers depart 10
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
 Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
 And up to heaven in an hour;
 Making a chiming of a passing-bell.¹
 We say amiss
 This or that is; 20
 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,
 Offering at heaven, 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 heaven were mine own, 30
 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?²

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.³ O my only Light,
 It cannot be 40

¹ "Turning a funeral knell into a bridal peal." (Palmer).

² The coldness of God's frown makes even the poles seem hot.

³ This seems especially true of Herbert.

That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

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.

*The Elixir*¹

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossessed,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye,
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

10

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his tincture, "for Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:

¹ Alchemists hoped to transmute other metals into gold by means of the *Elixir*. Herbert has identified this preparation with the philosopher's stone, ll. 21-22.

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
 Makes that and the action fine.

20

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold;
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.

The Church Windows

Lord, how can man preach Thy eternal word?
 He is a brittle, crazy glass;
 Yet in Thy temple Thou dost him afford
 This glorious and transcendent place,
 To be a window, through Thy grace.

But when Thou dost anneal in glass Thy story,
 Making Thy life to shine within
 The holy preachers, then the light and glory
 More reverend grows, and more doth win,
 Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

10

Doctrine and life, colors and light, in one
 When they combine and mingle, bring
 A strong regard and awe; but speech alone
 Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
 And in the ear, not conscience ring.

Church Music

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you! When displeasure
 Did through my body wound my mind,
 You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
 A dainty lodging me assigned.

Now I in you without a body move,
 Rising and falling with your wings.

We both together sweetly live and love,
 Yet say sometimes, "God help poor kings."

Comfort, I'll die; for if you post from me,
 Sure I shall do so, and much more. 10
 But if I travel in your company,
 You know the way to heaven's door.

The Altar

A broken altar, Lord, Thy servant rears,
 Made of a heart and cemented with tears;
 Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame;
 No workman's tool hath touched the same.
 A heart alone
 Is such a stone
 As nothing but
 Thy power doth cut.
 Wherefore each part
 Of my hard heart 10
 Meets in this frame
 To praise Thy name;
 That if I chance to hold my peace,
 These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
 O let Thy blessed sacrifice be mine,
 And sanctify this altar to be Thine.

Sunday

O day most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
 The couch of time, care's balm and bay;
 The week were dark but for thy light:
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
 Make up one man, whose face thou art,
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow. 10
 The worky-days are the back-part;
 The burden of the week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoop and bow
 Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
 To endless death; but thou dost pull
 And turn us round to look on One
 Whom, if we were not very dull,
 We could not choose but look on still;
 Since there is no place so alone 20
 The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
 On which heaven's palace arched lies;
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.
 They are the fruitful beds and borders
 In God's rich garden; that is bare
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on time's string, 30
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife¹
 Of the eternal glorious King.
 On Sundays heaven's gate stands ope,
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,
 More plentiful than hope.

This day my Savior rose,
 And did inclose this light for His;

¹ "And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." *Rev.* 21:2. *Cf.* 21:9.

That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground 40
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake which at His passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,²
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day 50
We sullied by our foul offense;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound, 60
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

² Samson "... took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of an hill that is before Hebron." *Judges* 16:3.

Easter Wings

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more
 Till he became
 Most poor;
 With Thee
 O let me rise
 As larks, harmoniously,
 And sing this day Thy victories;
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me. 10

My tender age in sorrow did begin;
 And still with sickness and shame
 Thou didst so punish sin,
 That I became
 Most thin.
 With Thee
 Let me combine,
 And feel this day Thy victory;
 For if I imp¹ my wing on Thine,
 Affliction shall advance the flight in me. 20

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 lash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

¹A term in falconry, meaning to repair an injured wing with feathers.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie, 10
My music shows ye have your closes,¹
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,²
Then chiefly lives.

¹ The music of his verses has shown that days and roses must come to an end. "*Close* is the technical name for a cadence or conclusion of a musical phrase." (Palmer)

- "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night . . . the^v earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."
² *Peter* 3:10.

Thomas Carew 1598(?) - 1639(?)

THOMAS CAREW was confused with T. Carey until Arthur Vincent in the life prefixed to the *Muses' Library* edition of Carew's poems established the distinction between the two men. Even so, the exact dates of Carew's birth and death are unknown. The few facts which we know about his young manhood reveal a trifler who gave his father a great deal of concern: he left Oxford without taking his degree; and when he entered the Middle Temple to study law, he spent his time idling about town. Finally, through personal influence his father secured a secretaryship for him with Sir Dudley Carleton, English ambassador first at Venice and later at The Hague. Carew lost this position, however, by starting slander against Carleton and his wife. At first the disturbed father wrote Carleton begging him to take Carew back into service; but when Carleton refused, he not only withdrew parental aid but also actively interfered in his son's efforts to secure other positions. Perhaps he had borne as much as he could, and probably the recent loss of £12,000 made the careless conduct of his son even more difficult to overlook than in former times.

After the death of his father Carew secured a place in the retinue of Lord Herbert of Cherbury when the latter went as ambassador to France in 1619. The next that we know positively of Carew is that in 1628 he was made gentleman of the privy-chamber and soon thereafter sewer to the king, both positions of trust and favor. He was popular at court and famous for his wit and gallant manners. These and his deathbed repentance are the only extenuations for a dissolute life.

Carew had many friends among the great literary figures of his day. He had been a parishioner of John Donne's when the latter was priest at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, the parish in which Carew was brought up, and no doubt he continued the acquaintance. He was a guest at Ben Jonson's famous suppers and added to that brilliant company of scholars and

poets which frequented the hospitable library of Sir Robert Cotton. He knew Lord Clarendon and was the friend of Suckling and Davenant, and of the distinguished musician, Henry Lawes, who composed the music for many of his lyrics.

Although Carew is known as one of the "Sons of Ben," he also shows some filial resemblance to Donne. Occasionally he has a colloquial quality reminiscent of Donne, and again he will coin a phrase such as "The darkness flies and light is hurled about the silent world"—an expression which might have come from Donne's pen. More frequently, however, he is like Jonson; and in polish, elegance, and careful workmanship he is a true "Son of Ben." Suckling, who tossed off his lyrics apparently with careless ease, mocks at Carew's painstaking workmanship in *A Session of the Poets*, saying,

His Muse was hide-bound and the issue of 's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

Carew compensated for his lack of spontaneity by perfecting his lyrical technique. No poem of his comes torn from an agonized soul; he takes a graceful idea, sets it in the first few lines, develops it, and brings it to a logical close. It is as carefully worked out as is a short story or a play, with a marked rise and fall of interest, and is complete in its narrow scope. Bliss Reed finds in *The Spring* a perfect illustration of the difference between the manner of the Elizabethans and of Carew, noting the abundance of detail of the Elizabethans and the extreme compression of Carew. Speed in presentation is gained not only by compactness but also by the flow of verse carried forward by the skilful use of the overlapped couplet. His daintiest pieces are elegantly accomplished and are like miniatures, small but perfect in detail and execution.

*An Elegy upon the Death of the Dean of
Paul's, Dr. John Donne*

Can we not force from widowed poetry,
 Now thou art dead, great Donne, one elegy
 To crown thy hearse? Why yet did we not trust,
 Though with unkneaded dough-baked prose, thy dust,
 Such as the uncizared lect'rer from the flower
 Of fading rhetoric, short-lived as his hour,
 Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
 Upon the ashes on the funeral day?
 Have we nor tune, nor voice? Didst thou dispense
 Through all our language both words and sense? 10
 'Tis sad truth. The pulpit may her plain
 And sober Christian precepts still retain;
 Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses, frame,
 Grave homilies and lectures; but the flame
 Of thy brave soul, that shot such heat and light
 As burnt our earth and made our darkness bright,
 Committed holy rapes upon our will,
 Did through the eye the melting heart distil,
 And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach
 As sense might judge what fancy could not reach, 20
 Must be desired forever. So the fire
 That fills with spirit and heat the Delphic quire,¹
 Which, kindled first by thy Promethean² breath,
 Glowed here a while, lies quenched now in thy death.
 The Muses' garden, with pedantic weeds
 O'erspread, was purged by thee; the lazy seeds
 Of servile imitation thrown away,
 And fresh invention planted, thou didst pay
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
 Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage 30
 A mimic fury, when our souls must be

¹ The priestesses of Apollo at Delphi.

² Prometheus was the Titan who stole fire from heaven and brought it to earth.

Possessed, or with Anacreon's ecstasy,
 Or Pindar's, not their own; the subtle cheat
 Of sly exchanges, and the juggling feat
 Of two-edged words, or whatsoever wrong
 By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
 Thou hast redeemed, and opened us a mine
 Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line
 Of masculine expression, which had good
 Old Orpheus³ seen, or all the ancient brood 40
 Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
 Their lead more precious than thy burnished gold,
 Thou hadst been their exchequer, and no more
 They in each other's dung had raked for ore.
 Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time
 And the blind fate of language, whose tuned chime
 More charms the outward sense; yet thou mayest claim
 From so great disadvantage greater fame,
 Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit 50
 With her tough thick-ribbed hoops, to gird about
 Thy giant fancy, which had proved too stout
 For their soft melting phrases. As in time
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred year,
 And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
 To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands
 Of what is only thine, thy only hands
 (And that their smallest work) have gleaned more
 Than all those times and tongues could reap before. 60
 But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
 Too hard for libertines in poetry.
 They will repeal the goodly exiled train
 Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
 Were banished nobler poems; now with these
 The silenced tales in the *Metamorphoses*

³ A Thracian musician whose music could draw trees and rocks to follow him.

Shall stuff their lines and swell the windy page,
 Till verse, refined by thee in this last age,
 Turn ballad-rhyme, or those old idols be
 Adored again with new apostasy. 70

O pardon me, that break with untuned verse
 The reverend silence that attends thy hearse,
 Whose awful solemn murmurs were to thee,
 More than these faint lines, a loud elegy,
 That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
 The death of all the arts, whose influence,
 Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies
 Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies:
 So doth the swiftly turning wheel not stand
 In the instant we withdraw the moving hand, 80
 But some small time retain a faint weak course
 By virtue of the first impulsive force;
 And so whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
 Thy crown of bays, oh, let it crack awhile
 And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
 Suck all the moisture up; then turn to ashes.

I will not draw thee envy to engross
 All thy perfections, or weep all the loss;
 Those are too numerous for one elegy,
 And this too great to be expressed by me. 90
 Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice
 I on thy grave this epitaph incise:

*Here lies a king, that ruled 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.*

To Ben Jonson

*Upon Occasion of His Ode of Defiance Annexed to His Play
of The New Inn¹*

'Tis true, dear Ben, thy just chastising hand
 Hath fixed upon the sotted age a brand,
 To their swollen pride and empty scribbling due;
 It cannot judge, nor write, and yet 'tis true
 Thy comic muse, from the exalted line
 Touched by thy *Alchemist*, doth since decline
 From that her zenith, and foretells a red
 And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
 Yet such as shall outshine the glimmering light
 With which all stars shall gild the following night. 10
 Nor think it much, since all thy eaglets may
 Endure the sunny trial, if we say
 This hath the stronger wing, or that doth shine
 Tricked up in fairer plumes, since all are thine.
 Who hath his flock of cackling geese compared
 With thy tuned quire of swans? or else who dared
 To call thy births deformed? But if thou bind
 By city-custom, or by gavelkind,²
 In equal shares thy love on all thy race,
 We may distinguish of their sex and place; 20
 Though one hand shape them, and though one brain strike
 Souls into all, they are not all alike.
 Why should the follies, then, of this dull age
 Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage
 As seems to blast thy else immortal bays,
 When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of praise?
 Such thirst will argue drought. No, let be hurled

¹The production of *The New Inn* in 1629 was a failure, and the play was even violently hissed. Upon publishing the play, Jonson prefixed an *Ode to Himself* in which he expressed his indignation at the reception of the play.

²The reference is to the equal division among his sons of the property left by a deceased man.

Upon thy works by the detracting world
 What malice can suggest; let the rout say,
 The running sands that, ere thou make a play, 30
 Count the slow minutes, might a Goodwin frame³
 To swallow, when thou hast done, thy shipwrecked name.
 Let them the dear expense of oil upbraid,
 Sucked by thy watchful lamp, that hath betrayed
 To theft the blood of martyred authors, spilt
 Into thy ink, whilst thou growest pale with guilt.
 Repine not at the taper's thrifty waste,
 That sleeks thy tersed poems; nor is haste
 Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome
 A knotty writer, bring the booty home; 40
 Nor think it theft if the rich spoils so torn
 From conquered authors be as trophies worn.
 Let others glut on the extorted praise
 Of vulgar breath; trust thou to after days.
 Thy labored works shall live when time devours
 The abortive offspring of their hasty hours.
 Thou art not of their rank; the quarrel lies
 Within thine own verge; then let this suffice:
 The wiser world doth greater thee confess
 Than all men else, than thyself only less. 50

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 second birth
 To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsy cuckoo and the humble-bee.

³ The reference is to Goodwin Sands, quicksands off the coast of Kent.

Now do a quire of chirping minstrels sing,
 In triumph to the world, the youthful spring: 10
 The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array
 Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
 Now all things smile; only my love doth lower;
 Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
 To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
 Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold.
 The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open field; and love no more is made
 By the fireside; but in the cooler shade 20
 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.

*Upon a Ribbon
 Tied about His Arm by a Lady*

This silken wreath, which circles thus mine arm,
 Is but an emblem of that mystic charm
 Wherewith the magic of your beauties binds
 My captive soul, and round about it winds
 Fetters of lasting love: this hath entwined
 My flesh alone; that hath empaled my mind.
 Time may wear out these soft, weak bands; but those
 Strong chains of brass, fate shall not discompose.
 This holy relique may preserve my wrist,
 But my whole frame doth by that power subsist; 10
 To that my prayers and sacrifice, to this
 I only pay a superstitious kiss.
 This but the idol, that's the deity;
 Religion is due there; here, ceremony;
 That I receive by faith, this but in trust;
 Here I may tender duty, there I must;

This order as a layman I may bear,
 But I become Love's priest when that I wear;
 This moves like air; that as the center¹ stands;
 That knot your virtue tied; this but your hands; 20
 That, nature framed; but this was made by art;
 This makes my arm your prisoner; that, my heart.

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,¹ 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; 10
 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;²

¹ The Ptolemaic system with the earth as the fixed center was still generally accepted.

¹ Used in the Aristotelian sense of elements; the reference is to the seed or bulb in its inactive state.

² A mythical bird of the Arabian desert, which was supposed to burn in a bed of self-prepared spices every five hundred years. From the ashes arose a fresh phoenix. Only one phoenix existed at any one time.

For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies. 20

Mediocrity in Love Rejected

Song

Give me more love or more disdain;
 The torrid or the frozen zone
 Bring equal ease unto my pain,
 The temperate affords me none:
 Either extreme, of love or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
 Like Danae in that golden shower,
 I swim in pleasure; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour 10
 My vulture-hopes; and he's possessed
 Of heaven that's but from hell released.
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain:
 Give me more love or more disdain.

To My Inconstant Mistress

Song

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 crowned. 10

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
 Damned for thy false apostasy.

A Cruel Mistress

We read of kings and gods that kindly took
 A pitcher filled with water from the brook;
 But I have daily tendered without thanks
 Rivers of tears that overflowed their banks.
 A slaughtered bull appeased angry Jove,
 A horse the sun, a lamb the god of love;
 But she disdains the spotless sacrifice
 Of a pure heart that at her altar lies.
 Vesta is not displeased if her chaste urn
 Do with repaired fuel ever burn; ¹ 10
 But my saint frowns, though to her honored name
 I consecrate a never-dying flame.
 The Assyrian king did none i' the furnace throw
 But those that to his image did not bow;²
 With bended knees I daily worship her,
 Yet she consumes her own idolater.
 Of such a goddess no times leave record,
 That burnt the temple where she was adored.

Disdain Returned

He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from starlike eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires;

¹ In the temple of Vesta, goddess of the hearth, a fire was kept continually burning.

² Nebuchadnezzar made a decree that "whoso falleth not down and worshippeth [i.e., the golden image he had set up], that he should be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace." *Daniel* 3:11.

As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires. 10
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find naught but pri-de and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away. 20

Persuasions to Enjoy

Song

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
Forever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade; 10
Then, fear not, Celia, to bestow
What, still being gathered, still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

Ingrateful Beauty Threatened

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown;
 Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties lived unknown,
 Had not my verse exhaled thy name,
 And with it impeded the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine:
 I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
 Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
 Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
 Lightning on him that fixed thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
 Lest what I made I uncreate;
 Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
 I'll know thee in thy mortal state;
 Wise poets that wrapped truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her veils.

*To A. L.**Persuasions to Love*

Think not, 'cause men flattering say
 You're fresh as April, sweet as May,
 Bright as is the morning star,
 That you are so; or, though you are,
 Be not therefore proud, and deem
 All men unworthy your esteem:
 For, being so, you lose the pleasure
 Of being fair, since that rich treasure
 Of rare beauty and sweet feature
 Was bestowed on you by nature

To be enjoyed; and 'twere a sin
There to be scarce, where she hath been
So prodigal of her best graces.
Thus common beauties and mean faces
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you lose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue
Only concern myself, not you;
Were men so framed as they alone
Reaped all the pleasure, women none; 20
Then had you reason to be scant;
But 'twere a madness not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you, the giver, more content
Than me, the beggar. Oh, then be
Kind to yourself, if not to me;
Starve not yourself because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make 30
You your wiser thoughts forsake;
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain, than winter's sun;
Most fleeting when it is most dear,
'Tis gone while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks, so aptly twined,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow 40
White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose.
And what will then become of all
Those whom you now do servants call?
Like swallows, when the summer's done,

They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
 Then wisely choose one to your friend,
 Whose love may, when your beauties end, 50
 Remain still firm: be provident,
 And think, before the summer's spent,
 Of following winter; like the ant,
 In plenty hoard for time of scant.
 Cull out, amongst the multitude
 Of lovers that seek to intrude
 Into your favor, one that may
 Love for an age, not for a day;
 One that will quench your youthful fires,
 And feed in age your hot desires. 60
 For when the storms of time have moved
 Waves on that cheek which was beloved,
 When a fair lady's face is pined,
 And yellow spread where red once shined,
 When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
 Love may return, but lovers never;
 And old folks say there are no pains
 Like itch of love in aged veins.
 Oh, love me, then, and now begin it,
 Let us not lose this present minute; 70
 For time and age will work that wrack
 Which time and age shall ne'er call back.
 The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
 And eagles change their aged plumes;
 The faded rose each spring receives
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
 But if your beauties once decay,
 You ne'er shall know a second May.
 Oh, then, be wise, and whilst your season
 Affords you days for sport, do reason; 80
 Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
 But crop in time your beauty's flower,
 Which will away, and doth together
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

Cclia Singing

You that think love can convey
 No other way
 But through the eyes into the heart
 His fatal dart,
 Close up those casements, and but hear
 This siren sing;
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voice it shall appear
 That love can enter at the ear.

Then unveil your eyes, behold 10
 The curious mold
 Where the voice dwells; and as we know
 When the cocks crow,
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day;
 So may you, when the music's done,
 Awake and see the rising sun.

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villiers

This little vault, this narrow room,
 Of love and beauty is the tomb;
 The dawning beam that 'gan to clear
 Our clouded sky, lies darkened here,
 Forever set to us, by death,
 Sent to inflame the world beneath.
 Twas but a bud, yet did contain
 More sweetness than shall spring again;
 A budding star that might have grown
 Into a sun, when it had blown. 10
 This hopeful beauty did create
 New life in love's declining state;
 But now his empire ends, and we
 From fire and wounding darts are free;
 His brand, his bow, let no man fear,—
 The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

THAT "sweet swan," Edmund Waller, may be contrasted with Sir John Denham as the poet of "smoothness" instead of "strength" and with the greater number of the poets of the Restoration for the lack of obscenity in his poems. He himself said that he would not tolerate in his poems "any line that did not contain some motive to virtue." Didactic content embodied in polished couplets had given Denham great popularity, and no doubt it is this combination which explains Waller's being considered as late as 1766 "the most celebrated Lyric Poet that ever England produced."¹ Like Lovelace he has suffered from being generally known as the author of only two poems: *Go Lovely Rose* and *Lines on a Girdle*. These appear in all anthologies of English poetry, and, indeed, the charm of their simple directness entitles them to this prominence; but there is other work of Waller's that deserves to be known, especially the fine lines composed when he was more than eighty, *Of the Last Verses in the Book*. It is true that much of his verse is occasional; and though its appropriateness added to his popularity among his contemporaries, the particular point is often lost to the modern reader. There remains, however, enough of general interest incorporated in finished songlike form to captivate a reader of any period.

Waller is remarkably free from the faults of strained conceits and obscurity so frequent in seventeenth century poetry, and he possesses the virtue of facile and often charming expression. He has considerable technical power, and he has revised and polished his verse until the best of his poetry is so perfectly done that it illustrates the heights which the lyric can attain. In the*development of versification he is famous for having shown the good qualities of the closed couplet. He started the popularity of this form by making preciseness and decorum of more interest than the outpouring of imagination. Dryden says he taught the "excellence

¹ *Biographia Britannica*.

and dignity" of rhyme and "first made writing easily an art."² His emphasis on rules and restraint as expressed in his poem on the Earl of Roscommon's translation of Horace sounds like the eighteenth century:

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harps in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favor his flight, and moderate his force.
Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill governed, in the clouds is lost.

Public life did not crush Waller's muse as it did that of Milton and Marvell. Waller's father, repenting of years spent in idleness at Beaconsfield, left written papers of advice to his son, which may have counseled the active life. At any rate, Clarendon tells us that Waller was "nursed in Parliaments." Waller says that he took his seat first when he was sixteen, in the reign of Charles I. His education at King's College, Cambridge, and his study of law at Lincoln's Inn did not prevent an early political career. He continued to hold a seat in Parliament through the reigns of Charles II. and James II., becoming a sort of patriarch of the House. It was in the Parliament of 1643 that there occurred the proceedings which brought him into disgrace. Though he was related to John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell and held the confidence of the Commons, he was Royalist in sympathy and laid plans, with the aid of his brother-in-law, to capture London from the inside for the king, then at Oxford. "Waller's Plot" was discovered, and Waller's implication of his friends led to their execution. He himself, through a process of delay and flattery and possibly through a bribe of £30,000, escaped with a fine of £10,000, which he could well afford to pay, and banishment from the country. He went to France, where the renowned Hobbes became tutor to his son, and

² Dedication to *The Rival Ladies*.

Cowley, Denham, and other refugees were his pleasant companions.

The story of Waller's private life also has unusual interest, and this story is not marred by disgrace. To be wealthy and a poet was something of a paradox then as now; and to be the richest poet in England, with the exception of Rogers, is itself a title to interest. Waller added to his already large inheritance from his father by marrying the most greatly desired heiress of the day, and he thereby created the first sensation he produced in the public world. Anne Bankes was the only daughter of a wealthy London citizen, who at his death left his daughter and his fortune to the guardianship of the Court of Aldermen. These dignitaries favored another suitor, a man of great influence; but Waller succeeded in getting relatives of his to convey the desirable Anne to the country, where she would be without the bounds of the aldermen, and there he married her. In the wrath of the court it seemed for a while that Waller would have the girl but no fortune; for the court decreed that since Anne had married without the consent of her guardians, she should forfeit her patrimony. But the matter was brought before the Star Chamber, the king wrote a letter pardoning Waller, and the guardians had to turn over the fortune to him.

Though Waller seems to have esteemed Anne as an "excellent wife," her early death left him free to woo the Sacharissa of his sonnets, Lady Dorothy Sidney. If this was a serious love affair, it ended in great disappointment; for Lady Dorothy was married to Lord Spencer at Penshurst, the beautiful home of the Sidneys celebrated in verse by Ben Jonson. Waller solaced himself by furnishing a home to George Morley, later bishop of Winchester, who encouraged him in his literary efforts and, according to Clarendon, introduced him to that gathering of eminent men known as the "Club" of Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland.

Waller was not, however, left to go mourning all his days. The beautiful Mary Bracey went with him to France when

he was banished for "Waller's Plot" and was hostess among the poverty-stricken refugees at meals provided by the sale of his first wife's jewels! Nor was she troubled by her step-daughter. The latter had been left at Beaconsfield with Waller's mother, whose only concern seems to have been that "she should catch the small poxe or hir beauty shjuld change"¹ before she could make a good marriage.

Waller was back at Beaconsfield in 1652, as we learn from a letter to his friend John Evelyn, his sentence of banishment revoked. He appears to have been friendly with Cromwell, and his *Panegyric* was well received. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Charles II. queried the sincerity of Waller's *Address of Welcome*; but when the king complained of the superiority of the *Panegyric*, Waller had a ready answer: "Sir, we poets never succeed so well in writing truth as in fiction." From 1661 until his death Waller held an honorable place in Parliament, was known for his tolerant spirit, and was famous among the courtiers for his wit.

Song

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.

10

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired;

³ From a letter quoted by Drury in his introduction to Waller's *Poems*, edited for the *Muses' Library*, p. ix.

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!

20

On a Girdle

That which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest¹ sphere,
The pale² which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

20

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,

¹ Outermost.

² Enclosure.

Your form does to my fancy bring,
And make my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got, 10
Too late begins these shafts to shun,
Which Phoebus through his veins has shot.

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

But vowed I have, and never must
Your banished servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made to love you too. 20

At Penshurst

Had Sacharissa¹ lived when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her power, that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have;
Embroidered so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace
That it can civilize the rudest place;
And beauty too, and order, can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art. 10
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre;
If she sit down, with tops all towards her bowed,
They round about her into arbors crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshaled and obsequious band.

¹ Lady Dorothy Sidney, daughter of Robert, second Earl of Leicester. Cf. the poem on Penshurst by Jonson.

Amphion² so made stones and timber leap
 Into fair figures from a confused heap;
 And in the symmetry of her parts is found
 A power like that of harmony in sound. 20

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame
 That if together ye fed all one flame,
 It could not equalize the hundredth part
 Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!
 Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
 Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
 Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
 Such more than mortal making stars did shine,
 That there they cannot but forever prove
 The monument and pledge of humble love; 30
 His humble love whose hopes shall ne'er rise higher
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

*To Mr. Henry Lawes, Who Had Then Newly Set
 a Song of Mine, in the Year 1635*

Verse makes heroic virtue live;
 But you can life to verses give.
 As, when in open air we blow,
 The breath, though strained, sounds flat and low;
 But if a trumpet take the blast,
 It lifts it high, and makes it last:
 So in your airs our numbers dressed,
 Make a shrill sally from the breast
 Of nymphs, who, singing what we penned,
 Our passions to themselves commend; 10
 While love, victorious with thy art,
 Governs at once their voice and heart.

You, by the help of tune and time,
 Can make that song which was but rhyme.
 Noy pleading, no man doubts the cause,¹

² Under the power of Amphion's music the stones took their places, self-moved, in the building of Thebes

¹ The reference is to William Noy, who invented ship-money.

Or questions verses set by Lawes.

As a church-window, thick with paint,
 Lets in a light but dim and faint,
 So others, with division, hide
 The light of sense, the poet's pride; 20
 But you alone may truly boast
 That not a syllable is lost:
 The writer's and the setter's skill
 At once the ravished ears do fill.
 Let those which only warble long,
 And gargle in their throats a song,
 Content themselves with *ut, re, mi*:
 Let words and sense be set by thee.

The Battle of the Summer Islands

Aid me, Bellona, while the dreadful fight
 Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.
 Seas stained with gore I sing, adventurous toil,
 And how these monsters did disarm an isle.

Bermudas, walled with rocks, who does not know?

That happy island where huge lemons grow,
 And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
 The Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;
 Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
 On the rich shore, of ambergris is found. 10
 The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
 The prince of trees, is fuel for their fires;
 The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
 For incense might on sacred altars burn;
 Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
 Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
 The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
 With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,
 Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
 They sit, carousing where their liquor grows. ao

Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at some constant seasons every year
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crowned.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay; 30
Such is the mold that the blessed tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candied plantains and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes, they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn;
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here, 40
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same tree live;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncursed,
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards placed,
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste;
There a small grain in some few months will be 50
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The palma-christi and the fair papaw,
Now but a seed, preventing nature's law,
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruit do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region set,
But faintly grow and no perfection get,

So in this northern tract our hoarser throats
 Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,
 Where the supporter of the poet's style, 60
 Phoebus, on them eternally does smile.
 Oh, how I long my careless limbs to lay
 Under the plantain's shade, and all the day
 With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
 Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
 No passion there in my free breast should move,
 None but the sweet and best of passions, love.
 There while I sing, if gentle love be by,
 That tunes my lute and winds the strings so high,
 With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name 70
 I'll make the listening savages grow tame.—
 But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
 I am diverted from the promised fight.

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 decked,
 The body stooping, does herself erect.
 The 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 10
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
 The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through the 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.

COLERIDGE repeatedly makes the famous contrast of the "compeers" upon the "two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain"—Shakespeare, the Protean, able to assume the many characters he portrays, and Milton, the individualist, changing all characters into John Milton's. Although Milton is an individualist, we have to see him against the background of his time, for he was active in the great struggle for religious freedom, he supported the overthrow of the monarchy, and he was an important public official under Cromwell. Furthermore, both his life and his work were profoundly affected by the failure of the Commonwealth and by the Restoration. Our primary interest is in the poet, but his life is so much of one piece that his writing as social reformer and statesman is permeated by poetry and his greatest poetry, long-delayed by his public service, is shaped by national events.

Knowledge of Milton's heritage and training is also important for understanding both his personal development and his literary work. His parents were deeply religious: his mother was known for her charity and his father held strong religious convictions, as is evidenced by his withdrawing from the Catholic Church even though this step meant disinheritance. When Milton was born on December 9, 1608, John Milton the elder had become a successful scrivener in London and had won recognition as a skilled musician.¹ He "destined" his young son "for the pursuits of learning," allowed him when only twelve years old to read until midnight,² gave him instruction in music himself, and provided tutors to advance his education as rapidly as possible. To one of these, Thomas Young, Milton wrote his fourth Latin elegy and some letters of appreciation.

¹ See Brennecke, Ernest, Jr., *John Milton the Elder and His Music*, New York, 1938.

² This age is given by Milton in the *Second Defence* (Columbia ed., VIII, 119), but Aubrey says ten years.

The choice of St. Paul's School for Milton was probably determined by its proximity to the home on Bread Street, but it proved to be a fortunate choice. The headmaster, Alexander Gill, was an outstanding teacher. His own *Logonomia Anglica*, used in the school, contained many excerpts from Spenser used as illustrations, and in this way Milton early became acquainted with Spenser as a recognized literary master in English. The son of the headmaster was one of Milton's teachers. In 1628 Milton wrote him: "I never quitted your company without some cleare increase or *cre-scendo* of learning, just as if I had paid a visit to some mart of erudition." Young Gill was the author of very able Latin verse, and for some years he and Milton seem to have exchanged verses for criticism. It was at St. Paul's, also, that Milton formed his most famous friendship, that with Charles Diodati. It is through poems and letters addressed to Diodati that we get much of our information about Milton's plans, ideals, and aspirations.

Although Phillips³ tells us that Milton was "at the age of 15 full ripe for academic learning, and accordingly was sent to the University of Cambridge," the date of his admission to Christ's College is February 12, 1625, after he was sixteen. At Cambridge neither the method of instruction nor his tutor was congenial to Milton. Soon there was a quarrel with the tutor, William Chappell, and Milton was in "rustication" at home. Aubrey says that he was whipped; at least he was suspended for a time and turned with enjoyment to "my books, my very life," to the theatre, and to the parks, where the beauty of the groups of young English maidens attracted him.¹ When he returned to Cambridge, he was assigned to another tutor and we hear of no more trouble. During the first university years he was not popular with the other students, and in *At a Vacation Exercise*, 1628, he publicly commented on his nickname, the Lady of Christ's College, as a "reproach," even though he says he is aware of a

³ Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew, student, and biographer.

⁴ See *Elegy* 1.

"new-found friendliness," won by the approval of an earlier speech." By the time he left the university he had gained not only recognition but high regard as well.

The poetry written during his university days shows Milton imitating many masters, classical and English, yet always creating something new and expressive of himself. His Latin poetry is said to be the best ever written by an Englishman, and his ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," written* when he was only twenty-one, is a great ode, not just an interesting piece of youthful work.

When he received his M.A. in 1632, Milton went to Horton, where his father had moved after retiring from active business. Here he devoted himself for about six years to "industrious and select reading." Frequently he went to London "either for the purchase of books, or to learn something new in mathematics, or in music."⁶ He experimented at this time with various forms of the pastoral, producing some notable poems.

Milton's father had thought of the ministry as a suitable profession for his son, but even from Cambridge Milton had written disparagingly to Gill of the theologians who knew only enough to "patch together a sermon with scraps pilfered, with little discrimination, from this author and that." Now at Horton Milton seems to have made a final decision: in *Ad Pair em* he argues for his father's approval of his choice of poetry; in *Lycidas* he voices his bitterness against the clergy; to Diodati he writes on September 23, 1637, "Do you ask what I am meditating? By the help of heaven an immortality of fame. But what am I doing? I am letting my wings grow and preparing to fly; but my Pegasus has not yet feathers enough to soar aloft in the fields of air."

In this same letter Milton told Diodati that he was thinking of taking chambers at the Inns of Court, but the next

⁶ Parker, *Milton's Contemporary Reputation*, p. 6, note 4, makes the suggestion that the nickname may have been affectionately applied. This idea is interesting, but the context makes it seem doubtful.

⁶ *Second Defence*, Columbia ed., VIII, 121.

year he went on the "Grand Tour," the popular way for a young gentleman of means to complete his education. Milton spent about fifteen months abroad, meeting many men of distinction. Through the English Ambassador in Paris he met Hugo Grotius, whose ideas of liberty seem to have helped to formulate Milton's own conceptions. He won the friendship and admiration of the young men of the literary academies in Florence, he visited the blind and exiled Galileo in Fiesole. In Rome Lucas Holstein, the librarian at the Vatican, showed him the treasured manuscripts, and the music-loving Cardinal Barberini received him in person at a concert; in Naples he met Manso, the patron of Tasso and Marini.

Hearing of the Scottish rebellion against Charles, Milton gave up his plan to visit Sicily and Greece and began his return journey. When, however, the situation in England proved not immediately critical, he retraced his steps through Italy in a leisurely fashion. He visited Diodati's uncle in Geneva and probably learned from him that Diodati was dead.

Soon after his return from the Continent in 1639, Milton established himself in London, undertook the education of his two nephews, and "with rapture" devoted himself to study. According to Phillips he was "perpetually busied in his own laborious undertakings of the book and pen." Among these undertakings was the consideration of many Biblical and historical subjects for his great work—the Cambridge manuscript lists ninety-nine. It was not long, however, before his studies were interrupted by entrance into the conflict over church government, for Milton felt that he should not "be wanting to my country, to the church, and to such multitudes of the brethren who were exposing themselves to danger for the gospel's sake."⁷ Five anti-episcopal pamphlets are the result of this conviction.

In 1642⁸ Milton made probably the greatest mistake of his life. When he returned home after a month's absence from

⁷ *Second Defence*, Columbia ed., VIII, 129.

⁸ Wright, B. A., "Milton's First Marriage," in *Modern Language Review*, XXVI (1931), 383-400, and XXVII (1932), 6-23.

London, he had married Mary Powell, a girl of about half his age, daughter of a Cavalier living near Oxford. Upon the departure of the marriage guests who had accompanied them to London, Mary found the "philosophical life" of Milton's household unendurable, and in about a month went home on the pretext of a visit. There she remained for three years. Milton meanwhile wrote a series of tracts arguing for divorce on grounds of incompatibility. Much has been written about this unfortunate marriage; certainly Milton was bitterly disillusioned and found all his lofty ideals of companionship in marriage shattered. It is upon Mary Powell rather than Euripides that the major portion of the blame has fallen for Milton's bitter characterization of women. When it looked as though the Powells had lost Milton just at the time that reverses to the king's cause endangered their own circumstances, there was a sudden dramatic reconciliation. Then Oxford fell, and the ruined Powells found it convenient to take refuge in Milton's home.

After the forces of the Earl of Essex took Reading in 1643, John Milton the elder came to live with his son. Probably about this time also Milton enlarged his school, experimenting further with a scheme of education designed to train the sons of gentlemen "to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices both private and public of peace and war."

Exhilarated by the conception that the nation could be reformed by instruction and that he was equipped to be the great teacher, Milton had been able to produce eleven tracts on religious and "domestic" liberty before the end of 1645. Under the latter head he included the right to freedom of the press, so eloquently defended in *Areopagitica*, and the right to an education which would fit one for living, which was the ideal of the tract *On Education*. He had also prepared his first volume of poetry for publication in 1645. He felt that his great poetic plans were only deferred by these years of public service, and in *The Reason of Church Government* he speaks of meditating upon the choice of a suitable

hero and the relative merits of epic, drama, ode, and hymn for the form of his work.⁹ He covenants with the reader for a few more years of preparation in order that he may produce such a work that "aftertimes" will not "willingly let it die."

There yet remained civil liberty to which Milton had made no contribution, for, he said, the magistrates were "strenuously active" in that field. Two weeks after the execution of Charles I., however, there appeared *Of the Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, upholding the right of subjects to depose and even to execute a tyrant. In recognition of his stand and his abilities Milton was appointed Secretary of Foreign Tongues to the Council of State. He immediately undertook the exacting duties of his office, defending England against the attacks made upon its action and carrying on the state correspondence. Warned that if he continued work on the *First Defence* he would lose his sight, he went right ahead with his undertaking, for to him liberty was the noblest of all causes and worth any sacrifice.

