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THE POEMS

of

Lord HERBERT of CHERBURY

THE
P O E M S

ENGLISH & LATIN

OF

EDWARD

Lord HERBERT of CHERBURY

Edited by

G. C. MOORE SMITH

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P R E F A C E

THIS edition of Lord Herbert's poems was prepared and accepted for publication by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press eight or nine years ago. Owing to the difficulties created by the War it only now sees the light ; and I feel that my special thanks are due to the Delegates for carrying out their old undertaking under different conditions from any that could have been anticipated when they gave it.

I am also indebted to my friend Mr. Percy Simpson, who read my MS. on behalf of the Press and made a number of valuable suggestions by which the work such as it is has benefited.

G. C. MOORE SMITH.

21st April 1923.

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INTRODUCTION

I. EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

THE 'Occasional Verses of Lord Herbert of Cherbury' reflect his character as gallant and philosopher, husband and friend. His 'Autobiography' with the continuation of his life by Sir Sidney Lee is so well known and so easily accessible that it is unnecessary to retrace the ground here: a few lines based on these works will suffice to recall the main facts of Herbert's life to the memory of the readers of this book.

Edward Herbert came of a famous stock. The eldest son of Richard Herbert Esquire of Montgomery Castle and Magdalen, daughter of Sir Richard Newport, he was born at Eyton on Severn on 3rd March 158 $\frac{2}{3}$ in the house of his maternal grandmother, Lady Bromley. He remained at Eyton till he was nine, and after three years of schooling entered University College, Oxford, in 1595. In 1596 his father died, leaving seven sons, of whom the famous George Herbert was the fifth, and three daughters. His mother obtained the wardship of her eldest son, and on 28th February 159 $\frac{8}{9}$ by her arrangement he was married to a cousin, several years older than himself, Mary, daughter and heir of Sir William Herbert of St. Julian's. His mother took a house in Oxford, and here Herbert and his wife lived with her while he pursued his academic studies. At the end of 1600 a move was made to London, but Herbert with a growing family remained a student. He

became proficient in French, Italian, and Spanish, and learnt to sing and to play on the lute. In spite of one visit to court, when the old Queen gently clapped him on the cheek and said it was pity he was married so young, he still attended his studies seriously : ' the more I learnt out of my books adding still a desire to know more.'

He was knighted by King James soon after his accession and made Sheriff of Montgomeryshire. Even now when living in the country he followed his 'beloved studies'. But his spirit was tiring of a quiet life, and leaving his wife with four children he obtained a license to travel abroad.

He set out in 1608 with Aurelian Townsend as his companion and settled in the Faubourg St. Germain at Paris. Through the ambassador, at whose house in the Faubourg he was kindly received, he became acquainted with the Duchess de Ventadour, a daughter of the Duke de Montmorency, Grand Constable of France. He visited the Duke at his castle of Merlou (or Mello), near Clermont (Oise), and his enchantment with the place found expression in a sonnet. When the Duke moved to Chantilly, he left Herbert at Merlou with permission to use his horses and hunt in his forest, and his stay here, broken by visits to Chantilly, lasted eight months. He then returned to Paris and took up his abode in the house of 'that incomparable scholar Isaac Casaubon'. Besides benefiting by Casaubon's conversation, he strove still to improve himself in horsemanship, in the use of arms, and in singing and lute-playing. He had begun to send challenges on small points of honour, and was adding to his solid attainments all the graces and accomplishments of the courtier and soldier of his age. His tall figure and

dark handsome face aided his endeavours, and he was received with distinction both by Henry IV and his divorced Queen.

At the end of January 1609 Herbert returned to England, was received graciously by King James and Queen Anne, and spent some time with his wife and family, still studying and 'riding the great horse'. In 1610 he joined Sir Edward Cecil (afterwards Lord Wimbledon) who with an English force of 4,000 men was assisting the Prince of Orange to besiege Juliers, and found the opportunity for fresh quarrels and affairs of honour. On his return to London he found that he had many admirers among ladies of the court, including even the highest lady of all; one of these affairs, in which he was, he protests, completely innocent, leading to an attempt to assassinate him. From 1611 to 1614 he remained in England, partly at court, where he says he had more favours than he desired, partly at his country home. In 1614 he again joined the Prince of Orange, who was taking the field against Spinola, and, as he tells us, offered to challenge any Spaniard to meet him in single combat; Spinola, however, forbade such an encounter.

When winter came on, Herbert left the army and, after visiting the Prince and Princess Palatine at Heidelberg, went on to Ulm, Augsburg, Venice, Florence, and Rome. After attending lectures at the University of Padua, he visited Milan and Turin, where the Duke of Savoy treated him with distinction and commissioned him to conduct 4,000 men of the Protestant religion from Languedoc into Piedmont to fight in his service. At Lyons he found his enterprise had been prohibited, and an altercation with the governor led to his being thrown into prison. Fortunately

an old friend, Sir Edward Sackville (afterwards Earl of Dorset), who accidentally found him there, effected his release.

From Lyons Herbert proceeded by Geneva and Heidelberg to the Low Countries. Here he lived on familiar terms with the Prince of Orange, but found there was no fighting to be done that summer. Towards winter, after an adventurous crossing, he found himself again in England. For a year and a half after his return he was afflicted with a quartan ague. On his good days he could study, but he could do nothing else. He had received friendly offers, however, from the King's new favourite, Sir George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, and in 1619 the King nominated him as his Ambassador to France. He left London on the 13th May, furnished a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, visited Touraine to present himself to Louis XIII and his Queen, and by the kindness of the new Duke de Mortmorency spent part of the summer at Merlou Castle, 'that sweet place and country' which he had fallen in love with in 1608. The oath of alliance between England and France was renewed at the end of the year: and the relations between the two countries being friendly, Herbert had time not only for writing his great philosophical work *De Veritate* but for a good deal of social intercourse and, as he says, 'some follies'. His wife had refused to accompany him to France. A quarrel with the French king's favourite, the Duke de Luynes, led to Herbert's recall in July 1621, but Luynes died, and Herbert was back in Paris in 1622. A few months later he had finished *De Veritate*. Herbert submitted it in manuscript to Hugo Grotius and Daniel Tilenus and was urged by them to print it, and

their approval having been seconded, as he tells us, by a sign from heaven, the book was printed in Paris.¹

At this point Herbert's autobiography breaks off. His life has been continued by Sir Sidney Lee. After serving his country faithfully for five years Herbert was recalled in April 1624. His salary had not been fully paid and he was heavily in debt. The only satisfaction he received from King James was the Irish peerage of Castle Island, conferred on him on 30th December 1624.

Charles's accession made little difference. On 2nd April 1629 Herbert was created in the English peerage Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and in 1632 took his seat on the Council of War. But no further public employment was found for him. In the hope of pleasing the King he wrote in 1630 a defence of Buckingham's conduct in the Isle of Rhé expedition of 1627, and in 1632 he began a history of the reign of Henry VIII which occupied him for some years to come. In preparing this work he had the help of an elegant scholar, Thomas Master of New College. His Verses show the terms of familiar friendship on which patron and client lived at Montgomery Castle.

When the troubles began with the Scots in 1639 Charles summoned Herbert with his fellow peers to his standard at York. At Alnwick he wrote his poem 'The Idea', which shows a characteristic detachment from his then surroundings.

Again, in 1640 Herbert was summoned to a council of peers at York, and took his place on 24th September. He

¹ Herbert's original MS. in his own hand in two folio volumes, with a final note 'E. Herbert, Parisiis consum̃, 30 Junii, 1623', seems to have escaped the notice of his biographers. It is preserved in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge.

advised Charles to make no terms but prosecute the war. He was overruled and bade his final farewell to his sovereign. He felt, as Sir Sidney Lee says, that he was now superseded by younger men. Moreover, his health was beginning to fail. 'Through 1641 and a great part of 1642, he passed his time with his books, began continuations of *De Veritate* and planned his autobiography and a work on education.'

In the parliament of 1642 he tried to steer a middle course, and was committed to the Tower for a few days by the Commons. Again he withdrew to Montgomery. The Crown had treated him badly, and when civil war broke out his desire was to remain neutral in the struggle. His sons fought valiantly for the King, Herbert himself was mentally and physically unable to take such a course. He wrote to his only surviving brother, Sir Henry, on 14th June 1643: 'I find myself grown older in this one year than in fifty-nine years before.'

In September 1644 Herbert, to save his library, admitted a Parliamentary garrison into Montgomery Castle, and was at once in Royalist eyes 'The treacherous Lord Herbert'. The Castle was now besieged by the King's forces. It was quickly relieved. But Herbert was now dependent on the goodwill of Parliament. In these circumstances he wrote his last mournful lines of 14th October 1644. He then left his Castle in the hands of the Parliamentary garrison, made his way to London, petitioned the Parliament for relief and received a grant of £20 per week (25th February 1644½).

In this humiliating situation, living in his house in Queen St. near St. Giles's, he devoted himself to literary work. His autobiography remained unfinished, but in 1645 he issued his *Religio Laici* and *De Causis Errorum*,

supplementary to his treatise *De Veritate*. About the same time he must have written his *Dialogue between a Tutor and his Pupil* and his work *De Religione Gentilium*, both published after his death. In September 1647 he visited Gassendi at Paris. But his health continued to fail and on 1st August 1648 he made his will. His wife had been dead for fourteen years. He made generous provision for his sons Richard and Edward, and his daughter Beatrice, but showed most solicitude for his grandson Edward, Richard's son. His manuscripts and English books were to be taken from London to Montgomery: his Latin and Greek books to be given to Jesus College, Oxford.

Herbert died on 20th August and was buried in St. Giles's in the Fields. His epitaph contained the anagram on his name found in his *Verses*, 'Reddor ut herbæ.' The *Verses* were not published till 1665.

Herbert's religious position has thus been defined by Sir Sidney Lee:

'Herbert's religious doctrine starts with the assumption that religion, which is common to the human race, consists merely of the five innate ideas, or axioms, that there is a God, that he ought to be worshipped, that virtue and piety are essential to worship, that man ought to repent of his sins, and that there are rewards and punishments in a future life. He rejects all [appeal to] Revelation and describes so-called Revelation as the artifice of priests, for whom he has little respect. In practice he seems to have conformed to the ceremonies of the Church of England . . . Leland in 1754 described him as the father of English Deism . . . but Herbert's true affinity is with the Cambridge Platonists.'

II. HERBERT AS A POET.

Lord Herbert's importance in the history of philosophy has been established by three critics of different nationalities, Charles de Rémusat, C. Güttler, and W. R. Sorley. As a poet he has not perhaps received due recognition. In spite of the claim made on his behalf by the late Mr. John Churton Collins in 1881, a claim which has been, to some extent at least, supported by Sir Sidney Lee, in spite of Swinburne's praise, 'How lovely in feeling, and how near excellence in expression is the Madrigal [How should I love my best ?]',¹ Herbert's poetry passes unnoticed in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* and in Courthope's *History of English Poetry*. The *Athenæum* took no notice of Mr. Collins's edition of the poems. The *Academy* could say no more than that 'Lord Herbert was not a poet, but he was . . . a man not devoid of some talent for verse-making'.² A critic in *Notes and Queries*, while not considering Edward Herbert the equal of his brother George, did go so far as to admit that 'when he writes his own thoughts naturally he at times rises to a high degree of beauty. There are few passages in the minor poetry of the seventeenth century more charming than the sonnet made upon the groves near Merlou Castle'.³ But to Leslie Stephen again Herbert was a 'third-rate poet',⁴ Mr. Arthur Benson

¹ *Life of J. C. Collins*, by L. C. Collins (1912), p. 57.

² Vol. xx, p. 156.

³ Sixth Ser., vol. iv, p. 120.

⁴ *National Review*, vol. xxxv, p. 671.

declares his verses to be 'undeniably feeble',¹ and Professor Grierson, our best editor and interpreter of the poems of Donne, speaks of Herbert's 'love of obscurity and harshness in poetry. His poems . . . with a few exceptions are intolerably difficult and unmusical.'²

For my part, while admitting the unequal character of Herbert's verses, I am inclined to claim that in poetic feeling and art Edward Herbert soars above his brother George.

If this has only been partially recognized in spite of Mr. Collins's advocacy, based as I think on a real discernment of poetical beauty, the fault must, I am afraid, be imputed partly to Mr. Collins himself, who presented the poems to the public disfigured by corrupt readings and bad punctuation, such as to a large extent could have been removed by greater care in his work as editor. But of this anon. Let us for the moment see what is the character of Lord Herbert's poetry, and what are the claims that can be made for it.

Herbert's Satires, written at the age of twenty-five, have been almost universally condemned, and certainly they are carelessly put together. But the first satire cannot be called 'feeble', except in execution. On the contrary it shows the boldly speculative turn of Herbert's mind even as a young man, and his extraordinary independence of the influences of high birth and courtiership. An attack upon monarchy and aristocracy by a young aristocrat and man of fashion living under King James I is something hardly to be paralleled. As the satire is however at least

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, vol. xliii, p. 294.

² Donne's *Poetical Works*, vol. ii, p. 158.

'rugged' and runs into Browning-like complexities of construction and turns of thought, I give a short résumé of its contents in my 'Commentary'.

From the Satires I pass to Herbert's other poems in heroic verse. 'To his Mistress' points very powerfully the contrast between Death as the soul's rest and refuge from its present prison, and Death engaged on its gruesome work of corrupting the body. The 'Elegy for the Prince' is an over-strained and over-elaborated conceit, such as Donne set the fashion of: the elegy on Donne is dry and abstract, though with some touches of real feeling. No charge of ruggedness can be brought against the lyrics and love poems, some of which must have been admired in their own day, to judge by the frequency of their appearance in MS. collections. On the contrary the fault of many of them is that they seem to partake too much of the character of artistic experiments. But though they may often fail to reach perfection, they yet give an artistic pleasure. The most perfect is perhaps 'The Elegy over a Tomb'. But there is a haunting music in the Ditty (p. 31), 'Tears flow no more' (p. 26), Madrigal (p. 18), 'To a Lady who did sing excellently' (with its long-sustained crescendo and quiet close) (p. 44), The First Meeting (p. 39).

An heroic note is struck in some of his Epitaphs. Those on Sir Francis Vere, Sir Philip Sidney, his kinsman Sir William Herbert, and on himself are all noble, and those on Vere, Sidney, and on Mrs. Cecilia Boulstred have a marked distinction of form.

Herbert's lyrics differ from Donne's not by greater obscurity or ruggedness, but by a more studied art. What we miss is the earthly passion, the note of reality, struck in such lines as :

‘I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did till we lov’d?’

‘When I died last, and, dear, I die,
As often as from thee I go’.

Donne’s extraordinary range of illustration gives the reader the pleasure of continual surprise: his mixture of sensuality and mysticism has a strange allurements. Now fire, now earth seems to have the mastery in the composition. In Herbert there is little of grossness, and the atmosphere tends to become rare. At the same time he makes no appeal to readers who require all spiritual aspiration to be expressed in the language of the Prayer Book.

Herbert was a friend of Jonson and closely associated with Carew, and in his lyrical poetry is perhaps more akin to them than to the fuller-blooded Donne.

He is less reminiscent of classical models—of Horace and Anacreon—than are Jonson and Herrick, less redolent of the country and its rites and customs than Herrick, less perfect in his art than Carew. But at his best he resembles Carew, and has an even larger and more sustained harmony of music, if less constructive skill and a less certain choice of words.¹

If Herbert does not attain to complete artistic achievement, even when his poems have been cleared of faults due not to himself but to his editors, the cause lies mainly in this, that the poet cannot forget that he is also a philosopher. He is over-inclined to bring his philosophy into his verse,

¹ This inferiority to Carew in poetic workmanship is seen glaringly on a comparison of his poem ‘A Description’ (which, however, is far from representing him at his best) with Carew’s ‘Love’s Complement’—poems which certainly are inter-related, though I know not which gave and which received.

even to sum up beautiful thoughts in a scholastic maxim. A marked instance is seen in the following lines :

‘ Yet as a rising sun, when first ’tis shown
Points fairer than when it ascends more red,
Or as a budding rose, when first ’tis blown, ’
Smells sweeter far than when it is more spread,
As all things best by principles are known.’

But Herbert’s philosophy is of that Platonic type which is itself akin to poetry : it constantly asserts the supremacy of the mind over matter, the immortality of the spiritual part of man’s nature, the relation between the beautiful body and the beautiful soul ; it constantly seeks some harmony above the riot of the senses. This turn of mind marks Herbert off sharply from Donne, Herrick, and Carew, and brings him—as will be seen—into a strange association with Spenser in his *Amoretti* and *Fowre Hymnes*. Accordingly Miss Winstanley’s Introduction to the *Fowre Hymnes* or Mr. John S. Harrison’s *Platonism in English Poetry* will be found a useful commentary on many of Herbert’s poems.

Herbert was an artist and a philosopher. He was also a born poet. It can hardly be denied that lines such as the following have a rare and original beauty :

‘ Now that the April of your youth adorns
The garden of your face’

‘ light and shade . . .

Upon a green embroidering through each glade
An airy Silver and a sunny Gold’

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

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

'Yet stay not here. Love for his right will call,
You were not born to serve your only will.'

'And thus a love made from a worthy choice
Will to that union come, as but one voice
Shall speak, one thought but think the other's will.'

The inconsistencies and weaknesses which mark Herbert's poetical work as well as his practical life resulted from that very complexity of his nature which astonished Jonson :

'If men get name for some one virtue, then
What name hast thou, who art so many men,
All-virtuous Herbert?'

A medieval knight with a clear insight into the evils of monarchical and aristocratic rule, a poet who was also an original thinker in an abstruse philosophy, Herbert was never quite sure of himself, and there are times when we are left in doubt whether he was cavalier or roundhead, poet or philosopher, or man of fashion. But this very complexity which marked him off from the mere soldier, the mere poet, the mere statesman, the mere philosopher, the mere saint, gives even to his poetry a distinction of its own.

A word must be given to Herbert's Latin poems. The most important, 'De Vita Humana,' 'De Vita Cœlesti', and 'Hæredibus ac Nepotibus suis' appeared with his work *De Causis Errorum* in 1645, and the two former in an abridged form were included in his *Autobiography*. These were not reprinted in the 1665 edition of his *Verses*, though a number of shorter compositions in Latin were there given.

Herbert's Latin verse is not free from the solecisms common in verse of the time. He uses 'iste', as Renaissance writers did generally, as equivalent to 'hic', 'quaeque' as equivalent to 'omnia'; he attaches '-que' to the second or third word of its clause. He makes 'aruit' = 'arefecit', and has some strange constructions—an indicative mood where a subjunctive is required, 'in' for 'de' after 'agens triumphum', 'gaudeat se' = 'gaudeat'. His vocabulary includes some very unfamiliar words such as 'mador', 'samiatu', 'defrugata', 'creperus'. His prosody is also not above reproach. He has 'muliere', he uses 'transigo', 'implico', &c. as dactyls: he is ignorant of the rule that a vowel cannot be short before 'st' or 'sp'.

But with all these shortcomings Herbert has a considerable command of the resources of the language, and can wrest it to express the natural subtlety of his mind. Needless to say, he has no prettinesses or petty reminiscences of the classical poets.

His poem on human life has some of his characteristic philosophy and is somewhat hard to follow: that on the heavenly life gives an interesting picture of Heaven as he conceived it. His precepts to his heirs and grandchildren bring us still nearer to Herbert as he lived. He bids them not to let themselves be vexed by religious controversies; not to be ready to accept dogmas which are said to rest on miracles, though miracles may indeed occur in any age; to devote themselves to studies which teach the causes of things and train the mind, especially the study of history; to put by a third of their income; to find recreation in fencing, horsemanship, and dancing rather than in hunting; not to go abroad till they have acquired the tongues, and then to study foreign ways but to remain Englishmen;

if they seek military service abroad, not to stay longer than six months ; to know the Court, and honour the King according to the laws, but not to become suitors ; to train children rather by example than an excess either of punishment or praise ; to drive sin from the heart so as not to be separated from God who is rather to be found within than in the Schools.

Of the shorter poems that on the Shovelboard and the epitaph on Mr. Master give a pleasant idea of the terms on which he lived with that witty, learned, and well-loved friend : the lines called ' Euryale Mœrens ' are impressive in their accumulation of gloomy images ; those headed ' Pro laureato poeta ' are curious if they are what they seem to be, a letter of love written on his own behalf when he was no longer young.

III. THE TEXT.

The first edition of Lord Herbert's poems appeared posthumously in octavo form in 1665. The title-page, here reproduced in facsimile, is followed by a dedication dated March 18 166 $\frac{4}{5}$ addressed by Lord Herbert's brother Sir Henry Herbert to Lord Herbert's grandson Edward, the third Lord (A-A₃, the reverse of A 3 being blank). The Poems occupy ninety-six pages (B-G8), of which the last page contains a list of errata. The list is not exhaustive, as becomes clear when the printed text of some of the poems is compared with the text given in MS. copies.

No entry of the book appears in *The Registers of the Stationers' Company*. The printer ' T. R. ' was almost certainly Thomas Roycroft, who was a witness to the will of Thomas Dring, for whom this book was printed. Dring carried on a business as a bookseller at the George in Fleet-

Street from 1649 to 1668, in which year he died. His will was made on 12th Sept. 1668. Roycroft printed (1) at Bartholomew Close, (2) at Printing House, Charterhouse Yard, from 1651-77. He was appointed Printer in the Oriental Languages to Charles II. 'His printing-house was totally destroyed in the Fire of London and many valuable books perished with it' (Plomer, *Dict. of Booksellers and Printers*, pp. 66, 158). The last fact may account for the extreme rarity of copies of Lord Herbert's *Occasional Verses*.

The 'Henry Herbert' who was responsible for the publication of the book and described himself in dedicating it to the third Lord Herbert (the poet's grandson) as 'Your Lordship's Uncle' was undoubtedly his Lordship's 'great-uncle', and brother to the poet. It has been assumed by G. Ellis in his *Specimens of Early English Poets*, by M. Charles de Rémusat in his treatise *Lord Herbert of Cherbury, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*, and by Mr. Churton Collins that he was a younger son of the poet and own uncle to the dedicatee. But Sir Sidney Lee has shown that the poet left no son named Henry and that the book was brought out by the well-known Master of the Revels. Henry Herbert (1595-1673) younger brother of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and of George Herbert was knighted by King James at Wilton on 7th August, 1623, and from that time, as Master of the Revels, exercised great control over all dramatic performances. Like his brother Edward he joined the expedition against the Scots in 1639. His office of Master of the Revels was in abeyance during the Civil War and the Commonwealth, but he was allowed to resume it after the Restoration.

Edward Herbert, third Lord Herbert of Cherbury, to

Where shall my troubled soule at large
 Discharge
 The burden of my sinnes, O where: *It: Ht*
 Whence comes this voice I heare
 Who doth this grace afford
 Yet yt bee thou O Lord
 Say if thou heare my strains when I call: *It: All*
 And wilt thou pittie grant, when I doe cry: *It: I*
 Then though I fall
 Thy grace with my defects supply
 But who will keepe my soule from ill
 Quench bad desires, reforme my will: *It: I will*
 I may that will and voyce bee blest
 W^{ch} yettels such comfort unto our distress
 More blessed yett, w^{ch} doth show thy selfe on maske
 Detail at least who undertakes this task: *It: A*
 Then quickly speake
 Since now wth crying I am growne so weak
 I shall want force to draw thy name
 O speake before I wholly weary am: *It: I*

The Countess of D. I. Herbert of
 Ebury and Castle Island; 1630.

Facsimile of *Echo in a Church* (see p. 47)
 From the last page of Add. MS. 37157 with a note added in
 Lord Herbert's hand

An Ode

Flavours interred her infant's breath
The watery ground that late did mourn
Was strew'd wth flowers for the return
Of the wished Bridgroom of the earth

The well accorded birds did sing
Their hymns unto the pleasant time
And in a sweet consort'd choir
Did welcome in the chearfull spring

To wth softer whistling of the wind
And warbling murmurs of a brook
And varying notes of leaves that shook
An harmony of parts did bind

While doubling joy into each other
All in so rare concert was shewn
No happiness that came alone
Nor pleasure that was not another

When fits wth joys none can express
That loving and beloved pair
Melander and Celinda fair
The season past wth their loves did bless

Facsimile of the early stanzas of *An Ode* (see p. 61)

From Add. MS. 37157, fol. 13 v.

whom the book was dedicated, was born about 1633, and was the poet's favourite grandson. He succeeded his father Richard, the second lord, in 1655. He joined the royalists under Sir George Booth, Lord Delamere, when they declared for Charles II in Cheshire in the autumn of 1659, and on the failure of the attempt suffered a short imprisonment. After the Restoration he was made Custos Rotulorum for Montgomeryshire and for Denbighshire. He corresponded frequently with his uncle, Sir Henry Herbert (R. Warner, *Epistolary Curiosities*, i. 81 &c.). In 1663 he built a house called Lymore near the site of the demolished Montgomery Castle. He died childless in 1678 (*D. N. B.*).

A few of Lord Herbert's poems had appeared in print before 1665. His 'Elegy for the Prince' was one of *Sundry Funeral Elegies*, &c. printed as an appendix to the third (1613) edition of Sylvester's *Lachrymæ Lachrymarum*, his lines addressed to Ben Jonson had appeared in the duodecimo edition of Jonson's *Poems* (1640), the Epitaph on Sidney in a slightly different form had been included in *Wits Recreations*, 'The Green-Sickness Beauty' ('Though the pale', &c.) in *Prince d'Amour* (1660) and the first three stanzas of 'Ditty' ('If you refuse me') in *The Last Remains of Sir John Suckling* (1659). A complimentary couplet, not included in the 1665 edition of Lord Herbert's verses, had been prefixed to *The Holy Roode* (1609) of John Davies of Hereford. The three long Latin poems, as already mentioned, had appeared with *De Causis Errorum* in 1645.

Meanwhile a number of Herbert's poems had been copied into manuscript collections, probably of earlier date than the printed book. Of the MSS. one is by far the most important, British Museum Add. MS. 37157,

subscribed in the author's hand, 'The Verses of Ed. L. Herbert of Cherbery and Castle-Island' and dated '1630'. Unfortunately this date is of rather less value than it should be, as the collection of twenty-three poems (two of them not included in the printed edition) includes Herbert's 'Elegy on Doctor Dunn [Donne]' who died on 31st March, 1631. The importance of this MS. rests not merely on the large number of poems it includes, but on the fact that it gives us two poems of Herbert's not found elsewhere, and on the help, such as it is, afforded by the date; but above all on this, that the MS. is corrected in Lord Herbert's own hand, as is clear both from the nature of the corrections and from a comparison of them with Herbert's undoubted handwriting. The British Museum Catalogue in stating that the corrections are 'probably' his is needlessly cautious.

The MS. of next importance is the Oxford MS., Rawlinson Poet. 31. This contains five poems included in the edition of 1665, four of which are not in Add. MS. 37157. It attributes to Herbert two more poems which are neither in the printed book nor in the Add. MS. And possibly one or more other poems in the collection are from his hand, though here anonymous. The MS., which also contains poems by Harington, Donne, Wotton, &c., is described by Professor Grierson (*Donne's Poetical Works*, vol. ii, pp. ciii, civ).

The poems contained in other miscellaneous MS. collections are less important, but they are not without interest and value from the fact that they were all written down before the appearance of the printed book, and present variant readings many of which probably are from Herbert's hand.

The value of the Manuscripts for correcting the text may be seen by the following examples.

In 'A Description' (pp. 2, 5) the original edition has 'Ey' for 'hy (high)' (l. 1 and last line but one);

in 'Tears, flow no more' (p. 26) it has 'sparks' for 'heate' (l. 10), 'slow' for 'blow' (l. 13);

in the 'Sonnet of Black Beauty' (p. 38) it has 'And' for 'Art' (l. 6);

in 'Another Sonnet to Black it self' (p. 39) it has 'here' for 'hue' (l. 6);

in 'The first Meeting' (pp. 39, 40) it has 'fire' for 'aire' (l. 3), 'found' for 'form'd' (l. 31);

in the poem 'To his Mistress' (pp. 50, 51) it has 'old' for 'of old' (l. 47), 'Sunbright, or' for 'Sun-brighter' (l. 55), 'lightest Usher' for 'Light-Usher' (l. 64), 'Sink' for 'Stink' (ll. 91, 92);

in 'Sonnet' (p. 54) it has 'Grave' for 'Greene' (l. 5);

in the 'Elegy for Doctor Dunn' (p. 59) it has 'detract-ion' for 'detractors' (l. 78).

The general impression however, left after comparing, say, the poems in Add. MS. 37157 with the same poems as they appeared in 1665, is that the printed book is based on a manuscript which represented Herbert's second thoughts. Take for example the poem called *An Ode &c.* There can be little doubt that the 1665 text is in the main a recast of the MS. text, and not vice versa.

I have therefore taken the 1665 text as my basis, and made no changes of wording or punctuation except where the text as it stood was clearly not representative of the author's meaning. I have, moreover, recorded all my departures from the edition of 1665, and added a list of

all variant readings which I have not adopted, unless they were clearly worthless.

I have incorporated with the collection poems (Latin and English) which are undoubtedly Herbert's, though they are not to be found in the edition of 1665, and have included in an Appendix other poems which there is some ground for assigning to him.

I have added a few notes on the persons mentioned in the poems and points that needed some explanation.

I should perhaps add a reference to the editorial work of my predecessor, the late Professor John Churton Collins, to whom I have already given credit for his critical discernment in producing in 1881 the first modern edition of Herbert's Poems. His Introduction is a valuable literary appreciation. Less praise is due to his text. Although claiming that in regard to the text he had 'adhered with scrupulous fidelity to that of the original edition,'¹ his text as a matter of fact differs widely from that of his professed original. I have found at least thirty cases in which he gives an incorrect form—e.g. 'Fourbourgs' for 'Fauxbourgs' (p. 14, l. 25), 'your Rus' for 'Tom Rus' (p. 15, l. 47), 'his mots' for 'he's not' (p. 15, l. 57), 'unfrock' for 'unyoke' (p. 49, l. 20), 'dread' for 'dead' (p. 51, l. 92), 'great Worms' for 'Gut-worms' (p. 51, l. 95), 'her' for 'me' (p. 82, l. 36), 'clods' for 'cloid' (p. 85, l. 49). He departs from his original in an arbitrary manner in the use of capitals and stops, and sometimes by changes of punctuation makes his text more obscure than he found it. In four cases (misled in part by the 1665

¹ Preface, p. vii. He adds, however, 'obvious misprints have been silently corrected'.

edition) he prints as one poem what should be printed as two.

As will have been seen, he consulted no manuscript. He was clearly unaware that manuscript copies of any of the poems existed, and says that the existence of Lord Herbert's poems 'seems not to have been suspected by any of his distinguished contemporaries'.

I owe this to Mr. Collins's text, that some of its errors gave me the desire of issuing a better one. But I also owe to his edition with all its errors my original acquaintance with Lord Herbert's poetical work, and the pleasure which that acquaintance has brought me.

APPENDIX.

I. LIST OF PLACES WHERE THE POEMS OF THE 1665 EDITION ALSO OCCUR IN MS. OR PRINT

PAGE.

- | | | |
|----|---|---|
| 2 | <i>A Description</i> , Rawl. Poet. 31. | |
| 5 | <i>To her Face.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 6 | <i>To her Mind.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 20 | <i>Epitaph. Cæcil. Boulstr.</i> | Harl. 4064, Rawl. Poet. 31, Bodl. Eng. Poet. F. 9. |
| 22 | <i>Elegy for the Prince.</i> | Add. 25303, Add. 21433, Harl. 3910, Camb. U. L. Ec. 4. 14, Rawl. Poet. 26, <i>Lachrymæ Lachrymarum.</i> |
| 26 | ‘Tears flow no more.’ | Add. 37157, Dublin G. 2. 21 |
| 30 | <i>Saqueville's Child.</i> | Add. 37157. |
| 31 | <i>Ditty.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> Suckling's <i>Last Remains.</i> |
| 32 | <i>Elegy over a Tomb.</i> | Add. 37157. |
| 34 | <i>Diana Cecyll.</i> | Add. 37157, Add. 21433, Add. 25303, Harl. 3910, Egerton 2735, Ashmole 36, Rawl. Poet. 147, Dublin G. 2. 21. |
| 35 | <i>To her Eyes.</i> | Add. 37157 |
| 37 | <i>To her Hair.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 38 | <i>Sonnet of Black Beauty.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 39 | <i>Another Sonnet to Black it self.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 39 | <i>The first Meeting.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 43 | <i>The Thought.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> Add. 25707, Harl. 6918. |
| 44 | <i>To a Lady who did sing.</i> | Add. 37157. |
| 47 | <i>Echo in a Church.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 48 | <i>To his Mistress.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 53 | <i>Philip Sidney. Wits Recreations</i> | and St. John's Coll. Camb. MS. |
| 54 | <i>Sonnet.</i> | Add. 37157. |
| 55 | <i>To the C. of D.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 56 | <i>Ditty.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 57 | <i>Dr. Dunn.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 60 | <i>The Brown Beauty.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 61 | <i>An Ode.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 67 | <i>The Green-Sickness Beauty.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |
| 68 | <i>The Green-Sickness Beauty.</i> | <i>ibid.</i> |

II. AN ATTEMPT AT A CHRONOLOGICAL ARRANGEMENT OF HERBERT'S POEMS

- 1608 May. 'I must depart'.
 ? 1608 *Madrigal*. 'How should I love'.
 ? 1608 *Another*. 'Dear, when I did'.
 1608 Aug. *State Progress of Ill*.
 1608 Sep. *Satyra Secunda*.
 1609 Aug. *Epitaph. Cæcil. Boulstr.*
 1609 Aug. *Epitaph. Guli. Herbert.*
 1609 [*To John Davies of Hereford.*]
 ? 1609 *To his Friend Ben Johnson*.
 1612 Nov. *Elegy for the Prince*.
 ? 1613 *In statuam . . Overburi*.
 ? 1613 *De C. de S.*
 1614 'Tears flow no more'.
 ? 1615 *Ditty to the tune of . . Pesarino*.
 ? 1615 *A Ditty to the tune of Coseferite*.
 1615 *Epitaph. in se.*
 ? 1616 *Epitaph on Sir Edward Saqueville's Child*.
 1617 *Elegy over a Tomb*.
 1618 *To a Lady who did sing excellently*.
 ? 1618 *Epitaph on Sir Francis Vere*.
 ? 1618 *In tumulum Domini Francisci Vere*.
 1620 *Sonnet*. 'You well-compacted'.
 ? 1621 *To Mrs. [Lady] Diana Cecyll, To her Eyes, To her Hair,*
 Sonnet of Black Beauty, Another Sonnet to Black
 Itself.
 ? 1621 *A Merry Rime*.
 ? 1622 *In answer to Tilenus*.
 ? 1623 *De Hugone Grotio*.
 Before 1624 and probably early (MS. Rawl. Poet. 31).
 A Description.
 To her Face.
 To her Body.
 To her Mind.
 Before 1631 (Add. MS. 37157).
 Ditty. 'If you Refuse'.
 The First Meeting.
 The Thought.
 Echo in a Church.
 To his Mistress for her true Picture.
 To the C. of D.
 Ditty. 'Why dost thou hate return'.
 The Brown Beauty.
 An Ode.

