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## RARE POEMS

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RARE POEMS  
OF  
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Chosen & Edited by  
L. BIRKETT MARSHALL  
M.A., PH.D.



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## INTRODUCTION

In his general introduction to the *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period* Mr George Saintsbury wrote:

From the point of view of literary history, and not from that point only, the neglect of minorities is a serious and may be fatal mistake. . . . Every fresh example may, it may almost be asserted that every fresh example does, give the rule with a difference; and by far the larger number of these differences are at least illustrative. From the confinement of the attention to a few examples, however brilliant and famous, come hasty generalisation and insufficient exposition, not seldom downright errors.

By means of this collection of very rare seventeenth-century verse I have tried to give some more worthy and distinctive minor poetry to the English Anthology and to add to our knowledge of what has been, surely, up to the present time, the greatest period of such poetry in our literature.

These poems, about two hundred in number, are a selection made from the numerous verses which I have met with while wandering along the very unfrequented by-paths of the seventeenth century. Very few indeed of them have previously appeared in modern anthologies of the poetry of that period. Yet in almost every case the poems have been chosen for some poetic merit. In no case, I think, can I be accused of selecting a poem merely for some obscure interest.

Most of the poems have come from rare, often hitherto unknown, neglected, printed volumes of poetry. Many of the latter were issued by their authors and have never been reprinted. A number exist in one single copy. But while reading MSS. in the British Museum and the Bodleian

Libraries I have occasionally found some poems which have been overlooked by collectors and which are, nevertheless, worthy of a reprint. I have also included at the end a few anonymous poems which have never appeared in any modern anthology.

In all poems I have somewhat modernized the punctuation. The spelling of the texts, except for an obvious printer's error, I have left severely alone. In the few obscure passages, of course, there has very infrequently been a choice of reading.

I am deeply indebted to Mr John Drinkwater for introducing me to some of these poets.

L. BIRKETT MARSHALL

*Enfield and  
Oxford  
October, 1936*

# RARE POEMS

## OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

### ASHMORE

JOHN ASHMORE (*fl.* 1621). The only book which bears his name is *Certain Selected Odes of Horace, Englished. . . Whereunto are added sundry new Epigrammes, Anagrammes, Epitaphes*, 1621. Contents are interesting historically since they are some of the earliest translations of Horace's *Odes* into English. There is a certain charm about this original Epitaph. In spite of conventional subject-matter and language there is a sad sincerity. The plaintive burden is especially pleasing.

#### AN EPITAPH UPON THE DEATH OF ELISABETH BRIGGES, DAUGHTER TO THE DISCREET MATRON AND WIDOW, BETTRICE BRIGGES

COME, Virgins, come! why doe you linger so,  
With streams of tears that from your swol'n eyes  
show'r?

Her Grave with Roses and with Lillies strowe  
That of your Garland was the fairest flower.  
Lillies and Roses soon decay and perish,  
While bitter Worm-wood and sharp Nettles flourish.

Your Garlands break! henceforth no garlands bear;  
Their fading doth your fading state express.  
For Garlands, deadly Yeugh and Elder weare,  
And branches of the saddest Cypresse.  
Lillies and Roses etc.

*Ashmore*    Ye Holly-hocks, why hold you downe your heads?  
              And violets, why pine you so away?  
Because (alas!) that shee from you is fled,  
              That drest you and hath ta'ne her leave for aye?  
              Lillies etc.

O Hymen, why didst thou pale Death permit,  
              Within thy Right to set his hatefull feet,  
And take her, that for thy sweet Rites was fit,  
              For Bridals that gave her a Winding sheet?  
              Lillies etc.

When Death arrested her with his sad Mace,  
              And cloudy Mists her Senses over-spread,  
Her native favour he could not disgrace,  
              Which was compos'd of purest white and red.  
              Lillies etc.

All that thy sweet conditions did know,  
              Desired that their lives they so might spend:  
And all that from this life did see thee goe,  
              Desired that their lives they so might end.  
              Lillies and Roses soon decay and perish,  
              While bitter Worm-wood and sharp Nettles flourish.

*Certain Selected Odes of Horace,  
              Englised, 1621*

EX M. ANTONIO FLAMINIO,  
AD AGELLUM SUUM. SIC INCIPIT,  
"UMBRAE FRIGIDULAE..."

*Ashmore*

COOL Shades, Air-fanning Groves,  
With your soft Whisperings,  
Where Pleasure smiling roves  
Through deawie Caves and Springs,  
And bathes her purple Wings:

With Flowrs-inamel'd Ground,  
(Nature's fair Tapestry),  
Where chattering Birds abound,  
Flickring from tree to tree  
With change of Melody:

Sweet Liberty and Leasures,  
Where still the Muses keep,  
O! if to those true Treasures  
That from your Bosome peep,  
I might securely creep:

If I might spend my dayes,  
(Remote from publicke brawls),  
Now tuning lovely Laies,  
Now light-foot Madrigals,  
N'er checkt with sudden calls:

Now follow Sleep that goes  
Rustling i'th green-wood Shade;  
Now milk my goat, that knowes,  
(With her young fearfull Cade),  
The pail i'th cooly Glade;

*Ashmore*

And with Boals fild to th' Brims  
Of milky Moisture new,  
To water my dry'd Lims,  
And t'all the wrangling Crew  
Of Cares to bid Adew;

What life then should I lead!  
How like then would it bee  
Unto the Gods, that tread  
Ith' starry Gallery  
Of true Felicity!

But you, O Virgins sweet,  
In Helicon that dwell,  
That oft the Fountains greet,  
When you the Pleasures tell  
Ith' Country that excell:

If I my life, though dear,  
For your far dearer sake,  
To yeeld would nothing fear,  
From Citee's tumults take mee  
And free i'th Country make mee.

*Ibid.*

# BARKSDALE

CLEMENT BARKSDALE (1609–1687). Author of numerous religious works, translations from Grotius, sermons and a few verses. Like many other clerics of the century he published a solitary volume of verses. This was *Nympha Libethris; or the Cotswold Muse*, 1651.

DEDICATION OF  
PART THREE OF NYMPHA LIBETHRIS  
TO MY NEPHEW, J. B.

THE care thy Father once bestow'd on me,  
I very gladly would return to thee.  
What I to thee, (thus love in a blood runs),  
Do thou communicate unto my sons.  
I have no land to give, such is my chance,  
Take this poetical inheritance.  
A little here is best: because much more  
Of poetry, perhaps, would make you poor.

*Nympha Libethris; or the  
Cotswold Muse, 1651*

UPON THE DECEASE OF MY INFANT LADY

E'EN so, the nipping wind in May doth come,  
And blast the choicest fruit in the first bloom:  
Yet shall this Blossom of Nobility,  
Preserv'd by angels' care, immortal be.  
Such delicate bodies sleep, and are laid by  
In their repositories. They do not die.

*Ibid.*

# BARON

ROBERT BARON (*fl.* 1645). His first printed work, *Erotopaignion, or the Cyprian Academy*, is dated "from my chambers in Gray's Inn", 1647. It is dedicated to James Howell, who praised it in *Epistolae Ho-Eliaanae*. Many poems in it were stolen directly from Milton. His other volume of verses was entitled *Pocula Castalia*, 1650. He also wrote a tragedy, *Mirza*.

## SONNET

TO ELIZA UPON MAY DAY MORNING, 1649

SEE, Fairest! Virgins gather dew;  
Wing'd Heralds blaze on every bough;  
May's come; if you say so, 'tis true.  
For thus your Power's 'bove his that seasons sway,  
He brings the Moneth, but you must make it May.  
Arise, Arise,  
Bright eyes,  
And silver over Beautie's skies:  
You set, Noon's Night: you up, each Day  
Turns jolly May.

Now Venus hatches her young Doves,  
This fruitful Moneth's proper for Loves,  
Though Aprill sayes like her it moves  
Full of sad change; but you may chase away  
All showres with smiles, and make all our days May.  
Arise, Arise, etc.

All but you love, (though all love you),  
The Birds their song each morn renew,  
Even Earth has don'd her gaudy hue.

Since all things else are blith, let your kind Ray  
Do more than Sol's, and make in me too May.  
Arise, Arise, etc.

*Baron*

May this Moneth last; when bald Time shall  
Climb your fair Hill of Youth, may all  
His steps be slip'rie, and he back fall  
To Beautie's Spring, that your cheek may alway  
That lustre weare that now adorneth May.  
Arise, Arise, etc.

*Pocula Castalia, 1650*

## SONG

### THE ROSE

FROM Eliza's Breast,  
(That sweet Nest  
Where my heart and Cupid rest),  
I took a Rose-bud, which flew thither  
For shelter from the drougthy weather.

Whilst a place it held  
In that field  
Of Lillies with Violet Mazes rill'd,  
It gathered all its sweetnesse there  
And smells, not of it selfe, but Her.

I thought to kisse the  
Stalk, but see  
It, angry, raiz'd its fangs at me,  
And prickt my lips in poor revenge  
For making it its sweet bed change.

*Baron*

Whilst it therein laid,  
In its shade  
Thousand Cupids frisk'd and plai'd  
With Fairy Graces thither come  
To prove her Breast Elizium.

Whence had it this die?  
Did the skie  
Lend it her Ruby Livery?  
No, No, it only blusht to see  
Her cheeks excell its gallantry.

See! so to be sham'd  
And be tane  
From her bosom, the poor wan  
Languishing floure its leaves hath spread  
For Griefe, and lies, (griefe's Martyr), dead.

In it yet doth lie  
Fragrancy:  
Thus must choycest Beauties die;  
But, as this, after death shall be  
Still od'rous in their memory.

*Ibid.*

TO ELIZA,  
WITH A TULIP FASHION'D WATCH

LADY,  
This measure of Time accept with serene eye  
From him whose Love to you shall Time out-vie.  
See! what disguise this spie of Day doth wear;  
A Tulip! as the forge its Garden were.  
Indeed heat procreates even Flowers, but this  
A peece of an Egyptian Mysterie is.

Time, by a Flower, denotes how suddenly  
Earth's frailer crops bloom, flourish, fade and die.  
In speciall Beauty, (that sweet Tulip), hasts  
To waite on Time: then use it whilst it lasts.

*Baron*

When these small clicking orbs you busie hear  
Panting in their round journey, like the Spheres,  
Think so my constant heart doth palpitate  
Towards you, and th'Pulse of my Affections beat,  
N'er to stand till shee that each happy thing  
Envies, (the peevish sister), cuts the string.

*Ibid.*

## BEEDOME

THOMAS BEEDOME (d. 1640?). Author of a single volume of verse, *Poems Divine and Humane*, which was published posthumously in 1641 by Henry Glapthorne, the minor dramatist and poet. Beedome is one of the most interesting and capable of the lesser poets of the century. There are lapses and grotesque "conceits", but, as a close imitator of Donne, he sometimes reaches the heights. At moments he achieves violent, startling, impassioned utterance: often he finds a vigorous thought and vigorous words to express it.

### LOVES APOSTASY TO HIS FRIEND MR E. D.

**T**UT, let her goe; can I endure all this,  
Yet dye to doate upon a Mayden's kisse?  
Is there such Magicke in her lookes that can,  
Into a foole transfigure a man?  
Didst thou not love her? true: and she disdain  
To meet thy vertue? let her meet her shame.  
Were she as faire as she herselfe would be,  
Adorn'd with all the cost of bravery;  
Could she melt hearts of flint, and from her eye  
Give her beholders powers to live or die;  
I'de rather begge she would pronounce my death,  
Then be her scorne, though that preserv'd my breath.  
Rise heart! and be not fool'd: s'foote, what a shame  
Were it for thee to re-incense one flame  
From the declining sparke! dost thou not know  
As shee's a woman, her whole sexe doth owe  
To thine all honour? her false heart and pride  
Dare not oppose thy faith? then turne high tyde,  
And let her, since her scorne doth so disease thee,  
By her repentance strive again to please thee.

*Poems Divine and Humane, 1641*

WHEN the sad ruines of that face  
In its owne wrinkles buried lyes,  
And the stiffe pride of all its grace,  
By time undone, fals slack and dyes:  
Wilt thou not sigh, and wish in some vext fit,  
That it were now as when I courted it?

And when thy glasse shall it present,  
Without those smiles which once were there,  
Showing like some stale monument,  
A scalpe departed from its haire,  
At thy selfe frightened wilt not start and sweare  
That I belied thee, when I call'd thee faire?

Yes, yes, I know thou wilt, and so  
Pitty the weaknesse of thy scorne,  
That now hath humbled thee to know,  
Though faire it was, it is forlorne,  
Love's sweetes thy aged corps embalming not,  
What marvell if thy carkasse, beauty, rot?

Then shall I live, and live to be  
Thy envie, thou my pitty; say  
When e're thou see mee, or I thee,  
(Being nighted from thy beautie's day),  
'Tis hee, and had my pride not wither'd mee,  
I had, perhaps, beene still as fresh as hee.

Then shall I smile, and answer: "True thy scorne  
Left thee thus wrinkled, slackt, corrupt, forlorne."

*Ibid.*

I NEVER saw thee: but should grossely lie  
To say I know thee not, for silly I,  
Or one that is more stupid, may well guesse  
At what thou art by what thou dost expresse.  
Oh that blest day, when first my willing hand  
Opt the remembrance of this Sinsicke land!  
Trust me, I griev'd to thinke that now my age  
Had sixteene summers acted on this stage,  
Yet was a stranger to so rare a soule  
As thine; whose heaven-bred boldnesse durst controle  
Without respect of persons, every sinne,  
That to thy knowledge had committed bin.  
Then next thy Satyres, and thy Motto, I  
Made hast to purchase, where I might espie  
How some too base for earth, not worth a name,  
Sought by their mire and dirt to clay thy fame.  
And credit mee, I hardly could forbear,  
Upon these pittied lines to drop a teare.  
But that I know vertue oppos'd by fate,  
Lookes greatest, (like the Sunne), in lowest state:  
When other wits, who have in some base rime  
Implor'd of fate that they might conquer time,  
Shall like those paper toyes, in which they trust,  
Be eate by wormes, or molded into dust,  
And want a name, thou, by thy vertues gract,  
Shall live till earth by fire be imbract.

*Ibid.*

## BEING A MEDITATION TO MY SELFE

WHY wouldst thou live, (fond soule), dost thou  
not know  
From whence thou cam'st, and whither thou  
must goe?

Can walls of clay so much thy sense delight,  
As to debarre thee from that glorious flight  
Which thou shouldst covet? canst thou idly prize  
The mire that loads thy wings unfit to rise?  
Shouldst thou still live, it were but still to see  
Some new sceane Acted in thy Tragidie;  
Thou couldst but do tomorrow as this day,  
Commit fresh sinne, sleepe, eate, or drinke, and play.  
No matter then how soone thou dye: then come,  
Prepare thyselfe to waite thy Judge's dombe;  
Thou cam'st from heav'n; then labour to draw neere  
Thy quiet center. If thou once rest there,  
Thy walls of clay, the mire that loads thy wings,  
Shall be a mansion for the King of Kings.  
Thy Tragedy shall end, thy sinne shall cease,  
And thou rest ever in an endlesse peace.  
Bee't when thou please, good God, at morne or noone,  
So I die well, no matter, Lord, how soone.

*Ibid.*

## EPITAPHIUM REGIS SWEDORUM

HEERE sleepest hee who was and is  
The subject of eternall blisse.

Religion, and no other end,  
Caus'd him his blood and means to spend.

He conquer'd all; onely his breath  
He lost, by which he conquer'd death.

Now would'st thou know whom we deplore?  
'Tis Sweden, Reader; hush, no more,

Lest while thou read, thou and this stone  
Be both alike by death made one.

For death and griefe are neare of kinne,  
So thou might'st die, being griev'd for him.

Cuius memoriae sacratae haec pie flevit: T.B.

*Ibid.*

TO THE NOBLE S<sup>R</sup>. FRANCIS DRAKE

DRAKE, pererrati novit quem terminus orbis,  
Et cuius faciem vidit uterque polus:  
Si taceant homines facient te sydera notum,  
Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui.

Drake, who the world hast conquer'd like a scrole;  
Who saw'st the Articke and Antarticke Pole;  
If men were silent, starres would make thee knowne,  
Phoebus forgets not his companion.

*Ibid.*

## THE BROKEN HEART

*Beedome*

### SONG

COUNT the sighs, and count the teares,  
Which have in part my budding yeares:  
Comment on my wofull looke,  
Which is now blacke sorrow's booke.  
Read how love is overcome,  
Weepe and sigh, and then be dumbe.  
Say it was your charity  
To helpe him whose eyes are dry.  
Here paint my Cleora's name,  
Then a hart and then a flame;  
Then marke how the heart doth fry  
When Cleora is so nigh.  
Though the flame did doe its part,  
'Twas the name that broke the heart.  
Peace, no more: no more you need  
My sad history to read.  
Fold the paper up agen,  
And report to other men  
These complaints can justly prove  
Hearts may breake, that be in love.

*Ibid.*

### SONG

COME sit thee downe, and with a mislyn charme  
Ceaze my incircled arme,  
Till lockt in fast imbraces wee discover  
In every eye a lover;  
Then lost in that sweete extacy of blisses,  
Wee'le speake our thoughts in kisses,

*Beedome*

In which wee'le melt our soules, and mixe them so,  
That what is mine is thine; there's none shall know.

Rare mistery of love, and wonders too,

Which none but wee can doe:

Nor shall the leaden spirits of all those

Who speak of love in tamer prose

Beleeve our joys: but daily censure us,

Onely for loving thus.

Ah! how I smile, that doubly blest, we doe

Injoy our selves, and all their envie too.

*Ibid.*

TO HIS MISTRESS,  
WHEN SHEE WAS GOING INTO THE COUNTRY

**Y**ES, yes, it must be so, but must there be,  
When you depart, no memory had of mee?  
My soule being rack't as large a distance too  
To meete you there, as I must be from you,  
While the glad spring, for joy you shall be seene,  
Meetes your approach, and cloaths her selfe in greene,  
And the fresh morning to salute your rise,  
Bedewes the ground from its o'rejoyed eyes;  
(For joy, like grieve, we know, sometimes appears  
Writ on our cheekes, with characters of teares.)  
Goe and be happy, goe, and when you see  
The trusty Ivy claspe its much lov'd tree,  
And with its amorous intwinings cover  
The welcome waiste of its imbraced lover,  
Thinke it our Embleme then, and prov'd to be  
The happy shadow of my love and mee.  
Goe and be happy, and, smooth as are thy looks,

Show thee thy face; then let thy thoughts supply,  
And, though I be not, thinke that I am by:  
For if the heart be taken for whole man,  
I must be by thee, be thou where thou can.  
Goe, and when pretty birds on some small spray  
Neere to thy window welcome in the day,  
Awake, and thinke, when their sweete notes you  
    heare,  
I was before-hand, and had sung them there.  
Goe, and whate're thou chance to heare or see,  
Be it bird, or brooke, or shade or tree,  
If it delights thee, may my soule in it  
Move thy true joyes under that counterfeit.  
So, aske not how I doe when you are there,  
For at your mercy well or ill I fare.  
For now me thinkes my heart so high doth swell,  
It must inforce a breath, farewell, farewell.

*Beedome*

*Ibid.*

## TO HIS MISTRESSE ON HER SCORNE

**R**ESOLVE me, dearest, why two hearts in one  
Should know the sinne of separation.  
Must the sweete custome of our oft stolne kisses  
Be lost, and we live empty of those blisses?  
Or do the frownes of some old over-seer  
Nourish thy feare, or make thy love lesse freer?  
Why did'st thou suffer mee those sweetes to steale,  
Which but thine own, no tongue can e're reveale,  
And prompt mee to a daring, to beleewe  
That my sad heart should find no cause to grieve,  
Yet now at last hast mockt my hope so farre,  
That I have met a cloud, though meant a starre?

*Beedome*

Well, take thy tryumph, study but to be  
True to thy selfe, as thou art false to mee,  
And thou shalt meet a conquest yet. When I  
Have groan'd unto the world my Elegy  
And thy unjust disdain, perhaps I shall  
Obtaine this honour in my funerall:  
Thy poysonous guilt, mixt with thy perjur'd breath,  
May make thee wither with mee unto death:  
So shall I tryumph in my Ashes too,  
In that my innocence hath conquer'd you,  
And then my eye rejoyce, in that I have  
Thy scorne, to be a mourner at my grave.

*Ibid.*

## THE PETITION

**H**EARE mee, my God, and heare mee soone,  
Because my morning toucheth noone,  
Nor can I looke for their delight,  
Because my noone layes hold on night:  
I am all circle, my morne, night, and noone  
Are individable; then heare mee soone.

Thou art all time my God, and I  
Am part of that eternity:  
Yet being made, I want that might  
To be as thou art, Infinite:  
As in thy flesh, so be thou Lord to mee,  
That is, both infinite, and eternity.

But I am dust; at most, but man,  
That dust extended to a span:  
A span indeed, for in thy hand,

Stretcht or contracted, Lord, I stand;  
Contract and stretch mee too, that I may be  
Straighn'd on earth, to be enlarg'd to thee.

*Beedome*

But I am nothing; then how can  
I call my selfe, or dust, or man?  
Yet thou from nothing all didst frame,  
That all things might exalt thy name,  
Make mee but something, then, my God to thee;  
Then shall thy praise be all in all to mee.

*Ibid.*

## THE CHOYCE

WHAT care I though she be faire,—  
Haire, snow-like hand, or Sun-like eye,  
If in that beauty I not share,  
Were she deformed, what care I?  
What care I though she be foule,—  
Haire, swarthy hand, or sunne-burnt eye,  
So long as I enjoy her soule,  
Let her be so, why, what care I?  
Dimme sight is cosen'd with a glosse  
Of gaudy gowne, or humerous haire;  
Such gold in melting leave more drosse  
Than some unpolish't pieces share.  
Be she faire, or foule, or either,  
Or made up of both together,  
Be her heart mine, her hand or eye  
Be what it will, why, what care I?

*Ibid.*

# CHAMBERLAIN

ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN (1607, alive in 1662). His works consist of a comedy, *The Swaggering Damsel*, 1640, jest-books (containing poems and epigrams), broadsides, pamphlets and an undergraduate book of verses. The latter is *Nocturnall Lucubrations*, 1638 (reissued 1652).

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, MR GILES BALLE,  
MERCHANT

ON THE SPRING

THE lofty Mountains standing on a row,  
Which but of late were periwig'd with Snow,  
Doff their old coats, and now are daily seene  
To stand on tiptoes, all in swaggering greene.  
Meadows and gardens are pranked up with buds,  
And chirping birds now chant it in the woods.  
The warbling Swallow, and the Larks do sing,  
To welcome in the glorious, verdant Spring.

*Nocturnall Lucubrations*, 1638

IN PRAISE OF COUNTRY LIFE

THE winged fancies of the learned quill  
Tell of strange wonders: sweet Parnassus' hill,  
Castalia's well, the Heliconian spring,  
Star-spangled valleys where the Muses sing.  
Admired things another storie yeelds,  
Of pleasant Tempe and th'Elysian fields;  
Yet these are nothing to the sweet that dwells  
In low-built cottages and country cells.

What are the scepters, thrones, and crownes of Kings, *Chamberlain*  
But gilded burdens and most fickle things?  
What are great offices but cumbring troubles?  
And what are honours but dissolving bubbles?  
What though the gates of greatness be frequented  
With chains of glittering gold? He that's contented  
Lives in a thousand times a happier way  
Than he that's tended thus from day to day.  
Matters of state, nor yet domestick jars,  
Comets portending death, nor blazing stars,  
Trouble his thoughts: hee'l not post-haste run on  
Through Lethe, Styx, and fiery Phlegiton  
For gold or silver: he will not affright  
His golden slumbers in the silent night  
For all the pretious wealth or sumptuous pride  
That lies by Tiber, Nile, or Ganges' side.  
Th'imbroider'd meadows, and the crawling streams  
Make soft and sweet his undisturbed dreams.  
He revels not by day nor in the nights,  
Nor cares he much for musical delights:  
And yet his humble rooffe maintains a quire  
Of singing crickets round about the fire.  
This harmless life he leads—and, dare I say,  
Doth neither wish, nor fear, his dying day.

*Ibid.*

# CHAMBERLAYNE

SIR JAMES CHAMBERLAYNE (1640–1699). Baronet of Wickham in Oxfordshire. Author of two very rare volumes of sacred verse: *A Sacred Poem*, etc. 1680, and *Manuductio ad Coelum*, etc. 1681. The latter was written “to promote holy desires in the sincere Christian”. Few Christians could bear to read it now. Both poems are full of wretched stuff, in rhyming couplets, for the most part. But in front of the earlier work is this beautiful dedication, with the exquisite frankness of its third stanza.

## DEDICATION

### I

THIS little Book, my God and King,  
The first fruits of my Muse, I bring  
Unto thy throne, an Offering.

### 2

'Twould look more lovely, I confess,  
Were it attir'd in the dress  
Of abler Pens, than in my Verse;

### 3

But since my Numbers could not flow  
In loftier Strains, than here they do,  
For Reasons Thou and I do know;

### 4

Accept the Present; though it be  
Too mean a gift for Majesty,  
Lord, 'tis my All, and due to Thee.

*A Sacred Poem*, etc. 1680

# COKAYNE

SIR ASTON COKAYNE (1608–1684). A good-natured, cheerful, Derbyshire squire who wrote plays and poems. His best-known play, which “diverted” Charles II, was *Trappolin, a supposed Prince*, 1658. This farcical comedy was often played, in adapted forms, during the eighteenth century. Cokayne was a friend of many literary figures of the time. His first volume of verses appeared in 1658 and was entitled, *Small poems of divers sorts*. Reissued five times, under varying titles, it contains a few poems of definite literary value, though all are artificial.

## SONNET

DEAR saint, I do love you so well,  
You cannot think, nor I can tell.  
As when from earth some look on high  
And see the hights that grace the skie,  
They think them small, because they seem  
Not unto them to be extreme;  
So you perchance when you do read  
My love dress'd in so poor a weed  
As my weak Muse can frame, will straight  
Or think it counterfeit, or light:  
But could my hand express my mind,  
You would no longer be unkinde;  
For 'tis so full of love to you,  
You cannot think, nor I can show.

*Small poems of divers sorts, 1658*

BEFORE A LITTLE BOOK OF MY OWN  
THAT I SENT HER (MY MRS)

LADY, I do not give this Book alone,  
But with't my heart, which you have made  
your own:

Censure my verses as you please; but be  
Kind to my heart, lest you do ruine me.  
I made these little Poems, and, (if you  
Vouchsafe your love to me), you make me too.  
Be kind as you are fair, I wish no other;  
So make a doubtful man an happy Lover.

TO PLAUTIA

Away, fond Thing! tempt me no more!  
I'll not be won with all thy store!  
I can behold thy golden hair,  
And for the owner nothing care:  
Thy Starry eyes can look upon,  
And be mine own when I have done;  
Thy cherry, ruby lips can kiss,  
And for fruition never wish:  
Can view the Garden of thy cheeks,  
And slight the roses there as leeks:  
Can hear thee sing with all thine Art,  
Without enthralling of mine heart:  
My Liberty thou can'st not wrong  
With all the Magick of thy tongue:  
Thy warm Snow-breasts and I can see  
And neither sigh nor wish for thee:  
Behold thy feet, which we do bless  
For bearing so much happiness,

Yet they at all should not destroy  
My strong-preserved Liberty:  
Could see thee naked, as at first  
Our Parents were, when both uncurst,  
And with my busy, searching eyes  
View strictly thy hid rarities;  
Yet, after such a free survey,  
From thee no Lover go away.  
For thou art false and wilt be so:  
I else no other fair would woo.  
Away, therefore, tempt me no more!  
I'll not be won with all thy store.

*Cokayne*

*Ibid.*

### OF A MISTRESS

**I** LOVE a lass as fair as ere was seen,  
Yet have I never seen if she be fair:  
Grandees her suitors have and servants been,  
And they that woo her now great Nobles are;  
How can I, therefore, think that she will deign  
To look on me? I fear I love in vain.  
Unto the Beauty which I do so desire  
I will make haste, to see how fair she is;  
And though I find my betters wooers by her,  
I will be bold, and all my thoughts express;  
Which when I have done, will she, therefore, deign  
To pity me? I fear I love in vain.  
I'll tell her that her hairs are golden Twines  
Able t' enamour all the Deities;  
And that her eyes are two celestial signs,  
More glorious than the twelve within the skies.  
When I have told her this, will she then deign  
To love me too? I fear I love in vain.

*Cokayne*

If, (when that I have said what I can say  
And made what Protestations I can make),  
She will be proud and coy, and say me Nay,  
Though ne'er so fair, my heart from her I'll take.  
I will not subject be to her disdain:  
The world shall never say I love in vain.

*Ibid.*

## COLLOP

JOHN COLLOP (1625, alive in 1660). By profession a doctor. Author of a book of poems, some loyal stanzas and a prose plea for toleration in religion which achieved a reissue. The poems, *Poesis rediviva*, 1656, are one hundred and twenty-eight in number. They have been badly neglected. Until Mr John Drinkwater drew attention to some of them a few years ago they had been completely ignored. That poet says of "The Leper Cleans'd": "It is a great religious lyric, with a close which is as wonderful as anything in seventeenth-century poetry. . . . It is interesting to note the variation in design midway through the poem, so unexpected and so successful." Collop is in the direct Anglican tradition. He is a skilled metrist and has fierce, spiritual sincerity.

### TO THE SOUL

DULL soul aspire,  
Thou art not earth, mount higher;  
Heav'n gave the spark, to it return the fire!

Let sin ne'er quench  
Thy high-flam'd spirit hence;  
To earth the heat, to heav'n the flame dispend!

Rejoyce, rejoyce,  
Turn, turn, each part a voice;  
While to the heart-strings tun'd ye all rejoyce.

The house is swept  
Which sin so long foul kept;  
The peny's found for which the loser wept.

And purg'd with tears,  
God's Image re-appears.  
The peny truly shews whose stamp it bears.

The sheep long lost,  
Sin's wilderness oft crost,  
Is found, regain'd, return'd; spare, spare no cost!  
'Tis heav'n's own suit,  
Hark how it woo's you to't;  
When Angels needs must speak, shall man be mute?

