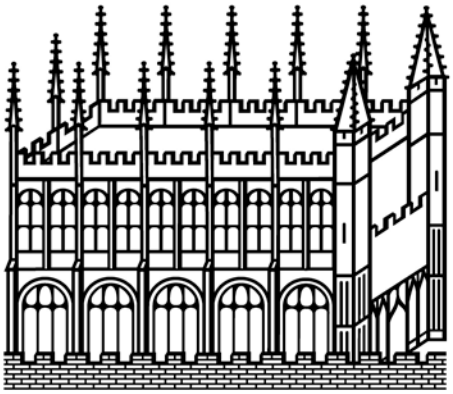

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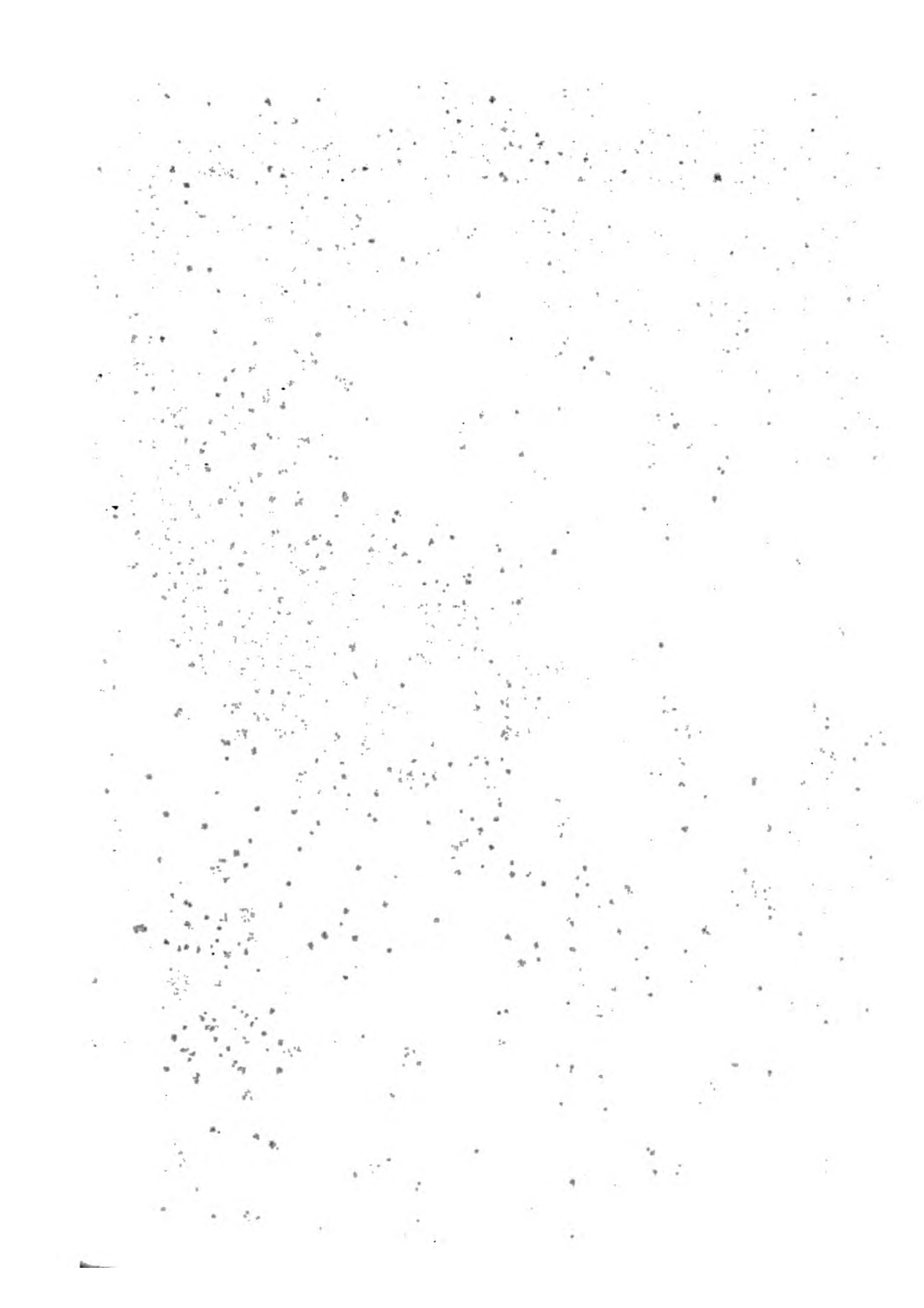
THE POEMS OF

THOMAS CAREW.



THOMAS CAREW.

Ætat. suæ 35. 1633

From a medallion of him by Varin

THE POEMS OF

THOMAS CAREW

SEWER IN ORDINARY TO CHARLES I. AND A GENTLEMAN

OF HIS PRIVY CHAMBER.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED WITH NOTES FROM THE

FORMER EDITIONS AND NEW NOTES AND A

MEMOIR BY W. CAREW

HAZLITT.

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A COLLATION OF ALL THE OLD PRINTED

COPIES AND MANY EARLY MSS.

PRINTED FOR THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY

M DCCC LXX

CHISWICK PRESS :—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

TO

FREDERIC WILLIAM COSENS, ESQ.

OF CLAPHAM,

THE PRESENT VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS SINCERE AND OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH Oldys has remarked that Carew's ſonnets were more in requeſt than any poet's of his time, yet from 1640, the date of the earlieſt edition of the Poems, to 1845 (or indeed to the preſent time) the public has ſhown itſelf ſatisfied with ſeven editions of the Works of Thomas Carew and a volume of ſelections. The preſent publication proceeds on a different plan from all its predeceſſors, which were merely reprints of each other with all the old miſtakes preſerved and new miſtakes introduced. Some trouble has in fact been taken to diſcover, in public and private libraries, as many MSS. of Carew's poems as poſſible, with a view to the purification of the text and the ſupply of any ſupplemental matter which might be found to exiſt. The reſult has been that ſeventeen MSS. have been applied to the accompliſhment of this twofold object; that a large body of miſprints and corruptions, common to all the editions, has been removed, and that upwards of thirty additions have been collected or recovered. It was obviouſly neceſſary to exerciſe great care in ſelecting from early MS. miſcellanies; and I have tried to err (if poſſible) on the ſide of caution in the admittance, on this very treacherous kind of authority, of poems and readings.

In Carew's time, unfortunately, two or three other writers owned the initials *T. C.*, and it was only where internal evidence or ſome other collateral proof was at hand, that I allowed myſelf to be perſuaded to make room for the ſtrangers.

I am aware that the authorſhip of two poems, which were printed as Carew's in 1640 and 1642, and were inſerted in Herrick's *Heſperides* in 1648, has been diſputed. Lawes, a contemporary, attributed them in his *Ayres and Dialogues* to Herrick, and as the latter writer was living, when his works were publiſhed, and all the editions of Carew were poſthumous, I am very ſtrongly diſpoſed to adopt the aſcription of Lawes. Still, as there ſeemed to be legitimate ground for doubt, I thought it better to place the two compoſitions in an appendix.

But beſides the collation of the printed and collected poems and the extenſion of their number by the employment of MSS., I have re-arranged the works to ſome extent, and inſtead of grouping them together without order or method, I have claſſified them under what appeared to be, on the whole, the moſt appropriate heads. Such of the notes which occur in the editions of 1772 and 1810 (the others are unaccompanied by illuſtrative matter), as I conceived to be of any intereſt or value, I have given in their places, and I have added to them a few of my own and the inedited memoranda (moſtly bibliographical) found in a copy of the impreſſion of 1651, which belonged to Joſeph Haſlewood.

In a bookſeller's catalogue, ſome years ago, there was a copy of the firſt edition of the Poems, deſcribed as having MSS. corrections *in the hand of the author*, by ſome one who was apparently unaware that the book was poſthumous.

This volume is embelliſhed with an engraving of the medallion of Carew himſelf by Jean Varin. The likeneſs ſeems to have been executed in 1633, and purports to repreſent the poet in his *thirty-fifth* year. It was ſuperfluous to reproduce the portrait by Vandyke, preſerved in the Royal Collection at Windſor, and already inſerted in Mr. Procter's *Effigies*

Poeticæ, 1824. It appears that Varin alſo made a likeneſs of *the poet's wife*, and that this was in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Fry, of Briſtol, or at leaſt acceſſible to that gentleman, who propoſed to give both in his announced edition. Neither medallion is to be found in the Britiſh Muſeum; but that of Carew was fortunately engraved by Thane in 1794; and from a beautiful impreſſion of this ſcarce print it is transferred to the preſent pages. In the memoir below will be found a ſignature, believed to be the author's autograph; and in a note further on I have given another of a rather leſs authentic character, but which, after all, may be genuine, and which, if ſo, belongs of courſe to a much later period of life; it has been copied from the margin of one of the leaves in Mr. Wyburd's MS., referred to elſewhere.

The notes of Davies, Fry and Haſlewood have been diſtinguiſhed by the addition of the initial *D.*, *F.*, and *H.* reſpectively. It muſt be owned beforehand that many of theſe are of a ſomewhat trite and ſupererogatory character.

It has been preſumed that it was hardly neceſſary to offer any explanation or apology in this caſe. Carew, in the form of ſpecimens or extracts, occurs in all our collections and ſelections; and on more than one occaſion good judges have declared that a new edition, with ſuch improvements as could be introduced, was a want and *deſideratum* in our early literature.

It ſeemed proper to annex a particular deſcription of all the former impreſſions of Carew's Poems; they for the moſt part follow each other very faithfully, and are all more or leſs incomplete and unſatisfactory:—

1. Poems./ *By*/ Thomas Carew/ Eſquire./ One of the Gentlemen of the/ Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in/ Ordinary to His Majeſty./ London,/ Printed by *I. D.* for *Thomas Walkley*,/ and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the/ flying Horſe, betweene Brittains/ Burſe, and York-Houſe./ 1640./

Octavo, A, 2 leaves: B—S 6, in eights. Copies were printed on thick paper.

2. Poems./ *By*/ Thomas Carew/ Eſquire./ One of the

b

Gentlemen of the/ Privie-Chamber, and Sewer/ in Ordinary to His Majeſty./ *The ſecond Edition reviſed and enlarged.*/ London,/ Printed by *I. D.* for *Thomas Walkley*,/ and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the/ flying Horſe, betweene *Brittains*/ *Burſe*, and Yorke-Houſe./ 1642.

Octavo, A—S 6, in eights, the firſt leaf of A blank. This impreſſion has eight additional poems; but the text is leſs accurate than that of 1640.

3. Poems,/ With a/ Maſke:/ By/ *Thomas Carew* Eſq;/ One of the Gent. of the Privy-/ Chamber, and Sewer in Ordi-/ nary to his late Majeſtie./ The Songs were ſet in *Muſick* by/ Mr. Henry Lawes Gent. of the/ Kings Chappell, and one of his late/ Majeſties Private Muſick./ *The third Edition reviſed and enlarged.*/ London/ Printed for *H. M.* and are to be ſold/ by *J: Martin*, at the ſigne of the/ Bell in St. *Pauls*-Church-/ Yard. 1651./

Octavo, O in eights. The *Maſque* has a ſeparate title, as in the firſt and ſecond editions.

4. Poems,/ Songs/ And/ Sonnets./ Together with a/ Maſque./ By Thomas Carew Eſq:/ One of the Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber,/ and Sewer in Ordinary to His late Majeſty./ The Songs ſet to Muſick by M^r^. *Henry Lawes*,/ Gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of/ His late Majeſties Private Muſick./ *The Fourth Edition reviſed and enlarged.*/ London,/ Printed for *H. Herringman* at the *Blew Anchor*/ in the *Lower Walk*, of the *New Exchange*,/ and are to be ſold by *Hobart Kemp* at the Sign/ of the *Ship* in the *Vpper Walk* of the/ *New Exchange*. 1671./

Octavo, A—P 4, in eights. This impreſſion contains three poems not in thoſe of 1640-2-51. The ſeparate title to the Maſque bears date 1670.

5. Poems,/ Songs,/ And/ Sonnets:/ Together with a/ Maſque./ By Thomas Carew, Eſq.;/ One of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, and/ Sewer in Ordinary to King Charles I./ A New Edition./ London:/ Printed for T. Davies, in Ruſſel Street,/ Covent-Garden./ M DCC LXXII./

Duodecimo, pp. x. + 276. Prefixed is " The Life of Thomas Carew, Eſq.; With a Short Character of his Writings," and there are occaſional notes.

6. A/ Selection/ from the/ Poetical Works/ of/ THOMAS CAREW./ London:/ Printed for Longman, Hurſt, &c./ And ſold by/ Thomas Fry & Co. No. 46 High Street, Briſtol./ 1810./

Octavo, pp. xvi. + 96. The editor, John Fry, has added a Preface, Biographical Notice, and illuſtrations. Mr. Fry contemplated a complete edition of the Poet, and in 1814 iſſued a proſpectus, of which I have a copy before me. Mr. Fry there ſays: " This new edition will be very elegantly printed on fine Drawing-Paper, in ſmall Quarto: it will be illuſtrated with Portraits of the Authour and his Wife, from a rare Medal by Warin [*ſic*]. The price to be charged will be not more than what will cover the expences incurred. One hundred and fifty copies only will be printed." The deſign, however, was not carried into execution: nor is it known by the family what became of the materials, if any, collected by M^r. Fry for the purpoſe. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1811, this edition is ſaid to be in preparation, and in *Bibliographical Memoranda*, 1816, it is deſcribed as being *in the preſs* (P. 27).

7. The Works/ of/ Thomas Carew,/ Sewer in Ordinary to/ Charles the Firſt./ Reprinted from/ The Original edition of/ M. DC. XL./ Edinburgh:/ Printed for W. and C. Tait./ M. D. CCC. XXIV./

Octavo, pp. vi and xii + 214. Edited by Mr. Thomas Maitland, a Lord of Seſſion, and only 125 copies (it is ſaid) printed. In an Appendix the poems not contained in the edition of 1640 are added from the editions of 1642 and 1671, but not very correctly. The edition has alſo the diſadvantage of preſenting a mixture of original and modern orthography; thoſe poems which form the appendix having been adapted to the exiſting ſtandard of ſpelling, while the body of the volume is a literal reprint of the edition of 1640.

8. The Poetical Works of Thomas Carew, Sewer in Ordinary to Charles the Firſt. London: H. G. Clarke and Co. 66, Old Bailey. 1845.

Small octavo, pp. 224. An edition of no value, and chiefly a reprint of that of 1824.

Cælum Britannicum./ A/ Maſque/ *At*/ White-Hall/ in the Banqvet-/ ting-Hovſe, on Shrove-/ Tveſday-Night, The/ 18. of *February*, 1633./

Non habeo ingenium; Cæſar *ſed juſſit: habebo,*
Cur me poſſe negem, poſſe quod ille putat?

London:/ Printed for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be ſold/ at his Shop neare *White-Hall.*/ 1634.

Quarto, B—F 2, in fours, and the title page. In 1640, the title received this addition after "1633:" "The Inventors. Tho. Carew. *Inigo Iones.*"

Some account may here alſo be properly introduced of the MSS. uſed on the preſent occaſion. They are in number not fewer than ſeventeen, and are as follow:—

1. Harl. MS. 6917. A thick 4° MS. (No. 6918 being bound up with it), written in a clear and educated hand of the time probably of Charles II., and containing a variety of poems by Carew, Randolph, Sydney Godolphin, &c. This volume was purchaſed from the library of Lord Somers. Its readings, ſo far as Carew is concerned, are not very noteworthy, but it has enabled me to correct a few ſerious errors in the printed text. On the other hand, the MS. itſelf is occaſionally very corrupt.

2. Addit. MS. 11608. A MS. on paper, the ſize ſmall folio, containing a variety of ſongs ſet to muſic by Henry and William Lawes, John Hilton, and other celebrated compoſers of the time of Charles I. and of the Commonwealth. This MS. was formerly (1760) in the poſſeſſion of the Guiſe family, and was purchaſed of them by Mr. Thorpe the bookſeller, who ſold it to the Britiſh Muſeum in 1839. I have uſed this MS. merely incidentally.

3. Addit. MS. 11811. A MS. in 4°, on paper, written about the period of the Reſtoration, or perhaps a little later; containing poems by Carew and others. It has yielded two ſhort pieces, which I have not met with elſewhere, and a few corrections of the printed text. As a rule, however, the readings are of no ſpecial importance or value.

4. Addit. MS. 22118. A ſmall octavo MS. purchaſed for the Britiſh Muſeum, Oct. 21, 1857, of C. Booth. It contains at preſent forty-nine leaves, but it is in bad condition, and ſeems to have been mutilated. There are ſeveral poems, however, by our author, including a copy of his verſion of the 104th Pſalm; and the MS. ſupplies one or two deſirable elucidations.

5. Aſhmole MS. 36. This MS. which is fully deſcribed in Mr. Black's Catalogue, contains only two poems by Carew; they have been collated for me by my friend, Mr. George Waring, M. A., of Oxford.

6. Aſhmole MS. 38. A folio volume on paper, written after 1638, perhaps about 1640. See Herrick's Works, by Hazlitt, pp. 470-1 *Note*, and *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. CAREW. In the latter place I gave a liſt of the poems by Carew in this MS.; with the exception of the Pſalms and the lines, *Mr. Carew to his Frind;* they all appear to be printed. Of the Pſalms, one (No. 137) was publiſhed in Bliſs's edition of Wood's *Athenæ*, from which ſource it was transferred to Maitland's edition of Carew's Poems, 1824, 8°, xii—xiv. The copies of Pſalms 1 and 137 ſeem to be unique, as neither is in another MS. preſently to be noticed.

The following deſcription of this important MS. is borrowed from Mr. Black's *Catalogue of the Aſhmolean MSS.*, 1845, p. 38:—"A folio MS. cloſely written on paper in the former part of the XVII^th^ century. A large collection of miſcellaneous Engliſh Poetry, Songs, Elegies, Epigrams, and Epitaphs, original and ſelected: with the names of the authors ſubſcribed to their reſpective pieces, where known to the writer, Nicholas Burghe; and with an Index to the ſame lately prefixed."

7. Aſhmole MS. 47. This MS. has alſo yielded a few readings. It contains ſeveral poems by Carew. Mr. George Waring has collated them all for me.

8. A very pretty MS. in octavo, containing altogether eighty-eight leaves, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Henry Huth. From ſome memoranda in the book in his well-known hand it appears to have formerly belonged to the Rev. John Mitford. But the original owner was one R. Berkeley, who has regiſtered his proprietorſhip on the flyleaf thus: *R. Berkeley his Booke Año.* 1640. This MS. contains two pieces by Carew, both printed in the old copies, by Davies in 1772, and by Maitland in 1824.

9. A MS. in duodecimo ſize in the original vellum binding, in the ſame collection. It contains 130 leaves, but a portion of the matter is in Latin, being a copy of the Latin drama of *Adelphi*, performed at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1612-13. This MS. has apparently only one piece by Carew, namely, *The Amorous Fly*, which is in the editions under a different title, and in Aſhmole MS. 38, entitled as here. This is the ſame MS. which has been already deſcribed in *Inedited Poetical Miſcellanies*, 1870, as bearing autographs of the Scattergood family, 1667-8.

10. A MS. on paper, 4° ſize, containing ſeventy-one leaves (not including blanks), with the autograph on a flyleaf: *E. Libris C. Agard.* In the poſſeſſion of Mr. F. W. Coſens, of Clapham Park. This MS. is referred to in the Notes as *MS. Coſens. A.* 4°. It contains early and good copies of poems by Carew, Donne, Beaumont, &c. By Carew there are ſeven pieces, of which two are, I believe, unpubliſhed, and a third ſo entirely differs from the ordinary text as to deſerve to be conſidered in the ſame light.

11. A MS. on paper, oblong 8° ſize, containing (not reckoning many blanks) thirty-nine leaves. In the ſame collection, for which it was procured ſome few years ſince from a bookſeller at Aſhton-under-Lyne: it is referred to in the Notes as *MS. Coſens B. obl.* 8°. It has proved

extremely ſerviceable in the preſent caſe, for although it has not yielded any unpubliſhed poem by Carew, it has furniſhed one or two important elucidations, as will be found pointed out elſewhere. The MS. contains ſix pieces by our author.

12. A MS. written about 1634, on very thick paper, in *large folio*, and containing in its preſent mutilated ſtate ſixty leaves, of which one is torn in half, one moiety being loſt. I have little doubt that this very intereſting and valuable MS. (the work though it be of an ignorant and careleſs copyiſt) originally included all Carew's writings; but the appearance of the vellum cover too evidently ſhews that about half the MS. has periſhed. What remains is in capital preſervation, with the ſingle exception juſt mentioned. The text ſeems to have undergone reviſion by eraſure and ſubſtitution of different words; and in one place, in the margin, occurs what has greatly the air of an autograph atteſtation by Carew himſelf, as if the MS. had been executed under his direction and eye. Of the peculiar intereſt of this volume enough, perhaps, has been ſaid in other places; it may be well, however, to ſtate generally that it has preſerved to us the bulk of Carew's Poems, that it is in all likelihood many years earlier than the firſt printed edition (1640), and that it is, ſo far as can be aſcertained, the ſole repoſitory of ſeveral poems by our author. Of one I queſtion the authenticity, but I thought it beſt to give it the benefit of a doubt.

The MS. under notice belongs to Mr. F. Wyburd, who obtained it about three years ago of a dealer at Knightſbridge for a trifle. Its previous hiſtory is unknown. That there are the productions of other writers, both in verſe and proſe, mixed up with Carew's, will not ſurpriſe thoſe who are at all converſant with theſe early miſcellanies. Mr. Wyburd conſiders that the entire MS. proceeded from the ſame pen—that pen Carew's—but to ſuch an opinion I do not think I ſhould eaſily become a convert. I have read with care ſuch portions of the MS. as I have not uſed; and that Carew was not con-

cerned in the authorſhip of theſe pieces (they are both in proſe and verſe) I am perfectly perſuaded. Under what circumſtances the MS. became a receptacle for the compoſitions of Carew and others (or at leaſt one other perſon), I cannot pretend to decide.

13. Harl. MS. 6057. A quarto MS. of 65 leaves, of which the original poſſeſſor and part-writer (or copyiſt), Thomas Croſſe, has introduced his name in an acroſtic on the opening page. This volume was written probably between 1640 and 1680, and is in three or four hands. It is of ſome importance and intereſt, as affording a nearly contemporary text of ten poems by Carew, three of which are inedited. But it is to be remarked that Croſſe himſelf, whoſe initials correſpond with Carew's, has inſerted here ſome of his own productions, which muſt not be taken as thoſe of the more eminent poet; he ſubſcribes himſelf indifferently *T. C.*, *T. Cr.*, *T. Cro.*, and *T. Croſſe*.

14. Harl. MS. 6931. An octavo volume, containing poems by Carew, Beaumont, Donne, W. Strode, W. Cartwright, Ben Jonſon, &c., and having ninety leaves of poetry, beſides many blanks, and a few pages of MS. in proſe. This volume is in two or three hands, and appears to have been written between 1660 and 1680. It has ſupplied ſome very uſeful emendations of Carew's text, but at the ſame time it is incorrectly and careleſſly written in ſeveral places.

15. Rawlinſon MS. 34. This MS. contains only one poem: *The Amorous Fly*, with a few unimportant variations.

16. Rawl. MS. 84. This MS. alſo has but a ſingle poem by Carew: *To his Miſtreſs in abſence*. The variations from the printed copies are not of conſequence.[1]

17. Rawl. MS. 88. *Verſes and Poems by James Shirley*. This volume, which was written about 1700, formerly

[1] Mr. Hunter erroneouſly ſtates that there are ſome of Carew's poems in Harl. MS. 3157, a copy of one of the works of St. Jerome.

belonged to Hearne. All the poems are inſerted in Shirley's Works, 1833, vol. vi.; but ſome of them alſo occur (with variations) in the old edition of Shirley's Poems, 1646. One is the *Hue and Cry*, of which an account will be found elſewhere. See p. 128, and *Index*, art. *Shirley*.

The nine Pſalms, of which a complete text has been obtained by the collation of the only two MSS. known, of which both are imperfect, can add nothing to Carew's fame. They do not even add anything to his perſonal hiſtory, for of the circumſtances under which theſe paraphraſes were compoſed we have been left in abſolute ignorance. The beſt compliment which it is in our power to pay this partial verſion of the Pſalms is, that it is ſuperior in its poetical tone to many of thoſe which preceded and followed it; but it was probably the work of Carew's lateſt years, and may have been executed under the diſadvantages which attend a man in failing health and with impaired powers. It reads like the languid and deſultory exerciſes of a valetudinarian, with the "narrow houſe" in his mind's eye. There ſeems to be ſomething in our Pſalmody, which has the effect of paralyſing the happieſt pens and the moſt accompliſhed votaries of the Muſes. The mantle of Sternhold and Hopkins is the common and imperiſhable property of all their ſucceſſors.

Elaborate pedigrees of the Carew family have been printed by Sir Thomas Phillips in a ſingle folio ſheet and by Mr. Maclean in his *Life and Times of Sir Peter Carew*, 1857; but neither of theſe gentlemen touches upon the branch with which we are here more immediately concerned.

The regiſters of Sunninghill in Berkſhire, from 1635 to 1641, have been obligingly examined for me by the preſent vicar, the Rev. A. M. Wale, but no notice of Carew or of his connections could be diſcovered. The regiſters of St. James's, Piccadilly, in which I had hoped to find ſome entry, commence only in 1685. Thoſe of the Court of

Probate have alſo been ſearched (ineffectually) in the hope of finding the poet's will or letters of adminiſtration.