Before 1631 (Add. MS. 37157).

The Green-Sickness Beauty. 'Though the pale white'.

The Green-Sickness Beauty. 'From thy pale look'.

1631 *Elegy for Doctor Dunn.*

1631 *Ad . . regem Gustavum.*

1632 *Euryale Mærens.*

1639 *The Idea.*

Before 1640 *Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney.*

Before 1643 *Mensa Lusoria.*

1643 *Thomæ Master.*

De Vita Humana

De Vita Cælesti

Hæred. ac Nepot.

'Enraging Griefs'.

} perhaps much earlier.

It is clear that Herbert's poems in the edition of 1665—English and Latin separately—are arranged more or less in order of time : and the position of a poem in the book gives some clue to its date. It is on this principle that I have given a conjectural date to the epitaphs on Sir Francis Vere.

OCCASIONAL
VERSES
OF
EDWARD Lord HERBERT,
BARON
OF
CHERBURY
AND
CASTLE-ISLAND.
Deceased in *August*, 1648.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *T. R.* for *Thomas Dring*, at the
George in *Fleet-street*, near *Cliffords-*
Inn. 1665.



To the Right Honourable

EDWARD Lord *HERBERT*,
Baron of *Cherbery* in *England*, and
·*Castle-Island* in *Ireland*.

My Lord,



HIS Collection of some of the
scattered Copies of Verses, com-
posed in various and perplexed
times, by *Edward Lord Herbert* your late
Grand-father, belongs of double right to
your Lordship, as Heir and Executor : And
had it been in his power t' have bequeath-
ed his Learning by Will, as his Library and
personal Estate, it may be presumed he would
have given it to you, as the best Legacy :

But Learning being not of our Gift, though of our Acquisition, nor of the Paraphernalia of a Ladies Chamber, nor of the casual and fortunate Goods of the World; it must be acknowledged of a transcendency beyond natural things, and a beam of the Divinity: For by the powers of Knowledge Men are not only distinguished from Men, but carried above the reach of ordinary Persons, to give Reasons even of their Belief; not that Men believe because they know, but know because they believe; Faith must precede Knowledg; and yet Men are not bound t' accept matters of Religion (though Religion be th' object and employment of Faith, not of reasoning) meerly without Reason and probable Inducements.

That the learned Centuries are past, and Learning in declension, is too great a truth,
which

which may introduce Atheisme with Ignorance ; for as Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion amongst the Papists, so 'tis the Mother of Atheisme amongst th' Ignorant ; The great and most dangerous design of our Church and National Enemies, is to make us out of love with Learning, as a Mechanick thing, and beneath the Spirits of the Nobility and of Princes : Whereas nothing improves and inlightens th' understandings of great Persons, but Learning, and not only innobles them far above their birth, but inables them t' impose on others, and to give, rather than take advice : The Learned, Generous, and Vertuous Person needs no Ancestors ; And what can so properly be call'd ours, as what is of our purchase ? Gentiles agunt sub nomine Christiano, was an old Reproach upon the Primitive Christians, and now Men out-act the Gentiles.

The

The Goods of this life are all Hydropick, Quo plus bibuntur, plus sitiuntur, Men are the dryer for drinking, and the poorer for covetousness ; no satiety, no fulness, but in spiritual things : The way of Vertue appeared to th' Heathen to be th' only way to Happiness, and yet they knew not many Vertues which are the Glory of Christianity, as Humility, Denying of our selves, Taking up the Cross, Forgiving and loving our Enemies, which th' Heathen took for follies rather than Vertues.

As for Poetry it bears date before Prose, and was of so great authority with the common People and the wiser sort of Antiquity, that it was in veneration with their sacred Writ, and Records, from which they derived their Divinity and belief concerning their Gods, and that their Poets, as Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus were descended of the Gods,

Gods, and divinely inspired, from th' extraordinary Motions of their Minds, and from the Relations of strange Visions, Raptures and Apparitions.

My Lord, Excuse the liberty of this Dedication, and believe me,

Your Lordships Uncle

March 18.
166 $\frac{4}{5}$.

and Humble Servant,

HENRY HERBERT.

TO



TO HIS
WATCH,
When he could not sleep.



Unceasing Minutes, whilst you move you
tell
The time that tells our life, which though
it run
Never so fast or farr, you'r new begun
Short steps shall overtake ; for though life well

May scape his own Account, it shall not yours, 5
You are Death's Auditors, that both divide
And summe what ere that life inspir'd endures
Past a beginning, and through you we bide

The doom of Fate, whose unrecall'd Decree
You date, bring, execute ; making what's new 10
Ill and good, old, for as we die in you,
You die in Time, Time in Eternity.

Ditty.

Ditty.

DEep Sighs, Records of my unpitied Grief,
 Memorials of my true, though hopeless Love,
 Keep time with my sad thoughts, till wish'd Relief
 My long despairs for vain and causeless prove.

Yet if such hap never to you befall, 5
 I give you leave, break time, break heart and all.

〈A Sinner's Lament.〉

LOrd, thus I sin, repent, and sin again,
 As if Repentance only were, in me,
 Leave for new Sin ; thus do I entertain
 My short time, and thy Grace, abusing thee,
 And thy long-suffering ; which though it be 5
 Ne'r overcome by Sin, yet were in vain,
 If tempted oft : thus we our Errours see

Before our Punishment, and so remain
 Without Excuse ; and, Lord, in them 'tis true,
 Thy Laws are just, but why dost thou restrain 10
 Ought else for life, save life ? That is thy due :
 The rest thou mak'st us owe, and mayst to us
 As well forgive ; But oh ! my sins renew,
 Whil'st I do talk with my Creator thus.

A Description.

I Sing her worth and praises hy,
 Of whom a Poet cannot ly,

*The little World the Great shall blaze ;
 Sea, Earth, her Body ; Heaven, her Face ;
 Her Hair, Sun-beams ; whose every part
 Lightens, enflames, each Lover's Heart :
 That thus you prove the * Axiom true,
 Whilst the Sun help'd Nature in you.

* μικρόκοσμος,
 μακρόκοσμος.

5.

* *Sol et homo
 generant hominem.*

Her Front, the White and Azure Sky,
 In Light and Glory raised hy,
 Being o'recast by a Cloudy frown,
 All Hearts and Eyes dejecteth down.

10

Her each Brow a Cœlestial Bow,
 Which through this Sky her Light doth show,
 Which doubled, if it strange appear,
 The Sun's likewise is doubled there.

15

Her either Cheek a Blushing Morn,
 Which, on the Wings of Beauty born,
 Doth never set, but only fair
 Shineth, exalted in her hair.

20

Within her Mouth, Heavens Heav'n, reside
 Her Words, the Soul's there Glorifi'd.

Her Nose th' *Æquator* of this Globe,
 Where Nakedness, Beauties best Robe,
 Presents a form all Hearts to win.

25

Last Nature made that dainty Chin ;
 Which that it might in every fashion
 Answer the rest, a Constellation,
 Like to a Desk, she there did place,
 To write the Wonders of her Face.

30

In this Cœlestial Frontispiece,
 Where Happiness eternal lies ;
 First aranged stand three Senses,
 This Heavens Intelligences.

Whose

Whose several Motions, sweet combin'd, 35
Come from the first Mover, her Mind.

The weight of this harmonique Sphere,
The *Atlas* of her Neck doth bear ;
Whose Favours Day to Us imparts,
When Frowns make Night in Lovers Hearts. 40

Two foming Billows are her Breasts,
That carry, rais'd upon their Crests,
The *Tyrian* Fish : More white's their Fome,
Then that, whence *Venus* once did come :
Here take her by the Hand, my Muse, 45
With that sweet Foe, to make my Truce,
To compact Manna, best compar'd,
Whose dewy inside's not full hard.

Her Wafte's an envers'd Pyramis,
Upon whose Cone Love's Trophee is : 50

Her Belly is that Magazine,
At whose peep Nature did resigne
That pretious Mould, by which alone,
There can be framed such a One :

At th' entrance of which hidden Treasure, 55
Happy making above measure,
Two Alabafter Pillars stand,
To warn all passage from that Land ;
At foot whereof engraved is,
The sad *Non Ultra* of Mans Blifs : 60

The Back of this most pretious Frame
Holds up in Majesty the same :
Where, to make Musick to all Hearts,
Love bound the descant of her parts :

Though all this Beauties Temple be, 65
There's known within no Deity

Save Vertues, shrin'd within her Will:
 As I began, so say I still,
 I sing her Worth and Praises hy,
 Of whom a Poet cannot ly.

70

To her Face.

Fatal Aspect ! that hast an Influence
 More powerful far than those Immortal Fires
 That but incline the Will and move the Sense,
 Which thou alone constrain'st, kindling Desires
 Of such an holy force, as more inspires 5
 The Soul with Knowledge, than Experience
 Or Revelation can do with all
 Their borrow'd helps : Sacred Astonishment
 Sits on thy Brow, threatening a sudden fall
 To all those Thoughts that are not lowly sent, 10
 In wonder and amaze, dazling that Eye
 Which on those Mysteries doth rudely gaze,
 Vow'd only unto Loves Divinity :
 Sure *Adam* sinn'd not in that spotless Face.

To her Body.

Regardful Presence ! whose fix'd Majesty
 Darts Admiration on the gazing Look,
 That brings it not : State sits inthron'd in thee,
 Divulging forth her Laws in the fair Book
 Of thy Commandements, which none mistook, 5
 That ever humbly came therein to see

Their

Their own unworthiness : Oh ! how can I
 Enough admire that Symmetry, express'd
 In new proportions, which doth give the Ly
 To that Arithmetique which hath profess'd 10
 All Numbers to be Hers ? thy Harmony
 Comes from the Spheres, and there doth prove
 Strange measures so well grac'd, as Majesty
 It self, like thee would rest, like thee would move.

To her Mind.

EXalted Mind ! whose Character doth bear
 The first Idea of Perfection, whence
Adam's came, and stands so, how canst appear
 In words ? that only tell what here-
 Tofore hath been ; thou need'st as deep a fence 5
 As prophecy, since there's no difference
 In telling what thou art, and what shall be :
 Then pardon me that Rapture do profess,
 At thy outside, that want, for what I see,
 Description, if here amaz'd I cesse 10
 Thus ———
 Yet grant one Question, and no more, crav'd under
 Thy gracious leave, How, if thou would'st express
 Thy self to us, thou should'st be still a wonder ?

〈 *Loves End.* 〉

THus ends my Love, but this doth grieve me most,
 That so it ends, but that ends too, this yet,
 Besides the Wishes, hopes and time I lost,
 Troubles my mind awhile, that I am set

Free, worfe then deny'd : I can neither boast 5
 Choice nor fuccefs, as my Cafe is, nor get
 Pardon from my felf, that I loved not
 A better Miftrefs, or her worfe ; this Debt
 Only's her due, ftill, that ſhe be forgot
 Ere chang'd, left I love none ; this done, the taint 10
 Of foul Inconftancy is clear'd at leaft
 In me, there only refts but to unpaint
 Her form in my mind, that fo difpoffeft
 It be a Temple, but without a Saint.

Upon Combing her Hair.

BReaking from under that thy cloudy Vail,
 Open and ſhine yet more, ſhine out more clear
 Thou glorious golden-beam-darting hair,
 Even till my wonderſtrucken Senſes fail.
 Shoot out in light, and ſhine thoſe Rays on far, 5
 Thou much more fair than is the Queen of Love,
 When ſhe doth comb her in her Sphere above,
 And from a Planet turns a Blazing-Star.
 Nay, thou art greater too, more deſtiny
 Depends on thee, then on her influence, 10
 No hair thy fatal hand doth now diſpence,
 But to ſome one a thred of life muſt be.
 While gracious unto me, thou both doſt funder
 Thoſe Glories which, if they united were,
 Might have amazed ſenſe, and ſhew'd each hair, 15
 Which if alone had been too great a wonder.

And

And now spread in their goodly length, sh' appears
 No Creature which the earth might call her own,
 But rather one, that in her gliding down,
 Heav'ns beams did crown, to shew us she was theirs. 20

And come from thence, how can they fear times rage
 Which in his power else on earth most strange
 Such Golden treasure doth to Silver change
 By that improper Alchimy of Age ?

But stay, me-thinks, new Beauties do arise, 25
 While she withdraws these Glories which were spread.
 Wonder of Beauties, set thy radiant head,
 And strike out day from thy yet fairer eyes.

Ditty in imitation of the Spanish

Entre tanto que L'Avril.

NOW that the *April* of your youth adorns
 The Garden of your face,
 Now that for you each knowing Lover mourns,
 And all seek to your Grace :
 Do not repay affection with Scorns. 5

What though you may a matchless Beauty vaunt,
 And that all Hearts can move,
 By such a power, as seemeth to enchant ?
 Yet without help of Love
 Beauty no pleasure to it self can grant. 10

Then

Then think each minute that you lose, a day,
 The longest Youth is short,
 The shortest Age is long ; time flies away,
 And makes us but his sport ;
 And that which is not Youth's is Age's prey. 15

See but the bravest Horse, that prideth most,
 Though he escape the Warr,
 Either from master to the man is lost,
 Or turn'd unto the Carr,
 Or else must die with being ridden Post. 20

Then lose not beauty, Lovers, time, and all,
 Too late your fault you see,
 When that in vain you would these days recall ;
 Nor can you vertuous be,
 When without these you have not wherewithall. 25

The State progress of Ill.

I Say, 'tis hard to write Satyrs. Though Ill
 Great'ned in his long course, and swelling still,
 Be now like to a Deluge, yet, as Nile,
 'Tis doubtful in his original ; this while
 We may thus much on either part presume, 5
 That what so universal are, must come
 From causes great and far. Now in this state
 Of things, what is least like Good, men hate,
 Since 'twill be the less fin. I do see
 Some Ill requir'd, that one poison might free 10

The other ; so States, to their Greatness, find
 No faults requir'd but their own, and bind
 The rest. And though this be mysterious still,
 Why should we not examine how this Ill
 Did come at first, how't keeps his greatness here, 15
 When 'tis disguis'd, and when it doth appear ?
 This Ill having some Attributes of God,
 As to have made it self, and bear the rod
 Of all our punishments, as it seems, came
 Into the world, to rule it, and to tame 20
 The pride of Goodness, and though his Reign
 Great in the hearts of men he doth maintain
 By love, not right, he yet the tyrant here
 (Though it be him we love, and God we fear)
 Pretence yet wants not, that it was before 25
 Some part of Godhead, as Mercy, that store
 For Souls grown Bankrupt, their first stock of Grace,
 And that which the sinner of the last place
 Shall number out, unless th' Highest will shew
 Some power, not yet reveal'd to Man below. 30

But that I may proceed, and so go on
 To trace *Ill* in his first progression,
 And through his secret't wayes, and where that he
 Had left his nakedness as well as we,
 And did appear himself,

I note, that in The yet infant-world, how mischief and sin,	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Gradus mali-} \\ \text{funt quo} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Peccamus nobis.} \\ \text{Nocemus aliis.} \end{array} \right.$	35
---	---	--	----

His Agents here on earth, & easie known,
 Are now conceal'd Intelligencers grown :

For since that as a Guard th' Higheft at once
 Put Fear t' attend their private aétions, 40
 And Shame, their publick, other means being fail'd :
 Mifchief, under doing of Good was vail'd,
 And Sin, of Pleafure ; though in this difguife
 They only hide themfelves from mortal eyes.
 Sins, thofe that both com- and o-mitted be, 45
 Once hot and cold, but in a third degree,
 Are now fuch poifons, that though they may lurk
 In fecret parts awhile, yet they will work,
 Though after death : Nor ever come alone,
 But fudden fruitful multiply e'r done. 50
 While in this monftrous birth they only dy
 Whom we confefs, thofe live which we deny.
 Mifchiefs like fatal Conftellations
 Appear unto the ignorant at once,
 In glory and in hurt, while th' unfeen part 55
 Of the great Caufe may be perchance, the Art
 Of th' Ill, and hiding it, which that I may
 Ev'n in his firft original difplay,
 And beft example, fure, amongft Kings, he
 Who firft wanted fucceffion to be 60
 A Tyrant, was wife enough to have chofe
 An honeft man for King, which fhould difpofe
 Thofe beafts, which being fo tame, yet otherwife,
 As it feems, could not heard : And with advife
 Somewhat indifferent for both, he might 65
 Yet have provided for their Childrens right,
 If they grew wifer, not his own, that fo
 They might repent, yet under treason, who
 Ne'r promis'd faith : though now we cannot fpare,
 (And not be worfe) Kings, on thofe tearms they are, 70

No more than we could spare (and have been fav'd)
 Original sin. So then those Priests that rav'd
 And prophec'i'd, they did a kind of good
 They knew not of, by whom the choice first stood.

Since then, we may consider now, as fit, 75
 State-government, and all the Arts of it,
 That we may know them yet, let us see how
 They were deriv'd, done, and are maintain'd now,
 That Princes may by this yet understand
 Why we obey, as well as they command. 80

State, a proportion'd colour'd table, is,
 Nobility the master-piece, in this
 Serves to shew distances, while being put
 'Twixt fight and vastness they seem higher, but
 As they're further off, yet as those blew hills, 85
 Which th' utmost border of a Region fills
 They are great and worse parts, while in the steep
 Of this great Prospective, they seem to keep
 Further absent from those below, though this
 Exalted Spirit that's sure a free Soul, is 90
 A greater privilege, than to be born
 At *Venice*, although he seek not rule, doth scorn
 Subjection, but as he is flesh, and so
 He is to dulness, shame, and many moe
 Such properties, knows, but the Painters Art, 95
 All in the frame is equal : that desert
 Is a more living thing, and doth obey,
 As he gives poor, for God's sake, (though they
 And Kings ask it not so) thinks Honours are
 Figures compos'd of lines irregular, 100
 And happy-high, knows no election
 Raiseth man to true Greatness, but his own.

Mean while, fugged Divines, next place to this,
 Tells us, Humility and Patience is
 The way to Heaven, and that we muſt there 105
 Look for our Kingdom, that the great'ſt rule here
 Is for to rule our ſelves ; and that they might
 Say this the better, they to no place have right
 B' inheritance, while whom Ambition ſwayes,
 Their office is to turn it other wayes. 110

Thoſe yet, whoſe harder minds Religion
 Cannot invade, nor turn from thinking on
 A preſent greatneſs, that Combin'd curſe of Law,
 Of officers, and neighbours ſpite, doth draw
 Within ſuch whirlpools, that till they be drown'd, 115
 They n'er get out, but only ſwim them round.

Thus brief, ſince that the infinite of *Ill*
 Is neither eaſie told, nor ſafe, I will
 But only note, how freeborn man ſubdu'd
 By his own choice, that was at firſt indu'd 120
 With equal power over all, doth now ſubmit
 That infinite of Number, Spirit, Wit,
 To ſome eight Monarchs, then why wonder men
 Their rule of Horſes ?
 The World, as in the Ark of *Noah*, reſts, 125
 Compos'd as then, few Men, and many Beaſts.

Aug. 1608.

At Merlow in France.

Satyra

Satyra Secunda.

Of Travellers : (from Paris.)

B*En Johnson*, Travel is a second birth,
 Unto the Children of another earth,
 Only as our King *Richard* was, so they appear,
 New born to another World, with teeth and hair,
 While got by *English* Parents, carried in 5
 Some Womb of thirty tun, and lightly twin,
 They are delivered at *Callis*, or at *Diep*,
 And strangely stand, go, feed themselves, nay keep
 Their own money freightwayes ; but that is all,
 For none can understand them, when they call 10
 For any thing. No more then *Badger*,
 That call'd the Queen *Monsieur*, laid a wager
 With the King of his Dogs, who understood
 Them all alike, which, *Badger* thought, was good.
 But that I may proceed, since their birth is 15
 Only a kind of *Metempsychosis* ;
 Such Knowledge, as their memory could give,
 They have for help, what time these Souls do live
 In English Clothes, a body which again
 They never rise unto : but as you see, 20
 When they come home, like Children yet that be
 Of their own bringing up ; all they learn, is
 Toyes, and the Language : but to attain this,
 You must conceive, they'r coufen'd, mock'd & come
 To *Fauxbourgs St. Germans*, there take a Room 25
 Lightly

Lightly about th' Ambassadors, and where,
 Having no Church, they come, *Sundays*, to hear,
 An invitation, which they have most part,
 If their outside but promise a desert,
 To sit above the Secretaries place, 30
 Although it be almost as rare a case,
 To see *English* well cloth'd here, as with you
 At *London*, *Indians* : But that your view
 May comprehend at once them gone for *Bloys*,
 Or *Orleans* ; learn'd French, now no more Boys, 35
 But perfect Men at *Paris*, putting on
 Some forc'd disguise, or labour'd fashion,
 To appear strange at home, besides their stay,
 Laugh and look on with me, to see what they
 Are now become ; but that the poorer sort, 40
 A subject not fit for my Muse nor sport,
 May pass untouch'd ; let's but consider, what
Elpus is now become, once young, handsom, and that
 Was such a Wit, as very well with four
 Of the six might have made one, and no more, 45
 Had he been at their *Valentine*, and could
 Agree, *Tom Rus* should use the stock, who would
 Carefully, in that, ev'n as 'twere his own,
 Put out their jests ; briefly, one that was grown
 Ripe to another taste, than that wherein 50
 He is now seasoned and dry'd, as in
 His face, by this you see, which would perplex
 A stranger to define his years, or sex ;
 To which his wrinkles, when he speaks, doth give
 That Age, his words should have, while he doth strive 55
 As if such births had never come from brain,
 To shew, he's not deliver'd without pain,

Nor without After-throws. Sometimes, as Grace
 Did overflow in circles o'r his face,
 Ev'n to the brim, which he thinks Sure, 60
 If this posture do but so long endure,
 That it be fix'd by Age, he'll look as like
 A speaking sign, as our St. *George*, to strike. ,
 That, where he is, none but will hold their peace,
 If th' have but th' least good manners, or confesse, 65
 If he should speak, he did presume too far
 In speaking then, when others readier are.
 Now, that he speaks, are complemental speeches,
 That never go off but below the breeches
 Of him he doth salute, while he doth wring, 70
 And with some loose French words, which he doth string,
 Windeth about the arms, the legs, and sides,
 Most serpent-like, of any man that bides
 His indirect approach, which being done
 Almost without an introduction, 75
 If he have heard but any bragging French
 Boast of the favour of some noble Wench,
 He'll swear, 'twas he did her Graces possess,
 And damn his own soul for the wickedness
 Of other men, strangest of all in that. 80
 But I am weary to describe you what,
 E're this, you can. As for the little fry
 That all along the street turn up the eye
 At every thing they meet, that have not yet
 Seen that swoln vitious Queen, *Margaret*, 85
 Who were a monster ev'n without her sin ;
 Nor the Italian Comedies, wherein
 Women play Boys — I cease to write,
 To end this Satyre, and bid thee good night.

Sept. 1608.

〈 *Parted*

〈 *Parted Souls.* 〉

I Muſt depart, but like to his laſt breath
 That leaves the ſeat of life, for liberty
 I go, but dying, and in this our death,
 Where ſoul and ſoul is parted, it is I
 The deader part that fly away, 5
 While ſhe alas, in whom before
 I liv'd, dyes her own death and more,
 I feeling mine too much, and her own ſtay.

But ſince I muſt depart, and that our love
 Springing at firſt but in an earthly mould, 10
 Tranſplanted to our ſouls, now doth remove
 Earthly effects, what time and diſtance would,
 Nothing now can our loves allay,
 Though as the better Spirits will
 That both love us and know our ill, 15
 We do not either all the good we may.

Thus when our ſouls that muſt immortal be,
 For our loves cannot dye, nor we, (unleſs
 We dye not both together) ſhall be free
 Unto their open and eternal peace, 20
 Sleep, Death's Embaſſadour, and beſt
 Image, doth yours often ſo ſhow,
 That I thereby muſt plainly know,
 Death unto us muſt be freedom and reſt.

May 1608.

Madrigal.

Madrigal.

How should I love my best ?
What though my love unto that height be grown,
That taking joy in you alone
I utterly this world detest,
Should I not love it yet as th' only place 5
Where Beauty hath his perfect grace,
And is possest ?

But I beauties despise,
You, universal beauty seem to me,
Giving and shewing form and degree 10
To all the rest, in your fair eyes,
Yet should I not love them as parts whereon
Your beauty, their perfection
And top, doth rise ?

But ev'n my self I hate, 15
So far my love is from the least delight
That at my very self I spite,
Senseless of any happy state,
Yet may I not with justest reason fear
How hating hers, I truly her 20
Can celebrate ?

Thus

Thus unresolved still
 Although world, life, nay what is fair beside
 I cannot for your sake abide,
 Methinks I love not to my fill,
 Yet if a greater love you can devise,
 In loving you some otherwise,
 Believe't, I will.

25

Another.

DEar, when I did from you remove,
 I left my Joy, but not my Love,
 That never can depart,
 It neither higher can ascend
 Nor lower bend,
 Fixt in the center of my heart
 As in his place,
 And lodged so, how can it change,
 Or you grow strange?
 Those are earth's properties, and base.
 Each where, as the bodies divine
 Heav'ns lights and you to me will shine.

5

10

*To his Friend Ben. Johnson, of his Horace
 made English.*

'TWas not enough, *Ben Johnson*, to be thought
 Of English Poets best, but to have brought

In

In greater state, to their acquaintance, one
 So equal to himself and thee, that none
 Might be thy second, while thy Glory is, 5
 To be the *Horace* of our times and his.

Epitaph. Cæcil. Boulstr. quæ post languescentem morbum non sine inquietudine spiritus & conscientiæ obiit.

*Intelligitur de
 figura mortis
 præfigenda.*

MEthinks Death like one laughing lyes,
 Shewing his teeth, shutting his eys,
 Only thus to have found her here
 He did with so much reason fear,
 And she despise. 5

For barring all the gates of sin,
 Death's open ways to enter in,
 She was with a strict siege beset,
 So what by force he could not get,
 By time to win. 10

This mighty Warrior was deceived yet,
 For what he, mutin in her powers, thought
 Was but their zeal,
 And what by their excess might have been wrought,
 Her fasts did heal. 15

Till that her noble soul, by these, as wings,
 Transcending the low pitch of earthly things,

As

As b'ing reliev'd by God, and fet at large,
 And grown by this worthy a higher charge,
 Triumphant over Death, to Heaven fled, 20
 And did not dye, but left her body dead.

July 1609.

*Epitaph. Guli. Herbert de Swanfey qui
 sine prole obiit Aug. 1609.*

Great Spirit, that in new ambition,
 Stoop'd not below his merit,
 But with his proper worth being carry'd on,
 Stoop'd at no second place, till now in one
 He doth all place inherit : 5

Live endless here in such brave memory,
 The best tongue cannot spot it,
 While they which knew, or but have heard of thee,
 Must never hope thy like again can be,
 Since thou hast not begot it. 10

In a Glass-Window for Inconstancy.

Love, of this clearest, frailest Glas,
 Divide the properties, so as
 In the division may appear
 Clearness for me, frailty for her.

Elegy

Elegy for the Prince.

MUst he be ever dead ? Cannot we add
 Another life unto that Prince that had
 Our souls laid up in him ? Could not our love,
 Now when he left us, make that body move,
 After his death one Age ? And keep unite 5
 That frame wherein our souls did so delight ?
 For what are souls but love ? Since they do know
 Only for it, and can no further go.
 Sense is the Soul of Beasts, because none can
 Proceed so far as t' understand like Man : 10
 And if souls be more where they love, then where
 They animate, why did it not appear
 In keeping him alive : Or how is fate
 Equal to us, when one man's private hate
 May ruine Kingdoms, when he will expose 15
 Himself to certain death, and yet all those
 Not keep alive this Prince, who now is gone,
 Whose loves would give thousands of lives for one :
 Do we then dye in him, only as we
 May in the worlds harmonique body fee 20
 An universally diffused soul
 Move in the parts which moves not in the whole ?
 So though we rest with him, we do appear
 To live and stir a while, as if he were
 Still quick'ning us ? Or do (perchance) we live 25
 And know it not ? See we not Autumn give
 Back to the earth again what it receiv'd
 In th' early Spring ? And may not we deceiv'd

Think

Think that those powers are dead, which do but sleep,
 And the world's foul doth reunited keep ? 30
 And though this Autumn gave, what never more
 Any Spring can unto the world restore,
 May we not be deceiv'd, and think we know
 Our selves for dead ? Because that we are so
 Unto each other, when as yet we live 35
 A life his love and memory doth give,
 Who was our worlds foul, and to whom we are
 So reunite, that in him we repair
 All other our affections ill bestow'd :
 Since by this love we now have such abode 40
 With him in Heaven as we had here, before
 He left us dead. Nor shall we question more,
 Whether the Soul of man be memory,
 As *Plato* thought : We and posterity
 Shall celebrate his name, and vertuous grow, 45
 Only in memory that he was so ;
 And on those tearms we may seem yet to live,
 Because he lived once, though we shall strive
 To figh away this seeming life so fast,
 As if with us 'twere not already past. 50
 We then are dead, for what doth now remain
 To please us more, or what can we call pain,
 Now we have lost him ? And what else doth make
 Diff'rence in life and death, but to partake
 Nor joy, nor pain ? Oh death, could'ft not fulfil 55
 Thy rage against us no way, but to kill
 This Prince, in whom we liv'd ? that so we all
 Might perish by thy hand at once, and fall
 Under his ruine, thenceforth though we should
 Do all the actions that the living would, 60
 Yet

Yet we shall not remember that we live,
 No more then when our Mothers womb did give
 That life we felt not : Or should we proceed
 To such a wonder, that the dead should breed,
 It should be wrought to keep that memory, 65
 Which being his, can, therefore, never dy.

Novemb. 9. 1612.

Epitaph of King James.

Here lyes King *James*, who did so propagate
 Unto the World that blest and quiet state
 Wherein his Subjects liv'd, he seem'd to give
 That peace which Christ did leave, and so did live,
 As once that King and Shepherd of his Sheep, 5
 That whom God saved, here he seem'd to keep,
 Till with that innocent and single heart
 With which he first was crown'd, he did depart
 To better life : Great *Brittain* so lament,
 That Strangers more then thou may yet resent 10
 The sad effects, and while they feel the harm
 They must endure from the victorious arm
 Of our King *Charles*, may they so long complain,
 That tears in them force thee to weep again.

A Vision.

*A Lady combing
 her hair.*

Within an open curled Sea of Gold *The hair*
 A Bark of Ivory, one day, I saw, *The Comb*
 Which striking with his Oars did seem *The teeth of*
 to draw *the Comb.*
 Tow'rds a fair Coast, w^{ch} I then did behold. *Her side.*

A Lady held the Stern, while her white hand 5
 Whiter then either Ivory or *Sail*, *The Cuff or*
 Over the furling Waves did so prevail, *smock sleeve,*
 That she had now approached near the *Land.* *Her shoulder.*

When suddenly, as if she fear'd some wrack,
 And yet the Sky was fair, and Air was clear, 10
 And neither *Rock*, nor *Monster* did appear, *{ Wart*
 Doubting the Point, which spi'd, she turned back. *{ Lice.*

Then with a *Second course* I saw her steer *Combing in ano-*
 As if she meant to reach some other Bay, *ther place.*
 Where being approach'd she likewise turn'd away, 15
 Though in the Bark some *Waves* now *Hairs in the Comb.*
 entred were.

Thus varying oft her course, at last I found,
 While I in quest of the Adventure go,
The Sail took down, and Oars had ceas'd *She had given over*
to row, *combing.*
And that the Bark it self was run aground. 20

Wherewith *Earths fairest Creature* I beheld, *Her face.*
 For which both *Bark and Sea* I gladly *Her hair put up, and*
lost. *Comb cast away.*

Let no Philosopher of Knowledge boast,
 Unless that he my Vision can unfold.

⟨ *Tears,*

〈*Tears, flow no more.*〉

TEars, flow no more, or if you needs muſt flow,
 Fall yet more flow,
 Do not the world invade,
 From ſmaller ſprings then yours rivers have grown,
 And they again a Sea have made, 5
 Brackiſh like you, and which like you hath flown.

Ebb to my heart, and on the burning fires
 Of my deſires,
 O let your torrents fall,
 From ſmaller heate then theirs ſuch ſparks ariſe 10
 As into flame converting all,
 This world might be but my love's ſacrifice.

Yet if the tempeſts of my ſighs ſo blow
 You both muſt flow,
 And my deſires ſtill burn, 15
 Since that in vain all help my love requires,
 Why may not yet their rages turn
 To dry thoſe tears, and to blow out thoſe fires ?

Italy 1614.

*Ditty to the tune of A che del Quanto-
 mio of Pefarino.*

WHere now ſhall theſe Accents go ?
 At which Creatures ſilent grow

While

While Woods and Rocks do speak ?

And seem to break

Complaints too long for them to hear,

5

Saying, I call in vain : *Echo* –All in vain.

:=:

:=:

:=:

Where there is no relief ; *Ec.* Here is no relief.

Ah why then should I fear

Unto her rocky heart to speak that grief,

In whose laments these bear a part ?

10

Then cruel heart

Do but some answer give,

I do but crave=Do you forbid to live, or bid to live.

Echo Live.

Ditty.

CAn I then live to draw that breath

Which must bid farewell to thee ?

Yet how should death not seize on me ?

Since absence from the life I hold so dear must needs be

While I do feel in parting (death,

Such a living dying, 6

As in this my most fatal hour

Grief such a life doth lend

As quick'ned by his power,

Even death cannot end. 10

〈*Love speaks at last.*〉

I Am the first that ever lov'd,

He yet that for the place contends

Against true love so much offends,

That even this way it is prov'd.

For whose affection once is shown, 5
No longer can the World beguile,
Who see his pennance all the while,
He holds a Torch to make her known.

You are the first were ever lov'd,
And who may think this not so true, 10
So little knows of love or you,
It need not otherwise be prov'd.

For though the more judicious eyes
May know when Diamonds are right,
There is requir'd a greater light 15
Their estimate and worth to prize.

While they who most for beauty strives,
Can with no Art so lovely grow
As she who doth but only ow
So much as true affection gives. 20

Thus first of Lovers I appear,
For more appearance makes me none ;
And thus are you belov'd alone,
That are pris'd infinitely dear.

Yet as in our Northern Clime 25
Rare fruits, though late, appear at last ;
As we may see, some years b'ing past,
Our Orange-trees grow ripe with time.