We do not know just when Milton began the composition of *Paradise Lost*. Having been given assistance in his office after his blindness, he published the *Second Defence* in 1654, resumed various pieces of scholarly work, and wrote some of his greatest sonnets. It seems logical to think that he would also turn to the work which he had promised the nation; Tillyard sees enough likeness between the first three books of *Paradise Lost* and the *Second Defence* to argue for their composition at about the same time. Others think that the appointment of Andrew Marvell as Assistant Latin Secretary in 1657 provides a more probable date. The miracle is that he began at all: he had reached middle age; Mary Powell had died in 1652, leaving him with the responsibility of three small daughters; he was totally blind; and in the establishment of the Protectorate, the great cause to which he had devoted himself was admitted a failure.

The great work at last begun, there were yet further interruptions. A brief period of pamphlet writing preceded the

⁹ Columbia ed., Ill, Part I, 237-38.

Restoration. After the Restoration Milton had to go into hiding until the Act of Oblivion was passed. He was heavily fined and probably imprisoned for a time, but was saved from worse penalties by the activity of Marvell and other influential friends. If one accepts an early date for the beginning of the work, the period of composition includes his happy marriage to Katherine Woodcock in 1656 and the death of both Katherine and her baby about fifteen months later. In 1663 he arranged what was apparently a marriage of convenience with Elizabeth Minshull. Finally in 1665 there was an epidemic of the plague, and he moved temporarily to Chalfont St. Giles. It was there that he completed *Paradise Lost*.

The supreme epic of English literature had been written, but it was not the epic on early British history which he had been planning when he wrote *Mansus* or *Epitaphium Damonis*.¹⁰ The theme of the Fall of Man, however, afforded a scope and loftiness inherent in no other subject. In it, too, was symbolized the failure of the Commonwealth, for the nation in the glory of its new freedom had been unable to use liberty, and therefore the return to external authority was necessary. Here, poetically phrased, is the conception voiced in the *Second Defence* of "real and substantial liberty, which is to be sought for not from without, but within, and is to be obtained principally not by fighting, but by the just regulation and by the proper conduct of life."¹¹ *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonists*, published together in 1671, repeat the one great theme: real liberty can be gained only when reason controls the life of individuals. *Samson Agonistes* is the fullest expression of Milton's philosophy and completes the idea of *Paradise Lost* by showing the "paradise within" not reached through salvation by a Redeemer but through self-redemption. Here by man's free choice the cre-

¹⁰ Any one interested in Milton's abandonment of the Arthurian material will find a full analysis in my *Arthurian Legend in the Seventeenth Century* and should read Tillyard's "Milton and the Epic," in *The Miltonic Setting*, pp. 141-204.

¹¹ *Second Defence*, Columbia ed., VIII, 131.

ative force of goodness transmutes evil into ultimate good.

In *Paradise Lost* Milton speaks regretfully of "late choosing and beginning late"; but the work of his maturity is enriched by a knowledge of life and the time for a thorough assimilation of his wide learning. The versification itself shows the assurance of mature handling and sweeps through verse paragraphs with perfect agreement between idea and rhythm. "Eyeless in Gaza/" he sees (and makes us see) vast reaches of space, whether it is the cosmos spread before us, as in *Paradise Lost*, or the Parthian kingdoms, as in *Paradise Regained*; yet he can also paint the dainty minuteness of a floral background in the Botticelli manner. Life had taught him, as it did Dante that "In His will is our peace," and in forms grandly conceived, his human characters also reach this consummation. These things we owe to the "beginning late," and they more than compensate for the loss of youthful zest.

Song on May Morning

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire!
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

On His Birthday

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting clays fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth

That I to manhood am arrived so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indueth.
 Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of heaven.
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

Lycidas

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 forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.¹
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 L^Tnwept, 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;

¹ Milton was asked to contribute to a memorial volume of verse to be published by Cambridge University in memory of Edward King, a student of the University, drowned that summer (1637) in the Irish Sea. He felt that he was not yet ready to write verse of distinction, represented by laurel, myrtle, ivy. He chose the form of the pastoral elegy with its classical tradition as suitable for such a volume and was influenced by the conventions of this form. *The Lament for Adonis* by Bion, *The Lament for Bion* by Moschus, and *Idyll No. 1* by Theocritus should be read in this connection.

- The Muses. Milton, probably thinking of the River of Life flowing from beneath the throne of God, represents the Pierian spring at the foot of Mt Olympus as springing from beneath the throne of Jove.

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor *my* destined urn, ao
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed 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 a-field, and both together heard
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright 30
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
 Tempered to the oaten flute,
 Routh Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;
 And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh! 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 overgrown, 40
 And all their echoes, mourn.
 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 wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep 50
 Closed o'er the head of your loved 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 Deva³¹ spreads her wizzard stream.
 Ay me! I fondly dream
 "Had ye been there"—for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament, 60
 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?⁴
 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 with the tangles of Nesera's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit cloth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury⁵ with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
 Phoebus⁶ replied, and touched my trembling ears:
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies, 80

³ Deva is the river Dee, and Mona, the island of Anglesey. Dee "is called a 'wizzard stream' because of a tradition that the shifting of the channel toward the Welsh or the English side portended good fortune to one or the other nation." (Moody)

⁴ Orpheus, grieving for the loss of Eurydice, scorned the love of the Thracian women, who in revenge tore his body in pieces and cast his head and his lyre into the Hebrus

⁵ The *Fate* who cuts the thread of life, Atropos, is meant

⁶ Phoebus was the god of poetry. Notice the tenseness suggested by "trembling ears."

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;⁷
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and Ihou honored flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius,⁸ crowned 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,⁹

That came in Neptune's plea.

90

He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?

And questioned every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beaked promontory.

They knew not of his story;

And sage Hippotades¹⁰ their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:

The air was calm, and on the level brine

Sleek Panope, with all her sisters, played.¹¹

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,

100

Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus,¹² reverend sire, went footing slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.¹³

"Ah, who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"

⁷ Milton has already put fame on a higher plane than the plaudits of the multitude.

⁸ The river Mincius is associated with Virgil's pastoral poetry as the spring Arethuse is with the Sicilian. This second invocation marks the return to the pastoral tone after the more serious reflection on fame.

⁹ Triton.

¹⁰ Æolus, god of the winds.

¹¹ The fifty Nereids.

¹² The personification of the river Cam at Cambridge.

¹³ When Hyacinthus was accidentally killed by Apollo's discus, a purple flower with petals marked "Ai! ail" sprang up from the blood-soaked ground.

That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,¹⁰
 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 enameled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe [>]0 primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 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'er thy bones are hurled;
 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,²¹ 160
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.²²
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:

¹⁹ A third invocation, marking the return to the pastoral after the indictment of the church.

²⁰ Early.

²¹ *Bellenum* was the Latin name for Land's End in Cornwall.

²² St Michael's Mount looking toward Spain.

And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.²⁸
 Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more; .
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery 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 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive²⁴ nuptial song,²⁵
 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, 180
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.²⁶
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,²⁷
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray:
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay;

²³ Arion was a famous musician who was robbed and forced by the shipmen to cast himself into the sea. His music had attracted the dolphins, and one offered his back to convey Arion safely to shore.

²⁴ Inexpressible.

²⁵ The Church is represented in *Revelation* as the bride of Christ.

²⁶ ". . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." *Rev.* 7:17.

²⁷ The guardian spirit.

At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

To the Lord General Cromwell

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune¹ proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream,² with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field,³ resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath:⁴ yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories 10
No less renowned than war: new foes arise,⁵
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

On the Late Massacre in Piemont

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;¹
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled

¹ The Stuart regime.

² A small river near Preston, where Cromwell defeated the Scots, August, 1648.

³ Here Cromwell defeated a large Scottish force, September 3, 1650.

⁴ By his victory at Worcester Cromwell suppressed the Royalists, September 3, 1651.

⁵ Presbyterianism.

¹ The Piedmontese were Protestants. In 1655 the Duke of Savoy had many of them put to death in the effort to put an end to Protestantism in his domain.

Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow 10
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant;² that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.³

On His Blindness

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
 Lodged 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-labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need 10
 Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best
 Bear His mild yoke,¹ 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."

To Cyriack Skinner [11]

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

² The Pope.

⁸ The fall of Babylon, interpreted as Catholicism, is related in *Revelation*.

¹ Christ says, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." See *Matt.* 11:30.

Of sun or moon or star, throughout the year,
 Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied¹ 10
 In liberty's defense, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain
 mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

On His Deceased Wife

Methought I saw my late espoused¹ saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis² from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the Old Law did save,¹
 Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white,⁴ pure as her mind.
 Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight 10
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
 So clear as in no face with more delight.
 But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

¹ Physicians warned Milton that to complete his reply to Salmasius would cost him his sight.

¹ Katherine Woodcock, his second wife.

² Alcestis had given her life to save that of her husband, King Admetus, but Hercules overcame death and restored Alcestis to King Admetus.

³ This law is given in *Lev.* 12'2-S.

⁴ ". . . These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." *Rev.* 7:14.

*Samson Agonistcs**A Dramatic Poem*

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM CALLED TRAGEDY

Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such-like passions—that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, / *Cor.* XV. 33; and Paraeus, commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have labored not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Caesar also had begun his *Ajax*, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which he entitled *Christ Suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day, with other common inter-

hides; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons: which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And, though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle, in behalf of this tragedy, coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be *epistled*—that chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only, but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modeling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode,—which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called *Allceostropha*. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit—which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable, as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum—they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavor to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE PERSONS

SAMSON

MANOA, the father of Samson

DAILILA, his wife

HARAPHA of Gath

Public Officer

Messenger

Chorus of Danitea

*The Scene, before the Prison in Gaza.**Samson Agonistes*¹

Sams. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
 Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,
 Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw
 The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends—
 The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet, 10
 With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon, their sea-idol,² and forbid
 Laborious works. Unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me; hence, with leave
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease—
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm

¹ One should read *Judges* 13-16, before reading this drama.

² Dagon, the god of the Philistines, was half man and half fish. When the Philistines captured the ark and brought it into the house of Dagon, later in the history of the Israelites, the image of Dagon fell on its face. When Dagon was restored to his place, he again fell, breaking off his hands and his head. This mishap and other misfortunes attributed to the presence of the ark led the Philistines to restore the ark to the Israelites. See *1 Samuel* 5. Milton refers to the fall of Dagon in *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, and places Dagon among the fallen angels, *Paradise Lost* I, 457-76.

Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone 20
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh, wherefore was my birth from heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last, in sight
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended
From off the altar where an offering burned,
As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed 30
As of a person separate to God,
Designed for great exploits, if I must die
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,
Put to the labor of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver!
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him 40
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay; let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction. What if all foretold
Had been fulfilled but through mine own default?
Whom have I to complain of but myself,
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50
O'ercome with importunity and tears?
O impotence of mind in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,

But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
 But peace! I must not quarrel with the will 60
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know.
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries—
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail. But, chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain! ³
 Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
 Light, the prime work of God, ⁴ to me is extinct, 70
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me:
 They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own—
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day!
 O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
 "Let there be light, and light was over all,"
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night,

⁸This passage through l. 109 seems autobiographical. Other passages to be noted in connection with this are: three sonnets—*On His Blindness*, *On His Deceased Wife*, and the second sonnet to Cyriack Skinner; *Paradise Lost* III, 21-51, and VII, 23-39.

⁴Light was the first thing created, *Gen.* 1:3. Milton wrote a beautiful hymn to light in *Paradise Lost* III, 1-55.

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part, why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
 So obvious and so easy to be quenched,
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
 That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
 Buried, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs;
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this way;
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult—
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.
Chor. This, this is he; softly a while;
 Let us not break in upon him.
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
 With languished head unpropped
 As one past hope, abandoned, 120
 And by himself given over,
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O'er worn and soiled.
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
 That heroic, that renowned,

Irresistible Samson? whom, unarmed,
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could withstand;
 Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid;
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
 And, weaponless himself, 130
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass,
 Chalybean-tempered steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean proof:
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanced,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
 Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors turned
 Their plated backs under his heel, 140
 Or groveling soiled their crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Palestine,
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:
 Then by main force pulled up, and on his shoulders bore,
 The gates of Azza, post and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old—
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so—
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heaven. 150
 Which shall I first bewail—
 Thy bondage or lost sight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
 Imprisoned now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light 160
 To incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light, alas!

Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth, unparalleled,
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,⁵
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.
 For him I reckon not in high estate 170
 Whom long descent of birth,
 Or the sphere of fortune, raises;
 But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdued the earth,
 Universally crowned with highest praises.

Sams. I hear the sound of words; their sense the air
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He speaks; let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief!
 We come, thy friends and neighbors not unknown, 180
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
 To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,
 Salve to thy sores: apt words have power to 'suage
 The tumors of a troubled mind,
 And are as balm to festered wounds.

Sams. Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,
 How counterfeit a coin they are who 'friends'
 Bear in their superscription (of the most 190
 I would be understood). In prosperous days
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
 How many evils have enclosed me round;
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
 Blindness; for, had I sight, confused with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,

⁶ This fall from eminence is characteristic of the hero of Greek tragedy

Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked
 My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigged, and for a word, a tear, 200
 Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman? Tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street? Do they not say, "How well
 Are come upon him his deserts"? Yet why?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me; of wisdom nothing more than mean.
 This with the other should at least have pair'd;
 These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal. Wisest men 210
 Have erred, and by bad women been deceived;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not, then, so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.
 Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased 220
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
 The daughter of an infidel. They knew not
 That what I motioned was of God: I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
 The marriage on, that, by occasion hence,
 I might begin Israel's deliverance—
 The work to which I was divinely called.
 She proving false, the next I took to wife
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late!)
 Was in the vale of Sorea, Dalila,
 That specious monster, my accomplished snare. 230
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end, still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressors. Of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,

Who, vanquished with a peal of words, (O weakness!)
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness;
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. 240

Sams. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledged not, or not at all considered,
Deliverance offered. I, on the other side,
Used no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length 350
Their lords, the Philistines, with gathered powers,
Entered Judea, seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retired—
Not flying, but forecasting in what place
To set upon them, what advantaged best.
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcised a welcome prey, 260
Bound with two cords. But cords to me were threads
Touched with the flame: on their whole host I flew
Unarmed, and with a trivial weapon felled
Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.
Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possessed the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve.
But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty— 270

Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty⁶⁻
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect,
 Whom God hath of His special favor raised
 As their deliverer? If he aught begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
 Their great deliverer contemned,
 The matchless Gideon,⁷ in pursuit
 Of Madian, and her vanquished kings;
 And how ingrateful Ephraim
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
 Had not his prowess quelled their pride
 In that sore battle when so many died
 Without reprieve, adjudged to death
 For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth**

280

Sams. Of such examples add me to the roll.
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's proposed deliverance not so.

ago

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men,
 Unless there be who think not God at all.
 If any be, they walk obscure;
 For of such doctrine never was their school,
 But the heart of the fool,⁹

⁶ In *Paradise Lost* II, 255-7, Milton represents the fallen angels as

. preferring
 Hard liberty before the easy yoke
 Of servile pomp

⁷ The very interesting story of Gideon is found in *Judges* 7-8: 21. One must read this account to get the significance of Milton's passage.

⁸ Jephtha's conquest and his detection of the Ephraimites by the way they pronounced "Shibboleth" is recounted in *Judges* 12: 1-6.

⁹ See *Psalms* 14:1 and cf. *Psalms* 53:1.

And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300
 As to his own edicts found contradicting;
 Then give the reins to wandering thought,
 Regardless of his glory's diminution,
 Till, by their own perplexities involved,
 They ravel more, still less resolved,
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the Interminable,
 And tie Him to His own prescript,
 Who made our laws to bind us, not Himself,
 And hath full right to exempt 310
 Whomso it pleases Him by choice
 From national obstruction, without taint
 Of sin, or legal debt;
 For with His own laws He can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
 Nor in respect of the enemy just cause,
 To set His people free,
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, 320
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down, Reason, then; at least, vain reasonings down;
 Though Reason here aver
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
 Unchaste was subsequent; her stain, not his.

But see! here comes thy reverend sire,
 With careful step, locks white as down,
 Old Manoa: advise
 Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

Sams. Ay me! another inward grief, awaked 330
 With mention of that name, renews the assault.

Man. Brethren and men of Dan (for such ye seem
 Though in this uncouth place), if old respect,
 As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
 My son, now captive, hither hath informed

Your younger feet, while mine, cast back with age,
Came lagging after, say if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! Is this the man, 340
That invincible Samson, far renowned,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels' walked their streets,
None offering fight; who, single combatant,
Dueled their armies ranked in proud array,
Himself an army—now unequal match
To save himself against a coward armed
At one spear's length? O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and, oh, what not in man 350
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good
Prayed for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I prayed for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gained a son,
And such a son as all men hailed me happy:
Who would be now a father in my stead?
Oh, wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorned?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? 360
For this did the angel twice descend? for this
Ordained thy nurture holy, as of a plant,
Select and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves!
Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heavenly disposition, father.
Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me
But justly; I myself have brought them on;
Sole author I, sole cause. If aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned
The mystery of God, given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betrayed it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380
This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,
But warned by oft experience. Did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of nuptial love professed, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who, also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offered only, by the scent conceived 390
Her spurious first-born, Treason against me?
Thrice she assayed, with nattering prayers and signs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stored, in what part summed, that she might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turned to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly and with what impudence
She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt 400
She sought to make me traitor to myself.
Yet, the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,
With blandished parleys, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night
To storm me, over-watched and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlocked her all my heart,
Who, with a grain of manhood well resolved,
Might easily have shook off all her snares;

But foul effeminacy held me yoked 410
 Her bond-slave. O indignity, O blot
 To honor and religion! servile mind
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fallen,
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery; and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degenerately I served.

Man. I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son— 420
 Rather approve them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infest our foes.
 I state not that; this I am sure—our foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
 Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee—which to have kept
 Tacit was in thy power. True; and thou bear'st 430
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains:
 This day the Philistines a popular feast
 Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,
 To Dagon, as their god who hath delivered
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their hands—
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So Dagon shall be magnified, and God, 440
 Besides whom is no god, compared with idols,
 Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever

Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

Sams. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honor, I this pomp, have brought
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high 450
 Among the heathen round—to God have brought
 Dishonor, obloquy, and oped the mouths
 Of idolists and atheists, have brought scandal
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, prepense enough before
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols:
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbor sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
 With me hath end. All the contest is now
 Twixt God and Dagon. Dagon hath presumed,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,
 But will arise, and His great name assert.
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470
 And with confusion blank his worshipers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee; and these words
 I as a prophecy receive; for God
 (Nothing more certain) will not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of His name
 Against all competition, nor will long
 Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
 Thou must not in the meanwhile, here forgot,
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480
 Neglected. I already have made way
 To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
 About thy ransom. Well they may by this

Have satisfied their utmost of revenge,
 By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Sams. Spare that proposal, father; spare the trouble
 Of that solicitation. Let me here,
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment,
 And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
 Shameful garrulity. To have revealed
 Secrets of *men*, the secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt and scorn of all—to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
 The mark of fool set on his front!

But I *God's* counsel have not kept, His holy secret
 Presumptuously have published, impiously,
 Weakly at least and shamefully—a sin 500
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn
 To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

Man. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;
 But act not in thy own affliction, son.
 Repent the sin; but, if the punishment
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
 Or the execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself. Perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all His debt;
 Who ever more approves and more accepts 510
 (Best pleased with humble and filial submission)
 Him who, imploring mercy, sues for life,
 Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due;
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeased
 For self-offence more than for God offended.
 Reject not then what offered means, who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy country and His sacred house,
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings to avert
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renewed. 520

Sams. His pardon I implore; but, as for life,
 To what end should I seek it? When in strength
 All mortals I excelled, and great in hopes,
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from heaven foretold and high exploits,
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
 The sons of Anak,¹⁰ famous now and blazed,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty god
 I walked about, admired of all, and dreaded 530
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront—
 Then, swollen with pride, into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life,
 At length to lay my head and hallowed pledge
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turned me out ridiculous, despoiled,
 Shaven, and disarmed among my enemies. 540

Char. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby,
 Sparkling out-poured, the flavor or the smell,
 Or taste, that cheers the heart of gods and men,
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

Sams. Wherever fountain or fresh current flowed
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
 With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550
 Thirst, and refreshed; nor envied them the grape
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness I to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,

¹⁰ Caleb took Hebron from the three sons of Anak: *Judges* 1: 20. The Anakims were giants, and this conquest was the most difficult one undertaken.

When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!

Sams. But what availed this temperance, not complete
 Against another object more enticing?
 What boots it at one gate to make defense, 560
 And at another to let in the foe,
 Effeminately vanquished? by which means,
 Now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonored, quelled,
 To what can I be useful? wherein serve
 My nation, and the work from heaven imposed?
 But to sit idle on the household hearth,
 A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
 Or pitied object; these redundant locks,
 Robustious to no purpose, clustering down,
 Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
 To a contemptible old age obscure.
 Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread,
 Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,
 Consume me, and oft-invoked death
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
 Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
 Inglorious, unemployed, with age outworn. 580
 But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve Him better than thou hast.
 And I persuade me so. Why else this strength
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for naught,
 Nor shall His wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sams. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend— 590
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,

Nor the other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand;
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat: Nature within me seems
 In all her functions weary of herself;
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,¹¹
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
 From anguish of the mind, and humors black 600
 That mingle with thy fancy. I, however,
 Must not omit a father's timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom or how else: meanwhile be calm,
 And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Sams. Oh, that torment should not be confined
 To the body's wounds and sores,
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, breast, and reins;
 But must secret passage find 610
 To the inmost mind,
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
 With answerable pains, but more intense,
 Though void of corporal sense!

My griefs not only pain me
 As a lingering disease,
 But, finding no redress, ferment and rage;
 Nor less than wounds immedicable 620
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
 To black mortification.
 Thoughts, my tormentors, armed with deadly stings,
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb

¹¹ This line and the following form one of the finest examples of the power of the simple style.

Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure; 630
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
 And sense of heaven's desertion.

I was His nursling once and choice delight,
 His destined from the womb,
 Promised by heavenly message twice descending.
 Under His special eye
 Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain;
 He led me on to mightiest deeds,
 Above the nerve of mortal arm,
 Against the uncircumcised, our enemies: 640
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by His appointment had provoked,
 Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss
 Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless.
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition—speedy death, 650
 The close of all my miseries and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise,
 In ancient and in modern books enrolled,
 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 the afflicted in his pangs their sound , 660
 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.

God of our fathers! what is man,
 That Thou towards him with hand so various—
 Or might I say contrarious?—
 Temper'st Thy providence through his short course: 670
 Not evenly, as Thou rul'st
 The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute?
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That, wandering loose about,
 Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
 Heads without name, no more remembered;
 But such as Thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorned,
 To some great work, Thy glory, 680
 And people's safety, which in part they effect.
 Yet toward these, thus dignified, Thou oft,
 Amidst their height of noon,
 Changest Thy countenance and Thy hand, with no regard
 Of highest favors past
 From Thee on them, or them to Thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,
 But throw'st them lower than Thou didst exalt them high—
 Unseemly falls in human eye, 690
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
 And condemnation of the ungrateful multitude.
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease Thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases and deformed,
 In crude old age; 700

Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
 The punishment of dissolute days. In fine,
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once Thy glorious champion,
 The image of Thy strength, and mighty minister.
 What do I beg? how hast Thou dealt already!
 Behold him in this state calamitous and turn
 His labors, for Thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this? what thing of sea or land— 710
 Female of sex it seems—
 That, so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing,
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
 Of Javan or Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails filled, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play;
 An amber scent of odorous perfume 720
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind?
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;
 And now, at nearer view, no other certain
 Than Dalila thy wife.

Sams. My wife! my traitress! let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on she moves; now stands and eyes thee fixed,
 About to have spoke; but now, with head declined,
 Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,
 And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil. 730

But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson;
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge. Yet, if tears
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event than I foresaw),

My penance hath not slackened, though my pardon
 No way assured. But conjugal affection,
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, 740
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power—
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sams. Out, out, hyena! These are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee—
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray; 750
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feigned remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change—
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then, with more cautious and instructed skill,
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,
 With goodness principled not to reject 760
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangled with a poisonous bosom-snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavor
 To lessen or extenuate my offense,
 But that, on the other side, if it be weighed
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised, 770
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier toward me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,

Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them—both common female faults—
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is for naught,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety? 780
 To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
 But I to enemies revealed, and should not!
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
 Let weakness, then, with weakness come to parle,
 So near related, or the same of kind;
 Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me than in thyself was found.
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790
 The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
 In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
 Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy; feared lest one day thou wouldst leave me
 As her at Timna; sought by all means, therefore,
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
 No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power
 Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,
 "Why, then, revealed?" I was assured by those 800
 Who tempted me that nothing was designed
 Against thee but safe custody and hold.
 That made for me; I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
 Wailing thy absence in my widowed bed;
 Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810
 These reasons in love's law have passed for good,

Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtained.

Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Saws. How cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine! 820

That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither
 By this appears. I gave, thou say'st, the example,
 I led the way—bitter reproach, but true;
 I to myself was false ere thou to me.

Such pardon, therefore, as I give my folly
 Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,

Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feigned. Weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it—weakness to resist 830

Philistian gold. If weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?

All wickedness is weakness; that plea, therefore,
 With God or man will gain thee no remission.
 But love constrained thee! Call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust. Love seeks to have love;
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,

Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betrayed? 840
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
 Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.

It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me. Thou know'st the magistrates 850
 And princes of my country came in person,
 Solicited, commanded, threatened, urged,
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
 And of religion—pressed how just it was,
 How honorable, how glorious, to entrap
 A common enemy, who had destroyed
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious 860
 Dishonorer of Dagon. What had I
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?
 Only my love of thee held long debate,
 And combated in silence all these reasons
 With hard contest. At length, that grounded maxim,
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths
 Of wisest men, that to the public good
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority
 Took full possession of me and prevailed;
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining. 870
Sams. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end—
 In feigned religion, smooth hypocrisy!
 But, had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe
 And of my nation, chose thee from among
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st;
 Too well; unbosomed all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but overpowered 880
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
 Yet now am judged an enemy. Why, then,
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband—
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe professed?
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave

Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection, but my own;
 Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations; 890
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obeyed. But zeal moved thee;
 To please thy gods thou didst it! Gods unable
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be—
 Less therefore to be pleased, obeyed, or feared. 900
 These false pretexts and varnished colors failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear!

Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Sams. For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath!
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
 Afford me place to show what recompense 910
 Toward thee I intend for what I have misdome,
 Misguided. Only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 To afflict thyself in vain. Though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed
 Where other senses want not their delights—
 At home, in leisure and domestic ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which
 Eyesight exposes, daily, men abroad.
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting 920
 Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide

With me, where my redoubled love and care,
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age,
 With all things grateful cheered, and so supplied
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

Sams. No, no; of my condition take no care;
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain; 930
 Nor think me so unwary or accursed
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught. I know thy trains,
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils.
 Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms,
 No more on me have power; their force is nulled;
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learned,
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Loved, honored, feared me, thou alone could hate me,
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me, 940
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless,, thence easily contemned and scorned,
 And last neglected! How wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thralldom! how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile!
 This jail I count the house of liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee; go with that;
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives;
 Cherish thy hastened widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960
 To prayers than winds and seas. Yet winds to seas
 Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calmed.
 Why do I humble thus myself, and suing
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate,
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounced?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970
 Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
 My name, perhaps, among the circumcised
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defamed,
 With malediction mentioned, and the blot
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.
 But in my country, where I most desire, 980
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
 I shall be named among the famousest
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who, to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
 Above the faith of wedlock bands; my tomb
 With odors visited and annual flowers;
 Not less renowned than in Mount Ephraim,
 Jael, who, with inhospitable guile,
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nailed.¹² 990
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The public marks of honor and reward
 Conferred upon me for the piety
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown.
 At this whoever envies or repines,

¹² See *Judges* 4:16-22.

I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone—a manifest serpent by her sting
Discovered in the end, till now concealed.

Sams. So let her go. God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offense returning, to regain
Love once possessed, nor can be easily
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sams. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end;
Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit, 1010
Strength, comeliness of shape, or ample merit,
That woman's love can win, or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
Which way soever men refer it,
(Much like thy riddle, Samson) in one day
Or seven though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferred
Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compared, 1020
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disallied
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavished on their sex that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinished, judgment scant,
Capacity not raised to apprehend
Or value what is best,
In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong? 1030
Or was too much of self-love mixed,
Of constancy no root infix'd,

That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whatever it be, to wisest men and best,
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once joined, the contrary she proves—a thorn
 Intestine, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent; or by her charms 1040
 Draws him awry, enslaved
 With dotage, and his sense depraved
 To folly and shameful deeds, which ruin ends.
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
 Embarked with such a steers-mate at the helm?

Favored of heaven who finds
 One virtuous, rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines!
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
 But virtue which breaks through all opposition, 1050
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lour:
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not swayed
 By female usurpation, nor dismayed. 1060

But had we best retire? I see a storm.

Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Sams. Be less abstruse; my riddling days are past.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honeyed words; a rougher tongue
 Draws hitherward; I know him by his stride,
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
 Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.

Comes he in peace? What wind hath blown him hither 1070
 I less conjecture than when first I saw
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Sams. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know: he now arrives.

Ear. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,

As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renowned
 As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old 1080
 That Kiriathaim held. Thou know'st me now,
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats performed,
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried
 Each other's force in camp or listed field;
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walked about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

Sams. The way to know were not to see, but taste.

Ear. Dost thou already single me? I thought
 Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field where thou art famed
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!
 I should have forced thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown;
 So had the glory of prowess been recovered
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine
 From the unforeskinned race, of whom thou bear'st 1100
 The highest name for valiant acts. That honor,
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Sams. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
 What then thou wouldst; thou seest it in thy hand.

Ear. To combat with a blind man I disdain,

And thou hast need much washing to be touched.

Sams. Such usage as your honorable lords
 Afford me, assassinated and betrayed;
 Who durst not with their whole united powers 1110
 In fright withstand me single and unarmed,
 Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes
 Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
 Till they had hired a woman with their gold,
 Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me.
 Therefore, without feigned shifts, let be assigned
 Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, 1120
 Vant-brace and greaves and gauntlet; add thy spear,
 A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield:
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
 And raise such outcries on thy clattered iron,
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

liar. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms 1130
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,
 Armed thee or charmed thee strong, which thou from heaven
 Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
 Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back
 Of chafed wild boars or ruffled porcupines.

Sams. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
 My trust is in the Living God, Who gave me, 1140
 At my nativity, this strength, diffused
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
 Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,

The pledge of my unviolated vow.
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Offering to combat thee, his champion bold,
 With the utmost of his godhead seconded:
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Ear. Presume not on thy God. Whate'er He be,
 Thee He regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from His people, and delivered up
 Into thy enemies' hand; permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fettered send thee 1160
 Into the common prison, there to grind
 Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boisterous locks; no worthy match
 For valor to assail, nor by the sword
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honor,
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

Sams. All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to readmit the suppliant;
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defy thee to the trial *of* mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose god is God,
 Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

Har. Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend His cause,
 A murderer, a revolter, and a robber! 1180

Sams. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me these?

liar. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
 Their magistrates confessed it when they took thee
 As a league-breaker, and delivered bound
 Into our hands; for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murder on those thirty men
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
 Then, like a robber, stripp'dst them of their robes?
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking, 1190
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sams. Among the daughters of the Philistines
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,
 And in your city held my nuptial feast;
 But your ill-meaning politician lords.
 Under pretense of bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,
 Who, threatening cruel death, constrained the bride
 To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,
 That solved the riddle which I had proposed. 1200

When I perceived all set on enmity,
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,
 I used hostility, and took their spoil,
 To pay my underminers in their coin.
 My nation was subjected to your lords!
 It was the force of conquest; force with force
 Is well ejected when the conquered can.
 But I, a private person, whom my country
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts! 1210

I was no private, but a person raised,
 With strength sufficient, and command from heaven,
 To free my country. If their servile minds
 Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for nought,
 The unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.

I was to do my part from heaven assigned,
 And had performed it if my known offense
 Had not disabled me, not all your force.
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant, 1220
 Though by his blindness maimed for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Ear. With thee, a man condemned, a slave enrolled,
 Due by the law to capital punishment?
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Sams. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict!
 Come nearer; part not hence so slight informed;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

Har. O Baal-zebul! can my ears unused
 Hear these dishonors, and not render death?

Sams. No man withholds thee; nothing from thy hand
 Fear I incurable; bring up thy van;
 My heels are fettered, but my fist is free.

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Sams. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down, 1240
 To the hazard of thy brains and shattered sides.

Har. By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament
 These braveries, in irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fallen,
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
 And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

Sams. I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,
 Though fame divulge-him father of five sons,
 All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

Chor. He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250
 And with malicious counsel stir them up
 Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

Sams. He must allege some cause, and offered fight

Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
 Whether he durst accept the offer or not;
 And that he durst not plain enough appeared.
 Much more affliction than already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
 If they intend advantage of my labors,
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping, 1260
 With no small profit daily to my owners.
 But come what will; my deadliest foe will prove
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;
 The worst that he can give to me the best.
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. O, how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the spirits of just men long oppressed,
 When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
 Puts invincible might,
 To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
 The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
 The righteous, and all such as honor truth!
 He all their ammunition
 And feats of war defeats,
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigor armed; 1280
 Their armories and magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
 Lose their defense, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all 1*90

That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endued
 Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Laboring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.
 And yet, perhaps, more trouble is behind; 1300
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending; in his hand
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.
 By his habit I discern him now
 A public officer, and now at hand.
 His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Ebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him; there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say: 1310
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honor this great feast and great assembly.
 Rise, therefore, with all speed, and come along,
 Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad,
 To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

Sams. Thou know'st I am an Ebrew; therefore tell them
 Our law forbids at their religious rites 1320
 My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assured, will not content them.

Sams. Have they not sword-players, and every sort
 Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
 Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
 But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,
 And over-labored at their public mill,

To make them sport with blind activity?
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels,
 On my refusal, to distress me more, 1330
 Or make a game of my calamities?

Return the way thou cam'st; I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

Sams. Myself! my conscience, and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debased
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
 And, in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief,
 To show them feats, and play before their god— 1340
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me
 Joined with extreme contempt! I will not come.

Off. My message was imposed on me with speed,
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Sams. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, Samson; matters now are strained
 Up to the height, whether to hold or break.
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
 Expect another message, more imperious,
 More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

Sams. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
 Of strength, again returning with my hair
 After my great transgression—so requite
 Favor renewed, and add a greater sin
 By prostituting holy things to idols,
 A Nazarite, in place abominable,
 Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon? 1360
 Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
 Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

Sams. Not in their idol-worship, but by labor
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Sams. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds:
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon, 1370
Not dragging? The Philistian lords command:
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind; which, in His jealousy,
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that He may dispense with me, or thee,
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my
reach. 1380

Sams. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along—
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast resolved: the man returns. 1390

Off. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say: Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou, at our sending and command,
Dispute thy coming? Cooie without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fastened than a rock.

Sams. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious; 1400

Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
 Masters' commands come with a power resistless
 To such as owe them absolute subjection;
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?
 (So mutable are all the ways of men!)
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
 Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

Off. I praise thy resolution. Doff these links: 1410
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
 To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sams. Brethren, farewell. Your company along
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
 To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
 Of me, as of a common enemy,
 So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
 I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine;
 And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired 1420
 With zeal, if aught religion seem concerned;
 No less the people, on their holy-days,
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.
 Happen what may, of me expect to hear
 Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy
 Our God, our law, my nation, or myself;
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
 Of Israel be thy guide
 To what may serve His glory best, and spread His name
 Great among the heathen round; 1430
 Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
 Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
 Rode up in flames after his message told
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire; that spirit that first rushed on thee
 In the camp of Dan,
 Be efficacious in thee now at need!

For never was from heaven imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen. 1440

But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste
 With youthful steps? Much livelier than erewhile
 He seems: supposing here to find his son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man. Peace with you, brethren! My inducement hither
 Was not at present here to find my son,
 By order of the lords new parted hence
 To come and play before them at their feast.

I heard all as I came; the city rings,
 And numbers thither flock: I had no will, 1450
 Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.
 But that which moved my coming now was chiefly
 To give ye part with me what hope I have
 With good success to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
 With thee. Say, reverend sire; we thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted, one by one, the lords,
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,
 With supplication prone and father's tears,
 To accept of ransom for my son, their prisoner. 1460
 Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
 That part most revered Dagon and his priests:
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
 Private reward, for which both God and State
 They easily would set to sale: a third
 More generous far and civil, who confessed
 They had enough revenged, having reduced
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears;
 The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
 If some convenient ransom were proposed.

What noise or shout was that? It tore the sky.

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
 Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,

Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid
 And numbered down. Much rather I shall choose
 To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
 And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
 No, I am fixed not to part hence without him.
 For his redemption all my patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forgo
 And quit. Not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Char. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons;
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age;
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
 Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490
 And view him sitting in his house, ennobled
 With all those high exploits by him achieved,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks
 That of a nation armed the strength contained.
 And I persuade me God hath not permitted
 His strength again to grow up with his hair
 Garrisoned round about him like a camp
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service—
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
 Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.
 And, since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
 Conceived, agreeable to a father's love;
 In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds, and—O, what noise!
 Mercy of heaven! what hideous noise was that?
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,

As if the whole inhabitation perished?
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise.
 Oh! it continues; they have slain my son.