My thanks and acknowledgments are, at the ſame time, due to the following gentlemen, who have rendered me, in the courſe of the preſent inquiry, ſervices and kindneſſes of various ſorts—all, in their way, important. I am indebted to Mr. Henry Huth, Mr. F. W. Coſens, and Mr. F. Wyburd, for the loan of ſeveral MSS. miſcellanies containing pieces by Carew; the Rev. A. M. Wale, vicar of Sunninghill, examined the pariſh regiſters not leſs obligingly becauſe unſucceſsfully, with a view to the diſcovery of notices of the poet or his family; Mr. Alfred Kingſton, of the Record Office, aſſiſted me in reſpect to the documents preſerved there which bear on Carew's perſonal hiſtory; Mr. Vaux, ſuperintendent of the Medal Department, and Mr. Reid, Keeper of the Print Room, at the Britiſh Muſeum, reſponded to my inquiries with equal promptitude and courteſy; Mr. Thomas Jones, M. A. kindly forwarded to me an exact tracing of a poem by Carew, preſerved in MS. in the college library at Mancheſter under his charge; nor ſhould I omit to expreſs my gratitude for the valuable help which I have derived from the communications of Mr. Yeowell, Mr. Maclean, Dr. Rimbault, and other gentlemen, ſome years ſince, to the pages of *Notes and Queries*.

I alſo deſire to mention that, in reply to a communication on my part, influenced by a reference in Naſh's *Hiſtory of Worceſterſhire*, the Right Honourable the Lord Lyttelton was ſo good as to inform me that there were no papers at Hagley which threw light on the family hiſtory of the Carews of Middle-Littleton.[1]

W. C. H.

KENSINGTON.
October 1, 1870.

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[1] There does not ſeem to be any Viſitation of Worceſterſhire, containing a pedigree of the Carews of Middle-Littleton.

Some Account of Thomas Carew.

IT ſeems that we are not without authority for the belief, that THOMAS CAREW, of whoſe poetical writings the preſent volume ſeeks to repreſent the firſt complete and ſatisfactory collection, was a younger ſon of Sir Matthew Carew, of Middle-Littleton, Worceſterſhire, by his wife Alice Inkpenny. Sir Matthew was this lady's ſecond huſband; ſhe was the daughter of Sir John Rivers, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1573,[1] and the ſon of Richard Rivers of Penſhurſt.[2] Of Lady Carew's firſt huſband we do not happen to have met with any particulars.

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[1] It muſt be at once ſtated with all frankneſs, that this portion of the memoir is baſed principally on the reſearches of Monro (*Acta Cancellariæ*, 1847, pp. 3-4) and Nichols (*Collectanea Topographica et Genealogica*, 1838, v. 206-7). It ſeems that there were perſons of this name in the county at an earlier date, for Naſh ſays, under *Wichbold:* "*Thomas Carowe*, couſin and heir of John Carowe, was lord of Wichbold, 6 Edward VI. It came afterwards by purchaſe to the *Pakingtons* of Weſtwood."

[2] Stow's *Survey of London*, 1720, book v. p. 135.

Sir Matthew Carew, who was bred to the law, and roſe to be a maſter in Chancery, a poſition which he occupied about five and thirty years, was the tenth of the nineteen children of Sir Wymond Carew, K. B., of Eaſt Antony, on the confines of Devonſhire and Cornwall, near Plymouth, and of Kingſland, Hackney, Middleſex,[1] by his wife Martha, daughter of Sir Edmund Denny, of Cheſhunt, Herts, &c., who died in 1520, and ſiſter of Sir Anthony Denny, K. G., who was one of the executors of King Henry VIII. Sir Matthew was born, probably at Hackney, in 1533-4; was educated at Weſtminſter School under Alexander Nowell, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; took his Maſter's degree in 1551, and having abandoned his original intention of taking holy orders, followed the law as his profeſſion.[2] He travelled in France and Italy, viſited the univerſities of Louvaine, Paris, Padua, Bologna, and Sienna, obtained his doctor's degree, and was appointed companion and tutor to Henry, Earl of Arundel, in his tour through Italy. Returning home with his pupil, Dr. Carew practiſed in the Court of Arches till 1576, when he was ſucceſsful in obtaining a Maſterſhip in Chancery which he held, it is ſuppoſed, till his death. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him in 1603. The regiſters of St. Dunſtan's in the Weſt contain the following entry:—"1618. Aug. 2. Mathew Carew, Knight." The tablet erected to his memory in the church, with a long Latin inſcription, was in all probability written by

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[1] Nichols (*Topographer and Genealogiſt*, iii. 210). But the pedigree there given of the immediate deſcendants of Sir Wymond Carew ſeems to be incomplete, only one child (a daughter Elizabeth) being named, although Sir Matthew Carew himſelf ſays that he was one of a family of 19 (*Collect. ut ſupr.*). See Dingley's *Hiſtory from Marble*, edit. Nichols, xli.

[2] Nichols, *Collect. ubi ſupr.* It has been ſtated incorrectly that the poet belonged to the Carews of Glouceſterſhire, in which county I do not trace the family; but Sir John Carew was ſheriff of *Somerſetſhire* in 1634. *Cal. St. Papers*, Ch. i. 1634-5, p. 105.

Carew himſelf. The firſt draft of it, ſuppoſed to be in his own hand, is in Harl. MS. 1196.[1]

By his wife aforeſaid, Sir Matthew had a very large family, and it is curious that he not only followed his father's example here, but ſhared Sir Wymond Carew's misfortune in ſurviving nearly all his children. Three only, Martha, Matthew and Thomas, outlived, it appears, the period of childhood.[2]

Sir Matthew Carew the younger, the poet's elder brother, was born at Wickham, in Kent, April 3, 1590.[3] He ſeems to have entered the military ſervice, and to have diſtinguiſhed himſelf in Ireland. He was made a knight banneret in 1609, at the very early age of nineteen. Sir Matthew reſided during the firſt portion of his married life in the pariſh of St. Dunſtan's in the Weſt, as his father had done; and the baptiſms of five of his children are recorded in the regiſters.[4]

Thomas Carew, the author of the Poems contained in the preſent volume, was perhaps the youngeſt child of his father, Sir Matthew. The pedigrees which we poſſeſs name only Matthew (the eldeſt ſon), Martha, whoſe firſt huſband was Mr. James Cromer, of Kent, afterwards knighted,[5] and

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[1] Nichols, *ubi ſupr.*

[2] Sir Matthew not only ſurvived his children, but his fortune, for in Lanſd. MS. 163, fol. 287, quoted by Mr. Monro, *ubi ſupr.*, it is ſaid that he loſt his whole eſtate four years before he died. Mr. Monro adds: "For the laſt year alſo of his life, he appears to have confined himſelf, almoſt entirely, to taking affidavits." But documents preſerved at the Record Office ſhew what immediately occaſioned Sir Matthew's misfortunes and pecuniary loſſes—money lent and never recovered.

[3] Naſh's *Worceſterſhire*, ii. 105. Naſh gives thus the arms of Carew of Worceſterſhire: "3 lions impaling a chevron ingrailed between 3 birds."

[4] Nichols (*Collect.* v. 372). Chriſtian, one of the daughters of Sir Matthew Carew, was buried at Middle-Littleton, in Smith's Chapel, March 1, 1695-6.—Naſh's *Worceſterſhire*, ii. 105.

[5] Martha, afterwards Mrs. and eventually Lady Cromer, muſt have been

Thomas, the poet. Two circumſtances join in contradicting the generally received opinion, that the latter was born in or about 1589. The firſt is, that his elder, if not eldeſt, brother was not born till 1590; and the ſecond, that a medal of the poet, executed by Jean Varin (his contemporary), expreſsly ſtates him to have been five and thirty years of age in 1633, or in other words, places his birth in 1598. Moreover, in a letter from his father written between 1613 and 1616, and to be noticed more particularly bye and bye, Thomas who, according to the preſent ſuppoſition, would be from fifteen to eighteen, is mentioned in a way which indicates him at that period to have been little more than a mere lad. The date quoted (1598) would repreſent very well the probable interval between the births of the two brothers; and in the abſence of ſuperior teſtimony we may perhaps accept this view as the correct one.

Carew was educated (more than poſſibly after a preliminary *curriculum* at Weſtminſter, where his elder brother was certainly grounded in learning) at Corpus Chriſti College, Oxford, but, as Wood informs us, left the univerſity without taking a degree.[1] Wood remarks: "[he] had his academical education in Corp. Ch. coll. as thoſe that knew him have informed me, yet he occurs not matriculated as a member of that houſe, or that he took a ſcholaſtical degree."

The truth is, that Carew ſeems to have developed an unfortunate propenſity, at a very early age, for neglecting the work of preparation for making his way in the world, and to have ſurrendered himſelf to idle habits or unprofitable and expenſive amuſements. His father, to little or no purpoſe,

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by ſome years the ſenior of Matthew, for the baptiſm of her daughter Elizabeth is recorded in the regiſter of St. Dunſtan's in the Weſt as having taken place on the 11th Nov. 1599. Nichols (*Collect.* v. 368).

[1] *Athenæ*, by Bliſs, ii. 657-8.

diſſuaded him from this courſe, and uſed all his influence with men of authority, eſpecially Dudley Carleton, our repreſentative at the Hague, a connection of the family by marriage, and George, Lord Carew, who was alſo collaterally related to our poet's family. There was not any great degree of difficulty, probably, in procuring employment; but Carew invariably miſconducted himſelf or neglected his duties, and was accordingly thrown back on his father who, towards the end of his life, through the unexpected loſs of a large ſum of money, found himſelf contending againſt ſevere pecuniary ſtraits. We firſt hear of Carew's doings in the year 1613, when, if the date aſſigned above be correct, the future poet could not have been more than fitfeen or ſixteen. In a letter to Dudley Carleton, Feb. 25, 1613, poor Sir Matthew reports "that one of his ſons [Thomas?] is roving after hounds and hawkes, the other ſtudying in the Temple, but doing little at law." Carleton, probably for the ſake of the father, took young Thomas, in 1614, into his employment as ſecretary, and it is to be concluded that he retained the poſt at leaſt two years; for in 1616, we find Sir Matthew expreſſing a hope that his ſon may give ſatisfaction. Here he was ſoon to be diſappointed, for in September of the ſame year the ſecretary was diſcharged in conſequence of ſome aſperſions he was underſtood to have caſt on Sir Dudley and Lady Carleton. The next project, which was to obtain occupation through the intereſt of Lord Carew, is deſcribed at large in a letter from the poet to Carleton, at the Hague, dated Sept. 2, 1616:—

"Right Honorable my moſt ſingul^{r} good L^{d}.[1]

"I have bene thus long in giving y^{r} L^{p} account of y^{e} ſucceſs of my buſineſs, by reaſon of my L^{d} Carewes abſence from this towne, where after I was arrived & had awhile conſulted wth my fath^{r} & oth^{r} frends, it was thought fitt I ſhould

[1] *Domeſtic James I.* 1616, *July—Oct.*, vol. 88, No. 67.

repayre unto him to y^e^ Queenes Court, w^ch^ then w^th^ y^e^ King & Princes was at Woodſtock, where I delivered y^r^ L^ps^ lett^rs^. His anſweare to me was, y^t^ he had allready in that employment a M^r^ of Artes, whoſe ſeaven yeares ſervice had not yet deſerved to be ſo diſplaced, & added, y^t^ I being his kinſman might expect from him all thoſe greateſt curteſies whatſoever, whereunto his neereneſs of blood did oblige him, w^ch^ I ſhould allwayes finde him readie to performe, but to admitt me into his familie as a ſervant, it were a thing, ſayde he, farr beneath y^r^ qualitie, & w^ch^ my blood could not ſuffer w^th^owt much reluctance. I told him y^t^ my comming was not to ſupplant any man, but y^t^ I thought this late addition of hon^r^ might have made thoſe ſmall abilities w^ch^ I had acquired by my travells & experience in y^r^ L^ps^ ſervice, of uſe to his, w^ch^ I did humbly proſtitute before his L^p^. whoe if he thought not my youth unworthy ſo greate honor, I ſhould eſteeme my ſelf no wayes diſparaged by his ſervice. He replyed y^t^ my languages & whatever ſerviceable partes I had would ruſt in his ſervice for want of uſe, & therefore prayed me to propoſe to my ſelf any oth^r^ meanes wherein he might pleaſure me; were it y^e^ ſervice of ſome oth^r^ whoe had more employment & better meanes of preferment for a Secretarie, or whatſoever proiect I could deviſe; wherein he promiſed not only to employe his creditt but his purſe, if neede were, & ſo referred me to his returne to London for his anſweare to y^r^ L^ps^ lett^r^, at what time he would talke more at large w^th^ me & my fath^r^ about his buſineſs. This is y^e^ iſſue of my hopes w^th^ my L^d^ Carew, nor am I likely to gayne any thing at his return heth^r^ from him but fayre wordes & complement.

" Y^r^ L^ps^ lett^rs^ to my L^d^ of Arrondell, becauſe it was neceſſarie for me to wayte uppon my L^d^ Carew, & could at no time ſee him but w^th^ y^e^ King, from whoſe ſide he ſeldome moveth, I left w^th^ M^r^. Havers to be delivered to him, of whome I learned y^t^ he was as yet unfurniſhed of a Secretarie; wherefore according to y^r^ L^ps^ inſtructions my fath^rs^ councell & my owne inclination I will labour my

admittance into his ſervice, wherein I have theſe hopes, y^e^ preſent vacancie of y^e^ place, y^e^ reference my fath^r^ had to his Grandfath^r^, & y^e^ knowledge w^ch^ by y^r^ L^ps^ meanes he had of me at Florence, wherein if neede be & if M^r^ Chamberlane ſhall ſo thinke good I will engage my L^d^ Carew, and whereunto I humbly beſeech y^r^ L^p^ to add y^r^ effectuall recom̃endation, w^ch^ I knowe will be of more power than all my oth^r^ pretences, w^ch^ yow will be pleaſed w^th^ y^r^ moſt convenient ſpeede to afforde me, y^t^ I may at his returne heth^r^ (w^ch^ will be w^th^ y^e^ Kings ſome 20 dayes hence) meete him w^th^ y^r^ L^ps^ lett^rs^ & y^t^ I may in caſe of refuſall returne to y^r^ ſervice y^e^ ſooner from w^ch^ I profeſs (notw^th^ſtanding all theſe fayre ſhewes of preferment) as I did w^th^ much unwillingneſs depart, ſo doe I not w^th^owt greate affliction diſcontinue; my thoughts of th^r^ prop^r^ & regular motion not aſpiring higher then the orbe of y^r^ L^ps^ ſervice, this irregul^r^ being cauſed by y^r^ ſelf whoe are my Primum mobile, for I ever accounted it hon^r^ enough for me to correre la fortuna del mio Sig^r^ nor did I ever ayme at at (*ſic*) greater happineſs then to be held as I will allways reſt

Y^r^ L^ps^
moſt humbly devoted
to y^r^ ſervice
THO. CAREW."

"London this 2. of Septemb^r^ 1616."[1]

Nine days later, however, Carew addreſſed to the ſame quarter a ſecond letter, in which he appeared to entertain

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[1] [endorſed]

Tom Carew the
2^d^ of 7^ber^ 1616.

To the Right Hon^ble^ my moſt ſingul^r^ good L^d^ S^r^ Dudley Carleton, Knight, L^d^ Ambaſſad^r^ for his Ma^tie^ w^th^ the States of y^e^ United Provinces of y^e^ Low Contreyes at the
Haghe.

more hopeful expectations, and added ſome items of miſcellaneous news.

" Right Hon^ble my moſt ſingul^r good L^d.[1]

" Since my laſt to y^r L^p of y^e 2^d of this p̃ſt my L^d Carewes repayre to towne gave me occaſion to attend his reſolution at his lodging: w^ch he delivered w^th much paſſion, proteſting y^t he did not therefore refuſe me becauſe he had no intent to take care or charge of me, for I ſhould uppon any occaſion be aſſured of y^e contrary, but merely for y^t he ſhould have no employment for me, & therefore prayed me, ſince he tendred herein my owne good more then his particul^r intereſt, to ſurceaſe this ſuite & prevayle my ſelf of him in an oth^r kinde; to y^e ſame effect was his excuſe to my fath^r, ſo as y^t ſtring hath fayled, but as there was ever more appearance, ſo doe I conceave better hope of good ſucceſs, w^th my L^d of Arondell, & y^e rath^r becauſe my L^d Carew hath ſo willingly engaged himſelf in my behalf & promiſeth to deale very effectually for me, but chiefly when I ſhall have y^r L^ps recommendation w^ch I dayly expect.

" Allthough I know y^r L^p hath very particul^r advertiſments of all y^e occurrents here, yet becauſe other mens fayth can not ſave me, as neyth^r th^r penns diſcharge my duty, I will be bold to give y^r L^p notice of what I have obſerved or learned ſince my arrivall.

" My L^d Roos tooke his leave this morning of y^e King but goes not yet theſe tenn dayes, his bravery entertaynes both Court & citty w^th diſcourſe, his golden liveryes are ſo frequent in y^e ſtreetes, y^t it is thought they have th^r ſeverall walkes, & are duly relieved by Sig^r. Diegoes appoyntment; he came this day to y^e Court attended w^th 10 or 12 Gent. 8 pages very richly accoutred in ſuites of 80^li a peece, & ſome 20 ſtaffiers all in gold lace. Sig^r Diego proteſted y^t all y^e liveryes (for

[1] *Domeſtic James I.* 1616, *July—Oct.* vol. 88, No. 77.

every man hath two ſuites) coſt 2500li ſter. beſides my Ld giveth to 20 Gent yt attend him 50li a man to equippe themſelfes for the voyage; he hath with him 3 Secretaries. Mr. Goldburrough whome yr Lp knew in Italy is one, & Duncomb a ſecond, & two Chaplaines. There goe wth him 12 Gent en compagnon, amongſt ye reſt Sr Ed. Sommerſett, Sr Richard Lumley newly knighted for ye voyage, Mr. Giles Bridges, & Mr. Tho. Hopton; they imbarke at Portſmouth, & thence goe by ſea to Liſbon. Sigr Diego leaves my Ld at ye ſeaſide.

" My Ld Dingwell is returned from Venice, hath ſeene France & Italy & brought home a chayne of 2000 ſcudi, wch is all ye effect of his iourney.

" Mr. Albert Morton hath taken his leave of ye K. & doth wthin 15 dayes take his iourney for Heidelbergh; his waye, unleſs he bee comanded to the contrary (he ſayes) ſhall lye by ye Haghe.

" Sr Ed. Cecill arrived here on Sonday laſt & went this morning wth my Ld Roos to kiſs ye Ks handes.

" My Lady Winwood hath bene lately at ye point of death & is not yet paſt danger. Mr Kantfield told me yt he left Mrs Anne Wood now Lady Harrington (whome yr Lp knowes) irrecoverably ſick, ſo as he peremptorily ſayde ſhe was by yt time deade.

" I was told by a Gent of good creditt that there is lately happened a greate breach betwene ye new created Viſcount Villiars & Mr. Secretary Winwood, wch is likely much to impayre Mr. Secretaryes credit wth his Maty, and caſt all at leaſt ye gaynfull employment uppon Sr Tho. Lake; ye occaſions of thr particulr diſguſts I can not yet learne.

" Sigr Diego & Duncomb have bene very buſy at ye Exchange in compounding in thr Lds name wth ye Spaniſh Merchants for a Shipp of thrs lately taken in Spayne, whereof ye King is determined to make a preſent to my Ld Roos, & wch he is bound to reſtore, but ye merchants offer my Ld for compoſition or rathr a gratuitie 5000li. This money wth ye 5000li ex-

traordinary he hath from y^e^ King & 6^li^ per diem ſince the firſt of May, conſidering my L^d^ goes to Liſbon by ſea & ſhall from thence be defrayed to Madrid, will with little addition diſcharge his voyage.

" But y^t^ I ſhould be to iniurious to y^r^ L^ps^ leyſure I would add y^e^ prñt diſcourſes of my L^d^ Cooke, but they are ſo various & ſo uncertayne y^t^ they ſerve only to rompre la teſte, only y^e^ more popul^r^ & generall bruite hath given him a Barronry in lieu of his Chief Juſticeſhipp, wherew^th^ it had inveſted M^r^. Record^r^ Mountague, but he for being too corrupt is now ſupplanted, & y^e^ aura popularis hath conferd y^t^ hon^r^ on Baron Tanfield.

" Theſe encloſed M^r^ Attorney Grãls Secretary recoñended to my addreſs this morning.

" It is thought Viſcount Villiars & S^r^ John Deckam of y^e^ Dutchie office ſhall ſhortly be preferd to y^e^ Counſell table.

" M^r^. Shireburn perſwades me to attempt Viſcount Villiers ſervice, who hath only M^r^. Packer (a man though well ſkild in home buſineſſes, yet alltogeth^r^ ignorant of forrayne); but as I have no waye open to him, ſo have I no appetite if I fayle in my preſent proiect, to hazard a third repulſe; howſoever I ſhall governe my ſelf according to y^r^ L^ps^ lett^rs^ w^ch^, w^th^ y^r^ recoñendation to my L^d^ of Arondell I doe w^th^ greate devotion attend.

" Thus I in all humilitie take leave & reſt

Y^r^ L^ps^

" London this 11^th^ of 7^ber^ 1616. ſt° vet.[1] moſt humbly devoted to y^r^ ſervice

THO. CAREW."

Lord Carew recommended his young relative to the Earl of Arundel, who at firſt held out a contingent hope of aſſiſtance, as appears from the following letter :—

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[1] [endorſed] " Tom Carew the 11^th^ of 7^ber^ 1616."

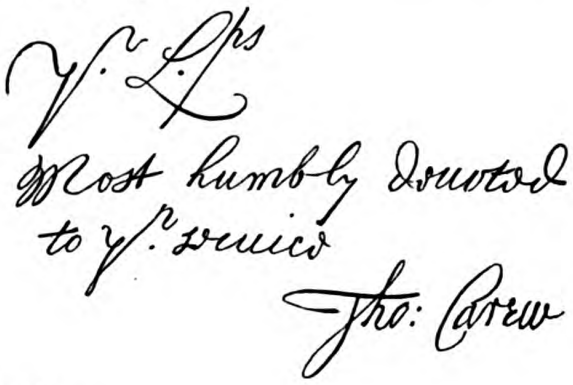
" Right Hon^ble my moſt ſingul^r good L^d.[1]

" But that I could not lett this meſſenger goe emptie, I ſhould not have given y^r L^p the trouble of theſe lines at this time, not having any thing worth y^r L^ps knowledge, nor being able as yet to reſolve yow of y^e effect of my buſineſs by reaſon of my L^d of Arondells indefinite anſweare, whereby he holdes me in ſuſpence though not w^thowt hope of good ſucceſs; for he proteſteth y^t if he can by any meanes ſatisfie the pretences of two competitors, whoe are w^th dayly importunitie recommended unto him from his hon^ble and eſpeciall good frendes w^ch (he ſayes) he will endeavour & hopes to effect, he will then w^th all willingneſs embrace my ſervice, y^e tender whereof he takes very kindly; thus much he hath profeſſed unto my L^d Carew whoe made the firſt overture to M^r. Shireborn, who in y^r L^ps name ſeconded y^t recom̃endation, & to my ſelf craving beſides a fortnights reſpite, w^ch doth w^thin theſe fewe dayes expire; in y^e meane time my L^d Carew doth promiſe to omitt no occaſion or argument of perſuaſion, ſo as if y^r L^ps recommendatory lett^rs (w^ch would very oportunely arrive in this coniuncture, & y^e attending whereof may happily be occaſion of my L^d of Arondells delaye) ſhould meete w^th theſe circumſtances I might well hope this buſineſs would ſort to y^e wiſhed iſſue. I have in this interſtice had leyſure to ſee my ſiſter, Grandmoth^r, & oth^r my frends in Kent, whoe remember th^r moſt affectionate ſervices to y^r L^p & my Lady. I came down yeſterday & will on Monday returne to London, at what time the King will be there: when it is expected y^e reſolution abowt my L^d Chief Juſtice & many oth^r buſineſſes will be taken, of y^e effect whereof I will be bold to advertiſe y^r L^p.

" My L^d Roſſes com̃oration here is uppon new buſineſſes prolongued, y^e negotiation whereof will allſoe lengthen his reſidence in Spayne; he hath taken a ſecond leave of y^e King (at what time M^r. Giles Bridges was knighted), but departeth not yet theſe 8 dayes.

[1] *Domeſtic James I.* 1616, *July—Oct.* vol. 88, N° 87.

" Not having wherew^th^ to give y^r^ L^p^ furth^r^ trouble, I humbly take leave, [and] reſt



" Tunſtall this
20^th^ of 7^ber^ 1616. ſt° vet.[1]

But ſubſequently the Earl heſitated to avail himſelf of Carew's ſervices, on learning the circumſtances under which he had been diſmiſſed by Carleton. Lord Arundel eventually declared his inability to provide any employment, and in ſpite of the repeated exertions and prayers of his father, Carleton declined, it ſeems, to receive him back into his ſervice. On the 4^th^ October, 1617, in a letter to Carleton, Sir Matthew confeſſes that his ſon has nothing to do, and is leading a looſe and debauched life. In a later letter to Lady Carleton (March 24, 1618), no improvement in Carew's proſpects had occurred, but it is to be collected that he had expreſſed ſorrow for his irregularities, and that he was living with his father.

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[1] [endorſed]

" Tom Carew y^e^ 20^th^ of 7^ber^ 1616."

" To the Right Hon^ble^ my moſt fig^r^ good L^d^ S^r^ Dudley Carleton Knight, L^d^ Amb^r^ for his Ma^tie^ w^th^ the States of the United Prov^es^ of the Low Countreyes at the Haghe."

Theſe by no means ſatisfactory glimpſes of the earlier portion of the career of the poet, with the few ſcattered facts throwing light on his origin and family, which have now for the firſt time been brought together, repreſent, it is to be feared, all that can ever be known of the private or perſonal hiſtory of Thomas Carew. For all further information we muſt, with one exception to be indicated in due courſe, go to different ſources—the occaſional and generally vague alluſions to Carew which occur in the writings of his own, or of the ſucceeding, age. To begin, however, with Wood:[1]—"Afterwards," ſays this not very truſtworthy authority, ſignifying the time ſubſequent to Carew's ſojourn at Chriſt Church, "improving his parts by travelling, and converſation with ingenious men in the metropolis, he became reckon'd among the chiefeſt of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy. About which time being taken into the royal court for his moſt admirable ingenuity, he was made gentleman of the privy chamber, and ſewer in ordinary to King Charles I., who always eſteemed him to the laſt one of the moſt celebrated wits in his court." Wood adds "that Carew was much valued by his King, and that he was a great favourite among his poetical and other acquaintance," among whom muſt not be omitted Walt. Montague, afterwards Lord Abbot of Poitou, Aurelian Townſend of the ſame family with thoſe of Raynham in Norfolk, Tho. May, afterwards the long parliament's hiſtorian, George Sandys the traveller and poet, Will. Davenant, &c."

