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The Book of Restoration Verse

The Book of Restoration Verse

Chosen and Edited with Notes by

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

Editor of

"The Book of Georgian Verse," etc.

DUCKWORTH

3 HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

DEDICATED TO

Laurens Maynard

WITH ESTEEM AND

APPRECIATION FOR MANY

KINDNESSES

PREFACE pu
ed

THIS anthology covers the perio
Elizabethan *and* Georgian *verse*
to include selections to represent the perious
from 1557, *to* 1910. *The name* Restoration
curately applied in designating this volume; but
and those succeeding to 1685, *when the restor*
came into power and ruled, gave to the group
who were at the height of their powers under th
of Charles' court, a definite and unusual character
not be inappropriately used in naming a volume c
tions from the poets of the seventeenth century.

It is hard for criticism to determine when the Elizabethan influence definitely ceased. Examples of its dramatic quality are to be found in a poet who wrote so long afterwards as Beddoes: and of its best lyrical note in Mr. Robert Bridges, a contemporary poet; but as a school it declined on the borderlands of what historical criticism, taking safe refuge from the perils of spiritual definitions, term 'Jacobean' and 'Caroline' periods. Necessarily the poets of the two schools overlap in the anthol ing, *and this one. Milton, who was not in* Book of Elizabethan Verse, *is placed in this, since he was not so much as criticism maintains, the 'last great Elizabethan', but the 'dawn out of the Elizabethan nightfall', who was beginning and the ending of the Miltonic dignity. Waller, who has not a place in this book, but is included in the Elizabethan volume, is there the product of a declining epoch, despite the fact that he originated a new style and versification. His poetry was a decaying*

ver technical robes which had not
e—as time has proved.
the Italian influence, to Gray and
riod in English poetry peculiar in
interwoven as at no other time in
.. story, with the complexion of national
hree pre-eminent figures—Milton, Dryden,
mprises the Civil Wars, the Commonwealth,
, the Revolution of 1688, *and witnessed the*
of Britain occupied by a foreign prince. Poets
ns with the equal fervour of politicians; and
climax of the century was the expression of the
nfluence ushered into English literature with the
ion, the note of individualism was lost in the ascen-
..y of patronage and parties. Without Milton, who is beyond comparison, as Shakespeare was before him, and Wordsworth, Keats, and Tennyson after him, the development of the period can be traced from Cowley through Dryden to Pope, who carried to perfection qualities which the author of MasFlecknoe *first introduced into English verse. From Cowley to Pope is the direct development of the period which this anthology covers. Contemporaneously, were many poets who possessed qualities t[illegible]logy preced[illegible]d rarer, but they were often poets by [illegible]ed in the [illegible]edicated intention. The period is not so barren of poetry .. often supposed. It was not a great epoch to be sure, but one which would have given to many European countries the distinction of being a poetic people. Rochester, Sedley, Stanley, Sherburne, and Cotton are lyrists of no mean power, and if in some instances the man's life in his own day was better known for his dissolute habits than for his verse, fortunately by judicious selection, is only the latter that can affect us*

today. But the period was not wholly given to such coarse compositions as the character of the times suggests to general society. Marvell and Vaughan, it is true wrote under the influence of Puritan rule, but Traherne and Cary showed that the spiritual conscience was not dead, though forced into obscurity.

The period is distinctive also, because it was the first to witness female authorship to a degree where it was recognised by the general public. The Duchess of Newcastle, Katherine Philips, (the 'Matchless Orinda'), Anne, Countess of Winchilsea, and Aphra Behn have this distinction in English literature. Aphra Behn being the first English woman to make authorship a profession.

I have included here a selection of the popular ballads. Many of these ballads were first circulated as broadsides during the seventeenth century: and since the first ballad collection was made early in the eighteenth century, it seemed to me that, in a scheme such as I have followed in these series of anthologies (see Preface to The Book of Georgian Verse), *they could not be inserted in any better place.*

I wish to tender my thanks and obligation to Mr. Bertram Dobell for the kind permission to use specimens of Traherne's poetry from The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, 1903, *printed from original manuscripts, of which he was the editor and publisher.*

W. S. B.

Candlemas, 1909.

The Book of
Restoration Verse

1. *Song On May Morning*

NOW the bright morning Star, Dayes 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 welcom thee, and wish thee long.

J. Milton

2. *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 smil'd.

Thou tide of glory which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb, and ever flow;
Thou golden shower of a true Jove,
Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to earth make Love!

Hail active nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
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 wingèd arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the word divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colours thou,
And skill in painting dost bestow,
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finished, when begun,
Let a post-angel start with thee,
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 flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal spring.

RESTORATION VERSE

Thou Scythian-like dost round thy lands above
The sun's gilt tent for ever move,
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 glow-worms 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;
Asham'd and fearful to appear
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With them 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,
Ill omens, and ill sights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, grief itself is said,
To shake his wings, and rouse his head.
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.
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Even lust the master of a hardened face,
Blushes if thou beest in the place,
To darkness' curtains he retires,
In sympathising night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, Goddess, thou liftest up thy wakened head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy choir 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 priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain agen their visibility.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
Is but thy sev'ral liveries,
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,
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 swadling-bands:
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

With flame condensed thou dost the jewels fix,
And solid colours in it mix:
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
And be less liberal to gold;
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas, might'st thou poor man relieve!

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess, ev'n 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;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled, light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyrean heaven does stay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

A. Cowley

3. *On A Drop of Dew*

SEE, how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
(Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,)
Round in itself incloses;
And, in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure;
Till the warm sun pity its pain,
And to the skies exhale it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
(Could it within the human flower be seen,)
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green

And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world-excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day;
Dark beneath, but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil;
White and entire, though congealed and chill;
Congealed on earth; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the almighty sun.

A. Marvell

4. *The Swallow*

(Anacreontiques)

FOOLISH prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscovered nest

Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys
Free from the stormy seasons' noise:
Free from th'ill thou'st done to me:
Who disturbs, or seeks out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou'st ta'en from me away;
Cruel bird, thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day,
A dream that ne'er must equal'd be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good can'st bring,
Though men say, thou bring'st the Spring.

A. Cowley

From 'Arcades'

i

5. ### *Song*

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook:
This this is she

To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise,
Less than half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreds,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threds,
This this is she alone,
Sitting like a Goddes bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Latona* be,
Or towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hunderd gods;
Juno dare's not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalel'd?

ii

6. *Song*

O'ER the smooth enameld green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,

And touch the warbled string.
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof,
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits
Clad in splendour as befits
Her diety.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

iii

7. ## *Song*

NYMPHS and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks.
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony *Mænalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though *Syrinx* your Pans Mistress were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

J. Milton

8. *The Merry Beggars*

COME, come; away! the spring,
By every bird that can but sing,
Or chirp a note, doth now invite
Us forth to taste of his delight,
In field, in grove, on hill, in dale;
But above all the nightingale,
Who in her sweetness strives t' outdo
The loudness of the hoarse cuckoo.
'Cuckoo,' cries he; 'jug, jug, jug,' sings she;
From bush to bush, from tree to tree:
Why in one place then tarry we?

Come away! why do we stay?
We have no debt or rent to pay;
No bargains or accounts to make,
Nor land or lease to let or take:
Or if we had, should that remore us
When all the world's our own before us,
And where we pass and make resort,
It is our kingdom and our court.
'Cuckoo,' cries he; 'jug, jug, jug,' sings she;
From bush to bush, from tree to tree:
Why in one place then tarry we?

R. Brome

9. *The Garden*

HOW vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose!

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

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:
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her's exceed!
Fair trees! wheres'e'er your bark 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;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

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.

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.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does slide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,

Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:.
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 'twere in one;
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

A. Marvell

10. *The Mower Against Gardens*

LUXURIOUS man, to bring his vice in use,
Did after him the word seduce,
And from the fields the flowers and plants allure,
Where Nature was most plain and pure.
He first inclosed within the gardens square
A dead and standing pool of air,

And a more luscious earth for them did knead,
Which stupefied them while it fed.
The pink grew then as double as his mind;
The nutriment did change the kind.
With strange perfumes he did the roses taint;
And flowers themselves were taught to paint.
The tulip white did for complexion seek,
And learned to interline its cheek;
Its onion root they then so high did hold,
That one was for a meadow sold:
Another world was searched through oceans new.
To find the marvel of Peru;
And yet these rarities might be allowed
To man, that sovereign thing and proud,
Had he not dealt between the bark and tree,
Forbidden mixtures there to see.
No plant now knew the stock from which it came;
He grafts upon the wild the tame,
That the uncertain and adulterate fruit
Might put the palate in dispute.
His green seraglio has its eunuchs too,
Lest any tyrant him outdo;
And in the cherry he does Nature vex,
To procreate without a sex.
'Tis all enforced, the fountain and the grot,
While the sweet fields do lie forgot,
Where willing Nature does to all dispense
A wild and fragrant innocence;
And fauns and fairies do the meadows till
More by their presence than their skill.
Their statues polished by some ancient hand,
May to adorn the gardens stand;

But, howsoe'er the figures do excel,
The Gods themselves with us do dwell.

A. Marvell

11. *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 colour best becomes them and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born?
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

In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise:
Let me be laid
Where I may see the 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,
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure.

But O, young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruit 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.

A. Marvell

12. *The Pastime of the Queen of Fairies*

QUEEN Mab and all her Fairy fry,
Dance on a pleasant molehill high:
With fine straw pipes sweet music's pleasure,
They make and keep just time and measure.

All hand in hand, around, around,
They dance upon the Fairy ground.
And when she leaves her dancing-hall
She doth for her attendants call,
To wait upon her to a bower,
Where she doth sit beneath a flower,
To shade her from the moonshine bright;
And gnats do sing for her delight.
The whilst the bat doth fly about
To keep in order all the rout.
She on a dewy leaf doth bathe,
And as she sits the leaf doth wave:
Like a new fallen flake of snow
All her white limbs in beauty show.
Her garments fair her maids put on,
Made of the pure light from the sun,
From whence such colours she inshades
In every object she invades.
Then to her dinner she goes straight,
Where all her imps in order wait.
Upon a mushroom there is spread
A cover fine of spiders web;
And for her stool a thistle-down;
And for her cup an acorn's crown,
Wherein strong nectar there is filled,
That from sweet flower is distilled.
Flies of all sorts both fat and good,
For snipe, quail, partridge are her food.
Omelettes made of ant eggs new—
Of such high meats she eats but few.
Her milk is from the dormouse udder,
Which makes her cheese and cream and butter;

This they do mix in many a knack,
And fresh laid ants' eggs therein crack:—
Both pudding, custard and seed-cake,
Her skilled cook well knows how to bake.
To sweeten them the bee doth bring
Pure honey gathered by her sting:
But for her guard serves grosser meat—
They of the stall-fed dormouse eat.
When dined she calls, to take the air,
Her coach which is a nutshell fair;
Lined soft it is and rich within,
Made of a glistening adders skin,
And there six crickets draw her fast,
When she a journey takes in haste:
Or else two serve to pace a round,
And trample on the Fairy ground.
To hawk sometimes she takes delight,
Her bird a hornet swift for flight,
Whose horns do serve for talons strong,
To gripe the partridge-fly among.
But if she will a hunting go,
The lizard answers for a doe;
It is so swift and fleet in chase,
That her slow coach cannot keep pace;
Then on the grasshopper she'll ride
And gallop in the forest wide.
Her bow is of a willow branch,
To shoot the lizard on the haunch:
Her arrow sharp, much like a blade,
Of a rosemary leaf is made.
Then home she's summoned by the cock,
Who gives her warning what's o'clock,

And when the moon doth hide her head,
Her day is done, she goes to bed.
Meteors do serve, when they are bright,
As torches do, to give her light,
Glow-worms for candles are lit up,
Set on the table while she sup.
But women, the inconstant kind,
Ne'er in one place content their mind,
She calls her chariot and away
To upper earth—impatient of long stay.

The stately palace in which the Queen dwells
Is a fabric built of hodmandod shells:
The hangings thereof a rainbow that's thin,
Which shew wondrous fine as you enter in;
The chambers are made of amber that's clear
Which gives a sweet smell when fire is near:
Her bed is a cherry-stone carvéd throughout
And with a bright butterfly's wing hung about:
Her sheets are made of dove's eyes skin—
Her pillow's a violet bud laid therein:
The doors of her chamber are transparent glass,
Where the Queen may be seen as within she doth pass.
The doors are locked fast with silver pins;
The Queen is asleep and now man's day begins.

M. Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle

13. The Fountain

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, that stoop'st to taste
These sweeter streams, let me arrest thy haste;
Nor of their fall

The murmurs (though the lyre
Less sweet be) stand to admire.
But as you shall
See from this marble tun
The liquid crystal run,
And mark withal
How fixed the one abides,
How fast the other glides;
Instructed thus, the difference learn to see
'Twixt mortal life and immortality.

Sir E. Sherburne

14. To the Nightingale

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'st at eeve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on proptious *May*,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend success in love; O if *Jove's* will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny:
As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late
For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

J. Milton

15. *The Nymph Complaining For the Death of Her Fawn*

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
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
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.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood which doth part
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:
Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled;
This waxèd 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
With this; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent;
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? O, 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;
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better then
The love of false and cruel men.
With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my 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

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 would oft challenge me the race;
And, when 't 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.
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 spring-time of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem to bleed
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print there roses on my lip,
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold;
Had it 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 Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.
I in 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 faun is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-like lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast: for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.
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;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

A. Marvell

16. *What is Love*

'TIS a child of phansies getting,
Brought up between Hope and Fear;
Fed with smiles, grown by uniting
Strong, and so kept by Desire.
'Tis a perpetual vestal fire
Never dying,
Whose smoke like incense doth aspire,
Upwards flying.

It is a soft magnetic stone,
Attracting hearts by sympathy,
Binding up close two souls in one,
Both discoursing secretly.
'Tis the true Gordian knot that ties
Yet ne'er unbinds,
Fixing thus two lovers' eyes
As well as minds.

'Tis the sphere's heavenly harmony
When two skilful hands do strike;
And every sound expressively
Marries sweetly with the like:
'Tis the world's everlasting chain
That all things tied,
And bid them like the fixed wain
Unmoved to bide.

'Tis Nature's law inviolate,
Confirmed by mutual consent

Where two dislike, like, love, and hate,
  Each to the other's full content:
'Tis the caress of every thing;
    The turtle-dove;
Both birds and beasts do offering bring
    To Mighty Love.

'Tis th' angels' joy: the gods' delight, man's bliss,
'Tis all in all: without Love nothing is.

R. Heath

17. *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;
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,

Unless the giddy heaven fall,
  And earth some new convulsion tear,
And, us to join, the world should all
  Be cramped into a planisphere.

As lines, so love's 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.

A. Marvell

18. *Love in Thy Youth*

LOVE in thy youth, fair maid; be wise
  Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise
  Yet we each day grow older.

Thou as heaven art fair and young,
  Thine eyes like twin stars shining:
But ere another day be sprung,
  All these will be declining;
Then winter comes with all his fears,
  And all thy sweets shall borrow;
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,
  And I too late shall sorrow.

W. Porter

19. *Expectation*

CHIDE, chide no more away
  The fleeting daughters of the day,
Nor with impatient thoughts outrun
    The lazy sun,
Nor think the hours do move too slow;
    Delay is kind,
  And we too soon shall find
That which we seek, yet fear to know.

  The mystic dark decrees
Unfold not of the Destinies,
Nor boldly seek to antedate
    The laws of Fate;
Thy anxious search awhile forbear,
    Suppress thy haste,
  And know that Time at last
Will crown thy hope, or fix thy fear.

T. Stanley

20. *Young Love*

COME, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine agèd father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguiled,
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child.

Common beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move,
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid, does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me: Time may take
Thee before thy time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful Fate,
And, if good she to us meant,
We that good shall antedate,
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus as kingdoms, frustrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all foreign claims to drown;

So to make all rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my love:
Crown me with thy love again,
And we both shall monarchs prove.

A. Marvell

21. *The Spring*

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

How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay?
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 walk'd trees were as reverend made,
As when of old gods dwelt in every shade.
Is't possible they should not know,
What loss of honour they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?
Dull creatures! 'tis not without cause that she,
Who fled the god of wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear;
In vain did nature bid them stay,
When Orpheus had his song begun,
They call'd their wondering roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.
How would those learned trees have followed you?
You would have drawn them, and their poet too.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone,
They're here the only fair, and shine alone.
You did their natural rights invade;
Where ever 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,
Then painted flowers, set next to them, could do.

When e'er then you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to me.
The little joys which here are now,
The name of punishments do bear;

When by their sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are.
'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring;
This is for beasts, and that for men the Spring.

A. Cowley

22. *We Must Not Part as Others Do*

WE must not part, as others do,
With sighs and tears, as we were two,
Though with these outward forms, we part;
We keep each other in our heart.
What search hath found a being, where
I am not, if that thou be there?

True love hath wings, and can as soon
Survey the world, as sun and moon;
And everywhere our triumphs keep
Over absence, which makes others weep:
By which alone a power is given
To live on earth, as they in heaven.

Anon.

23. *The Magnet*

ASK the empress of the night
How the Hand which guides her sphere.
Constant in unconstant light,
Taught the waves her yoke to bear,
And did thus by loving force
Curb or tame the rude sea's course.

Ask the female palm how she
  First did woo her husband's love;
And the magnet, ask how he
  Doth th' obsequious iron move;
Waters, plants, and stones know this:
That they love: not what Love is.

Be not thou less kind than these,
  Or from Love exempt alone!
Let us twine like amorous trees,
  And like rivers melt in one.
Or, if thou more cruel prove,
Learn of steel and stones to love.

T. Stanley

24. *The Surprise*

THERE'S no dallying with love
  Though he be a child and blind;
Then let none the danger prove,
  Who would to himself be kind:
Smile he does when thou dost play,
But his smiles to death betray.

Lately with the Boy I sported;
  Love I did not, yet love feigned;
Had not mistress, yet I courted;
  Sigh I did, yet was not pained;
Till at last this love in jest,
Proved in earnest my unrest.

RESTORATION VERSE

When I saw my fair one first,
  In a feignèd fire I burned;
But true flames my poor heart pierced,
  When her eyes on mine she turned:
So a real wound I took,
For my counterfeited look.

Slighted Love, his skill to show,
  Struck me with a mortal dart;
Then I learnt that 'gainst his bow,
  Vain are the weak helps of art;
And thus captiv'd, found that true
Doth dissembled love pursue.

'Cause his fetters I disclaimed,
  Now the tyrant faster bound me;
With more scorching brands inflamed,
  'Cause in love so cold he found me:
And my sighs more scalding made,
'Cause with winds before they played.

None who loves not, then make shew,
  Love's as ill deceived as Fate;
Fly the Boy, he'll cog and woo;
  Mock him, and he wounds thee straight.
Ah! who dally, boast in vain;
False love wants not real pain.

Sir E. Sherburne

25. *Husbandry*

WHEN I began my Love to sow,
Because with Venus' doves I plow'd,
Fool that I was, I did not know
That frowns for furrows were allow'd.

The broken heart to make clods torn
By the sharp arrows of Disdain,
Crumbled by pressing rolls of Scorn,
Gives issue to the springing grain.

Coyness shuts Love into a stove;
No frost-bound lands their own heat feed:
Neglect sits brooding upon Love,
As pregnant snow on winter-seed.

The harvest is not till we two
Shall into one contracted be;
Love's crop alone doth richer grow,
Decreasing to identity.

All other things not nourish'd are
But by Assimilation:
Love, in himself and diet spare,
Grows fat by Contradiction.

W. Hammond

26. *The Fair Singer*

TO make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony,
That, while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from one but singly fair;
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curlèd trammels of her hair;
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreathe
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

It had been easy fighting in some plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice,
But all resistence against her is vain,
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice;
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gainèd both the wind and sun.

A. Marvell

27. *To The Lady May*

YOUR smiles are not, as other women's be,
Only the drawing of the mouth awry;
For breasts and cheeks and forehead we may see,
Parts wanting motion, all stand smiling by:

Heaven hath no mouth, and yet is said to smile
After your style:
No more hath earth, yet that smiles too,
Just as you do.

No simpering lips nor looks can breed
Such smiles as from your face proceed:
The sun must lend his golden beams,
Soft winds their breath, green trees their shade,
Sweet fields their flowers, clear springs their streams,
Ere such another smile be made:
But these concurring, we may say
'So smiles the spring and so smiles lovely May.'

A. Townsend

28. *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
Vaster than empires and more slow;

An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
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.

A. Marvell

29. *See'st Not, My Love, With What a Grace*

SEE'ST not, my love, with what a grace
The Spring resembles thy sweet face?
Here let us sit, and in these bowers
Receive the odours of the flowers,
For Flora, by thy beauty woo'd, conspires thy good.

See how she sends her fragrant sweet,
And doth this homage to thy feet,
Bending so low her stooping head
To kiss the ground where thou dost tread,
And all her flowers proudly meet, to kiss thy feet.

Then let us walk, my dearest love,
And on this carpet strictly prove
Each other's vow; from thy request
No other love invades my breast.
For how can I contemn that fire which Gods admire?

To crop that rose why dost thou seek,
When there's a purer in thy cheek?
Like coral held in thy fair hands,
Or blood and milk that mingled stands:
To whom the Powers and grace have given, a type of Heaven.

Yon lily stooping t'wards this place,
Is a pale shadow for thy face,
Under which veil doth seem to rush
Modest Endymion's ruddy blush.
A blush, indeed, more pure and fair than lilies are.

Glance on those flowers thy radiant eyes,
Through which clear beams they'll sympathise
Reflective love, to make them far
More glorious than th' Hesperian star,
For every swain amazèd lies, and gazing dies.

See how these silly flowers twine,
With sweet embracings, and combine,
Striving with curious looms to set
Their pale and red into a net,
To show how pure desire doth rest for ever blest.

Why wilt thou then unconstant be?
T' infringe the laws of amity,
And so much disrespect my heart
To derogate from what thou art?
When in harmonious love there is Elysian bliss.

W. Bosworth

30. *Song*

COME, come, thou glorious object of my sight,
O my joy, my life, my own delight!
May this glad minute be
Blessed to eternity!

THE BOOK OF

See how the glimmering tapers of the sky
Do gaze, and wonder at our constancy,
How they crowd to behold
What our arms do unfold!
How do all envy our felicities,
And grudge the triumphs of Selindra's eyes!
How Cynthia seeks to shroud
Her crescent in yon cloud!
Where sad night puts her sable mantle on,
Thy light mistaking, hasteth to be gone,
Her gloomy shades give way,
As at the approach of day;
And all the planets shrink, in doubt to be
Eclipsèd by a brighter deity.

Look, O Look!
How the small
Lights do fall,
And adore
What before
The heavens have not shown,
Nor their godheads known!

Such a faith,
Such a love
As may move
From above
To descend, and remain
Amongst mortals again.

Sir W. Killigrew

31. *Mounting Hyperboles*

SKIN more pure than Ida's snow,
Whiter far than Moorish milk,
Sweeter than ambrosia too,
Softer than the Paphian silk,
Indian plumes or thistle-down,
Or May-blossoms newly blown,
Is my mistress rosy-pale,
Adding beauty to her veil.

R. Brathwaite

32. *No More Unto My Thoughts Appear*

NO MORE unto my thoughts appear,
At least appear less fair,
For crazy tempers justly fear
The goodness of the air.

Whilst your pure image hath a place
In my impurer mind,
Your very shadow is the glass
Where my defects I find.

Shall I not fly that brighter light
Which makes my fires look pale,
And put that virtue out of sight
Which makes mine none at all?

No, no, your picture doth impart
Such value, I not wish

The native worth to any heart
That's unadorned with this.

Though poorer in desert I make
Myself, whilst I admire,
The fuel which from Hope I take
I give to my Desire.

If this flame lighted from your eyes
The subject do calcine,
A heart may be your sacrifice
Too weak to be your shrine.

S. Godolphin

33. *David's Song*

AWAKE, awake my Lyre,
And tell thy silent master's humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,
Though so exalted she
And I so lowly be,
Tell her such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark, how the strings awake,
And though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear,
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove,
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to Love.

Sleep, sleep again my Lyre;
For thou can'st never tell my humble tale,
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy Master die.

A. Cowley

34. Celia, Sleeping or Singing

ROSES, in breathing forth their scent,
Or stars their borrowed ornament;
Nymphs in the watery sphere that move,
Or angels in their orbs above;
The winged chariot of the light,
Or the slow silent wheels of night;
The shade which from the swifter sun
Doth in a circular motion run,
Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,
Make far more noise than Celia's breath in sleep.

But if the angel which inspires
This subtle frame with active fires,
Should mould this breath to words, and those
Into harmony dispose,
The music of this heavenly sphere
Would steal each soul out at the ear,
And into plants and stones infuse
A life that cherubin would choose,
And with new powers invert the laws of fate:
Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

T. Stanley

35. *To His Mistress*

WHAT a dull fool was I,
To think so gross a lie,
As that I ever was in love before!
I have, perhaps, known one or two
With whom I was content to be
At that, which they call 'keeping company.'
But, after all that they could do,
I still could be with more.
Their absence never made me shed a tear;
And I can truly swear,
That, till my eyes first gazed on you,
I ne'er beheld that thing I could adore.

A world of things must curiously be sought,
A world of things must be together brought,
To make up charms which have the power to move,
Through a discerning eye, true love.

That is a masterpiece, above
What only looks and shape can do;
There must be wit, and judgment too;
Greatness of thought, and worth, which draw
From the whole world, respect and awe.

She that would raise a noble love, must find
Ways to beget a passion for her mind,
She must be that, which she, to be would seem;
For all true love is grounded on esteem.
Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart
Than all the crooked subtleties of art.
She must be (what said I?), She must be you.
None but yourself that miracle can do;
At least, I'm sure, thus much I plainly see,
None but yourself e'er did it upon me.
'Tis you alone, that can my heart subdue—
To you alone, it always shall be true!

G. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham

36. *Phillis Inamorata*

COME, be my valentine!
I'll gather eglantine,
Cowslips and sops-in-wine,
With fragrant roses.
Down by thy Phillis sit,
She will white lilies get,
And daffadilies fit
To make thee posies.

I have a milk-white lamb,
New-taken from the dam,
It comes where'er I am
  When I call 'Willy:'
I have a wanton kid
Under my apron hid,
A colt that ne'er was rid,
  A pretty filly.

I bear in sign of love
A sparrow in my glove,
And in my breast a dove,
  This shall all be thine:
Besides of sheep a flock,
Which yieldeth many a lock,
And this shall be thy stock:
  Come be my valentine!

Dr. L. Andrewes

37. *The Mower to the Glow-worms*

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

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

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

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

A. Marvell

38. *A Mock Song*

'TIS true I never was in love;
But now I mean to be,
For there's no art
Can shield a heart
From love's supremacy.

Though in my nonage I have seen
A world of taking faces,
I had not age or wit to ken
Their several hidden graces.

Those virtues which, though thinly set,
In others are admirèd,
In thee are altogether met,
Which make thee so desirèd;

That though I never was in love,
Nor never meant to be,
Thyself and parts
Above my arts
Have drawn my heart to thee.

A. Brome

39. *The Kiss*

WHEN on thy lip my soul I breathe,
Which there meets thine,
Freed from their fetters by this death,
Our subtle forms combine:
Thus without bonds of sense they move,
And like two cherubim converse by love.

Spirits to chains of earth confin'd
Discourse by sense;
But ours, that are by flames refin'd,
With those weak ties dispense.
Let such in words their minds display:
We in a kiss our mutual thoughts convey.

But since my soul from me doth fly,
To thee retir'd,
Thou canst not both retain; for I
Must be with one inspir'd;
Then, Dearest, either justly mine
Restore, or in exchange let me have thine.

Yet if thou dost return mine own,
O tak't again!
For 'tis this pleasing death alone
Gives ease unto my pain.
Kill me once more, or I shall find
Thy pity than thy cruelty less kind.

T. Stanley

40. *Weeping and Kissing*

A KISS I begged, but smiling, she
Denied it me;
When straight, her cheeks with tears o'erflown—
Now kinder grown—
What smiling she'd not let me have
She weeping gave.
Then you whom scornful beauties awe,
Hope yet relief
From Love, who tears from smiles can draw,
Pleasure from grief.

Sir E. Sherburne

41. *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;
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.

But what you in compassion ought,
Shall now by my revenge be wrought;
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 came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

A. Marvell

42. *The Chronicle*

A Ballad

MARGARITA first possest,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton Maid
With my restless Heart had played,
Martha took the flying Ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my Heart)
To Elisa's conquering face.

Elisa till this hour might reign
Had she not evil counsels ta'ne.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my Passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then and gentle Ann
Both to reign at once began.
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the Fair,
And sometimes Ann the Crown did wear,
And sometimes both I' obeyed.

Another Mary then arose
And did rigorous laws impose.
A mighty Tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd Queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden Time with me.
But soon those pleasures fled,
For the gracious Princess died
In her Youth and Beauties' pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour
Judith held the sovereign power.
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came
Arm'd with a resistless flame
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly marcht about
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the By.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Besse, her Viceroy-Maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy.

Thousand worse Passions then possest
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henriette than
And a third Mary next began,
Then Jone, and Jane, and Audria.
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long Et caetera.

But should I now to you relate,
The strength and riches of their state,
The Powder, Patches, and the Pins,
The Ribbans, Jewels, and the Rings,
The Lace, the Paint, and warlike things
That make up all their Magazins:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
Numberless, Nameless Mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Matchavil the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Then Holinshead or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
  Since few of them were long with Me.
  An higher and a nobler strain
My present Emperess does claim,
Heleonora, First o' th' Name;
  Whom God grant long to reign!

A. Cowley

43. *Fuscara, or the Bee Errant*

NATURE'S confectioner, the bee,
  (Whose suckets are moist alchemy,
The still of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold,)
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainty Flora yields,
Ambitious now to take exercise
Of a more fragrant paradise,
At my Fuscara's sleeve arrived
Where all delicious sweets are hived.
The airy freebooter distrains
First on the violet of her veins,
Whose tincture, could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiss has 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;

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,
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.
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,
Tuning his draughts with drowsy hums
As Danes carouse by kettle-drums,

THE BOOK OF

It was decreed, that poesie 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 east and western prize;
Which when he had in vain essayed,
Armed like a dapper lancepesade
With Spanish pike, he broached a pore
And so both made and healed the sore:
For as in gummy trees is 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
Ravaillac to my Queen of Love!
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
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.
Sweetness and she are so allied
The bee committed parricide.

J. Cleveland

44. *Greedy Lover Pause Awhile*

GREEDY lover, pause awhile,
And remember that a smile
Heretofore
Would have made thy hopes a feast;
Which is more
Since thy diet was increased,
Than both looks and language too,
Or the face itself, can do.

Such a province is my hand
As, if it thou couldst command
Heretofore,
There thy lips would seem to dwell;
Which is more,
Ever since they sped so well,
Than they can be brought to do
By my neck and bosom too.

If the centre of my breast,
A dominion unpossessed
Heretofore,
May thy wandering thoughts suffice,
Seek no more,
And my heart shall be thy prize:
So thou keep above the line,
All the hemisphere is thine.

If the flames of love were pure
Which by oath thou didst assure
    Heretofore,
Gold that goes into the clear
    Shines the more
When it leaves again the fire.
Let not then those looks of thine
Blemish what they should refine.

I have cast into the fire
Almost all thou couldst desire
    Heretofore;
But I see thou art to crave
    More and more.
Should I cast in all I have,
So that I were ne'er so free,
Thou wouldst burn, though not for me.

Dr. J. Wilson

45. To Julia to Expedite Her Promise

SINCE 'tis my doom, Love's undershrieve,
    Why this reprieve?
Why doth she my advowson fly
    Incumbency?
Panting expectance makes us prove
The antics of benighted love,
And withered mates when wedlock joins,
They're Hymen's monkeys, which he ties by the loins
To play alas! but at rebated foins.

To sell thyself dost thou intend
By candle's end,
And hold the contract thus in doubt
Life's taper out?
Think but how soon the market fails;
Your sex lives faster than the males;
As if, to measure age's span,
The sober Julian were the account of man
Whilst you live by the fleet Gregorian.

Now since you bear a date so short,
Live double for it.
How can thy fortress ever stand
If it be not manned?
The seige so gains upon the place
Thou'lt find the trenches in thy face.
Pity thyself then if not me,
And hold not out, lest like Ostend thou be,
Nothing but rubbish at delivery.

The candidates of Peter's chair
Must plead grey hair,
And use the simony of a cough
To help them off.
But when I woo thus old and spent
I'll wed by will and testament.
No, let us love while crisped and curled;
The greatest honours, on the aged hurled,
Are but furlows for another world.

Tomorrow what thou tenderest me
Is legacy.

Not one of all those ravenous hours
But thee devours.
And though thou still requited be,
Like Pelops, with soft ivory,
Though thou consume but to renew,
Yet Love as lord doth claim a Heriot due;
That's the best quick thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe
By that soft gripe,
And those regealing crystal spheres.
I hold thy tears
Pledges of more distilling sweets
Than the bath that ushers in the sheets.
Else pious Julia, angel-wise,
Moves the Bethesda of her trickling eyes
To cure the spittle world of maladies.

J. Cleveland

46. Upon Black Eyes and Becoming Frowns

BLACK eyes! in your dark orbs do lie
My ill, or happy, destiny;
If with clear looks you me behold,
You give me mines and mounts of gold;
If you dart forth disdainful rays,
To your own dye you turn my days.
Black eyes, in your dark orbs, by changes dwell,
My bane or bliss, my paradise or hell.

That lamp, which all the stars doth blind,
Yields to your lustre, in some kind;
Though you do wear, to make you bright,
No other dress but that of night;
He glitters only in the day;
You, in the dark, your beams display.
Black eyes, in your dark orbs, etc.

The cunning thief that lurks for prize,
At some dark corner watching lies:
So that heart-robbing god doth stand
In your black lobbies, shaft in hand,
To rifle me of what I hold
More precious far than Indian gold.
Black eyes, in your dark orbs, etc.

O powerful negromantic eyes!
Who in your circles strictly pries,
Will find that Cupid with his dart,
In youth doth practise the black art;
And, by those spells I am possest,
Tries his conclusions in my breast.
Black eyes, in your dark orbs, etc.

Look on me, though in frowning wise;
Some kinds of frowns become Black Eyes;
As pointed diamonds, being set,
Cast greater lustre out of jet?
Those pieces we esteem most rare,
Which in night-shadows postured are;
Darkness in churches congregates the sight;
Devotion strays in glaring light.

Black eyes, in your dark orbs, by changes dwell,
My bane or bliss, my paradise or hell.

J. Howell

47. *When on Mine Eyes Her Eyes First Shone*

WHEN on mine eyes her eyes first shone,
I all amazèd
Steadily gazèd,
And she to make me more amazèd,
So caught, so wove, four eyes in one
As who had with advisement seen us
Would have admired love's equal force between us.

But treason in those friend-like eyes,
My heart first charming
And then disarming,
So maimed it, e'er it dreamed of harming,
As at her mercy now it lies,
And shews me, to my endless smart,
She loved but with her eyes, I with my heart.

Dr. J. Wilson

48. *To Cynthia*

On Concealment of Her Beauty

DO not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies,
Lest wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to chaos' endless night.

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curl'd hair,
Lest finding neither gold, nor ore,
The curious silkworm work no more.

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
More snow-white, than the Apennine,
Lest if there be like cold or frost,
The lily be forever lost.

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
Thy breath, which to all
Perfumes, lest it b
No spices gro

T

49. *Novo Inamoramento*

AND yet anew entangled, see
Him who escaped the snare so late!
A truce, no league, thou mad'st with me,
False love, which now is out of date:
Fool, to believe the fire quite out, alas,
Which only laid asleep in embers was.

The sickness not at first past cure,
[illegible]lapse despiseth art.
[illegible]hast me sure,
[illegible]rt,

Mercury

Some lady here is sure to blame,
  That from Love's starry skies
Hath shot some beam or sent some flame
  Like lightning from her eyes.

Chorus

Tax not the stars with what the sun,
Too near approached, incensed, hath done.

Mercury

I'll roll me in Aurora's dew
  Or lie in Tethys' bed,
Or from cool Iris beg a few
  Pure opal showers new shed.

Chorus

Nor dew, nor showers, nor sea can slake
Thy quenchless heat, but Lethe's lake.

A. Townsend

51. *The Resolve*

TELL me not of a face that's fair,
  Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
  Nor curls in order laid;
Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
  That like an angel sings;
Though, if I were to take my choice,
  I would have all these things.

But if that thou wilt have me love,
  And it must be a she,
The only argument can move
    Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
  But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
  Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
  Lilies their whiteness stain:
What fool is he that shadows seeks,
  And may the substance gain!
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,
  Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
  That's with Canary lined.

A. Brome

52. *The Vow*

BY my life I vow,
  That my life art thou,
By my heart and by my eyes,
    But thy faith denies
To my juster oath t' incline,
For thou say'st I swear by thine.

By this sigh I swear,
By this falling tear,

By the undeservèd pains
My griev'd soul sustains:
Now thou may'st believe my moan,
These are too too much my own.

Sir. E Sherburne

53. *The Relapse*

O TURN away those cruel eyes,
The stars of my undoing!
Or death, in such a bright disguise,
May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious pride,
Who dare contemn thy glory!
It was my fall that deified
Thy name, and seal'd thy story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee;
Though my first death proclaim thee fair.
My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
No other for thy fuel,
And if thou burn one victim twice,
Both think thee poor and cruel!

T. Stanley

54. *The Sweetmeat*

THOU gav'st me late to eat
A sweet without, but within, bitter meat:
As if thou would'st have said 'Here, taste in this
What Celia is.'

But if there ought to be
A likeness, dearest, 'twixt thy gift and thee,
Why first what's sweet in thee should I not taste,
The bitter last?

Sir E. Sherburne

55. *The Forsaken Maid*

GO, fickle man, and teach the moon to change,
The winds to vary, the coy bee to range:
You that despise the conquest of a town,
Rendered without resistance of one frown.

Is this of easy faith the recompense?
Is my prone love's too prodigal expense
Rewarded with disdain? Did ever dart
Rebound from such a penetrable heart?

Diana, in the service of whose shrine,
Myself to single life I will confine,
Revenge thy votaress; for unto thee
The ruling ocean bends his azure knee.

And since he loves upon rough seas to ride,
Grant such an Adria, whose swelling tide,
And stormy tongue, may his false vessel wrack,
And make the cordage of his heart to crack.

W. Hammond

56. *The Disposition*

THOUGH when I lov'd thee thou wert fair,
Thou art no longer so:
Those glories do the pride they wear
Unto opinion owe.
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre shine:
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye
Do now with mine expire;
Thy brightest graces fade and die
At once, with my desire.
Love's fires thus mutual influence return:
Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more
To be implor'd or woo'd,
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestow'd;
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall find
That none are fair but who are kind.

T. Stanley

57. *Humility*

NOR Love nor Fate dare I accuse
For that my love did me refuse,
But O! mine own unworthiness
That durst presume so mickle bliss.
It was too much for me to love
A man so like the gods above:
An angel's shape, a saint-like voice,
Are too divine for human choice.

O had I wisely given my heart
For to have loved him but in part;
Sought only to enjoy his face,
Or any one peculiar grace
Of foot, of hand, of lip, or eye,—
I might have lived where now I die:
But I, presuming all to choose,
Am now condemnèd all to lose.

R. Brome

58. *Change Defended*

LEAVE, Chloris, leave; prithee no more
With want of love or lightness charge me:
'Cause thy looks captived me before,
May not another's now enlarge me?

He whose misguided zeal hath long
Paid homage to some star's pale light,
Better informed, may without wrong
Leave that t' adore the queen of night.

Then if my heart, which long served thee,
Will to Carintha now incline;
Why termed inconstant should it be
For bowing 'fore a richer shrine?

Censure those lovers so, whose will
Inferior objects can entice;
Who changes for the better still,
Makes that a virtue, you call vice.

Sir E. Sherburne

59. *The Exequies*

DRAW near,
You lovers, that complain
Of Fortune or Disdain,
And to my ashes lend a tear.
Melt the hard marble with your groans,
And soften the relentless stones,
Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide
Of all Love's cruelties, and Beauty's pride.

No verse,
No epicedium, bring;
Nor peaceful requiem sing,
To charm the terrors of my hearse;
No profane numbers must flow near
The sacred silence that dwells here.
Vast griefs are dumb; softly, oh softly mourn!
Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew
Upon my dismal grave
Such offerings as you have:
Forsaken cypress, and sad yew;
For kinder flowers can take no birth
Or growth from such unhappy earth.
Weep only o'er my dust, and say: 'Here lies
To Love and Fate an equal sacrifice.'

T. Stanley

60. *The Parting*

I GO dear Saint, away,
Snatch'd from thy arms
By far less pleasing charms,
Than those I did obey;
But if hereafter thou shalt know
That grief hath killed me, come,
And on my tomb
Drop, drop a tear or two;
Break with thy sighs the silence of my sleep,
And I shall smile in death to see thee weep.

Thy tears may have the power
To reinspire
My ashes with new fire,
Or change me to some flower,
Which, planted 'twixt thy breasts, shall grow:
Veil'd in this shape, I will
Dwell with thee still,
Court, kiss, enjoy thee too:

Securely we'll contemn all envious force,
And thus united be by death's divorce.

T. Stanley

61. *The Tomb*

WHEN, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And as a trophy of thy scorn
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their power bequeath
To those of Death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn
Like monumental fires within an urn.
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
There is more liberty in Death than Love.

And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd
And as a victor, proud
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade!
Lest thy too cruel breath, or name,
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire.
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

Or should my dust thy pity move
That could not, love,

Thy sighs might wake me, and thy tears
Renew my life and years;
Or should thy proud insulting scorn
Laugh at my urn,
Kindly deceiv'd by thy disdain,
I might be smil'd into new life again.
Then come not near: since both thy love and hate
Have equal power to kill or animate.

But if cold earth or marble must
Conceal my dust,
Whilst, hid in some dark ruins, I
Dumb and forgotten lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me;
And they who should attest thy glory
Will or forget, or not believe this story.
Then, to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
(Since by thine eye slain,) buried in thy breast!

T. Stanley

62. *To the State of Love Or the Senses' Festival*

I SAW a vision yesternight
Enough to sate a Seeker's sight;
I wished myself a Shaker there,
And her quick pants my trembling sphere.
It was a she so glittering bright,
You'd think her soul an Adamite;

A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lined with the same.
Beauty's chiefest maid of honour,
You may break Lent with looking on her.
  Not the fair Abbess of the skies
  With all her nunnery of eyes
  Can show me such a glorious prize!

And yet because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown,—
A brown for which Heaven would disband
The galaxy and stars be tanned;
Brown by reflection as her eye
Dazzle's the summer's livery.
Old dormant windows must confess
Her beams their glimmering spectacles;
Struck with the splendour of her face
Do the office of a burning glass.
  Now where such radiant lights have shown
  No wonder if her cheeks be grown
  Sunburned, with lustre of her own.

My sight took pay but (thank my charms!)
I now impale her in mine arms,—
(Love's compasses confining you,
Good angels, to a circle too.)
Is not the uinverse straight-laced
When I can clasp it in the waist?
My amorous folds about thee hurled
With Drake I girdle in the world;
I hoop the firmament, and make
This, my embrace, the zodiac.

How could thy center take my sense
When admiration doth commence
At the extreme circumference?

Now to the melting kiss that sips
The jellied philtre of her lips;
So sweet there is no tongue can praise't
Till transubstantiate with a taste.
Inspired like Mahomet from above
By the billing of my heavenly dove
Love prints his signets in her smacks,
Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax,
Which, wheresoever she imparts,
They've privy seals to take up hearts.
Our mouths encountering at the sport
My slippery soul had quit the fort
But that she stopped the sally-port.

Next to these sweets, her lips dispence
(As twin conserves of eloquence,)
The sweet perfume of her breath affords,
Incorporating with her words.
No rosary this votress needs,—
Her very syllables are beads;
No sooner 'twixt those rubies born,
But jewels are in ear-rings worn.
With that delight her speech doth enter;
It is a kiss of the second venter.
And I dissolve at what I hear
As if another Rosamond were
Couched in the labyrinth of my ear.

Yet that's but a preludious bliss,
Two souls pickeering in a kiss.
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis storming that must take her in.
When bodies join and victory hovers
'Twixt the equal fluttering lovers,
This is the game; make stakes, my dear!
Hark, how the sprightly chanticleer,
(That Baron Tell-clock of the night,)
Sounds boutesel to Cupid's knight.
Then have at all, the pass is got,
For coming off, oh, name it not!
Who would not die upon the spot?

J. Cleveland

63. Friendship and Single Life, Against Love and Marriage

LOVE, in what poison is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the smart.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts,
Through those deceitful sally-ports,
Our sentinels betray our forts.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains,
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

May not a prison or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

How happy he that loves not, lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To fortune who no hostage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasy, finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all those generous thoughts destroy.

Then he lays-by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

Though still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he bears.

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent, overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

This was the cause the poets sung,
Thy mother from the sea was sprung,
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father, not her son, art thou:
From our desires our actions grow;
And from the cause the effect must flow.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandsire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the power aboves;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the God of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion's) flaming shield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is;
But less than nothing if it miss.

When matches Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wild-fire's quench'd in cold neglects.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love's of blindness despossest,
By perspectives of interest.

Though Solomon with a thousand wives,
To get a wise successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t'adopt a hopeful heir.

Love, drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes; and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feeds, but not glut our appetites.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys make double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when the unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear.

Yet timorous deer, and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of nature cease to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own, set fire on Troy?

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that savage beast, whose mind
From reason to self-love declin'd.
Delights to prey upon his kind.

Sir J. Denham

64. *Epithalamium*

HEAVENLY fair Urania's son,
Thou that dwell'st on Helicon,
Hymen, O thy brows impale,
To the bride the bridegroom hale
Take thy saffron robe and come
With sweet-flowered marjoram;
Yellow socks of woollen wear,
With a smiling look appear;
Shrill Epithalamiums sing,
Let this day with pleasure spring;
Nimbly dance; the flaming tree,
Take in that fair hand of thine.
Let good auguries combine
For the pair that now are wed;
Let their joys be nourishèd
Like a myrtle, ever green,
Ownèd by the Cyprian queen,
Who fosters it with rosy dew,
Where her nymphs their sport pursue.
Leave th' Aonian cave behind
(Come, O come with willing mind!)
And the Thespian rocks, whence drill
Aganippe waters still.
Chastest virgins, you that are
Either for to make or mar,
Make the air with Hymen ring,
Hymen, Hymenæus sing!

S. Sheppard

65. *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 pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path ev'n,
And by mere playing go to heaven.

Why should men love
A wolf, more than a lamb or dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone steams
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?
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.

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,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy centre and midday!
For sure that is the narrow way!

H. Vaughan

66. *The Burial of an Infant*

BLEST infant bud, whose blossom-life
Did only look about, and fall,
Wearied out in a harmless strife
Of tears and milk, the food of all!

Sweetly didst thou expire: thy soul
Flew home unstain'd by his new kin;
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
Death wean'd thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin-crumbs!
Lapp'd in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour comes
To dress them, and unswaddle death.

H. Vaughan

67. *Song*

SEE, O see!
How every tree,
Every bower,
Every flower,
A new life gives to others' joys,
Whilst that I
Grief-stricken lie,
Nor can meet
With any sweet
But what faster mine destroys.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Hear, O hear!
How sweet and clear
The nightingale
And waters' fall
In concert join for others' ears,

Whilst to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echoes despair,
And every drop provokes a tear.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

G. Digby, Earl of Bristol

68. *Eyes and Tears*

HOW wisely Nature did decree,
With the same eyes to weep and see;
That, having viewed the object vain,
They might be ready to complain!
And, since the self-deluding sight
In a false angle takes each height,
These tears, which better measure all,
Like watery lines and plummets fall.
Two tears, which sorrow long did weigh
Within the scales of either eye,
And then paid out in equal poise,
Are the true price of all my joys.
What in the world most fair appears,
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears;
And all the jewels which we prize
Melt in these pendants of the eyes.
I have through every garden been,
Amongst the red, the white, the green,
And yet from all the flowers I saw,
No honey, but these tears could draw,

So the all-seeing sun each day
Distils the world with chymic ray;
But finds the essence only showers,
Which straight in pity back he pours.
Yet happy they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less;
And, to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew.
So Magdalen in tears more wise,
Dissolved those captivating eyes,
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
Not full sails hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,
Nor Cynthia teeming shows so fair
As two eyes swollen with weeping are.
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drenched in these waves, does lose its fire;
Yea oft the Thunderer pity takes,
And here the hissing lightning slakes.
The incense was to Heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear;
And stars shew lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practise so your noblest use;
For others too, can see, or sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.
Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each tear in distance stop;
Now, like two fountains, trickle down;
Now, like two floods, o'erturn and drown:

Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyes and tears be the same things;
And each the other's difference bears,
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears.

A. Marvell

69. *The Rainbow*

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished, flaming arch did first descry!
Then Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's grey fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, Darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant 'twixt All and One.
O foul, deceitful men! my God doth keep
His promise still, but we break ours and sleep.
After the Fall the first sin was in blood,
And drunkenness quickly did succeed the flood;
But since Christ died—as if we did devise

To lose Him too, as well as Paradise—
These two grand sins we join and act together,
Though blood and drunkenness make but foul, foul weather.
Water—though both heaven's windows and the deep
Full forty days o'er the drown'd world did weep—
Could not reform us; and blood—in despite—
Yea, God's own blood, we tread upon and slight.
So those bad daughters, which God sav'd from fire,
While Sodom yet did smoke, lay with their sire.

Then peaceful, signal bow, but in a cloud
Still lodg'd, where all thy unseen arrows shroud;
I will on thee as on a comet look,
A comet, the sad world's ill-boding book;
Thy light as luctual and stain'd with woes
I'll judge, where penal flames sit mix'd and close;
For though some think thou shin'st but to restrain
Bold storms, and simply dost attend on rain;
Yet I know well, and so our sins require,
Thou dost but court cold rain, till rain turns fire.

H. Vaughan

70. *For Hope*

HOPE, of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health;
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth;
Thou manna, which from Heav'n we eat,
To every taste a several meat.

Thou strong retreat! thou sure entail'd estate,
  Which nought has power to alienate.
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone.

  Hope, thou first-fruits of happiness;
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success;
Thou good preparative, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy:
  Who out of fortune's reach dost stand,
  And art a blessing still in hand.
Whilst thee, her earnest-money we retain,
  We certain are to gain,
Whether she her bargain break, or else fulfill;
Thou only good, not worse, for ending ill!

  Brother of faith, 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of Heaven and Earth divided be!
Though faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
  Happiness it self's all one
  In thee, or in possession.
Only the future's thine, the present his.
  Thine's the more hard and noble bliss;
Best apprehender of our joys, which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast.

  Hope, thou sad lover's only friend!
Thou way that mayst dispute it with the end;

For love I fear's a fruit that does delight
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
  Fruition more deceitful is
  Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee
  Some other way again to thee;
And that's pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.

A. Cowley

71. *A Wish*

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
  Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
    Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better, than ill known;
    Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

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.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or, in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

A. Cowley

72. *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,
The crowd, and buz, 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!
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 belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains, when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?

Oh fields! Oh woods! when, when shall I be made
  The happy tenant of your shade?
  Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches lie, that she
  Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

  Pride and ambition here;
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
  And nought but Echo flatter.
  The Gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may bodly say,
  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.

A. Cowley

73. *To a Virtuous Young Lady*

LADY that in the prime of earliest youth,
  Wisely hath shun'd the broad way and the green
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,

The better part with Mary and with Ruth,
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

J. Milton

74. On His Being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-Three

HOW soon hath Time the suttle theef of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentith yeer!
My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task Masters eye.

J. Milton

75. *To the Royal Society*

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 painter's fancy be,
It a male-virtue seems to me)
Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate:
Three or four thousand years one would have thought,
To ripeness and perfection might have brought
A science so well bred and nurst,
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.

That his own business he might quite forget,
They amused him with the sports of wanton wit;
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 lie
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.
Some few exalted spirits this latter age has shown,
That laboured to assert the liberty
(From guardians, who were now usurpers grown)
Of this old minor still, captiv'd philosophy;
  But 'twas rebellion call'd 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 injur'd pupil's cause.

Authority, which did a body boast,
Though 'twas but air condens'd 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 suffer'd living man to be misled
  By the vain shadows of the dead:
To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd phantom fled.
  He broke that monstrous god which stood
In midst of th' orchard, and the whole did claim,
  Which with a useless scythe of wood,
  And something else not worth a name,
  (Both vast for shew, 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,

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.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought,
(Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew)
To things, the mind's right object, he it brought,
Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew;
He sought and gather'd 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;
  No, not from Rubens or Van Dyke;
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' 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.

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went,

And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he past;
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 shew'd 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:
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' 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?

From you, great champions, we expect to get
These spacious countries but discover'd yet;
Countries where yet instead of nature, we
Her images and idols worship'd see:
These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
Though learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop she ne'er together drew.
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God with design has pick'd out you,
To do those noble wonders by a few:
When the whole host he saw, 'They are' (said he)
'Too many to o'ercome for me';

And now he chooses out his men,
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.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take;
Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Io! 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 discover'd be,
By sailors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye.
Nature's great works no distance can obscure
No smallness her near objects can secure;
Y'have taught the curious sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible littleness.
Y'have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
And well begun her deepest sense to understand.

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So virtuous and so noble a design,
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 deposèd truth advance
  Into the throne usurp'd 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,
  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.

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.
  And ne'er did fortune better yet
  Th' 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;
It does like Thames, the best of rivers, glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn,
  But gently pour the crystal urn,
And with judicious hand does the whole current guide.

'T has all the beauties nature can impart,
And all the comely dress, without the paint, of art.

A. Cowley

76. *Ode of Wit*

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is wit,
Thou who master art of it.
For the first matter loves variety less;
Less women love 't, either in love or dress.
A thousand different shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears.
Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,
Like spirits in a place, we know not how.

London that vents of false ware so much store,
In no ware deceives us more.
For men led by the colour, and the shape,
Like Zeuxes' birds fly to the painted grape;
Some things do through our judgment pass
As through a multiplying glass.
And sometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a star.

Hence 'tis a wit that greatest word of fame
Grows such a common name.
And wits by our creation they become,
Just so, as titular Bishops made at Rome.

'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk which can that title gain;
The proofs of wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
With their five gouty feet.
All everywhere, like man's, must be the soul,
And reason the inferior powers control.
Such were the numbers which could call
The stones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
That shows more cost than art.
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things wit, let none be there,
Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars which paint the Galaxy.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,
Jests for Dutch men, and English boys.
In which who finds out wit, the same may see
In an'grams and acrostics poetry.
Much less can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face,
Such dross the fire must purge away; 'tis just
The author blush, there where the reader must.

RESTORATION VERSE

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage
When Bajazet begins to rage.
Nor a tall metaphor in the bombast way,
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca.

Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force some odd similitude.
What is it then, which like the power divine
We only can by negatives define?

In a true piece of wit all things must be;
Yet all things there agree.
As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt; all creatures that had life.
Or as the primitive forms of all
(If we compare great things with small)
Which without discord or confusion lie,
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

But love that moulds one man up out of two,
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took you for myself sure when I thought
That you in anything were to be taught.
Correct my error with thy pen,
And if any ask me then,
What thing right wit, and height of genius is,
I'll only shew your lines, and say, 'Tis this.

A. Cowley

77. *To the Lord General Cromwell*

MAY 1652

On the proposalls of certaine ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospell

CROMWELL, our cheif of men, who through a cloud
Not of warr onely, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless Fortitude
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reard Gods Trophies, and his work pursu'd,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scotts imbru'd,
And Dunbarr feild resounds thy praises loud,
And Worsters laureat wreath; yet much remaines
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renownd then warr, new foes aries
Threatning to bind our soules with secular chaines:
Helpe us to save free Conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose Gospell is their maw.

J. Milton

78. *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 unusèd armour's rust;
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgéd his active star;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide:

(For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
And with such, to enclose,
Is more than to oppose;)

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face 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 reservèd and austere,

(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot;)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old,
Into another mould;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain,
(But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.)

Nature that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Caresbrooke's narrow case,

That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn;
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
    But with his keener eye
    The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right;
    But bowed his comely head
    Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forcèd power,
    So, when they did design
    The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
    And yet in that the state
    Foresaw its happy fate.

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.

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:
So, when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search,
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climactèric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But, from this valour sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid;

Happy, if in the tufted brake,
The English hunter him mistake,
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 the 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.

A. Marvell

79. *Brutus*

EXCELLENT Brutus, of all human race,
The best till nature was improved by grace,
Till men above themselves faith raised more
Then reason above beasts before.
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did silently and constantly dispense
The gentle vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference:
And all the parts upon it leaned so easily,
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly
That none could discord or disorder see
In all their contrariety.
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the whole no more moved then the whole world could be.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst swerve
(Mistaken honest men!) in Cæsar's blood;
What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve,
From him who kill'd himself rather than serve?
Th' heroic exaltations of good
Are so far from understood,
We count them vice: alas, our sight's so ill,
That things which swiftest move seem to stand still.
We look not upon virtue in her height,
On her supreme idea, brave and bright,
In the original light:
But as her beams reflected pass
Through our own nature or ill-custom's glass.
And 'tis no wonder so,
If with dejected eye
In standing pools we seek the sky,
That stars, so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand by and see
Our mother robbed, and bound, and ravish'd be,
Yet not to her assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancell'd name of friend he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæsar who could Rome enthral!
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th' exact balance of true virtue tried)
Than his successor Nero's parricide!
There's none but Brutus could deserve
That all men else should wish to serve,

And Cæsar's usurped place to him should proffer;
None can deserv't but he who would refuse the offer.

Ill fate assumed a body thee t'affright,
And wrapt itself i' th' terrors of the night,
'I'll meet thee at Philippi,' said the spright;
'I'll meet thee there,' saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight,
It vanish'd, as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought t'had heard the morning crow,
Or seen her well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hill afar.
Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,
But unseen attacked thee there.
Had it presumed in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou wouldst have forced it back upon thy foes.
Or slain't like Cæsar, though it be
A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perish thus by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched accidents,
The best cause and best man that ever drew a sword?
When we see
The false Octavius, and wild Anthony,
God-like Brutus, conquer thee?
What can we say but thine own tragic word,
That virtue, which had worshipped been by thee
As the most solid good, and greatest deity,
By this fatal proof became

An idol only, and a name?
Hold, noble Brutus! and restrain
The bold voice of thy generous disdain:
These mighty gulfs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time's set forth already which shall quell
Stiff reason, when it offers to rebel.
Which these great secrets shall unseal,
And new philosophies reveal.
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not died,
Would have confounded human virtue's pride,
And shew'd thee a God crucified.

A. Cowley

80. On Shakespear 1630

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in pilèd Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Stary-pointing Pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;

And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

J. Milton

81. On Paradise Lost

WHEN I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all, the argument
Held me awhile misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song,
(So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.
Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I liked his project the success did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind,
Lest he perplexed the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.
Or if a work so infinite he spanned,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinced, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.

Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majesty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane;
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft,
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft:
The bird named from that paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.
Well mightst thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure,
While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,
And like a pack-horse tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy points appear:
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, offend,
And while I meant to praise thee, mis-commend;
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

A. Marvell

82. *To the Lady Margaret Ley*

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
Of Englands Counsel, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parlament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chaeronéa, fatal to liberty
Kil'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, then to have known the dayes
Wherin your Father flourisht, yet by you
Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble vertues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, Honour'd Margaret.

J. Milton

83. *To Mr. Lawrence*

LAWRENCE of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help wast a sullen day; what may be won
From the hard Season gaining: time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice

Warble immortal Notes and Tuskan Ayre?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

J. Milton

84. *To Cyriack Skinner*

CYRIACK, whose Grandsire on the royal Bench
Of Brittish Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
Which others at their Barr so often wrench:
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

J. Milton

85. *To Mr. Hobbes*

VAST bodies of philosophy
I oft have seen, and read,
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art fashioned;
I never yet the living soul could see,
But in thy books and thee.

'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou dost show
Agree entirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so like truth 'twill serve our turn as well.
Just, as in nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,
As firm the parts upon their centre rest,
And all so solid are that they at least
As much as nature, emptiness detest.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain
The universal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's short-lived leopard slain;
The stronger Roman eagle did out-fly,
Oftener renewed his age, and saw that die.
Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet, possest,
And, chased by a wild deluge from the east,
His monarchy new planted in the west.
But as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
So did this noble empire waste,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the school-men's hands it perished quite at last.
Then nought but words it grew,
And those all barbarous too.
It perished, and it vanished there,
The life and soul breathed out, became but empty air.

The fields which answer'd well the ancients' plough,
Spent and outworn return no harvest now,

In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boast of past fertility,
The poor relief of present poverty.
Food and fruit we now must want
Unless new lands we plant.
We break up tombs with sacrilegious hands;
Old rubbish we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love,
And with fond divining wands
We search among the dead
For treasures burièd,
Whilst still the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin mines of undiscovered gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limbed Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit.
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
And nothing sees but seas and skies,
Till unknown regions it descries,
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies,
Thy task was harder much than his,
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found out first by thee,
And rudely left to future industry;
But thy eloquence and thy wit,
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilis'd it.
I little thought before,
(Nor being my own self so poor
Could comprehend so vast a store)
That all the wardrobe of rich eloquence,

Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff,
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic sense.
Thy solid reason like the shield from heaven
To the Trojan hero given,
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it graved by the learn'd hand of art;
A shield that gives delight
Even to the enemies' sight,
Then, when they're sure to lose the combat by 't.

Nor can the snow which now cold age does shed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within,
But all which thou hast been,
And all that youth can be thou'rt yet,
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood, and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too.
So contraries on Ætna's top conspire;
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire.
A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep,
Th' emboldened snow next to the flame does sleep.
And if we weigh, like thee,
Nature, and causes, we shall see
That thus it needs must be,
To things immortal time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

A. Cowley

86. Upon Tom of Christ Church, Oxford

THOU that by ruin dost repair
And by destruction art a founder,
Whose art doth tell us what men are,
Who by corruption shall rise sounder,
In this fierce fire's intensive heat
Remember this is Tom the Great.

And Cyclops think at every stroke,
Which with thy sledge his side shall wound,
That then some statute thou hast broke
Which long depended on his sound,
And that our college gates did cry
They were not shut since Tom did die.

Think what a scourge 'tis to the city
To drink and swear by Carfax bell
Which, bellowing without tune or pity,
The days and nights divides not well.
But the poor tradesman must give o'er
His ale at eight or sit till four.

We all in haste drink off our wine
As if we never should drink more,
So that the reckoning after nine
Is larger now than that before.
Release this tongue which erst could say
'Home, scholars; Drawer, what's to pay?'

So thou of order shall be founder,
Making a ruler for the people,

One that shall ring thy praises wonder
Than the other six bells in the steeple.
Wherefore think, when Tom is running
Our manners wait upon thy cunning.

Then let him raisèd be from ground,
The same in number, weight, and sound.
So may thy conscience rule thy gain,
Or, would thy theft might be thy bane!

J. Cleveland (?)

87. *When the Assault was Intended to the City*

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may sease,
If ever deed of honour did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spred thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
The great Emathian Conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad Electra's Poet had the power
To save th' Athenian Walls from ruine bare.

J. Milton

88. On the Late Massacher in Piemont

AVENGE O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groanes
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold
Slayn by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O're all th' Italian fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

J. Milton

89. Abel's Blood

SAD, purple well! Whose bubbling eye
Did first against a murd'rer cry;
Whose streams, still vocal, still complain
Of bloody Cain:
And now at evening are as red
As in the morning when first shed.
If single thou
—Though single voices are but low,—
Couldst such a shrill and long cry rear
As speaks still in thy Maker's ear,

What thunders shall those men arraign
Who cannot count those they have slain,
Who bathe not in a shallow flood,
But in a deep, wide sea of blood?
A sea, whose loud waves cannot sleep,
But deep still calleth upon deep:
Whose urgent sound, like unto that
Of many waters, beateth at
The everlasting doors above,
Where souls behind the altar move,
And with one strong, incessant cry
Inquire, 'How long?' of the Most High.
Almighty Judge!
At Whose just laws no just men grudge;
Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour
Comforts, and joys, and hopes each hour
On those that keep them; O accept
Of his vow'd heart, whom Thou hast kept
From bloody men! and grant, I may
That sworn memorial duly pay
To Thy bright arm, which was my light
And leader through thick death and night!
Ay! may that flood,
That proudly spilt and despis'd blood,
Speechless and calm, as infant's sleep!
Or if it watch, forgive and weep
For those that spilt it! May no cries
From the low Earth to high Heaven rise,
But what,—like His whose blood peace brings—
Shall—when they rise— 'speak better things'
Than Abel's doth! May Abel be
Still single heard, while these agree

With His mild blood in voice and will
Who pray'd for those that did Him kill!