So think not strange, if Love to break
 His wonted silence now make bold, 30
 For <when> a Love is seven years old,
 Is it not time to learn to speak ?
 Then gather in that which doth grow
 And ripen to that fairest hand ;
 'Tis not enough that trees do stand, 35
 If their fruit fall and perish too.

Epitaph of a stinking Poet.

Here stinks a Poet, I confess,
 Yet wanting breath stinks so much less.

*A Ditty to the tune of Cose ferite, made by
 Lorenzo Allegre to one sleeping to be
 sung.*

Ah wonder.

S O fair a Heaven So fair, &c.	And no Starr shining, Ay me, and no Starr, &c. 5 'Tis past my divining.
--	---

Yet stay.

May not perchance this be some rising Morn ?
 Which in the scorn
 Of our Worlds light discloses 10
 This Air of Violets, that Sky of Roses ?
 Tis so.

An

An Oriental Sphere
 Doth open and appear,
 Ascending bright. 15
 Then since thy hymn I chant
 May'ft thou new pleasures grant,
 Admired light.

*Epitaph on Sir Edward Saquevile's Child,
 who dyed in his Birth.*

REader, here lies a Child that never cry'd,
 And therefore never dy'd,
 'Twas neither old nor yong,
 Born to this and the other world in one :
 Let us then cease to mone, 5
 Nothing that ever dy'd hath liv'd so long.

Kissing.

COME hither Womankind, and all their worth,
 Give me thy Kiffes as I call them forth.
 Give me the billing-Kifs, that of the Dove,
 A Kifs of love ;
 The melting-Kifs, a Kifs that doth consume 5
 To a perfume ;
 The extract-Kifs, of every sweet a part,
 A Kifs of Art ;
 The Kifs which ever stirs some new delight,
 A Kifs of Might ;

The twaching fmacking Kifs, and when you cease

A Kiss of Peace ;

The Mufick-Kiss, crotchet and quaver time,

The Kifs of Rime,

The Kifs of Eloquence, which doth belong

15

Unto the tongue ;

The Kifs of all the Sciences in one,

The Kifs alone.

So 'tis enough.

Ditty.

IF you refuse me once, and think again,

I will complain,

You are deceiv'd : Love is no work of Art,

It must be got and born,

Not made and worn,

5

Or fuch wherein you have no part.

Or do you think they more then once can dy

Whom you deny ?

Who tell you of a thousand deaths a day,

Like the old Poets fain,

IO

And tell the pain

They met but in the common way.

Or do you think it is too soon to yield,

And quit the Field ?

You are deceiv'd, they yield who first intreat ;

15

Once one may crave for love,

But more would prove

This heart too little, that too great.

Give

Give me then so much love, that we may burn
 Past all return, 20
Who mid'st your beauties flames, and spirit lives,
 So great a light must find
 As to be blind
To all but what their fire gives.

Then give me so much love, as in one point 25
 Fix'd and conjoynt
May make us equal in our flames arise,
 As we shall never start
 Until we dart
Lightning upon the envious eyes. 30

Then give me so much love, that we may move
 Like stars of love,
And glad and happy times to Lovers bring ;
 While glorious in one sphere
 We still appear, 35
And keep an everlasting Spring.

Elegy over a Tomb

MUST I then see, alas ! eternal night
 Sitting upon those fairest eyes,
And closing all those beams, which once did rise
 So radiant and bright,
That light and heat in them to us did prove 5
 Knowledge and Love ?

Oh

Oh, if you did delight no more to stay
 Upon this low and earthly stage,
 But rather chose an endless heritage,
 Tell us at least, we pray, 10
 Where all the beauties that those ashes ow'd
 Are now bestow'd ?

Doth the Sun now his light with yours renew ?
 Have Waves the curling of your hair ?
 Did you restore unto the Sky and Air, 15
 The red, and white, and blew ?
 Have you vouchsafed to flows since your death
 That sweetest breath ?

Had not Heav'ns Lights else in their houses slept,
 Or to some private life retir'd ? 20
 Must not the Sky and Air have else conspir'd,
 And in their Regions wept ?
 Must not each flower else the earth could breed
 Have been a weed ?

But thus enrich'd may we not yield some cause 25
 Why they themselves lament no more ?
 That must have changed the course they held before,
 And broke their proper Laws,
 Had not your beauties giv'n this second birth
 To Heaven and Earth ? 30

Tell us, for Oracles must still ascend,
 For those that crave them at your tomb :
 Tell us, where are those beauties now become,
 And what they now intend :

Tell

Tell us, alas, that cannot tell our grief,
Or hope relief.

35

1617.

Epitaph on Sir Francis Vere.

Reader,

IF thou appear
Before this tomb, attention give,
And do not fear,
Unless it be to live,
For dead is great Sir *Francis Vere*.

5

Of whom this might be said, should God ordain
One to destroy all finners, whom that one
Redeem'd not there, that so he might atone
His chosen flock, and take from earth that stain,
That spots it still, he worthy were alone
To finish it, and have, when they were gone,
This World for him made Paradise again.

10

To Mrs. Diana Cecyll.

DIANA Cecyll, that rare beauty thou dost show
Is not of Milk, or Snow,
Or such as pale and whitely things do ow.
But an illustrious Oriental Bright,
Like to the Diamonds refracted light,
Or early Morning breaking from the Night.

5

Nor

Nor is thy hair and eyes made of that ruddy beam,
 Or golden-fanded stream,
 Which we find still the vulgar Poets theme,
 But reverend black, and such as you would say, 10
 Light did but serve it, and did shew the way,
 By which at first night did precede the day.

Nor is that fymmetry of parts and form divine
 Made of one vulgar line,
 Or such as any know how to define, 15
 But of proportions new, so well exprest,
 That the perfections in each part confest,
 Are beauties to themselves, and to the rest.

Wonder of all thy Sex ! let none henceforth inquire
 Why they so much admire, 20
 Since they that know thee best ascend no higher ;
 Only be not with common praises woo'd
 Since admiration were no longer good,
 When men might hope more then they understood.

To her Eyes.

BLack eyes if you seem dark,
 It is because your beams are deep,
 And with your soul united keep :
 Who could discern
 Enough into them, there might learn, 5
 Whence they derive that mark ;

And

And how their power is such,
 That all the wonders which proceed from thence,
 Affecting more the mind then sense,
 Are not so much 10
 The works of light, as influence.

As you then joined are
 Unto the Soul, so it again
 By its connexion doth pertain
 To that first cause, 15
 Who giving all their proper Laws,
 By you doth best declare
 How he at first b'ing hid
 Within the veil of an eternal night,
 Did frame for us a second light, 20
 And after bid
 It serve for ordinary fight.

His image then you are.
 If there be any yet who doubt
 What power it is that doth look out 25
 Through that your black,
 He will not an example lack,
 If he suppose that there
 Were grey, or hable Glafs,
 And that through them, though sight or soul might shine,
 He must yet at the last define, 31
 That beams which pass
 Through black, cannot but be divine.

To her Hair.

BLack beamy hairs, which so seem to arise
 From the extraction of those eyes,
 That into you she destin-like doth spin
 The beams she spares, what time her soul retires,
 And by those hallow'd fires, 5
 Keeps house all night within.

Since from within her awful front you shine,
 As threads of life which she doth twine,
 And thence ascending with your fatal rays,
 Do crown those temples, where Love's wonders wrought
 We afterwards see brought 11
 To vulgar light and praise.

Lighten through all your regions, till we find
 The causes why we are grown blind,
 That when we should your Glories comprehend 15
 Our sight recoils, and turneth back again,
 And doth, as 'twere in vain,
 It self to you extend.

Is it, because past black, there is not found
 A fix'd or horizontal bound ? 20
 And so, as it doth terminate the white,
 It may be said all colours to infold,
 And in that kind to hold
 Somewhat of infinite ?

Or

Or is it, that the centre of our sight 25

Being vailed in its proper night
Discerns your blackness by some other sense,
Then that by which it doth py'd colours see,
Which only therefore be
Known by their difference ? 30

Tell us, when on her front in curls you lye
So diaped from that black eye,
That your reflected forms may make us know
That shining light in darkness all would find,
Were they not upward blind 35
With the Sun beams below.

Sonnet of Black Beauty.

BLack beauty, which above that common light,
Whose Power can no colours here renew
But those which darkness can again subdue,
Do't still remain unvary'd to the sight,
And like an object equal to the view, 5
Art neither chang'd with day, nor hid with night ;
When all these colours which the world call bright,
And which old Poetry doth so pursue,
Are with the night so perished and gone,
That of their being there remains no mark, 10
Thou still abidest so intirely one,
That we may know thy blackness is a spark
Of light inaccessible, and alone
Our darkness which can make us think it dark.

Another

Another Sonnet to Black it self.

THOU Black, wherein all colours are compos'd,
 And unto which they all at last return,
 Thou colour of the Sun where it doth burn,
 And shadow, where it cools, in thee is clos'd
 Whatever nature can, or hath dispos'd 5
 In any other Hue : from thee do rise
 Those tempers and complexions, which disclos'd,
 As parts of thee, do work as mysteries,
 Of that thy hidden power ; when thou dost reign
 The characters of fate shine in the Skies, 10
 And tell us what the Heavens do ordain,
 But when Earth's common light shines to our eyes,
 Thou so retir'dst thy self, that thy disdain
 All revelation unto Man denys.

The first Meeting.

AS sometimes with a fable Cloud
 We see the Heavens bow'd,
 And darkning all the aire,
 Untill the lab'ring fires they do contain
 Break forth again, 5
 Ev'n so from under your black hair
 I saw such an unusual blaze
 Light'ning and sparkling from your eyes,
 And with unused prodigies
 Forcing such terrors and amaze, 10
 That

That I did judge your Empire here
Was not of love alone, but fear.

But as all that is violent
Doth by degrees relent,
So when that sweetest face, 15
Growing at last to be serene and clear,
Did now appear
With all its wonted heav'nly Grace,
And your appeased eyes did send
A beam from them so soft and mild, 20
That former terrors were exil'd,
And all that could amaze did end ;
Darkness in me was chang'd to light,
Wonder to love, love to delight.

Nor here yet did your goodness cease 25
My heart and eyes to bless,
For being past all hope,
That I could now enjoy a better state,
An orient gate
(As if the Heav'ns themselves did ope) 30
First form'd in thee, and then disclos'd
So gracious and sweet a smile,
That my soul ravished the while,
And wholly from it self unloos'd,
Seem'd hov'ring in your breath to rise, 35
To feel an air of Paradise.

Nor here yet did your favours end,
For whilst I down did bend,

As one who now did miss
 A soul, which grown much happier then before, 40
 Would turn no more,
 You did bestow on me a Kifs,
 And in that Kifs a soul infuse,
 Which was so fashion'd by your mind,
 And which was so much more refin'd, 45
 Then that I formerly did use,
 That if one soul found joys in thee,
 The other fram'd them new in me.

But as those bodies which dispense
 Their beams, in parting hence 50
 Those beams do recollect,
 Until they in themselves resumed have
 The forms they gave,
 So when your gracious aspect
 From me was turned once away, 55
 Neither could I thy soul retain,
 Nor you gave mine leave to remain,
 To make with you a longer stay,
 Or suffer'd ought else to appear
 But your hair, nights hemisphere. 60

Only as we in Loadstones find
 Vertue of such a kind,
 That what they once do give,
 B'ing neither to be chang'd by any Clime,
 Or forc'd by time, 65
 Doth ever in its subjects live ;

So

So though I be from you retir'd,
 The power you gave yet still abides,
 And my soul ever so guides,

By your magnetique touch inspir'd, 70
 That all it moves, or is inclin'd,
 Comes from the motions of your mind.

*A merry Rime sent to the Lady Wroth
 upon the Birth of my L. of Pembroke's
 Child, born in the Spring.*

M Adam, though I am one of those
 That every Spring use to compose,
 That is, add feet unto round Prose :

Yet you a further art disclose,
 And can, as every body knows, 5
 Add to those feet fine dainty toes,
 Satyrs add nails, but they are shrews,
 My Muse therefore no further goes,
 But for her feet craves shooes and hose.

Let a fair season add a Rose, 10
 While thus attired wee'l oppose
 The tragick buskins of our foes.

And herewith, Madam, I will close,
 And 'tis no matter how it shews,
 All I care is, if the child grows. 15

The Thought.

I.

IF you do love, as well as I,
 Then every minute from your heart
 A thought doth part :
 And winged with desire doth fly
 Till it hath met in a streight line, 5
 A thought of mine
 So like to yours, we cannot know
 Whether of both doth come or go,
 Till we define
 Which of us two that thought doth ow. 10

2.

I say then, that your thoughts which pass,
 Are not so much the thoughts you meant,
 As those I sent :
 For as my image in a Glass
 Belongs not to the Glass you see, 15
 But unto me,
 So when your fancy is so clear,
 That you would think you saw me there,
 It needs must be,
 That it was I did first appear. 20

3.

Likewise when I send forth a thought,
 My reason tells me, 'tis the same,
 Which from you came,

And

And which your beauteous Image wrought ;
Thus while our thoughts by turns do lead 25
 None can precede ;
And thus while in each others mind
Such interchanged forms we find,
 Our loves may plead
To be of more then vulgar kind. 30

4.

May you then often think on me,
And by that thinking know 'tis true
 I thought on you :
I in the same belief will be,
While by this mutual address 35
 We will possess
A love must live, when we do dy,
Which rare and secret property
 You will confess,
If you do love as well as I. 40

To a Lady who did sing excellently.

I.

WHEN our rude & unfashion'd words, that long
 A being in their elements enjoy'd,
 Senseless and void,
Come at last to be formed by thy tongue,
 And from thy breath receive that life and place, 5
 And perfect grace,
That

That now thy power diffus'd through all their parts
 Are able to remove
 All the obstructions of the hardest hearts,
 And teach the most unwilling how to love ;

10

2.

When they again, exalted by thy voice,
 Tun'd by thy soul, dismiss'd into the air,
 To us repair,
 A living, moving, and harmonious noise,
 Able to give the love they do create
 A second state,
 And charm not only all his griefs away,
 And his defects restore,
 But make him perfect, who, the Poets say,
 Made all was ever yet made heretofore ;

15

20

3.

When again all these rare perfections meet,
 Composed in the circle of thy face,
 As in their place,
 So to make up of all one perfect sweet,
 Who is not then so ravish'd with delight
 Ev'n of thy sight,
 That he can be assur'd his sense is true,
 Or that he die, or live,
 Or that he do enjoy himself, or you,
 Or only the delights, which you did give ?

25

30

Melander *suppos'd to love* Susan, *but did*
love Ann.

WHO doth presume my Mistress's name to scan,
Goes about more then any way he can,
Since all men think that it is *Susan*. *Echo Ann.*

What say'st? Then tell who is as white as Swan,
While others fet by her are pale and wan, 5
Then, *Echo*, speak, Is it not *Susan*? *Ec. Ann.*

Tell, *Echo*, yet, whose middle's but a span,
Some being grofs as bucket, round as pan;
Say, *Echo*, then, Is it not *Susan*? *Ec. Ann.*

Say, is she not soft as meal without bran, 10
Though yet in great hast once from me she ran,
Must I not however love *Susan*? *Ec. Ann.*

Echo to a Rock.

THOU heaven-threat'ning Rock, gentler then she!
Since of my pain
Thou still more sensible wilt be,
Only when thou giv'st leave but to complain.
Echo Complain. 5

But

But thou dost answer too, although in vain

Thou answer'ft when thou canst no pity show.

Echo Oh.

What canst thou speak and pity too ?

Then yet a further favour do,

10

And tell if of my griefs I any end shall know.

Echo No.

Sure she will pity him that loves her so truly.

Echo You ly.

Vile Rock, thou now grow'ft so unruly,

15

That had'ft thou life as thou haft voice,

Thou should'ft dye at my foot.

Echo Dye at my foot.

Thou canst not make me do't,

Unless thou leave it to my choice,

20

Who thy hard sentence shall fulfill,

When thou shalt say, I dye to please her only will.

Echo I will.

When she comes hither, then, I pray thee, tell,

Thou art my Monument, and this my last farewell.

25

Echo Well.

Echo in a Church.

WHere shall my troubled soul, at large
Discharge

The burden of her sins, oh where ?

Echo Here.

Whence

Whence comes this voice I hear ? 5

Who doth this grace afford ?

If it be thou, O Lord,

Say, if thou hear my prayers when I call.

Echo All.

And wilt thou pity grant when I do cry ? 10

Echo I.

Then though I fall,

Thy Grace will my defects supply,

But who will keep my soul from ill,

Quench bad desires, reform my Will ? 15

Echo I will.

O may that will and voice be blest,

Which yields such comforts unto one distressed,

More blessed yet, would'st thou thy self unmask,

Or tell, at least, who undertakes this task. 20

Echo Ask.

Then quickly speak,

Since now with crying I am grown so weak,

I shall want force even to crave thy name,

O speak before I wholly weary am. 25

Echo I am.

To his Mistress for her true Picture.

DEath, my lifes Mistress, and the sovereign Queen
Of all that ever breath'd, though yet unseen,
My heart doth love you best, yet I confess,
Your picture I beheld, which doth express

No

No fuch eye-taking beauty, you feem lean, 5
 Unless you'r mended fince. Sure he did mean
 No honour to you, that did draw you fo ;
 Therefore I think it falfe : Befides, I know
 The picture, Nature drew, (which fure's the beft)
 Doth figure you by fleep and fweeteft reft : 10
 Sleep, nurfe of our life, care's beft repofer,
 Natures high'ft rapture, and the vifion giver :
 Sleep, which when it doth feize us, fouls go play,
 And make Man equal as he was firft day.
 Yet fome will fay, Can pictures have more life 15
 Then the original ? To end this ftrife,
 Sweet Miftrefs come, and fhew your felf to me,
 In your true form, while then I think to fee
 Some beauty Angelick, that comes t' unlock
 My bodies prifon, and from life unyoke 20
 My well divorced foul, and fet it free,
 To liberty eternal : Thus you fee,
 I find the Painters error, and protect
 Your abfent beauties, ill drawn, by th' effect :
 For grant it were your work, and not the Graves, 25
 Draw Love by Madnefs then, Tyrants by Slaves,
 Becaufe they make men fuch. Dear Miftrefs, then
 If you would not be feen by owl-ey'd Men,
 Appear at noon i'th' Air, with fo much light,
 The Sun may be a Moon, the Day a Night, 30
 Clear to my Soul, but dark'ning the weak fenfe
 Of thofe, the other Worlds Cimmeriens,
 And in your fatal Robe, imbroidered
 With Starr-characters, teaching me to read
 The deftiny of Mortals, while your clear brow 35
 Presents a Majefty, to inftroct me how

To

To love or dread nought else : May your bright hair,
 Which are the threds of life, fair crown'd appear
 With that your Crown of Immortality :
 In your right hand the Keys of Heaven be ; 40
 In th' other those of the Infernal Pit,
 Whence none retires, if once he enter it.
 And here let me complain, how few are those
 Whose souls you shall from earth's vast dungeon lose
 To endless happiness ! few that attend 45
 You, the true Guide, unto their journeys end :
 And if of old Vertue's way narrow were,
 'Tis rugged now, having no passenger.
 Our life is but a dark and stormy night,
 To which sense yields a weak and glimmering light ; 50
 While wandring Man thinks he discerneth all,
 By that which makes him but mistake and fall :
 He sees enough, who doth his darkness see ;
 These are great lights, by which less dark'ned be.
 Shine then Sun-brighter through my senses vail, 55
 A day-star of the light doth never fail ;
 Shew me that Goodness which compounds the strife
 'Twixt a long sickness and a weary life.
 Set forth that Justice which keeps all in aw,
 Certain and equal more than any Law. 60
 Figure that happy and eternal Rest,
 Which till Man do enjoy, he is not blest.
 Come and appear then, dear Soul-ravisher,
 Heavens-Light-Usher, Man's deliverer,
 And do not think, when I new beauties see, 65
 They can withdraw my settled love from thee.
 Flesh-beauty strikes me not at all, I know,
 When thou do'st leave them to the grave, they show
Worse,

Worfe, then they now ſhow thee : they ſhal not move
 In me the leaſt part of delight, or love, 70
 But as they teach your power : Be ſhe nut-brown,
 The lovelieſt colour which the fleſh doth crown :
 I'll think her like a Nut, a fair outſide,
 Within which Worms and rottenneſs abide :
 If fair, then like the Worm it ſelf to be ; 75
 If painted, like their ſlime and fluttery.
 If any yet will think their beauties beſt,
 And will, againſt you, ſpite of all, conteſt,
 Seize them with Age : ſo in themſelves they'l hate
 What they ſcorn'd in your picture, and too late 80
 See their fault, and the Painters : Yet if this,
 Which their great'ſt plague and wrinkled torture is,
 Pleaſe not, you may to the more wicked fort,
 Or ſuch as of your praifes make a ſport,
 Denounce an open warr, ſend choſen bands 85
 Of Worms, your ſouldiers, to their faireſt hands,
 And make them lep'rous-ſcabb'd : upon their face
 Let thoſe your Pioners, Ring-worms, take their place,
 And ſafely near with ſtrong approaches got
 Intrench it round, while their teeths rampire rot 90
 With other Worms, may with a damp inbred
 Stink to their ſenſes, which they ſhall not dead :
 And thus may all that e'r they prided in,
 Confound them now : As for the parts within,
 Send Gut-worms, which may undermine a way 95
 Unto their vital parts, and ſo diſplay
 That your pale Enſign on the walls : then let
 Thoſe Worms, your Veteranes, which never yet
 Did fail, enter *Pel mel*, and ranſack all,
 Juſt as they ſee the well-raiſ'd building fall : 100
 While

While they do this, your Forragers command,
 The Caterpillars, to devour their land ;
 And with them Wasps, your wing'd-worm-horsmen, bring,
 To charge, in troop, those Rebels, with their sting :
 All this, unless your beauty they confess. 105

And now, sweet Mistress, let m' a while digress,
 T' admire these noble Worms, whom I invoke,
 And not the Muses : You that eat through Oak
 And bark, will you spare Paper, and my Verse,
 Because your praises they do here rehearse ? 110

Brave Legions then, sprung from the mighty race
 Of Man corrupted, and which hold the place
 Of his undoubted Issue ; you that are
 Brain-born, *Minerva*-like, and like her warr,
 Well-arm'd compleat-maile-jointed Souldiers, 115
 Whose force *Herculean* links in pieces tears ;
 To you the vengeance of all spill-bloods falls,
 Beast-eating Men, Men-eating Cannibals.
 Death-priviledg'd, were you in sunder smit
 You do not lose your life, but double it : 120
 Best framed types of the immortal Soul,
 Which in your selves, and in each part are whole :
 Last-living Creatures, heirs of all the earth,
 For when all men are dead, it is your birth :
 When you dy, your brave self-kill'd Generall 125
 (For nothing else can kill him) doth end all.
 What vermine-breeding body then thinks scorn,
 His flesh should be by your brave fury torn ?

Willing,

Willing, to you, this Carkas I submit,
 A gift so free, I do not care for it : 130
 Which yet you shall not take, untill I see
 My Mistress first reveal her self to me.

Mean while, Great Mistress, whom my soul admires,
 Grant me your true picture, who it desires,
 That he your matchless beauty might maintain 135
 'Gainst all men that will quarrels entertain
 For a Flesh-Mistress ; the worst I can do,
 Is but to keep the way that leads to you,
 And howsoever the event doth prove,
 To have Revenge below, Reward above ; 140
 Hear, from my bodies prison, this my Call,
 Who from my mouth-grate, and eye-window bawl.

*Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney lying in
 St. Paul's without a Monument, to be
 fastned upon the Church door.*

Reader,

Within this Church Sir *Philip Sidney* lies,
 Nor is it fit that I should more acquaint,
 Left superstition rise,
 And Men adore, 5
 Souldiers, their Martyr ; Lovers, their Saint.

Epitaph

*Epitaph for himself.**Reader,*

THE Monument which thou beholdest here,
 Presents *Edward Lord Herbert*, to thy sight,
 A man, who was so free from either hope or fear,
 To have or loose this ordinary light, 5
 That when to elements his body turned were,
 He knew that as those elements would fight,
 So his Immortal Soul should find above,
 With his Creator, Peace, Joy, Truth, and Love.

Sonnet.

YOU well compacted Groves, whose light & shade
 Mixt equally, produce nor heat, nor cold,
 Either to burn the young, or freeze the old,
 But to one even temper being made,
 Upon a Greene embroidering through each Glade 5
 An Airy Silver, and a Sunny Gold,
 So cloath the poorest that they do behold
 Themselves, in riches which can never fade,
 While the wind whistles, and the birds do sing,
 While your twigs clip, and while the leaves do frifs, 10
 While the fruit ripens which those trunks do bring,
 Senseless to all but love, do you not spring
 Pleasure of such a kind, as truly is
 A self-renewing vegetable blifs ?

*Made upon the Groves near Merlow Castle.**To*

To the C. of D.

I.

SInce in your face, as in a beauteous sphere,
S
Delight and state so sweetly mix'd appear,
That Love's not light, nor Gravity severe,
All your attractive Graces seem to draw,
A modest rigor keepeth so in aw, 5
That in their turns each of them gives the law.

2.

Therefore though chaste and vertuous desire
Through that your native mildness may aspire,
Untill a just regard it doth acquire ;
Yet if Love thence a forward hope project, 10
You can, by vertue of a sweet neglect,
Convert it straight to reverend respect.

3.

Thus, as in your rare temper, we may find
An excellence so perfect in each kind,
That a fair body hath a fairer mind ; 15
So all the beams you diversly do dart,
As well on th' understanding as the heart,
Of love and honour equal cause impart.

Ditty.

Ditty.

I.

WHy dost thou hate return instead of love ?
 And with such merciless despite,
 My faith and hope requite ?
 Oh ! if th' affection cannot move,
 Learn Innocence yet of the Dove, 5
 And thy disdain to juster bounds confine ;
 Or if t'wards Man thou equally decline
 The rules of Justice and of Mercy too,
 Thou may'st thy love to such a point refine,
 As it will kill more than thy hate can do. 10

2.

Love, love, *Melaina*, then, though death insue,
 Yet <if> it is a greater fate,
 To dye through love then hate,
 Rather a victory pursue,
 To Beauties lawful conquest due, 15
 Then tyrant eyes invenom with disdain :
 Or if thy power thou would'st so maintain,
 As equally to be both lov'd and dread,
 Let timely Kisses call to life again,
 Him whom thy eyes have Planet-strucken dead. 20

3.

Kifs, kifs, *Melaina*, then, and do not stay
 Until these sad effects appear,
 Which now draw on so near,
 That did'st thou longer help delay,
 My soul must fly so fast away, 25
 As

As would at once both life and love divorce :
 Or if I needs must dye without remorse,
 Kiss and embalm me so with that sweet breath,
 That while thou triumph'st o'r Love and his force,
 I may triumph yet over Fate and Death. 30

Elegy for Doctor Dunn.

What though the vulgar and received praise,
 With which each common Poet strives to raise
 His worthless Patron, seem to give the height
 Of a true Excellence ; yet as the weight
 Forc'd from his Centre, must again recoil, 5
 So every praise, as if it took some foil,
 Only because it was not well employ'd,
 Turns to those senseless principles and void,
 Which in some broken syllables being couch'd,
 Cannot above an Alphabet be vouch'd, 10
 In which dissolved state, they use to rest,
 Until some other in new forms invest
 Their easie matter, striving so to fix
 Glory with words, and make the parts to mix.
 But since praise that wants truth, like words that want
 Their proper meaning, doth it self recant ; 16
 Such tearms, however elevate and high,
 Are but like Meteors, which the pregnant Sky
 Varies in divers figures, till at last
 They either be by some dark Cloud o'rcast, 20
 Or wanting inward sustenance do devolve,
 And into their first Elements resolve.

Praises,

Praises, like Garments, then, if loose and wide,
 Are subject to fall off: if gay and py'd,
 Make men ridiculous; the just and grave 25
 Are those alone, which men may wear and have.

How fitting were it then, each had that part
 Which is their due: And that no fraudulent art
 Could so disguise the truth, but they might own
 Their rights, and by that property be known. 30

For since praise is publick inheritance,
 If any Inter-Commoner do chance
 To give or take more praise then doth belong
 Unto his part, he doth so great a wrong,
 That all who claim an equal interest, 35
 May him implead untill he do devest
 His usurpations, and again restore
 Unto the publick what was theirs before.

Praises should then like definitions be
 Round, neat, convertible, such as agree 40
 To persons so, that, were their names conceal'd,
 Must make them known as well as if reveal'd:
 Such as contain the kind and difference,
 And all the properties arising thence.
 All praises else, as more or less then due, 45
 Will prove, or strongly false, or weakly true.

Having deliver'd now, what praises are,
 It rests that I should to the world declare
 Thy praises, *DUNN*, whom I so lov'd alive,
 That with my witty *Carew* I should strive 50
 To celebrate thee dead, did I not need
 A language by it self, which should exceed
 All those which are in use: For while I take
 Those common words, which men may even rake

From

From Dunghil-wits, I find them so defil'd, 55
 Slubber'd and false, as if they had exil'd
 Truth and propriety, such as do tell
 So little other things, they hardly spell
 Their proper meaning, and therefore unfit
 To blazon forth thy merits, or thy wit. 60

Nor will it serve, that thou did'st so refine
 Matter with words, that both did seem divine,
 When thy breath utter'd them : for thou b'ing gone,
 They streight did follow thee : Let therefore none
 Hope to find out an Idiom and sence, 65
 Equal to thee, and to thy Eminence,
 Unless our Gracious King give words their bound,
 Call in false titles, which each where are found,
 In Prose and Verse, and as bad Coin and light
 Suppress them and their values, till the right 70
 Take place, and do appear, and then in lieu
 Of those forg'd Attributes stamp some anew,
 Which being currant, and by all allow'd,
 In Epitaphs and Tombs might be avow'd
 More then their Escocheons. Mean while, because 75
 Nor praise is yet confined to its Laws,
 Nor rayling wants his proper dialect,
 Let thy detractors thy late life detect ;
 And though they term all thy heat, frowardness ;
 Thy solitude, self-pride ; fasts, niggardness, 80
 And on this false supposal would infer,
 They teach not others right, themselves who err ;
 Yet as men to the adverse part do ply
 Those crooked things which they would rectifie,
 So would perchance, to loose and wanton Man 85
 Such vice avail more then their vertues can.

The Brown Beauty.

1.

WHile the two contraries of Black and White,
 In the Brown *Phaie* are so well unite,
 That they no longer now seem opposite,
 Who doubts but love, hath this his colour chose,
 Since he therein doth both th' extremes compose, 5
 And as within their proper Centre close ?

2.

Therefore as it presents not to the view
 That whitely raw and unconcocted hiew,
 Which Beauty Northern Nations think the true ;
 So neither hath it that adust aspect, 10
 The *Moor* and *Indian* so much affect,
 That for it they all other do reject.

3.

Thus while the White well shadow'd doth appear,
 And black doth through his lustre grow so clear,
 That each in other equal part doth bear ; 15
 All in so rare proportion is combin'd,
 That the fair temper, which adorns her mind,
 Is even to her outward form confin'd.

4.

Phaie, your Sexes honour, then so live,
 That when the World shall with contention strive 20
 To whom they would a chief perfection give,
 They might the controversie so decide,
 As quitting all extremes on either side,
 You more than any may be dignify'd.

An

*An Ode upon a Question moved, Whether
Love should continue for ever?*

HAving interr'd her Infant-birth,
The watry ground that late did mourn,
Was strew'd with flow'rs for the return
Of the wish'd Bridegroom of the earth.

The well accorded Birds did sing 5
Their hymns unto the pleasant time,
And in a sweet comforted chime
Did welcom in the chearful Spring.

To which, soft whistles of the Wind, 10
And warbling murmurs of a Brook,
And vari'd notes of leaves that shook,
An harmony of parts did bind.

While doubling joy unto each other,
All in so rare concent was shown,
No happiness that came alone, 15
Nor pleasure that was not another.

When with a love none can express,
That mutually happy pair,
Melander and *Celinda* fair,
The season with their loves did blefs. 20

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

They stay'd at last, and on the Grass 25
Repos'd so, as o'er his breast
She bow'd her gracious head to rest,
Such a weight as no burden was.

While over eithers compass'd waste
Their folded arms were so compos'd, 30
As if in strictest bonds inclos'd,
They suffer'd for joys they did taste.

Long their fixt eyes to Heaven bent,
Unchanged, they did never move,
As if so great and pure a love 35
No Glass but it could represent.

When with a sweet, though troubled look,
She first brake silence, saying, Dear friend,
O that our love might take no end,
Or never had beginning took ! 40

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

Nay, I protest, though Death with his
 Worst Counsel should divide us here,
 His terrors could not make me fear,
 To come where your lov'd presence is. 45

Only if loves fire with the breath
 Of life be kindled, I doubt,
 With our last air 'twill be breath'd out,
 And quenched with the cold of death. 50

That if affection be a line,
 Which is clos'd up in our last hour ;
 Oh how 'twould grieve me, any pow'r
 Could force so dear a love as mine ! 55

She scarce had done, when his shut eyes
 An inward joy did represent,
 To hear *Celinda* thus intent
 To a love he so much did prize. 60

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

O you, wherein, they say, Souls rest,
 Till they descend pure heavenly fires,
 Shall lustful and corrupt desires
 With your immortal seed be blest ? 65

And

And shall our Love, so far beyond
 That low and dying appetite, 70
 And which so chaste desires unite,
 Not hold in an eternal bond ?

Is it, because we should decline,
 And wholly from our thoughts exclude
 Objects that may the sense delude, 75
 And study only the Divine ?

No sure, for if none can ascend
 Ev'n to the visible degree
 Of things created, how should we
 The invisible comprehend ? 80

Or rather since that Pow'r express
 His greatness in his works alone,
 B'ing here best in his Creatures known,
 Why is he not lov'd in them best ?

But is't not true, which you pretend, 85
 That since our love and knowledge here,
 Only as parts of life appear,
 So they with it should take their end.

O no, Belov'd, I am most sure,
 Those vertuous habits we acquire, 90
 As being with the Soul intire,
 Must with it evermore endure.

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

95

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

100

Else should our Souls in vain elect,
And vainer yet were Heavens laws,
When to an everlasting Cause
They gave a perishing Effect.

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

105

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

110

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

115

And

And if every imperfect mind

Make love the end of knowledge here,

How perfect will our love be, where

All imperfection is refin'd ?

120

Let then no doubt, *Celinda*, touch,

Much less your fairest mind invade,

Were not our souls immortal made,

Our equal loves can make them such.

So when one wing can make no way,

125

Two joyned can themselves dilate,

So can two persons propagate,

When singly either would decay.

So when from hence we shall be gone,

And be no more, nor you, nor I,

130

As one anothers mystery,

Each shall be both, yet both but one.