*Poesis rediviva, or Poesie reviv'd, 1656*

### THE LEPER CLEANS'D

HEAR, Lord, hear,  
The Rhet'rick of a tear;  
HEAR, hear my brest;  
While I knock there, Lord take no rest.  
Open! ah open wide!  
Thou art the door, Lord; open! hide  
My sin; a spear once enter'd at thy side.  
See! ah, see  
A Na'man's leprosie!  
Yet here appears  
A cleansing Jordan in my tears.  
Lord, let the faithless see  
Miracles ceas'd, revive in me.  
The Leper cleans'd, Blinde heal'd, Dead rais'd by thee.  
Whither? ah whither shall I fly?  
To heav'n? my sins, ah, sins there cry!  
Yet mercy, Lord, O mercy! hear  
Th'atoning incense of my prayer.  
A broken heart thou'lt not despise.  
See! see a Contrite's sacrifice!

Keep, keep, viols of wrath keep still!  
 I'le viols, Lord, of Odors fill:  
 Of prayers, sighs, grones, and tears a shower;  
 I'le 'noint, wash, wipe, kisse, wash, wipe, weep;  
 My tears Lord in thy bottle keep,  
 Lest flames of lust, and fond desire,  
 Kindle fresh fuel for thine ire,  
 Which tears much quench, like Magdalene,  
 I'le wash thee Lord, till I be clean.

*Ibid.*

## A CHARACTER OF A COMPLEAT GENTLEMAN

To John Cotton Esqr; Heir to the Knowledge and Virtue, as  
 well as to the Honour and Fortunes Of his Ancestors.  
 To his Coz. George Boswel Esq; rich in Desert as Fortune.

**T**HOU to the lame art legs, eyes to the blinde,  
 They their own wants in thy perfections finde;  
 Thou pluck'st no houses down to rear thy own;  
 The poor God's houses rear'st out of thy stone:  
 And not to him who asks bread, givest one.  
 Thy door is open, and thy heart so too:  
 Hast both enough, and heart enough to do.  
 Thou not inclosest to fence out the poor,  
 But an inclosure art to keep their store.  
 Sheep eat no men, thy men thy sheep do eat;  
 In tears of others wil'st not stew thy meat.  
 To dogs the Children's bread thou dost not give,  
 Make thy dogs fat, scarce let thy servants live.  
 Thy father gives thee dirt, thou mak'st it gold;  
 Virtue refines it to a better mold.  
 Gold, the Sun's Childe, thou let'st the father see,  
 That it may make a childe of light of thee.

*Collop*

Thou bragg'st no stem; think'st vice improves no blood,  
Should vice or taint, or virtue speak not good.  
For Honour, Conscience dost not put to sale;  
Or thy Religion steer by profit's gale.  
Imbib'st no dregs ev'n in these lees of time,  
A licenc'd ill can'st think no lesser crime.  
Thou drink'st no health for to impair thy own,  
By th'cup-flush'd face think'st noble blood not shown.  
By no rash humour swell'st the Kingdom's spleen,  
From whose bulk th'leanness hath of th'body been,  
Where he who gains no Idol for his lust,  
An Idol Fancy gets of Cits on trust.  
While profits th'Prophet that doth teach it there,  
Religion shew'd by darker shops like ware.  
These not th'world onely, but think God to cheat,  
Forge some new light, he's theirs by the deceit.  
These take not thee; nor those Hawks tow'ring prize,  
While they can grovel in impurities.  
Thy Reason is a Hawk, which takes a flight,  
As if she'd nest her in a Sphere of light.  
What would a nurse more for her childe heav'n woo,  
Then to have good, know how to use it too?

*Ibid.*

## ON THE RESURRECTION

ARISE, my God, my Sun arise!  
Arise, thy side  
My sin doth hide;  
Thy blood makes pure,  
Thy wounds me cure,  
He ever lives, who with thee dies:  
Arise, my God, my Sun, arise.

Abysses on Abysses call;

Who God denies

First to him flies;

Where fiends could dwell,

And make an hell.

The first sees heav'n of all:

Abysses on Abysses call.

See! ah, see me, purpled o're!

The scarlet's thine,

Though the sin were mine:

Thine was the grave

My sins would have.

The rising thine, I would implore.

See! ah, see me, purpled o're!

In mercy, Lord, in mercy rise!

Emit a ray,

And make a day,

Where sin's black night

Hath ravish'd light.

Thou to the blind, Lord, first gav'st eyes;

In mercy, Lord, in mercy rise.

This day we Resurrection call;

Remove the stone,

My sins are one:

Ah! buried in

The grave of sin;

Shall I no rising have at all?

This day we Resurrection call.

Come, thou Abyss of sweetness, come!

Come my dear Lord,

Say but the word

Unto my Soul,  
I shall be whole.  
Thou for thy self mak'st onely room;  
Come, thou Abyss of sweetness, come!

*Ibid.*

## SPIRIT, FLESH

- S. Arise, make hast!  
F. Whither? ah, whither, flies my soul so fast?  
S. Heav'n calls, obey!  
F. 'Tis night; ah stay! 'tis night! thou'lt lose thy way!  
S. The day spring's rose.  
F. Ah, but thy sin-black clouds doth interpose!  
S. Those pennance clears;  
The Sun succeeds a sacred dew of teares,  
See a full shower!  
Heaven suffers voyolence by an holy Power.  
F. Ah heav'n is high!  
S. Pray'r lends a Jacob's ladder to the sky.  
Angels descend.  
F. Wrestle, ah wrestle! blessing crowns the end.

*Ibid.*

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN

WHY art so sad my soul? ah, why  
Doth sorrow make thy bones all dry?  
Shall my sin speak so loud, and I not cry?

Thou good Samaritan save!  
See, every wound's a grave!  
Sins were the Theeves, let me thy mercies have.

See how the priests with them partake! *Collop*  
And by not pitting new wounds make!  
Can pass with hearts unmov'd though their heads shake.

Nor tears, nor wounds, can pity win;  
Thy words the twopence; heav'n Lord the Inn.  
Thy blood the oyl must cure the wounds of sin.

Up, up my soul, make hast, arise!  
Yet be not rash, beware, be wise,  
Heav'n loves not a fool's sacrifice!

The vale's for servants; sin unloose!  
'Tis holy ground; put off thy shoes!  
An Isaack for an off'ring choose!

Let not an Ismael with him share!  
So up my soul, up, offer there!  
Besiedge, arm'd, enter heav'n by prayer!

What though thy sins in troops like stars,  
Have menac'd heav'n so oft to wars?  
Heav'n conquering pray'rs atones the jars.

Rise Sun! stars shall appear no more!  
See, ah, fresh sins like sands of th'shore!  
Pennance lends floods to hide them ore.

*Ibid.*

# COPPINGER

MATTHEW COPPINGER (*fl.* 1682). Probably an actor. Published one volume of verses, *Poems, Songs, and Love-Verses, etc.* 1682.

## A SONG

I WILL not tell her that she's fair,  
For that she knows as well as I,  
And that her Vertues equal are  
Unto the Glorys of her Eye.  
And that I love her well she knows,  
For who can view that Heavenly Face,  
Not paying that Respect he owes  
To Beauty bearing such a Grace?  
But this I'll tell and tell her true:  
She takes upon her too much State;  
For, by the Gods, it would undo  
A King to Love at such a rate!  
Let Common Beauties boast the Power  
Of some uncommon Excellence,  
And thank Dame Nature for the Dower  
Of that decoying, Charming Sense;  
Adorn themselves with Pearls and Gold,  
In Rubies and Rich Diamonds shine,  
In choicest Silks that may be sold  
And all to make such Ladies Fine.  
These are like some Rich Monument,  
Rais'd all of carv'd and costly Stones,  
Painted and Gilt for Ornament;  
But full within of dead Men's Bones.

Such common ways my Clelia scorns,  
Her lovely Soul is too sublime;  
She's not complete that Cloaths adorns,  
Or does in aught but Nature shine.

*Coppinger*

*Poems, Songs, and Love-Verses, etc. 1682*

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

AH! fainting Breath, there's nought can yield relief  
Unto a wounded Soul, whose murm'ring grief  
Loves no delay, but, like the rising Sun,  
Still perseveres until his course is done.  
What shall I speak? or what can I devise?  
I'll rather dye, than once Apostatize.  
Nor shall my panting Breath your shade defame;  
I'll honour you, and Idolize your Name;  
And though at last you scorn me till I dye,  
I needs must love you to Eternity.

*Ibid.*

## TO CLELIA

Coy Clelia, veil those Charming Eyes,  
From whose surprise there's none can part;  
For he that gazes, surely dies,  
Or leaves behind a conquer'd Heart.

I durst not once presume to look,  
Or cast my wary Eyes aside:  
But as a Boy that Cons his Book,  
Close sitting by his Master's side,

*Coppinger*

Dares not presume to look awry  
On Toys that catch the wandering sense;  
So if I gaze I surely die:  
Against those Charms there's no defence.

Thus Heathens, at the Sun's up-rise,  
Unto the Ground did bow their Head,  
Not able with their feeble Eyes  
To view their God they worshipped.

*Ibid.*

# CUDMORE

DANIEL CUDMORE (1637?-1701). A Devonshire poet who studied at Oxford. Afterwards Rector of Holsworthy, Devon. Author of *Euchodia; a Prayer-Song. Being Sacred Poems, etc.* 1655. He has remained in almost complete obscurity though most of his efforts bear the unmistakable touch of poetry. He is seldom constant to his ability and many of his poems are too long. Full of quaint similes and experimental metres.

## From ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, AND SEVERAL TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE

### Mark 7

21. For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders,
22. Thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness.

### I

IF could some Delius with divided hands  
Sound the Seas' depth, and on his soul's recorder  
Imprint the wracks, huge rocks, and heaps of sands,  
Which there lie scatter'd in confus'd disorder:  
This could he do, by Nature's strength or art,  
Yet none could sound the bottom of the heart.

### 2

Should some Ship-master make's fore-split the Probe  
Of Nature's secrets, and so bring to view  
Land to make up a perfect earthly Globe  
Which Drake or Kit Columbus never knew:  
Yet, as in the great world, so in his own,  
He must confess there's yet much land unknown.

The heart's a Sea for depth, like Sodom-lake,  
Dead, thick, and gross; in it will sink no good:  
Th'heart's land's unknown; wherein what monsters **make**  
Their hides and dens, few yet have understood.  
    The centre may be purest earth; yet th'heart,  
    The bodie's centre's, the corrupter part.

Our heart-strings are the cords of vanity;  
Their caverns are the devil's lurking-holes;  
No fit Triangle for the Trinity;  
An habitation more fit for moles:  
    Their cauls the veils of damn'd Hypocrisie,  
    Thus is sum'd up man's wretched Majestie.

If thus the Sun within our firmament  
Into a meteor degenerate;  
If thus the King within our continent  
Let's sin and lust usurp his Royal state:  
    If thus corrupted be the bodie's leaven,  
    How shall we manchets be prepar'd for heaven?

Whe'er Hell be in th'earth's centre, I suspend;  
But in man's centre's couch'd an Hell of sin:  
Nor do so many lines to th'centre tend,  
As in a wicked heart fiends make their Inne:  
    Which yet most know no more than can be found  
    Where Arethusa windes beneath the ground.

Lord, shew me in the Mirrour of thy Law  
 The horror of my heart by bright reflection:  
 In that thy Glass, there falshood is nor flaw,  
 Though wickedly some scorn its true direction,  
     And whip the Tutor for his discipline;  
     Yet Lord direct me by that Glass of thine.

Oh daign my heart with graces to perfume,  
 And th'rowly purge it from each noisome vapor,  
 Whose rank infection choaks each neigh'ring room,  
 And strives to damp my soul's aspiring tapor.  
     O make my heart-strings, Lord, thy cords of love;  
     So mine according to thy heart shall prove.

*Euchodia; a Prayer-Song, 1655*

## ON THE SPRING

**M**y Sense is ravish'd, when I see  
 This happie Season's Jubilee.  
 What shall I term it? a new birth,  
 The resurrection of the earth,  
 Which hath been buried, we know,  
 In a cold Winding-sheet of snow.  
 The Winter's breath had pav'd all o'er  
 With Crystal Marble th'world's great floor:  
 But now the earth is livery'd  
 In verdant suits, by April dy'd;  
 And, in despight of Boreas' spleen,  
 Deck'd with a more accomplish'd green.

The gaudy Primrose long since hath  
 Disclos'd her beauty by each path.  
 The floods, as freez'd for Chariot-proof,  
 Were planch'd o'er with a Crystal roof:  
 Now in their channels sweetly glide,  
 As Nyle, when they his banks divide.  
 The trees rob'd of their leafie pride,  
 With mossie frize had cloath'd each side;  
 Whose hoary beards seem'd to presage  
 To blooming youth their winter's age:  
 But now invite to come and lie  
 Under their quilted Canopie.  
 Blithe Damon, like a jolly man,  
 Long since unto the mountains ran,  
 Where quietly he sits to pipe,  
 Whereat his lambs do seem to skip;  
 Then running to their dams they tug,  
 With pleasant speed, the swelling dug.  
 Anon, let's to yon hawthorn steal,  
 And hearken how sweet Philomele  
 Grieves not so much at Tereus' crime  
 As joys to see the Summer's prime.  
 How to the Spring the whistling Thrush  
 His Sonnets sings on every bush!  
 The Sun late squinted from the skye,  
 And look'd on us with half an eye:  
 But now with glad and golden chear  
 Phlegon mounts up our Hemisphere.  
 Our blood's mild, as if by some art  
 W'had suck'd some new-born infant's heart.  
 In brief, quaint Nature seems here nice  
 In type to shadow Paradise.

Lord, all things bud, and shall I davour  
Without the sunshine of thy favour?  
Wilt never prime? hast passed a doom,  
That season never more shall bloom?  
Indict not on me such a dearth,  
A greater curse then on the earth.  
If did my sin in Tereus shape  
Act on thy Philomel a rape;  
My soul like Progne shall be just,  
And on his brats revenge his lust,  
Let Primrose-like Repentance rise,  
Dew'd by the April of mine eyes:  
Then will I not doubt but next thou  
Wilt make each grace in order blow.

*Cudmore*

*Ibid.*

# CUTTS

LORD JOHN CUTTS (1661-1707). Baronet and soldier. His first verses were a rhymed defence of dilettante poets. In 1687 appeared *Poetical Exercises*. He writes a fair, if artificial, love-song.

## TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED ME NOT TO BE  
IN LOVE WITH HER

I WILL obey you to my utmost power;  
You cannot ask, nor I engage for more.  
But if, when I have try'd my utmost Skill,  
A Tyde of Love drives back my floating Will,  
When on the naked Beach you see me lye,  
For Pity's sake you must not let me dye.

Take Pattern by the glorious God of Day,  
And raise no Storms but what you mean to lay;  
He, when the Charms of his attractive Eye  
Have stir'd up Vapours and disturb'd the Sky,  
Lets Nature weep and sigh a little while,  
And then revives her with a pleasing smile.

If 'tis to try me, use me as you please,  
But, when that Tryal's over, give me ease;  
Don't torture one that wishes you no harm,  
Prepare to cure me, or forbear to Charm.

*Poetical Exercises, 1687*

## A SONG

*Cutts*

MADE TO A FRENCH TUNE

O N Racks of Love distended  
Here lies a faithful Swain,  
Wishing his Life were ended,  
Or some Respite to his pain.

The plague of dubious Fate  
Is an Ill beyond enduring,  
If I am not worth your curing  
Kill me quickly with your Hate.

But why should Wit and Beauty  
Be guilty of such Crimes?  
Sure 'tis a Woman's Duty  
To be merciful sometimes.

With Justice you may slay  
The ungrateful and aspiring,  
But the Humble and Admiring  
You should treat a nobler way.

*Ibid.*

## FAREWELL TO PHILLIS

SET BY MR KING

O NE Look, and I am gone;  
Phillis, my Part is done;  
Death, your pale Rival's come  
And calls me home.

Clasp'd in her frozen Arms  
I shall be free from Harms,  
And only pity thee  
In misery.

*Cutts*

For, since your kindness is turn'd into Hate,  
From cruel you I'll flye to kinder Fate.

Then, too late,  
You'll wish me back again:

Then, too late,  
You'll pity him your Eyes have slain.

*Ibid.*

## A SONG

SET BY MR KING

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, oh, why should I despair?  
Mercy's pictur'd in her Eye;  
If she once vouchsafe to hear,  
Welcome Hope, and farewell Fear!  
She's too good to let me dye:  
Why, oh, why should I despair?

*Ibid.*

# DANCER

JOHN DANCER (*fl.* 1660, alive in 1707). Dramatist, connected with Theatre Royal, Dublin. First published in England, 1660. Works consist of several translations from French and Italian, including *Aminta* (from Tasso), 1660; *Nisomede* (from Corneille), 1671; *The Comparison of Plato and Aristotle*, 1673; *Agrippa*, a play of his own, 1675, and some stories. His only poems are found in *Aminta*. They are light, competent lyrics of inconstancy, farewells, resolutions and persuasions to love.

## THE VARIETY

THOU sai'st I swore I lov'd thee best,  
And that my heart liv'd in thy breast;  
And now thou wondrest much that I  
Should what I swore then, much deny,  
And upon this thou taxest me  
With faithlessness, inconstancy:  
Thou hast no reason so to do,  
Who can't dissemble ne'r must wooe.

That so I lov'd thee 'tis confest,  
But 'twas because I judg'd thee best,  
For then I thought that thou alone  
Wast vertue's, beautie's paragon:  
But now that the deceit I find,  
To love thee still were to be blind;  
And I must needs confess to thee  
I love in love variety.

Alas! should I love thee alone,  
In a short time I should love none;  
Who on one well-lov'd feeds, yet,  
Once being cloy'd, of all, loaths it;

*Dancer*

Would'st thou be subject to a fate  
To make me change my love to hate?  
Blame me not then, since 'tis for love  
Of thee, that I inconstant prove.

And yet in truth 'tis constancy,  
For which I am accus'd by thee;  
To nature those inconstant are,  
Who fix their love on one that's faire;  
Why did she, but for our delight,  
Present such numbers to our sight?  
'Mongst all the earthly kings, there's none  
Contented with one Crown alone.

*Aminta, 1660*

## SHE INCONSTANT

**H**A! now you think y'have cheated me; oh no!  
I did believe you would do so:  
Who ever did the various wind  
Still constant to one corner find?  
Whenever did the changling air  
Show it self still serene and fair?  
Yet we might sooner hope these thus should be,  
Than think to find in woman constancy.  
We may as well command the Sun not move, '  
As you with constancy to love,  
Or bid the sea be free from waves,  
When stormy blustering Boreas raves,  
Nay we as well the Moon might wooe,  
To leave her weekly change as you:  
Your nature 'tis, and should you constant be,  
I fear you'd prove unnatural to me.

You lighter much than feathers are, and so  
Must move with what e'r wind doth blow,  
Hurried about, now here, now there,  
Now yonder; but yet fixt no where.  
Perhaps at length a gust may be  
To bring you back once more to me;  
But Jove forbid: for yet I fear thou'dst move  
My ensnar'd soule to ruine in thy love.

*Dancer*

*Ibid.*

## THE CONQUEST

GENTLY, kind love restrain, restrain thy hand,  
Keep back thy cruel pricking dart!  
Lest it not wound but kill my heart;  
I yeild. Who dare resist if thou command?  
O let it be enough for thee  
That thou hast gain'd o'r me the victory;  
Do not insult upon my misery!  
Shouldst thou continue still to conquer me,  
And shouldst thou not to my o'reflown grief  
Send some small comfort or relief,  
Death would at last of both have victory;  
Be merciful and let me live,  
Lest while t'inlarge thy power thou dost strive,  
Thy cruelty Subjects of life deprive.  
I ask no more, but so far pity me  
As with the self same dart  
To wound her frozen heart,  
That so she may no more relentlesse be;  
And thus shalt thou two subjects gain,  
Who will this victory of thine proclaim,  
And ever honour thy all-conquering name.

*Ibid.*

## THE FAREWEL

**N**ow perverse world I'll bid thee quite farewell:  
What is there in thee that can please?  
Thy greatest joys disturb our ease,  
Thy favours thou at too dear rate dost sell.  
No, I'll thy slave no longer be,  
But quite retreat myself from thee,  
Or to some pleasant shade, or to a gloomy Cell.  
There in dull silence will I spend my dayes,  
Slighting thy favours and my fame;  
In vain men seek to get a name,  
Or their false glory in thy crouds to raise,  
Since that their living trophies must  
By time or fate consume to dust,  
And then what rests there of their toil-got praise?  
Yet in despite of thee my name shall be  
The talk of ages yet to come;  
In every time there shall be some,  
Which shall applaud me more for leaving thee,  
Then those fond simple fools who do  
Embrace thy woes and honours too,  
And make me famous to posterity.

*Ibid.*

## THE RESOLUTION

**N**ow by that beauty I so much adore,  
I am resolv'd to dote no more,  
No longer shall my passions strive  
Me of my reason to deprive,  
No longer will I subject be,  
But nobly set my heart at liberty.

Then go dear heart, and be no more confin'd  
To a woman's changling mind.  
Why should'st thou a subject be  
To their self-will'd tyranny?  
Break, break thy bands and fetters; know,  
Subject to her, thou'rt subject to a foe.

*Dancer*

There's nought in her that thee her slave hath made;  
'Tis thou that hast thy selfe betraid,  
By fanc'ing that her beauties shine  
Like something more then halfe divine:  
Think then thy selfe deceiv'd to be,  
Thou'rt undeceiv'd, and art than thought more free.

'Tis men alone that womens' Empire raise,  
By wooing them with fanci'd praise;  
When, if we would their masters be,  
They must grant Superiority:  
Nay, did we cease to flatter thus,  
'Twould not be long ere they would flatter us.

Cease then, my heart, and dote no more in vain,  
Thou never thus the fort wilt gain;  
No more upon entreaties stand,  
But learn like her how to command;  
Those Castles which find no remorse,  
On summons must be taken in by force.

*Ibid.*

# DANIEL

GEORGE DANIEL (1616–1657). His verses were left in MS. They were edited in 1878 by A. B. Grosart. A number are worthy of rescue from the oblivion into which they have, for a second time, sunk.

## THE SPRING

Now the Springe enters; now the Sun doth cheare  
The quickn'd Earth; and trees by Cold made bare  
Now gin to bud; the Earth doth now begin  
To flourish in her Sweet and glorious Trimme;  
The Silver Streams bound up by Winter's Cold  
Glide fairly, where they murmured of old;  
The goodly meadows, russet late, and dead,  
In a fresh Dresse are now apparelled;  
The mountaine tops are bar'd, and where the Snow  
Late covered, the Spring begins to Show.  
Thither, the Lads, dull'd with the Winter's rest,  
To joy in wonted Sports doe gladly hast;  
Now Joyes the Industrious Bee, and the Ant now,  
(Emblems of Providence), her selfe doth Show,  
Warme in her Winter's Store; doth now againe  
Labour, and make provision to sustaine  
Her little bodie for the after-day;  
Now flies the maggot, in her paintings gay,  
(Signe of fair weather), and doth now invite  
Decrepit years to tast the Spring's delight.  
I will not call the cuckooe with the Spring;  
(Unnatural, foolish bird), let her voyce ringe  
T'affright the Citie, and an Omen carrie  
Of fate, to fooles and old men, when they marrie.

But here the Redbreast and gray Linnets Singe,  
 The poore wren flutters with an Eager wing,  
 To gaine yond' highest Sprig, and there doth pay  
 A Ceremonious Himme to welcome day;  
 Whilst from that Grove, the haples Philomel  
 Sweetly, though sadly, doth her Story tell;  
 The little Dazies shake their Deawie locks,  
 The ambitious Woodbine climbs againe, and mocks  
 The tardie Gilliflower; the Lillye in  
 Her liveing Robe of Innocence doth Shine;  
 For those of Cost and Art to me are poor:  
 Nature is Rich and Curious in her Store;  
 And this same Marigold, or Violet here,  
 To the transplanted Tulip, I prefere;  
 Loe, where the Larke, borne on her active wing,  
 Pouers forth her Song of Joy unto the Spring;  
 Lambs joyous friske, and play now each with other,  
 Neglect the Teate, and leave the Ewe, their mother;  
 Inspired with the Time, may my Muse frame  
 Notes with the Larke, be Sportive with the Lambe.

*The Poems of George Daniel* (ed. 1878)

## ODE I

**W**HEN I am gone, and these of mine remaine,  
 If these, or ought which I call mine, shall  
 stay;  
 Read over what I leave, and you againe  
 Adde to the sand of Time; and give my Day  
 As glorious Life as when I stood to breath:  
 Hee dyes not, who Survives his Dust in Death.

*Daniel* I doe not Beg a Life beyond my Fate,  
Or ask the Courtesie you would not give;  
'Tis neither you nor I can set a Date  
To written Numbers, if a Muse bid live;  
And these may live; who knowes, when winds disperse  
My Earth in Atomes, Men shall read this verse?

*Ibid.*

ONE DESIRING ME TO READ, BUT SLEPT IT OUT;  
WAKENING

NAY doe not Smile: my Lips shall rather dwell  
For ever on my Pipe,  
Then read to you one word or Sillable.  
You are not ripe  
To Iudge, or Apprehend  
Of Witt. I'le rather Spend  
Six howers together in Tobacco-taking,  
Then read to you, and cannot keep you wakeing.

*Ibid.*

# DUFFETT

THOMAS DUFFETT (*fl.* 1678). Milliner, then playwright and poet. His only book of verses was *New Poems, Songs, Prologues and Epilogues, set by the most eminent Musicians about the Town*, 1676.

## UNCERTAIN LOVE

THE lab'ring man that Plants or Sows,  
His certain times of Profit knows.  
Seamen the roughest tempest scorn,  
Hoping at last a rich return.  
But my too much-lov'd Celia's mind  
Is more inconstant and unkind  
Than stormy weather, Sea or Wind.

Now with assured Hope rais'd high,  
I think no man so blest as I;  
Hope, that a dying Saint may own,  
To see and hear her speak alone.  
What if I snatch one kiss or more?  
Where Heaven gives a wealthy store,  
'Tis to be bounteous to the poor.

But e'r my swiftest thought can thence  
Convey a blessing to my sense,  
My hope like Fairy treasure's gone,  
Although I never made it known.  
From all untruth my heart is clean,  
No other Love can enter in,  
Yet Celia's ne'r will come agen.

*New Poems, Songs, Prologues  
and Epilogues, 1676*

**I**N cruelty you greater are,  
Then those fierce Tyrants who decreed,  
The Noblest prisoner ta'n in war,  
Should to their gods a Victim bleed.

A year of pleasures and delight,  
The happy prisoner there obtain'd,  
And three whole daies e'r death's long night,  
In pow'r unlimited he reign'd.

To your Victorious Eyes I gave  
My heart a willing Sacrifice;  
A tedious year have been your slave;  
Felt all the pains Hate could devise.

But two short hours of troubl'd Bliss,  
For all my suffrings you restore;  
And wretched I must die for this,  
And never never meet you more.

Never, how dismally it sounds!  
If I must feel eternal pain,  
Close up a while my bleeding wounds,  
And let me have my three daies' reign.

*Ibid.*

## ON A ROSE TAKEN FROM FRANCELIA'S BREAST

**P**oor hapless emblem of Amyntor's heart,  
Thy blooming beauty's overcast;  
Deep shades of grief seem to o'erspread each part,  
Yet still thy fragrant sweets do last.

Thou wert not, when my dearest nymph is kind,  
In all thy pride so blest as I,  
She gone, my wounded heart thy fate does find,  
So does it droop, and so will die.

What joyful blushes did thy leaves adorn,  
How gay, how proudly didst thou swell,  
When in Francelia's charming bosom worn,  
That Paradise where Gods would dwell.

Oh had my heart thy happy place possess,  
It never had from thence been torn,  
But like a Phoenix in her spicy nest,  
It still should live and ever burn.

No wonder thy perfume so near thy death  
Still lasts, though thy vermilion's gone:  
Thy sweets were borrowed from her sweeter breath,  
Thy fading colour was thy own.

See how my burning sighs thy leaves have dried,  
Where I have suck'd the stolen sweets:  
So does the amorous youth caress his bride,  
And print hot kisses in her lips.

Hadst thou ungathered fall'n among the rest  
Lost and forgotten thou hadst been,  
Thou had'st not flourished in Francelia's breast  
Nor been the subject of my pen.

Amber dissolved and beaten spices smell,  
That gold is valued most that's proved;  
Coy beauty's lost, but lasting fame will tell  
Their praise that love and are beloved.

*Ibid.*

LIBERTY, Liberty!  
Reason and Love are at war,  
No more on wild Passion I'll wait,  
Or cringe to an upstart Despair,  
The creature of idle conceit:  
Draw up, my thoughts, let Shame the fight begin,  
Charge to the heart, oh let not Hope get in;  
'Tis Love's hero; if that appear in his defence,  
A thousand thousand reasons cannot force him thence.

Victory, Victory!  
Love the usurper is fled,  
His flames and his arrows are spent,  
The toys by which fools are misled  
To adore what themselves do invent.  
The thing appears that did support his cause,  
How pale she looks that to my heart gave laws!  
The Nymph's vanish'd, set are the suns that made me blind,  
And only woman, vain, weak woman's left behind.

Phillida, Phillida!  
What's of my Goddess become?  
Oh where is the shape and the mien,  
Whose presence has oft struck me dumb,  
Whose beauty I thought all divine?  
As in the dark to one o'ercome by fear  
Deformed shapes and sprites seem to appear,  
The fond lover strange wonders in his nymph does find,  
When all the charms are in his own deluded mind.

*Ibid.*

## ELYS

EDMUND ELYS (1635, alive in 1707). Anglican minister of East Allington in Devonshire. Author of numerous sermons, meditations, translations and pamphlets. He published four volumes of sorry verses, *Dia Poemata*, 1655; *An Alphabet of Elegiack Groans*, 1656; *Divine Poems*, 1658; *Epigrammata*, 1668. There is an occasional poem of merit.

### MELANCHOLY

**T**IS Pia Mater in Discolour'd Weeds:  
A Checker'd Plat-form of Phantastic Deeds:  
The Brain-Filme wrought into a Dismall Shroud:  
The Sun o' th' Little World in a thick Cloud:  
Swift Thought turn'd Fairy: Wild wit gone astray:  
A Fancy, that i' th' Dark hath lost its Way.