H. Vaughan

90. *The Rebel Scot*

HOW, Providence? and yet a Scottish crew?
Then Madame 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?
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 an 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 halters as a juggler's throat
Doth ribbons; could I in Sir Empiric's tone
Speak pills in praise and quack destruction;
Or roar like Marshall, 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.
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.
Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the blood comes, 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 obtain;
Since they came in, England hath wolves again.
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 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,
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.
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 rovers 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.
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 marineers 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.
Yet wonder not at this their 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 villanage, as once before
When an act passed to stroke them on the head,
Call them good subjects, buy them gingerbread.

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.
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 brethern do? The Cause! The Cause!
Sack-possets and the fundamental laws!
Lord! What a godly thing is want of shirts!
How 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 honours and estate,
As well as conscience, are sophisticate.
Shrive but their titles and their moneys poize,
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.
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.
Hyperbolus 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.
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 Soland goose.

J. Cleveland

91. *Sailors For My Money*

COUNTRYMEN of England, who live at home with ease,
And little think what dangers are incident o' th' Seas:
Give ear unto the Sailor who unto you will show
His case, his case: Howe'er the wind doth blow.

He that is a Sailor must have a valiant heart,
For, when he is upon the sea, he is not like to start;
But must with noble courage, all dangers undergo:
Resolve, resolve: Howe'er the wind doth blow.

Our calling is laborious and subject to much care,
But we must still contented be, with what falls to our share.
We must not be faint-hearted, come tempest, rain or snow,
Nor shrink, nor shrink: Howe'er the wind doth blow.

Sometimes on Neptune's bosom our ship is tost with waves,
And every minute we expect the sea must be our graves.
Sometimes on high she mounteth, then falls again as low:
With waves, with waves: When stormy winds do blow.

Then with unfained prayers, as Christian duty binds,
We turn unto the Lord of hosts, with all our hearts and minds;

To Him we fly for succour, for He, we surely know,
Can save, can save: Howe'er the wind doth blow.

Then He who breaks the rage, the rough and blustrous seas,
When His disciples were afraid, will straight the storm appease,
And give us cause to thank, on bended knees full low:
Who saves, who saves: Howe'er the wind doth blow.

Our enemies approaching, when we on sea espy,
We must resolve incontinent to fight, although we die,
With noble resolution we must oppose our foe,
In fight, in fight: Howe'er the wind doth blow.

And when by God's assistance, our foes are put to th' foile
To animate our courages, we all have share o' the spoile.
Our foes into the ocean we back to back do throw,
To sink, or swim, Howe'er the wind doth blow.

M. Parker

92. *Song by Lady Happy, as a Sea-Goddess*

MY cabinets are oyster-shells,
In which I keep my Orient pearls:
And modest coral I do wear,
Which blushes when it touches air.

On silver waves I sit and sing,
And then the fish lie listening:
Then resting on a rocky stone
I comb my hair with fishes bone:

The whilst Apollo with his beams
Doth dry my hair from soaking streams,
His light doth glaze the water's face,
And make the sea my looking glass.

So when I swim on waters high,
I see myself as I glide by,
But when the sun begins to burn,
I back into my waters turn,

And dive unto the bottom low:
Then on my head the waters flow
In curlèd waves and circles round,
And thus with eddies I am crowned.

M. Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle

93. *The Star That Bids the Shepherd Fold*

From 'Comus'

i

THE Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gole
Of his Chamber in the East.

Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rosie Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gon to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber ly.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Com let us our rights begin,
'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne're report.
Hail Goddesse of Nocturnal sport
Dark vaild *Cotytto*, t' whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame
That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the ayr,

Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
Wherin thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, til utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep
From her cabin'd loop hole peep,
And to the tel-tale Sun discry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastick round.

ii

94. *Song*

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
Within the airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet imbroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in som flowry Cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
So maist thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

iii

95. *Song*

SABRINA fair
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-droping hair,
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
In name of great *Oceanus*,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrincled look,
And the *Carpathian* wisards hook,
By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,
And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,
By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By *Thetis* tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
Wherwith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head

From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save.

Sabrina *rises, attended by water-Nymphes, and sings*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stayes,
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channell strayes,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here.

Spirit. Goddess dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.
Sabrina. Shepherd 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity;
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy brest
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of pretious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip

Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite's* bowr.

iv

96. *To the Ocean Now I Fly*

The Spirit Epilogues

TO the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid ayr
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crispèd shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwels,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and *Cassia's* balmy smels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow

Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfl'd scarf can shew,
And drenches with *Elysian* dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of *Hyacinth*, and roses
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial *Cupid* her fam'd son advanc't
Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc't
After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so *Jove* hath sworn.
  But now my task is smoothly don,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.
  Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher then the Spheary chime;
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

J. Milton

97. *Themista's Reproof*

LIKE a top which runneth round
And never winneth any ground;
Or th' dying scion of a vine
That rather breaks than it will twine;
Or th' sightless mole whose life is spent
Divided from her element;
Or plants removed from Tagus' shore
Who never bloom nor blossom more;
Or dark Cimmerians who delight
In shady shroud of pitchy night;
Or mopping apes who are possessed
Their cubs are ever prettiest:
So he who makes his own opinion
To be his one and only minion,
Nor will incline in any season
To th' weight of proof or strength of reason,
But prefers will precipitate
'Fore judgment that's deliberate;
He ne'er shall lodge within my roof
Till, rectified by due reproof,
He labours to reform this ill
By giving way to others' will.

R. Brathwaite

98. *Poets and Their Theft*

AS birds to hatch their young do sit in spring,
The ages do their broods of poets bring,
Who to the world in verse do sweetly sing.

Their notes great Nature set, not Art so taught:
For fancies in the brain by Nature wrought
Are best: what Imitation makes are nought:

For though they sing as well as well may be,
And make their notes of what they learn agree,
Yet he that teaches still hath mastery:

And ought to have the crown of praise and fame,
In the long roll of Time to write his name—
And, those that steal it out, but win the blame.

There's none should places have in Fame's high court,
But those who first do win Invention's fort,
Not messengers—that only make report.

To messengers reward of thanks are due
For their great pains to bring their message true,
But not the honour of invention new.

Many there are that suits will make to wear,
Of several patches stolen here and there,
That to the world they gallants may appear.

And the poor vulgar, who but little know,
Do reverence all that makes a glistering show,
Examining not the same how they came to.

Then do they call their friends and all their kin;
They factions make, the ignorant to win,
And with their help into Fame's court get in.

M. Cavendish, Duchess of Newc...

99. The Author's Apology For His Book

(The Pilgrim's Progress)

WHEN at the first I took my pen in hand,
Thus for to write; I did not understand
That I at all should make a little Book
In such a mode; Nay, I had undertook
To make another, which when almost done,
Before I was aware, I this begun.

And thus it was: I writing of the Way
And Race of Saints, in this our Gospel-Day,
Fell suddenly into an Allegory
About their Journey, and the way to Glory,
In more than twenty things, which I set down;
This done, I twenty more had in my Crown,
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
Nay then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,
I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
Should prove *ad infinitum*, and eat out
The Book that I already am about.

Well, so I did; but yet I did not think
To show to all the World my Pen and Ink
In such a mode; I only thought to make
I knew not what: nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my Neighbour; no not I;
And did it mine own self to gratify.

Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my scribble; nor did I intend
But to divert myself in doing this,
From worser thoughts, which make me do amiss.

Thus I set Pen to Paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.
For having now my Method by the end,
Still as I pull'd, it came; and so I penn'd
It down; until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth the bigness which you see
Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,
I shew'd them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify:
And some said, let them live; some, let them die.
Some said, *John*, print it; others said, Not so:
Some said, It might do good, others said, No.
Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me;
At last I thought, Since you are thus divided,
I print it will; and so the case decided.
For, thought I, Some I see, would have it done,
Though others in that Channel do not run;
To prove then who advised for the best,
Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.
I further thought, if now I did deny
Those that would have it thus, to gratify,
I did not know but hinder them I might
Of that which would to them be great delight.
For those which were not for its coming forth,
I said to them, Offend you I am loth;
Yet since your Brethern pleased with it be,
Forbear to judge, till you do further see.
If that thou wilt not read, let it alone;
Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone:
Yea, that I might them better palliate,
I did too with them thus expostulate.

May I not write in such a style as this?
In such a method too, and yet not miss
Mine end, thy good? why may it not be done?
Dark Clouds bring Waters, when the bright bring none;
Yea, dark, or bright, if they their Silver drops
Cause to descend, the Earth, by yielding Crops,
Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,
But treasures up the Fruit they yield together:
Yea, so commixes both, that in her Fruit
None can distinguish this from that, they suit
Her well, when hungry: but if she be full,
She spues out both, and makes their blessings null.

You see the ways the Fisherman doth take
To catch the Fish; what Engins doth he make?
Behold how he engageth all his Wits,
Also his Snares, Lines, Angles, Hooks, and Nets.
Yet Fish there be, that neither Hook nor Line,
Nor Snare, nor Net, nor Engine can make thine,
They must be grop't for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catcht, what ere you do.

How doth the Fowler seek to catch his Game,
By divers means, all which one cannot name?
His Gun, his Nets, his Limetwigs, light, and bell:
He creeps, he goes, he stands; yea who can tell
Of all his postures, Yet there's none of these
Will make him master what Fowls he please.
Yea, he must Pipe, and Whistle to catch this;
Yet if he does so, that Bird he will miss.

If that a Pearl, may in a Toads-head dwell,
And may be found too in an Oystershell;
If things that promise nothing, do contain
What better is than Gold; who will disdain,

(That have an inkling of it,) there to look,
That they may find it. Now my little Book,
(Tho' void of all those paintings that may make
It with this or the other Man to take,)
Is not without those things that do excel
What do in brave, but empty notions dwell.
Well, yet I am not fully satisfied,
That this your Book will stand when soundly try'd;
Why, what's the matter! it is dark, what tho?
But it is feigned. What of that I tro?
Some men by feigning words as dark as mine,
Make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine.
But they want solidness: Speak man thy mind,
They drown'd the weak; Metaphors make us blind
Solidity, indeed becomes the Pen
Of him that writeth things Divine to men:
But must I needs want solidness, because
By Metaphors I speak; Was not Gods Laws,
His Gospel-Laws, in older time held forth
By Types, Shadows and Metaphors? Yet loth
Will any sober man be to find fault
With them, lest he be found for to assault
The highest Wisdom. No, he rather stoops,
And seeks to find out what by pins and loops,
By Calves, and Sheep, by Heifers, and by Rams;
By Birds, and Herbs, and by the blood of Lambs,
God speaketh to him. And happy is he
That finds the light, and grace that in them be.
Be not to forward therefore to conclude,
That I want solidness, that I am rude:
All things solid in shew, not solid be;
All things in parables despise not we,

Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive,
And things that good are, of our souls bereave.
My dark and cloudy words they do but hold
The Truth, as Cabinets inclose the Gold.
The Prophets used much by Metaphors
To set forth Truth; Yea, who so considers
Christ, his Apostles too, shall plainly see,
That Truths to this day in such Mantles be.
Am I afraid to say that holy Writ,
Which for its Stile, and Phrase puts down all Wit,
Is every where so full of all these things,
(Dark Figures, Allegories,) yet there springs
From that same Book that lustre, and those rays
Of light, that turns our darkest nights to days.
Come, let my Carper to his Life now look,
And find There darker lines than in my Book
He findeth any. Yea, and let him know,
That in his best things there are worse lines too.
May we but stand before impartial men,
To his poor One, I durst adventure Ten,
That they will take my meaning in these lines
Far better than his Lies in Silver Shrines.
Come, Truth, although in Swadling-clouts, I find
Informs the Judgment, rectifies the Mind,
Pleases the Understanding, makes the Will
Submit; the Memory too it doth fill
With what doth our Imagination please;
Likewise, it tends our troubles to appease.
Sound words I know *Timothy* is to use,
And old Wives Fables he is to refuse;
But yet grave *Paul*, him no where doth forbid
The use of Parables; in which lay hid

That Gold, those Pearls, and precious stones that were
Worth digging for; and that with greatest care.
Let me add one word more, O man of God!
Art thou offended? dost thou wish I had
Put forth my matter in another dress,
Or that I had in things been more express?
Three things let me propound, then I submit
To those that are my betters, as is fit.
1. I find not that I am denied the use
Of this my method, so I no abuse
Put on the Words, Things, Readers, or be rude
In handling Figure, or Similitude,
In application; but, all that I may,
Seek the advance of Truth, this or that way:
Denied, did I say? Nay, I have leave,
(Example too, and that from them that have
God better pleased by their words or ways,
Than any man that breatheth now a-days,)
Thus to express my mind, thus to declare
Things unto thee, that excellentest are.
2. I find that men (as high as Trees) will write
Dialogue-wise; yet no man doth them slight
For writing so: Indeed if they abuse
Truth, cursed be they, and, the craft they use
To that intent; But yet let Truth be free
To make her Sallies upon Thee, and Me,
Which way it pleases God. For who knows how,
Better than he that taught us first to Plough,
To guide our Mind and Pens for his Design?
And he makes base things usher in Divine.
3. I find that holy Writ in many places,
Hath semblance with this method, where the cases

Doth call for one thing, to set forth another:
Use it I may then, and yet nothing smother
Truths golden Beams; Nay, by this method may
Make it cast forth its rays as light as day.
And now, before I do put up my Pen,
I'll shew the profit of my Book, and then
Commit both thee, and it unto that hand
That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.

This Book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting Prize:
It shews you whence he comes, whither he goes,
What he leaves undone; also what he does:
It also shews you how he runs and runs,
Till he unto the Gate of Glory comes.

It shews too, who sets out for life amain,
As if the lasting Crown they should attain:
Here also you may see the reason why
They lose their labour, and like Fools do die.

This Book will make a Traveller of thee,
If by its Counsel thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its Directions understand:
Yea, it will make the slothful, active be;
The Blind also, delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare, and profitable?
Wouldest thou see a Truth within a Fable?
Art thou forgetful? wouldest thou remember
From *New-year's-day* to the last of *December*?
Then read my fancies, they will stick like Burs,
And may be to the Helpless, Comforters.

This Book is writ in such a Dialect,
As may the minds of listless men affect:

It seems a Novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound, and honest Gospel-strains.
Would'st thou divert thyself from Melancholy?
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Would'st thou read Riddles, and their Explanation?
Or else be drowned in thy Contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or wouldst thou see
A man i' th' Clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Would'st thou be in a Dream, and yet not sleep?
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh, and weep?
Wouldest thou lose thyself, and catch no harm?
And find thyself again without a charm?
Would'st read thyself, and read thou know'st not what
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,
And lay my Book, thy Head, and Heart together.

J. Bunyan

100. An Epilogue

SIR Charles into my chamber coming in,
When I was writing of my 'Fairy Queen';
'I pray'—said he—'when Queen Mab you do see
Present my service to her Majesty:
And tell her I have heard Fame's loud report
Both of her beauty and her stately court.'
When I Queen Mab within my fancy viewed,
My thoughts bowed low, fearing I should be rude;
Kissing her garment thin which fancy made,
I knelt upon a thought, like one that prayed;

And then, in whispers soft, I did present
His humble service which in mirth was sent;
Thus by imagination I have been
In Fairy court and seen the Fairy Queen.

M. Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle

101. *Drinking*

(Anacreontiques)

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 twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd 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?

A. Cowley

102. *The Epicure*

(Anacreontiques)

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
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.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs tomorrow.

103. *Another*

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat, and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup,
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay desires.

The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth then rugged way.
Since it equally does flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do precious ointments shower,
Nobler wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give.
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

A. Cowley

104. *The Excellency of Wine*

'TIS wine that inspires,
And quencheth Love's fires;
Teaches fools how to rule a state.
Maids ne'er did approve it;
Because those that love it,
Despise, and laugh at, their hate.

The drinkers of beer
Did ne'er yet appear
In matters of any weight;
'Tis he whose design
Is quickened by wine,
That raises things to their height.

We then should it prize;
For never black eyes
Made wounds, which this could not heal.
Who then doth refuse
To drink of this juice,
Is a foe to the common weal.

R. Boyle, Earl of Orrery

105. *The Healths*

SOME, faith, since I'm parting, and that God knows when
The walls of sweet Wickham I shall see again;
Let's e'en have a frolic, and drink like tall men,
Till heads with healths go round.

And first to Sir William, I'll take 't on my knee
He well doth deserve that a brimmer it be:
More brave entertainments none ere gave than he;
Then let his health go round.

Next to his chaste lady, who loves him alife;
And whilst we are drinking to so good a wife,
The poor of the parish will pray for her life;
Be sure her health go round.

And then to young Will, the heir of this place;
He'll make a brave man, you may see't in his face;
I only could wish we had more of the race;
At least let his health go round.

To well-graced Victoria the next room we owe;
As virtuous she'll prove as her mother, I trow,
And somewhat in housewifery more she will know;
O let her health go round!

To plump Bess, her sister, I drink down this cup;
Birlackins (my masters) each man must take't up;
'Tis foul play (I bar it) to simper and sup,
When such a health goes round.

And now helter-skelter to th' rest of the house,
The most are good fellows, and love to carouse;
Who's not, may go sneak-up; he's not worth a louse,
That stops a health i' th' round.

To th' clerk, so he'll learn to drink in the morn;
To Heynous, that stares when he has quaft up his horn;
To Philip, by whom good ale ne'er was forlorn;
These lads can drink a round.

John Chandler! come on, here's some warm beer for you;
A health to the man that this liquor did brew;
Why, Hewet! there's for thee; nay, take't, 'tis thy due,
But see that it go round.

Hot Coles is on fire, and fain would be quench'd;
As well as his horses the groom must be drench'd;
Who's else? let him speak, if his thirst he'd have stench'd
Or have his health go round.

And now to the women, who must not be coy.
A glass, Mistress Cary, you know's but a toy;

Come, come, Mistress Sculler, no *pardonnez* moy,
It must, it must go round.

Dame Nell, so you'll drink, we'll allow you a sop.
Up with't, Mary Smith; in your draught never stop.
Law! there now, Nan German has left ne'er a drop,
And so must all the round.

Jane, Joan, Goody Lee, great Meg, and the less,
Ye must not be squeamish, but do as did Bess:
How th' others are named, If I could but guess,
I'd call them to the round.

And now, for my farewell, I drink up this quart;
To you, lads and lasses, e'en with all my heart:
May I find ye ever, as now when we part,
Each health still going round.

P. Cary

106. Loyalty Confined

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
Swell, curlèd waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest-proof:
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:

Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wished to be retried,
Into this private room was turned;
As if their wisdom had conspired
The salamander should be burned;
Or like a sophy that would drown a fish,
I am constrained to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart; stoics we see
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet locked up,
Like some high-prizèd margarite,
Or like the great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloistered up from public sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable, sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking to' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, ofttimes proves favour by the event.

When once my Prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And for to smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart,
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my King,
Neither in person nor in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine:
My King from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A pilgrim coopt into a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?

Even there her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immured, yet can I chirp and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my King.

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immewed,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
To' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My King alone can captivate my mind.

Sir R. L'Estrange

107. *Lord Strafford's Meditations in The Tower*

GO empty joys,
With all your noise,
And leave me here alone,
In sad, sweet silence to bemoan
The fickle worldly height
Whose danger none can see aright,
Whilst your false splendours dim the sight.

Go, and ensnare
With your trim ware

Some other worldly wight,
And cheat him with your flattering light;
Rain on his head a shower
Of honour, greatness, wealth, and power;
Then snatch it from him in an hour.

Fill his big mind
With gallant wind
Of insolent applause;
Let him not fear the curbing laws,
Nor king, nor people's frown;
But dream of something like a crown,
Then, climbing upwards, tumble down.

Let him appear
In his bright sphere
Like Cynthia in her pride,
With starlike troops on every side;
For number and clear light
Such as may soon o'erwhelm him quite,
And blend them both in one dead night.

Welcome, sad night,
Grief's sole delight,
Thy mourning best agrees
With honour's funeral obsequies!
In Thetis' lap he lies,
Mantled with soft securities,
Whose too much sunshine dims his eyes.

Was he too bold,
Who needs would hold

With curbing reins the Day,
And make Sol's fiery steeds obey?
Therefore as rash was I
Who with Ambition's wings did fly
In Charles's Wain too loftily.

I fall, I fall!
Whom shall I call?
Alas! shall I be heard,
Who now is neither loved nor feared?
You, who have vowed the ground
To kiss, where my blest steps were found,
Come, catch me at my last rebound.

How each admires
Heaven's twinkling fires,
Whilst from their glorious seat
Their influence gives light and heat;
But oh! how few there are,
Though danger from the act be far,
Will run to catch a falling star!

Now 'tis too late
To imitate
Those lights, whose pallidness
Argues no inward guiltiness;
Their course one way is bent;
Which is the cause there's no dissent
In Heaven's High Court of Parliament.

Anon.

108. A Royal Lamentation

GREAT Monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of earthly kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings.

Nature and law by thy divine decree
(The only root of righteous royalty),
With this dim diadem invested me:

With it the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe,
Yet am I levelled with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrownèd head,
Are they that owe my bounty for their bread.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the King's name the King's himself uncrowned;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down, and worship them.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the King a traitor to the State.

Felons obtain more privilege than I;
They are allowed to answer ere they die:
'Tis death for me to ask the reason why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as Thou know'st do not know what they do.

Augment my patience, nullify my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;
Yet, though we perish, bless this Church and State.

King Charles I.

109. *L'Allegro*

HENCE loathèd Melancholy
Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
Find out som uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings;
There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
But com thou Goddes fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To Ivy-crownèd *Bacchus* bore;

Or whether (as som Sager sing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrincled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Com, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to com in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.

While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of som Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill,
Som time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Wher the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest:
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dresses;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Som times with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flale hath thresh'd the Corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;

And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
Rain influence, and judge the prise
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
On Summer eeves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If *Jonsons* learnèd Sock be on,
Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe,
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linckèd sweetnes long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony.

That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear
Such streins as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

J. Milton

110. *Il Penseroso*

HENCE vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toyes;
Dwell in som idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay notes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.
But hail thou Goddes, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight;
And therfore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue,
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnons sister might be seem,

Or that Starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
To solitary *Saturn* bore;
His daughter she, (in *Saturns* raign,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove.*
Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of *Cipres* Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted state,
With eev'n step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes,
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad Leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.
And adde to these retired Leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;

But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less *Philomel* will daign a Song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o're th' accustom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that Shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musicall, most melancholy!
Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy eeven-Song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that had bin led astray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off *Curfeu* sound,
Over som wide-water'd shoar,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the Ayr will not permit,
Som still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,

Or the Belmans drousie charm,
To bless the dores from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear
The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element.
Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,

On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Forests, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant then meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the russling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddes bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by som Brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eie,
While the Bee with Honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;

And let som strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
Of lively portrature display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by som spirits to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embowèd Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dimm religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To somthing like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
And I with thee will chose to live.

J. Milton

III. *A Poetic Descant Upon a Private Music-Meeting*

MUSE! Rise, and plume thy feet, and let's converse
This morn together: let's rehearse
Last evening's sweets; and run one heat in full-speed verse.

Prank not thyself in metaphors; but pound
Thy ranging tropes, that they may sound
Nothing but what our Paradise did then surround.

Throned first Parthenian heav'n-bred beauties were
Near crystal casements' Eastern sphere;
Who like to Venus sparkled, yet more chaste than fair.

'Mongst which, one radiant star so largely shone,
She seem'd a constellation,
Her front 'bove lily-white, cheek 'bove rose-red, full blown.

Yet be not planet-struck, like some that gaze
Too eagerly on Beauty's blaze;
There's none like thine, dear Muse! theirs are but meteor-rays.

Suitors to idols offer idle suits,
Which hold their presence more recruits
Their broken hopes, than viols, pedals, organs, lutes.

But, whist! The masculine sweet planets met,
Their instruments in tune have set,
And now begin to ransack Music's cabinet.

Sol! Thou pure fountain of this streaming Noise!
  Patron of Sweetness! Soul of Joys!
How were we ravish'd with thy viol's warbling voice!

Thy nectar-dropping joints so played their part,
  They forced the fibres of our heart
To dance: thy bow's swift lightning made the tears to start.

Thou didst ev'n saw the grumbling catlines still,
  And tortured'st the base, until
His roaring diapasons did the whole room fill.

Luna the pedal richly did adorn;
  If 'twixt the cedar and the thorn
There's ought harmonious, 'twas from this sweet fir-tree born.

As Philomel, Night's minstrel, jugs her tides
  Of rolling melody; she rides
On surges down to th' deep; and, when she lifts, up glides.

Jove cataracts of liquid gold did pour,
  More precious than his Danaë's show'r;
From pedal-drops to organ-deluge swell'd the stour.

Mars twang'd a violin (his fierce drums for fight
  Turn'd to brisk Almans) with what sprite
His treble shrill'd forth marches, which he strain'd to the height!

His active bow, arm'd with a war-like tone,
  Rallied his troops of strings, as one,
Which volleys gave i' th' chase of swift division.

So the Pelean youth was vanquish'd still
  By his renown'd musician's skill,
Which could disarm, and arm the conqueror at will.

Last Mercury with ravishing strains fell on,
  Whose violin seem'd the chymic-stone,
For every melting touch was pure projection.

Chair'd midst the spheres of Music's Heav'n, I hear,
  I gaze: charm'd all to eye and ear;
Both which, with objects too intense, even martyr'd were.

Th' excess of fairs, distill'd through sweets, did woo
  My wav'ring soul, maz'd what to do,
Or to quit eyes for ears, or ears for eyes forego.

Giddy i' th' change which sex to crown with praise;
  Time swore he never was with lays
More sweetly spent; nor Beauty ever beam'd such rays.

'Twixt these extremes mine eyes and ears did stray,
  And sure it was no time to pray;
The Deities themselves then being all at play.

The full-throng'd room its ruin quite defies:
  Nor fairs, nor airs are pond'rous; skies
Do scorn to shrink, though pil'd with stars and harmonies

Form, Beauty, Sweetness, all did here conspire,
  Combin'd in one Celestial Quire,
To charm the enthusiastic soul with enthean fire;

These buoy up care-sunk thoughts; their power endues
A castril brain with eagle-muse:
When Saints would highest soar they Music's pinions use.

Music! thy med'cines can our grief allay,
And re-inspire our lumpish clay:
Muse! Thou transcend'st; thou without instruments canst play.
Blandulis Longum Vale Cantilenis.

' *E. Benlowes*

112. *At a Solemn Musick*

BLEST pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantasie present,
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits theron
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;

As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

J. Milton

113. *Man*

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 flow'rs,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun and set in the same bow'rs;

I would—said I—my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine;
The flow'rs without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never dress'd so fine.

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,
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 order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

H. Vaughan

114. Upon the Weakness and Misery of Man

OUR pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical.
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
Our noblest piles and stateliest rooms
Are but outhouses to our tombs;
Cities though ne'er so great and brave
But mere warehouses to the grave.
Our bravery's but a vain disguise
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,

The remedy of a defect
With which our nakedness is deckcd,
Yet makes us smile with pride and boast
As if we had gained by being lost.

S. Butler

115. *On Time*

FLY envious *Time*. till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-steeping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And meerly mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grosnes quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphingover Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

J. Milton

116. *The Retreat*

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,
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 sev'ral sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;

And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

H. Vaughan

117. *Corruption*

SURE, it was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone and earth:
He shin'd a little, and by those weak rays
Had some glimpse of his birth.
He saw heaven o'er his head, and knew from whence
He came, condemnèd, thither;
And, as first love draws strongest, so from hence
His mind sure progress'd thither.
Things here were strange unto him; sweat and till;
All was a thorn or weed;
Nor did those last, but—like himself—died still
As soon as they did seed;
They seem'd to quarrel with him; for that act,
They fell him, foil'd them all;
He drew the curse upon the world, and crack'd
The whole frame with his fall.
This made him long for home, as loth to stay
With murmurers and foes;
He sighed for Eden, and would often say
'Ah! what bright days were those!'
Nor was heav'n cold unto him; for each day
The valley or the mountain
Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay
In some green shade or fountain.

Angels lay leiger here; each bush, and cell,
  Each oak, and highway knew them;
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well,
  And he was sure to view them.
Almighty Love! where art Thou now? mad man
  Sits down and freeezeth on;
He raves, and sweais 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 centre, 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?'

H. Vaughan

118. Affliction

PEACE! peace! it is not so. Thou dost miscall
  Thy physic: pills that change
Thy sick accessions into settled health;
This is the great elixir, that turns gall
To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth;
  And brings man home when he doth range.
  Did not He, Who ordain'd the day,
    Ordain night too?
  And in the greater world display
  What in the lesser He would do?
All flesh is clay, thou know'st; and but that God
    Doth use His rod,

And by a fruitful change of frosts and showers
Cherish, and bind thy pow'rs,
Thou wouldst to weeds and thistles quite disperse,
And be more wild than is thy verse.
Sickness is wholsome, and crosses are but curbs
To check the mule, unruly man;
They are heaven's husbandry, the famous fan,
Purging the floor which chaff disturbs.
Were all the year one constant sunshine, we
Should have no flowers,
All would be drought and leanness; not a tree
Would make us bowers.
Beauty consists in colours; and that's best
Which is not fix'd, but flies and flows;
The settled red is dull, and whites that rest
Something of sickness would disclose.
Vicissitude plays all the game;
Nothing that stirs,
Or hath a name,
But waits upon this wheel;
Kingdoms too have their physic, and for steel
Exchange their peace and furs.
Thus doth God key disorder'd man,
Which none else can,
Tuning his breast to rise or fall;
And by a sacred, needful art
Like strings stretch ev'ry part,
Making the whole most musical.

H. Vaughan

119. *On His Blindness*

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, least he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his milde yoak, they serve him best, his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and waite.

J. Milton

120. *The Pilgrim*

WHO would true valour see
Let him come hither!
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather:
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,

Do but themselves confound;
  His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
  To be a Pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,
  Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
  Shall Life inherit.—
Then, fancies, fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour, night and day,
  To be a Pilgrim.

J. Bunyan

121. *The Shepherd Boy Sings in the Valley of Humiliation*

HE that is down needs fear no fall,
  He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little be it, or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

J. Bunyan

122. The World

I SAW Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights;
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flow'r.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow,
He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.

Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Work'd under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policy:
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugg'd each one his pelf;
The downright epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
And scorn'd pretence;
While others, slipp'd into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor, despisèd Truth sate counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring;
But most would use no wing.
O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way;

The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!
But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whisper'd thus,
'This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for His bride.'

H. Vaughan

123. The Philosopher's Devotion

SING aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned;
He that on Olympus high
Tends his flocks with watchful eye,
And this eye has multiplied
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus, as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with outstretched ray;
Nimble they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Summer, winter, autumn, spring,
Their inclinèd axes bring.
Never slack they; none respires,
Dancing round their central fires.
In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove

Thorough heaven's vast hollowness
Which unto all corners press:
Music that the heart of Jove
Moves to joy and sportful love;
Fills the listening sailors' ears
Riding on the wandering spheres:
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.
  God is good, is wise, is strong,
Witness all the creature throng,
Is confessed by every tongue;
All things back from whence they sprung,
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrow of the sea.
  Now myself I do resign;
Take me whole; I all am thine.
Save me, God, from self-desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire;
Let not lust my soul bemire.
  Quit from these thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O Wisdom's sons,
Freed from vain religions!
Lo! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute—
India, Egypt, Araby,
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
Carmel-tracts, and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the Moon,
From whence muddy Nile doth run,
Or wherever else you won:

Breathing in one vital air,
One we are though distant far.
  Rise at once; let's sacrifice:
Odours sweet perfume the skies;
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires!
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls.
Leave we nothing to ourselves
Save a voice—what need we else!
Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute or lyre!
  Sing aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

H. More

124. On the Morning of Christ's Nativity

THIS is the Month, and this the happy morn
  Wherin the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
  That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherwith he wont at Heav'ns high Councel Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,

He laid aside; and here with us to be,
  Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no vers, no hymn, or solemn strein,
To welcom him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,
  Hath took no print of the approching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet,
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
  And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

125. *The Hymn*

IT was the Winter wilde
  While the Heav'n-born-childe,
  All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in aw to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
  With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
  To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
  The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,
  She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger,
  With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

No War, or Battails sound
Was heard the World around,
  The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
  The Trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,
And Kings sate still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherin the Prince of light
  His raign of peace upon the earth began:
The Windes with wonder whist,

Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,
The new enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly com to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
  As never was by mortall finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
  As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
  Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was don,
  And that her raign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,
  That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd,
The helmèd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
  Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
  But when of old the sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator Great
His constellations set,

And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Th' enameld *Arras* of the Rain-bow wearing,
And Mercy set between,
Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down stearing,
And Heav'n as at som festivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

But wisest Fate sayes no,
This must not yet be so,
  The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
  So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang
  While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The agèd Earth agast
With terrour of that blast,
  Shall from the surface to the center shake;
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
  But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
  Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his foulded tail.

The Oracles are dumm,
No voice or hideous humm
  Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine

Can no more divine,
With hollow shreik the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspire's the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nimphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear, and dying sound
Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor, and *Baalim*,
Forsake their Temples dim,
With that twise-batter'd god of *Palestine*,
And moonèd *Ashtaroth*,
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

And sullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,
  His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly king,
  In dismall dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
  Trampling the unshowr'd Grasse with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
  Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dredded Infants hand,
  The rayes of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
  Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controul the damnèd crew.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
  Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th' infernall jail,

Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,
Heav'ns youngest teemèd Star,
Hath fixt her polisht Car,
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

J. Milton

126. *Hymn*

LORD, when the wise men came from far,
Led to Thy cradle by a star,
Then did the shepherds too rejoice,
Instructed by Thy Angel's voice:
Blest were the wise men in their skill
And shepherds in their harmless will.

Wise men in tracing Nature's laws
Ascend unto the highest Cause;
Shepherds with humble fearfulness
Walk safely, though their Light be Life:
Though wise men better know the way
It seems no honest heart can stray.

RESTORATION VERSE

There is no merit in the wise
But Love, (the shepherds' sacrifice)
Wise men, all ways of knowledge past,
To the shepherds' wonder come at last:
To know can only wonder breed,
And not to know is wonder's seed.

A wise man at the altar bows
And offers up his studied vows,
And is received,—may not the tears,
Which springs too from a shepherd's fears,
And sighs upon his frailty spent,
Though not distinct, be eloquent?

'Tis true, the object, sanctifies
All passions which within us rise,
But since no creature comprehends
The Cause of causes, End of Ends,
He who himself vouchsafes to know
Best pleases his Creator so.

When, then, our sorrows we apply,
To our own wants and poverty,
When we look up in all distress
And our own misery confess,
Sending both thanks and prayers above—
Then, though we do not know, we love.

S. Godolphin

127. *Crucifixus Pro Nobis*

CHRIST IN THE CRADLE

LOOK, how he shakes for cold!
How pale his lips are grown!
Wherein his limbs to fold
Yet mantle has he none.
His pretty feet and hands
(Of late more pure and white
Than is the snow
That pains them so)
Have lost their candour quite.
His lips are blue
(Where roses grew),
He's frozen ev'erywhere:
All th' heat he has
Joseph, alas!
Gives in a groan; or Mary in a tear.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN

Look, how he glows for heat!
What flames come from his eyes!
'Tis blood that he does sweat,
Blood his bright forehead dyes:
See, see! It trickles down:
Look, how it showers amain!
Through every pore
His blood runs o'er,
And empty leaves each vein.
His very heart
Burns in each part;

A fire his breast doth sear:
For all this flame,
To cool the same
He only breathes a sigh, and weeps a tear.

CHRIST IN HIS PASSION

What bruises do I see!
What hideous stripes are those!
Could any cruel be
Enough, to give such blows?
Look, how they bind his arms
And vex his soul with scorns,
Upon his hair
They make him wear
A crown of piercing thorns.
Through hands and feet
Sharp nails they beat:
And now the cross they rear:
Many look on:
But only John
Stands by to sigh, Mary to shed a tear.

Why did he shake for cold?
Why did he glow for heat?
Dissolve that frost he could,
He could call back that sweat.
Those bruises, stripes, bonds, taunts,
Those thorns, which thou didst see,
Those nails, that cross,
His own life's loss,
Why, O why suffered he?

'Twas for thy sake.
Thou, thou didst make
Him all those torments bear:
If then his love
Do thy soul move,
Sigh out a groan, weep down a melting tear.

P. Cary

128. *The Favour*

O THY bright looks! Thy glance of love
Shown, and but shown, me from above!
Rare looks! that can dispense such joy
As without wooing wins the coy,
And makes him mourn, and pine, and die,
Like a starv'd eaglet, for Thine eye.
Some kind herbs here, though low and far,
Watch for and know their loving star.
O let no star compare with Thee!
Nor any herb out-duty me!
So shall my nights and mornings be
Thy time to shine, and mine to see.

H. Vaughan

129. *The Eclipse*

WHITHER, O whither didst thou fly
When I did grieve Thine holy eye?
When Thou didst mourn to see me lost,
And all Thy care and counsels cross'd.
O do not grieve, where'er Thou art!
Thy grief is an undoing smart,

Which doth not only pain, but break
My heart, and makes me blush to speak.
Thy anger I could kiss, and will;
But O Thy grief, Thy grief, doth kill.

H. Vaughan

130. *Whilst I Beheld the Neck o' th' Dove*

WHILST I beheld the neck o' th' dove,
I spied and read these words.
'This pretty dye
Which takes your eye,
Is not at all the bird's.
The dusky raven might
Have with these colours pleased your sight,
Had God but chose so to ordain above;'
This label wore the dove.

Whilst I admired the nightingale,
These notes she warbled o'er.
'No melody
Indeed have I,
Admire me then no more:
God has it in His choice
To give the owl, or me, this voice;
'Tis He, 'tis He that makes me tell my tale;'
This sang the nightingale.

I smelt and praised the fragrant rose,
Blushing, thus answer'd she.
'The praise you gave,

The scent I have,
Do not belong to me;
This harmless odour, none
But only God indeed does own;
To be His keepers, my poor leaves He chose;'
And thus replied the rose.

I took the honey from the bee,
On th' bag these words were seen.
'More sweet than this
Perchance nought is,
Yet gall it might have been:
If God it should so please,
He could still make it such with ease;
And as well gall to honey change can He;'
This learnt I of the bee.

I touch'd and liked the down o' th' swan;
But felt these words there writ.
'Bristles, thorns, here
I soon should bear,
Did God ordain but it;
If my down to thy touch
Seem soft and smooth, God made it such;
Give more, or take all this away, He can;'
This was I taught by th' swan.

All creatures, then, confess to God
That th' owe Him all, but I.
My senses find
True, that my mind
Would still, oft does, deny.

Hence, Pride! out of my soul!
O'er it thou shalt no more control;
I'll learn this lesson, and escape the rod:
I, too, have all from God.

P. Cary

131. The Coronet

WHEN for the thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound,
My Saviour's head have crowned,
I seek with garlands to redress that wrong,—
Through every garden, every mead,
I gather flowers (my fruits are only flowers),
Dismantling all the fragrant towers
That once adorned my shepherdess's head.
And now, when I have summed up all my store,
Thinking (so I myself deceive)
So rich a chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the King of Glory wore,
Alas! I find the Serpent old,
That, twining in his speckled breast,
About the flowers disguised, does fold
With wreaths of fame and interest.
Ah, foolish man, that wouldst debase with them,
And mortal glory, Heaven's diadem!
But thou who only couldst the Serpent tame,
Either his slippery knots at once untie,
And disentangle all his winding snare,
Or shatter too with him my curious frame,

And let these wither—so that he may die—
Though set with skill, and chosen out with care;
That they, while thou on both their spoils dost tread,
May crown Thy feet, that could not crown Thy head.
A. Marvell

132. Come, Come! What Do I Here?

COME, come! What do I here?
Since he is gone
Each day is grown a dozen year
And each hour, one;
Come, come!
Cut off the sum:
By these soil'd tears!
Which only Thou
Know'st to be true,
Days are my fears.

There's not a wind can stir,
Or beam pass by,
By straight I think, though far,
Thy hand is nigh.
Come, come!
Strike these lips dumb:
This restless breath,
That soils Thy name,
Will ne'er be tame
Until in death.

Perhaps some think a tomb
No house of store,
But a dark and seal'd up womb,
Which ne'er breeds more:
Come, come!
Such thoughts benumb:
But I would be
With Him I weep
Abed, and sleep,
To wake in Thee.

H. Vaughan

133. *The Morning-Watch*

O JOYOUS! infinite sweetness! with what flowers
And shoots of glory, my soul breaks and buds!
All the long hours
Of night and rest,
Through the still shrouds
Of sleep, and clouds,
This dew fell on my breast;
O how it bloods,
And spirits all my earth! hark! in what rings,
And hymning circulations the quick world
Awakes, and sings!
The rising winds,
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore Him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurl'd
In sacred hymns and order; the great chime
And symphony of Nature. Prayer is

The world in tune,
A spirit-voice,
And vocal joys,
Whose echo is heaven's bliss.
O let me climb
When I lie down! The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded star, whose beams, though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,
Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that misty shroud.
So in my bed,
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp and life, both shall in Thee abide.

H. Vaughan

134. *The Dawning*

OH! what time wilt Thou come? when shall that cry
'The Bridegroom's coming!' fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will Thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock Thy bowers?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternity?
Indeed, it is the only time

That with Thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, every field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks, the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,
The pursy clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter,
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star.

O at one time soever Thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And with Thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security,
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave;
But at this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;
So let me all my busy age
In Thy free services engage;
And though—while here—of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above;

So when that day and hour shall come,
In which Thy Self will be the sun,
Thou'lt find me dress'd and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great day.

H. Vaughan

135. *And Do They So? Have They a Sense*

AND do they so? have they a sense
Of ought but influence?
Can they their heads lift, and expect,
And groan too? why th' elect
Can do no more; my volumes said
They were all dull, and dead;
They judg'd them senseless, and their state
Wholly inanimate.
Go, go; seal up thy looks,
And burn thy books!

I would I were a stone, or tree,
Or flower by pedigree,
Or some poor highway herb, or spring
To flow, or bird to sing!
Then should I—tied to one sure state—
All day expect my date;
But I am sadly loose, and stray
A giddy blast each way;
O let me not thus change!
Thou canst not change.

Sometimes I sit with Thee, and tarry
An hour or so, then vary.
Thy other creatures in this scene
Thee only aim, and mean;
Some rise to seek Thee, and with heads
Erect, peep from their beds;
Others, whose birth is in the tomb,
And cannot quit the womb,
Sigh there, and groan for Thee,
Their liberty.

O let not me do less! shall they
Watch, while I sleep or play?
Shall I Thy mercies still abuse
With fancies, friends, or news?
O brook it not! Thy blood is mine,
And my soul should be Thine;
O brook it not! why wilt Thou stop
After whole showers one drop?
Sure, Thou wilt joy to see
Thy sheep with Thee.

H. Vaughan

136. *The Rock*

Num. xx. ii.

WHAT wonder's this, that there should spring
Streams from a rock to quench a people's thirst?
What man alive did e'er see such a thing,
That waters out of stone should burst,

Yet rather than with drowth should Israel die,
God by a miracle will them supply.

What wonder's this, that from Christ's side
  Water and blood should run to cleanse our sin?
This is that fountain which was opened wide
  To purge all our uncleanness in;
But this the greater wonder is by far,
As substances beyond the shadows are.

Christ is that spiritual Rock from whence
  Two sacraments derivèd are to us;
Being the objects of our faith and sense,
  Both receive comfort from them thus;
Rather than we should faint our Rock turns Vine,
And stays our thirst with water and with wine.

But here's another rock, my heart,
  Harder than adamant; yet by and by,
If by a greater Moses struck, 'twill part,
  And stream forth tears abundantly.
Strike then this rock, my God, double the blow,
That for my sins, my eyes with tears may flow!

My sins that pierced thy hands, thy feet,
  Thy head, thy heart, and every part of Thee,
And on the cross made life and death to meet,
  Death to Thyself, and life to me;
Thy very fall does save; O happy strife,
That struck God dead, but raisèd man to life.

T. Washbourne

137. *I Walk'd the Other Day to Spend My Hour*

I WALK'D the other day, to spend my hour,
Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flow'r;
But Winter now had ruffled all the bow'r,
And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

Yet I, whose search lov'd not to peep and peer
I' th' face of things,
Thought with myself, there might be other springs
Besides this here;
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year;
And so the flow'r
Might have some other bow'r.

Then taking up what I could nearest spy,
I digg'd about
That place where I had seen him to grow out;
And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
Where fresh and green
He liv'd 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 young and fair.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head;
And stung with fear
Of my own frailty, dropp'd down many a tear
Upon his bed;
Then sighing whisper'd, 'Happy are the dead!
What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below!'

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root,
Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things;
But is still trod
By every wand'ring clod.

O Thou! Whose Spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, form, nor name;
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee,

Who art in all things, though invisibly;
Show me Thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign,
Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
Without all pain;
There, hid in Thee, show me His life again,
At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn!

H. Vaughan

138. *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:

'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;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing,
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 Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice;
With cedars chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore;
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.'

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

A. Marvell

139. *Peace*

MY soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And—O my soul awake!—
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

H. Vaughan

140. *Evening Hymn*

THE night is come, like to the day;
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.

Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep!
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close;
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death; oh! make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee.
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
Oh! come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

Sir T. Browne

141. The Night

THROUGH that pure virgin shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live, as glow-worms shine,
And face the moon:

Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long-expected healing wings could see
When Thou didst rise!
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 hallow'd 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 carv'd stone,
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;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress, and His prayer-time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight,
When my Lord's head is fill'd with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call:
His knocking-time; 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;
When 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 ev'ry mire;
And by this word'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
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that Night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

H. Vaughan

142. *Song*

MORPHEUS, 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,
Dipt in the Lethéan lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obligèd to thy greatest foe?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same things at last.

Sir J. Denham

143. *They Are All Gone Into the World of Light*

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,

Or those faint beams in which this bill is dress'd,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd 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!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown,
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up, gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
  Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
    Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
  My perspective still as they pass:
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
    Where I shall need no glass.

H. Vaughan

144. On His Deceased Wife

METHOUGHT I saw my late espousèd Saint
  Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
  Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
  Purification in the old Law did save,
  And such, as yet once more I trust to have
  Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
  Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
  Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
  But O as to embrace me she enclin'd
  I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

J. Milton

145. *To Cynthia*

On her Mother's Decease

APRIL is past, then do not shed,
  Nor do not waste in vain,
Upon thy mother's earthy bed,
  Thy tears of silver rain.

Thou canst not hope that her cold earth,
  By wat'ring will bring forth
A flower like thee, or will give birth
  To one of the like worth.

'Tis true the rain fall'n from the sky,
  Or from the clouded air,
Doth make the earth to fructify,
  And makes the heaven more fair.

With thy dear face it is not so,
  Which if once overcast,
It thou rain down thy showers of woe,
  They, like the Sirens', blast.

Therefore when sorrow shall becloud
  Thy fair serenest day,
Weep not, my sighs shall be allowed
  To chase the storm away.

Consider that the teeming vine,
If cut by chance do weep,
Doth bear no grapes to make the wine,
But feels eternal sleep.

Sir F. Kynaston

146. *Lycidas*

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his Passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion fortels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of som melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somwhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may som gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shrowd.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright
Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute;
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old *Damætas* lov'd to hear our song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
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 layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When first the White thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids* ly,
Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there—for what could that have don?
What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muse her self, for her inchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra's* hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phoebus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreds aloft by those pure eyes,

And perfet witnes of all judging *Jove;*
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocall reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oate proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune's* plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd Promontory,
That knew not of his story,
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatall and perfidious Bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,

Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!
What recks it then? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; Return *Sicilian* Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
That on the green terf suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.

The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine.
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Herse 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 ere thy bones are hurld,
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 deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptiall Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;
Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

J. Milton

147. 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' banisht 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'rt now.
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 then 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 purg'd the Christian land;
Still Idols here, like calves at Bethel stand.
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
That her eternal verse employ'd should be
On a less subject then Eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,
But her whom God himself scorn'd 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 Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the famed Chapel there,
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.
Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak't, and grief,
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
Rather then 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!
Opposed by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attacked by Envy, and by Ignorance,
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by Desires,
Expos'd by Tyrant-Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
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)
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.

A. Cowley

148. *On the Death of Mr. William Hervey*

IT was a dismal, and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,
When Sleep, Death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker Death possest.
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,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
O, 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!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be:
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas, my treasures gone! why do I stay?

He was my Friend, the truest Friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth;

Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship giv'n of old to fame.
None but his brethern he and sisters knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights?
Till the Ledæan stars so famed for love,
Wonder'd at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep Philosophy,
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my Friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my Friend is laid.

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds t' your boughs they bring;
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 lov'd my worthless rhymes, and like a friend
Would find out something to commend.
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 honour now,
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and cackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
Cypress which tombs does beautify;
Not Phœbus griev'd so much as I,
For him who first was made that mournful tree.

Large was his soul, as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here.
High as the place 'twas shortly in Heav'n 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.

He scorn'd 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:
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 heav'nly moon did show,
Temp'ring that mighty sea below.
Oh had he lived in learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to controul
His over-powering 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,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due.

For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues join'd 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 heav'n one way.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, 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 snatch'd hence ere better understood?
Snatch'd 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 seiz'd on that breath
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always us'd 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.
There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever 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,
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 poesie,
Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse,

A. Cowley

149. An Epitaph on Thomas, Third Lord Fairfax

Under this stone does lie
One born for Victory.

FAIRFAX the valiant; and only he
Whoe'er, for that alone a conqueror would be.
Both sexes' virtues were in him combined:
He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And eke the meekness too of womankind.

He never knew what Envy was, or Hate.
His soul was filled with worth and honesty;
And with another thing, quite out of date,
Called modesty.

He ne'er seemed impudent but in the field, a place
Where impudence itself dares seldom show her face.
Had any stranger spied him in the room
With some of those whom he had overcome,
And had not heard their talk, but only seen
Their gestures and their mien,
They would have sworn he had, the vanquished been.
For as they bragged, and dreadful would appear;
While they, their own ill lucks in war repeated:
His modesty still made him blush to hear
How often he had them defeated.

Through his whole life, the part he bore
Was wonderful and great,
And yet it so appeared in nothing more
Than in his private last retreat.
For it's a stranger thing to find
One man of such a glorious mind,
As can dismiss the Power he has got;
Than millions of the fools and braves
(Those despicable fools and knaves),
Who such a pother make,
Through dulness and mistake,
In seeking after power, but get it not.

When all the nation he had won,
With great expense of blood had bought,

Store great enough, he thought
Of fame and of renown:
He then his arms laid down
With full as little pride
As if he had been of his enemies' side;
Or one of them could do that were undone.
He neither wealth, nor places sought;
For others, not himself, he fought.
He was content to know
(For he had found it so)
That when he pleased to conquer he was able,
And left the spoil and plunder to the rabble.
He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly Great, than honourably Good.

This from the world, did admiration draw;
And from his friends, both love and awe:
Remembering what in fight he did before.
And his foes loved him too,
As they were bound to do,
Because he was resolved to fight no more.
So blessed of all, he died. But far more blessed were we,
If we were sure to live till we could see
A man as great in War, in Peace as just, as he.

G. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham

150. *On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death and Burial Among the Ancient Poets*

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolved;
Which our dark nation long involved:
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next, like Aurora, Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phoebus, the poets' god, inspires;
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines:
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They lived to see so many days,
Till time has blasted all their bays;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother-wit, and nature gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share;
He melted not the ancient gold,

Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets, and of orators.
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear;
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language, though to none
Of th' others, as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through the ethereal clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reached,
When on that gale his wings are stretched;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seemed too much,
His severe judgment, giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe,
As rigid husbands jealous are
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know.
And for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear;
Of that great portraiture, so true
A copy, pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,

But both their Genii straight appear,
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass.
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And show the world this parallel;
Fixt and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books;
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or god-like things,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time;
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd, excels their own.
Both by two generous princes loved,
Who knew, and judged what they approved.
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Cared not to propagate their kind;
Yet though both fell before their hour,

Time on their off-spring hath no power,
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

Sir J. Denham

151. *Epitaph*

HE whom Heaven did call away
Out of this hermitage of clay,
Has left some reliques in this urn
As a pledge of his return.
Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
The loss of this their paramour;
With whom he sported ere the day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaves his lays,
An put on cypress for his bays;
The sacred Sisters tune their quills
Only to the blubbering rills,
And while his doom they think upon,
Make their own tears their Helicon;
Leaving the two-topt mount divine
To turn votaries to his shrine.
Think not, reader, me less blest,
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That bee was happier far than men,
Who, busy in the thymy wood,
Was fettered by the golden flood,

Which from the amber-weeping tree
Distilleth down so plenteously;
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself;
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.
In this little bed my dust
Incurtained round I here intrust;
While my more pure and nobler part
Lies entomb'd in every heart.
Then pass on gently, ye that mourn,
Touch not this mine hallowed urn;
These ashes which do here remain
A vital tincture still retain;
A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps
The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first consistencies;
Infant nature cradled here
In its principles appear;
This plant thus calcined into dust
In its ashes rest it must,
Until sweet Psyche shall inspire
A softening and prolific fire,
And in her fostering arms enfold
This heavy and this earthly mould.
Then as I am I'll be no more,
But bloom and blossom as before,
When this cold numbness shall retreat
By a more than chymick heat.

Anon.

152. *An Epitaph Upon—*

ENOUGH; and leave the rest to fame;
'Tis to command her, but to name.
Courtship, which, living, she declined,
When dead, to offer were unkind.
Where never any could speak ill,
Who would officious praises spill?
Nor can the truest wit, or friend,
Without detracting, her commend;
To say, she lived a virgin chaste
In this loose age and all unlaced;
Nor was, when vice is so allowed,
Of virtue or ashamed or proud;
That her soul was on Heaven so bent,
No minute but it came and went;
That, ready her last debt to pay,
She summed her life up every day;
Modest as morn, as mid-day bright,
Gentle as evening, cool as night:
'Tis true; but all too weakly said;
'Twas more significant, she's dead.

A. Marvell

153. *A Pagan Epitaph*

IN this marble buried lies
Beauty may enrich the skies,
And add light to Phœbus' eyes;

Sweeter than Aurora's air,
When she paints the lilies fair,
And gilds cowslips with her hair.

Chaster than the virgin spring,
Ere her blossoms she doth bring,
Or cause Philomel to sing.

If such goodness live 'mongst men,
Tell me it: I shall know then
She is come from Heaven again.

Anon.

154. *Epitaph*

IN this marble casket lies
A matchless jewel of rich price;
Whom Nature in the world's disdain
But showed, and put it up again.

Anon.

155. *Epitaph*

SHE on this clayen pillow layed her head,
As brides do use the first to go to bed.
He missed her soon and yet ten months he trys
To live apart and lykes it not and dyes.

Anon.

156. *Epitaph*

HERE lies a piece of Christ; a star in dust;
A vein of gold; a china dish that must
Be used in heaven, when God shall feast the just.

R. Wilde

157. *The Valediction*

VAIN world, what is in thee?
What do poor mortals see,
Which should esteemed be
Worthy their pleasure?
Is it the mother's womb,
Or sorrows which soon come,
Or a dark grave and tomb,
Which is their treasure?
How dost thou man deceive
By thy vain glory?
Why do they still believe
Thy false history?

Is it children's book and rod,
The labourer's heavy load,
Poverty undertrod,
The world desireth?
Is it distracting cares,
Or heart-tormenting fears,
Or pining grief and tears,
Which man requireth?

Or is it youthful rage,
  Or childish toying;
Or is decrepit age
  Worth man's enjoying?

Is it deceitful wealth,
Got by care, fraud, or stealth,
Or short uncertain health,
  Which thus befool men?
Or do the serpent's lies,
By the world's flatteries
And tempting vanities,
  Still overrule them?
Or do they in a dream
  Sleep out their season?
Or borne down by lust's stream,
  Which conquers reason?

The silly lambs to-day
Pleasantly skip and play,
Whom butchers mean to slay,
  Perhaps to-morrow;
In a more brutish sort
Do careless sinners sport,
Or in dead sleep still snort,
  As near to sorrow;
Till life, not well begun,
  Be sadly ended,
And the web they have spun
Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that's gone,
And what is that to come?
Is it not now as none?
  The present stays not.
Time posteth, oh how fast!
Unwelcome death makes haste;
None can call back what's past—
  Judgment delays not.
Though God bring in the light,
  Sinners awake not;
Because hell's out of sight
  They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show;
They know, yet will not know;
Set still, when they should go;
  But run for shadows;
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow,
  In Christ's sweet meadows.
Life's better slept away
  Than as they use it;
In sin and drunken play
  Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world, adieu!
Where no foul vice is new—
Only to Satan true,
  God still offended;
Though taught and warned by God,
And his chastising rod,

Keeps still the way that's broad,
  Never mended.
Baptismal vows some make,
  But ne'er perform them;
If angels from heaven spake,
  'Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath,
They labour hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
  To overtake it.
Hell is not had for naught,
Damnation's dearly bought,
And with great labour sought;
  They'll not forsake it.
Their souls are Satan's fee—
  He'll not abate it;
Grace is refused that's free,
  Mad sinners hate it.

Is this the world men choose,
For which they heaven refuse,
And Christ and grace abuse,
  And not receive it?
Shall I not guilty be
Of this in some degree,
If hence God would me free,
  And I'd not leave it?
My soul, from Sodom fly,
  Lest wrath there find thee;
Thy refuge-rest is nigh;
  Look not behind thee!

There's none of this ado,
None of this hellish crew;
God's promise is most true,
  Boldly believe it.
My friends are gone before,
And I am near the shore;
My soul stands at the door,
  O Lord, receive it!
It trusts Christ and his merits,
  The dead He raises;
Join it with blessed spirits,
  Who sing thy praises.

R. Baxter

The Book of Restoration Verse

Book Second

158. Robin Hood and Little John

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
With a hey down, down, and down;
He happen'd to meet Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man.

Though he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,
And his stature was seven foot high;
Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
If you would but listen awhile;
For this very jest, amongst all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
'Pray tarry you here in this grove;
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

'We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow.'

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good-by:
Then, as near a brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanced to espy.

They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
'I'll shew you right Nottingham-play'.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose-wing.
The stranger reply'd, 'I'll liquor thy hide.
If thou offerest to touch the string.'

Quoth bold Robin Hood, 'Thou dost prate like an ass,
For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart, quite thro' thy proud heart,
Before thou couldst strike me one blow.'

'Thou talkst like a coward,' the stranger reply'd;
'Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have nought but a staff in my hand.'

'The name of a coward,' quoth Robin, 'I scorn,
Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by,
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.'

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,
And choose him a staff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

'Lo! see my staff it is lusty and tough,
Now here on the bridge we will play;

Whoever falls in, the other shall win,
The battle, and so we'll away.'

'With all my whole heart,' the stranger reply'd,
'I scorn in the least to give out;'
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

At first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that it made his bones ring:
The stranger he said, 'This must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

'So long as I am able to handle my staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.'
Then to it each goes, and followed their blows,
As if they'd been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin, enraged, more fiercely engaged,
And followed his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire;
At every stroke, he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow, that laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook

'I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?'
The stranger, in laughter, he cried;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, 'Good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

'I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou has got the day,
Our battle shall be at an end.'

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pulled himself out by a thorn;
Which done, at the last, he blowed a loud blast
Straightway on his fine bugle-horn:

The echo of which through the valleys did fly,
At which his stout bowmen appeared,
All clothed in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steered.

'O, what's the matter?' quoth William Stutely,
'Good master you are wet to the skin.'
'No matter,' quoth he, 'the lad which you see
In fighting, hath tumbled me in.'

'He shall not go scot-free,' the others reply'd,
So straight they were seizing him there.
To duck him likewise: but Robin Hood cries,
'He is a stout fellow, forbear.

'There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;
These bowmen upon me do wait;

There's three score and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery straight.

'And other accoutrements fit for a man;
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear:
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.'

'O, here is my hand,' the stranger reply'd,
'I'll serve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part.'

'His name shall be alter'd,' quoth William Stutely,
'And I will his godfather be:
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry,' quoth he.

They presently fetched him a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise;
They loved what was good; so, in the green wood,
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
And, may be, an ell in the waist;
A pretty sweet lad; much feasting they had;
Bold Robin the christening graced,

With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed:

'This infant was called John Little,' quoth he;
'Which name shall be changed anon:
The words we'll transpose; so wherever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John.'

They all with a shout made the elements ring;
So soon as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
And tippled strong liquor gillorė.

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And clothed him from top to the toe
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

'Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the greenwood with us;
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have ought in their purse.

'We live here like 'squires, or lords of renown,
Without e'er a foot of free land;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And everything at our command.'

Then music and dancing did finish the day;
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as he liv'd,
  Although he was proper and tall,
Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
  Still Little John they did him call.

Anon.

159. *Robin Hood and the King*

The Seventh Fytte of a Gest of Robin Hood

The kynge came to Notynghame,
  With knyghtés in grete araye,
For to take that gentyll knyght
  And Robyn Hode, and yf he may.

He asked men of that countrè,
  After Robyn Hode,
And after that gentyll knyght,
  That was so bolde and stout.

Whan they had tolde hym the case
  Our kynge understode ther tale,
And seased in his honde
  The knyghtés londes all.

All the passe of Lancasshyre
  He went both feere and nere,
Tyll he came to Plomton Parke;
  He faylyd many of his dere.

There our kynge was want to se
  Herdës many one,

He coud unneth fynde one dere,
That bare ony good horne.

The kynge was wonder wroth with all,
And swore by the Trynytë,
'I wolde I had Robyn Hode,
With eyen I myght hym se.

'And he that wolde smyte of the knyghtès hede,
And brynge it to me,
He shall have the knyghtes londes,
Syr Rycharde at the Le.

'I give it hym with my charter,
And sele it with my honde,
To have and holde for ever more,
In all mery Englonde.'

Than bespake a fayre olde knyght,
That was treue in his fay:
'A, my leegë lorde the kynge,
One worde I shall you say.

'There is no man in this countrè
May have the knyghtès londes,
Whyle Robyn Hode may ryde or gone,
And bere a bowe in his hondes,

'That he ne shall lese his hede,
That is the best ball in his hode:
Give it no man, my lorde the kynge,
That ye wyll any good.'

Half a yere dwelled our comly kynge
In Notyngham, and well more;
Coude he not here of Robyn Hode,
In what countrè that he were.

But alwāy went good Robyn
By halke and eke by hyll,
And alway slewe the kyngës dere,
And welt them at his wyll.

Than bespake a proude fostere,
That stode by our kyngës kne:
'Yf ye wyll see good Robyn,
Ye must do after me.

'Take fyve of the best knyghtes
That be in your lede,
And walke downe by yon abbay,
And gete you monkës wede.

'And I wyll be your ledes-man,
And lede you the way,
And or ye come to Notyngham,
Myn hede then dare I lay,

'That ye shall mete with good Robyn,
On lyve yf that he be;
Or ye come to Notyngham,
With eyen ye shall hym se.'

Full hastely our kynge was dyght,
So were his knyghtës fyve,

Everych of them in monkës wede,
And hasted them thyder blyve.

Our kynge was grete above his cole,
A brode hat on his crowne,
Ryght as he were abbot-lyke,
They rode up into the towne.

Styf botes our kynge had on,
Forsoth as I you say;
He rode syngynge to grene wode,
The covent was clothed in graye.

His male-hors and his grete somers
Folowed our kynge behynde,
Tyll they came to grene wode,
A myle under the lynde.