This said, in her up-lifted face,

Her eyes which did that beauty crown,

Were like two starrs, that having faln down,

135

Look up again to find their place :

While such a moveless silent peace

Did seize on their becalmed sense,

One would have thought some Influence

Their ravish'd spirits did possess.

140

The Green-Sickness Beauty.

1.

THough the pale white within your cheeks compos'd,
 And doubtful light unto your eye confin'd,
 Though your short breath not from it self unloos'd,
 And careless motions of your equal mind,
 Argue, your beauties are not all disclos'd : 5

2.

Yet as a rising beam, when first 'tis shown,
 Points fairer, then when it ascends more red,
 Or as a budding Rose, when first 'tis blown,
 Smells sweeter far, then when it is more spread,
 As all things best by principles are known : 10

3.

So in your green and flourishing estate
 A beauty is discern'd more worthy love,
 Then that which further doth it self dilate,
 And those degrees of variation prove,
 Our vulgar wits so much do celebrate. 15

4.

Thus though your eyes dart not that piercing blaze,
 Which doth in busie Lovers looks appear,
 It is, because you do not need to gaze,
 On other object then your proper sphere,
 Nor wander further then to run that maze. 20

So,

5.

So, if you want that blood which must succeed,
 And give at last a tincture to your skin,
 It is, because neither in outward deed,
 Nor inward thought, you yet admit that sin,
 For which your Cheeks a guilty blush should need. 25

6.

So, if your breath do not so freely flow,
 It is because you love not to consume
 That vital treasure, which you do bestow
 As well to vegetate as to perfume
 Your Virgin leaves, as fast as they do grow. 30

7.

Yet stay not here, Love for his right will call,
 You were not born to serve your only will,
 Nor can your beauty be perpetual,
 'Tis your perfection for to ripen still,
 And to be gather'd rather than to fall. 35

The Green-Sickness Beauty.

FROM thy pale look, while angry Love doth seem
 With more imperiousness to give his Law,
 Then where he blushing doth beg esteem,
 We may observe py'd beauty in such aw ;

That

That the brav'ft Colour under her command 5
 Affrighted, oft before you doth retire,
 While, like a Statue of your felf, you ftand
 In fuch fymmetrique form, as doth require
 No luftre but his own : As then in vain
 One fhould flefh-colouring to Statues add, 10
 So were it to your native White a Stain,
 If it in other ornaments were clad,
 Then what your rich proportions do give,
 Which in a boundlefs fair being unconfin'd
 Exalted in your foul, fo feem to live, 15
 That they become an emblem of your mind,
 That fo, who to your Orient White fhould joyn
 Thofe fading qualities moft eyes adore,
 Were but like one, who gilding Silver Coin,
 Gave but occafion to fufpect it more. 20

La Gialletta Gallante,

O R,

The Sun-burn'd Exotique Beauty.

I.

CHild of the Sun, in whom his Rays appear,
 Hatch'd to that luftre, as doth make thee wear
 Heav'ns livery in thy skin, What need'ft thou fear
 The injury of Air, and change of Clime,
 When thy exalted form is fo fublime, 5
 As to tranfcend all power of change or time ?

How

2.

How proud are they that in their hair but show
 Some part of thee, thinking therein they ow
 The greatest beauty Nature can bestow !

When thou art so much fairer to the sight, , 10
 As beams each where diffused are more bright
 Then their deriv'd and secondary light.

3.

But thou art cordial both to sight and taste,
 While each rare fruit seems in his time to haste
 To ripen in thee, till at length they waste 15
 Themselves to inward sweets, from whence again,
 They, like Elixirs, passing through each vein,
 An endless circulation do maintain.

4.

How poor are they then, whom if we but greet,
 Think that raw juyce, which in their lips we meet, 20
 Enough, to make us hold their Kisses sweet !
 When that rich odour, which in thee is smelt,
 Can it self to a balmy liquor melt,
 And make it to our inward senses felt.

5.

Leave then thy Country Soil, and Mothers home, 25
 Wander a Planet this way, till thou come
 To give our Lovers here their fatal doom ;
 While if our beauties scorn to envy thine,
 It will be just they to a Jaundise pine,
 And by thy Gold shew like some Copper-mine. 30

Platonick

Platonick Love.

1.

M Adam, your beauty and your lovely parts
Would scarce admit poetick praise and Arts
As they are Loves most sharp and piercing darts ;
Though, as again they only wound and kill
The more deprav'd affections of our will, 5
You claim a right to commendation still.

2.

For as you can unto that height refine
All Loves delights, as while they do incline
Unto no vice, they so become divine ;
We may as well attain your excellence, 10
As without help of any outward sense
Would make us grow a pure Intelligence.

3.

And as a Soul, thus being quite abstract,
Complies not properly with any act,
Which from its better Being may detract : 15
So through the virtuous habits you infuse,
It is enough that we may like and chuse,
Without presuming yet to take or use.

4.

Thus Angels in their starry Orbs proceed
Unto affection, without other need 20
Then that they still on contemplation feed :
Though

Though as they may unto this Orb descend,
 You can, when you would so much lower bend,
 Give joys beyond what man can comprehend.

5.

Do not refuse then, Madam, to appear, 25
 Since every radiant Beam comes from your Sphere,
 Can so much more then any else endear,
 As while through them we do discern each Grace,
 The multiplied lights from every place,
 Will turn and Circle, with their rays, your face. 30

Platonick Love.

I.

M Adam, believe 't, Love is not such a toy,
 As it is sport but for the Idle Boy,
 Or wanton Youth, since it can entertain
 Our serious thoughts, and make us know how vain
 All time is spent we do not thus employ. 5

2.

For though strong passion oft on youth doth seize,
 It is not yet affection, but disease,
 Caus'd from repletion, which their blood doth vex,
 So that they love not Woman, but the Sex,
 And care no more then how themselves to please. 10

Whereas

3.

Whereas true Lovers check that appetite,
 Which would presume further then to invite
 The Soul unto that part it ought to take,
 When that from this address it would but make
 Some introduction only to delight. 15

4.

For while they from the outward sense transplant
 The love grew there in earthly mould, and scant,
 To the Souls spacious and immortal field,
 They spring a love eternal, which will yield
 All that a pure affection can grant. 20

5.

Besides, what time or distance might effect
 Is thus remov'd, while they themselves connect
 So far above all change, as to exclude
 Not only all which might their sense delude,
 But mind to any object else affect. 25

6.

Nor will the proof of Constancy be hard,
 When they have plac'd upon their mind that guard,
 As no ignoble thought can enter there,
 And Love doth such a vertue persevere,
 And in it self so find a just reward. 30

And

7.

And thus a love, made from a worthy choice,
Will to that union come, as but one voice
 Shall speak, one thought but think the others will,
 And while, but frailty, they can know no ill,
Their souls more then their bodies must rejoice. 35

8.

In which estate nothing can so fulfill
Those heights of pleasure, which their souls instill
 Into each other, but that love thence draws
 New Arguments of joy, while the same cause
That makes them happy, makes them greater still. 40

9.

So that however multipli'd and vast
Their love increafe, they will not think it past
 The bounds of growth, till their exalted fire
 B'ing equally enlarg'd with their desire,
Transform and fix them to one Starr at last. 45

10.

Or when that otherwise they were inclin'd
Unto those publick joys, which are assign'd
 To blessed souls when they depart from hence,
 They would, besides what Heaven doth dispense,
Have their contents they in each other find. 50

*The I D E A,**Made of Alnwick in his Expedition to
Scotland with the Army, 1639.*

ALL Beauties vulgar eyes on earth do see,
 At best but some imperfect Copies be,
 Of those the Heavens did at first decree.

For though th' Idea's of each sev'ral kind,
 Conceiv'd above by the Eternal Mind, 5
 Are such, as none can error in them find,

Since from his thoughts and presence he doth bear,
 And shut out all deformity so farr,
 That the least beauty near him is a Starr,

As Nature yet from far th' Idea's views, 10
 And doth besides but vile materials chuse,
 We in her works observe no small abuse :

Some of her figures therefore, foil'd and blurr'd,
 Shew as if Heaven had no way concurr'd
 In shapes so disproportion'd and absurd. 15

Which being again vex'd with some hate and spite,
 That doth in them vengeance and rage excite,
 Seem to be tortur'd and deformed quite.

While

While so being fixt, they yet in them contain
Another sort of ugliness and stain, 20
B'ing with old wrinkles interlin'd again.

Laftly, as if Nature ev'n did not know
What Colour every sev'ral part should ow,
They look as if their Galls did overflow.

Fair is the mark of Good, and foul of Ill, 25
Although not so infallibly, but still
The proof depends most on the mind and will :

As Good yet rarely in the Foul is met,
So 'twould as little by its union get,
As a rich Jewel that were poorly fet. 30

For since Good first did at the Fair begin,
Foul being but a punishment for sin,
Fair's the true outside to the Good within.

In these the supreme Pow'r then so doth guide
Natures weak hand, as he doth add beside 35
All by which Creatures can be dignifi'd.

While you in them see so exact a line,
That through each sev'ral part a glimpse doth shine
Of their original and form divine.

Therefore the characters of fair and good 40
Are so set forth, and printed in their blood,
As each in other may be understood.

That Beauty so accompani'd with Grace,
 And equally conspicuous in the face,
 In a fair Womans outside takes the place. 45

Thus while in her all rare perfection meets,
 Each, as with joy, its fellow beauty greets,
 And varies so into a thousand sweets.

Or if some tempting thought do so assault,
 As doubtful she 'twixt two opinions halt, 50
 A gentle blush corrects and mends the fault,

That so she still fairer and better grows,
 Without that thus she more to passion owes,
 Then what fresh colour on her cheeks bestows.

To which again her lips such helps can add, 55
 As both will chase all grievous thoughts and sad :
 And give what else can make her good or glad.

As Statuaries yet having fram'd in Clay
 An hollow Image, afterwards convey
 The molten mettle through each several way ; 60

But when it once unto its place hath past,
 And th' inward Statua perfectly is cast,
 Do throw away the outward Clay at last,

So when that form the Heav'ns at first decreed
 Is finished within, Souls do not need 65
 Their Bodies more, but would from them be freed.

For who still cover'd with their earth would ly ?
 Who would not shake their fetters off, and fly,
 And be, at least, next to, a Deity ?

However then you be most lovely here, 70
 Yet when you from all Elements are clear,
 You far more pure and glorious shall appear.

Thus from above I doubt not to behold
 Your second self renew'd in your own mold,
 And rising thence fairer then can be told. 75

From whence ascending to the Elect and Blest
 In your true joys you will not find it least,
 That I in Heav'n shall know and love you best.

For while I do your coming there attend,
 I shall much time on your Idea spend, 80
 And note how far all others you transcend.

And thus, though you more then an Angel be,
 Since being here to sin and mischief free,
 You will have rais'd your self to their degree :

That so victorious over Death and Fate, 85
 And happy in your everlasting state,
 You shall triumphant enter Heaven gate.

Haften not thither yet, for as you are
 A Beauty upon Earth without compare,
 You will shew best still where you are most rare. 90

Live all our lives then : If the picture can
 Here entertain a loving absent man,
 Much more th' Idea where you first began.

Platonick Love.

DIfconfolate and fad,
 So little hope of remedy I find,
 That when my matchlefs Miftrefs were inclin'd
 To pity me, 'twould fcarcely make me glad,
 The difcompoſing of fo fair a Mind
 B'ing that which would to my Afflictions add.

5

For when ſhe ſhould repent,
 This Act of Charity had made her part
 With ſuch a precious Jewel as her Heart,
 Might ſhe not grieve that e'r ſhe did relent ?
 And then were it <not> fit I felt the ſmart
 Untill I grew the greater Penitent ?

10

Nor were't a good excuſe,
 When ſhe pleas'd to call for her Heart again,
 To tell her of my ſuffering and pain,
 Since that I ſhould her Clemency abuſe,
 While ſhe did ſee what wrong ſhe did ſuſtain,
 In giving what ſhe juſtly might reſuſe.

15

Vex'd thus with me at last,
 When from her kind restraint she now were gone, 20
 And I left to the Manacles alone,
 Should I not on another Rock be cast ?
 Since they who have not yet content, do mone
 Far less then they whose hope thereof is past.

Besides I would deserve, 25
 And not live poorly on the alms of Love,
 Or claim a favour did not singly move
 From my regard : If she her joys reserve
 Unto some other, she at length should prove,
 Rather then beg her pity I would serve. 30

Let her then be serene,
 Alike exempt from pity and from hate :
 Let her still keep her dignity and state ;
 Yet from her glories something I shall glean,
 For when she doth them every where dilate, 35
 A beam or two to me must intervene.

And this shall me sustain,
 For though due merit I cannot express,
 Yet she shall know none ever lov'd for less,
 Or easier reward : Let her remain 40
 Still Great and Good, and from her happiness
 My chief contentment I will entertain.

<An appeal to his hopes not to fail him.>

Restrained hopes, though you dare not aspire,
 To fly an even pitch with my desire,
 Yet fall no lower, and at least take heed,
 That you no way unto despair proceed,
 Since in what form foe'r you keep intire, 5
 I shall the less all other comforts need.

I know how much presumption did transcend,
 When that affection could at most pretend
 To be believ'd, would needs yet higher soar,
 And love a Beauty which I should adore, 10
 Though yet therein I had no other end,
 But to assure that none could love her more.

Only may she not think her beauty less,
 That on low Objects it doth still express
 An equal force, while it doth rule all hearts 15
 Alike in the remot'st as nearest parts ;
 Since if it did at any distance cesse,
 It wanted of that pow'r it should impart.

Small earthly lights but to some space extend,
 And then unto the dim and dark do tend, 20
 And common heat doth at some length so stop,
 That it cannot so much as warm one drop,
 While light and heat that doth from Heav'n descend
 Warms the low Vally more then Mountains top.

Nor do they always best of the Heav'ns deserve, 25
 Who gaze on't most, but they who do reserve
 Themselves to know it, since not all that will
 Climb up into a Steeple or a Hill,
 So well its pow'r and influence observe,
 As they who study and remark it still.

Would she then in full glory on me shine,
 An Image of that Light which is divine,
 I then should see more clear, while she did draw
 Me upwards, and the vapors 'twixt us aw :
 To open her eyes were to open mine, 35
 And teach me wonders which I never saw.

Nor would there thus be any cause to fear,
 That while her pow'r attractive drew me near,
 The odds betwixt us would the lesser show,
 Since the most common Understandings know, 40
 That inequalities still most appear,
 When brought together and compos'd so.

As there is nothing yet doth so excell,
 But there is found, if not its parallel,
 Yet something so conform, as though far least 45
 May yet obtain therein an Interest,
 Why may not faith and truth then join so well,
 As they may suit her rare perfections best ?

Then hope, sustain thy self, though thou art hid
 Thou livest still, and must till she forbid ; 50
 For when she would my vows and love reject,
 They would a Being in themselves project,
 Since infinites as they, yet never did,
 Nor could conclude without some good effect.

A Meditation upon his Wax-Candle burning out.

WHILE thy ambitious flame doth strive for height,
 Yet burneth down, as clogged with the weight
 Of earthly parts, to which thou art combin'd,
 Thou still do'st grow more short of thy desire,
 And do'st in vain unto that place aspire, 5
 To which thy native powers seem inclin'd.

Yet when at last thou com'st to be dissolv'd,
 And to thy proper principles resolv'd,
 And all that made thee now is discompos'd,
 Though thy terrestrial part in ashes lies, 10
 Thy more sublime to higher Regions flies,
 The rest b'ing to the middle wayes expos'd.

And while thou doest thy self each where disperse,
 Some parts of thee make up this Universe,
 Others a kind of dignity obtain, 15
 Since thy pure Wax in its own flame consum'd,
 Volumes of incense sends, in which perfum'd,
 Thy smoak mounts where thy fire could not attain.

Much more our Souls then, when they go from hence,
 And back unto the Elements disperse 20
 All

All that built up our frail and earthly frame,
 Shall through each pore & passage make their breach,
 Till they with all their faculties do reach

Unto that place from whence at first they came.

Nor need they fear thus to be thought unkind 25
 To those poor Carkasses they leave behind,

Since being in unequal parts commix'd
 Each in his Element their place will get,
 And who thought Elements unhappy yet,
 As long as they were in their stations fix'd ? 30

Or if they fall'd forth, is there not light
 And heat in some, and spirit prone to fight ?

Keep they not, in the Earth and Air, the field ?
 Besides, have they not pow'r to generate 34

When, more than Meteors, { * In the Constellation of
 they *Starrs create, { Cassiopeia, 1572.

Which while they last scarce to the brightest yield.

That so in them we more than once may live,
 While these materials which here did give

Our bodies essence, and are most of use,
 Quick'ned again by the worlds common soul, 40

Which in it self and in each part is whole,
 Can various forms in divers kinds produce.

If then, at worst, this our condition be,
 When to themselves our Elements are free,

And each doth to its proper place revert, 45
 What may we not hope from our part divine,

Which can this dross of Elements refine,
 And them unto a better state assert ?

Or

Or if as cloid upon this earthly stage,
 Which represents nothing but change or age, 50
 Our Souls would all their burdens here deuest,
 They singly may that glorious state acquire,
 Which fills alone their infinite desire
 To be of perfect happiness possesst.

And therefore I, who do not live and move, 55
 By outward sense so much as faith and love,
 Which is not in inferior Creatures found,
 May unto some immortal state pretend,
 Since by these wings I thither may ascend,
 Where faithful loving Souls with joys are crown'd. 60

October 14. 1644.

ENraging Grievs, though you most divers be,
 In your first Causes, you may yet agree
 To take an equal share within my heart,
 Since if each grief strive for the greatest part,
 You needs must vex your selves as well as me. 5

For your own sakes and mine then make an end,
 In vain you do about a Heart contend,
 Which though it seem in greatness to dilate,
 Is but a tumor, which in this its state
 The choicest remedies would but offend. 10
 Then

Then storm't at once, I neither feel constraint
Scorning your worst, nor suffer any taint
Dying by multitudes, though if you strive,
I fear my heart may thus be kept alive,
Until it under its own burden faint.

15

What, is't not done ? Why then, my God, I find,
Would have me use you to reform my mind :
Since through his help I may from you extract
An essence pure, so spritful and compact,
As it will be from groffer parts refin'd.

20

Which b'ing again converted by his Grace
To godly sorrow, I may both efface
Those sins first caus'd you, and together have
Your pow'r to kill turn'd to a power to save,
And bring my Soul to its desired place.

25



In statuam ligneam Overburii.

CErnis Overburi, non ære aut marmore, vultum ;
Sed Ligno Hiberno, dic, age, nonne placet ?

De C. de S.

HÆc anima, ut fuerit terrena libera mole,
Venerit & summo conspicienda Deo,
Talibus & tantis vitiis spurcata, trahetur,
Haud dubium, ad pœnam suppliciumque grave.
Viderit : at pulchrum dabitur cum sumere corpus, 5
Eximium, credo, perdere nollet opus.

Epitaphium in Anagramma nominis sui,

Reddor ut herbæ.

QUas turgens flos mane decet, quas aruit omnes
Una dies, quas morte' cita, nova vita sequetur ;
Non unquam moritura tamen, sic *Reddor ut herbæ.*

Epitaph.

Epitaph. in se Romæ factum, 1615.

Veros feu vanos populi ridere timores
 Expertus, vitæ melioris conscius, intus
 Plaudebam, expectans faceret dum fabula finem.

In tumulum Domini Francisci Vere.

Anguſtus nimis eſt lapis puſillus,
 Vel, totum, foret ipſa terra, marmor ;
 Anguſta & ſpolia & Trophæa ficta,
 Hæc Belgæ tulerant, vel illa Iberi.
 Cuncta anguſta nimis videntur illi, 5
 Qui victor toties mori volebat,
 In ſe, poſt alios, agens triumphum,
 Ut dignum tumulum Trophæa digna
 Uni nil poterit referre Verò :
 Ni forte, ut maneat perenne nomen 10
 Cui mundus ſpolia, & caro triumphus,
 Cælum fit Tumulus, Trophæa ſtellæ.

In diem Natalitium, viz. 3. Mar.

Vere novo lux uſque redit qua naſcor, at una
 Dum tempus redit, & fit numeroſa dies,
 Ver olim vires renovans, roburque recondens
 Æſtas fit tandem, triſtis hyemſque mihi.

For

For a Dyal.

D Ifcurrens dubiæ placidus compendia vitæ,
 Excipiens tacito gaudia tuta sinu,
 Præteritis lætare bonis, nec sæva futuri
 Exagitet miseros cura prematve dies :
 Omnis in adversum ruit hora volatque retrorsum 5
 Et velut exhorrens jam peritura fugit.
 Dum numerans delet, dumque addens subtrahit, illa,
 Quæ vitæ ratio, calculus atque tuæ.

*In Answer to the Verses of Guiet for
 the Pucelle d' Orleans, quasi ex-
 tempore.*

Q Uod nequiere viri, potuit si fæmina, quid ni
 Galle, fores tandem tu muliere minor ?

Define, Galle, tuam tandem jactare Bubulcam,
 Seu Medæa fuit, five Medusa fuit.
 Si canit ad Bellum, tamen est Medæa vocanda,
 Carmina dum rauco concinit illa sono.
 Hostes si cæsi, tamen est dicenda Medusa, 5
 Dum nimis ad diræ virginis ora rigent.
 Virgo sit tandem, fed qualem nollet adulter,
 Seu Medæa fuit five Medusa fuit.

Definat

Definat ergo suam *Gallus* jactare *Johannam*,
 Saltem plena suo non erit illa Deo.
 Plena suo vel nulla datur, vel Papa *Johanna*,
 Numine : fit virgo quamlicet illa minus.

10

*In Answer to Tilenus, when I had that
 fatal Defluxion in my Hand.*

Q UÏ possim *Phæbum* succensum credere ? Laudes
 Quum facit ut scribas, docte *Tilene*, meas,
 Providus atque manum consulto furripit istam,
 Ut melius possem nunc supereffe tua.

*De Hugone Grotio Arca incluso & a Car-
 cere liberato.*

C Arcere dum Carcer victus, Tenebrisque Tenebræ,
 Vinculis cum demum vincla soluta tibi,
 Profiliens media tandem de mole, videris,
 Quicquid mortale est, depofuisse simul.

Pro Laureato Poeta.

A T quorsum Juvenis, si nullo limine clausus
 Immistus canibus, saltuque vagatus in omni
 Præcípites crebris damas latratibus urgens
 Excurrit, secumque nihil non perdere tentat ?

An

An mage grata viri tandem maturior ætas ? 5
 Qui furiis agitatus atrox atque omine tristi
 Horrida funestis meditatur prælia campis ?
 In propriam speciemque ruens ita sanguine gaudet
 Confessus fatis, ut nullus sibi concidat hostis ?
 Is potiorne domi qui futilis ambit honorem 10
 Inque leves populi gyros proclivis & auram
 Mercatur voces, falsaque cupidine tractus
 Incertam dubii sectatur nominis umbram ?
 Heu fugias qui te fugiunt & ferre recusant
 Imperium fascesque tuos, quibus undique faustis 15
 Candida supremos designant colla triumphos.
 Sed ne nulla tibi demum victoria constet,
 En prædam, formosa, tuam, quam porrigit herba,
 Et genua amplectens sese ultro dedere victam
 Testatur lauroque sua tua tempora cingit. 20
 Nec canos causere meos, (qui symbola certæ
 Sunt fidei) tanta solitum flammave tremorem,
 Immo nec erroneas tanquam sed lumina fixa
 Contemplare oculos, tandem neque Basia spernas.
 Floridus ut defuit color ori, fervat odorem, 25
 Æmula pastillis spirabunt labra rosatis
 Basia, mellito & se lingua madore resolvet.
 Denique seu nostro latitet nova pruna colore
 Nictet & implexus torvo sub lumine cautus
 Arcitenens, mortis tandem seu scena futuræ 30
 Prodierim, vitam nobis cum dura negaris ;
 Ah reddas faltem, nondum satis arsit, Amorem,
 Cui senium tempusve fidem cui præripit ullum.

Ad

Ad Sereniss. Regem Gustavum A.D. 1631.

PER varios terræ tractus & diffita Regna,
 Inclyte Suecorum princeps, dum castra movere
 Constituis, pacemque pio decernere bello,
 Quæ te securum probitas, prudentia fortem,
 Fælicem virtus præstat, non omine vano 5
 Fecit, ut antiquum Germania libera nomen
 Accipiens rursus, se iusto vindice tandem
 Gaudeat, inque tuos succedat sponte triumphos.
 Scilicet, hoc potuit tua dextera fortis & ultrix
 Igneus atque vigor, bello famiatus & ensis, 10
 Quo stricto late rutilanteque fulgidus hostes
 Irruis in medios, densam passimque catervam
 Discutis, & longe percellis quæque timore,
 Ut tibi nec fumi nubes glomerata, nec imo
 Excussus pulvis, pila nec confertior instans 15
 Obscurare tuos validos vel flectere gressus
 Possint, è multo quin numine flamma coruscans
 Perstringensque oculos, insultus reddat inanes
 Militis, innocuosque ictus, ac irrita tela,
 Dum tibi lustratæ cæcæ patuere tenebræ, 20
 Inque tuam lucem caligo cedere visa est.
 Inde citata tuum sequitur victoria cursum
 Inque gradus hæret certos figitque trophæa,
 Auspiciisque tuis illustrior explicat alas,
 Queis fursum vecto superas invisere sedes 25
 Inque novum tandem liceat tibi fidus abire,
 Clarius Arcturi & fuscæ jubar addere luci.

Euryale Mærens.

DEpressæ valles piceis irriguæ fontibus,
 Herbæ marcidæ, cæca prætexentes Barathra,
 Maligni colles hirsutis vepribus obsiti,
 Aspera montium juga, exesis hiulca specubus,
 Defrugatarum segetum late patentia æquora, 5
 Invisa foli antra, confragosa præcipitia,
 Abruptarum cautium nutantia undique cacumina,
 Pendulæ taxi, cupressis succrescentes feralibus,
 Spelæorum inferna ducentium horrores sacri,
 Infauftæ stryges, bubulantia stygiæ avis omina, 10
 Rauci stridores, torvorum colla anguium sibila,
 Prodigialium monstrorum exerta passim capita,
 Aspectus truces syderum, diri portenta ætheris
 Vosque gementes umbræ, hic testari liceat,
 Nihil uspiam fuisse Euryale tristius. 15

1632.

Mensa Lusoria, or a Shovelboard-table
 to Mr. *Master*.

Roboris excelsi tabulatum sternitur ingens,
 Æquore productum lævi, quod tramite recto
 Procurrens, tandem qua se subducit in imum
 Diffecat exilis transversim linea, scena

Unde

Unde patet ludi, commissio margine clausa, 5
 Qui bini ternive notam certantibus aptat,
 Figitur extremo seu pressus limite jactus,
 Seu tremulus nutat, sibi nec constare videtur.

Heic ubi conveniunt lusores, quisque monetam
 Argento cusam, disci formaque nitentem 10
 Librat in adversam, qua ducitur orbita, partem
 Perpetuo jactu, sed quæ, si forte feratur
 Plus justo, cadit in foveam, quæ limine summo
 Cernitur, at citra septum si tarda fatiscit,
 Rejicitur jactus, totus fit & irritus inde. 15

Ast intra justam datur ut consistere metam
 Promovet hic jactum, promotum dimovet ille.
 Adjicit hic alium, sed quem depellere tentat
 Nonnullus ; Nummos hic obsidet, impetit ille,
 Obliquo cursu : Multa cadit iste ruina, 20
 Dum complexa suo funduntur singula nexu,
 Et variata vices rerum fors undique versat.

Ludere sic liceat manibus, sic ludere musa,
 A studiis fessi quum jam decessimus ambo.

*Charissimo, Doctissimo, Jucundissimoque
 juxtim Amico Thomæ Master.*

*Hoc Epitaph. mœrens P. C. E. B. Her-
 bert de Cherbury. 1643.*

Qui sis vel fueris, Amate Master,
 Lectorem fatis hæc docere possunt,

Quod

Quod terris fuit ut molesta vita,
Te dempto, mage fit molesta longe,

Quod Cœlum fuit ut beata fedes,

5

Auctum te, mage fit beata fedes.

In terris quid agis fide vacillans ?

Si vita probus es, fruire, Lector,

Cœlo jam solito beatiore,

Master jam reliquis alacriore.

10

Vivat in æternum virtus ac diffita terræ

Lustret, ubique gravi sub Religione refurgens.

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

Pag. 13. lin: penult, for 1668, read 1608. p. 20. l. 18. f. muting r. mutin: p. 35. l. 7. f. force, r. form: p. 37. l. penult. f. hand r. kind: p. 39. l. ult. f. terror r. terrors: p. 41. l. 12. f. imparting r. in parting: p. 47. l. 8. f. since r. sure: p. 50 l. 11. & 21. f. Melania r. Melaina: p. 62. l. ult. f. love r. faith: p. 70. l. 22. f. enjoy r. envy: p. 72. l. 18. f. cause r. caus'd: p. 76. l. 7. f. foul r. and foul: p. 83. l. 20. f. this r. thy: p. 87. l. ult. f. nonnunquam r. non unquam: p. 90. l. 1. f. Galbus r. Gallus: p. ibid. l. 7. f. qui r. qui: p. ibid. l. 8. f. quam r. quum.



[The above list is found on the last page of the 1665 edition. The errors mentioned are of course corrected in the text now given.]

POEMS NOT INCLUDED IN THE
EDITION OF 1665.

〈Sonnet〉

I Nnumerable Beauties, thou white haire
Spredde forth like to a Region of the Aire,
Curld like a sea, and like Ethereall fire
Dost from thy vitall principles aspire
To bee the highest Element of faire, 5
From thy proud heights, thou so comādst desire
That when it would presume, it grows, dispare,
And from it selfe a Vengeance, doth require,
While absolute in that thy braue comānd
Knittinge each haire, into an awfull frowne 10
Like to an Hoste of Lightnings, thou dost stand
To ruine all that fall not prostrate doune
While to the humble like a beamy Croune
Thou seemest wreathed, by some imortall Hande.

*To one Blacke, and not very Hansome,
who expected comēdation.*

W Hat though your eyes bee starres, your haire, bee
night
And all that Beauty w^{ch} addornes yo^r face
Yeeld in effect but such a fullen Light
It hardly serves, for to sett of that Grace
W^{ch} every shaddowe yeeldeth in his Place, 5
Yet more then any other you delight.

For

For since I loue not wth mine eyes but Hart
 Your red or white so little could incline,
 Whither it came from nature or from art,
 I should not thinke it eyther yours or mine, 10
 As that w^{ch} doth but wth the skinne confine
 And wth the Light that gave it first departe.

Let novises in Love themselves addresse
 Vnto those parts, which superficiall bee,
 Cloris, I must ingeniously confesse 15
 Nothing appeares a reall faire to me
 W^{ch} at the most but sometimes I do see
 But never can at any time possesse ;

Giue me a Beauty at such distance sett
 That all the senses w^{ch} I would imploy 20
 Beinge wth in an euen compasse mett
 Each sense may there such equall share enjoy
 That neyther one the other shall destroy
 Or force it for to pay its fellowes debt.

So though wth douelike murmurs I did rest 25
 Fafter enchanted then wth any spell
 Lyinge wth in your armes, vpon your breast
 Sippinge a Nectar kisse, whose fragrant smell
 My tongue wth in your Lipps alone should tell,
 I would not thinke my powers were opprest. 30

Then leaue your simpringe, Cloris, and make hast
 Wth out delightinge thus to heare me pray,
 That all your sweets I may together tast.
 Should I too longe on one Perfection stay
 I might bee forced to linger on my way 35
 Or leave thee wth the prayse, of beinge chaste.

To [Iohn Davies of Hereford].

THine Art and Subiect both such Worth containe
That thou art best requited in thy paine.

*Imilce pleads that her son may not be
sacrificed.*

(translated from Silius Italicus, *Punica* IV, 791-9).

WHat is this with blood to stain
The sacred temples ? 'tis, alas ! the main
Cause of all sin, that men are ignorant,
And do the knowledge of God's nature want.
Go, pray for what is just with frankincense, 5
And let the cruel rites of slaughter hence
Be banish'd ; God is mild and near allied
To mortals, 'tis enough that we have dy'd
The altars with the blood of slaughter'd beasts,
Or if within the gods most cruel breasts 10
This wickedness is fixt ; let me be slain
Who am the mother. Why would you so fain
Deprive all Lybia of this towardness ?

De Vita Humana Philosophica Disquisitio.

PRIMA fuit quondam genitili femine VITA,
Procurasse suas dotes ubi Plastica Virtus
Gestit, & vegeto molem perfundere succo,
Signantésque notas quibus heic distinguitur omni
Humanum genus à bruto, compingere belle : 5
Inque suas classes describere munia quæque :
Venturique

Venturique flatus vestigia ponere certa :
 Infita multiplicis colere & plantaria Vitæ.
 Ast unâ (ut quæ sit fortis præfaga futuræ)
 Externam cauto formam cohibere recessu, 10
 Dum conspirantes possint accedere Causæ,
 Et totum tutò liceat proludere fœtum,
 Gnara sat interea, fabrica hæc cùm forte labascat,
 Occiduo semet totam subducere tecto,
 Sub propriique operis nec posse perire ruina : 15
 Quin ita cùm maneat, simul ut sit tota superstes,
 Corporis & fabricam condendi calleat artem,
 Confestim sese Artificis pro more periti
 Vti materia quavis, tum condere posse
 Mox aliam atque aliam, numeros dum compleat omnes 20
 Quos ferat heic Fatum, det rerum aut scansilis ordo.

ALTERA materno tandem succrevit in Arvo
 Exiles spumans ubi spiritus induit Artus,
 Exertusque simul miro sensoria textu
 Cudit, & hospitium menti non vile paravit, 25
 Quæ cœlo prognata suas mox inde capeffat
 Partes, atque pigro se totam corpore micfens
 Corrigat ignavum pondus, nec inutile sistat.
 Scilicet haud tantas utero committeret arcto
 Plastica vis vires, ubi nullus viribus usus ; 30
 Organa vel sensûs furvo concluderet antro
 Quò vel nulla patent objecta, aut fœda paterent ;
 Aut fineret mentem squallere in carcere cæco,
 Indiciis nullis ubi se vel proderet unquam,
 Nî citò venturæ fuerit cùm conscia Vitæ 35
 Intus adornasset quæ nobis Commoda cuncta.