It is not at all ſurprizing that Wood, with his limited opportunities, ſhould have remained ignorant of ſome of the moſt important among the not very many known incidents of Carew's life. It was not generally known till of late years, that Charles I. ſignalized his partiality for the poet in a very ſubſtantial manner, by granting him the royal demeſne of Sunninghill, which then formed part of the foreſt of Windſor, and

[1] *Athenæ*, ubi ſupr.

which was alienated from the crown in favour of the ſubject of this imperfect notice. Search has been made without ſucceſs for the original grant, or any other document ſhewing at what time and for what conſideration (if any) the alienation was made;[1] but the fact is eſtabliſhed by evidence of an indirect though poſitive character, which ſhall be adduced preſently. Beſides the manor of Sunninghill, which he diſforeſted and encloſed, Carew ſeems to have had a regular reſidence in King Street, St. James's, in the latter part of his life This fact we owe to a paſſage in one of Davenant's poems, printed in 1638. It is a copy of verſes addreſſed—

"To Tho: Carew."[2]

I.

" Vpon my conſcience, whenſo e're thou dy'ſt,
(Though in the black, the mourning time of Lent)
There will be ſeene in Kings-ſtreet (where thou ly'ſt)
More triumphs than in dayes of Parl'ament.

II.

" How glad and gaudy then will Lovers be?
For ev'ry Lover, that can Verſes read,
Hath beene ſo injur'd by thy Muſe and thee,
Ten thouſand thouſand times he wiſh'd thee dead.

III.

" Not but thy Verſes are as ſmooth and high,
As Glory, Love, or Wine from Wit can rayſe;
But now the Devil take ſuch deſtinie!
What ſhould commend them, turnes to their diſprayſe.

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[1] Lyſons ſays merely: " Sunninghill Park was formerly part of the royal demeſnes; and is ſuppoſed to have been granted by King Charles I. to the family of *Carey*. Sir Thomas Draper of Sunninghill Park, who was created a baronet in 1660, married an heireſs of that family."—*Magna Britannia*, i. 382.

[2] Davenant's Poems, 1638, pp. 136-7.

IV.

" Thy Wit's chiefe Virtue is become its Vice;
For ev'ry Beauty thou haſt rays'd ſo high,
That now coarſe Faces carry ſuch a price
As muſt undoe a Lover, if he buy.

V.

" Scarce any of the Sex admits commerce;
It ſhames mee much to urge this in a Friend;
But more, that they ſhould ſo miſtake thy Verſe,
Which meant to conquer, whom it did commend."

In Stowe's time, King Street was no doubt a ſufficiently faſhionable and reſpectable reſort, as it ſtill in a meaſure remains. In the *Survey of London*, the ſtreet is deſcribed as we may very fairly ſuppoſe it to have preſented itſelf in Carew's day: " *King's*-ſtreet, a good handſome Street, which fronts *St. James's Square* Eaſtwards, and Weſtwards it hath a Paſſage through an open paved Alley, called *Little King's-ſtreet*, into *St. James's ſtreet*. On the South ſide is *Angel Court*, not over well built or inhabited; and near unto this is a long Yard for Coaches and Stablings, uſeful for the Gentry in theſe Parts."[1]

The intimacy of Carew and Davenant, of which of courſe there is abundant evidence in the following pages themſelves, ſeems to receive a little further illuſtration from a ſhort piece in a volume by Clement Barkſdale,—*Nympha Libethris: Or the Cotſwold Muſe*, 1651. This ſlight link in the chain of biographical evidence belongs to the year 1638, when Davenant's " Madagaſcar, and other Poems" came from the preſs. If I may be allowed to gueſs, the ſubjoined lines refer to a copy of Davenant's little volume, diſpatched to Carew by Barkſdale, while the former was ſtaying at Saxham in Suffolk with his good friends the Crofts':

[1] *Surv. of Lond.* 1720, book vi. p. 81.

" Ad Thomam Carew, apud J[oh.] C[rofts?] cum Davenantii Poematis.

" Teque meum, cùm triſte fuit mihi tempus, amorem,
Officiis dico demeruiſſe tuis:
Meque tuum, ſi ſorte occaſio detur, amorem,
Officiis dices demeruiſſe meis.
Si placet, interea, hoc grandis non grande Poetæ
Ingenii dignum munus habeto tui."

Wood, it will have been obſerved perhaps, does not profeſs to ſpecify all Carew's literary aſſociates; but it is ſurely rather ſtrange that he ſhould have overlooked men like John Hales of Eton, Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and James Howell. With all theſe eminent perſons and brother-authors he muſt have been on the friendlieſt terms.

With the ſecond Carew was intimate, when both were in the ſpring of life. The future ſtateſman was the friend of our poet's youth.

In the Life of Lord Chancellor Clarendon,[1] it is ſaid: " whilſt he was only a ſtudent of the law, and ſtood at gaze, and irreſolute what courſe of life to take, his chief acquaintance were Ben Johnſon, John Selden, Charles Cotton, John Vaughan, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew, and ſome others of eminent faculties in their ſeveral ways. . . . Mr. Carew was a younger brother of a good family, and of excellent parts, and had ſpent many years of his youth in France and Italy; and returning from travel followed the court; which the modeſty of that time diſpoſed men to do ſometime, before they pretended to be of it; and he was very much eſteemed by the moſt eminent perſons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himſelf, ſome years before he could obtain to be ſewer to the king: and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret even of the whole Scotch nation, which united themſelves in recom-

[1] *Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, &c.* ed. 1827, i. 34, 40.

mending another gentleman to it: of ſo great value were thoſe relations held in that age, when majeſty was beheld with the reverence it ought to be. He was a perſon of a pleaſant and facetious wit, and made many poems (eſpecially in the amorous way) which for the ſharpneſs of the fancy, and the elegancy of the language in which that fancy was ſpread, were at leaſt equal, if not ſuperior, to any of that time: but his glory was that, after fifty years[1] of his life ſpent with leſs ſeverity or exactneſs than it ought to have been, he died with the greateſt remorſe for that licenſe, and with the greateſt manifeſtation of Chriſtianity, that his beſt friends could deſire."

In a letter which he dates April 5, 1636,[2] James Howell tells Sir Thomas Hawk that he had been the evening before to "a ſolemn ſupper" at Ben Jonſon's, and that Carew was among the gueſts. "I was invited," ſays Howell, "yeſternight to a ſolemn ſupper by B. J. where you were deeply remembered; there was good Company, excellent Cheer, choice Wines, and jovial welcome: One Thing intervened, which almoſt ſpoiled the reliſh of the reſt, that B. began to engroſs all the Diſcourſe, to vapour extremely of himſelf, and by vilifying others to magnify his own Muſe. *T. Ca.* buzzed me in the Ear, that tho Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it ſeems he had not read the *Ethics* which, among other Precepts of Morality, forbid Self-commendation." Such anecdotes as this, ſlight as they may appear, bring us a little nearer to a man who, although the biographical records touching his ſhort and checkered life are ſcanty and dim enough, muſt have occupied, at leaſt towards the

[1] This appears to be a ſtatement made at random, for the poet can hardly have been more than *forty*, when he died. Wood conjectured that Carew died *about* 1639. Out of theſe two accounts, of which it may be ſaid that the latter is accurate in compariſon with the former, the earlier biographers have conſtructed an hypothetical declaration that the poet was born about 1589, by taking fifty years back from Wood's approximate date.

[2] *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vi. 12.

cloſe of his career, a high poſition in the favour of his ſovereign and in the eſtimation of his literary contemporaries.

But John Hales of Eton was bound to Carew by even a cloſer tie than that of mere ſocial intimacy; he was connected with him by marriage: for the poet's ſiſter, Lady Crowmer, had re-married after her firſt huſband's death Sir Edward Hales. Hales of Eton ſeems to have been regarded by Carew and by the poet's friends as a kind of Mentor, whoſe ſervices were to be put in requiſition, whenever it was thought neceſſary to read a lecture, or to receive aſſurances of reform and contrition. Iſaak Walton, in his MSS. collections for the life of Hales,[1] preſerves an anecdote,[2] which belongs of courſe to a comparatively late period in Carew's life: "Then was I told this by Mr. Anthony Faringdon, and have heard it diſcourſed by others, that Mr. Thomas Cary, a poet of note, and a great libertine in his life and talk, and one that had in his youth been acquainted with Mr. Ha[les,] ſent for Mr. Hales, to come to him in a dangerous fit of ſickneſs, and deſired his advice and abſolution, which Mr. Hales, upon a promiſe of amendment, gave him (this was, I think in the country). But Mr. Cary came to London, fell to his old company, and into a more viſible ſcandalous life, and eſpecially in his diſcourſe, and be[ing] taken very ſick, that which proved his laſt, and being much troubled in mind, procured Mr. Ha[les] to come to him in this his ſickneſs and agony of mind, deſyring earneſtly, after confeſſion of many of his ſins, to have his prayers and his abſolution. Mr. Ha[les] told him he ſhould have his prayers, but would by noe meanes give him either the ſacrament or abſolution."

It is a more important piece of teſtimony, perhaps, than

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[1] *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vi. 12.

[2] The ſtory is told with ſome variations in Hunter's *Chorus Vatum* (Addit. MSS. B. M. 24489, fol. 254). Here Lady Salter is ſaid to have been the narrator; and this is likely enough, ſince the Salters reſided in the vicinity of Eton.

might at firſt ſight appear, to the date of Carew's death, that in Lord Falkland's poem to the memory of Jonſon, Carew's name is mentioned as if he had been then alive. Jonſon died on the 6th Auguſt, 1637. Falkland ſays:

> " Let Digby, Carew, Killigrew and Maine,
> Godolphin, Waller, that inſpired train,
> Or whoſe rare pen beſides deſerves the grace,
> Or of an equal, or a neighbouring place,
> Anſwer thy wiſh."

But no tribute from the pen of our poet occurs in *Jonſonus Virbius*, printed early in 1638. Clement Barkſdale, in ſending Carew a copy of Davenant's Poems, publiſhed early in March, 1638,[1] addreſſed to him ſome lines inſerted elſewhere; the writer was evidently under the impreſſion that Carew was living. Davenant himſelf, in that very volume, has a ſet of ſtanzas incribed to his friend, then living or ſtaying in King's Street, St. James's; they occur near the cloſe of the book, as if they had been quite lately compoſed; and the writer muſt be ſuppoſed to have been not only ignorant of the death of his aſſociate, but aſſured of the contrary, when the copy was ſent to preſs, or he would not have preſerved the alluſion to Carew's poſſible deceaſe or even the playful raillery at his expenſe. All the ſcattered particles of evidence we poſſeſs ſeem to point to the concluſion that Carew died ſuddenly, poſſibly of the complaint which had brought him low at leaſt twice previouſly, between February and April, 1638. We ought not to be ſurpriſed, if it ſhould be found hereafter, that he breathed his laſt at the houſe of his friend, John Crofts, where (if my conjecture be right) Barkſdale clearly expected his book and verſes to find him; and perhaps it was to Saxham, that Hales of Eton was ſummoned to attend him, according to the anecdote of Iſaak Walton already related.

That Carew was no more in April, 1638, appears to be

[1] Theſe were licenſed Feb. 26, 1637-8.

made ſufficiently clear by the circumſtance, unknown to his former biographers (in common with the fact of the grant itſelf), that very ſhortly after his death a petition was addreſſed to the Crown by the Vicar of Sunninghill, of which the following is an exact copy :—

" To the Kings moſt Excellent Maieſtie.[1]

" The moſt humble Petic̃on of John Robinſon
" Vicar of Sunninghill in y^e^ Countie of Berks.

" Shewing

" That before yo^r^ Ma^tie^ was graciouſly pleaſed to part w^th^ y^e^ Parke of Sunninghill in y^e^ Forreſt of Windſor to M^r^. Tho. Carew, yo^r^ Ma^tie^, when it was full ſtored w^th^ deare, out of yo^r^ love and bounty to y^e^ Church gave to y^e^ Vicar of Sunninghill xx^d^ for one Lodge and 3^s^ 4^d^ for y^e^ other p̄ añ. Beſides yo^r^ Ma^ts^ Keeper knowing the Vicarage to bee worth at moſt but 20 marks p̄ añ allowed y^e^ ſaid Vicar y^e^ going of a Nagg for nothing, and 6 or 8 Cowes for 6 [pence?] a weeke. But ſince it came to the hands of the ſaid M^r^ Carew, notw^th^ſtanding (as it may bee truely ſaid) it is diſparked, for there are onely ſome 8 or 10 deere kept, to colo^r^ y^e^ keeping of y^e^ Tithes from y^e^ poore Vicar, the Ground being let to Tenants & devided into ſeverall parts, ſome for paſture & meadowe, & other for arable, & at y^e^ p̄ſent there is great ſtore of Corne growing upon ſome part of y^e^ ſaid ground to their verie greate advantage, they doe not onely deny y^e^ Tithes w^ch^ y^e^ Pet^r^ (upon y^e^ converting it to y^e^ improvem^t^ aforeſaid) conceaves to bee due unto him, but alſo y^e^ former benefit allowed by yo^r^ Ma^tie^ and Keeper, when y^e^ ſaid Parke was full ſtored w^th^ deere as aforeſaid, and will onely give him a marke p̄ añ, ſaying if hee will have more hee muſt get it by Lawe.

" But the Petic̃oner being a poore man charged w^th^ wife and children, and altogether unable to wage Law w^th^ them—

[1] *Domeſtic Charles I.* 1638, *April* 1—17, vol. 387, No. 31.

" Moſt humbly beſeecheth yo^r Ma^tie to bee graciouſly pleaſed to referre y^e particulers to y^e conſideracõn of y^e Moſt Reverend Father in God the Lord Arch. Bp̃p. of Canterbury his Grace, and y^e Lord Keeper of yo^r Ma^ts Great Seale of England, authoriſing them to call y^e Executo^rs of y^e ſaid M^r. Carew, or ſuch others as it may concerne, before them & upon hearing y^e Pet^r & ſuch witneſſes as hee ſhall produce, & examinacõn of y^e Allegacõns herein, to ſettle ſuch a Courſe for releife & maintenance of y^e Pet^r & his Succeſors in that Church as in their grave wiſdomes ſhalbee thought fitt.

" And the Petiõner, &c."

The queſtion was referred to the Archbiſhop of Canterbury and the Lord Keeper who, on the 30th May in the ſame year made the enſuing report and order, which are the laſt that we hear of the matter. Probably the vicar concluded that it was wiſer not to go to law, the iſſue being queſtionable.

31 May.[1]

Lo. A[rchbiſhop]
Lo. Keep[er.]

" This day upon a Reference fr̃ his Ma^tie, theire Lo^ps heard the mater of Complaynt exhibited by John Robinſon, Clerke, Vicar of Suninghill Com̃. Berks, againſt the heirs and ex^rs of Thomas Carew esq^r, touching the tyeths of the Parke there; w^ch the pet^r claymeth as Vicar and as ferm^r of the Rectorie Impropriat to St. John's Colledge in Cambridge; and in regard it was aleadged againſt the p^r that xiij^s iiij^d had uſed to have byn paid in lieu of all tyethes in that p̃te, & that the heirs were now under age & the Exe^rs but in truſt, & therefore nothing could by theire aſſent bee done w^thout p̃iudice to themſelves. It is by theire Lo^ps ordred that the pet^r ſhall forthwith bring

[1] *Domeſtic Charles I.* 1638, *May* 25—31, vol. 391, No. 99.

his acc̃on at Law upon the Stat. of Ed. 6. for not ſetting forth of tythes againſt M^r^ Carewe and M^r^ Fyſhe; whereto the Defts ſhall p̃ntly appeare gratis & plead this terme, ſo as the matter may p̃ceed to tryall att the next aſſiſes for y^t^ Contey; & no advantage to bee taken on either ſide, but to inſiſt upon the right only, whether there bee ſuch a rate or noe, & (admitting there bee) whether it will barre the Pet^r^, the P̃ke being now for y^e^ moſt p̃te imployed for tyllage & other uſes and very few deere in y^e^ ſame. And their Lo^pps^ this next Terme will further conſider how the Pet^r^ (in caſe the tryall fall out againſt the Pet^r^) may bee relieved.[1]

Wood leads us to underſtand that Carew, gay and diſſolute in his courſe of life, was a perſon of poliſhed manners and attractive converſation, whoſe ſociety was ſought not only by all the literary men of diſtinction at that time, but by the King and Court. The author of the *Athenæ* ſays:—

"He was much reſpected, if not ador'd by the poets of his time, eſpecially by Ben Johnſon; yet Sir Joh. Suckling, who had a great kindneſs for him, could not let him paſs in his *Seſſions of* [*the*] *Poets*, without this character [Poems, 1646, p. 8]:—

> "Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault,
> That would not well ſtand with a Laureat.
> His muſe was hard bound, and th' iſſue of 's brain
> Was ſeldom brought forth but with trouble and pain."

Among the works of our author Carew, who by the ſtrength of his curious fancy hath written many things which ſtill maintain their fame amidſt the curious of the preſent age, muſt be remembered his—[here follows a liſt of his works more fully deſcribed elſewhere.] "The ſongs in the ſaid poems were ſet to muſic, or if you pleaſe were wedded to the charming notes

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[1] [endorſed] 30° May 1638.
An Order touching y^e^
Parſon of Sunninghill.
Cãt.

of Hen. Lawes, at that time the prince of muſical compoſers, gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of the private muſic to K. Ch. I."

Wood and others have omitted to notice that Suckling[1] has a copy of verſes, purporting to be a dialogue between Carew and himſelf upon the Counteſs of Carliſle, the *Lucinda* of the following pages. When the meagre character of the information which has come down reſpecting Carew is conſidered, I truſt that I ſhall be pardoned for introducing ſuch a purely collateral piece of illuſtrative matter as this ſame Dialogue will be ſeen to be :—

Vpon *my Lady* Carliſles *walking in* Hampton-Court-Gardens.

Dialogue.

T[homas] C[arew]. I[ohn] S[uckling].

Thom.

Didst thou not find the place inſpir'd,
And flow'rs, as if they had deſired
No other Sun, ſtart from their beds
And for a ſight ſteal out their heads?
Heardſt thou not muſick when ſhe talkt?
And didſt not find that, as ſhe walk't,
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean-bloſſoms newly out,
Or chafed ſpices give?

J. S.

I muſt confeſſe thoſe perfumes (*Tom*)
I did not ſmell, nor found that from
Her paſſing by ought ſprung up new:
The flow'rs had all their birth from you;
For I paſſ't o'er the ſelfſame walk,
And did not find one ſingle ſtalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after ſpring.

[1] Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646, pp. 26-7.

Thom.

Dull and inſenſible, couldſt ſee
A thing ſo near a Deity
Move up and down, and feel no change?

J. S.

None, and ſo great, were alike ſtrange.
I had your Thoughts, but not your way:
All are not born (Sir) to the Bay;
Alas! *Tom*, I am fleſh and blood,
And was conſulting how I could,
In ſpite of maſks and hoods, deſcry
The parts deni'd unto the eye;
I was undoing all ſhe wore,
And had ſhe walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her firſt ſtate had not been
More naked, or more plainly ſeen.

Thom.

'Twas well for thee ſhe left the place;
There is great danger in that face.
But hadſt thou view'd her legg and thigh,
And upon that diſcovery
Searcht after parts that are more dear
(As Fancy ſeldom ſtops ſo near),
No time or age had ever ſeen
So loſt a thing as thou hadſt been."

All this partakes of the playful, but not always too delicate, raillery of Suckling, and the little poem itſelf throws a ſlight ray of additional light on the ſubject immediately in hand. After all, theſe lines are well worth their room, if they aſſiſt in bringing us a little nearer to thoſe times and theſe two men.

In a tract printed after Carew's death, there is a paſſage which might almoſt ſeem too long for tranſcription; but the deſire has been in this caſe to draw together all the notices of Carew diſcoverable, which had a value as proceeding from men, who either were perſonally acquainted with him, or had abundant opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of his character and career. This further teſtimony is therefore

added ;[1] it is in a part of the tract described below, where the author of the Civil War newspaper entitled *Diurnal Occurrences* challenges Carew as a juryman :—

> " The Pris'ner also crav'd he might be heard,
> While he against a jury-man preferr'd
> A just exception : his request was granted,
> And fraught with malice, though much wit he wanted.
> He gentle Mr. *Cary* did refuse,
> Who pleas'd the Ladies with his courtly muse :
> He said that he by his luxurious penne
> Deserv'd had better the *Trophonian Denne*
> Then many now which stood to be arraign'd ;
> For he the *Thespian Fountaine* had distain'd
> With foule conceits, and made their waters bright
> Impure, like those of the *Hermaphrodite*.
> He said that he in verse more loose had bin
> Than old *Chærephanes*, or *Aretine*
> In obsene portraitures, and that this fellow
> In *Helicon* had reard the first *Burdello ;*
> That he had chang'd the chast *Castalian Spring*
> Into a *Carian Well*, whose waters bring
> Effeminate desires and thoughts uncleane
> To minds that earst were pure and most serene.
> Thus spake the pris'ner, when a furious glance
> Was darted from *Apollos* countenance."

Scaliger then rises, and after asserting that he had endeavoured to purify the literature of the time by his criticisms, proceeds to vindicate Carew :—

> " For I have try'd my industry and wit
> Both Arts and Authours to refine and mend,
> As well as times, yet can I not defend
> But some luxuriant witt will often vent
> Lascivious Poems against my consent :
> Of which offence if *Cary* guilty be,
> Yet may some chaster Songs him render free

[1] *The Great Assises Holden in Parnassvs by Apollo and his Assessovrs*, &c. 1645, 4°, pp. 24-6. One of the assessors or jurors is Carew himself.

From Cenſure ſharp, and expiate thoſe crimes
Which are not fully his, but rather Times:
But let your Grace vouchſafe that he may try,
How he can make his own Apology:
Apollo then gave *Cary* leave to ſpeake,
Who thus in modeſt ſort did ſilence breake.
In wiſdomes nonage and unriper yeares
Some lines ſlipt from my penne, which ſince with teares
I labour'd to expunge. This Song of mine
Was not infuſed by the Virgins nine,
Nor through my dreames divine upon this Hill
Did this vain *Rapture*[1] iſſue from my quill.
No Theſpian waters, but a Paphian fire,
Did me with this foule extaſie inſpire:
I oft have wiſh'd, that I (like *Saturne*) might
This Infant of my folly ſmother quite;
Or that I could retract what I had done
Into the boſome of Oblivion.
Thus *Cary* did conclude: for, preſt by griefe,
Hee was compell'd to be conciſe and briefe:
Phœbus at his contrition did relent,
And Edicts ſoon through all Parnaſſus ſent,
That none ſhould dare to attribute the ſhame
Of that fond *rapture* unto *Caryes* name,
But Order'd that the infamy ſhould light
On thoſe, who did the ſame read or recite."

[Robert Baron ſpeaks of Carew as an intimate acquaintance in a poem entitled: *Truth and Tears*:—[2]

" Sweet Suckling then, the glory of the Bower,
Wherein I've wantoned many a geniall hower.
Fair Plant! whom I have ſeen Minerva wear,
An ornament to her well-plaited hair.
On higheſt daies remove a little from
Thy excellent Carew; & thou, deareſt Tom,
Love's oracle, lay thee a little off
Thy flouriſhing Svckling, that between you both
I may find room: then, ſtrike when will my fate,
I'll proudly part to ſuch a princely ſeat.
But you have crownes: our god's chaſt darling tree
Adorn[s] your brows with her freſh gallantry."]

[1] Carew's piece ſo called. See preſent volume, p. 62.
[2] [*Pocula Caſtalia*, 1650, p. 102. *Mr. Haſlewood's Note.*

In his poems, written between 1636 and 1653, which ſtill remain in MS.[1] George Daniel of Beſwick thus introduces Carew in company with ſome of his poetical compeers and contemporaries :—

> " The noble Falkland, Digbie, CAREW, Maine,
> Beaumond, Sands, Randolph, Allen, Rutter, May :
> The devine Herbert and the Fletchers twaine :
> Habinton, Shirley, Stapilton. I ſtay
> Too much on names : yet may I not forget
> Davenant and Suckling, eminent in witt."

Shirley, in a poem " To his Honoured Friend Thomas Stanley, Eſquire, upon his Elegant Poems," thus refers to Carew :—[2]

> " Carew, whoſe numerous language did before
> Steer every genial ſoul, muſt be no more
> The oracle of love ; and might he come
> But from his own to thy Elyſium,
> He would repent his immortality
> Given by looſe idolaters, and die
> A tenant to theſe ſhades ; and by thy ray
> He need not bluſh to court his Celia."

In *Stipendiariæ Lachrymæ*, 1654, an anonymous poetical tribute to Charles I. exhibiting more than the uſual degree of merit found in ſuch pieces, the author feigns himſelf in the ſhades, where he ſaw many departed celebrities, among them Carew :—

> " There (purged of the folly of diſdayning)
> Laura walk'd hand in hand with Pet[r]arch joind,
> No more of Tyrant Goblin Honour plaining :
> There SIDNEY in rich STELLA's arms lay twind :
> CAREW and SUCKLING there mine eye did find."

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[1] Addit. MS. Brit. Mus. 19255, fol. 18. This beautiful volume, which was formerly in Mr. Caldecott's library, was purchaſed at his ſale in 1833 by Lord Kingſborough, and in 1852 was acquired for the Britiſh Muſeum.

[2] Dyce's Shirley, 1833, vi. 427.