There they met with good Robyn,
Stondynge on the waye,
And so dyde many a bolde archere,
For soth as I you say.

Robyn toke the kyngës hors,
Hastely in that stede,
And sayd, 'Syr abbot, by your leve,
A whyle ye must abyde.

'We be yemen of this foreste,
Under the grene-wode tre;
We lyve by our kyngës dere,
Other shift have not wee.

'And ye have chyrches and rentës both,
And gold full grete plentë;
Gyve us some of your spendynge,
For saynt chartyè.'

Than bespake our cumly kynge,
Anone than sayde he;
'I brought no more to grene-wode
But forty pounde with me.

'I have layne at Notyngham,
This fourtynyght with our kynge,
And spent I have full moche good
On many a grete lordynge.

'And I have but forty pounde,
No more than have I me:
But if I had an hondred pounde,
I would give it to thee.'

Robyn toke the forty pounde,
And departed it in two partye;
Halfendell he gave his mery men,
And bad them mery to be.

Full curteysly Robyn gan say;
'Syr, have this for your spendyng;
We shall mete another day.'
'Gramercy,' than sayd our kynge.

'But well the greteth Edwarde, our kynge,
And sent to the his seale,

And byddeth the com to Notyngham,
Both to mete and mele.'

He toke out the brode targe,
And sone he lete hym se;
Robyn coud his courteysy,
And set hym on his kne.

'I love no man in all the worlde
So well as I do my kynge;
Welcome is my lordës seale;
And, monke, for thy tydynge,

'Syr abbot, for thy tydynges,
Today thou shalt dyne with me,
For the love of my kynge,
Under my trystell-tre.'

Forth he lad our comly kynge,
Full fayre by the honde;
Many a dere there was slayne,
And full fast dyghstande.

Robyn toke a full grete horne,
And loude he gan blowe;
Seven score of wyght yonge men
Came redy on a rowe.

All they kneled on thyr kne,
Full fayre before Robyn:
The kynge sayd hym selfe untyll,
And sore by Saynt Austyn,

'Here is a wonder semely sight;
Me thynketh, by Goddës pyne,
His men are more at his byddynge
Then my men be at myn.'

Full hastely was theyr dyner idyght,
And therto gan they gone;
They served our kynge with all theyr myght,
Both Robyn and Lytell Johan.

Anone before our kynge was set
The fatte venyson,
The good whyte brede, the good rede wyne,
And therto the fyne ale and browne.

'Make good chere,' said Robyn,
'Abbot, for chartyé;
And for this ylkë tydynge,
Blyssed mote thou be.

'Now shalte thou se what lyfe we lede,
Or thou hens wende;
Than thou may enfourme our kynge,
Whan ye togyder lende.'

Up they sterte all in hast,
Theyr bowes were swartly bent;
Our kynge was never so sore agast,
He wende to have be shente.

Two yerdes there were up set,
Thereto gan they gange;

By fyfty pase, our kynge sayd,
The merkës were to longe.

On every syde a rose-garlonde,
They shot under the lyne:
'Who so fayleth of the rose-garlonde,' sayd Robyn,
'His takyll he shall tyne,

'And yelde it to his mayster,
Be it never so fyne;
For no man wyll I spare,
So drynke I ale or wyne;

'And bere a buffet on his hede,
I-wys ryght all bare:'
And all that fell in Robyns lote,
He smote them wonder sare.

Twyse Robyn shot aboute,
And ever he cleved the wande,
And so dyde good Gylberte
With the whytë hande.

Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,
For nothynge wolde they spare;
When they fayled of the garlonde,
Robyn smote them full sare.

At the last shot that Robyn shot,
For all his frendës fare,
Yet he fayled of the garlonde
Thre fyngers and mare.

Than bespake good Gylberte,
  And thus he gan say;
'Mayster,' he sayd, 'your takyll is lost,
  Stande forth and take your pay?'

'If it be so,' sayd Robyn,
  'That may no better be,
Syr abbot, I delyver the myn arowe,
  I pray the, syr, serve thou me.'

'It falleth not for myn ordre,' sayd our kynge,
  'Robyn, by thy leve,
For to smyte no good yeman,
  For doute I sholde hym greve.'

'Smyte on boldely,' sayd Robyn,
  'I give the large leve;'
Anone our kynge, with that worde,
  He folde up his sleve,

And sych a buffet he gave Robyn,
  To grounde he yede full nere:
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,
  'Thou arte a stalworthe frere.'

'There is pith in thyn arme,' sayd Robyn,
  'I trowe thou canst well shete;'
Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode
  Togeder gan they mete.

Robyn beheldc our comly kynge
  Wystly in the face,

So dyde Syr Rycharde at the Le,
And kneled downe in that place.

And so dyde all the wylde outlawes,
Whan they se them knele:
'My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
Now I knowe you well.'

'Mercy then, Robyn,' sayd our kynge
'Under your trystyll-tre,
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace,
For my men and me!"

'Yes, for God,' sayd Robyn,
'And also God me save,
I aske mercy, my lorde the kynge,
And for my men I crave.'

'Yes, for God,' than sayd our kynge,
'And therto sent I me,
With that thou leve the grene wode,
And all thy company;

'And come home, syr, to my courte,
And there dwell with me.'
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn
'And ryght so shall it be.

'I wyll come to your courte,
Your servyse for to se,
And brynge with me of my men
Seven score and thre.

'But me lyke well your servyse,
I will come agayne full sone,
And shote at the donne dere,
As I am wonte to done.'

Anon.

160. Robin Hood and Allin a Dale

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that loves mirth for to hear,
And I will you tell of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the green-wood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood,
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetcht a sigh,
'Alack and a well a day!'

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Nick the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

'Stand off, stand off,' the young man said,
'What is your will with me?'
'You must come before our master straight,
Under yon green-wood tree.'

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin askt him courteously,
'O hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?'

'I have no money,' the young man said,
'But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

'Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she is now from me tane,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain.'

'What is thy name?' then said Robin Hood,
'Come tell me, without any fail:'
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,
'My name it is Allin a Dale.'

'What wilt thou give me,' said Robin Hood,
'In ready gold or fee,

To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?'

'I have no money,' then quoth the young man,
'No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be.'

'How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without any guile:'
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,
'It is but five little mile.'

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

'What dost thou do here?' the bishop he said,
'I prithee now tell to me:'
'I am a bold harper,' quoth Robin Hood,
'And the best in the north countrey.'

'O welcome, O welcome,' the bishop he said,
'That musick best pleaseth me;'
'You shall have no musick,' quoth Robin Hood,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.'

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

'This is no fit match,' quoth bold Robin Hood,
'That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come unto the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear.'

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allin a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

'This is thy true-love,' Robin he said,
'Young Allin, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away.'

'That shall not be,' the bishop he said,
'For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times askt in the church,
As the law is of our land.'

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
'By the faith of my body,' then Robin said,
'This cloath doth make thee a man.'

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began for to laugh;

He askt them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

'Who gives me this maid,' then said Little John;
Quoth Robin, 'That do I,
And he that doth take her from Allin a Dale
Full dearly he shall her buy.'

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride lookt as fresh as a queen,
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

Anon.

161. Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many men say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

'What news? what news, thou silly old woman?
What news hast thou for me?'
Said she, 'There's three squires in Nottingham town
To-day condemned to die.'

'O, have they parishes burnt?' he said,
'Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any virgin?
Or other men's wives have lain?'

'They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor other men's wives have lain.'

'O, what have they done?' said Robin Hood,
'I pray thee tell to me.'
'It's for slaying of the king's fallow-deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee.'

'Dost thou not mind, old woman,' he said,
'How thou madest me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body,' quoth bold Robin Hood,
'You could not tell it in better time.'

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

'What news? what news, thou silly old man?
'What news, I do thee pray?'
Said he, 'Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemned to die this day.'

'Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;

Here is forty shillings in good silver,
  Go drink it in beer or wine.'

'O, thine apparel is good,' he said,
  'And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
  Laugh neer an old man to scorn.'

'Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
  Come change thy apparel with mine:
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
  Go feast thy brethren with wine.'

Then he put on the old man's hat,
  It stood full high on the crown:
'The first bold bargain that I come at,
  It shall make thee come down.'

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
  Was patched black, blew, and red;
He thought it no shame all the day long,
  To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
  Was patched from ballup to side:
'By the truth of my body,' bold Robin can say,
  'This man loved little pride.'

Then he put on the old man's hose,
  Were patched from knee to wrist:
'By the truth of my body,' said bold Robin Hood,
  'I'd laugh if I had any list.'

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
  Were patched both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
  'It's good habit that makes a man.'

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
  With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
  Was walking along the town.

'O save, O save, sheriff!' he said;
  'O save, and you may see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
  To-day will your hangman be?'

'Some suits, some suits,' the sheriff he said,
  'Some suits, I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
  To-day's a hangman's fee.'

Then Robin he turns him round about,
  And jumps from stock to stone:
'By the truth of my body,' the sheriff he said,
  'That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man.'

'I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
  Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he,' said bold Robin Hood,
  'That first a hangman was made!

'I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little horn.

'I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good.'

'O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou gave such a blast
Till both thy eyes fall out.'

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

'O, who are these,' the sheriff he said,
'Come tripping over the lee?'
'They're my attendants,' brave Robin did say;
'They'll pay a visit to thee.'

They took the gallows from the slack,
  They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
  Released their own three men.

Anon.

162. *Robin Hood and the Monk*

IN somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
  And leves be large and longe,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
  To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale,
  And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the levës grene,
  Undur the grene-wode tre.

Hit befel on Whitsontide,
  Erly in a May mornyng,
The son up fayre can shyne,
  And the briddis mery can syng.

'This is a mery mornyng,' seid Litull John,
  'Be hym that dyed on tre;
A more mery man than I am one
  Lyves not in Cristiandë.'

'Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,'
  Litull John can sey,
'And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme
  In a mornyng of may.'

'Ye, on thynge greves me,' seid Robyn,
'And does my hert mych woo,
That I may nor no solem day
Yo mas nor matyns goo.

'Hit is a fourtnet and more,' seid hee,
'Syn I my Sauyour see;
Today wil I to Notyngham,' seid Robyn,
'With the myght of mylde Mary.'

Then spake Moche, the mylner sun,
Euer more wel hym betyde!
'Take twelve of thi wyght yemen
Well weppynd, be thei side,
Such on wolde thi selfe slon
That twelve dar not abyde.'

'Of all my mery men,' seid Robyn,
'Be my feith I wil none haue;
But Litull John shall beyre my bow
Til that me list to drawe.'

'Thou shalle beyre thin own,' seid Litull Jon,
'Maister, and I wil beyre myne,
And we will shete a peny,' seid Litull Jon,
'Under the grene-wode lyne.'

'I wil not shete a peny,' seyd Robyn Hode,
'In feith, Litull John, with the,
But euer for on as thou shetis,' seid Robyn,
'In feith I holde the thre.'

Thus shet thei forth, these yemen too,
Bothe at buske and brome,
Til Litull John wan of his maister
Five shillings to hose and shone.

A feily strife fel them betwene,
As they went bi the way;
Litull John seid he had won five shillings,
And Robyn Hode seid schortly nay.

With that Robyn Hode lyed Litul Jon,
And smote him with his honde;
Litul Jon waxed wroth therwith,
And pulled out his bright bronde.

'Were thou not my maister,' said Litull John,
'Thou shuldis by hit ful sore;
Get the a man where thou wilt,
For thou getes me no more.'

Then Robyn goes to Notyngham,
Hym selfe mornyng allone,
And Litull John to mery Scherwode,
The pathes he knew ilkone.

Whan Robyn came to Notyngham,
Sertenly withouten layn,
He prayed to God and myld Mary
To bryng hym out save agayn.

He goes into sent Mary chirch,
And knele down before the rode;

Alle that ever were the church within
  Beheld wel Robyn Hode.

Beside hym stod a gret-hedid munke,
  I pray to God woo he be;
Full sone he knew gode Robyn
  As sone as he hym se.

Out at the durre he ran
  Ful sone and anon;
Alle the yatis of Notyngham
  He made to be sparred everychon.

'Rise up,' he seid, 'thou prowde schereff,
  Buske the and make the bowne;
I have spyed the kynggis felon,
  For sothe he is in this town.

'I have spyed the false felon,
  As he stondis at his masse;
Hit is longe of the,' seide the munke,
  'And ever he fro us passe.

'This traytur name is Robyn Hode;
  Under the grene-wode lynde,
He robbyt me onys of a hundred pound,
  Hit shalle nevre out of my mynde.'

Up then rose this proud schereff,
  And rade towarde hym yare;
Many was the modur son
  To the kyrk with him can fare.

In at the durres thei throly thrast
With staves ful gode wone,
'Alas, alas,' seid Robyn Hode,
'Now mysse I Litull John.'

But Robyn toke out a too-hond sworde
That hangit down be his kne;
Ther as the schereff and his men stode thyckust,
Thedurwarde wold he.

Thryes thorowout at them he ran then,
For sothe as I yow say,
And woundyt many a modur son,
And twelve he slew that day.

Hys sworde upon the schireff hed
Sertanly he brake in too;
'The smyth that the made,' seid Robyn,
'I pray God wyrke him woo.

'For now am I weppynlesse,' seid Robyn,
'Alasse, agayn my wylle;
But if I may fle these traytors fro,
I wot thei wil me kyll.'

Robyn to the churchë in ran
Throout hem everilkon;

* * * * * * * * * *

Sum fel in swonyng as thei were dede,
And lay still as any stone.
Non of theym were in her mynde
But only Litull Jon.

'Let be your rule,' said Litull Jon,
'For his luf that dyed on tre;
Ye that shulde be dughty men,
Hit is gret shame to se.

'Oure maister has bene hard bystode,
And yet scapyd away;
Pluk up your hertis, and leve this mone,
And harkyn what I shal say.

'He has servyd our lady many a day,
And yet wil, securly;
Therefor I trust in hir specialy
No wyckud deth shal he dye.

'Therfor be glad,' seid Litul John,
And let this mournyng be,
And I shal be the munkis gyde,
With the myght of mylde Mary.

* * * * * * * * *

'We will go but we too;
'And I mete hym,' seid Litul John,

'Loke that ye kepe wel oure tristil-tre
Under the levys smale,
And spare non of this venyson
That gose in thys vale.'

Forthe then went these yemen too,
Litul John and Moche on fere,
And lokid on Moch emys hows
The hye way lay full nere.

Litul John stode at a window in the mornyng,
And lokid forth at a stage;
He was war wher the munke came ridyng,
And with hym a litul page.

'Be my feith,' said Litul John to Moch,
'I can the tel tithyngus gode;
I se wher the munk comys rydyng,
I know hym be his wyde hode.'

They went into the way these yemen bothe
As curtes men and hende,
Thei spyrred tithyngus at the munke,
As thei hade bene his frende.

'Fro whens come ye,' seid Litul Jon,
'Tel us tithyngus, I yow pray,
Off a false owtlay, callid Robyn Hode,
Was takyn yisterday.

'He robbyt me and my felowes bothe
Of twenti marke in serten;
If that false owtlay be takyn,
For sothe we wolde be fayn.'

'So did he me,' seid the munke,
'Of a hundred pound and more;
I layde furst hande hym apon,
Ye may thonke me therfore.'

'I pray God thanke yow,' seid Litull John,
'And we wil when we may;

We wil go with you, with your leve,
And bryng you on your way.

'For Robyn Hode hase many a wilde felow
I tell you in certen;
If thei wist ye rode this way,
In feith ye shulde be slayn.'

As thei went talkyng be the way,
The munke and Litull John,
John toke the munkis horse be the hede
Ful sone and anon.

Johne toke the munkis horse be the hed,
For sothe as I yow say,
So did Muche the litull page,
For he shulde not scape away.

Be the golett of the hode
John pulled the munke down;
John was nothyng of hym agast,
He lete hym falle on his crown.

Litull John was sore agrevyd,
And drew owt his swerde in hye;
The munke saw he shulde be ded,
Lowd mercy can he crye.

'He was my maister,' said Litull John,
'That thou hase browght in bale;
Shalle thou never cum at our kyng,
For to telle hym tale.'

John smote of the munkis hed,
  No longer wolde he dwell;
So did Moch the litull page,
  For ferd lest he wold tell.

Ther thei beryd hem bothe
  In nouther mosse nor lyng,
And Litull John and Much infere
  Bare the letturs to oure kyng.

. . . . . .

He knelid down upon his kne,
  'God yow save, my lege lorde,
Jhesus yow save and se.

'God yow save, my lege kyng!'
  To speke John was full bolde;
He gaf hym the letturs in his hond,
  The kyng did hit unfold.

The kyng red the letturs anon,
  And seid, 'So mot I the,
Ther was never yoman in mery Inglond
  I longut so sore to see.

'Wher is the munke that these shuld have broght?'
  Oure kynge can say;
'Be my trouth,' seid Litull John,
  'He dyed after the way.'

The kyng gaf Moch and Litul Jon
  Twenti pound in sertan,

And made theim yemen of the crown,
And bade theim go agayn.

He gaf John the seel in hand,
The scheref for to bere,
To bryng Robyn hym to,
And no man do hym dere.

John toke his leve at oure kyng
The sothe as I yow say;
The next way to Notyngham
To take, he yede the way.

Whan John came to Notyngham
The gatis were sparred ychon;
John callid up the porter,
He answerid sone anon.

'What is the cause,' seid Litul Jon,
'Thou sparris the gates so fast?'
'Because of Robyn Hode,' seid the porter,
'In depe prison is cast.

'John, and Moch, and Wyll Scathlok,
For sothe as I yow say,
Thei slew oure men upon our wallis,
And sawten us every day.'

Litull John spyrred after the schereff,
And sone he hym fonde;
He oppyned the kyngus privé seell,
And gaf hym in his honde.

When the schereff saw the kyngus seell,
He did of his hode anon;
'Wher is the munke that bare the letturs?'
He seid to Litull John.

'He is so fayn of hym,' seid Litull John,
'For sothe as I yow say,
He has made hym abot of Westmynster,
A lorde of that abbay.'

The scheref made John gode chere,
And gaf hym wyne of the best;
At nyght thei went to her bedde,
And every man to his rest.

When the scheref was on slepe
Dronken of wyne and ale,
Litul John and Moch for sothe
Toke the way unto the jale.

Litul John callid up the jayler,
And bade him rise anon;
He seid Robyn Hode had brokyn prison,
And out of hit was gon.

The porter rose anon sertan,
As sone as he herd John calle;
Litul John was redy with a swerd,
And bare hym to the walle.

'Now will I be porter,' seid Litul John,
'And take the keyes in honde;'

He toke the way to Robyn Hode,
And sone he hym unbonde.

He gaf hym a gode swerd in his hond,
His hed therwith for to kepe,
And ther as the walle was lowyst
Anon down can thei lepe.

Be that the cok began to crow,
The day began to spryng,
The scheref fond the jaylier ded,
The comyn bell made he rynge.

He made a crye thoroout al the town,
Wheder he be yoman or knave,
That cowthe bryng hym Robyn Hode,
His warison he shuld have.

'For I dar never,' said the scheref,
'Cum before oure kyng;
For if I do, I wot serten,
For sothe he wil me heng.'

The scheref made to seke Notyngham,
Bothe be strete and stye,
And Robyn was in mery Scherwode
As light as lef on lynde.

Then bespake gode Litull John,
To Robyn Hode can he say,
'I have done the a gode turn for an evyll,
Quyte the whan thou may.

'I have done the a gode turn,' said Litull John,
'For sothe as I yow say;
I have brought the under the grene-wode lyne;
Fare wel, and have gode day.'

'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Robyn Hode,
'So shall hit never be;
I make the maister,' seid Robyn Hode,
Off alle my men and me.'

'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Litull John,
'No shalle hit never be,
'But lat me be a felow,' seid Litull John,
'No noder kepe I be.'

Thus John gate Robyn Hod out of prison,
Sertan withoutyn layn;
Whan his men saw hym hol and sounde,
For sothe they were ful fayne.

They filled in wyne, and made him glad,
Under the levys smale,
And gete pastes of venyson,
That gode was with ale.

Than worde came to oure kyng,
How Robyn Hode was gon,
And how the scheref of Notyngham
Durst never loke hym upon.

Then bespake oure cumly kyng,
In an angur hye,

'Litul John hase begyled the schereff,
In faith so hase he me.

'Litull John has begyled us bothe,
And that full wel I se,
Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham
Hye hongut shulde he be.

'I made hem yemen of the crowne,
And gaf hem fee with my hond,
I gaf hem grith,' seid oure kyng,
'Thorowout all mery Inglond.

'I gaf theym grith,' then seid oure kyng,
'I say, so mot I the,
For sothe soch a yeman as he is on
In all Ingland ar not thre.

'He is trew to his maister,' seid oure kyng,
'I say, be swete seynt John;
He lovys better Robyn Hode,
Then he dose us ychon.

'Robyn Hode is ever bond to hym,
Bothe in strete and stalle;
Speke no more of this matter,' seid oure kyng,
'But John has begyled us alle.'

Thus endys the talkyng of the munke
And Robyn Hode i-wysse;
God, that is ever a crowned kyng,
Bryng us all to his blisse!

Anon.

163. *Robin Hood and the Butcher*

COME, all you brave gallants, and listen awhile,
With hey down, down, an a down,
That are in the bowers within;
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,
A song I intend for to sing.

Upon a time it chancëd so,
Bold Robin in forrest did 'spy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hye.

'Good morrow, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,
'What food hast? tell unto me;
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,
For I like well thy company.'

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,
'No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Notingham
I am going, my flesh to sell.'

'What's the price of thy flesh?' said jolly Robin,
'Come, tell it soon unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,
For a butcher fain would I be.'

'The price of my flesh,' the butcher repli'd,
'I soon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,
Four mark thou must give unto me.'

'Four mark I will give thee,' saith jolly Robin,
'Four mark it shall be thy fee;
The money come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.'

Now Robin he is to Notingham gone,
His butchers trade for to begin;
With good intent to the sheriff he went,
And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers they open their meat,
Bold Robin he then begun;
But how for to sell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin got both gold and fee;
For he sold more meat for one peny
Than others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive;
For he sold more meat for one peny
Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Notingham
To study as they did stand,
Saying, 'Surely he was some prodigal,
That hath sold his fathers land.'

The butchers they stepped to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him for to be;

'Come, brother,' one said, 'we be all of one trade,
'Come, will you go dine with me?'

'Accurst of his heart,' said jolly Robin,
'That a butcher doth deny;
I will go with you, my brethren true,
As fast as I can hie.'

But when to the sheriffs house they came,
To dinner they hied apace,
And Robin he the man must be
Before them all to say grace.

'Pray God bless us all,' said jolly Robin,
'And our meat within this place;
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,
And so do I end my grace.'

'Come fill us more wine,' said jolly Robin,
'Let us be merry while we do stay;
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
I vow I the reckning will pay.

'Come, brothers, be merry,' said jolly Robin,
'Let us drink, and never give ore;
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it cost me five pounds and more.'

'This is a mad blade,' the butchers then said;
Saies the sheriff, 'He is some prodigal,
That some land has sold, for silver and gold,
And now he doth mean to spend all.

'Hast thou any horn beasts,' the sheriff repli'd,
'Good fellow, to sell unto me?'
'Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three;

'And a hundred aker of good free land,
If you please it to see:
And I'le make you as good assurance of it,
As ever my father made me.'

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey
With three hundred pound in gold,
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forrest of merry Sherwood;
Then the sheriff did say, 'God bless us this day
From a man they call Robin Hood!'

But when that a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to spy
A hundred head of good red deer,
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

'How like you my horn'd beasts, good master sheriff?
They be fat and fair for to see;'
'I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company.'

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew but blasts three;

Then quickly anon there came Little John,
And all his company.

'What is your will,' then said Little John,
'Good master, come tell it to me;'
'I have brought hither the sheriff of Notingham
This day to dine with thee.'

'He is welcome to me,' then said Little John,
'I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day.'

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground:
And out of the sheriffs portmantle
He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray;
'O have me commended to your wife at home;'
So Robin went laughing away.

Anon.

164. Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne

WHEN shawes beene sheene, and shradds full fayre
And leeves both large and longe,
Itt is merry, walking in the fayre forrest,
To heare the small birds songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
  Amongst the leaves a lyne:
And it is by two wight yeomen,
  By deare God, that I meane.

'Me thought they did mee beate and binde,
  And tooke my bow mee froe;
If I bee Robin a-live in this lande,
  I'le be wrocken on both them towe.'

'Sweavens are swift, master,' quoth John,
  'As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
For if itt be never soe lowde this night,
  To-morrow it may be still.'

'Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
  For John shall goe with mee;
For I'le goe seeke yond wight yeomen
  In greenwood where the bee.'

The cast on their gowne of greene,
  A shooting gone are they,
Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
  Where they had gladdest bee;
There were the ware of a wight yeoman,
  His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
  Had beene many a mans bane,
And he was cladd in his capull-hyde,
  Topp, and tayle, and mayne.

'Stand you still, master,' quoth Litle John,
'Under this trusty tree,
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman,
To know his meaning trulye.'

'A, John, by me thou setts noe store,
And that's a farley thinge;
How offt send I my men before,
And tarry my-selfe behinde?

'It is noe cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I wold thy head breake.'

But often words they breeden bale,
That parted Robin and John;
John is gone to Barnesdale,
The gates he knowes eche one.

But when hee came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd;
He found two of his fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade,

And Scarlett a foote flyinge was,
Over stockes and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

'Yett one shoote I 'le shoote,' sayes Litle John,
'With Crist his might and mayne;

I 'le make yond felow that flyes soe fast
  To be both glad and faine.'

John bent up a good veiwe bow,
  And fetteled him to shoote;
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
  And fell downe to his foote.

'Woe worth thee, wicked wood,' sayd Litle John,
  'That ere thou grew on a tree!
For this day thou art my bale,
  My boote when thou shold bee!'

This shoote it was but looselye shott,
  The arrowe flew in vaine,
And it mett one of the sheriffes men;
  Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had beene better for William a Trent
  To hange upon a gallowe
Then for to lye in the greenwoode,
  There slaine with an arrowe.

'And it is sayd, when men be mett,
  Six can do more then three:
And they have tane Litle John,
  And bound him fast to a tree.

'Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,' quoth the sheriffe,
  'And hanged hye on a hill:'
'But thou may fayle,' quoth Litle John,
  'If itt be Christ's owne will.'

Let us leave talking of Litle John,
For hee is bound fast to a tree,
And talke of Guy and Robin Hoode,
In the green woode where they bee.

How these two yeomen together they mett,
Under the leaves of lyne,
To see what marchandise they made
Even at that same time.

'Good morrow, good fellow,' quoth Sir Guy;
'Good morrow, good fellow,' quoth hee;
'Methinks by this bow thou beares in thy hand,
A good archer thou seems to bee.'

'I am wilfull of my way,' quoth Sir Guye,
'And of my morning tyde:'
'I 'le lead thee through the wood,' quoth Robin,
'Good fellow, I 'le be thy guide.'

'I seeke an outlaw,' quoth Sir Guye,
'Men call him Robin Hood;
I had rather meet with him upon a day
Then forty pound of golde.'

'If you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether were better
Afore yee did part awaye;
Let us some other pastime find,
Good fellow, I thee pray.

'Let us some other masteryes make,
And wee will walke in the woods even;

Wee may chance meet with Robin Hoode
  Att some unsett steven.'

They cutt them downe the summer shroggs
  Which grew both under a bıyar,
And sett them three score rood in twinn,
  To shoote the prickes full neare.

'Leade on, good fellow,' sayd Sir Guye,
  'Lead on, I doe bidd thee:'
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,
  'The leader thou shalt bee.'

The first good shoot that Robin ledd
  Did not shoote an inch the pricke froe;
Guy was an archer good enoughe,
  But he cold neere shoote soe.

The second shoote Sir Guy shott,
  He shott within the garlande;
But Robin Hoode shott it better then hee,
  For he clove the good pricke-wande.

'Gods blessing on thy heart!' sayes Guye,
  'Goode fellow, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hands,
  Thou were better then Robin Hood.

'Tell me thy name, good fellow,' quoth Guy,
  'Under the leaves of lyne:'
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth good Robin,
  'Till thou have told me thine.'

'I dwell by dale and downe,' quoth Guye,
'And I have done many a curst turne;
And he that calles me by my right name
Calles me Guye of good Gysborne.'

'My dwelling is in the wood,' sayes Robin;
'By thee I set right nought;
My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
A fellow thou has long sought.'

He that had neither beene a kithe nor kin
Might have seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went,
With blades both browne and bright.

To have seene how these yeomen together fought,
Two howers of a summers day;
Itt was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
That fettled them to flye away.

Robin was reacheles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde,
And Guy was quicke and nimble withall,
And hitt him ore the left side.

'Ah, deere Lady!' sayd Robin Hoode,
'Thou art both mother and may!
I thinke it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.'

Robin thought on Our Lady deere,
And soone leapt up againe,

And thus he came with an awkwarde stroke;
  Good Sir Guy hee has slayne.

He tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,
  And sticked itt on his bowes end:
'Thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,
  Which thing must have an ende.'

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
  And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That hee was never on a woman borne
  Cold tell who Sir Guye was.

Saies, 'Lye there, lye there, good Sir Guye,
  And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worse stroakes at my hand,
  Thou shalt have the better cloathe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
  Sir Guye hee did it throwe;
And hee put on that capull-hyde,
  That cladd him topp to toe.

'The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
  And with me now I 'le beare;
For now I will goe to Barnesdale,
  To see how my men doe fare.'

Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
  A lowd blast in it he did blow;
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
  As he leaned under a lowe.

'Hearken! hearken!' sayd the sheriffe,
'I heard noe tydings but good;
For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
For he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

'For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blow,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
For yonder comes that wighty yeoman,
Cladd in his capull-hyde.

'Come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske of mee what thou wilt have;'
'I 'le none of thy gold,' sayes Robin Hood,
'Nor I 'le none of itt have.

'But now I have slaine the master,' he sayd,
'Let me goe strike the knave;
This is all the reward I aske,
Nor noe other will I have.'

'Thou art a madman,' said the shiriffe,
'Thou sholdest have had a knights fee;
Seeing thy asking hath beene soe badd,
Well granted it shall be.'

But Litle John heard his master speake,
Well he knew that was his steven;
'Now shall I be loset,' quoth Litle John,
With Christs might in heavens.'

But Robin hee hyed him towards Litle John,
Hee thought hee wold loose him belive;

The sheriffe and all his companye
  Fast after him did drive.

'Stand abacke! stand abacke!' sayd Robin;
  'Why draw you mee soe neere?
Itt was never the use in our countrye
  One's shrift another shold heere.'

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
  And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow in his hand,
  And bade it be his boote.

But John tooke Guyes bow in his hand—
  His arrowes were rawstye by the roote—;
The sherriffe saw Little John draw a bow
  And fettle him to shoote.

Towards his house in Nottingham
  He fled full fast away,
And soe did all his companye,
  Not one behind did stay.

But he cold neither soe fast goe,
  Nor away soe fast runn,
But Litle John, with an arrow broade,
  Did cleave his heart in twinn.

Anon.

165. *Robin Hood's Death and Burial*

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
'We have shot for many a pound:'
Hey down, a down, a down.

'But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.'

Now Robin is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,
'And drink some beer with me?'
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.'

'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,
'Which you did never see,

And if you please to walk therein,
  You blooded by me shall be.'

She took him by the lily-white hand,
  And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
  While one drop of blood would run down.

She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
  And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
  Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement there,
  Thinking for to get down;
But he was so weak he could not leap,
  He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
  Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
  And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
  As he sat under a tree,
'I fear my master is now near dead,
  He blows so wearily.'

Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
  As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
  He broke locks two or three:

Until he came bold Robin to see,
  Then he fell on his knee:
'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,
  'Master, I beg of thee.'

'What is that boon,' said Robin Hood,
  'Little John, thou begs of me?'
'It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
  And all their nunnery.'

'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
  'That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
  Nor men in woman's company.

'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
  Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
  And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
  There shall my grave digg'd be.

'Lay me a green sod under my head,
  And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
  Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
  Which is most right and meet.

'Let me have length and breadth enough,
  With under my head a green sod;

That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

Anon.

166. Sir Patrick Spens

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine,
O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine?'

O up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem:
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
  Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
  The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
  And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time o' the year,
  To sail upon the sea?'

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
  Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
  'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
  Wi' a' the speed they may;
And they hae landed in Noroway,
  Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
  In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
  Began aloud to say:

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
  And a' our queenis fee.'
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
  Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

'For I hae brought as much white monie
  As gane my men and me,

And I hae brought a half-fou' o' gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

'Make ready, make ready, my merry-men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you get up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun that gude ship's side
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cock-heel'd shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd
Their wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem,
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,

A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Anon.

167. *The Battle of Otterbourne*

IT fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,
With them the Lindsays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wad not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambroughshire:
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about:
'O wha's the lord of this castle?
Or wha's the lady o't?'

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie!
'I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gaye.'

'If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us sall die.'

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.

'Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword sall gae wi' mee.'

'But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me.'

'The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;

But there is nought at Otterbourne,
To feed my men and me.

'The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend my men and me.

'Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee.'

'Thither will I come,' proud Percy said,
'By the might of Our Ladye!'
'There will I bide thee,' said the Douglas,
'My troth I plight to thee.'

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass,
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn:
'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand.'

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
  Sae loud I hear ye lie;
For Percy had not men yestreen,
  To dight my men and me.

'But I have dream'd a dreary dream,
  Beyond the Isle of Sky,
I saw a dead man win a fight,
  And I think that man was I.'

He belted on his guid braid sword,
  And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
  That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
  I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
  And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broad sword,
  That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
  Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
  And said—'Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
  Sir Hugh Montgomery.

'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,
  'What recks the death of ane!

Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

'My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

'O bury me by the braken-bush,
Beneath the blooming brier;
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merry men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

'Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,
'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!'
'To whom must I yield,' quoth Earl Percy,
'Now that I see it must be so?'

'Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken-bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee!'

'I will not yield to a braken-bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.'

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterburne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

Anon.

168. The Hunting of the Cheviot

THE Persè out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,

In the magger of doughtè Douglas,
  And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
  He said he would kill, and carry them away:
'By my faith,' said the doughty Douglas again,
  'I will let that hunting if that I may.'

Then the Persè out of Banborowe came,
  With him a mighty meany;
  With fifteen hundrith archers bold of blood and bone,
  They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn,
  In Cheviot the hillys so he;
The child may rue that is un-born,
  It was the more pity.

The drivers thorow the woodès went,
  For to raise the deer;
Bowmen byckarte upon the bent
  With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wyld thorow the woodès went,
  On every sydë shear;
Greyhounds thorow the grevis glent,
  For to kill their deer.

Thus began in Cheviot the hills abone,
  Early on a Monnyn day;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
  A hundrith fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
  They sembled on sydës shear;
To the quarry the Persè went,
  To see the brittling of the deer.

He said, 'It was the Douglas promise
  This day to meet me here;
But I wist he would fail, verament:'
  A great oath the Persè swear.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
  Looked at his hand full nigh;
He was ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
  With him a mighty meany;

Both with spear, byllè, and brand;
  It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand,
  Were not in Christiantè.

There were twenty hundrith spear-men good,
  Withowtè any fail;
They were born along the water o' Twyde,
  Ith' bounds of Tividale.

'Leave of the brittling of the deer,' he said,
  'And to your bows look ye take good heed;
For never sith ye were on your mothers born
  Had ye never so mickle need.'

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode all his men beforne;
His armour glittered as did a glede;
A bolder bairn was never born.

'Tell me whose men ye are,' he says,
'Or whose men that ye be:
Who gave you leave to hunt in this Cheviot chase,
In the spite of mine and me?'

The first man that ever him an answer made
It was the good lord Persè:
'We will not tell thee whose men we are,' he says,
'Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase,
In the spite of thine and thee.

'The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have killed, and cast to carry them away:'
'Be my troth,' said the doughty Douglas again,
'Therefore the one of us shall die this day.'

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the lord Persè:
'To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas, it were a great pity!

'But, Persè, thou art a lord of land,
I am an Earl called within my contrèe;
Let all our men upon a party stand,
And do the battle of thee and of me.'

'Now Cristes corpse on his crown,' said the lord Persè,
'Whosoever there-to says nay;
By my troth, doughty Douglas,' he says,
'Thou shalt never see that day.

'Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one.'

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Wytharyngton was him name;
'It shall never be told in South-England,' he says,
'To king Harry the fourth for shame.

'I wot you bin great lordes twa,
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself, and lookè on,
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail both heart and hand.'

That day, that day, that dreadful day!
The first fit here I find;
And you will hear any more a' the hunting a' the Cheviot,
Yet is there more behind.

The English men had their bows yebent,
Their hearts were good enough;
The first of arrows that they shot off,
Seven score spear-men they slough.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
A captain good enough,
And that was seenè verament,
For he wrought home both woe and wouche.

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a cheffe chiefran of pride,
With sure speais of mighty tree,
They come in on every side:

Through our English archery
Gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they gard to die,
Which gained them no pride.

The English men let their bows be,
And pulled out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see
Bright swords on basnets light.

Thorow rich mail and maniple,
Many sterne the stroke down straight;
Many a freyke that was full free,
There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Persè met,
Like to captains of might and of main;
They swept together till they both swat,
With swords that were of fine myllán.

These worthè freykes for to fight,
There-to they were full fain,

Till the blood out of their basnets sprent,
  As ever did hail or rain.

'Yield thee, Persè,' said the Douglas,
  'And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have a earl's wages
  Of Jamy our Scottish king.

'Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
  I hight thee here this thing,
For the manfullest man yet art thou,
  That ever I conquered in field fighting.'

'Nay,' said the lord Persè,
  'I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yielded be
  To no man of a woman born.'

With that there cam an arrow hastely,
  Forth of a mighty wane;
It hath striken the earl Douglas
  In at the breast bane.

Thorow liver and lungs, baith
  The sharp arrow is gane,
That never after in all his life-days,
  He spake mo words but ane:
That was, 'Fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
  For my life-days ben gane.'

The Persè leaned on his brand,
  And saw the Douglas dee;

He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, 'Woe is me for thee!

'To have saved thy life, I would have parted with
My landes for years three,
For a better man, of heart nor of hand,
Was not in all the north contrè.'

Of all that see a Scottish knight,
Was called Sir Hew the Monggombyrry;
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spended a spear, a trusty tree:—

He rode upon a courser
Through a hundrith archery:
He never stinted, nor never blane,
Till he came to the good lord Persè.

He set upon the lord Persè
A dint that was full sore;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorow the body he the Persè bare,

A'the tother side that a man might see
A large cloth yard and mair:
Two better captains were not in Christiantè,
Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland
Sae slain was the lord Persè;
He bare a bend-bow in his hand,
Was made of trusty tree.

An arrow, that a cloth yard was lang,
To th' hard steel haled he;
A dint that was both sad and sore,
He set on Sir Hewe the Monggomberry.

The dint it was both sad and sore,
That he of Monggomberry set;
The swan-feathers, that his arrow bore,
With his heart-blood they were wet.

There was never a freyke one foot would flee,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dree,
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour befor the noon,
And when even-song bell was rang,
The battle was not half done.

They took . . . on eithar hand
By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand,
In Cheviot the hills aboun.

Of fifteen hundrith archers of England
Went away but seventy and three;
Of twenty hundrith spear-men of Scotland,
But even five and fifty:

But all were slain Cheviot within;
They had no strength to stand on high;

The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pity.

There was slain with the lord Persè,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger, the hind Hartly,
Sir William, the bold Hearone.

Sir Jorg, the worthè Loumle,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Raff, the rich Rugbè,
With dints were beaten down.

For Wetharrington my heart was woe,
That ever he slain should be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hew the Monggomberry,
Sir Davy Lydale, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he:

Sir Charls o' Murrè in that place,
That never a foot would flee;
Sir Hew Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so grey;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makes away.

Tivydale may carp of care,
  Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there,
  On the March-party shall never be none.

Word is commen to Eddenburrow,
  To Jamy the Scottish king,
That doughty Douglas, lieu-tenant of the Merches
  He lay slain Cheviot with-in.

His handes did he weal and wring,
  He said, 'Alas, and woe is me!'
Such an other captain Scotland within,
  He said, i-faith should never be.

Word is commen to lovely London,
  Till the fourth Harry our king,
That Lord Persè, lieu-tenant of the Marches
  He lay slain Cheviot within.

'God have mercy on his soul,' said king Harry,
  'Good lord, if thy will it be!
I have a hundrith captains in England,' he said,
  'As good as ever was he:
But Persè, and I brook my life,
  Thy death well quit shall be.'

As our noble king made his a-vow,
  Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the lord Persè
  He did the battle of Hombyll-down:

Where six and thirty Scottish knights
  On a day were beaten down:
Glendale glittered on their armour bright,
  Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the Hunting of the Cheviot;
  That tear began this spurn:
Old men that knowen the ground well enough,
  Call it the battle of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn
  Upon a Monnyn day:
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
  The Persè never went away.

There was never a time on the March-partys
  Sen the Douglas and the Persè met,
But it was marvel, and the red blude ran not,
  As the rain does in the street.

Jesu Christ our balès bete,
  And to the bliss us bring!
Thus was the Hunting of the Cheviot:
  God send us all good ending!

Anon.

169. *Kinmont Willie*

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
  O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope
How they hae taen bauld Kinmont Willie,
  On Hairibee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
  But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont taen
  Wi' eight score in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
  They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
  And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
  And also thro' the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
  To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

'My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
  And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the border law?
  Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?'

'Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
  There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
Before ye cross my castle-yate,
  I trow ye shall take farewell o' me.'

'Fear na ye that, my lord,' quo Willie:
  'By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope,' he said,
'I never yet lodged in a hostelrie—
  But I paid my lawing before I gaed.'

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
  In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,

That Lord Scroope has taen the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has taen the table wi' his hand,
He garrd the red wine spring on hie;
'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he said,
'But avengèd of Lord Scroope I'll be!

'O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a lady's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me?

'And have they taen him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

'And have they een taen him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

'O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Tho' it were builded of marble stone.

'I would set that castell in a low,
And sloken it with English blood;
There's nevir a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

'But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!'

He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, calld
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch,
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like Warden's men, arrayed for fight.

And five and five, like a mason-gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde!

'Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'
Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'

'We go to hunt an English stag,
  Has trespassd on the Scots countrie.'

'Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?'
  Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell me true!'
'We go to catch a rank reiver,
  Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch.'

'Where are ye gaun, ye mason-lads,
  Wi' a' your ladders lang and hie?'
'We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
  That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'

'Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'
  Quo fause Sakelde: 'come tell to me?'
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
  And the nevir a word o' lear had he.

'Why trepass ye on the English side?
  Row-footed outlaws, stand!' quo he;
The neer a word had Dickie to say,
  Sae he thrust the lance thro' his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
  And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crosd;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
  But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,
  The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the laird garrd leave our steeds,
  For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castel-wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first before us a'.

He has taen the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead;
'Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed.

'Now sound out, trumpets!' quo Buccleuch;
'Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!'
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew
'O whae dare meddle wi' me?'

Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castel-ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and speir;
It was but twenty Scots and ten
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulter and wi' fore-hammers,
We garrd the bars bang merrilie,

Untill we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we came to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie,
'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?'

'O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd frae me;
Gie my service back to my wyfe and bairns
And a' gude fellows that speer for me.'

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale:
'Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

'Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!' he cried;
'I'll pay you for my lodging-maill,
When first we meet on the border-side.'

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns playd clang!

'O mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,
'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have neer bestrode.

'And mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,
'I've pricked a horse out oure the furs;
But since the day I backed a steed
I nevir wore sic cumbrous spurs!'

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And saftly swam them thro' the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he:
'If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!'

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When thro' the water they had gane.

'He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie.'

Anon.

170. Captain Care or Edom O Gordon

IT befell at Martynmas,
When wether waxed colde,
Captaine Care said to his men,
We must go take a holde.

Sycke, sike, and to-towe sike,
And sike and like to die:
And sikest nighte that ever I abode,
God lord have mercy on me!

'Haille, master, and wether you will,
And wether ye like it best;'
'To the castle of Crecrynbroghe,
And there we will take our restè.'

'I knowe wher ia a gay castle,
Is builded of lyme and stone;
Within their ia a gay ladie,
Her lord is riden and gone.'

The ladie she lend on her castle-walle,
She loked upp and downe;
There was she ware of an host of men,
Come riding to the towne.

'Se yow, my meri men all,
And se yow what I see?
Yonder I see an host of men,
I muse who they shold bee.'

She thought he had ben her wed lord,
As he comd riding home;
Then was it traitur Captaine Care
The lord of Ester-towne.

They wer no soner at supper sett,
Then after said the grace,
Or Captaine Care and all his men
Wer lighte aboute the place.

'Gyve over thi howsse, thou lady gay,
And I will make the a bande;
To-night thou shall ly within my armes,
To-morrowe thou shall ere my lande.'

Then bespacke the eldest sonne,
That was both whitt and redde:
'O mother dere, geve over your howsse,
Or elles we shalbe deade.'

'I will not geve over my hous,' she saith,
'Not for feare of my lyffe;
It shalbe talked throughout the land,
The slaughter of a wyffe.

'Fetch me my pestilett,
And charge me my gonne,
That I may shott at this bloddy butcher,
The lord of Easter-towne.'

Styfly upon her wall she stode,
And lett the pellettes flee;

But then she myst the blody bucher,
And she slew other three.

'I will not geve over my hous,' she saithe,
Netheir for lord nor lowne;
Nor yet for traitur Captaine Care,
The lord of Easter-towne.

'I desire of Captaine Care,
And all his bloddye band,
That he would save my eldest sonne,
The eare of all my lande.'

'Lap him in a shete,' he sayth,
'And let him downe to me,
And I shall take him inmy armes,
His waran shall I be.'

The captyne sayd unto him selfe;
Wyth sped, before the rest,
He cut his tonge out of his head,
His hart out of his brest.

He lapt them in a hankerchef,
And knet it of knotes three,
And cast them over the castell-wall,
At that gay layde.

'Fye upon the, Captaine Care,
And all thy bloddy band!
For thou hast slayne my eldest sonne,
The ayre of all my land.'

Then bespake the youngest sonne,
That sat on the nurse's knee,
Syath, 'Mother gay, geve over your house;
For the smoake it smoothers me.'

Out then spake the Lady Magaret,
As she stood on the stair;
The fire was at her goud garters,
The lowe was at her hair.

'I wold geve my gold,' she saith,
'And so I wolde my ffee,
For a blaste of the westryn wind,
To dryve the smoke from thee.

'Fy upon thee, John Hamleton,
That ever I paid hyre!
For thou hast broken my castle-wall,
And kyndled in the ffyre.'

The lady gate to her close parler,
The fire fell aboute her head;
She toke up her children two,
Seth, 'Babes, we are all dead.'

Then bespake the hye steward,
That is of hye degree;
Saith, 'Ladie gay, you are in close,
Wether ye fighte or flee.'

Lord Hamleton dremd in his dream.
In Carvall where he laye,
His halle were all of fyre,
His ladie slanye or daye.

'Busk and bowne, my mery men all,
Even and go ye with me;
For I dremd that my hall was on fyre,
My lady slayne or day.'

He buskt him and bownd hym,
And like a worthi knighte;
And when he saw his hall burning,
His harte was no dele lighte.

He sett a trumpet till his mouth,
He blew as it plesd his grace;
Twenty score of Hamletons
Was light aboute the place.

'Had I knowne as much yesternighte
As I do to-daye,
Captaine Care and all his men
Should not have gone so quite.

'Fye upon the, Captaine Care,
And all thy blody bande!
Thou hast slain my lady gay,
More wurth than all thy lande.

'If thou had ought eny ill will,' he saith,
'Thou shoulde have taken my lyffe,
And have saved my children thre,
All and my lovesome wyffe.'

Anon.

171. *The Bonnie House O' Airly*

IT fell on a day, and a bonny summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute,
Between Argyle and Airly.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle
To come in the morning early,
An' lead in his men, by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae high,
And O but she looked weary!
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

'Come down, come down, Lady Margaret,' he says,
'Come down, and kiss me fairly,
Or before the morning clear daylight,
I'll no leave standing stane in Airly.

'I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,

RESTORATION VERSE

I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
  Gin you shouldna leave a' standing stane in Airly.

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
  Says, 'Lady, where is your drury?'
'It's up and down by the bonny burn side,
  Amang the planting o' Airly.'

They sought it up, they sought it down,
  They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonny balm-tree,
  That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
  And O but she grat sairly,
And led her down to yon green bank,
  Till they plundered the bonny house o' Airly.

'But gin my good lord had been at hame,
  As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
  Hae plundered the bonny house o' Airly.

'O it's I hae seven braw sons,' she says,
  'And the youngest ne'er saw his daddy,
And altho' I had as mony mae,
  I wad gie them a' to Charlie.'

Anon.

172. *Mary Ambree*

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When the brave sergeant-major was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe;
A faire shirt of male then slipped on shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe shee strait did provide,
A stronge arminge-sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all such, as wold, to bee of her band;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

'My soldiers,' she saith, 'soe valliant and bold,
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;
Still formost in battell myselfe will I bee:'
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say,
'Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons so well do agree,
Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree.'

She cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

'Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free;'
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Shee ledd upp her souldiers in battaile array,
'Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bulletts so hott;
For one of her own men a score killed shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre;

Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;
To beat down the walles they all did agree:
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

'Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live?
Come yield thyselfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee:'
Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

'Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?'
'A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
Who shortlye with us a prisoner must bee.'

'No captaine of England; behold in your sight
Two brests in my bosome, and therefore no knight:
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple mayden called Mary Ambree.'

'But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.'

The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
Who long had advanced for England's fair crowne;
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all:
'I'le nere sell my honour for purple nor pall;
A mayden of England, sir, never will bee
The wench of a monarcke,' quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee back did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne!
Therfore English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

Anon.

173. *Bonnie George Campbell*

HIE upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair,
And out cam his bonnie bride
Rivin' her hair.

Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

'My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,
And my babie's unborn.'

Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the sadle,
But never cam he!

Anon.

174. *Earl Brand*

OH did ye ever hear o' brave Earl Bran'?
Ay lally, o lilly lally!
He courted the king's daughter of fair England,
All i' the night sae early.

She was scarcely fifteen years of age
Till sae boldly she came to his bedside.

'O Earl Bran', fain wad I see
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea.'

'O lady, I have no steeds but one,
And thou shalt ride, and I will run.'

'O Earl Bran', my father has two,
And thou shall have the best o' them a'.'

They have ridden o'er moss and moor,
And they met neither rich nor poor.

Until they met with old Carl Hood;
He comes for ill, but never for good.

'Earl Bran', if ye love me,
Seize this old carl, and gar him die.'

'O lady fair, it wad be sair,
To slay an old man that has grey hair.

'O lady fair, I'll no do sae,
I'll gie him a pound and let him gae.'

'O where hae ye ridden this lee lang day?
O where hae ye stolen this lady away?'

I have not ridden this lee lang day,
Nor yet have I stolen this lady away.

'She is my only, my sick sister,
Whom I have brought from Winchester.'

'If she be sick, and like to dead,
Why wears she the ribbon sae red?

'If she be sick, and like to die,
Then why wears she the gold on high?'

When he came to this lady's gate,
Sae rudely as he rapped at it.

'O where's the lady o' this ha' ?'
'She's out with her maids to play at the ba'.'

'Ha, ha, ha! ye are a' mista'en:
Gae count your maidens o'er again.

The father armed fifteen of his best men,
To bring his daughter back again.

O'er her left shoulder the lady looked then:
'O Earl Bran', we both are tane.'

'If they come on me ane by ane,
Ye may stand by and see them slain.'

'But if they come on me one and all,
Ye may stand by and see me fall.'

They have come on him ane by ane,
And he has killed them all but ane.

And that ane came behind his back,
And he's gi'en him a deadly whack.

But for a' sae wounded as Earl Bran' was,
He has set his lady on her horse.

They rode till they came to the water o' Doune,
And then he alighted to wash his wounds.

'O Earl Bran', I see your heart's blood!'
''Tis but the gleat o' my scarlet hood.'

They rode till they came to his mother's gate
And sae rudely as he rapped at it.

'O my son's slain, my son's put down,
And a' for the sake of an English loun.'

'O say not sae, my dear mother,
But marry her to my youngest brother.

'This has not been the death o' ane,
But it's been that o' fair seventeen.'

Anon.

175. *Johney Scot*

O JOHNEY was as brave a knight
As ever sail'd the sea,
An' he's done him to the English court,
To serve for meat and fee.

He had nae been in fair England
But yet a little while,
Untill the kingis ae daughter
To Johney proves wi' chil'.

O word's come to the king himsel',
In his chair where he sat,
That his ae daughter was wi' bairn
To Jack, the Little Scott.

'Gin this be true that I do hear,
As I trust well it be,
Ye pit her into prison strong,
An' starve her till she die.'

O Johney's on to fair Scotland,
A wot he went wi' speed,
An' he has left the kingis court,
A wot good was his need.

O it fell once upon a day
That Johney he thought lang,
An' he's gane to the good green wood,
As fast as he coud gang.

'O whare will I get a bonny boy,
To rin my errand soon,
That will rin into fair England,
An' haste him back again?'

O up it starts a bonny boy,
Gold yallow was his hair,
I wish his mother meickle joy,
His bonny love mieckle mair.

'O here am I, a bonny boy,
Will rin your errand soon;
I will gang into fair England,
An' come right soon again.'

O whan he came to broken briggs,
He bent his bow and swam;

An' whan he came to the green grass growan,
He slaikid his shoone an' ran.

Whan he came to yon high castèl,
He ran it roun' about,
An' there he saw the king's daughter,
At the window looking out.

'O here's a sark o' silk, lady,
Your ain han' sewd the sleeve;
You'r bidden come to fair Scotlan,
Speer nane o' your parents' leave.

'Ha, take this sark o' silk, lady,
Your ain han' sewd the gare;
You're bidden come to good green wood
Love Johney waits you there.'

She's turn'd her right and roun' about,
The tear was in her e'e:
'How can I come to my true-love,
Except I had wings to flee?

'Here am I kept wi' bars and bolts,
Most grievous to behold;
My breast-plate's o' the sturdy steel,
Instead of the beaten gold.

'But tak' this purse, my bonny boy,
Ye well deserve a fee,
An' bear this letter to my love,
An' tell him what you see.'

Then quickly ran the bonny boy
  Again to Scotlan' fair,
An' soon he reach'd Pitnachton's tow'rs,
  An' soon found Johney there.

He pat the letter in his han',
  An' taul him what he sa',
But eer he half the letter read,
  He loote the tears doun fa'.

'O I will gae back to fair Englan',
  Tho' death shoud me betide,
An' I will relieve the damesel
  That lay last by my side.'

Then out it spake his father dear,
  'My son, you are to blame;
An' gin you'r catch'd on English groun',
  I fear you'll neer win hame.'

Then out it spake a valiant knight,
  Johney's best friend was he;
I can commaun' five hunder men,
  An' I'll his surety be.'

The firstin town that they came till,
  They gard the bells be rung;
An' the nextin town that they came till,
  They gard the mess be sung.

The thirdin town that they came till,
  They gard the drums beat roun';

The king but an' his nobles a'
  Was startl'd at the soun'.

Whan they came to the king's palace
  They rade it roun' about,
An' there they saw the king himsel',
  At the window looking out.

'Is this the Duke o' Albany,
  Or James, the Scottish king?
Or are ye some great foreign lord,
  That's come a visiting?'

'I'm nae the Duke of Albany,
  Nor James, the Scottish king;
But I'm a valiant Scottish knight,
  Pitnachton is my name.'

'O if Pitnachton be your name,
  As I trust well it be,
The morn, or I tast meat or drink,
  You shall be hanged hi'.'

Then out it spake the valiant knight
  That came brave Johney wi';
'Behold five hunder bowmen bold,
  Will die to set him free.'

Then out it spake the king again,
  An' a scornful laugh laugh he;
'I have an Italian in my house
  Will fight you three by three.'

'O grant me a boon,' brave Johney cried;
'Bring your Italian here;
Then if he fall beneath my sword,
I've won your daughter dear.'

Then out it came that Italian,
An' a gurious ghost was he;
Upo' the point o' Johney's sword
This Italian did die.

Out has he drawn his lang, lang bran',
Struck it across the plain:
'Is there any more o' your English dogs
That you want to be slain?'

'A clark, a clark,' the king then cried,
'To write her tocher free;'
'A priest, a priest,' says Love Johney,
'To marry my love and me.

'I'm seeking nane o' your gold,' he says,
'Nor of your silver clear;
I only seek your daughter fair,
Whose love has cost her dear.'

Anon.

176. *The Dowy Houms of Yarrow*

LATE at e'en, drinkin' the wine,
And ere they paid the mornin'
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawnin'.

'O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowy houms o' Yarrow.'

'O fare ye weel, my lady gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, tho' I ne'er return
Frae the dowy banks o' Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaimd his hair,
As she had done before, O;
She belted on his noble brand,
An' he's awa to Yarrow.

O he's gane up yon high, high hill—
I wat he gaed wi' sorrow—
An' in a den spied nine arm'd men,
I' the dowy houms o' Yarrow.

'O are ye come to drink the wine,
As ye hae doon before, O?
Or are ye come to wield the brand,
On the dowy banks o' Yarrow?'

'I am no come to drink the wine,
As I hae doon before, O,
But I am come to wield the brand,
On the dowy houms o' Yarrow.'

Four he hurt, an' five he slew,
On the dowy houms o' Yarrow,

Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
An' ran his body thorrow.'

'Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
An' tell your sister Sarah
To come an' lift her noble lord,
Who's sleepin' sound on Yarrow.'

'Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I ken'd there wad be sorrow;
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
On the dowy banks o' Yarrow.'

She gaed up yon high, high hill—
I wat she gaed wi' sorrow—
An' in a den spied nine dead men,
On the dowy houms o' Yarrow.

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she did before, O;
She drank the red blood frae him ran,
On the dowy houms o' Yarrow.

'O haud your tongue, my douchter dear,
For what needs a' this sorrow?
I'll wed you on a better lord
Than him you lost on Yarrow.'

'O haud your tongue, my father dear,
An' dinna grieve your Sarah;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

'Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
For they hae bred our sorrow;'
I wiss that they had a' gane mad
Whan they cam first to Yarrow.'

Anon.

177. *The Twa Sisters*

THERE was twa sisters in a bowr,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi glove and ring,
But he loved the youngest abune a' thing.

He courted the eldest wi brotch and knife,
But lovd the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
And much envi'd her sister fair.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
She cried upon her sister dear:

'O sister, come to yon sea stran,
An see our father's ships come to lan.'

She's taen her by the milk-white han,
An led her down to yon sea stran.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest came and threw her in.

She took her by the middle sma,
An dashed her bonnie back to the jaw.

'O sister, sister, tak my han,
An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan.

'O sister, sister, tak my middle
An yes get my goud and my gouden girdle.

'O sister, sister, save my life,
An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife.

'Foul fa the han that I should tacke,
It twind me an my wardles make.

'Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair
Gars me gae laiden for evermair.'

Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.

O out it came the miller's son,
An saw the fair maid swimmin in.

'O father, father, draw your dam,
Here's either a mermaid or a swan.'

The miller quickly drew the dam,
And there he found a drownd woman.

You coudna see her yellow hair
For gold and pearle that were so rare.

You coudna see her middle sma
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.

An by there came a harper fine,
That harped to the king at dine.

When he did look that lady upon,
He sighd and made a heavy moan.

He's taen three locks o her yallow hair,
An wi them strung his harp sae fair.

The first tune he did play and sing,
Was, 'Farewell to my mother the queen.'

The lasten tune that he playd then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Was, 'Wae to my sister, fair Ellen.'
By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.

Anon.

178. *Clerk Saunders*

CLERK Saunders and may Margaret
Walk'd owre yon garden green;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders said,
'A bed for you and me!'
'Fye na, fye na,' said may Margaret,
'Till anes we married be!'

For in may come my seven bauld brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright;
They'll say,—'We hae but ae sister,
And behold she's wi' a knight!'

'Then take the sword frae my scabbard,
And slowly lift the pin;
And you may swear, and save your aith,
Ye ne'er let Clerk Saunders in.

'Take you a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonnie e'en,
And you may swear, and save your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen.'

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright:
They said, 'We hae but ae sister,
And behold her lying with a knight!'

Then out and spake the first o' them,
'I bear the sword shall gar him die.'

And out and spake the second o' them,
'His father has nae mair but he.'

And out and spake the third o' them,
'I wot that they are lovers dear.'
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
'They hae been in love this mony a year.'

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
'It were great sin true love to twain.'
And out and spake the sixth o' them,
'It were shame to slay a sleeping man.'

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spake he;
But he has striped his bright brown brand
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Marg'ret she turn'd
Into his arms as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still, and sleepit sound,
Albeit the sun began to sheen;
She look'd atween her and the wa
And dull and drowsie were his e'en.

Then in and came her father dear;
Said, 'Let a' your mourning be;
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I'll come back and comfort thee.'

'Comfort weel your seven sons,
For comforted I will never be:
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon
Was in the bower last night wi' me.'

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
To carry the dead corse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Marg'ret's window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

'Are ye sleeping, Marg'ret?' he says,
'Or are ye walking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee.'

'Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheik and chin.'

'My mouth it is full cold, Marg'ret;
It has the smell, now, of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

'O cocks are crowing a merry midnight;
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way.'

'Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love sall never twin,

Until ye tell what comes o' women,
I wot, who die in strong traivelling?'

'Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;
I wot, sweet company for to see.

'O cocks are crowing a merry midnight;
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be miss'd away.'

Then she has taken a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

'I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret;
And ay I thank ye heartilie;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee.'

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
She climb'd the wall, and follow'd him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

'Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?'

'There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is fu' lowly now,
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

'Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down
Than my resting-place is weet.

'But plait a wand o' bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

'And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret, o' veritie,
Gin ere ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me.'

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the gray;
Her lover vanish'd in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

Anon.

179. *Love Gregor; or, the Lass of Lochroyan*

O WHA will shoe my fu' fair foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp,
Wi' the new made London band?

'And wha will kaim my yellow hair,
Wi' the new made silver kaim?
And wha will father my young son,
Till Love Gregor come hame?'

'Your father will shoe your fu' fair foot,
Your mother will glove your hand;
Your sister will lace your middle jimp
Wi' the new made London band.

'Your brother will kaim your yellow hair,
Wi' the new made silver kaim;
And the king of heaven will father your bairn,
Till Love Gregor come haim.'

'But I will get a bonny boat,
And I will sail the sea,
For I maun gang to Love Gregor,
Since he canno come hame to me.'

O she has gotten a bonny boat,
And sail'd the sa't sea fame;
She langd to see her ain true-love,
Since he could no come hame.

'O row your boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land,
For yonder I see my love's castle,
Close by the sa't sea strand.'

She has ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gone,
And lang she's knocked and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she none.

'O open the door, Love Gregor,' she says,
'O open, and let me in;
For the winds blows thro' my yellow hair,
And the rain draps o'er my chin.'

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
You'r nae come here for good;
You'r but some witch, or wile warlock,
Or mermaid of the flood.'

'I am neither a witch nor a wile warlock,
Nor mermaid of the sea,
I am Fair Annie of Rough Royal;
O open the door to me.'

'Gin ye be Annie of Rough Royal—
And I trust ye are not she—
Now tell me some of the love-tokens
That past between you and me.'

'O dinna ye mind now, Love Gregor,
When we sat at the wine,

How we changed the rings frae our fingers?
And I can show thee thine.

'O yours was good, and good euneugh,
But ay the best was mine;
For yours was o' the good red goud,
But mine o' the diamonds fine.

'But open the door now, Love Gregor,
O open the door I pray,
For your young son that is in my arms
Will be dead ere it be day.'

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
For here ye shanno win in;
Gae drown ye in the raging sea,
Or hang on the gallows-pin.'

When the cock had crawn, and day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then it raise him, Love Gregor,
And sair, sair did he weep.

'O I dreamd a dream, my mother dear,
The thoughts o' it gars me greet,
That Fair Annie of Rough Royal
Lay cauld dead at my feet.'

'Gin it be for Annie of Rough Royal
That ye mak a' this din,
She stood a' last night at this door,
But I trow she wan no in.'

'O wae betide ye, ill woman,
An ill dead may ye die!
That ye woud no open the door to her,
Nor yet woud waken me.'