Chor. Thy son is rather slaying them: that outcry
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be.
 What shall we do—stay here, or run and see? 1520

Chor. Best keep together here, lest, running thither,
 We unawares run into danger's mouth.
 This evil on the Philistines is fallen:
 From whom could else a general cry be heard?
 The sufferers, then, will scarce molest us here;
 From other hands we need not much to fear.
 What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughtered walk his way? 1530

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
 For His people of old; what hinders now?

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think He will;
 Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
 A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
 For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
 And to our wish I see one hither speeding—
 An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540

Messenger. O, whither shall I run, or which way fly
 The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
 Which erst my eyes behold, and yet behold?
 For dire imagination still pursues me.
 But providence or instinct of nature seems,
 Or reason, though disturbed and scarce consulted,
 To have guided me aright, I know not how,
 To thee first, reverend Manoa, and to these

My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
 As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550
 So in the sad event too much concerned.

Man. The accident was loud, and here before thee
 With rueful cry; yet what it was we hear not.
 No preface needs; thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth; but I recover breath,
 And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sum; the circumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands; but all her sons are fallen,
 All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

Man. Sad! but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest 1560
 The desolation of a hostile city.

Mess. Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom.

Mess. By Samson.

Alan. That still lessens
 The sorrow and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah! Manoa, I refrain too suddenly
 To utter what will come at last too soon,
 Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption
 Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture; speak them out.

Mess. Then take the worst in brief: Samson is dead. 1570

Man. The worst indeed! O all my hope's defeated
 To free him hence! but Death, who sets all free,
 Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
 What windy joy this day had I conceived,
 Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
 Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
 Nipped with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
 Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first
 How died he; death to life is crown or shame.
 All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he? 1580
 What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter, then, or how? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence! What cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes?

Mess. Inevitable cause—
At once both to destroy and be destroyed.
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself! 1590
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but, while things yet
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,
When all abroad was rumored that this day 1600
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre,
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand: 1610
I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad: before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armed guards;
Both horse and foot before him and behind,

Archers and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout 1620
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendious force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1630
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,
And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed 1640
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength yet greater
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed;
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew 1650
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,

Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.

Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without,

Chor. O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious! 1660

Living or dying thou hast fulfilled
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now liest victorious
Among thy slain self-killed;
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined
Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more
Than all thy life had slain before.

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, 1670

And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread, Who dwells
In Silo, His bright sanctuary,
Among them He a spirit of frenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urged them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer.
They, only set on sport and play,
Unweeingly importuned 1680

Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men,
Fallen into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor. But he, though blind of sight,
Despised, and thought extinguished quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused 1690
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,

Assailant on the perched roosts,
 And nests in order ranged
 Of tame villatic fowl, but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
 So virtue, given for lost,
 Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,
 Like that self-begotten bird¹³
 In the Arabian woods embossed, 1700
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teemed,
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deemed;
 And, though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular bird, ages of lives.

Man. Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause. Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finished 1710
 A life heroic, on his enemies
 Fully revenged—hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
 Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
 Honor hath left and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
 With God not parted from him, as was feared,
 But favoring and assisting to the end. 1720
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the body where it lies
 Soaked in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
 With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off
 The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while

¹⁸ The phoenix.

(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends, 1730
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend,
 With silent obsequy and funeral train,
 Home to his father's house. There will I build him
 A monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of laurel ever green and branching palm,
 With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valor and adventures high; 1740
 The virgins also shall, on feastful days
 Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
 What the unsearchable dispose
 Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft He seems to hide His face,
 But unexpectedly returns, 1750
 And to his faithful champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent.
 His servants He, with new acquit
 Of true experience from this great event,
 With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
 And calm of mind, all passion spent.

Sir John Suckling 1609-1642

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, "the darling of the court," had wealth, wit, and a bachelor state to establish his popularity. There was even a kind of allurement in his appearance, for according to Aubrey, "his beard turn'd up naturally, so that he had a brisk and graceful look." We can visualize him in the midst of the brilliant court circles, setting the ladies a-twitter with his easy impudence.

He had opportunities too, which would add to his popularity. Unlike the majority of the Cavaliers he had studied at Cambridge University. Like many of the other young poets he had enrolled in the Inns of Court; but inheriting a fortune at the death of his father, he gave up law and spent some time in travel, visiting France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. His unusual ability in languages enabled him to bring back the finer flavor of his experiences. He was knighted upon his return to England in 1630, and the next year distinguished himself in foreign service with the troops of the Marquis of Hamilton, which went to the aid of Gustavus Adolphus.

Back in England he was welcomed at the court as an open-handed wit and gallant, but soon one of his fine gestures brought laughter down upon him. When it became necessary for the king to send troops to Scotland, Suckling furnished a troop of one hundred select horsemen. These were gorgeously equipped at a cost of £12,000 with white doublets, scarlet coats, breeches, and hats, the latter adorned with a fine plume. These gay troops, "the finest sight" of the king's army, were soon fleeing with the remainder of the forces, and Suckling had to endure a ballad made upon him and sung with great glee by the Roundheads.

The magnificence of this display was only one of many examples of the thoroughness with which Suckling went into everything he did. He gave sumptuous assemblies, at one of which the favors for the ladies consisted of silk stockings, garters, and gloves. The production of his play *Aglaura* cost

three or four hundred pounds. The costumes for the play were especially rich and were embroidered in pure silver and gold.

Suckling became a great gambler both with dice and cards and would spend much of his time in bed, the cards spread out before him, studying various methods of play and devising new ones. There is an interesting account of his two sisters coming up weeping to London in terror lest he should lose all their money. But Davenant records that when Suckling had lost heavily, "he would make himself glorious in apparel, and said that it exalted his spirits, and that he had then the best luck, when he was most gallant, and his spirits high." Apparently he could retrieve his losses, for later he had generous sums to expend for the king's cause.

When Strafford was impeached and sent to the Tower, Suckling joined a conspiracy for rescuing him, but upon the detection of the plot, he escaped to the Continent. There, with his usual high gesture, he played the closing scene of his life at the age of thirty-four, dying a suicide in preference to living an exile in dreary poverty.

Gay, with a tendency to dazzle, Suckling abandoned the Jonsonian style for a startling informality of manner and a light and casual tone. Like many other poets of the day he could not escape the influence of Donne. He parodies "I long to talk with some old lover's ghost," patterns phrases reminiscent of Donne, and writes of inconstancy in the same light-hearted way. He does not, however, become serious or intense as Donne does; it is his gaiety, audacity, and verve that charm us. Millamant's phrase in Congreve's *Way of the World* is still the best characterization we have of him: "easy, natural Suckling."

Song

[from *Aglaura*]

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

10

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
 This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The devil take her!

[*Constancy*]

Out upon it! I have loved
 Three whole days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall molt away his wings,
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on it is, no praise
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no stays
 Had it any been but she.

10

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this
 A dozen dozen in her place.

*A Song to a Lute*¹

Hast thou seen the down in the air,
 When wanton blasts have tossed it?
 Or the ship on the sea,
 When ruder waves have crossed it?
 Hast thou marked the crocodile's weeping
 Or the fox's sleeping?
 Or hast viewed the peacock in his pride,
 Or the dove by his bride,
 When he courts for his lechery?
 O so fickle, O so vain, O so false, so false is she! 10

Song

I prithee send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine;
 For, if from yours you will not part,
 Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on it, let it lie;
 To find it were in vain,
 For thou hast a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie
 And yet not lodge together?
 O love, where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our breasts thou sever? 10

But love is such^j a mystery,
 I cannot find it out;
 For when I think I'm best resolved,
 I then am in most doubt.

¹ This is a parody of Jonson's "Her Triumph," third stanza.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she hath mine. 20

[The Siege]

Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part:

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
The language of her eyes;

Proceeded on with no less art—
My tongue was engineer; 20
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town;
And still it yielded not.

I then resolved to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praying, and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses. 20

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in,
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do
 And thought the place mine own,
 The enemy lay quiet too,
 And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know from whence and where
 These hopes and this relief; 30
 A spy informed, Honor was there,
 And did command in chief.

"March, march," quoth I; "the word straight give;
 Let's lose no time, but leave her;
 That giant upon air will live,
 And hold it out forever.

"To such a place our camp remove
 As will no siege abide;
 I hate a fool that starves her love
 Only to feed her pride." 40

A Doubt of Martyrdom

O for some honest lover's ghost,¹
 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 used kindly.

For whatso'er they tell us here
 To make those sufferings dear,
 'Twill there, I fear, be found 10
 That to the being crowned
 To have loved alone will not suffice,

¹ Compare with Donne's "I long to talk with some old lover's ghost_____"

Unless we also have been wise
And have our loves enjoyed.

What posture can we think him in
That, here unloved, again
Departs, and is thither gone
Where each sits by his own?

Or how can that Elysium be
Where I my mistress still must see
Circled in other's arms? 20

For there the judges all are just,
And Sophonisba² must
Be his whom she held dear,
Not his who loved her here.
The sweet Philoclea, since she died,
Lies by her Pirocles his side,
Not by Amphialus.³

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bough,
For difference crowns the brow 30
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 herel

Song

Honest lover whatsoever,
If in all thy love there ever

² Daughter of Hasdrubal, promised in marriage by her father to the Numidian prince, Masinissa, but later awarded to his rival, Syphax. When Masinissa overcame Syphax, he took Sophonisba; and when Scipio demanded her surrender, he sent her poison, with which she ended her life.

³ The story is found in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Amphialus loved his cousin, Philoclea, but she loved Pirocles.

Was one wavering thought, if thy flame
 Were not still even, still the same,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when she appears i' the room,
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb, 10•
 And in striving this to cover,
 Dost not speak thy words twice over,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And all defects for graces take,
 Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken
 When she hath little or nothing spoken, 20
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when thou appear'st to be within,
 Thou let'st not men ask and ask again;
 And when thou answer'st, if it be
 To what was asked thee, properly,
 Know this, 30
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when thy stomach calls to eat,
 Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
 And with much gazing on her face

Dost not rise hungry from the place,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew. 40

If by this thou dost discover
 That thou art no perfect lover,
 And, desiring to love true,
 Thou dost begin to love anew,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

A Ballad upon a Wedding

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen,
 Oh, things without compare!
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs;
 And there did I see coming down 10
 Such folk as are not in our town,
 Forty, at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pestilent fine
 (His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
 Walked on before the rest.
 Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
 The king (God bless him!), 'twould undo him
 Should he go still so dressed.

At course-a-park,¹ without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out 20
 By all the maids i' the town,
 Though lusty Roger there had been,
 Or little George upon the Green,
 Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing;
 The parson for him stayed.
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
 He did not so much wish all past,
 Perchance, as did the maid. 30

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
 For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
 Could ever yet produce;
 No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small the ring
 Would not stay on, which they did bring;
 It was too wide a peck:
 And to say truth (for out it must), 40
 It looked like the great collar (just)
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light;
 But oh, she dances such a way,
 No sun upon an Easter day
 Is half so fine a sight!

¹ "A country game, in which a girl called out one of the other sex to chase her" (*New English Dictionary*).

He would have kissed her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice, 50
 She would not do't in sight;
And then she looked as who should say,
I will do what I list to-day;
 And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone),
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
 (The side that's next the sun). 60

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face
I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter, 70
They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been
 (She looked that day so purely);
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
 It would have spoiled him, surely.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice 80

His summons did obey;
 Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
 Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
 Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
 What man of knife or teeth was able
 To stay to be entreated?
 And this the very reason was,
 Before the parson could say grace,
 The company was seated.

90

The business of the kitchen's great,
 For it is fit that men should eat;
 Nor was it there denied.
 Passion o' me, how I run on!
 There's that that would be thought upon,
 I trow, besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
 Healths first go round, and then the house;
 The bride's came thick and thick:
 And when 'twas named another's health,
 Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
 And who could help it, Dick?

100

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
 Then sit again and sigh and glance;
 Then dance again and kiss.
 Thus several ways the time did pass,
 Till every woman wished her place,
 And every man wished his!

By this time all were stolen aside
 To counsel and undress the bride,
 But that he must not know;
 But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,

no

And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came, Dick, there she lay
Like new-fallen snow melting away
 (Twas time, I trow, to part);
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
 "God be with ye, with all my heart." 120

But just as heaven would have to cross it,
In came the bridesmaids with the posset.
 The bridegroom ate in spite,
For had he left the women to't,
It would have cost two hours to do't,
 Which were too much that night.

At length the candle's out, and now
All that they had not done, they do.
 What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more 130
Than thou and I have done before
 With Bridget and with Nell.

Song

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be,
 But an ill love in me,
 And worse for thee.
For were it in my power
To love thee now this hou:
 More than I did the last,
I would then so fall,
 I might not love at all.
Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

True love is still the same; the torrid zones,
And those more frigid ones,
It must not know;
For love, grown cold or hot,
Is lust or friendship, not
The thing we have;
For that's a flame would die,
Held down or up too high.
Then think I love more than I can express.
And would love more, could I but love thee less. 20

THE author of the favorite book of Charles II. is not a vivid figure; in fact, his personality was so overshadowed by his book that contemporaries spoke of Butler himself as Hudibras. We see him somewhat vaguely in positions of importance in several of the great houses in England. These positions afforded him both time and facilities for reading and for the study of painting, an art which he seems to have loved. Through diligent self-improvement he gained at this time a wide and varied learning, even though he lacked a university education. The second household in which he found service, that of Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, was especially rich in opportunities. Here were books in abundance and the companionship of the great Selden, who came to use them. Later on, however, when he was in the home of Sir Samuel Luke, his opportunity to become familiar with Puritan ideas and customs was more important for him than books. Sir Samuel Luke himself, a Presbyterian officer in Cromwell's army, provided the original for the character of Hudibras.

After the Restoration Butler received the appointment of secretary to the Earl of Carbury, who later made him steward of Ludlow castle. When and why he gave up this position we do not know. We know only that he spent some time in France and formed a low opinion of French manners; that he married a woman who was reputed to possess money which was afterwards lost through bad securities; that he was not suitably rewarded for his popular poem; and that he was in very meager circumstances, if not in actual need, when he died in 1680.

But as in his own day, it is *Hudibras* and not Butler that is of primary interest. In the introduction to his edition of the poem, Alexander Ramsay says, "A man of any education must not be entirely ignorant of *Hudibras*"; but no doubt many persons of education find themselves in the uncertain position of Pepys. Pepys bought the book because it was

"now in the fashion for drollery," spending 2*s.* 6*d.* for it, but he found it "so silly an abuse of the Presbyter knight going to the warrs" that he sold it for 18*d.* In order to be in style, however, he had to get another copy, though he confesses he could never "see enough where the wit lies."

The reader of today will "miss the matter" more easily than did Pepys, for the poem is full of allusions generally understood and enjoyed by the court of Charles II. but not intelligible at the present time without heavy annotation. The plot is hard to follow, for it is very loosely constructed, depending upon the dominance of the hero to afford unity. The first part portrays the religious conceptions of the Presbyterians and their attitude toward amusements; the second part shows Hudibras in love and satirizes chivalric love and foolish credulity; the third part continues the satire on chivalry and also provides ridicule of law and lawyers. The story is a conglomeration of Butler's keen observations accumulated over a long period of time, and this discursive material is made even more obscure by the length and complexity of the dialogue of the characters. Few readers survive to the end of Part III.

There are, however, compensations for the unrecognized allusions, the involved plot, and the complex dialogue. The satire, though limited in subject to Presbyterians and Independents, has permanent value, for it applies to pretense and hypocrisy and littleness in human nature in any age. Indeed, it touches almost all the insincerities of life and especially ridicules pretended love and courage, false show of learning, and false politics, morality, and religion. The seriousness of his satire is cloaked in his burlesque of the romantic heroic poem. He turns the theme of war into cudgelings and the hurling of stones and rotten eggs, and the theme of love into the wooing of a widow for her money; he translates the supernatural machinery into the frauds of an astrologer; and he changes the exaltation of the hero into discredit. The "drollery" is perennially mirth-provoking in spite of its sting. The content, the characters, the ludicrous

and surprising rhymes—all are welded together to seive the one purpose of ridicule.

The poem follows *Don Quixote* in design and is the nearest approach in English to this masterpiece. In adapting this pattern to English life, thought, and character, Butler has created one of the greatest mock-heroic poems in our literature and the greatest satire before *Absalom and Achitophel*.

FROM *Hudibras*

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why;
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears
 Set folks together by the ears
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For Dame Religion as for punk,¹
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
 When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout,- to battle sounded, 10
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,³
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick;—
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was whose very sight would
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
 That never bowed his stubborn knee
 To anything but chivalry,
 Nor put up blow but that which laid
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade; 20
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel⁴ or for warrant;

¹A mistress.

²The ears of the Puritans were especially noticeable because of the short hair of the Roundheads.

³The reference is to the pounding on the pulpit by the vehement divines.

⁴A challenge.

Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle: ⁶
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styled of ⁶ war as well as peace.
 (So some rats of amphibious nature
 Are either for the land or water.)
 But here our authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise or stout. 30
 Some hold the one and some the other;
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The difference was so small his brain
 Outweighed his rage but half a grain:
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, called a fool.
 For it has been held by many that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras 40
 (For that's the name our valiant knight
 To all his challenges did write):
 But they're mistaken very much;
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 He was very shy of using it;
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holidays, or so,
 As men their best apparel do. 50
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficile
 Than to a blackbircf 'tis to whistle.
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted,
 But much of either would afford

⁶ To cudgel

⁶ Titled by.

To many that had not one word.
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground, 60
 He had such plenty as sufficed
 To make some think him circumcised;
 And truly so he was perhaps,
 Not as a proselyte, but for claps.
 He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic:
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute: 70
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.⁷
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination.
 All this by syllogism true,
 In mood and figure, he would do. 80
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth but out there flew a trope;⁸
 And when he happened to break off
 In the middle of his speech, or cough,
 He had hard words ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by.
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talked like other folk;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools. 90
 But when he pleased to show it, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich,

⁷ Men appointed to act in the counties with the power of Parliament.

⁸ A figure of speech.

A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect.
 It was a parti-colored dress
 Of patched and piebald languages:
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin."
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if he had talked three parts in one; 100
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 They had heard three laborers of Babel,
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large.
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words with little or no wit; no
 Words so debased and hard no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on.
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em;
 That had the orator,¹⁰ who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He would have used no other ways.
 In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho B<ahe, or Erra Pater: 11 120
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' the day

⁹ The coarse iustian was slashed so that the satin would show as an inset.

¹⁰ The reference is to Demosthenes, who, to cure speech defect, practiced speaking with pebbles in his mouth

¹¹ Butler gave this name to William Lilly, a famous astrologer.

The clock does strike, by algebra.

Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read every text and gloss over;
 Whatever the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood by implicit faith; 130

Whatever sceptic could inquire for;
 For every why he had a wherefore;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go:
 All which he understood by rote

And, as occasion served, would quote,
 No matter whether right or wrong;
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well
 That which was which he could not tell, 140
 But oftentimes mistook the one

For the other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts;
 Where entity and quiddity,¹²

The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congealed in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly. 150

In school-divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable;¹⁸
 A second Thomas, or, at once
 To name them all, another Duns.
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sarbonist.
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
 That's empty when the moon is full;

¹² Terms used by metaphysicians to distinguish existence or being and essence from body.

¹⁸ Alexander Hales, so called because his arguments could not be broken down

' Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished. 160
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if divinity had caught
 The itch on purpose to be scratched,
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to show with how small pain
 The sores of faith are cured again;
 Although by woeful proof we find
 They always leave a scar behind. 170
 He knew the seat of paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies;
 And, as he was disposed, could prove it
 Below the moon, or else above it;
 What Adam dreamt of when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side;
 Whether the devil tempted her
 By a High Dutch ¹⁴ interpreter;
 If either of them had a navel;
 Who first made music malleable; 180
 Whether the serpent at the fall
 Had cloven feet or none at all:
 All this without a gloss or comment
 He could unriddle in a moment,
 In proper terms, such as men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the matter.
 For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit:
 'Twas Presbyterian, true blue,
 For he was of that stubborn crew 190
 Of errant saints whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant:

¹⁴ This is a satirical reference to the attempt of Goropius Becanus to prove that High Dutch was spoken by Adam and Eve.

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, 200
 Which always must be carried on
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended.
 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; 210
 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 worshiped God for spite.
 The selfsame thing they will abhor
 One way and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow: 230
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin.
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly:
 Quarrel with minced pies and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.

The apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass¹⁵ and widgeon,¹⁶ 230
 To whom our knight by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper was so linked,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got the advowson of his conscience.

.
 A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
 That in the adventure went his half.
 Though writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one;
 And when we can with metre safe,
 We'll call him so, if not plain Raph; 240
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which like ships they steer their courses).
 An equal stock of wit and valor
 He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
 The mighty Tyrian queen¹⁷ that gained
 With subtle shreds a tract of land,
 Did leave it, with a castle fair,
 To his great ancestor, her heir.
 From him descended cross-legged knights,
 Famed for their faith and warlike fights 250
 Against the bloody cannibal,
 Whom they destroyed, both great and small.
 This sturdy squire, he had as well
 As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,

¹⁵ The reference is to Alborach, the creature Mahomet rode upon in his journey by night to heaven.

¹⁶ When Mahomet was hiding in a cave, pigeons laid their eggs at the entrance and a spider covered the mouth with its web, so that the pursuers inferred no one had entered the cave. Also, Mahomet taught a pigeon to take seed placed in his ear and then, according to George Sandys (*Travels*, ed. 1673, p. 42) "affirmed it to be the Holy Ghost which informed him in divine precepts."

¹⁷ Dido, having bought as much land in Africa as an ox-hide could burround, cut the hide into strips.

Not with a counterfeited pass
 Of golden bough,¹⁸ but true gold lace.
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The knight's, but of another kind,
 And he another way came by it;
 Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New-light*¹⁹ 360
 A liberal art, that costs no pains
 Of study, industry, or brains.
 His wits were sent him for a token,
 But in the carriage cracked and broken
 Like commendation nine-pence,²⁰ crooked
 With—*To and from my Love*—it looked.
 He ne'er considered it, as loth
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
 And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth. 270
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too;
 For saints themselves will sometimes be,
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlightened stuff,
 He could deep mysteries unriddle
 As easily as thread a needle;
 For as of vagabonds we say
 That they are ne'er beside their way, a&>
 Whate'er men speak by this New Light,
 Still they are sure to be in the right.
 'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
 Which none see by but those that bear it;
 A light that falls down from on high
 For spiritual trades to cozen by;
 An *ignis jatuus* that bewitches,

¹⁸ The reference is to the gift taken by Æneas to Proserpine to gain opportunity to see Anchises in Hades.

¹⁹ The *inspiration* claimed by the Independents and Anabaptists.

²⁰ The nine-pence was often bent, as a love token.

And leads men into pools and ditches
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond; 290
 To dive, like wild fowl, for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires, and plays upon
 The nose of saint, like bag-pipe drone,
 And speaks through hollow, empty soul
 As through a trunk or whispering hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spiritual eavesdroppers can hear.
 So Phoebus, or some friendly Muse,
 Into small poets song infuse, 300
 Which they at second hand rehearse
 Through reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.
 Thus Ralph became infallible
 As three or four-legged oracle,²¹
 The ancient cup,²² or modern chair,²³
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
 For mystic learning, wondrous able
 In magic, talisman, and cabal,
 Whose primitive tradition reaches
 As far as Adam's first green breeches;²⁴ 310
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,
 Ideas, atoms, influences;
 And much of *terra incognita*,
 The intelligible world,²⁵ could say;
 A deep occult philosopher,
 As learned as the wild Irish are,
 Or Sir Agrippa,²⁶ for profound
 And solid lying much renowned:

²¹ The *tripos* of the priestess at Delphi.

²² Joseph's divining cup, *Gen.* 44:5.

²³ The Pope's chair.

²⁴ In the Geneva Bible *Gen.* 3: 17 reads: "And they sewed fig-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches."

²⁵ The world of the philosophers.

²⁶ Cornelius Agrippa, Secretary to Emperor Maximilian.

He Anthroposophus,²⁷ and Fludd,²⁸
 And Jacob Behmen²⁹ understood; 320
 Knew many an amulet and charm
 That would do neither good nor harm:
 In Rosicrucian lore³⁰ as learned
 As he that *vere adeptus*³¹ earned.
 He understood the speech of birds V
 As well as they themselves do words: /
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean;
 What member 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry *rope*, and *walk*, *knave*, *walk*. 330
 He'd extract numbers out of matter
 And keep them in a glass, like water
 Of sovereign power to make men wise;
 For dropped in blear thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.
 By help of these, as he professed,
 He had first matter seen undressed.
 He took her naked, all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on. 340
 The chaos, too, he had descried
 And seen quite through, or else he lied:
 Not that of pasteboard, which men show
 For groats at fair of Bartholomew;
 But its great grandsire, first o' the name,
 Whence that and Reformation came;
 Both cousins-german, and right able
 To inveigle and draw in the rabble.

²⁷ An unintelligible discourse on the state of man after death, entitled *Anthroposophia Theomagica*.

²⁸ A philosopher of wide learning.

²⁹ Jacob Boehme, a distinguished visionary, founder of a sect called Behmenists.

³⁰ The Rosicrucians were members of a secret philosophical society of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

³¹ Title given alchemists who claimed to have found the philosopher's stone.

But Reformation was, some say,
 O' the younger house to puppet-play.³² 350
 He could foretell whatsoever was
 By consequence to come to pass:
 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations.
 All this without the eclipse of sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood,
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose, 360
 Like knights o' the post,³³ and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge,
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischief in the world men do;
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house to know
 Who broke and robbed a house below;
 Examine Venus and the moon,
 Who stole a thimble and a spoon; 370
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who received the goods.
 They'll question Mars, and by his look
 Detect who 'twas that nimmed a cloak;
 Make Mercury confess and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.
 They'll find in the physiognomies
 O' the planets all men's destinies; 380
 Like him that took the doctor's bill

³² Those who claimed to act by inner light were moved by a superior force as were puppets.

³³ Those who waited around at the courts to be hired to give evidence

And swallowed it instead o' the pill;
 Cast the nativity o' the question,³⁴
 And from positions to be guessed on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
 And tell what *crisis* does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine; 390
 In men what gives or cures the itch,
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
 But not what wise, for only of those
 The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians:
 There they say right, and like true Trojans
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke. 400
 Thus was the accomplished knight endued
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit.
 Their valors, too, were of a rate,
 And out they sallied at the gate.³⁵

⁸⁴ The reference is to the idea that astrologers could cast a nativity from the hour and minute of the question as well as from the hour and minute of the birth.

³⁰ Butler learned many of his satiric devices from Cleveland, though by chronology of birth he precedes Cleveland.

Richard Crashaw 1612(?) -1649

RICHARD CRASHAW, the only Catholic among the famous religious poets of the seventeenth century, was baptized a Protestant by the distinguished James Ussher, later archbishop. His father, a Puritan minister, preached violently against the Catholic Church and gave his pronouncement a permanent form in his will, saying:

I account Poperie (as nowe it is) the heape and chaos of all heresie and the channell whereinto the fowlest impieties and heresies y^l have byne in the Christian Worlde have runn and closelye emptied themselves. I beleeve the Popes seate and power to be the power of the greate Antechrist and the doctrine of the Pope (as nowe it is) to be the doctrine of Antechrist . . . and that the true and absolute Papist soe livinge and dyeinge debarrs himself of salvation for oughte that we knowe.¹

In spite of such teachings Richard Crashaw's mystical nature and great love of beauty predisposed him toward Catholicism. This tendency was fostered by a series of contacts during his college life. When he entered Cambridge, he came under the influence of a high churchman, who was his tutor. After graduation Crashaw was elected fellow at Peterhouse, known for the Roman Catholic trend in the adornment of its new chapel. As fellow he was tutor for the nephew of Nicholas Ferrar, the ascetic leader of the Anglican Community of Little Gidding. Crashaw went frequently to Little Gidding and shared in the vigils of prayer and the monastic order of life that gave to the community the name of "Protestant Nunnery." He soon established for himself the custom of night watches in Peterhouse Chapel or in the adjoining church of Little St. Mary's, so that he was said to spend more hours in prayer at night than most people did in the day.

¹ Quoted by L. C. Martin in his edition of Crashaw's poems, pp. xviii-xix.

Other hours, however, were spent in writing poetry or in friendly association with fellow poets at the university. Crashaw must have come to Cambridge with some evidence of poetic ability, although, unlike Cowley, he had published nothing; for soon after his entrance he was writing funeral verses for several prominent people connected with the university. A friendship between Crashaw and Cowley, which probably stimulated production on the part of both, began, amusingly enough, by the gift of two green apricots and some verses from Crashaw to the younger poet. It is pleasant to picture Crashaw as the one congenial companion whom Cowley chose to accompany him on the walks he loved to take. Later, at Peterhouse, Crashaw's closest friend was another poet, Joseph Beaumont.

This "little contentful kingdom," as Crashaw called Peterhouse, was lost to him when the Puritans exacted the Covenant of all who remained at Cambridge. Since he wrote a letter from Leyden on February 20, 1644, we know that he had left Cambridge before the Puritans destroyed the beautiful statues, pictures, and symbols which had meant so much to him at Peterhouse and St. Mary's. At some time, probably after this, he seems to have been at Oxford and may have again been associated with Cowley.

It is not certain when his high-church practices led Crashaw into the Catholic Church; but he had accepted Catholicism when Cowley, who had gone to Paris to serve the exiled queen, discovered him in great need. Cowley presented his friend to Henrietta Maria, who gave him a recommendation, dated 1646, to Cardinal Palotta at Rome.

Crashaw was received by the cardinal, but he could not endure the wickedness which he saw around him among the members of the cardinal's retinue. Apparently he revealed these conditions, becoming thereby so hated by his associates that Palotta had to send him away from Rome. He chose for Crashaw the beautiful little church at Loreto, but the poet lived only four weeks after reaching his new work. There are two stories to account for his death: one, that the

heat of the trip to Loreto in summer made him ill; the other, that the enemies he had made in the cardinal's household had given him a slow poison. His death deprived the Catholic Church of a zealous priest; but it gave to English literature one of its very fine elegies, Cowley's *On the Death of Mr. Crashaw*.

Crashaw's single volume of poetry contains both his slender output of secular verse, *The Delights of the Muses*, and his religious verse, the *Epigrammata Sacra* and *The Steps to the Temple*. The former seems to have been produced largely before 1635, when Crashaw accepted the Peterhouse fellowship and the celibacy which this acceptance entailed. The two most famous poems in this early group are *Music's Duel*, an adaptation of a poem by Strada, in which he exquisitely imitates the sound of the lute and the voice of the nightingale, and the quaintly original *Wishes to His Supposed Mistress*. The astonishing absence of amatory verse in the collection causes one to feel that Crashaw had early reached the decision expressed in his poem *On Marriage*:

I would be married, but I'd have no wife;
I would be married to a single life.

Though *The Steps to the Temple* is influenced, at least in conception, by Herbert's *The Temple*, the content is marked by a mystical ecstasy which Herbert never knew. When Crashaw writes of the Saints or of the Virgin Mary, his poems glow with the warmth of human love and his phraseology often becomes that of a lover. This characteristic of the Catholic mystics definitely distinguishes him from the other religious poets. When he worships before the figure of the crucified Christ or the *Mater Dolorosa*, he is almost overcome by the vividness of his sympathetic emotion. He vicariously suffers Christ's agony to such an extent that the cry is wrung from him, "Jesu, no more! It is full tide"; and he feels re-created within himself the poignant grief of Mary as she holds in her arms the dead body of her Son. Over-

whelmed by Christ's sacrifice, he strives to pay his indebtedness

With all the powers my poor heart hath
Of humble love and loyal faith.

In full dedication of himself to this end he prays, "Fold up my life in love. . . . Leave nothing of myself in me."

The other outstanding characteristic of Crashaw is his ability to create sense impressions with an almost startling distinctness. Crashaw was skilled in drawing, painting, and engraving; and his artistic ability enables him to produce such vivid pictures in his verse as:

Two silken sister flowers consult, and lay
Their bashful cheeks together, newly they
Peeped from their buds, showed like the garden's eyes
Scarce waked.

Other sense impressions, particularly smell and touch, are prevalent in his poems. It has been said that Crashaw is a Keats with Catholicism added. Indeed, his temper is congenial to the Romantic poets and had a definite appeal for Coleridge, who attributes the inspiration of *Christabel* to lines from *St. Theresa*.

Crashaw was not critical of his own work and is very uneven in his poetry. His lack of technique was distasteful to the eighteenth century; and although he greatly influenced the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abclard*, Pope's judgment was that "nothing regular or just can be expected from him." Crashaw enjoys the questionable distinction of being the author of the two worst lines in English literature and probably of the most distasteful poem *The Weeper*. After piling up conceits in verse after verse in his effort to represent the weeping eyes of Mary Magdalene, he comes to a climax in:

Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable and compendious oceans.

Yet he more than compensates for some of the worst conceits of the century by lines of almost startling beauty and power:

By thy large drafts of intellectual day . . .
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss . . .
 And whereso'er He sets His white
 Steps, walk with Him those ways of light. . . .
 Love, thou art absolute sole lord
 Of life and death.

It is for such jewels as these that we treasure Crashaw.

Wishes
To His Supposed Mistress

Whoe'er she be,
 That not impossible she
 That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
 Locked up from mortal eye
 In shady leaves of destiny;

Till that ripe birth
 Of studied fate stand forth,
 And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine ,
 Idea take a shrine
 Of crystal flesh, through which to shine;

Meet you her, my wishes,
 Bespeak her to my blisses,
 And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty
That owes not all his duty
To gaudy tire or glistering shoe-tie;

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can, *so*
Or rampant feather, or rich fan,

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile;

A face that's best
By its own beauty dressed,
And can alone command the rest,

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what nature's white hand sets ope; *30*

A cheek where youth
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly rueth,

A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes;

Lips where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away;

Looks that oppress *40*
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness;

Eyes that displace
The neighbor diamond, and out-face
That sunshine by their own sweet grace;

Tresses that wear
 Jewels but to declare
 How much themselves more precious are,

Whose native ray
 Can tame the wanton day 50
 Of gems that in their bright shades play—

Each ruby there
 Or pearl that dare appear,
 Be its own blush, be its own tear;

A well-tamed heart,
 For whose more noble smart
 Love may be long choosing a dart;

Eyes that bestow
 Full ~~quivers on love's bow,~~
 Yet ~~pay less arrows than they owe;~~ 60

Smiles that can warm
 The blood, yet teach a charm
 That chastity shall take no harm;

Blushes that been
 The burnish of no sin,
 Nor flames of aught too hot within;

Joys that confess
 Virtue their mistress,
 And have no other head to dress;

Fears fond and slight, 70
 As the coy bride's when night
 First does the longing lover right;

Tears, quickly fled,
 And vain, as those are shed
 For a dying maidenhead;

Days that need borrow
 No part of thsir good morrow
 From a fore-spent night of sorrow,

Days that, in spite
 Of darkness, by the light
 Of a clear mind are day all night; 80

Nights sweet as they,
 Made short by lovers' play,
 Yet long by the absence of the day;

Life that dares send
 A challenge to his end,
 And, when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend!"

Sidneian showers
 Of sweet discourse, whose powers
 Can crown old winter's head with flowers; 90

Soft silken hours,
 Open suns, shady bowers;
 'Bove all, nothing within that lowers;

Whatever delight
 Can make day's forehead bright,
 Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame
 Have nature all the name,
 Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery, 100
 Picture and poosy;
 Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store
 Of worth may leave her poor
 Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

Now if time knows
That her whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her whose just bays
My future hopes can raise, no
A trophy to her present praise;

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further—it is she.

'Tis she, and here
Lo! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

May she enjoy it
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it. 120

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye!
Be ye my fictions, but her story.

*A Hymn to the Name and Honor of
the Admirable Saint Teresa¹*

Foundress of the Reformation of the Discalced² Carmelites, both men and women; a woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance, more than

¹ This poem portrays the mystical religious experience which conquered the heart of Saint Teresa even when she was a child and sent her to a hard life of service and a martyr's death.

² Barefoot Carmelites.

a woman, who yet a child outran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom.

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 10
 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 learned to lisp the name
 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; 20
 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 posed with the maturest fears 30
 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 touched 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 white breast heaves with strong desire 40
 Of what she may, with fruitless wishes,
 Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home³
 She'll travel to a martyrdom.

No home for hers confesses she,
 But where she may a martyr be.

She'll to the Moors,⁴ and trade with them
 For this unvalued diadem.
 She'll offer them her dearest breath,
 With Christ's name in it, in change for death. 50

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); 60
 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 fasti lo, thy fair spouse,
 Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,

³ Coleridge said that lines 43-64 "were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of *Christabel*; if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind they did not suggest the first thoughts of the whole poem."

⁴ When St. Teresa was a child, she and her brother planned to go among the Moors, hoping to lose their lives for love of God.

Calls thee back, and bids thee come
To embrace a milder martyrdom.

Blest powers forbid thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife, 70

Or some base hand have power to rase
Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and uncase
A soul kept there so sweet; O no,

Wise Heaven 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
A still-surviving funeral.

His is the dart must make the death⁵
Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed breath; 80

A dart thrice dipped in that rich flame
Which writes thy spouse's radiant name
Upon the roof of heaven, 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 the immortal instrument
Upon whose choice point shall be sent 90

A life so loved; and that there be
Fit executioners for thee,
The fairest 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 100

⁵ She had visions of an angel with a golden spear tipped with fire; this spear he thrust into her heart, increasing thereby her already intense love of God.