*Dia Poemata*, 1655

### TO MRS A. S. ON THE DEATH OF HER TWO FIRST CHILDREN

**Y**OUR Fair Cheeks with Tears sprinkl'd shew  
Like Roses Pearled o're with Dew.  
But be not so Discomforted:  
Your Babes Departed are not Dead.  
To keep them from all casuall Harmes,  
Their Saviour takes them in His Armes.  
These Olive-Branches, by his care,  
In Paradise Transplanted are.  
So they become, by their Decease,  
A Garland to the Prince of Peace.

*Ibid.*

"That which I doe, I allow not: for what I would, that doe I not; but what I hate, that do I." Rom. 7. 15.

## 1

My Mind keeps out the Host of Sin;  
Sense lets 'em in:  
I'th Phantasie, as i' th' Trojan Horse,  
They Hide their Force.  
Till opportunity they find  
To Sally, and subdue the Mind.

## 2

My Childish Soule oft Cries for what  
It straight doth Hate.  
My Lusts, whom Reason should Controle,  
War 'gainst my Soule;  
And having got the Victory,  
Bring me into Captivity.

## 3

My Love against My will is hurl'd  
Upon the World:  
I See not in the Darke. I know  
Not what I Doe  
When Sin besets me; so befool'd,  
I hate to do even what I would.

## 4

O, when shall my lost Soule obtaine  
Her Selfe againe?  
To Act Her owne Hate, and Desire?  
O Sacred Fire!  
Refine my Heart; and that it be  
Kept Pure, O Lord, I give it Thee.

*Divine Poems, 1658*

## “EPHELIA”

“EPHELIA” (*fl.* 1679). The identity of this Restoration poetess remains unknown. There is no evidence for associating her with a “Joan Phillips” who may have been a relative of Katharine Phillips, “the Matchless Orinda”. Her verses reveal a strong personality. They are essentially Restoration in feeling and style, yet her frank utterance and virile intensity often look back to Donne. There is courage and lack of sentimentality. Her book *Female Poems on Several Occasions* was issued in 1679, and again “with large additions” in 1682. Two songs from Dryden’s plays are included in her volume, one of which Dryden may well have borrowed from her.

### UPON HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS

’T IS not that I am weary grown  
Of being yours, and yours alone:  
But with what face can I incline  
To damn you to be onely mine?  
You whom some tender Power did fashion  
By Merit and by Inclination,  
The joy at least of one whole Nation?

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex  
With humbler aims their thoughts perplex;  
And boast, if by their Arts they can  
Contrive to wake one happy Man:  
Whilst mov’d by an impartial sence,  
Favours like Nature you dispence  
With universal Influence.

See the kind seed-receiving Earth  
To every grain affords a birth:

“*Ephelia*”

On her no Showers unwelcome fall,  
Her Willing Womb retains them all.  
And shall my Celia be confin'd?  
No, live up to thy mighty mind,  
And be the Mistress of Mankind.

*Female Poems on Several Occasions, 1679*

TO PHYLOCLES, INVITING HIM TO FRIENDSHIP

BEST of thy Sex! if Sacred Friendship can  
Dwell in the Bosom of inconstant Man,  
As cold and clear as Ice, as Snow unstain'd,  
With Love's loose Crimes unsully'd, unprofan'd:

Or you a Woman with that Name dare trust,  
And think to Friendship's Ties we can be just:  
In a strict League together we'll combine,  
And let our Friendship's bright example shine.

We will forget the Difference of Sex,  
Nor shall the World's rude Censure us Perplex.  
Think Me all Man: my Soul is Masculine,  
And Capable of as great Things as Thine.

I can be Gen'rous, Just and Brave,  
Secret and Silent as the Grave,  
And if I cannot yield Relief,  
I'll Sympathize in all thy Grief.

I will not have a Thought from thee I'll hide,  
In all my Actions Thou shalt be my Guide;  
In every Joy of mine Thou shalt have share,  
And I will bear a part in all thy Care.

Why do I vainly Talk of what we'l do?  
We'l mix our Souls, you shall be Me, I You;  
And both so one it shall be hard to say  
Which is Phylacles, which Ephelia.

“*Ephelia*”

Our Ties shall be as strong as the Chains of Fate,  
Conqu'rors and Kings our Joys shall Emulate;  
Forgotten Friendship, held at first Divine,  
T'its native Purity we will refine.

*Ibid.*

### FIRST FAREWEL TO J. G.

FAREWEL my dearer half, joy of my heart,  
Heaven only knows how loth I am to part:  
Whole Months but hours seem, when you are here,  
When absent, every Minute is a Year:  
Might I but always see thy charming Face,  
I'de live on Racks, and wish no easier place.  
But we must part, your Interest says we must;  
Fate, me no longer with such Treasure trust.  
I wou'd not tax you with Inconstancy,  
Yet Strephon, you are not so kind as I:  
No Interest, no nor Fate it self has pow'r  
To tempt me from the Idol I adore:  
But since you needs must go, may Africk be  
Kinder to you than Europe is to me:  
May all you meet and every thing you view  
Give you such transport as I met in you.  
May no sad thoughts disturb your quiet mind,  
Except you'l think of her you left behind.

*Ibid.*

WHAT Miracles this childish God has wrought!  
Things strange above belief! Who wou’d  
have thought  
My Temper could be to this Tameless brought?

I, who the wanton Boy so long defi’d,  
And his Fantastick Godhead did deride,  
And laugh’d at Lovers with insulting Pride,

Now pale and faint beneath his Altar lie,  
Own him a great and glorious Deity,  
And want the pitty that I did deny.

For my proud Victor does my Tears neglect,  
Smiles at my Sighs, treats me with disrespect:  
And if I do complain, with frowns I’m check’t.

Though all I sue for be the empty bliss  
Of a kind look, or at the most a kiss;  
Yet he’s so cruel to deny me this.

Before my Passion struck my Reason blind,  
Such Generosity dwelt in my mind,  
I car’d for none, and yet to all was kind.

But now I tamely bend, and sue in vain  
To one that takes delight t’increase my pain  
And proudly does Me and my Love disdain.

*Ibid.*

WHY do I love? go, ask the Glorious Sun  
Why every day it round the world doth run:  
Ask Thames and Tyber, why they Ebb and Flow:  
Ask Damask Roses, why in June they blow:  
Ask Ice and Hail the reason why they're cold:  
Decaying Beauties, why they will grow Old.  
They'll tell thee Fate, that every thing doth move,  
Inforces them to this, and me to Love.  
There is no Reason for our Love or Hate,  
'Tis irresistible as Death or Fate:  
'Tis not his face; I've sence enough to see  
That is not good, though doated on by me:  
Nor is't his Tongue that has this Conquest won,  
For that at least is equall'd by my own:  
His Carriage can to none obliging be,  
'Tis Rude, Affected, full of Vanity:  
Strangely Ill-natur'd, Peevish, and Unkind,  
Unconstant, False, to Jealousie inclin'd;  
His Temper cou'd not have so great a Pow'r,  
'Tis mutable, and changes every hour:  
Those vigorous Years that Women so Adore,  
Are past in him; he's twice my Age and more;  
And yet I love this false, this worthless Man,  
With all the Passion that a Woman can  
Doat on his Imperfections; though I spy  
Nothing to Love, I love, and know not why.  
Sure 'tis Decreed in the dark Book of Fate,  
That I shou'd Love, and he shou'd be ingrate.

*Ibid.*

STREPHON I saw, and started at the sight,  
And interchangeably looked red and white;  
I felt my Blood run swiftly to my heart  
And a chill Trembling seize each outward part;  
My Breath grew short, my Pulse did quicker beat,  
My Heart did heave as it wou'd change its Seat;  
A faint, cold Sweat o're all my Body spread,  
A gidy Megrim wheel'd about my head.  
When for the reason of this change I sought,  
I found my Eyes had all the mischief wrought,  
For they my Soul to Strephon had betray'd,  
And my weak heart his willing Victim made;  
The Traytors conscious of the Treason  
They had committed 'gainst my Reason,  
Look'd down with such a bashful, guilty Fear,  
As made their Fault to every Eye appear.  
Though the first fatal Look too much had done,  
The lawless wanderers wou'd still gaze on,  
Kind Looks repeat and Glances steal, till they  
Had look'd my Liberty and Heart away.  
Great Love, I yield; send no more Darts in vain,  
I am already fond of my soft Chain;  
Proud of my Fetters, so pleas'd with my state  
That I the very Thought of Freedom hate.  
O Mighty Love! thy Art and Pow'r joyn,  
To make his Frozen breast as warm as mine;  
But if thou try'st and can'st not make him kind,  
In Love such pleasant, real Sweets I find,  
That, though attended with Despair it be,  
'Tis better still than a wild Liberty.

*Ibid.*

# SONG

*“Ephelia”*

**Y**ou wrong me, Strephon, when you say  
     I'me Jealous or Severe,  
 Did I not see you Kiss and Play  
     With all you came a-neer?  
 Say, did I ever Chide for this,  
     Or cast one Jealous Eye  
 On the bold Nymphs that snatch'd my Bliss  
     While I stood wishing by?

Yet though I never disapprov'd  
     This modish Liberty,  
 I thought in them you only lov'd  
     Change and Variety:  
 I vainly thought my Charms so strong,  
     And you so much my Slave,  
 No Nymph had Pow'r to do me Wrong,  
     Or break the Chains I gave.

But when you seriously Address  
     With all your winning Charms  
 Unto a Servile Shepherdess,  
     I'll throw you from my Arms:  
 I'de rather chuse you should make Love  
     To every Face you see,  
 Than Mopsa's dull Admirer prove  
     And let Her Rival me.

*Ibid.*

K NOW, Celadon, in vain you use  
These little Arts to me:  
Though Strephon did my Heart refuse  
I cannot give it thee;  
His harsh Refusal hath not brought  
Its Value yet so low,  
That what was worth that Shepherd's Thoughts  
I shou'd on You bestow.  
  
Nor can I love my Strephon less  
For his ungrateful Pride,  
Though Honour does, I must confess  
My guilty Passion chide:  
That lovely Youth I still adore,  
Though now it be in vain;  
But yet of him I ask no more  
Than Pity for my Pain.

*Ibid.*

## FANE

MILDMAY FANE (1602-1665). The second Earl of Westmorland, who was a Royalist soldier and afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Northamptonshire. A friend of Herrick, Cleveland, etc. Author of a curious book of verses, mostly religious, entitled *Otia Sacra*, 1648. It is embellished with mystical emblems and folding leaves, and takes the reader to Dryden's "peaceful province in acrostic land" where one poor word is tortured ten-thousand ways. But Fane often rises to a much higher level.

### A DEDICATION OF MY FIRST SON

Is it not fit the Mould and Frame  
Of man, should dedicate the same  
To God, who first Created it; and t'give  
To Him the first fruit of that Span we live?  
In the world's Infancy could Hannah tell,  
Shee ought to Offer her sonn Samuel  
To Him that made him, and refine  
That Sacrifice with Flowre and Wine?  
Was Abram's long expected seed  
From Sarah's womb condemn'd to bleed?  
And shall the time now they grow Old, conclude  
In faithlessness, and in ingratitude?  
Let shame awake us, and where blessings fall,  
Let every one become a Prodigall  
In paying vows of thanks, and bring  
The first, and best for Offering.  
Where am I then, whom God hath deign'd to bless  
With hopes of a succeeding hapiness  
Unto my house? Why is't I stand  
At th'Altar with an Empty hand?

*Fane*

Have I no Herds, no Flocks, no Oyl,  
No Incense-bearing-Shebah-foyl?  
Is not my Grainary stor'd with Flowre that's fine?  
Are not my Strutted Vessels full of Wine?

What Temporall Blessing's wanting to suffice  
And furnish out a lively Sacrifice,  
Save onely this, to make a Free-  
Will-offering of an Infancy?

Which if I should not doe, that pil'd-  
Up wood, whereon lay Sarah's childe;  
The Temple would accuse me, where the son  
Of Elk'na first had Dedication.

Wherefore accept, I pray thee, this  
Thou'st given, and my first Sonn is:  
Let him be Thine, and from his Cradleling,  
Begin his services first reckoning.

Grant, with his Dayes, thy Grace increase, and fill  
His Heart, nor leave there room to harbour ill;

That in the Progress of His years  
He may express whose badg He wears.

*Otia Sacra, 1648*

## IN OBITUM BEN. JOHNS. POETAE EXIMII

**H**E who began from Brick and Lime  
The Muses' Hill to climbe;  
And whilom busied in laying Ston,  
Thirsted to drink of Helicon;  
Changing his Trowell for a Pen,  
Wrote straight the Temper not of Dirt but Men.

Now sithence that He is turn'd to Clay, and gon, *Fane*  
Let those remain of th'occupation  
He honor'd once, square Him a Tomb, and say  
His craft exceeded farr a Dawber's way.  
Then write upon't He could no longer tarry,  
But was return'd again unto the quarry. *Ibid.*

OCCASION'D BY SEEING A WALK OF BAY TREES

**N**o Thunder blasts Jove's Plant, nor can  
Misfortune warp an honest Man;  
Shaken He may be, by some one  
Or other Gust, Unleav'd by none:  
Though tribulation's sharp and keen,  
His Resolutions keep Green;  
And whilst Integrity's his wall,  
His Year's all Spring, and hath no Fall. *Ibid.*

IN PRAISE OF FIDELIA

**G**ET thee a Ship well-rigg'd and tight,  
With Ordnance store, and Man'd for fight,  
Snug in Her Timbers' Mould for th' Seas,  
Yet large in Hould for Merchandies;  
Spread forth her Cloth, and Anchors waigh,  
And let her on the Curl'd-waves play,  
Till, Fortune-tow'd, she chance to meet  
Th'Hesperian home-bound Western Fleet;  
Then let her board 'um, and for Price  
Take Gold-ore, Sugar-canes, and Spice;—  
Yet when all these Sh'hath brought ashore,  
In my Fidelia I'le finde more. *Ibid.*

## VIRTUS VERA NOBILITAS

WHAT doth He get who ere prefers  
The Scutchions of His Ancesters?  
This Chimney-piece of Gold or Brass,  
That Coat of Armes Blazon'd in glass;  
When those with time and age have end,  
Thy Prowess must thyself commend.  
The smooty shadows of some one  
Or other's Trophies, carv'd in stone,  
Defac'd, are things to whet, not try  
Thine own Heroicism by.  
For cast how much thy Merits's score  
Fall short of those went thee before;  
By so much art thou in arrear  
And stain'st Gentility, I fear.  
True nobleness doth those alone engage  
Who can add Vertues to their Parentage.

*Ibid.*

## MY HAPPY LIFE

TO A FRIEND

DEAREST in Friendship, if you'll know  
Where I my self, and how, bestow,  
Especially when as I range,  
Guided by Nature, to love change,  
Beleeve, it is not to advance  
Or add to my inheritance;  
Seeking t'engross by Power amiss  
What any other Man calls his:  
But full contented with my owne,  
I let all other things alone;

Which better t'enjoy without strife,  
I settle to a Countrey life.  
And in a sweet retirement there  
Cherish all Hopes, but banish fear,  
Offending none; so for defence  
Arm'd Capapee with Innocence,  
I do dispose of my time thus,  
To make it more propitious.

First, my God serv'd, I doe commend  
The rest to some choice Book or Friend,  
Wherein I may such Treasure finde  
T'inrich my nobler part, the Minde.  
And that my Body Health comprise,  
Use too some moderate Exercise;  
Whether invited to the field  
To see what Pastime that can yield,  
With horse, or hound, or hawk, or t'bee  
More taken with a well-grown Tree;  
Under whose Shades I may rehearse  
The holy Layes of Sacred Verse;  
Whilst in the Branches peached higher,  
The wing'd Crew sit as in a quier:  
This seems to me a better noise  
Than Organs, or the dear-bought voice  
From Pleadere breath in Court and Hall  
At any time is stockt withall:  
For here one may, (if marking well),  
Observe the Plaintive Philomel  
Bemoan her sorrows, and the Thrush  
Plead safety through Defendant Bush;  
The Poppingay in various die  
Performes the Sergeant, and the Pie  
Chatters, as if she would revive

The Old Levite prerogative,  
And bring new Rotchets in again;  
Till Crowes and Jackdaws in disdain  
Of her Pide-feathers chase her thence,  
To yeeld to their preheminance.  
For you must know't observ'd of late,  
That Reformation in the State  
Begets no less by imitation  
Amidst this chirping feather'd Nation;  
Cuckoes Ingrate and Woodcocks some  
Here are, which cause they't seasons come,  
May be compar'd to such as stand  
At Terms, and their returns command.  
And, lest Authority take cold,  
Here's th'Ivye's guest of wonder, th'Owl,  
Rufft like a Judge, and with a Beak,  
As it would give the charge and speak:  
Then 'tis the Goose and Buzzards art  
Alone, t'perform the Clients part;  
For neither Dove nor Pigeon shall,  
Whilst they are both exempt from gall.  
The Augur Hern, and soaring Kite,  
Kalendar weather in their flight,  
As doe the Cleanlier Ducks, when they  
Dive voluntary, wash, prune, play,  
With the fair Cygnet, whose delight  
Is to out-vie the snow in white.  
And therefore alwayes seeks to hide  
Her feet, lest they allay her pride.  
The Moor-hen, Dobchick, Water-rail,  
With little Washdish or Wagtail;  
The Finch, the Sparrow, Jenny Wren,  
With Robin that's so kinde to men;

The Whitetail and Tom Tit obey  
Their seasons, bill and tread, then lay;  
The Lyrick Lark doth early rise,  
And, mounting, payes her sacrifice;  
Whilst from some hedg, or close of furs,  
The Partridge calls its Mate, and churrs;  
And that the Countrey seem more pleasant,  
Each heath hath Powt, and wood yeelds Phesant;  
Junoe's delight, with Cock and Hens,  
Turkies, are my Domestick friends;  
Nor doe I bird of Prey inlist,  
But what I carry on my Fist;  
Now not to want a Court, a King-  
Fisher is here with Purple wing,  
Who brings me to the spring-head, where  
Crystall is Lymbeckt all the yeere,  
And every Drop distil'd, implies  
An Ocean of Felicities;  
Whilst calculating, it spins on,  
And turns the Pebbles one by one,  
Administering to eye and eare  
New Stars, and musick like the Sphere;  
When every Purle Calcin'd doth run,  
And represent such from the Sun.

Devouring Pike here hath no place,  
Nor is it stor'd with Roach or Dace;  
The Chub or Cheven not appeare,  
Nor Miller's Thumbs, nor Gudgeons here,  
But nobler Trowts, beset with stones  
Of Rubie and of Diamonds,  
Bear greatest sway; yet some intrench,  
As sharp-finn'd Pearch, and healing Tench;  
The stream's too pure for Carp to lie,

Subject to perspicuitie;  
For it must here be understood  
There are no beds of sand and Mud,  
But such a Gravell as might pose  
The best of Scholars to disclose,  
And books and learning all confute,  
Being clad in water Tissue sute.  
These cool delights help'd with the air  
Fann'd from the Branches of the fair  
Old Beech, or Oak, enchantments tie  
To every sense's facultie;  
And master all those powers should give  
The will any prerogative:  
Yet when the Scorching Noon-dayes heat  
Incommodates the Lowing Neat  
Or Bleating flock, hither each one  
Hasts to be my Companion.  
And when the Western Skie with red  
Roses bestrews the Day-star's bed,  
The wholesome Maid comes out to Milk  
In russet-coats, but skin like Silk;  
Which, though the Sun and Air dies brown,  
Will yeeld to none of all the Town  
For softness, and her breath's sweet smell  
Doth all the new-milcht Kie excell:  
She knows no rotten teeth, nor hair  
Bought, or Complexion t'make her fair,  
But is her own fair wind and dress,  
Not envying Citie's happiness:  
Yet as she would extend some pittty  
To the drain'd Neat, she frames a ditty  
Which doth inchant the beast, untill  
It patiently lets her Paile fill;

This doth the babbling Eccho catch  
And so at length to me't doth reach.  
Straight roused up, I verdict pass,  
Concluding from this bonny Lass  
And the Birds' strains, 'tis hard to say  
Which taught Notes first, or she, or they.  
Thus ravish'd, as the night draws on  
Its sable Curtain, in I'm gon  
To my poor Cell, which 'cause 'tis mine,  
I judge it doth all else out-shine:  
Hung with content and weather-proof,  
Though neither Pavement nor roof  
Borrow from Marble-quarr below,  
Or from those Hills where Cedars grow.  
There I embrace and kiss my Spouse,  
Who, like the Vesta to the house,  
A Sullibub prepares to show  
By care and love what I must owe.

Then calling in the Spawn and frie,  
Who whilst they live ne'er let us die,  
But every face is hers or mine,  
Though minted yet in lesser Coin,  
She takes an Apple, I a Plumbe,  
Encouragements for all and some,  
Till in return they crown the herth  
With innocent and harmless merth,  
Which sends us Joyfull to our rest,  
More than a thousand others blest.

*Ibid.*

## A HAPPY LIFE

**T**HAT which Creates a happy life  
 Is substance left, not gain'd by strife,  
 A fertile and a Thankfull mold,  
 A Chimney alwayes free from Cold;  
 Never to be the Client, or  
 But seldome times the Counsellor.  
 A Minde content with what is fit,  
 Whose strength doth most consist in Wit;  
 A Body nothing prone to be  
 Sick, a Prudent Simplicitie;  
 Such Friends as of one's own rank are;  
 Homely fare, not sought from farre;  
 The table without Arts help spread;  
 A night in Wine not buried,  
 Yet drowning Cares; a Bed that's blest  
 With true Joy, Chastity, and rest;  
 Such short, sweet Slumber as may give  
 Less time to die in't, more to live:  
     Thine own Estate whate're commend,  
     And wish not for, nor fear thine end.

*Ibid.*

## TO RETIREDNESS

**N**EXT unto God, to whom I owe  
 What e're I here enjoy below,  
 I must indebted stand to Thee,  
 Great Patron of my Libertie;  
 For in the Cluster of affaires,  
 Whence there are dealing severall shares,

As in a Trick Thou hast convey'd  
Into my hand what can be said;  
Whilst he who doth himself possess,  
Makes all things pass him seem farr less.

Riches and Honors that appear  
Rewards to the Adventurer,  
On Either tide of Court or Seas  
Are not attain'd nor held with ease,  
But as unconstancy bears sway,  
Quickly will fleet and Ebb away:  
And oft when Fortune those Confers,  
She gives them but for Torturers;  
When with a Minde Ambition-free,  
These, and much more, come home to Me.

Here I can sit, and sitting under  
Some portions of His works of wonder,  
Whose all are such, observe by reason  
Why every Plant obeys its season;  
How the Sap rises, and the Fall  
Wherein They shake off Leaves and all:  
Then how again They bud and spring,  
Are laden for an Offering:  
Which whilst my Contemplation sees,  
I am taught Thankfulness from trees.

Then turning over Nature's leaf,  
I mark the Glory of the Sheaf,  
For every Field's a severall page  
Desciphering the Golden Age;  
So that without a Miner's pains,  
Or Indie's reach, here plenty reigns;

Which, watred from above, implies,  
That our acknowledgments should rise  
To Him that thus creates a birth  
Of Mercies for us out of Earth.

Here is no other Case in Law  
But what the Sun-burnt Hat of Straw  
With crooked Sickle reaps and binds—  
Up into Sheaves to help the hinds;  
Whose arguing alon's in this,  
Which Cop lies well, and which amiss,  
How the Hock-Cart with all its gear  
Should be trick'd up, and what good cheer  
Bacon with Cook's reports express,  
And how to make the Tenth goe less.

There are no other Warrs or Strife's—  
Encouragers, shrill Trumpets, Fyfes,  
Or horrid Drumms, but what Excels  
All Musick, Nature's Minstrels  
Piping and Chirping, as they sit  
Embowr'd in branches, dance to it;  
And, if at all Those doe contest,  
It is in this, but which sings best;  
And when they have contended long,  
I, though unseen, must judge the Song.

Thus out of fears or noise of Warr,  
Crowds and the clamourings at Barr,  
The Merchant's dread, th'unconstant tides,  
With all Vexations besides,  
I hugg my Quiet, and alone  
Take thee for my Companion,

And deem in doing so, I've all  
I can True Conversation call;  
For so my Thoughts by this retreat  
Grow stronger, like contracted heat.

*Fane*

Whether on Nature's Book I muse,  
Or else some other writes on't use  
To spend the time in, every line  
Is not excentrick but Divine;  
And, though all others downward tend,  
These look to heaven and ascend  
From whence they came; where, pointed high,  
They ravish into Mysterie,  
To see the footsteps here are trod  
Of mercy by a Gracious God.

*Ibid.*

## FARLEY

ROBERT FARLEY (*fl.* 1639). A Scotsman at the court of James I. Author of two volumes of verses, *Kalendarium Humanae Vitae*, *The Kalendar of Man's Life*, 1638, and *Lychnocausia . . . Lights, Morall Emblems, etc.* 1638. The principal poems of the former are in English and Latin, and are decorated with amusing, and sometimes charming, woodcuts. Most of Farley's work is mild and pleasant.

### APRILL, OR MAN'S INFANCIE

**T**HINE Infant, (Lord), to be I crave,  
Let not my gray haire sinne to grave.  
My Soule doth cry; still thou it Lord  
With milke of thy eternall Word.  
Author of Grace, nurse Grace in me,  
So I at length shall strengthen'd be.  
Clense me from first and second guilt,  
Onely thou canst (Lord) if thou wilt;  
Then shall I be a Dennizon  
There, where uncleannesse commeth none.  
Let not Hell's Siren lull asleepe  
My soule to drowne it in the deepe;  
Lord make it watch for Heav'ns joyes,  
Regarding nothing worldly toyes.  
Behold my soule, rock't too and fro,  
Doth cry for feare and cannot goe;  
Now least in storme it drowned be,  
Take it into the ship with Thee.  
So shall Thou thinke me to be thine,  
And I shall thinke thy kingdome mine;  
So shall my soule thy mercies prove  
And learne thy mercies how to love.

*Kalendarium Humanae Vitae*, 1638

## OCTOBER, OR MIDDLE AGE

*Farley*

OUR lot is elsewhere, joy shall come at last,  
Then gladly shall we thinke of troubles past.

From morning's East, unto the evening's West,  
From South to North, as Poles doe rise and fall,  
Men framing Fortune still seeke for the best,  
And oft too curious are deceiv'd of all.

They seeke what fire and water can destroy,  
Or moth consume, or these can steale away,  
Or wherin they doe pave their greatest joy,  
The enemy can take it as a prey.

Heav'n hath my treasure with my Lord and King,  
With companies of glorious Saints in blisse,  
Where holie quires doe dance, triumph and sing,  
They follow, and our Saviour leader is.

Here Nectar rivers every where doe flow,  
Joy without sorrow, holy daliance,  
Here stands Ambrosia's heapes, whereere you goe,  
And what immortall glory can advance.

If you should multiply ten thousand ages,  
They shall not end this joy and glorious light,  
Nay, though you go beyond ten thousand stages,  
Nor all the dayes which never shall know night.  
Hither lead me, O Lord, through all distresse,  
O're mountains of the land, rockes of the seas,  
Through whatsoever hath no quietnesse,  
Through stormes and thunder, if it so Thee please.  
So that the Haven of this my voyage be  
Heav'ns rest; so that the goale be of my race,  
The Court of Angels, who attend on Thee,  
And in thy Father's house some dwelling place.

*Ibid.*

A THOUSAND evils this my life doth spend,  
At length fierce Boreas thereto puts an end:  
My light, my heat, my flame and all is past;  
Onely, whilst breath remaines, my hope doth last.  
This life of ours is tost to and againe,  
Time and unconstant Fortune workes our bane:  
Care kills us, griefe, diseases doth outweare  
This life, Death dragges us to the dolefull bierre.  
Fortune takes what she in the morning gave,  
Or enemies robbe and spoile what e're we have;  
Strength, beauty perish, honours flye away,  
False friends, when meanes are gone, they will not stay;  
Hope's onely constant in adversity,  
Before she's kil'd by death, she will not fly.

*Lychnocausia . . . Lights, Morall Emblems, etc. 1638*

# FELLTHAM

OWEN FELLTHAM (1602?-1668). Chaplain, or perhaps secretary and tutor, in Northamptonshire. His first work appeared in 1620, *Resolves: Divine, Morall, Politicall*. These are a hundred short essays on various subjects. They were very popular and the eighth edition in 1661 contained also thirty-nine poems called *Lusoria, or Occasional Pieces*.

## CONTENTMENT

### TRANSLATION FROM MARTIAL

THINGS that can bless a life, and please,  
Sweetest Martial, they are these:  
A store well left, not gain'd with toil,  
A house thine own, and pleasant soyl;  
No strife, small state, a mind at peace,  
Free strength, and limbs free from disease;  
Wise Innocence, friends like and good,  
Unarted-meat, kind neighbourhood;  
No drunken rest, from cares yet free,  
No sadning spouse, yet chaste to thee;  
Sleeps, that long nights abbreviate;  
Because 'tis liking, thy wish't state;  
Nor fear'd, nor joy'd, at death or fate.

*Resolves: Divine, Morall, Politicall*  
(Eighth impression), 1661

## THE SUN AND WIND

WHY think'st thou, fool, thy Beautie's rayes  
Should flame my colder heart,  
When thy disdain shall several wayes  
Such piercing blasts impart?

Seest not those beams that guild the day,  
(Though they be hot and fierce),  
Yet have not heat nor power to stay,  
When winds their strength disperse.

So, though thy Sun heats my desire,  
Yet know thy coy disdain  
Falls like a storm on that young fire,  
So blowes me cool again.

*Ibid.*

## THE SYMPATHY

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

Th'are heretick thoughts. Two Lutes are strung  
And on a Table tun'd alike for song;  
Strike one, and that which none did touch  
Shall, sympathizing, sound as much

As that which toucht you see.  
Think then this world, which Heaven inroules,  
Is but a Table round, and souls  
More apprehensive be.

*Felltham*

Know they, that in their grossest parts  
Mix, by their hallowed loves, intertwined hearts,  
This privilege boast, that no remove  
Can e're infringe their sense of love.