O he has gone down to yon shore-side,
As fast as he could fare;
He saw Fair Annie in her boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

And 'Hey, Annie!' and 'How, Annie!'
O Annie, winna ye bide?'
But ay the mair that he cried 'Annie,'
The braider grew the tide.

And 'Hey, Annie!' and 'How, Annie!
Dear Annie, speak to me!'
But ay the louder he cried 'Annie,'
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dashd the boat on shore;
Fair Annie floats on the raging sea,
But her young son raise no more.

Love Gregor tare his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
But her bonny young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair,

But clay cold were her rosey lips,
Nae spark of life was there,

And first he's kissd her cheery cheek,
And neist he's kissed her chin;
And saftly pressed her rosey lips,
But there was nae breath within.

'O wae betide my cruel mother,
And an ill dead may she die!
For she turnd my true-love frae my door,
When she came sae far to me.'

Anon.

180. *Child Waters*

CHILDE WATERS in his stable stoode,
And stroaket his milke-white steede;
To him came a faire young ladye
As ere did weare womans weede.

Saies, 'Christ you save, good Chyld Waters!'
Sayes, 'Christ you save and see!
My girdle of gold which was too longe
Is now too short for mee.

'And all is with one chyld of yours,
I feele sturre att my side:
My gowne of greene, it is to strayght;
Before it was to wide.'

'If the child be mine, faire Ellen,' he sayd,
'Be mine, as you tell mee,
Take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

'If the child be mine, ffaire Ellen,' he said,
'Be mine, as you doe sweare,
Take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heyre.'

Shee saies, 'I had rather have one kisse,
Child Waters, of thy mouth,
Then I would have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lyes by north and south.

'And I had rather have a twinkling
Child Waters, of your eye,
Then I would have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine oune to bee!'

'To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Soe ffar into the north countrye;
The fairest lady that I can ffind,
Ellen, must goe with mee.'
'And ever I pray you, Child Watters,
Your ffootpage let me bee!'

'If you will my ffootpage be, Ellen,
As you doe tell itt mee,
Then you must cut your gownne of greene
An inch above your knee.

'Soe must you doe your yellow locks
  Another inch above your eye;
You must tell no man what is my name;
  My ffootpage then you shall bee.'

All this long day Child Waters rode,
  Shee ran bare ffoote by his side;
Yett was he never soe curteous a knight,
  To say, 'Ellen, will you ryde?'

But all this day Child Waters rode,
  She ran barffoote thorow the broome;
Yett he was never soe curteous a knight
  As to say, 'Put on your shoone.'

'Ride softlye,' shee said, 'Child Watters:
  Why do you ryde soe ffast?
The child, which is no mans but yours,
  My bodye itt will burst.'

He sayes, 'Sees thou yonder water, Ellen,
  That fflowes from banke to brim?'
'I trust to God, Child Waters,' shee sayd,
  'You will never see mee swime.'

But when shee came to the waters side,
  Shee sayled to the chinne:
'Except the lord of heaven be my speed,
  Now must I learne to swime.'

The salt waters bare up Ellens clothes,
  Oure Ladye bare upp her chinne,

And Child Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swime.

Ane when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
He said, 'Come hither, ffaire Ellen,
Loe yonder what I see!

'Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of redd gold shine the yates;
There's four and twenty ffayre ladyes,
The ffairest is my wordlye make.

'Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of redd gold shineth the tower;
There is four and twenty ffaire ladyes,
The fairest is my paramoure.'

'I doe see the hall now, Child Waters,
That of redd gold shineth the yates;
God give good then of your selfe,
And of your wordlye make!

'I doe see the hall now, Child Waters,
That of redd gold shineth the tower;
God give good then of your selfe,
And of youre paramoure!'

There were four and twenty ladyes,
Were playing att the ball;
And Ellen, was the ffairest ladye,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There were four and twenty faire ladyes
  Was playing att the chesse;
And Ellen, shee was ffairest ladye,
  Must bring his horsse to grasse.

And then bespake Child Waters sister,
  And these were the words said shee:
'You have the prettyest ffootpage, brother,
  That ever I saw with mine eye;

'But that his belly it is soe bigg,
  His girdle goes wondrous hye;
And ever I pray you, Child Waters,
  Let him go into the chamber with me.'

'It is more meete for a little ffootpage,
  That has run through mosse and mire,
To take his supper upon his knee
  And sitt downe by the kitchin fyer,
Then to go into the chamber with any ladye
  That weares so rich attyre.'

'I pray you now, good Child Waters,
  That I may creepe in att your bedds feete,
For there is noe place about this house
  Where I may say a sleepe.'

This night and itt drove on affterward
  Till itt was neere the day:
He sayd, 'Rise up, my little ffoote page,
  And give my steed corne and hay;

And soe doe thou the good blacke oates,
That he may carry me the better away.'

And up then rose ffaire Ellen,
And gave his steed corne and hay,
And soe shee did the good blacke oates,
That he might carry him the better away.

Shee layned her backe to the manger side,
And greivouslye did groane;
And that beheard his mother deere,
And heard her make her moane.

She said, 'Rise up, thou Child Waters!
I thinke thou art a cursed man;
For yonder is a ghost in thy stable,
That greivously doth groane,
Or else some woman laboures of child,
Shee is soe woe begone!'

But up then rose Child Waters,
And did put on his shirt of silke;
Then he put on his other clothes
On his body as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still that hee did stand,
That hee might heare now faire Ellen,
How shee made her monand.

Shee said, 'Lullabye, my owne deere child!
Lullabye, deere child, deere!

I wold thy father were a king,
  Thy mother layd on a beere!'

'Peace now,' he said, 'good faire Ellen!
  And be of good cheere, I thee pray,
And the bridall and the churching both,
  They shall bee upon one day.'

Anon.

181. *Fair Annie*

IT'S narrow, narrow, make your bed,
  And learn to lie your lane;
For I'm ga'n oer the sea, Fair Annie,
  A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear;
  Wi' you I neer got nane.

'But wha will bake my bridal bread,
  Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
  That I bring oer the dale?

'But she that welcomes my brisk bride
  Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
  And braid her yellow hair.'

'But how can I gang maiden-like,
  When maiden I am nane?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
  And am with child again?'

She's taen her young son in her arms,
  Another in her hand,
And she's up to the highest tower,
  To see him come to land.

'Come up, come up, my eldest son,
  And look oer yon sea-strand,
And see your father's new-come bride,
  Before she come to land.'

'Come down, come down, my mother dear,
  Come frae the castle wa!
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
  Ye'll let yoursell down fa'.

And she gaed down, and farther down,
  Her love's ship for to see,
And the topmast and the mainmast
  Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,
  The bride's ship to behold,
And the topmast and the mainmast
  They shone just like the gold.

She's taen her seven sons in her hand,
  I wot she didna fail;
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
  As they came oer the dale.

'You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas,
  You're welcome to your land;

You're welcome with your fair ladye,
That you lead by the hand.

'You're welcome to your ha's, ladye,
You're welcome to your bowers;
You're welcome to your hame, ladye,
For a' that's here is yours.'

'I thank thee, Annie; I thank thee, Annie,
Sae dearly as I thank thee;
You're the likest to my sister Annie,
That ever I did see.

'There came a knight out oer the sea,
And steald my sister away;
And shame scoup in his company,
And land where'er he gael'

She hang ae napkin at the door,
Another in the ha,
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,
Sae fast as they did fa.

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with wine,
And aye she drank the wan water,
To had her colour fine.

And aye she served the lang tables,
With white bread and with brown;
And ay she turned her round about,
Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he's taen down the silken napkin,
  Hung on a silver pin,
And aye he wipes the tear trickling
  Adown her cheek and chin.

And aye he turn'd him round about,
  And smiled amang his men;
Says, 'Like ye best the old ladye,
  Or her that's new come hame?'

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
  And a' men bound to bed,
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride
  To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,
  To hear what they might say;
'And ever alas!' Fair Annie cried,
  'That I should see this day!

'Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,
  Running on the castle wa,
And I were a grey cat mysell,
  I soon would worry them a'.

'Gin my young sons were seven young hares,
  Running oer yon lilly lee,
And I were a grew hound mysell,
  Soon worried they a' should be.'

And wae and sad Fair Annie sat,
  And drearie was her sang,

And ever, as she sobbd and grat,
'Wae to the man that did the wrang!'

'My gown is on,' said the new-come bride,
'My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to Fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.

'What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair Annie,
That ye make sic a moan?
Has your wine-barrels cast the girds,
Or is your white bread gone?

'O wha was't was your father, Annie,
Or wha was't was your mother?
And had ye ony sister, Annie,
Or had ye ony brother?'

'The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother;
And a' the folk about the house
To me were sister and brother.'

'If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it shall not be for lack o' gowd
That ye your love sall tyne.

'For I have seven ships o' mine ain,
A' loaded to the brim,

And I will gie them a' to thee
Wi' four to thine eldest son;
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven
That I gae maiden hame!'

Anon.

182. *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*

LORD Thomas and Fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
'A', I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends' will.'

'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee:'
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.

'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,
'A gude rede gie to mee;
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let Faire Annet bee?'

'The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty Fair Annet haes
O it wull soon be gane.'

And he has till his brother gane;
'Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A', sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let Fair Annet bee?'

'The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast Fair Annet bye.'

'Her oxen may dye i' the house, billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I sall hae nothing to mysell
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.'

And he has till his sister gane:
'Now, sister, rede ye mee;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set Fair Annet free?'

'I'se rede ye tak Fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
What is this we brought hame!'

'No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand:
And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
Fair Annet may leive the land.'

Up then rose Fair Annet's father,
Twa hours or it wer day,

And he is gane unto the bower
  Wherein Fair Annet lay.

'Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet,' he says,
  'Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Marie's Kirke,
  And see that rich weddeen.'

'My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
  And dress to me my hair;
Whaireir yee laid a plait before,
  See yee lay ten times mair.

'My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
  And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
  The other o' needle-work.'

The horse Fair Annet rade upon,
  He amblit like the wind;
Wi' siller he was shod before,
  Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty siller bells
  Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
  They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
  Rade by Fair Annet's side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
  As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Marie's Kirk,
  She sat on Marie's stean:
The cleading that Fair Annet had on
  It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
  She shimmered like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
  Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
  And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
  When Fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
  He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
  Laid it on Fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
  She spak wi' meikle spite:
'And whair gat ye that rose-water,
  That does mak yee sae white?'

'O I did get the rose-water
  Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
  Into my mither's wame.'

The bride she drew a long bodkin
  Frae out her gay head-gear,

And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak nevir mair.

Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee;
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,
'Now stay, my dear,' he cry'd;
Then strake the dagger until his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa,
Fair Annet within the quiere,
And o' the ane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil
They were twa luvers deare.

Anon.

183. *Bonny Barbara Allan*

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling;
'O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
'Young man, I think you're dying.'

'O it's I am sick, and very, very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.'
'O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.'

'O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,
'When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?'

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.'

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing, said, she coud not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd, 'Woe to Barbara Allan!'

'O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.'

Anon.

184. The Queen's Marie

MARIE Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breast;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' gloves upon her hands;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the King's court,
And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely three,
Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durst na be.

The King is to the Abbey gane,
To pu' the Abbey tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart;
But the thing it wadna be.

O she has row'd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea:
'Gae sink ye or swim ye, bonny babe,
Ye's get nae mair o' me.'

Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room,
Amang the ladyes a',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
And the bonny babe's mist and awa'.

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely faen asleep,
When up and started our gude Queen,
Just at her bed-feet,

Saying, 'Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?
For I am sure I heard it greet.'

'O no, O no, my noble Queen!
Think no sic thing to be!
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me.'

'Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton,
Get up, and follow me,
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see.'

O slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly put she on;
And slowly rade she out the way,
Wi' mony a weary groan.

The Queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green;
And every town that they cam to,
They took Marie for the Queen.

'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,
Ride hooly now wi' me!
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your companie.'

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rade on the brown,
That she was gaen to Edinburgh town,
And a' to be put down.

'Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,
Why look ye so on me?
O, I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see!'

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
The corks frae her heels did flee;
And lang or e'er she cam down again,
She was condemned to die.

When she cam to the Netherbow Port,
She laugh'd loud laughters three;
But when she cam to the gallows foot,
The tears blinded her e'e.

'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

'O, often have I dressed my Queen,
And put gowd upon her hair;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

'Often have I dressed my Queen,
And often made her bed:
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,

Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
But that I'm coming hame.

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
That neither my father nor mother get wit,
This dog's death I'm to die.

'For if my father and mother got wit,
And my bold brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude,
This day wad be spilt for me!

'O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to die!'

Anon.

185. *Lord Donald*

O WHERE hae ye been a' day, Lord Donald, my son?
O where hae ye been a' day, my jollie young man?'
'I've been awa' courtin': mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'

'What wad ye hae for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?
What wad ye hae for your supper, my jollie young man?'
'I've gotten my supper; mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'

'What did ye get to your supper, Lord Donald, my son?
What did ye get to your supper, my jollie young man?'
'A dish of sma' fishes; mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'

'Whare gat ye the fishes, Lord Donald, my son?
Whare gat ye the fishes, my jollie young man?'
'In my father's black ditches; mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'

'What like were your fishes, Lord Donald, my son?
What like were your fishes, my jollie young man?'
'Black backs and speckl'd bellies; mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'

'O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Donald, my son!
O I fear ye are poison'd, my jollie young man!'
'O yes! I am poison'd; mither mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'

'What will ye leave to your father, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your father, my jollie young man?'
'Baith my houses and land; mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'

'What will ye leave to your brither, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your brither, my jollie young man?'
'My horse and the saddle; mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'

'What will ye leave to your sister, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your sister, my jollie young man?'

'Baith my gold box and rings; mither, mak my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'

'What will ye leave to your true-love, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your true-love, my jollie young man?'
'The tow and the halter, for to hang on yon tree,
And lat her hang there for the poysoning o' me.'

Anon.

186. *Edward*

WHY does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude
And why sae sad gang ye, O?'
'O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither;
O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
And I hae nae mair but he, O.'

'Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward;
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O.'
'O I hae killed my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither;
O I hae killed my red-roan steed,
That was sae fair and free, O.'

'Your steed was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward;
Your steed was auld, and ye hae gat mair;
Some ither dule ye dree, O.'
'O I hae killed my father dear,
Mither, mither;
O I hae killed my father dear,
Alas, and wae is me, O!'

'And whatten penance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?
And whatten penance will ye dree for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O.'
'I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither;
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O.'

'And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?'
'I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mither, mither;
I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
For here never mair maun I be, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang ower the sea, O?'

'The warld's room: let them beg through life;
Mither, mither;
The warld's room: let them beg through life;
For them never mair will I see, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
My dear son, now tell me, O?'
'The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither;
The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear:
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!'

Anon.

187. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard

AS it fell one holy-day,
Hay downe
As many be in the yeare,
When young men and maids together did goe,
Their mattins and masse to heare;

Little Musgrave came to the church-dore:—
The preist was at private masse;—
But hę had more minde of the faire women
Then he had of our lady's grace.

The one of them was clad in green,
Another was clad in pall,

And then came in my lord Barnard's wife,
The fairest amonst them all.

She cast an eye on Little Musgrave,
As bright as the summer sun;
And then bethought this Little Musgrave,
'This lady's heart have I woonn.'

Quoth she, 'I have loved thee, Little Musgrave,
Full long and many a day;'
'So have I loved you, fair lady,
Yet never word durst I say.'

'I have a bower at Bucklesfordbery,
Full daintyly it is deight;
If thou wilt wend thither, thou Little Musgrave,
Thou's lig in mine armes all night.'

Quoth he, 'I thank yee, fair lady,
This kindness thou showest to me;
But whether it be to my weal or woe,
This night I will lig with thee.'

With that he heard, a little tynë page,
By his ladye's coach as he ran:
'All though I am my ladye's foot-page,
Yet I am Lord Barnard's man.

'My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,
Whether I sink or swim;'
And ever where the bridges were broake
He laid him downe to swimme.

'A sleepe or wake, thou Lord Barnard,
As thou art a man of life,
For Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordbery,
A bed with thy own wedded wife.'

'If this be true, thou littele tinny page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
Then all the land in Bucklesfordbery
I freely will give to thee.

'But if it be a ly, thou little tinny page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
On the hyest tree in Bucklesfordbery
Then hanged shalt thou be.'

He called up his merry men all;
'Come saddle me my steed;
This night must I to Bucklesfordbery,
For I never had greater need.'

And some of them whistld, and some of them sung,
And some these words did say,
And ever when my Lord Barnard's horn blew,
'Away, Musgrave, away!'

'Methinks I hear the thresel-cock,
Methinks I hear the jaye;
Methinks I hear my Lord Barnard,
And I would I were away!'

'Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,
And huggell me from the cold;

'Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy
A driving his sheep to the fold.

'Is not thy hawke upon a perch,
Thy steed eats oats and hay,
And thou a fair lady in thine armes,
And wouldst thou bee away?'

With that my Lord Barnard came to the dore,
And lit a stone upon;
He plucked out three silver keys
And he open'd the dores each one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
He lifted up the sheet:
'How now, how now, thou Littell Musgrave,
Doest thou find my lady sweet?'

'I find her sweet,' quoth Littell Musgrave,
'The more 'tis to my paine;
I would gladly give three hundred pounds
That I were on yonder plaine.'

'Arise, arise, thou Littell Musgrave,
And put thy clothes on;
It shall nere be said in my country
I have killed a naked man.

'I have two swords in one scabberd,
Full deere they cost my purse;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse.'

The first stroke that Little Musgrave stroke,
He hurt Lord Barnard sore;
The next stroke that Lord Barnard stroke,
Little Musgrave nere struck more.

With that bespake this faire lady,
In bed whereas she lay:
'Although thou'rt dead, thou Little Musgrave,
Yet I for thee will pray.

'And wish well to thy soule will I,
So long as I have life;
So will I not for thee, Barnard,
Although I am thy wedded wife.'

He cut her paps from off her brest;
Great pitty it was to see
That some drops of this ladies heart's blood
Ran trickling downe her knee.

'Woe worth you, woe worth, my mery men all,
You were nere borne for my good;
Why did you not offer to stay my hand,
When you see me wax so wood?

'For I have slaine the bravest sir knight
That ever rode on steed;
So have I done the fairest lady
That ever did woman's deed.

'A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnard cry'd,
To put these lovers in;
But lay my lady on the upper hand,
For she came of better kin.'

Anon.

188. Thomas the Rhymer

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee:
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

'O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,
'That name does not belang to me;
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said;
'Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be!'

'Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird sall never daunten me;'
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All under the Eildon Tree.

'Now, ye maun go wi' me,' she said,
'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me,
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro weal or woe as may chance to be.'

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,
She's taen True Thomas up behind,
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on—
The steed gaed swifter than the wind—
Until they reached a desart wide,
And living land was left behind.

'Light down, light down now, True Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho after it but few enquires.

'And see ye not that braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven?

That is the path of wickedness,
  Tho some call it the road to heaven.

'And see ye not yon bonny road,
  That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
  Where thou and I this night maun gae.

'But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
  Whatever ye may hear or see,
For, if you speak word in Elflyn-land,
  Ye'll neer win back to your ain countrie.'

O they rade on, and farther on,
  And they waded rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon
  But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae star light,
  And they waded thro red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth
  Rins thro the springs o that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
  And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
'Take this for thy wages, True Thomas,
  It will give thee the tongue that can never lee.'

'My tongue is my ain,' True Thomas he said,
  'A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy or sell,
  At fair or tryst where I may be.

'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye:'
'Now hold thy peace, Thomas,' she said,
'For as I say, so must it be.'

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair o shoes of the velvet green,
And till seven years were gane and past
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Anon.

189. *Tam Lin*

O I forbid you, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tam Lin is there.

There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh
But they leave him a wad,
Either their rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has broded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh,
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to Carterhaugh
Tam Lin was at the well,

And there she fand his steed standing,
  But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,
  A rose but only twa,
Till up then started young Tam Lin,
  Says, 'Lady, thou's pu' nae mael

'Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
  And why breaks thou the wand?
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh
  Withoutten my command?'

'Carterhaugh, it is my ain,
  My daddie gave it me;
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
  And ask nae leave at thee.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
  A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
  A little aboon her bree,
And she is to her father's ha',
  As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair
  Were playing at the ba,
And out then cam the fair Janet,
  Ance the flower amang them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
  Were playing at the chess,

And out then cam the fair Janet,
As green as onie glass.

Out then spak an auld grey knight,
Lay oer the castle wa',
And says, 'Alas, fair Janet, for thee
But we'll be blamed a'.'

'Haud your tongue, ye auld fac'd knight,
Some ill death may ye die!
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee.'

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meek and mild;
'And ever alas, sweet Janet,' he says,
'I think thou gaes wi' child.'

'If that I gae wi' child, father,
Mysel maun bear the blame;
There's neer a laird about your ha'
Shall get the bairn's name.

'If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin grey,
I wae na gie my ain true-love
For nae lord that ye hae.

'The steed that my true-love rides on
Is lighter than the wind;
Wi' siller he is shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh,
As fast as she can hie.

When she cam to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till up then started young Tam Lin,
Says, 'Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

'Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
Amang the groves sae green,
And a' to kill the bonie babe
That we gat us between?'

'O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin,' she says,
'For's sake that died on tree,
If eer ye was in holy chapel,
Or christendom did see?'

'Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,
Took me with him to bide,
And ance it fell upon a day
That wae did me betide.

'And ance it fell upon a day,
A cauld day and a snell,
When we were frae the hunting come,
That frae my horse I fell;
The Queen o' Fairies she caught me,
In yon green hill to dwell.

'And pleasant is the fairy land,
But, an eerie tale to tell,
Ay at the end of seven years
We pay a tiend to hell;
I am sae fair and fu' o' flesh,
I'm fear'd it be mysel.

'But the night is Halloween, lady,
The morn is Hallowday;
Then win me, win me, an ye will,
For weel I wat ye may.

'Just at the mirk and midnight hour
The fairy folk will ride,
And they that wad their true-love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide.'

'But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,
Or how my true-love know,
Amang sae mony unco knights
The like I never saw?'

'O first let pass the black, lady,
And syne let pass the brown,

But quickly run to the milk-white steed,
Pu' ye his rider down.

'For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town;
Because I was an earthly knight
They gie me that renown.

'My right hand will be glov'd, lady,
My left hand will be bare,
Cockt up shall my bonnet be,
And kaim'd down shall my hair,
And thae's the takens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,
Into an esk and adder;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I am your bairn's father.

'They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,
And then a lion bold;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
As ye shall love your child.

'Again they'll turn me in your arms
To a red hot gaud of airn;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I'll do to you nae harm.

'And last they'll turn me in your arms
Into the burning gleed;

Then throw me into well water,
O throw me in wi' speed.

'And then I'll be your ain true-love,
I'll turn a naked knight;
Then cover me wi' your green mantle,
And cover me out o' sight.'

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As fair Jenny in her green mantle
To Miles Cross she did gae.

About the middle o' the night
She heard the bridles ring;
This lady was as glad at that
As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,
And syne she let the brown;
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

Sae weel she minded what he did say,
And young Tam Lin did win;
Syne cover'd him wi' her green mantle,
As blythe's a bird in spring.

Out then spak the Queen o' Fairies,
Out of a bush o' broom:
'Them that has gotten young Tam Lin
Has gotten a stately groom.'

Out then spak the Queen o' Fairies,
And an angry woman was she:
'Shame betide her ill-far'd face,
And an ill death may she die,
For she's taen awa' the bonniest knight
In a' my companie.

'But had I ken'd, Tam Lin,' she says,
'What now this night I see,
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,
And put in twa een o' tree.'

Anon.

190. *Clerk Colvill*

CLERK Colvill and his lusty dame
Were walking in the garden green;
The belt around her stately waist
Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.

'O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,
Or it will cost ye muckle strife,
Ride never by the wells of Slane,
If ye wad live and brook your life.

'Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,
Now speak nae mair of that to me;
Did I ne'er see a fair woman,
But I wad sin with her body?'

He's ta'en leave o' his lady gay,
Nought minding what his lady said,

And he's rode by the wells of Slane,
Where washing was a bonny maid.

'Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,
That wash sae clean your sark of silk;'
'And weel fa' you, fair gentleman,
Your body whiter than the milk.'

Then loud, loud cry'd the Clerk Colvill,
'O my head it pains me sair;'
'Then take, then take,' the maiden said,
'And frae my sark you'll cut a gare.'

Then she's gied him a little bane-knife,
And frae her sark he cut a share;
She's ty'd it round his whey-white face,
But ay his head it aked mair.

Then louder cry'd the Clerk Colvill,
'O sairer, sairer akes my head;'
'And sairer, sairer ever will,'
The maiden crys, 'Till you be dead.'

Out then he drew his shining blade,
Thinking to stick her where she stood,
But she was vanished to a fish,
And swam far off, a fair mermaid.

'O mother, mother, braid my hair;
My lusty lady, make my bed;
O brother, take my sword and spear,
For I have seen the false mermaid.'

Anon.

191. *The Wife of Usher's Well*

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
Whan word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she'd never see.

'I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!'

It fell about the Martinmass,
Whan nights are lang and mirk,
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

'Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.'

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the grey;
The eldest to the youngest said,
''Tis time we were away.'

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
'Brother, we must awa'.

'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

'Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!'

Anon.

192. *Fine Flowers in the Valley*

SHE sat down below a thorn,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And there she has her sweet babe born,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

'Smile na sae sweet, my bonnie babe,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead,'
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's ta'en out her little pen-knife,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And twinn'd the sweet babe o' its life,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And there she's buried her sweet babe in,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

As she was going to the church,
Fine flowers in the valley,
She saw a sweet babe in the porch,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

'O sweet babe, and thou were mine,
Fine flowers in the valley,
I wad clead thee in the silk so fine,'
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

'O mother dear, when I was thine,
Fine flowers in the valley,
Ye did na prove to me sae kind,'
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Anon.

193. *The Daemon Lover*

O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and mair?'
'O I'm come back to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before.'

'O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife.'

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e:
'I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

'I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee.'

'If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yer sel ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane.

'If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?'

'I hae seven ships upon the sea—
The eighth brought me to land—
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand.'

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss'd them baith cheek and chin:
'O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again.'

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his e'e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
The sails that were o' the taffetie
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,

Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

'O hold your tongue of your weeping,' says he,
'Of your weeping now let me be;
I will shew you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy.'

'O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?'
'O yon are the hills of heaven,' he said,
'Where you will never win.'

'O whaten a mountain is yon,' she said,
'All so dreary wi' frost and snow?'
'O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,
'Where you and I will go.'

And aye when she turn'd her round about,
Aye taller he seemed for to be;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
And the levin fill'd her e'e;
And waesome wail'd the snaw-white sprites
Upon the gurlie sea.

He strack the tapmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brak that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

Anon.

194. *The Three Ravens*

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a downe
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be.
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe

The one of them said to his mate,
'Where shall we our breakefast take?'

'Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

'His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.

'His hawks they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare him come nie.'

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman,
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman.

Anon.

195. *The Twa Corbies*

AS I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
'Where sall we gang and dine the day?'

'In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may make our dinner sweet.

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

'Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken whae he is gane,
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

Anon.

196. *A Lyke-Wake Dirge*

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence away art paste,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at laste;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes sall prickle thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thye saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
Every nighte and alle,
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at laste,
And Christe receive thye saule.

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,
Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrinke;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If meate or drinke thou never gavest nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thye saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire, and sleet, and candle-light,
And Christe receive thye saule.

Anon.

197. *Bessie Bell and Mary Gray*

O BESSIE BELL and Mary Gray,
They war twa bonnie lasses!
They bigget a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.

They theekit it o'er wi' rashes green,
They theekit it o'er wi' heather;
But the pest cam frae the burrows-town,
And slew them baith thegither.

They thought to lie in Methven kirk-yard
  Amang their noble kin;
But they maun lye in Stronach haugh,
  To biek forenent the sin.

And Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
  They war twa bonnie lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
  And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.

Anon.

198. *Burd Helen*

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
  Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
  On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
  And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my Love dropt and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
  On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
  On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste, and come to me!'

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

Anon.

199. *Annan Water*

ANNAN Water's wading deep,
And my Love Annie's wondrous bonny;
And I am loath she should wet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

He's loupen on his bonny grey,
He rode the right gate and the ready;
For all the storm he wadna stay,
For seeking of his bonny lady.

And he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through moor, and moss, and many a mire;
His spurs of steel were sair to bide,
And from her four feet flew the fire.

'My bonny grey, now play your part!
If ye be the steed that wins my dearie,
With corn and hay ye'll be fed for aye,
And never spur shall make you wearie.'

The grey was a mare, and a right gude mare;
But when she wan the Annan Water,
She could not have ridden the ford that night
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.

'O boatman, boatman, put off your boat,
Put off your boat for golden money!'
But for all the gold in fair Scotland,
He dared not take him through to Annie.

'O I was sworn so late yestreen,
Not by a single oath, but mony!
I'll cross the drumly stream to-night,
Or never could I face my honey.'

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
From bank to brae the water pouring;
The bonny grey mare she swat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.

He spurr'd her forth into the flood,
I wot she swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, and her strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny lady!

Anon.

200. *Willie Drowned in Yarrow*

DOWN in yon garden sweet and gay
Where bonny grows the lily,
I heard a fair maid sighing say,
'My wish be wi' sweet Willie!

'Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
And Willie hecht to marry me
Gin e'er he married ony.

'O gentle wind, that bloweth south
From where my Love repaireth,

Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth
And tell me how he fareth!

'O tell sweet Willie to come doun
And hear the mavis singing,
And see the birds on ilka bush
And leaves around them hinging.

'The lav'rock there, wi' her white breast
And gentle throat sae narrow,
There's sport eneuch for gentlemen
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

'O Leader-haughs are wide and braid—
And Yarrow-haughs are bonny;
There Willie hecht to marry me
If e'er he married ony.

'But Willie's gone, whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping,
Draws many a tear frae true love's e'e
When other maids are sleeping.

'Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid
The night I'll mak' it narrow,
For a' the live-lang winter night
I lie twined o' my marrow.

'O came ye by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willie?'

She sought him up, she sought him down,
  She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,
  She found him drown'd in Yarrow!

Anon.

201. *There Was a Maid Came Out of Kent*

THERE was a maid came out of Kent,
  Dainty love, dainty love;
There was a maid came out of Kent,
    Dangerous be:
There was a maid came out of Kent,
Fair, proper, small and gent,
As ever upon the ground went,
    For so it should be.

Anon.

202. *The Gay Goshawk*

O WELL'S me o' my gay goss-hawk,
  That he can speak and flee;
He'll carry a letter to my love,
  Bring back another to me.'

'O how can I your true-love ken,
  Or how can I her know?
Whan frae her mouth I never heard couth,
  Nor wi' my eyes her saw.'

'O well sal ye my true-love ken,
As soon as you her see;
For, of a' the flowrs in fair Englan',
The fairest flowr is she.

'At even at my love's bowr-door
There grows a bowing birk,
And sit ye down and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

'And four-and-twenty ladies fair
Will wash and go to kirk,
But well shall ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her skirt.

'An' four-and-twenty gay ladies
Will to the mass repair,
But well sal ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her hair.'

O even at that lady's bowr door
There grows a bowing birk,
And she sat down and sang thereon,
As she ged to the kirk.

'O eat and drink, my marys a',
The wine flows you among,
Till I gang to my shot-window,
An' hear yon bonny bird's song.

'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The song ye sang the streen,

For I ken by your sweet singin',
You're frae my true-love sen'.'

O first he sang a merry song,
An' then he sang a grave;
An' then he peck'd his feathers grey,
To her the letter gave.

'Ha, there's a letter frae your love,
He says he sent you three;
He canno wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die.

He bids you write a letter to him;
He says he's sent you five;
He canna wait your love langer,
Tho you're the fairest woman alive.'

'Ye bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale,
An' I'll meet him in fair Scotlan'
Lang, lang or it be stale.'

She's doen her to her father dear,
Fa'n low down on her knee:
'A boon, a boon, my father dear,
I pray you, grant it me.'

'Ask on, ask on, my daughter,
And granted it sal be;
Except ae squire in fair Scotlan',
An' him you sall never see.'

'The only boon, my father dear,
That I do crave of thee,
Is, gin I die in southin' lans,
In Scotland to bury me.

'An' the firstin' kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the bells be rung,
An the nextin' kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the mess be sung.

'And the thirdin' kirk that ye come till,
You deal gold for my sake,
An' the fourthin' kirk that ye come till,
You tarry there till night.'

She is doen her to her bigly bowr,
As fast as she coud fare,
An' she has tane a sleepy draught,
That she had mixed wi' care.

She's laid her down upon her bed,
An' soon she's fa'n asleep,
And soon o'er every tender limb
Cauld death began to creep.

Whan night was flown, an' day was come,
Nae ane that did her see
But thought she was as surely dead
As ony lady coud be.

Her father an' her brothers dear
Gard make to her a bier;

The tae half was o' guid red gold,
  The tither o' silver clear.

Her mither an' her sisters fair
  Gard work for her a sark;
The tae half was o' cambrick fine,
  The tither o' needle wark.

The firstin' kirk that they came till,
  They gard the bells be rung,
And the nextin' kirk that they came till,
  They gard the mess be sung.

The thirdin' kirk that they came till,
  They dealt gold for her sake,
An' the fourthin' kirk that they came till,
  Lo, there they met her make!

'Lay down, lay down the bigly bier,
  Lat me the dead look on;
Wi' cherry ckeeks and ruby lips
  She lay an' smiled on him.

'O ae sheave o' your bread, true-love,
  An' ae glass o' your wine,
For I hae fasted for your sake
  These fully days is nine.

'Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold brothers,
  Gang hame and sound your horn;
An' ye may boast in southin' lans
  Your sister's play'd you scorn.'

Anon.

203. *Hind Horn*

IN Scotland there was a babie born,
Lill lal, etc.
And his name it was called young Hind Horn,
With a fal lal, etc.

He sent a letter to our king
That he was in love with his daughter Jean.

He's gi'en to her a silver wand,
With seven living lavrocks sitting thereon.

She's gi'en to him a diamond ring,
With seven bright diamonds set therein.

'When this ring grows pale and wan,
You may know by it my love is gane.'

One day as he looked his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

He left the sea and came to land,
And the first that he met was an old beggar man.

'What news, what news?' said young Hind Horn;
'No news, no news,' said the old beggar man.

'No news,' said the beggar, 'no news at a',
But there is a wedding in the king's ha'.

'But there is a wedding in the king's ha',
That has halden these forty days and twa.'

'Will ye lend me your begging coat?
And I'll lend you my scarlet cloak.

'Will you lend me your begging rung?
And I'll gi'e you my steed to ride upon.

'Will you lend me your wig o' hair,
To cover mine, because it is fair?'

The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
But young Hind Horn for the king's hall.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride.

When he came to the king's gate,
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.

The bride came down with a glass of wine,
When he drank out the glass, and dropt in the ring.

'O got ye this by sea or land?
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand?'

'I got not it by sea, I got it by land,
And I got it, madam, out of your own hand.'

'O I'll cast off my gowns of brown,
And beg wi' you frae town to town.

'O I'll cast off my gowns of red,
And I'll beg wi' you to win my bread.'

'Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,
For I'll make you lady o' many a town.

'Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,
It's only a sham, the begging o' my bread.'

The bridegroom he had wedded the bride,
But young Hind Horn he took her to bed.

Anon.

204. *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son:
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and she would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, not at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see,
'Many a tear have I shed for her sake
When she little thought of me.'

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play;
All but the bayliff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She put off her gown of grey,
And put on her puggish attire;
She's up to fair London gone,
Her true-love to require.

As she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
There was she aware of her true-love,
At length came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
'One penny, one penny, kind sir,' she said,
'Will ease me of much pain.'

'Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born?'
'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,
'Where I have had many a scorn.'

'I prithee, sweetheart, then tell to me,
O, tell me whether you know

The bailiff's daughter of Islington?'
'She's dead, sir, long ago.'

'If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some far countrey,
Where no man shall me know.'

'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth!
She's here alive, she is not dead;
Here she standeth by thy side,
And is ready to be thy bride.'

'O farewel grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times and more!
For now I have found my own true-love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.'

Anon.

205. *St. Stephen and Herod*

SEYNT Stevene was a clerk in Kyng Herowdes halle,
And servyd him of bred and cloth, as every kyng befalle.

Stevyn out of kechone cam, wyth boris hed on honde;
He saw a sterre was fayr and brygt over Bedlem stonde.

He kyst adoun the boris hed and went in to the halle:
'I forsak the, Kyng Herowdes, and thi werkes alle.

'I forsak the, Kyng Herowdes, and thi werkes alle;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we alle.'

'What eylyt the, Stevene? What is the befalle?
Lakkyt the eyther mete or drynk in Kyng Herowdes halle?'

'Lakit me neyther mete nor drynk in Kyng Herowdes halle;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born beter than we alle.'

'What eylyt the, Stevyn? Art thu wod, or thu gynnyst to brede?
Lakkyt the eyther gold or fe, or ony ryche wede?'

'Lakyt me neyther gold ne fe, ne non ryche wede;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born sal helpyn us at our nede.'

'That is all so soth, Stevyn, all so soth, iwys,
As this capoun crowe sal that lyth here in myn dysh.'

That word was not so sone seyd, that word in that halle,
The capoun crew Cristus natus est! among the lordes alle.

'Rysyt up, myn turmentowres, be to and al be on,
And ledyt Stevyn out of this toun, and stonyt hym wyth ston!'

Tokyn he Stevene, and stonyd hym in the way,
And therfore is his evyn Crystes owyn day.

Anon.

The Book of Restoration Verse

Book Third

206. *The Salutation*

THESE little limbs,
These eyes and hands which here I find,
These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
Where have ye been? behind
What curtain were ye from me hid so long,
Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?

When silent I
So many thousand, thousand years
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
How could I smiles or tears,
Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
Welcome ye treasures which I now receive.

I that so long
Was nothing from eternity,
Did little think such joys as ear or tongue
To celebrate or see:
Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel, such feet,
Beneath the skies on such a ground to meet.

New burnisht joys!
Which yellow gold and pearl excel!
Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,
In which a soul doth dwell;
Their organised joints and azure veins
More wealth include than all the world contains.

From dust I rise,
And out of nothing now awake,
These brither 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.

Long time before
I in my mother's womb was born,
A God preparing did this glorious store,
The world for me adorne.
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;
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

T. Traherne

207. *A Song to a Fair Young Lady, Going out of the Town in the Spring*

ASK not the cause why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
  She cast not back a pitying eye,
But left her lover in despair,
  To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure?

Great god of love, why hast thou made
  A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
  And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadst placed such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
  Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
  And every life but mine recall.
I only am by love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

J. Dryden

208. *Come, Sweet Lass*

COME, sweet lass
  This bonny weather
Let's together;
Come, sweet lass
Let's trip upon the grass
Ev'ry where
Poor Jockey seeks his dear,

And unless you appear,
He sees no beauty here.
On our green
The loons are sporting,
Piping, courting:
On our green
The blithest lads are seen:
There, all day,
Our lasses dance and play,
And ev'ry one is gay
But I, when you're away.

T. D'Urfey

209. To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship

I DID not live until this time
Crowned my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but Thee.

This carcase breathed, and walk'd, and slept,
So that the world believed
There was a soul the motions kept;
But they were all deceived.

For as a watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine:
But never had Orinda found
A soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures, and supplies,
  And guides my darkened breast:
For thou art all that I can prize,
  My Joy, my Life, my Rest.

No bridegroom's nor crown-conqueror's mirth
  To mine compared can be:
They have but pieces of this Earth,
  I've all the World in thee.

Then let our flames still light and shine,
  And no false fear control,
As innocent as our design,
  Immortal as our soul.

K. (Orinda) *Philips*

210. To Mrs. M. A. at Parting

I HAVE examined and do find,
  Of all that favour me,
There's none I grieve to leave behind
  But only, only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting separate thee and I.

But neither chance nor compliment
  Did element our love:
'Twas sacred sympathy was lent
  Us from the quire above.
(That friendship fortune did create,
Still fears a wound from time or fate.)

Our changed and mingled souls are grown
  To such acquaintance now,
That if each would resume their own,
  Alas! we know not how.
We have each other so engrost,
That each is in the union lost.

And thus we can no absence know,
  Nor shall we be confined;
Our active souls will daily go
  To learn each other's mind.
Nay, should we never meet to sense,
Our souls would hold intelligence.

Inspired with a flame divine
  I scorn to court a stay;
For from that noble soul of thine
  I ne'er can be away.
But I shall weep when thou dost grieve;
Nor can I die whilst thou dost live.

By my own temper I shall guess
  At thy felicity,
And only like my happiness
  Because it pleaseth thee.
Our hearts at any time will tell
If thou, or I, be sick, or well.

All honour, sure, I must pretend,
  All that is good or great;
She that would be Rosania's friend

Must be at least complete:
If I have any bravery,
'Tis cause I have so much of thee.

Thy lieger soul in me shall lie,
And all thy thoughts reveal;
Then back again with mine shall fly,
And thence to me shall steal.
Thus still to one another tend:
Such is the sacred name of friend.

Thus our twin-souls in one shall grow,
And teach the world new love,
Redeem the age and sex, and show
A flame fate dares not move:
And courting death to be our friend,
Our lives, together too, shall end.

A dew shall dwell upon our tomb
Of such a quality
That fighting armies, thither come,
Shall reconcilèd be.
We'll ask no epitaph, but say:
ORINDA and ROSANIA.

K. (Orinda)*Philips*

211. *The Enquiry*

IF we no old historian's name
Authentic will admit,
But think all said of Friendship's fame

But Poetry or Wit:
Yet what's revered by minds so pure,
Must be a bright Idea sure.

But as our immortality
By inward sense we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
It would not be design'd:
So here how could such copies fall,
If there were no original?

But if truth be in ancient song,
Or story we believe,
If the inspired and graver throng
Have scornèd to deceive;
There have been hearts whose friendship gave
Them thoughts at once both soft and brave.

Among that consecrated few,
Some more seraphic shade
Lend me a favourable clew
Now mists my eyes invade.
Why, having filled the world with fame,
Left you so little of your flame?

Why is't so difficult to see
Two bodies and one mind?
And why are those who else agree
So differently kind?
Hath Nature such fantastic art,
That she can vary every heart;

Why are the bands of Friendship tied
  With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
  And by the rest forgot?
Why do we step with so light sense
From Friendship to Indifference?

If Friendship sympathy impart,
  Why this ill-shuffled game,
That heart can never meet with heart,
  Or flame encounter flame?
What does this cruelty create?
Is't the intrigue of Love or Fate?

Had Friendship ne'er been known to men,
  (The Ghost at last confest)
The World had been a stranger then
  To all that Heaven possest.
But could it all be here acquired,
Not Heaven itself would be desired.

K. (Orinda) *Philips*

212. On An Hour-Glass

MY life is measur'd by this glass, this glass
  By all those little sands that thorough pass.
See how they press, see how they strive, which shall
With greatest speed and greatest quickness fall.
See how they raise a little mount, and then
With their own weight do level it again.

But when th' have all got thorough, they give o'er
Their nimble sliding down, and move no more.
Just such is man, whose hours still forward run,
Being almost finish'd ere they are begun;
So perfect nothings, such light blasts are we,
That ere we're aught at all, we cease to be.
Do what we will, our hasty minutes fly,
And while we sleep, what do we else but die?
How transient are our joys, how short their day!
They creep on towards us, but fly away.
How stinging are our sorrows! where they gain
But the least footing, there they will remain.
How groundless are our hopes, how they deceive
Our childish thoughts, and only sorrow leave!
How real are our fears! they blast us still,
Still rend us, still with gnawing passions fill;
How senseless are our wishes, yet how great!
With what toil we pursue them, with what sweat!
Yet most times for our hurts, so small we see,
Like children crying for some Mercury.
This gapes for marriage, yet his fickle head
Knows not what cares wait on a marriage bed:
This vows virginity, yet knows not what
Loneness, grief, discontent, attends that state.
Desires of wealth another's wishes hold,
And yet how many have been chok'd with gold?
This only hunts for honour, yet who shall
Ascend the higher, shall more wretched fall.
This thirsts for knowledge, yet how is it bought?
With many a sleepless night, and racking thought.
This needs will travel, yet how dangers lay
Most secret ambuscados in the way?

These triumph in their beauty, though it shall
Like a pluck'd rose or fading lily fall.
Another boasts strong arms: 'las! giants have
By silly dwarfs been dragg'd unto their grave.
These ruffle in rich silk: though ne'er so gay,
A well-plum'd peacock is more gay than they.
Poor man! what art? A tennis-ball of error,
A ship of glass toss'd in a sea of terror;
Issuing in blood and sorrow from the womb,
Crawling in tears and mourning to the tomb:
How slippery are thy paths! How sure thy fall!
How art thou nothing, when th' art most all!

J. Hall

213. Dumbness

SURE Man was born to meditate on things.
And to contemplate the eternal springs
Of God and Nature, glory, bliss, and pleasure;
That life and love might be his Heavenly treasure;
And therefore speechless made at first, that He
Might in himself profoundly busied be:
And not vent out, before he hath ta'en in
Those antidotes that guard his soul from sin.
Wise Nature made him deaf, too, that He might
Not be disturbed, while he doth take delight
In inward things, nor be deprav'd with tongues,
Nor injured by the errors and the wrongs
That mortal words convey. For sin and death
Are most infused by accursèd breath,

That flowing from corrupted entrails, beat
Those hidden plagues which souls may justly fear.
  This, my dear friends, this was my blessed case;
For nothing spoke to me but the fair face
Of Heaven and Earth, before myself could speak,
I then my Bliss did, when my silence, break.
My non-intelligence of human words
Ten thousand pleasures unto me affords;
For while I knew not what they to me said,
Before their souls were into mine convey'd,
Before that living vehicle of wind
Could breathe into me their infected mind,
Before my thoughts were leaven'd with theirs, before
There any mixture was; the Holy Door,
Or gate of souls was close, and mine being one
Within itself to me alone was known.
Then did I dwell within a world of light,
Distinct and separate from all men's sight,
Where I did feel strange thoughts, and such things see
That were, or seem'd, only reveal'd to me,
There I saw all the world enjoyed by one;
There I was in the world myself alone;
No business serious seemed but one; no work
But one was found; and that in me did lurk.
  D'ye ask me what? It was with clearer eyes
To see all creatures full of Deities;
Especially one's self: And to admire
The satisfaction of all true desire:
'Twas to be pleased with all that God hath done;
'Twas to enjoy even all beneath the sun:
'Twas with a steady and immediate sense
To feel and measure all the excellence

Of things; 'twas to inherit endless treasure,
And to be filled with everlasting pleasure:
To reign in silence, and to sing alone,
To see, love, covet, have, enjoy and praise, in one:
To prize and to be ravish'd; to be true,
Sincere and single in a blessed view
Of all His gifts. Thus was I pent within
A fort, impregnable to any sin:
Until the avenues being open laid
Whole legions entered, and the forts betrayed:
Before which time a pulpit in my mind,
A temple and a teacher I did find,
With a large text to comment on. No ear
But eyes themselves were all the hearers there,
And every stone, and every star a tongue,
And every gale of wind a curious song.
The Heavens were an oracle, and spake
Divinity: the Earth did undertake
The office of a priest; and I being dumb
(Nothing besides was dumb), all things did come
With voices and instructions; but when I
Had gained a tongue, their power began to die.
Mine ears let other noises in, not theirs,
A noise disturbing all my songs and prayers.
My foes pulled down the temple to the ground;
They my adoring soul did deeply wound
And casting that into a swoon, destroyed
The Oracle, and all I there enjoyed:
And having once inspired me with a sense
Of foreign vanities, they march out thence
In troops that cover and despoil my coasts,
Being the invisible, most hurtful hosts.

Yet the first words mine infancy did hear
The things which in my dumbness did appear,
Preventing all the rest, got such a root
Within my heart, and stick so close unto 't,
It may be trampled on, but still will grow
And nutriment to soil itself will owe.
The first Impressions are Immortal all,
And let mine enemies hoop, cry, roar, or call,
Yet these will whisper if I will but hear,
And penetrate the heart, if not the ear.

T. Traherne

214. *Hunting-Song*

Diana

WITH horns and hounds, I waken the day,
And hie to the woodland walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskined soon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.
I course the fleet stag, and unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er the summits of rocks;
With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky
And Echo turns hunter and doubles the cry.

Chorus

With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky
And Echo turns hunter and doubles the cry.

J. Dryden

215. • *Harvest Home*

Comus

YOUR hay it is mowed, and your corn is reaped:
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heaped:
Come, my boys, come;
Come, my boys, come;
And merrily roar out harvest home!
Harvest home,
Harvest home;
And merrily roar out harvest home!
Chorus. Come, my boys, come, etc.

We ha' cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again,
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?
One in ten,
One in ten;
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?
Chor. One in ten, etc.

For prating so long like a book-learned sot,
Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot,
Burn to pot,
Burn to pot,
Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot?
Chor. Burn to pot, etc.

We'll toss off our ale till we canno' stand,
And hoigh for the honour of Old England;
Old England,
Old England;

And hoigh for the honour of Old England.
Chor. Old England, etc.

J. Dryden

216. *Incantation*

YOU twice ten hundred deities,
To whom we daily sacrifice;
You powers that dwell with fate below,
And see what men are doomed to do,
Where elements in discord dwell;
Thou god of sleep, arise and tell
Great Zempoalla what strange fate
Must on her dismal vision wait!
By the croaking of the toad,
In their caves that make abode;
Earthly, dun, that pants for breath,
With her swelled sides full of death;
By the crested adders' pride,
That along the clifts do glide;
By thy visage fierce and black;
By the death's head on thy back;
By the twisted serpents placed
For a girdle round thy waist;
By the hearts of gold that deck
Thy breast, thy shoulders, and thy neck:
From thy sleepy mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling eyes,
While bubbling springs their music keep,
That use to lull thee in thy sleep.

J. Dryden

217. *Incantation*

Tiresias

CHOOSE the darkest part o' the grove;
Such as ghosts at noonday love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie:
Altars raised of turf or stone
Will the infernal powers have none.—
Answer me, if this be done.
Chorus. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit;
Draw the barren heifer back:
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curlèd hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows.
And turn your faces from the sun.—
Answer me, if this be done.
Chor. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
To mother Earth and Proserpine;
Mingle milk into the stream;
Feast the ghosts that love the steam:
Snatch a brand from funeral pile;
Toss it in to make them boil:
And turn your face from the sun.—
Answer me, if all be done.
Chor. All is done.

J. Dryden

218. *Song*

HEAR, ye sullen powers below!
Hear, ye taskers of the dead!
You that boiling cauldrons blow'
You that scum the molten lead!
You that pinch with red-hot tongs!
You that drive the trembling hosts
Of poor ghosts
With your sharpened prongs!
You that thrust them off the brim!
You that plunge them when they swim
Till they drown;
Till they go
On a row
Down, down, down,
Ten thousand, thousand, thousand fathoms low—
Chorus. Till they drown, etc.

Music for a while
Shall your cares beguile:
Wondering how your pains were eased!
And disdaining to be pleased!
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands;
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And whip from out her hands.
Come away,
Do not stay,
But obey,
While we play,
For hell's broke up, and ghosts have holiday.

Chor. Come away, etc.
Laius! Laius! Laius!
Hear! Hear! Hear!
Tiresias. Hear and appear!
By the Fates that spun thy thread!
Chor. Which are three—
Tir. By the judges of the dead!
Chor. Which are three—
Three times three—

Tir. By hell's blue flame!
By the Stygian lake!
And by Demogorgon's name
At which ghost's quake!
Hear and appear!

J. Dryden

219. *Thamesis' Song*

OLD father Ocean calls my tide;
Come away, come away;
The barks upon the billows ride,
The master will not stay;
The merry boatswain from his side
His whistle takes, to check and chide
The lingering lads' delay,
And all the crew aloud has cried,
Come away, come away.

See, the god of seas attends thee,
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train;
All the calmer gales befriend thee,

In thy passage o'er the main;
Every maid her locks is binding,
Every Triton's horn is winding;
Welcome to the wat'ry plain!

J. Dryden

220. *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
'Arise, ye more than dead!'
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran.
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes, discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.
Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking earth for heaven.

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the Blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky!

J. Dryden

221. *Alexander's Feast or, The Power of Music*

An Ode in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day, 1697

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
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, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
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.

Timotheus, placed on high
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,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
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,
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.

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;
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.

Chorus
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

Chorus

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

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 Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
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
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
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.

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.
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:
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.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
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.

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.

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.
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.

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,
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.

J. Dryden

222. *The Choice*

WHEN first Eternity stoop'd down to nought
And in the Earth its likeness sought,
When first it out of nothing fram'd the skies,
And form'd the moon and sun
That we might see what it had done,
It was so wise
That it did prize
Things truly greatest, brightest, fairest, best,
All which it made, and left the rest.

Then did it take such care about the Truth,
Its daughter, that even in her youth,
Her face might shine upon us, and be known,
That by a better fate,
It other toys might antedate
As soon as shewn;
And be our own,
While we were hers; and that a virgin love
Her best inheritance might prove.

Thoughts undefiled, simple, naked, pure;
Thoughts worthy ever to endure,
Our first and disengagèd thoughts it loves,
And therefore made the truth,
In infancy and tender youth
So obvious to
Our easy view
That it doth prepossess our Soul, and proves
The cause of what it all ways moves.

By merit and desire it doth allure:
For truth is so divine and pure,
So rich and acceptable, being seen,
(Not parted, but in whole)
That it doth draw and force the soul,
As the great Queen
Of bliss, between
Whom and the soul, no one pretender ought
Thrust in to captivate a thought.

Hence did Eternity contrive to make
The truth so fair for all our sake
That being truth, and fair and easy too,
While it on all doth shine,
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!
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 possest!
My infancy no sooner opes its eyes,
But straight the spacious Earth
Abounds with joy, peace, glory, mirth,
And being wise
The very skies,
And stars do mine become; being all possest
Even in that way that is the best.

T. Traherne

223. *The Person*

YE Sacred limbs,
A richer blazon I will lay
On you than first I found:
That like celestial kings,
Ye might with ornaments of joy
Be always crown'd.
A deep vermilion on a red,
On that a scarlet I will lay,
With gold I'll crown your head,
Which like the Sun shall ray.

With robes of glory and delight
I'll make you bright.
Mistake me not, I do not mean to bring
New robes, but to display the thing:
Nor paint, nor clothe, nor crown, nor add a ray,
But glorify by taking all away.

The naked things
Are most sublime, and brightest show,
When they alone are seen:
Men's hands than Angels' wings
Are truer wealth even here below:
For those but seem.
Their worth they then do best reveal,
When we all metaphors remove,
For metaphors conceal,
And only vapours prove.
They best are blazon'd when we see
The anatomy,
Survey the skin, cut up the flesh, the veins
Unfold: the glory there remains:
The muscles, fibres, arteries, and bones
Are better far than crowns and precious stones.

Shall I not then
Delight in those most sacred treasures
Which my great Father gave,
Far more than other men
Delight in gold? Since these are pleasures
That make us brave!
Far braver than the pearl and gold
That glitter on a lady's neck!

The rubies we behold,
The diamonds that deck
The hands of queens, compared unto
The hands we view;
The softer lilies and the roses are
Less ornaments to those that wear
The same, than the hands, and lips and eyes
Of those who those false ornaments so prize.

Let verity
Be thy delight; let me esteem
True wealth far more than toys:
Let sacred riches be,
While falser treasures only seem,
My real joys.
For golden chains and bracelets are
But gilded manacles, whereby
Old Satan doth ensnare,
Allure, bewitch the eye.
Thy gifts, O God, alone I'll prize,
My tongue, my eyes,
My cheeks, my lips, my ears, my hands, my feet;
Their harmony is far more sweet;
Their beauty true. And these in all my ways
Shall themes become and organs of Thy praise.

T. Traherne

224. *Contentation*

Directed to my Dear Father and most Worthy Friend, Mr. Izaak Walton

HEAVEN, what an age is this! what race
Of giants are sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
And with His providence make war!

I can go nowhere but I meet
With malcontents and mutineers,
As if in life was nothing sweet,
And we must blessings reap in tears.

O senseless man, that murmurs still
For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be
By undiscerning Fortune placed
In the most eminent degree
Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare·
The great are proud of borrowed spoils
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The one supinely yawns at rest,
The other eternally doth toil,

Each of them equally a beast,
A pampered horse, or labouring moil.

The Titulado's oft disgraced
By public hate or private frown,
And he whose hand the creature raised
Has yet a foot to kick him down.

The drudge who would all get, all save,
Like a brute beast both feeds and lies,
Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
And in every labour dies.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf,
Does only death and danger breed;
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself
With what would thousand others feed.

By which we see what wealth and power
—Although they make men rich and great—
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these
Who, in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate;

For he, by those desires misled,
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked, empty head
To all the storms man's peace invade.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Tricked up in favours of the fair,
Mirrors, with every breath made dim,
Birds caught in every wanton snare.

Woman, man's greatest woe, or bliss,
Does ofter far, than serve, enslave,
And with the magic of a kiss
Destroys whom she was made to save.

O fruitful grief, the world's disease!
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe.

There are no ills but what we make
By giving shapes and names to things;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness which is health,
That persecution which is grace;
That poverty which is true wealth,
And that dishonour which is praise.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye;
And if to misery we fall
'Tis through our own infirmity.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
Ambitious youth to danger climb,
And want of virtue when the old
At persecution do repine.

Alas, our time is here so short
That, in what state soe'er 'tis spent
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heaven has done undo
By an unruly appetite.

'Tis Contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below,
And, when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heaven too.

A very little satisfies
An honest and a grateful heart,
And who would more than will suffice
Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his share
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed;

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear;

Who ill of princes in worst times
Will neither speak himself, nor hear;

Who from the busy world retires
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires
But only the eschewing ill;

Who, with his angle, and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

This man is happier far than he
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure,
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.

It is Content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here,
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes
An ill commodity too dear.

But he has Fortune's worst withstood,
And Happiness can never miss,
Can covet naught, but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

C. Cotton

225. *Upon Nothing*

NOTHING! thou elder brother even to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixed) art alone of ending not afraid.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing Something straight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What?

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet Something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace;
And rebel Light obscured thy reverend dusky face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, bribed by thee, assists thy short-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves again.

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies;

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
Thou from the virtuous Nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise
Inquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies.

Is, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduced to thee, are least unsafe and best.

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That sacred monarchs should at council sit,
With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers, and from statesmen's brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like thee look wise.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

226. *To a Very Young Lady*

SWEETEST Bud of Beauty! may
No untimely frost decay
The early glories, which we trace
Blooming in thy matchless face.
But kindly opening, like the rose,
Fresh beauties, every day disclose;
Such as by Nature are not shown
In all the blossoms she has blown:
And then, what conquest shall you make;
Who hearts already daily take!
Scorched, in the morning with thy beams,
How shall we bear those sad extremes
Which must attend thy threatening eyes,
When thou shalt to thy noon arise?

Sir G. Etherege

227. *To a Very Young Lady*

AH, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine;
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still, as his mother favoured you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
  Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
  I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
  At first disordered be;
Since none alive can truly tell
  What fortune they must see.

Sir C. Sedley

228. *Love's New Philosophy*

WHOE'ER a lover is of art,
  May come and learn of me
A new philosophy,
  Such as no schools could e'er impart.
Love all my other notions does control,
And reads these stranger lectures to my soul.

This god who takes delight to lie,
  Does sacred truths defame,
  And Aristotle blame,
Concluding all by subtilty:
His syllogisms with such art are made,
Not Solomon himself could them evade.

So wondrous is his art and skill,
  His reasons pierce, like darts,
  Men's intellects and hearts;
Old maxims he destroys at will,

And blinded Plato so, he made him think,
'Twas water, when he gave him fire to drink.

That water can extinguish fire,
All ages did allow;
But Love denies it now,
And says it makes his flame rage higher;
Which truth myself have prov'd for many years,
Wherein I've wept whole deluges of tears.

At the sun's rays, you, Cynthia, know,
The ice no more can melt,
Nor can the fire be felt,
Or have it wonted influence on snow:
By your relentless heart is this exprest,
Your eyes are suns, the fire is in my breast:

When soul and body separate,
That then the life must die:
This too I must deny,
My soul's with her, who rules my fate.
Yet still my organs move a proof to give,
That soul and body can divided live.

Remove the cause, th effects will cease.
This is an error too,
And found by me untrue;
My fair when near disturbs my peace,
But when she's furthest off, no tongue can tell
The raging pangs of Love my heart does feel.

All creatures love not their own kind.
I this new axiom try:
And that all fear to die
By nature—a mistake I find:
For I, a man, do a fierce creature love,
And such, I know, that will my murd'ress prove.

Here two extremes are eas'ly join'd,
Joy and grief in my breast,
Which give my soul no rest;
Both to torment me are combin'd:
For when I view the source of all my wrong,
I sigh my music, mix with tears my song.

That all things like effects produce:
I readily can prove
A paradox in Love,
And my conclusion hence deduce;
Cold Cynthia to my zeal yields no return,
Though ice her heart she makes my heart to burn.

Whilst in this torment I remain,
It is no mystery
To be, and not to be;
I die to joy, and live to pain.
So that, my fair, I may be justly said,
To be, and not to be, alive and dead.

Now, go, my song, yet shun the eyes
Of those ne'er felt Love's flame,
And if my Cynthia blame
Thy arguments as sopphistries,

Tell her, this is *Love's* New Philosophy,
Which none can understand, but such as try.

P. Ayres

229. *Love Will Find Out the Way*

OVER the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glowworm to lie;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come, he will enter
And will find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight;
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
  By having him confined;
And some do suppose him,
  Poor heart! to be blind;
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
  Do the best that you may,
Blind Love, if so you call him,
  He will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
  To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
  The phœnix of the east;
The lioness, you may move her
  To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover,
  He will find out the way.

If the earth it should part him,
  He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
  He would swim to the shore.
Should his Love become a swallow,
  Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
  And will find out the way.

There is no striving
  To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
  His plots to prevent;

But if once the message greet him,
That his true-love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

Anon.

230. *The Lure*

FAREWELL! Nay, prithee turn again;
Rather than lose thee I'll arraign
Myself before thee! thou (most fair!) shall be
Thyself the judge:
I'll never grudge
A law ordained by thee.

Pray do but see how every rose
A sanguine visage doth disclose;
O! see what aromatic gusts they breathe;
Come, here we'll sit,
And learn to knit
Them up into a wreath.

With that wreath crowned shalt thou be;
Not graced by it, but it by thee;
Then shall the fawning zephyrs wait to hear
What thou shalt say,
And softly play,
While news to me they bear.

See how they revelling appear
Within the windings of thy hair,

See how they steal the choicest odours from
The balmy spring,
That they may bring
Them to thee, when they come.

Look how the daffodils arise,
Cheer'd by the influence of thine eyes,
And others emulating them deny;
They cannot strain
To bloom again,
Where such strong beams do fly.

Be not ungrateful, but lie down,
Since for thy sake so brisk they're grown,
And such a downy carpet have bespread,
That pure delight
Is freshly dight,
And trick'd in white and red.

Be conquer'd by such charms, there shall
Not always such enticements fall;
What know we, whether that rich spring of light
Will stanch his streams
Of golden beams,
Ere the approach of night.

How know we whether 't shall not be
The last to either thee or me?
He can at will his ancient brightness gain;
But thou and I,
When we shall die,
Shall still in dust remain.

Come, prithee come, we'll now essay
To piece the scant'ness of the day,
We'll pluck the wheels from th' chariot of the sun,
That he may give
Us time to live,
Till that our scene be done.

W' are in the blossom of our age,
Let us dance o'er, not tread the stage;
Though fear and sorrow strive to pull us back,
And still present
Doubts of content,
They shall not make us slack.

We'll suffer viperous thoughts and cares
To follow after silver hairs;
Let's not anticipate them long before,
When they begin
To enter in,
Each minute they'll grow more.

No, no, Romira, see this brook,
How 't would its posting course revoke
Ere it shall in the ocean mingled lie;
And what, I pray,
May cause this stay,
But to attest our joy?