Loves his death, and dies again,
 And would forever 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
 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 heaven at last
 In a resolving sigh, and then,—
 O what? Ask not the tongues of men.

110

Angels cannot tell; suffice
 Thyself shall feel thine own full joys
 And hold them fast forever 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 Amongst her snowy family
 Immortal welcomes wait for thee.

120

O what delight, when revealed Life shall stand,
 And teach thy lips heaven 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 heaven), shall dart
 Her mild rays through thy melting heart!

130

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,

Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

All thy good works which went before
 And waited for thee at the door 140
 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. 150
 Even 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 heavenly word by whose hid flame
 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same 160
 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 crowned 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 170
 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

Heaven keep 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, 180
 Which who in death would live to see,
 Must learn in life to die like thee.

FROM *The Flaming Heart*¹

O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
 Upon this carcass of a hard, cold heart;
 Let all thy scattered shafts of light, that play
 Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
 Combined 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 dower of lights and fires, 10
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
 By all thy lives and deaths of love,
 By thy Jarge draughts of intellectual day,
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they,
 By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss
 That seized thy parting soul and sealed thee His;
 By all the heavens thou hast in Him,
 Fair sister of the seraphim,² 20
 By all of Him we have in thee,

¹ These fine concluding lines were added to *The Flaming Heart* four years after it was first printed and form almost a separate poem. The books of St. Teresa had greatly stined Crashaw even when he was still a Protestant, and her life inspired his finest poems.

² St. Teresa is usually pictured with a seraph beside her.

Leave nothing of myself in mel
 Let me so read thy life that I
 Unto all life of mine may diel

Charitas Nimia; or, The Dear Bargain

Lord, what is man? why should he cost Thee
 So dear? what had his ruin lost Thee?
 Lord, what is man, that thou hast over-bought
 So much a thing of naught?

Love is too kind, I see, and can
 Make but a simple merchant-man.
 Twas for such sorry merchandise
 Bold painters have put out his eyes.¹

Alas, sweet Lord! what were't to Thee
 If there were no such worms as we?
 Heaven ne'ertheless still heaven would be,
 Should mankind dwell
 In the deep hell.
 What have his woes to do with Thee?

10

Let him go weep
 O'er his own wounds;
 Seraphim will not sleep,
 Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds.

Still would the youthful spirits sing,
 And still Thy spacious palace ring;
 Still would those beauteous ministers of light
 Burn all as bright,
 And bow their flaming heads before Thee;
 Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee;²

20

¹ Love is always portrayed as blind.

² Ranks in the hierarchy of angels.

Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire
 Keep warm Thy praise
 Both nights and days,
 And teach Thy loved name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then do its kind,
 And give itself for sport to the proud wind. 30
 Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares
 In the eternity of Thy old cares?
 Why shouldst Thou bow Thy awful breast to see
 What mine own madneses have done with me?

Should not the king still keep his throne
 Because some desperate fool's undone?
 Or will the world's illustrious eyes
 Weep for every worm that dies?

Will the gallant sun
 E'er the less glorious run? 40
 Will he hang down his golden head,
 Or e'er the sooner seek his western bed,
 Because some foolish fly
 Grows wanton, and will die?

If I were lost in misery,
 What was it to Thy heaven and Thee?
 What was it to Thy precious blood
 If my foul heart called for a flood?

What if my faithless soul and I
 Would needs fall in 50
 With guilt and sin;
 What did the Lamb that He should die?
 What did the Lamb that He should need,
 When the wolf sins, Himself to bleed?

If my base lust
 Bargained with death and well-beseeming dust,

Why should the white
 Lamb's bosom write
 The purple name
 Of my sin's shame?

60

Why should His unstained breast make good
 My blushes with His own heart-blood?

O my Savior, make me see
 How dearly Thou hast paid for me;
 That, lost again, my life may prove,
 As then in death, so now in love.

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-stolen joy
 He slept, and dreamt of no such thing;
 While we found out heaven's fairer eye,
 And kissed the cradle of our King.

Tell him he rises now too late
 To show us aught worth looking at.

10

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

TITYRUS

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay.

The Babe looked up and showed His face:
In spite of darkness, it was day. 20

It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise,
Not from the east, but from Thine eyes.

Chorus: It was Thy day, Sweet, [etc.]

THYRSIS

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', [etc.] 30

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 blest the sight;
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Chorus: We saw Thee, [etc.]

TITYRUS

"Poor world," said I, "what wilt thou **do**
To entertain this starry Stranger?

Is this the best thou canst bestow— 40
A cold and not too cleanly manger?

Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth!"

Chorus: Contend, the powers, [etc.]

THYRSIS

"Proud world,"¹ 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 embraces this morn
Made His own bed ere He was born."

50

Chorus: The Babe whose, [etc.]

TITYRUS

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,

Offering 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, [etc.]

THYRSIS

I saw the obsequious seraphim
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,

60

For well they now can spare their wings,
Since Heaven 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, [etc.]

TITYRUS

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head;

See, see how soon His new-bloomed cheek
 'Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed.
 "Sweet choice," said we! "no way but so, 70
 Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow."

Chorus: "Sweet choice," said we, [etc.]

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 blest the sight;
 We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Chorus: We saw Thee, [etc.]

FULL CHORUS

Welcome, all wonders in one sight! 80
 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 heaven 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 tempered kiss,
 That breathes at once both maid and mother, 90
 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' the beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes; 100
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-showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers
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 no
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.

*To the Noblest and Best of Ladies,
the Countess of Denbigh¹*

Persuading her to resolution in religion, and to render herself without further delay into the communion of the Catholic church.

What heaven-entreated heart is this,
Stands trembling at the gate of bliss?
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture

¹ One of Crashaw's patrons in his time of need. To her he **dedicated** the volume of his poems entitled *Carmen Deo Nostrum*.

"Fairly to open it and enter;
 Whose definition is a doubt
 Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out?
 Say, ling'ring fair, why comes the birth
 Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
 Plead your pretenses, O you strong
 In weakness, why you choose so long 10
 In labor of yourself to lie,
 Nor daring quite to live nor die.
 Ah, linger not, loved soul! A slow
 And late consent was a long no;
 Who grants at last, long time had tried
 And did his best to have denied.
 What magic bolts, what mystic bars,
 Maintain the will in these strange wars!
 What fatal, what fantastic bands
 Keep the free heart from its own hands! 20
 So when the year takes cold, we see
 Poor waters their own prisoners be;
 Fettered, and locked up fast they lie
 In a sad self-captivity.
 The astonished nymphs their flood's strange fate deplore,
 To see themselves their own severer shore.
 Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,
 And fetch the heart from its stronghold,
 Almighty Love! end this long war,
 And of a meteor make a star. 30
 O fix this fair indefinite!
 And 'mongst Thy shafts of sovereign light
 Choose out that sure decisive dart,
 Which has the key of this close heart,
 Knows all the corners oft, and can control
 The self-shut cabinet of an unsearched soul.
 O let it be at last, Love's hour;
 Raise this tall trophy of Thy power;
 Come once the conquering way; not to confute,
 But kill this rebel-word ^irresolute," 40

Be still triumphant, blessed eyes;
 Still shine on me, fair suns! that I
 Still may behold, though still I die.

SECOND PART

Though still I die, I live again,
 Still longing so to be still slain; 10
 So gainful is such loss of breath,
 I die even in desire of death.

Still live in me this loving strife
 Of living death and dying life;
 For while Thou sweetly slayest me,
 Dead to myself, I live in Thee.

FROM *Sospetto d'Herode*¹

LIBRO PRIMO

ARGOMENTO

Casting the times with their strong signs,
 Death's master his own death divines;
 Struggling for help, his best hope is
 Herod's suspicion may heal his.
 Therefore he sends a fiend to wake
 The sleeping Tyrant's fond mistake,
 Who fears (in vain) that He whose birth
 Means heaven should meddle with his earth.

1

Muse, now the servant of soft loves no more,
 Hate is thy theme, and Herod, whose unblest 10
 Hand (O what dares not jealous greatness?) tore
 A thousand sweet babes from their mother's breast,
 The blooms of martyrdom. O be a door

¹ Marino's *La Strage degli Innocenti* (1610). This is more than a translation. Even the substance is transformed; the whole poem becomes English and is marked by Crashaw's own characteristics.

Of language to my infant lips, ye best
 Of confessors, whose throats answering his swords
 Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke souls for words.²

. . .

28

Dark, dusty man He needs would single forth
 To make the partner of His own pure ray;
 And should we powers of heaven, spirits of worth,
 Bow our bright heads before a king of clay? 20
 It shall not be, said I, and climbed the North,
 Where never wing of angel yet made way.
 What though I missed my blow? Yet I struck high,
 And to dare something is some victory.

29

Is He not satisfied? Means He to wrest
 Hell from me, too, and sack my territories?
 Vile human nature means He now to invest
 (O my despight) with His divinest glories,
 And rising with rich spoils upon His breast,
 With His fair triumphs fill all future stories? 30
 Must the bright arms of heaven rebuke these eyes,
 Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

30

Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
 Of stars that gild the morn in charge were given,
 The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves,
 The fairest, and the first-born smile of heaven?
 Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,

² There follows a description of the scene in hell. Then Satan looks at earth and sees the prophecy of Christ fulfilled. The characterization of Satan is given for comparison with that by Phineas Fletcher and by Milton

Reverently circled by the lesser seven;
 Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes
 Oppressed the common people of the skies.

40

31

Ah, wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes
 Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows,
 While the reflection of thy forepast joys
 Renders thee double to thy present woes?
 Rather make up to thy new miseries
 And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
 If hell must mourn, heaven sure shall sympathize;
 What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

32

And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
 Myself, my strength, too, with my innocence?
 Come try who dares; heaven, earth, whate'er dost boast
 A borrowed being, make thy bold defense.
 Come thy Creator, too; what though it cost
 Me yet a second fall? We'd try our strengths.
 Heaven saw us struggle once; as brave a fight
 Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.

50

33

Thus spoke the impatient prince, and made a pause;
 His foul hags raised their heads and clapped their hands.
 And all the powers of hell in full applause
 Flourished their snakes and tossed their flaming brands. 60
 We (said the horrid sisters) wait thy laws,
 The obsequious handmaids of thy high commands.
 Be it thy part, hell's mighty lord, to lay
 On us thy dread commands; ours to obey.

34

What thy Alecto, what these hands can do,
Thou madst bold proof upon the brow of heaven,
Nor shouldst thou bate in pride because that now
To these thy sooty kingdoms thou art driven.
Let heaven's Lord chide above louder than thou
In language of His thunder; thou art even

70

With Him below: here thou art lord alone,
Boundless and absolute. Hell is thine own.³

³ Stanzas 35 to the end of the book tell of the summoning of Cruelty to arouse Herod.

To "Clevelandize" became as popular in the seventeenth century as to "parly Euphuism" was in the days of Elizabeth. Cleveland prided himself on remembering all he read and was said to be able to sum up "whole books in a metaphor." His ready wit could seize upon a clever idea and, incorporating much curious learning, spin it out through a series of intricate and extravagant figures to an apt conclusion. The intellectual dexterity necessary in following him was the delight of an age which carried to an extreme the style introduced by Donne. For his cleverness he was called "the best of English poets" even in the presence of Milton's nephew; and his comparative popularity may be judged by the fact that during the time Milton's *Minor Poems* reached two editions, Cleveland's poems reached more than twenty.

Cleveland seems to have acquired his taste for books early in life. His father was a teacher and a preacher and could give Cleveland a cultural background. The schoolmaster at Hinckley, where Cleveland was reared, taught him in his early youth to "English" the "choicest elegancies in Latin and Greek." At Christ's College, Cambridge, he did well, being chosen at the beginning of his second year instead of Milton to write and deliver the speech of welcome to the visiting French Ambassador and the Chancellor of the University, the Earl of Holland. Among his works are preserved two of his speeches made when he was "Father" of the Cambridge revels, and these reveal a light cleverness wholly lacking in Milton's productions for the same office. His elegy on the death of Edward King finds a place with *Lycidas* in the book of elegies put out by the university.

After graduation Cleveland stayed on at Cambridge, studying and directing the work of undergraduates as fellow in his father's college, St. John's. Here he was said to be "a delight and ornament" to the college and gained a reputation as an orator. He received his master's degree from Cambridge in 1635 and from Oxford in 1637.

When forced by the Puritans to leave Cambridge, he took refuge at Oxford and was, according to Wood, greatly admired "for his high Panegyrics and smart Satyrs." From then on it was his "smart Satyrs" instead of his metaphysical lyrics which were important. When the Royalists fully realized their danger, it was Cleveland who took up his pen to fight in verse for the king with as much earnestness as did Milton in prose for Cromwell. This was the time when he invoked satiric verse with the couplet:

Come, keen iambics, with your badger's feet,
And badger-like bite till your teeth do meet.

The Rebel Scot, a powerful satire against the Scotch for deserting Charles I, is one of the most famous of his poems. He was highly praised for his writing, and it was said that with his satires he struck "blows that shaked triumphing Rebellion, reaching the soul of those not to be reached by Law or Power, striking each Traitor to a paleness beyond that of any Loyal Corpse that bled by them."¹

Having lost his fellowship at St. John's, he was appointed Judge Advocate at Newark. After the surrender of Newark he had no position and was dependent upon Royalist friends. Finally he was discovered and thrown into Yarmouth prison, charged with "great abilities" which were considered dangerous to the Parliamentary cause. Three months later he was released at his own petition by Cromwell; but his "vile durance," as he terms it, had weakened his health. He spent the brief remainder of his life in Gray's Inn, where he and Samuel Butler are said to have been closely associated.

It is as the literary master of Butler that Cleveland is best known. From him Butler learned the effective devices of epigram, exaggeration, double rhyme, and the clever rhetorical *zeugma*; but he burlesques where Cleveland bites.

Before the time of Cleveland satires had been written by

¹ Quoted in Berdan's edition of Cleveland's poems, p 33, from David Lloyd's *Memoirs*. London, 1668, p. 617.

Donne, Bishop Hall, George Wither, and others in imitation of the Latin satirists and were general in their nature. With Cleveland satire became personal. This change won for him the title of "first English satirist," and, together with the establishment of the closed heroic couplet as the form for satirical expression, prepared the way for Dryden and Pope.

An Elegy on Ben Jonson

Who first reformed our stage with justest laws,
 And was the first best judge in his own cause;
 Who, when his actors trembled for applause,

Could (with noble confidence) prefer
 His own, by right, to a whole theater,
 From principles which he knew could not err:

Who to his fable did his persons fit,
 With all the properties of art and wit,
 And above all that could be acted, writ:

Who public follies did to covert drive, 10
 Which he again could cunningly retrieve,
 Leaving them no ground to rest on and thrive:

Here JONSON lies, whom, had I named before,
 In that one word alone I had paid more
 Than can be now, when plenty makes me poor.

Fuscara; or. The Bee Errant

Nature's confectioner, the bee
 (Whose suckets¹ are moist alchemy,
 The still of his refining mold
 Minting the gardens into gold),

¹ Sweetmeats.

Having rifled all the fields
 Of what dainties Flora yields,
 Ambitious now to take excise
 Of a more fragrant paradise,
 At my Fuscara's sleeve arrived,
 Where all delicious sweets are hived. 10
 The airy freebooter distrains ~
 First on the violet of her veins,
 Whose tincture, could it be more pure,
 His ravenous kiss had made it bluer.
 Here did he sit and essence quaff
 Till her coy pulse had beat him off,
 That pulse which he that feels may know
 Whether the world's long-lived or no.
 The next he preys on is her palm,
 That almoner of transpiring balm; 20
 So soft, 'tis air but once removed;
 Tender as 'twere a jelly gloved.
 Here, while his canting drone-pipe scanned
 The mystic figures of her hand,
 He tipples palmistry and dines
 On all her fortune-telling lines.
 He bathes in bliss and finds no odds
 Betwixt her nectar and the gods'.
 He perches now upon her wrist,
 A proper hawk for such a fist, 30
 Making that flesh his bill of fare
 Which hungry cannibals would spare;
 Where lilies in a lovely brown
 Inoculate carnation.
 Her *argent* skin with *or* so streamed
 As if the milky way were creamed.
 From hence he to the woodbine bends
 That quivers at her finger's ends,
 That runs division on the tree
 Like a thick-branching pedigree. 40

² Seizes for debt.

So 'tis not her the bee devours,
 It is a pretty maze of flowers;
 It is the rose that bleeds, when he
 Nibbles his nice phlebotomy.
 About her finger he doth cling
 In the fashion of a wedding-ring,
 And bids his comrades of the swarm
 Crawl like a bracelet 'bout her arm.
 Thus when the hovering publican
 Had sucked the toll of all her span, 50
 Turning his draughts with drowsy hums
 As Danes carouse by kettle-drums,
 It was decreed, that posy gleaned,
 The small familiar should be weaned.
 At this the errant's courage quails;
 Yet aided by his native sails,
 The bold Columbus still designs
 To find her undiscovered mines.
 To the Indies of her arm he flies,
 Fraught with the east and western prize; 60
 Which when he had in vain essayed,
 Armed like a dapper lancepresade³
 With Spanish pike, he broached a pore
 And so both made and healed the sore:
 For as in gummy trees there's found
 A salve to issue at the wound,
 Of this, her breach, the like was true;
 Hence trickled out a balsam, too.
 But oh, what wasp was it that could prove
 Ravailac⁴ to my Queen of Love! 70
 The king of bees, now jealous grown
 Lest her beams should melt his throne,
 And finding that his tribute slacks,
 His burgesses and state of wax
 Turned to a hospital, the combs

⁸ Lowest officer in a foot company.

* Assassin of Henry of Navarre.

Built rank and file like beadsmen's rooms,
 And what they bleed but tart and sour
 Matched with my Danae's golden shower,
 Live honey all, the envious elf
 Stung her 'cause sweeter than himself. 80
 Sweetness and she are so allied
 The bee committed parricide.

*Upon Phillis Walking in a Morning before
 Sun-rising*

The sluggish morn as yet undressed,
 My Phillis brake from out her east,
 As if she'd made a match to run
 With Venus, usher to the sun.
 The trees (like yeomen of the guard
 Serving her more for pomp than ward),
 Ranked on each side, with loyal duty
 Weave branches to inclose her beauty.
 The plants, whose luxury was lopped
 Or age with crutches underpropped, 10
 (Whose wooden carcasses are grown
 To be but coffins of their own)
 Revive, and at her general dole
 Each receives his ancient soul.
 The winged choristers began
 To chirp their matins, and the fan
 Of whistling winds like organs played,
 Until their voluntaries made
 The wakened earth in odors rise
 To be her morning sacrifice. 20
 The flowers, called out of their beds,
 Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
 And he that for their color seeks
 May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
 Where roses mix,—no civil war

Divides her York and Lancaster.
 The marigold (whose courtier's face
 Echoes the sun and doth unlace
 Her at his rise,—at his full stop
 Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop) 30
 Mistakes her cue and doth display:
 Thus Phillis antedates the day.
 These miracles had cramped the sun,
 Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
 Powders with light his frizzled locks
 To see what saint his luster mocks.
 The trembling leaves through which he played,
 Dappling the walk with light and shade
 Like lattice-windows, give the spy
 Room but to peep with half an eye; 40
 Lest her full orb his sight should dim
 And bid us all good night in him,
 Till she should spend a gentle ray
 To force us a new fashioned day.
 But what religious palsy's this
 Which makes the boughs divest their bliss,
 And that they might her footsteps straw,
 Drop their leaves in shivering awe?
 Phillis perceived and (lest her stay
 Should wed October unto May, 50
 And, as her beauty caused a spring,
 Devotion might an autumn bring)
 Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
 But left the sun her curate-light.

Mark Antony

Whenas the nightingale chanted her vespers
 And the wild forester couched on the ground,
 Venus invited me in the evening whispers
 Unto a fragrant field with roses crowned,

Where she before had sent
My wishes complement;
Unto my heart's content
Played with me on the green.

Never Mark Antony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen. 10

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire;
Next on her warmer lips, which, when I tasted,
My duller spirits made me active as fire.

Then we began to dart,
Each at another's heart,
Arrows that knew no smart,
Sweet lips and smiles between.
Never Mark Antony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen. 20

Wanting a glass to plait her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gaudier than Juno wears whenas she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warm,

Then did she peep in mine
Eyes' humor crystalline;
I in her eyes was seen
As if we one had been. 30

Never Mark Antony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

Mystical grammar of amorous glances;
Feeling of pulses, the physic of love;
Rhetorical courtings and musical dances;
Numbering of kisses arithmetic prove;
Eyes like astronomy;

Straight-limbed geometry;
 In her arts ingeny 40
 Our wits were sharp and keen.
 Never Mark Antony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

*The Rebel Scot*¹

How, Providence? and yet a Scottish crew?
 Then Madam Nature wears black patches too!
 What, shall our nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward! I am all on fire.
 Not all the buckets in a country quire
 Shall quench my rage. A poet should be feared
 When angry, like a comet's flaming beard.
 And where's the stoic can his wrath appease,
 To see his country sick of Pym's disease? 10
 By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
 To such pigwidgeon myrmidons as they?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of Scot without antidote;
 Unless my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poison too.
 Were I a drowsy judge whose dismal note
 Disgorgeth halts as a juggler's throat
 Doth ribbons; could I in Sir Empiric's tone
 Speak pills in phrase and quack destruction; 20
 Or roar like Marshall,² that Geneva bull,
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full;
 Yet to express a Scot, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-grenadoes can suffice.

¹ The invasion of the Scots after the defeat of the Royalists at Gloucester seemed to the English a dastardly act. This satire of Cleveland's is his most famous work.

² A leading Puritan and celebrated preacher of the time.

Before a Scot can properly be curst,
I must like Hocus swallow daggers first.
Come, keen iambics, with your badger's feet
And badger-like bite until your teeth do meet.
Help, ye tart satirists, to imp my rage
With all the scorpions that should whip this age. 30
Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then.
Now, as the martyrs were enforced to take
The shape of beasts, like hypocrites at stake
I'll bait my Scot so, yet not cheat your eyes:
A Scot within a beast is no disguise.
No more let Ireland brag; her harmless nation
Fosters no venom since the Scot's plantation:
Nor can our feigned antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, England hath wolves again. 40
The Scot that kept the Tower might have shown,
Within the grate of his own breast alone,
The leopard and the panther, and engrossed
What all those wild collegiates had cost
The honest high-shoes in their termly fees;
First to the savage lawyer, next to these.
Nature herself doth the Scotchmen beasts confess,
Making their country such a wilderness:
A land that brings in question and suspense
God's omnipresence, but that Charles came thence, 50
But that Montrose and Crawford's loyal band
Atoned their sin and christened half the land.
Nor is it all the nation hath these spots;
There is a Church as well as Kirk of Scots:
As in a picture where the squinting paint
Shows fiend on this side, and on that side saint.
He that saw Hell in his melancholy dream
And in the twilight of his fancy's theme,
Scared from his sins, repented in a fright,
Had he viewed Scotland, had turned proselyte. 60
A land where one may pray with cursed intent,

O may they never suffer banishment!
 Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
 Not forced him wander but confined him home!
 Like Jews they spread and as infection fly,
 As if the Devil had ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at rovers³ and defy
 This or that place, rags of geography.
 They're citizens of the world; they're all in all;
 Scotland's a nation epidemical. 70
 And yet they ramble not to learn the mode,
 How to be dressed, or how to lisp abroad;
 To return knowing in the Spanish shrug,
 Or which of the Dutch states a double jug
 Resembles most in belly or in beard,
 (The card by which the mariners are steered).
 No, the Scots-errant fight and fight to eat;
 Their ostrich stomachs make their swords their meat.
 Nature with Scots as tooth-drawers hath dealt
 Who use to string their teeth upon their belt. 80
 Yet wonder not at this happy choice,
 The serpent's fatal still to paradise.
 Sure, England hath the hemorrhoids, and these
 On the north postern of the patient seize
 Like leeches; thus they physically thirst
 After our blood, but in the cure shall burst!
 Let them not think to make us run of the score
 To purchase villenage, as once before
 When an act passed to stroke them on the head,
 Call them good subjects, buy them gingerbread.⁴ 90
 Not gold, nor acts of grace, 'tis steel must tame
 The stubborn Scot; a prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worse,
 Who saddled his own back to shame his horse.

³ A term in archery, meaning to shoot at random for distance only.

⁴ Three hundred thousand pounds was voted as a gratuity to the Scots after their invasion in 1641, merely to show the friendship of the English!

Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard Israel with Egypt's spoil?
 They are the Gospel's life-guard; but for them,
 The garrison of New Jerusalem,
 What would the brethren do? The Cause! The Cause!
 Sack-possets and the fundamental laws! 100
 Lord! What a godly thing is want of shirts!
 H'w a Scotch stomach and no meat converts!
 They wanted food and raiment; so they took
 Religion for their seamstress and their cook.
 Unmask them well; their honors and estate,
 As well as conscience, are sophisticate.
 Shrive but their titles and their moneys poise,
 A laird and twenty pence pronounced with noise,
 When construed, but for a plain yeoman go,
 And a good sober two-pence, and well so. no
 Hence then, you proud imposters; get you gone,
 You Picts in gentry and devotion;
 You scandal to the stock of verse, a race
 Able to bring the gibbet in disgrace.
 Hyperbolus⁵ by suffering did traduce
 The ostracism and shamed it out of use.
 The Indian, that heaven did forswear
 Because he heard some Spaniards were there,
 Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
 He would Erasmus-like have hung between. iao
 My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce.
 I wrong the Devil should I pick their bones;
 That dish is his; for when the Scots decease,
 Hell, like their nation, feeds on barnacles.
 A Scot, when from the gallow-tree got loose,
 Drops into Styx and turns a solan goose.⁶

⁵ Ostracism was discontinued as punishment when Aristides, who had tried to have Hyperbolus, an Athenian demagogue, ostracized, was himself banished.

⁶ There was a curious belief that barnacles contained a perfectly formed bird, a sea-fowl with the bill of a goose, called a solan goose.

*On the Memory of Mr. Edward King,
Drowned in the Irish Seas*

I like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
 His artificial grief who scans his eyes.
 Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I
 Confine them to the Muse's rosary?
 I am no poet here; my pen's the spout
 Where the rain-water of mine eyes runs out
 In pity of that name, whose fate we see
 Thus copied out in grief's hydrography.
 The Muses are not mermaids, though upon
 His death the ocean might turn Helicon. 10
 The sea's too rough for verse: who rhymes upon't
 With Xerxes strives to fetter the Hellespont.
 My tears will keep no channel, know no laws
 To guide their streams, but like the waves, their cause,
 Run with disturbance till they swallow me
 As a description of his misery.
 But can his spacious virtue find a grave
 Within the imposthumed bubble of a wave?
 Whose learning if we found, we must confess
 The sea but shallow and him bottomless. 20
 Could not the winds to countermand thy death
 With their whole card of lungs redeem thy breath?
 Or some new island in thy rescue peep
 To heave thy resurrection from the deep,
 That so the world might see thy safety wrought
 With no less wonder than thyself was thought?
 The famous Stagirite, who in his life
 Had Nature as familiar as his wife,
 Bequeathed his widow to survive with thee,
 Queen Dowager of all philosophy— 30
 An ominous legacy, that did portend
 Thy fate and predecessor's second end.
 Some have affirmed that what on earth we find,
 The sea can parallel in shape and kind.

Books, arts, and tongues were wanting,
But in thee Neptune hath got an university.
We'll dive no more for pearls; the hope to see
Thy sacred reliques of mortality
Shall welcome storms, and make the seaman prize
His shipwreck no more than his merchandize. 40
He shall embrace the waves and to thy tomb
As to a royaler exchange shall come.
What can we now expect? Water and fire,
Both elements our ruin do conspire,
And that dissolves us which doth us compound.
One Vatican was burnt, another drowned.
We of the gown our libraries must toss
To understand the greatness of our loss;
Be pupils to our grief and so much grow
In learning as our sorrows overflow.
When we have filled the rundlets of our eyes, 50
We'll issue it forth and vent such elegies
As that our tears shall seem the Irish Seas,
We floating islands, living Hebrides.

Sir John Denham 1615-1669

ALTHOUGH Pope calls Denham a "holiday-writer," he sums up Denham's outstanding quality in the one word "strength." The strength lay in characteristics admired by Pope: balance and antithesis of closed couplets and didacticism. Though Denham's work has considerable range, it was *Cooper's Hill*, the first long descriptive poem in English, that established his fame and influenced poets for the next hundred years. Of it Pope said:

On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.

In 1788 the *Gentleman's Magazine* satirically commented that "readers have been used to see the Muses labouring up . . . many hills since Cooper's and Grongar, and some gentle Bard reclining on almost every mole-hill," *Cooper's Hill* went through five editions in about a dozen years, catching the popular fancy not only because Denham described local scenery, but also because he "moralized" his song in neat quotable couplets. Indeed, Denham's style is the basis for the praise given him by Dryden and Dr. Johnson and for his influence on Pope; and his place with Waller in the development of the closed heroic couplet affords him historical importance.

It is unfortunate that the quality which makes Denham a vivid personality is not strength but weakness. Although Wood reports that Denham was "examined in the public schools for the degree of Bach, of Arts" from Oxford University, he failed to get the degree. This failure was probably no surprise to Denham's associates at the university, who considered him a "slow, dreaming young man," who was "more addicted to gaming than study." Although he wrote *The Anatomy of Play*, which analyzes the evils of gambling,

¹ Quoted by R. D. Havens in *The Influence of Milton on English Poetry*, p. 248.

hoping to convince his father of his penitence, the real nature of his repentance is shown when after his father's death he gambled away the patrimony that he had made sure of by his booklet. The other thing which is vivid to us is that he lost his mind from jealousy when his beautiful second wife, less than half his age, became the openly acknowledged mistress of the Duke of York. Though himself a dissolute member of a dissolute court, he became obsessed with the idea that he was the Holy Ghost and hastened to tell the king so. It was rumored that he poisoned his wife with a cup of chocolate. The story ends with the Duchess of York's biting off a piece of her tongue when Lady Denham's ghost appeared to her and with an autopsy which revealed no trace of poison.

With a sense of pity we turn from the more vivid figure to the less vivid, which, however, won distinction as poet, wit, and courtier. Here we see a man whose eye "had a strange piercingness, not as to shining and glory, but (like a Momus) when he conversed with you he look't into your very thoughts."-' This piercing eye was destined by Denham's father for the law, and Denham had been entered on the Lincoln's Inn register before he went to Oxford. After his university days he was very successful in the study of law, in spite of the interruptions caused by his marriage and by his growing interest in literature. The Civil War, however, put an end to his legal career.

Throughout the period of the Commonwealth Denham suffered many hardships because of his loyalty to the king. Parliament took over his estates, he was imprisoned more than once, he was separated from his wife just before the birth of their first child, and he was forced to leave the country after the surrender of Exeter in 1646.

Denham took refuge with the queen in Paris, where he came into contact with other literary contemporaries: Cowley, who was acting as secretary to the queen, Davenant, and Waller. Here he again took up writing. He had already

² Aubrey, *Brief Lives*, I, 220

produced a play, *The Sophy*, and probably as early as 1636 had translated into heroic couplets the second book of the *Mneid*, a translation of much influence on both Dryden and Pope. The first draft of *Cooper's Hill* had also appeared, though in a pirated edition, in 1642. During his exile he wrote a number of shorter poems, "to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment," he says in his dedication of these poems to the king. He was employed by the queen on a mission of importance to the king in England and is reputed to have helped the king escape from Hampton Court, and the Duke of York from St. James' Palace. That he received Royalist correspondence from Paris became known through the recognition of the handwriting of Cowley, and he was forced to return hurriedly and secretly to France. From then until the Restoration he was employed on various missions to aid the royal cause.

Upon the Restoration Denham was granted the position of Surveyor of the Works, a post left vacant by the death of Inigo Jones. He was, however, no architect and seems to have suffered some ridicule in his efforts to fulfil the obligations of his job. He did achieve a great improvement in the paving of the London streets, a work for which he was highly praised by Pepys; and he is responsible for some very creditable buildings. During this time other honors came to him: he was created a Knight of the Bath and received grants of land from the king; he was elected a member of Parliament in 1661; and he was elected a member of the Royal Society in 1663. These form a fitting close to the brighter, if more prosaic, side of Denham's strange career.

Cooper's Hill

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.

And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
 So where the Muses and their train resort,
 Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
 A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
 Nor wonder, if (advantaged in my flight,
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height) 10
 Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
 More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
 That lies between, and first salutes the place
 Crowned with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
 That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
 Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse whose flight
 Has bravely reached and soared above thy height; ¹ 20
 Now shalt thou stand though sword, or time, or fire,
 Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
 Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
 Preserved from ruin by the best of kings.
 Under his proud survey the city lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
 Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud;
 And is to him who rightly things esteems
 No other in effect than what it seems. 30
 Where, with like haste, through several ways they run,
 Some to undo and some to be undone;
 While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the other's ruin and increase,
 As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
 Thence reconveighs, there to be lost again.
 Oh, happiness of sweet retired content!
 To be at once secure and innocent.

¹ Waller, *Upon His Majesty's Repairing of Paul's*. The work was begun in 1633, but the repairs were not completed until about nine years later.

Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
 Beauty with strength) above the valley swells 40
 Into my eye and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unforced ascent
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
 But such a rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure and a reverence from the sight.
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
 Sat meekness, heightened with majestic grace;
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load, 50
 Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But Atlas only that supports the spheres.
 When nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser power than chance,
 Marked out for such a use as if 'twere meant
 T'invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice when what we choose,
 Folly or blindness only could refuse.
 A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
 The gods' great mother ~ when her heavenly race 60
 Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast
 Amongst that numerous and celestial host
 More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth fame's
 Immortal book record more noble names.
 Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
 Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
 Whether to Caesar, Albanact, or Brute,³
 The British Arthur, or the Danish Canute
 (Though this of old no less contest did move
 Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove; 70
 Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,

² Cybele. The rim of her crown is carved in the shape of battlements and towers.

³ Brutus, grandson of Æneas, was the legendary founder of Britain. After his death the kingdom was divided among his three sons: Albanact received Scotland; Lochrine, England; and Camber, Wales.

As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame);
 But \hoso'er it was, nature designed
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
 Not to recount those several kings, to whom
 It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb,
 But thee, great Edward, and thy greater son,⁴
 (The lilies which his father wore, he won)
 And thy Bellona, who the consort came
 Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame; 80
 She to thy triumph led one captive king
 And brought that son, which did the second bring.⁵
 Then didst thou found that Order⁶ (whether love
 Or victory thy royal thoughts did move).
 Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
 Than the design has been the great success,
 Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
 The second honor to their diadem.
 Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
 To know, as well as power to act her will, 90
 That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
 In after-times should spring a royal pair⁷
 Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour,
 To whom their better fate reserves whatever
 The victor hopes for, or the vanquished fear;
 That blood, which thou and thy grandsire shed,
 And all that since these sister nations bled,
 Had been unspilt, had happy Edward known
 That all the blood he spilt had been his own. 100
 When he that patron chose⁸ in whom are joined
 Soldier and martyr, and his arms confined

⁴ The reference is to Edward III and the Black Prince.

⁵ Queen Phillipa is the *Bellona* referred to; the first "captive king" is King David II of Scotland and the second, King John II of France, captured at Poitiers.

⁶ The Order of the Garter

⁷ Charles I and Henrietta Maria are meant, though the genealogy is not entirely accurate.

⁸ His patron was St. George.

Within the azure circle, he did seem
 But to foretell and prophesy of him
 Who to his realms that azure round hath joined,
 Which nature for their bound at first designed;
 That bound, which to the world's extremest ends,
 Endless itself, its liquid arms extends:
 Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
 But is himself the soldier and the saint. no
 Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise;
 But my fixed thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
 Viewing a neighboring hill, whose top of late
 A chapel crowned, till in the common fate
 The adjoining Abbey⁹ fell (may no such storm
 Fall on our times, where ruin must reform).
 Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offense,
 What crime could any Christian king incense
 To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? 120
 Were these their crimes? They were his own much more;
 But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
 Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
 Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
 And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
 Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
 No crime so bold but would be understood
 A real, or at least a seeming good.
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
 And free from conscience, is a slave to fame. 13*
 Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
 But Prince's swords are sharper than their styles.¹⁰
 And thus to the ages past he makes amends,
 Their chanty destroys, their faith defends.
 Then did religion in a lazy cell,
 In empty, airy contemplations dwell,
 And like the block, unmoved lay; but ours,

⁹ Chertsey Abbey.

¹⁰ The reference is to a book by Henry VIII.

As much too active, like the stork devours.
 Is there no temperate region can be known,
 Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone? 140
 Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
 But to be restless in a worse extreme?
 And for that lethargy was there no cure,
 But to be cast into a calenture?¹¹
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance?
 And rather in the dark to grope our way
 Than led by a false guide to err by day?
 Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
 What barbarous invader sacked the land? 150
 But when he hears no Goth, no Turk did bring
 This desolation, but a Christian king,
 When nothing but the name of zeal appears
 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,
 What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
 When such the effects of our devotions are?
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
 Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
 My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames amongst the wanton valleys strays. 160
 Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons,
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.
 Though with those strearfis he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
 His genuine, and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring. 170
 Not then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,

¹¹ A fever caused by exposure to tropical heat.

Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil;
 But God-like 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; 180
 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 the 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! 190
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'er-flowing full.
 Heaven her Eridanus ¹² no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost,
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine amongst the stars and bathe the gods.
 Here nature, whether more intent to please
 Us or herself with strange varieties
 (For things of wonder give no less delight
 To the wise Maker's, than beholder's sight, aoo
 Though these delights from several causes move;
 For so our children, thus our friends we love),
 Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discords springs.
 Such was the discord which did first disperse
 Form, order, beauty through the universe.
 While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists;

¹² Eridanus, the name of a river. Phaeton was hurled into this river when struck by Jupiter's thunderbolt.

While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood, 210
 Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamored youth gazed here,
 So fatally deceived he had not been,
 While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows, 220
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
 The common fate of all that's high or great.
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
 Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
 Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest indears.
 This scene had some bold Greek, or British bard
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard 230
 Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs, their dames,
 Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames.
 'Tis the same still, although their airy shape
 All but the quick poetic sight escape.
 There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
 And thither all the horned host resorts
 To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is reared
 Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone. 240
 Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
 Give leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
 Attended to the chase by all the flower
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour.
 Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,

And wish a foe that would not only fly.
 The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,
 Where no man's eye, nor heaven's should invade 250
 His soft repose; when the unexpected sound
 Of dogs and men his wakeful ear doth wound.
 Roused with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
 Willing to think the illusions of his fear
 Had given this alarm; but straight his view
 Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
 Betrayed in all his strengths, the wood beset,
 All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
 He calls to mind his strength and then his speed,
 His winged heels, and then his armed head; 260
 With these to avoid, with that his fate to meet;
 But fear prevails and bids him trust his feet.
 So fast he flies that his reviewing eye
 Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
 Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
 Their disproportioned speed does recompense.
 Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
 Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
 Then tries his friends: among the baser herd,
 Where he so lately was obeyed and feared, 270
 His safety seeks; the herd, unkindly wise,
 Or chases him from thence, or from him flies.
 Like a declining statesman left forlorn
 To his friends' pity and pursuers' scorn,
 With shame remembers, while himself was one
 Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
 Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
 The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
 Sadly surveying where he ranged alone,
 Prince of the soil and all the herd his own, 280
 And like a bold knight errant did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the dame,

And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety placed, 290
Courage he thence resumes, resolved to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight.
But when he sees the eager chase renewed,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair. 300
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to assay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for blood.
So toward a ship the oarfin'd galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall revenged on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair. 310
So fares the stag among the enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assaults, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die,
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe's approach, to him he calls
And begs his fate, and then contented falls:

So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then glad to die, 320
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent and happy chase
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,¹⁸
 Fair liberty pursued, and meant a prey
 To lawless power, here turned and stood at bay,
 When in that remedy all hope was placed
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
 Here was that Charter sealed wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary power lays down. 330
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier style of king and subject bear:
 Happy when both to the same center move,
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
 Wanting that seal, it must be sealed in blood.
 The subjects armed, the more the princes gave,
 The advantage only took the more to crave.
 Till kings by giving, give themselves away,
 And even that power that should deny, betray. 340
 "Who gives constrained, but his own fear reviles,
 Not thanked, but scorned; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 First made their subjects by oppression bold;
 And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river, raised with sudden rains,
 Or snows dissolved, overflows the adjoining plains, 350
 The husbandmen with high-raised banks secure
 Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
 But if with bays and dams they strive to force

¹⁸ That is, Runnymede.

His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells;
First to a torrent, then a deluge swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

Somnus, the Humble God

Somnus, the humble god that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipped in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

10

Nature, alas, why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears the taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

IF Richard Lovelace had lived in the Renaissance, he would have been called a "complete gentleman." In his own day he fulfilled Milton's inclusive definition of the educated man. He was an amateur in music and painting, a scholar, poet, courtier, soldier, and statesman. To these abilities were added charm and a steadfastness of character that was unusual among the Cavaliers. Wood says of him also that he was "the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld," and Aubrey extravagantly states that he was "one of the handsomest men of England ... an extraordinary handsome man ... a most beautiful gentleman."

His beauty may have helped him to obtain a university degree. When the king and queen visited Oxford in 1636, "a great Lady" attending the queen requested the chancellor of the university to create Lovelace Master of Arts. Forthwith the degree was conferred, in spite of the fact that he had been a student only two years.

The Lovelace family knew little but army life: Richard's father died on the foreign field, and his brothers fought for the king. His talents, however, seemed to indicate a literary career; before the occasion of the king's visit he had written a play, which had been produced at the university. But the patriotic enthusiasm of the Royalist center seems to have turned him away from his literary aspirations to follow in the family tradition of service to the king. It was not until he was in prison as the result of his loyalty that he produced his first poem of distinction.

The epochs in Lovelace's career are marked by famous poems. He took part in both Scottish expeditions and left a literary memorial of them in a poem to General Goring, under whom he served. A handsome and daring figure, he presented to Parliament the petition of his native section of Kent re-

¹ C. H. Wilkinson has established the date of Lovelace's death as 1657 instead of the long-accepted 1658. See his *Poems of Richard Lovelace*, I, xlix.

questing the restoration of the king's rights. The occasion was a very dramatic one, for Parliament had ordered a previous petition burned by the common hangman. Lovelace had to pay for his temerity by imprisonment, but during his confinement produced the beautiful lyric *To Althca, from Prison*. When he was released he was again active in the king's cause. He furnished his brothers with men and money, and he himself took up arms, serving as captain. After the fall of Oxford in 1646 he went to the aid of Louis XIV against Spain, and on this occasion wrote *To Lucasta, Going beyond the Seas*. Upon his return to England he suffered imprisonment a second time, but used his leisure to prepare his poems for the press.

His release the following year meant little to him: the king he had served had been executed; his own property had been spent for the lost cause; his singing spirit was crushed. He passed the remaining years of his life in obscurity and probably in poverty, and we know little except that he was buried in St. Bride's Church. Here, in the next century, Richardson came to worship; but his straying mind seized upon the name of Lovelace for the hero of the novel *Clarissa Harlowe*, which he was then composing. The incident is the source of one of the most curious paradoxes in literary history, for "the author of *Lucasta*—known for his modesty and virtue—became a thousand times more famous in the eighteenth century as the paragon of vice."²

The *Lucasta* of the poems was identified by Wood as Lucy Sacheverel, an identification which led to a very pretty story, resembling that told in *Enoch Arden*. Hearing that Lovelace had been killed in the battle at Dunkirk, Lucy married. But Lovelace had been only wounded and returned from the wars to find his *Lucasta* the wife of another man. C. H. Wilkinson thinks, however, that the grounds for this story are very unreliable and suggests a member of the family of Sir Charles Lucas as *Lucasta*.³

² Phelps, *The Poems of Richard Lovelace*, I, xii.

³ Wilkinson, *op. cit.*, p. xlv.

The two lines, "I could not love thee, dear, so much" and "The devil take her," have been called the opposite poles of Cavalier poetry. The stability of Lovelace presents a striking contrast indeed to the gay flippancy of Suckling. The very title of Lovelace's volume of poems, *Lucasta—Lux Casta*, or "light of virtue"—indicates his moral quality. In composition, however, Lovelace is much more uneven than Suckling. To the former, poetry was a gentleman's pastime, fit to employ only his leisure hours. Although Lovelace prepared his poems for the press, he apparently spent little time in revision, for many of his lines are unintentionally rough and obscure.

To Althea, from Prison and *To Lucasta, Going to the Wars* have been praised so highly that they have obscured Lovelace's other poems. Though every one knows the famous lines from these two, few are acquainted with the other very lovely and musical songs in *Lucasta*, and few associate with Lovelace the close observation of nature and insect life shown in *The Grasshopper*. The two poems named, however, justly deserve their priority, for both in their beauty and in the expression of the finest spirit of the Cavaliers, they have superior merit.

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 fettered to her eye,
 The birds 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;
 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 committed¹ linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king; 20
 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, 30
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

To Lucasta, Going to the Wars

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

¹ Imprisoned or caged.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honor more.

30

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 blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my sail,
 Or pay a tear to 'suage'¹
 The foaming blue-god's rage;²
 For whether he will let me pass
 Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

10

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,
 And are alive in the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfined
 In heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

20

¹ Assuage.

² Blue hair was the symbol of the sea-gods as represented on the stage.

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 even, 10
 Bearing the brighter, nobler heaven,
 And in her, all the deities.

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

So did she move; so did she sing
 Like the harmonious spheres that bring 20
 Unto their rounds their music's aid;¹
 Which she performed such a way,
 As all the enamoured world will say,
 "The Graces danced, and Apollo played."

The Scrutiny

Why shouldst thou swear I am forsworn,
 Since thine I vowed to be?

¹ The spheres of the Ptolemaic system were supposed to make very beautiful music as they turned.

Lady, it is already morn,
 And 'twas last night I swore to thee,
 That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long?
 A tedious twelve hour's space!¹
 I should all other beauties wrong,
 And rob thee of a new embrace,
 Should I still dote upon thy face. 10

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
 By others may be found;
 But I must search the black and fair,
 Like skilful mineralists that sound
 For treasure in unplowed-up ground.

Then if, when I have loved my round,
 Thou provest the pleasant she,
 With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,
 I laden will return to thee,
 E'en sated with variety. 20

The Grasshopper

To My Noble Friend, Mr. Charles Cotton

O thou that swing'st upon the waving ear
 Of some well-filled oaten beard,
 Drunk every night with a delicious tear
 Dropped thee from heaven, where now thou art reared;

*

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 carved acorn-bed to lie.

¹ Hazlitt gives months. The reading of Cotgrave, *hours*, seems more in keeping with the usual ideas of constancy in this period.

Up with the day, the sun thou welconVst then,
Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams, 10
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.¹

But ah, the sickle! Golden ears are cropped;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp, frosty fingers all your flowers have topped,
And what scythes spared, 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. 20

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-stretched wings, dissolve, and fly
This Etna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail the usurping of his reign; 30
But when in showers 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.

¹ With these three stanzas compare Cowley's "The Grasshopper," from his *Anacreontics*.

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

40

The Rose

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
 Haste to adorn her bower,
 From thy long cloudy bed
 Shoot forth thy damask head.

New startled blush of Flora,
 The grief of pale Aurora,
 Who will contest no more,
 Haste, haste to strow her floor.

Vermilion ball that's given
 From lip to lip in heaven,
 Love's couch's covered,
 Haste, haste to make her bed.

10

Dear offspring of pleased Venus
 And jolly plump Silenus,
 Haste, haste to deck the hair
 Of the only sweetly fair.

See! rosy is her bower,
 Her floor is all this flower,
 Her bed a rosy nest
 By a bed of roses pressed.

20

But early as she dresses,
 Why fly you her bright tresses?
 Ah! I have found I fear,
 Because her cheeks are near.

ALTHOUGH Cowley died before he was fifty, his career as a writer extended over almost forty years. This fact seems especially unusual since Cowley was brought up by a widowed mother (also his first teacher) who read only books of devotion. But a copy of the *Faerie Queene* adorned the parlor table. Chancing upon it at the age of ten, Cowley was made a poet "irremediably," and under its influence began writing creditable verses.

His mother was wise enough to give this seventh and most precocious child of hers a good education. He became one of "Anthony's Pigs," as the students of St. Peter's College, Westminster, were impartially named. There from five in the morning until eight at night the time was filled with many prayers and much study, especially of Latin, Greek, and in the last form, Hebrew. Although Cowley would not learn "the common rules of grammar," his masters gave encouragement in his writing and were proud of the *Poetical Blossoms*, published at the age of fifteen. It has been suggested that the fame of the young author reached the ambitious Milton, about to seclude himself at Horton for further study, making him aware of the "more timely-happy spirits" mentioned in his sonnet *On His Birthday* and restive under his own "late spring."

Cowley arrived at Trinity College, Cambridge, with a second edition of *Poetical Blossoms* published and the completed manuscript of *Love's Riddle*, a pastoral play. The following year a third edition of *Poetical Blossoms* came out, and a year later *Love's Riddle* and a five-act Latin play written for production at the university. At twenty, then, and in his second year at the university, Cowley had published three successful works and was already famous. The other poets at Cambridge—Suckling, Cleveland, Fanshawe, Beaumont, and Crashaw—must have been half-delighted and half-envious.

Ejected from Cambridge by the Parliamentarians, he went

hopefully on to Oxford, the headquarters for the Royalists, where he remained until the queen fled to Paris. The flight of the queen plunged Cowley, the ambitious poet with a taste for a quiet pastoral life, into a long period of public activity. As secretary to the Queen's Chamberlain, Baron Jermyn, he also served as secretary to the queen and was employed in writing letters in code to Charles I. and sent on many important state commissions on the Continent. The strain of state duties was relieved by pleasant associations with other literary expatriates: Davenant, Crashaw (whose financial distress he was able to relieve), Waller, and Denham. In order to continue writing, Cowley had need of the ambitious spirit which he had expressed at Cambridge in *The Motto*:

Unpassed Alps stop me, but I'll cut through all,
And march, the Muse's Hannibal.

He felt that "bright and delightful ideas" could scarcely flourish when the spirit was "shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune," and in the preface to the 1656 edition of his poems he comments that "a warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to write of, but worst to write in." In 1647, however, he published *The Mistress*, a volume of love poems, which in their abrupt openings and ingenious conceits show the influence of Donne.

In 1654 Cowley was back in London, where, according to Sprat's *Life*, "under pretense of privacy and retirement" he should find out "the posture of things in this nation." He was imprisoned, either by mistake for another man, as Sprat claims, or through suspicion, and was held until a large bail could be raised by his friends. In order to carry on his services to the crown without danger, Cowley took up the study of medicine, receiving his degree as "doctor of physic" from Oxford in 1657. This study bore direct results in only an interest in botany and a six-volume treatise on plants. Perhaps, however, it was the interest in science vitalized at

this time that led later to his membership in the Royal Society, his *Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*, the fine *Ode to the Royal Society*, and the *Hymn to Light*.

In 1656 he had seen his collected poems through the press in spite of his study of medicine and a discouragement which set him yearning for "some obscure retreat in America." This volume contained several interesting types of work. There was the long, unfinished religious epic *Davideis* with which he was honest enough to confess that he had become bored, but there was also the wholly delightful *Anacreontics*, or translations and imitations of the odes of Anacreon. His great innovation was his *Pindarique Odes*. These did not pretend to be copies of Pindar but only an attempt to reproduce in English the spirit of Pindar. Cowley gave to English poetry the irregular ode, which later reached much greater heights in Collins, Gray, Dryden, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth.

Finally that "joyfullest funeral that ever I saw" (as described by Evelyn) enabled Cowley to return to France. He prepared an *Ode, Upon the Blessed Restoration and Return of His Sacred Majesty, Charles the Second*, but neither this nor the earlier promise of the directorship of the Savoy Hospital resulted in Cowley's receiving the position. The king suspected him of temporary defection to Cromwell because of a favorable reference to the Commonwealth in the preface to his collected poems, and held that his pardon was sufficient recompense for the years of service which Cowley had given. Queen Henrietta Maria did what she could, giving him lands in Kent. In 1663 he was established quietly at Barn Elms, where Evelyn visited him, taught him to make a salad, presented him with seeds, and instructed him in gardening. The winter climate there did not agree with Cowley; and after two years he settled at Chertsey, twenty miles farther up the Thames.

Cowley had always loved the contemplative life, and these later years were but the deferred fulfilment of his desires. As

a student at Westminster he had spent his holidays "in the fields either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper." ¹ At thirteen, in *The Vote*, he had pictured his conception of the ideal life:

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

A similar idea was repeated in *The Wish*, written while he was in France. The fulfilment of the longings set forth in both these poems was expressed in *Solitude*, a poem written after he moved to Chertsey.

Cowley won great fame as a poet and in his own day was ranked above Milton; but he is better known and loved today for his familiar essays, written as pastime in his retirement. We must not, however, overlook the importance of his poetical work: he anticipated Milton in the religious epic, he introduced the irregular ode, the type used later for some of the greatest English odes, and he helped to develop the heroic couplet, a contribution which led Dryden to say, "His authority is almost sacred to me."

The Wish

Well then; I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,

i *Of Myself*.

The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
May I a small house and large garden have! 10
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved, and loving me!

O fountains, when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made 20
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
Here naught but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And naught but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say 30
That 'tis the way, too, thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear she live and, embracing, die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts, solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

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 rosebud ope this morn; I'll swear
 The blushing morning opened not more fair.

How could it be so fair, and you away?
 How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay? m
 Could they remember but last year
 How you did them, they you delight,
 The sprouting leaves which saw you here
 And called their fellows to the sight
 Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
 Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where'er you walked, trees were as reverend made
 As when of old gods dwelt in every shade.
 Is it possible they should not know
 What loss of honor they sustain, 20
 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 rejoiced the Thracian verse to hear;
 In vain did nature bid them stay
 When Orpheus had his song begun;
 They called their wondering roots away
 And bade them silent to him run. 30
 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.

The fairest flowers could please no more, near you,
Than painted Mowers, set next to them, could do. 40

Whene'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 deprived of greater are.

'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring;
This is for beasts, and that for men, the spring.

Inconstancy

Five years ago (says story) I loved you,
For which you call me most inconstant now;
Pardon me, madam, you mistake the man,
For I am not the same that I was then:
No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,
And that my mind is changed yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far; for accidents
Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,
If from one subject they to another move. 10
My members then, the father members were
From whence these take their birth, which now are here;
If then this body love what the other did,
Twere incest, which by nature is forbid.
You might as well this day inconstant name,
Because the weather is not still the same

That it was yesterday; or blame the year,
 'Cause the spring, flowers, and autumn, fruit does bear.
 The world's a scene of changes, and to be
 Constant, in nature were inconstancy; 20
 For 'twere to break the laws herself has made:
 Our substances themselves do fleet and fade;
 The most fixed being still does move and fly,
 Swift as the wings of time 'tis measured by.
 To imagine then that love should never cease
 (Love which is but the ornament of these)
 Were quite as senseless as to wonder why
 Beauty and color stays not when we die.

The Separation

Ask me not what my love shall do or be
 (Love which is soul to body, and soul of me)
 When I am separated from thee;
 Alas, I might as easily show,
 What after death the soul will do;
 Twill last, I'm sure, and that is all we know.

The thing called soul will never stir nor move,
 But all that while a lifeless carcass prove,
 For 'tis the body of my love ;
 Not that my love will fly away, 10
 But still continue, as they say
 Sad troubled ghosts about their graves do stray.

FROM *Friendship in Absence*

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for every friend,
 If distance could their union end;
 But love itself does far advance
 Above the power of time and space,
 It scorns such outward circumstance:
 His time's forever; everywhere his place.

To the Royal Society

I

Philosophy, the great and only heir
 Of all that human knowledge which has been
 Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,
 Though full of years he do appear
 (Philosophy, I say, and call it "he,"
 For whatsoe'er the painters' fancy be,
 It a male virtue seems to me),
 Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
 Nor managed or enjoyed his vast estate:
 Three or four thousand years, one would have thought, 10
 To ripeness and perfection might have brought
 A science so well bred and nursed,
 And of such hopeful parts, too, at the first.
 But, oh, the guardians and the tutors then,
 Some negligent and some ambitious men,
 Would ne'er consent to set him free,
 Or his own natural powers to let him see,
 Lest that should put an end to their authority.

ii

That his own business he might quite forget,
 They amused him with the sports of wanton wit; 20
 With the desserts of poetry they fed him,
 Instead of solid meats to increase his force;
 Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him
 Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse;
 Instead of carrying him to see
 The riches which do hoarded for him He
 In nature's endless treasury,
 They chose his eye to entertain,
 His curious but not covetous eye,
 With painted scenes, and pageants of the brain. 30

Some few exalted spirits this latter age has shown,
 That labored to assert the liberty,
 From guardians who were now usurpers grown,
 Of this old minor still, captived philosophy;
 But 'twas rebellion called to fight
 For such a long-oppressed right.
 Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,
 Whom a wise king and nature chose
 Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
 And boldly undertook the injured pupil's cause. 40

in

Authority, which did a body boast,
 Though 'twas but air condensed, and stalked about
 Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost
 To terrify the learned rout,
 With the plain magic of true reason's light
 He chased out of our sight,
 Nor suffered living men to be misled
 By the vain shadows of the dead:
 To graves, from whence it rose, the conquered phantom fled.
 He broke that monstrous god which stood so
 In midst of the orchard, and the whole did claim,
 Which, with a useless scythe of wood
 And something else not worth a name—
 Both vast for show, yet neither fit
 Or to defend or to beget;
 Ridiculous and senseless terrors!—made
 Children and superstitious men afraid.
 The orchard's open now and free;
 Bacon has broke that scarecrow deity;
 Come, enter, all that will; 60
 Behold the ripened fruit; come, gather now your fill.
 Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
 Catching at the forbidden tree;
 We would be like the Deity

When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we
 Without the senses' aid, within ourselves would see;
 For 'tis God only who can find
 All nature in His mind.

IV

From words, which are but pictures of the thought
 (Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew), 70
 To things, the mind's right object, he it brought:
 Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew;¹
 He sought and gathered for our use the true;
 And when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
 He pressed them wisely the mechanic way,
 Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
 Ferment into a nourishment divine,
 The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
 Who to the life an exact piece would make,
 Must not from others' work a copy take; 80
 No, not from Rubens or Vandyke;
 Much less content himself to make it like
 The ideas and the images which lie
 In his own fancy or his memory.
 No, he before his sight must place
 The natural and living face;
 The real object must command
 Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

V

From these and all long errors of the way
 In which our wandering predecessors went. 90
 And like the old Hebrews many years did stray
 In deserts but of small extent,
 Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;

¹ Reference is to the Grecian painter whose grapes were so naturally done that the birds came to peck them.

The barren wilderness he passed,
 Did on the very border stand
 Of the blest promised land,
 And, from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
 Saw it himself, and showed us it.
 But life did never to one man allow
 Time to discover worlds, and conquer too;
 Nor can so short a line sufficient be
 To fathom the vast depths of nature's sea.

100

The work he did we ought to admire,
 And were unjust if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt the excess
 Of low affliction and high happiness.
 For who on things remote can fix his sight
 That's always in a triumph or a fight?

VI

From you, great champions, we expect to get
 These spacious countries but discovered yet,
 Countries where yet instead of nature we
 Her images and idols worshiped see.
 These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
 Though learning has whole armies at command
 Quartered about in every land,

no

A better troop she ne'er together drew.
 Methinks, like Gideon's little band,²

God with design has picked out you,
 To do these noble wonders by a few:

When the whole host He saw, "They are," said He,
 "Too many to overcome for Me."

120

And now He chooses out his men

² See *Judges* 7. Those who lapped water from their hands in drinking were armed with trumpets and pitchers in which were concealed torches. The 300 thus equipped came to the outer part of the camp of the Midianites in the night and suddenly blew on their trumpets and broke their pitchers, revealing the lights. The amazed hosts of the enemy fled, destroying their own men in their terror and confusion.

Much in the way that He did then:
 Not those many whom He found
 Idly extended on the ground,
 To drink with their dejected head
 The stream just so as by their mouths it fled;
 No, but those few who took the waters up,
 And made of their laborious hands the cup.

VII

Thus you prepared; and in the glorious fight 130
 Their wondrous pattern too you take:
 Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
 And with their hands then lifted up the light.
 lo! Sound too the trumpets here!
 Already your victorious lights appear;
 New scenes of heaven already we espy,
 And crowds of golden worlds on high,
 Which, from the spacious plains of earth and sea,
 Could never yet discovered be
 By sailor's or Chaldean's³ watchful eye. 140
 Nature's great works no distance can obscure;
 No smallness her near objects can secure.⁴
 You've taught the curious sight to press
 Into the privatest recess
 Of her imperceptible littleness.
 You've learned to read her smallest hand,
 And well begun her deepest sense to understand.

VIII

Mischief and true dishonor fall on those
 Who would to laughter or to scorn expose

³ The Chaldeans or Babylonians were believers in astrology.

⁴ There was great development in both the telescope and the microscope in the seventeenth century, and the Royal Society was much interested in experiments with them. Hooke thought that with instruments man might be able to conquer all knowledge and bring back a golden age.

So virtuous and so noble a design, 150
 So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
 The things which these proud men despise, and call
 Impertinent, and vain, and small,
 Those smallest things of nature let me know,
 Rather than all their greatest actions do.
 Whoever would deposed truth advance
 Into the throne usurped from it,
 Must feel at first the blows of ignorance
 And the sharp points of envious wit.
 So when, by various turns of the celestial dance, 160
 In many thousand years
 A star, so long unknown, appears,
 Though heaven itself more beauteous by it grow,
 It troubles and alarms the world below,
 Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor show.

IX

With courage and success, you the bold work begin;
 Your cradle has not idle been:
 None e'er but Hercules and you could be
 At five years' age worthy a history.⁵
 And ne'er did fortune better yet 170
 The historian to the story fit:
 As you from all old errors free
 And purge the body of philosophy,
 So from all modern follies he
 Has vindicated eloquence and wit.
 His candid style like a clean stream does slide,
 And his bright fancy all the way
 Does, like the sunshine, in it play;

⁶ "The Royal Society of London for the Improving of Natural Knowledge" was incorporated in 1662. This ode was written at the request of Thomas Sprat for his *History of the Royal Society*, printed 1667.

It does like Thames, the best of rivers, glide,
 Where the god does not rudely overturn, 180
 But gently pour the crystal urn,
 And with judicious hand does the whole current guide.
 It has all the beauties nature can impart,
 And all the comely dress without the paint of art.

Hymn to Light

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old negro's darksome womb!
 Which, when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smiled,
 Thou tide of glory which no rest dost know,
 But ever ebb and ever flow!
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove,¹
 Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love!
 Hail, active nature's watchful life and health,
 Her joy, her ornament and wealth! 10
 Hail to thy husband heat, and thee,
 Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he!
 Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy winged arrows fly?
 Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
 From thy great sire they came, thy sire the Word divine.²
 Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
 That so much cost in colors thou,
 And skill in painting, dost bestow
 Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow. 20

¹ Though the King of Argos had imprisoned his daughter, Danae, in a tower of brass, Jove, loving her, assumed the form of a shower of gold, and so reached her.

² *Gen.* 1:3. "And God said, Let there be light and there was light."

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
 Thy race is finished when begun;
 Let a post-angel start with thee,³
 And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,
 And all the year dost with thee bring,
 Of thousand flowery lights, thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou Scythian-like⁴ dost round thy lands, above
 The sun's gilt tent, forever move, 30
 And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
 The humble glowworms to adorn,
 And with those living spangles gild—
 O greatness without pride!—the bushes of the field.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,
 And sleep, the lazy owl of night;
 Ashamed and fearful to appear,
 They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemi-
 sphere. 40

With 'em there hastes, and wildly takes the alarm,
 Of painted dreams, a busy swarm;
 At the first opening of thine eye,
 The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents and obscener beasts
 Creep conscious to their secret rests;
 Nature to thee does reverence pay;
 I ll omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

³ Angel-messenger.

⁴ Reference is to the nomadic life of the Scythians.

At thy appearance, grief itself is said
 To shake his wings and rouse his head. 50
 And cloudy care has often took
 A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, fear itself grows bold;
 Thy sunshine melts away his cold.
 Encouraged at the sight of thee,
 To the cheek color comes, and firmness to the knee.

Even lust, the master of a hardened face,
 Blushes if thou beest in the place;
 To darkness¹ curtains he retires;
 In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires. 60

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy wakened head
 Out of the morning's purple bed,
 Thy quire of birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts and monster spirits that did presume
 A body's privilege to assume
 Vanish again invisibly,
 And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
 Is but thy several liveries; 70
 Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st;
 Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
 A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;⁵
 The virgin lilies in their white
 Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, spring's little infant, stands
 Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands;
⁰ There was a flower called the "crown imperial."

On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
 Thou cloth'st it in a gay and parti-colored coat. 80

With flame condensed thou dost the jewels fix,
 And solid colors in it mix;
 Flora herself envies to see
 Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, goddess! would thou couldst thy hand withhold
 And be less liberal to gold;
 Didst thou less value to it give,
 Of how much care, alas, mightst thou poor man relieve!

To me the sun is more delightful far,
 And all fair days much fairer are. 90
 But few, ah wondrous few, there be
 Who do not gold prefer, O goddess, even to thee.

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
 Which open all their pores to thee,
 Like a clear river thou dost glide,
 And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
 Gently thy source the land o'erflows,⁶
 Takes there possession, and does make,
 Of colors mingled, light, a thick and standing lake. 100

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
 In the empyrean heaven does stay.⁷
 Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below
 From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

⁶ At this time light was thought of as made up of particles which could not pass through a solid substance.

⁷ The highest heaven, thought by the ancients to be composed of pure fire.

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw

Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
 The two most sacred names of earth and heaven,
 The hard and rarest union which can be
 Next that of godhead with humanity.
 Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
 And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
 Like Moses thou—though spells and charms withstand—
 Hast brought them nobly home, back to their Holy Land.

Ah wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
 Wert, living, the same poet which thou art now 10
 Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
 And joy in an applause so great as thine.
 Equal society with them to hold,
 Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.
 And they, kind spirits! shall all rejoice to see
 How little less than they exalted man may be.
 Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell;
 The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell.
 Nor have we yet quite purged the Christian land;
 Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand.¹ 20
 And though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
 Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:
 Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage we,
 Vain men, the monster woman deify,
 Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
 And paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
 What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?
 Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
 The boundless godhead; she did well disdain 30

¹ / *Kings* 12:32. The reference is Jeroboam's setting up of the golden calves during the time of the divided kingdom, so that his followers would not return to Rehoboam, king of Judah, when they went to Jerusalem to worship.

That her eternal verse employed should be
 On a less subject than eternity,
 And for a sacred mistress scorned to take
 But her whom God himself scorned not His spouse to make.
 It, in a kind, her miracle did do:
 A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How well, blest swan, did fate contrive thy death;
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
 In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
 And richest offering of Loreto's shrine! 40
 Where, like some holy sacrifice to expire,
 A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.
 Angels—they say—brought the famed chapel there,²
 And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
 'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they
 And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
 That angels led him when from thee he went,
 For even in error sure no danger is
 When joined with so much piety as his. so
 Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak it, and grief,
 Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
 And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
 Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
 His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
 Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.
 And I myself a Catholic will be,
 So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.

Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
 On us, the poets militant below! 60
 Opposed by our old en\$my, adverse chance,
 Attacked by envy, and by ignorance,
 Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
 Exposed by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires.
 Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,

² Legend recounts that angels bore the house of Mary's youth to Loreto when Turks threatened the destruction of the house.

And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.³
 Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
 More fit thy greatness and my littleness),
 Lo, here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
 So humble to esteem, so good to love) 70
 Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
 I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me;
 And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
 'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.

*On the Death of Mr. William Hervey*¹

Immodicis brevis est actas, & rara senectus. MART.

It was a dismal and a fearful night;
 Scarce could the morn drive on the unwilling light,
 When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
 By something liker death possessed.
 My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
 And on my soul hung the dull weight
 Of some intolerable fate.
 What bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here, 10
 Thy end forever, and my life, to moan?
 Oh, thou hast left me all alone!
 Thy soul and body, when death's agony
 Besieged around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part
 Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!²

⁸ For the story of Elijah's ascension and the falling of his mantle upon Elisha see // *Kings* 2 9, 11.

¹ A friend of Cowley's early life, not to be confused with William Harvey, the great anatomist.

² // *Sam.* 18.33. David's lament for Absalom.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you sing
 Till all the tuneful birds to your boughs they bring; 50
 No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
 And call the learned youths to hear;
 No whistling winds through the glad branches fly,
 But all with sad solemnity
 Mute and unmoved be,
 Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain
 Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the brain;
 He loved my worthless rhymes, and like a friend
 Would find out something to commend. 60
 Hence now, my Muse; thou canst not me delight;
 Be this my latest verse
 With which I now adorn his hearse,
 And this my grief without thy help shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
 I should contemn that flourishing honor now,
 Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
 It rage and crackle there.
 Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me,
 Cypress which tombs does beautify; 70
 Not Phoebus grieved so much as I
 For him who first was made that mournful tree.⁴

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
 Submitted to inform a body here;
 High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have,
 But low and humble as his grave;
 So high that all the virtues there did come
 As to their chiefest seat,
 Conspicuous and great;
 So low that for me, too, it made a room. 80

⁴ Cyparissus, a beautiful youth loved by Apollo, was heart-broken because he accidentally killed a pet stag. Apollo changed him into a cypress tree.

He scorned this busy world below, and all
 That we, mistaken mortals, pleasure call;
 Was filled with innocent gallantry and truth,
 Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.

He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
 That shine with beams like flame,
 Yet burn not with the same,
 Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught
 As if for him knowledge had rather sought; 90
 Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
 In such a short mortality.

Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
 Still did the notions throng
 About his eloquent tongue,
 Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did nature to him frame
 As all things but his judgment overcame;
 His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
 Tempering that mighty sea below. 100

Oh had he lived in learning's world, what bound
 Would have been able to control
 His overpowering soul?
 We have lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
 Yet never did his God or friends forget,
 And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
 Retired and gave to them their due.

For the rich help o/ books he always took,
 Though his own searching mind before no
 Was so with notions written o'er
 As if wise nature had made that her book.

So many virtues joined in him as we
 Can scarce pick here and there in history,

More than old writers' practice e'er could reach,
 As much as they could ever teach.
 These did religion, queen of virtues, sway,
 And all their sacred motions steer,
 Just like the first and highest sphere,
 Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one way.⁶ 120

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
 He always lived, as other saints do die.
 Still with his soul severe account he kept,
 Weeping all debts out ere he slept.
 Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
 Like the sun's laborious light,
 Which still in water sets at night,
 Unsullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man, why wert thou made so good,
 To be snatched hence ere better understood, 130
 Snatched before half of thee enough was seen!
 Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
 Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell,
 But danger and infectious death
 Maliciously seized on that breath,
 Where life, spirit, pleasure always used to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
 Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
 A fitter time for heaven no soul e'er chose,
 The place now only free from those. 140
 There 'mong the blest thou dost forever shine,
 And wheresoe'er thou casts thy view
 Upon that white and radiant crew,
 Seest not a soul clothed with more light than thine.

And if the glorious saints cease not to know
 Their wretched friends who fight with life below,

⁶ The *primum mobile*, or outer sphere of the Ptolemaic system, which set in motion the other spheres

Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
 Only more pure and rarefied.
 There whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
 Thou dost with holy pity see
 Our dull and earthly poesy,
 Where grief and misery can be joined with verse.

453

Anacreontics

or

*Some Copies of Verses Translated
 Paraphrastically Out of
 Anacrcon*

Drinking

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
 The plants suck in the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.
 The sea itself, which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink,
 Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
 So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
 The busy sun—and one would guess
 By's drunken, fiery face no less—
 Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun.
 They drink and dance by their own light;
 They drink and revel all the night.
 Nothing in nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
 Fill all the glasses there, for why
 Should every creature drink but I?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why?

10

20

The Epicure

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
 Around our temples roses twine,
 And let us cheerfully a while
 Like the wine and roses smile.
 Crowned with roses, we contemn
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.¹
 To-day is ours; what do we fear?
 To-day is ours; we have it here.
 Let's treat it kindly that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay. 10
 Let's banish business, banish sorrows;
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

The Grasshopper

Happy insect, what can be
 In happiness compared to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king! 10
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants, belong to thee,
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plow,
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently enjoy,

¹ Gyges. King of Lydia during the seventh century B c., famous for his wealth.

Nor does thy luxury destroy;
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he. 20
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year!
 Thee Phoebus loves and does inspire;
 Phoebus is himself thy sire.
 To thee of all things upon earth
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know.
 But when thou'st drunk and danced and sung
 Thy fill the flowery leaves among 30
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal!),
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retirest to endless rest.

The Praise of Pindar
In Imitation of Horace His Second Ode,
Book 4

I

Pindar is imitable by none;
 The phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone.
 Whoe'er but Daedalus with waxen wings could fly
 And neither sink too low nor soar too high?
 What could he who followed claim
 But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
 And by his fall a sea to name?
 Pindar's unnavigable song,
 Like a swollen flood from some steep mountain, pours along;
 The ocean meets with such a voice 10
 From his enlarged mouth as drowns the ocean's noise.

II

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
 Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
 Which in no channel deigns to abide,
 Which neither banks nor dikes control.
 Whether the immortal gods he sings
 In a no less immortal strain,
 Or the great acts of god-descended kings,
 Who in his numbers still survive and reign,
 Each rich embroidered line, 20
 Which their triumphant brows around
 By his sacred hand is bound,
 Does all their starry diadems outshine.

III

Whether at Pisa's race he please
 To carve in polished verse the conquerors' images,
 Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong
 Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous song,
 Whether some brave young man's untimely fate
 In words worth dying for he celebrate,
 Such mournful and such pleasing words 30
 As joy to his mother's and his mistress' grief affords,
 He bids him live and grow in fame;
 Among the stars he sticks his name;
 The grave can but the dross of him devour,
 So small is death's, so great the poet's power.

Lo, how the obsequious wind and swelling air
 The Theban swan does upwards bear
 Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
 And with extended wings opens his liquid way,
 Whilst, alas, my timorous Muse 40
 Unambitious tracks pursues;

Does, with weak, unballast wings,
 About the mossy brooks and springs,
 About the trees' new-blossomed heads,
 About the gardens' painted beds,
 About the fields and flowery meads
 And all inferior beauteous things,
 Like the laborious bee,
 For little drops of honey flee,
 And there with humble sweets contents her industry. 50

Of Solitude

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
 Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
 Where the poetic birds rejoice,
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
 Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor seat!
 Ye country houses and retreat,
 Which all the happy gods so love
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great
 Metropolis above. 10

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
 Nature, the fairest architect,
 Who those fond artists does despise
 That can the fair and living trees neglect,
 Yet the dead, timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft winds above me flying,
 With all their wanton boughs' dispute,
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
 Nor be myself too mute. 20

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there;
On whose enameled bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

Ah, wretched and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

30

O Solitude, first state of humankind!
Which blest remained till man did find
Even his own helper's company—
As soon as two, alas, together joined,
The serpent made up three.