Judge hence then our estate,  
Since when we lov'd there was not put  
Two earthen hearts in one brest, but  
Two souls Co-animate.

*Ibid.*

## A FAREWELL

WHEN by sad fate from hence I summon'd am,  
|Call it not Absence, that's too mild a name.  
Believe it, dearest Soul, I cannot part,  
For who can live two Regions from his heart  
Unlesse, as stars direct our humane sense,  
I live by your more powerful influence?  
No: say I am dissolv'd: for, as a Cloud  
By the Sun's vigour melted is, and strow'd  
On the Earth's face, to be exhal'd again  
To the same beams that turn'd it into rain,  
So absent think me but as scatter'd dew,  
Till re-exhal'd again to Vertue—You.

*Ibid.*

AN EPITAPH  
ON THE LADY MARY FARMOR

C<sup>H</sup>ASTELY to live, one husband wed, he gone,  
Gravely to spend a Widowhood alone;  
Full seventeen tedious years in memory  
Of that dear worth which dy'd when he did dye;  
To make life one long act of goodnesse; gain  
More love than the world's malice e're could stain;  
Then calmly passe with sighs of every friend,  
Were those brave wayes which her so much commend  
That 'tis no strong Line but a Truth, to fix,  
"Here lies the best Example of her Sex".

*Ibid.*

ON A HOPEFUL YOUTH

S<sup>T</sup>AY, Passenger, and lend a tear,  
Youth and Vertue both lye here.  
Reading this, know thou hast seen  
Virtue tomb'd at but Fifteen.  
And if after thou shalt see  
Any young and good as he,  
Think his vertues are reviving  
For Examples of thy living.  
Practise those and then thou maist  
Fearlesse dye where now thou stay'st.

*Ibid.*

## TO PHRYNE

*Felltham*

WHEN thou thy youth shalt view  
Fam'd out, and hate thy glass for telling true;  
When thy face shall be seen  
Like to an Easter Apple gathered green;  
When thy whole body shall  
Be one foul wrinkle, lame and shrivell'd all  
So deep, that men therein  
May find a grave to bury shame and sin;  
When no claspt youth shall be  
Pouring his bones into his lap and thee;  
When thy own wanton fires  
Shall leave to bubble up thy loose desires;  
Then wilt thou sighing lye,  
Repent and smart, and so by two deaths dye.

*Ibid.*

## UPON A RARE VOICE

WHEN I but hear her sing, I fare  
Like one that, raised, holds his ear  
To some bright star, in the supremest Round;  
Through which, besides the light that's seen,  
There may be heard from Heaven within,  
The Rests of Anthems that the Angels sound.

*Ibid.*

# FETTIPLACE

THOMAS FETTIPLACE (1600?–1670). A student of medicine. His only book was *The Sinner's Tears, in Meditations and Prayers*, 1653. It is almost entirely in prose.

## THE SINNER'S COMPLAINT

AH, Lord, so long! What sudden fears,  
What cares and doubts, what sighs and teares,  
Since last thou did'st afford thy loving look  
Have me oprest  
And rob'd of rest,  
Because thou, Lord, thy servant hast forsook?  
If not a look, yet hear me speak  
And pittie me. O do not break  
Thy bruised reed: why should'st thou strive with man,  
Whose dayes are done  
When but begun,  
Sith thou, great God, hast measur'd out his span?  
Amaze me not with fearfull things;  
Give me thy grace, O give me wings  
Of swift desire and holy zeal, to raise  
My soul to skies  
With powerfull cryes,  
That I may sweetly warble forth thy praise.  
Thou art my Centre; fix me there,  
Or move me in thy blessed Sphere;  
Suffer me not, dear Lord, to moove from thee;  
There is no nest  
But in thy Brest,  
And in thine absence present misery.

O that I were at rest with thee,  
 Or else that thou wert come to mee,  
 Since in thine absence I am so distrest!  
     Thy wrathfull frown  
     Hath thrown me down,  
 And rais'd a storm in my unquiet brest.  
 Come, Lord, and close these wretched eyes,  
 So blear'd with sins and miseries;  
 Resolve this erring heart to tamer dust,  
     Which every day  
     Thus steals away,  
 That it may rise more joyfull and more just.

*The Sinner's Tears, in Meditations and Prayers, 1653*

## THE SINNER'S JOY

AH, my Soul! Why so dismai'd?  
 Why so sad, so sore afraid?  
 Canst thou think those gracious eyes,  
     Drench'd in tears for thee,  
 Can disdain such powerfull cries,  
     Such humility?  
 Sinners' soules must sorrow keep,  
 Man may mourn when God can weep.  
 Soul, though thou hast done amiss,  
 Yet rejoyce, for thou art his.  
 See, his soul was sad to death  
     In his agony,  
 Sad to ease thy wofull breath  
     In thy misery.  
 Be not faithless, but beleeve  
 Man can sigh when God can grieve.

*Fettiplace*

Do not grudge to lend a tear;  
Can'st thou doubt, or can'st thou fear?  
Can'st thou see his bleeding heart  
    And not beleave him?  
Wounded soul that bears a part  
    Can never grieve him?  
Timely tears are precious seed;  
Men may weep when God can bleed.  
Be not so cast down; alas!  
See his soul forsaken was;  
Frighted with his Father's frown,  
    Left in paines of hell.  
Ah! why art thou so cast down?  
    'Twas to make thee well.  
Doubt not, but admire his cost;  
Man may stray when God was lost.  
Soul, when thou art left alone,  
Do not deem thy Saviour gone  
When thou can'st not see his face;  
    'Tis to let thee know  
That those sinnes withdraw his grace  
    Which brought him so low.  
See where he in grave doth lie;  
Man may faint when God can die.  
Weep no more, but wipe thine eyes;  
See, O see, thy Saviour rise!  
Happie Soul, thy debts are paid,  
    He is ascended.  
Death is not; be not afraid,  
    All woes are ended.  
Grieve no more, believe and live;  
Man may take when God can give.

*Ibid.*

WITH sighing Soul and bended knee,  
Thy Servant vows himself to Thee:  
My God, accept a broken heart  
Bleeding for Sin; O thou which art  
The Sovereign balm, vouchsafe to bee  
(My dearest Lord), that Balm to mee.  
Inlighten, with thy saving grace,  
Those eyes thou guidest to this place,  
And grant (dear God) those sins of mine  
May not obscure that Grace of thine.

*Ibid.*

# FLETCHER

THOMAS FLETCHER (1667–1713). Fellow of New College, Oxford, and master at Winchester. His only volume of verses was published in 1692, *Poems on several Occasions, and translations: Wherein the First and Second Books of Virgil's Aeneis are attempted, in English*. He had interesting views on translation and on prosody.

## CONTENT

### A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

*Thyrsis.* By your Pipe's leave, good Damon,  
say,

(If thou canst ought but sing and play),  
Why, when all the Swains complain,  
These of Drought, and those of Rain,  
Some that Ewes unnat'ral prove,  
Some pine for Envy, some for Love,  
Only thou, of all the Swains,  
With Songs and Smiles divert'st the Plains?  
Say, my gentle Shepherd, say,  
Why art thou so blith and gay?

*Damon.* Rather, Shepherd, tell me, why,  
If Swains will be fools, must I  
Play the fool for Company?  
Swains unwisely do complain,  
Some of Drought, and some of Rain;  
They may thank themselves for what's amiss:  
They make their own Unhappiness.  
Some wish and see their Flocks increase;  
They gain Wealth, but lose their Peace:  
Folds enlarg'd enlarge their care;

Who have much, for much must fear;  
 Others see their flocks decay;  
 With their flocks they pine away.  
 The Shepherd who would happy be,  
 Must not seek Causes for his Joy;  
 Must not for Pretences tarry;  
 But be unreasonably merry.

*Thyrsis.* But, Damon, if thy Folds increase,  
 If Frost thy falling Lambkins seize,  
 Does not thy Breast with Sorrow swell?

*Damon.* No; yet I love my Lambkins well:  
 Whatsoe'r by Pan is sent,  
 Still I think a blessing meant:  
 If he will retrench my store,  
 He takes but what he gave before.  
 Life's an art, and Happiness  
 A Knack, which Swains may learn with ease.

*Thyrsis.* Ah! gentle Shepherd! only show  
 How I may blest and happy grow.  
 This Sheep-Crook, which I long have kept,  
 See! 'tis rich wood, and finely shap'd!  
 'Twas good Menalcas' Legacy,  
 When he left the World and me;  
 (Damon that falling tear forgive,  
 Menalcas did deserve my Grief);  
 He the pretty Sheep-Crook gave,  
 Which oft did my Lycoris crave;  
 Oft she crav'd, but ne'er could gain:  
 Yet show me this and it is thine.

*Damon.* I too can boast t'have shar'd a part,  
 When time was, in Menalcas' Heart.  
 And, Thyrsis, for his sake I'll show,  
 How thou may'st blest and happy grow;

Yet thou shalt keep thy Sheep-Crook too.  
Not that I pretend to be  
From Troubles or from Passions free;  
But still my thoughts I fasten there,  
Where I find least ground for Care.  
Heav'n wisely tempers Humane Life,  
Wisely mingles Joy and Grief.  
And I still chuse to mind the best;  
Let who will think upon the rest.  
If frost my falling lambs destroy,  
Yet my Ewes I still enjoy:  
But if they should perish too,  
Yet I, Methinks, were blest enow.  
Still my Pipe and Verse remain;  
The Poem, Alcon brag'd, was mine.  
Sometimes my other Songs I've shew'd  
And Shepherds seem to think they're good.  
Yes! and they call me Poet too,  
But I'm too wise to think it true.  
Udemia, sweetest, fairest Maid!  
For her these two white Kids I feed.  
The Gift is hearty, tho' but small;  
In Gifts the Giver's Mind is all.  
For her I wish my Flock's increase;  
Yet she shall never break my Peace.  
I'm blest enough, if kind she prove;  
If not, she do'nt deserve my Love.

*Thyrsis.* Hold a while, good Damon, hold!  
Yonder Ram has broke the Fold.  
'Tis a cross unlucky thing;  
Go there, Lightfoot, fetch him in!  
Shepherd, now resume thy Lays,  
And I'll crown thy head with Bays.

*Damon.* If tuneful Birds salute the Spring,  
From the Birds I learn to sing;  
If the Heavens laugh awhile,  
From the Heav'ns I learn to smile:  
But if Mists obscure the Day,  
And black Clouds fright the Sun away;  
I never dread the angry Sky;  
Why should I think it frowns on me?  
I to my peaceful Cell retreat;  
Yonder see the homely Seat!  
'Tis what Nature did provide;  
(Nature I ever make my Guide).  
There I sit and there I play,  
Cheat my Cares and Hours away:  
Reflect on honest Pleasures past,  
Or which I shall hereafter tast:  
Think on the Time when I shall be  
From Clouds and Storms for ever free,  
Plac'd in Elysium; where, they say,  
Blest Ghosts enjoy Eternal Day,  
Eternal Spring; where all the year,  
The Fields their freshest Honours wear.  
So I heard old Sophron say;  
I heard, and almost wished to die.  
In vain the sullen Heavens scowl,  
Storms and Tempests round me howl;  
I make fair weather in my Soul:  
All Occasions I embrace,  
Which may give me Joy and Peace;  
And drive bad Objects from my Thought;  
What can't be cured, is best forgot.  
Now say, my honest Thyrsis, say,  
Why should I not be blith and gay?

*Fletcher*

*Thyrsis.* Be ever blith, be ever gay;  
 Pan reward thy Courtesie;  
 Blessings on thy Pipe, and thee!  
 Health to thy Flock, Peace to thy Mind;  
 And be thy lov'd Eudemia kind.

*Poems on several Occasions  
 and translations, 1692*

## SONG

O H, Ecstasie Divine! I cannot hold!  
 Farewel, dull Earth! See where my ravish'd Soul  
 Stands shiv'ring on the edge of its slow Clay!  
 With the next rising Note 'twill fly away.  
 I faint; I faint. The pow'rful Charm forbear!  
 Nay, but sing on: sure that will keep it here.  
 Whither, fond Soul, ah, whither would'st thou fly?  
 To Heav'n? Can there be sweeter Harmony?  
 'Tis strange the Charms of Harmony which give  
 To all things Life, should make me cease to live.  
 Yet is this Death? If it be thus to die,  
 Death cannot be a Curse; or, if it be,  
 Ye angry Pow'rs, may't ever light on me.

*Ibid.*

## ON A LADY'S PICTURE

B ELIEVE, Posterity, believe it true  
 This from no fancied Form the Pencil drew;  
 No Angel sat with lucid Visions sent  
 To bless the Eyes of some departing Saint.  
 No, all the Charms which on this Picture dwell,  
 (And ah! what pity 'tis), were mortal all.

Thus much 'tis fit to let the Picture speak  
Lest this for some bright Being they mistake  
Of Heav'nly Race; and to Mankind be lost  
The greatest Honour it could ever boast.

*Fletcher*

*Ibid.*

## THE IMPATIENT

ENOUGH, enough of this world's fruitless Care  
And even its Pleasures I have suffer'd here;  
I'm weary of Life's gross Hypocrisie,  
With Plenty starv'd, cloy'd with Variety.  
Oh happy, happy State, when shall I be  
From fancy'd Good and real Evil free?  
When one short, well-spent Sigh shall me remove  
From all the Cheats mistaken Mortals love:  
When undeceiv'd by fancied shadows, I  
Shall very Beauty in its Fountain see!  
Oh, happy, happy State! Why do I stay?  
Move faster, Time, how slowly dost thou fly,  
As if the weight of Years had crippled thee!  
Thou, Death's Procurer, quickly bring me safe  
Into the cold Embraces of the Grave;  
There shall I blest, at least shall quiet lie  
Till the Angelick Summons from on High  
Call me to Bliss and real Life away:  
Then shall devouring Flame with fury hurled  
Revenge my quarrel on the injurious World;  
Then thou shalt cease and Death himself shall die;  
And both together lost and bury'd lie,  
He in eternal Life and thou in vast Eternity.

*Ibid.*

## GOULD

ROBERT GOULD (1660?-1709?). Dramatist and poet. His most popular poem, which evoked many replies, was *Love given o're*, 1683, a satire against women. He also attacked Presbyterianism, love of wealth and love-making. His verse tragedies are worthless. His *Poems, chiefly consisting of Satyrs and Satyrical Epistles*, 1689, shows that he could write a capable late-Restoration love-song.

### SONG

#### THE CAUTION

AH Silvia! have a Care—that Glance  
Alas! belong'd to me;  
Ev'n tho' thy Eyes but rov'd by Chance  
'Twould yet Injustice be.

I should not care indeed if thine  
Did but like common Beauties move;  
But ah! those lights can never shine  
Without inspiring Love.

What conquer'd me, alas! my Dear,  
Will others conquer too:  
In vain you cry, I need not fear,  
And promise to be true.  
If you are pleas'd when e'er you make  
Some other youthful Heart your Prize,  
Your Love its flight will quickly Take,  
And wait upon your Eyes.

*Poems, chiefly consisting of Satyrs  
and Satyrical Epistles, 1689*

## SONG

*Gould*

### WIT AND BEAUTY

WHEN from her Beauty long I've strove  
To free my doating Heart,  
Her wit brings back my fliting Love,  
And chains it down by Art.

Then, when her wit I've often foil'd,  
With one commanding view,  
I'm by her Eyes again beguil'd,  
And Captive took anew.

Her Wit alone were vain, alone  
Her Beauty would not do;  
But what the Devil can be done  
With Wit and Beauty too?

*Ibid.*

# HAGTHORPE

JOHN HAGTHORPE (*fl.* 1622, alive in 1630?). A lesser poet of some ability who published some verses in 1622 and four other poems in 1623. He may have been the Captain John Hagthorpe, whose name frequently occurs in the State Papers of the reign of Charles I. The first book was *Divine Meditations and Elegies* and the second *Visiones Rerum, The vision of things, or foure poems*. Hagthorpe has a pleasing fancy and some of the Elizabethan capacity for using proper names.

## AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE HENRIE

I DOE not grieve when some unwholesome aire  
Mildewes rich fields; nor when the clusters faire  
Of Claret rot through too abundant showers:  
I grieve not when some gay unsavoury flowers  
Are nipt and wither'd by th'untimely frost.  
Onely herin my patience suffers most,  
When the sweet Harvest and expected gaine  
Of Vertue's Vintage, ere full ripe is slaine:  
When Time the Wheat with cruell scythe cuts downe,  
But leaves such vulgar weeds as are unmowne,  
Darnell and Vetches: when these mortall lights  
Extinguisht be, should guide our dimmer sights,  
Then, then I weepe, and wish the watry clouds  
Would furnish me with teares to weepe whole fouds.  
Then wish I Boreas, (whose killing breath  
Is ne'er perfum'd with sweets of Indian Earth),  
To lend me sighs. I wish the Culver's groanes,  
The Pellican's shrill shrikes to expresse my moanes.  
I wish my selfe those Dedalean wings,  
To search the glorious Courts of th'Easterne Kings:

And a strong Pattent seal'd from powerfull Love,  
    Freely to take all that my thoughts approve.  
First would I then in Indian forests slit  
    The weeping Plant, (with Ivorie Knife), to get  
Such pretious liquor uncorrupted cleare,  
    As might embalme heroyck Henrie here.  
Then would I next to Tauris' gardens pierce  
    For rarest flowers to strew upon his Hearse:  
Th'Indies should yeeld us Diamonds, China, Gold;  
    Perue that silver that her lap doth hold;  
Sylon and Ormus, all their Pearle should send,  
    The Congian Slaves from secret caves should rend  
The Chyan Marble, white Cassidonie,  
    Greene Lacedemon, and red Porpherie.  
The pure white Marble got in Palestine,  
    And rare Numidian, spotted Serpentine.  
Tuskane should yeeld me then some Architect,  
    Whose artfull wit should first these Stones dissect  
With Sand and toothlesse Saw; and then engrave  
    What stories there you memoriz'd would have.  
Which worke let mine imagination frame  
    So large, that the whole Earth might seeme to  
        th'same  
A fitting Basis, whence a loftie Spire,  
    Through the triple airie Regions, and much higher,  
Should penetrate: so should the whole Earth be  
    His tombe, and the fair Heavens his Canopie.  
This Piramed, a Pharos, serving right  
    For to direct the storme-tost wandring Wight  
To Safetie: for since Fate didst life designe,  
    A patterne unto this Cimmerian time  
To imitate; tho' Atropos accurst,  
    His Clew, but new begun, in sunder burst,

*Hagthorpe*

To be wittie, quick of tongue,  
Sorrow to themselves returneth.  
To be Healthfull, Young and Strong,  
Feeds the flames where passion burneth:  
Yet doe Men  
Covet them,  
More than what adorneth.

To have Friends, and Lovers kind,  
That us round environ:  
Wife and Children, tho we find  
These be robes that best attire one,  
Yet their losse,  
Is a crosse,  
Melting hearts of Iron.

To be perfect here, and wise,  
Is to know our indiscretions;  
And our goodnes chiefly lies,  
In observing our transgressions:  
For we dwell,  
As in Hell,  
Thrall to bad impressions.

Then, alas, why long we so,  
With lov'd Sorrow still to languish?  
Is there ought on earth but woe,  
Aye renewing cares and anguish?  
Where new feares,  
Still appeares,  
Darts at us to brandish?

*Ibid.*

# HAWKINS

HENRY HAWKINS (1571?-1646). Jesuit priest. Wrote poems, translations and lives of the saints. His *Partheneia Sacra*, published in Paris, 1633 (and perhaps earlier in Rouen in 1632), contained prose accounts of the Virgin Mary. Each is followed by short verses. Some have a quiet, simple charm.

## THE VIRGIN

### I. THE VIOLET

IN Heaven the humble Angels God beheld;  
And on the earth, with Angels parale'd,  
The lowlie Virgin view'd. Her modest eye,  
Submissive count'nance, thought that did relye  
On him that would exalt an humble wight  
And make his Mother Alma, ne're in sight,  
With vertues, fragrant odours, round beset,  
Close to the earth lay like the Violet;  
Which, shrowded with its leaves, in covert lyes,  
Found sooner by the sent then by the eyes.  
Such was the Virgin rays'd to be Heaven's Queene,  
Who on the earth, neglected, was not seene.

*Partheneia Sacra, or the Mysterious  
and Delicious Garden of the Sacred  
Parthenes . . . , 1633*

THE glorious Sunne withdrew his beames of light;  
My sinne was cause. So I, in dismal night,  
Am sayling in a stormie dangerous Maine;  
And ere the Sunne, I feare, returne againe,  
Shal suffer shipwrack, where the fraite's my Soule.  
My onlie Hope's a Starre, fixt neere the Pole;  
But that my Needle now hath lost its force,  
Once touch'd with grace, and sailes out of course.  
Starre of the Sea, thy Sun hath given thee light:  
Til he brings day guide me in sinne's dark night.  
I seeke what Sages heertofore have donne,  
Guided by thee, a Starre, to find the Sunne.

*Ibid.*

# HAWKSHAW

BENJAMIN HAWKSHAW (1673–1738). Vicar in Dublin. His volume of verses was called *Poems upon Several Occasions*, 1693.

## THE ADVICE

CHLOE be kind, I say;  
Beauty has Wings as well as Time;  
To suffer either pass away  
Without Advantage, is a Crime.  
See, Heav'n itself with conscious Smiles approves  
The future Union of our tender Loves.

Then why, my Dear, should you  
So fatal to your Beauties prove?  
Pay unto Nature what's her due  
And then you'll ne're refuse my Love;  
Take my Advice, preserve that Vestal Fire;  
When it is doubl'd it will ne're expire.

Sweet Chloe, hear my call,  
And think to live no more alone;  
Tho' Man was born as Lord of all  
Himself but odly fills a Throne;  
Eden was not compos'd of That or This,  
Woman and Man made up the Paradise.

*Poems upon Several Occasions*, 1693

# HEYRICK

THOMAS HEYRICK (1649-1694). Curate of Market Harborough in Leicestershire. Author of many, not uninteresting, sermons. His *Miscellany Poems* appeared in 1691. Most are curious but very readable. The longest is "The Submarine Voyage" which is in four short "books" of pindarics. It is fantastic but often delightful. His other poems are full of whimsical, pleasant conceits and odd fancies.

## ON A SUNBEAM

### I

THOU Beauteous Off-spring of a Syre as Fair,  
With thy kind Influence thou dost all things heat:  
Thou gild'st the Heaven, the Sea, the Earth and Air,  
And under massy Rocks dost Gold beget.  
Th'opaque dull Earth thou dost make fine,  
Thou dost ith' Moon and Planets shine,  
And, if Astronomy say true,  
Our Earth to them doth seem a Planet too.

### II

How unaccountable thy Journeys prove!  
Thy swift Course thro' the Universe doth fly,  
From lofty heights in distant Heavens above,  
To all that at the lowly Center ly.  
Thy Parent Sun once in a Day  
Thro' Heaven doth steer his well-beat way;  
Thou of a swifter, subtler breed  
Dost every Moment his Day's Course exceed.

### III

*Heyrick*

Thy Common presence makes thee little priz'd,  
Which, if we once had lost, wee'd dearly Buy:  
How would the Blind hugg what's by us despis'd!  
How welcome wouldst thou in a Dungeon be!  
    Thrice-wretched those in Mines are bred  
    That from thy sight are buried,  
    When all the Stores for which they try  
Neither in Use, nor Beauty, equal Thee.

### IV

Could there be found an Art to fix thee down,  
And of condensed Rays a Gem to make,  
'Twould be the brightest Lustre of a Crown,  
And an esteem invaluable take.  
    New Wars would the tir'd World molest,  
    And new Ambition fire Men's breast,  
    More Battels fought for it, than e're  
Before for Love, Empire, or Treasure were.

### V

Thou'rt quickly born and dost as quickly die:  
Pitty so fair a Birth to fate should fall!  
Now here and now in abject Dust dost lie,  
One Moment 'twixt thy Birth and Funeral.  
    Art thou, like Angels, only shown,  
    Then, to our Grief, for ever flown?  
    Tell me, Apollo, tell me where  
The Sunbeams go, when they do disappear.

*Miscellany Poems, 1691*

DOST think He whom thy liberal Table drew,  
Can ever be to Love or Friendship true?  
He loves thy Mullets, Oysters, and not Thee:  
Could I so entertain him, hee'd love Me.

*Ibid.*

## FROM AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF LADY BUTLER

SHE fell an Holocaust of Chast Delight,  
Beauteous and Fair, as Rays of new-born Light.  
Charming, as Vertues i'th'Idaea be,  
Or Graces, seen by th'Intellectual Eye.

*Ibid.*

## ON AN INDIAN TOMINEIOS, THE LEAST OF BIRDS

## I

I'ME made in sport by Nature, when  
Shee's tir'd with the stupendious weight  
Of forming Elephants and Beasts of State;  
Rhinoceros, that love the Fen;  
The Elkes, that scale the hills of Snow,  
And Lions couching in their awfull Den:  
These do work Nature hard, and then  
Her wearied Hand in Me doth show  
What she can for her own Diversion doe.

## II

*Heyrick*

Man is a little World ('tis said),  
 And I in Miniature am drawn,  
 A Perfect Creature, but in Short-hand shown.  
 The Ruck, in Madagascar bred,  
 (If new Discoveries Truth do speak)  
 Whom greatest Beasts and armed Horsemen dread,  
 Both him and Me one Artist made:  
 Nature in this Delight doth take,  
 That can so Great and Little Monsters make.

## III

The Indians me a Sunbeam name,  
 And I may be the Child of one:  
 So small I am, my Kind is hardly known.  
 To some a sportive Bird I seem,  
 And some believe me but a Fly;  
 Tho' me a Feather'd Fowl the Best esteem:  
 What e're I am, I'me Nature's Gemm,  
 And like a Sunbeam from the Sky,  
 I can't be follow'd by the quickest Eye.

## IV

I'me the true Bird of Paradise,  
 And heavenly Dew's my only Meat:  
 My Mouth so small, 'twill nothing else admit.  
 No Scales know how my weight to poise,  
 So Light, I seem condensed Air;  
 And did at th'End of the Creation rise,  
 When Nature wanted more Supplies,  
 When she could little Matter spare,  
 But in Return did make the work more Rare.

*Ibid.*

## ON THE DEATH OF A MONKEY

HERE, Busy and yet Innocent, lyes Dead  
Two things that seldom meet:  
No Plots nor Stratagems disturb'd his head,  
Or's merry Soul did fret.  
He shew'd, like Superannuated Peer;  
Grave was his look, and Politick his Air;  
And he for Nothing, too, spent all his care.  
But that he died of Discontent, 'tis fear'd,  
Head of the Monkey Rout;  
To see so many Brother Apes preferr'd,  
And he himself left out.  
On all below he did his Anger Show'r,  
Fit for a Court did all above adore,  
H'had Shows of Reason, and few Men have more.

*Ibid.*

## HOWARD

ANNE HOWARD (1557-1630). The fiercely Roman Catholic wife of Philip Howard, first Duke of Arundel. She wrote no verse that has survived except this elegy on the death of her husband, which is Elizabethan in style. It is pleasant, and interesting, if her character was as harsh and cruel as it is said to have been, and from beneath the conventionally bucolic strains a note of genuine feeling breaks through.

### ELEGY

IN sad and ashie weeds I sigh,  
I grone, I pine, I mourne;  
My oten yellow reeds  
I all to jeat and ebon turne.  
My watrie eyes, lyke winter's skyes,  
My furrowed cheeks o'reflow.  
All heavens knowe why men mourne as I,  
And who can blame my woe?

In sable robes of night my dayes  
Of joye consumed be;  
My sorrowe sees no light;  
My lights through sorrowe nothing see:  
For now my sonne his course hath ronned,  
And from his sphere doth goe,  
To endless bed of soulded lead,  
And who can blame my woe?

My flocks I nowe forsake, that soe  
My sheep my greefe may knowe;  
The Lillies loth to take  
That since his death presum'd to growe.

*Howard*

I envie aire because it dare  
Still breath, and he not soe;  
Hate earth, that doth entombe his youth,  
And who can blame my woe?

Not I, poor I alone—(alone  
How can this sorrowe be?)  
Not onely men make mone, but  
More than men make mone with me:  
The gods of greenes, the mountain queenes,  
The fairy circles rowe,  
The muses nine, and powers devine,  
Do all condole my woe.

*From Illustrations of British History . . . in the reigns  
of Henry VIII . . . James I (Lodge), 1791*

# HOWARD

SIR ROBERT HOWARD (1626-1698). Cavalier, M.P., and Auditor of the Exchequer. Shadwell's "Sir Positive At-All" in *The Sullen Lovers*, 1668. Chiefly a playwright. His serious contribution to poetry was *Poems*, 1660. Best known for his collaboration with Dryden and for the part he was given in Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*.

## TO THE UNCONSTANT CYNTHIA

### A SONG

TELL me once, Dear, how it does prove  
That I so much forsworn could be?  
I never swore always to love,

I onely vow'd still to love thee:  
And art thou now what thou wert then,  
Unsworn unto by other men?

In thy fair Breast, and once-fair Soul,  
I thought my Vows were writ alone;  
But others' Oaths so blurr'd the Scrole,  
That I no more could read my own.  
And am I still oblig'd to pay  
When you had thrown the Bond away?

Nor must we onely part in Joy,  
Our tears as well must be unkind:  
Weep you, that could such truth destroy,  
And I, that could such falseness find.

Thus we must unconcern'd remain  
In our divided Joys and Pain.

Yet we may love, but on this diff'rent score,  
You what I am, I what you were before.

*Poems*, 1660

## TO THE SAME

YOU are not, Cynthia, better pleased than I,  
 That you first led the way  
 Through this dark night of blind Inconstancy  
 And first found break of Day:  
 To freedom now we'll sacrifice dreams past:  
 'Twas my good fate to cry Good-morrow last.  
 Perhaps so soon I could not dis-engage,  
 Having a greater score.  
 Some Birds will longer hover round the Cage  
 Though 'twas their Jayl before:  
 Yet sure I meant not long to sit about  
 The ashes, when the fire was quite burnt out.  
 Since now my Jaylor has my Chains unty'd,  
 I'll hold my hand no more  
 Up at Love's Bar; he is condemn'd untride  
 That has been burnt before:  
 Now that heart-sickness which she gave, protects:  
 'Tis seldom that the same plague twice infects.  
 Breasts that have known Love's cruell slavery  
 Are better fortifi'd  
 By that experience, than they ere can be  
 By reason or by pride.  
 Then blush not that you quench'd this am'rous flame  
 But blush with me, if we two love again.