Two years after the appearance of *Stipendiariæ Lachrymæ*, Samuel Holland publiſhed his little volume entitled *Don Zara del Fogo, a mock-romance*, and there introduced a group of the Engliſh poets, who had lived in the preceding age, comfortably inſtalled in Elyſium, as the author of the *Lachrymæ* had done before: "Spenſer waited upon by a numerous troop of the beſt book-men in the world: Shakeſpeare and Fletcher ſurrounded with their life-guard: viz. *Goffe*, *Maſſinger*, *Decker*, *Webſter*, *Sucklin*, *Cartwright*, CAREW, &c.[1]

[Headley has remarked: "The conſummate elegance of this gentleman [Carew] entitles him to very conſiderable attention. Sprightly, poliſhed, and perſpicuous, every part of his works diſplays the man of ſenſe, gallantry and breeding. Indeed, many of his productions have a certain happy finiſh, and betray a dexterity both of thought and expreſſion much ſuperior to any thing of his contemporaries, and (on ſimilar ſubjects) rarely ſurpaſſed by his ſucceſſors. Carew has the eaſe without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps leſs conceit. He reminds us of the beſt manner of Lord Lyttelton. Waller is too excluſively conſidered as the firſt man who brought verſification to any thing like its preſent ſtandard. Carew's pretenſions to the ſame merit are ſeldom ſufficiently either conſidered or allowed. Though Love had long before ſoftened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, oſtentatious and romantic caſt; and, with a very few exceptions, its effects on compoſition were ſimilar to thoſe on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring was ſtill wanting; in everything but ſincerity of intention it [Poetry] was deficient. . . . Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy theſe defects.

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[1] There is a volume in the Bodleian Library, marked MSS. Rawl. Poet. 147, with the following couplet:—

"To Tho. Carew.

"No Lute or Lover durſt contend with thee,
Hadſt added to thy love but charity.

C[lement] P[aman]."—H.

In them Gallantry, for the firſt time, was accompanied by the Graces."

In Lloyd's *Worthies*, Carew is likewiſe called " elaborate and accurate." However the fact might be, the internal evidence of his poems ſays no ſuch thing. Hume has properly remarked, that Waller's pieces " aſpire not to the ſublime, ſtill leſs to the pathetic." Carew, in his beautiful Maſque, has given inſtances of the former; and, in his Epitaph on Lady Mary Villiers, eminently of the latter.[1]]

Two or three writers had anticipated Carew in the name which he has choſen for his miſtreſs. In 1594, William Percy printed *Sonnets to the faireſt Coelia;* Sir David Murray of Gorthy celebrated the ſame unknown goddeſs in 1611; and about 1625 William Browne, the Devonſhire poet, compoſed fourteen ſtanzas ſimilarly ſuperſcribed. The Sonnets of Percy and Murray are ſcarcely worth diſcuſſion; ſome of Browne's are excellent both in matter and manner; but on the whole Carew may certainly be allowed to excel in purity and perſpicuity of diction, in exquiſite happineſs and elegance of ſentiment, in the harmony of his numbers, in a certain

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[1] Mr. Haſlewood's note. It may be added that in ſome laudatory lines prefixed to Lovelace's *Lucaſta*, 1649, the writer couples Carew and Waller together:

" Well might that charmer his faire Cœlia crowne,
And that more poliſht Tyterus renowne
His Sacariſſa, when in groves and bowres
They could repoſe their limbs on beds of flowrs:"

Poems, by Hazlitt, p. 10.

According to Philips, whoſe teſtimony, however, is not worth a great deal, Carew's reputation ſurvived the Reſtoration. " *Thomas Carew*," he ſays, in his cuſtomarily dry and monotonous ſtyle, " one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber [Privy Chamber] to his late Majeſty King Charles the firſt: he was reckoned among the chiefeſt of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy; by the ſtrength of which his extant Poems ſtill maintain their fame amidſt the curious of the preſent age."—*Theatrum Poetarum* (1675), edit. 1824, p. (14.)

charming finiſh of ſtyle, and in peculiar freedom from affectation, pedantry, and falſe taſte.

It is to be regretted that here and there (but very occaſionally) are to be found exceptionable deſcriptions or alluſions, which place Carew in this reſpect at a diſadvantage in compariſon with the politer Waller; but the licentiouſneſs of Carew's muſe proceeds from an unpruned luxuriance of fancy and a tolerated freedom of expreſſion; and although it outrages modern ideas of decorum, it is not either prurient or nauſeous, like many of the obſcenities in Herrick's *Heſperides*.

The writings of Carew abound with conceits, but, unlike the conceits of ſome of his leſs noted contemporaries, they generally reconcile themſelves to us by good taſte in the treatment and delicacy of execution.

We look back with changed feelings and different eyes upon theſe things; time has wrought a powerful alteration in the poſition before the world of old Sir Matthew Carew, the reſpectable and ill-fated Maſter in Chancery: his gallant ſon Sir Matthew, who was doubtleſs viewed as the hope and mainſtay of the family: and the ſcapegrace youth to whom no one would have anything to ſay, and of whom his relatives deſpaired. For while the lives and fortunes of the high judicial functionary and the brave young knight-banneret are forgotten, while the perſons of rank, faſhion and influence with whom they mixed have paſſed, for the moſt part, completely away, and while even Sir Dudley Carleton is familiar only to a few antiquaries, the luſtre which one man of genius has ſhed on the name of CAREW remains unfaded, and can never decline.

It is almoſt impoſſible for us at this time to clear up the confuſion between Thomas Cary, ſon of Henry, Lord Lepington, who was afterwards Earl of Monmouth, and Thomas Carew. This confuſion is, perhaps, increaſed by the twofold circumſtance, that both theſe accompliſhed men had literary taſtes, and that both held an office at court. Cary was a

gentleman of the bed-chamber; Carew, a gentleman of the privy-chamber, and ſewer-in-ordinary. Even Lawes[1] attributes to Cary the poem commencing:—"Farewell, dear Saint," which occurs in none of the editions of Carew; and Lawes ought to have been acquainted with the true ſtate of the caſe. Can it be the fact, then, that ſome of the pieces, conſtantly aſcribed to Carew, proceeded from the pen of the Honourable Thomas Cary, his contemporary and friend? This queſtion of authorſhip, where ſo many perſons, with the ſame initials, not to ſay an almoſt identical name (for *Cary* and *Carew* are ſtill frequently pronounced alike), is one very difficult to determine; but certainly in the ſmall collection of pieces, which is compriſed in the Poems of Carew, there is a correſpondence of ſtyle, tone, and treatment, which ſeems to indicate the exiſtence of one and the ſame hand throughout. Upon the whole, I am diſpoſed to think that Lawes has erred in the attribution to Cary of the Bed-chamber of the lines before mentioned; ſuch miſtakes were by no means rare in thoſe days; and the whole texture of the compoſition tempts us to claim it for the more diſtinguiſhed author. The ſame view muſt, I think, be entertained with regard to the other poem firſt publiſhed by Fanſhawe, in his Engliſh verſion of Guarini, 1648 and 1664; there alſo the writer is ſaid to have been "Mr. T. C. of his Majeſties Bed-Chamber;" but the character and ſtyle of the production betrays its parentage, unleſs Cary was a happier imitator of Carew, than any man before or ſince.

The truth ſeems to be, however, that Cary of the Bed-chamber has proved, not only that his ſtyle was totally diſtinct from that of Carew, but that he was incapable of attaining the excellence which marks the compoſitions of the latter. In his tranſlation of Puget La Serre's *Mirrour which flatters not*, 1639, 8vo. are ſome of Cary's metrical interpolations and

[1] *Ayres and Dialogues*, Book i. *table.*

additions, which ſhew him to have been utterly deſtitute of the poetical faculty. I entertain, therefore, very little doubt that all the poems which have come down to us, as written by Thomas *Cary* or Thomas *Carew*, were from one and the ſame pen—that pen, our author's; and that Lawes was at fault in aſcribing to Cary of the Bed-chamber the lines beginning, " Farewell, dear Saint."

My concluſion upon the whole is, that there were certainly two perſons coexiſtent, both of whom were known as Thomas *Carey* or *Cary*, the ſecond ſyllable of Carew being then, as now, more uſually than otherwiſe pronounced ſhort; that Thomas Carew the Poet, and not Thomas Cary of the bed-chamber, was the writer of *all* the *poems* which are extant in print or MS. with the name *Carew* or *Cary* attached to them, and that Cary's poetical efforts were excluſively confined to the very poor metrical compoſitions to be found in his tranſlation of La Serre, 1639. Following up this deduction from ſuch teſtimonies as I have been able to collect for myſelf, I have included, in the preſent edition, both the pieces printed by Fanſhawe, with his *Paſtor Fido*, in 1648, and attributed (as I conſider, by miſtake) to Cary in the *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653.[1]

[1] I have little or no doubt that the Thomas Cary, who received the grant of a penſion of £500 a-year in 1625 from Charles I., was the gentleman of the Bed-chamber, as he is termed indeed in the inſtrument (Rymer's *Fœdera*, edit. 1749, viii. Part 1, p. 69), and not the poet.

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THE WORKS OF
THOMAS CAREW.

The Spring.[1]

NOW that the winter's gone, the earth hath loſt
Her ſnow-white robes; and now no more the froſt
Candies[2] the graſſe, or caſts an ycie creame
Upon the ſilver lake or chryſtall ſtreame:
But the warme ſunne thawes the benummed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a ſecond[3] birth
To the dead ſwallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowſie cuckow and the humble-bee.
Now doe a quire of chirping minſtrels ſing,
In tryumph to the world, the youthfull Spring:
The vallies, hills, and woods in rich araye
Welcome the comming of the long'd-for May.

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[1] Old printed copies; Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 11811, fol. 4.

[2] This beautiful idea ſeems cloſely imitated from Drayton. See his *Queſt of Cinthia*, in *Poems*, 4°. [folio] 1627, p. 137.

"Since when thoſe froſts that Winter brings,
Which *candy* every *greene*."

Compare alſo Browne's *Brit. Paſt.* B. i. ſ. 4.—F.

[3] *Sacred*—old printed copies.

Now all things ſmile; onely my Love doth lowre;
Nor hath the ſcalding noon-day ſunne the power
To melt that marble yce, which ſtill doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pittie cold.
The oxe, which lately did for ſhelter flie
Into the ſtall, doth now ſecurely lie
In open field; and love no more is made
By the fire-ſide, but in the cooler ſhade.
Amyntas now doth by his Cloris ſleepe
Under a ſycamoure, and all things keepe
Time with the ſeaſon: only ſhee doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

To A. L.

Perswasions to Love.[1]

THINKE not, 'cauſe men flatt'ring ſay,
Y'are freſh as Aprill, ſweet as May,[2]
Bright as is the morning ſtarre,
That you are ſo; or, though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deeme
All men unworthy your eſteeme:
For, being ſo, you looſe the pleaſure
Of being faire, ſince that rich treaſure

---

[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at the beginning); Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 4 (where it is called *His counſell to his Miſtreſſe*); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 39 (with the ſame title); Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 25 (ditto); Aſhmole MS. 47, art. 101 (where the title is: *An Admonition to coy acquaintance*).

[2] *Fayre as Helen, freſh as May.*—Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118, and Harl. MS. 6931. Alſo in a MS. ſeen and collated by Haſlewood, and in Aſhm. MS. 47.

Of rare beauty and ſweet feature
Was beſtow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd; and 'twere a ſinne
There to be ſcarce, where ſhee hath bin
So prodigall of her beſt graces.
Thus common beauties and meane faces
Shall have more paſtime, and enjoy
The ſport you looſe by being coy.
Did the thing for which I ſue
Onely concerne my ſelfe, not you:
Were men ſo fram'd, as they alone
Reap'd all the pleaſure, women none,
Then had you reaſon to be ſcant;
But 'twere a madneſſe not to grant
That which affords (if you conſent)
To you the giver more content
Than me the beggar. Oh then bee
Kinde to your ſelfe if not to mee;
Starve not your ſelfe, becauſe you may
Make me thereby to pine away;
Neither let brittle beautie make
You your wiſer thoughts forſake;
For that now lovely face will faile:
Beautie is ſweet, but beautie's fraile;
'Tis ſooner paſt, 'tis ſooner done,
Than ſummer's raine, than winter's ſun;
Moſt fleeting when it is moſt deare:
'Tis gone while wee but ſay 'tis here.
Theſe curious locks, ſo aptly twin'd,
Whoſe every[1] haire a ſoule doth bind,
Will change their abroun hue, and grow

[1] Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118 read *ſeuerall*, i. e. each diſtinct hair. This is a technical term. Mr. Fry thought that there was "a great ſimilarity between this poem and Daniel's 'Deſcription of Beauty,' tranſlated from Marino, particularly the four ſtanzas commencing: 'Old trembling age.'"

White and cold as winter's ſnow.
That eye, which now is Cupid's neſt,
Will prove his grave, and all the reſt
Will follow; in the cheeke, chin, noſe,
Nor lilly ſhall be found nor roſe:
And what will then become of all
Thoſe whom you now do ſervants call?
Like ſwallowes when the ſummer's done,
They'le flye and ſeeke ſome warmer ſun.
Then wiſely chuſe one to your friend,
Whoſe love may, when your beauties end,
Remaine ſtill firme: be provident,
And thinke, before the ſummer's ſpent,
Of following winter; like the ant,
In plenty hoord for time of ſcant.
Cull out amongſt the multitude
Of lovers, that ſeeke to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
One that will quench your youthfull fires,
And feed in age your hot deſires.
For when the ſtormes of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheeke which was belov'd,
When a faire ladie's face is pin'd,
And yellow ſpred where red once ſhin'd,
When beauty, youth, and all ſweets leave her,
Love may returne, but lovers never:
And old folkes[1] ſay there are no paynes
Like itch of love in aged vaines.
O love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not looſe this preſent minute;
For time and age will worke that wrack
Which time and age ſhall ne're call backe.

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[1] *fooles*—Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.

The ſnake each yeare freſh ſkin reſumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded roſe each ſpring receives
A freſh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You nere ſhall know a ſecond May.
O then be wiſe, and whilſt your ſeaſon
Affords you dayes for ſport, doe reaſon;
Spend not in vaine your lives ſhort houre,
But crop in time your beautie's flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

To his Mistresse retiring in Affection.[1]

FLY not from him whoſe ſilent miſerie
Breath's many an unwitnes'd ſigh to thee;
Who having felt thy ſcorne, yet conſtant is,
And whom thy ſelf thou haſt cal'd onely his.
When firſt mine eyes threw flames, whoſe ſpirit moov'd thee,
Had'ſt not thou lookt againe, I had not lov'd thee.
Nature did nere two different thinges vnite
With peace, which are by nature oppoſite.
If thou force nature, and be backward gone,
O blame not me y^{t} ſtriue to draw thee on:
But if my conſtant loue ſhall faile to moue thee,
Then know my reaſon hates thee, though I loue thee.

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[1] Addit. MS. Brit. Mus. 11811, fol. 6. Not in the old printed copies.

Lips and Eyes[1].

IN Celia's face a queſtion did ariſe,
Which were more beautifull, her Lips or Eyes?
We (ſaid the Eyes) ſend forth thoſe poynted darts
Which pierce the hardeſt adamantine hearts.
From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed thoſe bliſſes
Which lovers reape by kind words and ſweet kiſſes.
Then wept the Eyes, and from their ſprings did powre
Of liquid orientall pearles a ſhower;
Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweete ſmile unlockt their pearlie treaſure,
And bad Love judge, whether did adde more grace,
Weeping or ſmiling Pearles to Celia's face.

A Divine Mistris.[2]

IN Nature's peeces ſtill I ſee
Some errour that might mended bee;
Something my wiſh could ſtill remove,
Alter, or adde; but my faire Love
Was fram'd by hands farre more divine;
For ſhe hath every beauteous line:
Yet I had beene farre happier,
Had Nature, that made me, made her;
Then likenes might (that love creates)
Have made her love what now ſhe hates:

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[1] This poem is included in all the old printed copies; in Mr. Huth's "Scattergood" MS.; in Coſens MS. A 4°.; in Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 10; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 43; and in *Witts Recreations*, 1640, No. 179, or reprint, 1817, ii. 18. In *Witts Recreations* the lines are headed, *On Cœlia.*

[2] Old printed copies; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 6 (where it is called *His Mris. her perfections*); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 40 (with the ſame title).

Yet I confeſſe I cannot ſpare
From her juſt ſhape the ſmalleſt haire;
Nor need I beg from all the ſtore
Of heaven for her one beautie more:
Shee hath too much divinity for mee:
You Gods! teach[1] her ſome more humanitie.

His Perplexed Loue.

IF ſhe muſt ſtill denye,
Weepe not, but dye:
For my Faire will not giue
Loue enough to let me liue,
Nor dart from her faire eye
Scorne enough to make me dye.
Then let me weepe alone, till her kind breath
Or blow my teares away, or ſpeake my death.[2]

A Beautifull Mistris.[3]

Song.

IF when the Sun at noone diſplayes
His brighter rayes
Thou but appeare,
He then, all pale with ſhame and feare,
Quencheth his light,

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[1] *Send*—Addit. MSS.

[2] Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 *verſo*; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 40. Not in the editions.

[3] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17 (where it is headed *On his Beautifull miſtris*); Aſhmole MS. 38, art. 218 (ſubſcribed *Tho. Carew*;) Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, p. 18 (with the muſic).

Hides his darke brow, flyes from thy ſight,
And growes more dimme,
Compar'd to thee, than ſtarres to him.
If thou but ſhow thy face againe,
When darkeneſſe doth at midnight raigne,
The darkeneſſe flyes, and light is hurl'd
Round about the ſilent world:
So as alike thou driv'ſt away
Both light and darkeneſſe, night and day.

A Cruell Mistris.[1]

GEE read of kings and gods that kindly tooke
A pitcher fil'd with water from the brooke;
But I have dayly tendred without thankes
Rivers of teares that overflow their bankes.
A ſlaughter'd bull appeaſed angry Jove,
A horſe the ſun, a lambe the god of love;
But ſhee diſdaines the ſpotleſſe ſacrifice
Of a pure heart that at her altar lyes.
Veſta is not diſpleas'd if her chaſte urne
Doe with repayred fuell ever burne;
But my ſaint frownes, though to her honour'd name
I conſecrate a never-dying flame.
Th' Aſſyrian king did none i' th' furnace throw
But thoſe that to his image would not bow;
With bended knees I daily worſhip her,
Yet ſhe conſumes her owne idolater.
Of ſuch a goddeſſe no times leave record,
That burnes the temple where ſhe is ador'd.

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[1] Old printed copies; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 6 *verſo* (where the lines are headed *His loue neglected*); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 40 (with the ſame heading); Aſhmole MS. 47, art. 83 (unſigned).

Murdring Beautie.[1]

Song.

I'LE gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in every place;
For my enchanted ſoule alike ſhee drownes
With calmes and tempeſts, of her ſmiles and frownes.
I'le love no more thoſe cruell eyes of hers
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, ſtill are murderers:
For if ſhe dart (like lightning) through the ayre
Her beames of wrath, ſhe kils me with deſpaire;
If ſhee behold me with a pleaſing eye,
I ſurfet with exceſſe of joy, and dye.

My Mistris Commanding Me to Returne her Letters.[2]

SO grieves th' adventrous merchant, when he throwes
All the long toyl'd-for treaſure his ſhip ſtowes
Into the angry maine, to ſave from wrack
Himſelfe and men, as I grieve to ſend backe
Theſe letters; yet ſo powerfull is your ſway,
That, if you bid me die, I muſt obey.
Goe then, bleſt papers, you ſhall kiſſe thoſe hands
That gave you freedome, but hold me in bands,

[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at end); Add. MS. 11811, fol. 4 *verſo* (where the lines are headed *On his Miſtreſſe*); Harl. MS. 4057, fol. 10 (where it is headed *A Charming Beauty*), and the 3rd and 4th ſtand 5th and 6th.

[2] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 *verſo*; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 41-2; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 36; Aſhmole MS. 47, art. 132 (imperfect).

Which with a touch did give you life, but I,
Beçauſe I may not touch thoſe hands, muſt die.
Me thinkes, as if they knew they ſhould be ſent
Home to their native ſoile from baniſhment,
I ſee them ſmile, like dying ſaints, that know
They are to leave earth, and tow'rd heaven goe.
When you returne, pray tell your ſoveraigne
And mine, I gave you courteous entertaine;
Each line receiv'd a teare, and then a kiſſe;
Firſt bath'd in that, it 'ſcap'd unſcorcht from this:
I kiſt it 'cauſe her hand had once been there;
But, 'cauſe it was not then, I ſhed a teare.
Tell her, no length of time, no change of ayre,
No crueltie, diſdaine, abſence, diſpaire:
No, nor her ſtedfaſt conſtancie: can deterre
My vaſſall heart from ever honouring her.
Though theſe be powerfull arguments to prove
I love in vaine, yet I muſt ever love;
Say, if ſhe frowne when you that word rehearſe,
Service in proſe is oft call'd love in verſe:
Then pray her, ſince I ſend back on my part
Her papers, ſhe will ſend me back my heart.
If ſhe refuſe, warne her to come before
The god of love, whom thus I will implore:
Trav'ling thy countries road (great God) I ſpide
By chance this lady, and walkt by her ſide
From place to place, fearing no violence;
For I was well arm'd, and had made defence,
In former fights 'gainſt fiercer foes than ſhee
Did at the firſt incounter ſeeme to bee.
But, going farther, every ſtep reveal'd
Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
Seeing thoſe outward armes, I did begin
To feare ſome greater ſtrength was lodg'd within.
Looking into her mind, I might ſurvay
An hoaſt of beauties that in ambuſh lay;

And won the day before they fought the field;
For I, unable to reſiſt, did yeild.
But the inſulting tyrant ſo deſtroyes
My conquer'd mind, my eaſe, my peace, my joyes,
Breaks my ſweete ſleepes, invades my harmleſſe reſt,
Robs me of all the treaſure of my breſt,
Spares not my heart, nor (yet a greater wrong)—
For, having ſtolne my heart, ſhe binds my tongue.
But at the laſt her melting eyes unſeal'd
My lips, enlarg'd my tongue; then I reveal'd
To her owne eares the ſtory of my harmes,
Wrought by her vertues and her beauties charmes.
Now heare, juſt judge, an act of ſavageneſſe;
When I complaine, in hope to find redreſſe,
Shee bends her angry brow, and from her eye
Shootes thouſand darts. I then well hop'd to die;
But in ſuch ſoveraigne balme love dips his ſhot
That, though it wounds a heart, it kills it not.
Shee ſaw the bloud guſh forth from many a wound,
Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
Nor ſought my cure, nor ſaw me ſince: 'tis true
Abſence and Time (two cunning leaches) drew
The fleſh together; yet, ſure, though the ſkin
Be clos'd without, the wound feſters within.
Thus hath this cruell lady us'd a true
Servant and ſubject to herſelfe and you;
Nor know I (great Love,) if my life be lent
To ſhew thy mercy or my puniſhment;
Since by the onely magic of thy art
A lover ſtill may live that wants a heart.
If this enditement fright her ſo as ſhee
Seeme willing to returne my heart to mee,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
'Mongſt other trifeling things, be out o' th' way;)
If ſhe repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but ſend me hers, and we are friends.

SECRESIE PROTESTED.[1]

FEARE not, dear Love, that I'le reveale
Thoſe houres of pleaſure we two ſteale;
No eye ſhall ſee, nor yet the ſun
Deſcry, what thou and I have done;

No eare ſhall heare our love, but wee
Silent as the night will bee.
The God of Love himſelfe (whoſe dart
Did firſt wound mine, and then thy heart)

Shall never know that we can tell
What ſweets in ſtolne embraces dwell.
This only meanes may find it out:
If, when I dye, phyſicians doubt

What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgements which was true,
Rip up my heart, Oh! then, I feare,
The world will ſee thy picture there.

---

[1] Old printed copies; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1655, p. 39 (with the muſic for one, two, or three voices;) Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 27 (with many variations); Aſhmole MS. 38, art. 32, where the title is as follows (I give it juſt as it ſtands):—"A gentle man that had a M^rs^. and after was conſtrayned to marry a nother; the firſt was a frayd that hee would reveale to his new wyfe thair ſecreet loves: wheruppon hee wrights thus to hur."

A Prayer to the Wind.[1]

Song.

GOE, thou gentle whiſpering wind,[2]
Beare this ſigh; and if thou find
Where my cruell faire doth reſt,
Caſt it in her ſnow-white breſt,
So, enflamed by my deſire,
It may ſet her heart on fire.
Thoſe ſweet kiſſes thou wilt gaine,
Shall reward thee for thy paine:
Boldly light upon her lip,
There ſuck odours, and thence ſkip
To her boſome; laſtly fall
Downe, and wander over all:
Range about thoſe ivorie hills,
From whoſe every part diſtills
Amber deaw; there ſpices grow,
There pure ſtreames of nectar flow;
There perfume thyſelfe, and bring
All thoſe ſweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'ſt, change by thy power

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[1] Old printed copies; Coſens MS. A 4°; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at end;) Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 *recto* and *verſo* (where the poem is called *A Sigh*) Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 39, (with the ſame title).

[2] Browne's *Brit. Paſt.* b. i. ſ. 4:

"A weſtern, milde, and pretty whiſpering gale,
Came dallying with the leaues along the dale."

[Roxb. Lib. edit. i. 118, and compare *ibid.* ii. 270.] Pope ſeems to have had this paſſage in view, when he wrote:

"Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away;
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey."—F.

Every weed into a flower ;
Turne each thiſtle to a vine,
Make the bramble eglantine :
For ſo rich a bootie made
Doe but this, and I am payd.
Thou canſt with thy powerfull blaſt[1]
Heat apace, and coole as faſt ;
Thou canſt kindle hidden flame,
And againe deſtroy the ſame.
Then for pittie either ſtir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may ſhine,
Or elſe quite extinguiſh mine.

Mediocritie in Love rejected.[2]

Song.

GIVE me more love or more diſdaine ;
The torrid or the frozen zone :
Bring equall eaſe unto my paine ;
The temperate affords me none :
Either extreame, of love or hate,
Is ſweeter than a calme eſtate.

Give me a ſtorme ; if it be love,
Like Danae in that golden ſhowre
I ſwimme in pleaſure ; if it prove
Diſdaine, that torrent will devoure

[1] This and the following line are omitted in Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.

[2] Old printed copies ; Lawes (*Ayres and Dialogues*, book i. 1653, p. 21). In the *Ayres and Dialogues* it is ſet to muſic. See Lovelace's Poems, edit. Hazlitt, 1864, p. 135 and *Note*.