TERTIA nunc agitur, quâ Scena recluditur ingens,
 Cernitur & Festum Cœli, Terræque Theatrum,

Congener

Congener & species, rerum variataque forma,
 Et circumferri, motu proprioque vagari 40
 Contigit, & leges æternaque fœdera Mundi
 Visere, & assiduo redeuntia sidera cursu ;
 Vnde etiam vitæ Causas nexúmque tueri
 Fas erat, & summum longè præsciscere Numen,
 Dum varios mirè motus contemperat orbis 45
 Et Pater, & Dominus, Custos & Conditor idem
 Audit ubique Deus ; Quid ni modo QUARTA sequatur ?
 Sordibus excussis cùm Mens jam purior instat,
 Auctâque doctrinis variis, virtutèque pollens
 Intendit vires, magis & sublimia spirat, 50
 Et tacitus cordi stimulus suffigitur imo,
 Vt velit heic quisquam forti superesse caducæ ;
 Expetitúrque status felicior ambiciosus
 Ritibus, & sacris, & cultu relligioso,
 Et nova succedit melioris conscia Fati 55
 Spes Superis hærens, toto perfusâque cœlo,
 Et sese sancto demittit Numen Amori,
 Et data venturæ non fallax tessera vitæ,
 Cùmque Deo licuit non uno jure pacisci ;
 Vt mihi seu fervo reddatur debita merces, 60
 Filius aut bona adire paterna petam, mihi sponfor
 Sit Fidei Numen ; Mox hanc sin exuo vitam
 Quæ terris proprior, nec dum purgataque forsan
 Aut asserta fiet ; tenue & simul exuo velum
 Aëreum, primo quo mens est acta vehic'lo 65
 Ad superas auras, tum (ne jam pristina poscam
 Gaudia, consuetæ repetens confortia carnis)
 Induit æthereo me totum corpore Virtus
 Plastica, tum major rerum mihi panditur ordo,
 Deliciæ surgúntque aliæ quam limine cœli 70
 Percipiam

Percipiam facilis ; tandem proprio quoque jure
 Vti jam cupiam, fato nec subditus ipſi,
 Cœleſtique ſimul veſtiri corpore vellem,
 Quo celſas Superùm poſſim conſcendere fedes,
 In cœliſque ipſis latè ſuffragia ferre 75
 Libera, ceu Divus ; voto & ſimul annuit omni
 Ille Deus, cujus non terris Gratia tantùm
 Sed cœlis proſtat ; quid ni modò QUINTA ſequatur,
 Et SEXTA, & quicquid tandem Spes ſanctior omnis
 Ac Amor, atque Fides à Numine poſtulet ipſo ? 80
 Scilicet haud fruſtrà nobis Spes inditur illa
 Quæ fines rerùmque modos ita tranſilit omnes,
 Vt petat immenſum, creſcens ex fomite ſemper :
 Incaſſum nec cedit Amor, qui cœptus ab alto
 In Numen redit, & commercia mutua pangens 85
 Intima perpetuæ conjungit fœdera vitæ :
 Sed nec vana Fides tot prædita viribus, omnes
 Vt penetrans cœlos, ſe Numine figat in ipſo,
 Donec ſit Vitæ compos conſorſque futuræ :
 Vt pereant ex morte ideò, Timor, Ira, Libido, 90
 Et Sitis, atque Fames, tum ſenſus craſſior omnis
 Quo fruitur juvenis brutorum more ferino,
 Sed quem dimittit, cum Corpore ſolvitur iſto,
 Haud unquam fraudi nobis erit ulla facultas
 Quam peperit coluitque ſimul maturior Ætas, 95
 Agnovitque Deus ceu puræ Mentis Alumnam,
 Et comitem cœlo juxtim velit eſſe perennem :
 Quid quod quæque ſequens ità ducat VITA ſequentem
 Ordine perpetuo citius quàm PRIMA SECUNDAM
 Et Numen votis præſtans potiora ſuperſit ? 100

*De Vita cœlesti, ex iisdem principiis
conjectura.*

TOto lufratus Genio, mihi gratulor ipsi,
 Fati securus, dum nec terroribus ullis
 Dejicior, tacitos condo vel corde dolores,
 Sed lætus mediis ærumnis transigo vitam,
 Invitísque malis (quæ terras undique cingunt) 5
 Ardenti virtute viam super Æthera quærens,
 Proxima cœlestis præcepi præmia vitæ,
 Vltima prætento, divino nixus Amore
 Quô simul exuperans creperæ ludibria fortis,
 Barbara vefani linquo confortia secli, 10
 Auras infernas diffans, spirânsque supernas,
 Dum sanctis memet totum sic implico flammis
 Hiiſce, ut suffultus penetrem laquearia Cœli,
 Atque novi latè speculer magnalia Mundi,
 Et notas animas (proprio jam lumine pulchras) 15
 Invisam, Superûmque choros, Mentésque beatas ;
 Quêſ aveam miſcere ignes, ac vincula sacra,
 Atque vice alternâ transire in gaudia, Cœlum
 Quæ dederit cunctis, ipsis aut indita nobis,
 Vel quæ communi voto sancire licebit : 20
 Vt Deus interea cumulans sua præmia, noſtrum
 Augeat indè decus, proprioque illuſtret amore,
 Nec Cœli Cœlis deſint, æternâve vitæ
 Secula, vel ſec'lis nova gaudia, qualia totum
 Ævum nec minuat, vel terminet Infinitum, 25
 His major deſit nec Gratia Numinis Alma,
 Quo miris variata modis hæc gaudia creſcant,
 Excipiâtque ſtatum quemvis felicior alter,

Et

Et quæ nec sperare datur, sint præstita nobis,
 Nec nisi sola capit quæ Mens Divina, supersint ; 30
 Quæ licet ex sese sint perfectissima longe,
 Ex nobis saltem magè condecorata videntur,
 Cùm segnes Animas, Cælum quas indit ab ortu,
 Exacuat tantùm labor, ac industria nostra,
 Ac demum poliat Doctrina, & moribus illis, 35
 Vt redeant pulchræ, dotem Cæloque reportent ;
 Quum simul arbitriis usi mala pellimus illa
 Quæ nec vel pepulit Cælum, vel pelleret olim,
 Ex nobis ità fit jam Gloria Numinis ingens
 Auctior, in cœlos quoque Gloria nostra redundat, 40
 Et quæ virtuti sint debita præmia nostræ,
 Vel Numen solito reddunt felicius ipsum.
 Amplior unde simul redhibetur Gratia nobis
 Quam vel cœlitibus, primum quos protulit ævum,
 Cùm status iis cunctis qui sit præclarior, ortu 45
 Hunc habeant ipso, magna & vi Numinis, illis
 Quæ dedit esse Deos ; sed quæ jam Gloria nobis,
 Parta ità sit virtute pia, proprioque labore,
 Vt facile heic Numen voto respondeat omni ;
 Sic ubi jam sese vellet Mens nostra tueri, 50
 Quæ per corporeas rimas ut fulserit olim
 Nullo se Terris vel lumine cerneret unquam,
 Confestim Numen sic sese ostendit, in illo
 (Ceus speculo) ut liceat jam sese noscere totam,
 Ejus & in speciem pulchram componere formam : 55
 Sic ubi Libertas chara est, per amœna locorum
 Conspicua innumeris Cœlis discurrere fas est,
 Deliciasque Loci cujusvis carpere passim,
 Atque vices illis rursus præbere recentes,
 Aut mage si reliquis locus heic arrideat ullus, 60
 Non

Non diversari tantùm, sed ponere fedes :

Sin placet ex Cœlo miseris succurrere passim,
Quos terris fors dura premit, vel præmia ferre
Fortibus atque piis, dat nobis Numen ut uti
Non precibus tantùm liceat, sed legibus illis 65
Provida quæis æquè cunctis sua Gratia constat,
Ac ope mox illos, hos vel mercede juvemus.

Sin placet Heroas veteres quos intulit Astris
Prisca Fides, fecère Deos præclaræque gesta,
Illic suspicere, & demum reverenter habere, 70
Cùm quos heic alii ex humili virtute parârunt
Ad superos aditus, illi vel fortibus ausis
Evicère olim, mox tum distinguere vultus
Tum jubar heic licet, & radiantes visere frontes.

Altior ast Animo si contemplatio fixa est, 75
Cuncta adapertha patent nobis jam scrinia Cœli,
Arcanâsque Dei rationes nosse juvabit,
Et quo consilio Mundus sit conditus olim,
Cùmque hæc arbitrio, sint illa at subdita Fato
Omnia tum pugnent fere, quî Deus ordine longo 80
Efficit ex istis peritura ut machina perftet :

Sin magè Cœlesti jam delectamur Amore,
Solvimur in flammâs, quæ se lambuntque fovéntque
Mutuò, & impliciti sanctis ardoribus, unâ
Surgimus amplexi, vinc'lo junctique tenaci 85
Partibus & toto miscemur ubique vicissim,
Ardorésque novos accendit Numinis Ardor.

Sin laudare Deum lubeat, nos laudat & ipse
Concinit atque Chorus Superûm, modulamine suavi
Personat & Cœlum, prostant & publica nobis 90
Gaudia, & eduntur passim spectacula læta,
Fîtque Theatralis quasi Cœli machina tota.

Hanc Mundi molem sin vis replicaverit ingens
 Numinis, atque novas formas exsculpsit indè
 Dotibus ornatas aliis, magis atque capaces ; 95
 Nostras mox etiam formas renovare licebit,
 Dotibus ut sit mens instructior, atque voluntas
 Auctior in tantum, ut possit jam pluribus uti
 Arbitriis simul, & mage prompta & spissa subinde
 Consummata magis tum Gaudia nostra resurgant. 100

Hæc si conjecto, mortali Corpore fretus,
 Corpus ut exuerim, Quid ni majora recludam ?

*Hæred. ac Nepot. suis Præcepta
 & Consilia E. B. H. de C. &
 c. 1. de K.*

SI tibi chara Dei sunt Jussa, & Jussa Parentis,
 Si cupis hæc vitâ tum meliore frui,
 Sis memor officii ; non à te conditus olim,
 Propter te solum sed neque natus eras.
 Te debes totum ; quæ sint tua munera spectâ, 5
 Quò vitæ ratio constet ubique tuæ.
 Ex omni virtute Deum venerare Supremum,
 Mitia nec defint vota, precesque bonæ.
 Spes intensa simul figatur, amorque perennis,
 Non alibi tandem gaudia fige tua. 10
 Author cum rerum, Medium sit, Finis & Idem,
 Hunc corde, ac animâ, viribus atque cole.
 Proximus ut quâvis æqua ratione juvetur,
 Sit, post hunc cultum, proxima cura tibi.
 Nec dubites quis sit tibi Proximus, omnis ubique 15
 Qui caret auxilio, Proximus ille tuus.
 Inter virtutes sit fælicissima, velle
 Humanum simul & posse juvare genus.
 Si

Si maculis Animam conspurcant Crimina fœda,
 Commissi pudeat, pœniteatque mali. 20

Dña tibi dederit nullum cum gratia signum,
 Vnde magis constet Spiritus intus agens.
 Huc licèt accedant Ritus, Myſteria, Sacra,
 Haud aliter labes emaculare queas.

Non ea ſit veniæ ſpes ſuavis facta, repentè 25
 In ſcelus ut quodvis pronior inde ruas,
 Ne ſcleris meritò ſic duplex ultio detur,
 “ Haud tollas culpam quæ recidiva foret.
 Namque æterna Bonis ut reddit præmia Numen :
 Sic pœnam ſtatuit ſuppliciumque Malis. 30

Hæc ut prima tibi, ſic ſit certiffima prorfus
 Relligio, quâvis Hæc regione viget.
 His de Principiis conventum eſt tempore quovis,
 Efficit Hæc homines denique ſola probos.
 Hæc tandem Rectæ Rationis Dogmata tantum 35
 Scire tibi fas eſt ; Cætera ſunt Fidei.

Vera Fides animæ vis eſt, quæ ſola futura
 Proſpicit, æternum ſollicitatque ſtatum ;
 Principiis utens quin certis tendit in altum,
 Quò ſummum preñſet, ſtringat & inde Deum, 40
 Haud ſe divelli patiens, dum corpore toto
 Exuta, in cœlos invehat ipſa Animam.

Sed quæ præteritas res tantum reſpicit, illa
 Nec vis eſt animæ, ſed neque certa quidem,
 Author ſi fallax fuerit, vel falſus in illis, 45
 Quæ conſignârît, tradiderîtve tibi :
 Heic ſi quid verum eſt, id totum vindicat Author,
 Te penes Adſenſus cauta fideſque manet.

Nil tamen ipse nega, nisi pugnet cum Ratione,

Et Sensu, secum diffideatque simul.

50

Si quid displiceat, dicas, res illa probata

Non fatis, aut nota est, aut manifesta tibi.

Qui rem possibilem, fieri potuisse, negarit,

Non homini fedit, nec fatis ipse Deo.

Nil credas contra, sed nec præter Rationem,

55

Hanc supra quamvis credere plura queas :

Omnia sic olim credens à Numine facta,

In finem credas facta fuisse bonum.

Hæc, occulta licet Rationis & abdita pars sit,

Vera tamen pars est & genuina, Fides.

60

Sacra piè credas quovis Miracula sæclo,

Nam quorsum dubites, quæ dubitare nefas ?

Ne facilem fucum faciant tamen ista, memento,

Sæpius ex fictis Dogmata vera sequi.

Impia non igitur simul hinc, vel dura trahantur

65

Dogmata, sed sano percipe quæque modo.

Crede parùm supra captum quod ponitur omnem,

Pendet ab arcanis consiliisque Dei.

Olim gesta licet testentur Scripta priorum,

Haud, quæis consiliis sint ita gesta, patet.

70

Credere sic fas sit currentia tramite longo,

Sed minùs ut credas, quæ tibi certa minùs.

Extorquere fidem si quis velit, indicet ille

Quæ docet ut credas esse necesse tibi.

Nam Nova si dubiis è scriptis Dogmata pandit,

75

Arctat & iis demum finibus ipse Deum,

Vt paucis notus, paucis sit & utilis, illi

Arcta quidem levis aut est adhibenda fides.

Indicet

Indicet ille Deum fin, cujus Gratia passim
 Funditur, atque piis prostat ubique viris, 80
 Qui Legesque suas describit cordibus ipsis,
 Effugii nullus quò foret inde locus,
 Communisque Pater sic cunctis providet, illi
 Ampla quidem & constans est adhibenda fides.

Sic Mandata decem Veteri quæ Codice, juxtim 85
 Extant atque Novo Codice bina, cole.
 Quin opus humano generi si pluribus eslet,
 Hæc reticere Deum non voluisse puta ;
 His insistenti, sed Clemens Numen & Æquum,
 Auxilium passim suppeditare suum. 90

Accipiens porrò quæ sancta Ecclesia tradit,
 Quod fatis haud credas, ambige Dogma piè.
 Quin nec pollicitis ita mens inflata tumescat,
 Vt partes linquas, destituasve tuas.
 Sed neque sic desponde animum terroribus ullis, 95
 Vt non propitium Numen adesse scias.

Ne crucient animum quæ circa Relligionem
 Vexantur Lites, sit modo vita proba,
 Firma fidesque tibi, quæ feri conscia Fati,
 Te lætum mediis reddat ubique malis. 100
 Litibus amotis, pateat nisi Janua Cœli,
 Nec tuta ad superos, nec via certa foret.

Affectus omnes Tranquillos atque Serenos,
 Queis omni cupias conditione frui,
 Qui sedant animum mulcentque, Doloribus ipsis 105
 Invitis, spondent & meliora tibi,
 Et qui sponte suâ simul in Divina feruntur,
 Hos menti proprios, perpetuosque scias.

Affectus omnes at Crassos, atque Molestos,
 Queis nullâ utaris conditione diu, 110

Hærent qui tantum præsentibus, atque perennis
 Qui non sunt gnari, sollicitive statûs,
 Et queis hæc tantum placeant Objecta caduca,
 Hos tu Brutales, occiduosque scias.

Sic cum Mens, cum Corpus agit, distinguere bellè 115
 Possis, dum varius sensus utrumque notat ;

Sic immortales partes, à partibus illis
 Quas mors absument, dissociare queas,
 Et dum Divinos Sensus in Numine figis,
 Te totum placido conciliare Deo. 120

Sic quos affectus sentis heic inde citatos,
 Et tibi pace vetant interiore frui,
 Dum passim circumvolitant, ac agmine denso
 Corruptunt fructus Mentis, eosque vorant,
 Hos abigas saltem, præclarâ ac Arbore vitæ 125
 Haud unquam prorsus nidificare finas.

Incumbens studiis, ea felige quæ tibi rerum
 Consignant causas, judiciumque ferunt,
 Eventusque docent ; quo possit nulla latere
 Seu Veri ratio, normæve recta Boni. 130

“Cunctorum vivis vitas, & transigis æva,
 “Si modò nôsse fatis, quæ potuère, potes.

Si firmum validumque tuum vis reddere Corpus,
 Obtusis gladiis vel tibi lusus erit,
 Asper Equus flexis vel sit moderatus habenis, 135
 Vel facili salta duc choreasque pede ;
 Absit Venatus creber ; quid inanius illo,
 Qui duce gestiret currere ubique ferâ ?

Splendida nec Vestis, nec sordida, pro ratione
 Temporis, atque loci sit varia atque decens. 140
 Sint Aulæa tamen tibi pulchra, & pulchra supellex,
 Sitque agilis, fortis, pulcher & omnis Equus.
 Communem supra sortem dum vectus, ab illo
 Tu motum, vires, accipis atque decus.

Tu comedas parcè, ne sit tibi corpus obesum, 145
 Et tumidum ventrem multa sabburra premat.
 Parciùs at bibito, cerebro ne fortè madente,
 Sensibus, & motu destituare simul.
 Læditur ingluvie corpus, sed mente carentes
 Ex fœdâ videas Ebrietate viros. 150

Linguas discè priùs, peregrinas visere terras
 Cum cupias, mutum ne videâre pecus.
 Urbes hinc lustra, quæis Legibus atque reguntur
 Perspice, qui Mores, quæ quoque Sacra vigent.
 Inter se demum licet hæc conferre, sed uti 155
 Te patrio tantùm more, foloque decet.

Sponte tuâ si Castra petis, semestre teratur
 Tempus, ut hinc Belli munia nôsse queas.
 Area virtutis patet heïc, Homini quoque quantum
 Præstet Homo videas ; cætera, Cura, Labor. 160
 Vt Patriæ prophis licet artem discere Belli ;
 At non ut citiùs crimina quæque patres.

Aulam nôsse satis, Regem cole Legibus, absit
 Ambitio turpis ; præmia nulla pete
 Quæ tibi non dederit Virtus. Sic transige vitam, 165
 Intentus studiis ut simul esse queas,
 Affinesque juves : "dubiâ sub sorte laborans
 "Angitur, officium negligit atque domi.

Stemmate, divitiis, formâ, tum more pudico
 Emineat Virgo, quæ tibi nupta fiet. 170
 Hæc ceu Gemma quidem, temet præfente, niteret,
 Abfente, at loculo ceu cooperta foret.
 Ipſamet at feſe niſi ſic concludere geſtit,
 Technas, atque dolos, infidiasque ſtruet.

Vxorem ſi vis caſtam, ſis caſtior ipſe, 175
 Jura tui ſervans inviolata tori.
 Hæc ſi peccârit leviùs, non ira creetur,
 Sed pudor ; eſt aliquid pœnituiſſe mali.
 Sin graviùs peccet, parcas ; mala fœmina, ut Anguis,
 Caudâ, vel faltem læſerit ore fero. 180

Servi ſint pauci, ſed nullus inutilis, omnis
 Sit frugi, vigilans, ſobrius, atque pius.
 His quò contineant ſeſe Officioque Domoque,
 Præmia pro meritis ampla referre juvet.
 Vtilis eſſe ſolet Cognatus, Frater, Amicus, 185
 Omnibus utilior Servus at eſſe poteſt.

Muneris ut memores Nati ſint, atque Miniſtri,
 Nec furor hos plectat, laudet amôrve nimis.
 Quin ſimul exemplo præſis ; tibi namque jubendi
 Fas eſt, cum tantùm, quæ facis, illa jubes. 190
 “ Vt Vitium lædat ſemper, magè Crimina nulla
 “ Sunt probro, quam quæ turpitèr acta domi.

Prudens fortunâ cautus ſis atque ſecundâ,
 Proſpera cum ſoleant nulla manere diu.
 Sin adverſa cadant, audentior erige mentem, 195
 Maturis ſupera conſiliisq̃ malum.
 Qui non fortunæ ſatis heic occurrit utrique,
 Is propriæ tandem victima Sortis erit.

Nec quacunque levi causâ, sermone nec ullo
 Tu jures, Nomen prostituâsve Dei. 200
 Quis tibi re dubiâ credat, si nulla probandi
 Non extrita tibi formulâ certa manet ?
 Aut quî tu Cœlos adeas, si vile videtur
 Nomen, quo solo fit tibi facta via ?
 Justitiam quocunque modo reverenter habeto, 205
 Hæc scopus & Vitæ regula sitque tuæ.
 Quin pœnam, meritò si plecteris, accipe lætus,
 Justitiæ factum sic fatis atque puta.
 Hanc igitur colito. Quid namque Augustius illâ,
 Ad quam ceu Normam provocat ipse Deus ? 210
 Si subitâ forsan tibi mens percellitur irâ,
 Tu linguam, saltem contineasque manus.
 Sit grave quod sentis, quodque ulciscare libenter,
 Ast illud reputa, quâ ratione queas.
 Sic primus fervor dum transit, & impetus iræ, 215
 Si non sedatus, tu magè cautus eris.
 Vt verum reticere queas, ubi res ita poscit,
 Attamen haud ideo dicere falsâ potes :
 Sed nec diffimulare licet, cum scire juvaret
 Rem quamvis, nullum cedit & inde malum. 220
 " Verax si fueris, se totum credet Amicus,
 " Quin tibi se forsan credet & hostis atrox.
 Sis nisi corde Humilis, tibi vel perpauca placebunt,
 Singula cum Meritis inferiora putes.
 Sed neque sat sese Virtus tua comprobât ulli, 225
 Vilior heic proftet si levitate suâ.
 Sic licet heic Nummus cudatur Principis ore,
 Si justo careat pondere, cassus erit.

Quos latè fundos Proavorum cura relinquit,
 Sit Primogenito tradere cura tuo. 230

Nam quæcunque aliis tradas hæredia Natis,
 Ex emptis prorsus suppeditabis agris.
 Providus at cures, ut Dos satis ampla paretur,
 Filia connubio si qua locanda foret.

Quos habeas Reditus, in partes divide ternas, 235
 Prima tibi sumptus eroget, atque tuis.

Sumptibus, expensisque vagis pars altera proftet,
 Auxilium miseris ut tamen inde feras.

Tertia tota tuâ tutò fervetur in Arcâ ;
 Par alitèr solitis casibus esse nequis. 240

Sint licèt in promptu, Bona vix promiseris ulla,
 Per varium Sortis vertitur omne Bonum.

Promissi reus est, qui sese obstringit, & unâ
 Voti damnatus redditur inde fui.

Sponte bonum præsta, ne qui jam Creditor esses, 245
 Devenias proprii Debitor ipse Boni.

Convivis hilaris, comis, festivus adesto :

Sed nullum prorsus scommate punge fero.

Sed nec tu vino socios pro more laceffe,

Ne claudant epulas Jurgia sæva tuas. 250

Hoc unum caveas, ne qui tibi venerat Hospes,

Ad proprios Hostis transeat inde lares.

Affentatores, Scurras, Mimos, Parasitos,

Et genus omne hominum garrulitate nocens,

Sed palpatores præsertim pellito Mensâ, 255

Laus ipsa infamis fordet in ore viri.

Si laudem captas, nec eam tibi deneget Hostis,

Virtuti nomen stabit ubique suum.

Lenas, & Mœchas abigas, damnosaque Scorta,
 Quæ glubunt juvenes, inficiuntque simul. 260

Quis prudens ineat sentinam Corporis illam,
 Multi colluvie quæ vitata viri ?
 Offibus aut carni nocet ensis, at ima Medullæ
 Erodit Scorti virus, & atra lues.

Si facies livet, color aut fit pallidus, ipsæ 265
 Flaccescantque genæ, sunt oculique cavi,
 Vel si pro solito satis haud respondeat Alvus,
 Fastidit stomachus, respuit atque cibos,
 Hæc tu venturi reputa præludia Morbi,
 Et tempestivis esse opus Auxiliis. 270

Principio Morbi sanguis mittatur Acuti ;
 Ventris farturas sed vacuare decet.
 At Stomacho si noxa latet, Vomitoria fume,
 Cardiaco, cordi mox sed & affer opem.
 Omnia consilio Medici tu perface tandem, 275
 Vti naturæ qui sciat Indiciis.

Jura Sodalitii, legesque ediscito primùm,
 Pòst tibi quærendus verus Amicus erit.
 Hunc inculpati Mores, & sanctius almæ
 Virtutis studium, nota fidesque probent. 280
 “Quos vitium jungit sociali fœdere, peccant
 “Spissius, admissum congeminantque malum.

Inter mortales ducatur pessimus ille,
 Quem cruciant claris præmia facta viris.
 Ex escâ capitur quivis ferè, at Invidus hamum 285
 Rodens, se rabie conficit inde suâ.
 Hunc neque reddiderint cœlestia regna beatum,
 Supra se superos dum videt, atque Deum.

- A te Consilium si fortè requirat Amicus,
 Fac ut res omnis sit patefacta priùs. 290
 Atque ita ne spectes tantùm quid fecerit ille ;
 Ast unà quid te consuluisse juvet.
 Haud ea nam tutò cuivis suadere licebit,
 Quæ scelus aut doceant, perniciémve ferant.
- Arcanum quodvis si quis tibi pandere vellet,
 295 Quod citra noxam jure tacere nequis,
 Comitèr id renuas ; Nam res est plena pericli,
 Scire ea quæ forsan sint nocitura tibi.
 Haud ita, quæ celare quidem, nec dicere tutum,
 In proprio condas, excipiásve sinu. 300
- Si res difficiles prorsus dubiasque capeffis,
 Sedulus, & constans, & taciturnus eris.
 Sic post consilium sumptum, tu cuncta silentèr
 Perficies, frustra ne tibi cedat opus.
 Pulveris est pyrii vis ingens, clusus at arcto 305
 Acrior erumpit vividiorque tubo.
- Hostem ne spernas, quod Mens inconscia pravi
 Terrores abigat, dejiciatque metum.
 Nam quis contemnit scopulos, quòd fida carina
 Visa sibi, in Syrtes impuleritve ratem ? 310
 Vel quis Cardiaco quamvis munitus, in hostis
 Incurfus sævos non sibi tela parat ?
- Intentat litem si quisquam, expendito justum
 Hæc quid sit, nullis partibus ipse favens,
 Atque ita si Litem fatis haud dissolvere possis, 315
 Hanc dirimat prudens Arbiter atque probus.
 Nescis quid Judex producat, Testis, & Hostis,
 Si sit communi Lis agitata foro.

Quasvis rixarum Causas, Ansæve caveto,
 Infensum videas si tibi fortè virum. 320

Invitum sin te certamine provocat Hostis,
 Probrosam famæ figat ut inde notam,
 Te meminisse decet, longâ serie Genitorum
 Nullum congressûs extimuisse pares.

Ignoscas, supplex veniam si postulat Hostis, 325
 Non illi tantum parcis, at ipse tibi.

Hoc munus proprium reputa, bona pendere quævis,
 Cum possint alii, sis licèt ipse tenax.

Te penes ast Hosti cum condonare potestas
 Sola sit, id munus vel Deus ipse petit. 330

Hoste cares, ipsoque cares si forsan Amico,
 Tranquillâ prorsus conditione fruens,
 Ac aurâ leni tandem provectus in altum,
 Vel velis ipsis credis ubique ratem,
 Nec satis advertis cursum, nec dirigis, ullum, 335
 Tu tamen ignavâ forte perire potes.

Solus cum fueris, à te tamen ipse caveto,
 Alto ne foveas pectore fortè malum.
 Inspector Cordis Deus est, ac intima mentis
 Lustrans, quæque suo judicat inde foro. 340

Vt sit ubique scelus grave, qui tamen ante Tribunal
 Ipsum peccârit, fons magis, estque reus.

Sic bona redde bonis, simul ut majora rependens
 Acceptum referas, exuperesque bonum.
 Sic mala redde malis, vindex Deus ut simul adsit ; 345
 Se lædit, qui te lædere sponte cupit.

Acceptum quò te præstes hominique Deoque,
 Non bona tu tantum, sed mala vince bonis.

Quæque

Quâque die vitium, si quod tibi forte superfit,
 Elue, te cupiens assimilare Deo. 350

Nam cum fœdatæ Mentis confortia spernit
 Mens æterna Dei, dum manet ulla lues,
 Ah quis non pellat, cordis vel vellat ab imo,
 Conjungi summo, quæ vetuère, Deo ?

Ii sint fermones, ea sint tua denique facta, 355
 Quæ sculpi tumulo, digna vel apta putes.

Sin exercendæ Virtuti occasio desit,
 Faxis, ut saltem sint meditata pia.
 Intus enim Numen citiùs conveneris ipsum,
 Tramite quàm dubio, quem Schola calcat iners. 360

Atque ita quam vobis heic vitæ Lampada trado,
 Tradere mox aliis, mox aliisque licet.
 Atque ita vos servet Summus Deus, atque gubernet,
 Vt cedant terris prospera quæque diu.
 Atque ita cum vobis postrema supervenit hora, 365
 Sospitet æternùm Vos Deus, atque beet.

His præcepta quidem possem connectere multa,
 Ast hæc (optârim) Bibliotheca mea
 Perficiat, summo quæ cum mihi parta labore,
 Sumptibus immensis, è variisque locis, 370
 Præstita sed vobis gratis, jubeoque, rogoque,
 Integra per Vos stet Bibliotheca mea.

DOUBTFUL POEMS

〈*Inconstancy.*〉

INconstancy's the greateſt of ſynns
 It neyther endes well, nor beginns.
 All other ffaultes, wee ſimplye doe
 This 'tis the ſame ffaulte, and next to :

Inconſtancye, noe ſynn will proue
 Yf wee conſider that wee Love
 But the ſame beautye in another fface
 Lyke, the ſame Bodye, in another place.

5

Ode : Of our Sense of Sinne.

VEngence will fit above our faults ; but till
 She there doth fit,
 We ſee *her* not, nor *them*. Thus, blinde, yet ſtill
 We leade her way ; and thus, whil'ſt we doe ill,
 We ſuffer it.

5

Vnhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill.
 Enough we labour under age, and care ;
 In number, th' errorrs of the laſt place, are
 The greateſt ſtill.

10

Yet we, that ſhould the ill we new begin
 As ſoone repent,
 (Strange thing !) perceive not ; our faults are not ſeen
 But paſt us ; neither felt, but onely in
 Our puniſhment.

15

But

But we know our selves leaft ; There outward fhews
 Our mindes fo ftore,
 That our foules, no more then our eyes difclofe
 But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes
 Himfelfe, knowes more.

20

A Divine Love.

WHY fhould dull Art, which is wife Nature's ape,
 If ſhe produce a ſhape
 So farre beyond all patternes, that of old
 Fell from her mold,
 As thine (admir'd *Lucinda*) not bring forth
 An equall wonder, to exprefs that worth
 In ſome new way, that hath
 Like her great work, no print of vulgar path ?

5

Is it becauſe the rapes of Poetry,
 Rifeling the ſpacious ſky
 Of all its fires, light, beauty, influence,
 Did thoſe diſpence
 On ayrie Creations, that furpaſt
 The reall workes of Nature, ſhe at laſt
 To prove their raptures vain,
 Shew'd ſuch a light as Poets could not feign ?

10

15

Or is it 'cauſe the factious wits did vie
 With vain Idolatry,
 Whoſe Goddeſs was ſupreme, and ſo had hurld
 Schiſm through the world,

20

Whoſe

Whose Priest fung sweetest layes ; thou didst appear,
 A glorious mysterie, so dark, so clear,
 As Nature did intend
 All should confesse, but none might comprehend ?

Perhaps all other beauties share a light 25
 Proportion'd to the sight
 Of weak mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires,
 As fir desires,
 And from the brain distill salt amorous rhumes ;
 Whilst thy immortall flame such drops consumes, 30
 And from the earthly mold
 With purging fires severs the purer gold.

If so, then why in Fames immortall scrowl,
 Doe we their names inroul,
 Whose easie hearts, and wanton eyes did sweat 35
 With sensuall heat ?
 If *Petrark's* unarm'd bosome catch a wound
 From a light glance, must *Laura* be renown'd ?
 Or both a glory gain,
 He from ill-govern'd Love, she from Disdain ? 40

Shall he more fam'd in his great Art become,
 For wilfull martyrdome ?
 Shall she more title gain to chaste and fair
 Through his despair ?
 Is Troy more noble 'cause to ashes turn'd ? 45
 Than Virgin Cities that yet never burn'd ?
 Is fire, when it consumes
 Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes ?

Cause

Cause *Venus* from the Ocean took her form
Must Love needs be a storm ? 50
Cause she her wanton shrines in Islands reares,
Through seas of tears,
O'er Rocks and Gulphs, with our own sighs for gale,
Must we to Cyprus, or to Paphos fail ?
Can there no way be given, 55
But a true Hell that leads to her false Heaven ?

To a Lady that desired I would love her.

I.

NOW you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you do ?
Shall I your mirth or passion move
When I begin to woo ?
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ? 5

II.

Each petty Beauty can disdain, and I,
'Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can see, and die.
Dispense a nobler fate !
Tis easy to destroy : you may create. 10

III.

Then give me leave to love, and love me too ;
Not with design
To raise, as Love's curst rebels do,
When puling poets whine,
Fame to their beauty, from their blubber'd eyne. 15
Grief

IV.

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
 Your Beauty's rays ;
Joys are pure streams : your eyes appear
 Sullen in fadder lays :
In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise, 20

V.

Which shall not mention to express you Fair
 Wounds, flames, and darts,
Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,—
 Suborning all your parts
Or to betray, or torture captive hearts. 25

VI.

I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear
 As mild and fair ;
Your brow as crystal smooth and clear ;
 And your dishevell'd hair
Shall flow like a calm region of the air. 30

VII.

Rich Nature's store, which is the Poet's treasure,
 I'll spend to dress
Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure
 In equal thankfulness
You but unlock ; so we each other bless. 35

TEXTUAL NOTES

(*P* = the printed text of 1665.

CC = Mr. Churton Collins's edition of 1881.)

PAGE 2.

(A SINNER'S LAMENT.)

Continuation of preceding poem in *P*.

11. That] that *P*

A DESCRIPTION.

Also in Rawlinson Poet. 31, fo. 14 (*R*) headed 'Idea: off Sr: Edw: Harbert'.

1 *praises hy*] praises highe *R*: praises, Ey *P*. See ll. 10 and 69 below. The form 'Ey' is due to a misreading of the old written 'H' which resembled the later 'E'.