*Ibid.*

## THE RESOLUTION

NO, Cynthia, never think I can  
 Love a divided heart and mind;  
 Your Sunshine love to every man  
 Appears alike as great as kind.

None but the duller Persians kneel  
And the bright god of Beams implore,  
Whilst others equall influence feel  
That never did the god adore.

The riches of your Love's put forth,  
And ev'ry man retains a part;  
You can't Call't in to make you worth  
The purchase of a faithfull heart.

Hope not to be mine, or your own;  
You can't your selfe to me restore;  
The nest is left, the Birds are flown,  
And bankrupt-Love sets up no more.

Your kindnesse, which at randome flyes,  
Makes your Love-patients all secure;  
But they will find your Emp'rick eyes  
Can only palliate, never cure.

Though I resolve to love no more  
Since I did once, I will advise.  
The love of Conquests now give o're;  
Disquiets wait on Victories.

To your much-injur'd peace and name  
Love's farewell as a tribute pay,  
Grow now reserv'd and raise your fame  
By your own choice, not your decay.

She that to Age her charms resignes  
And then at last turns Votary,  
Though Vertue much the change inclines,  
'Tis sullied by Necessity.

*Ibid.*

## HOWELL

JAMES HOWELL (1593–1666). He had the adventurous career of university student, “steward” in a glass factory, traveller abroad for the factory, tutor, court envoy to Spain, College Fellow, secretary to Lord Scrope, secret agent, Clerk of the Council, M.P., and Historiographer Royal. He was also imprisoned during the Commonwealth. His poems were collected and published in 1663, *Poems on Several Choice and Various Subjects*, etc. A second edition appeared, with a different title, in 1664.

### A FIT OF MORTIFICATION

WEAK crazy Mortal, why dost fear  
To leave this Earthly Hemisphear,  
Where all delights away do pass  
Like thy Effigies in a Glass?  
Each thing beneath the Moon is frail and fickle;  
Death sweeps away what Time cuts with his sickle.

This Life at best is but an Inn,  
And we the Passengers wherein  
The cloth is laid to some, before  
They peep out of Dame Nature's dore,  
And warm Lodgings find. Others there are  
Must trudge to find a room, and shift for fare.

This Life's at longest but one day:  
He who in Youth posts hence away  
Leaves us i' th' Morn; He who hath run  
His race till Manhood, parts at Noon;  
And who at seventy odd forsakes this Light  
He may be said to take his leave at Night.

One paest makes up the Prince and Peasan,  
Though one eats roots, the other Feasan:  
They nothing differ in the Stuff,  
But both extinguish like a Snuff.  
Why then, fond Man, shold thy soul take dismay  
To sally out of these gross walls of Clay?

*Howell*

*Poems on Several Choice and Various Subjects, etc. 1663*

### A RAPTURE UPON DELIA

COULD I but catch those Golden Rays  
Which Phoebus at High Noon displays,  
I'd set them on a Loom, and frame  
A Scarf for Delia of the same.

Could I that wondrous black come near,  
Which Cynthia, when she mourns doth wear;  
Of a new fashion I wold trace  
A Mask therof for Delia's face.

Could I but reach that Green and Blue,  
Which Iris decks in such rare hue  
From her moist Bow, I'd drag them down  
To make my Celia a Summer-Gown.

Could I those Whitely Stars come nigh  
Which makes the Milky-way in Sky,  
I'd Poach them, and at Moon-shine dress,  
To make my Delia a Hougon Mess.

Thus would I diet, thus attire  
My Delia Queen of Hearts and Fire:  
She shold have ev'ry thing Divine,  
What might befit a Seraphine.  
And 'cause ungirt unblest we often find,  
One of the lesser Zones her waste shold bind.

*Ibid.*

UPON THE POET OF HIS TIME, BEN JONSON,  
HIS HONOURED FRIEND AND FATHER

AND is thy glasse run out? is that oil spent,  
Which light to such tough sinewy labours lent?  
Well, Ben, I now perceive that all the Nine,  
Though they their utmost forces should combine,  
Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three daughters, but  
One still spin, one wind, the other cut.  
Yet in despite of spindle, clue and knife,  
Thou, in thy strenuous lines, hast got a life,  
Which, like thy bay, shall flourish every age,  
While sock or buskin move upon the stage.

*Ibid.*UPON A FIT OF DISCONSOLATION,  
OR DESPONDENCY OF SPIRIT

EARLY and late, both night and day,  
By Moon-shine and the Sun's bright Ray,  
When spangling Stars emboss'd the Sky  
And deck'd the World's vast Canopy,  
I sought the Lord of Life and Light,  
But, oh, my Lord kept out of sight.

As at all times, so ev'ry Place  
I made my Church to seek his Face,  
In Forests, Chases, Parks and Woods,  
On Mountains, Meadows, Fields and Floods,  
I sought the Lord of Life and Light,  
But still my Lord kept out of sight.

On Neptune's back, when I could see  
But few pitch'd planks 'twixt Death and me,  
In Freedom and in Bondage long,  
With Groans and Cries, with Pray'r and Song,  
    I sought the Lord of Life and Light,  
    But still my Lord kept out of sight.

In Chamber, Closet, (swoln with Tears),  
I sent up Vows for my Arrears;  
In Chappel, Church and Sacrament,  
(The Soul's Ambrosian Nourishment),  
    I sought the Lord of Life and Light,  
    But still my Lord kept out of sight.

What? is mild Heaven turn'd to Brass,  
That neither sigh nor sob can pass?  
Is all Commerce 'twixt Earth and Sky  
Cut off from Adam's Progeny?  
    That thus the Lord of Life and Light  
    Should so, so long, keep out of sight?

Such Passions did my mind assail,  
Such terrors did my spirits quail,  
When lo, a beam of Grace shot out  
Through the dark clouds of sin and doubt,  
    Which did such quickning sparkles dart,  
    That pierc'd the centre of my heart.

O, how my spirits came again,  
How evry cranny of my brain  
Was fill'd with heat and wonderment,  
With joy and ravishing content,  
    When thus the Lord of Life and Light  
    Did re-appear unto my sight!

*Howell*

Learn, Sinners, hence, 'tis nere too late  
To knock and cry at Heaven's gate;  
That Begger's bless'd who doth not faint,  
But re-inforceth still his plaint.

The longer that the Lord doth hide his Face,  
More bright will be his after-beams of Grace.

*Ibid.*

TO MRS E. B.

UPON A SUDDEN SURPRISAL

A PELLER, Prince of Painters, did  
All others in that Art exceed,  
But you surpass him, for He took  
Some pains and Time to draw a Look.  
You in a trice and moment's space  
Have Pourtray'd in my Heart your Face.

*Ibid.*

# JENKYN

PATHERICKE JENKYN (1639, *fl.* 1661). His only volume of verse was *Amorea, the Lost Lover . . . Being Poems, Songs, Odes, Pastorals, Elegies, Lyrick Poems and Epigrams*, 1661

## TO AMOREA, THE DEDICATION

TO the fairest and divine,  
Next unto the Sacred Nine,  
To the Queen of love and beauty,  
I do offer up my duty;  
To the sweetest disposition,  
That e're Lover did petition,  
To the best and happiest fortune,  
Ever man did yet importune,  
To the Lady of all hearts,  
That pretend to noble parts;  
To the altar of her eyes  
I my self doe sacrifice;  
To her ever winning glances,  
Here I doe present my fancies;  
And to her all-commanding look  
I doe dedicate my book.

*Amorea, the Lost Lover, 1661*

## LOVE AND RESPECT

IT is not that I love thee, fairest,  
Less than when my love I tender'd,  
But 'twas hopeless love, my dearest,  
That my deep affection hinder'd.

*Jenkyn*

Yet 'tis not hopeless love shall fear me,  
Or command my love to end,  
'Tis the high respect I bear thee,  
Will not leave me to offend.

Were I confident to carry  
Thy affection, it would be  
No content at all to marry,  
If the conquest were not free.

But if you vouchsafe to pardon  
My presumption, do but prove,  
I will render thee the guerdon  
Of a never-dying love.

*Ibid.*

## ON THE DEATH OF HIS MISTRESS

ASKE me not why the Rose doth fade,  
Lillies look pale, and Flowers die,  
Question not why the Mirtle shade,  
Her wonted shadows doth denie.

Seek not to know from whence begun  
The sadness of the Nightingale,  
Nor why the Helletrope and Sun,  
Their constant Amitie do fail.

The Turtle's grief look not upon,  
Nor why the Palm-tree doth mourn,  
When widow-like they're left alone,  
Nor Phoenix, why her self doth burn.

For she is dead which life did give  
Unto those things that here I name,  
They fade, change, wither, cease to live,  
Pine, and consume into a flame.

*Ibid.*

## TO THE SUN

*Jenkyn*

G<sup>O</sup>E, Glorious Sun,  
Set in perpetual night;  
I shun thy light;  
Now she is gone  
In whom all joyes did shine,  
My darkened sight  
Can see no thing that is divine.

Goe, Glorious Sun,  
And tell her brighter Ray  
I come away;  
Tell her I run,  
My coming is not far:  
The message can be done  
By none but thee unto a Starr.

*Ibid.*

## KNEVET

RALPH KNEVET (1600–1671). Tutor or chaplain to the famous Norfolkshire Pastons. Became rector of Lyng. All his writings that are known are in verse: *Stratisticon, or a Discourse of Militarie Discipline*, etc. 1628; a pastoral for the Florists' Feast of Norfolk, 1631 (a long speech therein by Clematis, servant to the "new-fangl'd Lady Eglantine", is of great interest to the student of seventeenth-century dress and cosmetics); three undistinguished funeral elegies, 1637. Far better than all these are his MS. poems: *To the Honorable Sir Robert Paston's Lady*; *A Gallery to the Temple*; etc. Most of these are modelled on the poems of George Herbert, but they are sincere and, often, surprisingly modern in thought.

## SCIENCES

MANY their language labour to correct,  
And for to speake in the best dialect;  
But few, or none, contend,  
Their lives t'amend.

Logicke, the art of reason, others love,  
But by their lives their studies they disprove,  
Guided by appetite,  
Not Reason's light.

Some divide numbers by Arithmeticke  
To smallest fractions; yet they want a tricke  
One penny to divide  
To those that need.

Another by Geometry, (at pleasure),  
Both Cittye's feilds and provinces can measure,  
Yet in his life, (God knowes),  
No measure showes.

One studyes the accord of pleasant sounds,  
While in his heart with discord Hee abounds;  
    Hee's out of tune within,  
    Through his vaine sinne.

Th'Astrologer doth gaze upon the Starres,  
Till, like a falling starre, he unawares  
    In a pitt plunged is  
    That's bottomless.

Another boasts diseases all to cure,  
Yet findes not his owne pulse or temp'rature;  
    His Heart a Spittle is  
    Of maladyes.

Of Troy and Thebes th' Historian can discourse,  
Of Alexander Great, and of his horse,  
    Yet doth a babe become  
    In things at home.

Another doth professe law to dispense,  
But gives no law to his owne conscience;  
    He cares more for a fee  
    Then equitye.

The Theologians rather strive to know  
God's will, then doe the same. Their actions grow  
    Contrary to their speech  
    And what they preach.

Most studye sciences, not charity,  
Which is 'twixt God and Man the perfect tye.  
    Oh Lord, instruct mee how  
    To love, and know.

Addit. MS. Brit. Mus. 27447

**T**H'UNACTIVE Element

In Man is most predominant;  
Earth is his belov'd home and his content;  
Hee well could heavenly gloryes want  
If Hell or Death did not him sometimes fright.  
He feares the grave, though Earth bee his delight.

Yet Hee lives as if Hell  
Were but a fable or a storye,  
A place of fancye that might parallel  
The old St Patricke's Purgatory.  
Hee mirth recrutes with cups, and seldome thinkes  
Of Death, untill into the grave Hee sinks.

But if vaine Man knew well  
To fixe and manage his designe,  
Hee should not stand in feare of Death or Hell;  
For Hee's immortall and divine.  
Flesh is his clogge, which while Hee strives to lighten,  
More heavy growes: thus Hee his woes doth heighten.

*Ibid.*

THE BANKRUPT

**G**OD, with the breath of life did mee inspire  
And in the world mee landed, where  
I, like a stranger, could but things admire,  
Being unfitt for pratticke there  
For I of language had not the least tittle,  
Could neit her call for drinke or bread;  
And grew acquainted but a little  
could without a Truckman trade,

Then I forgott my home, and did neglect  
Th'Imployment I was sent about;  
I forraine pleasures then 'gan to affect,  
And like unthrifty Factours sought;  
Not my Lord's profite, but mine owne delight.  
Both wine and women did mee please;  
The women of the land were faire to sight,  
And made mee leave my busynes.  
My Lord did then of my Debauchments heare,  
And to a strict account mee brought,  
But I could not responsible appeare,  
I so extremely had runne out.  
Then I imprisonment and bonds did feare,  
And like a perplex'd Caitife stood,  
Untill a friend did whisper in mine eare  
And told mee that my Lord was good.  
Hee mee advis'd to sue for mercy. Then  
I fell downe prostrate at his feet,  
Which, with my teares, to bathe I did beginne,  
Th'unfained signes of my regret.  
My gracious Lord did then my debt remitt,  
Nor did his goodnes end in this,  
For Hee to mee more treasures did committ,  
And more esteem'd commodities  
Then Hee with mee before intrusted had.  
Thus I who was his wretched Debtour,  
His Beneficiarye blest was made,  
And then resolv'd to serve him better.

*Ibid.*

THE Helmet now an hive for Bees becomes,  
And hilts of swords may serve for Spiders' loomes;  
Sharp pikes may make  
Teeth for a rake;  
And the keene blade, th'arch enemy of life,  
Shall bee digraded to a pruning knife.  
The rusticke spade  
Which first was made  
For honest agriculture, shall retake  
Its primitive imployment, and forsake  
The rampire's steep  
And trenches deep.  
Tame conyes in our brazen gunnes shall breed,  
Or gentle Doves their young ones there shall feede.  
In musket barrells  
Mice shall raise quarrells  
For their quarters. The ventriloquious drumme  
Like Lawyers in vacations shall be dumme.  
Now all recrutes,  
(But those of fruites),  
Shall bee forgott; and th'unarm'd Soldier  
Shall onely boast of what Hee did whilere,  
In chimneys' ends  
Among his freinds.  
If good effects shall happy signes ensue,  
I shall rejoyce, and my prediction's true.

*Ibid.*

## TRUTH

*Knevet*

**F**AIRE, naked Amazon,  
Invincible in force,  
Earth's Martyr, but Heaven's Minion,  
Religion's Source,  
The Mistris of the intellect,  
A Mistris without blemish or defect.

Great Monosyllable,  
The large Epitome  
Of bookes innumerable  
That honest be,  
Elder then Time thou art, yet Youth  
Doth flourish in thy lookes: Thy name is Truth.

Thy Habitation is  
In some abstruse recesses,  
Not obvious to the facultyes  
Of infirme crests,  
Nor yet to sense, although she trye  
To reach thee by the pole of phantasye.

Sciences, without thee,  
Are tales of Robin Hood,  
No more then dreames of Fairyes bee;  
Nothing is good  
Where Thou art absent, but thy presence  
Gives worth, and reputation to each essence.

Commerce is, without Thee,  
Mere Cousenage and warre,  
Nothing but a grand larceny;  
Thy vertues are  
Incomputable, and thy beauty  
From Men and Angels chalengeth love's duety.

Democritus Thee hidde  
In a darke, gloomy roome;  
But once, I know, Thou didst proceede  
From the pure wombe  
Of an unviolated Mayde,  
When that a Starre thy birth to Kings bewray'd.

In little Bethleem  
Thou then didst shew thy face,  
And after, like the Spanish streame,  
Thou for a space  
Layst hid in Nazareth, untill  
The Lord made thee appear on Sion Hill.

To sweet Mount Olivet  
The King of Truth and Peace  
Did oftentimes, with his, retreate;  
A fitt recess  
For Him and for his contemplations,  
Who th' Herald was of peace unto all Nations.

Hee was the Word of Truth,  
The light of Veritye,  
Which it self disperst from his mouth  
Both farre and nigh;  
And though Hee our Horizon left,  
Yet of his rayes wee were not quite bereft.

For though from us Hee went,  
Hee left us not alone,  
But downe His Holy Spirit sent  
From his high Throne.  
This is that Truth of truths and peace  
Wherein consists our hopes and happynes.

*Ibid.*

## THE APPARITION

*Knevet*

### (A TRUE FRENCH STORYE)

THREE joccund Gallants in their golden age,  
Count Cock'rells, in their pucillage of witt,  
(For yet Discretion had not bedded it,) Rode to the forrest in faire equipage,  
Where, haveing pleas'd their phantasyes, at least,  
With chase and quarry, they their sport surceast,  
And curious were to find out new delights,  
To cocker their fastidious appetites.  
But while they view'd th'unartificiall bowres,  
Which old Sylvanus for his Faunes and Satyres  
Had there erected, over cristall waters,  
Whose banks were diaper'd with fragrant flowres,  
Their owne felicityes they call'd to mind,  
Which in this sonnett sweet they thus combin'd.

“Behold our youthfull yeares,  
With strength and beauty crown'd,  
While Fortune faire appears,  
And riches doe abound.  
Now while the Fates permitt,  
Wee our delights pursue,  
And for all pleasures fitt,  
Our joyes we still renew;  
Which on our bosomes flow  
As thicke as flights of snow.”

But when these Yonkers finish'd had their song,  
The scene was chang'd, for they did there descry  
Three naked fabrickes of mortality,  
Three horrid Sceletons, arm'd with sithes long,  
Who with sad, hollow accents did repeate  
This answer to those Monsieurs' canzonett.

“We liv’d in time of yore,  
 And were as brave as you,  
 Enrich’d with fortune’s store,  
 But see what wee are now!  
 In us see and perpend  
 Your fraile and wretched state,  
 And how you must descend  
 To the darke House of Fate,  
 Where yee must become foode,  
 Unto Earth’s footles broode.”

The Gallants, frighted with this apparition,  
 To holy vowes their gamesome humours chang’d.  
 This dreadfull spectacle their minds estrang’d  
 From secular delights and that condition  
 Wherein they whilome liv’d; for Eache forsooke  
 The World, and to a cell himself betooke.

*Ibid.*

## INFIRMITYE

I WANT a volubility of tongue  
 To trafficke for applause,  
 Although I know the lawes  
 And rights of rhetoricke. I am not strung  
 For sound and music shrill.  
 My tongue’s a silent quill  
 My witt is dumbe and doth rehearse  
 Things by mere signes and characters.  
 But my defect in this mercuriall part  
 Doth chiefly mee afflict  
 When I my self addict  
 To praise my Godd with a devoted heart.

I covet not a tongue  
To tune a wanton song,  
A tongue tipp'd with deceite or guile,  
A tongue to rayle or to revile.

*Knevet*

But such a tongue I would desire to have  
As might impresse remorse  
In holy Auditoures,  
And rather cause them to lamente, then laugh.  
Yet alwayes would I not  
Unto a tragicke note  
My organe sett, but would make gladd  
(As time should serve) a spirit sad.

Then since my tongue is so infirme, Oh Lord,  
That I cannot aspire  
To be one of thy quire,  
Vouchsafe those gifts unto my heart t'afford,  
Which may make recompense  
For my tongue's impotence.  
Then I shall praise Thee while my will  
My tongue's defects shall cover still.

*Ibid.*

## THE DELIVERANCE

ONE blindfold went, upon the narrow ridge  
Of a steepe bridge,  
Which with an arched bitte did curle and chappe  
A fomeing flood.  
Hee, haveing pass'd along, free from mishap,  
Threw off his hood,  
And looking on the danger Hee had scap't,  
With infinite amazement Hee was rap't.

*Knevet*

Then conscious of that Providence sublime,  
Which at that time  
Had him preserved from the jawes of Hell,  
Immediately  
In humble sort, upon his knees Hee fell,  
And zealously  
No dry devotions did to him forth powre  
Who from those waters deepe did him secure.

*Ibid.*

## DEVOTION

WHILE that my knees do bowe unto my  
God  
And my officious tongue doth pray,  
My heart seduced by some fancies odde,  
Doth wander quite another way.  
Lord, chaine my heart, with fear and love,  
That it may not at random rove.

*Ibid.*

## THE MISTAKE

WE blame the times,  
But doe not on our selves reflect  
To view our crimes;  
And Sinne, the chiefest architect  
Of our disasters,  
Our optickes tend to distance,  
And wee are Masters  
Which things at Home do not redresse;

But all our losses  
Unto our neighbours wee impute,  
Although our crosses  
Wee daily by our sinnes recrate.

*Knevet*

If Each would seeke himself t'amend,  
How soone our miseryes should end.

*Ibid.*

## THE HABITATION

**M**AN is no Microcosme, and they detract  
From his dimensions, who apply  
This narrow terme to his immensitye.  
Heaven, Earth and Hell in him are pack't.  
Hee's a miscellanye of goods and evils,  
A Temper mixt with Angells, Beasts and Devills.

Yea! the immortall Deitye doth daigne  
T'inhabite in a carnall cell.  
So pretious gemmes in the darke center dwell,  
So gloomy mines fine gold retaine.  
But by vicissitudes these Essences  
The various heart of Man wont to possesse.

For God no Innemate will with Satan bee:  
Angells will not consort with Beasts.  
If Man would pursue his best interests,  
What blessed seasons might Hee see!  
But Hee invites the Devill and the Beast,  
Nor God nor Angells will Hee lodge or feast.

*Ibid.*

M<sup>AN</sup> in the wombe is but a Zoophyte,  
There nourish'd like a plant;  
But when Hee is produc'd to the daylight,  
Disclos'd from that warme haunte,  
Hee at the honour doth arrive  
To bee a creature sensitive.

And Memorye with Fancye in him raigne,  
Till Time makes him mature;  
Then Reason settes her throne up in his braine  
And takes the soveraigne cure  
Of the fraile Microcosme, an empire  
Which oft commotions doe distemper.

For Will, seduc'd by carnall Appetite,  
Her dictates doth despise.  
Thus her prerogative shee looseth quite  
And her high dignities.  
But divine Grace can Her alone  
Restore unto the regall Throne.

By whose assistance Man acquireth power  
Unto an higher pitch to clime;  
And to become a glorious Conquerour  
Over both Death and Time.  
Thus Hee, who was a Zoophyte  
At first, becomes an Angell bright.

*Ibid.*

## UNCONSTANCYE

*Knevet*

SOMETIMES I am transfigur'd to a saint,  
And seeme like those who mett upon Mount Tabor;  
And then againe My Soule, through feare wax'd  
faint,

Doth in the Valley of Gehennor labour.  
Sometimes I mount like fire, or aire;  
Then, petrify'd by cold dispaire,  
I to the center sinke,  
And my self thinke  
At the pitte's brinke.

Lord, ballance mee with discreete moderation,  
But from my heeles the clogges of Sinne untye,  
Least that I fall too low, through desperation,  
Nor through presumption let mee soare too high.  
But let thy Grace teach mee to acte,  
And to observe a middle tract.  
Hee that on waxen plumes  
To rise presumes,  
Himself consumes.

*Ibid.*

## THE BURTHEN

WHILE on my self I doe reflect,  
I spy a brittle House of clay,  
With many imperfections deck't,  
Which, while I labour to correct,  
To these I new additions lay.  
So fraile, so vaine am I in each respect,  
Oh God, teach mee thy way.

*Knevet*

I beare a Burthen on my backe,  
And lay it downe to lessen it,  
Bicause it makes my shoulders cracke;  
But I so much discretion lacke,  
Am so devoyde of sense, and witt,  
That I more weight still on the same doe packe.  
Oh God, my Sinne remitt.

Thou dost, oh Lord, poore Soules invite,  
That are surcharg'd with burthens great,  
To seeke for succour from thy might,  
Who wilt their heavy loades make light.  
My Soule doth, therefore, Thee intreate  
That Thou would'st please to ease me of my weight.  
Lord, doe mee not forgett.

*Ibid.*

## LATHUM

WILLIAM LATHUM (*fl.* 1634). Nothing is known of the life of this interesting poet. He may have been a student of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Author of a volume of verses *Phyala Lachrymarum. . . Together with sundry choyce Meditations of Mortalitie*, 1634. The poems are Elizabethan in matter and style. The "Elegy" is full of good passages and is interesting historically since it mourns the death of a Cambridge scholar and was probably written by another Cambridge student only four years before the appearance of *Lycidas*. The Meditations are often excellent and the one entitled "Prosopepeia . . ." is one of the best things in this anthology.

### PROSOPEPEIA CORPORIS ANIMAE VALEDICTURI:

#### ADIOS A RIVEDERCI

MY lovely frend, that long hast been content  
To dwell with mee in my poore Tenement,  
Whose bulke and all the stuffe, both warp and woofe,  
Is all of clay, the floor and the rooffe:  
Though yet thou ne're foundst fault; ne didst upbraid  
This homely hermitage, so meanly made;  
O mine owne darling, my deere daintie one,  
And wilt thou now indeed from me be gone?  
Ah, for thou seest all running to decay,  
The thatchie covering's now nigh falne away:  
The windows, which give light to every roome,  
Broken, and dimme, and mistie beene become.  
The Mill-house and selfe Miller's out of frame,  
My Kitchen smoakes, my larder is to blame;  
And from the Studds each where the home doth shrink,  
And the breeme cold blowes in at every chinke,  
The brases and supporters of my house  
Tremble, and waxen wondrous ruinous.

*Lathum*

So that all bee it grieve me to the heart,  
To thinke that thou and I (old friends) must part;  
Yet, sith my Cabban's all out of repaire,  
(Darling) farewell, goe sojourne now else where,  
In some cleane place, untill that premier Main  
That built mee first, rebuild mee up againe  
All of the selfe same stuffe, but with such art,  
So polisht, and imbellisht every part,  
That it shall ne're be out of Kilture more:  
Then shalt thou come againe, as heretofore,  
And dwell with mee for ever and for aye:  
So God us both blesse untill that happie day.

*Phyala Lachrymarum, or a Few  
Friendly Teares . . . , 1634*

## FELICE CHI PUO

BLEST mote he ever bee, who ever can  
Compose the joyes and sorrows of his mind,  
Chuse truth from errour, flow'r from the bran;  
Willing, obey God's sacred Lawes in kinde;  
Decline the vice to which hee's most inclin'd;  
Richly contented bee, what ~~ele~~ God send;  
Slight injuries, as chaffe before the winde;  
Finde a fit wife, and faithfull bosome frend:  
Who some, nay one, but all these things who can,  
Is sure a three-fold blessed, tenfold happy man.

*Ibid.*

## SONNET

*Lathum*

MONOCCHIO, NON E MISERO NEL PRESENZA  
DEL CIECO

WHEN I consult the sacred Histories,  
And other stories of inferior sort,  
And finde therein what under mysteries,  
And plainly what they of man's life report;  
Oft in the prime, oft suddenly cut short,  
And every day sad samples thereof see,  
Mee seemes they secretly do mee exhort  
To fit my selfe the very next to be,  
And meekly more my misery to beare,  
Compar'd with others greater in degree,  
As hee, whose one eye perled is, and bleare,  
Seemes blest to him who can at all not see.  
So they, who others' greater grieffe and mone  
Can call to minde, gaine strength to beare their owne.

*Ibid.*

DOPO IL GIVOCO, COSI VA NEL SACCO IL RE,  
COME IL PEDONE

IF in my weake conceit, (for selfe disport),  
The world I sample to a Tennis-court,  
Where fate and fortune daily meet to play,  
I doe conceive, I doe not much misse-say.

All manner chance are Rackets, wherewithall  
They bandie men like balls, from wall to wall;  
Some over Lyne, to honour and great place,  
Some under Lyne, to infame and disgrace;  
Some with a cutting stroke they nimbly send  
Into the hazzard placed at the end;

## *Lathum*

Resembling well the rest which all they have,  
Whom death hath seiz'd, and placed in their grave:  
Some o're the wall they bandie quite away,  
Who never more are seene to come in play:  
Which intimates that even the very best  
Are soone forgot of all, if once deceast.

So, (whether silke-quilt ball it bee, or whether  
Made of course cloth, or of most homely lether);  
They all alike are banded to and fro,  
And all at last to selfe same end do goe,  
Where is no difference, or strife for place,  
No odds between a Trype-wife and your Grace:  
The penny-counter's every whit as good  
As that which in the place of thousands stood.  
When once the Audit's full cast up and made,  
The learned Arts well as the manual Trade,  
The Prisoner and the Judge upon the Bench,  
The pampred Lady and the Kitchin wench,  
The noble Lord, or Counsailor of State,  
The botchy-Lazer, begging at the gate,  
Like Shrubs' and Ceadars' mingled ashes, lye  
Without distinction, when they once do dye.  
Ah for unpartiall death, and th'homely grave  
Looke equall on the free man and the slave.

So most unpartiall umpires are these twain,  
A King with them's but as a Common Swain.  
No upper hand, 'twixt dust of poore and rich,  
No Marshall there to sentence which is which;  
And once resolv'd to powder, none can ken  
The dust of Kings from dust of other men:  
But as at Chesse, when once the game is doon,  
The side which lost, and that as well which  
wonn,

The victor King, and conquer'd pawne, together  
Jumbled, are tumbled to th'same bagge of lether  
Without regard whether the pawne or King  
Therein lye uppermost, or underling.

*Lathum*

Nathelesse all sorts, each sexe of purpose winke,  
And of this destinie doon seldome thinke,  
Living, (alacke), as life should never faile,  
And deeme of death but as an old wives' tale.

*Ibid.*

O VALENTE HUOMO CHI PUO ESSER MISERO

FULL easie is for men in miserie,  
Weary of life, t'importune death to die,  
Who dare not look misfortune in the face,  
Nor grieve, nor paine, nor sicknesse, nor disgrace,  
But cowardly with horror and dismay,  
Out of themselves, oft times do runne away:  
Like Grashoppers, that skip, and sing, and dance  
While Summer lasts, but as flyes, in a trance  
When Winter comes, with storms accompan'ed,  
In every hole and corner them doe hide,  
Quite out of love with life; for such to call  
For death, no fortitude is at all.