My vulture-hopes; and he's poſſeſt
Of heaven, that's but from hell releaſt;
Then crowne my joyes, or cure my paine:
Give me more love or more diſdaine.

Good Counsel to a Young Maid.[1]

Song.

GAZE not on thy beauties pride,
Tender maid, in the falſe tide
That from lovers' eyes doth ſlide.

Let thy faithful chryſtall ſhow
How thy colours come and goe:
Beautie takes a foyle from woe.

Love, that in thoſe ſmooth ſtreames lyes
Under pitties faire diſguiſe,
Will thy melting heart ſurprize.

Netts of paſſion's fineſt thred,
Snaring poems, will be ſpred,
All to catch thy maiden-head.

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[1] We ſhall obſerve, once for all, that elegance characterizes all our Poet's Love Pieces. This Song, with the *Perſuaſions to Love*, &c. and ſeveral other Poems which the judicious reader will eaſily diſtinguiſh, are inconteſtable proofs of it.—D.

Then beware! for thoſe that cure
Love's diſeaſe, themſelves endure
For reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheeke ſhould aſſigne
A perpetuall bluſh to thine.

To my Mistris sitting by a Rivers Side. An Eddy.[1]

MARKE how yon eddy ſteales away
From the rude ſtreame into the bay;
There, lockt up ſafe, ſhe doth divorce
Her waters from the chanels courſe,
And ſcornes the torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native ſpring;
Now doth ſhe with her new love play,
Whilſt he runs murmuring away.
Marke how ſhe courts the bankes, whilſt they
As amorouſly their armes diſplay,
T'embrace and clip her ſilver waves:
See how ſhe ſtrokes their ſides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat ſhe frownes, threat'ning to flye
Home to her ſtreame, and 'gins to ſwim
Backward, but from the chanels brim
Smiling returnes into the creeke,
With thouſand dimples on her cheeke.

[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 25-6.

Be thou this eddy, and I'le make
My breaſt thy ſhore, where thou ſhalt take
Secure repoſe, and never dreame
Of the quite forſaken ſtreame:
Let him to the wide ocean haſt,
There loſe his colour, name, and taſt:
Thou ſhalt ſave all, and, ſafe from him,
Within theſe armes for ever ſwim.

Conquest by Flight.[1]

Song.

LADYES, flye from Love's ſmooth tale,
Oathes ſteep'd in teares doe oft prevaile;
Griefe is infectious, and the ayre,
Enflam'd with ſighes, will blaſt the fayre:
Then ſtop your eares, when lovers cry,
Leſt yourſelfe weepe, when no ſoft eye
Shall with a ſorrowing teare repay
That pittie which you caſt away.
Young men, fly, when beautie darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fixt marke gives the ſhooter ayme;
And ladyes' looks have power to mayme;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a ſmile or kiſſe, Love lyes;
Then flye betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

[1] The ſecond ſtanza of this ſong is to be found in *Feſtum Voluptatis, or the Banquet of Pleaſure*, by S[amuel] P[ick], 1639, 4°.—F

To my Inconstant Mistris.[1]

Song.

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

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

Then ſhalt thou weepe, entreat, complaine
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy teares ſhall be as vaine
As mine were then; for thou ſhalt bee
Damn'd for thy falſe apoſtaſie.

Perswasions to Joy.

Song.

IF the quick ſpirits in your eye
Now languiſh, and anon muſt dye;
If every ſweet and every grace
Muſt fly from that forſaken face;

[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17, *verſo;* Addit. MS. 11, 811, fol. 7 (ſecond and third ſtanzas only); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 41 (ſecond and third ſtanzas only); Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, p. 8, (with the muſic); Lawes omits the ſecond ſtanza.

Then, Celia, let us reape our joyes,
Ere time ſuch goodly fruit deſtroyes.

Or, if that golden fleece muſt grow
For ever free from aged ſnow;
If thoſe bright ſuns muſt know no ſhade,
Nor your freſh beauties ever fade,
Then feare not, Celia, to beſtow
What, ſtill being gather'd, ſtill muſt grow.
Thus either Time his ſickle brings
In vaine, or elſe in vaine his wings.

A Deposition from Love.[1]

WAS foretold, your rebell ſex
Nor love nor pitty knew;
And with what ſcorne you uſe to vex
Poore hearts that humbly ſue;
Yet I believ'd, to crowne our paine,
Could we the fortreſſe win,
The happy lover ſure ſhould gaine
A paradiſe within:
I thought Love's plagues, like dragons, ſate
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happier lovers prove;
For I could kiſſe, and ſport, and toy,
And taſt thoſe ſweets of love

[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17, *verſo*.

Which, had they but a laſting ſtate,
  Or if in Celia's breſt
The force of love might not abate,
  Jove were too meane a gueſt.
But now her breach of faith far more
  Afflicts, than did her ſcorne before.

Hard fate! to have been once poſſeſt
  As victor of a heart,
Atchiev'd with labour and unreſt,
  And then forc'd to depart.
If the ſtout foe will not reſigne,
  When I beſiege a towne,
I loſe but what was never mine;
  But he that is caſt downe
From enjoy'd beautie feeles a woe,
  Onely depoſed kings can know.

Ingratefull Beauty threatned.[1]

KNOW, Celia, (ſince thou art ſo proud,)
  'Twas I that gave thee thy renowne.
Thou had'ſt in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties liv'd unknowne,

[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (ends imperfectly); Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 57, *verſo*; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1655, pp. 18, 19 (with the muſic). An imitation is in *Holborn Drollery, or, The Beautiful Chloret ſurprized in the ſheets*, 1673, p. 22. It is to be preſumed that this is the piece to which Wood refers, where he ſays: "Henry Jacob of Merton Coll. the greateſt prodigy of criticiſm in his time, hath moſt admirably well turn'd into Latin a poem of our author Carew, which Mr. Jacob entitled, Αντίτεχνος, *ad ingrate pulchram*;" but no copy of the verſion by Jacob has fallen under my notice.

Had not my verſe extoll'd thy name,
And with it ympt[1] the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine:
I gave it to thy voyce and eyes;
Thy ſweets, thy graces, all are mine:
Thou art my ſtarre, ſhin'ſt in my ſkies;
Then dart not from thy borrow'd ſphere
Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with ſuch affrights no more,
Leſt what I made I uncreate;
Let fooles thy myſtique formes adore,
I know thee in thy mortall ſtate:
Wiſe poets that wrapt Truth in tales,
Knew her themſelves through all her vailes.

Disdaine returned.[2]

HEE that loves a roſie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or, from ſtar-like eyes, doth ſeeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires;

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[1] This technical phraſe is borrowed from falconry. Falconers ſay, *To imp a feather* in a hawk's wing, i. e. to add a new piece to an old ſtump.—D.

" His plumes onely imp the Muſes wings:
He ſleepes with them: his head is rapt with baies."—
Chapman's *Conſpiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron*, 1608.

" 'Tis thou haſt honour'd muſick, done her right,
Fitted her for a ſtrong and uſefull flight.
She droop'd and flagg'd before as hawks complain,
Of the ſick feathers of their wing and train:
But thou haſt imp'd the wings ſhe had before."—
Lines by Charles Colman Doctor in Muſic, prefixed to
Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, book ii.—H.

[2] Old printed copies; Porter's *Madrigalles and Ayres*, 1632 (with the

As old Time makes theſe decay,
So his flames muſt waſte away.

But a ſmooth and ſtedfaſt mind:
  Gentle thoughts and calme deſires:
Hearts with equall love combin'd:
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where theſe are not, I deſpiſe
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

Celia, now, no teares ſhall win
  My reſolv'd heart to returne;
I have ſearcht thy ſoule within,
  And find nought but pride and ſcorne;
I have learn'd thy arts,[1] and now
  Can diſdaine as much as thou.
Some god in my revenge convay
That love to her I caſt away.

A Looking Glasse.[2]

THAT flatt'ring glaſſe, whoſe ſmooth face weares
Your ſhadow, which a ſunne appeares,
Was once a river of my teares.

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the brinie lake
Congeal'd into a cryſtall cake.

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muſic); Aſhmole MS. 39, art 8, (ſigned *Mr. Tho. Carew*); Coſens MS. B. obl. 8°.; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, book 1, 1653, p. 12 (with the muſic); *Academy of Compliments*, 1658. Porter prints the firſt and ſecond ſtanzas only; perhaps the remainder was added ſubſequently.

[1] "I hate thoſe cruell eyes."—*Aſhm. MS.*

[2] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; MS. Chetham (Halliwell's *Catalogue of Proclamations*, &c. 1851).

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For feare the native crueltie
Doome you, as it doth all, to dye.

For feare leſt the fair obje&t move
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you yourſelf my rival prove.

Looke rather on my pale cheekes pin'de,
There view your beauties, there you'le finde
A fair face, but a cruell minde.

Be not for ever frozen, coy;
One beame of love will ſoone deſtroy,
And melt that yce to flouds of joy.

ON HIS M^es^. LOOKEING IN A GLASSE.[1]

[*Another Verſion.*]

THIS flatteringe glaſſe, whoſe ſmooth face weares
Your ſhaddow which a ſunne appeares,
Was once a Riuer of my teares.

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the brinie lake
Congeal'd into a Chriſtall cake.

This glaſſe and ſhaddow ſeeme to ſay:
Like vs, the beauties you ſuruay
Will quickly breake or fly away.

[1] This copy, which contains *ſeven*, inſtead of *ſix*, ſtanzas, and has only the firſt and ſecond in common with the preceding one, occurs in the Coſens MS. A. 4°. and in Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 8, 9.

Since then my teares can onely ſhow
You your owne face, you cannot know
How faire you are but by my woo.

Nor had the world elſe knowne your name,
But that my ſad verſe ſpread the fame
Of the moſt faire and cruell dame.

Forſake but your diſdainefull minde,
And in my ſonges the world ſhall finde,
That you are not more faire than kinde.

Change but your ſcorne: my verſe ſhall chaſe
Decay far from you, and your face
Shall ſhine with an immortall grace.

An Elegie on the La. Pen.[1] sent to my Mistresse out of France.

LET him, who from his tyrant miſtreſſe did
This day receive his cruell doome, forbid
His eyes to weepe that loſſe, and let him here
Open thoſe floud-gates to bedeaw this beere;
So ſhall thoſe drops, which elſe would be but brine,
Be turn'd to manna, falling on her ſhrine.
Let him who, baniſht farre from her deere ſight,
Whom his ſoule loves, doth in that abſence write,

[1] The time is too diſtant to trace out this Lady's name with any certainty; probably ſhe belonged to the Pennington family, who were then well known. Our Poet is not ſo ſucceſsful in grave elegy as in love ſonnets. Perhaps he was not ſo ſincere in his grief as in his love. When the fancy wanders after frivolous pointedneſs and epigrammatic conceit, it ſhews too well that the heart is at eaſe.—D.

Or lines of paſſion, or ſome powerfull charmes,
To vent his own griefe, or unlock her armes;
Take off his pen, and in ſad verſe bemone
This generall ſorrow, and forget his owne.
So may thoſe verſes live, which elſe muſt dye:
For though the muſes give eternitie
When they embalme with verſe, yet ſhe could give
Life unto that muſe by which others live.
Oh, pardon me, faire ſoule! that boldly have
Dropt, though but one teare, on thy ſilent grave,
And writ on that earth, which ſuch honour had,
To cloath that fleſh wherein thyſelfe was clad.
And pardon me, ſweet Saint! whom I adore,
That I this tribute pay out of the ſtore
Of lines and teares, that's only due to thee:
Oh, doe not thinke it new idolatrie,
Though you are only ſoveraigne of this land,
Yet univerſall loſſes may command
A ſubſidie from every private eye,
And preſſe each pen to write, ſo to ſupply
And feed the common griefe. If this excuſe
Prevaile not, take theſe teares to your owne uſe,
As ſhed for you; for when I ſaw her dye,
I then did thinke on your mortalitie;
For ſince nor vertue will, nor beautie could,
Preſerve from Death's hand this their heavenly mould,
Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt;
I then knew you muſt dye too, and did melt
Into theſe teares; but, thinking on that day,
And when the gods reſolv'd to take away
A ſaint from us, I that not knew[1] what dearth
There was of ſuch good ſoules upon the earth,
Began to feare leſt Death, their officer,
Might have miſtooke, and taken thee for her;
So had'ſt thou robb'd us of that happineſſe,

[1] All the edits. have *did not know*.

Which ſhe in heaven, and I in thee poſſeſſe.
But what can heaven to her glory adde?
The prayſes ſhe hath dead, living ſhe had;
To ſay ſhe's now an angell is no more
Praiſe than ſhe had, for ſhe was one before.
Which of the ſaints can ſhew more votaries
Than ſhe had here? Even thoſe that did deſpiſe
The angels, and may her, now ſhe is one,
Did, whilſt ſhe liv'd, with pure devotion
Adore and worſhip her. Her vertues had
All honour here, for this world was too bad
To hate or envy her; theſe cannot riſe
So high as to repine at deities:
But now ſhe's 'mongſt her fellow-ſaints, they may
Be good enough to envy her this way.
There's loſſe i'th'change 'twixt heaven and earth, if ſhe
Should leave her ſervants here below to be
Hated of her competitors above;
But ſure her matchleſſe goodneſſe needs muſt move
Thoſe bleſt ſoules to admire her excellence;
By this meanes only can her journey hence
To heaven prove gaine if, as ſhe was but here
Worſhipt by men, ſhe be by angels there.
But I muſt weepe no more over this urne,
My teares to their own chanell muſt returne;
And having ended theſe ſad obſequies,
My muſe muſt back to her old exerciſe,
To tell the ſtory of my martyrdome.
But, oh thou Idol of my ſoule! become
Once pittifull, that ſhe may change her ſtile,
Drie up her blubbred eyes, and learne to ſmile.
Reſt then, bleſt ſoule! for, as ghoſts flye away,
When the ſhrill cock proclaimes the infant day,
So muſt I hence, for loe! I ſee from farre
The minions of the muſes comming are:
Each of them bringing to thy ſacred herſe
In either eye a teare, each hand a verſe.

To my Mistresse in Absence.[1]

THOUGH I muſt live here, and by force
Of your command ſuffer divorce;
Though I am parted, yet my mind
(That's more myſelfe) ſtill ſtayes behind;
I breath in you, you keepe my heart;
'Twas but a carkaſſe that did part.
Then though our bodyes are disjoyn'd,
As things that are to place confin'd,
Yet let our boundleſſe ſpirits fleet,
And in love's ſphere each other meet;
There let us worke a myſtique wreath,
Unknowne unto the world beneath;
There let our claſpt loves ſweetly twine;
There let our ſecret thoughts unſeen
Like nets be weav'd and intertwin'd,
Wherewith wee'le catch each others mind.
There, whilſt our ſoules doe ſit and kiſſe,
Taſting a ſweet and ſubtle bliſſe,
(Such as groſſe lovers cannot know,
Whoſe hands and lips meet here below),
Let us looke downe, and marke what paine
Our abſent bodyes here ſuſtaine,
And ſmile to ſee how farre away
The one doth from the other ſtray,
Yet burne and languiſh with deſire
To joyne, and quench their mutuall fire.
There let us joy to ſee from farre
Our emulous flames at loving warre;

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Rawl. MS. 84 (with a few variations).

Whilſt both with equall luſter ſhine,
Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
There, ſeated in thoſe heavenly bowers,
Wee'le cheat the long and lingring houres,
Making our bitter abſence ſweet,
Till ſoules and bodyes both may meet.

Excuse of Absence.[1]

YOU'LE aſke perhapps wherefore I ſtay,
Louinge ſoe much, ſoe longe away?
O doe not thinke 'twas I did part:
It was my body, not my hart.
For, like a compaſſe, on your loue
One foote is fixt, and cannot moue.
Th' other may follow the blinde guide
Of giddy Fortune, but not ſlide
Beyond your ſeruice, nor dare venter
To wander farre frō you the center.

A Ladies Prayer to Cupid.[2]

SINCE I muſt needes into thy ſchoole returne,
Be pittifull (O Loue) and doe not burne
Mee wth defier of cold and frozen age,
Nor let me follow a fond boy or page.

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[1] This and the ſucceeding piece occur in Coſens MS. only; they are not found in the old printed copies. Both poems are ſubſcribed with Carew's initials, and accompany productions well known to be from his pen.

[2] Theſe lines are inſerted in Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 116, anonymouſly.

But, gentle Cupid, giue mee, if you can,
One to my loue, whom I may call a man.
Of perſon comely and of face as ſweete,
Let him be ſober, ſecret and diſcreete.
Well practiſ'd in loues ſchoole, let him within
Weare all his beard, and none vppon his chinn.

To her in Absence.

A Ship.

TOST in a troubled ſea of griefes, I floate
Farre from the ſhore in a ſtorme-beaten boat;
Where my ſad thoughts doe (like the compaſſe) ſhow
The ſeverall points from which croſſe winds doe blow.
My heart doth, like the needle, toucht with love,
Still fixt on you, point which way I would move:
You are the bright Pole-ſtarre which, in the darke
Of this long abſence, guides my wandring barke:
Love is the pilot; but, o'recome with feare
Of your diſpleaſure, dares not homewards ſteare.
My fearefull hope hangs on my trembling ſayle,
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale;
Which pleaſant breath muſt blow from your ſweet lip.
Bid it but move; and, quick as thought, this ſhip
Into your armes, which are my port, will flye,
Where it forever ſhall at anchor lye.

Eternitie of Love protested.[1]

Song.

HOW ill doth he deſerve a lover's name,
Whoſe pale weake flame
Cannot retaine
His heate, in ſpight of abſence or diſdaine;
But doth at once, like paper ſet on fire,
Burne and expire!
True love can never change his ſeat;
Nor did he[2] ever love that can retreat.

That noble flame, which my breſt keepes alive,
Shall ſtill ſurvive
When my ſoules fled.
Nor ſhall my love dye, when my bodyes dead;
That ſhall waite on me to the lower ſhade,
And never fade;
My very aſhes in their urne
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burne.

Upon some Alterations in my Mistresse, after my Departure into France.

OH, gentle love, doe not forſake the guide
Of my fraile barke, on which the ſwelling tide
Of ruthleſſe pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every ſide.

---

[1] Old printed copies; Coſens MS. A. 4to; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 7 (where it is headed *The quality of his loue*); Add. MS. 22118, fol. 41.
[2] Coſens MS. reads *they*.

Gulfes of diſdaine do gape to overwhelme
This boat, nigh ſunke with griefe; whilſt at the helme
Diſpaire commands;
And round about the ſhifting ſands
Of faithleſſe love and falſe inconſtancie,
With rocks of crueltie,
Stop up my paſſage to the neighbour lands.

My ſighs have rayſ'd thoſe winds, whoſe fury beares
My ſayles or'eboord, and in their place ſpreads teares;
And from my teares
This ſea is ſprung, where naught but death appeares.
A myſtic cloud of anger hides the light
Of my faire ſtarre; and everywhere black night
Uſurpes the place
Of thoſe bright rayes, which once did grace
My forth-bound ſhip; but when it could no more
Behold the vaniſht ſhore,
In the deep flood ſhe drown'd her beamie face.

Good Counsell to a Young Maid.[1]

WHEN you the ſun-burnt pilgrim ſee
Fainting with thirſt, haſt to the ſprings;
Marke how at firſt with bended knee
He courts the cryſtall nimph, and flings
His body to the earth, where[2] he
Proſtrate adores the flowing deitie.

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[1] Old printed copies; *Poems*, edit. 1772, p. 34; Mr. Huth's Berkeley MS.; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 12. In the Berkeley MS. it is headed: *Good Counſell to a Maiden, by Mr. Tho. Cary.* An imitation occurs in *Holborn Drollery*, 1673, p. 29.

[2] *when*, Berkeley MS.

But when his ſweaty[1] face is drencht
  In her coole waves, when from her ſweet
Boſome his burning thirſt is quencht;
  Then marke how with diſdainfull feet
He kicks the banks, and from the place
That thus refreſht him, moves with ſullen pace.

So ſhalt thou be deſpis'd, faire maid,
  When by the ſated[2] lover taſted;
What firſt he did with teares invade
  Shall afterward with ſcorne be waſted;
When all thy virgin-ſprings grow dry,
Then no ſtreame ſhall be left but in thine eye.[3]

CELIA BLEEDING. TO THE SURGEON.

FOND man, that canſt beleeve her blood
  Will from thoſe purple chanels flow;
Or that the pure untainted flood
  Can any foule diſtemper know;
Or that thy weake ſteele can incize
The cryſtall caſe wherein it lyes.

Know, her quick blood, proud of his ſeat,
  Runs dauncing through her azure veines,
Whoſe harmony no cold nor heat
  Diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtaines;
And the hard rock, wherein it dwells,
The keeneſt darts of love repels.

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[1] *hotter*, Berkeley MS. [2] *glutted*, Berkeley MS.
[3] This little poem is entirely worthy of Carew's ſenſe and elegance.—D.

But thou reply'ſt, Behold, ſhe bleeds!
  Foole, thou'rt deceiv'd; and doſt not know
The myſtique knot whence this proceeds,
  How lovers in each other grow;
Thou ſtruckſt her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the ſmart.

To T. H. a Lady resembling my Mistresse.[1]

FAYRE copie of my Celia's face,
Twin of my loue, thy perfect grace
May clayme with her an equall place.

Diſdaine not a divided heart,
Though all be hers, you ſhall have part;
Love is not tyde to rules of art.

For as my ſoule firſt to her flew,
Yet ſtay'd with me; ſo now 'tis true
It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertaine this wand'ring gueſt,
And if not love, allow it reſt;
It left not, but miſtooke, the neſt.

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[1] Old printed copies; Coſens MSS. A. 4° and B. obl. 8° (the latter imperfect); Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 8; *To a lady y^t^ had a reſemblance of his M^rs^.*—Coſens MS. A. 4°; in Mr. Wyburd's MS. it is headed, *Of one like his Celia.* In Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 10, it is entitled: *To a gentle-woman like his Celia.* See an imitation of the lines in *Holborn-Drollery*, 1673, p. 25, and a reference in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. vii., pp. 146, 184, to parallel paſſages in Wycherley and Burns.

Nor thinke my love or your faire eyes
Cheaper, 'cauſe from the ſympathies[1]
You hold with her theſe flames ariſe.

To lead, or braſſe, or ſome ſuch bad
Mettall, a Princes ſtamp may adde
That valew, which it never had.

But to the pure refined ore
The ſtamp of kings imparts no more
Worth, than the mettall held before.

Only the image gives the rate
To ſubjects of a forraine ſtate:
'Tis priz'd as much for its owne waight.

So though all other hearts reſigne
To your pure worth, yet you have mine,
Only becauſe you are her coyne.

To Saxham.[2]

THOUGH froſt and ſnow lockt from mine eyes
That beautie which without dores lyes,
Thy gardens, orchards, walkes, that ſo
I might not all thy pleaſures know:
Yet, Saxham, thou within thy gate
Art of thy ſelfe ſo delicate,

[1] Old printed copy of 1640—*ſympathiſe*.

[2] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed: *A winters entertainement att Saxham*); Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 9; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 24-5. This poem was probably written in 1634, the year of the great froſt. Cartwright has a long poem on this ſubject (Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 78).

So full of native ſweets, that bleſſe
Thy roofe with inward happineſſe;
As neither from nor to thy ſtore
Winter takes ought, or ſpring addes more.
The cold and frozen ayre had ſterv'd
Much poore, if not by thee preſerv'd,
Whoſe prayers have made thy table bleſt
With plenty, far above the reſt.
The ſeaſon hardly did afford
Coarſe cates unto thy neighbours board,
Yet thou hadſt daintyes, as the ſkie
Had only been thy volarie;[1]
Or elſe the birds, fearing the ſnow
Might to another deluge grow,
The pheaſant, partiridge and the larke
Flew to thy houſe, as to the arke.
The willing oxe of himſelfe came
Home to the ſlaughter, with the lambe;
And every beaſt did thither bring
Himſelfe, to be an offering.
The ſcalie herd more pleaſure tooke,
Bath'd in thy diſh than in the brooke;
Water, earth, ayre, did all conſpire
To pay their tribute to thy fire,
Whoſe cheriſhing flames themſelves divide
Through every roome, where they deride
The night and cold abroad; whilſt they,
Like ſuns, within keepe endleſſe day.
Thoſe chearfull beames ſend forth their light
To all that wander in the night,
And ſeeme to becken from aloofe
The weary pilgrim to thy roofe;

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[1] A great Bird-cage, in which the Birds have room to fly up and down.—D.

Where, when refreſht, if hee'll away,[1]
Hee's fairly welcome; but, if ſtay,
Farre more: which he ſhall hearty find
Both from the maſter and the hinde.
The ſtranger's welcome each man there
Stamp'd on his chearfull brow doth weare;
Nor doth his welcome or his cheere
Grow leſſe, 'cauſe he ſtaies longer here.
There's none obſerves (much leſſe repines)
How often this man ſups or dines.
Thou haſt no porter at the doore
T' examine or keep back the poore;
Nor locks, nor bolts; thy gates have bin
Made onely to let ſtrangers in;
Untaught to ſhut, they doe not feare
To ſtand wide open all the yeare,
Careleſſe who enters, for they know
Thou never didſt deſerve a foe;
And as for theeves, thy bounties ſuch,
They cannot ſteale, thou giv'ſt ſo much.

Upon a Ribbon tyed about his arme by a Lady.[2]

THIS ſilken wreath, that circles thus mine arme,
Is but an emblem of that myſticke charme,
Wherewith the magick of your beautie binds
My captive ſoule, and round about it winds

[1] The old printed copies read *if refreſht, he will away*. The preſent is the reading of Harl. MS. 6931.

[2] Old printed copies (where it is headed merely *Upon a Ribband*); Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 13; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 44; Coſens MS. B. obl. 8° (where it is headed as above).

Fetters of laſting love; this hath entwin'd
My fleſh alone, that hath empalde my mind.
Time may weare out theſe ſoft weak bands; but thoſe
Strong chaines of braſſe fate ſhall not diſcompoſe.
This holy relique may preſerve my wriſt,
But my whole frame doth by that power ſubſiſt:
To that my prayers and ſacrifice, to this
I onely pay a ſuperſtitious kiſſe:
This but an idoll, that's the deitie:
Religion is due there, here ceremonie:
That I received by faith, this but in truſt;
Here I may tender dutie, there I muſt.
This order as a layman I may beare,
But I become love's prieſt when that I weare.
This moves like ayre, that as the center ſtands;
That knot your vertues tide, this but your hands;
That Nature fram'd, but this was made by Art;
This makes my arme your priſoner, that my heart.