PAGE 3. 3 *The Little . . . the Great*] This little . . . the world *R*
Side-note] *om. R* 5 Her hair] *new stanza R*

7, 8 *R has* This only proves an Axiome true

the Sunne help't Nature but in you;

10 In] ffor *R* raised hy] raised hye *R*: raised, Ey *P* 11 by]

with *R* 12 Hearts and Eyes dejecteth] eyes and hartes directeth

R 14 her light] those beames *R* 16 Sun's] Sunn *R* there]

heere *R* 18 born] borne *R* 19 set] sitt *R* 21 Heav'n,

reside] Heav'n reside, *P* 22 Words,] Words *P*: wordes, *R* 23

this] the *R* 25 yeildeth hir forme, more flayrelie scene *R* 26

made] ffram'd *R* 30 her] the *R* After this line *R* has lines cor-

responding to ll. 37-40, then lines corresponding to ll. 31-6. 31

Within this Heavens ffrontispice *R* 32 lies] is *R* 33 three]

hir *R*

PAGE 4. 35, 40 Indented in *P*. But the indentations mark sense-paragraphs. 37 harmonique] Harmoninge *R* 39 Indented in

P Favours] ffavo^r *R* 43 white's] white *R* 47 compact]

compare *R* 48 Whose] bee theis *R* inside's] insides *R* 49

envers'd] invers'd *R* 52 At whose peep] To whose keepe *R*

55 At th' entrance] ffor guardinge *R* hidden] charm'd *R* 56

Happy] *lacuna in R* 57 Alabaster] Allablaster *R* 58 that]

the *R* 59 At] The *R* 61 Not indented in *P* 63 Hearts]

eares *R* 64 parts] pares *R*

PAGE 5. 67 Indented in *P* 68 began] begunn *R* 69

Praises] Praises, *P* hy] highe *R*: Ey *P*

TO HER FACE.

Also in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 31, fo. 15 v (*R*).

5 an] a *R* 12 doth] doe *R*

TO HER BODY.

Also in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 31, fo. 15 v (*R*).

3 brings] bringe *R*

PAGE 6.

TO HER MIND.

Also in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 31, fo. 16 (*R*).

1-3 *R* has Exalted minde, that guid'st thie beatious spheare,
In that flayer order, and intelligence

doth move his orbe, howe cann this worth appeare,

4 *R* begins the line In wordes without a gap tell] tells *R* 9, 10
that . . . Description] *R* omits, and runs together outside yf heere 10
cesse] cease *P*. But cp. note on 'The First Meeting', l. 25. 14 The
poem ends with this line in *R*.

<LOVES END.>

A continuation of the previous poem in *P*.

PAGE 7. UPON COMBING HER HAIR.

PAGE 8. 24 Age?] Age. *P* 26 spread.] spread, *P*

DITTY IN IMITATION OF THE SPANISH.

Title. tanto que] tantoque *P*

PAGE 9. 18 lost] Perhaps tost

THE STATE-PROGRESS OF ILL.

PAGE 10. 16 appear?] appear. *P* 17 Attributes] Attitutes *P*

PAGE 11. 61 was wise] waswise *P* 66 right,] right. *P* 70 are,]
are *P*

PAGE 12. 100 irregular,] irregular *P*

PAGE 13. After 126. 1608] 1668 *P* (corrected in the 'Errata')

PAGE 14. OF TRAVELLERS: (FROM PARIS.)

Title. *Of Travellers from Paris.* *P* 5 Parents,] Parents (comma
blurred) *P* 25 Fauxbourgs St.] Fauxbourgs, St, *P*

PAGE 15. 27 hear,] hear *P* 49 jests;] jests, *P*

PAGE 16. 80 that.] that, *P* 82 can.] can *P* 89 To] Query,
So Cp. 'Epitaph. Cæcil. Boulstr.' p. 20, l. 9 note.

PAGE 17.

<PARTED SOULS.>

No title in *P* 5 that] my correction of yet *P* 8 I] The *O. E. D.*
(under 'Aye') says that 'I' never stands for 'Ay' (= ever), the sense
which seems to be required here. Here, however, the 'I' above might
account for the substitution. One might suppose that 'I' stands for
'In', but the result is hardly satisfactory. 13 allay,] allay *P*
23 must] Query, most

PAGE 18.

MADRIGAL.

14 rise?] rise *P* 15 hate,] hate *P*

PAGE 19.

ANOTHER.

5 bend,] bend *P* 10 base.] base *P*

PAGE 20.

EPITAPH. CÆCIL. BOULSTR.

In Captain C. Shirley Harris's MS. (now Bodleian MS. Eng. Poet. F. 9) (*S*) headed 'On Mrs. Bulstreed' (see Donne's *Works*, ed. Grierson, II. ci); Harl. MS. 4064 (*H*); MS. Rawlinson Poet. 31, f. 36 (*R*) headed 'Another. Sir Edw. Harbert.'

Title. Boulstr.] Boulser *P* 7 Death's] death *R* 8 strict] strayth *H*, straight *R*, strayht *S* 9 So] To *P* what] that *S* 12 mutin] muting *P* (*corrected in the Errata*) 13 their] her *S* 14, 15 *om.* *S* 16 by] on *H*, *R*, in *S*

PAGE 21. 19 a] of *S* 20 Triumphing... fled] Triumpheth... is fled *S* 21 did not dye, but] for a Trophee (ie, y) *H*, *R*, *S*

EPITAPH. GULI. HERBERT DE SWANSEY.

4 Stoop'd] *Query*, Stop'd

PAGE 22.

ELEGY FOR THE PRINCE.

This is found in Add. MS. 25303, fo. 81 v (*A*), Add. MS. 21433, fo. 169 (*Aa*), Harl. MS. 3910, fo. 119 v headed 'On Prince Henery' (*H*), Cambridge University Library MS. Ee. 4. 14 (*C*), Rawlinson Poet. MS. 26, fo. 91 (*R*). Only *A* and *Aa* give the date '9 ber 9th 1612'. *A* gives the author as 'Sir Ed. H.'; *Aa* as 'S C H'; *H* as 'Sr Ed: Her: '; *C* as 'Sr Edwarde Harbort'; *R* as 'Sr Edward Herbert'. It was printed as Herbert's among 'Sundry Funeral Elegies... composed by seuerall Authors' appended to the third edition of Sylvester's *Lachrymæ Lachrymarum* (1613), where it is headed 'Elegie on the vntimely Death of the incomparable Prince, Henry' (*L*).

1 he] HEE *L* 2 that Prince that] the prince, which *C* 6 frame] Name *L, R* 8 further] farther *A, H, C, L* 9 the] *om.* *R* 14 hate] state *A, Aa, R, L*. Cp. Spenser, *F.Q.* III. xi. 39 l. 8. 15 he] shee *L* 16 Himself to] Him to a *L* 17 who] which *C* 17, 18 *Transposed in L* 18 *R* adds '?' 19 Do we then] Or doe wee *A, Aa, C, R, L*. him] him? *A, Aa, C, R* (*which omit the ? after l. 22*) 21 universally diffused] *hyphened in L* 22 moves] move *C* 23 rest] dyed *A, Aa, H, C, R, L* 25 us?] us *A, C* 28 Spring?] springe, *A, Aa, H, R*, we] or'e *H*

PAGE 23. 34 dead?] dead, *A, Aa, H, C, R, L* 35 as yet we] Yet wee doe *A, Aa, H, C, R, L* 40 this] his *C* 41 here] *om.* *Aa* 47 on those tearms] in that Power *A, Aa, H, C, R, L* 48 though] that *Aa* 51 now] then *A, Aa* 52 pain] gain *L* 57 liv'd?] liued; *C*, liu'd *Aa, H, R, L* 58 Might perish by thy hand at once] at once mighte perishe by thy hande *A, H, C, R, L*; at once

may &c. *Aa* 59 his] This *R, L* thenceforth] henceforth *A, Aa, H, C, R, L*

PAGE 24. 61 we shall] shall wee *L*

The date at the end is wanting in *H, C, L. L* adds 'Finis'.

A VISION.

PAGE 25. 12 which spi'd] *Query*, with speed (*from common confusion of with and wch*) 21 beheld] *The rime suggests* behold

PAGE 26. <TEARS, FLOW NO MORE.>

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 2 as 'Ditty', (*A*) and in Trin. Coll. Dublin MS. G. 2. 21, p. 357 (*D*).

No title in *P*. 1 must] will *A* 3 the] this *A*. 6 hath] haue *A* 9 O let] Let *P*: oh tell *D* 10 heate] sparks *P* arise] doe rise *D* 12 but] *om. D.* love's sacrifice] Loues-sacrifice *A* 13 blow] slow *P* 17 may] may t *A* 18 fires ?] fires. *P*: fiers *A*
A, D give no date or place.

DITTY, &c.

Title. Quanto mio] Quantomio *P*

PAGE 27. <LOVE SPEAKS AT LAST.>

Run on to the preceding poem in *P*.

PAGE 28. 12 prov'd.] prov'd *P*

PAGE 29. 31 when] *Not in P*

A DITTY TO THE TUNE OF COSE FERITE.

Title. Cose ferite] coseferite *P*

PAGE 30. 16 hymn] hymen *P* 17 grant,] grant. *P*

EPITAPH ON SIR EDWARD SAQUEVILLE'S CHILD.

In Add. MS. 37157, fo. 1 v (*A*) with the heading 'On my L. of Dorsets first sonne' to which Herbert has added 'who dyed in his birth'.

5 Let us] Lets *A* mone] morne *A*

PAGE 31.

DITTY.

In Add. MS. 37157, fo. 2 v (*A*). The first three stanzas appear as 'Song' in *The Last Remains of Sr John Suckling* (1659) (*S*) with another poem 'O that I were all soul' tacked on to them.

1 again,] againe *A* 4 got and born] freely borne *A* 6 By every one that hath a heart. *S* 8 Whom] When *A* 10 fain] feign *S* 13 think it is] think 't *S* 15 You are deceiv'd] Nor is that right *S* who] that *S*

PAGE 32. 19 we] I *A* 21 beauties] beauties, *P* 24 fire] fiers *A*

25-8 *A* has: Give me then so much Love, that in pure fier | May
still aspire | Yf equall in such flames, wee both arise | How can we
ever part 31 Then give me] Give then *A* we] me *A*

ELEGY OVER A TOMB.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 3 v (*A*).

PAGE 33. 11 those] these *A* 15 restore] resine (*corrected by*
Herbert to resigne) *A* 16 The] your *A* 23 flower] flower, *A*
27 the] *om. P.* 29, 30 this second birth | To Heaven and Earth]
both Heaven and earth | this second Birth *A* 33 those] these *A*

PAGE 34. Date. *om. A.*

TO MRS. DIANA CECYLL.

The poem is also found in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 4 v (*A*), Add. MS.
21433, fo. 96 v (*Aa*), Add. MS. 25303, fo. 92 v (*Ab*), Harl. MS. 3910,
fo. 59 v (*H*), Egerton MS. 2725, fo. 65 (*E*), Ashmole MS. 36, fo. 305
(*As*), Rawlinson Poet. MS. 147, fo. 75 (*R*) Trinity Coll. Dublin MS.
G. 2. 21, p. 307 (*D*). The poem is attributed by *Aa*, *Ab*, and *H* to
'Sr Edv. Harbert'; by *R* to 'Ed. H.'

Heading generally absent: To Lady Diana Cecill. *R.*

1 Diana Cecyll] *om. E* 2 Is] As *D* 3 whitely] earthly *E*
4 Oriental] an orientall *D* 5 Like to] Such as *A* 6 early]
th'early *Aa*, *Ab*, *H*, *R*, *D*; the early *As*; like the early *E* Morning]
mornings *Ab*, *H*: morne *E* breaking] when yt breakes *A*: broke *E*
from] through *Aa*, *Ab*, *H*, *R*, *D*, *E* the] *om. A*

PAGE 35. 7 thy] thine *A* and] or *E* 9 we find still] still
we finde *Aa*, *Ab*, *H*, *As*, *R*, *D* vulgar] common *A*, *Aa*, *Ab*, *H*,
As, *R*, *D*: *E* omits the line 10 and] yet *Aa*, *Ab*, *As*, *H*, *D*,
R: *om. E* you] men *Aa*, *Ab*, *As*, *H*, *D*: one *R*, *E* would]
may *Aa*, *Ab*, *H*: might *As*, *E* 11 serve] Learne *As* it] them
Aa, *Ab*, *H*, *E*, *D* and did] and so *Aa*, *Ab*, *H*, *E*, *As* 13 that]
thy *Aa*, *Ab*, *H*, *E*, *As* form] force *P* (*corrected in the Errata*)
15 know] knows *Aa*, *Ab*, *H*, *As*, *D* 17 That] As *As* 18 to
themselves] in them selves *A*, *Ab*, *H* 19 let none henceforth]
henceforth let none *As*, *E*, *D*: let none *Aa*, *Ab*, *H* inquire]
admire *all MSS.* 20 admire] desire *all MSS.* 21 they] those
H that] who *A* 23-4 *A*, *Aa*, *Ab*, *H*, *As*, *D* have:

Least yf men hoped more then they vnderstood | The ill of ignor-
ance proue better then the Good.

E agrees with these *MSS.* except in reading hope, and *R* except in
reading proues.

TO HER EYES.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 5 (*A*).

PAGE 36. 14 its] hits *A* connexion] comixion, *altered by*
Herbert to connexion *A* 21 bid] bids *A* 23 are.] are, *P*:
beare, *A* 26 black,] black. *P*: blacke *A*

PAGE 37.

TO HER HAIR.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 6 (A).

5 hallow'd] Vestall A 8 threads] thrids A 9 your] the P
 11 afterwards] afterward A 14 causes] cause A blind] so
 blind A 15 should] would A 23 kind] hand P (*corrected in
 the Errata*)

PAGE 38. 32 diaped] diaperd (*in Herbert's hand*) A 35
 upward] upward *altered by Herbert to* dasled A

SONNET OF BLACK BEAUTY.

Appears in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 7 (A) under heading 'Sonnet'.

2 renew] renew, P 4 Do'st] Doth A sight,] sight. P:
 sight A 6 Art] And P night;] night, P.: night A 7 these]
 those A call] calls A

PAGE 39. ANOTHER SONNET TO BLACK IT SELF.

In Add. MS. 37157, fo. 18 (A), headed 'To Blacke it selfe'.

6 Hue] here P 9 power;] power, P: power A

THE FIRST MEETING.

In Add. MS. 37157, fo. 7 v (A).

2 Heavens] Heav'ns P 3 aire] fire P 6 your] thy A 7 such
 an unusual] a sharpe and mighty A 8 your] thy A 10 A has
 'forsinge such wonder and amaze': P has a gap between 'such' and
 'amaze', while its list of 'Errata' directs us in this line 'for "terror"
 read "terrors"'. One must suppose that the line that should have
 been printed was 'Forcinge such terrors and amaze'.

PAGE 40. 11 your] thy A 18 its] hits A 19 your]
 thy A 21 former terrors were] now all terror was A 25
 your] thy A cesse] cease P: rest (*altered by Herbert to* cesse) A
 26 to bless] so blest (*alt. to* to bless) A 31 form'd] found P.
 35 your] thy A 37 your favours] thy goodnes A 38 whil'st]
 while A

PAGE 41. 42 You did] Thou didst A 44 your] that A 50
 in parting] imparting P (*corrected in the Errata*) 54 your] thy A
 57 you gave] thou givest A 58 you] thee A 59 suffer'd]
 sufferedst A 60 your] in thy A hemisphere.] hemisphere, P:
no stop, A 66 subjects] subject A

PAGE 42. 67 you] thee A 68 you gave] thou gavest A 69
 ever] every-where A 70 your] thy A touch] power A 72
 your] the A

A MERRY RIME.

6 fine] *Query*, five

PAGE 43.

THE THOUGHT.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 9 (A), Add. MS. 25707 (Aa), and Harl. MS. 6918, fo. 20 v (H) (in the two latter anonymous).

3 doth] must Aa, H 7 yours] you Aa 8 whether] whither A
10 two] both Aa, H 11 which] that H 16 me,] me. P
18 That] As Aa, H

PAGE 44. 28 forms] thoughts Aa, H 30 vulgar] earthly Aa,
H 31 on] of H 32 'tis] 'twas Aa, H 36 possess] professe Aa
37 must live, when we do] the weh cann neuer Aa, H

TO A LADY WHO DID SING EXCELLENTLY.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 1 (A) where the date '1618' is appended to the title.

4 Come] Came A 5 receive] receivd A

PAGE 45. 7 power] powers A 10 love;] love. P 12 dis-
miss'd] dismiss'd P into] vnto A 20 heretofore;] no stop in A:
heretofore. P

PAGE 46.

ECHO TO A ROCK.

4 when] Query, where (= whereas)

PAGE 47. 13 Sure] Since P (*corrected in the Errata*) 26 Well.]
Well P

ECHO IN A CHURCH.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 25 (A). It has no title and is written without breaks.

1 Where] When P 3 her] my A

PAGE 48. 10 cry?] cry. P 22 line om. in P 26 am.] am P

TO HIS MISTRESS FOR HER TRUE PICTURE.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 21 v (A): 'To my M^{tris} &c.'

PAGE 49. 7 that] but A 13 which] om. A 24 drawn,] A
omits comma. 30 Night,] *comma doubtful* P 31 dark'ning]
daslinge A 32 Cimmeriens,] *for comma, full stop* P 33 And]
Cladd A 36 instruct] teach A

PAGE 50. 38 the threds of life] the Thrids of Life (*altered by
Herbert to Threds of our Life*) A 41 the Infernal] the *written and
then altered to that* A 42 retires] returns A 43 how few] few,
few A 45 happiness!] happiness? P 47 of] om. P 54
These] Those A 55 Sun-brighter] Sun-bright, or P 64 Heavens-
Light-Usher] Heav'ns lightest Usher P 67 me not] not me A

PAGE 51. 71 she nut-brown,] the nut brown P 72 the flesh]
this flesh A 73 her] it P 87 lep'rous-scabb'd] leprous, scabb
A 88 your Pioners, Ring-worms,] Pioner ringwormes A, your
Pioneers, Ring-worms P 91, 92 inbred Stink] imbred Stink *altered
apparently to imbreed Stinks* A, inbred Sink P 93 e'r] eare A

PAGE 52. 104 troop] Troopes *A* 115 Well-arm'd compleate,
maile joynted *A*, Well-arm'd compleat-mail'd-jointed *P*. 116 links]
liñes *A* 119 Death-priviledg'd] *hyphen om. P* 128 torn?] *P*
torn. *P*

PAGE 53. 130 A gift] I giue t (*apparently A* 136 quarrels]
quarrell *A* 137 Flesh-Mistress;] *comma for semicolon P* 139
doth] do *A*

EPITAPH ON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Found in a better form (see Commentary) in *Wit's Recreations* (1640), Epitaphs, No. 114 (*W*), and in J. Cruso's *Commonplace Book*, St. John's Coll., Camb. (*C*).

1 Reader,] *prefixed to next line W* 2 Church] ground *W* 3
I should more acquaint] more | I should acquaint *W, C* 6 A lover,
Scholler, Souldier and a Saint *W, C*

PAGE 54.

SONNET.

Also found in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 10 v (*A*), where Herbert has added 'at Merlou in France 1620'.

5 Greene] Grave *P* (*no doubt from Grene misread Greue*) 10 the
leaves do friss] your Leaues do kisse *A* 13 Pleasure . . . truly is]
Pleasures . . . neuer misse (*altered by Herbert to Pleasure . . . truly is*)
A 14 bliss?] bliss. *P*

PAGE 55.

TO THE C. OF D.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 21 (*A*).

3 Love's not] Loues nor *A* 9 doth] do *A* 12 reverend]
Query, reverent

PAGE 56.

DITTY.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 17 (*A*) (the first stanza only). Perhaps the other stanzas were a later addition.

3 hope] Hopes *A* 11 and 21 Melaina] Melania *P* (*corrected in the Errata: the reference, p. 50, is a misprint*) 12 <if>] *om. P*
22 these] *Query*, those

PAGE 57.

ELEGY FOR DOCTOR DUNN.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 19 (*A*): 'Elegy for Dr Dunne.'

4 the] a *A* 10 above] beyond *A* 18 Meteors] Meteors
altered by Herbert from motions A 21 sustenance] substance *A*

PAGE 58. 27 were it then] then it were *A* 28 fraudulent]
Fraud or *A* 30 rights] right *A* known.] known, *P* 37
usurpations] vsurpation *A* 42 Must] Might *A* 49 alive.] alive. *P*
P 51 thee] thee (*second e added by Herbert A: the P*)

PAGE 59. 60 To blazon] The blazinge *A*, (blazinge *altered by Herbert to blazon*) 62 both] they *A* 75 Escocheons]
Scutcheons *A* 78 detractors] detraction (*altered by Herbert to detractors*) *A: detraction P* 79 heat] Zeale *A*

PAGE 60.

THE BROWN BEAUTY.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 11 (A).

1 two] pure A 5 As that wherein hee would extremes compose
A 6 close?] close. P: close A 8 That] The A 9 Nations]
Climes yet A 10 that adust] of that Burnt A 17 which adorns
her] most addornes the A 18 Is] Seemes A her] the A
After this A has the following additional stanza:

So choicely mixd, as in your Person dwell
Sweets that Arabian odours farre excell
W^{ch} in your skinne, wee see, and breath do smell
So can your fairer inside both expresse
Delights w^{ch} may the eare alike possesse
And harte wth joy about all other blesse.

19 then] there A 20 shall] had A
22-4 A has They might confine vnto you alone
As she whose Matchlesse Beauties best attone
The differinge Glories claymd by eyther Lone.

PAGE 61. AN ODE UPON A QUESTION MOVED, &c.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 13 v (A) headed simply 'An Ode'.

9 whistles] whislunge (*alt. to whisles*) A 11 vari'd] varyinge
(*alt. to varied*) A 14 concent] concent (*altered from consent*) A:
consent P 17 with a love] fild with joyes A 18 mutually
happy] Lōvinge and beloved A 20 A inserts an additional stanza
here:

And in such chaste desires as dwell
In those to Loues perfection gotte
Were most assured they could not
Love too much that Love soe well

The stanza was originally written While in . . . In those two . . .
Both were assured . . .

Herbert's correcting hand altered While to And, two to to, *struck out*
Both, *inserted well after were, and then altered well to most.*

PAGE 62. 22 did] om. A. 24 love,] love. P In A a stop seems
to have been deleted. 44 faith] love P (*corrected in the Errata*)

PAGE 63. 55 how] here A 59, 60 intent | To a love] resent
(*in Herbert's hand*) | A Love w^{ch} A 62 earthly] Beautyes A
63 As] A A 64 This] His A

PAGE 64. 73-6 This stanza in A runs:

Is it perchance wee should remove
Our-selves from these vile objectes here
As yf on earth that nothinge were
Made for our knowledge or our Love

83 in his] in's *P* 88 end.] end? *P*: end *A* 91 with] in *altered*
by *Herbert from wth A* 92 Must] Shall *A*

PAGE 65. 93-100 *In place of these two stanzas, A has one:*

For [altered from 'As'] yf wthere sinnes and Vice reside
They lastinge Characters Infuse
It by stronge consequence insues
The better Parts must still abide

96 bide,] bide *P*

PAGE 66. 120 *After this line A has three additional stanzas:*

31

And as when man did first obtaine
The forbidde knowinge good and ill
The acte was punished yet still
The knowledge did in him remaine

32

So though our Love never impure
Some outward frailty may retaine
It shall bee clensed from its staine
But in its-selfe shall still indure

33

Or else our Love never forbidde
Lay subject to a greater curse
And frailty should bee punished worse
Then what man in perfection did

124 equal loves can] Loves alone might *A* 133 This] Thus *A*
136 Look] Looked *A*

PAGE 67. THE GREEN-SICKNESS BEAUTY.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 12 v (*A*) and printed in *Prince d'Amour*, 1660, p. 119 (*Pd*).

1 cheeks] cheeke *A* 2 eye] eyes *A, Pd* 5 all] full *A*
disclos'd:] disclos'd. *P*: disclosed *A*. 7 ascends more] ascendeth
Pd 16, 17 *A, Pd have*

Thus though your eyes do not send forth that blaze
Web in imodest Lookes doth straight appeare

18 do not need] need not for *Pd* 20 further] farther *A, Pd*
run] tread *Pd*

PAGE 68. 24 yet] did *A* 28 do] om. *A* 34 Tis . . . for]
'Till (*altered by Herbert to 'Twill*) . . . bee *A*. *Pd omits* for 35
rather], rathen *P*

THE GREEN-SICKNESS BEAUTY.

Also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 11 v (*A*) where it is divided into
stanzas of four lines numbered 1 to 7.

PAGE 69. 5 command] commands *A* 7 Statue of your self,]
Statue, of your self *P* 20 *A* adds two stanzas:

6

If in Loves coullors yet you so delight
That all his Liverjes, you at once would weare
Tempering Carnations red, wth Jasmines white
Till both in one consistense do appeare

7

You must vnto Loves Chymistry attende
And first procure that that may downwards move
W^{ch} afterwards will purified ascende
And giue a Tincture to the Parts above

LA GIALLETTA.

Title. La Gralietta *P*.

PAGE 70. 9 bestow!] bestow? *P* 21 sweet!] sweet: *P* 25
Country Soil] Country, Soil *P* 28 envy] enjoy *P* (corrected in the
Errata)

PAGE 72. PLATONICK LOVE.

8 caus'd] cause *P* (corrected in the *Errata*)

PAGE 73. 15 delight.] stop doubtful *P*

PAGE 74. 48 hence,] hence *P*

PAGE 75. THE IDEA.

6 find,] find. *P* 9 Starr,] Starr. *P*

PAGE 76. 25 and] omitted in *P*, but the omission is corrected in the
Errata.

PAGE 77. 63 last,] last. *P*

PAGE 78. 74 Your second] Von second *P* 80 spend,] stop
doubtful *P*

PAGE 79. PLATONICK LOVE.

11 (not)] om. *P*. 12 Penitent?] Penitent. *P*

PAGE 81. (AN APPEAL TO HIS HOPES NOT TO FAIL HIM.)

Title wanting in *P*. 17 cesse] cease *P* See note on p. 40, l. 25

PAGE 83. A MEDITATION.

18 thy] this *P* (corrected in the *Errata*) 20 dispense] dispense, *P*

PAGE 84. 21 frame,] frame *P*

PAGE 85. OCTOBER 14. 1644.

Title. 1644] 1664 *P*

PAGE 86. 16 What,] What *P*

PAGE 87. EPITAPHIUM IN ANAGRAMMA, &c.

3 unquam] nunquam *P* (corrected in the *Errata*)

PAGE 88. IN TUMULUM DOMINI FRANCISCI VERE.

9 Vero] vero *P*

IN DIEM NATALITIUM.

4 Æstas] Ætas *P*

PAGE 89. FOR A DYAL.

placidus] placidus, *P*

IN ANSWER TO . . . GUIET.

PAGE 90. 9 Gallus] Galbus *P* (*corrected in the Errata*)

IN ANSWER TO TILENUS.

1 Qui] Qui *P* (*corrected in the Errata*) 2 Quum] Quam *P*
(ditto) meas,] meas. *P*

PRO LAUREATO POETA.

PAGE 91. 9 hostis?] hostis: *P* 14 recusant] recusant, *P*
24 spernas.] spernas *P* 33 *Should perhaps be printed as a question.*

PAGE 92. AD SERENISS. REGEM GUSTAVUM.

9 tua] tua, *P* 16 tuos validos] tuos, validos, *P* 24 tuis] tuos *P*

EURYALE MÆRENS.

PAGE 93. 1 fontibus,] fontibus *P* 4 exesis] exesis, *P* 8
cupressis] cupressi *P*

MENSA LUSORIA.

PAGE 94. 6 aptat,] aptat *P* 7 extremo] extremo, *P* 9
lusores,] *comma doubtful P* 10 nitentem] Nitentem *P*

CHARISSIMO . . . AMICO THOMÆ MASTER.

1 fueris] fueras *P* 2 possunt,] possunt *P*

PAGE 97. INNUMERABLE BEAUTIES.

Undoubtedly Herbert's, as appearing in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 17.

2 Aire,] Aire *MS* 5 faire,] faire *MS* 7 dispare,] dispare
MS 8 require,] require *MS*

TO ONE BLACKE.

Undoubtedly Herbert's, as appearing in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 17 v.

5 Place,] Place *MS* 6 delight,] delight *MS*

PAGE 98. 8 incline,] incline *MS* 9 art,] art *MS* 10 mine,]
mine *MS* 12 departe,] departe *MS* 14 bee,] bee *MS* 22
there] there, *MS* 24 debt,] debt *MS* 29 tell,] tell *MS* 30
opprest,] opprest *MS* 31 simpringe, Cloris,] simpringe Cloris *MS*
32 pray,] pray *MS* 33 tast,] tast *MS* 36 chast,] chast *MS*

PAGE 99. To [JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD].

This couplet is prefixed (*A* 3) to *The Holy Roode, or Christs Crosse*. By John Davies. London, 1609, and addressed *To the Authour*. The signature appears as '*Edw. Herbret Knight*'.

DE VITA HUMANA.

This poem is printed after Herbert's *De Causis Errorum* in the editions of 1645 and 1656. It appears in a shorter form in his *Autobiography* (ed. Lee, p. 16). For the 1645 text I use *E1*, for that of 1656 *E2*, and for that of the *Autobiography* *A*.

Title. *A* has merely Vita. 4-9 om. *A*

PAGE 100. 10 Externam cauto] Externamque suo *A* 13-21
om. *A* 26 prognata] delapsa *A* 27 atque . . . miscens] et sortis
tanquam præsaga futuræ *A* (*cp. l. 9, sup.*) 29-36 om. *A*

PAGE 101. 52 heic] huic *A* 58 venturæ] celestis *A* 63 proprior] propior *E1* 63-76 *A* has merely:

Campos iam factus melioris, tum simul uti
Jure meo cupiam liber, meque asserit inde

PAGE 102. 76 Divus ;] Divus *E2* 77 Ille] Ipse *A* 79
sanctior omnis] ipsa requirat *A* (*A* ends with this line) 99 Se-
cundam] Secundam? *E1* 100 supersit?] supersit. *E1, E2*

PAGE 103.

DE VITA CÆLESTI.

Appears with *De Causis Errorum* 1645 (*E1*), *ibid.* 1656 (*E2*) and in the *Autobiography* (*A*).

Title. *A* has De vita celesti coniectura. 25 vel] nec *A*

PAGE 104. 41 nostræ] tandem *A* 44-55 *A* has merely Ut vel
pro voto nostro iam singula cedant. 54 sese] semet *E1* 55 in]
ad *E1* 56 Sic ubi] Nam si *A* 59-74 om. *A* 60 mage si]
si præ *E1*

PAGE 105. 75 ast] est *A* fixa est] fixa *A* 78-81 *A* has:

Huius sin repetat quisquam consortia sæcli,
Mox agere in terris, ac procurare licebit
Res hec humanas, et iustis legibus uti !

85 vinc'lo] copula *A* 89 atque Chorus Superûm] Angelicusque
chorus *A*

PAGE 106. 97-9 *A* has Et dotes sensusque alios assumere, tandem
98 ut possit] queat ut *E1* 100 tum] quo *A*

HÆRED. AC NEPOT. SUIS PRÆCEPTA.

This poem as subjoined to *De Causis Errorum* 1645 has 372 lines (*E1*), as it appears with the edition of 1656, 116 lines (*E2*). In the

latter the lines are not visibly arranged in sixes, but this arrangement is still there. Thus if the six-line 'stanzas' of *E1* are numbered 1... LXII, *E2* is made up of 1 1, 2, II 1-4, IV, XVII, XI, XXII, XXXIII, XL, XXIII, XLVII, LII, XXVI, XXVII, XXVIII, XXX, XXXII, LVIII, LIX, LX, LXII, and an additional couplet.

Title. *E2* has merely Hæred. ac Nepot. suis. 3-6 om. *E2* 7
Ex omni virtute] Ex virtute pia *E2* 10 Non] Haud *E2* 11-18
om. *E2*

PAGE 107. 25-96 om. *E2*. But see ll. 101, 102 below

PAGE 109. 97 Ne] Haud *E2* 101-2 marked as gnomic in
E2 After 102, *E* inserts ll. 61-6 (in l. 63, ideo for igitur).
103-26 om. *E2*

PAGE 110. 133-92 om. *E2*. But see ll. 240, 312.

PAGE 112. 196 supra] supra *E2* 197 fortunæ] fortuna *E1*
198 propriæ] proprie *E2*

PAGE 113. 199-234 om. *E2*

PAGE 114. 240 marked as gnomic in *E2*. After 240, *E2* inserts
ll. 133-8 (in l. 136 Aut for Vel) 241-76 om. *E2*

PAGE 115. 283-306 om. *E2*

PAGE 116. 312 After this line *E2* inserts ll. 151-68, ll. 175-80,
ll. 187-92 (in l. 161 Vtilis ut patriæ sis for Vt Patriæ prosis licet; in
l. 162 Fas est; at non ut for At non ut citius; in l. 167 Et patriæ
prosis for Affinesque juves; in l. 187 Officii memores ut sint Nati for
Muneris ut memores Nati sint 313-42 om. *E2*

PAGE 117. 346-8 marked as gnomic *E2*

PAGE 118. 351 spernit] spernat *E2* 355-6. For these *E2* has:
Sic age, sic loquere, ut postrema ubi venerit hora
Sculptantur tumulo dicta vel acta tuo.

361-6 om. *E2* 367 possem] possim *E2* 368 (optârim)]
perficiat *E2* 369 *E2* has Quæ mihi cum summo sit conquisita

labore 370 Sumptibus immensis] Expensis variis *E2* 371

Præstita sed vobis] Et permissa tibi *E2* 372 per Vos stet] stet

semper *E2* After this line *E2* has:

Hæc si præstiterint Hæredes atque Nepotes,

Illis æternùm prospera quæque vovet,

Edoardus Baro Herbert de Cherbury, &

Castri Insulæ de Kerry, & à Belli consiliis

Reg: Sereniss. Jacob. & Carol. Anno Dom. 1643.

Qui hæc Præc. in Bibl. Montgomer. P. C.

PAGE 119.

DOUBTFUL POEMS.

[INCONSTANCY.]

These lines are found in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 31, fo. 36, where they are ascribed to 'Sir Edw: Harbert'.

ODE: OF OUR SENSE OF SINNE.

Printed in editions of Donne's Poems 1635-69. In the following MSS. (see Grierson's edition of Donne's *Poetical Works*, I. 350, II. lvi-cxi) Bridgewater House (*B*), Philipps (left by Capt. Harris to the Bodleian Library) (*P*), Carnaby (*Cy*), Stephens (at Harvard) (*Ste*), Rawlinson Poet 31 (*R*), Stowe 962 (*S*), Harl. 4064 (*H*) O'Flaherty (*O'F*)

Title Wanting *B, Cy, P, Ste, S.* with Ode; prefixed] *O'F*, 1635-69
2 doth] 1635-9; do 1650-69, *R.* 9 number] numbers *R* 11
new begin] *R, S, B* (the phrase is characteristic of Herbert): now
begin, *Donne's Poems.* 13 not;] No stop, *R, S* (perhaps rightly)
are not] new [? ne'er] are *R* 15 Our] *R, S, B, H, O'F*: The
1635-69, *Cy, P.*

PAGE 120. 18 then] *R, S*; than, *Donne's Poems.*

COMMENTARY

(*P* = The original edition of 1665.