But he whose countenance at all assayes,  
Is ever one, in Sun or cloudie dayes;  
Whose minde can bend, as buxom as a twigge,  
To all estates, bee't high, low, small or bigge,  
If fortune say he must doe thus or thus,  
With her the matter he doth ne're discusse;  
Who with same freenesse that he wins can lose,  
Who with small noise can beare all fortune's  
blowes,

*Lathum*

And any part that fortune shall her please  
To put him to, can personate with ease;  
This is a man, one of a thousand men,  
A right-bred chicken of the milke-white hen.  
Right truly wise and valiant is this man,  
Who selfe submit to all manner weather can;  
Who 'gainst it comes, for fortune doth provide,  
Not mov'd with Ebbe, nor flowing of her tyde:  
So great the strength of his true tempred minde  
To welcome faire and foule in selfe same kinde.  
Come good? why well, and good; come bad?  
why well:  
So 'gainst all paines his patience is his spell:  
Hee eekes nor aggravates his weal or woe,  
Ne takes long farewells of them when they goe;  
And in his open door still readie stands,  
When ere they come, to take them by the hands,  
So evenly he knowes to beare himselfe;  
Hee rich in povertie, and poore in wealth,  
Either or neither can contented bee.  
Oh blessed man, how free in bonds is hee,  
Who though his bread too sow'r of leaven taste,  
Can eate and it digest as finest paste,  
And water drinke, yea vineger for need?  
This is the truely valiant man indeed.

*Ibid.*

## I

BRING some of those Arabian merchandise,  
 Sweete Aromaticke Gummes, and pretious spice,  
 Pure Frankincense, and pounded Cynamon  
 Nutmegs, with Cloves, and Mace, and Saffron some,  
 Add Storax-Calamite, and Bengewine,  
 And pretious Spicknard unto these conjoyne,  
 Aloes, with Myrrhe, and Cassia-Fistula,  
 The fragrant fuell, and the spicie spray  
 Whereof that bird (of selfe dust, selfe worme) bred,  
 Doth build her neast to serve for her death-bed,  
 Which flaming round about her, she sits downe,  
 And with sweet martyrdome her selfe doth crowne.

## 2

Bring bashfull Pinkes in which is to discry  
 Sweet Embleme of faire-maiden-modestie;  
 Which (though of flowers least almost) the field  
 For sweetnesse to the greatest need not yeeld.  
 Then Gilliflowers, and sparkling Sops in wine,  
 With Rosemary and senting Eglantine,  
 Whose leaves (with prickles fenc'd) teach sweetest gaines  
 Is that that's conquer'd with the hardest paines.

Next Hyacynths, and black-fac'd Violets,  
 In which, me seemes, the God of nature sets  
 The world to schoole, not ever to esteeme  
 Ought at first sight, as it doth outward seeme;  
 But on the hidden vertue to reflect  
 For th'inward good, mean outsides to respect;  
 Sith, though this flowre be blacke, of stature low,  
 A hanging-guilty look, that makes no show,

*Lathum*

Yet amongst all scarce one may parallel  
Her savory sent, and sweet delightful smell.  
Bring Heart's-ease store, oh flower most blest of all,  
Which all they weare, whom nothing can befall  
Beyond their expectation, ill ne ought  
So good, as to excesse, to tempt their thought.  
Of prettie Pansies plentie let be brought,  
For this flower's name doth signifie a thought;  
And therefore chiefly unto such belongs  
Who dare not trust their love unto their tongues:  
But in a labyrinth of thoughts doe walke,  
And to themselves in pleasing silence talke;  
Unthinking still whatever the first thought,  
So nought by them is into practice brought.

Bring Medway Cowslips, and deft Daffodilies,  
The country Primrose, and all sorts of Lillies,  
And Floure-de-Luce (Le fleur de lice, more right),  
Deliciae flos, the flower of delight.

Then usher in th'obsequious Marigold;  
Whose riddle who so wise is to unfold,  
Why the Sun's course it daily follows so  
That as that to the South or West doth goe,  
So broad or narrow this doth shut or ope,  
And hight for thee the faithfull Heliotrope.  
Then with Rose-buds, (if Rosebuds may be found),  
It tissue thicke, and traile it all around.  
And last, a traile of winding Ivie let  
Run all along, on either side beset  
With spring of Daphnis, stain'd with drops of gold,  
And Olive leaves that still with peace doth hold;  
In signe that hee with conquest dy'd in peace,  
And doth the number of the Saints increase  
In eviternall peace.

Now forward set, in order, two and two,  
And to the Temple doe before him goe,  
Some with long Rosemary-branches in your hands,  
Dangling with blacke, and ashie-pale Ribbands;  
And some again with both your handfulls come  
Of sav'ry Dyll, and senting Marjorum,  
And that Thessalian herbe, whence busie bees  
Suck hunny, and with waxe doe load their knees:  
And all the way with slips of wormwood dresse  
In signe of this dayes bitter heavinesse.

Clean-purging Isop bring, and Germander,  
With Cotton, and her sister Lavander;  
Bring Balme, that quickly leales any greene wund;  
And Sage that all the vitall parts keeps sound;  
And Camomel, (how ever meane and base)  
The Embleme of true constancie and grace;  
And doth against all scornfull feet oppose,  
And much more sweet for thee, and thicker, growes.  
And Sallet-budded Broom, wholsome and good  
To purge and eeke the waterish-wasted blood.  
Bring Strawberry, Primrose, Plantan leaves, Toutsain,  
And all what ever Simples, soveraigne  
For man's reliefe, (for in, or outward cure)  
Bring some of all, leave none behinde, be sure:  
Bring Saint John's Wort, whose vertuous oyle may dare  
(For skill in healing), with selfe Balme compare,  
And Lungwort.

*Ibid.*

## LEIGH

RICHARD LEIGH (1649, alive in 1675). Dramatist and poet. He achieved notoriety by attacking Dryden on the use of the Rota in *The Conquest of Granada*. His only book of verses was *Poems, upon Several Occasions, and to several Persons*, 1675.

### THE ECHO

WHERE do these Voices stray  
Which lose in Woods their  
Way?

Erring each Step anew,  
While they false Paths pursue.  
Through many windings led,  
Some crookedly proceed:  
Some to the Ear turn back  
Asking which way to take,  
Wandering without a Guide  
They holloa from each side,  
And call and answer all  
To one another's Call.

Whence may these Sounds proceed,  
From Woods, or from the Dead?  
Sure, Souls here once forlorn,  
The Living make their Scorn.  
And Shepherds that liv'd here,  
Now ceasing to appear,  
Mock thus in sport the Fair  
That wuld not grant their Pray'r;  
While Nymphs their Voices learn  
And mock them in Return:

Or if at least the Sound  
Does from the Woods rebound,  
The Woods of them complain  
Who Shepherds' Vows disdain.  
Woods and Rocks answer all  
To the wronged Lover's Call,  
How deaf soe'ere and hard,  
They their Complaints regard;  
Which Nymphs with Scorn repay,  
More deaf, more hard, than they.

*Leigh*

*Poems, 1675*

#### ON A PICTURE OF SNOW, AND ICE

So in those climes, fruitful in nought but Cold,  
Where Nature looks with Hoary Winters old;  
High Rocks, dissembling their hid Horrour, smile,  
Top't thus with Snow which does their Craggs beguile;  
A like Hand here the Earth's white Bosome spreads,  
And dip't in Snow the Winter gently sheds;  
As the resembling Level seemes to vie  
With Clouds of unborn flakes, within the Skie;  
While Mountain-tops and raised Heights all show  
White, as the native High-Lands of the Snow;  
The Heaven, big and teeming with white Show'rs,  
Mock't by the Earth into whose lap it pow'rs.  
But what does most of all this Art surprize,  
One Hand drops Snow so soft and hardens Ice.

*Ibid.*

## SEEING HER IN A BALCONE

THE Sun at his first Rising so  
Gilding some Mountain-top, does show,  
Illuminating all below.

As She does from on high appear,  
And with like Glory crowns her Sphere,  
Enlightening her Horizon here.

Above those darkning Shadows plac't,  
Which lower House-tops round us cast,  
That usher Night, e're Day be past.

The proper Seat and only Scene  
Of all things fair and all serene,  
Which nearest Heaven still are seen.

Our winged Thoughts in their bold flight  
Out-fly not yet our raised Sight,  
Nor ever soar a braver Height.

Upwards our Eyes can nought pursue  
Beyond what we now boast in view,  
While we look up to Heav'n and You.

Vouchsafe then (fair One) to allow  
That we, whom Fate has plac'd below,  
To our Divinity may bow.

And though beneath your feet we bend,  
Permit our Eyes but to ascend;  
Further, our Hopes dare not pretend.

*Ibid.*

## HER WINDOW

*Leigh*

**H**ERE first the Day does break,  
And for Access does seek,  
Repairing for Supplies  
To her new-op'ned Eyes;  
Then, (with a gentle Light  
Gilding the Shades of Night),  
Their Curtains drawn, does come  
To draw those of her Room;  
Both open, a small Ray  
Does spread abroad the Day,  
Which peepe into each Nest  
Where neighb'ring Birds do rest;  
Who, spread upon their yong,  
Begin their Morning-Song,  
And from their little home  
Nearer her Window come,  
While from low Boughs they hop  
And perch upon the Top;  
And so from Bough to Bough  
Still singing, as they go,  
In praise of Light and Her  
Whom they to Light prefer;  
By whose Protection blest,  
So quietly they rest,  
Secure as in the Wood  
In such a Neighbourhood:  
While undisturb'd they sit  
Fearing no Hawk nor Net,  
And here the first News sing  
Of the approaching Spring:

*Leigh*

The Spring which ever here  
Does first of all appear;  
Its fair Course still begun  
By Her and by the Sun.

*Ibid.*

### SLEEPING ON HER COUCH

**T**HUS lovely, Sleep did first appear,  
E're yet it was with Death ally'd;  
When the first fair one like her here,  
Lay down and for a little dy'd.

E're happy Souls knew how to dye,  
And trod the rougher Paths to Bliss,  
Transported in an Extasie,  
They breath'd out such smooth waies as this.

Her Hand bears gently up her Head,  
And, like a Pillow, rais'd does keep,  
But, softer than her Couch, is spread,  
Though that be softer then her Sleep.

Alas! that death-like Sleep or Night  
Should power have to close those Eyes,  
Which once vy'd with the fairest Light,  
Or what gay Colours thence did rise.

Ah! that lost Beams thus long have shin'd  
To them with darkness over-spread,  
Unseen, as Day breaks, to the Blind,  
Or the Sun rises, to the Dead.

That Sun in all his Eastern Pride  
Did never see a shape so rare,  
Nor Night, within its black Arms hide  
A silent Beauty, half so fair.

*Ibid.*

## LLUELYN

MARTIN LLUELYN (1616–1682). One of a group of “literary wits” of Christ Church, Oxford. During the Commonwealth he practised as a physician. At the Restoration he became Principal of St Mary Hall, Oxford. Then he was physician at High Wycombe, where he was afterwards Mayor. He contributed verse to many collections. His chief book of poems was *Men-Miracles, with other Poems*, 1646. It was reprinted three times during his life.

### SONG

#### COCK-THROWING

Cocke a doodle-doe! 'tis the  
    bravest game,  
Take a Cocke from his Dame,  
And bind him to a stake:  
How he struts! How he throwes!  
How he swaggers! How he crowes!  
As if the Day newly brake.  
How his Mistris cackles  
Thus to find him in shackles  
And tyed to a Packe-thread Garter!  
Oh! the Beares and the Bulls  
Are but Corpulent Gulls  
To the Valiant Shrove-Tide Martyr.

*Men-Miracles, with other Poems*, 1646

## EPITHALAMIUM

TO MISTRIS M. A.

RISE from your Virgin sheets, that be  
Fy on them! a meere Nunnery.  
Who solitary Winters leads,  
Turnes Bracelets to Religious Beads.  
The Virgin that at Hymen stickes,  
Should sell her Gemmes for th' Crucifix,  
For she's a Nun the Sages tell,  
That lies alone though in no Cell.  
She midst her Liberties confin'd,  
Her Bodie's cloister to her mind.  
Be they immur'd whose lookes are wore  
Pale as the Relickes they adore.  
Where cheekes the Rose and Lilly paint  
A Bride groome is the onely Saint.

*Ibid.*

## MASTER

THOMAS MASTER (OR MASTERS) (1603-1643). Oxford scholar and divine. Like Martin Lluelyn, a member of William Cartwright's group of "literary wits". Antony à Wood testifies that he was "esteemed a vast scholar, a general artist and linguist, a noted poet and a most florid preacher". No collection of verse stands to his name but it is known that he wrote several poems in English, Latin and Greek, one in English and Latin on the game of shovel-board, and one in Greek on the Passion. The one here (from MS.) is witty and full of sly fun.

### ON LUTESTRINGS CATT-EATEN

ARE these the strings that poets feigne  
Have clear'd the Ayre, and calm'd the mayne?  
Charm'd wolves, and from the mountaine creasts  
Made forests dance with all their beasts?  
Could these neglected shreads you see  
Inspire a Lute of Ivorie  
And make it speake? Oh! think then what  
Hath beene committed by my catt,  
Who, in the silence of this night  
Hath gnawne these cords, and marr'd them quite;  
Leaving such reliques as may be  
For fretts, not for my lute, but me.  
Pusse, I will curse thee; may'st thou dwell  
With some dry Hermit in a cell  
Where Ratt neere peep'd, where mouse neere fedd,  
And flyes goe supperlesse to bedd;  
Or with some close-par'd Brother, where  
Thou'lt fast each Saboath in the yeare;  
Or else, prophane, be hang'd on Munday,  
For butchering a mouse on Sunday;

*Master*

Or May'st thou tumble from some tower,  
And misse to light upon all fower,  
Taking a fall that may untie  
Eight of nine lives, and let them flye;  
Or may the midnight embers sindge  
Thy daintie coate, or Jane beswinge  
Thy hide, when she shall take thee biting  
Her cheese clouts, or her house beshiting.  
What, was there neere a ratt nor mouse,  
Nor Buttery ope? nought in the house  
But harmelesse Lutestrings could suffice  
Thy paunch, and draw thy glaring eyes?  
Did not thy conscious stomach finde  
Nature prophan'd, that kind with kind  
Should stanch his hunger? thinke on that,  
Thou caniball, and Cyclops catt.  
For know, thou wretch, that every string  
Is a catt-gutt, which art doth spinne  
Into a thread; and how suppose  
Dunstan, that snuff'd the divell's nose,  
Should bid these strings revive, as once  
He did the calfe, from naked bones;  
Or I, to plague thee for thy sinne,  
Should draw a circle, and beginne  
To conjure, for I am, look to't,  
An Oxford scholler, and can doo't.  
Then with three setts of mapps and mowes,  
Seaven of odd words, and motley showes,  
A thousand tricks, that may be taken  
From Faustus, Lambe, or Fryar Bacon:  
I should beginne to call my strings  
My catlings, and my mynikins;  
And they recalled, straight should fall

To mew, to purr, to catterwaule  
From puss's belly. Sure as death,  
Pusse should be an Engastranith;  
Pusse should be sent for to the king  
For a strange bird, or some rare thing.  
Pusse should be sought to farre and neere,  
As she some cunning woman were.  
Pusse should be carried up and downe,  
From shire to shire, from Towne to Towne,  
Like to the camell, Leane as Hagg,  
The Elephant, or Apish negg,  
For a strange sight; pusse should be sung  
In Lousy Ballads, midst the Throng  
At markets, with as good a grace  
As Agincourt, or Chevy-chase.  
The Troy-sprung Brittan would forgoe  
His pedigree he chaunteth soe,  
And singe that Merlin—long deceast—  
Returned is in a nyne-liv'd beast.

Thus, pusse, thou seest what might betyde thee;  
But I forbear to hurt or chide thee;  
For may be pusse was melancholy  
And so to make her blythe and jolly,  
Finding these strings, shee'ld have a fitt  
Of mirth; nay, pusse, if that were it,  
Thus I revenge mee, that as thou  
Hast played on them, I've plaid on you;  
And as thy touch was nothing fine,  
Soe I've but scratch'd these notes of mine.

Brit. Mus. MSS., Harley MS. 6917

# NORRIS

JOHN NORRIS (1657-1711). Fellow of All Souls, a High Churchman and Platonist, and the chief disciple of Malebranche in England. Finally rector in Somersetshire and recluse. Author of translations, disputations, tracts, miscellanies and poems. In 1684 appeared *Poems and Discoveries*, etc. and in 1687 *A Collection of Miscellanies*, etc.

## THE MEDITATION

IT must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange  
A dismal and mysterious change,  
When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,  
And to an unknown somewhere wing away;  
When Time shall be Eternity, and thou  
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou  
know'st not how.

Amazing state! No wonder that we dread  
To think of Death, or view the dead.  
Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee  
Our very knowledge had antipathy.  
Death could not a more sad retinue find,  
Sickness and Pain before, and Darkness all  
behind.

Some courteous ghost, tell this great secrecy,  
What 'tis you are, and we must be.  
You warn us of approaching death, and why  
May we not know from you what 'tis to dye?  
But you, having shot the gulph, delight to see  
Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

When Life's close knot by writ from Destiny,  
Disease shall cut, or Age unty;  
When after some delays, some dying strife,  
The soul stands shiv'ring on the ridge of life;  
With what a dreadful curiosity  
Does she launch out into the sea of vast Eternity!

Norris

So when the spacious globe was delug'd o'er,  
And lower holds could save no more,  
On th'utmost bough th'astonish'd sinners stood,  
And view'd th'advances of th'encroaching flood.  
O'er topp'd at length by th'element's encrease,  
With horror they resign'd to the untry'd abyss.

*A Collection of Miscellanies, etc. 1687*

## THE CHOICE

Stet quicunque volet potens  
Aulae culmine lubrico etc.

SENECA, *Thyestes*, I. 391

No! I shan't envy him, who'er he be  
That stands upon the battlements of state;  
Stand there who will for me,  
I'd rather be secure than great.  
Of being so high the pleasure is but small  
But long the ruin, if I chance to fall.

Let me in some sweet shade serenely lye,  
Happy in leisure and obscurity;  
Whilst others place their joys  
In popularity and noise.  
Let my soft minutes glide obscurely on,  
Like subterraneous streams, unheard, unknown.

Norris

Thus when my days are all in silence past  
A good plain country-man I'll dye at last.  
Death cannot chuse but be  
To him a mighty misery  
Who to the world was popularly known  
And dies a stranger to himself alone.

*Ibid.*

## MY ESTATE

How do I pity that proud wealthy clown,  
That does with scorn on my low state look  
down!

Thy vain contempt dull earth-worm cease,  
I won't for refuge fly to this  
That none of Fortune's blessings can  
Add any value to the man.  
This all the wise acknowledge to be true;  
But know I am as rich, more rich than you.

While you a spot of Earth possess with care  
Below the notice of the Geographer,  
I by the freedom of my soul,  
Possess, nay more, enjoy the whole:  
To th' Universe a claim I lay;  
Your writings shew, perhaps you'll say;  
That's your dull way; my title runs more high;  
'Tis by the charter of Philosophy.

From that a firmer title I derive  
Than all your courts of Law doth ever give.  
A title that more firm doth stand  
Than does even your very land

And yet so generous and free  
 That none will e'er bethink it me,  
 Since my possessions tend to no man's loss,  
 I all enjoy, yet nothing I ingross.

Throughout the works divine I cast my eye,  
 Admire their beauty and their harmony.

I view the glorious host above  
 And Him that made them praise and love.  
 The flowery meads and fields beneath  
 Delight me with their odorous breath;  
 Thus is my joy by you not understood,  
 Like that of God when He said all was good.

Nay! what you'd think less likely to be true,—  
 I can enjoy what's yours much more than you.

Your meadow's beauty, I survey  
 Which you prize only for its hay.  
 There can I sit beneath a tree  
 And write an ode or elegy.  
 What to you care does to me pleasure bring,  
 You own the cage, I in it sit and sing.

*Ibid.*

## SEEING A GREAT PERSON LYING IN STATE

WELL, now I needs must own  
 That I hate greatness more and more;  
 'Tis now a just abhorrence grown  
 What was antipathy before;  
 With other ills I could dispence,  
 And acquiesce in providence.  
 But let not Heaven my patience try  
 With this one plague, lest I repine and dye.

I knew indeed before  
That 'twas the great man's wretched fate  
While with the living to endure  
The vain impertinence of State.  
But sure, thought I, in death he'll be  
From that and other troubles free:  
What e'er his life, he then will lye  
As free, as undisturb'd, as calm as I.

But 'twas a gross mistake.  
Honour, that too officious ill,  
Won't even his breathless corps forsake  
But haunts and waits about him still.  
Strange persecution, when the grave  
Can't the distressed martyr save!  
What remedy can there avail  
Where Death the great catholicon does fail?

Thanks to my stars that I  
Am with so low a fortune blest,  
That whate're blessings Fate deny  
I'm sure of privacy and rest.  
'Tis well; thus lone I am content  
And rest as in my element.  
Then Fate, if you'll appear my friend,  
Force me not 'gainst my nature to ascend.

No, I would still be low,  
Or else I would be very high,  
Beyond the state which mortals know,  
A kind of semi-deity.  
So of the regions of the air  
The highest and the lowest quiet are,  
But 'tis this middle height I fear  
For storms and thunder are ingendr'd there.

*Ibid.*

# PICK

SAMUEL PICK (*fl.* 1639). Nothing is known of this poet. His only book was *Festum Voluptatis, or the Banquet of Pleasure*, . . . *Containing divers choyce Love-Poesies, Songs, Sonnets, Odes, Madrigalls, Satyrs, Epigrams, Epitaphs and Elegies*, 1639.

## SONNET

TO HIS MISTRESSE CONFIN'D

○ THINKE not Phoebe 'cause a cloud  
Doth now thy silver brightnesse shrowde,  
My wandring eyes  
Can stoope to common beauties of the skies.  
Rather be kind, and this eclipse  
Shall neither hinder eye nor lippes,  
For we shall meet  
Within our hearts and kisse when none shall  
see't.

Nor canst thou in the prison be  
Without some loving signe of me:  
When thou dost spie  
A sunne beame peepe into the roome, 'tis I;  
For I am hid within that flame,  
And thus into the chamber came,  
To let thee see  
In what a martyrdome I burne for thee.

When thou doest touch the Lute, thou maist  
Thinke on my heart, on which thou playest;  
When each sad tone  
Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groane;

*Pick*

When thou dost please they shall rebound,  
With nimble aire stricke to the sound,  
Of thine own voice:  
O thinke how much I tremble, and rejoyce.

There's no sad picture that doth dwell  
Upon thy arras wall, but well  
Resembles me.

No matter though our age doth not agree,  
Love can make old as well as time,  
And he that doth but twenty chyme,  
If he dare prove  
As true as I, shewes fourscore yeares in Love.

*Festum Voluptatis, 1639*

AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF HIS DEARE FRIEND,  
MISTRESSE PRISCILLA WADL

**H**ERE though her spot-lesse, span-long life be spent,  
Are silent steps to shew where goodnesse went.  
Nature did in such rare compleatnesse make her,  
To shew her Art, and so away did take her.  
For she was onely to us wretches lent  
For a short time to be our president.  
Goods we inherit daily, and possession:  
O, that in goodnesse were the same succession!  
For then before her soul to heaven she breath'd,  
She had to each of us a part bequeath'd  
Of her true wealth; and closing thus her eyes,  
Would have enrich'd her sex with legacies.

*Ibid.*

## PORDAGE

SAMUEL PORDAGE (1633–1691?). Son of John Pordage, the astrologer and mystic of Bradfield in Berkshire. Studied law and medicine. Dramatist, poet, satirist and translator. His poetic works were *Poems upon Several Occasions*, 1660; *Mundorum Explicatio*, 1661; *Azaria and Hushai*, 1682 (an heroic poem in answer to Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*); and *The Medal revers'd*, etc. 1682 (in answer to Dryden's poem *The Medal*). He wrote a vigorous couplet. He is "Lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son" in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*. His Cavalier verses in lyrical measures are good.

### TO HIS MISTRESS

As Phoebus doth excel the Moon's dim light,  
Or as the Moon excells the dullest Star,  
Her Beauty and Complexion in my sight  
Excell all others' I have seen so far:  
Her Sun-like beams of beauty shine so bright,  
That others in her sight Eclipsed are:  
The fairest faces are but foiles; each one  
Wears but a borrow'd lustre from her Sun.  
Her Shape in Wax it were most hard to frame,  
Nor Painters to expresse their rarest Skill  
Could ever counterfeit so neer the same,  
But blemish theirs her better Beauty will;  
Though Venus, who for Beauty had the Name,  
Compare with her should, she'd be fairest still;  
Paris gave her the Ball as Beauties' Queen,  
But she had miss'd it had he mine but seen.  
Her Aubourn hair in Crisped Curles doe dangle  
Upon her Ivory shoulders, when it spreads  
Sly nets, where hearts themselves doe soon intangle  
And captive lye, enchain'd by those bright threads,

*Pordage*

Spreading soft chaines and snares in every angle,  
It takes all Hearts whose eye those mazes treads:  
Hearts here imprison'd—never can get out—  
Those soft Meandres wander must about!  
Her Ivory-pollish'd Front with seemly cheere,  
Grac'd at the bottom with a double bow,  
Where all the Graces in their Throne appeare,  
Where Love and awfull Majesty doe grow,  
Expands it self, and shows a feild more clear  
Than Candid Lilys, or the virgin snow;  
Her Eyes like Suns shoot rayes more sharp than Darts,  
Which wound all Flinty, Love-despising Hearts.  
Those twinkling Stars, those sparkling Diamond-stones,  
Those glorious Suns, where dwells the Eastern Light,  
Pierce, with the vigor of their Charmes, the bones  
Of daring Him, who gains of them a sight;  
Beholding Kills, yet he their losse bemoanes,  
And'd rather die than, they shut, live in Night.  
Her Nose, a comely Prominence, doth part  
Her Cheeks, the mirror of Dame Nature's Art.  
Her Cheeks are damask Roses blown in June,  
Being equally with Virgin Lilys mixt;  
Or snowy milk with blushing Strawb'ries strewn,  
Where equal strife the red and white's betwixt;  
Or pure vermillion, on white Sattin shewn,  
By Painter's rarest Skill and pencil fixt:  
Those Cheeks no Colour's liveliest dye can paint,  
Scarlet and snow seem, to their true ones, faint.  
Her lipps are snips of Scarlet Gilliflowers,  
Spread with the tincture of Vermillion hew,  
Bless'd in Self-kisses, past our humane powers  
To touch. So high a bliss what Mortal knew?

Between those rubie Gates slide spicy showers,  
Which those slain by her eyes with life imbue:  
Angelick sounds and charming smiles so nice  
Thence flow, which make her presence Paradise.  
Within the portal of her Mouth's lock'd fast  
(Which, when she sings, she is enforc'd to show),  
The Orient's Treasure in due order plac'd,  
Of more than precious pearles a double row;  
Which stand in Sea-born Coral borders chaste,  
Like Crimson Sattin purl'd with silver snow.  
Her smooth and dimpl'd Chin doth under lye,  
Where Envy's self cannot a fault espie.  
Her Neck's a gracefull Tower of spotlesse snow,  
An Alabaster prop to that fair head,  
Where Witt, Arts, Wisdome, in perfection grow;  
Its basis where are beauties also spread:  
For azure streames through milky feilds do flow,  
Where blew with white like Heav'n is married:  
Her breasts like lilly'd Globes or Mounts appear,  
Whose summits Crown'd with Crimson cherries are.  
Her Arms due measure of proportion have,  
Her hands the types of snowy Excellence  
With Onyx tipp'd; her legs and feet enslave  
Our eyes, and Captive hold from falling thence.  
Her whole frame's equal Symetry is brave,  
And to spectators pays a recompence:  
Argus himself cannot discern the rest,  
But I presume the hidden beauties best.

*Poems upon Several Occasions, 1660*

## BEING RETIRED PRIVATELY INTO THE COUNTRY

**N**ow to the secret Groves is Lydia gone  
Stoll'n from us all, meaning to live alone  
Among the silent woods, where she may be  
From busie servants' entertainments free;  
And hear the pleasant songsters of the Groves  
With whistling layes resound their growing Loves;  
With uncontrouling freedom view the trammells  
Of Flora, which the fragrant meads inammels;  
With pleasure walke and see the crystall brooks,  
Catching the sportive fish with silver hooks.  
Conversing with the flowry Napaeae;  
Making diversity of flow'rs agree  
Bound up together; 'mong the shady trees  
Daunce in a Circle with the Dryades;  
Feeding on cleanly, though but homely food;  
Esteem'd the only Goddess of the wood.  
O how I fear those rural pleasures may  
Entice her there to make a tedious stay:  
But I with vows will Frosty Hyems move  
To hast the ruines of the leavy grove:  
Pray cold-mouth Boreas kiss her tender cheek  
To make her shelter in the town to seek,  
Where conversation and warm fires do bring  
Though frost without doors lies, within, a spring.

*Ibid.*

## CORYDON'S COMPLAINT

*Pordage*

THOSE joys that us'd to flatter me  
O Phyllis when I courted thee  
Under yon shady beechen tree  
To cruell grief are chang'd.

Torments my pleasures, griefs my joy,  
Pains my quiet rest destroy,  
Since thou'rt to Corydon grown coy,  
And from my Love estrang'd.

Did e're I your commands neglect  
That thus my sute you now reject  
And pay my love with disrespect,  
My kindness with disdain?

Say how I purchase may relieve,  
Or murther'd must I be by grief?  
Speak that my torments may be brief;  
Give death to ease my pain.

If you are pleas'd to martyr me  
Or binde me unto slavery  
There is another tyranny  
That you may exercise—

Those burning flames your eyes can give  
A Slave, bound by Love's Chaines I live,  
Nay, without hope of a reprieve;  
Thus you may tyrannize.

Since that my words are spent in vain,  
Whilst Cruel you laugh at my pain,  
I at the feet of your disdain  
Will fall, and prostrate lye

*Pordage*

Henceforth I'll banish all my pleasure,  
Since you the chiefest of my Treasure,  
Have heaped my Grievs beyond all Measure,  
I'll yield to destiny.