Another Version.[1]

THIS ſilken wreath, which circles in myne arme,
Is but an Embleme of that miſtike[2] charme,
Wherew[th] the magiq[ue] of yo[r] beautie binds
My captiue hart, and round[3] about it winds
Fetters of laſting loue; y[t] doth entwyne
My fleſh alone: this make[s] my ſoule yo[r] ſhryne.

[1] From the Coſens MS. cited above, which ſeemed to differ in ſo many places, and to be ſo early a copy of the poem, that I thought it deſirable to print both texts.

[2] *miſtake*—MS.

[3] *runnes*—MS.

Conſuming age may thoſe weake bonds deuide;
But this ſtrong charme noe eye ſhall ſee vntyed.
To y^{t}, as to a relique, I may giue
An outward worſhipp; but by this I liue.
My dayly ſacrifice and pray'rs to this:
There I but pay a ſuperſtitious kiſſe.
That is the Idoll, this the dietie:
Religiō here is due, there, ceremony:
I am to this, that's given to my truſt:
Here I may pay tribute, there I muſt.
That order as a layman I may beare;
But I become Love's prieſt, when this I weare,
I over this, that over me cōmands:
This knott yo^{r} virtues tyes, but that yo^{r} hands.
This Nature made, but y^{t} was made by Art;
This makes my arme yo^{r} priſoner, that my hart.

To the King at his entrance into Saxham, by Master Io. Crofts.[1]

SIR, ere you paſſe this threſhold, ſtay,
And give your creature leave to pay
Thoſe pious rites, which unto you,
As to our houſhold gods, are due.
In ſtead of ſacrifice, each breſt
Is like a flaming altar dreſt

[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 18-19. When it is ſaid that theſe verſes were by Mr. John Crofts, the meaning is, that that gentleman merely delivered the addreſs, as written for him by Carew.

With zealous fires, which from pure hearts
Love mixt with loyaltie imparts.
  Incenſe nor gold have we, yet bring
As rich and ſweet an offering;
And ſuch as doth both theſe expreſſe,
Which is our humble thankfulneſſe;
By which is payd the all we owe
To gods above or men below.
The ſlaughter'd beaſt, whoſe fleſh ſhould feed
The hungrie flames, we for pure need
Dreſſe for your ſupper; and the gore,
Which ſhould be daſht on every dore,
We change into the luſtie blood
Of youthfull vines, of which a flood
Shall ſprightly run through all your veines,
Firſt to your health, then your faire traines.
  We ſhall want nothing but good fare,
To ſhew your welcome and our care;
Such rarities that come from farre,
From poore men's houſes baniſht are;
Yet wee'le expreſſe in homely cheare,
How glad we are to ſee you here.
Wee'le have what ſoe the ſeaſon yeelds
Out of the neighbouring woods and fields;
For all the dainties of your board
Will only be what thoſe afford;
And, having ſupt, we may perchance
Preſent you with a countrie dance.
  Thus much your ſervants, that beare ſway
Here in your abſence, bade me ſay,
And beg beſides, you'ld hither bring
Only the mercy of a King,
And not the greatneſſe, ſince they have
A thouſand faults muſt pardon crave,
But nothing that is fit to waite
Upon the glory of your ſtate.

Yet your gracious favour will,
They hope, as heretofore, ſhine ſtill
On their endeavours, for they ſwore,
Should Jove deſcend, they could no more.

Upon the Sicknesse of E. S.

MUST ſhe then languiſh, and we ſorrow thus,
And no kind god helpe her, nor pitty us?
Is juſtice fled from heaven? can that permit
A foule deformed raviſher to ſit
Upon her virgin cheek, and pull from thence
The roſe-buds in their maiden excellence?
To ſpread cold paleneſſe on her lips, and chaſe
The frighted rubies from their native place?
To lick up with his ſearching flames a flood
Of diſſolv'd corall flowing in her blood;
And with the dampes of his infectious breath
Print on her brow moyſt characters of death?
Muſt the cleare light, 'gainſt courſe of nature, ceaſe
In her faire eyes, and yet the flames encreaſe?
Muſt feavers ſhake this goodly tree, and all
That ripened fruit from the faire branches fall,
Which princes have deſir'd to taſte? Muſt ſhe,
Who hath preſerv'd her ſpotleſſe chaſtitie
From all ſolicitation, now at laſt
By agues and diſeaſes be embraſt?
Forbid it, holy Dian! elſe who ſhall
Pay vowes, or let one graine of incenſe fall
On thy neglected altars, if thou bleſſe
No better this thy zealous votareſſe?
Haſte then, O maiden Goddeſſe, to her ayde;
Let on thy quiver her pale cheeke be layd,

And rock her fainting body in thine armes;
Then let the God of Muſick with ſtill charmes
Her reſtleſſe eyes in peacefull ſlumbers cloſe,
And with ſoft ſtraines ſweeten her calme repoſe.
Cupid, deſcend; and whilſt Apollo ſings,
Fanning the coole ayre with thy panting wings,
Ever ſupply her with refreſhing wind;
Let thy faire mother with her treſſes bind
Her labouring temples, with whoſe balmie ſweat
She ſhall perfume her hairie coronet,
Whoſe precious drops ſhall upon every fold
Hang like rich pearles about a wreath of gold;
Her looſer locks, as they unbraded lye,
Shall ſpread themſelves into a canopie,
Under whoſe ſhadow let her reſt ſecure
From chilling cold or burning calenture;
Unleſſe ſhe freeze with yce of chaſt deſires,
Or holy Hymen kindle nuptiall fires.
And when at laſt Death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

A New-Yeares Sacrifice.

To Lucinda. 1632.[1]

THOSE that can give, open their hands this day;
Thoſe that cannot, yet hold them up to pray,
That health may crowne the ſeaſons of this yeare,
And mirth daunce round the circle; that no teare
(Unleſſe of joy) may with its brinie dew
Diſcolour on your cheeke the roſie hue;

[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (from which the date is aſcertained); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 1.

That no acceſſe of yeares preſume t'abate
Your beauties ever-flouriſhing eſtate.
Such cheape and vulgar wiſhes I could lay
As triviall offerings at your feet this day;
But that it were apoſtaſie in me
To ſend a prayer to any deitie
But your divine ſelfe, who have power to give
Thoſe bleſſings unto others ſuch as live,
Like me, by the ſole influence of your eyes,
Whoſe faire aſpects governe our deſtinies.
Such incenſe, vowes, and holy rites, as were
To the involved ſerpent[1] of the yeare
Payd by Egyptian prieſts, lay I before
Lucinda's ſacred ſhrine, whilſt I adore
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dreſſe
With gums and ſpice of humble thankfulneſſe.
So may my Goddeſſe from her heaven inſpire
My frozen boſome with a Delphique fire;
And then the world ſhall, by that glorious flame,
Behold the blaze of thy immortall name.[2]

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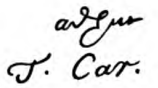
[1] The Egyptians, in their Hieroglyphics, repreſented the year by a ſerpent rolled in a circular form, biting his tail, which they afterwards worſhipped: to which the poet here alludes. This was the famous ſerpent which Claudian deſcribes:

"Perpetuumq; virens ſquamis, caudamq; reducto
Ore vorans, tacito religens exordia morſu."—D.

[2] In the margin of Mr. Wyburd's MS., at this point, occurs in what may not improbably be the autograph of Carew: *Adhuc T. Car.* A facſimile is annexed:



To one who when I prais'd my Mistris' beautie said I was blind.

Song.[1]

WONDER not though I am blind,
For you muſt bee
In your eyes or in your mind
If, when you ſee
Her face, you prove not blind like me.
If the powerfull beames that flye
From her eye,
And thoſe amorous ſweets that lye
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Finde a paſſage to your heart;
Then you'le confeſſe your mortall ſight
Too weake for ſuch a glorious light;
For if her graces you diſcover,
You grow, like me, a dazel'd lover;
But if thoſe beauties you not ſpy,
Then are you blinder farre than I.

To my Mistris, I burning in Love.

Song.[2]

I BURNE and, cruell, you in vaine
Hope to quench me with diſdaine;
If from your eyes thoſe ſparkles came
That have kindled all this flame,

[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. The preſent text has been collated with Mr. Wyburd's MS. &c.

[2] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917. The preſent text has been collated with the MSS.

What bootes it me, though now you ſhrowde
Thoſe fierce comets in a cloude?
Since all the flames that I have felt
Could your ſnow yet never melt;
Nor can your ſnow (though you ſhould take
Alpes into your boſome) ſlake
The heate of my enamour'd heart.
But with wonder learne loves art;
No ſeas of yce can coole deſire,
Equall flames muſt quench Loves fire:
Then thinke not that my heat can dye,
Till you burne as well as I.

To her againe, she burning in a feaver.

Song.[1]

NOW ſhe burnes as well as I,
Yet my heat can never dye;
She burnes that never knew deſire,
She that was yce, ſhe now is[2] fire;
She whoſe cold heart chaſte thoughts did arme,
So as loves flames could never warme
The frozen boſome where it dwelt
She burnes, and all her beauties melt;
She burnes, and cryes, Loves fires are milde,
Feavers are Gods, and hees a Childe:
Love, let her know the difference
'Twixt the heat of ſoule and ſence;
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So ſhalt thou quench her fire and mine.

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[1] Ibid.
[2] Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 3. The printed editions have *that was*.

Upon the Kings[1] sicknesse.[2]

SICKNESSE, the miniſter of death, doth lay
So ſtrong a ſeige againſt our brittle clay,
As whilſt it doth our weake forts ſingly win,
It hopes at length to take all mankind in.
Firſt, it begins upon the wombe to waite,
And doth the unborne child there uncreate;
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lyes,
Where, e're it fully be alive, it dyes.
It never leaves fond youth, untill it have
Found or an early or a later grave.
By thouſand ſubtle ſleights from heedleſſe man
It cuts the ſhort allowance of a ſpan;
And where both ſober life and art combine
To keepe it out, age makes them both reſigne.
Thus by degrees it onely gain'd of late
The weake, the aged, or intemperate;
But now the tyrant hath found out a way
By which the ſober, ſtrong and young decay:
Entring his royall limbes that is our head,
Through us (his miſtique limbes) the paine is ſpread;
That man that doth not feele his part, hath none
In any part of his dominion;
If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.
This griefe is felt at Court, where it doth move
Through every joynt, like the true ſoule of love.
All thoſe faire ſtarres, that doe attend on him,
Whence they deriv'd their light, wax pale and dim.
That ruddie morning beame of Majeſtie,
Which ſhould the ſun's eclipſed light ſupply,

[1] Charles I.—D. [2] Old printed copies; Mr Wyburd's MS.

Is overcaſt with miſts, and in the liew
Of cherefull rayes ſends us downe drops of dew :
That curious forme made of an earth refin'd,
At whoſe bleſt birth the gentle[1] planets ſhin'd
With faire aſpects, and ſent a glorious flame
To animate ſo beautifull[2] a frame ;
That darling of the gods and men doth weare
A cloude on's brow, and in his eye a teare :
And all the reſt (ſave when his dread command
Doth bid them move) like liveleſſe ſtatues ſtand ;
So full a griefe, ſo generally worne,
Shewes a good King is ſick, and good men mourne.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her husband.[3]

Song.

COME, Celia, fixe thine eyes on mine,
And through thoſe cryſtalls our ſoules flitting,
Shall a pure wreath of eye-beames twine,
Our loving hearts together knitting.
Let eaglets the bright ſun ſurvey,
Though the blind mole diſcerne not day.

When cleere Aurora leaves her mate,
The light of her gray eyes diſpiſing,
Yet all the world doth celebrate
With ſacrifice her faire up-riſing.
Let eaglets, &c.

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[1] *Bleſſed*—Wyburd MS. [2] *Beauteous*—Wyburd MS.
[3] Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4.

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
  Yet he thoſe dainties never taſted ;
As others pin'd in the purſuit,
  So he himſelfe with plentie waſted.
Let eaglets, &c.

The Willing Prisoner to his Mistris.

Song.

LET fooles great Cupid's yoake diſdaine,
  Loving their owne wild freedome better ;
Whilſt, proud of my triumphant chaine,
  I ſit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdring glances, ſnaring haires,
  And her bewitching ſmiles ſo pleaſe me ;
As he brings ruine, that repaires
  The ſweet afflictions that diſeaſe me.

Hide not thoſe panting balls of ſnow
  With envious vayles from my beholding ;
Unlock thoſe lips, their pearly row
  In a ſweet ſmile of love unfolding.

And let thoſe eyes, whoſe motion wheeles
  The reſtleſſe fate of every lover,
Survey the paines my ſicke heart feeles,
  And wounds themſelves have made diſcover.

A Flye that flew into my Mistris her Eye.[1]

WHILE this Flye liv'd, ſhe us'd to play
In the bright ſunſhine all the day;
Till, comming neere my Celia's ſight,
She found a new and unknowne light,
So full of glory, that it made
The noone-day ſun a gloomy ſhade;
At laſt this amorous Fly became
My rivall, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to boſome ſkip,
And from her breaſts, her cheeke, and lip,
Suckt all the incenſe and the ſpice,
And grew a Bird of Paradiſe:
At laſt into her eye ſhe flew;
There ſcorcht in heate and drown'd in dew,
Like Phaeton, from the ſun's ſpheare
She fell, and with her dropt a teare,
Of which a pearle was ſtraight compos'd,
Wherein her aſhes lye enclos'd.
Thus ſhe receiv'd from Celia's eye
Funerall flame, tombe, obſequie.

---

[1] Old printed copies; Aſhmole MS. 38, art. 10 (where it is called *The Amourous Fly*); Aſhmole MS. 47, art. 35; Mr. Huth's "Scattergood" MS. (where it is called ſimply *An Elegie on a Flie*); Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 2 (where the title is: *Vppon a fly drownd in a Ladyes eye*); Rawl. MS. 34 (with a few trivial variations). "Cleveland has cloſely imitated this poem in one with the ſame title. See *Poems*, ed. 1659, p. 126."—F. Haſlewood collated the lines with two early MSS. but the variations are chiefly literal or mere tranſpoſitions of words.

I SAW fayre Celia walk alone
When feathered rayne came gently downe,
And Joue deſcended from her bower
To court her in a ſilver ſhower:
The wanton ſnow flew in her breaſt
Like prettye byrdes into theyr neſt,
But ouercome w^th^ whitenes thare
For greyf ytt thawd into a teare;
Whence falling on her garments hem
To decke her freezd into a gem.[1]

On a Lady [Celia] singing to her Lute in Arundell Garden.

Song.[2]

MARKE, how my Celia with the choyce
Muſique of her hand and voyce
Stills the loude wind, and makes the wilde
Enraged Boare and Panther milde.

---

[1] MS. Aſhmole 38, art. 11. In *Witts Recreations*, 1640, it is printed with *Chloris* ſubſtituted for *Celia*. In the MS. it is unſigned, and follows immediately *The Amouroufe fly*. Printed in *Pieces of Ancient Poetry*, 1814, by Fry, and (under the ſuppoſition that it was in Herrick's ſtyle) in my edit. of that writer, 1869, ii. 485. After all, it may be Carew's.

[2] Old printed copies; Aſhmole MS. 36, art. 65; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 10; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 42; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 27. The printed editions have merely this heading: *Song. Cælia Singing.* In the Aſhmole copy the lines are entitled: "Upon Cœlia ſinging in y^e^ *vault* at York-howſe;" and in Coſens MS. B. obl. 8vo. it runs: *On her ſinging in y^e^ Gallery at Yorke-houſe.* In Addit. MS. 11811 and 22118, the heading is: *On a Lady ſinging to her Lute in Arundell garden*, as above. The internal evidence is in favour of this being the correct ſuperſcription.

Marke how thoſe ſtatues like men move,
Whilſt men with wonder ſtatues prove.
This ſtiffe rock bends to worſhip her:
The idoll turnes idolater.
Now, ſee how all the new inſpir'd
Images with love are fir'd!
Harke how the tender marble grones,
And all the late transformed ſtones
Court the faire nymph with many a teare,
Which ſhe (more ſtony than they were)
Beholds with unrelenting mind;
Whilſt they, amaz'd to ſee combin'd
Such matchleſſe beautie with diſdaine,
Are turned into ſtone againe.

CELIA SINGING.

Song.

YOU that thinke love can convey
No other way
But through the eyes into the heart
His fatall dart,
Cloſe up thoſe caſements, and but heare
This ſyren ſing;
And on the wing
Of her ſweet voyce it ſhall appeare
That love can enter at the eare:
Then unvaile your eyes: behold
The curious mould

Where that voyce dwels, and as we know,
When the cocks crow,
We freely may
Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the muſiques done,
Awake and ſee the riſing ſun.

To One that desired to know my Mistris.[1]

Song.

SEEKE not to know my love, for ſhee
Hath vow'd her conſtant faith to me;
Her milde aſpects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a ſtormy brow;
For if her beautie ſtirre deſire
In me, her kiſſes quench the fire;

Or I can to Loves fountaine goe,
Or dwell upon her hills of ſnow;
But when thou burn'ſt, ſhe ſhall not ſpare
One gentle breath to coole the ayre.
Thou ſhalt not climbe thoſe Alpes, nor ſpye
Where the ſweet ſprings of Venus lye.

Search hidden Nature, and there find
A treaſure to inrich thy mind;
Diſcover arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my Miſtris live conceal'd;
Though men by knowledge wiſer grow,
Yet here 'tis wiſdome not to know.

---

[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed *To a gent. curious to know his Mr̃is.*); Aſhm. MS. 38, art. 238.

In the Person of a Lady to her Inconstant Servant.[1]

WHEN on the altar of my hand
(Bedeaw'd with many a kiſſe and teare)
Thy now revolted heart did ſtand
An humble martyr, thou didſt ſweare
Thus; (and the God of Love did heare,)
By thoſe bright glances of thine eye,
Unleſſe thou pitty me, I dye.

When firſt thoſe perjur'd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blaſting ſighes, did ſeale
Their violated faith on mine,
From the ſoft boſome that did heale
Thee thou my melting heart didſt ſteale;
My ſoule, enflam'd with thy falſe breath,
Poyſon'd with kiſſes, ſuckt in death.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
Revenge or mercy to procure
From the offended God of Love;
My curſe is fatall, and my pure
Love ſhall beyond thy ſcorne endure.
If I implore the Gods, they'le find
Thee too ingratefull, me too kind.

---

[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4 (where it is headed *To her Inconſtant friend*); Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, p. 9 (with the muſic).

Truce in Love entreated.[1]

NO more, blind God, for ſee my heart
Is made thy quiver, where remaines
No voyd place for another dart;
And, alas! that conqueſt gaines
Small praiſe, that only brings away
A tame and unreſiſting prey.

Behold! a nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weak artillerie,
That hath thy bow and quiver charm'd:
A rebell beautie, conquering Thee;
If thou dar'ſt equall combat try,
Wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

To my Rivall.[2]

HENCE, vaine intruder, haſt away,
Waſh not with thy unhallowed brine
The footſteps of my Celia's ſhrine;
Nor on her purer altars lay
Thy empty words: accents that may
Some looſer dame to love encline;
She muſt have offerings more divine;

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[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4 *verſo*.

[2] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (firſt four lines only); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4 *verſo*. There is an imitation in *Holborn-Drollery*, 1673, p. 33.

Such pearlie drops, as youthfull May
Scatters before the riſing day;
  Such ſmooth ſoft language, as each line
Might ſtroake[1] an angry God, or ſtay
  Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine
With envie; doe this, thou ſhalt be
Servant to her, rivall to me.

Boldnesse in Love.[2]

MARKE how the baſhfull morne in vaine
Court[e]s the amorous Marigold
With ſighing blaſts and weeping raine;
Yet ſhe refuſes to unfold.
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerfull ray,
Then ſhe ſpreads, then ſhe receives
His warmer beames into her virgin leaves.

So ſhalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If thy teares and ſighes diſcover
Thy griefe, thou never ſhalt enjoy
The juſt reward of a bold lover.
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt conſtant faith and ſervice vow,
Thy Celia ſhall receive thoſe charmes
With open eares and with unfolded armes.

---

[1] An ancient word for *pacify*.—D.

[2] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed *The Marygold*).

Compare with this little piece the *Sunflower and the Ivy* in Langhorne's *Fables of Flora*, wherein he ſeems to have imitated it.—F. But this reſemblance is pointed out in edit. 1772.

A Pastorall Dialogue.[1]

Celia. Cleon.

AS Celia reſted in the ſhade
With Cleon by her ſide;
The ſwaine thus courted the yong mayd,
And thus the nymph replide:

Cl. Sweet! let thy captive fetters weare
Made of thine armes and hands,
Till ſuch, as thraldome ſcorne or feare,
Envie thoſe happy bands.

Ce. Then thus my willing armes I winde
About thee, and am ſo
Thy priſ'ner; for myſelfe I bind,
Untill I let thee goe.

Cl. Happy that ſlave whom the faire foe
Tyes in ſo ſoft a chaine.
Ce. Farre happier I, but that I know
Thou wilt breake looſe againe.

Cl. By thy immortall beauties, never!
Ce. Fraile as thy love 's thine oath.
Cl. Though beautie fade, my love laſts ever.
Ce. Time will deſtroy them both.

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[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 5; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, p. 5 (with the muſic).

That the reader may not be ſurpriſed at our author's having entitled this piece a Paſtoral Dialogue, in which we do not find even the moſt diſtant alluſion drawn from paſtoral life, it may be neceſſary to inform him, that it was a prevailing cuſtom in our author's time to ſtyle almoſt every poetical dialogue, of which Love was the ſubject, paſtoral. Moſt of the wits of Charles's court left propriety to be ſtudied by the following age.—D.

Cl. I dote not on that ſnow-white ſkin.
Ce. What then? *Cl.* Thy purer mind.
Ce. It lov'd too ſoone. *Cl.* Thou hadſt not bin
So faire, if not ſo kind.

Ce. Oh, ſtrange vaine fancie! *Cl.* But yet true.
Ce. Prove it. *Cl.* Then make a brade
Of thoſe looſe flames that circle you,
My ſunnes, and yet your ſhade.

Ce. 'Tis done. *Cl.* Now give it me. *Ce.* Thus thou
Shalt thine owne errour find;
If theſe were beauties, I am now
Leſſe faire, becauſe more kind.

Cl. You ſhall confeſſe you erre; that haire
Shall it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden mountaine bare?
Ce. Aye me! it is too true.

Cl. But this ſmall wreathe ſhall ever ſtay
In its firſt native prime,
And ſmiling when the reſt decay,
The triumph ſing of time.

Ce. Then let me cut from thy faire grove
One branch, and let that be
An embleme of eternall love;
For ſuch is mine to thee.

Both. Thus are we both redeem'd from time;
Cl. I by thy grace. *Ce.* And I
Shall live in thy immortall rime,
Untill the Muſes dye.

Cl. By heaven! *Ce.* Sweare not; if I muſt weepe,
Jove ſhall not ſmile at me;
This kiſſe, my heart, and thy faith keepe.
Cl. This breathes my ſoule to thee.

Then forth the thicket Thirſis ruſht,
Where he ſaw all the play:
The ſwaine ſtood ſtill, and ſmil'd, and bluſht;
The nymph fled faſt away.

GRIEFE INGROST.

WHEREFORE doe thy ſad numbers flow
So full of woe?
Why doſt thou melt in ſuch ſoft ſtraines,
Whilſt ſhe diſdaines?
If ſhe muſt ſtill denie,
Weepe not, but dye;
And in thy funerall fire,
Shall all her fame expire.
Thus both ſhall periſh; and as thou on thy hearſe
Shall want her teares, ſo ſhe ſhall want thy verſe.
Repine not then at thy bleſt ſtate;
Thou art above thy fate.
But my faire Celia will not give
Long enough to make me live;
Nor yet dart from her eye
Scorne enough to make me dye.
Then let me weepe alone, till her kind breath,
Or blow my teares away, or ſpeake my death.[1]

[1] Compare p. 7 *ſupra*, where an imperfect copy of theſe lines has been given from a MS.

A Pastorall Dialogue.[1]

SHEPHERD. NYMPH. CHORUS.

Shepherd.

THIS moſſie bank they preſt. *Ny.* That aged oak
Did canopie the happy payre
All night from the danke ayre.
Cho. Here let us ſit, and ſing the words they ſpoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shep.

See, Love, the bluſhes of the morne appeare,
And now ſhe hangs her pearlie ſtore
(Robb'd from the Eaſterne ſhore,)
I'th' cowſlips bell, and roſes rare:
Sweet, I muſt ſtay no longer here.

Nymph.

Thoſe ſtreakes of doubtfull light uſher not day,
But ſhew my ſunne muſt ſet; no moone
Shall ſhine till thou returne;
The yellow planet and the gray
Dawne ſhall attend thee on thy way.[2]

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (begins imperfectly); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 6.

"This Paſtoral Dialogue ſeems to be entirely an imitation of the ſcene between Romeo and Juliet, act iii. ſc. 7. The *time*, the *perſons*, the *ſentiments*, the *expreſſions*, are the ſame:—

'*Jul.* Your light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is ſome meteor, &c.
To light you on your way to Mantua.'"—D.

Mr. Fry alſo remarked this paralleliſm, without being aware, it ſeems, that he had been foreſtalled.

[2] Todd has already, in his excellent edition of Milton, remarked the ſimilarity between theſe two lines and *Par. Loſt*, B. vii. v. 370.—F.

Shep.

If thine eyes guild my pathes, they may forbeare
Their uſeleſſe ſhine. *Nymph.* My teares will quite
Extinguiſh their faint light.
Shep. Thoſe drops will make their beames more cleare,
Love's flames will ſhine in every teare.

Cho.

They kiſt, and wept,[1] and from their lips and eyes,
In a mixt dew of brinie ſweat,
Their joyes and ſorrowes meet;
But ſhe cryes out. *Nymph.* Shepherd, ariſe,
The ſun betrayes us elſe to ſpies.