CC = Mr. Churton Collins's edition of 1881.)

PAGE 1.

TO HIS WATCH.

7. *what ere that life inspir'd*. The construction is doubtful. Either 'whatever [thing] that life inspired' ('that' being the rel.) or 'whatever that (= whatever) life-inspired (= being inspired with life)'. If the former, it is again a question if 'life' is subject or object of 'inspir'd'.

10-11. *making what's new | Ill and good, old*. Probably 'making old what is new, whether it be bad or good'.

PAGE 2.

DITTY.

The *Ditty* (which might be called 'A Lover's Lament') consists of six lines. In *P* and *CC* it is run on to the following poem (an irregular sonnet) 'Lord, thus I sin'.

A DESCRIPTION.

The poem appears to be related to Carew's *Love's Complement*: cp. esp. Herbert, l. 57 with Carew, l. 44. Which poem preceded the other is not clear.

PAGE 3. 3. Probably 'The little World' is the subject, and 'blaze' = 'manifest', 'set forth': her body, face, hair are of the little world (man): sea, earth, heaven, sunbeams, of the great world.

5. *whose*, refers to the woman implied in 'her'.

7. *that* = so that.

the Axiom. 'Sol et homo generant hominem', a translation of Aristotle, *Phys.* 194 b 13 *ἄνθρωπος γὰρ ἄνθρωπον γεννᾷ καὶ ἥλιος*. Cp. Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, Part II, Cap. xlv: 'A tí digo, ó sol, con cuya ayuda el hombre engendra al hombre.'

8. *Whilst*: perhaps = 'erewhile'. Cp. Spenser, *Hymn in honour of Love*, ll. 134, 138, where 'whilst' . . . 'otherwhiles' = 'at one time' . . . 'at another time'.

15-16. 'If it seems strange that the rainbow's light in her face is double, one must remember that the sun's light there is also double' (Her eyes are two suns). The sense is simpler if we read 'The Sun' and 'heer' with *R*.

18. *born* = borne.

23. *Her Nose, th' Equator of this Globe*. Cp. Donne, *Elegy xviii*, ll. 47-8:

The Nose (like to the first Meridian) runs

Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two Suns.

28. *a Constellation*. The dimple or group of dimples is compared to the arrangement of the planets at a man's birth (see the *Oxford*

Dictionary) in which his after-history could be read : hence, further, to a desk on which something is written. It is not suggested that the 'dimple' or 'constellation' is of the *form* of a desk.

34. *This Heavens Intelligences*. The doctrine that a heavenly sphere is ruled or kept in motion by an Intelligence is classical.

Plat. *Tim.* 41 D διεῖλε ψυχὰς ἰσαριθμούς τοῖς ἀστροῖς, ἐνεῖμε θ' ἐκάστην πρὸς ἑκάστον : Cic. *de Rep.* 15 'stellas . . . quae . . . diuinis animatae mentibus circulos suos orbesque conficiunt.'

Donne, *The Extasie*, ll. 51-2 :

They [our Bodies] are ours, though they are not all wee, Wee are
The intelligences, they the spheare.

Carew, *Hymeneal Song* :

We must admit the noble youth
To revel in Love's sphere ;
To rule, as chief Intelligence
That Orb and happy time dispense
To wretched Lovers here.

Cp. Textual Note on *To her Mind*, ll. 1-3, p. 126, *sup.*

PAGE 4. 36. *the first Mover*, 'Primum Mobile', which gave motion to the other heavenly spheres.

39. *imparts* : sing. form after subject 'Favours'.

43. *The Tyrian Fish*, 'Murex', the purple-fish. Cp. Verg. *Aen.* iv. 262 : 'Tyrioque ardebat murice laena.'

46. *that sweet Foe*. This poetical commonplace goes back at least to Petrarch. Cp. his *Rime*, cxxv. 45 ('la dolce mia nemica') ; xxiii. 69 ; lxxxv. 11 ; clxxix. 2 ; ccii. 11, etc. ; Chaucer, *Troilus*, v. 228 : 'O herte myn Criseyde, O swete fo!' Sidney, Sonnet xli : 'that sweet enemy, France;' Giordano Bruno, *De gl' heroici furori* (1585), Part II, Sonnet : 'mai cessano ferire Mio cor, del mio dolce nemico l'ire'. In *Don Quixote*, the hero (Part I, cap. 13) calls Dulcinea 'la dulce mi enemiga', and the Countess Trifaldi (II, cap. 38) yields to love after hearing the song

De la dulce mi enemiga
Nace un mal que la alma hiere

(said by M. Charles to be an echo of an Italian song). Cervantes introduces the phrase in his *Novelas Ejemplares* both in 'El Amante Liberal' and 'El Celoso Estremeño'.

52. *At whose peep*. Perhaps one should adopt the reading of *R*, 'to whose keepe'.

55. *Treasure*, perhaps = Treasury.

57. etc. Cp. Carew, *Love's Complement* :

I do not love thee for those thighs,
Whose alabaster rocks do rise
So high and even, that they stand
Like sea-marks to some happy land.

PAGE 5.

TO HER FACE.

2. *those Immortal Fires*: sc. the stars.

14. CC calls this line 'somewhat obscure' (p. xxvi). It means that her face has the beauty of innocence untainted by 'original sin'.

TO HER BODY.

Jonson's *Eupheme* in *Underwoods* is divided: I. The dedication of her cradle; II. The song of her descent; III. The picture of the body; IV. The picture of the mind.

PAGE 6. 11. *Numbers*. He plays on the sense of the word as = 'harmony', 'rhythm'.

12. The line is short; cp. l. 4 of the following sonnet.

prove, essay, learn, acquire.

13. *measures so well grac'd, as, dances* (?) so graceful that.

TO HER MIND.

4. The line is short. Cp. l. 12 of the preceding sonnet.

5. *need'st*, i. e. callest for (in thy admirer).

13-14. Her mind was a miracle. If it would deign to explain itself, by that act it would again be a miracle.

<LOVES END.>

In the original edition and in Churton Collins run on to the preceding sonnet.

PAGE 7. 12-14. Cp. Spenser, *Amoretti*, Sonnet XXII:

Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is.

UPON COMBING HER HAIR.

5. *shine* apparently boldly used as a transitive verb. Cp. l. 27 note.

PAGE 8. 21. *come*: having come (i. e. her hairs).

27-8. *set*, &c. Cause thy radiant head to set as the sun and do thou flash forth a new day from thy still fairer eyes. With *set* cp. 'shine', l. 5.

DITTY IN IMITATION OF THE SPANISH.

Entre tanto que L'Avril, ('Now that the April'). I have not found the Spanish poem.

PAGE 9.

THE STATE-PROGRESS OF ILL.

As the Satire is admittedly obscure, I give a paraphrase.

'Evil is like the Nile, mysterious in its origin. All we know of either is that things so vast must have a remote and mighty cause.

'Evil being so prevalent, men hate it only when they see it in its most pronounced form. But this monster-evil requires another evil

to counteract it. This other Evil is the State which tolerates no evil but itself.

'Let us then trace the origin and course of this evil called the State. With some attributes of the divine, in that it is apparently self-existent and a punitive power, it came into the world to tame the haughty. And though it is supported not by inherent right, but popular acquiescence, it claims a partly divine character (like Mercy which in itself is conditioned by sin¹).

'But to proceed. Ill's agents in the beginning were Mischief and Sin. But as God planted in men's hearts Fear of himself and Shame of their fellows, Mischief and Sin had to disguise themselves—Mischief as Beneficence, Sin as Pleasure; so disguised from men, but not from God. As for Sins, from being comparatively mild, they are now so virulent, that their dire effects are seen even after death, and produce a fearful progeny: they are immortal unless killed by confession. Mischiefs like Comets appear alike glorious and terrible to the ignorant, who only fail to see the Ill from which they spring.

'Thus, he who first desired hereditary succession in order to make himself a tyrant, might instead have chosen an honest man for King (it being presumed that a commonwealth could not be formed without a King of some sort), and might have made it possible for future generations, if they grew wiser, to change their mind, without having treason unjustly imputed to them. But as things are, we cannot dispense with Kings, such as we have, any more than with original sin which is a condition of our salvation. So the prophets like Samuel who protested against the institution of monarchy even when they granted it, were doing something less entirely evil than they thought.

'To look now into the constitution of a state. The Nobles correspond to the distant hills in a picture—which seem higher than they are merely by the painter's treatment of distance. In themselves like the hills they are inferior in value to what is below them. And an exalted spirit, that is convinced that a free soul [which] though it seeks not rule, scorns all subjection save to natural infirmities, is a greater privilege than the highest birth—such a man knows that all men are equal, in spite of the deceptions of pictorial perspective. Knowing too that merit has a more living claim on him than any state-command, he relieves the poor as he serves his King, for God's sake (though that may not be the ground on which either the poor or the King ask it)—Earthly honours to him are misshapen things. True greatness is only in a man's self and cannot be conferred.

Meanwhile Divines flatter those in power, and tell us that the way to heaven is not by self-realization but by humility and submission, ruling ourselves but not aspiring to rule others—and that they may teach

¹ Cp. *Hamlet*, III. iii. 46:

Whereto serves Mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?

this doctrine the better, they themselves—being appointed to divert ambitious men from their schemes—have no hereditary rights. If the ambitious are not amenable to such religious motives, they are entangled in meshes of Law and private jealousy, and so kept down.

'It is not easy or safe to tell the whole tale, so I will only note that Mankind, born free and in a state of equality, now in spite of infinite numbers, courage, and intelligence, are subject to some eight monarchs. Can we be surprised then that Men are masters of animals more powerful than they? As in Noah's Ark, so now, the men are few, the brute beasts many.'

These words show the bold independence of mind which was characteristic of Edward Herbert in his youth. That it was the same with him in his old age may be seen from his *Dialogue between a Tutor and his Pupil*, written about 1645. He is *professedly* speaking of Paganism: 'wherein, though many things be prodigious, yet nothing astonishes me so much, as that multitudes of wise and able men, should for so many ages, and in so many countries, submit themselves to, and embrace the doctrine of their fraudulent and superstitious priests: though yet (I confess) as they had not only laws but consciences, for directing them in the ways of justice, temperance and other necessary virtues, I do the less wonder at it; since wise men might apply themselves to God and virtue only: besides, the magistrates, and those of quality, might perchance think that the common people could not be well governed, unless first they were so much fooled as to renounce their understanding and resign it up wholly to the arbitrement of others.'

PAGE 9. 1. Herbert's opening words, as Mr. P. Simpson points out, are a retort to Juvenal's '*Difficile est saturam non scribere*' (*Sat.* i. 30).

4. *original*, origin. Cp. l. 58.

this while = meanwhile. See the *Oxford Dictionary*.

5. *on either part*, with regard both to Ill and to the Nile.

10-11. *that one poison might free the other*. Cp. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, i. ii. 51:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

2 *Henry IV*, i. i. 137: 'In poison there is physic', &c.

Timon, iv. iii. 435:

trust not the physician,
His antidotes are poison.

PAGE 10. 11. *States*: monarchs.

27. *Bankrupt, their first stock*: Bankrupt of, &c.

28. *of the last place*. Cp. *Of our Sense of Sinne*, l. 9 (p. 119).

PAGE 11. 46. 'Once only hot and cold in a moderate degree.'

60-1. 'who first demanded hereditary succession in order to make himself a tyrant, was wise enough, &c. CC prints:

Who first wanted successions to be,
A Tyrant was, wise enough, &c.

63. *being so tame*: though so tame.

otherwise: unless they had a king.

64. *heard*, herd.

68. *repent*. And so throw off their king(?)

yet under treason: without its amounting to treason.

70. *on those terms they are*: on the terms on which they exist.

PAGE 12. 72. *those Priests*: such as Samuel (1 Samuel viii), who, while giving in to the demand for a king, prophesied evil from the innovation.

75. *Since*. (?) In order that.

78. *done*: practised.

86. *fills*: after a plural subj. 'Which (hills)'.

90. It is hard to decide whether 'sure' is adj. or = 'surely'.

97. *Is a more living thing*: makes a louder appeal [than does authority].

98. *for God's sake*. The Bible says, 'Honour the King': beggars, especially prisoners, commonly asked alms 'for the Lord's sake'.

OF TRAVELLERS.

PAGE 14. In the original edition the title *Of Travellers from Paris* is misleading. What is meant is that the Satire was written from Paris.

3-4. Richard III, according to the chronicler Hall (ed. 1809, p. 342), 'came into the world . . . as the fame ranne, not vntothed'.

6. *lightly twin*. They probably arrive two together. For 'lightly' cp. l. 26 below.

7. *delivered*: i. e. from the ship's womb.

8. *strangely*: that is considering that they are newly born.

go, walk.

11-14. Perhaps means: No more than French people understood Badger, who, in his ignorance of French, addressed the Queen as 'Monsieur', and laid a wager with the King as to which of his dogs he (Badger) thought was good, when the King no more understood his language than that of his dogs (or, as Mr. Percy Simpson thinks, 'when the King thought all his dogs were equally good').

By 'Badger' is meant Sir Thomas Bagehott (alias Badger). In R. Bigland's *Gloucestershire*, ii, p. 323* we have a pedigree of 'Badger alias Bagehott, of Prestbury, co. Gloc.' which includes 'Sir Thomas Bagehott, Master of the Buckhounds, ob. cœlebs'. He was the second son of Geo. Bagehott of Prestbury and was born about 1570. The date at which he was knighted seems not to be recorded. But we learn from the *State Papers Domestic* that on 30 Jan. 1605 Sir Thomas Badger was granted the office of Master of the Harriers for life; that

the Earl of Suffolk, Master of the Household, wrote to the Earl of Rochester on 3 Sept. 1612 announcing [in error] the death of Allen (i. e. the actor, Edward Alleyn), the Master of the Bears, and recommending Tom Badger to succeed him, he having the finest breed of bulldogs in England; that a fresh grant of the office of Master of the Harriers was made to Sir Thos. Badger on 21 Dec. 1621; that a pension of £300 a year was granted to Sir Thos. Badger on 24 March 1625 (three days before King James's death); that a warrant was issued on 30 July 1630 to license Sir Thomas Badger, Master of the old Harriers, Sir Timothy Tyrrell, Master of the Buckhounds, and Thos. Potts, Master of the Privy Harriers (and them alone), to transport beyond sea, hounds, beagles, and hunting-dogs; that on 17 April 1635 £225 was paid out of the Exchequer to Sir Thomas Baghott.

We learn from Add. MS. 23229 that 'Sir Thomas Badger' was one of the masquers in the interlude called 'Entertainment for Sir Edward Barkham' acted at Court in 1622 (Barkham, Lord Mayor, was knighted on 22 June 1622). Another of the masquers was 'the Marquis of Buckingham' who became Duke in 1623.

Egerton MS. 2596 contains an autograph letter to James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, 'from newmarket this xvith of March', beginning 'Sonne Carlel' and signed 'your father and servant Tom Bagehott', [between 1622 and 1631].

In his will made 24 Nov. 1638 (16 Harvey) he describes himself as 'Sir Thomas Bagehott of the Strand in the county of Middlesex, knight'. He leaves the Rectory and advowson of 'Presbury' co. Gloc. to his sister for her life; £20 to the re-edifying of St. Paul's Cathedral; to his groom Gabriel his coach and coach-horses and £20, to his groom Samuel his Chesnutt Nagg and white Gelding and £10. As the will was proved on 30 Jan. 1638⁸ the testator must have died about Christmas 1638.

19-23. When they have adopted foreign fashions, they never assume English clothes again. You notice on their return, that like self-taught children they have picked up only affectations and foreign speech, and for these advantages have submitted to impositions and ridicule.

25. *To Fauxbourgs St. Germans*. Herbert writes of his own arrival in 1608: 'I journeyed . . . until I came to Faubourg St. Germain in Paris where Sir George Carew, then ambassador for the King, lived.' He spent the summer at the house of the Duke de Montmorency at Merlou, where the previous satire was written. *Autobiography*, pp. 48-56.

PAGE 15. 26. *Lightly*: likely enough, probably. See note on l. 6 above.

27. *to hear*: sc. a sermon in English.

34-5. *Blois, Or Orleans*. It is interesting to see that Blois and Orleans were in favour at this time as places for learning good French. C. FitzGeffrey in his *Affania*, i. 2 (1601), addresses a poem to

Richard Carew the younger, of Anthony, on his return with two friends from Paris and Orleans. Cp. Pope, *Satires and Epistles*, vi, ll. 3- :

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins : 'This lad, sir, is of Blois . . .
His French is pure.'

Addison spent most of the year 1700 at Blois to learn the language.

When Wordsworth reached France in Nov. 1791 he proceeded almost at once to Orleans, and thence to Blois to perfect his French.

38. *besides their stay*, apart from the strangeness necessarily caused by a long sojourn abroad.

44-5. *such a Wit, as very well with four | Of the six might have made one*. There is some obscure allusion, perhaps to a play or masque (*The Wits' Valentine* (?)) in which six rustic bumpkins figured at a gathering on St. Valentine's day (when swains drew lots for sweethearts), among them one called Tom Rus. Elpus, he says, and four others of the party might pass for one wit if Tom Rus was their spokesman.

52. *by this*, by this time.

PAGE 16. 58. *After-throws*, 'after-throes'.

60. *he thinks*. A gap is left after this word in *P*. *CC* ignores it, and prints, 'which he thinks sure'. But a similar gap in *The First Meeting*, l. 10, indicates a word left out, probably because it was not legible to the printer. Here more than one word may be wanting.

63. He will appear to be on the point of speaking as much as St. George on a sign appears to be on the point of striking the Dragon.

66. *If he* : i.e. the stranger.

69. *below the breeches* : because uttered with a low bow.

74. *indirect*, sideling.

85. *Margaret*, divorced wife of Henry IV. She treated Herbert with great favour. (*Autobiog.*, pp. 56-7.)

PAGE 17.

⟨PARTED SOULS.⟩

The date of the poem, May 1608, shows almost incontestably that it was written, before Herbert's first foreign journey—we must hope, to his wife. This gives it great interest, which is increased if we may consider the two following poems to belong to the same time.

8. *I* : see Textual Note. In *Echo in a Church*, l. 11, 'I' stands for 'Ay' (Yes).

9-12. Cp. *Platonick Love*, p. 73, stanzas 4 and 5.

13. *allay* : soil the purity of.

17. *Thus when*. The construction seems to be broken off, the last four lines of the poem taking the place of the originally intended apodosis expressed in the fourth line.

PAGE 19.

ANOTHER [MADRIGAL].

7. *in his place*. Herbert is fond of alluding to the doctrine of the scholastic physicists that a body tends to 'its place'. J. Stierius, *Præcepta Physicæ* (1647), p. 10, gives the theorem: 'Omne corpus ad locum suae naturae accommodatum fertur, in eoque quiescit.'

TO HIS FRIEND BEN. JOHNSON, OF HIS HORACE.

These lines appeared in a 12^{mo} volume, 1640, '*Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry* Englished by Ben. Jonson.' They are attributed to 'Sir Edward Herbert, Knight of the Bath, Ordinary Ambassador for His Majesty of Great Brittain with the French King', but they must have been written before the ambassadorial time (1619-24), as Drummond of Hawthornden writes (*Ben Jonson's Conversations*, Shakespeare Soc., 1842, p. 6): 'To me he read [Jan. 1619] the preface of his Arte of Poesie upon Horace Arte of Poesie. There is an Epigram of Sir Edward Herbert's before it: the [that (?)] he said he had done in my Lord Aubanie's house ten years since, anno 1604.' The Editor, D. Laing, gives a note by Peter Cunningham: 'There must be some mistake here, "ten years since" and the date 1604 will not agree with the period of Jonson's visit at Hawthornden.' Mr. Percy Simpson explains '1604' as ten years before the date of the Preface, which must have been 1614, the year of *Bartholomew Fair*.

Lord Aubanie was Esme Stuart, b. 1579, who succeeded his father in 1583 as Seigneur d'Aubigny (Lord Aubigny), became in 1619 Earl of March, and Feb. 1623 Duke of Lennox, d. 30 July 1624.

PAGE 20.

EPITAPH. CÆCIL. BOULSTR.

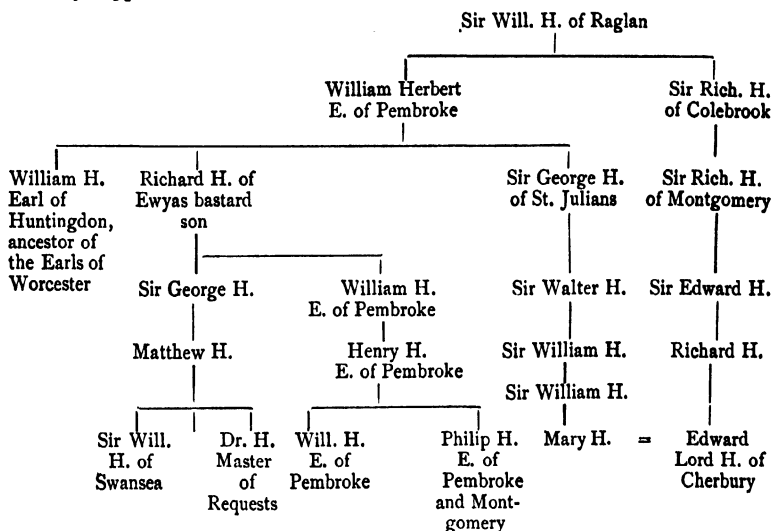
From Grierson's note (*Donne's Works*, ii. p. 212) we learn that Cecilia Boulstred was born 12 Feb. 1583, and died at the house of her kinswoman, Lady Bedford, at Twickenham, on 4 Aug. 1609. Donne visited her in her sickness and wrote: 'By the strength of her understanding and voyce . . . I could . . . impute all her sicknesse to her minde.' This perhaps throws a light on the heading of Herbert's lines. The date 'July 1609' must be a slip of memory, if Miss Boulstred died in Aug. 1609 as Grierson shows (following Chambers).

16. *by these, as wings*. See p. 85, l. 59, note.

PAGE 21. EPITAPH. GULI. HERBERT DE SWANSEY.

For the relationship of Lord Herbert to Sir William Herbert of Swansea, as well as to the Earls of Pembroke and to his own wife,

see the pedigree below, based on Harl. MSS. 807, 907, and 6148. The pedigree given in Sir Sidney Lee's edition of Lord Herbert's *Life* appears to be inaccurate.



Another epitaph on Sir William Herbert is found in MS. Ashm. 38, p. 176.

No. 307.

Vppon S^r W^m Herbert of Swansea

If home breed knowledge, or yet forraign skill
 Off sundrye Tounge, or Phisickes Princlye art
 If Noble Carriage Eloquence att will
 Could the haue kept from Deaths pale Ebon Dart
 Thou yett hadst liued A Glorye to thy name
 The poore mans Propp, and eke Thy Countrys fame.
 Finis.

[ANON.]

PAGE 22.

ELEGY FOR THE PRINCE.

Henry Prince of Wales died 6 Nov. 1612. Drummond of Hawthornden has recorded a saying of Jonson's about this poem and Donne's elegy on the Prince—'Done said to him, he wroth that Epitaph on Prince Henry, *Look to me, Faith*, to match Sir Ed: Herbert in obscurenesse.' The remark has unfortunately been used to support a charge of obscurity against Herbert's poems in general.
 7-8. *they do know* | *Only for it.* Cp. *An Ode*, p. 66, ll. 117-18.

This seems to go back to Plato's doctrine of Knowledge, the quest of which is stimulated by Love, and the end of which is the Love of Absolute Beauty. Cp. *Symposium*, pp. 211-12.

9. *Sense is the Soul of Beasts*. Beasts have only the 'anima sensitiva', Man, the 'anima rationalis'.

11. *if souls be more where they love, then where | They animate*—i.e. more in the beloved objects than in the lovers themselves. Erasmus, *Apophth.* ed. 1547, p. 446, commenting on Plutarch's *Life of Cato Maior*, ix. 9 τοῦ δ' ἐρώντος ἔλεγε τὴν ψυχὴν ἐν ἀλλοτρίῳ σώματι ζῆν, writes: 'Amantis animum dicebat in alieno corpore vivere: quod hodie quoque celebratur, animam illic potius esse ubi amat, quàm ubi animat.' A correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser. vi. 61, attributes to St. Augustine the saying, 'Animus magis est ubi amat quam ubi animat'. The foregoing is based on Dr. McKerrow's note on Nashe, ii. 42. 30 'Vbi cuiusque animus est, ibi animat.' The Cambridge Play *Hymenæus* (c. 1578), I. v. 36, has 'Anima non animat nisi vbi amat'.

14. *hate*. Herbert is thinking of Ravallac's assassination of Henry IV.

18. *Whose*: depends on 'all those', l. 16. In *L* lines 17 and 18 are inverted.

21. *An universally diffused soul*. The doctrine of the World-Soul goes back to Plato's *Timæus* and to Stoicism. Cp. ll. 30, 37, and p. 84, ll. 40-1.

22. *Move in the parts which moves not in the whole*. Herbert is thinking of the scholastic doctrine, 'Anima est tota in toto et tota in qualibet parte', found in the Neo-Platonic Plotinus *Ennead*, iv. 2. Cp. esp. ἀμέριστος δὲ (sc. ἡ ψυχὴ) ὅτι ὅλη ἐν πᾶσι καὶ ἐν ὅποιον αὐτῶν ὅλη. Cp. p. 52, ll. 121-2, p. 84, ll. 40-1.

24. *To live and stir a while*. Cp. Donne, *The Paradox*:

Wee dye but once, and who lov'd last did die

He that saith twice doth lye

For though hee seeme to move and stirre a while

It doth the sense beguile.

PAGE 23. 30. *the world's soul*: subject of 'doth'.

34. *Our selves for dead*. Cp. Donne, *Elegy on Prince Henry*, ll. 79-80:

May safely say that we are dead, then hee.

43-4. *Whether the Soul of man be memory,
As Plato thought.*

This is apparently a loose statement of Plato's doctrine that intellectual discovery is merely recollection, ἀνάμνησις, *Meno* 396.

PAGE 24. 64. *the dead*: i.e. we. If we should have children it would be to ensure the perpetuation of his memory.

EPITAPH OF KING JAMES.

The epitaph is clearly ironical and shows that Herbert hoped Charles would pursue a more spirited policy than his father.

5. *that King*: sc. David.

10-11. *resent* | *The sad effects*: feel the serious effects.

PAGE 26. (TEARS, FLOW NO MORE)

14. *you*: sc. 'you tears'.

17. *their*: sc. 'the tempests'.

DITTY TO THE TUNE OF *A CHE DEL QUANTO MIO* OF PESARINO.

A list of the published works of Bartolomeo Barbarino, surnamed Il Pesarino, is given in R. Eitner's *Quellen-Lexicon der Musiker* (1900). In his various works, published 1609-17, he calls himself 'Bartolomeo Barbarino . . . detto il Pesarino', in his collected works of 1624-5 he is called throughout Bartolomeo Pesarino. A number of the earlier works are in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford, but they do not contain any tune with the title given by Herbert. (The nearest approach is a madrigal '*A che tanto piagarmi*' published at Venice in *Madrigali a tre Voci*, 1617, but the words seem not to correspond at all with Herbert's.) I have not seen Pesarino's collected works.

PAGE 27. DITTY.

5-10. Parting is to me a living death, since in the hour of death grief lends me a life quickened by itself such as death cannot end.

(LOVE SPEAKS AT LAST)

This is clearly a new poem though CC follows P in attaching it to the Ditty preceding. Like *An Ode* (p. 61), it is in the metre associated by us with *In Memoriam*.

2-4. He who disputes with me offends against love and proves my assertion.

PAGE 28. 5-8. Obscure. Perhaps, 'For he, whose affection has once been revealed, can no longer dissemble it from the World, who, even by means of the light he throws upon the object of his affection, see his punishment.' Herbert uses 'the World' with a plural verb in *Sonnet of Black Beauty*, l. 7, and *The Brown Beauty*, l. 20.

17. *strives*. Cp. note on p. 4, l. 39.

19. *ow*, possess.

22. This line is also obscure. Perhaps, 'If I had shown myself as a lover before this, I should show myself now to be no lover at all.'

PAGE 29. 31-2. A poem, *Hide not thy love*, preserved in MSS. in a longer and shorter form, and in the longer form twice attributed to Aurelian Townshend, has the same conceit ll. 9-12:

Our loves are not of age to will
 Both good and ill,
 For thine, alas, is but new borne,
 And myne is yett to yonge to speake.

(See *Aurelian Townshend's Poems and Masks*, edited by E. K. Chambers, p. 28, and *Modern Language Review*, vol. xii, p. 422). It seems possible that the shorter form of *Hide not thy love* was written by Herbert, with whom Townshend had been much associated, but in default of any attribution to him in the MSS. it is unsafe to claim it for him.

33-4. Cp. p. 68, ll. 34-5.

A DITTY TO THE TUNE OF *COSE FERITE*
 MADE BY *LORENZO ALLEGRE*.

Lorenzo Allegri appears in Eitner's *Quellen-Lexicon*, but I have not seen his works.

PAGE 30. EPITAPH ON SIR *EDWARD SAQUEVILLE'S* CHILD.

The poem is found also in Add. MS. 37157, fo. 1 v, with the heading: 'On my L. of Dorsets first sonne', to which Herbert himself has added the words 'who dyed in his birth'.

Sir Edward Sackville was born in 1591, succeeded to the earldom of Dorset in 1624, and died in 1652. He was of service to Herbert at Lyons in 1616 (*Autobiog.*, pp. 90-1). He married in 1612 Mary, daughter of Sir George Curzon. His elder surviving son Richard was born in 1622. This poem was therefore written between 1612 and 1622.

ELEGY OVER A TOMB.

PAGE 33. 19. *their houses*: the 'mansions' into which astrologers divided the heavens. See Skeat's note on Chaucer's *Troilus*, ii. 681: And also blisful Venus, wel arrayed,
 Sat in her seventhe hous of hevене tho.

PAGE 34. EPITAPH ON SIR *FRANCIS VERE*.

Sir Francis Vere died 28 Aug. 1608. See Herbert's Latin epitaph on him, p. 88, and *Autobiog.*, ed. Lee, p. 81.

9. *atone*, 'reconcile to himself'.

TO MRS. *DIANA CECYLL*.

Lady Diana Cecil, second daughter of William, second Earl of Exeter, was the greatest beauty of her day and a great heiress. She was married on 1 Jan. 1623 to Henry, 18th Earl of Oxford, who died in 1625 at the Hague, and on 12 Nov. 1629 to Thomas, first Earl of Elgin. She died in 1654. Add. MS. 23229, fo. 119, has the anagram 'Clad al in Ice' (Diana Cecill). This perhaps suggested the poem in the *Last Remains of Sir J. Suckling* called *The Miracle*, begin-

ning 'If thou beest Ice'. A Lady Diana Cecill—no doubt a different one—acted in Aurelian Townshend's Masque, 'Tempe Restord' at Whitehall on Shrove Tuesday 163 $\frac{1}{2}$. She was probably Diana, 3rd daughter of William 2nd Earl of Salisbury (born 1622, died 1633).

PAGE 37. TO HER HAIR.

1-2. Cp. T. Carew, *The Comparison* (ed. Ebsworth, p. 64):

Thy tresses are those rays that do arise
Not from one sun, but two; such are thy eyes.

PAGE 38. 32. *diapred*. Perhaps 'irradiated'. Cp. W. Browne, *Brit. Past.* i. 1: 'The rayes, Wherewith the sun doth diaper the seas'.

SONNET OF BLACK BEAUTY.

7. *which the world call*. For the construction cp. 'Love speaks at last', p. 28, l. 7, and 'The Brown Beauty', p. 60, ll. 20-1.

PAGE 39. THE FIRST MEETING

PAGE 40. 13-14. *as all that is violent | Doth by degrees relent*. A reference to the old maxim 'Violentum non est diuturnum'. See my notes on *Pedantius*, l. 1556 (pp. 133, 163).

PAGE 41. 41. *turn*. Perhaps = 'return'. Cp. p. 57, l. 8, p. 72, l. 30, and Drummond of Hawthornden, *Works* (ed. Kastner), i, p. 61, top and note.

PAGE 42. A MERRY RIME SENT TO THE LADY WROTH UPON
THE BIRTH OF MY L. OF PEMBROKE'S CHILD.

Lady Mary Sidney, eldest daughter of Robert (Sidney), first Earl of Leicester (brother to Sir Philip Sidney and to Mary, Countess of Pembroke), was married on 27 Sept. 1604 to Sir Robert Wroth, who died in 161 $\frac{3}{4}$. She was much at Court and a great patroness of men of letters. As has been shown, she was Lord Pembroke's first cousin.

William (Herbert), Earl of Pembroke (1580-1630) (for whose relationship to our poet see p. 149), was married on 4 Nov. 1604 to Lady Mary Talbot.

He wrote from Whitehall on 28 March 1620 to Sir Edward Herbert (then Ambassador at Paris): 'My Lo. I must give you many thanks for congratulating with me yo'r little cousin, who I thank God yet prospers like a blessing unto me' (*Old Herbert Papers* (1886), p. 121). G. E. Cockayne's *Peerage* states that Lord Pembroke had two sons, both of whom died infants—James, Lord Herbert, b. 1616, and Henry, Lord Herbert, b. 1621.

It is possible that the child born was not a child of William, E. of Pembroke, but of his brother Philip, E. of Montgomery, who succeeded to the earldom of Pembroke in 1630. Herbert, in giving the title to the poem at a later date, might naturally speak of him as Earl of Pembroke. To him and his wife Susan, daughter of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford (married 1604), there were born: James, who died

an infant 1617; Henry, died an infant 1618; Charles, baptized 19 Sept. 1619, d. 1634; Philip, baptized 20 Feb. 1624 at Enfield. If one of these is referred to in the poem, it is almost certainly the last—'born in the spring'.

In 1621, the year of his birth, Lady Mary Wroth published (licensed 13 July) 'The Countesse of Mountgomerie's Urania', in imitation of her uncle's work, 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia' and in compliment to her friend and neighbour at Enfield, Susan, Countess of Montgomery. The prose romance is diversified by verse eclogues and songs, and at the end of the volume is a separate collection of poems in which, as Sir Sidney Lee says, she discovers some lyric faculty and fluency. 'The book', he continues, 'seems to have had a satiric intention and to have reflected on the amorous adventures of some of James 1st's courtiers'. Chamberlain, in a letter to Carleton, writes: 'they say [she] takes great liberty, or rather licence, to traduce whom she pleases, and thinks she dances in a net' (*D. N. B.*).