Though God Himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of One.

40

Thou, though men think thine an unactive part,
Dost break and tame the unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well managed by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scattered light
Dost, like a burning-glass, unite,
Dost multiply the feeble heat
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

50

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me;

I should at thee too, foolish city,
If it were fit to laugh at misery,
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

60

Sport

The merry waves dance up and down, and play,
Sport is granted to the sea;
Birds are the choiristers of the empty air,
Sport is never wanting there;
The ground doth smile at the spring's flowery birth,
Sport is granted to the earth;
The fire its cheering flame on high doth rear,
Sport is never wanting there.
If all the elements, the earth, the sea,
Air, and fire, so merry be,
Why is man's mirth so seldom and so small,
Who is compounded of them all?

10

POET of gardens and Member of Parliament from Hull, metaphysical lyricist and political satirist—these express the dual nature of Andrew Marvell. His temperament was somewhat philosophical and mystical, and he had a natural inclination toward the contemplative life. His period of greatest poetic activity was at the time when he could wander in cultured leisure through one of the loveliest gardens in England, that of Nun Appleton House. But Marvell could not really give himself up to this life. There was a strength and force in his character and a keenness of interest in outside affairs which took Marvell from the quiet beauty that was his poetic inspiration and molded him into the steady, incorruptible public representative.

This "hunger-starved whelp of a country vicar," as Bishop Parker unbecomingly calls the son of the Headmaster of Charterhouse¹ (an almshouse just without the city of Hull) may have learned the rough expressions later useful in his satires from the shipmen about the wharves at Hull; but he also learned the "scanning of verses" at the grammar school, and other matter sufficient to admit him to Cambridge University at the age of twelve. Two years before he received his bachelor's degree, his verses in celebration of the birth of Princess Anne were recognized as good enough to appear with those of Richard Crashaw, Abraham Cowley, and Edward King in the *Musa Cantabrigiensis*.

Left an orphan shortly after his graduation, Marvell spent four years on the Continent, where he added Dutch, French, Italian, and Spanish to his store of languages already consisting of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Syrian, Chaldean, Persian, and possibly others. These new acquisitions were useful later when, upon Milton's recommendation, he was appointed, first to assist Milton in the Latin Secretaryship and later to succeed him. These years abroad were years of civil conflict at home; but Marvell felt no urge to return

¹ Margoliouth, *Modern Language Review*, xvii (1922), 351.

to take part in the war, for he held that the conflict should never have taken place.

At the middle of the century we find Marvell, a young man of twenty-nine, with his many languages and his knowledge of European countries, established at Nun Appleton House as tutor to a plain little girl of twelve. This child was Mary Fairfax, the daughter of the great general of the Parliamentary forces to whom Milton had addressed one of his fine sonnets.

Up to this time Marvell had published only a few poems, but the two years in the beautiful surroundings which he describes in his poem *Upon Appleton House* gave him time and inspiration for writing, and to them we are indebted for the greatest part of Marvell's lyrical verse. Here he stands "betwixt the morning and the flowers"; and with an accuracy of observation that vies with Wordsworth's perception of the mist running with the hare, he sees through the branches of the hazels "the hatching throstle's shining eye." He is the poet of the open air, a lover of meadows, with the mower singing at his work, of trees and birds and flowers, of luscious fruits and cool melons. Light, shadow, and color interest him, and green particularly attracts him. Though his accuracy of observation and his sensuousness suggest the romanticists, Marvell does more than reproduce physical sensations. He makes an intellectual analysis of their essence. In *The Garden*, for example, the mind transcends the actual sensuousness of the surroundings,

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Though Marvell does not mention Donne as his master, his conceits have something of the manner, though not the grotesqueness, of many of Donne's. Like Donne also, he packs his lyrics with thought. In his one passionate love lyric he rises to an intensity of feeling comparable to Donne's; and the emotion, tearing its urgent way through word and rhythm, forces itself into the mind of the reader. Usually,

however, Marvell is classical in his restraint; and with a kind of urbanity and precision of taste, he combines a Horatian charm of diction with beauty of rhythm.

The influence of Horace is best shown in *An Horatian Ode*, celebrating Cromwell's success in quelling a Royalist rebellion in Ireland in 1649. Palgrave ranks this ode as "one of the finest in the language"¹ and says, "Better than anything else, it gives an idea of the grand Horatian measure." In this poem Marvell shows the fine tolerant spirit which made him trusted by both the Puritans and the Royalists. Though the ode is full of admiration for Cromwell, it also shows appreciation of the king and pity for his tragic end.

As early as 1653 we find Marvell interested in getting into public life. At this time Milton recommended that Marvell be made his assistant; but as nothing came of the recommendation immediately, Marvell went to Eton as tutor of Cromwell's ward, who was living at the home of John Oxenbridge, a clergyman. Oxenbridge had been for a time a minister in the Bermudas; and his accounts of the islands and the little Puritan colony there, even more than Waller's *Battle of the Summer Islands*, gave Marvell material for one of his best-known poems.

1657 marks Marvell's appointment to the Latin Secretaryship and the beginning of the close association of the only two Puritans to attain distinction by their poetry. Milton must have recognized the parallel of Marvell's life to his own: Cambridge University, travel, quiet years in rural surroundings, where pastoral poetry seemed the natural mode of expression; then public life. The year before the Restoration Marvell became member of Parliament for Hull, and he continued to hold this seat until his death. It was his influence which helped to save Milton from imprisonment or even death at the time of the Restoration. Public life brought an end to Marvell's lyric poetry; only stinging satires, which take the place in Marvell's career that pamphlets did in Milton's, were produced after Marvell entered the secretaryship.

No white nor red was ever seen
 So amorous as this lovely green.
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name: 20
 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 passion's 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; 30
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.¹

What wondrous life is 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,
 Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass. 40

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less
 Withdraws into its happiness;
 The mind, that ocean where each kind
 Does straight its own resemblance find;
 Yet it creates, transcending these,
 Far other worlds and other seas,
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade.²

¹ Just before the gods overtook the fleeing maidens, these transformations took place.

² These two lines are the high point of the "metaphysical" manner.

Them any harm, alas! nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.
 I'm sure I never wished them ill,
 Nor do I for all this, nor will;
 But if my simple prayers may yet
 Prevail with heaven to forget 10
 Thy murder, I will join my tears,
 Rather than fail. But, O my fears !
 It cannot die so. Heaven's King
 Keeps register of everything,
 And nothing may we use in vain;
 Even beasts must be with justice slain,
 Else men are made their deodands.¹
 Though they should wash their guilty hands
 In this warm life-blood, which doth part 20
 From thine, and wound me to the heart,
 Yet could they not be clean, their stain
 Is dyed in such a purple grain.
 There is not such another in
 The world to offer for their sin,
 Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
 I had not found him counterfeit,
 One morning (I remember well)
 Tied in this silver chain and bell,
 Gave it to me: nay, and I know
 What he said then; I'm sure I do: 30
 Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
 Hath taught a fawn to hunt his *dear!*⁹
 But Sylvio soon had me beguiled;
 This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
 And quite regardless of my smart,
 Left me his fawn, but took his heart.
 Thenceforth I set myself to play
 My solitary time away

¹ According to English law (not abolished until 1846) a personal belonging, the direct cause of the death of a person, which had to be given over to the crown to be used for alms.

With this, and very well content,
 Could so mine idle life have spent; 40
 For it was full of sport, and light
 Of foot and heart, and did invite
 Me to its game: it seemed to bless
 Itself in me; how could I less
 Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
 Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
 Whether it too might have done so
 As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
 Perhaps as false, or more, than he; 50
 But I am sure, for aught that I
 Could in so short a time espy,
 Thy love was far more better than
 The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk and sugar, first
 I it at mine own fingers nursed;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It waxed more white and sweet than they.
 It had so sweet a breath! And oft
 I blushed to see its foot more soft 60
 And white, shall I say than my hand?
 Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet;
 With what a pretty skipping grace
 It oft would challenge me the race;
 And when it had left me far away,
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
 For it was nimbler much than hinds,
 And trod as if on the four winds. 70

I have a garden of my own,
 But so with roses overgrown,
 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; 80
 For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
 It like a bank of lilies laid.
 Upon the roses it would feed,
 Until its lips e'en seemed 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: 90
 Had it lived long, it would have been
 Lilies without, roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint
 And die as calmly as a saint!
 See how it weeps! the tears do come
 Sad, slowly dropping like a gum.
 So weeps the wounded balsam; so
 The holy frankincense doth flow;
 The brotherless Heliades²
 Melt in such amber tears as these. 100

I in a golden vial will
 Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
 It till it do o'erflow with mine;
 Then place it in Diana's shrine.
 Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
 Whither the swans and turtles³ go,
 In fair Elysium to endure,
 With milk-white lambs and ermines pure.

² Phaeton, the brother of the Heliades, was unable to drive the chariot of the sun and was killed by a thunderbolt from Jupiter in order to save the universe. His sisters, transformed into trees, continued to weep, and their tears were turned into amber.

³ Turtledoves.

O do not run too fast; for I
 Will but bespeak thy grave, and die. 110
 First, my unhappy statue shall
 Be cut in marble, and withal,
 Let it be weeping too; but there

The engraver sure his art may spare;
 For I so truly thee bemoan
 That I shall weep, though I be stone,
 Until my tears, still dropping, wear
 My breast, themselves engraving there.
 There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
 Of purest alabaster made; 120
 For I would have thine image be
 White as I can, though not as thee.

*The Picture of Little T. C. in a
 Prospect of Flowers*

See with what simplicity
 This nymph begins her golden days!
 In the green grass she loves to lie,
 And there with her fair aspect tames
 The wilder flowers, and gives them names;
 But only with the roses plays,
 And them does tell
 What color best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
 This darling of the gods was born? 130
 Yet this is she whose chaster laws
 The wanton Love shall one day fear,
 And, under her command severe,
 See his bow broke and ensigns torn.
 Happy who can
 Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

O then let me in time compound
 And parley with those conquering eyes,
 Ere they have tried their force to wound;
 Ere with their glancing wheels they drive 20
 In triumph over hearts that strive,
 And them that yield but more despise:
 Let me be laid
 Where I may see thy glories from some shade.

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
 Itself does at thy beauty charm,
 Reform the errors of the spring;
 Make that the tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
 And roses of their thorns disarm; 30
 But most procure
 That violets may a longer age endure.

But, O young beauty of the woods,
 Whom nature courts with fruits and flowers,
 Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
 Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
 To kill her infants in their prime,
 Do quickly make the example yours;
 And ere we see,
 Nip in the blossom all our hopes and thee. 40

The Mower to the Glowworms

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,¹

¹ Comets were once considered portents of the death of the ruler or of some other great disaster.

Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

Ye glowworms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way, 10
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires² do stray;

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

The Mower's Song

My mind was once the true survey
Of all these meadows fresh and gay,
And in the greenness of the grass
Did see its hopes as in a glass;
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But these, while I with sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine,
That not one blade of grass you spied,
But had a flower on either side; 10
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

Unthankful meadows, could you so
A fellowship so true[^]forego,
And in your gaudy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet?
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

² Will-o'-the-wisps.

But what you in compassion ought,
 Shall now by my revenge be wrought; 20
 And flowers, and grass, and I, and all
 Will in one common ruin fall;
 For Juliana comes, and she,
 What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

And thus, ye meadows, which have been
 Companions of my thoughts more green,
 Shall now the heraldry become
 With which I shall adorn my tomb;
 For Juliana comes, and she,
 What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me. 30

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 flapped its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive
 Where my extended soul is fixed; 10
 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 power depose.

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

20

Unless the giddy heaven fall,
 And earth some new convulsion tear,
 And, us to join, the world should all
 Be cramped into a planisphere.¹

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.²

30

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
 Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
 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

30

¹A map of the world projected on a flat surface.
²Astronomical terms are effectively used here.

Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to a clore 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. 20

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged 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-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust: 30
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.
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped power. 40
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.

Bermudas

Where the remote Bermudas ride,
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that rowed along,
 The listening winds received this song:¹

"What should we do but sing His praise,
 That led us through the watery 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; 10
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms, 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,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus² shows; 20
 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,³ He stores the land;
 And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
 Proclaim the ambergris⁴ on shore;

¹ Religious freedom was granted the colonists of Bermuda, and the singers of this poem are religious exiles from England.

² A wealthy Persian city. Milton in *Paradise Lost* II, 2, says that Satan's throne "Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

³ Lebanon, a famous mountain in the south of Syria, noted for forests of cedar.

⁴ A waxy substance secured from sperm whales for use in perfumery.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast, 30
 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. 40

*An Horatian Ode
 Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*

The forward youth that would appear
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing:

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
 And oil the unused armor's rust,
 Removing from the wall
 The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
 In the inglorious arts of peace, 10
 But through adventurous war
 Urged his active star;

And like the three-forked lightning, first
 Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
 Did through his own side
 His fiery way divide.¹

¹ Cromwell was an "Independent" and had broken away from the Presbyterians

For 'tis all one to courage high,
 The emulous or enemy;
 And with such to inclose
 Is more than to oppose. 20

Then burning through the air he went,
 And palaces and temples rent;
 And Caesar's head at last
 Did through his laurels blast.²

'Tis madness to resist or blame
 The force of angry heaven's flame;
 And if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
 He lived reserved and austere 30
 (As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valor climb
 To ruin the great work of time,
 And cast the kingdom old
 Into another mold;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
 And plead the ancient rights in vain;
 (But those do hold or break,
 As men are strong or weak). 40

Nature, thajt hateth emptiness,
 Allows of penetration³ less,
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater spirits come.

² The reference is, of course, to King Charles I.

³ "Occupation of the same space by two bodies at the same time."
 (*New English Dictionary*)

And now the Irish are ashamed
 To see themselves in one year tamed;
 So much one man can do
 That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
 And have, though overcome, confessed
 How good he is, how just,
 And fit for highest trust. 80

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
 But still in the republic's hand—
 How fit he is to sway
 That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents
 A kingdom for his first year's rents;
 And, what he may, forbears
 His fame, to make it theirs;

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
 To lay them at the public's skirt: 90
 So when the falcon high
 Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search
 But on the next green bough to perch;
 Where, when he first does lure,
 The falconer has her sure.

What may noj, then, our isle presume,
 While victory his crest does plume?
 What may not others fear,
 If thus he crown each year? 100

A Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
 To Italy an Hannibal,

And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colored mind,
But from this valor sad
Shrink underneath the plaid;

Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake, no
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on!
And for the last effect,
Still keep thy sword erect;

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power must it maintain. uo

A Garden

Written after the Civil Wars

See how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colors stand displayed:
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves, that to the stalks are curled,
Seem to their staves the ensigns furled.
Then in some flower's beloved hut
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,

And sleeps so too; but if once stirred,
She runs you through, nor asks the word.
O thou, that dear and happy Isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou Paradise of the four seas
Which heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With watery if not flaming sword;
What luckless apple did we taste
To make us mortal and thee waste!
Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear?

HENRY VAUGHAN'S life was completely changed by the outbreak of the war. Since his father wished him to enter law, he had started out on the usual road to that profession: some university training and then the Inns of Court. He and his twin brother Thomas went up to Oxford together from their home in Wales, but Henry did not remain for his degree. Probably after two years he proceeded to London for the study of law. Then it was that national events began to change the course of his life. His study of law, he says, was "wholly frustrated" by the Civil War. He may have entered the service, for in some of his poems there are indications that he knew the battle field at first hand; but if he were with the army, we do not know in what capacity or for how long.

Our next definite knowledge is that he published a volume of poems in 164b, and that the following year he signed the preface for another volume from Newton-on-Usk, his childhood home in Wales. Though the latter volume remained in manuscript until 1651, when it was published without his permission,- the earlier preface gives us a place and a date, very important in such a scanty biography as Vaughan's. Meanwhile a second volume, *Silex Scintillans*, had come out in 1650 by Henry Vaughan, "Silurist," a name designating this section of Wales, where the *Silures* had resisted the Romans. So Henry Vaughan had come home, and here he seems to have remained. At some time he studied medicine, and he became a country doctor, surprising even himself by the success of his practice.

The fact that he married twice and had a large family

¹ Vaughan himself gives this date in a letter to Aubrey, June 15, 1673 (*works*, ed. L. C. Martin, II, 668), and Wood in his life of Vaughan says that Henry and Thomas entered Oxford in 1638 at the age of seventeen

Consult Parker's "Henry Vaughan and His Publishers," in *Library*, s. 4, XX (1900), 401-11. I am indebted to Mr. Parker for criticism of my earlier sketch.

seems relatively unimportant for Vaughan's poetic development. If the love poems to Amoret in the early volume are addressed to the woman who became his first wife, they are in the main so conventionalized that they do not make a comprehensible record. It may be that in his children he saw "the bright shoots of everlastingness" that he turned into poetry, or that the death of his wife some time before 1658 had its place in silencing the relatively short-lived poetic inspiration of Vaughan, but we have no definite evidence. We know only that a period of great activity in verse and prose was followed by silence and that after the enlarged *Silex Scintillans* in 1654 there was no more poetry until *Thalia Rcdiviva* (consisting largely of earlier poetry) was published by a friend in 1678.

Between the first volume and *Silex Scintillans* (Sparks from the Flint) there is an unfathomable difference. The earlier poems are secular, written largely under the influence of other poets, particularly of Donne; the later poems are religious and freely echo Herbert both in subject and in manner of treatment. But the difference is far more fundamental than one of influences. *Silex Scintillans* reveals a man getting his bearings again in a world of confusion.

What happened to Vaughan seems to give us clues to what happened to his poetry. Anglican and Royalist, he felt acutely the religious and political struggle. In the battle of Rowton Heath he had lost a personal friend, to whom he had addressed a poem. Then in 1647 Thomas, who had located at a nearby church, had been ejected from his living and had returned to Oxford. He was profoundly moved by the death of another brother, as he reveals in some of his poems.³ He himself had a long illness. In the face of so many catastrophes, public and private, could one find a way of life which would offer satisfaction? Perhaps Stoicism had something to offer, or the Hermetic philosophy, or country life and solitude, or religion. His preoccupation with these ideas comes out not only in his poetry, but even more clearly in the translations which

⁸ See, for example, [*The Hidden Flower*].

follow each other so closely in the 1650's that he must have been working on them earlier.⁴ The emphasis is upon fortitude, the purging and creative uses of sorrow, and peace which comes through experiencing the immanence of God in nature.

The poetry which grows out of these years lacks Herbert's steady glow, but is often illuminated by a radiance which Herbert never attains. At times Vaughan reaches an ecstasy of mystical experience and an imaginative sweep which place some of his poems and many of his lines among the best in the century; but his range was limited, and his writing was so undisciplined that his work is very uneven. One wishes that in following Herbert he had set himself to learning something about structure.

In the closing lines of "The Book" Vaughan prays:

Give him among Thy works a place
Who in them loved and sought Thy face.

It was from this sensitive perception of God in nature that some of Vaughan's best lines came. But Vaughan felt that the clearest vision was in childhood or in the childhood of the race, when "shadows of eternity" touch the earth with beauty. The romanticists have made much of these ideas as prophetic of Wordsworth; but there is no evidence that Wordsworth knew Vaughan, and the common origin is, of course, Plato. Both poets look back to childhood and forward to eternity. It is the dimness of earth which sets Vaughan longing for the white celestial light. Since direct spiritual apprehension can come only when one is rid of the obstacle of the body and can soar toward the "great ring of endless light," there is in Vaughan none of the morbid fascination of corruption and the grave seen in so many writers of the period. The arc of light comes full circle only through death, and therefore death is a precious thing, "the jewel of the just shining nowhere but in the dark."

⁴ Professor Helen C. White in *The Metaphysical Poets* makes an excellent analysis of the significance of Vaughan's prose work. Additional studies in the prose would be useful.

The Retreat

Happy those early days, when I
 Shined in my angel infancy;¹
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white, celestial thought;
 When yet I had not walked above
 A mile or two from my first Love,
 And looking back, at that short space,
 Could see a glimpse of His bright face; 10
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing 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 several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness. 20
 Oh, 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 the 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, 30
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return.

¹ Compare this poem with Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*.

Metrum V

Happy that first white age when we
 Lived by the Earth's mere charity !
 No soft luxurious diet then
 Had effeminated men:
 No other meat, nor wine had any
 Than the coarse mast, or simple honey;
 And by the parents' care laid up,
 Cheap berries did the children sup.
 No pompous wear was in those days,
 Of gummy silks or scarlet baize. 10
 Their beds were on some rlow'ry brink,
 And clear spring-water was their drink.
 The shady pine in the sun's heat
 Was their cool and known retreat,
 For then 'twas not cut down, but stood
 The youth and glory of the wood.
 The daring sailor with his slaves
 Then had not cut the swelling waves,
 Nor for desire of foreign store
 Seen any but his native shore. 20
 No stirring drum scarred that age,
 Nor the shrill trumpets active rage,
 No wounds by bitter hatred made
 With warm blood soiled the shining blade;
 For how could hostile madness arm
 An age of love to public harm,
 When common justice none withstood,
 Nor sought rewards for spilling blood?
 O that at length our age would raise
 Into the temper of those days! 30
 But—worse than Etna's fires!—debate
 And avarice inflame our State.
 Alas! who was it that first found
 Gold, hid of purpose under ground,

That sought out pearls, and dived to find
Such precious perils for mankind!

Childhood

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content, too, in my power,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by mere playing go to heaven.

Why should men love
A wolf more than a lamb or dove? 10
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars and God's own beams?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace,
And sweetly living—fie on men!—
Are, when dead, medicinal then;
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise,
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childhood still? 20
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down myself?
Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurled?
Those observations are but foul
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice worldlings call
Business, and weighty action all,
Checking the poor child for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away. 30

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span
 Where weeping virtue parts with man;
 Where love without lust dwells, and bends
 What way we please, without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
 Must live twice that would God's face see;
 Which angels guard, and with it play,
 Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
 Thee more than e'er I studied man, 40
 And only see through a long night
 Thy edges and thy bordering light!
 Oh, for thy center and midday!
 For sure that is the narrow way!

Corruption

Sure it was so. Man in those early days
 Was not all stone and earth;
 He shined a little, and by those weak rays
 Had some glimpse of his birth.
 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 progressed thither.
 Things here were strange unto him: sweat and till,
 All was a thorn or weed: 10
 Nor did those last, but—like himself—died still
 As soon as they did seed.
 They seemed to quarrel with him, for that act
 That felled him foiled them all:
 He drew the curse upon the world, and cracked
 The whole frame with his fall.
 This made him long for home, as loth to stay

With murmurers and foes;
 He sighed for Eden, and would often say,
 "Ah! what bright days were those!" 20
 Nor was heaven 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 Love! where art Thou now? Mad man
 Sits down and freezeth on; 30
 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
 The center, and his shroud.
 All's in deep sleep and night: thick darkness lies
 And hatcheth o'er Thy people—
 But hark! what trumpet's that? what angel cries,
 "Arise! thrust in Thy sickle"?

*Man*¹

Weighing the steadfastness and state
 Of some mean things which here below reside,
 Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noiseless date
 And intercourse of times divide,
 Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowers,
 Early as well as* late,
 Rise with the sun and set in the same bowers;

I would—said I—my God would give
 The staidness of these things to man! for these

¹ Compare this poem with Herbert's *The Pulley*. Vaughan has several poems on this theme; see especially *The Pursuit*.

To His divine appointments ever cleave, 10
 And no new business breaks their peace;
 The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine;²
 The flowers without clothes live,
 Yet Solomon was never dressed so fine.³

Man hath still either toys or care;
 He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
 But ever restless and irregular
 About this earth doth run and ride.
 He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where;
 He says it is so far 20
 That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
 Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
 Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
 By some hid sense their Maker gave;
 Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
 And passage through these looms
 God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

[The Hidden Flower]

I walked 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.

² "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. . . ." *Matt.* 6:26. Cf. *Luke* 12:24.

³ "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." *Matt.* 6:28-29. Cf. *Luke* 12:27.

Yet I, whose search loved not to peep and peer
 I' the face of things,
 Thought with myself, there might be other springs 10
 Besides 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 digged about
 That place where I had seen him to grow out;
 And by and by
 I saw the warm recluse alone to lie, 20
 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.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head;
 And, stung with fear 30
 Of my own frailty, dropped down many a tear
 Upon his bed;
 Then, sighing, whispered, "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, 40

But is still trod
By every wandering 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 50
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.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign,
Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
Without all pain; 60
There, hid in Thee, show me his life again,
At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn!

Love and Discipline

Since in a land not barren still
(Because Thou dost Thy grace distill)
My lot is fallen, blest be Thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which choke or spill
That seed Thou sow'st, blest be Thy skill!

Blest be Thy dew, and blest Thy frost,
 And happy I to be so crossed,
 And cured by crosses at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distressed,
 The frosts ill weeds nip and molest;
 In both Thou work'st unto the best. 10

Thus while Thy several mercies plot,
 And work on me now cold, now hot,
 The work goes on and slacketh not;

For as Thy hand the weather steers,
 So thrive I best, 'twixt joys and tears,
 And all the year have some green ears.

The Bird

Hither thou com'st: the busy wind all night
 Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
 Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm
 (For which course man seems much the fitter born)
 Rained on thy bed
 And harmless head.

And now, as fresh and cheerful as the light,
 Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
 Unto that Providence, whose unseen arm
 Curbed them, and clothed thee well and warm. 10

All things that be, praise Him, and had
 Their lesson taught them when first made.

So hills and valleys into tinging break;
 And though poor stones have neither speech nor tongue,
 While active winds and streams both run and speak,
 Yet stones are deep in admiration.
 Thus praise and prayer here beneath the sun
 Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.

For each inclosed spirit is a star
 Enlightning his own little sphere, 20
 Whose light, though fetched and borrowed from far,
 Both mornings makes and evenings there.

But as these birds of light make a land glad,
 Chirping their solemn matins on each tree,
 So in the shades of night some dark fowls be,
 Whose heavy notes make all that hear them sad.

The turtle then in palm trees mourns,
 While owls and satyrs howl;
 The pleasant land to brimstone turns,
 And all her streams grow foul. 30

Brightness and mirth, and love and faith, all fly,
 Till the day-spring breaks forth again from high.

Cock-crowing

Father of lights! what sunny seed,
 What glance of day hast Thou confined
 Into this bird? To all the breed
 This busy ray Thou hast assigned;
 Their magnetism works all night,
 And dreams of paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning hue;
 Their little grain, expelling night,
 So shines and sings as if it knew
 The path unto the house of light. 30
 It seems their candle, howe'er done,
 Was tinned and lighted at the sun.

If such a tincture, such a touch,
 So firm a longing can empower,

Shall Thy own image think it much
To watch for Thy appearing hour?
 If a mere blast so fill the sail,
 Shall not the breath of God prevail?

O Thou immortal light and heat!
Whose hand so shines through all this frame 20
That, by the beauty of the seat,
We plainly see who made the same,
 Seeing Thy seed abides in me,
 Dwell Thou in it, and I in Thee!

To sleep without Thee is to die;
Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell:
For where Thou dost not close the eye,
It never opens, I can tell.
 In such a dark Egyptian border,
 The shades of death dwell, and disorder. 30

If joys, and hopes, and earnest throes,
And hearts whose pulse beats still for light
Are given to birds; who but Thee knows
A love-sick soul's exalted flight?
 Can souls be tracked by any eye
 But His who gave them wings to fly?

Only this veil which Thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veil, I say, is all the cloak
And cloud which shadows Thee from me. 40
 This veil Thy full-eyed love denies,
 And only gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off! make no delay;
But brush me with Thy light that I
May shine unto a perfect day,

And warm me at Thy glorious eye!
O take it off, or till it flee,
Though with no lily, stay with me!

The Timber

Sure thou didst flourish once! and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Toward the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
Of death, doth waste all senseless, cold, and dark;
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf, or bark.

10

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.

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.

20

So murdered man, when lovely life is done
And his blood freezed, keeps in the center still
Some secret sense, which makes the dead blood run
At his approach, that did the body kill.

And is there any murderer worse than sin?
 Or any storms more foul than a lewd life?
 Or what resentient can work more within
 Than true remorse, when with past sins'at strife?

He that hath left life's vain joys and vain care,
 And truly hates to be detained on earth, 30
 Hath got an house where many mansions are,
 And keeps his soul unto eternal mirth.

But though thus dead unto the world, and ceased
 From sin, he walks a narrow, private way;
 Yet grief and old wounds make him sore displeased,
 And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

For though he would forsake the world, and live
 As mere a stranger, as men long since dead;
 Yet joy itself will make a right soul grieve
 To think he should be so long vainly lead. 40

But as shades set off light, so tears and grief
 (Though of themselves but a sad blubbered story)
 By showing the sin great, show the relief
 Far greater, and so speak my Savior's glory.

If my way lies through deserts and wild woods,
 Where all the land with scorching heat is curst,
 Better the pools should flow with rain and floods
 To fill my bottle, than I die with thirst.

Blest showers they are, and streams sent from above
 Begetting virgins where they used to flow; 50
 And trees of life no other water love;
 These upper springs, and none else make them grow.

But these chaste fountains flow not till we die;
 Some drops may fall before, but a clear spring

And ever running, till we leave to fling
Dirt in her way, will keep above the sky.

Rom. 6:7.

He that is dead, is freed from sin.

The Waterfall

With what deep murmurs through time's silent stealth
Doth thy transparent, cool, and wat'ry wealth

Here flowing fall,
And chide, and call,

As if his liquid, loose retinue stayed
Lingering, and were of this steep place afraid,

The common pass
Where, clear as glass,
All must descend—

Not to an end,

10

But quickened by this deep and rocky grave,
Rise to a longer course more bright and brave.

Dear stream! dear bank, where often I
Have sat and pleased my pensive eye,
Why, since each drop of thy quick store
Runs thither whence it flowed before.

Should poor souls fear a shade or night,
Who came, sure, from a sea of light?

Or since those drops are all sent back
So sure to thee, that none doth lack,

20

Why should frail flesh doubt any more
That what God takes He'll not restore?

O useful element and clean

My sacred wash and cleanser here,

My first consigner unto those

Fountains of life where the Lamb goes!

What sublime truths and wholesome themes

Lodge in thy mystical deep streams!
 Such as dull man can never find
 Unless that Spirit lead his mind 30
 Which first upon thy face did move,
 And hatched all with His quickening love.¹
 As this loud brook's incessant fall
 In streaming rings restagnates all,
 Which reach by course the bank, and then
 Are no more seen, just so pass men.
 O my invisible estate,
 My glorious liberty, still late!
 Thou art the channel my soul seeks,
 Not this with cataracts and creeks. 40

Unprofitableness

How rich, O Lord, how fresh Thy visits are!
 'Twas but just now my bleak leaves hopeless hung,
 Sullied with dust and mud;
 Each snarling blast shot through me, and did shear
 Their youth, and beauty; cold showers nipped and wrung
 Their spiciness and blood;
 But since Thou didst in one sweet glance survey
 Their sad decays, I flourish, and once more
 Breathe all perfumes and spice;
 I smell a dew like myrrh, and all the day 10
 Wear in my bosom a full sun; such store
 Hath one beam from Thy eyes.
 But, ah, my God! what fruit hast Thou of this?
 What one poor leaf did ever I yet fall
 To wait upon Thy wreath?
 Thus Thou all day athankless weed dost dress,
 And when Thou hast done, a stench, a fog is all
 The odor I bequeath.

¹"And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." *Gen.* 1:2.

Vanity of Spirit

Quite spent with thoughts, I left my cell and lay
Where a shrill spring tuned to the early day.

I begged here long, and groaned to know
Who gave the clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres, and circled in
Corruption with this glorious ring,
What is His name, and how I might
Descry some part of His great light.

I summoned nature: pierced through all her store,
Broke up some seals, which none had touched before, 10

Her womb, her bosom, and her head
Where all her secrets lay abed,
I rifled quite; and having past
Through all her creatures, came at last
To search myself, where I did find
Traces and sounds of a strange kind.

Here of this mighty spring, I found some drills,
With echoes beaten from the eternal hills;

Weak beams, and fires flashed to my sight,
Like a young East, or moon-shine night, 20
Which showed me in a nook cast by
A piece of much antiquity,
With hieroglyphics quite dismembered,
And broken letters scarce remembered.

I took them up and, much joyed, went about
To unite those pieces, hoping to find out

The mystery; but this ne'er done,
That little light I had was gone:
It grieved me much. At last, said I,
Since in these veils my eclipsed eye 30
May not approach thee (for at night
Who can have commerce with the light?),
I'll disapparel, and to buy
But one half glance, most gladly die.

The Night

Through that pure virgin shrine,
 That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious noon,
 That men might look and live, as glowworms shine,
 And face the moon,
 Wise Nicodemus saw such light
 As made him know his God by night.¹

Most blest believer he!
 Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
 Thy long-expected healing wings could see,
 When Thou didst rise! 10
 And, what can never more be done,
 Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me where
 He found Thee at that dead and silent hour?
 What hallowed solitary ground did bear
 So rare a flower,
 Within whose sacred leaves did lie
 The fulness of the Deity?

No mercy-seat of gold,
 No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone, 20
 But His own living works did my Lord hold
 And lodge alone;
 Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
 And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear night! this world's defeat;
 The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;

¹ *John* 3:2. "The same [Nicodemus] came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him."

The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
 Which none disturb!
 Christ's progress, and His prayer time; ²
 The hours to which high heaven doth chime; 30

God's silent, searching flight;
 When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
 His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
 His still, soft call;
 His knocking time; ^A the soul's dumb watch,
 When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
 Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
 Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
 Is seldom rent, 40
 Then I in heaven all the long year
 Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
 Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
 Themselves and others, I consent and run
 To every mire,
 And by this world's ill-guiding light,
 Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God—some say—
 A deep but dazzling darkness, as men here 50
 Say it is late and dusky, because they
 See not all clear.

² *Mark* 1 35 "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

Luke 21 37 "And in the day time he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out, and abode in the mount that is called the Mount of Olives "

Luke 22 39-44, the prayer at night in the Garden of Gethsemane,

³ *Rev* 3-20 "Behold, I stand at the door and knock- if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will SUP with him, and he with me."

O for that night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

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,
 Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights, 10
 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, moved there so slow
 He did nor stay nor go;
Condemning thoughts, like mad eclipses, scowl 20
 Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
 Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch Ms prey. But One did see
 That policy:
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
 Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears; but he
 Drank them as free. 30

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 dressed
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days; 10
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 showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

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! 20

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell 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 confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there; 30
But when the hand that locked 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. 40

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 danger,
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.
 He is thy gracious friend,
 And—O my soul, awake!— 10
 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. 20

The Book

Eternal God! Maker of all
 That have lived here since the man's fall;

The Rock of Ages! in whose shade
They live unseen, when here they fade;

Thou knew'st this paper when it was
Mere seed, and after that but grass;
Before 'twas dressed or spun, and when
Made linen, who did wear it then:
What were their lives, their thoughts, and deeds,
Whether good corn or fruitless weeds. 10

Thou knew'st this tree when a green shade
Covered it, since a cover made,
And where it flourished, grew, and spread,
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless beast when he
Did live and feed by Thy decree
On each green thing; then slept—well fed—
Clothed with this skin which now lies spread
A covering o'er this aged book;
Which makes me wisely weep, and look 20
On my own dust; mere dust it is,
But not so dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and though
Now scattered thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and men,
When Thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying only death and pain,
Give him amongst Thy works a place
Who in them loved and sought Thy face! 30

To His Books

Bright books! the perspectives to our weak sights,
The clear projections of discerning lights,

Burning and shining thoughts, man's posthume day,
 The track of fled souls, and their Milky Way,
 The dead alive and busy, the still voice
 Of enlarged spirits, kind heaven's white decoys!
 Who lives with you, lives like those knowing flowers
 Which in commerce with light spend all their hours;
 Which shut to clouds, and shadows nicely shun,
 But with glad haste unveil to kiss the sun. 10
 Beneath you, all is dark, and a dead night,
 Which whoso lives in, wants both health and sight.

By sucking you, the wise—like bees—do grow
 Healing and rich, though this they do most slow,
 Because most choicely; for as great a store
 Have we of books, as bees of herbs, or more:
 And the great task, to try, then know, the good.
 To discern weeds, and judge of wholesome food,
 Is a rare, scant performance; for man dies
 Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flies. 20
 But you were all choice flowers, all set and dressed
 By old sage florists, who well knew the best;
 And I amidst you all am turned a weed!
 Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.
 Then thank thyself, wild fool, that wouldst not be
 Content to know—what was too much for thee!

Retirement

Fresh fields and woods! the earth's fair face!
 God's footstool! and man's dwelling place!
 I ask not why the first believer
 Did love to be a country liver,
 Who, to secure pious content,
 Did pitch by groves and wells his tent;
 Where he might view the boundless sky,
 And all those glorious lights on high,
 With flying meteors, mists, and showers,
 Subjected hills, trees, meads, and flowers, 10

And every minute bless the King
And wise Creator of each thing.

I ask not why he did remove
To happy Mamre's holy grove,
Leaving the cities of the plain
To Lot and his successful train.
All various lusts in cities still
Are found; they are the thrones of ill,
The dismal sinks, where blood is spilled,
Cages with much uncleanness filled.
But rural shades are the sweet sense
Of piety and innocence;
They are the meek's calm region, where
Angels descend and rule the sphere;
Where heaven lies leiger, and the Dove
Duly as dew comes from above.
If Eden be on earth at all,
Tis that which we the country call.