Shep.

The winged houres flye faſt whilſt we embrace,
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion Time, and chaſe
The day for ever from this place.

Shep.

Harke! *Ny.* Aye me! ſtay. *Shep.* For ever? *Ny.* No, ariſe,
Wee muſt be gone. *Shep.* My neſt of ſpice.
Nymph. My ſoule. *Shep.* My Paradiſe.
Cho. Neither could ſay farewell, but through their eyes
Griefe interrupted ſpeach with teares ſupplyes.

---

[1] *wept and kiſt*—Wyburd MS.

[2] It is impoſſible to paſs over theſe three lines with inattention. The delicacy of the thought is equalled only by the ſimplicity of the deſcription. Thoſe ſoft ſenſations, which ariſe in lovers, when their joys and ſorrows meet, as a man of genius only can deſcribe them, ſo a man of taſte only can conceive them.—D.

Red and White Roses.[1]

READE in theſe Roſes the ſad ſtory
Of my hard fate and your owne glory;
In the White you may diſcover
The paleneſſe of a fainting lover;
In the Red, the flames ſtill feeding
On my heart with freſh wounds bleeding.
The White will tell you how I languiſh,
And the Red expreſſe my anguiſh;
The White my innocence diſplaying,
The Red my martyrdome betraying.
The frownes that on your brow reſided
Have thoſe roſes thus divided.
Oh! let your ſmiles but cleare the weather,
And then they both ſhall grow together.

To my Cousin C. R. marrying my Lady A.[2]

HAPPY youth, that ſhalt poſſeſſe
Such a ſpring-tyde of delight,
As the ſated appetite
Shall, enjoying ſuch exceſſe,
Wiſh the flood of pleaſure leſſe;
When the Hymeneall rite
Is perform'd, invoke the night,

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[1] A learned friend has informed me that this is an imitation of Bonefonius.—F.

[2] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 6 *verſo* and 7 *recto* (where it is headed merely *To my Cozen on his marriage*). *Lady A.* is forſan *Lady Altham.*

That it may in ſhadowes dreſſe
Thy too reall happineſſe;
Elſe (as Semele)[1] the bright
Deitie in her full might
May thy feeble ſoule oppreſſe.
Strong perfumes and glaring light
Oft deſtroy both ſmell and ſight.

A Lover upon an Accident necessitating his departure consults with Reason.[2]

Lover.

WEEPE not, nor backward turne your beames,
Fond eyes: ſad ſighes, locke in your breath,
Left on this wind or in thoſe ſtreames
My griev'd ſoule flye, or ſayle to death:
Fortune deſtroys me if I ſtay,
Love kills me if I goe away;
Since Love and Fortune both are blind,
Come, Reaſon, and reſolve my doubtfull mind.

Reaſon.

Flye, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And 'gainſt the blinder God rebell,
Thy love-ſick heart ſhall not reſide
Where ſcorne and ſelfe-will'd error dwell;

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[1] When Jupiter deſcended from heaven to Semele, ſhe was dazzled and overpowered by the ſplendour of his divinity.—D.

[2] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 19; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1655, p. 30 (with the muſic). Lawes calls it *A Dialogue betwene a Lover and Reaſon.*

Where entrance unto Truth is barr'd;
Where Love and Faith find no reward;
For my juſt hand may ſometime move
The wheele of Fortune, not the ſpheare of Love.
Flye, &c.

PARTING, CELIA WEEPES.[1]

WEEPE not, my deare, for I ſhall goe
Loaden enough with mine owne woe;
Adde not thy heavineſſe to mine;
Since fate our pleaſures muſt disjoyne,
Why ſhould our ſorrowes meet? if I
Muſt goe, and loſe thy company,
I wiſh not theirs; it ſhall relieve
My griefe, to thinke thou doſt not grieve.
Yet grieve, and weepe, that I may beare
Every ſigh and every teare
Away with me, ſo ſhall thy breſt
And eyes diſcharg'd enjoy their reſt:
And it will glad my heart to ſee,
Thou art thus loath to part with me.

A RAPTURE.[2]

I WILL enjoy thee now, my Celia, come
And flye with me to loves Elizium;
The gyant Honour, that keepes cowards out,
Is but a maſquer, and the ſervile rout

[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 19.

[2] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6057, folios 1-4; Aſhmole MS. 36, art. 197; Aſhmole MS. 38, art. 82; Coſens MS. B. obl. 8vo.

In Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 125, a poem with a ſimilar title occurs anonymouſly. It commences:—

Of baſer ſubjects onely bend in vaine
To the vaſt idoll, whilſt the nobler traine
Of valiant lovers daily ſayle betweene
The huge Coloſſvs legs, and paſſe unſeene
Unto the bliſsful ſhore; be bold and wiſe,
And we ſhall enter; the grim Swiſſe denies
Only tame fooles a paſſage, that not know
He is but forme, and onely frights in ſhow.
Lett thy dull eyes that looke from farre, draw neere,
And thou ſhalt ſcorne what we were wont to feare.
We ſhall ſee how the ſtalking pageant goes
With borrowed legs, a heavie load to thoſe
That made, and beare him; not, as we once thought,
The ſeed of Gods, but a weake modell wrought
By greedy men, that ſeeke t' encloſe the common,
And within private armes empale free woman.
Come, then, and mounted on the wings of love
Wee'le cut the fleeting ayre, and ſoare above
The monſter's head, and in the nobleſt ſeate
Of thoſe bleſt ſhades quench and renew our heate.
There ſhall the Queens of Love and Innocence,
Beautie and Nature, baniſh all offence
From our cloſe twinings; there I will behold
Thy bared ſnow and thy unbraided gold;
There my enfranchiz'd hand on every ſide
Shall o're thy naked poliſh'd ivory ſlide.

" Solicit not my chaſter eyes "—

This poem contains looſer ſentiments than any other part of Carew's works. The chaſtity which generally characterizes our poet's muſe induces us therefore to believe, that it was written rather to prove his abilities than to pleaſe his heart. It might have been the child of one of thoſe poetical dreams, when poets fancy much more than they ever felt; and, indeed, the title he has given to it ſeems to imply, that it was written when the fancy had got the ſtart of the judgment.—D. The MSS. vary a good deal, but not for the better, from the printed copies.

No curtaine, though of moſte tranſparent lawne,
Shall be before thy virgin-treaſure drawne;
But the rich mine, to the enquiring eye
Expos'd, ſhall ready ſtill for mintage lye,
And we will coyne young Cupids. There a bed
Of roſes and freſh myrtles ſhall be ſpread
Under the cooler ſhade of cypreſſe groves;
Our pillowes, of the downe of Venus doves,
Whereon our panting limmes wee'le gently lay
In the faint reſpites of our active play;
That ſo our ſlumbers may in dreams have leiſure
To tell the nimble fancie our paſt pleaſure;
And ſo our ſoules that cannot be embrac'd,
Shall the embraces of our bodyes taſte.
Meanwhile the babbling ſtreame ſhall court the ſhore;
Th' enamour'd chirping wood-quire ſhall adore
In varied tunes the Deitie of Love;
The gentle blaſts of weſterne wind ſhall move
The trembling leaves, and through their cloſe boughs breath
Still muſick, whilſt we reſt ourſelves beneath
Their dancing ſhade; till a ſoft murmur, ſent
From ſoules entranc'd in amorous languiſhment,
Rouze us, and ſhoot into our veines freſh fire,
Till we in their ſweet extaſie expire.
  Then, as the empty bee, that lately bore
Into the common treaſure all her ſtore,
Flyes 'bout the painted fields with nimble wing,
Deflowring the freſh virgins of the ſpring—
So will I rifle all the ſweets that dwell
In thie delicious paradiſe, and ſwell
My bagge with honey, drawne forth by the power
Of fervent kiſſes from each ſpicie flower.
I'le ſeize the roſe-buds in their perfum'd bed,
The violet knots, like curious mazes ſpread
O're all the garden; taſte the rip'ned cherry,
The warme firme apple, tipt with corall berry;

Then will I viſit with a wand'ring kiſſe
The vale of lillies and the bower of bliſſe;
And where the beauteous region doth divide
Into two milkie wayes, my lips ſhall ſlide
Downe thoſe ſmooth allies, wearing as they goe
A tracke for lovers on the printed ſnow;
Thence climbing o're the ſwelling Appenine,
Retire into the grove of eglantine;
Where I will all thoſe raviſht ſweets diſtill
Through loves alimbique, and with chimmique ſkill
From the mixt maſſe one ſoveraigne balme derive,
Then bring the great Elixir to thy hive.
Now in more ſubtile wreathes I will entwine
My ſinowie thighes, my legs and armes, with thine;
Thou like a ſea of milke ſhall lye diſplay'd,
Whilſt I the ſmooth calme ocean invade
With ſuch a tempeſt, as when Jove of old
Fell downe on Danae in a ſtorme of gold;
Yet my tall pine ſhall in the Cyprian ſtraight
Ride ſafe at anchor, and unlade her fraight;
My rudder with thy bold hand, like a tryde
And ſkilfull pilot, thou ſhalt ſteere, and guide
My bark into Loves channell, where it ſhall
Dance, as the bounding waves doe riſe or fall.
Then ſhall thy circling armes embrace and clip
My naked bodie, and thy balmie lip
Bathe me in juyce of kiſſes, whoſe perfume
Like a religious incenſe ſhall conſume,
And ſend up holy vapours to thoſe powers
That bleſſe our loves, and crowne our happy howers.
That with ſuch halcion calmeneſſe fix our ſoules
In ſtedfaſt peace, that no affright controules.
There no rude ſounds ſhake us with ſudden ſtarts;
No jealous eares, when we unrip our hearts,
Sucke our diſcourſe in; no obſerving ſpies
This bluſh, that glance traduce; no envious eyes

Watch our cloſe meetings; nor are we betray'd
To rivals by the bribed chambermaid.
No wedlock bonds untwiſt our wreathed loves;
We ſeeke no midnight arbors nor darke groves
To hide our kiſſes; there the hated name
Of huſband, wife: chaſt, modeſt: luſt and ſhame:
Are vaine and empty words, whoſe very ſound
Was never heard in the Elizian ground.
All things are lawfull there that may delight
Nature or unreſtrained appetite;
Like and enjoy, the will and act is one;
We only ſinne when Loves rites are not done.
The Roman Lucrece there reads the divine
Lectures of Love's great maſter Aretine,
And knowes as well as Lais how to move
Her plyant body in the act of love.
To quench the burning raviſher, ſhe hurles
Her limbs into a thouſand winding curles,
And ſtudies artfull poſtures, ſuch as be
Carv'd on the barke of every neighbouring tree
By learned hands, that ſo adorn'd the rinde
Of thoſe faire plants which, as they lay entwinde,
Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian dame,
That in her endleſſe webb toyl'd for a name
As fruitleſſe as her worke, doth now diſplay
Herſelfe before the Youth of Ithaca,
And th' amorous ſport of gameſome nights prefer
Before dull dreames of the loſt traveller.
Daphne hath broke her barke, and that ſwift foot,
Which th' angry Gods had faſt'ned with a root
To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run
To meet th' embraces of the youthfull Sun;
She hangs upon him, like his Delphique lyre:
Her kiſſes blow the old, and breath new, fire;
Full of her God, ſhe ſings inſpired layes,
Sweet odes of love, ſuch as deſerve the bayes,

Which ſhe herſelfe was. Next her, Laura lyes
In Petrarch's learned armes, drying thoſe eyes
That did in ſuch ſweet ſmooth-pac'd numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
Theſe, and ten thouſand beauties more, that dy'de
Slave to the tyrant, now enlarg'd deride
His cancell'd lawes, and for their time miſpent
Pay into Love's Exchequer double rent.
Come then, my Celia, wee'le no more forbeare
To taſte our joyes, ſtruck with a pannique feare,
But will depoſe from his imperious ſway
This proud uſurper, and walke free as they,
With necks unyoak'd; nor is it juſt that hee
Should fetter your ſoft ſex with chaſtitie,
Which Nature made unapt for abſtinence;
When yet this falſe impoſtor can diſpence
With humane juſtice and with ſacred right,
And (maugre both their lawes) command me fight
With rivals and with emulous loves, that dare
Equall with thine their miſtreſſe eyes or haire.
If thou complain'ſt of wrong, and call my ſword
To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill, or elſe he brands
With markes of infamie my coward hands:
And yet religion bids from blood-ſhed flye,
And damns me for that act. Then tell me why
This goblin Honour, which the world adores,
Should make men atheiſts, and not women whores.

Ode.[1]

CHILLIS, though thy powerfull charms
Have forced me from my Celia's armes,
A ſure defence againſt all powers
But thoſe reſiſtleſs eyes of yours,
Think not your conqueſt to maintaine
By rigour or unjuſt diſdaine;
In vaine, faire nimph, in vaine you ſtrive,
For love doth ſeldome hope ſurvive.

The Mournfull Partynge of two Lovers caused by the disproportion of estates.[2]

MY once deare loue, hapleſſe that I no more
Muſt call the[e] ſoe, the rich affection's ſtore
That fedd our hopes lies nowe exhauſt & ſpent,
Like ſom̃es of treaſure vnto banquerovts lent.
Wee that didd nothing ſtuddy but the way
To loue each other: with which thoughts the day
Roſe with delights to vs, and with them ſett.
Muſt learne the hatefull art howe to forgett.
Wee, that did nothing wiſh that heauen might giue
Beyond ourſelves, nor did deſire to live
Beyond that night: all theis nowe cancell muſt,
As is not writt in faith, but woords & duſt.
But witneſſe thoſe cleere vowes which lovers make:
Witneſſe the chaſt deſires that never breake
Into vnrulie heates: witnes that breaſt

[1] Aſhmole MS. 36, art. 198. Not in the editions. In the MS. cited it immediately ſucceeds *The Rapture.*

[2] Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 6 *verſo* and 7 *recto.* Not in the editions. The lines are ſubſcribed *T. Car.* by the copyiſt. The text has been given with ſcrupulous accuracy, but it is by no means free from obſcurities.

Which in thy boſome anchorde his whole neſt,
Tis noe defaulte in vs; I dare acquite
Thy maiden faith, thy purpoſe faire & white
As thy pure ſelfe. Cloſe planetts did conſpire
Our ſweete felicity and harts deſire
Faſter then vowes could binde, ſo that the ſtarre
(When lovers meete) ſhould ſtande oppos'd in warre.
Since then ſome higher deſtiñies cõand,
Lett vs not ſtirre or labour to withſtand
What is paſt helpe: the longeſt date of grefe
Can never yeild a hope of our releife.
And though we waſte our ſelves in moiſt laments,
Teares may drown vs, but not our diſcontents.
Fould back our armes, take honnors fruitleſſe loues
That muſt newe fortunes trie; like turtle-doues
Diſlodged from their haunt, wee muſt in teares
Vnwinde our loues knitt vpp in many yeares.
In this laſte kiſſe I heere ſurrender thee
Backe to thy ſelfe. Loe, thou againe art free:
Thou in another, ſad as that, reſign'd
The trueſt harte that lover ere did bind.
Nowe turne from each ſoe farr our ſeverd hartes,
As the divorſt ſoule from the bodie partes.

A Health to his Mistresse.[1]

TO her, whoſe beauty doth excell
Stories, wee toſſe theis cupps, and fill
Sobrietie, a ſacrifice
To the bright luſtre of her eyes.
Each ſoule that ſipps this is divine:
Her beauty deifies the wine.

[1] Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 7 *verſo*. Not in the editions. Subſcribed *Th. Car.* In *Wits Interpreter*, by John Cotgrave, 1655, p. 42, it occurs anonymouſly. The Harl. MS. calls it a *Charme for my miſtreſſe*.

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villers.

THE Lady Mary Villers lyes
Under this ſtone; with weeping eyes
The parents that firſt gave her birth,
And their ſad friends, lay'd her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Knowne unto thee, ſhed a teare;
Or if thyſelfe poſſeſſe a gemme,
As deare to thee, as this to them;
Though a ſtranger to this place,
Bewayle in theirs thine owne hard caſe;
For thou, perhaps, at thy returne
Mayeſt find thy darling in an urne.

Another.

THE pureſt ſoule that e're was ſent
Into a clayie tenement
Inform'd this duſt; but the weake mould
Could the great gueſt no longer hold;
The ſubſtance was too pure, the frame
Too glorious that thither came;
Ten thouſand Cupids brought along
A Grace on each wing, that did throng
For place there, till they all oppreſt
The ſeat in which they ſought to reſt;
So the faire modell broke for want
Of roome to lodge th' Inhabitant.

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[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20.

ANOTHER.[1]

THIS little vault, this narrow roome,
Of love and beautie is the tombe;
The dawning beame, that 'gan to cleare
Our clouded ſkie, lyes dark'ned here,
For ever ſet to us; by death
Sent to inflame the world beneath.[2]
'Twas but a bud, yet did containe
More ſweetneſſe than ſhall ſpring againe;
A budding ſtarre, that might have growne
Into a ſun, when it had blowne.
This hopefull beautie did create
New life in love's declining ſtate;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free;
His brand, his bow, let no man feare:
The flames, the arrowes, all lye here.

EPITAPH ON LADY S[ALTER] WIFE TO SIR W. S[ALTER].[3]

THE harmony of colours, features, grace,
Reſulting ayres (the magicke of a face)
Of muſicall ſweet tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one ſoveraigne beauty, lies confin'd
To this darke vault. Shee was a cabinet
Where all the choyſeſt ſtones of price were ſet:

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[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20-1.

[2] Politeneſs, as well as charity, muſt incline us to believe, that the bard alludes in this expreſſion to the heathen mythology, and that by the words "world beneath" he meant the Elyſium of the Ancients.—D.

[3] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where the heading, by a blunder of the tranſcriber, is *An Epitaph on the Lady Pſalter*); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20 (where it is headed merely *An Epitaph on a Lady*).

Whoſe native colours and pure luſtre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazling ornament;
Whoſe rare and hidden vertues did expreſſe
Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dreſſe.
The conſtant diamond, the wiſe chryſolite,
The devout ſaphyre, emrauld apt to write
Records of memory, cheerefull agat, grave
And ſerious onyx, topas, that doth ſave
The braine's calme temper, witty amathiſt:
This precious quarrie, or what elſe the liſt
On Aaron's ephod planted had, ſhee wore;
One only pearle was wanting to her ſtore,
Which in her Saviour's book ſhe found expreſt;
To purchaſe that ſhe ſold Death all the reſt.

The Inscription on the Tombe of the Lady Mary Wentworth.

MARIA WENTWORTH ILLUSTRISSIMI THOMÆ COMITIS CLEVELAND FILIA PRÆ MORTUÆ PRIMA ANIMAM VIRGINEAM EXHALAUT: JANU: ANNO DOMINI 1632. ÆTATIS SUÆ 18.[1]

LOE here the precious duſt is layd,
Whoſe purely-temper'd clay was made
So fine, that it the gueſt betray'd.

[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (by which the heading has been corrected and completed); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20. "She was the eldeſt daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth (fourth Lady Wentworth), who was afterwards (7 Feb. 1625-6) raiſed to the title of Cleveland, and to ſeveral important dignities in the State, by the intereſt of Archbiſhop Laud."—D.

Elſe the ſoule grew ſo faſt within,
It broke the outward ſhell of ſinne,
And ſo was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height, it ſoar'd to God above;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And ſpread in breadth to generall love.

Before a pious duty ſhin'd
To parents, courteſie behind:
On either ſide an equall mind.

Good to the poore, to kindred deare,
To ſervants kind, to friendſhip cleare,
To nothing but her ſelfe ſevere.

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, ſhe juſtifi'd
A chaſte poligamie, and dy'd.

Learne from hence, reader, what ſmall truſt
We owe this world, where vertue muſt,
Fraile as our fleſh, crumble to duſt.

The Inscription on the Tombe of the Duke of Buckingham.

BEATISSIMIS MANIBUS CHARISSIMI VIRI ILLUSTRISSIMA
CONIUX MOERENS SIC PARENTAVIT.[1]

WHEN in the brazen leaves of fame
The life, the death, of Buckingham
Shall be recorded, if truth's hand
Incize the ſtory of our land,
Poſteritie ſhall ſee a faire
Structure, by the ſtudious care
Of two kings rayſ'd, that did no leſſe
Their wiſdom than their power expreſſe.
By blinded zeale (whoſe doubtfull light
Made murder's ſcarlet robe ſeeme white:
Whoſe vain-deluding phantomes charm'd
A cloudy ſullen ſoule, and arm'd
A deſperate hand, thirſtie of blood.)
Torne from the faire earth where it ſtood,
So the majeſtique fabrique fell.
His actions let our Annals tell;
Wee write no Chronicle; this pile
Weares onely ſorrowe's face and ſtile,

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (from which the heading has been adopted); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20-1 (where the lines are ſimply entitled: *On the Duke of Buckingham*). "This was George Villiers, the firſt Duke of Buckingham, who was introduced to the court of James I. as his favourite; and afterwards, in the reign of Charles I., aſcended to the higheſt dignities. He was the admiration and terror of his time."—D.

Which even the envie that did waite
Upon his flouriſhing eſtate,
Turn'd to ſoft pitty of his death,
Now payes his hearſe; but that cheape breath
Shall not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
Puddle thoſe ſtreames that bathe this ſhrine.
  Theſe are the pious obſequies,
Drop'd from his chaſt wife's pregnant eyes
In frequent ſhowres, and were alone
By her congealing ſighes made ſtone,
On which the carver did beſtow
Theſe formes and characters of woe;
So he the faſhion onely lent,
Whilſt ſhe wept all the monument.[1]

The other Inscription on the same Tombe.[2]

SISTE HOSPES, SIVE INDIGENA, SIVE ADVENA, VICISSITUDINIS

RERUM MEMOR, PAUCA PELLEGE.

READER, when theſe dumbe ſtones have told
In borrowed ſpeach what gueſt they hold,
Thou ſhalt confeſſe the vaine purſuit
Of humane glory yeelds no fruit,
But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could conſtant happineſſe create,

[1] This little poem is not deſtitute of ſome pathetic touches, expreſſive of the illuſtrious lady's grief, who is ſuppoſed to utter them; but the eight concluding lines, inſtead of being the mournful monody of a widow, degrade it into the wretched conceit of a poetaſter. But this was the fuſtian of the times.—D.

[2] *Ubi ſupr.* The heading in Mr. Wyburd's MS., omits the word *pauca*, and the poem is a mere fragment there. In Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 21, the heading is merely: *An Epitaph on the Duke of Buckingham.*

Her miniſters, fortune and worth
Had here that myracle brought forth;
They fix'd this child of honour where
No roome was left for hope or feare,
Of more or leſſe; ſo high, ſo great
His growth was, yet ſo ſafe his ſeate.
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyall heart and ends;
Safe in his native valiant ſpirit;
By favour ſafe, and ſafe by merit;
Safe by the ſtampe of Nature, which
Did ſtrength with ſhape and grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerefull curteſies
Of flowing geſtures, ſpeach and eyes;
Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than ſtore.
Yet, though for vertue he becomes
Involv'd himſelfe in borrowed ſummes,
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpay'd.
  But though the ſtarres conſpire to ſhower
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aſpects muſt other breſts inſpire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darlings life.
Who can be happy then, if Nature muſt,
To make one happy man, make all men juſt?

Foure Songs, by way of Chorus to a Play,

At an Entertainment of the King and Queene, by my Lord Chamberlaine:

The First of Jealousie. Dialogue.[1]

Queſtion.

FROM whence was firſt this furie hurl'd,
This Jealouſie into the world?
Came ſhe from hell? *Ans.* No, there doth raigne
Eternall hatred, with diſdaine;
But ſhe the daughter is of Love,
Siſter of Beauty. *Reply.* Then above
She muſt derive from the third ſpheare
Her heavenly offspring. *Ans.* Neither there,

[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS (where it is merely headed *A chorus of iealouſie*); Harl. MS. 6917 (where this and the other three Songs which follow occur, with a general title as above and in the old edits.). "Theſe entertainments were frequent in Charles's court, and had always attached to them a muſical interlude or ſome ſumptuous piece of pageantry. On one of theſe occaſions the preſent Songs were compoſed. They are written in imitation of the ancient manner."—D. Mr. Yeowell writing in *Notes and Queries*, (2nd Series, vi. 52) remarks: "This ſong is in [Thomas] Killigrew's tragi-comedy *Cicilia and Clorinda*, part ii. [written abroad in 1651], act v. ſc. 2. Immediately after the ſong is the following note by Killigrew: 'This chorus was written by Mr. Thomas Carew, cupbearer to Charles I., and ſung in a maſque at Whitehall, anno 1633. And I preſume to make uſe of it here, becauſe in the firſt deſign, 'twas writ at my requeſt upon a diſpute held betwixt miſtres Cecilia Crofts and myſelf, where he was preſent; ſhe being then maid of honour. This I have ſet down, leſt any man ſhould believe me ſo fooliſh as to ſteal ſuch a poem from ſo famous an author; or ſo vain as to pretend to the making of it myſelf: and thoſe that are not ſatisfied with this apology, and this ſong in this place, I am always ready to give them a verſe of my own. Written by Thomas Killigrew, reſident for Charles II. in Venice, 1651.'"

From thoſe immortall flames, could ſhee
Draw her cold frozen pedigree.
Queſt. If not in[1] heaven nor hell, where then
Has ſhe her birth? *Ans.* I' th' hearts of men;
Beauty and Feare did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate,
Siſter to both, by Beautie's ſide
To Love, by Feare to Hate, ally'de;
Deſpayre her iſſue is, whoſe race
Of fruitfull miſchiefes drownes the ſpace
Of the wide earth in a ſwolne flood
Of wrath, revenge, ſpight, rage and blood.
Ques. Ah how can ſuch a ſpurious line
Proceed from parents ſo divine?
Ans. As ſtreames, which from their cryſtall ſpring
Doe ſweet and cleare their waters bring,
Yet, mingling with the brackiſh maine,
Nor taſte nor colour they retaine.
Ques. Yet rivers 'twixt their own bankes flow
Still freſh; can jealouſie doe ſo?
Ans. Yes, whilſt ſhee keepes the ſtedfaſt ground
Of Hope and Feare, her equall bound,
Hope ſprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Towards the faire object doth advance;
Whilſt Feare, as watchfull ſentinell,
Doth the invading foe repell;
And Jealouſie thus mixt doth prove
The ſeaſon and the ſalt of love;
But when Feare takes a larger ſcope,
Stifling the child of Reaſon, Hope,
Then ſitting on the' uſurped throne,
She like a tyrant rules alone,
As the wilde ocean unconfin'de,
And raging as the northern winde.