*Ibid.*

TO LUCIA PLAYING ON HER LUTE, ANOTHER

WHEN last I heard your nimble fingers play  
Upon your Lute, nothing so sweet as they  
Seem'd: all my soul fled ravish'd to my ear,  
That sweetly animating sound to hear.  
My ravish'd Heart with play kept equal time,  
Fell down with you, with you did Ela climb,  
Grew sad or lighter, as the tunes you plai'd,  
And with your Lute a perfect measure made:  
If all, so much as I, your Musick Love,  
The whole world would at your devotion move;  
And, at your speaking Lute's surpassing charmes,  
Embrace a lasting peace, and fling by Arms.

*Ibid.*

DAMON ON AMARILLIS DANCING IN A RING

SEE my fortune, see my fortune,  
How she flyes me  
And denys me;  
Wo alas! wo alas too soon  
Still I follow!  
Still I follow!  
But she flyes me  
And denys me,  
And cannot be won.

Cruel sport in this sort  
    With woes to fill me  
    Which will kill me.  
Ah! from this pain release me.  
    For whilst she flyes,  
    My eyes  
    They discover  
    I'm a lover,  
And that it is her self must ease me.  
    But she flys me  
    And denys me;  
Still I follow wrapt in woe.  
She moves swiftly and yet sweetly;  
    Don't forsake me,  
    I'le o're take thee  
If thou wilt pity bestow:  
    Cruel sport,  
    In this sort  
    To increase my fires  
    And desires  
And to exhibit my despaire;  
    She shifts her place,  
    Apace  
    I after move  
    Being urg'd by Love;  
But in vain still my endeavours are.

*Pordage*

*Ibid.*

## PRESTWICH

EDMUND PRESTWICH (*fl.* 1651). Nothing is known of this poet. Author of a volume which had two editions in 1651: *Hippolitus, Translated out of Seneca: together with divers other Poems.*

### HOW TO CHUSE A MISTRESS

FIRST I would have a face exactly fair,  
Not long, nor yet precisely circular.  
A smooth high brow, where neither Age, nor yet  
A froward peevishness hath wrinckles set.  
And under that a pair of clear black eyes  
To be the windows of the Aedifice;  
Not sunck into her head, nor starting out,  
Not fix'd, nor rolling wantonly about,  
But gently moving, as to whet the sight  
By some fresh object, not the appetite;  
Their Orbs both equal, and divided by  
A wel-proportion'd nose's Ivory.  
The nostrils open, fit to try what air  
Would best preserve the Mansion, what impair.  
The colour in her cheek so mixt, the eye  
Cannot distinguish where the red doth lye,  
Or white; but ev'ry part thereof, as loth  
To yeeld in either, equally hath both.  
The mouth but little, whence proceeds a breath,  
Which might revive one in the gates of death,  
And envy strike in the Panchayan groves  
When their spic'd tops a gentle East-wind moves.  
The lips ruddy, as blushing to be known  
Kissing each other, by the Lookers on;

And these not to perpetual talk dispos'd,  
Nor always in a lumpish silence clos'd;  
But ev'ry word her innocence brings forth  
Sweetened by a discreet and harmles mirth.  
The teeth even and white; a dimpled chin;  
And all these clothed with the purest skin.  
Then, as good painters ever use to place  
The darker shadow to the fairer face,  
A sad, brown hair, whose am'rous curls may tye  
The Pris'ners fast, ta'ne captive by her eye.  
Thus would I have her face. And for her mind,  
I'd have it cloth'd in Vertue, not behind  
The other's Beauty; for a house thus drest  
Should be provided of a noble guest.  
Then would I have a body so refin'd  
Fit to support this face, enclose this mind.  
When all these Graces I in one doe prove,  
Then may Death blind me if I do not love.  
Yet there is one thing more must needs concur;  
She must love me as well as I love her.

*Hippolitus . . . together with divers  
other Poems, 1651*

## PRUJEAN

THOMAS PRUJEAN (1620–1662). Son of Sir Francis Prujean, the famous surgeon of Charles II. Studied medicine and became a Fellow of the College of Physicians. He published two books of verse while he was a student at Cambridge. They were *Aurorata* and *Love's Looking-Glasse, Divine and Humane*. Both appeared in 1644 and may have been issued together.

### A SONNET

WOUND not so deepe, unlesse you  
will  
Send mee a balme to cure the ill,  
Or breath your scorne, that I may dy  
And rid mee of my misery.  
'Tis better to endure that,  
Then live for nought but shooting at.

I'll not repeat your being faire,  
The envy of Cynthia shews you are;  
Nor can my heart proclaime you lesse,  
If bleeding wounds the truth express;  
Yet think I doe not Gods would let  
Nature the greater honour get.

The soul's the purer of the two;  
Then how pure must it be in you  
To keepe it so, sin not 'twill bee  
Held then in th'inferioritie!  
Is't not a sin to tyrannize?  
Then doe not use it, and bee wise.

That blush will weare because 'tis given  
By earth's grand artist, not by heaven.  
Nor is that gracefull stampe of white  
Of more endurance. Your delight  
Nature stiles equall to ours, then,  
(Since you are lov'd), faith, love again.

*Prujean*

*Aurorata, 1644*

# RAWLET

JOHN RAWLET (1642–1686). Student of divinity who spent most of his life in the north of England. Author of several religious works which proved to be popular. *The Christian Monitor* was in its twenty-fifth edition in 1699 and was often reissued in the eighteenth century. His only book of verses was also appreciated. As *Poerick Miscellanies* it appeared in 1687 and was republished in 1691 and in the next century. There is a gentle authority about some of his poems.

## AN ACCOUNT OF MY LIFE IN THE NORTH BENE QUI LATUIT BENE VIXIT

SINCE you, dear friend, wonder how here I live,  
This homely Verse a brief account shall give.  
I live, if not in pleasure, yet at ease,  
Not in loud laughters, but in silent peace;  
And though I rarely meet with merriment,  
I more a stranger am to discontent.  
Here's no excess, nor are things needful scant;  
I seldom feast, but yet I never want.  
No dainties here to luxury invite;  
Our food serves well the sober appetite,  
Which need not be with poignant Sawces drest,  
Our healthful Hunger of all Sawce is best.  
Doctors we have none, nor much need them here;  
The Doctors we more than Diseases fear;  
For Country-folks think they sell death too dear.  
Altho' I lie not on a rich Down-bed,  
Yet do sweet sleeps refresh my weary head.  
No Walks or Gardens here, but yet the Field  
And fragrant Meadows equal pleasures yield.

No Lutes or Viols entertain my ear,  
But more melodious Birds I daily hear.  
Riches I have not, nor do riches need,  
Whilst here at easy rates we clothe and feed,  
I have no Servants whom I may command,  
Nor have I work that needs a Servant's hand.  
I am not high enough to envied be,  
Nor do I one whom I should envy see.  
Here's no applause to make me proud or vain,  
Nor do I meet with censures or disdain.  
My people, if they are not wise and great,  
Are not untractable through self-conceit;  
No factions, giddy heads that make a Schism  
For fear of Popery or Arminianism;  
No sawcy, arrogant controllers, such  
That cry, "This is too little, this too much;"  
No such vile wretches who their Preacher hate  
'Cause he reproves sin at too smart a rate;  
Wherefore I envy not flocks of more wealth,  
Which give more trouble while they have less  
health.

If of Companions I have no great store,  
With my own mind I may converse the more;  
And from my old Friends tho' I am confin'd,  
Letters may keep us in each other's mind;  
Or if, whilst buried here, I lose their love,  
I'll fix my mind on surer things above;  
But need I Friends, need I Companions crave,  
Whilst I as many Friends as Neighbours have?  
Or if I want the joy of bosom Friends,  
I 'scape the pain which still that joy attends;  
For whilst they live our hearts oft ake with fear,  
But break and bleed when of their death we hear.

*Rawlet*

And if I want the comfort of a Wife,  
I have the pleasures of a single life;  
If I no Gallants here, nor Beauties see,  
From lavish Love and Courtship I am free.  
What fine things else you in the South can name,  
Our North can shew as good, if not the same;  
Ev'n as in Winter you have shorter Nights,  
But Summer us with longer Days requites.  
Thus if my want of joy makes life less sweet,  
Death then will seem less bitter when we meet.  
But what is this World's Joy? 'Tis Innocence  
And Virtue that do truest joys dispenge;  
If Innocence and Virtue with me dwell,  
They'l make a Paradice of an Hermit's Cell.

*Poetick Miscellanies, 1687*

### A PLAIN PARAPHRASE

LET who will climb to heights of Honour, where  
What they with labour get, they hold with fear.  
On lower ground give me an humble nest,  
In private shades with peace and safety blest.  
Here I'l in silence pass my sliding years,  
Strange to great men, strange to their cares and fears.  
In this obscure, quiet recess shall I  
An honest Country Parson live and die.  
But dreadful terrors do his death attend,  
Who all his time in crowds and noise doth spend,  
Knows not himself, nor thinks of his last end.

*Ibid.*

# RICHARDS

NATHANIEL RICHARDS (fl. 1630–1654). Dramatist and poet, perhaps of Kentish origin. In 1630 appeared *The Celestiall Publican, a Sacred Poem*, etc. Two years later it was reissued as *Poems, Divine, Morall and Satyricall* and in 1641 it was reprinted with additions as *Poems Sacred and Satyricall*. His play on the empress Messalina was praised by Genest.

## From MIDNIGHT'S MEDITATION

WHEN I contemplate Heav'n, and take no care  
For worldly vanities, then my soule how faire,  
How amorously faire thou art, destroying sinnes.  
Man's a rich Monarch; then true joy beginnes;  
Never till then. Never did any fight  
'Gainst sinne but gain'd unspeakeable delight.  
This, when I thinke upon, and practise too,  
Heav'n's in my eye: want, nor the worst of woe,  
Distracts my senses. But when I roote my mind  
On this rude world, Vertue is soone strooke blind.  
Witt, reason, all my senses are confounded,  
Devills assault my flesh, my soule is wounded.  
Save me, O save me Lord, thy worthlesse Creature;  
Pittie the weaknesse of my Mortall nature.  
Forgive all forfeitures my sinnes have made,  
Vowes, Promises, protestations never paid.  
I promis'd still to mend, to turne mine eyes  
From sinfull waies: yet Heav'n knowes all were lies,  
Shame to my soule. How dare I then looke up,  
Expect least solace from sweete Mercie's Cup?  
O, I am angry, next to th'very heart;  
I act not thy will, Lord, but mine owne part,

*Richards*

A sinfull Tragicke Part which will deface  
My soule. Helpe, Heav'n; send thy restraining Grace.  
One drop of Grace Celestiall can refresh  
A fainting soule; cleanse Lord my corrupt flesh.

*Poems Sacred and Satyricall, 1641*

From

MIDNIGHT'S MEDITATION

O INFINITE sweetnesse, O Immortall love,  
Thou God the Father that dost rule above  
The Highest Heavens; Thee, in the blessed Name  
Of Jesus Christ, (Theanthropos), that came  
To save beleiving soules, I aske, implore,  
Pardon, O, pardon; out with sinne's rotten core  
Rooted too neare my heart; whisper thy feare  
Into my soule; let me not onely heare  
Thy sacred word but, in the practicke part,  
Make perfect use of it; ne're let me start  
From thee my God; let sad Teares from mine eyes  
And sighes from my heart expresse my grievancies.  
Though I fall foule and fearefully each day,  
Lord let me not fall finally away!

And if I needs must fall, let my fall be  
From death to life, from sinne to sanctity.

*Ibid.*

# ROSS(E)

ALEXANDER ROSS(E) (1590–1654). Studied theology and divinity at Aberdeen. Schoolmaster, chaplain to Charles I, on the advice of Laud, and vicar of Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight. Wrote numerous books in English and Latin on theology, history and philosophy. Evelyn refers to him as “the old historian and poet” and he is mentioned in *Hudibras*. In 1637 *Poemata* appeared and in 1642 *Mel Heliconium, or Poeticall Honey*, etc. These fragments, which Mr John Drinkwater discovered, represent Rosse’s only achievements that are above mediocrity.

## TWO FRAGMENTS

### I

WE’RE all in Atalanta’s case,  
We run apace  
Until our wandering eyes behold  
The glitt’ring gold:  
And then we lose in vanity  
Our race, and our virginity.

### II

Who glory in your golden hair,  
And in smooth Alabaster skins:  
And think with Swans you may compare  
In whitenesse, that your cheeks and chins  
Can match white Lillies, and  
Vermillion;  
Yet think upon  
The flower that’s in your hand.

*Mel Heliconium, or Poeticall Honey, 1642*

## ROWE

ELIZABETH ROWE (*née* SINGER) (1674–1737). Daughter of a nonconformist, Somersetshire minister. In 1696 *Poems on several Occasions* was issued under the pseudonym of “Philomela”. (Second edition, 1737.) Matthew Prior printed one of her pastorals with his own poems; Dr Isaac Watts commended her divine poems; Pope printed her elegy on the death of her husband at the end of the second edition of *Eloisa and Abelard*. Her poems were translated into German and proved very popular.

### TO MADAM S— AT THE COURT

COME, prethee, leave the Courts,  
And range the Fields with me;  
A thousand pretty Rural sports  
I’le here invent for thee.

Involv’d in blissful innocence  
Wee’l spend the shining day,  
Untoucht with that mean influence  
The duller world obey.

About the flowry Plains wee’l rove  
As gay and unconfin’d  
As are inspir’d by thee and love  
The saleys of my mind.

Now seated by a lovely Stream  
Where beauteous Mermaids haunt,  
My Song, while William is my Theam,  
Shall them and thee enchant.

Then in some gentle, soft retreat,  
Secure as Venus’ Groves,  
We’l all the charming things repeat  
That introduc’d our loves.

I'le pluck fresh Garlands for thy brows,  
Sweet as a Zephir's breath,  
As fair and well-design'd as those  
The Elisyum Lovers wreath.

*Rowe*

And, like those happy Lovers, we,  
As careless and as blest,  
Shall, in each others converse, be  
Of the whole world possest.

Then prethee, Phillis, leave the Courts,  
And range the Fields with me,  
Since I so many harmless sports  
Can here procure for thee.

*Poems on several Occasions, 1696*

## SHIPMAN

THOMAS SHIPMAN (1632-1680). Friend of most Royalist poets. A Northamptonshire squire who was captain of a trained band after the Restoration. Author of a rhymed tragedy and a book of verses, *Carolina, or Loyal Poems*, which was issued posthumously in 1683.

### THE SHOWER, 1653

TO MRS S. V. BEING IN THE RAIN. RAPTIM

**T**HUS looks a Sea-Nymph when she leaves  
Her Bed, and rises from the Waves:  
Thus Flowers we in Water steep  
That so they may their freshness keep:  
Your Tresses are like Sol's bright Rayes  
When he appears in rainy dayes.  
Diana, when she did appear  
I'th'Fountain, was not half so fair.

*Carolina, or Loyal Poems, 1683*

From

### THE FROST 1654

TO MR W. L.

**N**ATURE's inslav'd; her very Breath confin'd,  
Her Lungs are stopt and cannot gather Wind.  
Sometimes she's raging mad, and fiercely blows,  
Foaming and Froathing all the Earth with Snows.  
Those downy show'rs appear, (which Boreas brings),  
As though the moulting Clouds had mew'd their wings.  
What else is Snow but feather'd drizzel, blown  
Fro'th'Sky, where their swift Pinnions late had flown?  
No other flights than these now haunt the Air,  
Till lym'd with frost they're forc'd to tarry here.

The Air's so thick it does like th' Dead-Sea flow,  
Where Birds, with feather'd Oars, can scarcely row;  
And hollow Clouds, ramm'd full as they can bear,  
Discharge Hail-shot in Volleys through the Air.  
Those Dew-drops that upon the Earth are found,  
Right Pearls they are, and have the glitt'ring ground.  
Wherever any grassy Turf is view'd,  
It seems a Tansie all with Sugar strew'd.

*Shipman*  
r

*Ibid.*

### THE KISS, 1656

TO MRS C.

HOLD not your Lips so close; dispence  
Treasures, Perfumes, and Life from thence.  
Squeeze not those full-ripe Cherries; this  
Becomes a Simper, not a Kiss.  
There's danger to lock up your Breath,  
It Cousin-German is to Death.  
None baggs up wind, the Merchant swears,  
Unless some wrinkled Laplanders.  
What needs this Guard? it is small sence  
Thus to hedge in a double Fence.  
Clos'd Lips express but silent Blissess,  
And at the best are but dumb Kisses.  
You are with Cupid little kind  
To make him Dumb as well as Blind.  
Such Smacks but shew a silent state;  
Kisses should be articulate.  
An open-mouthed Kiss speaks sence,  
It is the Lover's eloquence.  
Let yours speak out then! there's no Bliss  
To th' Pronuntiation of a kiss.

*Ibid.*

THE OLD MAN, 1658

AN EPITAPH UPON MY GRANDFATHER, MR T. S.

HERE lies an aged Corps, which late  
Incag'd a Soul, whom neither fate  
Nor Times could change from its first State.

Oppressed more with Age than cares;  
Respected more for Silver hairs  
Than Gold; for Wisdom more than Years.

Happy in every Child he had;  
Happy in self, and only sad  
Being born in good days, but deceas'd in bad.

*Ibid.*

GRIEF, 1664

UPON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR SISTER, MRS P. S.

FAREWEL, dear Sister! precious Soul, farewell!  
Go to thy fitter place, where thou wilt dwell  
With thy Companions, spotless Virgins; where  
Thy Veil will be as white as any there:  
Of thine own spinning too, 'ere thou went'st hence,  
Made up of Chastity and Innocence.  
But now, alas, this sad truth I have learn'd,  
None can write Elegies that are concern'd.  
(Objects too near are never seen so well  
As those which at remoter distance dwell).  
Grief, when 'tis gotten to the highest pitch,  
Damms up our tears and locks up all our Speech.

*Ibid.*

# STEVENSON

MATTHEW STEVENSON (*fl.* 1654–1685). Poet and writer of broadsides. Member of an interesting group of literary men which included Alexander Brome, Valentine Oldys, Edward Baynard, Edward Bostocke and Henry Bold (who wrote of Stevenson's "queint facetiousness". For this see the opening lines of "An Élegy upon old Freeman"). In 1654 appeared *Occasion's Offspring, etc.*, and in 1661 *The Twelve Moneths. Poems* was issued in 1665 and another volume of miscellaneous verse under the same title in 1673.

## THE JOVIALL JOURNEY

UP, Phoebus, up, and guild the horizon!  
For Love and beauty are a progress gone.  
Stand not to gaze, least thy too curious eye  
A fairer Daphne in this Coach espie:  
And thou great Prince of winds vouchsafe to us  
The gentle gusts of sweet breath'd Zepherus.  
Come, yee auspicious Choristers of the aire,  
Let those faire Ladies see yee promise faire.  
Cherp up, (sweet Syren of the woods), nere feare,  
Here is no Tereus; come, be merry here,  
And if the dust, it self too proudly reares,  
Some gentle Cloud rebuke it with its teares:  
Let th'Earth's green Plush, and floscular starres out vye  
The brighter Orbs of the frost-warning skie;  
Let every brook present some pretty toy,  
And every hedge be lin'd with traveller's joy;  
Grant Fates no inauspicious Hare may chance  
To crosse, yea, through unlucky ignorance;  
But as the morning, so the evening may  
Answer the beauty of a glorious day.

*Stevenson*

Then, Sun, Wind, Raine, Earth and flowers conspire  
A harmony, next the Celestiall Quire.  
And when friends meet, be your embraces such  
As lovers, that each minut's absence grutch.  
Whilst all that see, admire your greeting kisse,  
As if the body met the soule in blisse.

*Occasion's Offspring, 1654*

## AT THE FLORISTS' FEAST IN NORWICH

### THE SONG

STAY! O Stay! ye winged howers,  
The windes that ransack East and West  
Have breath'd perfumes upon our flowers,  
More fragrant than the Phoenix' nest:  
Then stay! O Stay! sweet howers! that yee  
May wnesse that which time nere see.

Stay a while, thou feather'd Syth-man,  
And attend the Queen of flowers;  
Show thy self for once a blyth man,  
Come dispencc with a few howers:  
Else we our selves will stay a while,  
And make our pastime, Time beguile.

This day is deign'd to Flora's use;  
If yee will revell too, to-night  
Wee'l presse the Grape, to lend ye juyce  
Shall make a deluge of delight:  
And when yee can't hold up your heads,  
Our garden shall afford ye beds.

*Ibid.*

## From AN ELEGY UPON OLD FREEMAN

*Stevenson*

"us'd hardly by the Committee, for lying in the Cathedral, and in Church-Porches, praying the Common-prayer by heart etc."

HERE in this homely Cabinet,  
Resteth a poor old Anchoret;  
Upon the ground he laid all weathers,  
Not as most men, gooslike on feathers.  
For so indeed it came to pass,  
The Lord of Lords his Landlord was.  
He liv'd instead of wainscoat rooms,  
Like the possest, among the tombs.  
As by some Spirit thither led,  
To be acquainted with the Dead.  
Each morning from his bed so hallow'd,  
He rose, took up his cross, and follow'd.  
To every porch he did repair,  
To vent himself in Common-prayer.  
Wherein he was alone devout,  
When preaching justled praying out.  
In such procession, through the City,  
Maugre the Devil and Committee,  
He daily went; for which he fell,  
Not into Jacob's, but Bridewell.

*Ibid.*

## From THE WILLOW GARLAND

How many Coronets of Daffodillies,  
Of purer Roses, and of Paphian Lillies,  
Wove thy false hope for her thou thought'st  
thine own,  
When Fate was wreathing Willows for thy Crown?

*Stevenson*

Unhappy faith, to trust so false a Love,  
Could fast and loose thee in thy Myrtle Grove!  
Those blissful shades, where every sacred bough  
Offer'd it self to kisse, and Crown thy brow!  
Thy tongue, alas! is lost in the surprize,  
And nothing now is fluent, but thine Eyes,  
From whose all-watery banks, these Willows spread  
And plat a woful Willow for thy Head.

*Poems, 1665*

## SONG

SHOULD I sigh out my dayes in grieve,  
And as my beads count miseries,  
My wound would meet with no reliefe,  
For all the balsome of mine eyes;

I'll therefore set my heart at rest,  
And of bad market make the best.

Some set their hearts on winged wealth,

Others to honour's towers aspire;  
But give me freedom and my health,  
And there's the sum of my desire,  
If all the world should pay me rent,  
It could not add to my content.

There is no fence against our fate,

Eve's daughters all are bound to sorrow,  
Vicissitudes upon us wait,

That laugh to-day, and lower to-morrow.  
Why should we then with wrinkl'd care,  
Deface what Nature made so fair?

*Poems, or a Miscellany, 1673*

# TATHAM

JOHN TATHAM (*fl.* 1632–1664). “City poet” after John Taylor, in which capacity he produced many plays and pageants. Author of two volumes of verse, *The Fancies’ Theater*, 1640 and *Ostella; or the Faction of Love and Beauty reconcil’d*, 1650. The former was re-issued in 1657 as *The Mirrour of Fancies*. He writes a fair Cavalier love-lyric.

## AN EXCUSIVE LETTER MADE BY THE AUTHOR, FOR A FRIEND OF HIS TO HIS FATHER

As one who having rob’d, fearing no Law,  
Till hue and cry assaults him, and doth draw  
Perforce his body to the Gaole, where long  
Enduring all extreames, at last is stung  
With some remorse of conscience, doth relent  
His wicked life, a reform’d penitent.  
He goeth far that never back returnes;  
An angry fire ’tis that ever burnes  
Within the heart of man. Oh! then be pleas’d  
To let your anger passe, and be appeas’d,  
Though all this while my Infant yeares did stray,  
And trod the path of follie’s baiting way;  
Though all this while I was in blindness led,  
And all my sences unto fondnesse wed;  
My unripen’d yeares had not the wit to finde  
The vaine delights that still provoke the mind,  
Till buying wit now at the dearest rate,  
I gain’d experience through my best friend’s hate:  
Witnesse the daily teares I shed at last,  
In true repentance for my follyes past.  
Then, worthy Sir, your pardon let me crave;  
Without your pardon I no life can have:

*Tatham*

For better 'twere that life from body fled,  
Than in your deepe disdaines lie buried.  
Let my repentance plead for mine offence,  
And my reformed life my innocence.

*The Fancies' Theater, 1640*

## TO PHILOMEL

LEAVE, Philomel, to make thy moane!  
'Tis I have cause to grieve alone:  
Thy Woes had periods, mine must be  
Invaded with fresh Crueltie.  
The Joyes I have are such as may  
Make the greene Spring a Winter's day;  
Or such as, when desir'd, doe take  
A course to kill. For pittie sake  
Cease then thy noyse of woe, unlesse  
Thou'lt grieve for my unhappinesse.

*Ibid.*

## THE LETTER

GOE, pale-fac't Paper, to my Deare,  
And whisper this into her eare:  
Though I absent am, yet shee  
Keeping thee, embraces mee.  
Let no rude hand dare to touch thee,  
Care not though a thousand grutch thee  
Of that blisse which in her Hive  
Thou enjoy'st till I arrive,  
And be sure thou dost not flye  
From the glances of her eye.

Where she goes be thou about her,  
Gad not thou abroad without her;  
Nor let any dare to see  
What's betweene my Love and thee.  
Nay, and when she chance to sleepe,  
Gently to her Bosome creepe,  
Where, I charge thee, rest till shee  
With her kisses waken thee.  
Goe and prosper for a space,  
Till I rob thee of thy place.

*Tatham*

*Ibid.*

UPON MY NOBLE FRIEND,  
RICHARD LOVELACE ESQUIRE,  
HIS BEING IN HOLLAND, AN INVITATION

A SONG

COME, Adonis, come again,  
What distast could drive thee hence,  
Where so much delight did reign,  
Sateing ev'n the Soul of Sense?  
And though thou unkind hast prov'd,  
Never Youth was more belov'd.

Then lov'd Adonis come away,  
For Venus brooks not thy delay.

Wert thou sated with the Spoil  
Of so many Virgins' Hearts,  
And therefore didst change thy Soil,  
To seek fresh in other parts:  
Dangers wait on forreigne Game,  
We have Deer more sound and tame.  
Then lov'd Adonis, etc.

*Tatham*

Phillis, fed with thy delights,  
In thy absence pines away;  
And Love too hath lost his Rites:  
Not one Lasse keeps Holi-day.  
They have chang'd their Mirth for Cares,  
And do onely sigh thy Airs.  
Then lov'd Adonis, etc.

Elpine, in whose sager looks  
Thou wert wont to take Delight,  
Hath forsook his Drink and Books,  
'Cause he cann't enjoy thy sight;  
He hath laid his Learning by,  
'Cause his wit wants Company.  
Then lov'd Adonis come away,  
For Friendship brooks not thy Delay.

All the Swains that once did use  
To converse with Love and thee,  
In the language of thy Muse,  
Have forgot Love's Deity;  
They deny to write a line,  
And do onely talk of thine.  
Then lov'd Adonis come away,  
For Friendship brooks not thy Delay.

By thy sweet Althea's voice  
We conjure thee to return;  
Or we'l rob thee of that choice  
In whose Flames each Heart would burn;  
That inspir'd by her and Sack,  
Such company we will not lack,  
That Poets in the Age to come,  
Shall write of our Elysium.

*Ostella; or the Faction of Love and Beauty reconcil'd, 1650*

UPON THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A GALLANT  
GENTLEWOMAN

*Tatham*

TO MY SELF

SHE is exactly glorious. On her eye  
Lovers may read better Philosophie  
Than E're th'Athenians taught; she's high in Name,  
Higher in beauty than the reach of Fame.  
But highest in her Virtue and her Mind,  
And yet she wants not Nature to be kind,  
But ev'n unto the meanest Creature she  
Shoots Lustre through a sweet humility.  
Shee's great, but yet not greater than my Love,  
Nor higher than my Flame: then on, and prove  
The temper of her Brest; try if it be  
Arm'd against Love, and his Artillery.  
But, (oh), I feel my heart consume like fire,  
That wasts it self in seeking to aspire.

*Ibid.*

OSTELLA FORTH OF A TOWN:  
TO MY HEART

HEART be content, though she be gone,  
Let Reason govern thee:  
Thou hast so much of Pleasure known,  
'Tis fit a season'd Misery  
Should temper thy Prosperity.

Absence doth whet the Appetite,  
Which Presence dull'd before,  
There is no Pleasure truly great,  
Nor sweet of such effectual pow'r,  
Till season'd with a little sow'r.

*Tatham*

He cannot trule prize Delight,  
That ne'r knew Misery;  
Nor deem the glory of the Light  
Untill by wanting it, he be  
Sensible of its purity.

Think this the time of thy lost health  
Which when restor'd to thee,  
Ev'n from the Ruine of thy Wealthe  
It brings a perfect Remedy,  
To double thy Felicity.

*Ibid.*

## REASON

REASON and I long time known friends,  
In all things did comply,  
Till suddenly for unknown ends  
It shun'd my company.

And whatsoe're I said or did,  
It still did fly the Sense,  
As though some Sophistry lay hid,  
Or Errour came from thence.

At last admiring at the Cause  
Of its so strange Neglect,  
I Conjur'd it by its own Laws,  
To yield me more respect;

And to resolve me speedily  
Why we at difference were,  
Since first a solemn League did tie  
Us to a Sense more fair,  
Knowing I was in Love, it answered me,  
Reason and Madmen never could agree.

*Ibid.*

## SEEING A LADY

*Tatham*

O H, she is fair: Fair as the Eastern Morn  
When she is pleas'd the Summer to adorn  
With her Spring's Glory: Sweet as . . .  
Leave, begging-Muse! thy praise gains no Relief,  
Since from her glory I derive my grief.

*Ibid.*

# WATKYNs

ROWLAND WATKYNs (*fl.* 1662). A Brecknockshire vicar, who was dispossessed of his living during the Commonwealth and who probably then practised as a physician. He published only one volume of verse, which is full of good poetry, *Flamma sine Fumo: or Poems without Fictions*, etc. 1662. (At the end is a small treatise on medical subjects.) He is a religious poet of considerable distinction, quietly effective in his gentle way.