IN the closing years of the Protectorate Dryden, an ambitious young man, who, like Cowley, had been educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, came up to London. Here he, himself of Puritan family, secured a secretaryship with his cousin Sir Gilbert Pickering, Chamberlain to Cromwell and member of his Privy Council. The *Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Cromwell* was the natural outcome of this association. In this poem the great Puritan leader was celebrated because "peace was the prize of all his toil and care." In the period of confusion which followed his death, the one hope of peace lay in returning to monarchical government. It was, therefore, *Astræa Redux* that Dryden celebrated in his poem on the Restoration and not the change from republicanism to monarchy.

Success came to Dryden with only deliberate speed. On account of financial necessity he first turned to the only literary field in which one could earn a living—drama. Since the Restoration theater was patronized chiefly by the nobility, Dryden had to devise a type of play which would appeal to a brilliant audience. He found inspiration in the popular French heroic romance and created plays with a background of war to give scope and intensity to the more intimate struggle between love and honor. He used only aristocratic characters drawn on a grand scale and distinguished by exaggerated emotions, which they expressed in lofty rhetorical verse. Partly to appeal to the taste of a court which had come under French influence and partly because he felt that freedom in dramatic art had led to excesses, Dryden conformed to the restraint imposed by the dramatic unities and the rhymed couplet. Later on, however, Dryden himself grew weary of the artificiality of heroic drama; and in *All for Love*, his adaptation of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, he returned to more probable situations and characters and to blank verse. A crisis in the history of London gave Dryden a chance to gain fame in another type besides

drama. The plague, the fire, and the Dutch War provided content for *Annus Mirabilis*, his first poem of distinction. During the enforced idleness of his retreat from London to the country, he wrote *An Essay on Dramatic Poesy*. Before this he had discussed dramatic theory in prefaces, which, like Shaw's, are often more interesting than the plays; but this essay, through the medium of its dialogue form, presents the current literary discussions of the drama. It reveals both his power as a critic and his ability as a writer of prose. When the laureateship was left vacant by the death of Davenant, it was clear that Dryden was the man best fitted for the place. He was nearing fifty, however, when this recognition came.

There was no immediate change in his kind of work, for even the additional appointment as Historiographer Royal did not provide an adequate income. He had married the sister of his friend Sir Robert Howard in 1663 and now had a family to support. The real turning point in his career was 1681, when he produced the first of his great literary satires.

Dryden's discovery of his satirical talent came during a national crisis. The people did not want James, Duke of York, the Catholic brother of the king, to succeed to the throne. Since Charles had no legitimate heir, Shaftesbury headed a plot to depose Charles in favor of Monmouth, his charming illegitimate son. Dryden saw in the story of David and Absalom a Biblical parallel to this situation and in his satire *Absalom and Achitophel* made a telling blow against the plot. Shaftesbury had been imprisoned but was not indicted; and when he was released, a medal was struck in commemoration of the event. Dryden immediately produced his biting satire *The Medal*. The Whigs engaged Shadwell to reply; and Dryden retaliated by making the inferior poet ridiculous in *Mac Flecknoe*, where he is shown inheriting the kingdom of Nonsense. These satires are full of unforgettable portraits of contemporary figures. Although Dryden believed that "the true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction," he never becomes abusive. He presents his

subjects with urbane contempt, each line adding to the characterization until the portrait stands complete; and the vices are corrected by good-natured laughter. His satiric art established Dryden as the greatest political satirist in English literature.

Two poems in seeming contradiction show still further versatility in Dryden; in *Religio Laid* and the *Hind and the Panther* political-religious argument becomes dignified poetry. The former was written in support of the Established Church and the latter, of the Catholic faith. Dryden's change to Catholicism marked his acceptance of authority in the church and was only the outward demonstration of his innate distrust of individualism, whether in government or religion. Unfortunately, however, the renewal of a pension granted under Charles II. but not secured by letters patent, was coincident with the publication of the *Hind and the Panther*. This fact led to insinuations that Dryden had been bribed by James II. While little had been made of Jonson's vacillation between Protestantism and Catholicism earlier in the century, Dryden was called turn-coat and opportunist. If Dryden had been an opportunist, he could have retained his laureateship when William and Mary came to the throne; but he remained true to the conviction at which he had finally arrived, and in financial difficulty turned in his old age to translating Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Virgil into modern English.

Throughout his life Dryden's temper of mind was that of the philosophical skeptic. He was therefore sympathetic with the ideas of the Royal Society, to which he was elected a member in 1662. He praises the great English scientists in his *Epistle to Dr. Char It on*; he enumerates the great fields of scientific discovery in *An Essay on Dramatic Poesy*; and he attributes the use of dialogue in the essay not only to the influence of the dialogues of the ancients but also to the method of procedure in "the modest inquiries of the Royal Society."¹ Furthermore, the ideal of clear and accurate

¹ "Defense of an Essay on Dramatic Poesy," *Essays*, ed. Ker, I, 124.

speech held up by the Society helped to formulate Dryden's conception of English prose style. In his verse also Dryden goes back to the naturalness of speech. Though Donne's attempt early in the century had likewise been to reproduce the conversational tone, his followers had developed an artificiality that Dryden now sought to overcome. In the effort to secure clarity and precision, he developed the closed couplet into a neat and polished unit.

j Dryden is the supreme literary figure of his day in five fields: heroic drama, prose criticism, lyric poetry, satire, and translation. He was the first professional man of letters and one of the four great literary dictators. Pepys, stopping in at Will's Coffee House to see his former college mate, reports "very witty and pleasant discourse." But it was primarily through the younger group that Dryden's influence was transmitted. Among these were Wycherley and Congreve, the playwrights, Dennis, the critic, and Addison. Pope as a boy of twelve came to Will's to see Dryden, whom he already "venerated." From this dictator presiding at Will's came the literary ideals which were to dominate the next century, the great odes which made possible Wordsworth's *Intimations on Immortality* in the nineteenth century, and the standard of English language which after more than two and a half centuries remains unchanged.

*Absalom and Achitophel*¹

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
 Before polygamy was made a sin;
 When man on many multiplied his kind,

¹ Dryden applied the Biblical story of // *Samuel* 13-18 to contemporary politics. The Duke of Monmouth, Absalom, was the handsome and much-loved illegitimate son of Charles II. Led on by Shaftesbury (Achitophel), who headed the plot against the Catholic Duke of York, brother of Charles II. and heir to the throne, the Duke of Monmouth attempted to usurp the throne. This satire was written at the request of the king Charles II. is King David, the English are the Jews, England is Sion, etc

Ere one to one was cursedly confined;
 When nature prompted, and no law denied
 Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
 Then Israel's monarch after heaven's own heart,
 His vigorous warmth did variously impart
 To wives and slaves; and, wide as his command,
 Scattered his Maker's image through the land. 10
 Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear,
 A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
 Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
 To godlike David several sons before.
 But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
 No true succession could their seed attend.
 Of all this numerous progeny was none
 So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
 Whether, inspired by some diviner lust,
 His father got him with a greater gust; 20
 Or that his conscious destiny made way,
 By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
 Early in foreign fields he won renown
 With kings and states allied to Israel's crown;
 In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
 And seemed as he were only born for love.
 Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
 In him alone 'twas natural to please:
 His motions all accompanied with grace,
 And paradise was opened in his face. 30
 With secret joy indulgent David viewed
 His youthful image in his son renewed:
 To all his wishes nothing he denied;
 And made the charming Annabel² his bride.
 What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
 His father could not, or he would not see.
 Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
 Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er,
 And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,

² Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch

Was called a just revenge for injured fame. 40
 Thus praised and loved the noble youth remained,
 While David, undisturbed, in Sion reigned.
 But life can never be sincerely blest;
 Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
 The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
 As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace;
 God's pampered people, whom, debauched with ease,
 No king could govern, nor no God could please
 (Gods they had tried of every shape and size,
 That god-smiths could produce, or priests devise); 50
 These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted liberty;
 And when no rule, no precedent was found,
 Of men by laws less circumscribed and bound,
 They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
 And thought that all but savages were slaves.
 They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
 Made foolish Ishbosheth^j the crown forego;
 Who banished Davip¹ did from Hebron⁴ bring,
 And with a general shout proclaimed him king: 60
 Those very Jews, who, at their very best,
 Their humor more than loyalty expressed,
 Now wondered why so long they had obeyed
 An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
 Thought they might ruin him they could create,
 Or melt him to that golden calf, a State.
 But these were random bolts; no formed design,
 Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:
 The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign; 70
 And, looking backward With a wise affright,
 Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight:
 In contemplation of whose ugly scars

³ Richard Cromwell, who succeeded Saul, Oliver Cromwell.

⁴ Charles was crowned in Scotland (Hebron) before he was in London (Jerusalem).

They cursed the memory of civil wars.
 The moderate sort of men, thus qualified,
 Inclined the balance to the better side;
 And David's mildness managed it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to rebel.
 But when to sin our biased nature leans,
 The careful Devil is still at hand with means; 80
 And providently pimps for ill desires:
 The Good Old Cause revived, a plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up commonwealths and ruin kings.

The inhabitants of old Jerusalem
 Were Jebusites; ⁵ the town so called from them;
 And theirs the native right.
 But when the chosen people ⁶ grew more strong,
 The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
 And every loss the men of Jebus bore, 90
 They still were thought God's enemies the more.
 Thus worn and weakened, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to David's government:
 Impoverished and deprived of all command,
 Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
 And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
 Their gods disgraced, and burnt like common wood.
 This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
 For priests of all religions are the same:
 Of whatso'er descent their godhead be, 100
 Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
 In his defense his servants are as bold,
 As if he had been born of beaten gold.
 The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
 In this conclude them honest men and wise:
 For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
 To espouse his cause, by whom they eat and drink.
 From hence began that Plot, the nation's curse,

⁵ Roman Catholics.

⁶ The Protestants.

Bad in itself, but represented worse;
 Raised in extremes, and in extremes descried; 110
 With oaths affirmed, with dying vows denied;
 Not weighed or winnowed by the multitude;
 But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and crude.
 Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies,
 To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
 Succeeding times did equal folly call,
 Believing nothing, or believing all.
 The Egyptian ⁷ rites the Jebusites embraced,
 Where gods were recommended by their taste.
 Such savory deities must needs be good, 120
 As served at once for worship and for food.
 By force they could not introduce these gods,
 For ten to one in former days was odds;
 So fraud was used (the sacrificer's trade):
 Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
 Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
 And raked for converts even the court and stews:
 Which Hebrew priests ⁸ the more unkindly took,
 Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
 Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay 130
 By guns, invented since full many a day:
 Our author swears it not; but who can know
 How far the Devil and Jebusites may go?
 This Plot, which failed for want of common sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
 For, as when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
 And every hostile humor, which before
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
 So several factions froth this first ferment 140
 Work up to foam, and threat the government.
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
 Opposed the power to which they could not rise.

⁷ French.

⁸ Priests of the Anglican church.

Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
 Like fiends were hardened in impenitence;
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
 Were raised in power and public office high;
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first; 150
 A name to all succeeding ages curst:
 For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high, 160
 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 honor blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 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 unfeathered two-legged thing, a son; ⁹ 170
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.
 To compass this the triple bond ¹⁰ he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,

⁹ This is Plato's definition of man applied to Shaftesbury's incompetent son.

¹⁰ England, Sweden, and the Dutch Republic were allied against France.

And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
 Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name. 180
 So easy still it proves in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will!
 Where crowds can wink, and no offense be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own!
 Yet fame deserved, no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin ¹¹
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress; 190
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
 Oh, had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed;
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess 200
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
 Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
 Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.
 The wished occasion of the Plot he takes;
 Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
 By buzzing emissaries fills the ears 210
 Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears

¹¹ An Abbethdin was "an officer of the high court of justice of the the Jews." (Noyes)

Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
 And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
 Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
 Were strong with people easy to rebel.
 For, governed by the moon, the giddy Jews
 Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
 And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
 By natural instinct they change their lord.

Achitophel still wants a chief, and none 220
 Was found so fit as warlike Absalom:

Not that he wished his greatness to create
 (For politicians neither love nor hate),
 But, for he knew his title not allowed,
 Would keep him still depending on the crowd,
 That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
 And sheds his venom in such words as these:

"Auspicious prince, at whose nativity 230

Some royal planet ruled the southern sky;
 Thy longing country's darling and desire;
 Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand
 Divides the seas, and shows the promised land;
 Whose dawning day in every distant age
 Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage:
 The people's prayer, the glad diviners' theme,
 The young men's vision, and the old men's dream I
 Thee, savior, thee, the nation's vows confess, 240

And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
 Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
 And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
 How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
 Starve and defraud the people of thy reign?
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days
 Like one of Virtue's fools that feeds on praise;
 Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,

Grow stale and tarnish with our daily sight.
 Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be 250
 Or gathered ripe, or rot upon the tree.
 Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky revolution of their fate;
 Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill
 (For human good depends on human will),
 Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
 And from the first impression takes the bent;
 But, if unseized, she glides away like wind,
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize, 260
 And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
 Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
 Not dared, when Fortune called him, to be king,
 At Gath¹² an exile he might still remain,
 And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
 Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
 But shun the example of declining age:
 Behold him setting in his western skies,
 The shadows lengthening as the vapors rise.
 He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand 270
 The joyful people thronged to see him land,
 Cov'ring the beach, and black'ning all the strand;
 But, like the Prince of Angels, from his height
 Comes tumbling downward with diminished light;
 Betrayed by one poor plot to public scorn
 (Our only blessing since his curst return),
 Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
 Blown off and scattered by a puff of wind.
 What strength can he to your designs oppose,
 Slaked of friends, and Tound beset with foes? 280
 If Pharaoh's¹⁵ doubtful succor he should use,
 A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
 Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;

¹² Probably Brussels. The reference is to the exile of Charles II

¹³ Louis XIV.

Foment the war, but not support the king:
 Nor would the royal party e'er unite
 With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;
 Or if they should, their interest soon would break,
 And with such odious aid make David weak.
 All sorts of men by my successful arts,
 Abhorring kings, estrange their altered hearts 390
 From David's rule: and 'tis the general cry,
⁴'Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.'
 If you, as champion of the public good,
 Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
 What may not Israel hope, and what applause
 Might such a general gain by such a cause?
 Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower
 Fair only to the sight, but solid power;
 And nobler is a limited command,
 Given by the love of all your native land, 300
 Than a successive title, long and dark,
 Drawn from the moldy rolls of Noah's ark."
 What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
 When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds!
 Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
 Yet, sprung from high, is of celestial seed;
 In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
 'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
 The ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
 Too full of angels' metal in his frame, 310
 Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
 Made drunk with honor, and debauched with praise.
 Half loth, and half consenting to the ill
 (For loyal blood within him struggled still),
 He thus replied: "And what pretense have I
 To take up arms for public liberty?
 My father governs with unquestioned right;
 The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
 Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws:
 And heaven by wonders has espoused his cause. 3*0

Whom has he wronged in all his peaceful reign?
 Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
 What millions has he pardoned of his foes,
 Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?
 Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good,
 Inclined to mercy, and averse from blood;
 If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
 His crime is God's beloved attribute.
 What could he gain, his people to betray,
 Or change his right for arbitrary sway? 330
 Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
 His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
 If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
 The Dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
 Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
 Turn rebel and run popularly mad?
 Were he a tyrant, who, by lawless might
 Oppressed the Jews, and raised the Jebusite,
 Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
 Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands: 340
 The people might assert their liberty,
 But what was right in them were crime in me.
 His favor leaves me nothing to require,
 Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire.
 What more can I expect while David lives?
 All but his kingly diadem he gives:
 And that"— But there he paused; then sighing, said—
 "Is justly destined for a worthier head.
 For when my father from his toils shall rest
 And late augment the number of the blest, 350
 His lawful Issue shall the throne ascend,
 Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
 His brother, though oppressed with vulgar spite,
 Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
 Of every royal virtue stands possessed;
 Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
 His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;

His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
 His mercy even the offending crowd will find,
 For sure he comes of a forgiving kind. 360
 Why should I then repine at heaven's decree,
 Which gives me no pretense to royalty?
 Yet O that fate, propitiously inclined,
 Had raised my birth, or had debased my mind;
 To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
 And then betrayed it to a mean descent!
 I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
 And David's part disdains my mother's mold.
 Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth; 370
 And, made for empire, whispers me within,
 'Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.' "

Him staggering so when hell's dire agent found,
 While fainting Virtue scarce maintained her ground,
 He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
 "The eternal God, supremely good and wise,
 Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
 What wonders are reserved to bless your reign!
 Against your will, your arguments have shown,
 Such virtue's only given to guide a throne. 380
 Not that your father's mildness I contemn,
 But manly force becomes the diadem.
 'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;
 And more, perhaps, than subjects ought to have:
 For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
 And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
 But when should people strive their bonds to break,
 If not when kings are negligent or weak?
 Let him give on till he can give no more,
 The thrifty Sanhedrin¹⁴ shall keep him poor; 390
 And every shekel which he can receive,
 Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
 To ply him with new plots shall be my care;

¹⁴ Parliament.

Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
 Which when his treasure can no more supply,
 He must, with the remains of kingship, buy.
 His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
 Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
 Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
 He shall be naked left to public scorn. 400
 The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
 Turned all his virtues to his overthrow,
 And gained our elders to pronounce a foe.
 His right, for sums of necessary gold,
 Shall first be pawned, and afterward be sold;
 Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
 To pass your doubtful title into law:
 If not, the people have a right supreme
 To make their kings; for kings are made for them. 410
 All empire is no more than power in trust,
 Which, when resumed, can be no longer just.
 Succession, for the general good designed,
 In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
 If altering that the people can relieve,
 Better one suffer than a nation grieve.
 The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they chose,
 God was their king, and God they durst depose.
 Urge now your piety, your filial name,
 A father's right, and fear of future fame; 420
 The public good, that universal call,
 To which even heaven submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
 'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.
 Our fond begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their posterity.
 Or let his kindness by the effects be tried,
 Or let him lay his vain pretense aside.
 God said he loved your father; could he bring
 A better proof, than to anoint him king? 430

It surely showed he loved the shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
 Would David have you thought his darling son?
 What means he then, to alienate the crown?
 The name of godly he may blush to bear:
 'Tis after God's own heart to cheat his heir.
 He to his brother gives supreme command;
 To you a legacy of barren land,
 Perhaps the old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
 Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise. 440
 Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
 Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
 And marks your progress in the people's hearts.
 Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,
 He meditates revenge who least complains;
 And, like a lion, slumb'ring in the way,
 Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
 His fearless foes within his distance draws,
 Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws; 450
 Till at the last, his time for fury found,
 He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
 The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
 But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
 Your case no tame expedients will afford:
 Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
 Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
 And self-defense is nature's eldest law.
 Leave the warm people no considering time;
 For then rebellion may be thought a crime. 460
 Prevail yourself of what occasion gives,
 But try your title while your father lives;
 And that your arms may have a fair pretense,
 Proclaim you take them in the king's defense;
 Whose sacred life each minute would expose
 To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes.
 And who can sound the depth of David's soul?

Perhaps his fear his kindness may control.
 He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
 For plighted vows too late to be undone. 470
 If so, by force he wishes to be gained,
 Like women's lechery, to seem constrained.
 Doubt not; but when he most affects the frown,
 Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
 Secure his person to secure your cause:
 They who possess the prince, possess the laws."
 He said, and this advice above the rest,
 With Absalom's mild nature suited best:
 Unblamed of life (ambition set aside),
 Not stained with cruelty, nor puffed with pride, 480
 How happy had he been, if destiny
 Had higher placed his birth, or not so high!
 His kingly virtues might have claimed a throne,
 And blest all other countries but his own.
 But charming greatness since so few refuse,
 Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
 Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
 With blandishments to gain the public love;
 To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
 And popularly prosecute the Plot. 490
 To further this, Achitophel unites
 The malcontents of all the Israelites;
 Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
 For several ends, to serve the same design:
 The best (and of the princes some were such),
 Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
 Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
 Not wicked, but seduced by impious arts.
 By these the springs of property were bent,
 And wound so high, they cracked the government. 500
 The next for interest sought to embroil the state,
 To sell their duty at a dearer rate;
 And make their Jewish markets of the throne,

Pretending public good, to serve their own.
 Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
 Who cost too much, and did too little good.
 These were for laying honest David by,
 On principles of pure good husbandry.
 With them joined all the haranguers of the throng,
 That thought to get preferment by the tongue. 510
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,
 Not only hating David, but the king:
 The Solymaeen rout, well-versed of old
 In godly faction, and in treason bold;
 Cow'ring and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
 But lofty to a lawful prince restored;
 Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
 And scorned by Jebusites to be outdone.
 Hot Levites¹⁵ headed these; who, pulled before
 From the ark, which in the Judges' days they bore, 520
 Resumed their cant, and with a zealous cry
 Pursued their old beloved Theocracy:
 Where Sanhedrin and priest enslaved the nation,
 And justified their spoils by inspiration:
 For who so fit for reign as Aaron's race,
 If once dominion they could found in grace?
 These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest mouthed against the government.
 A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
 Of the true old enthusiastic breed: 530
 'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
 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,
 Adored their fathers' God and property;
 And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
 The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:

¹⁵ The Presbyterian clergymen.

Born to be saved, even in their own despite,
 Because they could not help believing right. 540
 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:
 In the first rank of these did Zimri¹⁰ stand;
 A man so various, that he seemed 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 chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon: 550
 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 judgment) in extremes:
 So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That every man, with him, was God or Devil.
 In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art:
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert. 560
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laughed 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.
 Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
 Of lords, below the dignity of verse. 570
 Wits, warriors, Commonwealth's men, were the best;
 Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.
 And therefore, in the name of dulness, be

¹⁶ This portrait of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is one of the finest satirical characterizations in literature.

The well-hung Balaam¹⁷ and cold Caleb,¹⁸ free;
 And canting Nadab¹⁹ let oblivion damn,
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
 Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
 Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
 Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
 Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace: 580
 Not bull-faced Jonas,²⁰ who could statutes draw
 To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
 But he, though bad, is followed by a worse,
 The wretch who heaven's anointed dared to curse:
 Shimei,²¹ whose youth did early promise bring
 Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for gain;
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 Or curse, unless against the government. 590
 Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray,
 The city, to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.
 His hand a vare²² of justice did uphold;
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
 During his office, treason was no crime;
 The sons of Belial hadja glorious time;
 For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
 Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself. 600
 When two or three were gathered to declaim

¹⁷ The Earl of Huntingdon, who changed from the party of Monmouth to that of the Duke of York.

¹⁸ Lord Grey allowed an intrigue between Monmouth and his own wife.

¹⁹ Lord Howard Scott says that when he took the sacrament after declaring his innocence of "treasonable libel on the court party," he drank "ale poured on roasted apples and sugar."

²⁰ Sir William Jones prosecuted the members of the Popish Plot, but later turned against the court party.

²¹ Slingsby Bethel, a Whig sheriff of London.

²² Wand.

Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them;
 And if they cursed the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company.
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,
 He packed a jury of dissenting Jews;
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suffering saint from human laws. 610
 For laws are only made to punish those
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
 If any leisure time he had from power
 (Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour),
 His business was, by writing, to persuade
 That kings were useless, and a clog to trade;
 And, that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine.
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
 The grossness of a city feast abhorred:
 His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot; 620
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
 Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews;
 For towns once burnt such magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
 With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel;
 And Moses' laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the mount.
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot, 630
 Would tire a well-breathed witness of the Plot.
 Yet, Corah,²³ thou shalt from oblivion pass:
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,²⁴
 High as the serpent of thy metal made,

²³ Titus Gates, instigator of the Popish Plot.

²⁴ This sarcastic reference is to the brazen serpent made by Moses and set up on a pole in the camp to cure the serpent bites of the children of Israel. *Numbers* 21:6-9.

While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthy vapors, ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
This arch-attestor for the public good 640
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever asked the witnesses' high race
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud:
His long chin proved his wit; his saintlike grace
A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great, 650
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 failed, 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.
His judgment yet his memory did excel; 660
Which pieced his wondrous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot, 670
To make him an appendix of my plot.

His zeal to heaven made him his prince despise,
 And load his person with indignities;
 But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words;
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
 In terms as coarse as Samuel used to Saul.
 What others in his evidence did join
 (The best that could be had for love or coin),
 In Corah's own predicament will fall; 680
 For *witness* is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
 Deluded Absalom forsakes the court;
 Impatient of high hopes, urged with renown,
 And fired with near possession of a crown.
 The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
 His joy concealed, he sets himself to show,
 On each side bowing popularly low;
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames, 690
 And with familiar ease repeats their names.
 Thus formed by nature, furnished out with arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
 Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

"I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate;
 Though far unable to prevent your fate:
 Behold a banished man, for your dear cause 700
 Exposed a prey to arbitrary laws!
 Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
 Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
 And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
 My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
 Charmed into ease, is careless of his fame;

And, bribed with petty sums of foreign gold,
 Is grown in Bathsheba's²⁵ embraces old; 710
 Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,
 And all his power against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give, my right away;
 But why should he his own and yours betray?
 He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.
 Take then my tears" (with that he wiped his eyes);
 " 'Tis all the aid my present power supplies:
 No court-informer can these arms accuse;
 These arms may sons against their fathers use: 720
 And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
 May make no other Israelite complain."
 Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail;
 But common Interest always will prevail;
 And pity never ceases to be shown
 To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
 The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
 With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
 Who now begins his progress to ordain
 With chariots, horsemen, and a num'rous train; 730
 From east to west his glories he displays,
 And, like the sun, the promised land surveys.
 Fame runs before him as the morning star,
 And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
 Each house receives him as a guardian god,
 And consecrates the place of his abode.
 But hospitable treats did most commend
 Wise Issachar,²⁶ his wealthy western friend.
 This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
 And seemed but pomp, did other ends disguise: 740
 Achitophel had formed it, with intent

²⁵ The Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress of Charles II.

²⁶ Thomas Thynne, who entertained Monmouth when he made a showy expedition through western England in 1680 after he had been ordered out of the country by the council.

To sound the depths, and fathom, where it went,
 The people's hearts; distinguish friends from foes,
 And try their strength, before they came to blows.
 Yet all was colored with a smooth pretense
 Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
 Religion and redress of grievances,
 Two names that always cheat and always please,
 Are often urged; and good King David's life
 Endangered by a brother and a wife.²⁷ 750
 Thus in a pageant show a plot is made,
 And peace itself is war in masquerade.
 O foolish Israel! never warned by ill!
 Still the same bait, and circumvented still
 Did ever men forsake their present ease,
 [In midst of health imagine a disease;
 Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
 Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
 What shall we think! Can people give away,
 Both for themselves and sons, their native sway? 760
 Then they are left defenseless to the sword
 Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:
 And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
 If kings unquestioned can those laws destroy.
 Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
 And kings are only officers in trust,
 Then this resuming cov'nant was declared
 When kings were made, or is for ever barred.
 If those who gave the scepter could not tie
 By their own deed their own posterity, 770
 How then could Adam bind his future race?
 How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
 Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
 Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
 And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.

²⁷ Queen Catherine's failure to bear children left the king's brother heir to the throne and led to the Popish Plot.

Add, that the power for property allowed
 Is mischievously seated in the crowd;
 For who can be secure of private right,
 If sovereign sway may be dissolved by might? 780
 Nor is the people's judgment always true:
 The most may err as grossly as the few;
 And faultless kings run down, by common cry,
 For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
 What standard is there in a fickle rout,
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
 Nor only crowds, but Sanhedrins may be
 Infected with this public lunacy,
 And share the madness of rebellious times,
 To murder monarchs for imagined crimes. ; 790
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,
 Not kings alone (the Godhead's images),
 But government itself at length must fall
 To nature's state, where all have right to all.
 Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
 For whatsoever their sufferings were before,
 That change they covet makes them suffer more.
 All other errors but disturb a state,
 But innovation is the blow of fate. 800
 If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
 To patch the flaws, and buttress up the wall,
 Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
 For all beyond it is to touch our ark.
 To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
 Is work for rebels who base ends pursue,
 At once divine and human laws control,
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
 The tawny world is subject to this curse,
 To physic their disease into a worse. 810
 Now what relief can righteous David bring?
 How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
 Friends he has few, so high the madness grows:

Who dare be such, must be the people's foes.
 Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
 Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Barzillai²⁸ first appears;
 Barzillai, crowned with honor and with years.
 Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
 In regions waste, beyond the Jordan's flood: 820
 Unfortunately brave to buoy the State;
 But sinking underneath his master's fate:
 In exile with his godlike prince he mourned;
 For him he suffered, and with him returned.
 The court he practiced, 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. 830
 His eldest hope, with every grace adorned,
 By me (so heaven will have it) always mourned,
 And always honored, snatched in manhood's prime
 By unequal fates, and Providence's crime;
 Yet not before the goal of honor won,
 All parts fulfilled of subject and of son:
 Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
 O narrow circle, but of power divine,
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
 By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known, 840
 Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
 Thy force, infused, the fainting Tyrians propped;
 And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopped.
 O ancient honor! O unconquered hand,
 Whom foes unpunished never could withstand!
 But Israel was unworthy of thy name;
 Short is the date of all immoderate fame.

²⁸ The Duke of Ormond, a faithful Royalist. He shared the exile of Charles II. and proved himself a loyal friend and subject. His eldest son distinguished himself in the Dutch wars.

It looks as heaven our ruin had designed,
 And durst not crust thy fortune and thy mind.
 Now, free from earth, thy disencumbered soul 850
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole:
 From thence thy kindred legions may'st thou bring,
 To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight;
 No pinions can pursue immortal height:
 Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
 Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
 To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
 Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see 860
 If thou canst find on earth another *he*:
 Another *he* would be too hard to find;
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
 Zadoc²⁹ the priest, whom, shunning power and place,
 His lowly mind advanced to David's grace.
 With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,³⁰
 Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
 Him of the western dome,³¹ whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
 The prophets' sons, by such example led, 870
 To learning and to loyalty were bred:
 For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
 And never rebel was to arts a friend.
 To these succeed the pillars of the laws,
 Who best could plead, and best can judge a cause.
 Next them a train of loyal peers ascend:
 Sharp-judging Adriel,³² the Muses' friend,
 Himself a Muse—in Sanhedrin's debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state,

²⁹ The Archbishop of Canterbury, Sancroft.

³⁰ The Bishop of London.

³¹ The Dean of Westminster. The "prophets' sons" are the boys of Westminster School.

³² The Earl of Mulgrave, Dryden's patron, was given two of the offices which were formerly held by the Duke of Monmouth.

Whom David's love with honors did adorn, 880
 That from his disobedient son were torn.
 Jotham³³ of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
 Endued by nature, and by learning taught
 To move assemblies, who but only tried
 The worse a while, then chose the better side:
 Nor chose alone, but turned the balance too;
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.
 Hushai³⁴ the friend of David in distress;
 In public storms, of manly steadfastness:
 By foreign treaties he informed his youth, 890
 And joined experience to his native truth.
 His frugal care supplied the wanting throne;
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
 'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow,
 But hard the task to manage well the low;
 For sovereign power is too depressed or high,
 When kings are forced to sell, or crowds to buy.
 Indulge one labor more, my weary Muse,
 For Amiel:³⁵ who can Amiel's praise refuse?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet 900
 In his own worth, and without title great:
 The Sanhedrin long time as chief he ruled,
 Their reason guided, and their passion cooled:
 So dext'rous was he in the crown's defense,
 So formed to speak a loyal nation's sense,
 That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
 They, like the unequal ruler of the day, 910
 Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;

³³ George Saville, the Marquis of Halifax, though related by marriage to Shaftesbury and in sympathy with his political principles, opposed the bill to exclude the Duke of York from succession to the throne.

³⁴ Lawrence Hyde, later Earl of Rochester, a patron of Dryden and the holder of various diplomatic offices.

³⁵ Edward Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons.

While he withdrawn at their mad labor smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dared to stand
And tempt the united fury of the land.
With grief they viewed such powerful engines bent,
To batter down the lawful government:
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume the regal rights; 920
The true successor from the court removed;
The Plot, by hireling witnesses, improved.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They showed the king the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease;
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down;
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turned the Plot to ruin Church and State; 930
The council violent, the rabble worse;
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppressed,
And long revolving in his careful breast
The event of things, at last, his patience tired,
Thus from his royal throne, by heaven inspired,
The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

"Thus long have I, by native mercy swayed,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delayed: 940
So willing to forgive the offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
The offenders question my forgiving right.
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule, for that's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood, my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.

Yet, since they will divert my native course,
 Tis time to show I am not good by force. 950
 Those heaped affronts that haughty subjects bring,
 Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
 Kings are the public pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight;
 If my young Samson will pretend a call
 To shake the column, let him share the fall:
 But O that yet he would repent and live!
 How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
 With how few tears a pardon might be won
 From nature, pleading for a darling son! 960
 Poor pitied youth, by my paternal care
 Raised up to all the height his frame could bear!
 Had God ordained his fate for empire born,
 He would have given his soul another turn:
 Gulled with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
 Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
 The people's brave, the politician's tool;
 Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
 Whence comes it that religion and the laws
 Should more be Absalom's than David's cause? 970
 His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
 Was never thought indued with so much grace.
 Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
 My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
 Would *they* impose an heir upon the throne?
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their own.
 A king's at least a part of government,
 And mine as requisite as their consent;
 Without my leave a future king to choose,
 Infers a right the present to depose. 980
 True, they petition me to approve their choice,
 But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
 My pious subjects for my safety pray,
 Which to secure, they take my power away.
 From plots and treasons heaven preserve my years,

But save me most from my petitioners!
 Unsate as the barren womb or grave;
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
 What then is left, but with a jealous eye
 To guard the small remains of royalty? 990
 The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
 And the same law teach rebels to obey:
 Votes shall no more established power control—
 Such votes as make a part exceed the whole:
 No groundless clamors shall my friends remove,
 Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
 For gods and godlike kings their care express,
 Still to defend their servants in distress.
 O that my power to saving were confined!
 Why am I forced, like heaven, against my mind, 1000
 To make examples of another kind?
 Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
 O curst effects of necessary law!
 How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
 Beware the fury of a patient man.
 Law they require, let Law then show her face;
 They could not be content to look on Grace,
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
 To tempt the terror of her front and die.
 By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed, 1010
 Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
 Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
 Till viper-like their mother Plot they tear;
 And sucTIOr nutriment that bloody gore,
 Which was their principle of life before.
 Their Belial with their Belzebub will fight;
 Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
 Nor doubt the event; for factious crowds engage
 In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
 Then let 'em take an unresisted course; 1020
 Retire, and traverse, and delude their force;
 But, when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,

And rise upon 'em with redoubled might;
 For lawful power is still superior found;
 When long driven back, at length it stands the ground."

He said. The Almighty, nodding, gave consent;
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
 Henceforth a series of new time began,
 The mighty years in long procession ran:
 Once more the godlike David was restored, 1030
 And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

*To the Pious Memory of the Accomplished Young Lady
 Mrs. Anne Killigrew
 Excellent in the Two Sister Arts of Poesy and Painting
 An Ode*

I

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
 Made in the last promotion of the blest,
 Whose palms, new plucked from paradise,
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with immortal green above the rest;
 Whether, adopted to some neighboring star,
 Thou roll'st above us in thy wandering race,
 Or in procession fixed and regular,
 Moved with the heaven's majestic pace,
 Or called to more superior bliss, 10
 Thou tread'st with seraphim the vast abyss:
 Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space;
 Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
 Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse
 In no ignoble verse,
 But such as thy own voice did practice here,

When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there, 20
 While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of heaven.

II

If by traduction came thy mind,
 Our wonder is the less to find
 A soul so charming from a stock so good;
 Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
 So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
 An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
 But if thy pre-existing soul
 Was formed at first with myriads more, 30
 It did through all the mighty poets roll
 Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
 And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
 If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
 Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore,
 Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
 Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
 Return, to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial kind!

in

May we presume to say that at thy birth
 New joy was sprung in heaven as well as here on earth? 40
 For sure the milder planets did combine
 On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
 And even the most malicious were in trine.¹
 Thy brother-angels at thy birth
 Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high,
 That all the people of the sky
 Might know a poetess was born on earth;
 And then, if ever, mortal ears

¹A good omen.

Had heard the music of the spheres.
 And if no clustering swarm of bees
 On thy sweet mouth distilled their golden dew,² 50
 'Twas that such vulgar miracles
 Heaven had not leisure to renew;
 For all the blest fraternity of love
 Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above.

IV

O gracious God! how far have we
 Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy!
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debased to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordained above 60
 For tongues of angels and for hymns of love!
 O wretched we! why were we hurried down
 This lubric and adulterate age
 (Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
 To increase the steaming ordures of the stage?
 What can we say to excuse our second fall?
 Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all:
 Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,
 Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled;
 Her wit was more than man; her innocence a child. 70

V

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
 For nature did that want supply;
 So rich in treasures of her own,
 She might our boasted stores defy:
 Such noble vigor did her verse adorn
 That it seemed borrowed where 'twas only born.
 Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
 By great examples daily fed,

² The allusion is to the settling of bees on the lips of the sleeping infant Plato, foretelling his eloquence.