Far be't from lust; such wildfire ne'er
Shall dare to lurk or kindle here;

Diviner flames shall in our fancies roll,
Which not depress
To earthliness,
But elevate the soul.

Then shall aggrandis'd love confess
That souls can mingle substances,
That hearts can eas'ly counter-changèd be,
Or at the least
Can alter breasts,
When breasts themselves agree.

J. Hall

231. *The Call*

ROMIRA, stay,
And run not thus like a young roe away;
No enemy
Pursues thee (foolish girl!), 'tis only I:
I'll keep off harms,
If thou'll be pleased to garrison mine arms;
What, dost thou fear
I'll turn a traitor? may these roses here
To paleness shred,
And lilies stand disguisèd in new red,
If that I lay
A snare, wherein thou would'st not gladly stay.
See, see, the Sun
Does slowly to his azure lodging run;
Come, sit but here,

And presently he'll quit our hemisphere:
So, still among
Lovers, time is too short or else too long;
Here will we spin
Legends for them that have love-martyrs been;
Here on this plain
We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again.
Come here, and choose
On which of these proud plats thou would repose;
Here may'st thou shame
The rusty violets, with the crimson flame
Of either cheek,
And primroses white as thy fingers seek;
Nay, thou may'st prove
That man's most noble passion is to love.

J. Hall

232. *You Pleasing Dreams of Love and Sweet Delight*

YOU pleasing dreams of love and sweet delight,
Appear before this slumbering virgin's sight;
Soft visions set her free
From mournful piety.
Let her sad thoughts from heaven retire,
And let the melancholy love
Of those remoter joys above
Give place to your more sprightly fire.
Let purling streams be in her fancy seen,
And flowery meads, and vales of cheerful green,

And in the midst of deathless groves
  Soft sighing wishes lie,
  And smiling hopes fast by,
And just beyond them ever-laughing loves.

J. Dryden

233. *Song*

LOVE in fantastic triumph sate,
  Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
  And strange tyrannic power he showed;
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
  Which round about in sport he hurled;
But 'twas from mine he took desires
  Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
  From thee his pride and cruelty,
From me his languishment and fears,
  And every killing dart from thee;
Thus thou, and I, the god have armed,
  And set him up a deity,
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
  Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

A. Behn

234. *Love Still Has Something of the Sea*

LOVE still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from love 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
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.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the wingèd boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
  Perhaps would not remove,
And if I gazed a thousand years
  I could no deeper love.

Sir C. Sedley

235. *Les Amours*

SHE, that I pursue, still flies me;
  Her, that follows me, I fly;
She, that I still court, denies me:
  Her, that courts me, I deny.
Thus in one web we're subtly wove,
And yet we mutiny in love.

She, that can save me, must not do it;
  She, that cannot, fain would do;
Her love is bound, yet I still woo it;
  Hers by love is bound in woe:
'Yet, how can I of love complain,
Since I have love for love again?

This is thy work, imperious Child,
  Thine's this labyrinth of love,
That thus hast our desires beguiled,
  Nor see'st how thine arrows rove.
Then prithee, to compose this stir,
Make her love me, or me love her.

But, if irrevocable are
  Those keen shafts, that wound us so;
Let me prevail with thee thus far,
  That thou once more take thy bow;
Wound her hard heart, and by my troth
I'll be content to take them both.

. *C. Cotton*

236. *The Plaything Changed*

KITTY'S charming voice and face,
  Syren-like, first caught my fancy;
Wit and humour next take place,
  And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
  With airs most languishing and dying;
Calls me false ungrateful swain,
  And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy with resistless art,
  Always humorous, gay and witty,
Has talk'd herself into my heart,
  And quite excluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah, Kitty! Love a wanton boy,
  Now pleased with song, and now with prattle,
Still longing for the nearest toy,
  Has chang'd his whistle for a rattle.

Anon.

237. *He or She That Hopes to Gain*

HE or she that hopes to gain
Love's best sweet without some pain,
Hopes in vain.

Cupid's livery no one wears
But must put on hopes and fears,
Smiles and tears,

And, like to April weather,
Rain and shine both together,
Both or neither.

Anon.

238. *Song*

O LOVE! that stronger art than wine,
Pleasing delusion, witchery divine,
Wont to be prized above all wealth,
Disease that has more joys than health;
Though we blaspheme thee in our pain,
And of thy tyranny complain,
We are all bettered by thy reign.

What reason never can bestow
We to this useful passion owe:
Love wakes the dull from sluggish ease,
And learns a clown the art to please,

Humbles the vain, kindles the cold,
Makes misers free, and cowards bold;
'Tis he reforms the sot from drink,
And teaches airy fops to think.

When full brute appetite is fed,
And choked the glutton lies and dead,
Thou new spirits dost dispense
And finest the gross delights of sense:
Virtue's unconquerable aid
That against Nature can persuade,
And makes a roving mind retire
Within the bounds of just desire;
Cheerer of age, youth's kind unrest,
And half the heaven of the blest!

A. Behn

239. *The Enchantment*

I DID but look and love awhile,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease;
Sighs which do heat impart
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

T. Otway

240. *Constancy*

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 and die.

When killed with love Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall—
That welcome hour, that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break in vain.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

241. *Love and Life*

ALL my past life is mine no more;
The flying hours are gone,
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I by miracle can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

242. *To His Mistress*

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand of thine deny
The sunshine of the Sun's enlivening eye?

Without thy light what light remains in me?
Thou art my life; my way, my light's in thee;
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life—if thou but turn away
My life's a thousand deaths. Thou art my way—
Without thee, Love, I travel not but stay.

My light thou art—without thy glorious sight
My eyes are darken'd with eternal night.
My Love, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander if thou fly.
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw'st, I die.

My eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see:
To whom or whither should my darkness flee,
But to that light?—and who's that light but thee?

If I have lost my path, dear lover, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
Love, shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray?

My path is lost, my wandering steps do stray;
I cannot go, nor can I safely stay;
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?

And yet thou turn'st thy face away and fly'st me!
And yet I sue for grace and thou deny'st me!
Speak, art thou angry, Love, or only try'st me?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
The dead man's life. On thee my hopes rely:
If I but them remove, I surely die.

Dissolve thy sunbeams, close thy wings and stay!
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray!
—O thou that art my life, my light, my way!

Then work thy will! If passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey, my wings shall be
Stretch'd out no farther than from me to thee!

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

243. *On the Eyes and Breasts of the Lady on Whom He Was Enamoured*

LADY, on your eyes I gazed;
When amazed
At their brightness,
On your breasts I cast a look,
No less took
With their whiteness:
Both I justly did admire,
These all snow and those all fire.

Whilst these wonders I survey'd,
Thus I said
In suspense:
Nature could have done no less,
To express
Her providence,
Than that two such fair worlds might
Have two suns to give them light.

Anon.

244. *The Mistress*

AN age, in her embraces past,
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;
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.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best-belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we disagree.

Alas! 'tis sacred jealousy,
  Love 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:
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 bless'd at last.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

245. *A Song*

MY dear mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me;
When with love's resistless art,
  And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak
  She's so wild and apt to wander;
That my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can arm with kisses.

Angels listen when she speaks,
  She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

246. Chloe's Triumph

I SAID to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
'Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation?'

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply:
'See the heart without motion though Cœlia pass by;
Not the beauty she has, nor the wit that she borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

'When our Sappho appears, she whose wit so refined
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind,
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire;
Every word I attend—but I only admire.

'Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim;
Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim.
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes;
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

'But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair—
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;

When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.'

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason;
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season.
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?

C. Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough

247. *Roundelay*

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears, upon the plain,
Sighing to himself, and crying,
'Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.'

Sighing to himself, and crying,
'Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain:
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once and ease my pain!

'Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain.'
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he loved in vain.
'Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!'

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
  Told him that he loved in vain;
But repenting, and complying,
  When he kissed, she kissed again:
Kissed him up before his dying;
  Kissed him up, and eased his pain.

J. Dryden

248. *Phillis Knotting*

HEARS not my Phillis how the birds
  Their feathered mates salute?
They tell their passion in their words:
  Must I alone be mute?'
    Phillis, without frown or smile,
    Sat and knotted all the while.

'The god of love in thy bright eyes,
  Does like a tyrant reign;
But in thy heart a child he lies
  Without his dart or flame.'
    Phillis, without frown or smile,
    Sat and knotted all the while.

'So many months in silence past,
  And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
  My passion should approve.'
    Phillis, without frown or smile,
    Sat and knotted all the while.

'Must then your faithful swain expire
And not one look obtain,
Which he to soothe his fond desire
Might pleasingly explain?'
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while!

Sir C. Sedley

249. *Ode*

FAIR Isabel, if ought but thee
I could, or would, or like, or love;
If other beauties but approve
To sweeten my captivity:
I might those passions be above,
Those powerful passions that combine
To make and keep me only thine.

Or, if for tempting treasure I
Of the world's god, prevailing gold,
Could see thy love, and my truth sold,
A greater, nobler treasury;
My flame to thee might then grow cold,
And I, like one whose love is sense,
Exchange thee for convenience.

But when I vow to thee, I do
Love thee above or health or peace,
Gold, joy, and all such toys as these,
'Bove happiness and honour too:
Thou then must know, this love can cease

Nor change, for all the glorious show
Wealth and discretion bribes us to.

What such a love deserves, thou, sweet,
As knowing best, may'st best reward;
I for thy bounty well prepared,
With open arms my blessing meet.
Then do not, dear, our joys detard;
But unto him propitious be,
That knows no love, nor life, but thee.

C. Cotton

250. *Song*

JOIN once again, my Celia, join
Thy rosy lips to these of mine,
Which, though they be not such,
Are full as sensible of bliss,
That is, as soon can taste a kiss,
As thine of softer touch.

Each kiss of thine creates desire,
Thy odorous breath inflames Love's fire,
And wakes the sleeping coal:
Such a kiss to be I find
The conversation of the mind,
And whisper of the soul.

Thanks, sweetest, now thou'rt perfect grown,
For by this last kiss I'm undone;
Thou breathest silent darts.

Henceforth each little touch will prove
A dangerous stratagem in love,
And thou wilt blow up hearts.

C. Cotton

251. *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;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more
'Tis easy to be true.

Sir C. Sedley

252. *To a Lady*

Asking how long he would love Her

IT is not, Celia, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
May lose those joys we now do taste:
The blessèd, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love may last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure pass'd:
Were it not madness to deny
To live because we're sure to die?

Sir G. Etherege

253. *Song*

PHILLIS, for shame, let us improve
A thousand different ways
Those few short moments snatched by love
From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave,
Though love's a tyrant in your eyes
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
  Nor can it e'er submit
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
  In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
  Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
  And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
  To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
  Most miserably wise.

C. Sackville, Earl of Dorset

254. *Song*

PHILLIS, men say that all my vows
  Are to thy fortune paid:
Alas! my heart he little knows
  Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
  One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
  Than all my large command.

My humble love has learned to live
  On what the nicest maid,

Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

Sir C. Sedley

255. *Song*

LADIES, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue,
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest Love on you revenge their pain:
You are not free because you're fair:
The Boy did not his Mother spare.
Beauty's but an offensive dart:
It is no armour for the heart.

Sir George Etherege

256. *Written on a White Fan Borrowed From Miss Osborne, Afterwards His Wife*

FLAVIA the least and slighted toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she with graceful air and mien,

Not to be told or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast—a flame.

F. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester

257. *Song*

DORINDA'S sparkling wit and eyes
United cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace,
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

C. Sackville, Earl of Dorset

258. *Laura Sleeping*

WINDS, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings;
While she her drops of beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet unrivalled springs.

Glide over Beauty's field, her face,
To kiss her lip and cheek be bold;
But with a calm and stealing pace;
Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair
With such a gale as wings soft Love,
And with so sweet, so rich an air,
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hushed as lover's sigh;
Or that unfolds the morning's door:
Sweet as the winds that gently fly
To sweep the Spring's enamelled floor.

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
That pure and unpolluted run
Like to the new-born crystal streams,
Under the bright enamoured sun.

But when she walking shall display,
Her light, retire within your bar;
Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
And all mankind her creatures are.

C. Cotton

259. *On Lydia Distracted*

WITH hairs, which for the wind to play with, hung,
With her torn garments, and with naked feet,
Fair Lydia dancing went from street to street,
Singing with pleasant voice her foolish song.

On her she drew all eyes in every place,
And them to pity by her pranks did move,
Which turn'd with gazing longer into Love
By the rare beauty of her charming face.

In all her frenzies, and her mimicries,
While she did Nature's richest gifts despise,
There active Love did subt'ly play his part.
Her antic postures made her look more gay,
Her ragged clothes her treasures did display,
And with each motion she ensnared a heart.

P. Ayres

260. *On a Fair Beggar*

BAREFOOT and ragged, with neglected hair,
She whom the Heavens at once made poor and fair,
With humble voice and moving words did stay,
To beg an alms of all who passed that way.

But thousands viewing her became her prize,
Willingly yielding to her conquering eyes,
And caught by her bright hairs, whilst careless she
Makes them pay homage to her poverty.

So mean a boon, said I, what can extort
From that fair mouth, where wanton Love to sport
Amidst the pearls and rubies we behold?
Nature on thee has all her treasures spread,
Do but incline thy rich and precious head,
And those fair locks shall pour down showers of gold.

P. Ayres

261. *A Lady to a Young Courtier*

LOVE thee! good sooth, not I!
I've somewhat else to do;
Alas, you must go learn to talk,
Before you learn to woo.
Nay, fie! stand off, go to!

Because you're in the fashion,
And newly come to Court;
D'ye think, your clothes are orators
T' invite us to the sport?
Ha, Ha! Who will not jeer thee for't.

Ne'er look so sweetly, youth,
Nor fiddle with your band;
We know, you trim your borrowed curls
To show your pretty hand.
But 'tis too young for to command.

Go, practise how to jeer;
And think each word a jest;
That's the Court wit. Alas, you're out,
To think when finely drest,
You please me, or the ladies, best.

Mark, how Sir Whacham fools;
Aye, marry, there's a wit!
Who cares not what he says, or swears;
So ladies laugh at it;
Who can deny such blades a bit!

Dr. H. Hughes

262. *When I a Lover Pale Do See*

WHEN I a lover pale do see
Ready to faint and sickish be,
With hollow eyes, and cheeks so thin
As all his face is nose and chin;
When such a ghost I see in pain
Because he is not loved again,
And pale and faint and sigh and cry—
Oh there's your loving fool! say I.

'Tis love with love should be repaid
And equally on both sides laid;
Love is a load a horse would kill
If it do hang on one side still;
But if he needs will be so fond
As rules of reason go beyond,
And love where he's not loved again,
Faith, let him take it for his pain.

Anon.

263. *Song*

Written at Sea, in the First Dutch War (1665), *the night before an Engagement*

TO all you ladies now at hand
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
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—
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 did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs—
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
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;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
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
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,

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 honour lose
Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love—
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy—
We have too much of that at sea—
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

C. Sackville, Earl of Dorset

264. Song

SOME thirty or forty or fifty at least,
Or more, I have loved in vain, in vain,
But if you'll vouchsafe to receive a poor guest,
For once I will venture again, again.

How long I shall be in this mind, this mind,
Is totally in your own power;
All my days I can pass with the kind, the kind,
But I'll part with the proud in an hour.

Then if you'll be good-natured and civil, and civil,
You'll find I can be so too, so too;
But if not you may go, you may go to the devil,
Or the devil may come to you, to you.

T. D'Urfey

265. *A Scotch Song*

JOCKY was a dowdy lad,
And Jemmy swarth and tawny;
They, my heart no captive made,
For that was prize to Swaney.
Jocky wooes, and sighs, and sues:
And Jemmy offers money:
Weel, I see, they both love me—
But I love only Swaney.

Jocky high his voice can raise:
And Jemmy tunes the viol:
But when Swaney pipes sweet lays,
My heart kens no denial.
Yen he sings, and t' other strings,
Though sweet, yet only teize me;
Swaney's flute can only do 't,
And pipe a tune to please me.

T. D'Urfey

266. *Ladies, Farewell, I Must Retire*

LADIES, farewell, I must retire:
Though I your faces all admire
And think you heavens in your kinds,
Some for beauties, some for minds;
If I stay and fall in love,
One of these heavens hell would prove.

Could I know one and she not know it,
Perhaps I then might undergo it;
But if the least she guess my mind,
Straight in a circle I'm confined:
By this I see who once doth dote
Must wear a woman's livery coat.

Therefore, this danger to prevent,
And still to keep my heart's content,
Into the country I'll with speed,
With hounds and hawks my fancy feed:
Both safer pleasures to pursue
Than staying to converse with you.

J. Howard

267. *Chloe Divine*

CHLOE 's a Nymph in flowery groves,
A Nereid in the streams;
Saint-like she in the temple moves,
A woman in my dreams.

Love steals artillery from her eyes,
  The Graces point her charms,
Orpheus is rivalled in her voice,
  And Venus in her arms.

Never so happily in one
  Did heaven and earth combine;
And yet 'tis flesh and blood alone
  That makes her so divine.

T. D'Urfey

268. *The Fair Stranger*

HAPPY and free, securely blest,
  No beauty could disturb my rest;
My amorous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair:

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control,
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms
Than all your native country's arms:
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

But in your eyes, oh, there's the spell!
Who can see them, and not rebel?

You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

J. Dryden

269. *Song*

WHY, dearest, shouldst thou weep, when I relate
The story of my woe?
Let not the swarthy mists of my black fate
O'ercast thy beauty so;
For each rich pearl lost on that score
Adds to mischance, and wounds your servant more.

Quench not those stars that to my bliss should guide;
Oh, spare that precious tear!
Nor let those drops unto a deluge tide,
To drown your beauty there;
That cloud of sorrow makes it night;
You lose your lustre, but the world its light.

C. Cotton

270. *To Coelia*

WHEN, Coelia, must my old day set,
And my young morning rise
In beams of joy so bright as yet
Ne'er bless'd a lover's eyes?
My state is more advanced than when
I first attempted thee:
I sued to be a servant then,
But now to be made free.

I've served my time faithful and true,
  Expecting to be placed
In happy freedom, as my due,
  To all the joys thou hast:
Ill husbandry in love is such
  A scandal to love's power,
We ought not to misspend so much
  As one poor short-lived hour.

Yet think not, sweet, I'm weary grown,
  That I pretend such haste;
Since none to surfeit e'er was known
  Before he had a taste:
My infant love could humbly wait
  When, young, it scarce knew how
To plead; but grown to man's estate,
  He is impatient now.

C. Cotton

271. *A Song*

ABSENT from thee I languish still,
  Then ask me not, When I return?
The straying fool 'twill plainly kill
  To wish all 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 fix'd heart from my love.

When, wearied with a world of woe,
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth does flow,
May I, contented, there expire.

Lest once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

272. *The Song of Venus*

FAIREST isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of love;
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid from his favourite nation
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love;
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
  Grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
  Those shall be renowned for love.

J. Dryden

273. *Damilcar's Song*

AH, how sweet it is to love!
  Ah, how gay is young Desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
  When we first approach Love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
  Do but gently heave the heart:
Ev'n the tears they shed alone
  Cure, like trickling balm, their smart;
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

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;

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.

J. Dryden

274. *May the Ambitious Ever Find*

MAY the ambitious ever find
  Success in crowds and noise,
While gentler love does fill my mind
  With silent real joys!

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
  And the world think them wise,
While I lie dying at her feet
  And all the world despise.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise
  And melt in court delights;
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
  Her arms much softer nights.

C. Sackville, Earl of Dorset

275. *Song*

Sung to a Minuet

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.

J. Dryden

276. *Song*

IN vain, Clemene, you bestow
  The promised empire of your heart
If you refuse to let me know
  The wealthy charms of every part.

My passion with your kindness grew,
  Tho' beauty gave the first desire:
But beauty only to pursue
  Is following a wand'ring fire.

As hills in perspective suppress
  The free enquiry of the sight;
Restraint makes every pleasure less
  And takes from love the full delight.

Faint kisses may in part supply
  Those eager longings of my soul;
But oh! I'm lost if you deny
  A quick possession of the whole.

C. Sackville, Earl of Dorset

277. *To One Persuading a Lady to Marriage*

FORBEAR, bold youth; all's heaven here,
  And what you do aver
To others courtship may appear,
  'Tis sacrilege to her.
She is a public deity;
  And were 't not very odd
She should dispose herself to be
  A petty household god?

First make the sun in private shine
  And bid the world adieu,
That so he may his beams confine
  In compliment to you:
But if of that you do despair,
  Think how you did amiss
To strive to fix her beams which are
  More bright and large than his.

K. (Orinda) *Philips*

278. *Song*

MORE love or more disdain I crave;
Sweet, be not still indifferent:
O send me quickly to my grave,
Or else afford me more content.
Or love or hate me more or less,
For love abhors all lukewarmness.

Give me a tempest if 'twill drive
Me to the place where I would be;
Or if you'll have me still alive,
Confess you will be kind to me.
Give hopes of bliss or dig my grave:
More love or more disdain I crave.

C. Webbe

279. *Phillida Flouts Me*

O WHAT a plague is love!
How shall I bear it?
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind
That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind
As a ship saileth.
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay;
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday
  She did pass by me;
She look'd another way
  And would not spy me:
I woo'd her for to dine,
  But could not get her;
Will had her to the Vine—
  He might entreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she look'd askance:
O thrice unhappy chance!
    Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
  Do not disdain me!
I am my mother's joy:
  Sweet, entertain me!
She'll give me, when she dies,
  All that is fitting:
Her poultry and her bees,
  And her geese sitting,
A pair of mattrass beds,
And a bag full of shreds;
And yet, for all this guedes,
    Phillada flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine
  Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
  Of my fidelity:
But i' faith, if she flinch
  She shall not wear it;

To Tib, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part:
Death strike me with his dart!
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream
Pleasant in tasting;
Whig and whey whilst thou lust,
And ramble-berries,
Pie-lid and pastry-crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries.
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weaver's skin—
Yet all's not worth a pin!
Phillada flouts me.

In the last month of May
I made her posies;
I heard her often say
That she loved roses.
Cowslips and gillyflowers
And the white lily
I brought to deck the bowers
For my sweet Philly.
But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again
Therefore 'tis flat and plain
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
  And in time take me;
I can have those as fair
  If you forsake me:
For Doll the dairy-maid
  Laugh'd at me lately,
And wanton Winifred
  Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose;
What wanting signs are those?
    Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep
  At all in season:
Love wounds my heart so deep
  Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away
  With grief and sorrow,
Like as a fat beast may,
  Penn'd in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year:
And all for that my dear
    Phillada flouts me.

Anon.

280. *Song*

PHILLIS 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,
Phillis smiling
And beguiling
Makes me happier than before.

Though alas! too late I find
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?

Sir C. Sedley

281. *Song*

I FEED a flame within, which so torments me
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me;
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Yet he, for whom I grieve, shall never know it;
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show it.

Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

Thus, to prevent my Love from being cruel,
My heart 's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel;
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
While I conceal my love no frown can fright me.
To be more happy I dare not aspire,
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

J. Dryden

282. *A Song*

FAIR, sweet and young, receive a prize
Reserved for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me!
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was designed,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost, unless you love;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain;
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

J. Dryden

283. *Song*

YOU charmed me not with that fair face,
Though it was all divine:
To be another's is the grace
That makes me wish you mine.
The gods and fortune take their part
Who, like young monarchs, fight,
And boldly dare invade that heart
Which is another's right.
First, mad with hope, we undertake
To pull up every bar;
But, once possessed, we faintly make
A dull defensive war.
Now, every friend is turned a foe,
In hope to get our store:
And passion makes us cowards grow,
Which made us brave before.

J. Dryden

284. *Song*

Betwixt a Shepherd and a Shepherdess

Shepherdess

TELL me, Thyrsis, tell your anguish,
Why you sigh, and why you languish;
When the nymph whom you adore
Grants the blessing
Of possessing,
What can love and I do more?

Shepherd

Think it's love beyond all measure
Makes me faint away with pleasure;
Strength of cordial may destroy,
And the blessing
Of possessing
Kills me with excess of joy.

Shepherdess

Thyrsis, how can I believe you?
But confess, and I'll forgive you:
Men are false, and so are you.
Never Nature
Framed a creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd

Mine's a flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring,

Fit for Love's imperial crown;
Ever shining
And refining
Still the more 'tis melted down.

Chorus

Mine's a flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring,
Fit for Love's imperial crown;
Ever shining
And refining
Still the more 'tis melted down.

J. Dryden

285. *Song*

DEAR, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fixed heart from my love.

When wearied with a world of woe
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth, do flow,
May I contented there expire!

Lest, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

286. *Phyllis's Resolution*

WHEN slaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain;
But you not only that desire,
But ask the power to reign.

Think how unjust a suit you make,
Then you will soon decline;
Your freedom, when you please, pray take,
But trespass not on mine.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave;
I ne'er will grant the thing,
That he, who once has been my slave,
Should ever be my king.

W. Walsh

287. *The Dream*

THE grove was gloomy all around,
Murmuring the stream did pass,
Where fond Astraea laid her down
Upon a bed of grass;
I slept and saw a piteous sight,
Cupid a-weeping lay,
Till both his little stars of light
Had wept themselves away.
Methought I asked him why he cried;
My pity led me on,—
All sighing the sad boy replied,
'Alas! I am undone!

As I beneath yon myrtles lay,
  Down by Diana's springs,
Amyntas stole my bow away,
  And pinioned both my wings.'
'Alas!' I cried, ''twas then thy darts
  Wherewith he wounded me?
Thou mighty deity of hearts,
  He stole his power from thee?
Revenge thee, if a god thou be,
  Upon the amorous swain,
I'll set thy wings at liberty,
  And thou shalt fly again;
And, for this service on my part,
  All I demand of thee,
Is, wound Amyntas' cruel heart,
  And make him die for me.'
His silken fetters I untied,
  And those gay wings displayed,
Which gently fanned, he mounting cried,
  'Farewell, fond easy maid!'
At this I blushed, and angry grew
  I should a god believe,
And waking found my dream too true,
  For I was still a slave.

A. Behn

288. *To Mira*

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent
  To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
  Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fools in courts be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay.
A thousand worlds too few:

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Mira, if true love's your price
Behold it in my heart.

G. Granville, Lord Lansdowne

289. *Song*

HOW hardly I concealed my tears,
How oft did I complain!
When, many tedious days, my fears
Told me I loved in vain.

But now my joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be concealed;
Sorrow may make a silent moan,
But joy will be revealed.

I tell it to the bleating flocks,
To every stream and tree;
And bless the hollow murmuring rocks
For echoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much joy
We want, we wish, believe;
'Tis hard such passion to destroy,
But easy to deceive.

Anne, Marchioness of Wharton

290. *Song*

THE happiest mortals once were we
I loved Myra, Myra me;
Each desirous of the blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I loved Myra, Myra me:
The happiest mortals once were we.

But since cruel fates dissever,
Torn from love, and torn forever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me!
Of all pain, the greatest pain
Is to love, and love in vain.

G. Granville, Lord Lansdowne

291. *A Pastoral Song*

AS I was sitting on the grass
Within a silent shady grove,
I overheard a country lass,
Was there bewailing of her love.
'My love,' says she,
'Is ta'en from me;

And to the wars is prest and gone;
He's marched away,
And gone to sea;
Alack! alack! and well-a-day!
And left me here alone.

'My Love, he was the kindest man;
There's none that's like him in the town;
He gently takes me by the hand,
And gave me many a green gown.
With kisses sweet
He would me treat,
And often sing a roundelay;
And sometimes smile,
Then chat awhile,
So that we might the time beguile
A life-long summer's day.

'My Love, on May Day, still would be
The earliest up of all the rest;
With scarves and ribbons then would be
Of all the crew, he finest drest.
With Morris bells
And fine things else:
But when the pipe began to play
He danced so well,
I heard them tell,
That he did all the rest excel,
And bore the bell away.

'The man that took my Love away,
Was too too harsh, and too severe;
I gently on my knees did pray
That he my Love would then forbear.
I offered too
A breeding ewe
And chilver-lamb that were my own;
Do what I could,
It did no good,
He left me in this pensive mood,
To sigh, and make my moan.'

Anon.

292. *Song*

IF she be not kind as fair,
But peevish and unhandy,
Leave her, she's only worth the care
Of some spruce jack-a-dandy.
I would not have thee such an ass,
Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,
To sigh and whine for such a lass
Whose pride's above her pleasure.

Sir G. Etherege

293. *The Defiance*

BE not too proud, imperious dame,
Your charms are transitory things,
May melt, while you at heaven aim,
Like Icarus's waxen wings;

And you a part in his misfortune bear
Drowned in a briny ocean of despair.

You think your beauties are above
The poet's brain and painter's hand,
As if upon the throne of love
You only should the world command:
Yet know, though you presume your title true,
There are pretenders that will rival you.

There's an experienced rebel, Time,
And in his squadron 's Poverty;
There's Age that brings along with him
A terrible artillery:
And if against all these thou keep'st thy crown,
The usurper Death will make thee lay it down.

T. Flatman

294. *Fading Beauty*

TAKE Time, my dear, ere Time takes wing:
Beauty knows no second spring.
Marble pillars, tombs of brass,
Time breaks down, much more this glass
Then ere that tyrant Time bespeak it,
Let's drink healths in't first, then break it.
At twenty-five in women's eyes
Beauty does fade, at thirty dies.

Anon.

295. *Song*

HOW prodigious is my fate,
Since I can't determine clearly,
Whether you'll do more severely
Giving me your love or hate!
For if you with kindness bless me,
Since from you I soon must part;
Fortune will so dispossess me,
That your love will break my heart.

But since Death all sorrow cures,
Might I choose my way of dying,
I could wish the arrow flying
From Fortune's quiver, not from yours.
For in the sad unusual story
How my wretched heart was torn,
It will more concern your glory,
I by absence fell than scorn.

K. (Orinda) *Philips*

296. *Song*

YE happy swains whose hearts are free
From Love's imperial chain,
Take warning and be taught by me
T' avoid th' enchanting pain;
Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
To careless seamen, hidden rocks,
To human quiet, love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize;
  The snake's beneath the flower:
Whoever gazed on beauteous eyes,
  That tasted quiet more?
How faithless is the lovers' joy!
  How constant is their care
The kind with falsehood to destroy,
  The cruel, with despair!

Sir. G. Etherege

297. *Song*

FAREWELL, ungrateful traitor!
  Farewell, my perjured swain
Let never injured creature
  Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 'tis too short a blessing,
  And love too long a pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us,
  In pity of your pain;
But when we love, you leave us
  To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descried it,
There is no bliss beside it,
But she, that once has tried it,
  Will never love again.

The passion you pretended,
  Was only to obtain;
But when the charm is ended,
  The charmer you disdain.
Your love by ours we measure,
Till we have lost our treasure;
But dying is a pleasure
  When living is a pain.

J. Dryden

298. *To Regina Collier, on Her Cruelty to Philaster*

TRIUMPHANT Queen of scorn! how ill doth sit
  In all that sweetness, such injurious wit!
Unjust and cruel? what can be your prize,
To make one heart a double sacrifice?
Where such ingenious rigour you do show,
To break his heart, you break his image too;
And by a tyranny that 's strange and new
You murther him because he worships you.
No pride can raise you, or can make him start,
Since Love and Honour do enrich his heart.
Be wise and good, lest when fate will be just,
She should o'erthrow those glories in the dust,
Rifle your beauties, and you thus forlorn
Make a cheap victim to another's scorn;
And in those fetters which you do upbraid,
Yourself a wretched captive may be made.

Redeem the poisoned Age, let it be seen
There's no such freedom as to serve a Queen.
But you I see are lately Round-head grown,
And whom you vanquish you insult upon.

K. (Orinda) *Philips*

299. *Song*

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners in each other kind
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are labouring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

W. Walsh

300. *The Despairing Lover*

DISTRACTED with care
For Phillis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Isn't easily set:

And that he could die
Whenever he would,
But that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorned to endeavour

To finish it so;
And bold, unconcerned
  At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly returned
  To his cottage again.

W. Walsh

301. *Song*

CAN life be a blessing,
  Or worth the possessing,
Can life be a blessing, if love were away?
  Ah, no! though our love all night keep us waking,
And though he torment us with cares all the day,
  Yet he sweetens, he sweetens our pains in the taking;
There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to repay.

In every possessing,
  The ravishing blessing,
In every possessing, the fruit of our pain,
  Poor lovers forget long ages of anguish,
Whate'er they have suffered and done to obtain;
  'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure to sigh and to languish,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

J. Dryden

302. *The Libertine*

A THOUSAND martyrs I have made,
  All sacrificed to my desire,
A thousand beauties have betrayed
  That languish in resistless fire:

The untamed heart to hand I brought,
And fix'd the wild and wandering thought.

I never vowed nor sighed in vain,
  But both, though false, were well received;
The fair are pleased to give us pain,
  And what they wish is soon believed:
And though I talked of wounds and smart,
Love's pleasure only touched my heart.

Alone the glory and the spoil
  I always laughing bore away;
The triumphs without pain or toil,
  Without the hell the heaven of joy;
And while I thus at random rove
Despise the fools that whine for love.

A. Behn

303. *Song*

WHEN on those lovely looks I gaze,
  To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest amaze,
  His pleasing happy ruin,
'Tis not for pity that I move;
  His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
  Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
  Your slave from death removing,

Let me your art of charming know,
  Or learn you mine of loving;
But, whether life or death betide,
  In love 'tis equal measure,
The victor lives with empty pride,
  The vanquished dies with pleasure.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

304. *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,
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slaves grow pleased again.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

305. *Song*

NO, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour;
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her.
My ravished eyes behold such charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her;
One tender sigh of hers to see me languish,
Will more than pay the price of my past anguish.
Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of bliss or pleasure leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,
And keep out Time and Death, when they would seize us:
Time and Death shall depart, and say, in flying,
Love has found out a way to live by dying.

J. Dryden

306. *Song*

COME, Celia, let's agree at last
To love and live in quiet;
Let's tie the knot so very fast
That time shall ne'er untie it.
Love's dearest joys they never prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis sure a godlike part of love
Each other to forgive.

When least I seemed concerned I took
No pleasure, nor had rest;
And when I feigned an angry look,
Alas! I loved you best.
Say but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate;
Sure to be grateful, to be kind,
Can never be too late.

J. Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire

307. *Inconstancy Excused*

I MUST confess I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes;
But he that's smiled upon by you
Must all the world despise.

In winter fires of little worth
Excite our dull desire;
But when the sun breaks kindly forth
Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for slighting now
What I did once adore:
O do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more;

Fixed by your never-failing charms
Till I with age decay,
Till languishing within your arms
I sigh my soul away.

J. Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire

308. *Rondeau*

THOU fool! if madness be so rife
That, spite of wit, thou'lt have a wife,
I'll tell thee what thou must expect,—
After the honey-moon neglect
All the sad days of thy whole life!

To that a world of woe and strife,
Which of is marriage the effect;
And thou thy own woe's architect,
Thou fool!

Thou'lt nothing find but disrespect,
Ill words i' th' scolding dialect,
For she'll all tabor be or fife.
Then prithee go and whet thy knife,
And from this fate thyself protect,
Thou fool!

C. Cotton

309. *The Winchester Wedding*

or Ralph of Reading and Black Bess of the Green.

AT Winchester was a wedding,
The like was never seen,
'Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading
And bonny Black Bess of the Green:
The fiddlers were crowding before,
Each lass was as fine as a queen;
There was a hundred and more,

For all the country came in:
Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,
She looked like a lily o' th' vale,
And ruddy-faced Harry led Mary,
And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came smiling Katy,
He helped her over the stile,
And swore there was none so pretty
In forty and forty long mile:
Kit gave a green gown to Betty,
And lent her his hand to rise;
But Jenny was jeered by Watty
For looking blue under the eyes:
Thus merrily chatting all,
They passed to the bride-house along,
With Johnny and pretty-faced Nanny,
The fairest of all the throng.

The bride came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the dinner was spoiled;
And ushered 'em in to treat 'em
With baked and roasted and boiled:
The lads were so frolic and jolly,
For each had his love by his side,
But Willy was melancholy,
For he had a mind to the bride:
Then Philip begins her health
And turns a beer-glass on his thrumb;
But Jenkin was reckoned for drinking
The best in Christendom.

And, now they had dined, advancing
  Into the midst of the Hall,
The fiddlers struck up for dancing
  And Jeremy led up the brawl;
But Margery kept a quarter,
  A lass that was proud of her pelf,
'Cause Arthur had stolen her garter
  And swore he would tie it himself:
She struggled, and blushed, and frowned,
  And ready with anger to cry,
'Cause Arthur, with tying her garter,
  Had slipped his hand too high.

And now, for throwing the stocking,
  The bride away was led;
The bridegroom got drunk and was knocking
  For candles to light 'em to bed:
But Robin, that found him silly,
  Most friendly took him aside,
The while that his wife with Willy
  Was playing at hopper's-hide:
And now the warm game begins,
  The critical minute was come,
And chatting and billing and kissing
  Went merrily round the room.

Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,
  And blithe as a bird in the spring;
And Tommy was so to Katy,
  And married her with a rush-ring:

Sukey, that danced with the cushion,
  An hour from the room had been gone,
And Barnaby knew by her blushing
  That some other dance had been done:
And thus, of the fifty fair maids
  That came to the wedding with men,
Scarce five of the fifty was left ye
  That so did return again.

T. D'Urfey

310. *A South Sea Ballad*

IN London stands a famous pile,
  And near that pile an Alley,
Where merry crowds for riches toil,
  And wisdom stoops to folly.
Here, sad and joyful, high and low,
  Court Fortune for her graces;
And as she smiles or frowns, they show
  Their gestures and grimaces.

Here, Stars and Garters do appear
  Among our lords the rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear
  The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
Here, crafty Courtiers are too wise
  For those who trust to fortune;
They see the cheat with clearer eyes,
  Who peep behind the curtain.

Long heads may thrive, by sober rules;
Because they think, and drink not;
But headlongs are our thriving fools,
Who only drink, and think not.
The lucky rogues like spaniel dogs,
Leap into South Sea water;
And there they fish for golden frogs,
Nor caring what comes after.

'Tis said that alchemists of old
Could turn a brazen kettle,
Or leaden cistern into gold;
That noble tempting metal.
But (if it here may be allowed,
To bring in great with small things)
Our cunning South Sea like a god,
Turns nothing into all things.

What need have we of Indian wealth,
Or commerce with our neighbours;
Our Constitution is in health,
And riches crown our labours.
Our South Sea ships have golden shrouds,
They bring us wealth, 'tis granted:
But lodge their treasure in the clouds,
To hide it till it's wanted.

O, Britain! bless thy present state!
Thou only happy nation!
So oddly rich, so madly great,
Since Bubbles came in fashion.

Successful rakes exert their pride,
  And count their airy millions;
Whilst homely drabs in coaches ride,
  Brought up to Town on pillions.

Few men who follow reason's rules,
  Grow fat with South Sea diet;
Young rattles and unthinking fools
  Are those that flourish by it.
Old musty jades, and pushing blades,
  Who've least consideration,
Grow rich apace; while wiser heads
  Are struck with admiration.

A race of men, who, t' other day,
  Lay crushed beneath disasters,
Are now, by Stock, brought into play,
  And made our lords and masters.
But should our South Sea Babel fall,
  What numbers would be frowning;
The losers then must ease their gall
  By hanging, or by drowning.

Five hundred millions, notes and bonds,
  Our Stocks are worth in value:
But neither lie in goods, or lands,
  Or money, let me tell ye.
Yet though our foreign trade is lost,
  Of mighty wealth we vapour;
When all the riches that we boast
  Consist of scraps of paper.

E. Ward

311. *Upon Drinking in a Bowl*

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor 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 naught to do:
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fixed stars or constellations;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
May Drink and Love still reign!
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to love again.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

312. *Ode*

THE day is set did earth adorn
To drink the brewing of the main,
And, hot with travel, will ere morn
Carouse it to an ebb again.
Then let us drink, time to improve,
Secure of Cromwell and his spies;
Night will conceal our healths, and love,
For all her thousand thousand eyes.

Chorus: Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

Without the evening dew and showers,
The earth would be a barren place,
Of trees and plants, of herbs and flowers,
To crown her now enamelled face;
Nor can wit spring, nor fancies grow,
Unless we dew our heads in wine,
Plump autumn's wealthy overflow,
And sprightly issue of the vine.

Chorus: Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

Wine is the cure of cares and sloth,
That rust the metal of the mind;
The juice that man to man does, both
In freedom and in friendship bind.

This clears the monarch's cloudy brows,
And cheers the hearts of sullen swains,
To wearied souls repose allows,
And makes slaves caper in their chains.

Chorus: Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

Wine, that distributes to each part
Its heat and motion, is the spring,
The poet's head, the subject's heart;—
'Twas wine made old Anacreon sing.
Then let us quaff it, whilst the night
Serves but to hide such guilty souls
As fly the beauty of the light;
Or dare not pledge our loyal bowls.

Chorus: Then let us revel, quaff, and sing
Health, and his sceptre to the King.

C. Cotton

313. *The Commons' Petition to King Charles II*

IN all humanity, we crave
Our Sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg, that he may be
Betrayed by us most loyally;
And if he please once to lay down
His sceptre, dignity, and crown;

We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom!

The King's Answer

Charles, at this time, having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

314. *The Victory in Hungary*

HARK! how the Duke of Lorraine comes.
The brave victorious soul of war;
With trumpets and with kettle-drums.
Like thunder rolling from afar.

On the left wing, the conqu'ring horse,
The brave Bavarian Duke does lead.
These heroes with united force,
Fill all the Turkish host with dread.

Their bright caparisons behold!
Rich habits, streamers, shining arms,
The glittering steel and burnished gold,
The pomp of war with all its charms.

With solemn march, and fatal pace,
They bravely on the foe press on;
The cannons roar, the shot takes place;
Whilst smoke and dust obscure the sun.

The horses neigh, the soldiers shout;
  And now the furious bodies join;
The slaughter rages all about;
  And men in groans their blood resign.

The weapons clash; the roaring drum,
  With clangour of the trumpets' sound;
The howls and yells of men o'ercome;
  And from the neighbouring hills rebound.

Now, now, the infidels give place;
  Then, all in routs, they headlong fly!
Heroes, in dust, pursue the chase;
    While deaf'ning clamours rend the sky.

T. Shadwell

315. *Lines Printed Under the Engraved Portrait of Milton*

In Tonson's Folio Edition of the 'Paradise Lost'

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
  Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

J. Dryden

316. *Prologues to the University of Oxford*

i

Spoken by Mr. Hart at the acting of the 'Silent Woman'
1673

WHAT Greece, when learning flourished, only knew
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crowned with olives, sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the best are but by mercy free;
A day, which none but Jonson durst have wished to see.
Here they who long have known the useful stage,
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.
As your commissioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
In your Lyceum first themselves refined,
And delegated thence to human-kind.
But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come,
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
The illiterate writer, empiric-like, applies
To minds diseased, unsafe, chance remedies:
The learned in schools, where knowledge first began
Studies with care the anatomy of man;

Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance.
To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
Would wish it rather than a *plaudit* there.
He owns no crown from those Prætorian bands,
But knows *that* right is in this Senate's hands.
Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit,
But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

ii

317. *Spoken by Mr. Hart*
1674

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assigned,
T' unbend, and to divert their sovereign's mind:
When, tired with following nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool shades of wit,

And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
What rests, and what is conquered, of the way.
Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
You view the various turns of human life;
Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you go,
And, undebauched, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you set,
As once the sphere of crystal showed the great.
Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can suit your mind;
Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakespeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's claim
May be renewed from those who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For Muses so severe are worshipped here
That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
And, as profane, from sacred places fly,
Rather than see the offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers shown;
And you have been so kind that we may boast,
The greatest judges still can pardon most.
Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,
Debased even to the level of their wit;
Disdaining that which yet they know will take,
Hating themselves what their applause must make.
But when to praise from you they would aspire,

Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their power transcends,
As what *should* be, beyond what *is*, extends.

III

318. 1681

THOUGH actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most:
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are allied to wit.
We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
Like those who touch upon the golden shore;
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take;
Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
Whether th' applause be only sound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly,
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praise.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London like grossly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms, all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what should justly please, and what should not.
Nature herself lies open to your view,
You judge by her what draught of her is true,
Where outlines false, and colours seem too faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.

But, by the sacred genius of this place,
By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome:
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those opes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother-university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

J. Dryden

319. *A Wish*

NOT to the hills where cedars move
Their cloudy heads; not to the grove
Of myrtles in th' Elysian shade,
Nor Tempe which the poets made,
Not on the spicy mountains play,
Or travel to Arabia,
I aim not at the careful throne
Which Fortune's darlings sit upon:
No, no, the best this fickle world can give
Has but a little, little time to live.

But let me soar, O let me fly
Beyond poor earth's benighted eye,

Beyond the pitch swift eagles tower,
Beyond the reach of human power,
Above the clouds, above the way
Whence the sun darts his piercing ray,
O let me tread those courts that are
So bright, so pure, so blest, so fair,
As neither thou nor I must ever know
On earth: 'tis thither, thither would I go.

T. Flatman

320. *For Thoughts*

THOUGHTS! what are they?
They are my constant friends,
Who, when harsh Fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a smiling ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

When I retire and flee
The busy throngs of company
To hug myself in privacy,
O the discourse—the pleasant talk
'Twixt us, my thoughts, along a lonely walk!

You (like the stupefying wine
The dying malefactors sip
With trembling lip,
T' abate the rigour of their doom
By a less troublous cut to their long home)
Make me slight crosses, though they piled up lie,
All by the magic of an ecstasy.

Do I desire to see
The throne and awful majesty
Of that proud one,
Brother and uncle to the stars and sun?
These can conduct me where such toys reside
And waft me 'cross the main, sans wind and tide.

Would I descry
Those radiant mansions 'bove the sky,
Invisible to mortal eye,
My thoughts can easily lay
A shining track thereto,
And nimbly flitting go;
Through all the eleven orbs can shove a way.
My thoughts like Jacob's ladder are
A most angelic thoroughfare.

The wealth that shines
In th' oriental mines;
Those sparkling gems which Nature keeps
Within her cabinets, the deeps;
The verdant fields,
Those rarities the rich world yields,
Huge structures, whose each gilded spire
Glisters like lightning, which while men admire
They deem the neighbouring sky on fire—
These can I dwell upon and 'live mine eyes
With millions of varieties.
As on the front of Pisgah I
Can th' Holy Land through these my optics spy.

Contemn we then
The peevish rage of men,
Whose violence can ne'er divorce
Our mutual amity,
Or lay so damned a curse
As non-addresses 'twixt my thoughts and me;
For though I sigh in irons, they
Use their old freedom, readily obey,
And, when my bosom friends desert me, stay.

Come then, my darlings, I'll embrace
My privilege; make known
The high prerogative I own,
By making all allurements give you place,
Whose sweet society to me
A sanctuary and a shield shall be
'Gainst the full quivers of my Destiny.

T. Flatman

321. *On News*

NEWS from a foreign country came,
As if my treasure and my wealth lay there:
So much it did my heart enflame
'Twas wont to call my soul into mine 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,

And was so eager to embrace
The joyful tidings as they came,
'Twould almost leave its dwelling-place,
To entertain that 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
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 'twere 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?
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
I knew not yet, (since nought did please
I knew) my Bliss did stand.

But little did the infant dream
That all the treasures of the world were by:
And that himself was so the cream
And crown of all which round about did lie.
Yet thus it was: The gem,
The diadem,
The ring enclosing all
That stood upon this earthly ball;
The Heavenly Eye,
Much wider than the sky,
Wherein they all included were,
The glorious Soul that was the King
Made to possess them, did appear
A small and little thing!

T. Traherne

322. *The Aspiration*

HOW long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie!
Where at the gates and avenues of sense
My Soul must watch to have intelligence;
Where but faint gleams of thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night.
When shall I leave this magic Sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear.

How cold this clime! and yet my sense
Perceives even here thy influence.
Even here thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle does decline;
But yet so strong the sympathy,
It turns, and points again to thee.

I long to see this excellence
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My impatient Soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.
Would'st thou great Love this prisoner once set free,
How would she hasten to be link'd with thee!
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

J. Norris, of Bemerton

323. *The Preparative*

MY body being dead, my limbs unknown;
Before I skill'd to prize
Those living stars mine eyes,
Before my tongue or cheeks were to me shown,
Before I knew my hands were mine,
Or that my sinews did my members join,
When neither nostril, foot nor ear
As yet was seen, or felt, or did appear:

I was within
A house I knew not, newly cloth'd with skin.

Then was my soul my only all to me,
A living endless eye,
Just bounded with the sky.
Whose power, whose act, whose essence, was to see:
I was an inward Sphere of Light,
Or an interminable Orb of Sight,
An endless and a living day,
A vital Sun that round about did ray
All life, all sense,
A naked simple pure Intelligence.

I then no thirst nor hunger did perceive,
No dull necessity,
No want was known to me;
Without disturbance then I did receive
The fair ideas of all things,
And had the honey even without the stings.
A meditating inward eye
Gazing at quiet did within me lie,
And every thing
Delighted me that was their heavenly King.

For sight inherits beauty, hearing sounds,
The nostril sweet perfumes,
All tastes have hidden rooms
Within the tongue: and feeling feeling wounds
With pleasure and delight; but I
Forgot the rest, and was all sight or eye:

Unbodied and devoid of care,
Just as in Heaven the holy Angels are,
For simple sense
Is Lord of all created excellence.

Being thus prepared for all felicity,
Not prepossest with dross,
Nor stiffly glued to gross
And dull materials that might ruin me,
Nor fretted by an iron fate
With vain affections in my earthly state
To any thing that might seduce
My sense, or else bereave it of its use,
I was as free
As if there were nor sin, nor misery.

Pure empty powers that did nothing loath,
Did like the fairest glass,
Or spotless polished brass,
Themselves soon in their object's image clothe.
Divine impressions when they came
Did quickly enter and my soul inflame.
'Tis not the object, but the light
That maketh Heaven: 'tis a purer sight.
Felicity
Appears to none but them that purely see.

A disentangled and a naked sense,
A mind that's unpossest,
A disengaged breast,
An empty and a quick intelligence
Acquainted with the golden mean,

An even spirit pure and serene,
  Is that where beauty, excellence,
And pleasure keep their Court of Residence.
    My soul retire,
Get free, and so thou shalt even all admire.

T. Traherne

324. *Song*

AH, fading joy! how quickly art thou past!
  Yet we thy ruin haste.
As if the cares of human life were few,
  We seek out new:
And follow fate that does too fast pursue.

See how on every bough the birds express
  In their sweet notes their happiness.
  They all enjoy and nothing spare,
But on their mother nature lay their care:
Why then should man, the lord of all below,
    Such troubles choose to know
As none of all his subjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
  And with a murmuring sound
  Dash, dash, upon the ground,
    To gentle slumbers call.

J. Dryden

325. *Hymn to Darkness*

HAIL, thou most sacred venerable thing!
What Muse is worthy thee to sing?
Thee, from whose pregnant universal womb
All things, even Light, thy rival, first did come.
What dares he not attempt that sings of thee,
Thou first and greatest mystery?
Who can the secrets of thy essence tell?
Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible.

Before great Love this monument did raise,
This ample theatre of praise;
Before the folding circles of the sky
Were tuned by Him who is all harmony;
Before the morning stars their hymn began
Before the council held for man;
Before the birth of either Time or Place
Thou reign'st unquestioned monarch in the empty space.

Thy native lot thou didst to Light resign,
But still half of the globe is thine.
Here with a quiet, and yet awful hand,
Like the best emperors, thou dost command.
To thee the stars above the brightness owe,
And mortals their repose below.
To thy protection Fear and Sorrow flee
And those that weary are of light find rest in thee.

Though light and glory be th' Almighty's throne,
Darkness is his pavilion.

From that his radiant beauty, but from thee
He has his terrour and his majesty.
Thus when he first proclaimed his sacred law,
And would his rebel subjects awe,
Like princes on some great solemnity,
H' appeared in 's robes of state and clad himself with thee.

The blest above do thy sweet umbrage prize,
When, cloyed with light, they veil their eyes;
The vision of the Deity is made
More sweet and beatific by thy shade.
But we, poor tenants of this orb below
Don't here thy excellencies know,
Till death our understandings does improve
And then our wiser ghosts thy silent night-walks love.

But thee I now admire, thee would I choose
For my religion, or my Muse.
'Tis hard to tell whether thy reverend shade
Has more good votaries or poets made,
From thy dark caves were inspirations given,
And from thick groves went vows to Heaven.
Hail then, thou Muse's and devotion's spring!
'Tis just we should adore, 'tis just we should thee sing.

J. Norris, of Bemerton

326. *Sonnet*

WHAT has this bugbear Death that's worth our care?
After a life in pain and sorrow past,
After deluding hope and dire despair,
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplaced!
  Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee;
Courting those tyrant-sins that chain us fast,
  And shunning Death, that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
(Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains?)
  That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see:
'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name;
  'Tis nothing, Caelia, but losing thee.

W. Walsh

327. *Death—a Song*

O THE sad day!
  When friends shall shake their heads, and say
Of miserable me—
    'Hark, how he groans!
    Look, how he pants for breath!
    See how he struggles with the pangs of death!'
When they shall say of these dear eyes—
  'How hollow, O how dim they be!
  Mark how his breast doth rise and swell
  Against his potent enemy!'
    When some old friend shall step to my bedside,
    Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide,
    And—when his next companions say
    'How does he do? What hopes?'—shall turn away,

Answering only, with a lift-up hand—
'Who can his fate withstand?'

Then shall a gasp or two do more
Then e'er my rhetoric could before:
Persuade the world to trouble me no more!

T. Flatman

328. *Song of the Priestesses*
at the Tomb of Argaces

SLEEP, ye great Manes of the dead!
Whilst our solemn round we tread;
Whilst at our cell, as at a shrine,
We nightly wait with rites divine.
Whilst, to adorn the tomb, we bring
The earliest glories of the Spring;
And sweetest softest anthems sing.
The floor, with hallowed drops bedewing;
And all around fresh roses strewing.

Ye Guardian Powers, that here resort,
For ever make this cell your Court.
If devoutest prayers invite ye,
Or Sabæan gums delight ye;
Then make this sacred Urn your care,
And nightly to this cell repair,
To feast on frankincense and prayer.
Around we go, the floor bedewing;
Violets, pinks, and roses strewing.

N. Tate

329. *On His Mistress Drowned*

SWEET stream, that dost with equal pace,
Both thyself fly and thyself chase,
Forbear a while to flow;
And listen to my woe.

Then go, and tell the sea: That all its brine
Is fresh, compared to mine;
Inform it, that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,
In th' glory of her bud,
Has passed the fatal flood;
Death, by this only stroke, triumphs above
The greatest power of love.

Alas! alas! I must give o'er;
My sighs will let me add no more.
Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast.
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay:
These tears, these tears, shall mend thy way.

T. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester

330. *Epitaph on Charles II*

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

331. *To the Memory of Mr. Oldham*

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own:
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive:
The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
While his young friend performed and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betrayed.
Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
Still showed a quickness; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail and farewell! farewell, thou young,
But ah! too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

J. Dryden

332. *On the Death of Waller*

HOW to thy sacred memory shall I bring,
Worthy thy fame, a grateful offering?
I, who by toils of sickness am become
Almost as near as thou art to a tomb,
While every soft and every tender strain
Is ruffled and ill-natured grown with pain?
But at thy name my languished muse revives,
And a new spark in the dull ashes strives;
I hear thy tuneful verse, thy song divine,
And am inspired by every charming line.
But oh!
What inspiration, at the second hand,
Can an immortal elegy command?
Unless, like pious offerings, mine should be
Made sacred, being consecrate to thee.

Eternal as thy own almighty verse,
Should be those trophies that adorn thy hearse,
The thought illustrious and the fancy young,
The wit sublime, the judgment fine and strong,
Soft as thy notes to Sacharissa sung;
Whilst mine, like transitory flowers, decay,
That come to deck thy tomb a short-lived day,
Such tributes are, like tenures, only fit
To show from whom we hold our right to wit.

Long did the untuned world in ignorance stray,
Producing nothing that was great and gay,
Till taught by thee the true poetic way;

Rough were the tracks before, dull and obscure,
Nor pleasure nor instruction could procure;
Their thoughtless labours could no passion move,
Sure, in that age, the poets knew not love.
That charming god, like apparitions, then,
Was only talked on, but ne'er seen by men.
Darkness was o'er the Muses' land displayed,
And even the chosen tribe unguided strayed,
Till, by thee rescued from the Egyptian night,
They now look up and view the god of light,
That taught them how to love, and how to write.

A. Behn

333. *To the Pious Memory of the Accomplished Young Lady Mrs. Anne Killigrew Excellent in the Two Sister Arts of Poesy and Painting An Ode*

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 neighbouring 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,
Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss;

Whatever happy region be 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 practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;
While yet a young probationer,
A candidate of Heaven.

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 a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was formed at first with myriads more,
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 beautious frame she left behind:
Return, to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven as well as here on earth?

For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And even the most malicious were in trine
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
    Had heard the music of the spheres.
    And if no clustering swarm of bees
  On thy sweet mouth distilled their golden dew,
    'Twas that such vulgar miracles
    Heaven had not leisure to renew:
  For all the blest fraternity of love
Solemnised there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above.

  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,
  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 streaming 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.

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 vigour 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,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her Muse will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Even love (for love sometimes her Muse exprest),
Was but a lambent flame which played about her breast;
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
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 pretence,
When armed, to justify the offence),
And the whole fief in right of Poetry she claimed.
The country open lay without defence;
For poets frequent inroads there had made,

And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament,
And all the large demains 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,
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,
With 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,
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.

The scene then changed; with bold erected look
Our martial King the sight with reverence strook:
For, not content t' express his outward part,
Her hand called out the image of his heart:

His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figured there,
As when by magic ghosts are made t'appear.
  Our Phœnix 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,
In beauty foremost, as in rank the queen.
  Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
But like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
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.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportioned shape and beautious face,
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.

O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda died:
Heaven, by the same disease did both translate;
As equal was their souls, so equal was their fate.

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;
Alas! thou know'st not, thou art wrecked at home
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
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.

When, in mid-air the golden trump shall sound
To raise the nations under ground;
When, in the Valley of Jehosaphat
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;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,

For they are covered with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigour, 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.

J. Dryden

334. · *To His Book*

GO, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Those who love's dear, deluding pains have known
May in my fatal stories read their own.
Those who have lived from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, from me.
Perhaps, advised, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warned by my example, shun my fate.
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was tost.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be best
To chase the fatal passion from our breast?
But, since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away;
What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

W. Walsh

The Book of Restoration Verse

Book Fourth

335. *A Description of the Morning*

NOW hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep;
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

J. Swift

336. *An Epistle to the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington*

A Journey to Exeter

WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chiswick bowers enjoy your friend;
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach;
I journey far.—You knew fat bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire.

THE BOOK OF

'Twas on the day that city dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-Park air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country horses rest.
Thy gardens, Kensington, we leave unseen;
Through Hammersmith jog on to Turnham Green:
That Turnham Green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for Solomon is dead.
Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known:
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where Thames divides the meads of Staines.
We ferried o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepared for war, now Bagshot Heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.
At Hartley Row the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcomed ev'ry guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,
Relates the Justices' late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And praised their wisdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep:
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And Popham Lane was scarce in sight by one:
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold;

That gold which had in London purchased gowns,
And sent her home a belle to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood;
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For should the maiden mother nurse her son,
'Twould spoil her match, when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
Be just, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear:
Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears;
What, no election come in seven long years!
Of all our race of Mayors, shall Snow alone
Be by Sir Richard's dedication known?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bowers a noonday shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's o'clock.
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays;
From her no list'ning echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend;
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire?
What sempstress has not proved thy scissors good?
From hence first came th' intriguing riding-hood.
Amid three boarding-schools well stock'd with misses,
Shall three knights-er ant starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blanford ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reck'ning paid,
And our due fees discharged to man and maid,
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions' eyes supprest,
And propt in elbow chairs they snoring rest;
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile valleys lie,
The distant prospects tire the trav'ling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our route we take,
And the proud steep descend to Marcombe's lake.

As hearses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.
The maid, subdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.
Meantime our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's gear such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, ev'ry night!
We rise, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus stroked the beard of Jove.

Now from the steep, midst scatter'd cots and groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smoked along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spied,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses's side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,
'This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.'

How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he, that could not epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse.
But were his Muse for elegy unfit,
Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit;
If epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tuttlefields record his simple lays;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurse's eyes,
While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies.
Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes, are for damsels meet.
Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great William's sign.
This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom
'I named the brave deliverer to come.'
But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land!—but I forbear,
What other counties must with envy hear.

J. Gay

337. A Description of a City Shower

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour,
(By sure prognostics,) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.

If you be wise, then, go not far to dine:
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house in Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunned the equal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust, cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.

Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when the Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all hues and odour, seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweeping from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

J. Swift

338. *Hymn to Contentment*

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind,
Sweet delight of human-kind,
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Encreasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart which grief assails
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought, but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below—

The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.
Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved;
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace;
When thus she spoke: 'Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.'
Oh, by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ
With sense of gratitude and joy,
Raised, as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blest with God alone!
Then, while the gardens take my sight
With all the colours of delight,
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun, that walks his airy way
To light the world and give the day;
The moon, that shines with borrowed light;
The stars, that gild the gloomy night;
The seas, that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood, that spreads its shady leaves;
The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
  Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

T. Parnell

339. *The Blind Boy*

O SAY what is that thing call'd Light,
  Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
  O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
  You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
  Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

C. Cibber

340. *To the Nightingale*

EXERT thy voice, sweet harbinger of Spring!
This moment is thy time to sing,
This moment I attend to praise,
And set my numbers to thy lays.
Free as thine shall be my song;
As thy music, short or long.
Poets wild as thee were born,
Pleasing best when unconfined,
When to please is least designed,
Soothing but their cares to rest:
Cares do still their thoughts molest,
And still th' unhappy poet's breast,
Like thine, when best he sings, is placed against a thorn.

She begins, let all be still!
Muse, thy promise now fulfil!
Sweet, oh sweet! still sweeter yet!
Can thy words such accents fit?
Canst thou syllables refine,
Melt a sense that shall retain
Still some spirit of the brain,
Till with sounds like these it joins?
'Twill not be! then change thy note;
Let division shake thy throat:
Hark! division now she tries,
Yet as far the Muse outflies.
Cease then, prithee, cease thy tune!
Trifler, wilt thou sing till *June*?
Till thy business all lies waste,
And the time of building's past?
Thus we poets that have speech,
Unlike what thy forests teach,
If a fluent vein be shown
That's transcendent to our own,
Criticise, reform, or preach,
Or centure what we cannot reach.

Anne, Countess of Winchilsea

341. *The Tree*

FAIR tree, for thy delightful shade
'Tis just that some return be made;
Sure, some return is due from me
To thy cool shadows and to thee.

When thou to birds dost shelter give
Thou music dost from them receive;
If travellers beneath thee stay
Till storms have worn themselves away,
That time in praising thee they spend,
And thy protecting power commend;
The shepherd here, from scorching freed,
Tunes to thy dancing leaves his reed,
Whilst his loved nymph, in thanks, bestows
Her flowery chaplets on thy boughs.
Shall I then only silent be,
And no return be made by me?
No! let this wish upon thee wait,
And still to flourish be thy fate;
To future ages mayst thou stand
Untouched by the rash workman's hand,
Till that large stock of sap is spent
Which gives thy summer's ornament;
Till the fierce winds, that vainly strive
To shock thy greatness whilst alive,
Shall on thy lifeless hour attend,
Prevent the axe, and grace thy end,
Their scattered strength together call
And to the clouds proclaim thy fall;
Who then their evening dews may spare,
When thou no longer art their care,
But shalt, like ancient heroes, burn,
And some bright hearth be made thy urn.

Anne, Countess of Winchilsea

342. *To a Child of Quality*

Five Years Old, 1704. The Author then Forty

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes, that cannot read,
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear Five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame;
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!),
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

M. Prior

343. *A Letter*

to the Honourable Lady Miss Margaret Cavendish Holles-Harley

MY noble, lovely, little peggy,
Let this my First Epistle, beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double duty say your prayer:
Our Father first, then *Notre Père*.
And, dearest Child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love, and angels aid ye.