Herbert seems to have sent his verses of inquiry about the child to Lady Wroth and to have paid her the compliment of asking her to polish his verses and give them lightness of movement and beauty before presenting them. There may be a playful hit at her satirical turn in his reference to 'shrews'.

Title] *Upon* may mean little more than 'after'.

10. *a Rose*: or rosette. Cp. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 287: 'with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes'.

PAGE 44. TO A LADY WHO DID SING EXCELLENTLY.

PAGE 45. 19-20. *make him perfect, who, the Poets say, | Made all was ever yet made*, i. e. Love. Cp. Aristophanes, *Aves* 700-2:

πρότερον δ' οὐκ ἦν γένος ἀθανάτων, πρὶν Ἐρως ἐυνέμειξεν ἅπαντα
ἐνμυμγνυμένων δ' ἑτέρων ἑτέροις γένετ' οὐρανὸς ὠκεανὸς τε
καὶ γῆ πάντων τε θεῶν γένος ἀφθιτον.

Spenser, *Colin Clout's come home again*:

For by his powre the world was . . . made of yore
Through him the cold began to covet heat
And water fire.

Hymn in Honour of Love, 83-4: 'Ayre hated earth, and water hated fire, Till Love relented their rebellious ire.' 155-6: 'if thou be indeede . . . The worlds great Parent.'

23. *As in their place*. See note on p. 19, l. 7.

PAGE 46. MELANDER, SUPPOS'D TO LOVE SUSAN.

If this poem has any basis in fact, Susan may be Susan, Countess of Montgomery (see note to *A merry Rime*, p. 42, *sup.*), or Susan, Countess of Denbigh (see p. 55). Melander is Herbert himself. Cp. *An Ode*, p. 62, l. 19 n.

PAGE 47. ECHO IN A CHURCH.

This poem might well have been written by George Herbert.

PAGE 48.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

PAGE 49. 11. *reposer*. If the word is right, the rime is only on the feminine ending.

18. *while*: apparently = 'since'. Cp. p. 73, l. 22; p. 84, l. 38.

20. *my bodies prison*. Cp. l. 141. Another Platonic reminiscence. Cp. *Phaedo*, 62 B, &c.; Cic. *Rep.* vi. 14. 14, *Tusc.* i. 30. 74; Lucan, vi. 721.

21-2. *free* | *To liberty eternal*. Cp. *I must depart*, p. 17, ll. 19-20: *free* | *Unto their open and eternal peace*.

24. Herbert complains that painters represent Death not as beautiful, but as hideous, because they think of the effects wrought by Death. Even assuming, he says, that these effects are to be put down to Death rather than to the Grave, in that case Love should be depicted as Madness, because it produces Madness, a Tyrant as a Slave, &c.

32. *the other Worlds Cimmeriens*: men living in spiritual darkness. Cp. Homer, *Odys.* xi. 14-19.

PAGE 50. 42. *retires*. The MS. version has 'returnes'. If Herbert first wrote 'returnes', he perhaps had in mind Hamlet's 'Bourn from which no traveller returns'.

44. *lose* = 'loose'.

PAGE 51. 90. *rot*, past part.

93. *e'r* = ere.

PAGE 52. 121-2. Cp. p. 22, l. 22, note; p. 84, ll. 40-1.

PAGE 53.

EPITAPH ON SIR *PHILIP SIDNEY*.

Another form of this Epitaph is found in J. Cruso's *Commonplace Book* (see Textual Note) and *Wits Recreations* (1640), Epitaphs, No. 114. It is reprinted in the ed. of 1817, *Musarum Deliciæ*, &c.:

Reader, within this ground Sir *Philip Sydney* lyes

Nor is it fit that more

I should acquaint;

Least superstition rise,

And men adore,

A Lover, Scholler, souldier and a Saint.

Compare with it Charles Fitz Geoffrey's couplet (*Affaniæ*, D 5, 1601):

Pastor, Arator, Eques cecinit *Maro*, celsior illo

Sydnaeus cecinit Pastor, Amator, Eques.

PAGE 54.

EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

5. *lose* = 'lose'.

7. *as those elements would fight*. Empedocles started the doctrine of the four elements which when separated are in *veikos*. Cp. *A Meditation*, p. 84, ll. 31-2, and *To a Lady*, &c., p. 45, ll. 19-20, note.

8-9. Cp. what he says of himself in *A Meditation*, p. 85, ll. 55-60.

SONNET.

5-6. Cp. Shirley, *The Royal Master*, II. ii. 33:

The glorious sun
Enriching so the bosom of the earth
That trees and flowers appeared but like so much
Enamel upon gold.

12. *spring*. Cp. p. 73, l. 19, and *O. E. D.*

PAGE 55.

TO THE C. OF D.

Perhaps Mary, Countess of Dorset. See note to *Epitaph on Sir E. Saqueville's Child*, p. 30. Or possibly the previous Countess of Dorset, Anne, Baroness Clifford, who, after the death of Richard, Earl of Dorset, in 1624, became in 1630 the second wife of Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

Mr. Churton Collins suggested the Countess of Denbigh, Susan, sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose husband William Feilding was created Earl of Denbigh in 1622. To her—when both were exiles—Crashaw dedicated his *Carmen Deo Nostro*.

4. Cp. p. 82, l. 38. This line is apparently in apposition to the line before: 'All [that], &c.'

With the poem we may compare Spenser's *Amoretti*, Sonnet xxi:

For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
she to her love doth lookers eyes allure:
and with sterne countenance back again doth chace
their looser lookes that stir vp lustes impure.

Sonnet xv:

For loe my love doth in her selfe containe
all this worlds riches that may faire be found . . .
But that which farest is, but few behold,
her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

Sonnet lxxix:

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see:
but the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
and vertuous mind, is much more prayd of me.

12. *reverend* = reverent. See *O. E. D.* 'reverend' 5.

PAGE 56.

DIRTY.

Cp. Spenser, *Amoretti*, Sonnet xlix.

7. *decline*: 'repudiate', 'put from you'. For this meaning cp. p. 64, l. 73.

PAGE 57.

ELEGY FOR DOCTOR DUNN.

It is needless to refer to Dr. Donne's religious friendship with Lord Herbert's mother (to whom he addressed Elegy ix, *The*

Autumnall) and with his brother George Herbert. Edward Herbert must have known him from his Oxford days.

4-5. *as the weight | For'd from his Centre, must again recoil.* His Centre—the 'place' in which it is naturally at rest. See p. 19, l. 7, note.

8. *turns*: returns. Cp. p. 41, l. 41, note. The syllables are compared to the atoms or elements which make up matter. For 'principles' cp. p. 67, l. 10; p. 83, l. 8.

18. *Meteors.* J. Stierius, *Præcepta Physicæ* (1647), p. 23, defines meteors as follows: 'Meteora sunt corpora imperfectè mixta, quæ ex halitibus è terra vel aqua excitatis & calore Solis Stellarumq; virtute elevatis generantur.' They assumed 'divers figures' as 'Candela Accensa', 'Iaculum', 'Caprae Saltantes', 'Stella Cadens', 'Lancea Ardens', 'Draco Volans'.

PAGE 58. 39-40. *like definitions . . . convertible.* It was a rule in logic that the definition should contain no more than the thing defined, nor the thing defined any more than the definition.

43. *the kind and difference*: the 'genus' and 'differentia' given by a true definition.

50. *Carew.* Carew had accompanied Herbert to Paris when the latter went there as ambassador in 1619. Carew's Elegy on Donne (1631) contained the famous couplet:

•Here lies a king, that ruled as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit.

PAGE 59. 70-1. *till the right | Take place*: till the right words present themselves.

78-86. The faults attributed to Donne by his detractors are so much the opposite of the faults of most men, that they may be more efficacious to correct the latter than faultless virtue on Donne's part would have been. If a thing has a twist in one direction, you straighten it by giving it a twist in the opposite direction.

PAGE 60. THE BROWN BEAUTY.

2. *Phaie* (turned by Churton Collins into 'Fay', regardless of metre) is no doubt the Greek *φαῖδ*, 'dusky'.

5-6. Herbert seems to be thinking both of the doctrine of 'the mean', and also of the physical doctrine of 'the centre' or 'place'.

17. *temper*, harmonious mixture.

20. *the World*: used with a plural meaning. Cp. *Love speaks at last*, p. 28, l. 7, and *Sonnet of Black Beauty*, p. 38, l. 7.

PAGE 61. AN ODE.

This poem is that of all Herbert's which has attracted most attention, partly because it is his longest effort in the 'In Memoriam' metre (previously used by Jonson in 'An Elegy', 'Though beauty

be the mark of praise''; partly because it is so steeped in Platonism; partly on account of the spiritual delicacy and rare Rossetti-like beauty of some of its stanzas.³ Churton Collins calls it 'the best of Herbert's lyrics': I should prefer to say 'the most interesting'. Charles de Rémusat, after speaking of Herbert's English poems rather slightly—'Quelques-unes sont ingénieuses, la plupart obscures: l'amour en est le sujet ordinaire, un amour platonique, exprimé cependant avec plus de recherche que de délicatesse'—goes on: 'On doit remarquer des strophes sur cette question: L'Amour continuera-t-il dans l'éternité? En s'entretenant par un beau jour dans une belle campagne, Mélandre et Célinde la résolvent bien entendu par l'affirmative. Le philosophe avait écrit que toutes les facultés qui aiment survivent avec l'âme.'⁴ Le poète exprime la même idée avec assez de mouvement et d'élévation.'

19. *Melander*. Herbert elsewhere seems to give himself this name. See *Melander, suppos'd to love Susan*, &c., p. 46. Aubrey wrote of Lord Herbert: 'I have seen him severall times with Sir John Danvers [his step-father]: he was a black man' (*Brief Lives*, ed. Clark, i. 308).

PAGE 63. 50. *I doubt: I fear.*

65. *O you, wherein they say Souls rest
Till they descend, pure heavenly fires.*

Souls, according to Plato's *Timaeus*, before their human birth, were in the stars. Cp. Spenser, *Hymn in Honour of Beautie*, 99-133.

PAGE 64. 73. *decline*. See p. 56, l. 7, note.

85. *But is't not:* But it is not. For the inversion, cp. Spenser, *Shepherd's Calendar*, October, l. 85: 'Ah Percy, is it all to weak and wanne.' (The text of J. C. Smith and E. de Selincourt has, however, 'Ah Percy, it is, &c.'). *Melander* is referring to what Celinda had said, ll. 49-52.

PAGE 66. 118. *love the end of knowledge*. Cp. p. 22, l. 8, note.

PAGE 67. THE GREEN-SICKNESS BEAUTY.

1-3. Cp. a poem attributed to Donne, 'True Love findes Witt', ll. 15-16 (*Donne's Poet. Wks.*, ed. Grierson, i. 412): 'Greene-

¹ Professor Grierson thinks that many of the poems in *Underwoods* are not Jonson's. If so, even this may be Herbert's. For other early users of the metre see A. C. Bradley, *Commentary on 'In Memoriam'* (1902), pp. 67-8. G. Ellis printed nineteen of the stanzas in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, 4th ed. 1811, vol. iii, pp. 42-6 (which Tennyson may well have known).

² e. g.

This said in her up-lifted face
Her eyes which did that beauty crown
Were like two starrs, that having faln down
Look up again to find their place.

³ p. xxxii.

⁴ (Rémusat's note): 'Totae facultates quae amant, sperant, fidunt, serenant, gaudent, totae libertates supersunt' (*De Veritate*, p. 92).

sickness wench, (not needs must but) may | Looke pale, breathe short.'

10. *all things best by principles are known.* Arist. *Met.* 1013 a 14 *ὅθεν γνωστὸν τὸ πρᾶγμα πρῶτον καὶ αὕτη ἀρχὴ λέγεται τοῦ πράγματος.* For 'principles' = atoms, or elements cp. p. 57, l. 8; p. 83, l. 8.

PAGE 68. 29. *vegetate*: to stimulate growth in, cause to flourish. The *O. E. D.* quotes T. Granger (1620): 'The Roote, whose sappe doth vegetate the rest.'

34-5. Cp. p. 29, ll. 33-4.

THE GREEN-SICKNESS BEAUTY.

1. *while*: apparently = since. Cp. p. 49, l. 18; p. 73, l. 22; p. 84, l. 38.

1-4. 'We may observe pink-and-white beauty in such awe of thy pale look, &c.' With 'py'd' cp. *To her Hair*, p. 38, l. 28.

PAGE 69. LA GIALLETTA GALLANTE.

'Gialletta' is my correction of 'Gralletta' (*P*). See Tommaseo and Bellini's *Dizionario* (1869).

2. *Hatch'd*: properly 'inlaid with strips of gold', here perhaps 'bronzed'.

PAGE 70. 8. *ow*: possess.

17. *Elixirs*, perhaps = 'tinctures'.

19. *whom if we but greet* | *Think*: who, if we but greet them, Think.

PAGE 71. PLATONICK LOVE.

Compare this poem with that *To the C. of D.*, p. 55, and the first passage from Spenser quoted in the note to l. 4 of that poem.

14. *Complies not properly with*: of its own nature does not countenance or conform to.

PAGE 72. 26. *comes*: [that] comes.

30. *turn*: return. Cp. p. 41, l. 41, note.

PLATONICK LOVE.

PAGE 73. 16, *et seq.* The Platonic influence is clear in these lines.

17. *grew*: [that] grew.

19. *spring*: see p. 54, l. 12, note.

21. 'The liability to change, which in ordinary attachments is the effect of time or separation, is here excluded.' With stanzas 4 and 5, cp. ll. 9-12, in the earlier 'I must depart' (p. 17).

22. *while*: since. Cp. p. 49, l. 18; p. 68, l. 1; p. 84, l. 38.

PAGE 74. 46. Lovers in Heaven will taste not only the joys common to all, but the joys they find in each other. Cp. *The Ode*, p. 65, ll. 109-12.

47. *those publick joys.* Cp. *De Vita cælesti*, p. 105, ll. 90-1.

PAGE 75.

THE IDEA.

Made of Alnwick. If 'of' is not a misprint for 'at', one is driven to justify it by a letter of John Knox 2 Jan. 15⁹⁸/₈ (quoted in the *O. E. D.*): 'In haste, of Edinburgh, the second of Janur.' Knox's idiom, however, was not Herbert's. The whole poem is permeated with Plato's doctrine of Ideas expressed in the *Parmenides*, &c. Cp. Spenser's *Amoretti*, Sonnet lxxxviii.

7-9. These lines are merely parenthetic.

10 et seq. He tries to reconcile the perfection of the Heavenly Ideas with the ugliness of things on earth which yet partake of them. Cp. Spenser, *Hymne in Honour of Beautie*, l. 141 et seq.:

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mind
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,
Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
That will not yield unto her formes direction,
But is deform'd with some foule imperfection :

and Ficinus, *Commentarium in Convivium*, vi. 3, translated by Miss Winstanley (Introduction to Spenser's *Four Hymnes*, p. lxvi): 'One soul may find suitable material upon earth and mould the body rightly according to its first plan; another, because of the unsuitability of the material, bungles or cannot complete its task.'

16-24. Evil passions increase the ugliness—which is further increased by old age.

PAGE 76. 24. *as if their Galls did overflow.* Cp. Spenser, *Amoretti*, Sonnet xliii: my hart will breake, Or choked be with overflowing gall.

28. *the Foul*: the physically ugly.

33. *Fair's the true outside to the Good within.* The Platonic doctrine of the fair soul in the fair body. Cp. Spenser, *Hymne in Honour of Beautie*, l. 127 et seq.:

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in . . .
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take : . . .
Therefore when-ever that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule . . .
For all that faire is, is by nature good.

39. *original*, origin. See p. 9, l. 4.

PAGE 77. 64-70. When the soul is perfected, it casts aside the body as a slough. Cp. Plato's *Phaedo*, 66 D E, &c.

PAGE 78. 69. *next to, a Deity*. Cp. Xenophon, *Memorabilia*, i. 6. 10, where Socrates says: 'I think that to want nothing is divine, and to want as little as possible, next to the divine. And the divine is best, but the next to the divine next to the best.'

80. *I shall much time on your Idea spend*. Cp. Spenser, *Hymne in Honour of Beautie*, l. 211 et seq.:

But they which love indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refyned forme, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshs frayle infection.

PAGE 79. PLATONICK LOVE.

3. *when*: if. Cp. p. 82, l. 51.

11. The line in *P* is too short. Probably 'not' should be supplied before 'fit'.

PAGE 80. 27. *did*: [that] did.

PAGE 81. <AN APPEAL TO HIS HOPES NOT TO FAIL HIM.>

This is clearly a new poem in a different metre, though Churton Collins tacks it on to the preceding. The original edition gives little excuse for it, as a glance at pp. 80-1 will show.

8. *could*, [that] could.

PAGE 82. 43-5. *nothing yet doth so excell,
But there is found, if not its parallel,
Yet something . . . conform.*

The doctrine perhaps goes back to *Ecclesiasticus* xxxiii. 15: 'look upon all the works of the Most High; Two and two, one against another', on which Dr. Oesterley (Cambridge Bible) comments: 'the writer means that throughout the creation there are always antitheses, everything has its counterpart.'

51. *when*: if. Cp. p. 79, l. 3.

PAGE 83. A MEDITATION.

8. *principles*: atoms, elements. See p. 57, l. 8; p. 67, l. 10.

PAGE 84. 32. *spirit prone to fight*. Cp. p. 54, l. 7 note.

35. *they Starrs create*. Cp. Donne, *An Anatomie*, l. 260, and Grierson's note. Also, W. C[ovell], *Polimanteia* (1595) H 3.

38. *while*: since. Cp. p. 49, l. 18; p. 68, l. 1; p. 73, l. 22.

40-1. *the world's common soul*, &c. Cp. p. 22, ll. 21-2 notes.

We need not grieve over the decay of our bodies, since the elements they contain after being dissolved will take life in new combinations, and so be ready for our use again. In *The Ode*, p. 65, ll. 109-16, he assumes the resurrection of the body.

48. *assert*: in Latin sense, 'liberate', 'restore', 'appoint'.

PAGE 85. 49-54. He here contemplates an immortality for the soul in which the body should have no part.

55-6. Cp. his *Epitaph for Himself*, p. 54.

59. *by these wings*. Cp. p. 20, l. 16, and Lord Herbert's *Dialogue between a Tutor and Pupil* (1768), p. 165, 'the vehiculum animae, mentioned by Plato, which, I believe, are [*sic*] the wings of faith and love, which bring the soul to its desired place.' Herbert may be thinking of Plato, *Phaedrus* 246 E τὸ δὲ θεῖον καλόν, σοφόν, ἀγαθόν, καὶ πᾶν ὅτι τοιοῦτον τοῦτοις δὴ τρέφεται τε καὶ αὔξεται μάλιστα γὰρ τὸ τῆς ψυχῆς πτέρωμα.

OCTOBER 14. 1644.

The date '1644' is only a conjectural emendation of the impossible '1664' given in *P*.

PAGE 86. 13. *Dying by multitudes*: i.e. dying at the hands of a multitude of enemies.

23. *first*: [that] first.

25. *place*: with an allusion to the physical notion of 'place'. See p. 19, l. 7, note.

PAGE 87. IN STATUAM LIGNEAM OVERBURII.

Sir Thomas Overbury, author of the *Characters*, was poisoned in the Tower through the machinations of the Countess of Somerset in 1613. The point of the epigram, as Mr. Percy Simpson has shown me, lies in the belief that Irish wood was proof against venomous insects. Overbury's statue had greater power than himself of resisting poison. Cp. Jonson, *Alchemist*, II. iii: 'Svr. What paper? | MAM. On cedar board. Svr. O that indeed (they say) | Will last 'gainst worms. MAM. 'Tis like your Irish wood, | 'Gainst cob-webs; and R. Brathwait, *A Strappado for the Divell* (1615), p. 57:

Ripe was his wit, and well he vnderstood,
Who rouf't *Westminster Hal* with Irish wood
That Iustice there profest', should like appeare,
Suffring no venemous creature to come neere
Her sacred throne: * no Spider, worme, nor moth.

* This peculiar vertue the superstitious Irish haue ascribed to the power of Saint Patrick. [Brathwait's note.]

DE C. DE S.

No doubt '*De Comitissa de Somerset*'. See above.

EPITAPHIUM IN ANAGRAMMA NOMINIS SUI.

3: *Reddor ut herbæ.* These words were included in the inscription on Herbert's gravestone in the church of St. Giles' in the Fields. See *Autobiog.*, ed Lee, p. 161. * As the letters give 'Eduardo Herbert' it seems likely that, like the following epitaph, this was composed in Italy.

PAGE 88. IN TUMULUM DOMINI FRANCISCI VERE.

See Herbert's English epitaph, p. 34 and note.

9. *poterit.* Herbert's syntax is far from classical.

PAGE 89. IN ANSWER TO THE VERSES OF GUIET FOR
THE PUCELLE D'ORLEANS.

François Guiet or Guyet (1575-1655), a French humanist who edited many of the classics, was the author of a Latin poem on Joan of Arc (not, as it seems, in the British Museum). See Isaac Uri, *Un Cercle savant au xvii^{me} siècle—François Guyet* (1886). Some lines of the poem are quoted on p. 211. Probably Herbert when Ambassador at Paris knew Guyet personally.

I adopt Mr. P. Simpson's suggestion that the first couplet is complete in itself, and that a new answer begins with 'Desine, Galle . . .' P has a space between the first couplet and the rest.

PAGE 90. 11. *Papa Johanna*: Pope Joan.

IN ANSWER TO TILENUS.

Daniel Tilenus (1563-1633), a theological controversialist, first a Calvinist, at this time an Arminian. See note to the following poem.

3. *istam*, in the usual Renaissance sense, = *hanc*. Cp. *De Vita humana*, p. 99, l. 93.

DE HUGONE GROTIUS ARCA INCLUSO & A CARCERE LIBERATO.

Herbert writes: 'I communicated it [the *De Veritate*] to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar, who having escaped his prison in the Low Countries came into France and was much welcomed by me and Monsieur Tilenus also, one of the greatest scholars of his time who . . . exhorted me to print and publish it.' See *Autobiog.*, ed. Lee, p. 133, and notes. Grotius was in prison from May 1619 to 22 March 1621. He reached Paris on 15 April 1621. J. Duport has verses on Grotius's escape in *Musae Subsecivae* (1676), p. 58. No copy of the 1624 (Paris) edition of *De Veritate* seems to be known.

PRO LAUREATO POETA.

A love-letter written in the character of an aged poet. He sets his claims to love against those of younger men who neglect the fair for hunting, or quarrelling, or ambition.

1-4 express Herbert's own contempt for hunting. Cp. *Hæred. ac Nepot.*, p. 110, ll. 137-8: 5-9 his dislike of the man who was ready to fight his own countrymen: 10-13 his dislike of the vote-buying politician.

PAGE 91. 18. *quam porrigit herba*: perhaps a play on his own name. 21-2. *canos . . . qui symbola certæ sunt fidei*. Virgil's 'cana Fides' (*Aen.* i. 292) has been explained 'ideo quia apud senes fides maxime invenitur' (*Thesaurus Ling. Lat.*).

30. *Arcitenens*: Cupid.

33. Is this line a question?

PAGE 92. AD SERENISS. REGEM GUSTAVUM.

7. *se*, apparently an otiose accusative after 'gaudeat'. Should we read 'te'?

10. *samiatus*: polished.

13. *quæque* = 'omnia'. Cp. *Hæred. ac Nepot.*, p. 111, l. 162.

27. 'and add a brighter radiance to the dim light of Arcturus.'

PAGE 93. EURVALE MÆRENS.

Who was this Euryale?

8. *cupressis . . . feralibus*. Cp. Ovid, *Tristia* iii. 13. 21 'ferali . . . cupresso'.

MENSA LUSORIA, OR A SHOVELBOARD-TABLE TO MR. MASTER.

Thomas Master or Masters, a Fellow of New College, Oxford, is said to have lived with Lord Herbert till 1642, and to have greatly assisted him in writing his *History of Henry VIII* and in latinizing his *De Veritate*. See *Autobiog.*, ed. Lee, p. xxxviii, and the accounts of Master in Wood's *Athenae*, iii. 83, and in the *D. N. B.* Master wrote an *Iter Boreale*, an account of a journey from Montgomery to Louth in alternate Latin prose and verse, which is not to be confused with Corbet's English poem with the same title. Master's work was published by his fellow traveller George Ent in 1675. Two other works were published (or buried) with Sir Henry Savile's *Oratio habita Oxonii 1592 Septemb. 23. coram Regina Elizabetha*. Oxon. 1658 and 1690. These were:

1. *Mensa lubrica* Montgom: illustrissimo Domino Dño Edwado [sic] Baroni de Cherbury.

It begins:

Roboreus longo se porrigit æquore Campus,
Adsimilis Mensæ,

and is signed 'T. M.' This is followed by an English translation, 'The Shovel-Board Table Turn'd'. Wood gives the English version in his *Athenae*. Mr. Percy Simpson informs me that a rather daintily printed copy of the Latin on a sheet of two leaves is preserved in Wood. MS. 416 (5) in the Bodleian Library. It bears the title:

Mensa Lubrica ;
Anglicè
Shovel-Board.
in gratiam
Nobiliss. Dorn. Eduardi Herbert
Baronis de Cherbury
Lusit Thomas Masters, Nov. Coll. Oxon. olim Socius,
A. D. circiter 1636.

and Wood annotates : 'Published againe by M. R. Bathurst in the month of Dec. 1690.' It occurs in Balliol Coll. MS. cccxxvi, fo. 4 b.

'Mensa Lubrica' was included in the first volume of *Musae Anglicanae*, originally published in 1691, reissued 1761.

2. Εἰς τὴν τοῦ Χριστοῦ σταύρωσιν Μονοστροφικά (written by Master in 1633) followed by a Latin and English translation :

In Messiae Cruciationem, signed 'H. I.' (Henry Jacob of Merton College).

Christ's Passion (beginning 'Enough, my Muse'); not signed, but written by Abraham Cowley, in whose works it appears.

Various poems by T. Master are found in MS. collections. His sparkling lines 'On Lute-strings Catt-eaten' are found in Harl. MS. 6917, fo. 40, in MSS. Rawl. Poet. 147, p. 104, and 206, p. 59, and Ashm. 47, fo. 24, and were printed by Smith and Minnis in *Deliciae Musarum*. *Herbert does not refer to Master's poem on the Shovel-board Table, so possibly the two men produced a poem independently on the subject in friendly competition. Master died in 1643.

An account of the game of Shovelboard will be found in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*. According to Strutt two lines are drawn across the board (which may be 30 feet in length) one 3 or 4 inches from the extreme end, one about 4 feet nearer to the players' end. Each player has four coins or disks to play with ; if as the result of a throw a disk hangs over the extreme edge without falling, it counts 3, if it lies between the edge and the line, 2, if on that line but beyond the nearer line, 1. If the disk either goes over the edge into a trough, or fails to reach the first line, the throw is not counted. It is not clear that Herbert's board had more than one transverse line. If the disk was over this and close to the edge of the board, the throw counted 2, if it hung over the edge, 3. He makes no mention of a nearer line or of a throw which only counted 1. He tells us, however, that, as in bowls, a player in his succeeding throw might try to better the position of his first disk, while his opponent might try to dislodge it. And apparently either might do this by playing off the cushion (*obliquo cursu*), unless there was no cushion and *obliquo cursu* merely means that the disk was hit from the side.

PAGE 94. CHARISSIMO . . . THOMÆ MASTER.

Title. P. C. E. B. Herbert] *sc.* 'Popendum Curabat Eduardus Baro Herbert'. Master is buried in New College Chapel without any epitaph.

POEMS NOT INCLUDED IN THE EDITION OF 1665.

PAGE 97. (SONNET.)

1. *thou white haire*: i.e. fair, flaxen hair. Compare 'Contention between a Whitehead and a Redhead' (Leucothrix and Pyrrotrichus), beginning 'Come my Whitehead, let our Muses' in Add. MSS. 15227 and 11811 (where it is attributed to Sir Simeon Steward).

2. *like to a Region of the aire*. Cp. To a Lady that desired, &c., (p. 122), ll. 29-30: 'your dishevell'd hair | Shall flow like a calm region of the air.'

3. *Curld like a sea*. Cp. Elegy over a Tomb, l. 14 (p. 33).

TO ONE BLACKE, AND NOT VERY HANSOME.

The last line of this poem strikes a more sensual note than is usual with Herbert, and probably accounts for the poem's omission from the edition of 1665.

PAGE 98. 11. *confine*: (used absolutely) reach its limits, end.

PAGE 99. IMILCE PLEADS, &c.

Herbert in the undoubtedly genuine *Dialogue between a Tutor and his Pupil* (1768), p. 230, quotes Silius's lines in the original, and appends this translation, clearly his own. The Dialogue seems to have been written after the date of the general disuse of the Book of Common Prayer (see p. 202, top), and Herbert's writing of his posthumous *De Religione Gentilium*. So we may put the translation about 1645.

10-11. Herbert seems here to have misunderstood the Latin:

'Aut si velle nefas superos fixumque sedetque' = 'Or if you have determined irrevocably that the gods will what is wicked'.

Thomas Ross, whose translation of the *Punica* appeared in 1661, seems to have also missed or cut the meaning here:

Or, if the Gods resolve, that this Decree
Shall stand.

On the other hand, Nisard has 'ou, si c'est votre opinion inébranlable que les dieux veulent le mal', and the Brunswick translator of 1869: 'Glaubt Ihr aber es fest, das Entsetzliche fordre der Himmel.'

DE VITA HUMANA.

PAGE 102. 93. *isto*. See note on *In answer to Tilenus*, p. 90, l. 3.

DE VITA CŒLESTI.

PAGE 105. 90-1. *publica . . . Gaudia*. Cp. *Platonick Love*, p. 74, l. 47.

PAGE 106. HÆRED[IBUS] AC NEPOT[IBUS].

Addressed no doubt to his two grandsons, his son Richard's sons. 7-36. Herbert here gives his heirs his five articles of religion 'according to common reason and universal assent', viz. 1. That there is a supreme God. 2. That a chief worship is to be given unto him. 3. That the best worship of him consists in virtue, piety, and charity conjoined with faith in, and love of, God. 4. That if we transgress or fall from the rules hereof, we must repent from the bottom of our heart, and return to the right way, since without it repentance will be but vain. 5. That there is both reward and punishment here and hereafter. . . . Anything that contradicts the said principles must not by any means be admitted upon what pretence soever of faith (*Dialogue*, p. 7).

PAGE 107. 28. This line and ll. 131-2, 167-8, 191-2, 221-2, 281-2, are marked by "at the beginning as being gnomic or sententious. The marking of 'sentences' was common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in editions of classical and modern plays.

PAGE 108. 66. *quæque* = *omnia*. Cp. l. 340.

PAGE 110. 127. The directions that follow may be compared with Herbert's views on education given in his *Autobiography*, ed. Lee, pp. 23-43.

133. Fencing, riding the great horse, and dancing are commended; hunting disparaged, as in the *Autobiography*.

PAGE 111. 146. *saburra*: should mean 'sand' or 'ballast'.

151. Herbert's advice is not unlike Lord Chesterfield's.

PAGE 114. 256. A play on the saying, 'proprio laus sordet in ore'.

PAGE 118. 355. *It . . . ea* = *tales . . . italia*.

361. Lucretius ii. 79:

Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt.

DOUBTFUL POEMS.

PAGE 119.

(INCONSTANCY.)

These lines are attributed to 'Sir Edw: Harbert' in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 31, fo. 36. Perhaps they are by two authors—the second stanza being an answer to the former. In this case it is the answer that one would assign to Lord Herbert.

3-4. *simplye* = *simpliciter*. 'In the case of all other faults, we commit one fault and that is all: in the case of Inconstancy, we com-

mit the same fault as before and another with it' (every crime or fault being besides what it is, a case of inconstancy).

Whether 'to' is a prep. or an adv. ('too') makes little difference to the sense.

ODE: OF OUR SENSE OF SINNE.

These lines are attributed in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 31, fo. 13 v (the best MS. in which they occur, as Prof. Grierson says), to 'S^r Edw. Herbert'. They were inserted, however, in the 1635 edition of Donne's *Poems* with the initials 'I. D.' attached and republished in later editions. They were included by Professor Grierson among Donne's Divine Poems (*Works*, i, p. 350), though after great hesitation, as will be seen by his account (ii, pp. cxlv, cxlvi). He tells me that he has now come to the conclusion that they are rightly assigned to Herbert. I print them from Professor Grierson's text and refer the reader to his *apparatus criticus*.

The poem seems to me to be in Herbert's vein and to have verbal correspondences with his undoubted work.

9. *In number*: i. e. in the science of numbers, arithmetic.

th' errours of the last place. Cp. *The State-progress of Ill*, l. 28, 'the sinner of the last place'.

11. *new begin*. Cp. *To his Watch*, l. 3: 'your new begun | Short steps'.

PAGE 120, 19-20. *he who knowes | Himselfe*. Cp. *De Vita cælesti*, l. 44.

A DIVINE LOVE.

This poem and that 'To a Lady that desired I would love her' are both included among those of Carew. This poem was added by Walkley with seven others (including one of Waller's) to the second edition of Carew's poems (1642). Carew cannot therefore be said to have a clear claim to it. He has a stronger claim to the second, as it appeared in the first edition of his poems (1640). Both, however, suggest Herbert. Of this poem Mr. Vincent writes: 'The metaphysical vein and the sustained argument are both somewhat uncommon in Thomas Carew.'

5. *Lucinda*. This, I suppose, is a point in favour of Carew's authorship, other of his poems being addressed under this name to Lucy, Countess of Carlisle (a lady whose character is hardly reflected in this poem). If Herbert wrote the poem, he may have addressed it to the same lady.

11. *Of all its fires, light, beauty, influence*. Cp. *Ditty*, l. 21, 'Who midst your beauties flames and spirit lives' (p. 32).

PAGE 122. *TO A LADY THAT DESIRED I WOULD LOVE HER.*

See introductory note to the poem preceding.

This beautiful poem suggested Herbert before I noticed a verbal correspondence with his poem 'Innumerable beauties' which shows either identity of authorship or borrowing on one side or the other.

11. *Then.* Compare the use of 'Then' in *Ditty in imitation of the Spanish*, ll. 11, 21 (p. 9); *Ditty*, 'If you refuse me once', l. 25 (p. 32); *Ditty*, 'Why dost thou hate return', ll. 11, 21 (p. 56).

PAGE 123. 29-30. *your dishevell'd hair | Shall flow like a calm region of the air.* Cp. 'Innumerable beauties', ll. 1, 2 (p. 97): 'thou white haire, | Spredde forth like to a Region of the Aire.'

31. *Rich Nature's store, which is the Poet's treasure.* Cp. *A Divine Love*, ll. 9-11 (p. 120).

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