What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
 And to be read herself she need not fear; 80
 Each test and every light her Muse will bear,
 Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.⁸
 Even love (for love sometimes her Muse expressed)
 Was but a lambent flame which played about her breast,
 Light as the vapors of a morning dream;
 So cold herself, whilst she such warmth expressed,
 'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
 One would have thought she should have been content
 To manage well that mighty government; 90
 But what can young, ambitious souls confine?
 To the next realm she stretched her sway,
 For Painture near adjoining lay,
 A plenteous province and alluring prey:
 A chamber of dependences was framed
 (As conquerors will never want pretense,
 When armed, to justify the offense),
 And the whole fief in right of Poetry she claimed.
 The country open lay without defense,
 For poets frequent inroads there had made, 100
 And perfectly could represent
 The shape, the face, with every lineament;
 And all the large demesnes which the dumb Sister swayed,
 All bowed beneath her government,
 Received in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
 Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed,
 And oft the happy draught surpassed the image in her mind:
 The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks
 And fruitful plains and barren rocks;
 Of shallow brooks that flowed so clear no

⁸ Epictetus, a Greek Stoic philosopher, had an earthenware lamp, which after his death was sold for a large sum of money.

The bottom did the top appear;
 Of deeper too and ampler floods,
 Which, as in mirrors, showed the woods;
 Of lofty trees, with sacred shades
 And perspectives of pleasant glades,
 Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
 And shaggy satyrs standing near,
 Which them at once admire and fear;
 The ruins, too, of some majestic piece,
 Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece, 120
 Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
 And, though defaced, the wonder of the eye.
 What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
 Her forming hand gave feature to the name;
 So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before
 But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII

The scene then changed: with bold, erected look
 Our martial king⁴ the sight with reverence strook,
 For, not content to express his outward part,
 Her hand called out the image of his heart; 130
 His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
 His high designing thoughts were figured there,
 As when by magic, ghosts are made appear.
 Our phoenix queen was portrayed, too, so bright
 Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
 Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
 Were all observed, as well as heavenly face;
 With such a peerless majesty she stands
 As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands;
 Before a train of heroines was seen— 140
 In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.
 Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
 But, like a ball of fire, the farther thrown,

⁴ James II.

Still with a greater blaze she shone,
 And her bright soul broke out on every side.
 What next she had designed, heaven only knows:
 To such immoderate growth her conquest rose
 That fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
 The well-proportioned shape, and beauteous face, 150
 Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
 In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
 Not wit nor piety could fate prevent;
 Nor was the cruel destiny content
 To finish all the murder at a blow,
 To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
 But, like a hardened felon, took a pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plundered first, and then destroyed.
 Oh, double sacrilege on things divine, 160
 To rob the relic and deface the shrine!
 But thus Orinda died:⁵
 Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
 As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
 His waving streamers to the winds displays,
 And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
 Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear;
 The winds too soon will waft thee here!
 Slack all thy sails, and fear to come; 170
 Alas! thou know'st not thou art wrecked at homel
 No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face;

⁵ The poetess, Katherine Philips. Both Katherine Philips and Anne Killigrew died of smallpox.

Thou hast already had her last embrace.
 But look aloft; and if thou kenn'st from far,
 Among the Pleiads, a new-kindled star,
 If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

x

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
 To raise the nations under ground;
 When in the Valley of Jehoshaphat⁶ 180
 The judging God shall close the book of fate,
 And there the last assizes keep
 For those who wake and those who sleep;
 When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky;
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead;⁷
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
 For they are covered with the lightest ground, 190
 And straight, with inborn vigor, on the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
 There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shalt go,
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
 The way which thou so well hast learned below.

*Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of Music
 An Ode in Honor of St. Cecilia's Day*

I

Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:

⁶ "Let the heathen be wakened and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat: for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about." *Joel* 3:12.

⁷ For the story of the dry bones clothed with flesh see *Ezekiel* 37: 1-14.

Aloft in awful state,
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne;
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 (So should desert in arms be crowned).
 The lovely Thais,¹ by his side,
 Sat like a blooming Eastern bride, 10
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

ii

Timotheus,² placed on high 20
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above
 (Such is the power of mighty love).
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

¹ An Athenian courtesan accompanying Alexander the Great back to Asja.

² Not the great musician who died B. c. 357, but a musician of such skill that he could control the moods of Alexander,

When he to fair Olympia³ pressed; 30
 And while he sought her snowy breast:
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
 "A present deity!" they shout around;
 "A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears;
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod, 40
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears;
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes:
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums! 50
 Flushed with a purple grace,
 He shows his honest face:
 Now give the hautboys breath! he comes, he comes!
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain:
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain. 60

³ Olympia for Olympias, the mother of Alexander. Heroes liked to derive their ancestry from the gods.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below; 90
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

V

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian⁵ measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 "War," he sung, "is toil and trouble;
 Honor, but an empty bubble; 100
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying.
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
 Take the good the gods provide thee."
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair 110:10
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair

⁸ Sensuous music, distinguished from the sterner Doric measures.

Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again; 120
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again:
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head;
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around. 130
 "Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus cries;
 "See the Furies arise!
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain: 140
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew!
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods!"⁶
 The princes applaud with a furious joy,
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,

⁶ After capturing Persepolis, Alexander destroyed the palaces by fire. There is only very slight authority for the story that Thais incited the deed

To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy. 150

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire. 160
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame:
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.¹ 170

GRAND CHORUS

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame:
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,

¹ See the treatment in art, notably Raphael's painting.

With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down. 180

v

*Song: Ah, Fading Joy*¹

Ah, fading joy, how quickly art thou past!
 Yet we thy ruin haste.
 As if the cares of the human life were few,
 We seek out new,
 And follow fate, that does 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:
 Why then should man, the lord of all below, 10
 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.

*Song*¹

I

Wherever I am, and whatever I do,²
 My Phyllis is still in my mind;
 When angry, I mean not to Phyllis to go;

¹ From *The Indian Emperor*.

¹ From *The Conquest of Granada*.

² Dryden helped to popularize the anapaestic measure in the Restoration.

My feet of themselves the way find:
 Unknown to myself I am just at her door;
 And when I would rail, I can bring out no more
 Than: "Phyllis, too fair and unkind!"

II

When Phyllis I see, my heart bounds in my breast,
 And the love I would stifle is shown;
 But asleep or awake, I am never at rest 10
 When from my eyes Phyllis is gone.
 Sometimes a sad dream does delude my sad mind;
 But, alas! when I awake, and no Phyllis I find,
 How I sigh to myself all alone!

III

Should a king be my rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his treasure in vain.
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my Phyllis again!
 Let Phyllis be mine, and but ever be kind,
 I could to a desert with her be confined, 20
 And envv no monarch his reign.

IV

Alas! I discover too much of my love,
 And she too well knows her own power!
 She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour:
 But let her each rrfinite torment my poor mind,
 I had rather love Phyllis, both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her power.

*Song: Ah, How Sweet It Is to Love*¹

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;
 Even the tears they shed alone
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart. 10
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use,
 Treat them 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; 20
 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.

*Mercury's Song to Phcedra*¹

Fair Iris I love and hourly I die,
 But not for a lip nor a languishing eye:

¹ From *Tyrannic Love*.

¹ From *Amphitryon*.

She's fickle and false, and there we agree;
 For I am as false and as fickle as she:
 We neither believe what either can say;
 And, neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear and say things of course;
 We mean not the taking for better or worse.
 When present, we love; when absent, agree;
 I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me: 10
 The legend of love no couple can find
 So easy to part, or so equally joined.

*Song Sung by Venus in Honor of Britannia*¹
 I

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
 Seat of pleasures and of loves;
 Venus here will choose her dwelling,
 And forsake her Cyprian groves.

II

Cupid from his favorite nation
 Care and envy will remove;
 Jealousy, that poisons passion,
 And despair, that dies for love.

III

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
 Sighs that blow the fire of love; 10
 Soft repulses, kind disdainings,
 Shall be all the pains you prove.

¹ From *King Arthur*.

IV

Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renowned for love.

*Song**to a Minuet*¹

How happy the lover,
How easy his chain,
How pleasing his pain!
How sweet to discover
He sighs not in vain!
For love every creature
Is formed by his nature;
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

In vain are our graces
In vain are your eyes,
If love you despise;
When age furrows faces,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short blessing
That flies in possessing:
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

10

¹ From *King Arthur*.

Thomas Craherne 1634 (?)' -1674

TRAHERNE'S poems and his prose *Centuries of Meditation* have come to us in a dramatic way. One day in 1897 a man with some knowledge of literature found on a London book-stall two interesting manuscripts priced at a few pence each. He later sold them to the learned Dr. Grosart, who identified the poems as the work of Vaughan. Before Dr. Grosart completed the edition of Vaughan which he was preparing, he died; and by good fortune the manuscripts came into the hands of Bertram Dobell, the publisher. Mr. Dobell did a clever piece of detective work which definitely proved the poems to be by Traherne, and published them in 1903.

In thought many of Traherne's poems might well be taken for Vaughan's, for they show the same conception of childhood as a state but little removed from a heavenly pre-existence. Traherne, however, draws a philosophy from the recollection of his own childhood which goes deeper than Vaughan's or that of any other poet of childhood except Blake. What he knew by intuition in his childhood he feels to be real; false values originating in warped social and economic systems have been taught to him. The natural attitude toward nature and people is that which he felt as a child and described in the third meditation of the "Third Century" of his prose meditations:

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged

¹ White, *The Metaphysical Poets*, p. 316.

seem! Immortal Cherubim! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels.

Traherne's problem was how man could regain this child-like attitude and so find true happiness. He came to the conclusion that happiness was a mental state and that to establish it one must have such inner resources as the *active* enjoyment of nature, people, and God. He argued that everything was of God; that God is love; and that therefore nature is good and beautiful and true, itself a revelation of God. He found happiness in identifying himself with nature, feeling that, "You never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars." He was surer than Vaughan that God could be found in man at his best. He could not, therefore, be happy when others were unhappy and was charitable far beyond his means. Enjoyment of God, he felt, was through the pleasure to be found in the universe and in mankind; he went even further and said that God Himself could not enjoy His own creation except through man, for God's happiness consisted in seeing man happy. Felicity for Traherne lay in an attitude and in the intellectual perception of the highest values, not in a physical state. Unlike Rousseau he did not demand a return to primitivism. He admired the simplicity of "those barbarous people that go naked," but not their lack of knowledge. One could find a more genuine happiness by exerting "the highest reason" to discover a true scale of values for life within a complex civilization.

Traherne, like Vaughan, was of Welsh descent, though he was born and reared in Hereford. His father was a shoemaker, and his family was poor; but he had a happy childhood, filled with an ecstatic joy in nature which reminds one of Wordsworth's boyhood experiences. Though he complains of his early education, he had excellent training at Oxford Uni-

versity. He received his B.A. in 1657, his M.A. in 1661, and his B.D. in 1669. Having decided to pursue "felicity" even if it meant living in poverty, he entered the church. He had been country rector at Credenhill for ten years and private chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Keeper of the Seals, for two years before he took his B.D. When Sir Orlando lost his office three years later, he kept Traherne with him in his retirement. Both died in the same year.

Traherne's poetry has great vigor, but often lacks the lyrical power to sustain it. There are many awkward expressions, imperfect rhymes, and padded rhythms. At times the thought, breaking through the pattern, pours out in free verse, interesting to compare with Walt Whitman's. It is this zest and impetuosity which transcend Traherne's technical imperfections and his limited range of subject.

Wonder

How like an angel came I down!
 How bright are all things here!
 When first among His works I did appear
 Oh, how their glory me did crown!
 The world resembled His eternity,
 In which my soul did walk;
 And everything that I did see
 Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
 The lively, lovely air,
 Oh, how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair I
 The stars did entertain my sense,
 And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
 So rich and great did seem,
 As if they must endure
 In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
 Within my bones did grow;

And while my God did all His glories show,
I felt a vigor in my sense 20
That was all spirit. I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine;
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine.

Harsh ragged objects were concealed;
Oppressions, tears, and cries,
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes
Were hid, and only things revealed
Which heavenly spirits and the angels prize.
The state of innocence 30
And bliss, not trades and poverties,
Did fill my sense.

The streets were paved with golden stones,
The boys and girls were mine,
Oh, how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones,
In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
And everything which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
Adorned the ground. 40

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen;
Rare splendors, yellow, blue, red, white, and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great wonders clothed with glory did appear,
Amazement was my bliss,
That and my wealth was everywhere;
No joy to this!

Cursed and devised properties,
With envy, avarice, 50
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even paradise,
Flew from the splendor of mine eyes;

And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds:
 I dreamed not aught of those,
 But wandered over all men's grounds,
 And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine,
 And hedges ornaments;
 Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
 Did not divide my joys, but all combine. 60
 Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
 My joys by others worn:
 For me they all to wear them seemed
 When I was born.

Innocence

I

But that which most I wonder at, which most
 I did esteem my bliss, which most I boast,
 And ever shall enjoy, is that within
 I felt no stain nor spot of sin.

No darkness then did overshadow,
 But all within was pure and bright;
 No guilt did crush nor fear invade,
 But all my soul was full of light.

A joyful sense and purity
 Is all I can remember; 10
 The very night to me was bright,
 'Twas summer in December.

II

A serious meditation did employ
 My soul within, which taken up with joy

Did seem no outward thing to note, but fly
 All objects that do feed the eye,

While it those very objects did
 Admire and prize and praise and love,
 Which in their glory most are hid,
 Which presence only doth remove. 20

Their constant daily presence I
 Rejoicing at, did see,
 And that which takes them from the eye
 Of others offered them to me.

III

No inward inclination did I feel
 To avarice or pride; my soul did kneel
 In admiration all the day. No lust, nor strife,
 Polluted then my infant life.

No fraud nor anger in me moved,
 No malice, jealousy, or spite; 30
 All that I saw I truly loved:
 Contentment only and delight

Were in my soul. O heaven! what bliss
 Did I enjoy and feel!
 What powerful delight did this
 Inspire! for this I daily kneel.

IV

Whether it be that nature is so pure,
 And custom only vicious; or that sure
 God did by miracle the guilt remove,
 And made my soul to feel His love 40

So early; or that 'twas one day,
 Wherein this happiness I found,
 Whose strength and brightness so do ray,
 That still it seems me to surround—

Whate'er it is, it is a light
 So endless unto me
 That I a world of true delight
 Did then, and to this day do see.

v

That prospect was the gate of heaven, that day
 The ancient light of Eden did convey 50
 Into my soul: I was an Adam there,
 A little Adam in a sphere

Of joys! Oh, there my ravished sense
 Was entertained in paradise,
 And had a sight of innocence,
 Which was beyond all bound and price.

An antepast of heaven sure!
 I on the earth did reign;
 Within, without me, all was pure:
 I must become a child again. 60

On News

News from a foreign country came,
 As if my treasure and my wealth lay there:
 So much it^lid my heart inflame!
 'Twas wont to call my Soul into my ear,
 Which thither went to meet
 The approaching sweet,
 And on the threshold stood,
To entertain the unknown Good.

It hovered there
 As if 'twould leave mine ear, 10
 And was so eager to embrace
 The joyful tidings as they came,
 'Twould almost leave its dwelling-place,
 To entertain the same.

As if the tidings were the things,
 My very joys themselves, my foreign treasure,
 Or else did bear them on their wings;
 With so much joy they came, with so much pleasure.
 My Soul stood at that gate
 To recreate 20
 Itself with bliss and to
 Be pleased with speed. A fuller view
 It fain would take,
 Yet journeys back would make
 Unto my heart: as if 'twould fain
 Go out to meet, yet stay within
 To fit a place, to entertain,
 And bring the tidings in.

What sacred instinct did inspire
 My Soul in childhood with a hope so strong? 30
 What secret force moved my desire
 To expect my joys beyond the seas, so young?
 Felicity I knew
 Was out of view:
 And being here alone,
 I saw that happiness was gone
 From me! For this,
 I thirsted absent bliss,
 And thought that sure beyond the seas,
 Or else in something near at hand 40
 I knew not yet (since nought did please
 I knew), my bliss did stand.

New burnished joys,
 Which yellow gold and pearls excel! 20
 Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,
 In which a soul doth dwell;
 Their organized joints and azure veins
 More wealth include than all the world contains.

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 day, the skies,
 The sun and stars are mine if those I prize. 30

Long time before
 I in my mother's womb was born,
 A God, preparing, did this glorious store,
 The world, for me adorn.
 Into this Eden so divine and fair,
 So wide and bright, I come His son and heir.

A stranger here
 Strange things doth meet, strange glories see;
 Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear,
 Strange all and new to me; 40
 But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
 That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

Shadows in the Water

In unexperienced 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; 10
And while the lofty spacious skies
Reversed there, abused mine eyes,
 I fancied other feet
 Came mine to touch or meet;
As by some puddle I did play
Another world within it lay.

Beneath the water people drowned,
Yet with another heaven crowned,
In spacious regions seemed to go
As freely moving to and fro: 20

 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; 30
And other confines there behold
Of light and darkness, heat and cold.

I called them oft, but called 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. 40

With restless longing, heavenly avarice,
 That never could be satisfied,
 That did incessantly a paradise 10
 Unknown suggest, and something undescried
 Discern, and bear me to it; be
 Thy Name for ever praised by me.

My parched and withered bones
 Burnt up did seem; my soul was full of groans;
 My thoughts extensions were:
 Like paces, reaches, steps they did appear;
 They somewhat hotly did pursue,
 Knew that they had not all their due,
 Nor ever quiet were, 20
 But made my flesh like hungry, thirsty ground,
 My heart a deep profound abyss,
 And every joy and pleasure but a wound,
 So long as I my blessedness did miss.
 O happiness! A famine burns,
 And all my life to anguish turns!

Where are the silent streams,
 The living waters and the glorious beams,
 The sweet reviving bowers,
 The shady groves, the sweet and curious flowers, 30
 The springs and trees, the heavenly days,
 The flow'ry meads, and glorious rays,
 The gold and silver towers?
 Alas! all these are poor and empty things!
 Trees, waters, days, and shining beams,
 Fruits, flowers, bowers, shady groves, and springs,
 No joy will yield, no more than silent streams;
 Those are but dead material toys,
 And cannot make my heavenly joys.

O love! Ye amities, 40
 And friendships that appear above the skies!

Ye feasts and living pleasures!
 Ye senses, honors, and imperial treasures!
 Ye bridal joys! ye high delights
 That satisfy all appetites!
 Ye sweet affections, and
 Ye high respects! Whatever joys there be
 In triumphs, whatsoever stand
 In amicable sweet society,
 Whatever pleasures are at His right hand, 50
 Ye must before I am divine,
 In full propriety be mine.

This soaring, sacred thirst,
 Ambassador of bliss, approached first,
 Making a place in me
 That made me apt to prize, and taste, and see.
 For not the objects, but the sense
 Of things * doth bliss to our souls dispense,
 And make it, Lord, like Thee.
 Sense, feeling, taste, complacency, and sight, 60
 These are the true and real joys,
 The living, flowing, inward, melting, bright,
 And heavenly pleasures; all the rest are toys:
 All which are founded in desire,
 As light in flame and heat in fire.

The Choice

When first eternity stooped to nought
 And in the earth its likeness sought,
 When first it out of nothing framed the skies,
 And formed the moon and sun
 That we might see what it had done,
 It was so wise,
 That it did prize

¹ Notice the Platonism of this statement.

We might by it become divine,
 Being led to woo
 The thing we view,
 And as chaste virgins early with it join,
 That with it we might likewise shine.

Eternity doth give the richest things
 To every man, and makes all kings.
 The best and richest things it doth convey
 To all, and every one;

It raised me unto a throne! 50
 Which I enjoy
 In such a way,

That truth her daughter is my chiefest bride,
 Her daughter truth's my chiefest pride.

All mine! And seen so easily! How great, how blest!
 How soon am I of all possessed!

My infancy no sooner opes its eyes,
 But straight the spacious earth
 Abounds with joy, peace, glory, mirth,
 And being wise 60
 The very skies,

And stars do mine become; being all possessed
 Even in that way that is the best.

The Recovery

To see us but receive, is such a sight
 As makes His treasures infinite!
 Because His goodness doth possess
 In us, His own, and our own blessedness.
 Yea more, His love doth take delight
 To make our glory infinite;
 Our blessedness to see
 Is even to the Deity

A beatific vision! He attains
 His ends while we enjoy. In us He reigns. 10

For God enjoyed is all His end.
 Himself He then doth comprehend
 When He is blessed, magnified,
 Extolled, exalted, praised, and glorified,
 Honored, esteemed, beloved, enjoyed,
 Admired, sanctified, obeyed,
 That is received. For He
 Doth place His whole felicity
 In that: who is despised and defied,
 Undeified almost if once denied.

30

In all His works, in all His ways,
 We must His glory see and praise;
 And since our pleasure is the end,
 We must His goodness and His love attend.
 If we despise His glorious works,
 Such sin and mischief in it lurks
 That they are all made in vain;
 And this is even endless pain
 To Him that sees it: whose diviner grief
 Is hereupon (ah me!) without relief.

30

We please His goodness that receive;
 Refusers Him of all bereave,
 As bridegrooms know full well that build
 A palace for their bride. It will not yield
 Any delight to him at all
 If she for whom he made the hall
 Refuse to dwell in it,
 Or plainly scorn the benefit.
 Her act that's wooed yields more delight and pleasure
 If she receives, than all the pile of treasure.

40

But we have hands, and lips, and eyes,
 And hearts and souls can sacrifice;
 And souls themselves are made in vain
 If we our evil stubbornness retain.

Affections, praises, are the things
 For which He gave us all those springs;
 They are the very fruits
 Of all those trees and roots,
 The fruits and ends of all His great endeavors,
 Which he abolisheth whoever severs. 50

'Tis not alone a lively sense,
 A clear and quick intelligence,
 A free, profound, and full esteem;
 Though these elixirs all and ends do seem:
 But gratitude, thanksgiving, praise,
 A heart returned for all those joys,
 These are the things admired,
 These are the things by Him desired:
 These are the nectar and the quintessence,
 The cream and flower that most affect His sense. 60

The voluntary act whereby
 These are repaid is in His eye
 More precious than the very sky.
 All gold and silver is but empty dross,
 Rubies and sapphires are but loss,
 The very sun, and stars, and seas
 Far less His spirit please:
 One voluntary act of love
 Far more delightful to His soul doth prove,
 And is above all these as far as love. 70

The Rapture [2]

A Thanksgiving and Prayer for the Nation

O Lord, the children of my people are Thy peculiar treasures.
 Make them mine, O God, even while I have them,
 My lovely companions, like Eve in Eden!
 So much my treasure that all other wealth is without them

But dross and poverty.
 Do they not adorn and beautify the world,
 And gratify my soul, which hateth solitude!
 Thou, Lord, hast made Thy servant a sociable creature, for
 which I praise Thy Name,
 A lover of company, a delighter in equals;
 Replenish the inclination which Thyself hath implanted, 10
 And give me eyes
 To see the beauty of that life and comfort
 Wherewith those by their actions
 Inspire the nations.
 Their markets, tillage, courts of judicature, marriages, feasts
 and assemblies, navies, armies,
 Priests and Sabbaths, trades and business, the voice of the
 bridegroom, musical instruments, the light of candles,
 and the grinding of mills,
 Are comfortable— O Lord, let them not cease!
 The riches of the land are all the materials of my
 Felicity in their hands.
 They are my factors, substitutes, and stewards; 20
 Second selves, who by trade and business animate my wealth,
 Which else would be dead and rust in my hands.
 But when I consider, O Lord, how they come unto Thy
 temples, fill Thy courts, and sing Thy praise,
 O how wonderful they then appear!
 What stars,
 Enflaming suns,
 Enlarging seas
 Of Divine affection,
 Confirming patterns,
 Infusing influence, , 30
 Do I feel in these!
 Who are the shining light
 Of all the land (to my very soul):
 Wings and streams
 Carrying me unto Thee, 40
 The sea of goodness from whence they came.

Charles Sackville, EARL OF DORSET 1638-1706

THE poets of the "comic opera of the Restoration" had as their model Ovid, both in the smoothness of his verse and in his immorality. Their business was to be cynical, amusing, impudent, and amorous; they were interrupted by serious affairs. The one theme of their poetry was love; and in the gallery of Chloes, Phyllises, and Dorindas which they have celebrated, it is difficult to distinguish the individual artist except in the case of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

In a dissolute court these courtiers vied with each other in wickedness, admitting only the king to superiority. Indeed, the amusing anecdote of the king and Shaftesbury may well be true:

"I believe thou art the wickedest dog in England," the king accused Shaftesbury.

Shaftesbury quickly replied, "May it please your Majesty, of a *subject*, I believe I am."

We cannot here thread our way through the tedious labyrinth of wickedness which was the life of Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, before he reached middle age. In the days when the king, the Duke of Buckingham, Rochester, Sedley, and Dorset were boon companions, feverishly seeking out new sensations, it is hard to say what wild pranks may not have taken place and what loose living openly flaunted. Boredom was the chief crime, and to be witty and debonair was to be virtuous. Dorset's most famous song, "To All You Ladies Now at Land," gives him an indisputable claim to both wit and gaiety.

We can, however, say more for Dorset. He was brave and ready to defend his country, as is shown by the fact that he was a volunteer with the Duke of York in the Dutch War of 1665. He was always a good friend and could be counted on in trouble to bail one out of prison or to pay one's fine. Dryden thought enough of his critical ability to make him one of the characters in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. When he reached middle age he became more serious and won a

distinguished place in public life. After the Restoration he had a seat in Parliament; he took his stand with the Protestants in the struggle against James II.; and finally he attained the high office of Lord Chamberlain.

His natural kindness and great love of literature led Dorset to become one of the leading patrons of the poets. Through the two earldoms which he inherited as sixth Earl of Dorset and fourth Earl of Middlesex, he had two great country estates near London in addition to his town house. The Dorset estate, Knole, is said to have had "more rooms than any house in England," and these rooms were often full of poets, whether great or minor figures. Here we find Dryden, Otway, Lee, and Congreve. At Copt Hall, the Middlesex estate, Etherege, Matthew Prior, and many others gathered. Dorset freely gave not only his hospitality but also his wealth and encouragement. Unfortunately his taste was somewhat indiscriminating, and the patron of Dryden also secured the laureateship for Tate and then Shadwell.

In his own day Dorset was known as an imitator of Horace. He frequently used Horace's theme of inconstancy of love in youth and constancy of love in age. Dryden in his *Discourse on the Original and Progress of Satire* compared him with Horace in his brevity and conciseness, in his ability to turn a fine phrase, and in his genial tone. His satiric lyrics are also Horatian in their delightful raillery which makes no pretense at didacticism.

Song

*Written at Sea, in the First Dutch War, 1665,
the Night Before the Engagement*

To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune, too,

We must implore to write to you—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind 10
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way;
The tide shall bring them twice a day— 20
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old;
But let him know it is our tears
Brings floods of grief to Whitehall stairs—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Should foggy Opdam¹ chance to know
Our sad and dismal story, 30
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;

¹ A Dutch admiral.

Let Dutchmen vapor, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find:
 'Tis then no matter how things go, 40
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

To pass our tedious hours away,
 We throw a merry main,
 Or else at serious ombre play;
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's ruin thus pursue?
 We were undone when we left you—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

But now our fears tempestuous grow 50
 And cast our hopes away,
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play;
 Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand or flirt your fan—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in every note
 As if it sighed with each man's care
 For being so remote, 60
 Think then how often love we've made
 To you when all those tunes were played—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

In justice *you* cannot refuse
 To think of our distress,
 When we for hopes of honor lose
 Our certain happiness:
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la! 70

And now we've told you all our loves
 And likewise all our fears,
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity from your tears;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy;
 We have too much of that at sea—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

The Advice

Phyllis, for shame, let us improve
 A thousand several ways
 These few short minutes, stolen by love
 From many tedious days.

Whilst you want courage to despise
 The censure of the grave,
 For all the tyrant's in your eyes,
 Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
 And never will submit
 To let that fop, discretion, ride
 In triumph over wit.

10

False friends I have, as well as you,
 That daily counsel me
 Vain frivolous trifles to pursue,
 And leave off loving thee.

When I the least belief bestow
 On what such fools advise,
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Most miserably wise.

20

Sir Charles Sedley 1639(?) - 1701

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, like Dorset, was a courtier in the time of Charles II., a patron of men of letters, and a friend of Dryden immortalized in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. He spent his first twenty-four years in the country and did not come to court until three years after the Restoration. In spite of his country up-bringing, he gained immediate recognition among that group whom Pepys called "cursed loose company . . . though full of wit; and worth a man's being in once to know the nature of it, and their manner of talk, and lives." He was a good conversationalist and companion, and he could catch at pleasure as lightly as any or concoct pranks too risqué for anyone but Dorset to share. One of these, in fact, was so publicly indecent that he and Dorset were sharply reprovéd by the Lord Chief Justice. Rochester, Wycherley, Butler, and Buckingham came to him for advice, and Charles II., observing this fact, inquired if nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's viceroy.

Sedley's life was not all play. After James II. came to the throne, he held a seat in the House of Commons, and he remained prominent in political life until during the reign of William of Orange. Finally, he returned to the country and ended his long life in quiet.

Sedley's brilliancy is tempered by a tenderness that is very unusual in these courtiers. Buckingham found this quality very pleasing and speaks of "Sedley's witchcraft"; Rochester wrote a poem beginning "Sedley has that prevailing gentle art." His plays are forgotten, and few know that he wrote a rhymed *Antony and Cleopatra*. It is for his songs that we give Sedley a permanent place in literature, and such a song as "Love still hath something of the sea" accords him a very high place among the court wits.

Song

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 becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main 10
Some angry wind in cruel sport
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
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. 20

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 gazed a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

Song

Hears not my Phyllis how the birds
 Their feathered mates salute?
 They tell their passions in their words;
 Must I alone be mute?
 Phyllis, 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. 10
 Phyllis, without frown or smile,
 Sat and knotted all the while.

So many months in silence passed,
 And yet in raging love,
 Might well deserve one word at last
 My passion should approve.
 Phyllis, without frown or smile,
 Sat and knotted all the while.

Must then your faithful swain expire,
 And not one look obtain, 20
 Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
 Might pleasingly explain?
 Phyllis, without frown or smile,
 Sat and knotted all the while.

Song

Not, Celia, that I juster am
 Or better than the rest,
 For I would change each hour like them,
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee,
 By every thought I have;
 Thy face I only care to see,
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored,
 In thy dear self I find, 10
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
 And still make love anew?
 When change itself can give no more,
 'Tis easy to be true.

Phyllis

Phyllis is my only joy,
 Faithless as the winds or seas;
 Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
 Yet she never fails to please;
 If with a frown
 I am cast down,
 Phyllis smiling,
 And beguiling,
 Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas! too late I find 10
 Nothing can her fancy fix,
 Yet the moment she is kind,
 I forgive her all her tricks;
 Which though I see,
 I can't get free;
 She deceiving,
 I believing;
 What need lovers wish for more?

John Wilmot, EARL OF ROCHESTER 1647-1680

JOHN WILMOT succeeded his father as second Earl of Rochester when he was about ten years old. He was very precocious in both learning and social life. He contributed to the university collections of verse, and he received his M.A. from Oxford shortly before he was fifteen. He gained further education by foreign travel with a tutor, who made him "perfectly in love with knowledge, by engaging him in books suitable to his inclinations." Whether through his tutor or through influential friends, he was received into the Court of Louis XIV. at Versailles, and in spite of his youth was much favored by the French ladies.

Upon his return to England he was established at the Court of Charles II., where he was a leader among the court wits and a companion of the king in spite of the fact that his scandalous behavior and effrontery led the king to dismiss him in disgrace on the average of once a year. He was a lover of practical jokes, usually directed toward the seduction of women, but characterized by humor and fine acting. To him life was a comedy played in many different settings, and he could overtop all his ingenious friends in inventing clever and wildly impudent roles. It was Rochester who could make existence perpetually astonishing, and so it came about that whenever the originator of some folly was unknown, the blame was laid on Rochester.

Rochester was not at this time wholly engrossed in the life at court and was still sensitive to noble impulses. During the wars with the Dutch Fleet this gay, handsome courtier, whom all considered a trifler, showed a different side of his character by his loyal response to his country's need. He won the regard of his new set of associates and made a record of real bravery that stands out in sharp relief against its background of frivolity.

Although this adventure was only an episode in the story of a life filled with trivialities, it so moved the heiress who had previously disdained Rochester that she relented and

married him. His previous attempt to win her had failed. In need of money he had set out to win Elizabeth Mallet. When his suit was scorned, he devised a plan to kidnap her as she returned from a supper at Whitehall, accompanied by her grandfather. In the height of success in carrying out his plan, he himself was taken and imprisoned in the Tower by order of the king, to whom the grandfather had fled for aid; while the rescued Miss Mallet was returned home. Without the revelation of unsuspected nobility in Rochester, the heiress would probably have never been won.

When Rochester returned from the wars, he was given a seat in the House of Lords and made Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber. Dynamic and dissatisfied, he carried everything to excess and held everyone in fear by his daringly mocking satires. His life became a sordid tale of drunkenness (he boasted once that he had been drunk for five years); of assistance to the king in illicit amours; of many intrigues of his own; and finally of a long illness, the result of his dissipated life. His intimacy with the king had only one value: he was able to become a patron of letters at court and to assist other poets and young playwrights. Often, however, he did not use good judgment and gave his patronage without just discrimination of talent. Here too, as in other things, his relations were mutable. Having given Dryden his patronage in recognition of the dedication to him of *Marriage a la Mode*, he suddenly veered to such an inferior dramatist as Settle. Later, thinking that Dryden was responsible for Mulgrave's satire, he is accredited with engaging some men to set upon Dryden in the street at night and give him a beating.

His own verse was rated high by his contemporaries, and the elegance and music of his lyrics have always been much praised. It is as a writer of songs, whether love songs or drinking songs, that Rochester has won a place of distinction among the poets of the century. In an age of witty satire he was also admitted to possess superior satirical talent. His satires are upon political life, the manners of the time, con-

temporary people in literature and in court circles, and even the king himself. It is said that *The History of Insipids*, which summarizes the political life of the Restoration up to the time of its composition, caused the king to banish Rochester from the court. The *Satire against Man*, written in imitation of Boileau, is one of his best satires and illustrates his power of concentrated cleverness, which can sting as well as amuse.

Other poems of Rochester's are marked in Horace Waipole's words by "more poetry than politeness," and though widely circulated in the outspoken Restoration period, violate good taste and decency. Rochester's deathbed repentance has led to the story of a request that all of his obscene verse be destroyed. If he made such a request, it was not carried out. Since much of his verse is licentious, many other indecent poems have been attributed to Rochester, with the result that it is almost impossible to establish an authentic edition of his poems.

Upon Drinking in a Bowl

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
 As Nestor¹ used of old:
 Show all thy skill to trim it up;
 Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large that, filled with sack
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
 With war I've nought to do:
 I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
 Nor Yarmouth Leaguer knew.

10

¹A Greek king of Pylos who in his old age fought with the Greeks against Troy. He was renowned for his wisdom.

Let it no name of planets tell,
 Fixed stars, or constellations;
 For I am no Sir Sindrophel,
 Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
 Then add two lovely boys;
 Their limbs in amorous folds intwine,
 The type of future joys. 20

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are;
 May drink and love still reign:
 With wine I wash away my cares,
 And then to love again.

The Mistress. A Song

An age in her embraces passed,
 Would seem a winter's day,
 Where life and light with envious haste
 Are torn and snatched away.

But, oh! how slowly minutes roll,
 When absent from her eyes,
 That fed my love, which is my soul;
 It languishes and dies.

For then no more a soul but shade,
 It mournfully does move; 10
 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 heaven knows what;
 Short ages live in graves.

Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full
 Of sweetness, you did see,
 Had you not been profoundly dull,
 You had gone mad like me. 20

Nor censure us; you who perceive
 My best beloved and me,
 Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
 You think we disagree.

Alas! 'tis sacred jealousy,
 Love raised to an extreme;
 The only proof 'twixt them and me,
 We love, and do not dream.

Fantastic fancies fondly move
 And in frail joys believe, 30
 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 fixed and dear,
 And make us blest at last.

A Song

Absent from thee I languish still;
 Then ask me not, when I return.
 The straying fool 'twill plainly kill,
 To wish ^ll day, all night to mourn.

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, 10
 Where love and peace and truth does flow,
 May I contented there expire:

Lest, once more wancFring from that heaven,
 I fall on some base heart unblest;
 Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
 And lose my everlasting rest.

Love and Life. A Song

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. 10

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 heaven allows.

A Song

Give me leave to rail at you;
 I ask nothing but my due:
 To call you false, and then to say
 You shall not keep my heart a day.
 But, alas! against my will,

I must be your captive still.
 Ah! be kinder then; for I
 Cannot change, and would not die.

Kindness has resistless charms;
 All besides but weakly move: 10
 Fiercest anger it disarms,
 And clips the wings of flying love.
 Beauty does the heart invade;
 Kindness only can persuade:
 It gilds the lovers servile chain,
 And makes the slaves grow pleased again.

The Answer

Nothing adds to your fond fire
 More than scorn and cold disdain:
 I, to cherish your desire,
 Kindness used, but 'twas in vain.

You insisted on your slave;
 Humble love you soon refused:
 Hope not then a power to have,
 Which ingloriously you used.

Think not, Thirsis, I will e'er
 By my love my empire lose: 10
 You grow constant through despair;
 Love returned you would abuse.

Though you still possess my heart,
 Scorn and rigor I must feign:
 Ah! forgive that only art
 Love has left your love to gain.
 You that could my heart subdue,
 To new conquests ne'er pretend:

Let the example make me true,
 And of a conquered foe a friend. 20

Then, if e'er I should complain
 Of your empire, or my chain,
 Summon all the powerful charms,
 And kill the rebel in your arms.

Constancy. A 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.

When killed with grief Amintas lies,
 And you to mind shall call to
 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.

Appendix A General Bibliography

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