If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

M. Prior

344. *Song*

MY days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

T. Parnell

345. *Secret Love*

I LOVE! but she alone shall know,
Who is herself my treasure;
Vain lovers, when their joys they show,
Call partners to their pleasure.
Let empty beaux the favour miss,
While they would have it known;
That soul's too narrow for the bliss,
Who can't enjoy alone.

Then, never let my love be told
By way of modern toasting;
The sweetest joy like fairy gold,
Is lost by selfish boasting.
Too rich to shew, what I possess,
My treasure I'll conceal;
I may my pains of love confess,
But ne'er my joys reveal.

P. A. Motteux

346. *The Rose-Bud*

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;
The lark sweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of Spring;
The silver dews, the vernal showers,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloth'd with green, or swell with buds;
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast;
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
Alike ye flowery race, arise!
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day;
That miracle of face must fail,
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the short-liv'd flowers they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Though sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet Time destroys what sickness spares;

Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name;
Time must indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

W. Broome

347. *The Poet and the Rose*

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decried.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk the odour bends.
A rose he plucked, he gazed, admired,
Thus singing as the Muse inspired:

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,

Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involved in fragrance, burn and die!

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy with'ring head reclined
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, replied
An angry Rose who grew beside.
Of all mankind, you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In ev'ry love-song roses bloom,
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

J. Gay

348. *Song*

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

W. Congreve

349. *Song*

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex (she replied),
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman in you.

T. Parnell

350. *Song*

O RUDDIER than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moonshine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!

J. Gay

351. *A Song*

IF wine and music have the power,
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phoebus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Chloe's absence light,
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
And meet thy favourite nymph in state.

Kind goddess, to no other powers
  Let us to-morrow's blessings own:
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,
  And all the day be thine alone.

M. Prior

352. *A Song*

I SMILE at Love and all its arts,
  The charming Cynthia cried:
Take heed, for Love has piercing darts,
  A wounded swain replied.
Once free and blest as you are now,
  I trifled with his charms,
I pointed at his little bow,
  And sported with his arms;
Till, urged too far, Revenge! he cries,
  A fatal shaft he drew,
It took its passage through your eyes,
  And to my heart it flew.

To tear it thence I tried in vain,
  To strive, I quickly found,
Was only to increase the pain,
  And to enlarge the wound.
Ah! much too well, I fear you knew
  What pain I'm to endure,
Since what your eyes alone could do,
  Your heart alone can cure.

And that (grant Heaven I may mistake!)
I doubt is doom to bear
A burden for another's sake,
Who ill rewards its care.

Sir J. Vanbrugh

353. *Song*

ONLY tell her that I love:
Leave the rest to her and Fate:
Some kind planet from above
May perhaps her pity move:
Lovers on their stars must wait;—
Only tell her that I love!

Why, O why should I despair?
Mercy's pictured in her eye:
If she once vouchsafe to hear,
Welcome Hope and farewell Fear!
She's too good to let me die;—
Why, O why should I despair?

J. Cutts, Lord Cutts

354. *An Ode*

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;

When Chloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed: Euphelia frown'd:
I sung and gazed: I played and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

M. Prior

355. *Sally in Our Alley*

OF all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:

But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamèd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is namèd;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I'll marry Sally;
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—
But not in our alley!

H. Carey

356. *Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan*

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard,
'Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.'

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

'If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.

Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
'Adieu!' she cries; and waved her lily hand.

J. Gay

357. *Song*

PIOUS Selinda goes to prayers
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!

W. Congreve

358. *The Indifferent*

IF from the lustre of the sun,
To catch your fleeting shade you run,
In vain is all your haste, Sir;
But if your feet reverse the race,
The fugitive will urge the chase,
And follow you as fast, Sir.

Thus, if at any time, as now,
Some scornful Chloe you pursue,
In hopes to overtake her;
Be sure you ne'er too eager be,
But look upon't as cold as she,
And seemingly forsake her.

So I and Laura t'other day,
Were coursing round a cock of hay,
While I could ne'er o'er get her;
But, when I found I ran in vain,
Quite tir'd I turn'd me back again,
And, flying from her, met her.

W. Pattison

359. *Amoret*

FAIR Amoret is gone astray:
Pursue and seek her, every lover!
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is, with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing she despises.

W. Congreve

360. *To a Lady Making Love*

GOOD madam, when ladies are willing,
A man must needs look like a fool;
For me I would not give a shilling
For one who would love out of rule.

You should leave us to guess by your blushing,
And not speak the matter so plain;
'Tis our's to write and be pushing,
'Tis yours to affect disdain.

That you're in a terrible taking,
By all these sweet oglings I see,

But the fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.

Lady M. W. Montagu

361. *Song*

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me, why
So very kind, and yet so shy?
Why does that cold forbiding air
Give damps of sorrow and despair?
Or why that smile my soul subdue;
And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive, with all your art,
By turns, to freeze, and fire my heart;
When I behold a face so fair,
So sweet a look, so soft an air;
My ravished soul is charmed all o'er;
I cannot love thee less, or more.

Sir R. Steele

362. *The Advice*

CEASE, fond shepherd! Cease desiring
What you never must enjoy;
She derides your vain aspiring,
She, to all your sex is coy.

Cunning Damon once pursued her,
Yet she never would incline;
Strephon too, as vainly wooed her,
Though his flocks are more than thine.

At Diana's shrine, aloud,
By the zone around her waist,
Thrice she bowed, and thrice she vowed,
Like the Goddess, to be chaste.

Lady M. W. Montagu

363. *The Answer*

THOUGH I never get possession,
'Tis a pleasure to adore;
Hope, the wretch's only blessing,
May, in time, procure me more.

Constant courtship may obtain her,
Where both wealth and merit fail;
And the lucky minute gain her—
Fate and fancy must prevail.

At Diana's shrine, aloud,
By the bow and by the quiver,
Thrice she bowed, and thrice she vowed,
Once to love—and that forever.

Lady M. W. Montagu

364. *On a Certain Lady at Court*

I KNOW a thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent, and attend)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour;
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good-humour
And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?'
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

A. Pope

365. *Semele to Jupiter*

WITH my frailty, don't upbraid me,
I am woman as you made me;
Causeless doubting, or despairing,
Rashly trusting, idly fearing:
If obtaining,
Still complaining;
If consenting,
Still repenting;
Most complying,
Then denying:
And to be followed, only flying.

With my frailty, don't upbraid me:
I am woman as you made me.

W. Congreve

366. *The Declaimer*

WOMAN! thoughtless, giddy creature;
Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing;
Most fantastic work of Nature;
Still, like Fancy, on the wing.

'Slave to every changing passion;
Loving, hating, in extreme;
Fond of every foolish fashion;
And, at best, a pleasing dream.

'Lovely trifle, dear illusion,
Conquering weakness, wished-for pain;
Man's chief glory and confusion,
Of all vanity, most vain.'

Thus deriding Beauty's power,
Bevil called it all a cheat;
But, in less than half an hour,
Kneeled, and whined, at Celia's feet.

H. Baker

367. *The Answer*

To Pope's Impromptu

DISARM'D with so genteel an air,
The contest I give o'er;
Yet Alexander, have a care,
And shock the sex no more.
We rule the world our life's whole race,

Men but assume that right;
First slaves to every tempting face,
Then martyrs to our spite.
You of one Orpheus sure have read,
Who would like you have writ
Had he in London town been bred,
And polish'd too his wit;
But he poor soul thought all was well,
And great should be his fame,
When he had left his wife in hell,
And birds and beasts could tame.
Yet venturing then with scoffing rhymes
The women to incense,
Resenting heroines of those times
Soon punishe'd his offence.
And as the Hebrus roll'd his scull,
And harp besmear'd with blood,
They clashing as the waves grew full,
Still harmonis'd the flood.
But you our follies gently treat,
And spin so fine the thread,
You need not fear his awkward fate,
The lock won't cost the head.
Our admiration you command
For all that's gone before;
What next we look for at your hand
Can only raise it more.
Yet sooth the Ladies I advise
(As me too pride has wrought,)
We're born to wit, but to be wise
By admonitions taught.

Anne, Countess of Winchilsea

368. *Those Arts Which Common Beauties Move*

THOSE arts which common beauties move,
  Corinna, you despise:
You think there's nothing wise in love
  Or eloquent in sighs.
You laugh at ogle, cant, and song,
  And promises abuse:
But say—for I have courted long—
  What methods shall I use?

We must not praise your charms and wit,
  Nor talk of dart and flame;
But sometimes you can think it fit
  To smile at what you blame.
Your sex's forms, which you disown,
  Alas! you can't forbear;
But in a minute smile and frown,
  Are tender and severe.

Corinna, let us now be free;
  No more your arts pursue,
Unless you suffer me to be
  As whimsical as you.
At last the vain dispute desist,
  To love resign the field:
'Twas custom forced you to resist,
  And custom bids you yield.

J. Oldmixon

369. *The Lady Who Offers Her Looking-Glass to Venus*

VENUS, take my votive glass:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

M. Prior

370. *A Song*

PERSUADE me not, there is a grace
Proceeds from Silvia's voice or lute,
Against Miranda's charming face
To make her hold the least dispute.

Music, which tunes the soul for love,
And stirs up all our soft desires,
Does but the glowing flame improve,
Which pow'rful beauty first inspires.

Thus, whilst with art she plays, and sings
I to Miranda, standing by,
Impute the music of the strings,
And all the melting words apply.

Anne, Countess of Winchilsea

371. *Verses, Written for the Toasting-Glasses of the Kit-Cat Club,* 1703

Duchess of St. Albans

THE line of Vere, so long renowned in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Albans' charms;
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete;
They rose in Valour, and in Beauty set.

Duchess of Beaufort

Offspring of a tuneful sire,
Blest with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a mother's face,
Blest with more than mortal grace;
You with double charms surprise,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady Mary Churchill

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,
Blest with your parents' wit and her first blooming face;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

Duchess of Richmond

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boast,
Theirs was the first, and ours the brightest toast;
The adorers offerings prove who's most divine,
They sacrificed in water, we in wine.

Lady Sunderland

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear:

Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscovered to herself alone.

Mademoiselle Spanheime
Admired in Germany, adored in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The stubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toasts enroll your name.

C. Montagu, Earl of Halifax

372. *The Question, to Lisetta*

WHAT nymph should I admire or trust,
But Chloe beauteous, Chloe just?
What nymph should I desire to see,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom should I compose the lay,
But her who listens when I play?
To whom, in song, repeat my cares,
But her who in my sorrows shares?
For whom should I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boasts she wears it for my sake?
In love am I not fully blest?
Lisetta, prithee tell the rest.

373. *Lisetta's Reply*

SURE, Chloe just, and Chloe fair,
Deserves to be your only care;
But, when you and she to-day
Far into the wood did stray,

And I happened to pass by,
Which way did you cast your eye?
But, when your cares to her you sing,
You dare not tell her whence they spring;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in those cares she bears a part?
When you the flowers for Chloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine?
Simplest of swains! the world may see
Whom Chloe loves, and who loves me.

M. Prior

374. *To Chloe*

PRITHEE, Chloe, not so fast,
Let's not run and wed in haste;
We've a thousand things to do;
You must fly and I pursue,
You must frown and I must sigh,
I entreat and you deny.
Stay—if I am never crost,
Half the pleasure will be lost.
Be, or seem to be, severe;
Give me reason to despair:
Fondness will my wishes cloy,
Make me careless of the joy.
Lovers may of course complain
Of their trouble and their pain,
But, if pain and trouble cease,
Love without it will not please.

J. Oldmixon

375. *The Female Phaeton*

THUS Kitty, beautiful and young
And wild as colt untamed;
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
With little rage inflamed.

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordained;
And sorely vexed to play the saint,
Whilst Wit and Beauty reigned.

'Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.

'Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

'What has she better, pray, than I?
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

'Dearest Mamma! for once let me,
Unchained, my fortune try;
I'll have my Earl, as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loosed before,
She, I was loosed at all.'

Fondness prevailed, Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day
And set the world on fire.

M. Prior

376. *To Apollo Making Love*

I AM, cried Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath, the coy maiden pursued,
When his wisdom, in manner most ample, exprest,
The long list of the graces his godship possest:

I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;
Nor for lays nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays;
I'm the god of the harp—stop my fairest—in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper could fetch her again.

Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of physic below:
At the dreadful word physic, the nymph fled more fast;
At the fatal word physic she doubled her haste.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then, alter thy phrase,
Bid her view the young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,

Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damsel will fly to thy arms.
T. Tickell

377. *A Better Answer*

DEAR Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurled!
Prithee quit this caprice, and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy;
More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vexed at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once and my passion you wrong;
You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit:
Od's life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The diff'rence there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child), the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest;
At morning o'er earth 't is his fancy to run,
If at night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wand'ring all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

M. Prior

378. *To a Lady*

She refusing to continue a dispute with me and leaving me in the Argument

SPARE, generous victor, spare the slave
Who did unequal war pursue,
That more than triumph he might have
In being overcome by you.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied,
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustained an open fight:

For seldom your opinions err;
  Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not reply
  On Reason's force with Beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny,
  I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
  I only to the fight aspired;
To keep the beauteous foe in view
  Was all the glory I desired.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
  Contemns the wreath too long delayed,
And, armed with more immediate pow'r,
  Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
  She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight,
  And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed
  And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
  He sent; and as he fled, he slew.

M. Prior

379. *False Though She Be to Me and Love*

FALSE though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met:
They could not always last;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

W. Congreve

380. *To Chloe Weeping*

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee.
The cheerful birds no longer sing,
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs speak their woe.
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares:
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
Thy heart, obdurate against love.
Strange tears! whose power can soften all,
But that dear breast on which they fall.

M. Prior

381. *A Song*

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain.

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose:
That thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

M. Prior

382. *An Elegy to an old Beauty*

IN vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.
If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,
Why really fifty-five is something old.
Once you were young; or one, whose life's so long
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong.

And once, since envy's dead before you die,
The women own, you played a sparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.
To some new charmer are the roses fled,
Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
So parting summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
While withering seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.
But thou, since nature bids, the world resign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.
With more address, or such as pleases more,
She runs her female exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles, or blushes at the creature man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.
With better strength, on visit-days she bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
Her mein, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young:
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
The soul with pleasing avocation strays.

But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise,
As harpers better, by the loss of eyes.
Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray in sober Norwich crape arrayed.
Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take,
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake);
Or bid her wear your necklace rowed with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the young,
And view the shade and substance as you pass,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
Or folly drest, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare
The wise Athenian cross'd a glittering fair,
Unmoved by tongue and sights, he walked the place,
Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mar's hill his awful eyes,
And—What a world I never want? he cries:
But cries unheard: for folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
As careless he for them, as they for him:
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

T. Parnell

383. *Colin and Lucy*

OF Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapped his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound:
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

'I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;

I see a hand, you cannot see,
  Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
  In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, because his bride
  Was thrice as rich as I?

'Ah, Colin! give her not thy vows,
  Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
  Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
  Impatient, both prepare!
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
  That Lucy will be there!

'Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
  This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
  I in my winding-sheet.'
She spoke, she died, her corse was borne,
  The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
  She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
  How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
  And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedewed his brow,
He shook, he groaned, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretched before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green;
But swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

T. Tickell

384. *A Ballad*

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the rolling billows
  She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows
  That tremble o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
  And nine long tedious days:
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
  Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
  And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
  To that within my breast?

The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
  Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
  To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
  Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
  But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
  Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
  Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
  That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
  And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
  Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
  Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
  His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
  She bow'd her head and died.

J. Gay

385. *Pastoral*
Hylas and Ægon

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays,
This mourned a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' filled the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
  Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instruct us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skilled in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
  Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streaked with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan.
  Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear, the tender notes convey.

As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from *Delia*, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feathered quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads, and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade, when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Cursed be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flower, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur e'er I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.

Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains less'ning as they rise
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, 'Thy flocks are left a prey'—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep.
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caused my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?

What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
  Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.—
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world - but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign Mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
  Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods! adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
  Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

A. Pope

386. Eloisa to Abelard

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
  Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat,
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
  Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,

Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
O write it not my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers, nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.

Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made?

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard, had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,

When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:

But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lake that quivers to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dead repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain:
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget.
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!

Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
'Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep';
Desires compos'd, affection ever ev'n;
Tears that delight and sighs, that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,
For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night;
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.

I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirits bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.

I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
Oh Grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!

Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
  See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
'Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'
I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.

See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair name destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds,
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
'Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!'
From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop and be forgiv'n.
And sure, if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;

Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

A. Pope

387. *A Pastoral*

MY time, O ye Muses! was happily spent,
When Phebe went with me wherever I went,
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast;
Sure, never fond Shepherd like Colin was blest.
But now she is gone, and left me behind;
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find;
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but, alas! it was she.

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
I was so good-humoured, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My Fair One is gone, and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart—I am sure, it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain, that wont to run sweetly along
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe were there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear.

But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
'Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there, with your bubbling, and hear me complain!'

My lambkins, around me would oftentimes play,
And Phebe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime.
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass.
'Be still, then!' I cry, 'for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.'

My dog I was ever well pleasèd to see
Come wagging his tail to my Fair One and me;
And Phebe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
'Come hither, poor fellow,' and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look,
Cry 'Sirrah!' and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen!
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The cornfields and hedges, and every thing, made.
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear;
'Twas naught but the magic, I find, of her eyes
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both, all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too.
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat;
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
Her voice in the consort, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah, rivals! I see what it was, that you drest
And made yourselves fine for! a place in her breast;
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye;
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps till my Phebe returns!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn.
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread;
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't, when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay;
Nor will budge one foot faster, for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy Passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?

No, Deity! bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your Fair!

J. Byrom

388. *On My Birthday*

I, MY dear, was born to-day,
So all my jolly comrades say;
They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
And ask to celebrate my birth:
Little, alas! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and woe;
To thy denial, to thy scorn,
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wish to die, even whilst I say,
'I, my dear, was born to-day.'

I, my dear, was born to-day,
Shall I salute the rising ray?
Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda, thou alone dost know.
Shall the wreath surround my hair?
Or shall the music please my ear?
Shall I my comrades' mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live?
Then let me see great Venus chase
Imperious anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee smiling say,
'Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.'

M. Prior

389. *Stella's Birthday* 1720

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign:
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapster, Thomas,
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.
Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An angel's face a little crack'd,
(Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six:)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense;
Their minds so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!

And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That should you live to see the day,
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at four-score.

J. Swift

390. Stella's Birthday, March 13, 1727

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me.
This day, then, let us not be told
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills.
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can in spite of all decays
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore,
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.
Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes)—
Grant this the case, yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,

Which, by remembrance, will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.
  Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employed to save
Despairing wretches from the grave,
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragged from death before:
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your gen'rous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where stubborn Stoics would complain;
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass,
Or mere chimæras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died;
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind,

Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
  Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart:
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.
  O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suff'ring share,
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

J. Swift

The Secretary, Written at The Hague

391. *In the Year* 1696

WHILE with labour assid'ous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch-chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right.
No *Memoire* to compose, and no *Post-Boy* to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
For her, neither visits, nor parties of tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,
To good or ill fortune the third we resign:
Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in professional state;
So with Phia thro' Athens Pisistratus rode,
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse,
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drowned in int'rest and prose:
By Greece and past ages, what need I be tried,
When the Hague and the present, are both on my side,
And is it enough, for the joys of the day;
To think what Anacreon, or Sappho would say.
When good Vandergoes, and his provident Vrough,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, search all the province, you'd find no man there is
So blessed as the Englishen Heer SECRETARIS.

M. Prior

392. *The Jugglers*

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had raised his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinced of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.

'Is this, then, he so famed for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.'

Provoked, the Juggler cried, ''Tis done.
In science I submit to none.'

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spreads, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his ivory eggs are told.
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amazed spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.

'This magic looking-glass,' she cries
'(There, hand it round), will charm your eyes.'

Each eager eye the sight desired,
And every man himself admired.
Next, to a senator addressing,
'See this bank-note; observe the blessing.
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.'
Upon his lips a padlock shown.
A second puff the magic broke,
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles ranged upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stored,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief exposed,
At once his ready fingers closed;
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows:
Blow here; and a churchwarden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from her pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addrest.
'This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her.' With surprise,
His hand exposed a box of pills
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miser's hand
Grew twenty guineas at command.

She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
  A guinea with her torch you see
Takes every shape, but Charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But changed from what was first in view.
  The Juggler now in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.
'Can I such matchless sleight withstand?
How practice hath improved your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long.'

J. Gay

393. *The Goat Without a Beard*

'TIS certain, that the modish passions
  Descend among the crowd, like fashions.
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I say that these are proud. What then?
I never said they equal men!
  A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected singularity.
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
  'I hate my frowsy beard,' he cries,
'My youth is lost in this disguise.

Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this rev'rend figure.'
  Resolved to smooth his shaggy face
He sought the barber of the place
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art:
His pole, with pewter basins hung,
Black rotten teeth in order hung,
Ranged cups, that in the window stood,
Lined with red rags to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shaved, drew teeth, and breathed a vein.
  The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides;
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.
  'I hope your custom, Sir,' says Pug;
'Sure never face was half so smug.'
  The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws;
The shaggy people grinn'd and stared.
'Heighday! what's here? without a beard!
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?'
  When thus the fop with smiles of scorn:
'Are beards by civil nations worn?
Even Muscovites have mowed their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
Which bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mocked along the way,

Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgraced and torn?'
'Were you no more with goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,'
Replies a bearded chief. Beside
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? affected fool!
Coxcombs, distinguished from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.'

J. Gay

394. *The Hare With Many Friends*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare who, in a civil way,
Complied with ev'ry thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;

She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
'Let me,' says she, 'your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light.'
The Horse replied: 'Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.'
She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty Lord:
'Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind,
But see, the Goat is just behind.'
The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
'My back,' says he, 'may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.'
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:

Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares!
She now the trotting Calf address'd;
To save from death a friend distress'd:
'Shall I,' says he, 'of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart
But dearest friends, alas! must part;
How shall we all lament! Adieu,
For see the hounds are just in view.

J. Gay

395. *Apollo's Edict*

Occasioned by 'News from Parnassus'

IRELAND is now our care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there:
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way.
Then study to correct your taste,
Nor beaten paths be longer traced.
No simile shall be begun,

With rising or with setting sun;
And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banished from your isle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the chameleon spare;
And when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a salamander.
No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora ushered in the day,
Or ever name the milky-way.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.
The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar.
Your tragic heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to true simplicity.
When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
Though poets have the second-sight,
They shall not see a trail of light.
Nor shall the vapours upwards rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies;
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's hair?
Yet, if his name you'd eternise,
And must exalt him to the skies,
Without a star this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.
If Anna's happy reign you praise,

Pray, not a word of halcyon days;
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill;
For know I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of deep, yet clear.
  Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phœnix I protest.
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaeton to hold the reins.
  When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
  Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother;
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Celia's eye.
With woman compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleased in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid what need they roam,
Whom fate has amply blest at home?
  Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endued with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destined by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless fame?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-eyed maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;
Take qualities from Donegal.

J. Swift

396. *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*

SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse-possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth tho' not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine,
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscured his wit;
In vain he jests in his unpolished strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warmed with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale that pleased of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleased at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.

But when we look too near the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
  Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought;
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He had more pleased us had he pleased us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise,
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heav'ns with one continued light;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumbered beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a laboured strain,
And forced expression imitate in vain.
Well-pleased in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.
  Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employed the tuneful prelate in thy praise:
Blest man! who now shalt be for ever known
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
  But Milton, next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfettered in majestic numbers walks;
No vulgar hero can his muse engage,
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see, he upward springs, and towering high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,

Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets the Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse arrayed in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise,
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness.
Oh had the poet ne'er profaned his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserved applause,
But now the language can't support the cause.
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now my muse a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse tune thy verse with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts and propagate desire,
So long shall Waller's strains our passions move,
And Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.

Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquished great, and coward strong;
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glittered in thy page,
And warmed thee to a more exalted rage.
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood.
Or, if Maria's charms thou would'st rehearse
In smoother numbers and a softer verse,
Thy pen had well described her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seemed more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry;
Rules, whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
The best of critics and of poets too.
Nor Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourished, should decay with thee,

Did not the muse's other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear.
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promised more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tired with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montagu remains unnamed,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment famed·
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorns his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines.
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dyed waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois choked with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils raised,
He aids the hero whom before he praised.
I've done at length: and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise 'em with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

J. Addison

397. *Mr. Pope's Welcome From Greece*

LONG hast thou, friend, been absent from thy soil,
Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years' toil,
Thy daily labours and thy night's annoy,
Lost to thy native land with great turmoil,
On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

Did I not thee see when thou first sett'st sail
To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail
And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Even in mid ocean often didst thou quail
And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the virgin dear and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

Cheer up, my friend, thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;
Hark how the guns salute from either shore
As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
And bells break loud from ev'ry gust of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich where dwells the friend of human kind,
More visited than either park or hall.
Withers the good, and(with him ever join'd)
Facetious Disney greet thee first of all:
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say:
'Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.'

'Come in, my friends, here shall ye dine and lie,
And here shall breakfast and here dine again,
And sup and breakfast on (if ye comply)
For I have still some dozens of champagne:'
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford Dock retires:

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy!
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's Day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.
No, now I see them near—oh, these are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard whom long as lost we mourn'd,
From siege, from battle, and from storm return'd.

Of goodly dames and courteous knights I view
The silken petticoat and broider'd vest;
Yea, peers and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).

Others I see as noble and more true,
  By no court badge distinguish'd from the rest:
First see I Methuen of sincerest mind,
As Arthur grave, as soft as womankind.

What lady's that to whom he gently bends?
  Who knows not her? Ah, those are Wortley's eyes.
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends;
  For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends:
  Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies,
Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

I see two lovely sisters hand in hand,
  The fair-hair'd Martha and Teresa brown;
Madge Belleden, the tallest of the land;
  And smiling Mary soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the cheerful Duchess stand,
  For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known:
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

See next the decent Scudamore advance
  With Winchilsea, still meditating song,
With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
  Nor knows with whom, nor why she comes along.
Far off from these see Santlow famed for dance,
  And frolic Bicknell, and her sister young,
With other names by me not to be named,
Much loved in private, not in public famed.

But now behold the female band retire,
  And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!
Methinks I see famed Buckingham admire,
  That in Troy's ruins thou hast not been kill'd.
Sheffield who knows to strike the living lyre
  With hand judicious like thy Homer skill'd:
Bathurst impetuous, hastens to the coast,
Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

See generous Burlington with goodly Bruce
  (But Bruce comes wafted in a soft Sedan),
Dan Prior next, beloved by every muse,
  And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse),
  See hearty Watkins come with cup and can;
And Lewis who has never friend forsaken;
And Laughton whispering asks—Is Troy Town taken?

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind,
  Bold, generous Craggs whose heart was ne'er disguised,
Ah, why, sweet St. John cannot I thee find?
  St. John for every social virtue prized—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confined,
  Or else to see thee here I well surmised;
Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Boeotian air,
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

Harcourt I see for eloquence renown'd,
  The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beside him found,
  Another Simon like as straw to straw.

RESTORATION VERSE

How Lansdown smiles with lasting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rochester approving nods the head,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

Carlton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
Hanmer whose eloquence the unbias'd sways;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face
And shows his heart the seat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next with hasty pace,
In haste, yet sauntering, hearty in his ways.
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art,
As Galen learnèd or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart
As all disease his med'cines dissipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create;
What can th' extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,
'Now have we conquer'd Homer, friends!' he cries;
Dartneuf, gay joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wondering Maine so fat, with laughing eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size),
Yea, Dennis, Gildon (hearing thou hast riches)?
And honest hatless Cromwell with red breeches.

O, Wantley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent?
'Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
As ancients to compyle is mine intent;
Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care,
But hither me hath my meeke lady sent:—
In manuscript of Greek rede we thilke same,
But book reprint best plesyth my gude dame.'

Yonder I see among the expecting crowd,
Evans with laugh jocose and Tragic Young;
High buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering Frowde
And Titcombe's belly waddles slow along.
See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
Yea, Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng,
Tickell, whose skiff (in partnership they say)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd on the way.

Lo, the two Doncastles in Berkshire known!
Lo, Bickford, Fortescue of Devon land!
Lo, Tooker, Echershall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
See hearty Morley take thee by the hand!
Ayers, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?
Lo, Stoner, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome;
Lo, thousands more, but I want rhyme and room!

How loved, how honour'd thou! Yet be not vain!
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say—
'All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.

What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.'

J. Gay

398. *To Sir Godfrey Kneller On His Picture of the King*

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee displayed
In all the force of light and shade;
And, awed by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And stampt on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoiced the metal to refine,
And ripened the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, has vied
With nature, in a generous strife,
And touched the canvass into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of state arrayed,
The kings of half an age displayed.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria joined;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent.
Ere yet her hero was disgraced:
O may famed Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And last, preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise Phidias, thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanced to Jove,

And taught the polished rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amazed, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities surveyed.
  Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And loved the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too, with upcast eyes;
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renowned,
In adamantine armour frowned;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Matched with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-lived darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills allied
In impious leagues their king defied.
  This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-established praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a GEORGE, or carved a Jove!

J. Addison

399. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot Being the Prologue to the Satires*

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the Church is free;
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at Dinner-time.
Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly at Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)

What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire delemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'
'Nine years!' cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it,
I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it.'
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his Grace,
I want his Patron; ask him for a Place.'
'Pitholeon libell'd me,'—'but here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a *Journal* or he'll turn Divine.'
'Bless me! a packet.—' 'Tis a stranger sues,
'A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.'
If I dislike it, 'Furies, death and rage!'
If I approve, 'Commend it to the Stage.'
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily no friends,

'Fir'd that the house reject him,' 'Sdeath I'll print it,
'And shame the fools—Your Int'rest, Sir, with Lintot!'
'Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:'
'Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'
All my demurs but double his Attacks;
At last he whispers, 'Do; and we go snacks.'
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
Sir, let me see your works, and you no more.
'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very Minister who spied them first,
(Some say his Queen) was foc'ed to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick;
'Tis nothing— *P.* Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, Box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,

Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his Lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho— *A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend,
No Names!—be calm!—learn prudence of a friend!
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these— *P.* One Flatt'rers worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent.*
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And redicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe.'
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid's* nose, and 'Sir! you have an Eye.'—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see,
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just to immortal *Maro* held his head:'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great *Homer* died three thousand year ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise;
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endured' my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read;
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,
And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friend before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Crookes*.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence,
While pure Description held the place of Sense?
Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;—
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd,—I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespeare's* name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can *guess*?
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but prose run mad:

All these, my modest Satire bade *translate*,
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers beseig'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

What tho' my Name stood rubic on the walls,
Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the Race that write:
I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight:

Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state.
  Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Bufo* puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His Library (where busts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* stood without a head,)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escaped' this judging eye:
But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,
He helped to bury whom he help'd to starve.
  May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still!
So, when a Stateman want a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,

Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the *Great!* for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and Queensbury weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please;
Above a Patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a Poem in my head;
Nor know, if *Dennis*, be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or, (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
'I found him close with *Swift*'—'Indeed? no doubt,'
(Cries prating *Balbus*) 'something will come out.'
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.'
'No, such a Genius never can lie still;'
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed Virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
Who loves a Lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love;*
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
And sees at *Canons* what was never there:
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction, Lie.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let *Sporus* tremble— *A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys;
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust;
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not Fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile;—be one Poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and mortaliz'd his song;
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,

The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father, dead;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear:—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past;
For thee, Fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *last!*

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit;
This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moore*.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lie.
To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife.
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curlls* of Town and Court, abuse

His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why, ? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!*
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
  Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung— *A.* What fortune pray?— *P.* Their own,
And better got, than *Bertia*'s from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
Nor Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.
  O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

A. Pope

400. *An Epigram*

GOD bless the King! I mean the Faith's Defender;
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender;
But who Pretender is, or who is King—
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

J. Byrom

401. *On the Death of Dr. Swift*

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
'In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.'

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post:
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion killed, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopped
Would you not wish his laurels cropped?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.

Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, 'Pox take him and his wit!'
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use.
St. John, as well as Pultney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside:
If with such talents Heaven has blessed 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts—but never to my friend;
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem:
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;

When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
'See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly see it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
'For poetry he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to some men!'
And then their tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my years;

'He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till Spring.'
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
'It is not yet so bad with us!'
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, 'Worse and worse!')
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, 'God be praised, the Dean is well.'
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
'You know I always feared the worst,
And often told you so at first.'
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover,
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!

Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
  My good companions, never fear:
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
  Behold the fatal day arrive!
'How is the Dean?'—'He's just alive.'
Now the departing prayer is read;
'He hardly breathes.'—'The Dean is dead.'
  Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
'O may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?'—
'I know no more than what the news is,
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.'
'To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood.'
  Now, Grub Street wits are all employed;
With elegies the town is cloyed:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.
  The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame:

'We must confess, his case was nice—
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years;
For, when we opened him, we found,
That all his vital parts were sound.'
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, 'The Dean is dead.'
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, 'Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot,
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own—but when?
I only was the Princess then;
But now, as consort of the King,
You know, 'tis quite another thing.'
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
'Why, if he died without his shoes,'
Cries Bob, 'I'm sorry for the news.
O were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!'
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;

Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
  Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
  St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
'I'm sorry—but we all must die.'
  Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
  The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortured with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approached, to stand between:
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling—
They mourn for me without dissembling.
  My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learned to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps.
'The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul.
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.

No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight,
And he's engaged to-morrow night.
My Lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail at her quadrille.
He loved the Dean—(I lead a heart,)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come: he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place.'
  Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past—a different scene—
No further mention of the Dean:
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this favourite of Apollo?
Departed—and his works must follow:
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
  Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for 'Swift in Verse and Prose.'
Says Lintot, 'I have heard the name;
He died a year ago.'—'The same.'
He searches all the shop in vain?
'Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane;
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste;

I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray do but give me leave to show 'em,
Here Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend;
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet—
Your honour please to buy a set?
Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition,
'Tis read by every politician;
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart:
Those maids of honour who can read,
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension.
He does an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down;
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand imposter;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Performed as jugglers do their feats;
The church had never such a writer,
A shame he has not got a mitre!'

Suppose me dead, and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without,
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws.
'The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill-received at Court.
As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em—
But this I know, all people bought 'em.
As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind,
His vein, ironically grave,
Exposed the fool, and lashed the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
He never thought an honour done him
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despised the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs;

Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good—
No flatterers: no allies in blood;
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom failed of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He followed David's lesson just—
In princes never put thy trust:
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaimed!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
'Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men;
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat;
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound;
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of human kind;

Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He laboured many a fruitful hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the Court in mere despair.
'And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroyed by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts,
By solemn league and covenant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound:
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand!
With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the tower,
Himself within the frown of power;

Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of saints and fens;
A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.
'By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution,
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merits were, to be his foes;
When e'en his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.
'The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has owned it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reaped the profit, sought his blood.
'To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench,
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Tresilian:
Who long all justice has discarded,
Nor feared he God, nor man regarded;
Vowed on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent;
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;

Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hired, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
'In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.
His friendships there, to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a withered flower;
He would have held it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
. . . squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and . . . for nought.
The . . . go joyful back,
The . . . the church their teanants rack,
Go snacks with . . .
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair;
And turn the tax for public roads,
Commodious to their own abodes.
'Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein;
And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.

Yet malice never was his aim;
He lashed the vice, but spared the name;
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant;
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spared a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offered to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confess'd,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laughed to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
'He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
'He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And showed by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he had left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better.'

J. Swift

402. *Theristes, or the Lordling*

the Grandson of a Bricklayer, Great-Grandson of a Butcher

THERISTES of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed:
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhaled from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View him on the mother's side,
Filled with falsehood, spleen, and pride,
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering,
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong;
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From his father's scoundrel race,
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons? Were they butchers?
Herald lend the Muse an answer,

From his atavus and grandsire!
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence that mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learned the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and smile;
Like a butcher doomed for life
In his mouth to wear his knife;
Hence he draws his daily food,
From his tenant's vital blood.
Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrowed from the mason-side.
Some, perhaps, may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True, indeed, I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead descend.
In him tell me, which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produced them, can you tell?
Human race, or imp of Hell?

T. Tickell

403. *A Grub Street Elegy*

on the Supposed Death of Partridge the Almanack Maker 1708

WELL; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guessed,
Though we all took it for a jest—
Partridge is dead; nay more, he died,
Ere he could prove the good 'squire lied.
Strange, an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky;
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he'll cut th' Equator,
As if there had been no such matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling and astrology;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.
A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them;
And therefore crowns are now-a-days

Adorn'd with golden stars and rays;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planet's science.
Besides, that slow-paced sign Bootes,
As 'tis miscalled, we know not who 'tis;
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and called it *Boots*.
The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.
A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refiner in barometry,)
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
And what is parchment else but leather?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacks or shoes.
Thus Partridge, by his wits and parts
At once did practise both these arts;
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.
Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears;
To show his skill, he Mars could join

To Venus in aspect malign;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
  Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip King of Greece was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side;
One rose a star, the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.
  Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
  Triumphant star! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by p———out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Enclosed artificers to choke.
  Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tanned and dried;
For thee thy Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife.
For want of room by Virgo's side,

She'll strain a point, and sit astride,
To take thee kindly in between;
And then the Signs will be Thirteen.

The Epitaph

Here, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack;
Who to the stars, in pure good will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes;
And you that did your fortune's seek,
Step to his grave but once a-week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

J. Swift

404. *On a Fly*

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hastening quick to their decline:

Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

W. Oldys

405. *The Wine Vault*

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar as sociably stored,
My brave boys?

My vault door is open, descend and improve,
That cask,—aye, that we will try;
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye,
My brave boys.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
As I hate that bumper should stand,
My brave boys.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,
I gallop the brusher along;
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song,
My brave boys.

We are dry where we sit, though the oozing drops seem
With pearls the moist walls to emboss;
From the arch mouldy cobwebs in gothic taste stream,
Like stucco-work cut of moss,
My brave boys.

When the lamp is brimful, how the taper flame shines,
Which, when moisture is wanting, decays,
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze,
My brave boys.

Sound those pipes,—they're in tune, and those bins are well filled,
View that heap of old Hock in your rear;
Yon bottles are Burgundy! mark how they're piled,
Like artillery, tier over tier,
My brave boys.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously ranged in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue,
My brave boys.

Like Macedon's madman, my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout;
He cried when he had no more worlds to destroy,
I'll weep when my liquor is out,
My brave boys.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly will I,
  When reeling, I roll on the floor;
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
  And dare the best buck to do more,
                My brave boys.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
  No *Hic jacet* be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
  And say that his drinking is done,
                My brave boys!

G. A. Stevens

406. *Trifles*

A TRIFLING song you shall hear;
  Begun with a trifle and ended.
All trifling people draw near,
  And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
  That lately have come into play;
The men would want something to do,
  And the women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
  Because the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often possessing,
  That eminent trifle, a Beau.

What mortal man would be able
  At White's half an hour to sit,
Or who could bear a tea-table,
  Without talking of trifles for wit?

The Court is from trifles secure;
  Gold Keys are no trifles, we see;
White rods are no trifles, I'm sure,
  Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place
  Where trifles abundantly breed,
The Levée will show you his Grace
  Makes promises trifles indeed.

A coach with six footmen behind,
  I count neither trifle, nor sin;
But, ye gods! how oft do we find
  A scandalous trifle within.

A flask of champagne, people think it
  A trifle, or something as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
  You'll find it no trifle, egad!

A parson's a trifle at sea,
  A widow's a trifle in sorrow;
A peace is a trifle to-day;
  Who knows what may happen to-morrow?

A black coat, a trifle may cloak;
  Or to hide it, the red may endeavour;

But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say;
The reason, pray carry along;
Because at ev'ry new play,
The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot;
The author of this is a trifle,
And his Song is a trifle to boot.

G. Farquhar

407. *Verses, Imitated From the French of Mons. Maynard to Cardinal Richelieu*

WHEN money and my blood ran high,
My muse was reckon'd wondrous pretty;
The sports and smiles did round her fly,
Enamoured with her smart concetti.

Now (who 'd have thought it once?) with pain
She strings her harp, whilst freezing age
But feebly runs through every vein,
And chill'd my brisk poetic rage.

I properly have ceased to live,
To wine and women, dead in law;
And soon from fate I shall receive
A summons to the shades to go.

The warrior ghosts will round me come
To hear of famed Ramillia's fight,
Whilst the vext Bourbons through the gloom
Retire to the utmost realms of night.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you
With pensions every muse inspire;
Who Marlborough's conquests did pursue,
And to his trumpets tuned the lyre.

But should some drolling sprite demand,
Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray?
How like a coxcomb should I stand!
What would your Lordship have me say?

G. Stepney

108. *Careless Content*

I AM content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground, as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food, in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle humour'd hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the troth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain;
For fortune's favour or her frown;
For lack of glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or take about, with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, pow'r, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has design'd
A man, the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it, and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for wordly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest;

Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am content, I do not care.

J. Byrom

409. *Ode on Solitude*

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

A. Pope

410. *The Hermit*

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heav'n itself till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow;
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell: the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;

And when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way—
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then, near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried;
'And hail, my son!' the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till, each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm, in ivy bound;
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrived: the liv'ried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good;
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep and silk and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste;
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe—
His cup was vanished, for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who 'spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed:
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask, to part,
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds;
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds,
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mixed with show'rs, began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunders ran.

Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest):
Slow creaking, turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
Each hardly granted, served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pond'ring hermit viewed
In one so rich a life so poor and rude;
'And why should such,' within himself he cried,
'Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?'
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
  But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
  While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here;

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh:
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind—
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion and the master greet.
Their greeting, fair bestowed, with modest guise
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
'Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.'
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride
(O strange return!) grew black and gasped and died!
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the act was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,

He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed;
His steps the youth pursues. The country lay
Perplexed with roads; a servant showed the way.
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide:
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns and sinks among the dead.
  Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
'Detested wretch!'—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke;
The voice of music ravished as he spoke:
  'Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,

And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel! thy fellow-servant I.
'Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world He made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work His ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts His attributes on high,
Your actions uses, not controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!
'The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bless if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,

And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half weaned his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
'Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more!'
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew:
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending hermit here a pray'r begun:
'Lord, as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done!'
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

T. Parnell

411. *The Wish*

IF I live to be old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate: In a country town,
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
Chorus, May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

May my little house stand on the side of a hill,
With an easy descent to a mead and a mill,
That when I've a mind I may hear my boy read,
In the mill if it rains, if it's dry in the mead.
May I govern, etc.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look,
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-hag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, etc.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before.
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or veal,
And clean tho' coarse linen at every meal.
May I govern, etc.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar,
With Monte-Fiascone or Burgundy wine,
To drink to the King's health as oft as I dine,
May I govern, etc.

May my wine be vermillion, may my malt-drink be pale,
In neither extreme, or too mild or too stale;
In lieu of deserts, unwholesome and dear,
Let Lodi or Parmisan bring up the rear.
May I govern, etc.

Nor Tory, or Whig, Observator or Trimmer
May I be, nor against the law's torrent a swimmer.
May I mind what I speak, what I write, and hear read,
But with matters of State never trouble my head.
May I govern, etc.

Let the Gods who dispose of every king's crown,
Whom soever they please set up and pull down.
I'll pay the whole shilling imposed on my head,
Though I go without claret that night to my bed.
May I govern, etc.

I'll bleed without grumbling, though that tax should appear
As oft as new moons, or weeks in a year;
For why should I let a seditious word fall
Since my lambs in Utopia pay nothing at all.
May I govern, etc.

Though I care not for riches, may I not be so poor,
That the rich without shame cannot enter my door;

May they court my converse, may they take much delight,
My old stories to hear in a winter's long night.
May I govern, etc.

My small stock of wit may I not misapply,
To flatter ill men, be they never so high,
Nor misspend the few moments I steal from the grave,
In fawning and cringing like a dog or a slave.
May I govern, etc.

May none whom I love, to so great riches rise,
As to slight their acquaintance, and their old friends despise;
So low or so high may none of them be,
As to move either pity or envy in me.
May I govern, etc.

A friendship I wish for, but alas, 'tis in vain!
Jove's store-house is empty, and can't it supply;
So firm that no change of times, envy, or gain,
Or flattery, or woman, should have power to untie.
May I govern, etc.

But if friends prove unfaithful, and fortune a whore,
Still may I be virtuous though I am poor;
My life then as useless, may I freely resign,
When no longer I relish true wit and good wine.
May I govern, etc.

To outlive my senses may it not be my fate,
To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all;

But rather let death come before 'tis too late,
And while there's some sap in it, may my tree fall.
May I govern, etc.

I hope I shall have no occasion to send
For priests or physicians till I am near to mine end,
That I have eat all my bread, and drank my last glass,
Let then come them, and set their seals to my pass.
May I govern, etc.

With a courage undaunted, may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
'In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow
He's gone, and left not behind him his fellow.'
May I govern, etc.

Without any noise when I've pass'd o'er the stage,
And decently acted what part Fortune gave,
And put off my vest in a cheerful old age,
May a few honest fellows see me laid in my grave.
May I govern, etc.

I care not whether under a turf or a stone,
With any inscription upon it, or none;
If a thousand years hence, *Here lies W. P.*
Shall be read on my tomb, what is it to me?
May I govern, etc.

Yet one wish I add, for the sake of those few
Who in reading these lines any pleasure shall take,
May I leave a good fame, and a sweet-smelling name.
AMEN. Here an end of my wishes I make.

Chorus. May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Dr. W. Pope

412. *The Change*

POOR River, now thou'rt almost dry,
What nymph, or swain, will near thee lie?
Since brought, alas! to sad decay,
What flocks, or herds, will near thee stay?
The swans, that sought thee in thy pride,
Now on new streams forgetful ride:
And fish, that in thy bosom lay,
Chuse in more prosp'rous floods to play.
All leave thee, now thy ebb appears,
To waste thy sad remains in tears;
Now will thy mournful murmurs heed.
Fly, wretched stream, with all thy speed,
Amongst those solid rocks thy griefs bestow;
For friends, like those alas! thou ne'er did'st know.

And thou, poor sun! that sat'st on high;
But late, the splendour of the sky;
What flow'r tho' by thy influence born,
Now clouds prevail, will tow'rds thee turn?
Now darkness sits upon thy brow,
What Persian votary will bow?
What river will her smiles reflect,
Now that no beams thou can'st direct?

By wat'ry vapours overcast,
Who thinks upon thy glories past?
If present light, nor heat we get,
Unheeded thou may'st rise, and set.
Not all the past can one adorer keep,
Fall, wretched sun, to the more faithful deep.

Nor do thou, lofty structure! boast,
Since undermined by time and frost:
Since thou canst no reception give,
In untrod meadows thou may'st live.
None from his ready road will turn,
With thee thy wretched change to mourn.
Not the soft nights, or cheerful days
Thou hast bestowed, can give thee praise.
No lusty tree that nears thee grows,
(Tho' it beneath thy shelter rose)
Will to thy age a staff become.
Fall, wretched building! to the tomb.
Thou, and thy painted roofs, in ruin mixt,
Fall to the earth, for that alone is fixt.

The same, poor man, the same must be
Thy fate, nor fortune frowns on thee.
Her favour ev'ry one pursues,
And losing her, thou all must lose.
No love, sown in thy prosp'rous days,
Can fruit in this cold season raise:
No benefit, by thee conferred,
Can in this time of storms be heard.
All from thy troubled waters run;
Thy stooping fabric all men shun.

All do thy clouded looks decline,
As if thou ne'er did'st on them shine.
O wretched man! to other worlds repair;
For Faith and Gratitude are only there.

Anne, Countess of Winchilsea

413. *To the Evening Star*

BRIGHT Star! by Venus fixed above
To rule the happy realms of love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguished ray,
Dost other lights as far out-shine
As Cynthia's silver glories thine;
Known by superior beauty there,
As much as Pastorella here.
Exert, bright star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night;
Defrauded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vanished soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I'm forced to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away.

G. Stepney

414. *A Nocturnal Reverie*

IN such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings,

Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the wand'rer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heav'ns' mysterious face;
When in some river, overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine and the bramble-rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scattered glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
Show trivial beauties watch their hour to shine,
Whilst Salisb'ry stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright;
When odours which declined repelling day
Through temp'rate air uninterrupted stray:
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale;
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through th' adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine re-chew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village-walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;

Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant-man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturb whilst it reveals,
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something, too high for syllables to speak,
Till the free soul, to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in th' inferior world and thinks it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours, are renewed,
Or pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

Anne, Countess of Winchilsea

415. *A Hymn for Evening*

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
And evening spreads obscurer skies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Lord of glory now
To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which gently dim the closing eyes,
Which makes the weary members blest
With sweet refreshment in their rest,
Or whether spirits in the brain
Dispel their soft embrace again.

And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
Be God forever in my view,
And never he forsake me too;
But still as day concludes in night,
To break again with new-born light,
His wondrous bounty let me find
With still a more enlightened mind.
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me,
Grace that will from Heaven inspire,
Love that seals it in desire,
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast thy palace far
Above the moon and every star,
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice, and make me blest
By kindly granting its request.
If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy,
Till thou shalt call and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

T. Parnell

416. *A Night-Piece on Death*

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:

Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky,
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide!
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.'
Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away,)

A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Hah! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accents cry,
'Think, mortal, what it is to die.'
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din;
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.
'When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God;

A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
'Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, covered steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead?
'Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few, and evil years they waste;
But when their chains are cast aside
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.'

T. Parnell

417. *On the Origin of Evil*

EVIL, if rightly understood,
Is but the Skeleton of Good,
Divested of its Flesh and Blood.

While it remains without Divorce,
Within its hidden, secret Source
It is the Good's own Strength and Force.

As Bone has the supporting Share,
In human Form divinely fair,
Altho' an Evil when laid bare;

As Light and Air are fed by Fire,
A shining Good, while all conspire,
But (separate) dark, raging Ire;

As Hope and Love arise from Faith,
Which then admits no Ill, nor hath;
But, if alone, it would be Wrath;

Or any Instance thought upon,
In which the Evil can be none,
Till Unity of Good is gone;

So, by Abuse of Thought and skill
The greatest Good, to wit, Free-will,
Becomes the Origin of Ill.

Thus, when rebellious Angels fell,
The very Heav'n where good ones dwell
Became th' apostate Spirits' Hell.

Seeking, against Eternal Right,
A Force with a Love and Light,
They found, and felt its Evil Might.

Thus Adam, biting at their Bait
Of Good and Evil when he ate,
Died to his first three-happy State;

Fell to the Evils of this ball,
Which, in harmonious Union all
Were Paradise before his Fall;

And, when the Life of Christ in men
Revives its faded Image, then
Will all be Paradise again.

J. Byrom

418. *Divine Ode*

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though, nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is divine.'

J. Addison

419. *A Cradle Hymn*

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment:
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessèd babe! what glorious features—
  Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
  How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
  Cursèd sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger?
  Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child: I did not chide thee,
  Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
  And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story
  How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
  Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
  Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
  With His Virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
  Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
  Soothed and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed;
Peace, my darling; here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

I. Watts

420. *The Universal Prayer*

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
  Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
  That, more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
  Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
  T' enjoy is to obey

Yet not to earth's contracted span
  Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
  When thousand worlds are round:

Let not the weak, unknowing hand
  Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
  On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
  Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot,
  All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
  And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
  All nature's incense rise!

A. Pope

421. *To His Soul*

Translated from the Latin of Hadrian

POOR little, pretty, fluttering thing,
  Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
  To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?

Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
  Lie all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
  Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

M. Prior

422. The Dying Christian to His Soul

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
  Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
  Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
  Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
  Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
  With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
  O Death! where is thy sting?

A. Pope

423. *The Day of Judgment*

WHEN the fierce North-wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down;

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder
(If things eternal may be like these earthly),
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of Heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes,
Sees the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawing
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre!

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas!) come, arise to Jesus,
How He sits God-like! and the saints around Him
Throned, yet adoring!

O may I sit there when He comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

I. Watts

424. *Verses*

Sent by Lord Melcombe to Dr. Young, not long before His Lordship's Death

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth and truth!
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the Muse's latest spark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bade thee look beyond the grave;
Genius soars, and virtue guides,
Where the love of God presides.
There's a gulf 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod.

Why stand shivering on the shore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring virtue guides
Let us brave the winds and tides;
Safe, thro' seas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which virtue steers.
Love thy country, wish it well,
  Not with too intense a care,
'Tis enough that, when it fell,
  Thou its ruin didst not share.
Envy's censure, Flattery's praise,
  With unmov'd indifference view;
Learn to tread Life's dangerous maze
  With unerring Virtue's clue.
Void of strong desire and fear,
  Life's wide ocean trust no more;
Strive thy little bark to steer
  With the tide, but near the shore.
Thus prepared, thy shorten'd sail
  Shall, whene'er the winds increase,
Seizing each propitious gale,
  Waft thee to the Port of Peace.
Keep thy conscience from offence
  And tempestuous passions free,
So, when thou art call'd from hence,
  Easy shall thy passage be;
Easy shall thy passage be,
  Cheerful thy allotted stay,
Short the account 'twixt God and thee,
  Hope shall meet thee on the way.

G. B. Dodington, Lord Melcombe

425. *On the Death of the Earl of Cadogan*

OF Marlborough's captains, and Eugenio's friends,
The last, Cadogan, to the grave descends:
Low lies each hand, whence Blenheim's glory sprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who sung,
From his cold corse though every friend be fled,
Lo! Envy waits, that lover of the dead:
Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's hearse to mourn;
Thus wept insidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn;
To blast the living, gave the dead their due,
And wreaths, herself had tainted, trimmed anew;
Thou, yet unnamed to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race,
Take every wish a British heart can frame,
Add palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame.
An hour must come, when thou shalt hear with rage
Thyself traduced, and curse a thankless age:
Nor yet for this decline the generous strife.
These ills, brave man, shall quit thee with thy life,
Alive though stained by every abject slave,
Secure of fame and justice in the grave.
Ah! no—when once the mortal yields to Fate,
The blast of Fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,
Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,
Or soothe the new inhabitant of light;
Who hears regardless, while fond man, distress'd,
Hangs on the absent, and laments the blest.
Farewell then Fame, ill sought thro' fields and blood,
Farewell unfaithful promiser of good:

Thou music, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incense wasted on the funeral bier!
Through life pursued in vain, by death obtained,
When asked deny'd us, and when given disdained.

T. Tickell

426. *To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Mr. Addison*

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, Oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings.
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate pay'd,
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd.
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.

Oh, gone forever, take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue;
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown—
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given,
And saints who taught, and led the way to Heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
A winged *Virtue* through th' ethereal sky
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or mixed, with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart,
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the Heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me;
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song:
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,

Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air.
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze.
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.
From other hills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!
These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omened, monument of fame,
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell,
Farewell! whom joined in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

T. Tickell

427. *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell
Is it, in Heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And on the breasts of king and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good!

Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of Death:
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),
'Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.'
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at other's woe!
What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,

Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou be loved no more!

A. Pope

428. My Own Epitaph

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it.
I thought so once, but now I know it.

J. Gay

429. *For My Own Monument*

AS doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life parti-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
False witness at cour , and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

M. Prior

430. *Life's Progress*

HOW gaily is at first begun
Our Life's uncertain race·
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run
Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies
How tempting to go through;
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Pisgah with a sweet surprise,
Did more inviting shew.

How promising's the Book of Fate,
Till thoroughly understood;
Whilst partial hopes such lo's create,
As may the youthful fancy treat
With all that's great and good.

How soft the first Ideas prove,
  Which wander through our minds;
How full the joys, how free the love,
Which does that early season move;
  As flowers the western winds.

Our sighs are then but vernal air;
  But April-drops our tears,
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst Beauty compensates our care,
  And youth each vapour clears.

But oh! too soon, alas, we climb;
  Scarce feeling we ascend
The gently rising Hill of Time,
From whence with grief we see that prime,
  And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
  Fond expectation past;
The thorns, which former days had sown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
  Thro' which we toil at last.

Whilst every care's a driving harm,
  That helps to bear us down;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear's a winter storm,
  And every look's a frown.

Till with succeeding ills opprest,
For joys we hoped to find;
By age too, rumpled and undrest,
We gladly sinking down to rest,
Leave following crowds behind.

Anne, Countess of Winchilsea

NOTES

PAGE 13, No 8—*Come, come, away! the spring.* From *A Jovial Crew: or The Merry Beggars*, act i., 1652.

PAGE 16, No 10—*Luxurious man, to bring his vice in use. Marvel of Peru.* Mirabilia Peruviana, or Admirabilis planta.

PAGE 19, No. 12—*Queen Mab and all her Fairy fry.* The text here given is that of the *Golden Treasury* edition of *Selections* from the works of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, edited by Edward Jenkins, 1872

PAGE 23, No. 14—*O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray. Jolly:* used in the sense of, and from, the French *joli*, meaning gay, blithe, pleasing

PAGE 30, No. 18—*Love in thy youth, fair maid, be wise.* From *Madrigales and Ayres*, 1632.

PAGE 32, No. 20—*Come, little infant, love me now. Common beauties stay fifteen.* i. e. "stay till fifteen before they are loved" (Aitken). *That all prevent* to anticipate it.

PAGE 35, No 22—*We must not part as others do* From the *Egerton MS.*, 2013, printed by Dr. Arber in his *English Garner*, vol III. p 396.

PAGE 39, No. 27—*Your smiles are not, as other women's be* First printed by Mr. Bullen in his *Speculum Amantis*, 1889, from *Malone MS* 13, fol. 53.

PAGE 42, No. 29—*See'st not, my love, with what a grace.* From *Arcadius and Sephra*, Bk. II., in the *Story of Delithason and Verista.*

PAGE 43, No. 30—*Come, come, thou glorious object of my sight.* From *Selindra*, act iii, 1665.

PAGE 45, No. 31—*Skin more pure than Ida's snow.* From the *English Gentlewoman*, 1631.

PAGE 46, No. 33—*Awake, awake my Lyre.* From *Davideis, a Sacred Poem of the Troubles of David*, Bk. III, 1668.

PAGE 49, No. 36—*Come, be my valentine.* First printed by Mr. Bullen in his *Speculum Amantis*, from *Harl. MS*, 4955, fol 146.

PAGE 58, No. 43—*Nature's confectioner, the bee. The familiar:* a spirit or god of the household among the heathens. *Ravaillac:* assassin of Henry of Navarre. *Parricide:* from *parricidium*, in the Ciceronian sense of treason, rebellion. (Berdan).

NOTES

PAGE 61, No. 44—*Greedy lover, pause awhile.* From Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, 1660.

PAGE 62, No. 45—*Since 'tis my doom, Love's undershrieve. Rebated foins:* sham combat with blunted swords *Julian were the account of man:* The Julian Account refers to the calendar as ordained by Julius Cæsar B C. 44, which later was corrected in 1582, by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. *Pelops:* son of Tantalus, king of Syria, who was killed by his father and served at a banquet of the gods of which Ceres alone ate of the dish. Zeus restored him to life, replacing with ivory one shoulder which Ceres had eaten *Moves the Bethesda of her trickling eyes.* Cf *St. John*, v, 2· "Now there is at Jerusalem by the market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five torches"

PAGE 66. No. 47—*When on mine eyes her eyes first shone.* From Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, 1660.

PAGE 68, No. 50—*What makes me so unnimbly rise.* From *Albion's Triumph, a Masque*, 1631-2.

PAGE 74, No. 57—*Nor Love nor Fate dare I accuse.* From *The Northern Lass*, act ii, sc. 6, 1632.

PAGE 78, No 62—*I saw a vision yesternight. A Seeker's:* The Seekers a sect that sought for the true religion *Shaker:* "A punning conceits upon the names of the various religious sects of the time" (Berdan) The society of Shakers such as Mr Howells describes in his novels *The Undiscovered Country*, and in *The Day of Their Wedding*, was not established in Cleveland's time. *Adamites·* another religious sect of the day who emulated like Blake, in the story that was reported of him, the attempt to imitate Adam by doing without clothes. *Abbess of the skies:* Juno. *Second venter:* "There were three venters in the anatomy, the second of which is the breast. Her speech is, then, a kiss of the heart." (Berdan).

PAGE 89, No. 67—*See, O see!* From *Elvira*, 1667.

PAGE 92, No. 69—*Still young and fine! but what is still in view. The object of his eye:* Cf. *Gen.* ix, 16, "And the bow shall be in the cloud, and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."

PAGE 97, No. 73—*Lady that in the prime of earliest youth. The broad way and the green.* Cf *Matthew* vii, 13, 14, "Broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction . . . and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life." *Hope that reaps not shame:* Cf. *Romans*, v, 5, "And hope that maketh not ashamed."

PAGE 98, No. 74—*How soon hath Time the sutile theef of youth.* Written on his birthday Dec. 9, 1631. See Masson's *Life of Milton*, vol. I, p. 289. *Perhaps my semblance:* an allusion to his youthful appearance in manhood. *It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n:* Milton's assurance of his intention to be a great poet. "Here we have a solemn record of self-dedication, without specification of the nature of the performance." (Pattison, *Milton's Sonnets*, p. 98).

PAGE 99, No. 75—*Philosophy the great and only heir.* This poem first appeared prefixed to Bishop Sprat's *The History of the Royal Society of London, for the Improving of Natural Knowledge*, 1667. "It is nothing less," says Archbishop Trench, "than the first book of the *Novum Organum* transfigured into poetry.

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PAGE 108, No. 77—*Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud.* On the proposalls of certaine ministers at the Committe for Propagation of the Gospell: "The committee for the propagation of the gospel was a committee of the Rump Parliament. It consisted of fourteen members, and had general administrative duties in church affairs, specially that of supplying spiritual destitution in the parishes. The proposals of certain ministers were fifteen proposals offered to the committee by John Owen, and other well-known ministers, in which they asked that the preachers should receive a public maintenance" (Pattison). *On the neck:* a Biblical phrase commonly used in the speech of the day. Cf. *Gen.* xlix, 8, "Thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies," and *Joshua*, x, 24, "Come near, and put your feet upon the necks of these kings" *Darwen stream* a stream flowing near Preston, where occurred Cromwell's defeat of the Scotch, August 17, 1648. *Dunbar feild.* where Cromwell on September 3, 1650, routed the Scottish army under Leslie. *Worster:* Worcester, where on September 3, 1651, Cromwell defeated Charles and won his crowning victory.

PAGE 108, No. 78—*The forward youth that would appear.* On January 8, 1650, Cromwell was recalled from Ireland, to serve in Scotland. He returned to England in May after the fall of Clonmel, and succeeded Lord Fairfax as Commander-in-Chief when he resigned his commission in June. *And like the three-forked lightning . . . fiery way divide: own side*, i e his own party. This stanza and the following Aitken says in his edition of Marvell, *Muses' Library*, p. 216· "These stanzas may refer to Cromwell's quarrel with Manchester, or to his leadership of the army, in the struggle with the Presbyterian party in 1647. The meaning seems to be· Restless Cromwell . . . first broke his fiery way through his own party; for to ambition (courage high) rivals and enemies are the same, and with ambitious men (such) to restrain their energies is more than to oppose them." *That Charles himself might chase to Caresbrooke's narrow case.* In November, 1647, Charles fled from Hampton Court to Carisbrooke, which Lilburn calls the "mouse-trap" into which Cromwell lured the king. *This was the memorable hour . . . capitol's first line foresaw its happy fate:* The allusion in these two stanzas is to the tradition recorded in Livy i, 55: At the digging of the foundation of the Capitol at Rome a human head is reported to have been found, which was at once accepted as an augury that Rome should be the head of the world, and gave a name to the temple (capitolium from caput) which was being reared. *The public skirt.* in taking hold of the skirt was to place one's self under the protection of the wearer. Cf. *Zechariah*, viii, 23: "Even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you;" and I *Samuel* xv, 27. "He laid hold of the skirt of his mantle."

PAGE 119, No 82—*Daughter to that good Earl, once President.* Margaret Ley was daughter of Sir James Ley (1552-1629), Lord High Treasurer (1622), and Lord President of the council (1628), in which year he was created Earl of Marlborough. *Dishonest:* the word is here used in the sense of the Latin *inhonestus*. *Chaeronea:* where the combined forces of Thebes and Athens were destroyed by Philip of Macedon, B. C. 338. *Killed with report that Old man eloquent·* Isocrates, the Athenian orator died four days after the disaster of Chaeronea; and as Ley died four days after the dissolution of Parliament, Milton makes a poetical comparison between the fate of the two men.