## THE GARDENER

She supposing him to be the Gardener, said unto him . . .  
John 20

MARY prevents the day; she rose to weep,  
And see the bed where Jesus lay asleep.  
She found out whom she sought, but doth  
not know

Her Master's face; he is the gardener now.  
This Gardener Eden's Garden did compose,  
For which the chiefest Plants and Flowers he chose.  
He took great care to have sweet rivers run  
T'enrich the ground, where he his work begun.  
He is the Gardener still, and knoweth how  
To make the Lillies and the Roses grow.  
He knows the time to set, when to remove  
His living plants to make them better prove.  
He hath his pruning knife, when we grow wild,  
To tame our nature, and make us more mild:  
He curbs his dearest children when 'tis need:  
He cuts his choycest Vines and makes them bleed.  
He weeds the poisonous herbs, which clog the  
ground;  
He knows the rotten hearts, he knows the sound.

The Blessed Virgin was the pleasant bower  
This Gardener lodg'd in his appointed hour:  
Before his birth his Garden was the womb,  
In death he in a Garden chose his Tomb.

Watkins

*Flamma sine Fumo*, 1662

## THE CHANGES

*Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.*

THE painful Bee, which to her hive doth bring  
Sweet honey, in her tail retains a sting.  
Our sweetest joyes are interlin'd with cares,  
No field of corn but hath some choaking tares.  
The stream, which doth with silent motion slide  
Is oftentimes disturb'd with wind and tide.  
Who sits today in Honour's lap and sings,  
God soon can change his tune and clip his wings.  
Sometimes the Sea doth ebb, and sometimes flow,  
Now with, anon against the tide we row;  
No haven's so secure but some ill blast  
May toss the ship, and break the stately Mast:  
Who now in Court doth dance and lift his head,  
To morrow droops, and sickly keeps his bed.  
The King may beg and beggars may command.  
High Cedars fall when little shrubs do stand.  
The sweetest comfort I do feel, or find,  
Though fortune change, is not to change my mind.

*Ibid.*

**F**ROM three dark places Christ came forth this day,  
 First from his Father's bosome, where he lay  
 Concealed till now; then from the typic Law,  
 Where we his manhood but by figures saw;  
 And lastly from his mother's womb he came  
 To us a perfect God and perfect Man.  
 Now in a Manger lies th'eternal Word;  
 The Word he is, yet can no speech afford.  
 He is the Bread of Life, yet hungry lies,  
 The living Fountain, yet for drink he cries;  
 He cannot help, or clothe himself at need,  
 Who did the Lillies cloath and Ravens feed:  
 He is the Light of Lights, yet now doth shroud  
 His glory with our nature as a cloud:  
 He came to us a little one, that we  
 Like little children might in malice be;  
 Little he is, and wrapped in clouts, lest he  
 Might strike us dead, if clothed with majesty.  
 Christ had four beds, and those not soft, nor brave,  
 The Virgin's Womb, the Manger, Cross and Grave.  
 The Angels sing this day; and so will I  
 That have more reason to be glad than they.

*Ibid.*

## THE MERCIFUL SAMARITANE

**N**o balm from Gilead, no Physitian can  
 Heal me, but Christ, the true Samaritane.  
 When I am sick, and when my wounds are foul,  
 He hath his oyle and wine to clense my soul.  
 My sins the thieves, which wounded me, have bin;  
 Help, Lord, conduct me to thy peaceful Inn.

*Ibid.*

UPON THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, HOSPITABLE, AND  
INGENUOUS GENTLEWOMAN,  
MRS BLANCH MORGAN OF THE THEROW

*Watkins*

SOME fragrant flowers the smell, some trees the sight  
Do much content, some pearls are wondrous bright:  
There's not so sweet a flower, so fair a tree,  
So pure a gemme in all the world, as she:

Some Ladies humble are, and some are wise;  
Some chaste, some kind, some fair to please the eyes;  
All vertues do in her like stars appear,  
And make a glorious constellation there.

*Ibid.*

### THE SPRING

SEE how the wanton Spring  
In green is clad,  
Hark how the birds do sing,  
I'll not be sad.  
Doth not the blushing Rose  
Breath sweet perfume?  
I will my spice disclose,  
But not presume.  
The dew falls in the grass  
And hastes away,  
Which makes me mind my glass  
Which will not stay.  
Now plants and herbs do grow  
In every place,  
Lord, let me now be slow  
In growth of Grace.

*Watkins*

Behold the fruitful trees  
And fertil ground;  
Observe the painful Bees  
Whose hives abound.  
I will not barren be  
Nor waste my days,  
Like sluggards, that are free  
From vertuous ways.

*Ibid.*

### THE WISH

Hoc est summum mei, caputque voti.

A LITTLE house, a quiet wife,  
Sufficient food to nourish life,  
Most perfect health, and free from harm,  
Convenient clothes to keepe me warm.  
The liberty of foot, and mind,  
And grace the ways of God to find.  
This is the summe of my desire,  
Until I come unto heaven's quire.

*Ibid.*

UPON THE FAIR AND VERTUOUS GENTLEWOMAN

MRS M. S. THAT CAN SING EXCELLENTLY

Gratior est virtus veniens e corpore pulchro.

WHEN first I did this Virgin spie,  
The object pleas'd my serious eye:  
But when I heard her sing, I swear,  
The musick took both heart and ear.  
Those inward vertues please us best,  
Which are with outward beauty drest;

And 'tis a comely thing to find  
In bodies fair, a fairer mind:  
The Harp, the Viol hither bring,  
And Birds, musitians of the Spring;  
When she doth sing, those must be mute,  
They are but Cymbals to the Lute:  
She with her Notes doth rise, and fall,  
More sweetly than the Nightingall:  
God in her pious heart keeps place,  
Some Angel in her voice and face.

*Watkins*

*Ibid.*

## THE BIBLE

MUCH books I have perus'd, but I protest  
Of books the sacred Bible is the best.  
Some books may much of humane Learning  
boast

But here's the language of the Holy Ghost.  
Hence we draw living water, here we do  
Observe the Patriarchs' lives, and doctrine too:  
Here Christ himself directs us how to pray,  
And to the Gate of Heaven chalks the way.  
Here is the salve which gives the blind their sight,  
All darkness to expel; here is the light:  
Here is strong meat for men and milk to feed  
The weaker babes, which more perfection need;  
Cast off erroneous pamphlets, wanton rhymes,  
All feigned books of love, which cheat the times,  
And read this book of life; those shall appear  
With Christ in Heaven which are written here.

*Ibid.*

## THE WEDDING GARMENT

**F**AITH is the wedding garment, lin'd within  
 With Love, without foul spots or stains of sin.  
 Humility is the most decent lace  
 And patient hope, which doth this garment grace.  
 Without this royal robe no guest is fit  
 To sup, or at the Lord's own table sit.

*Ibid.*

## THE HOUR-GLASS

Inter spemque metumque timores inter et iras  
 Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.

**O**UR time consumes like smoke and posts away,  
 Nor can we treasure up a month or day.  
 The sand within the transitory glass  
 Doth haste, and so our silent minutes pass.  
 Consider how the lingring hour-glass sends  
 Sand after sand, until the stock it spends.  
 Year after year we do consume away  
 Until our debt to Nature we do pay.  
 Old age is full of grief: the life of man,  
 (If we consider), is but like a span  
 Stretcht from a swollen hand: the more extent  
 It is by strength, the more the pains augment.  
 Desire not to live long, but to live well.  
 How long we live not years, but actions tell.

*Ibid.*

## THE POOR WIDOW'S MITE

*Watkins,*

**O**UR Saviour did prefer the Widow's mite  
Before the rich men's gifts. God takes delight  
More in the heart than hands, and he doth measure  
How great our love is, not how much our treasure.  
Give all thy full possessions but thy love,  
Thy gift will an abomination prove.  
Love makes cold water wine, small actions great,  
And without love no bounty is compleat.

*Ibid.*

## PROVERBIAL SENTENCES

- (a) He that hath spice enough within his fist,  
His cup of drink may season as he list.
- (b) Who hath the better game doth fear the end:  
Who hath the worse doth hope the game will mend.
- (c) When I was born I did lament and cry,  
And now each day doth show the reason why.
- (d) Who in the glass doth oft behold her face,  
Hath little care to dress her dwelling place.
- (e) When once the tree is fallen which did stand,  
Then every man will take his axe in hand.
- (f) No Church yard is so handsome anywhere,  
As will straight move one to be buried there.
- (g) Here is great talk of Turk and Pope: but I  
Find that my neighbour doth more hurt than they.

*Ibid.*

## WILLAN

LEONARD WILLAN (fl. 1649–1670). Playwright, poet and miscellany writer, who enjoyed a reputation in his own day for his all-round, literary abilities. Herrick eulogizes him for the latter in a poem in *Hesperides*, 1648. His two books of verse are *The Phrygian Fabulist*, 1650? and *Astraea, or True Love's Myrrour. A Pastoral*, 1651. He brings to this fable the sly humour which it needs in the telling and he shows a good poetic fancy. It is worthy of the best company.

### A CITIE-MOUS AND FIELD-MOUS

A CITIE-MOUS richlie arrai'd,  
To her Allie's a Progress made.  
In a Champian seated stood  
The Palace of his noble Blood.  
Not far from whence encountred him  
The Field-Mous, top of all his kin,  
Which interviewed he solemnly,  
With all due Rites of Cerimonie.  
Whence hee conducts him to his Cel,  
The Roof whereof was Pimprenel;  
The Entrance traced sundrie waies,  
(Like to the windings of a Maze),  
For strength, not state, was order'd so,  
To keepe out raine, or winde, or snow.  
Suddenly served was the Feast,  
Travel had hunger-stroke our Guest;  
A Mushrome spread with Codlin-skin  
The Table was and Covering.  
A mightie Mess first usher'd came,  
Which did all sorts of Puls contain:  
Of Wheat, Oat, Pea, Tare, Rie and Rice,  
Of Bean, Buck, Barlie, mixt with Spice.

Of sundrie Seeds, contrived so;  
This may be called their Oleo.  
Next cours, of roots was ordered,  
Of Parsnip, Carret, White and Red;  
Turnip, Radish, Potato sweet,  
Skerret, Oringo, and of Beet;  
Som were hatch't, som mince't, som slice't;  
And with post ponder all were spice't.  
And for their Ragou and Hagou  
Were Onions serv'd, and Garlick too.  
The Intercours did next succeed,  
To urge fresh appetite to feed.  
Of Mellon, Pumpion, Cucumber,  
Cabbidg, Colwort, and Colli-flour;  
Of Thissel-succors hatched small  
Which were well pepper'd with Fusball.  
Their Liquor from a Christal stream  
They had whereon ne'r shined Beam.  
In which for Amber-Greece of Musk,  
Infused was in Acorn-husk  
A Pearl of Dew, or elf of Hail,  
As Heat or Moisture did prevail.  
The Deser, hereto closure put's;  
Of Wall, of Hair, of Hassel-nuts:  
Of Pears and Apples, Plums and Cheries,  
Dew, Straw, Raspe, Mull, Bill and Black-  
berries.  
Of Medler, Service, Corn, they fed,  
Of Grapes and Currens, white and red;  
But of Beech, Oak, Thorn, Bramble-Maste  
They far more sparingly did taste.  
The Grashopper, the Gnat, the Bee,  
In Consort were their Minstralsie.

The Citie-Mous, the Feast thus past,  
Soberly seemed to distaste  
The meanness of the Countrie fare;  
Boasting the Citie's to be rare.  
That which might bee no vapour thought,  
The Field-Mous hee to Citie brought;  
Where in a Store-hous hee beheld  
Such Dainties, as there most excel'd:  
Here a Custard, there a Tart,  
Of a fat Capon there a part;  
Here a Gammon stuf with cloves;  
There did a Pie Red-Deer inclose;  
Here Pheasant, Partridge, Woodcock, Quail;  
There Knot, Snipe, Tiel, Turtle and Rail;  
Spice, Sugar, Suckets wet and drie,  
Were all disperst confusedly:  
Whereof so eagerly both fed,  
Order was none distinguished.  
E're long, i'th dore rattled a keie,  
Which scar'd both Host and Guest awaie.  
The Field-Mous who her cours forgot,  
For haste fell in a Honie-pot,  
Which being nigh full, and candi'd o're,  
Bemired much, hee got to shore.  
Thence in a Barrel skipt of Sope,  
Whence he escaped by a Rope;  
The Balance fastned to the Scale,  
From thence hee rusht into a Frale  
Of Raisins, which, struggling therein,  
His clammie Coat stript from his skin.  
Thence to a hole, where both remain,  
Till they came in went out again.  
Then issued out the Citie-Mous,

Frisking with joie about the hous,  
While the poor Field-Mous there with dread  
Remained trembling, almost dead.  
'Til him the Citie-Mous invites  
Again to taste of his Delights;  
Assuring him the peril o're.  
Out snekt the Field-Mous, yet forbore  
To feed; jealous surpriz'd to bee,  
Asking the Citie-Mous if hee  
Were often thus assaulted; who  
With confidence replied thereto,  
"Each hour, each hour. Custom makes light  
Where that is weightie wants fore-sight."  
The Field-Mous, much amazed, cried,  
"Was ever sens so stupified!  
With my mean Cates, I rest secur'd;  
Rest thou with dang'rous sweets immur'd."

### *Moral*

The humble, calm, and innocent estate,  
This of a countrie life doth intimate.  
Whose sober temper onely thus relies  
On what successfull Industrie supplies.  
While Citie lives, their riot to support,  
Make Rapine, Fraud and Violence a sport:  
With whose Alarums hourly pursued;  
So oft their lusts, so oft are griefs renew'd.

*The Phrygian Fabulist, 1650?*

## WYVILL

SIR CHRISTOPHER WYVILL (1614-1681). A baronet of Yorkshire who wrote a treatise against popery and a collection of verses. The latter was *Certaine Serious Thoughts*, etc. 1647.

### GOING TO BED

#### A PRAYER

THOU sacred Arbiter of life and death,  
Who summon'st, at thy pleasure, vitall breath,  
When in thy house my elevated soule  
Should mount to thee, yet lingring here, doth foule  
Her self with terrene fancies, make mine eye  
Recall my thoughts and preach mortality.  
There lye those dear remembrancers I have,  
Two parents, and two children in one grave.  
In twice two yeares thy wisdom saw it best  
To call these two sweet couples to their rest.  
And since so neer on both sides I have seen  
Thine arrowes to me, teach me how to weane  
From this distemper'd globe my mis-plac'd love  
And fix it firmly on the things above.  
Then, if't shall please thee next to call on mee,  
I'le boldly leave this clay and come to thee.

*Certaine Serious Thoughts*, etc. 1647

# ANONYMOUS POEMS

TWO EPITAPHS from Burford Church, Gloucester. The first is dated 1668. The opening lines are full of charm. The second is earlier and may have been written by Lady Tanfield herself.

## EPITAPH

ON A TOMB IN BURFORD CHURCH, GLOUCESTER

L o, Hudled up, together lye  
Gray Age, Grene Youth, white Infancy.  
L If Death doth Nature's Laws dispence,  
And reconciles all difference,  
'Tis fit, one Flesh one house should have  
One Tombe, one epitaph, one Grave;  
And they that liv'd and lov'd each other  
Should dye and lye and sleep together.  
So Reader whether go or stay  
Thou must not hence be long away.

ANON.

*Burford Church*

## EPITAPH

LADY TANFIELD UPON HER HUSBAND

H ERE shadows lie,  
Whilst life is sadd,  
Still hopes to die,  
To him she hadd.  
In bliss is hee  
Whom I lov'd best;  
Thrice happy shee  
With him to rest.

*Anonymous  
Poems*

So shall I be  
    With him I loved;  
And hee with me  
    And both us blessed.  
Love made me Poet,  
    And this I writ;  
My harte did doe yt  
    And not my witt.

ANON.?

*Burford Church*

## AN ELEEGY

### ON THE DEATH OF A SCHOOLE-MASTER

This comes from a printed book, *Poems, consisting of Epistles and Epigrams. By John Eliot, 1658.* Many other poems in the book can be traced to other poets of the period, and it is quite uncertain whether John Eliot himself wrote this delightful tribute.

MUST he dye thus? has an eternall sleep  
Seiz'd on each Muse that it can't sing nor  
weep?

Had he no friends? no merits? or no purse  
To purchase mourning? Or had he that curse  
Which has the scraping Worldling still frequented,  
To live unlov'd and perish unlamented.

No, none of these; but in this Atlas' fall  
Learning for present found its funerall.  
Nor was't for want of grief, but scope and vent,  
Not sullenness, but strong, deep astonishment.  
Small griefs are but soon wept out, great ones come  
With bulk, and strike the straight lamenters dumb.

This was the scoolemaster that did derive  
From parts and piety's prerogative:  
The glory of that good but painfull art  
Who had high learning but an humble heart:  
The Drake of Grammer learning, whose great pain  
Circled that Globe, and made that voyage plain.

Time was, when th'artless paedagogue did stand,  
With his vimineous scepter in his hand  
Raging like Bajazet or'e the 'tugging fry,  
Who though unhors'd were not of th'infantry;  
Applying, like a glister, hic, haec, hoc,  
Till the poor Lad's beat to a whipping block;

*Anonymous*  
*Poems*

And hold so long to know a verb and noun  
Till each had *Propria maribus* of's own:  
As if not fit to learn As in *Praesenti*  
But legally, when they were one and twenty.  
Those few that went to th'Universities then  
Went with deliberation, and were men.  
Nor were our Academies in those dayes  
Fill'd with Chuck-farthing Batchelours and boyes  
But schollers with more Beard and age went hence,  
Then our new lapwing-Lectrers skip from thence.

By his industrious labour now we see  
Boys coated borne to th'Universitie  
Who suck'd in Latin, and did scorn to seek  
Their scourge and top in English but in Greek.  
Hebrew the general puzzler of old heads,  
Which the gray Dunce with pricks and comments  
reads

And dubs himselfe a schollar by it, grew  
As naturall t'him as if he'd been a Jew.

But above all he timely did inspire  
His Children's breasts with an aetheriall fire.  
And sanctifi'd their early Learning so,  
That they in grace as they in wit did grow.

Yet nor his grace nor learning could defend him,  
From that mortality that did attend him.  
Nor can there now be any difference known  
Between his learned bones and those with none.  
For that grand Lev'ler death hudles t'one place  
Rich, poor, wise, foolish, noble and the base.

This only is our comfort and defence,  
He was not immaturely ravish'd hence.  
But to our benefit, and to his own  
Undying fame and honour, let alone,

Till he had finish'd what he was to do,  
Then naturally split himselfe in two.

*Anonymous  
Poems'*

And that's one cause he had so few moyst eyes,  
He made men learned, and that made them wise  
And overrule their passions, since they see  
Tears would but show their own infirmity.  
And 'tis but loving madness to deplore  
The fate of him that shall be seen no more.  
But only I cropt in my tender yeares,  
Without or tongue, or wit, but sighs and Tears:  
And yet I come to offer what is mine,  
An immolation to his honour'd shrine.  
And retribute what he confer'd on me  
Either to's person or his memorie.  
Rest pious soul and let that happie grave  
That us entrusted with thy Relicks, have  
This just inscription, that it holds the dust  
Of one that was Wise, learned, pious, just.

ANON.

*Poems, consisting of Epistles and Epigrams.  
By John Eliot, 1658*

## EPITAPH

IN MEMORIE OF THE FIVE CHILDREN OF  
WILLIAM AND ANNE AUSTIN

This may have been written by William Austin (1587-1624),  
who was a considerably known poet.

READER,  
**R**When thou knowst in this Urne  
Five infants doe sojourne,  
Thinke long thou canst not burne  
When sutch new flames doe turne  
So soone to shade.

For I, whoe live to read  
Heer half my boughs lye dead,  
Larne, if sutch branches dye,  
The stock maye by and by,  
Wither at Roote, and fade.

Yet call not this their tombe,  
Rather their mother's Wombe,  
Where when their god doth come  
To give us all our doome

They shall arise  
New borne, full, perfect men,  
Licke to their judge, and then  
Wee that did for them weep  
Shall see they did but sleep  
To grow and mock our eyes.

ANON.

Harley MS. 3910

## MY WISHES

From a very rare printed book, *Eliza's Babes: or the Virgin's-Offering, etc.* 1652. It seems unworthy of the complete oblivion which has fallen, as it was sure to fall, upon a book of verse with such a title.

I WISH no wit to wrong my Brother,  
I wish not wealth to wrong another;  
I wish no beauty to enthrall,  
I wish no worldly wish at all.  
I wish from sin God would me bring,  
I wish for heaven at my ending.

ANON.

*Eliza's Babes: or The Virgin's-  
Offering, etc.* 1652



# A SHORT GLOSSARY

## OF DIFFICULT WORDS AND REFERENCES

Amber-Greece of Musk (page 209, line 19). Ambergris: a grey, odorous substance used in perfumery. Amber-seed is Musk-seed. Fr. *ambre gris*, "grey amber". The spellings "Greece" and "Grease" came in at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when people were trying to explain the origin of the "gris".

Bajazet (p. 215, l. 21). This is a reference to Bajazid, or Bajasid (1347-1403), who was Sultan of the Turks from 1389-1403. He typifies here an Eastern tyrant. The historical Bajazid conquered Bulgaria and a large part of Asia Minor. He was defeated by Timur at Angora in 1402, and held prisoner by him until his death. There was a tradition that Timur carried him about from city to city in an iron cage. This alleged ill-treatment forms the most powerful portion of Marlowe's *Tamberlane*, and also of Rowe's *Tamerlane*. In the former play he is shown on the stage in an iron cage and fed with scraps. His name would have been well known to most seventeenth-century readers.

Bengewine (p. 147, l. 5). This is probably a spelling for "Benjamin", a gum benzoin or balsam. Perhaps the printer has "w" for "m". Ben Jonson's name in Henslowe is spelt "Bengemen". Cf. Herrick, *Hesperides*, 1648:

"Leave a name as sweet

As Benjamin and Storax when they meet."

Botchy-Lazer (p. 144, l. 20). Botchy means "covered with botches, or excrescences". Botch, O.Fr. *boche* O.N.Fr., O.Fr. *boce*. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, II, i, 6:

"were not that a botchy core?"

Lazer from "Lazarus" in the biblical story.

Breeme (p. 141, l. 16). Breeme, now poetic and dialect only. It means here "fierce", "raging". It is used of the sea. Cf. Drayton, *Heroic Epistles*, 1598, xvi, 8:

"On whose breeme sea the Icie Mountaines flote."

**Glossary** Cade (p. 3, l. 24). Young one, cadet. The origin of this word is unknown. Cf. the will of Jane Lovet, 1551: "Three Cade lambes that go abowte the house."

Calamite (p. 147, l. 5). A variety of hornblende. It is used here simply to indicate the crystal-like pieces of resinous storax.

Capapee (p. 71, l. 6). Cap-à-pie. Fr. *cap-à-pied*, "From head to foot".

Cassia (p. 147, l. 7). A genus of plants of many species, including senna and laurel, the bark of which is used in medicine.

Cauls (p. 38, l. 11). A caul is a thin membrane. It is usually used either of the membrane which covers the lower intestine or of that which protects the head of some children at birth.

Champion (p. 208, l. 3). This is a variant of "champaign". It was much more usual than the latter form in the seventeenth century.

Cicuta (p. 102, l. 19). Hemlock.

Cimmerian (p. 101, l. 30). The Cimmerii were a mythical people mentioned by Homer. They were supposed to dwell in the farthest west, enveloped in constant mists and darkness. Cimmerian time may mean "a time of darkness" because Henry is dead. The historical Cimmerii were wanderers and perhaps the poet refers to them also. The meaning of the passage is a little obscure, but it seems to be that as a Pharos, or light-house, guides wanderers, so the tomb he would build for Henry would guide all wanderers on earth to Heaven.

Cocker (p. 133, l. 8). Indulge, pamper. The origin is obscure, but cf. Du. *kokelen*, "to nourish, foster".

Codlin (p. 208, l. 17). A cooking apple.

Cop (p. 78, l. 10). Tuft, sheaf, crest on a bird. O.N. *kopp*, "a cup".

Culver (p. 100, l. 17). A wood pigeon.

Daphnis (p. 148, l. 29). Now called Daphne. This is the evergreen shrub, named from the nymph Daphne who was changed by her father into a laurel-tree when Apollo was pursuing her.

Davour (p. 41, l. 1). To fade, droop, wither. This is a dialect word, Devon, Cornwall, Somerset and Wiltshire. It rhymes with "waver". Devon: "The flowers be daver'd a'ready."

**Delius** (p. 37, l. 1). Delius was the surname of the god Apollo, from the isle of Delos. The myth tells how the latter was a floating isle until Zeus fastened it by adamantine chains to the bottom of the sea, that it might be a secure resting place for Leto (Latona) for the birth of Apollo and Artemis. A Delian was an inhabitant of this floating isle. *Glossary*

**Dyll** (p. 149, l. 6). Dill, a plant not unlike fennel.

**Engastranith** (p. 159, l. 3). This is a form of the modern "Engastrimyth", one who appears to speak in the belly, a ventriloquist. The word occurs in Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (1698, i, ii).

**Fistula** (p. 147, l. 7.) This means "reed" or "pipe" and refers to the shape of one species of cassia.

**Frie** (p. 75, l. 19). A crowd of young fish just spawned, offspring, young children. O.N. *frio*. Cf. *Macbeth*, iv, ii, 83:

"What you Egge?

Yong fry of Treachery."

**Fusball** (p. 209, l. 16). Fuzzball, a puff-ball.

**Germander** (p. 149, l. 11). A genus of plant, especially the blue-flowered speedwell.

**Hagou** (p. 209, l. 9). This is almost certainly "haggis", the famous dish of Scotland. It is an old form, probably dialect. Cf. haggus, hagws, etc.

**Hazzard** (p. 143, l. 24). This is the name given in the game of tennis to each of the winning openings in the tennis-court. The "hazard" side is that side of the court into which the ball is served. Cf. *Henry V*, i, ii, 263:

"We will in France . . . play a set,

Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard."

**Hougon Mess** (p. 119, l. 22). This probably refers to "Huguenote" (Fr.), a kitchen stove, and hence to "Des œufs à la Huguenote", eggs cooked or poached in mutton gravy.

**Isop** (p. 149, l. 11). Hyssop, an aromatic herb.

**Knot** (p. 210, l. 14). A wading bird of the snipe family, named after

- King Canute (Knut), who was very fond of it.

**Lungwort** (p. 149, l. 27). A purple-flowered herb, with leaves spotted like lungs.

**Glossary** Mace (p. 147, l. 4). A spice. It is formed from the dried, outer seed of the nutmeg.

Marjorum (p. 149, l. 6). Marjoram, an aromatic plant.

Medway Cowslips (p. 148, l. 15). The district round Maidstone and the Medway is famed to-day for its Spring flowers. Cf. Bluebell Hill.

Mislyn (p. 15, l. 21). Mixed. Cf. maslin, meslin.

Oleo (p. 209, l. 2). Olio: a medley or mixture. The *olus* of Horace, a potherb, or a mixture of herbs, etc.

Oringo (p. 209, l. 6). This is undoubtedly a corrupt or misspelt form of "eryngo", a candied root of the sea-holly. It was formerly used as a sweetmeat, and was regarded as an aphrodisiac. Cf. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, v, 23: "Let it. . . haile kissing Comfits and snow Eringoes." Cf. Marston, *Scourge of Villanie*, I, iii, 181: "Now, Sophie, Ringoes eate."

Pharos (p. 101, l. 27). A lighthouse built by Ptolemy II on the small isle of Pharos, off the coast of Egypt. It became the general name in literature of the period for a lighthouse.

Post ponder (p. 209, l. 8). Is this connected with "panada", bread boiled to pulp and flavoured? It seems better to change "ponder" to "pouder", which is probably the correct reading. "Post" then means "poppy-head or opium". It is flavoured with "poppy-seed powder".

Powt (p. 73, l. 8). Pout, poult, young chick. Fr. *poule*. It is especially used of a young partridge.

Pucillage (p. 133, l. 2). Cf. Fr. *pucelage*, "maidenhead, virginity". This word is coined from the French by the poet.

Ragou (p. 209, l. 9). Ragout, a highly-seasoned stew.

Rail (p. 210, l. 14). A wading-bird.

Rotchets (p. 72, l. 2). Rochets, linen outer garments.

Sallet-budded (p. 149, l. 19). A sallet was a light helmet, and the word here refers to the shape of the broom buds.

Service (p. 209, l. 27). The pear-like fruit of the service tree.

- Skerret (p. 209, l. 6). Skirret, a species of water-parsnip, which was formerly very much cultivated in Europe for its esculent tubers. Cf. 1639 Horn and Rob. *Gate Lang. Unl.* XIII, par. 126: "The rape . . . the navew, parsnip, carret, skirwit. . ."
- Smaragdine (p. 102, l. 1). Smaragdite is an emerald green mineral which is sometimes called diallage.
- Spicknard (p. 147, l. 6). Spikenard, the Indian perfume, or unguent prepared from the plant.
- Spittle (p. 127, l. 11). Spittoon.
- Storax (p. 147, l. 5). A sweet-smelling resin, which is used in medicine as a stimulant.
- Sucket (p. 210, l. 15). Sweetmeat.
- Sullibub (p. 75, l. 17). This is usually spelt "syllabub". It was a drink made of wine and milk which was very popular during the seventeenth century.
- Theanthropos (p. 182, l. 8). The Gk. "theos" and "anthropos". Someone who was both divine and human.
- Thessalian herb (p. 149, l. 7). This is "thyme", which is constantly referred to among the classical poets as growing upon Olympus, Ossa, etc.
- Thissel-succors (p. 209, l. 15). Suckers, or sweet, young shoots of the thistle, which mice would enjoy.
- Tiel (p. 210, l. 14). Teal; a web-footed water-fowl, nearly allied to the common duck.
- Toutsain (p. 149, l. 21). Tutsan, St John's Wort, which was then used to heal wounds. Fr. *toutesaine*, "all sound", "healed".
- Truckman (p. 128, l. 26). To "truck", traffic, hawk, bargain.
- Zone (p. 119, l. 28). A girdle worn round the body. It was a symbol of virginity.
- Zoophyte (p. 138, l. 1). A living, plant-like animal, as sea-anemones, sponges, jellyfish.



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