PAGE 120, No. 84—*Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench.* Skinner's grandsire was Sir Edward Coke, author of several legal treatises of the Laws of England of which the best known are the *Institutes*, in four parts, and the *Reports*, in thirteen volumes. *Themis·* goddess of justice. *Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause:* Skinner was a student of mathematics and a novice in politics. *What the Swede intend, and what the French:* "Skinner's interests," says Pattison, "are indicated as divided between foreign politics and mathematics;" the allusion

in this line is to Charles X of Sweden who at that time was at war with Poland and Russia, and the conquest of the Spanish in the Netherlands by Louis XIV.

PAGE 119, No. 83—*Lawrence of vertuous father vertuous son.* The Lawrence to whom this sonnet is addressed is one of the sons, presumably the second, Henry (Masson), of Henry Lawrence, President of Cromwell's Council, 1654. *Favonius* the south-west wind which ushers in the spring *What neat repast . . . Tuscan ayre:* These lines are a description of Milton's domestic life, as Pattison has recorded it in *The Sonnets of John Milton*, p. 210 "Milton commonly studied till twelve, then used some exercise for an hour, then dined After dinner came music, when he either sung himself or made his wife sing, to accompany him on the organ or bass viol After music he studied again till six, then entertained his visitors till eight, when came a light supper. In his diet he was temperate, desiring it light and choice. Of wine he drank little; but after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water retired to bed at nine."

PAGE 120, No. 85—*Vast bodies of philosophy. Stagirite:* Aristotle, so called from the town of Stagira, where he was born, situated near the Bay of Strimon in Macedonia. *Saw his own country's short-lived leopard slain:* "Outlasted the Grecian empire, which in the visions of Daniel, is represented by a Leopard with four wings upon the back, and four heads. Cf. Chap. vii, 6. (Grosart) *Stronger Roman eagle did out-fly* "Was received even beyond the bounds of the Roman Empire, and out-lived it" (Grosart) *Mecha:* the town in Arabia where Mahumet was born *Divining wand: Virgula Divina*, is a two-forked branch of an hazel-tree, which is used for the finding out either of veins, or hidden treasures of gold or silver; and being carried about, bends downwards (or rather is said to do so) when it comes to the place where they lie. (Grosart). *The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian, And slender-limbed Mediterranean.* The navigation of the ancients was confined to these seas, as they seldom ventured out into the ocean.

PAGE 124, No. 86—*Thou that by ruin dost repair.* Mr. Berdan in his edition of the *Poems of John Cleveland*, 1903, thinks this poem was "probably written by an Oxford man." It does not appear in any of the editions of Cleveland's works except *Cleaveland Revived* Dr. Arber prints it in his *Milton Anthology*, where he attributes it to Cleveland

PAGE 125, No 87—*Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms.* The assault expected was in November, 1642, after the indecisive skirmish at Edgehill, fought on October 23, when the Parliamentary army under Essex withdrew to Warwick, and the Royal army advanced along the Thames valley upon London. The king was opposed by a strong Parliamentary force of twenty-four thousand at Turnham Green, and withdrew to Colnbrook, and the city was saved from assault. *Emathian:* Macedonia, from Emathius, the capitol city. *Conqueror:* Alexander the Great, by whom Thebes was sacked, B. C. 333 The tradition is related in Pliny, *Natural History*, 7, 19, that after Alexander had conquered Thebes, the city in which Pindar had passed most of his life, he commanded that the poet's house should be spared from destruction It is supposed that Alexander's clemency was not altogether out of regard for the poet, but in recognition of Pindar's odes in praise of Alexander of Macedon, his ancestor. *Sad Electra's poet:* Euripides, whose tragedy of *Electra* was produced B. C. 415-13.

PAGE 126, No. 88—*Avenge O Lord Thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones.* The incident which called forth this sonnet is recorded by Pattison in his Life of Milton, p. 126 "The inhabitants of certain Piedmontese valleys had held from time immemorial, and long before Luther, tenets and forms of worship very like those to which the German reformers had sought to bring back the Church. The Vaudois were wretchedly poor, and had been incessantly the objects of

aggression and persecution. In January 1655, a sudden determination was taken by the Turin government to make them conform to the Catholic religion by force. The whole of the inhabitants of three valleys were ordered to quit the country, within three days, under pain of death and confiscation of goods, unless they would become, or undertake to become, Catholics They sent their humble remonstrances to the Court of Turin against this edict. The remonstrances were disregarded, and military execution was ordered. On April 17, 1655, the soldiers, recruits from all countries—the Irish are especially mentioned—were let loose upon the unarmed population. Murder, and rape, and burning are the ordinary incidents of military execution. These were not enough to satisfy the ferocity of the Catholic soldiery, who revelled for many days in the infliction of all that brutal lust or savage cruelty can suggest to man." *When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones.* i. e. when England was a Catholic country before the Reformation, and idolatry which Milton insists to be the most repulsive element in the faith and practice of the Catholic religion. Cf His tract on *True Religion*, 1659 *That rolled mother with infant down the rocks:* This incident was related as fact by Sir William Moreland, Cromwell's agent in Piedmont, in his account of the massacre published in London, 1658 *Babylonian woe:* Rome was Babylon to the Puritans, and was doomed to suffer the Apocalyptical vision of *St. John* at the day of Judgment Cf. *Rev.* xviii.

PAGE 128, No 90—*How, Providence? and yet a Scottish crew?* "The siege of Gloucester," says Mr. Berdan, The *Poems of John Cleveland*, 1903, p. 146, "August 10, 1643, is always given as the turning point in the war. It was not that the King was defeated so much as that he failed to score a victory, when a victory would have been decisive. Pym rose to the occasion, forced the Covenant upon Scotland, and called in the Scots. His death, December 6th, followed this last triumph The Scotch army of invasion entered England, January 19, 1644, to fight against their King. To the Royalist there seemed no greater wickedness than this action of the Scots, who were thus at one and the same time both foreign invaders and rebellious subjects. The satire . . . is Cleveland's most celebrated work." *Pigwidgeon.* name of a fairy Cf Drayton's *Nymphidia, Book of Elizabethan Verse*, p. 446; here used for anything "pretty or small." *Marshall, that Geneva bull·* Stephen Marshall of Finchingfield in Essex, one of the "*Smectymnuans*," and commonly known as the "*Geneva Bull*" from his "Calvinistic doctrines and his strong voice." *Wild collegiates had cost the honest high-shoes in their termly fees;* Of the word *Collegiates*, and these lines Mr Berdan says (*Poems of John Cleveland*, 1903), "The meaning is evidently collections, but I cannot find the word in this sense any where else. The passage refers to the fact that the country people, on coming to London, usually on business with their lawyers, went to see the collections of wild animals in the Tower" *Montrose* James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. *Crawford·* Ludovic Lindsay, Earl of Crawford. *When an act passed* Mr. Berdan quoting from Lord Clarendon's *History of the Civil War*, Bk. III. p. 292, says, that the two houses voted as a token of their friendship toward the Scots, "to give them a gratuity of three hundred thousand pounds, over and above the twenty-five thousand pounds the month, during the time that their stay here should be necessary! . . . And without doubt, when posterity shall recover the courage, and conscience, and the old honor of the English nation, it will not with more indignation and blushes contemplate any action of this sedetious and rebellious age, than that the nobility and gentry of England, who were not guilty of the treason, should recompense an invasion from a foreign condemned nation, with whatever establishments they proposed in their own kingdom, and with a donative of three hundred thousand pounds, over and above all charges, out of the bowels of England" *Picts:* from *pictus*, empty, vain; here used as a pun on one of the names given the Scots. *Hyperbolus:* a demagogue of Athens who attempted to ostracise Aristides, but was banished himself. "The application of this dignified punishment upon so base a man

disgraced it, and it is said never to have been used again." (Berdan). *A Scot . . . Soland goose:* For an explanation of the belief in these lines Mr. Berdan quotes the account of Sir Robert Moray in *Relations concerning Barnacles:* "These shells hang at the tree by a neck longer than the shell; of a kind of filmy substance, round and hollow, and creased, not unlike the wind-pipe of a chicken; spreading out broadest where it is fastened to the tree, from which it seems to draw and convey the matter which serves for the growth and vegetation of the shell, and the little bird within it. This in every shell that I opened, as well the least as the biggest, I found so curiously and completely formed, that there appeared nothing as to the external parts for making up a perfect sea-fowl; every little part appearing so distinctly, that the whole looked like a large bird seen through a concave, or diminishing glass, the colour and feature being everywhere so clear and neat. The little bill like that of a goose, the eyes marked, the head, neck, breast and wings, tail and feet formed, the feathers everywhere perfectly shaped and blackish coloured, and the feet like those of other water fowl to the best of my remembrance; all being dead and dry, I did not look after the inward parts of them; but having nipt off and broken a great many of them, I carried about twenty or twenty-four away with me."

PAGE 132, No 91—*Countrymen of England, who live at home with ease.* This is Parker's original naval ballad of which there were a number of altered versions by contemporary balladists. To this ballad Campbell was indebted for his famous naval ode *Ye Mariners of England* The text here is from the *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. VI, 1889, edited by J. Woodfall Ebsworth.

PAGE 133, No. 92—*My cabinets are oyster-shells.* From the *Convent of Pleasure.*

PAGE 134, No. 93—*The Star that bids the Shepherd fold*—From *Comus*, 1637. *Wavering morrice: morris*, corruption of *Moorish*, a popular old dance introduced into England from Spain during the reign of Edward III. *Dark vaild Cotytto:* "A goddess worshipped by the Thracians, and apparently identical with Phrygian Cybelé. Her worship was introduced at Athens and Corinth, where it was celebrated, in private, with great indecency and licentiousness" *Harper's Dict of Class. Lit. and Ant. Hecat':* "A mysterious divinity sometimes identified with Diana and sometimes with Proserpina. As Diana represents the moonlight splendour of night, so Hecate represents its darkness and terrours. She haunted cross-roads and graveyards, was the goddess of sorcery and witchcraft, and wandered by night, seen only by the dogs, whose barking told of her approach." (Gayley). *Cabin'd loop hole:* "The first rift in the clouds, through which the dawn light streams." (Moody, *Cambridge Edition*).

PAGE 136, No. 94—*Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen. Airy shell:* the hollow vault of atmosphere. Cf. *The Rubaiyat*, "inverted Bowl they call the sky." *Meander:* a river in Asia Minor, selected as a haunt for Echo because of its windings, which would correspond to the replications of echoing sound." For a different opinion see Professor Hales, *Folia Litteraria*, pp. 231-38. *Daughter of the Sphere:* i. e "daughter of what Milton calls the airy shell" Warburton, quoted by Todd, thinks that "Milton supposes Echo to owe her existence first to the reverberation of the music of the spheres." Cf. *At a Solemn Musick*, l. 2 "Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Vers." *Resounding grace:* i. e. grace of echo.

PAGE 137, No. 95—*Sabrina fair. Amber-dropping:* "Hair of amber colour with the waterdrops falling through it" (Masson). *Oceanus:* god of the great ocean-stream which Homer supposed to encircle the earth. *Neptune:* god of the sea after Saturn was overthrown. *Tethys:* wife of Oceanus. *Nereus:* father of the Nereids. *The Carpathian wizard:* Proteus whose home was the island of Carpathus, who had the prophetic and could change his form at will. *Tritons:*

son of Neptune and Amphitrite, was trumpeter of the ocean, who with his sea-shell could stir or quiet the waves. *Glaucus:* a Bœotian fisherman, who having eaten a magic weh, was changed into a sea-god with prophetic powers *Leucothea,* was Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, who to escape the furies of her mad husband, Athamas, plunged into the sea with her son Melicertes, and became a sea-goddess. Melicertes became the sea-god Palæmon, and is associated by the Romans as the god of harbours. *Thetis·* a daughter of Nereus, and mother of Achilles *Parthenope:* a sea-nymph, to whom a shrine was erected at Naples, where her dead body was washed ashore. *Ligea:* one of the Sirens.

PAGE 139, No. 96—*To the ocean now I fly. Assyrian queen* the Phœnician Ashtaroth, and Aphrodite in the Greek mythology. *Adonis oft reposes:* Cf. Bion's Lament for Adonis, Lang's edition.

PAGE 141, No. 97—*Like a top which runneth round.* From the *Arcadian Princess,* 1635, Bk. II.

PAGE 141, No. 98—*As birds to hatch their young do sit in spring.* From the *Address to poets,* in the preface to *Fancies, The Several Keyes of Nature, which unlock her several Cabinets,* in the Duchess of Newcastle's *Poems and Fancies,* 1653.

PAGE 143, No. 99—*When, at the first, I took my pen in hand.* From *The Pilgrim's Progress,* Part I, 1678.

PAGE 153, No. 104—*'Tis wine that inspires.* Appeared in Henry Lawes' *Ayres,* I, 1653.

PAGE 156, No. 106—*Beat on, proud billows· Boreas, blow:* from A. Wright's *Parnassus Biceps,* 1656.

PAGE 159, No. 107—*Go empty joys.* These verses are from a Broad-sheet ballad, published in 1641, the year of Lord Strafford's execution, and there entitled *Verses lately written by Thomas Earl of Strafford Charles' wain* a popular name given to the group of seven stars in the constellation of Ursa Major. "The play upon the words," declares Professor Schelling, (*Seventeenth Century Lyrics*) "by which Charles' (the King's) wain (wagon) is likened to the chariot of the Sun, and Strafford's 'ambitious wings' to the audacious act of Phaeton in attempting to drive his father's fiery steeds, is as apt as it is obvious"

PAGE 162, No. 108—*Great Monarch of the world, from whose power springs* These verses were printed by Bishop Burnet in the *Memoirs of the Lives and Actions of James and William, Dukes of Hamilton and Castle-Herald,* 1673, p. 483 In vouching for the authenticity of the verses Burnet says "I shall therefor insert a copy of verses written by his majesty in his captivity, which a very worthy gentleman, who had the honor of waiting on him then, and was much trusted by him, copied out from the original, who avoucheth it to be a true copy" The poem as printed by Bishop Burnet is of unequal merit, and I have chosen to follow Archbishop Trench in omitting several stanzas.

PAGE 163, No 109—*Hence loathed Melancholy. Cerberus:* Erebus, was the spouse of night, but "Milton, in order to have Melancholy inspire horrour and repulsion, invented the present genealogy" ((Huntington). *Stygian cave:* where arrived the shades ferried across by Charon. *Cimmerian desert:* the "land and city of the Cimmerians, shrouded in mist and cloud, and never does the shining sun look down on them with his rays, neither when he climbs up the starry heavens nor when again he turns earthward from the firmament but deadly

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night is outspread over miserable mortals" (*Odyssey*, xi, 13 19, Butcher and Lang). *Euphrosyne:* "The first parentage assigned to Euphrosyne (on the strength of a scholiast's commentary to the *Æneid*) makes her the half sister of Comus, who was the son of Circe by Bacchus. Euphrosyne represents innocent pleasure; Comus represents evil, sensual pleasure In the double parentage Milton has in mind two ideals of innocent pleasure– that which springs from Wine and Love, and that which springs from Dawn and the light breezes of summer" (Moody, *Cambridge edition*). *Hebe:* cup-bearer to the gods, and personification of eternal youth. *Then come:* this obscure passage has been discussed and interpreted by many editors. Masson's explanation seems the more favourably accepted "Milton, or whoever the imaginary speaker is, asks Mirth to admit him to her company, and that of the nymph Liberty, and let him enjoy the pleasures natural to such companionship (38-40). He then goes on to specify such pleasures, or to give examples of them. The first (41-44) is that of sensations of early morning, when, walking round a country cottage, one hears the song of the mounting sky-lark, welcoming the signs of sunrise The second is that of coming to the cottage window, looking in, and bidding a cheerful goodmorrow, through the sweet-briar, vine, or eglantine, to those of the family who are astir" *Sweet-briar . . . eglantine:* these plants being identical, it is supposed by Warton, Milton meant the *honeysuckle;* by Keightley, the *dog-rose. Hoar Hill:* i e. covered with hoar-frost. *His state:* "triumphal progress, like that of a monarch, with the clouds 'in thousand liveries dight' as the sun's attendants" (Moody, *Cambridge edition*). *Tells his tale* tale is here used in the sense of "*number*," and tells, in the sense of "*count*:" thus meaning "every shepherd counts his sheep," "Certainly," says Mr. Moody, "a more realistic morning occupation than story-telling." *Russet lawns:* open lands or fields, quite different from our present meaning of a plot of grass in the front of a modern house *Fallows gray:* "a fallow is a piece of ploughed land left unsown" (Masson). *Towers and Battlements:* Masson declares that these "are almost evidently Windsor Castle' which was not far from Horton where Milton was living when he composed the poem. *Cynosure:* literally Dog's Tail, applied to the constellation of the Lesser Bear, containing the Pole-Star, which was fancifully supposed to resemble a dog. By this constellation the Phœnician mariners steered, while the Greek mariners directed their course by the Greater Bear. The metaphorical meaning is the "object upon which the attention is fixed" *Lubbar-Fend* lubbar-fiend. *Johnson's learnèd Sock:* the sock, from Latin *soccus*, the low-heeled slipper worn by actors in ancient comedy, and contrasted to the buskin, from *cothurnus*, or high-heeled boot worn by tragic actors. The allusion is to Jonson's great erudition as displayed in his remarkable comedies *Sweetest Shakespear* despite Milton's couplets, the epitaph *On Shakespear*, 1630, see p.116, this characterisation of the great dramatist, exquisite as it is, rather leaves the impression that Milton did not fully appreciate the superior genius of Shakespeare.

PAGE 168, No. 110—*Hence vain deluding joyes. Pensioners* retinue Queen Elizabeth kept about her a body of select noblemen constituting a body-guard, and called "gentlemen pensioners." *Prince Memnon's sister:* Huntington surmises, that the reference may be to Memera, although the name of Memnon's sister is no where mentioned in legend. Odysseus describes Eurypylus as the comeliest man he had ever seen, next to Memnon. Milton endows a mythical sister with his same beauty. *Starr'd Ethiope Queen:* Cassiopeia, wife of Cepheus and mother of Andromache. She boasted that her daughter's beauty was fairer than the Nereids, in consequence of which they persuade Poseidon to send a seamonster to ravage the coast of Ethiopia. As Cassiopeia and Andromache, after their death, were placed in the heavens as stars, Milton uses the epithet starr'd *Ida's inmost grove:* Mount Ida in Crete. *Stole of cipres Lawn* usually a veil or hood, *stola*, or long, flowing robe of a Roman lady: here evidently a shawl or wimple (Moody), of black crepe. *Thrice great Hermes:* Hermes Trismegistus

(i. e. three greatest) identified by the Greeks with their god Hermes, Mercury, the Egyptian king Throth, who was to be the originator of Egyptian art, science, alchemy, and religion. A number of books attributed to him were written by the Neoplatonists of the fourth century. *Presenting Thebes:* Milton here indicates the chief motives of Attic tragedy, having in mind the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. *Buskined stage:* i. e. tragic stage; see note above. *Musæus:* mythical poet of Thrace, associated with Orpheus *Him that left half told: The story of Cambuscan bold.* Chaucer; *The Squire's Tale*, which he left unfinished at his death. The names and incidents mentioned in the next lines are in the story *Cambuscan:* the Tartar King. *The Attick Boy:* Cephalus, loved by Aurora, goddess of the dawn. *Sylvan:* Sylvanus, Latin god of fields and forests.

PAGE 180, No 115—*Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race. The heavy Plummets pace:* "the slow descent of weights in an old-fashioned clock." *Individual kiss:* i. e., inseparable, not to be divided.

PAGE 181, No. 116—*Happy those early days, when I.* It was this poem which inspired Wordsworth to write his famous *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.* In the following poem No 117, *Corruption*, a similar idea is expressed.

PAGE 185, No. 119—*When I consider how my light is spent That one Talent;* Cf. *Matthew* XXV, 14 30. *Thousands:* i. e. angels. *Stand:* Cf. *Daniel*, vii, 10, and *Luke*, I, 19.

PAGE 185, No. 120—*Who would true valour see.* From the *Pilgrim's Progress.*

PAGE 186, No. 121—*He that is down needs fear no fall.* From *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

PAGE 187, No. 122—*I saw Eternity the other night. John* ii, 16-17. "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

"And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" *The darksome statesman:* Mr. Chambers thinks this is a reference to Oliver Cromwell. *Grots and caves* "It is possible that Vaughan had in mind the Myth of the Cave in Plato's Republic, Bk. vii, and of the ascent to the Idea of Good there described." (Chambers).

PAGE 191, No. 124.—*This is the month, and this the happy morn. Turning Sphear* "the whole universe of concentric spheres, according to the Ptolenian astronomy (Moody). *Hooked Chariot: currus falcatus*, "chariot with scythes projecting outward from the axles" (Moody). *Birds of calm* while the halcyon was breeding the seas were calm. *Lucifer:* morning-star. *Pan:* here used as the symbol of Christ Lord of all. *Th' old Dragon:* Satan Cf. *Revelations. The Lars, and Lemures:* household spirits of relations dead; Lares, the beneficent spirits, Lemures, the inimical spirits. *Flamens:* Roman priests. *Peor, and Baalim:* Baal-Peor, the sun-god worshiped by the Phœnicians. *Twise-batter'd god of Palestine:* Dagon, sea-god of the Philistines, Cf. 2 *Samuel*, v. 3-4. *Ashtaroth:* moon-goddess of the Phœnicians: the Greek Aphrodite, and Syrian Astarte. *Libyc Hammon:* Egyptian god at Thebes, with the form of a man with curled horns. *Thamus:* Thammuz: *Moloch: Isis:* goddess of earth. *Orus:* Horus, god of the sun. *Dog Anubis:* son of Osiris, having the head of a dog. *Osiris:* Egyptian god of Agriculture, worshiped under the form of Apis, the sacred Bull. *Unshowr'd Grasse:* i. e. watered by the Nile only. *Typhon:* hundred-headed

monster, destroyed by Zeus; his Egyptian name was Suti, in which country he was worshiped under the form of a crocodile. *Youngest teemèd:* latest born.

PAGE 207, No. 131—*When for the throne with which I long, too long. Curious frame:* frame of flowers.

PAGE 217, No. 138—*Where the remote Bermudas ride.* The islands were named after Juan Bermudaz who discovered them in 1522 *Remote:* called the "remotest island in the whole world" by Oviedo who accompanied Bermudaz. The island was settled by sixty people emigrating from Virginia under Henry More They were joined by refugees from England who emigrated to escape the religious tyranny that led to the Civil War. In 1621, the colonists were granted a charter giving them among others, the right to worship. *Ormus: Ambergris:*

PAGE 225, No. 144—*Methought I saw my late espoused Saint* Milton's second wife, Catherine, whom he married on November 12, 1656 She died in childbirth, February, 1658 *Alcestis:* wife of Admetus. King of Pherae, in Thessaly, who died in her husband's stead, and brought back to life by Herakles, "Joves great Son." *Face was veil'd:* as Alcestis, when she appeared to Admetus.

PAGE 227, No. 146—*Yet once more, O ye Laurels and once more.* Edward King, of Christ College, Cambridge, is commemorated in this elegy. He was the author of some Latin verses, but his popularity seemed due to his high social standing. *Sisters of the Sacred Well.* the Nine Muses of mythology, to whom a fountain on Mt. Helicon, called Aganippe, was sacred *Seat of Jove doth spring:* an altar on Mt. Helicon was dedicated to Jove, but Milton is responsible for the source of the "sacred well" springing from beneath it. *Dametas:* a name in pastoral poetry; Cf. Theocritus, *Idyl*, vi. *Steep:* Kerig-y-Druidion in Denbighshire (Warton) *Mona.* the island of Anglesey, where in ancient times the Druids performed mystic rites in oak groves which have since perished *Deva* the river Dee, which once formed part of the boundary line between England and Wales; called the "wizard stream" because of the superstition that it boded ill to the country towards which it changed its course. *Muse her self* Calliope *For her enchanting son:* Calliope was the mother of Orpheus, who losing his wife Eurydice, became so melancholy that he refused to take part in the Bacchic orgies, for which the infuriated Maenads tore him to pieces *Amaryllas . . . Neæra* names in pastoral poetry. *The Blind fury.* Atropos, who cuts the thread of life, was one of the three Fates. *Arethuse* a fountain in Sicily, representing the pastoral poetry of the Greek poets. *Mincius:* a river near where Virgil was born, representing Latin pastoral poetry. *Herald of the sea* Triton, son of Neptune, trumpeter of the ocean. *Hippotades* Æolus, son of Hippotes *Panope.* tutelary genius of the river Cam. *Sanguine flower:* the hyacinth, which was supposed to have sprung from the blood of Hyacinthus. *The Pilot of the Galilean Lake:* pilot is here used in the sense of fishermen, thus St. Peter, who was given "two massy Keyes" of heaven, and is introduced as the representative of the Church. Cf *Matthew* xvi, 18 and 19 "And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter . . . And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." *Lean and flashy songs:* unedifying and insipid sermons. *Wind and rank mist:* unwholesome doctrine. *Grim Wolf:* the Catholic Church. *Two-handed engine:* all editors confess this to be the "crux of the poem." "Our first concern," says Mr Huntington "must be to get the general meaning of the passage. This is, 'But the instrument of retribution is at hand and is ready once for all to smite the corrupt Church.' The *engine* (literally, 'something skiltul') is called two-handed because it is wielded with *two hands* All this is clear. The difficulty comes in getting anything more definite out of the expression *two-handed engine.* If Milton intended to convey to our minds any particular image, which is doubtful,

Jerram's explanation is as good as any, namely, that Milton is here using the familiar simile of the axe, "laid unto the root of the trees" (*Matt.* iii, 10, etc). Other editors have sought to identify the *two-handed engine* with (2) the axe with which Laud was beheaded in 1645, (3) the sword of the Archangel Michael (*P. L.* vi. 250-253), (4) the "sharp twoedged sword" of *Rev.* i, 16, ii, 12-16, (5) the English Parliament with its two Houses (Masson), (6) the scythe of the executioner Death; (7) the two-handed sword of romance (Warburton); (8) the sword of Justice (Verity); (9) the civil and ecclesiastical powers; and (10) "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God" (*Ephesians* vi, 17), which we wield by "a double grip on the *Old Testament* and on the *New* " (Morley). *Alpheus:* river-god who pursued Arethusa. *Swart Star:* Sirius, the dog-star, called swart because it was thought to be a swart-making, i e. tanning star. *Fable of Bellerus.* fabled abode of Bellerus, the name coined by Milton from *Bellerium*, the Roman name of Land's End, in Cornwall *Namancos and Bayona's hold:* Places in Spain, the first in Galicia, near Cape Finistere, and Bayona Castle (hold) to the southward on the sea. Verity has a note in which he attempts to show that Milton found these names in Mercator's Atlas, two editions of which appeared in England, 1623 and 1636.

PAGE 259, No. 158—*When Robin Hood was about twenty years old.* A black letter copy of this ballad, printed by W. Olney, is in Lord Crawford's collection, with the date fixed about 1680-85. The version here, which is probably not the original, is from *A Collection of Ballads*, 1723.

PAGE 265, No. 159—*The Kynge came to Notynghame. The Seventh Fytte*, in *A Gest of Robyn Hode.* Professor Child thinks the "whole poem may have been put together as early as 1400." *May ryde or gone:* may ride or walk *The best ball in his hode:* a humorous saying of long standing. *Ye must do after me:* i. e. follow my advice. *Targe.* seal. *But me lyke well your servyse:* i. e. unless your service please me.

PAGE 275, No. 160—*Come listen to me, you gallants so free.* In a life of Robin Hood of the late sixteenth century, the incident of *Allin A Dale* is related as happening to Scarlock, a member of Robin Hood's band. (Child). *Stint nor lin.* stopped nor stayed.

PAGE 284, No. 162—*In somer when the shawes be sheyne.* From a *MS* of about 1450 *Shawes be sheyne:* woods be beautiful *After the way* i. e. upon the way. *No noder kepe I be:* no noder, none other—thus, I care to be no other.

PAGE 298, No. 163—*Come, all you brave gallants, and listen awhile.* From a black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony a. Wood *Woodweele:* generally explained as woodpecker; sometimes as thrush, or redbreast. (Kittredge). *At some unsett steven.* i e. at an unexpected or unappointed time. *In twinn:* apart. *Prickes:* the long-range target contrasted to *butts*, the near. (Furnivall). *The garlande.* the ring within which the *prick* was set; and the *prick* seems to have been now a wand, now a white mark, "bull's eye, or peg in the middle of a target," with *prickewande* as pole or stick. A "*rover* was any accidental mark,—tree or the like" (Gummere).

PAGE 312, No. 165—*When Robin Hood and Little John.* This ballad was printed in two copies of the *English Archer*, Paisley, by John Neilson, 1786, and by N. Nickson, Feasegate, York, collated by Ritson and reprinted in his *Scottish Songs*, 1795. "One of the most affecting and unaffected of ballads," declares Mr. Gayley.

PAGE 315, No. 166—*The King sits in Dunfermline town.* This ballad, presumably of antiquity, was first published in a shorter version in Percy's *Reliques*. Whether

there is an actual foundation in history from which it sprang has not been conclusively determined. Motherwell (*Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern*, ed. 1827), bases it upon the "melancholy and disasterous fate of the gallant band which followed in the suite of Margaret, daughter of Alexander III, when she was espoused to Eric of Norway (1281). According to Fordun, in this expedition many distinguished Nobles accompanied her to Norway to grace her nuptials; several of whom perished in a storm while on their return to Scotland." *A braid letter:* i. e open or patent, in opposition to close rolls (Percy). *Moon late yestreen:* the sight of the moon made the bad omen (Child).

PAGE 319, No. 167—*It fell about the Lammas tide:* This ballad is from a *MS* in the British Museum of the sixteenth century; and the version in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1833. An account of the battle is given in Froissart's *Chronicles*. The incident is a raid into English territory, in August, 1388, to revenge the invasion of Richard II into Scotland the year before. A division under Douglas marched over the Cheviots, pillaged Durham, and recrossing the Tyne halted before Newcastle. Douglas then made a challenge to meet Percy at Otterbourne which is about thirty miles northwest of Newcastle, where the combat of the ballad took place. *Lammas:* loaf-mass, the first of August.

PAGE 324, No. 168—*The Persè out of Northumberland.* From *Ms. Ashmole* Bodleian Library, about 1550; reprinted by Professor Skeat in his *Specimens of English Literature*, 1394-1579, third edition, 1880 The ballad was printed by Percy, *Reliques*, 1765. The origin of this ballad in fact has many points of similarity to that of the Battle of Otterbourne, though a later version. Percy, however, believed it to be founded upon the battle of Piperden, 1435 or 1436. "The differences in the story of the two ballads," says Professor Child, (*Eng and Scot. Pop Bal*, Part vi, p 304), "though not trivial, are still not so material as to forbid us to hold that both may be founded upon the same occurrence, the Hunting of the Cheviot being of course the later version, and following in part its own tradition, though repeating some portions of the older ballad. According to this older ballad, Douglas invades Northumberland in an act of public war; according to the latter, Percy takes the initiative, by hunting in the Scottish hills without leave and in open defiance of Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches. Such trespasses, whether by English or the Scots, were not less common, we may believe, than hostile incursions, and the one would as naturally as the other, account for a bloody collision between the rival families of Percy and Douglas, to those who consulted "old men" instead of histories. cf stanza 67. The older and the later ballad concur (and herein are in harmony with some chroniclers, though not with the best) as to Percy slaying Douglas. In the older ballad Percy is taken prisoner, an incident which history must record, but which is somewhat insipid, for which reason we might expect tradition to improve the tale by assigning a like fate to both of the heroic antagonists." *In the magger.* in the maugre, i. e. in spite of. *So hc:* so high. *Byckarte upon the bent:* hurried upon the plain. *Grevis glent:* groves glanced, i. e. they glanced through the groves. *Sembled . . . shear.* assembled together. *Blew a mort:* sounded a horn for the dead. *Armour glittered as did a glede:* i. e. as did burning gold. *Cast away:* i. e intend to carry them away. *Spears of mighty tree:* of the woods. *Bäles fete:* sufferings better, i. e. better our sufferings.

PAGE 335, No. 169—*O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?* First printed in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1802 The ballad is founded upon a traditional border incident, celebrating the exploits of Sir Walter Scott of Branxholm, Laird of Buccleuch, which occurred in April, 1596. William Armstrong, commonly known as Will of Kinmont or Kinmont Willie, a "nortorious plunderer" accompanied Robert Scott, deputy of the Laird of Beccleuch, across the border to hold a conference with Mr. Selkeld, deputy of Lord Scroop. English Warden of the West Marches. The English, breaking the truce in operation at

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such times, captured Kinmont Willie on his return, and refused to give him up after repeated demands, whereupon Beccleuch, taking the law in his own hands, rescued him after the manner described in the ballad. *Hairibee:* "place of execution at Carlisle." *Broken men:* outlaws.

PAGE 343, No. 170—*It befell at Martynmas.* From *Cotton MS* of the last quarter of the sixteenth century. The ballad is founded on a real event taking place in the North of Scotland, in November, 1571. Adam Gordon of Auchindown, deputy-lieutenant to the Scottish Queen Mary, sent Captain Car or Ker, to reduce the house of Towie, belonging to one of the houses of the Forbeses, of which clan he was a bitter enemy. The house and its inmates, whose numbers are variously given, were burned, as related in the ballad. As Gordon was responsible for the act of his subordinate, he is made to figure in the ballad as the principal actor. *Busk and boun:* i. e up and prepare to go.

PAGE 348, No 171—*It fell on a day, and a bonny summer day.* From a broadside of 1790, and reprinted by Finlay in his *Scottish Ballads*, 1808. The ballad related the events of 1640, when the Committee of Estates, of which Montrose was a member, commissioned the Earl of Argyle to "take arms against certain people, among whom was the Earl of Airly, as enemies to religion." In July, while the Earl of Airly was in England, and his house under the charge of his son Lord Ogilvie, Argyle "pillaged, burned and demolished" it among others.

PAGE 350, No. 172—*When captaines courageous, whom death could not daunte.* Pepys collection, printed by Percy in the *Reliques*. As an historical personage, nothing is known of Mary Ambree.

PAGE 353, No. 173—*Hie upon Hielands.* This version is from Motherwell's *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern*. 1827, where the editor says. it "is probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle, who fell in the battle of Glenivat on Thursday, the first day of October. 1594." He has not however been identified

PAGE 354, No. 174—*Oh, did ye ever hear o' brave Earl Bran?* From Robert White's papers Of this ballad Professor Child says (*Engl. and Scot Pop. Bal.* Part I. p. 88), "Earl Brand was first given to the world by Mr. Robert Bell, 1857 (*Ancient Poems*, etc), has preserved most of the incidents of a very ancient story with a faithfulness unequalled by any ballad that has been recovered from English oral tradition" The story of the ballad is found says Child, in the "corresponding Scandinavian ballad *Ribold and Guldborg*" (See *Eng and Scot Pop. Bal.* Part I, p. 88) Another version based upon a fragment, called *The Douglas Tragedy*, was printed by Scot in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1803.

PAGE 357, No 175—*O Johney was a brave knight.* From *Jamieson-Brown MS*. In 1679, Sir James Magill of Lindores, performed a feat of arms similar to that described in this ballad. The story has points of resemblance to *Child Maurice*, and *Willie o' Winsbury*. See *English and Scottish Popular Ballads, Cambridge ed.* pp. 175, 210.

PAGE 362, No 176—*Late at e'en, drinkin' the wine.* From Scott's *Materials for Border Minstrelsy*. "There is no basis for an identification of the story with any historical event The facts must have occurred often enough, and there is a similar story in other ballads" This ballad suggested *The Braes of Yarrow*, by William Hamilton of Bangour See *Book of Georgian Verse*, p. 191. Scott thought the hero was Walter Scott, third son of Thirlestaine, slain by Scott of Tushielaw.

PAGE 365, No. 177—*There were twa sisters in a bowr.* From *Jamieson-Brown MS*. Another version was printed in *Wit's Restor'd*, 1658. "This is one

of the very few old ballads," says Professor Child, (*Eng and Scot. Pop. Bal.* Part I, p. 118), "which are not extinct in the British Isles. Even drawing-room versions are spoken of as current, generally traced to some old nurse, who sang them to young ladies. It has been found in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and was very early in print."

PAGE 367, No. 178—*Clerk Saunders and May Margaret.* From *Herd's MS.*, and first printed by Scott in his *Minstrelsy of Scottish Border*, 1802.

PAGE 373, No. 179—*O wha will shoe my fu' fair foot?* From Alexander Fraser Tytler's *Brown MS*, written down from "Mrs. Brown's recitation, in 1800." It was printed by Scott in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1802. Scott says "Lochroyan lies in Galloway," and that Burns in a song *Love Gregor*, "has celebrated the same story."

PAGE 377, No. 180—*Childe Watters in his stable stoode.* From the Percy *Folio*, edited by Hales and Furnivall. Professor Gummere says (*Old English Ballads*, p. 354, 1894), "The great praise awarded to this ballad by Child and Grundtvig must not be thwarted in the minds of the reader by the impression of irritating cruelty in the hero and irritating patience in the heroine. We must take the only point of view recognized in ballad-times; this done, and allowances made for the roughness—not coarseness—of the details, we shall be ready to concede that no better ballad can be found in any tongue"

PAGE 383, No. 181—*It's narrow, narrow, make your bed* From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1802, "taken from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill, West Lothian" The story of the ballad is told by Marie de France in the *Lai del Freisne* (1180), four hundred years earlier than any manuscript record. *Braid her yellow hair.* "It was an imperative custom, as is well known, that the married woman should bind up her hair or wear it under a cap, while a maid wore it loose or in a braid" (Child, note, *Eng. and Scot. Pop. Bal.* Part III, p 64).

PAGE 388, No. 182—*Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.* First printed as a broad-sheet during the reign of Charles I. It was published by Percy in the *Reliques*, 1765, "with some corrections." The story with differences in details is popular in Norse ballads.

PAGE 393, No. 183—*It was in and about the Martinmas time.* From Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1740. Percy published it in the *Reliques*, with "conjectural emendations."

PAGE 394, No. 184—*Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane.* From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1833. This ballad, Mr. Lang says (*A Collection of Ballads*, p. 235), "has caused a great deal of controversy. Queen Mary had no Mary Hamilton among her Four Maries. No Marie was executed for child-murder. But we know, from Knox, that ballads were recited against the Maries, and that one of Mary's chamber-women was hanged with her lover, a pottinger, or apothecary, for getting rid of her infant. These last facts were certainly basis enough for a ballad, the ballad echoing, not history, but rumour, and rumour adapted to the popular taste. Thus the ballad might have passed unchallenged, as a survival, more or less modified in time, of Queen Mary's period. But in 1719, a Mary Hamilton, a maid of Honour, of Scottish descent, was executed in Russia, for infanticide Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe conceived that this affair was the origin of the ballad, and is followed by Mr Child." For a full discussion of this ballad see Mr. Lang's more extended account in *Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1895, and Professor Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Part III, p. 381.

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PAGE 398, No 185—*O where hae ye been a' day, Lord Donald, my son?* From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads.* It belongs to the group of ballads involving a domestic tragedy through faithlessness or folly of true-love as here, of mother (*Edward*), of brother, of sister, of father, (*Bewick and Grahame*), and of husband (*Clerk Cloven*), etc (Gummere) The ballad is also familiarly known as Lord Randal in Scott's version in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.* It is supposed that Lord Donald had been poisoned by eating toads prepared as fishes.

PAGE 400, No. 186—*Why does your brand sae drap wi' blude.* From Percy's *Reliques,* 1765, "where the affectedly antique spelling . . . has given rise to vague suspicions concerning the antiquity of the ballad, or the language" (*Eng. and Scot Pop. Bal., Cambridge Ed*) Motherwell printed a Scotch version (*Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern*), with refrains. Of the character of the ballad see *Note* 184 above.

PAGE 402, No 187—*As it fell one holy day.* Appeared in *Wit's Restor'd,* 1658. It was quoted in some old plays, notably, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle,* act v, sc. 3, 1611, *The Variete,* 1649, and Sir William Davenant's *The Wits.* It belongs to the circle of domestic tragedy mentioned in *Note* 184, above.

PAGE 407, No. 188—*True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank* From *Materials for Border Minstrelsy,* and "communicated to Sir Walter Scott by Mrs. Christiana Greenwood, London, May 27, 1806 . . . from recitation of her mother and her aunt both then above sixty, who learned it in their childhood from Kirstan Scot, a very old woman, at Longnewton, near Jedburgh." (*Eng. and Scot. Pop. Bal., Cambridge Ed*).

PAGE 410, No. 189—*O I forbid you, maidens a* From *Johnson's Museum,* 1792, communicated by Burns For an account of the superstition in the ballad see Sir Walter Scott's *On the Fairies of Popular Superstition. Carterhaugh:* "a plain at the confluence of the Ettrick and Yarrow in Selkirkshire." (Scott).

PAGE 417, No. 190—*Clerk Colvill and his lusty dame.* From Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scots Song,* 1769.

PAGE 419, No. 191—*There lived a wife at Usher's Well.* From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* 1802.

PAGE 421, No. 192—*She sat down below a thorn.* From Johnson's *Museum,* 1792. There are other versions known as *The Cruel Mother,* and the *Duke's Daughter's Cruelty.* The ballad as it remains is a fragment, and circulated as a broad-sheet about 1690.

PAGE 422, No. 193— *O where have you been, my long, long love.* From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* fifth ed. 1812.

PAGE 425, No. 194—*There were three ravens sat on a tree.* First printed in Thomas Ravenscroft's *Melismata,* 1611.

PAGE 426, No. 195—*As I was walking all alane.* From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* 1803. This is a Scottish version of the *Three Ravens.*

PAGE 428, No. 197—*O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.* From Sharpe's *Ballad Book,* 1823. Tradition related that these young ladies, daughters of countrymen of Perth, to escape the plague which raged in 1645, built themselves a bower at a place called Burn-Braes, where they retired. After living there some time,

they caught the infection from a young gentleman who brought their provisions and who was said to have been in love with both ladies. They were buried at Dranoch-haugh, near the river Almond.

PAGE 429, No. 198—*I wish I were where Helen lies.* The second part from Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. This ballad is founded on an actual fact related by Scott. Helen Irving, or Bell, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnell "was beloved by two suitors. Helen loved the one who was not her family's choice, and used to meet him in the church-yard of Kirkconnell, 'a romantic spot, almost surrounded by the river Kirtle.' One evening the rejected suitor 'appeared suddenly on the opposite bank, and levelled his carbine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms." Wordsworth's Ellen Irwin was inspired by the same subject.

PAGE 431, No. 199—*Annan Water's wading deep.* From the *Materials for Border Minstrelsy*. Annan is a stream flowing into the Solway Frith.

PAGE 432, No. 200—*Down in yon garden sweet and gay.* Versions of this song was published in Thompson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, and in Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs*, 1810 There seems to be no authoritative text, the one here used, that of Andrew Lang in the *Blue Book of Poetry*.

PAGE 434, No. 201—*There was a Maid came out of Kent* Quoted by Ritson in his *Dissertation on Ancient Songs and Music*, in *Ancient Songs and Ballads*. It occurs in W. Wager's *The Longer thou livest the more fool thou art*, 1575.

PAGE 434, No. 202—*'O well's me o' my gay goss-hawk.* From *Jamieson-Brown MS.*, and printed in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1802.

PAGE 439, No. 203—*In Scotland there was a babie born.* From Motherwell's *MS.* The incident of this ballad is but the "catastrophe" in the famous *Gest* of *King Horn* of the thirteenth century.

PAGE 441, No 204—*There was a youth, and a well beloved youth* From Percy's *Reliques*, 1765.

PAGE 443, No. 205—*Seynt Stevene was a clerk in Kyng Herowdes halle.* Printed from a manuscript which preserves this delightful little legend, has been judged by the handwriting to be of the age of Henry VI. (Child). *With boris hed on honde.* the Christmas dish of old England, brought into the hall with much ceremonial and the singing of a carol with the refrain "*Caput apri defero*," etc. *Bedlem* Bethlehem. *Or thu gynnyst to brede* "beginnest to entertain capricious fancies, like a woman." (Child).

PAGE 447, No. 206—*These little limbs.* The selections from Thomas Traherne in this anthology are from *The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne now first Published from Original Manuscripts*, edited and published by Mr. Bertram Dobell, at 77 Charing Cross Road, W. C., London, 1903. I have expressly stated my obligation to Mr. Dobell in the *Preface*, for the kind privilege of using these poems.

PAGE 449, No. 208—*Come, sweet Lass.* From *Pills to Purge Melancholy*.

PAGE 457, No. 213—*Sure man was born to meditate on things.* From the *Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne*, ed. by Bertram Dobell, London, 1903.

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PAGE 460, No. 214—*With horns and hounds I waken the day.* From *The Secular Masque*, 1700.

PAGE 461, No. 215—*Your hay it is mowed, and your corn is reaped.* From *King Arthur.*

PAGE 462, No. 216—*You twice ten hundred deities.* From *The Indian Queen*, 1665.

PAGE 463, No. 217—*Choose the darkest part of the grove.* From the *Tragedy of Œdipus*, 1679.

PAGE 464, No. 218—*Here, ye sullen powers below.* From the *Tragedy of Œdipus*, 1679.

PAGE 465, No. 219—*Old father Ocean calls my tide.* From *Albion and Albanius.*

PAGE 466, No. 220—*From harmony, from heavenly harmony.* The legend of St. Cecilia is placed in the third century. She was a Roman lady and Christian, martyred in the reign of Septimius Severus, canonised, and made patron saint of music. In 1680, a musical society was formed in London for the annual commemoration of the day dedicated to her, the 22d of November. Dryden wrote the ode for 1687, which was set to music by an Italian composer, Draghi. *Jubal:* "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." *Her organ:* tradition credits St. Cecilia with inventing the organ.

PAGE 468, No. 221—*'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won.* This ode was composed by Dryden for the commemoration of St. Cecilia's Day, 1697, and is the most popular of his poems. The subject chosen by the poet was the feast celebrating Alexander's conquest of Persia after the battle of Arbela, B. C. 331. *Thais:* an Athenian woman of great beauty who accompanied Alexander to Asia. Cleitarchus relates that she induced the hero to set fire to the royal palace at Persepolis. *Timotheus:* Greek poet and musician.

PAGE 475, No. 222—*When first Eternity stoop'd down to nought.* From the *Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne*, ed, by Bertram Dobell, London, 1903.

PAGE 477, No. 223—*Ye sacred limbs.* From the *Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne*, ed. by Bertram Dobell, London, 1903.

PAGE 498, No. 232—*You pleasing dreams of love and sweet delight.* From *Tyrannick Love.*

PAGE 499, No. 233—*Love in fantastic triumph sate.* From *Abdelazer, or the Moor's Revenge*, act i, sc. 1. 1667.

PAGE 502, No. 236—*Kitty's charming voice and face.* From Dodsley's *A Collection of Poems*, vol. vi, 326, 1782.

PAGE 503, No. 237—*He or she that hopes to gain.* From Mr Bullen's *Speculum Amantis*, 1889, where it is first printed from *Hal. MS* 1917, *fol.* 86.

PAGE 503, No. 238—*O Love! that stronger art than wine.* From *The Lucky Chance*, act iii, sc. 1. 1687.

PAGE 504, No. 239—*I did but look and love awhile.* From *Venice Preserved.*

PAGE 508, No. 243—*Lady, on your eyes I gazed.* From *Wit's Recreations*, 1663.

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PAGE 519, No. 255—*Ladies, though to your conquering eyes.* From *The Comical Revenge; or Love in a Tub*, act. v, sc. 3. 1664.

PAGE 519, No. 256—*Flavia the least and slighted toy.* From the *Gentleman's Journal*, March, 1692.

PAGE 523, No. 261—*Love thee! good sooth, not I.* From Henry Lawes' *Airs*, 1669.

PAGE 524, No. 262—*When I a lover pale do see.* From *New Airs and Dialogues, composed for Voices and Viols*, 1678.

PAGE 528, No. 265—*Jockey was a dowdy lad.* From the *Campaigners*, 1698.

PAGE 529, No. 266—*Ladies, farewell, I must retire.* From *The English Monsieur*, 1674.

PAGE 533, No. 272—*Fairest isle, all isles excelling.* From *King Arthur*, 1691.

PAGE 534, No. 273—*Ah, how sweet it is to love!* From *Tyrannick Love*, 1670.

PAGE 535, No. 275—*How happy the lover.* From *King Arthur*, 1691.

PAGE 536, No. 276—*In vain, Clemene, you bestow.* Contributed by Dorset to Southerne's *Sir Anthony Love*, 1691.

PAGE 538, No 278—*More love or more disdain I crave.* From *New Airs and Dialogues, composed for Voices and Viols*, 1678

PAGE 538, No 279—*O what a plague is love!* From *Wit's Restor'd*. 1658. Another and inferior version is printed in Chappel's *Music of the Olden Time*.

PAGE 542, No. 281—*I feed a flame within, which so torments me.* From *Secret Love*. 1668.

PAGE 544, No. 283—*You charmed me not with that fair face.* From *An Evening's Love*. 1671.

PAGE 545, No. 284—*Tell me, Thyrsis, tell your anguish.* From *The Duke of Guise*. 1683.

PAGE 552, No. 292—*If she be not as kind as fair.* From *The Comical Revenge or Love in a Tub*, act ii, sc. 3. 1664.

PAGE 553, No. 294—*Take Time, my dear, ere Time takes wing.* From *Melpomene, or the Muses' Delights*. 1678.

PAGE 555, No. 297—*Farewell, ungrateful traitor.* From *The Spanish Friar*, 1681.

PAGE 559, No. 301—*Can life be a blessing.* From *Troilus and Cressida*. 1679.

PAGE 559, No. 302—*A thousand martyrs I have made.* From *The Lucky Chance*. 1687.

PAGE 562, No. 305—*No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour.* From *Cleomenes*. 1692.

NOTES

PAGE 567, No. 310—*In London stands a famous pile.* From *The Delights of the Bottle.* 1720.

PAGE 573, No. 314—*Hark! how the Duke of Lorraine comes!* From *The Squire of Alsatia.* 1688.

PAGE 588, No. 324—*Ah, fading joy! how quickly art thou past.* From *The Indian Emperor.* 1685.

PAGE 592, No. 328—*Sleep, ye great Manes of the dead!* From *Brutus and Alba.* 1678.

PAGE 596, No. 333—*Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies.* The lady commemorated in this elegy was "Miss" Killigrew, daughter of Dr Henry Killigrew, Master of Savoy, and one of the Prebendaries of Westminster. She displayed great talent in painting and music; was maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, and died of the small-pox, in her twenty-fifth year, in 1685. Her Poems were published after her death *Our martial king:* James II, whose portrait she painted Our phœnix queen *Mary of Este,* whose portrait was also painted by the young lady *Orinda died.* Katherine Philips, the 'Matchless Orinda' who died of the small-pox in 1664, in her thirty-third year.

PAGE 618, No. 340—*Exert thy voice, sweet harbinger of Spring.* The text of this poem, and other selections included in this anthology, are from *The Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchilsea,* edited by Myra Reynolds, Chicago, 1903.

PAGE 629 No 350—*O ruddier than the cherry.* From *Acis and Galatea,* 1732.

PAGE 630, No 352—*I smile at Love and all its arts.* From *The Relapse,* 1696.

PAGE 641, No. 365—*With my frailty, don't upbraid me.* From *Semele,* an Opera, 1710

PAGE 660, No 384—*'Twas when the seas were roaring.* From *The Beggars' Opera,* act ii, sc 8. 1728.

PAGE 701, No. 397—*Long hast thou friend, been absent from thy soul. Withers the good . . Facetious Disney:* Major-General Withers and Colonel Disney are buried together in the same grave in the Cloisters of Westminster. *Sir Paul Methuen.* secretary of state, 1716-17. *Arthur:* Arthur Moore, Commissioner of Plantations, and father of James Moore Smyth (Courthope). *Wortley:* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. *The fair-haired Martha and Cresa brown:* the Blount sisters. *Madge Bellenden . . and smiling Mary:* daughters of Lord Bellenden. *Cheerful Duchess.* the Duchess of Hamilton. *Decent Scudmore:* Frances, daughter of Lord Digby *Winchilsea:* Anne, Countess of Winchilsea. *Miss Howe.* Sophia, daughter of General Emanuel Howe and grand-daughter of Prince Rupert by his natural daughter Ruperta. *Frolic Bicknell and her sister young:* Mrs. Bicknell and Miss Younger, actresses. *Famed Buckingham:* John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. *Bathurst:* Allen Bathurst, Pope's friend. *Goodly Bruce:* Charles, Lord Bruce. *Watkins:* Henry Watkins, secretary to the Dutch embassy. *Lewis:* Erasmus Lewis. *Laughton:* John Lawton, Earl of Halifax's brother-in-law. *Warwick:* Addison's stepson. *Generous Craggs:* James Craggs, *Sweet St. John, cannot I find thee!* Lord Bolingbroke was exiled at this time in France. *Harcourt:* Simon, Lord Harcourt. *Carlton and Chandos:* George Granville, Lord Lansdowne and James Brydges, Duke of Chandos. *Hanmer.* Sir Thomas Hanmer, Speaker of Anne's last Parliament. *Harley:* Edward, afterwards, Earl of Oxford. *Friendly Carylls:* who subscribed largely to Pope's *Illiad. Arbuthnot:* Dr. Arbuthnot. *Kneller:* Sir Godfrey Kneller, the portrait painter.

NOTES

Thee Jervas: Charles Jervas, another portrait painter. *Dartneuf:* Charles Dartneuf, a noted epicure. *Robert Dodsley:* the poet. *Ford:* Charles Ford, a correspondent of Swift whose influence won him patronage. *Cheney:* Dr. George Cheyne of Bath. *Wanley.* Humphrey Wanley, Lord Harley's librarian. *Evans:* Dr Abel Evans of St. John's College, Oxford. *Young:* Edward Young, author of *Night Thoughts.* *Booth:* tragic actor. *Mawbert:* James Francis Mawbert, a portrait painter. *Digby:* Robert Digby who "was so delicate that he had to take asses' milk." *Southern:* Thomas Southern, the dramatist. *Tickell:* Thomas Tickell.

PAGE 710, No. 399—*Shut, shut the door good John! fatigu'd, I said.* Dr. Arbuthnot to whom this epistle was addressed was a "Scotch physician, who came to London, and originally taught mathematics. But being accidentally called in to attend Prince George of Denmark, at Epsom, he became his Highness's physician, and Queen Anne's also. He was author of many satirical and political works; he wrote also on natural history and mathematics. His chief work was one entitled 'Table of Ancient Weights and Measures.' He engaged with Pope and Swift to write a satire on human learning called 'Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus,' but the project was not carried out. Arbuthnot was a man of great sweetness of temper, and had much more learning than either Pope or Swift It is known that he gave many hints to Pope, Gay, and Swift for some of the sterling parts of their works. He frequently and ably defended the cause of revelation against Bolingbroke and Chesterfield" (Wharton). *John:* John Serle, Pope's servant. *The Mint:* Southwark, in the time of Henry VIII, there was a Mint there. Debtors and criminals retired here where they were exempt from arrest, they could leave it on Sundays *A parson:* Laurence Eusden, who was poet laureate from 1718 to 1730; he was a preacher addicted to drink. *Giddy son:* James Moore Smyth, son of Arthur Moore, who disagreeing with his father took the surname of his grandfather. *Cornus:* said to be Lord Robert Walpole, whose wife left him in 1734. *Pultholeon:* is said to stand for the author of Welsted. *Curll:* the well known publisher and bookseller *Colley:* Colley Cibber, the hero of the Dunciad. *His butchers Henley.* alluding to Orator Henley, who it is said on Sundays declaimed on religious subjects, and on Wednesdays, on the sciences. His audiences were chiefly butchers in Newport Market and Butcher Row. *Moore:* already mentioned, often led Masonic processions. *To one Bishop Philips seem a wit.* Bishop Boulter, Primate of Ireland, and Ambrose Philips' friend and patron. *Ammon's great son:* Alexander the Great. *Maro:* Virgil, Publius Vergilius Maro *Granville:* George Granville, Lord Lansdowne. *Walsh:* William Walsh, poet, critic, and gentleman of fashion, Pope's early patron, who gave him the advice to "be correct." *Garth:* Sir Samuel Garth the poet. *Sheffield:* John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire. *Mitred Rochester:* Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. *St. John's self* Lord Bolingbroke. *Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes:* "Authors of secret and scandalous history." (Warton). *The bard.* Ambrose Philips, he translated a book called Persian Tales. *Tate:* Nahum Tate, poet laureate, 1692. *Bufo.* Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax. *Tell it on his tomb:* Pope wrote the epitaph on Gay in Westminster Abbey. *Queensbury weeping.* The Duke and Duchess of Queensbury were close and intimate friends of Gay with whom he lived the later years of his life. *Dennis:* John Dennis, indifferent poet, dramatist, and critic. *Balbus:* Earl of Kinnoul. *Sir Will:* Sir William Yonge. *Bubo:* George Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe. *Dean and silver bell:* Referring to an interpretation put upon certain lines in Epistle IV of the *Moral Essays.* "Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the epistle on *Taste.*" See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter. (Pope). *Canons:* the house of the Duke of Chandos. *Sporus:* John Lord Hervey, secretary of state, friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in collaboration with whom he satirised Pope. *Japhet:* Japhet Cooke, alias Sir Peter Stranger. *Knight of the post:*

NOTES

"The so-called 'Knights of the Post' stood about the sheriff's pillars near the Courts in readiness to swear anything for pay." (Ward). *Sappho:* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. *Welsted's lie:* "This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of five hundred pounds. the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. Pope never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from any great man whatsoever." (Pope).

PAGE 723, No. 401—*As Rochefoucault his maxims drew.* The poem was occasioned by Swift's reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault "*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous deplait pas*" *St. John:* Lord Bolingbroke. *Pulteney:* William Pultenev, Earl of Bath. *Old vertigo,* disease from which Swift suffered all his life, and which eventually culminated in the madness of his latter years *Lady Suffolk* mistress of George II. *The medals were forgot.* the Queen when Princess of Wales, had promised Swift a present of medals, but never kept it. *Chartres:* Francis Charteris, a notorious scoundrel of the time. *To build a house:* Swift left his money to endow an asylum for the insane in Dublin.

PAGE 747, No. 406—*A trifling song you shall hear.* From *Beaux' Stratagem,* 1707.

PAGE 783, No. 424—*Kind companion of my youth.* From Dodsley's *A Collection of Poems.* 1748.

PAGE 786, No. 426—*If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed.* This elegy, prefixed to the first volume of Tickell's edition of Addison's *Works* (six vols. 1721), is addressed to Addison's stepson, the Earl of Warwick *Next thy loved Montagu:* Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, Addison's first patron, near whose tomb, in the Chapel of Henry VII, in Westminster Abbey, Addison was buried. *Craggs:* the younger James Craggs, who succeeded Addison as Secretary of State, and to whose patronage he commended Tickell at his death.

PAGE 790, No 427—*What heck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade* The lady of this elegy has not been identified, though the commentators of Pope in the eighteenth century each tell a different story. In a note to the poem himself, Pope says: ' See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a lady designing to retire into a monastery compared with Mr Pope's letters to several ladies She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem." The whole is considered an invention of Pope's.

GLOSSARY

ABOON, above
ADMIRE, wonder at
ADVOWSON, the revision of a spiritual promotion, and signifies in our common law a right to present a clergyman to a Benefice. (Berdan), used to signify future possession.
AIRNS, irons
AMAIN, lower

BALE, mischief sorrow
BAILUP, front or flap of breeches
BAND, bound
BANE, bone
BASNETS, helmets
BATTENING, feeding
BEFALE, befits
BELIVE, quickly
BENT, field, plain
BERGAMOT, a pear
BESTED, help, avail
BIG, to build
BIRK, birch
BLAME, wrong
BLANE, stopped
BOUNE, make ready
BOUT, bend, turn
BOUTESLL, French boute-selle, *bouter* to put, *selle*, saddle, a trumpet call warning knights or cavalry to put on the saddle.
BUSKIT, attired
BUSKE, bush
BUT, rude, merely
BUXOM, spirited, debonair
BRITTLING, cutting up
BROME, broom
BROOK, preserve
BYCKARTE, hurried
BYLLE, battle-axe
BYRE, cow-house

CALL, cold
CAPTIVED, captivated
CAPULL-HYDE, Horse-hide
CARP, talk
CASE, cage
CAST, intend
CHANNERIN', fretting
CONSENI, harmony
CONSORT, Latin. consortium, society
CORBIES, ravens
CRUDE, unripe
CURCH, kerchief

DEAL, bit
DESCENT, Latin deceus comely, handsome
DEODANDS, forfeits to Gods
DEN, hollow
DIGHT, disposed of
DISTRAIN, to make seizure for debt
DYGHTANDE, preparing, in preparation
DRAW, inhale
DREE, endure
DRUMLIE, gloomy
DRURY, dowry

EVEN CLOTH, fine cloth

FADGE, hag
FAIL, turf
FARE, doings
FARLEY, strange
FELONE, traitor, rebel
FEND, keep, support
FERLIES, marvels
FETTLED, make ready
FIND, end
FINIKIN, fine, handsomely dressed
FLASHY, insipid, tasteless
FLATTER'D, tossed about
FLEY'D, frightened
FOND, LY: foolish, foolishly
FOR PILING, to keep clear
FORCED, fated
FOREHAMMERS, sledge-hammers
FREE, precious
FREE, noble

GLOSSARY

FREITS, ill omens
FREYKE, warrior
FURS, furrows

GADDING, straggling
GAR, make
GARE, hem
GARE, gore
GARD, made
GAUDY, joyful
GIN, latch
GLEAT, gleamed
GLENT, glanced
GOLETT OF YE HODE, throat, part covering the throat
GRAT, wept
GRFET, cry
GREVIS, groves
GROOM, man
GRYTE, great

HARP AND CARP, chat
HAUSE, neck
HAUTBOYS, Fr. hautbois; Musical instrument
HENTE, caught
HERIOT, a vassal's tribute to his lord
HERRY, harry
HIGHT, promise
HOOLY, slowly, gently

INDIVIDUAL, inseparable
INDU'TH, endoweth

JAW, wave
JIMP, slender, trim
JOW, stroke

KALE, broth
KAMES, combs

LANCEPESADE, lowest officer in foot company, commanding ten soldiers
LACK, case, dowie, sad
LAKE, grave
LAP, sprang
LAWING, reckoning
LEAR, lying
LET, hinder, stop
LEVEN, lawn
LIFT, sky
LIN, to cease
LIST, desire, to be dispose
LOWE, flame
LOWE, small hill
LUCKETS, sweetmeats
LYNDE, LYNE, linden, tree

MARGENT, margin
MAKE, mate, husband
MEANY, company
MONAND, moaning
MUIR, moor
MYLLAN, steel

NICE, coy, squeamish

PALMER, pilgrim, tramp, vagabond, beggar
PALLIONS, pavilions, tents
PARLEY, speech
PASSE, limits, extent
PICKERING, skirmishing
PISTOLETTE, pistol

QUIT, requited

RAGGED, rugged
RATHE, early
READ, explain
REACHELES, reckless
REBECK, medieval musical instrument, earliest form of violin
REDE, advice
REIVER, robber
REGEALING, re-freezing
ROW, ED, wrap, wrapped
ROW-FOOTED, rough-footed

SAD, sober, serious
SARK, shirt
SCAPYD, hurt
SCRANNELL, slight, thin
SECURE, Latin securus, free from care
SEN, when
SEQUACIOUS, following
SHAMEFACED, modest
SHAWES, woods
SHEAR, at once
SHETE, short
SHEEN, shoes
SHEUGH, furrow
SHRADDS, opening in a wood
SHRINDLED, sparkled
SHROGGS, shrubs
SILLY, harmless, innocent, simple
SITH, since
SKEELY, skilful
SLADE, valley
SLAIKED, loosened, i. e. took off
SLEET, slat
SLOGAN, war-cry
SLOKEN, slake
SLON, slay
SLOUGH, slew
SPARRED, shut

GLOSSARY

SHAULD, shoulder
SPI ENT, armour
SPRENT, spurted
SPURN, retaliation
SPYRRED, asked, inquired
STARKEST, strongest
STEAR, stir
STERNE, arose
STEVI N, voice
STINT, stop
STOUR, fight
STRAYGHT, narrow
STRETE, street
STYE, small thoroughfare, alley
SWAKKED, smote
SWAPPED, smote
SWEAVENS, dreams
SYKE, march

TEAR, injury
TETT, tuft, lock or knot of hair
THE, THEE, they
THE, prosper, thrive
THEEK, thatch
THIR, their, these, those
THOI E, endure
THREW, throve
THROI Y, strenuously, doggedly
TIET puff
TOW, rope
TOWN, stead
TOYES, trifles, vanities
TREE, wood, woods
TREW, trust
TWIN'D, deprived, parted

UNCOUTH, unknown
UNDERSHRIEVE, under-sheriff
UNREPROVI D, unreprovable, innocent
UNROOTI D, uprooted

WAME womb
WANE, crowd
WANTON, playful
WARDLE'S MAKE, life mate
WARISONE, rewrd
WEAL, wing
WEED, gurment
WEEDS, garments now confined to garment of widows
WI LT, to have power over commanded
WEX, wax grow
WHIST, hushed
WHITL THORN hawthorn
WIGHTY, nimble
WIN make
WOUCHE injury
WONS, dwells
WROCKEN WROKEN, revenged
WUD, mad
WYI D, deer

YATE, gate
YCI EPT, called
YOUR LANE, alone

ZADL, went
ZARE, ready
ZATIS, yates
ZE, yea
ZEMEN, yeomen

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ADDISON, JOSEPH (1672-1719), was born at his father's rectory, Milston, near Amesbury, Wilts, and educated at Charterhouse and Queen's College, Oxford. In 1698, he accepted a fellowship at Magdalen College, and became widely known for his classical scholarship, and for writing and publishing Latin translations. Late in 1699, Addison left England for France, and after a short visit to Paris, he settled at Blois where he remained nearly a year mastering the French language. Leaving Blois he travelled in Europe principally through Italy, visiting with much feeling the literary land-marks of Latin literature. Returning to England in 1703, he lived in retirement owing to his strained financial condition, but in 1706, he received the under-secretaryship in the office of Sir Charles Hedges, beginning his political career during which he held many lucrative offices. In October, 1709, he began contributing to the Tatler which Steele had established in April of the same year; and when in 1711, the Spectator was published after the cessation of the Tatler, a few months earlier, Addison contributed to it, creating in its columns the famous Sir Roger de Coverley. On April 14, 1713, Addison produced his play Cato, at Drury Lane, which despite its many weaknesses, was a great success. In August 1716, Addison was married to the Countess of Warwick, which union was declared not to have been very happy.

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ANDREWES, LANCELOT (1555-1626), Bishop of Winchester, was born in the parish of All Hallows, Barking, and educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Entering holy orders in 1580, he attended the Earl of Huntingdon, President of the North, as chaplain. In 1589, he obtained the living of St Giles, and after twice refusing a bishopric, he accepted the see of Chichester in 1605. He was translated in 1609, to Ely, and in 1619, to Winchester. In his day Andrewes was eminent as a preacher and writer, and though he published little during his lifetime, his works are now of considerable bulk, the most important being the "Fortura Torti."

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ATTERBURY, FRANCIS (1662-1732), Bishop of Rochester, was born at

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Milton or Middleton Keynes, in Buckinghamshire, and educated at Westminster—then under the famous Dr. Busby—and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1682, he published a Latin translation of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," and in 1684, an "Anthologia," being a selection of Latin poems. He was made Bishop of Rochester in 1713. In 1720, Atterbury was accused of Jacobite sympathies and committed to the Tower, where he remained for seven months. He was brought before the House of Lords for trial, found guilty upon "curious evidence," and exiled from the realm in 1723. After living nine years on the continent, during which he "threw himself heart and soul in James' causes, acting as general adviser and supervisor of his affairs at home and abroad," he died in the South of France.

Written on a White Fan borrowed from Miss Osborne, afterwards his wife 519

AYRES, PHILIP (1638-1712), was born at Cottingham, and educated at St John's College, Oxford He became tutor in the family of Montagu Garrard Drake, of Agmondesham, Bucks, where he remained till his death. He was the author of many books and pamphlets, and translated a great deal of verse from various languages. His best-known work is "Emblemata Amatoria. Emblems of Love. In four languages, Lat, Engl Ital., Fr." 1683

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BAKER, HENRY (1698-1774), was born in London, son of a clerk in chancery. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a book-seller He became interested in the education of deaf mutes, originated a system, and successfully engaged in it as a profession. The success of his system attracted the attention of Defoe, whose daughter Sophia he married in 1729. In 1723, he published "Original Poems;" and in 1737, issued in two volumes "Medulla Poetraum Romanorum," a selection from the "Roman Poets with Translations." In 1728, under the name of Henry Stonecastle, he began with Defoe the "Universal Spectator and Weekly Journal" He was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and of the Royal Society, for his distinguished services as a naturalist.

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BAXTER, RICHARD (1615-1691), Presbyterian divine, was born at Eaton-Constantine, near Shrewsbury, in Shropshire He attended a free school at Wroxeter, but did not receive an academic training, which in later life he deplored. Leaving the free school he was placed under the tuition of Richard Wickstead, chaplain to the Council at Ludlow. From Ludlow at the advice of his tutor he attached himself at court, but the experience so disgusted him, that there was rekindled in him an old determination to enter the ministry. His long and varied career as a non-conformist preacher was full of turbulence, but he exerted great influence with the masses with whom he came in contact. He suffered many wrongs and persecutions under Charles II, and James II. His books on religious questions are numerous.

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BEHN, APHRA (1640-1689), dramatist and novelist, was the daughter of a barber, born at Wye. Her marriage with a gentleman of Dutch extraction named Behn, gained her entrance to the Court of Charles II,

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and when the Dutch War broke out in 1665, the king sent her to Antwerp as a government spy. After her return, and widowed, she began writing, and was the first female writer to live professionally by her pen. "She was," says one of her biographers, "the George Sand of the Restoration, the 'Chère Maitre' to such men as Dryden, Otway, and Southerne, who all honoured her with their friendship. Her genius and vivacity were undoubted; her plays were very coarse, but very lively and humorous, and she possessed an indisputable touch of the lyric genius. Her prose works are decidedly less meritorious than her dramas and the best of her poems."

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BENLOWES, EDWARD (1603?-1676), was the son of Andrew Benlowes of Brent Hall, Essex, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. Leaving the University he made the grand tour. "Some say," remarks Prof. Saintsbury, "that he was brought up a Roman Catholic; others that he adopted Roman Catholicism abroad, but it is agreed that he died a faithful Anglican." On inheriting his father's property, through the reckless generosity of his nature, "he contrived," says Anthony a Wood, "to squander it most away, on poets, flatterers, in buying curiosities, on musicians, buffoons," etc. His chief work was "Theophila, of Love's Sacrifice, a divine poem, written by E. B. Esq. Several parts of these are set to fit aires, by Mr. J. Jenkins," 1652. (See Prof Saintsbury's reprint in "Minor Caroline Poets," vol. I.) Though the poem was well received when published, later writers have judged it harshly. Benlowes died poor and neglected, but was decently buried by a collection made by those who remembered his former condition. Butler says he served in the Civil War.

A Poetic Descant, upon a Private Music-Meeting 174

BOSWORTH, WILLIAM (1607-1650?), belonged to a family of Bosworth, near Harrington, Cambridgeshire. Little is known of the poet. He published nothing during his life-time, but the year following his death a friend, R. C.—whose figure is as shadowy as the poet's—printed his verse in a volume entitled "The Chast and Lost Lovers Lively shadowed in the persons of Arcadius and Septa . . . to this is added the Contestation betwixt Bacchus and Diana, and certain Sonnets of the Author to Aurora. Digested into three Poems by Will Bosworth, Gent." London, 1651.

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BOYLE, ROGER, EARL OF ORRERY (1621-1697), statesman and dramatist, was born at Lismore, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. After futile preparations to assist Charles to the throne, he was chosen by Cromwell to help repress the Irish Rebellion. In 1654, he sat in Cromwell's parliament as member for Cork; and in 1656, he was sent as Lord President of the Council in Scotland. After Cromwell's death, Orrery did all in his power to "consolidate the government" for his son Richard, but finding the cause hopeless, he secured Ireland with the assistance of Sir Charles Coote, for Charles. On the retirement of Lord Clarendon, the lord high chancellor, he was offered, but refused, the great seals, owing to the condition of his health. An attempt was made by the House of Commons to im-

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peach Orrery for "raising of moneys by his own authority upon his majesty's subjects; defrauding the king's subjects of their estates," but the proceedings were stopped by the king proroguing both houses of parliament. Orrery wrote a number of tragedies among which are "Henry V," "Mustapha, the son of Solyman the Magnificent," and "Tryphon." The "Complete Dramatic Works of the Earl of Orrery," with the exception of "Mr. Anthony" was published in 1743.

The Excellency of Wine..... 153

BRATHWAITE, RICHARD (1588?-1673), was the son of a barrister and recorder of Kendal, born at Burneside, Kendal, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford. He prepared to study law at Pembroke College, Cambridge, but after leaving the university went up to London where he devoted himself to poetry and dramatic writing. In 1611, Brathwaite published his first volume, a collection of poems, "The Golden Fleece" He was a voluminous writer, but the best known of his books is "Barnabae Itinerarium, or Barnabee's Journal," issued under the pseudonym "Corymbæus," a "sprightly record of English travel, in Latin and English doggerel verse," the eleventh edition of which appeared in 1876 It is declared that Brathwaite served on the royalists' side in the Civil War.

Skin more pure than Ida's snow..... 45
Themista's Reproof 141

BROME, ALEXANDER (1620-1666), was an attorney in the lord mayor's court, according to one authority, and in the court of king's bench, according to another. He served the royalists' cause in the Civil Wars In 1653, he edited "Five New Playes" by Richard Brome, and another volume of "Playes" in 1659 He published a comedy, "The Cunning Lovers," in 1654, and a collection of "Songs and Poems" in 1661 In 1666, appeared a variorum translation of Horace, which Brome contributed to, and edited He was a spirited song-writer, and because of his bacchanalian lyrics, has been styled by Phillips in his "Theatrum Poetarum," the "English Anacreon."

A Mock Song... 51
The Resolve..... 69

BROME, RICHARD (d 1652?), dramatist of whose birth nothing is known. That his origin was lowly is attested by Jonson's lines "To my Faithful Servant" where "I had you for a servant, Dick Brome" appears. All that is known of Brome personally is through his association with Jonson. He wrote a number of realistic and romantic comedies, among the best known being, the "Court Beggars," "Spiragus Garden," the "Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars," the "Love-Sick Court," and the "Queen and Concubine."

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Humility..... 74

BROOME, WILLIAM (1689-1745), was born at Haslington in Cheshire, the son of a poor farmer. He was educated at Eton, and St. John's College, Cambridge. He became a member of the Anglican Church, and held the livings of Pulham and Struston in Suffolk. His chief claim to remembrance was due to his association with Pope in his translation of Homer, and in their correspondence which lasted without intermission for fourteen years. He published "Poems on Several Occasions," in 1727.

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BROWNE, SIR THOMAS (1605-1682), physician and prose-writer, was born in the parish of St. Michael, Cheapside, London. He was educated at Winchester College, and Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford. Studying medicine, he practiced for a time at Oxford, but abandoning his practice he accompanied his stepfather on his official journey to Ireland. From Ireland, Brown went to France and Italy, and returning through Holland he was made Doctor of Medicine at Leyden in 1633. In 1637, he established himself at Norwich, where he died in his seventy-seventh year. In 1671, Charles II, as a memorial of his visit to Norwich, conferred the honour of knighthood upon Browne. He is considered one of the masters of English prose style. His chief works are the famous treatise "Religio Medici," 1642, "Hydriotaphia, Urne Buriall, or a Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns, lately found in Norfolk," 1658; "The Garden of Cyrus," 1658; and a posthumous volume "Christian Moralls," 1716.

Evening Hymn 219

BUNYAN, JOHN (1628-1688), was born at Elstow, Bedfordshire, the son of a "brasier" or whitesmith, maker and mender of pots and kettles, which trade Bunyan followed choosing to call himself a "tinker." As a youth Bunyan was a "gay, daring young fellow, whose chief delight was in dancing, bell-ringing, and in all kinds of rural sports and pastimes," and who "had acquired the habit of profane swearing, in which he became such an adept as to shock those who were far from scrupulous in their language as "the ungodliest fellow for swearing they ever heard." The influence of his wife and her religious books wrought in him a reformation, and in 1657, he was formally recognised as a preacher Upon the Restoration, acts against nonconformity were enforced, Bunyan fell under the ban, and in 1661, was put in gaol where, with the exception of one or two short enlargements, he remained for twelve years. After his release he became pastor of the congregation at Bedford of which he had long been a member, but extending his ministration throughout the country. Bunyan's works are numerous of which the most famous, the greatest masterpiece of allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," was published in 1678.

The Author's Apology for his Book 143
The Pilgrim 185
The Shepherd Boy sings in the Valley of Humiliation 186

BUTLER, SAMUEL (1612-1680), was the son of a farmer born in the parish of Strenham, Worcestershire, and educated at the Worcester free school. It is said that he went to Christ Church, Oxford from Westminster, but the probability has been refuted. Butler's youth was spent in various occupations; he is said to have studied painting and have executed a head of Cromwell; to have been a clerk to a justice, also a clerk to a succession of country gentlemen. He spent some time in Holland and France. In 1659, Butler's first publication appeared anonymously, entitled "Mola Asinaria" Three years later was licensed, and early in 1663, issued "Hudibras," which made him famous. Though greatly admired by King Charles II., and other great men in power, Butler was greatly neglected, and lived in "poverty and obscurity for seventeen years after the first appearance" of his poem. A third part of "Hudibras" was issued in 1678; and in 1759, two interesting volumes of "The Genuine Remains in Verse and Prose of Mr. Samuel Butler"

Upon the Weakness and Misery of Man 179

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BYROM, JOHN (1692-1763), poet and stenographer, was born at Kersall Cell, Broughton, near Manchester, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He contributed in his youth two papers on dreams to the Spectator. In 1716, he travelled abroad, studying medicine for a while at Monpeleir, but did not take a degree After his father's death, the estates going to his elder brother, he sought to increase his income by teaching shorthand, which he adopted as a profession. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1724, and twice addressed it. His poems were first collected and published at Manchester in 1773.

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Careless Content 750
On the Origin of Evil 773

CAREY, HENRY (1693?-1743), poet and musician, is claimed to have been the illegitimate child of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax and a schoolmistress. He taught music in a boarding-school, and was a member of Addison's circle. He wrote successful operas and burlesques, and is accredited the authorship of "God Save the Queen," first published in the "Harmonia Anglicana," in 1742, where it appeared anonymously. He died suddenly, and according to Hawkins, by his own hand.

Sally in our Alley 632

CARY, PATRICK (fl. 1651), was a younger son of Sir Henry Cary, first Viscount Falkland. He was sent very young to France, that he might be brought up a Roman Catholic, the religion of his mother. After three years in France he spent the next twelve in Italy Leaving Rome, Cary suffered great distress and from Brussels wrote to friends for assistance. Disappointed, he assumed the Benedictine habit for a short period, but abandoned it because the diet was too coarse for his delicate system. Returning to England he sought the influence of Sir Edward Hyde, for a military post in the Spanish service, failing in this he seems to have dropped out of sight. Sir Walter Scott edited from manuscripts, "Trivial Poems and Triolets, Written in obedience to Mrs. Tomkins' Commands. By Patrick Cary, 20 Aug., 1651," London, 1820. Nine of the pieces had been previously issued under the title "Poems" in London, 1771.

The Healths 154
Crucifixus Pro Nobis 202
Whilst I heheld the Neck o' th' Dove 205

CAVENDISH, MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE (1624?-1674), was born at St. John's, near Colchester in Essex. In 1643-5, she was maid of honour to Queen Henrietta-Maria whom she accompanied to Paris. At Paris, she met and was married to William Cavendish, Marquis, and subsequently Duke of Newcastle. She returned to England at the Restoration, and induced her husband to retire from court, to "devote himself in the country to the task of gathering together and repairing what he calls 'the chips' of his former estates." Her works in prose and verse are numerous. "To the student of early literature," says a biographer, "the ponderous folios in which her writings exist will have a measure of the charm they had for Lamb. Her fairy poems are good enough to rank with those of Herrick and Mennis, though scarcely with those of Shakespeare, as some enthusiasts have maintained."

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CHARLES I., KING (1600-1649), of the United Kingdom, was the second son of James VI. of Scotland (and First of England) and Anne of Denmark, born at Dunfermline Ascended the throne 1625; married Henrietta Maria of France, 1625, and was beheaded by Parliament 1649.

A Royal Lamentation	162

CIBBER, COLLEY (1671-1757), actor and dramatist, was born in London, and went to the free school of Grantham in Lincolnshire, after which he stood at the election in Winchester College, but being rejected he went to London, "visited the theatres and conceived a taste for the stage" After an experience in the army he returned to London and joined the united companies at the Theatre Royal in 1690. His first success on the stage was in 1692, as the Chaplain in the "Orphan" of Otway. Following this Cibber's career as actor, manager, and dramatist was long and successful In 1730, he succeeded Eusden as poet-laureate, which was undoubtedly the reward for the Whig principles he had expressed in his play the "Non-Juror," an adaptation of Molière's "Tartuffe" into English politics.

The Blind Boy	617

CLEVELAND, JOHN (1613–1658) was born at Loughborough, Leicestershire, and educated at Christ College, Cambridge. He was elected Fellow of St. John's College, in 1634, where he remained nine years, 'the delight and ornament of St. John's society.' He joined the Royalist army at Oxford, and under Sir Richard Willis at Newark, made judge-advocate which office was to gather all college rents within the power of the king's forces in those parts.' At the surrender of Newark he was thrown out of employment, and lived in a destitute condition. In 1655, Cleveland was seized at Norwich and sent to prison for three months at Yarmouth. Securing his release through a manly letter to Cromwell, he lived in retirement, teaching for support About 1656, appeared 'Poems by J. C.', which circulated very widely.

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CONGREVE, WILLIAM (1670–1729). dramatist, was born at Bardsey, near Leeds, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin Leaving the University, he entered the Middle Temple, but soon deserted it for literature. His first publication was a novel, 'Incognita, or Love and Duty reconciled,' by 'Cleiphil'; his first play, the 'Old Bachelor', was produced January 1692-3. The success of this inspired him to write the 'Double Dealer', performed in November, 1693. Following this he produced a number of comedies notable for their faithfulness to the fashions of the time, and for their pointed and vigorous dialogue. A man of pleasure, Congreve was more desirous of being known as a 'gentleman' than as an author. Voltaire, who visited him towards the end of his life was said to have been disgusted at this 'affectation.'

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In 1710, was published the first collected edition of Congreve's works in three volumes.

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COTTON, CHARLES (1630-1687), was born at Beresford in Staffordshire, and became the pupil of Ralph Rawson of Brasenose College, Oxford, who was ejected in 1648, by the Parliamentary visitors. There is no evidence that Cotton received an academical training, but early in youth he travelled in France, and it is supposed, in Italy, acquiring a large knowledge of classical, French, and Italian literature. Cotton followed no profession, but devoted himself to literary pursuits. No edition of Cotton's poems was published during his lifetime, they were widely circulated in manuscript among his friends. The first to appear was an unauthorised edition of the poems published in 1689. Cotton published in 1685, a translation of Montaigne in three volumes. He was an intimate friend of Isaac Walton.

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COWLEY, ABRAHAM (1618-1667), was born in London, the posthumous child of a stationer, and educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. He began early to write verses, and in 1633, published a collection entitled "Poetical Blossoms." He was ejected from Cambridge shortly after Crashaw, and like him proceeded to Oxford. He was employed on missions to Holland and elsewhere by the exiled court. In 1647, appeared 'The Mistress' which became the favourite love poems of the day. His most important volume 'Poems' came out in 1656, and was in a sense a collected edition Cowley popularised the Pindaric ode which set the example for innumerable poets who came after him in the seventeen century.

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CUTTS, JOHN, LORD CUTTS (1661-1707), soldier and statesman, was born at Arkesden in Essex, and educated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge. In 1687, he published "Poetical Exercises, written on several Occasions," and dedicated to Mary, Princess of Orange. Cutts was one of the Lord Justices of Ireland, lieutenant-general in the British army, and Governor of the Isle of Wight.

Song (Only tell her that I love) 631

DENHAM, SIR JOHN (1615-1669), was born in Dublin, and educated at London and Trinity College, Oxford. He studied law at Lincoln's Inn. His first publication was a historical tragedy "The Sophy", which was acted at the private theatre at Blackfriars, and published in 1642. When the Civil Wars broke out Denham was Sheriff of Surrey, and he entered the service of the king. He was made Governor of Farnham castle, where he was captured by Sir William Waller and sent by him prisoner to London, but was allowed to retire to Oxford where he lived in retirement for five years. He was frequently in the service of Henrietta Maria and the young king Charles during their exile. At the Restoration he was presented several grants of land and valuable leases for his loyalty, and made surveyor-general of works. Denham's most important work is "Cooper's Hill", 1642, which was the "earliest example of strictly descriptive poetry in the language."

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DIGBY, GEORGE, EARL OF BRISTOL (1612-1677), was born at Madrid, during his father's first embassy to Spain, and educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. After travelling in France, he lived on his father's estate, Sherborne Castle, devoting himself to the study of philosophy and literature. In March 1640, he was elected to Parliament as member for Dorset; in 1642, impeached for high treason he escaped to Holland. Later he returned to England and joined the Court at Oxford. He fought with the royalist army, holding high commissions. When the king surrendered to the Parliamentary Commissioners, Digby escaped to France and served in the French army. Upon the Restoration he returned to England and took part in public affairs.

Song (See, O see!) 89

DODINGTON, GEORGE BUBB, LORD MELCOMBE (1691-1762), was the son of Jeremias Bubb "variously described as an Irish fortune-hunter and an apothecary at Weymouth or Carlisle" and a daughter of one John Dodington. It is supposed he attended Oxford. In 1715, he was elected member of Parliament for Winchelsea. The same year he was sent as envoy extraordinary to Spain, remaining there for two years. He succeeded to the estates of his uncle George Dodington in 1720, and took the family name. In 1761, he was created Baron Melcombe of Melcombe Regis, in Dorsetshire. His activities were mainly political, but he was an occasional writer of verse.

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DRYDEN, JOHN (1631-1700), was born at Aldwinkle All Saints, Northamptonshire, and educated at Westminster, and Trinity College, Cambridge. Leaving the University Dryden went to London finding employment according to Shadwell, as clerk to his cousin Sir Gilbert Pickering, and later as a hack-writer for Herringman, a bookseller with whom he lodged, and who published his books until 1679. In 1663, he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire who gave the couple a small estate in Wiltshire. In 1662, Dryden was elected to the Royal Society; his first play the "Wild Gallant", a failure, was performed at the King's Theatre in 1663. The closing of the theatres on account of the plague and the fire of London from May 1665 to the end of 1666, caused Dryden's retirement to Charlton in Wiltshire, a seat of his father-in-law, where he completed two remarkable works, the "Annus Mirabilis", and the "Essay on Dramatic Poesy." When the theatres reopened Dryden began the production of a long list of plays which made him famous. In 1670, he was appointed Poet-Laureate and historiographer Between November 1681, and November 1682, Dryden produced "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "Mac Flecknoe," and a second part of "Absalom and Achitophel"—mainly written however, by Tate—his greatest satires which contained some of his best work, and raised him to the height of his reputation. The Revolution of 1688, deprived Dryden of his offices, and the patronage which he had expectations of from James II. He turned to the production of plays once more, but as his dramatic energy declined, he turned to other directions. He translated Virgil, and wrote the Fables. In his last years he "held the post of literary dictator, previously assigned to Ben Jonson, and afterwards to Addison, Pope and Samuel Johnson"

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Song (I feed a flame within, which so torments me) 542
A Song (Fair, sweet and young, receive a prize) 543
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To the Pious Memory of the Accomplished young Lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew, excellent in the two sister Arts of Poesy and Painting..... 596

D'URFEY, THOMAS, (1653-1723), poet and dramatist, was born of Huguenot descent, at Exeter. His first play was a tragedy, 'The Seige of Memphis; or the Ambitious Queen', produced at the King's Theatre, in 1676. After this followed a number of comedies and songs which won him great popularity and many friendships. 'Four successive monarchs,' declares a biographer, 'had been amused by him and had shown him personal favour.'

Come, sweet Lass..... 449
Song (Some thirty or forty or fifty at least)..... 527
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ETHEREGE, SIR GEORGE (1635?-1691), dramatist, is said to have come of an Oxfordshire family. It is supposed that he was at Cambridge for a short time; to have travelled abroad; and afterwards to have been at one of the Inns of Court. He was the author of three comedies: 'The Seige of Rhodes', acted in 1661, the 'Rival Ladies', acted in 1663; and 'The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub', acted in 1664. These comedies declared Mr. Gosse (Seventeen Century Studies) inaugurated the Restoration drama Etherege held diplomatic posts under Charles II. and James II., at the Hague and Ratisbon. Like Rochester, his habits were loose and irregular, and he greatly offended the Germans. Leaving Ratisbon Etherege went to Paris where it is said he died.

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Song (If she be not as kind as fair)..... 552
Song (Ye happy swains whose hearts are free)..... 554

FARQUHAR, GEORGE (1678-1707), dramatist, was born at Londonderry, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Leaving the University—he was expelled some say, while Wilkes his biographer declares that the reason was the death of Bishop Wiseman of Dromore, his patron—he appeared on the stage as an actor. In 1697 or 8, he went to London, and in 1699, produced his first play 'Love in a Bottle', at the Drury Lane Theatre. This was followed by a number of comedies attended generally with success. In 1700, Farquhar was in Holland, supposedly on military duty. He was the last of the school of Congreve.

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FINCH, ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA (1661-1720), was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, near Southampton. She married Heneage Finch, the fourth earl of Winchilsea. Before her marriage she was maid of honour to Mary of Modena. She was a friend of Pope's and other men of letters. She published during her life-time 'The Spleen' a Pindaric ode, in 'A Miscellany of Original Poems', printed by Charles Gildon, 1701; and 'Miscellany Poems, Written by a Lady', 1713. She was entirely neglected during the eighteenth century until Wordsworth brought her to notice. He praised her 'Nocturnal Reverie' in the prefatory essay to a volume of poems in 1815, and in presenting to Lady Mary Lowther 'Poems and Extracts, chosen for an Album' he included many of the Countess of

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Winchilsea's poems At her death she left a number of manuscripts, which were printed in Miss Myra Reynolds' edition of 'The Poems of Anne Countess of Winchilsea' Chicago, 1903.

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A Song (Persuade me not, there is a grace) 645
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FLATMAN, THOMAS (1637-1688), poet and miniature-painter, was born in London, and educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford. Settling in London, he occupied himself with painting and poetry, and in both arts winning the applause of his contemporaries. The first collection of his verse was 'Poems and Songs', published in 1674.

The Defiance 552
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GAY, JOHN (1685-1732), poet and dramatist, was born at Barnstaple, and educated at the free grammar school of his native town He was apprenticed to a mercer in London, but finding this uncongenial to his health returned to his native place to repair it. He was soon back in town again and was made 'secretary or domestic steward' to the Duchess of Monmouth, and enjoying the friendship of Pope. In 1712, Gay issued a poem in blank verse entitled 'wine', and in 1713, 'Rural Sports.' In 1714, appeared the 'Shepherd's Week' and the same year he obtained the appointment of secretary to Lord Clarendon, accompanying him to the court of Hanover He returned to England on the death of Queen Anne. In 1716, was published, 'Trivia; or the Art of Walking the Streets of London', valuable for its description of urban life under Queen Anne In 1720, Tonson and Lintot, published his poems in two volumes which gained him a large profit This he lost with other money in the famous 'South Sea Bubble'. In 1727, appeared the well-known 'Fables' upon which his reputation mainly rests. The long-awaited patronage from court came with the accession of George II., a nomination as gentleman-usher to the little Princess Louisa, but this Gay declined In 1728, the famous 'Beggars' Opera' was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and made his name a household word in the three kingdoms. Though Gay experienced the ups and downs of fortune he was fortunate in his friendships. From 1728, to the end of his life, he lived with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, 'either at their town house or in the country seat of Amesbury in Wiltshire. They assumed, indeed, formal charge of him, the duke taking care of his money, and the duchess watching over the poet himself.'

An Epistle to the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington..... 607
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GODOLPHIN, SIDNEY (1610-1643), was born in Cornwall, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and after leaving the University he entered the Inns of Court. Returned from his travels abroad he was elected member of Parliament for Helston in 1628. When the Civil War broke out he joined the army on the royalist side, and was shot in a skirmish at Chagford

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GRANVILLE, GEORGE, LORD LANSDOWNE (1667-1735), poet and dramatist, was educated in France and at Trinity College, Cambridge. During the reign of James II. he lived in retirement 'addressing amorous verses to 'Myra' or 'Mira' (Frances Brudnell, Countess of Newburgh), and writing plays' With the accession of Queen Anne, Granville entered public life as member of Parliament for Fowey. In 1710, he succeeded Walpole as secretary of state, and the following year was created a peer with the title of Lord Lansdowne, Baron of Bideford, Devon He held several high offices until the accession of George I. In 1722, he went abroad and lived at Paris for ten years. Returning he published a revised and complete edition of his works. Some of his plays are: 'She Gallants' acted 1696, 'Heroick Love', a tragedy, acted 1698; 'The Jew of Venice', an adaptation of Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venice', 1701; and 'The British Enchanters', an opera, 1706

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HALL, JOHN (1627-1656), poet and pamphleteer, was born at Durham, and educated at Durham School, and St. John's College, Cambridge. At nineteen Hall published 'Horæ Vacoræ, or Essays, Some Occasional Considerations', in 1646, which won considerable notice In 1646-7, he issued a volume of 'Poems' at Cambridge In 1650, Hall accompanied Cromwell to Scotland, where he drew up the 'Grounds and Reasons of Monarchy' printed at Edinburgh This was followed by other pamphlets of a political nature. He issued also other books of verse, and at his death left a number of manuscripts.

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HAMMOND, WILLIAM (fl. 1655), was the third son of Sir William Hammond, born at St Albans He published in 1655, 'Poems by W. H.', which were reprinted by Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges in 1816. He addressed many of his poems to Thomas Stanley who was his nephew. Prof. Saintsbury has reprinted Hammond in his 'Minor Caroline Poets', vol ii.

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The Forsaken Maid 72

HEATH, ROBERT (fl. 1650), was born in London, and educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. His chief known work is 'Clarastella; together with Poems occasionall, Elegies, Epigrams, Satyrs,' and issued in 1650.

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HOWARD, JAMES (fl. 1674), dramatist, was the ninth son of the first Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Lady Elizabeth Howard who became Dryden's wife. He was the author of two comedies, "All Mistaken, or the Mad Couple' acted at the Theatre Royal 1668, and published in 1672; and 'The English Mounsieur', acted at the same theatre, 1666, and published 1674. Nell Gwyn was in the cast of the latter play.
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HOWELL, JAMES (1594-1666), author and letter-writer, was the son of a curate, born at Abernant, and educated at Hereford Free School and Jesus College, Oxford. After taking his degree Howell was appointed steward of a glass-ware manufactory in London. In 1666, he left England for the continent in the interest of the glass-house and remained away three years travelling through Holland, France, Spain, and Italy. On returning he severed his connection with the glass-house and sought public office. He held various offices and was sent on missions to Europe, and sat in Parliament. In 1640, he began his literary career and was the author of innumerable political pamphlets, translations, and works in prose and verse. In 1643, Howell was arrested in London, and committed to the Fleet where he remained eight years, it was during this time that he wrote and published the first three volumes of his famous 'Epistolæ Ho-elianæ'; a fourth volume appeared in 1655.
Upon Black Eyes, and Becoming Frowns 64

HUGHES, DR. HENRY (Of this author there could be obtained no facts of his life).
A Lady to a young Courtier..... 523

KILLIGREW, SIR WILLIAM (1606-1695), dramatist, was born at Hanworth, Middlesex, and educated at St John's College, Oxford He was knighted in 1626 After travelling in Europe, he entered Parliament as member 'by double returns' for Newport and Peryn, in Cornwall. Killigrew was appointed governor of Pendennis Castle and Falmouth Haven, and was made gentleman-usher to Charles I He also held, after the Restoration, the post of vice-chamberlain to Queen Catherine, which he filled for twenty-two years In 1665, appeared 'Three Playes, written by Sir William Killigrew', and in 1666, another volume of 'Foure New Playes', was issued. Some of these it is said, were performed.
Song (Come come, thou glorious object of my sight) 44

KYNASTON, SIR FRANCIS, (1587-1642), was born at Oteley, Shropshire, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford, taking his M A. from Trinity College, Cambridge. He was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, in 1611; knighted in 1618; and in 1621, elected to Parliament as member from Shropshire. He was made esquire to the body of Charles I. on his accession, and was the centre of a brilliant literary coterie at court. In 1635, Kynaston founded an academy of learning called the 'Musæum Minervæ', which did not survive his death.
To Cynthia on Concealment of her Beauty..... 66
To Cynthia on her Mother's Decease..... 226

L'ESTRANGE, SIR ROGER (1616-1704), Tory journalist and pamphleteer, was born at Hunstanton, Norfolk, and educated at home, where in

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early youth he showed an aptitude for music. L'Estrange was an ardent royalist, served in Prince Rupert's troop, and experienced a hazardous and varied career during the Civil War and Protectorate. He wrote all manner of pamphlets upon church and state controversies, which were often very bitter, scurrilous, and personal. In 1684-5, L'Estrange was elected to Parliament as member for Winchester, and was often in the service of James II.

Loyalty Confined 156

MARVELL, ANDREW (1621-1678), was born at Winstead in Holderness, Yorkshire, son of the Master of Kingston-upon-Hull Grammar School where he was early trained, and later at Trinity College, Cambridge. The ten years after Marvell left the University, are obscure. It is supposed that from 1642 to 1646, he travelled in Holland, France, Italy and Spain, forming while in Rome the friendship which lasted throughout his life In 1650 or 51, Marvell became tutor to Mary, daughter of Lord Fairfax, the influence of whose household brought him into sympathy with the Commonwealth. In 1652, Milton recommended Marvell for the post of Assistant Latin Secretary, and failing to obtain it he became member of Parliament for Hull. He was in Parliament under Charles II. and satirised his dissolute life and court When Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle, went on his first embassy to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, Marvell accompanied him as secretary Marvell was the poet of the Protectorate; his poems to Cromwell are numerous He was known chiefly in his own day as a pamphleteer and satirist, as he engaged in many political controversies Few of his poems were published during his life-time.

On a Drop of Dew 8
The Garden 14
The Mower against Gardens 16
The Picture of little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers 18
The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn 24
The Definition of Love 29
Young Love 32
The Fair Singer 39
To his Coy Mistress 40
The Mower to the Glow Worms 50
The Mower's Song 53
Eyes and Tears 90
An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland 108
On Paradise Lost 117
The Coronet 207
Bermudas 217
An Epitaph upon— 249

MILTON, JOHN (1608-1674), was the son of a scrivener, born in Bread Street, Cheapside, London, and educated at Christ College, Cambridge. Abandoning his intention to enter the ministry, he settled with his father at Horton in Buckinghamshire, where he remained for six years. It was during this period he wrote the great pieces known as his minor poems, and done for occasional purposes. They were the 'Arcades', 'Comus', 'L'Allegro', 'Il Penseroso', and 'Lycidas', and published in the volumes 'Poems' of 1645. In 1638, Milton went abroad visiting France and Italy. While in Italy, he met and was entertained by some of the most renowned and cultivated men of the

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time. Returning to London, he stopped a while in lodgings, after which he 'took a pretty garden house' in Aldersgate Street, where he took pupils. In 1640, Milton threw himself into ecclesiastical disputes; followed during the next twenty years by his absorption in the civil struggle, serving as Latin Secretary to the Council of the Commonwealth. At the Restoration he devoted himself to a long-cherished scheme, begun in 1658, of writing an epic poem which 'should be national in character, and set forth his conception of the providential order of the world.' The result was 'Paradise Lost', completed in 1665, and published in 1667. In 1671, 'Paradise Regained' and 'Samson Agonistes' were issued together.

Song on May morning 3
From 'Arcades'
i. Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look 10
ii. O're the smooth enameld green 11
iii. Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more 12
To the Nightingale 23
To a Virtuous young Lady 97
On His being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-Three 98
To the Lord Generall Cromwell May 1652 108
On Shakespear 1630 116
To the Lady Margaret Ley 119
To Mr. Lawrence 119
To Cyriack Skinner 120
When the Assault was Intended to the City 125
On the Late Massacher in Piemont 126
From 'Comus'
i. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold 134
ii. Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st Unseen 136
iii. Sabrina fair 137
iv. To the Ocean now I fly 139
L'Allegro 163
Il Penseroso 168
At a Solemn Musick 177
On Time 180
On His Blindness 185
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity 191
On His Deceased Wife 225
Lycidas 227

MONTAGU, CHARLES, EARL OF HALIFAX (1661-1715), was born it is supposed, at Horton, Northamptonshire, and educated at Westminster school and Trinity College, Cambridge. His intention was to take orders, but entered public life instead, was elected to Parliament, and became a minister of the crown under William and Mary. 'Halifax possessed great administrative ability, and keen business faculties. As a finance minister he achieved a series of brilliant successes. As a parliamentary orator his only rival was Somers His ambition was great, his vanity excessive, and his arrogance unbounded. He was president of the Royal Society . . and a munificent patron of literature.'

Verses, written for the Toasting-Glasses of the Kit-Cat Club, 1703 646

MONTAGU, LADY MARY WORTLEY (1689-1762), writer of Letters, was born in London, the daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, the fifth Earl of Kingston (and created Duke of Kingston in 1715). She read eagerly in her youth old romances and dramatists, and became proficient in

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Latin and Greek. In 1712, she married Edward Wortley Montagu by special licence against her father's wishes who had ordered her to marry another man. She was at court, and a leader in London society. Her relations and quarrels with Pope, who loved her, are well known. Her 'Letters' first appeared in 1763, in three volumes.
To a Lady making Love 638
The Advice 639
The Answer 640

MORDAUNT, CHARLES, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH (1658-1735), admiral, general, and diplomatist, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He held office under William III. and Queen Anne, and participated in many campaigns and naval battles as general and admiral of the British forces.
Chloe's Triumph 511

MORE, HENRY (1614-1687), theologian, born at Grantham, and educated at Eton and Christ's College, Cambridge. Entering holy orders about 1639, he was elected a Fellow of his college, and lived there the rest of his life. More was a member of the little band of Christian Platonists which was formed at Cambridge about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was the author of some volumes of prose, but he began his literary career as a poet, publishing in 1642, 'Psychozoia Platonica, or, a Platonicall Song of the Soul consisting of Foure Several Poems' 'Philosophicall Poems' appeared in 1647, in which the 'Song of the Soul' was reprinted.
The Philosopher's Devotion 189

MOTTEUX, PIERRE ANTONIE (1660-1718), translator and dramatist, was born at Rouen, Normandy, and emigrated to England when the Edict of Nantes was revoct in 1685, and became an East India merchant. In 1692, he edited the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' His first play 'Love's a Jest' came out in 1696 This was followed by a number of others. He was at one time a clerk in the foreign department of the General Post Office. His death was sudden, and it was supposed he was poisoned, though the apprehension of several persons failed to involve any of them.
Secret Love 624

NORRIS, JOHN (1657-1711), divine, was born at Collingbourne-Kingston, in Wiltshire, and educated at Winchester and Exeter College, Oxford. He was ordained about 1684. In 1692, he became rector of Bemerton, where he remained until his death. Norris was the last of the Cambridge Platonists. He was an able prose-writer, but in his works interpreted chiefly the Malebranche theories in England. His most popular book 'Miscellanies', appeared in 1687, and included his poems
The Aspiration 584
Hymn to Darkness 589

OLDMIXON, JOHN (1673-1742), historian and pamphleteer, came of an ancient family living in the manor of Oldmixon, near Bridgwater. In 1696, he published 'Poems on Several Occasions, written in the manner of Anacreon', and in the next two years produced two pastorals which were performed. In 1703, was acted at Lincoln's Inn Field 'The Governor of Cyprus' his last and best play. In 1708, began to appear his histories, among which are 'The British Empire in America', the

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'Critical History of England', and the 'History of England during the Reigns of the Royal House of Stuarts'.
Song (Those arts which common beauties move) 644
To Chloe 648

OLDYS, WILLIAM (1696-1761), antiquary, was born in London, and advanced in life by his own abilities. He was among those who caught the South Sea 'madness' and lost money in the famous 'bubble' Oldys was employed by a London bookseller to edit and supervise a new edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's 'History of the World', in 1736, for which he wrote a life of the author. He became literary secretary to the Earl of Oxford; contributed to the first edition of the 'Biographia Britannica', and wrote a life of Charles Cotton, the poet.
To a Fly 744

OTWAY, THOMAS (1652-1685), dramatist, born at Trotton, near Midhurst, Sussex, and educated at Winchester College, and Christ Church, Oxford. Leaving the University, he went to London, and failing at his first experience to become an actor, began writing plays. As a dramatist he was one of the most popular in his day, and deservedly so, for his dramas are marvellous in tragic power, tenderness, and reach a high level of art. The earliest collected edition of Otway's plays appeared in 1713, in two volumes. 'Venice Preserved', and the 'Orphan' are the best known of these. At one time Otway was on military duty in Holland.
The Enchantment 504

PARKER, MARTIN (d 1656), balladmonger, was supposedly born in London. He was a staunch royalist. He was the most celebrated balladist of the seventeenth century. Parker was also, it appears, from entries at Stationer's Hall, the author of several romances, among which 'Guy Earl of Warwick' is dated 1640. Parker's most popular ballad was 'When the kings enjoyes his owne againe.' Many of his ballads are printed in the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads'.
Sailors for my Money 132

PARNELL, THOMAS (1679-1718), was born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College, the same city. He was ordained about 1703, and appointed minor canon of St. Patrick, Dublin. He was a member of the 'Scriblerus Club', and the friend of Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Congreve. Parnell published but few poems during his life; the first collected edition was issued by Pope, in 1721. His work possesses qualities which border on greatness.
Hymn to Contentment 615
Song (My days have been so wondrous free) 623
Song (When thy beauty appears) 628
An Elegy to an Old Beauty 655
The Hermit 753
A Hymn for Evening 769
A Night Piece on Death 770

PATTISON, WILLIAM (1706-1727), was born at Peasemarsh, near Rye, Sussex, and educated at the Appleby Free School, and Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. He threw himself into London literary life but soon after died of the small-pox. The year following his death,

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the 'Poetical Works of Mr. William Pattison, late of Sidney-Sussex College', was published by Curll, the bookseller, in whose house he died.
The Indifferent 637

PHILIPS, KATHERINE (ORINDA), (1631-1664), was the daughter of John Fowler, a merchant, and was born in the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, London. Her early education was conducted by a cousin, and later at a fashionable boarding-school. She married James Philips of the Priory, Cardigan, in 1647. Mrs. Philips was the centre of a society of friendship who adopted fanciful names, she signing herself, 'Orinda', to which her contemporaries added the epithet 'matchless' in recognition of her literary talents. She translated Corneille's 'Pompée', which was acted with great success at Dublin in 1662-3. An unauthorised edition of the play with her miscellaneous poems appeared in 1664. She died of small-pox at the height of her popularity.
To my Excellent Lucasia, on our Friendship 450
To Mrs. M. A. at Parting 451
The Enquiry 453
To one Persuading a Lady to Marriage 537
Song (How prodigious is my fate) 554
To Regina Collier, on her Cruelty to Philaster 556

POPE, ALEXANDER (1688-1744), was born in Lombard Street, London, and after private tuition under several priests, his education was left to his own devices. He pursued a great amount of miscellaneous reading, studying according to his own account French, Italian, Latin and Greek, and making himself familiar with the English poets. When he was between thirteen and fifteen years old he wrote an epic poem called 'Alexander'. Establishing himself in town when he was fifteen, Pope soon made himself known to persons of eminence in the literary and social world. In 1709, the publication of the 'Pastorals' established him in literature. Two years later appeared the 'Essay on Criticism'; and between 1712 and 1714, the 'Rape of the Lock' and 'Windsor Forest'. From the publication of the latter to 1725, Pope devoted to his translation of Homer which had an unprecedented success when published. After this began his long career as a satirist involving him in many disputes and quarrels. He succeeded Dryden as the literary dictator of his time. Pope's activities were confined entirely to his life as a writer, owing to his ill-health and to the fact that he was a Catholic.
On a Certain Lady at Court 640
Pastoral. Hylas and Aegon 662
Eloisa to Abelard 665
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot 710
Ode to Solitude 752
The Universal Prayer 778
The Dying Christian to his Soul 781
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady 790

POPE, DR. WALTER (d. 1714), astronomer, was a native of Fawbley, in Northamptonshire, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He spent some time travelling abroad, and returned to succeed Sir Christopher Wren as professor of astronomy in Cresham College, Oxford. He was the author of some prose works and translations, but is best known by his poem 'The Old Man's Wish,' published in 1710.
The Wish 761

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PORTER, WALTER (1595?-1659), composer, and master of the choristers of Westminster Abbey. During the Rebellion he lost his post His 'Madrigales and Ayres' was issued in 1634; 'Ayres and Madrigales', 1639; 'Psalms and Anthems', 1639; 'Mottets of two voices to an Organ, Harpsycon, Lute, or Basso-viol', 1657; and 'Divine Hymns', 1664.
Love in thy Youth 30

PRIOR, MATTHEW (1664-1721), poet and diplomatist, was born it is supposed, at Winbourne Minster, East Dorset, and educated at Westminster School, and St John's College, Cambridge He entered the diplomatic service and was ambassador to the Hague in 1697. He was secretary in negotiations at the treaty of Ryswick, conveying to England the articles of peace Prior also held office as secretary of state for Ireland, and was attached to the embassy at Paris under the Earl of Manchester In 1707, appeared 'Poems on Several Occasions', and in 1709, his friends to relieve his strained condition issued by subscription a collection of his poems which is said to have netted him four thousand pounds Lord Oxford added to this the gift of Downhall, in Essex, where he passed his remaining days in comfort Prior was a master of vers de société, the wit and grace and charm of which leaves him still unequaled in this field of poetry.
To a Child of Quality 621
A Letter, etc 622
A Song (If wine and music have the power) 629
An Ode 631
The Lady who offers her Looking-Glass to Venus 645
The Question to Liseits Lisetta's Reply 647
The Female Phæton 649
A Better Answer 651
To a Lady, she Refusing to continue a Dispute, etc 652
To Chloe Weeping 654
A Song (In vain you tell your parting lover) 655
On my Birthday 680
The Secretary 686
To His Soul 780
For my own Monument 793

SACKVILLE, CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET (1638-1706), poet and courtier, was educated under a private tutor, and travelled at an early age in Italy. Returning to England at the Restoration, he was elected to Parliament for East Grinstead. He attended very little to his duties, but 'became a courtier, a wit, and man about town, and for some years seemed to have lived a very dissipated life.' When the first Dutch War broke out, he volunteered to join the fleet, and took an honourable part in the great naval engagement of June 3, 1665 It is said he wrote the famous song 'To all you ladies', the night before the fight Dorset took no part in the Revolution, and declined to enter public life under William
Song (Phillis, for shame, let us improve) 517
Song (Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes) 520
Song written at Sea, etc 524
May the Ambitious ever Find 535
Song (In vain, Clemene, you bestow) 536

SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES (1639?-1701), wit and dramatic author, was born at Aylesford, in Kent, the posthumous son of Sir John Sedley, and attended Wadham College, Oxford, but took no degree. After the

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Restoration he entered Parliament as one of the members for New Romney. Sedley, like Dorset in early life, and Rochester, was dissolute and implicated in drunken frolics. His writings consist of some prose essays, translations, five plays, and a number of scattering lyrics.

To a very young Lady 488
Love still has something of the Sea..... 500
Phillis Knotting 513
Song (Not, Celia, that I juster am)..... 516
Song (Phillis, men say that all my vows)..... 518
Song (Phillis is my only joy) 542

SHADWELL, THOMAS (1642?-1692), dramatist, was born at Bromhill House, in the parish of Weeting, and educated at Bury St. Edmunds and Ciaus College, Cambridge, but left without taking a degree, and entered the Middle Temple. Shadwell's first play 'The Sullen Lovers', based on Molière's 'Les Facheux' was performed at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1668. Following this he produced a number of plays; became the butt for one of Dryden's best satires 'Mac Flecknoe'; and was appointed Poet-Laureate and Historiographer royal to succeed Dryden, at the Revolution.

The Victory in Hungary..... 573

SHEFFIELD, JOHN, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE (1648-1721), was born in London and succeeded his father when he was ten years old as third Earl of Mulgrave. He served as avolunteer in both Dutch wars, taking part in the memorable sea-fight in Southwold Bay. In 1673, he took command of the ship 'Captain', the 'best second-rate ship in the navy' He served under Turenne in the French army, and was sent in command of an expedition for the relief of Tangiers in 1680. Under James II. he held a seat in the Privy Council and was created Lord Chamberlain. He opposed the reign of William III. and became leader of the Tories in the House of Lords. On the accession of Anne, he was received with high favour at court; appointed Lord Privy Seal, and in 1702-3, Anne created him Duke of Buckingham and Normanby.

Song (Come, Celia, let's agree at last)..... 562
Inconstancy Excused..... 563

SHEPPARD, SAMUEL (fl. 1646), was the son of a physician, and related to Sir Christopher Clapham of Beamish, in Yorkshire, to whom he dedicated many of his books. He took holy orders, and was an ardent royalist. His literary career commenced about 1606, as amanuensis to Ben Jonson. Twice Sheppard suffered imprisonment for his convictions, once for a period of fourteen months in Newgate. He was the author of some ten or eleven volumes of verse.

Epithalamium..... 86

SHERBURNE, SIR EDWARD (1618-1702), was born at Goldsmith Rents, Cripplegate, London, and educated at a local school kept by Thomas Farnaby, and later under Charles Alleyn. the historian of Henry VII. After travelling abroad, he succeeded his father as clerk of ordnance of the Tower, of which he became deprived at the outbreak of the Civil War because he was a royalist and Catholic. He attended the king at Oxford until the surrender when he removed to London and lived in the Middle Temple. At the Restoration he was restored to public service which he quitted at the Revolution, living afterwards a quiet and studious life. Sherburne translated from Seneca, and pub-

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lished in 1651, 'Salmancis, Lyrian, and Sylvia, Forsaken Lydia, the Rape of Helen, a comment thereon, with several other Poems and Translations', which contained most of his best extant verse.

The Fountain 22
The Surprise 36
Weeping and Kissing 53
Novo Inamoramento 68
The Vow 70
The Sweetmeat 72
Change defended 74

SPRAT, THOMAS, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER (1635-1713), was born at Beaminster, Dorset, and educated at Wadham College, Oxford. Long regarded as a man of wit and letters, it was not till 1679, that his ability as a preacher and his loyalty as a 'bold upholder of high church doctrines and divine right of kings' was recognised. In 1683, he was installed as dean of Westminster, and in 1684, appointed Bishop of Rochester. Sprat was associated with Dean Aldrich in revising Lord Clarendon's 'History of the Civil War.'

On his Mistress Drowned 593

STANLEY, THOMAS (1625-1678), was born at Cumberlow, Hertfordshire, and educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. After spending some years abroad travelling, chiefly in France, he retired towards the end of the Civil war, to lodgings in the Middle Temple, where his wealth permitted him to engage in literary work, and surround himself with a cultivated literary society. In 1647, appeared 'Poems' which contained some of Stanley's best original work, together with translations from Tasso, Lope de Vega, Guarini, Marino, and Petrarch. Stanley was a student of Greek philosophy, and published a 'History of Philosophy' the first volume of which appeared in 1655; a second, 1656, third, 1660, and a fourth entitled, 'The History of Chaldaick Philosophy', 1662. His translation of Æschylus, was issued in 1663. There were many manuscript volumes left by the poet at his death which are in the University Library at Cambridge.

Expectation 31
The Magnet 35
Celia, Sleeping or Singing 47
The Kiss 52
The Relapse 71
The Disposition 73
The Exequies 75
The Parting 76
The Tomb 77

STEELE, SIR RICHARD (1672-1729), essayist, dramatist, and politician, was born in Dublin, the son of an attorney, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford. He left College, without taking a degree, and joined the army as a gentleman volunteer in the Life-Guards under the command of the Duke of Ormonde. His first play 'The Funeral; or, Grief a-la-Mode', was performed at Drury Lane in 1701. This was followed by 'The Lying Lover', 1703, and the 'Tender Husband', in the same year. After this, Steele abandoned the stage for a while, became gentleman waiter to Prince George of Denmark; and in April 1709, issued the first number of the 'Tatler', and in 1711, the 'Spectator'. While the 'Spectator' was in progress Steele made his first entry into politics· was elected to Parliament first for Stockbridge,

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in Hampshire, and again for Boroughbridge, Yorkshire. He was knighted in 1715. Steele conducted a number of other periodical ventures, and produced his last comedy, 'The Conscious Lovers', in 1722.

Song (Why, lovely charmer, tell me, why)..... 639

STEPNEY, GEORGE (1663-1707), poet and envoy, was born at Westminster, London, and educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge He held political posts and was sent on missions to Vienna, Brandenburg, Germany, and Warsaw It is said he understood the German people better than any Englishman of his day. Stepney published translations from Ovid and Juvenal. His poems have been collected in Chalmers' 'English Poets'

Verses, Imitated from the French of Mons Maynard to Cardinal Richelieu.. 749

To the Evening Star 767

STEVENS, GEORGE ALEXANDER (1710-1784), was born in the parish of St. Andrews, Holborn, the son of a London tradesman who early apprenticed him to a trade Thus he soon left to join some strolling players which served as his probation to the stage He first acted regularly in Dublin, and later was engaged at Covent Garden, London. In 1764, he began to give his famous 'Lecture on Heads', afterwards travelling and repeating it in America It is said he amassed over ten thousand pounds by this 'pioneer of the monologue entertainment' Stevens wrote several dramas, but was not successful as a playwright.

The Wine Vault. 745

SWIFT, JONATHAN (1667-1745), satirist, was born at Hoey's Court, Dublin, and educated at Trinity College, at the University there At the outbreak of the war in 1688, Swift fled to England, and served for the next eleven years as secretary to Sir William Temple. In 1692, he went to Oxford and took his M A. degree Returning to Ireland he was ordained deacon in 1694, and priest in January 1695 Swift was associated with Oxford, Bartley and Bolingbroke in the political battles which raged between Whig and Tory up to the death of Queen Anne In recognition of his services Bolingbroke secured his promotion to the Deanery of St Patrick's, Dublin During these years Swift spent a large portion of his time in London, was high in literary and social circles, and was a 'leading patron of good, and the scourge of bad writers' With the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, Swift's hopes of further preferment being gone, he withdrew to his Deanery and settled in Dublin, where he remained the rest of his life.

A Description of the Morning 607

A Description of a City Shower 612

Stella's Birthday, 1720 681

Stella's Birthday, March 13, 1727.. 683

Apollo's Edict, Occasioned by 'News from Parnassus'..... 693

On the Death of Dr Swift..... 723

A Grub Street Elegy 741

TATE, NAHUM (1652-1715), poet and dramatist, was born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College, the same city In 1677, he published a volume of poems, and the following year produced his first drama 'Brutus of Alba, or the Enchanted Lovers'. In 1681, he produced 'Richard III' entitled 'The Sicilian Usurper', the first of his altered versions of Shakespeare. In the same year Betterton appeared at Dorset Garden, in Tate's version of 'King Lear', and though it was

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severely criticised, especially by Addison in the 'Spectator', held the stage until 1840. Tate was appointed Poet Laureate in 1692, in succession to Shadwell. He was the author of a number of plays, translations, and a 'New Versions of the Psalms' in metre, which, with a second collection were at one time in universal use.

Song of the Priestesses at the Tomb of Argaces.... 592

TICKELL, THOMAS (1686-1740), was born at Bridekirk, Cumberland, and educated at Queen's College, Oxford. In 1706, he published his first poem 'Oxford', which included a complementary address to Addison, which together with his 'Lines to Mr. Addison, on his Opera Rosamond' won the greater writer's friendship. When Addison was appointed secretary of state, he chose Tickell as under-secretary. Later Tickell took up his abode in Ireland, and there was given the important post of secretary to the Lord Justices under Lord Carteret's administration. When Addison died he gave Tickell directions to collect his Works, which the latter published in four volumes in 1721. His best known poem, one of the most meritorious elegies in the language, 'To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Mr Addison', was published in the first volume.

To Apollo making Love 650
Colin and Lucy 658
Theristes, or the Lordling..... 739
On the Death of the Earl of Cadogan 785
To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr Addison 786

TOWNSEND, AURLLIAN (fl 1601), belonged to the Townsend family of Rainham. He was at one time steward to Sir Robert Cecil. His intimacy with Ben Jonson was close, and in 1608, he was invited by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to accompany him on a continental tour because of his 'perfect colloquial knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish' Townsend succeeded Jonson when the latter was banished from court, as composer of court masques to Charles I., and produced in 1631-2, 'Albion's Triumph' and 'Tempe Restored'. Townsend edited the first and best edition of Carew's 'Poems', in 1640.

To the Lady May 39
Mercury Complaining..... 68

TRAHERNE, THOMAS (1636-1674) Of this poet nothing was known until Mr Bartram Dobell published his edition of the Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, B. D., 1903.

The Salutation. 447
Dumbness 457
The Choice..... 475
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VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN (1664-1726), dramatist and architect, was born in the parish of St. Nicholas Acons, London, and educated at the Chester Grammar School, to which place his father had moved in 1667. In 1683, Vanbrugh was sent to France where he received his architectural education. In two years he was back in London, and joined the army. In 1697, he produced his first play, the 'Relapse', which was followed by a number of other successful comedies. As an architect Vanbrugh's beginning is obscured, his first construction of importance being Castle

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Howard, commissioned by the Earl of Carlisle. In 1702, he succeeded Talman as comptroller of the Board of Works, and in 1704, appointed Clarenceux king-at-arms. His most important architectural achievement was Blenheim Castle Vanbrugh was knighted by George II, in 1714.

A Song (I smile at Love and all its arts) 630

VAUGHAN, HENRY (1622-1695), 'silurist', was born at Newton-by-Usk, in the parish of Llansaintffraed, Brecknockshire, and educated under the tuition of Matthew Herbert, rector of Llangattock, and at Jesus College, Oxford Vaughan left Oxford, spent some time studying law, but finally adopted medicine In 1645, he began to practice, first at Brecknock, and later in his native place. In 1650, appeared 'Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations by Henry Vaughan Silurist' In 1651, his brother Thomas published 'Olor Iscanus, a Collection of some select Poems and Translations', gathered from his brother's manuscripts which he had attempted to destroy. A second part of 'Scintillans' was issued in 1655 Vaughan's poems were practically unknown until Wordsworth brought them to notice.

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VILLIERS, GEORGE, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (1628-1687), was born at Wallingford House, Westminster, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge A soldier and statesman Buckingham's career was neither creditable nor lustrous. As an author he published some pamphlets, 'The Rehearsal', a single drama, and a few occasional verses, the most memorable of which is his elegy on Lord Fairfax.

To His Mistress 48
An Epitaph on Thomas, third Lord Fairfax 92

WALSH, WILLIAM (1663-1708), was born at Abberley, Worcestershire, and educated at Wadham College, Oxford, which he left without taking his degree He was elected to Parliament for Worcestershire, in 1693, and held the post of gentleman of the horse from the beginning of Queen Anne's reign to his death. He was a man of fashion, and is chiefly remembered in connection with Pope who was indebted to him for early literary encouragement and advice.

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WARD, EDWARD (1667-1731), humourist of 'low Extraction', and with little education was born in Oxfordshire Early in life he visited the West Indies, and afterwards he began business as a publican in Moorfields For attacking the Government in a book called 'Hudibras', 1705, he was forced to stand in the 'pillory at the Royal Exchange and Charing Cross.' In 1717, Ward's 'Miscellaneous Writings' were issued in six volumes. His most important work is the 'London Spy' published originally in monthly folios, beginning November 1698, and issued as a book 1703.
A South Sea Ballad..... 567

WASHBOURNE, THOMAS (1606-1687), canon of Gloucester, was born in Wichenford, Gloucestershire, and educated at Balliol College, Oxford Taking holy orders, Washbourne was made rector of Loddington, in Northamptonshire, in 1639, and of Dumbleton, Gloucestershire, 1640 In 1643, he was installed prebend of Gloucestershire Cathedral which position he held during the Civil War. From 1660 to 1668, he was vicar of St. Mary's, Gloucester. Washbourne was the author of two published sermons and of a volume of 'Divine Poems', 1654.
The Rock..... 213

WATTS, ISAAC (1674-1748), hymn-writer, was born at Southampton, and educated at the Grammar School, and at an academy at Stoke-Newington. Leaving the academy Watts spent nearly three years at home, when he first commenced to compose his hymns In 1696, he became tutor to the son of Sir John Hartopp with whom he remained for five years. In 1698, he became assistant to Isaac Chauncy in a chapel in Mark Lane, Stoke-Newington, and preached his first sermon He succeeded to the pastorage in 1702. Watts was one of the most popular writers of his day, beside his hymns he issued a number of educational manuals on religious subjects. In 1810, a collected edition of his works was issued in six volumes.
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WEBBE, CHARLES (c. 1678) Of this author nothing seems to be known.
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WHARTON, ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF WHARTON (1632?-1685), was born in Oxfordshire, the second daughter of Sir Henry Lee. In 1673, she married Thomas Wharton, afterwards first Marquis of Wharton She corresponded with Dr. Gilbert Burnet with whom she exchanged manuscript verses. It seems she published nothing during her life, but a collection entitled 'The Temple of Death,' appeared in 1695. She also left a blank-verse tragedy, 'Love's Martyr, or Witt above Crownes', which I believe is still in manuscript. Her married life was unhappy, and she contemplated a divorce in 1682, from which she was dissuaded by Dr. Burnet.
Song (How hardly I concealed my tears)..... 549

WILDE, ROBERT (1609-1679), Puritan divine, was the son of a shoemaker, born at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire. He was inducted into the living

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of Aynhoe, Northamptonshire, 1646. Despite his non-conformity, Wilde was a royalist, and celebrated the Restoration in a long series of poems. Most of his verses were issued as broadsides; an edition was edited by the Rev. John Hunt, and published in London 1870.
An Epitaph 251

WILMOT, JOHN, EARL OF ROCHESTER (1647-1680), was born at Ditchley, Oxfordshire, and educated at Wadham College, Oxford Leaving the University he travelled in France and Italy; and on his return home presented himself at court. In 1665, he joined the fleet as a volunteer, and took part in the Dutch War At court Rochester was on intimate relations with the king, and boon companion to such notable libertines as George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Dorset, and Sir Charles Sedley; and although he was their junior by many years, soon excelled all of them in profligacy.' He played the part of a patron of the poets, and showed his characteristic fickleness in his treatment of them. Within a few months of his death appeared a volume of 'Poems on several Occasions, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Rochester' for the publication of which he does not seem to be responsible. A later edition in 1685, ascribed to a 'Late person of Honour' contained further additions. The volume was reprinted in 1691 and 1696.
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WILSON, JOHN (1595-1674), musician, was born at Faversham in Kent, and succeeded Alphonso Bates as musician to the king When the Oxford garrison surrendered, he entered the household of Sir William Walter of Sarden. In 1656, he was appointed choragus at the re-establishment of the professorship of music at Oxford, resigning it in 1661, to become chamber musician to Charles II.; in 1662, he succeeded Henry Lawes as gentleman of the Chapel Royal. Among his publications are. 'Select Ayres', 1652, 'Catch as Catch can', 'Pleasant Musical Companion', 1667; and 'Cheerful Ayres or Ballads', Oxford, 1660
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