[1] Ed. 1640, and Harl. MS.—*from*.

II. Feminine Honour.[1]

IN what eſteeme did the Gods hold
Faire Innocence and the chaſte bed,
When ſandall'd vertue might be bold
Bare-foot upon ſharpe cultures ſpread
O're burning coles to march, yet feele
Nor ſcorching fire, nor piercing ſteele?[2]

Why, when the hard edg'd iron did turne
Soft as a bed of roſes blowne,
When cruell flames forgot to burne
Their chaſte pure limbes, ſhould man alone
'Gainſt female innocence conſpire,
Harder than ſteele, fiercer than fire?

Oh hapleſſe ſex! Unequall ſway
Of partiall honour! Who may know
Rebels from ſubjects that obey,
When malice can on veſtals throw
Diſgrace, and fame fixe high repute
On the cloſe ſhameleſſe proſtitute?

Vaine honour! thou art but diſguiſe,
A cheating voyce, a jugling art;
No judge of vertue, whoſe pure eyes
Court her owne image in the heart,
More pleaſ'd with her true figure there,
Than her falſe eccho in the eare.

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed: *Of femall honour betraid*); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 21.

[2] This alludes to the ancient Ordeal by Fire, a method by which accuſed perſons undertook to prove their Innocence, by walking blindfold and bare-foot over nine red-hot Ploughſhares or Pieces of Iron, placed at unequal diſtances. This barbarous cuſtom began before the Conqueſt, and continued till the time of Henry III.—D.

III. Separation of Lovers.[1]

STOP the chafed bore, or play
With the lyon's paw, yet feare
From the lover's ſide to teare
Th' idoll of his ſoule away.

Though love enter by the ſight
To the heart, it doth not flye
From the mind, when from the eye
The faire objects take their flight.

But ſince want provokes deſire,
When we loſe what wee before
Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
So is love more ſet on fire.

Love doth with an hungrie eye
Glut on beautie, and you may
Safer ſnatch the tyger's prey,
Than his vitall food deny.

Yet though abſence for a ſpace
Sharpen the keene appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All love's characters efface.

For the ſenſe, not fed, denies
Nouriſhment unto the minde
Which with expectation pinde,
Love of a conſumption dyes.

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 22.

IV. Incommunicabilitie of Love.[1]

Queſt.

BY what power was love confinde
To one object? Who can binde,
Or fix a limit to the free-borne minde?

Ans. Nature; for as bodyes may
Move at once but in one way,
So nor can mindes to more than one love ſtray.

Reply. Yet I feele a double ſmart,
Love's twinn'd-flame, his forked dart.
Ans. Then hath wilde luſt, not love, poſſeſt thy heart.

Qu. Whence ſprings love? *Ans.* From beauty. *Qu.* Why
Should th' effect not multiply
As faſt i' th' heart, as doth the cauſe i' th' eye?

Ans. When two beauties equall are,
Senſe preferring neither fayre,
Deſire ſtands ſtill, diſtracted 'twixt the paire.

So in equall diſtance lay
Two fayre lambes in the wolfe's way;
The hungry beaſt will ſterve e're chuſe his prey.

But where one is chiefe, the reſt
Ceaſe, and that's alone poſſeſt,
Without a rivall, monarch of the breaſt.

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 23.

Other Songs in the Play.

I. A Lover, in the Disguise of an Amazon, is dearly beloved of his Mistresse.[1]

CEASE, thou afflicted ſoule, to mourne,
Whoſe love and faith are paid with ſcorne;
For I am ſtarv'd that feele the bliſſes
Of deare embraces, ſmiles, and kiſſes
From my ſoule's idoll, yet complaine
Of equall love more than diſdaine.

Ceaſe, beautie's exile, to lament
The frozen ſhades of baniſhment,
For I in that faire boſome dwell
That is my paradiſe and hell;
Baniſht at home, at once at eaſe
In the ſafe port, and toſt on ſeas.

Ceaſe in cold jealous feares to pine,
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;
For though I hold lockt in mine armes
My life's ſole joy, a traytor's charmes
Prevaile, whilſt I may onely blame
Myſelfe, that myne owne rivall am.

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is merely headed *The Amazons Song*); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 23-4.

[II.] Another.

A Lady, rescued from Death by a Knight who in the instant leaves her, complaines thus:[1]

OH whither is my fayre ſun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat, away?
If thou repoſe in the moyſt bed
Of the Sea Queene, bring backe the day
To our darke clime, and thou ſhalt lye
Bathed in the ſea flowes from mine eye.

Upon what whirlewind didſt thou ride
Hence, yet remainſt fixt in my heart?
From me and to me, fled and ty'de?
Darke riddles of the amorous art!
Love lent thee wings to flye, ſo hee,
Unfeather'd now, muſt reſt with mee.

Helpe, helpe, brave youth: I burne, I bleed;
The cruell God with bow and brand
Purſues that life thy valour freed,
Diſarme him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou may'ſt the wilde boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is called *The Princeſs['s] Song*); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 24.

To Ben Jonson.[1]

Upon occasion of his Ode of Defiance annext to his Play of the New Inne.[2]

THIS true (deare Ben) thy juſt chaſtizing hand
Hath fixt upon the ſotted age a brand
To their ſwolne pride and empty ſcribbling due;
It can not judge, nor write, and yet 'tis true
Thy commique muſe, from the exalted line
Toucht by thy Alchymiſt, doth ſince decline
From that her zenith, and foretells a red
And bluſhing evening, when ſhe goes to bed;
Yet ſuch as ſhall outſhine the glimmering light
With which all ſtars ſhall guild the following night.
Nor thinke it much (ſince all thy eaglets may
Endure the ſunnie tryall,) if we ſay
This hath the ſtronger wing, or that doth ſhine
Trickt up in fairer plumes, ſince all are thine.
Who hath his flock of cackling geeſe compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of ſwans? or who hath dar'd

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (laſt nine lines only); Coſens MS. B. obl. 8vo.; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 12; Domeſtic Papers, Charles I. (S. T. O.) vol. 155, No. 79 (where there are many differences of orthography.

[2] In the S. T. O. copy, which appears to be autograph, the heading of this piece is: *To Ben Johnſon, vppon occaſio of his Ode to Himſelfe.* "This was the laſt of Ben Johnſon's dramatic productions, and it bore every mark of departing genius. The *New Inn* gave him more vexation than all his former pieces had done. It was exhibited at the Theatre without any ſucceſs; but a great Poet is never tired of fame; he appealed from the ſtage to the cloſet, and publiſhed his comedy, having prefixed [annexed at the end] to it an ode addreſſed to himſelf, in which he complimented his own abilities, and ſet the critics at defiance. To this ode our poet here alludes."—D.

To call thy births deform'd? but if thou bind
By Citie-Cuſtome or by Gavell-kind
In equall ſhares thy love on all thy race,
We may diſtinguiſh of their ſexe and place;
Though one hand ſhape them, and though one brain ſtrike
Soules into all, they are not all alike.
Why ſhould the follies, then, of this dull age
Draw from thy pen ſuch an immodeſt rage,
As ſeemes to blaſt thy (elſe-immortall) Bayes?
When thine owne tongue proclaimes thy ytch of praiſe.
Such thirſt will argue drouth. No, let be hurl'd
Upon thy workes by the detracting world
What malice can ſuggeſt; let the rowte ſay,
The running ſands, that (ere thou make a play)
Count the ſlow minutes, might a Goodwin[1] frame
To ſwallow when th' haſt done thy ſhipwrackt name.
Let them the deare expence of oyle upbraid,
Suckt by thy watchfull lampe, that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, ſpilt
Into thy inke, whilſt thou groweſt pale with guilt.
Repine not at the taper's thriftie waſte,
That ſleekes thy terſer poems, nor is haſte
Prayſe, but excuſe; and if thou overcome
A knottie writer, bring the bootie home;
Nor thinke it theft, if the rich ſpoyles ſo torne
From conquer'd Authors be as Trophies worne.
Let others glut on the extorted praiſe
Of vulgar breath, truſt thou to after dayes;
Thy labour'd workes ſhall live, when time devoures
Th' abortive offspring of their haſtie houres.
Thou art not of their ranke, the quarrell lyes
Within thine owne verge; then let this ſuffice—
The wiſer world doth greater thee confeſſe
Than all men elſe, than thy ſelfe onely leſſe.

[1] The Goodwin Sands.—D.

An Hymeneall Dialogue.

Bride and Groome.[1]

Groome.

TELL me, my love, ſince Hymen ty'de
The holy knot, haſt thou not felt
A new infuſed ſpirit ſlide
Into thy breſt, whilſt thine did melt?

Bride. Firſt tell me, ſweet, whoſe words were thoſe?
For though your voyce the ayre did breake,
Yet did my ſoule the ſence compoſe,
And through your lips my heart did ſpeake.

Groome. Then I perceive, when from the flame
Of love my ſcorch'd ſoule did retire,
Your frozen heart in her place came,
And ſweetly melted in that fire.

Bride. 'Tis true, for when that mutuall change
Of ſoules was made with equall gaine,
I ſtraight might feele diffus'd a ſtrange,
But gentle, heat through every veine.

Chorus. O bleſt diſiunction, that doth ſo
Our bodyes from our ſoules divide,
As two doe one, and one foure grow,
Each by contraction multiply'de.

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 25-6.

Bride. Thy boſome then I'le make my neſt,
Since there my willing ſoule doth pearch.
Grome. And for my heart, in thy chaſt breſt,
I'le make an everlaſting ſearch.
Chorus. O bleſt diſiunction, &c.

Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay.[1]

I HEARD the virgins ſigh, I ſaw the ſleeke
And poliſht courtier channell his freſh cheeke
With reall teares; the new-betrothed maid
Smil'd not that day; the graver ſenate layd
Their buſineſſe by; of all the courtly throng,
Griefe ſeal'd the heart, and ſilence bound the tongue.
I, that ne're more of private ſorrow knew
Than from my pen ſome froward miſtreſſe drew,
And for the publike woe had my dull ſenſe
So ſear'd with ever adverſe influence,
As the invader's ſword might have unfelt
Pierc'd my dead boſome, yet began to melt;
Griefe's ſtrong inſtinct did to my blood ſuggeſt
In the unknowne loſſe peculiar intereſt.
But when I heard the noble Carlil's gemme,
The fayreſt branch of Dennye's ancient ſtemme,
Was from that caſket ſtolne, from this trunke torne,
I found juſt cauſe why they, why I, ſhould mourne.
But who ſhall guide my artleſſe pen, to draw
Thoſe blooming beauties, which I never ſaw?
How ſhall poſteritie beleeve my ſtory,

[1] She was the daughter of James Hay, firſt Earl of Carliſle [of that family.] —D. He was created in 1622, and died in 1636.

If I her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper vertues, ſhall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortall ſtate?
Shall I, as once Apelles, here a feature,
There ſteale a grace, and rifling ſo whole Nature
Of all the ſweets a learned eye can ſee,
Figure one Venus, and ſay, ſuch was ſhee?
Shall I her legend fill with what of old
Hath of the worthies of her ſex beene told,
And what all pens and times to all diſpence,
Reſtraine to her by a prophetique ſence?
Or ſhall I to the morall and divine
Exacteſt lawes ſhape, by an even line,
A life ſo ſtraight, as it ſhould ſhame the ſquare
Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare,
And call it hers? ſay, ſo did ſhe begin,
And, had ſhe liv'd, ſuch had her progreſſe been?
Theſe are dull wayes, by which baſe pens for hire
Dawbe glorious vice, and from Apollo's quire
Steale holy dittyes, which prophanely they
Upon the herſe of every ſtrumpet lay.
We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd teare,
Nor ſhall thy traine borrow the blacks they weare:
Such vulgar ſpice and gums embalme not thee:
Thou art the theame of truth, not poetrie.
Thou ſhalt endure a tryall by thy peeres,
Virgins of equall birth, of equall yeares,
Whoſe vertues held with thine an emulous ſtrife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life.
One ſhall enſpheare thine eyes, another ſhall
Impearle thy teeth; a third, thy white and ſmall
Hand ſhall beſnow; a fourth, incarnadine
Thy roſie cheeke, untill each beauteous line,
Drawne by her hand, in whom that part excells,
Meet in one center, where all beautie dwells.
Others in taſke ſhall thy choyce vertues ſhare,

Some ſhall their birth, ſome their ripe growth declare.
Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds,
They ſhall relate how thou hadſt all the ſeeds
Of every vertue which, in the purſuit
Of time, muſt have brought forth admired fruit.
Thus ſhalt thou from the mouth of envy raiſe
A glorious journall of thy thrifty dayes,
Like a bright ſtarre ſhot from his ſpheare, whoſe race
In a continued line of flames we trace.
This, if ſurvay'd, ſhall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wert, thou art;
This ſhall gaine credit with ſucceeding times,
When nor by bribed pens nor partiall rimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the ſacred truth
Is ſtoried by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath ſhall ſaint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus even by rivals to be deifide.

To the Countesse of Anglesie

Upon the immoderatly-by-her-lamented Death of her Husband [1630.][1]

MADAM, men ſay you keepe with dropping eyes
Your ſorrowes freſh, wat'ring the roſe that lyes
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear lord's hearſe.
Alas! thoſe odors now no more can pierce
His cold pale noſthrill, nor the crymſon dye

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[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 24-5 (where the heading is differently arranged).

Chriſtopher Villiers, third ſon of Sir George Villiers, by Mary, Counteſs of Buckingham, was created Earl of Angleſey in 1623, and died April 3, 1630.

Preſent a gracefull bluſh to his darke eye.
Thinke you that flood of pearly moyſture hath
The vertue fabled of old Æſon's bath?
You may your beauties and your youth conſume
Over his urne, and with your ſighes perfume
The ſolitarie vault which, as you grone,
In hollow ecchoes ſhall repeate your moane;
There you may wither, and an autumne bring
Upon your ſelfe, but not call back his ſpring.
Forbeare your fruitleſſe griefe then, and let thoſe,
Whoſe love was doubted, gaine beliefe with ſhowes
To their ſuſpected faith; you, whoſe whole life
In every act crown'd you a conſtant wife,
May ſpare the practiſe of that vulgar trade,
Which ſuperſtitious cuſtome onely made;
Rather (a widow now) of wiſedome prove
The patterne, as (a wife) you were of love:
Yet, ſince you ſurfet on your griefe, 'tis fit
I tell the world upon what cates you ſit
Glutting your ſorrowes; and at once include
His ſtory, your excuſe, my gratitude.
You, that behold how yond' ſad lady blends
Thoſe aſhes with her teares, leſt, as ſhe ſpends
Her tributarie ſighes, the frequent guſt
Might ſcatter up and downe the noble duſt,
Know, when that heape of atomes was with bloud
Kneaded to ſolid fleſh, and firmely ſtood
On ſtately pillars, the rare forme might move
The froward Juno's or chaſt Cinthia's love.
In motion active grace, in reſt a calme
Attractive ſweetneſſe, brought both wound and balme
To every heart. He was compoſ'd of all
The wiſhes of ripe virgins, when they call
For Hymen's rites, and in their fancies wed
A ſhape of ſtudied beauties to their bed.
Within this curious palace dwelt a ſoule

Gave luſtre to each part, and to the whole:
This dreſt his face in curteous ſmiles, and ſo
From comely geſtures ſweeter manners flow:
This courage joyn'd to ſtrength; ſo the hand bent
Was valour's: open'd, bountie's inſtrument,
Which did the ſcale and ſword of Juſtice hold,
Knew how to brandiſh ſteele and ſcatter gold.
This taught him not to engage his modeſt tongue
In ſuites of private gaine, though publike wrong;
Nor miſemploy (as is the great man's uſe)
His credit with his maſter, to traduce,
Deprave, maligne, and ruine innocence,
In proud revenge of ſome misjudg'd offence.
But all his actions had the noble end
T' advance deſert, or grace ſome worthy friend.
He choſe not in the active ſtreame to ſwim,
Nor hunted honour, which yet hunted him;
But like a quiet eddie, that hath found
Some hollow creeke, there turnes his waters round,
And in continuall circles dances free
From the impetuous torrent; ſo did hee
Give others leave to turne the wheele of ſtate,
(Whoſe reſtleſſe motions ſpins the ſubject's fate,)
Whilſt he, retir'd from the tumultuous noyſe
Of Court and ſuitors' preſſe, apart enjoyes
Freedome and mirth, himſelfe, his time, and friends,
And with ſweet relliſh taſtes each houre he ſpends.
I could remember how his noble heart
Firſt kindled at your beauties; with what art
He chas'd his game through all oppoſing feares,
When I his ſighes to you, and back your teares
Convay'd to him; how loyall then, and how
Conſtant he prov'd ſince to his mariage vow,
So as his wand'ring eyes never drew in
One luſtfull thought to tempt his ſoule to ſinne;
But that I feare ſuch mention rather may

Kindle new griefe, than blow the old away.
Then let him reſt joyn'd to great Buckingham,
And with his brother's mingle his bright flame.
Looke up, and meet their beames, and you from thence
May chance derive a chearfull influence.
Seeke him no more in duſt, but call agen
Your ſcatter'd beauties home, and ſo the pen,
Which now I take from this ſad elegie,
Shall ſing the trophies of your conquering eye.

An Elegie upon the Death of Dr. Donne, Dean of Paul's.[1]

CAN we not force from widowed poetrie,
Now thou art dead, great Donne, one elegie,
To crowne thy hearſe? Why yet did we not truſt,
Though with unkneaded dow-bak'd proſe, thy duſt,
Such as th' uncizar'd lect'rer from the flower
Of fading rhet'rique, ſhort-liv'd as his houre,
Drie as the ſand that meaſures it, might lay
Upon the aſhes on the funerall day?
Have we nor tune, nor voyce? Didſt thou diſpence
Through all our language both the words and ſence?
'Tis a ſad truth. The pulpit may her plaine
And ſober Chriſtian precepts ſtill retaine;

[1] This excellent Poet is better known in our age [1772] by his Satires, which were moderniſed and verſified by Mr. Pope, than by his other works, which are ſcarce. If he was not the greateſt poet, he was at leaſt the greateſt wit, of James the Firſt's reign. Carew ſeems to have thought ſtill more highly of him; for in another place he exalts him above all the other bards, ancient and modern:

"—— Donne, worth all that went before."

He died in the year 1631.—D.

Doctrines it may and wholeſome uſes frame,
Grave homilies and lectures; but the flame
Of thy brave ſoule, that ſhot ſuch heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darkneſſe bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting heart diſtill,
And the deepe knowledge of darke truths ſo teach,
As ſence might judge what fancy could not reach—
Muſt be deſir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with ſpirit and heate the Delphique quire,
Which, kindled firſt by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here awhile, lyes quencht now in thy death.
The Muſes' garden, with pedantique weedes
O'reſpread, was purg'd by thee, the lazie ſeeds
Of ſervile imitation throwne away,
And freſh invention planted; thou didſt pay
The debts of our penurious banquerout age:
Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage
A mimique furie, when our ſoules muſt be
Poſſeſt, or with Anacreon's extaſie,
Or Pindar's, not their owne; the ſubtle cheate
Of ſlie exchanges, and the jugling feate
Of two-edg'd words, or whatſoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke or Latine tongue,
Thou haſt redeem'd, and opened as a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancie, drawne a line
Of maſculine expreſſion which, had good
Old Orpheus ſeene, or all the ancient brood
Our ſuperſtitious fooles admire, and hold
Their leade more precious than thy burniſht gold,
Thou hadſt beene their exchequer, and no more
They each in others dung had ſearch'd for ore.
Thou ſhalt yeeld no precedence but of time
And the blind fate of language, whoſe tun'd chime
More charmes the outward ſenſe; yet thou may'ſt claime
From ſo great diſadvantage greater fame,

Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troubleſome language bends, made only fit,
With her tough thick-rib'd hoopes, to gird about
Thy gyant fancie, which had prov'd too ſtout
For their ſoft melting phraſes. As in time
They had the ſtart, ſo did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare,
And left the rifled fields, beſides the feare
To touch their harveſt; yet from thoſe bare lands,
Of what was onely thine, thy onely hands
(And that their ſmalleſt worke) have gleaned more
Than all thoſe times and tongues could reape before.
But thou art gone, and thy ſtrickt lawes will be
To hard for libertines in poetrie;
They will recall the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddeſſes, which in thy juſt rainge
Was baniſht nobler poems; now with theſe
The ſilenc'd tales i' th' Metamorphoſes
Shall ſtuffe their lines, and ſwell the windie page,
Till verſe, refin'd by thee in this laſt age,
Turne ballad-rime, or thoſe old idols be
Ador'd againe with new apoſtaſie.
O pardon me, that breake with untun'd verſe
The reverend ſilence that attends thy hearſe:
Whoſe ſolemne awfull murmurs were to thee,
More than theſe rude lines, a loude elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence
The death of all the arts, whoſe influence,
Growne feeble, in theſe panting numbers lyes
Gaſping ſhort-winded accents, and ſo dyes.
So doth the ſwiftly-turning wheele not ſtand
In th' inſtant we withdraw the moving hand;
But ſome ſhort time retaine a faint weake courſe
By vertue of the firſt impulſive force;
And ſo, whilſt I caſt on thy funerall pile
Thy crowne of bayes, O let it crack awhile,

And ſpit diſdaine, till the devouring flaſhes
Suck all the moyſture up, then turne to aſhes.
I will not draw the envy, to engroſſe
All thy perfections, or weepe all the loſſe;
Thoſe are too numerous for one elegie,
And this too great to be expreſt by me.
Let others carve the reſt; it will ſuffize
I on thy grave this epitaph incize:—
Here lyes a King that rul'd, as he thought fit
The univerſall monarchie of wit;
Here lyes two Flamens, and both thoſe the beſt:
Apollo's firſt, at laſt the true God's prieſt.'

In answer of an Elegiacall Letter upon the Death of the King of Sweden from Aurelian Townsend, inviting me to write on that subject.[2]

WHY doſt thou ſound (my deare Aurelian)
In ſo ſhrill accents from thy Barbican
A loude allarum to my drowſie eyes,
Bidding them wake in teares and elegies
For mightie Sweden's fall? Alas! how may
My lyrique feet, that of the ſmooth ſoft way
Of love and beautie onely know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead

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[1] Alluding to his being both a poet and a divine.—D.

[2] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is called ſimply *Thomas Carew his anſwere to Aurelian Townſend*); "Guſtavus Adolphus, the great protector of the Proteſtants in Germany, who, after having ſubdued Ingria, Livonia, and Pomerania, was killed at the battle of Lutzen, near Leipſic [in 1632].—D.

Victorious King, or his majeſticke hearſe
Prophane with th' humble touch of their low verſe?
Virgil nor Lucan, no, nor Taſſo—more
Than both, not Donne, worth all that went before—
With the united labour of their wit
Could a juſt poem to this ſubject fit.
His actions were too mighty to be raiſ'd
Higher by verſe: let him in proſe be prayſ'd,
In modeſt faithfull ſtory, which his deedes
Shall turne to poems: when the next age reades
Of Frankfort, Leipſigh, Wurſburgh, of the Rhyne,
The Leck, the Danube, Tilly, Wallenſtein,
Bavaria, Pappenheim, Lutzen-field, where hee
Gain'd after death a poſthume victorie,
They'le thinke his acts things rather feign'd than done,
Like our romances of the Knight o' th' Sun.
Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler
Who, though to annals he can not refer
His too-briefe ſtorie, yet his Journals may
Stand by the Cæſar's yeares; and, every day
Cut into minutes, each ſhall more containe
Of great deſignements then an emperour's raigne;
And (ſince 'twas but his church-yard) let him have
For his owne aſhes now no narrower grave
Than the whole German continent's vaſt wombe,
Whilſt all her cities doe but make his tombe.
Let us to ſupreame Providence commit
The fate of monarchs, which firſt thought it fit
To rend the empire from the Auſtrian graſpe;
And next from Sweden's, even when he did claſpe
Within his dying armes the ſoveraigntie
Of all thoſe provinces, that men might ſee
The Divine wiſedome would not leave that land
Subject to any one King's ſole command.
Then let the Germans feare, if Cæſar ſhall,
Or the united princes, riſe and fall.

But let us, that in myrtle bowers ſit
Under ſecure ſhades, uſe the benefit
Of peace and plenty, which the bleſſed hand
Of our good King gives this obdurate[1] land;
Let us of Revels ſing, and let thy breath
(Which fill'd Fame's trumpet with Guſtavus' death,
Blowing his name to heaven) gently inſpire
Thy Paſtorall Pipe, till all our ſwaines admire
Thy ſong and ſubject, whilſt they both compriſe
The beauties of the SHEPHERDS PARADISE.[2]
For who like thee, (whoſe looſe diſcourſe is farre
More neate and poliſht than our Poems are,
Whoſe very gate's more gracefull than our dance,)
In ſweetly-flowing numbers may advance
That glorious night when, not to act foule rapes,
Like birds or beaſts, but in their angel-ſhapes,
A troope of deities came downe to guide
Our ſteereleſſe barkes in paſſion's ſwelling tide
By vertue's carde, and brought us from above
A patterne of their owne celeſtiall love.
Nor lay it in darke ſullen precepts drown'd,
But with rich fancie and cleare action crown'd,
Through a miſterious fable (that was drawne
Like a tranſparant veyle of pureſt lawne
Before their dazelling beauties) the divine
Venus did with her heavenly Cupid ſhine.
The ſtorie's curious web, the maſculine ſtile,
The ſubtile ſence, did time and ſleepe beguile;
Pinnion'd and charm'd they ſtood to gaze upon
Th' angellike formes, geſtures and motion;
To heare thoſe raviſhing ſounds, that did diſpence
Knowledge and pleaſure to the ſoule and ſenſe.

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[1] *Ingratefull*—Wyburd MS.
[2] The title of a Poem written by [the Honourable Walter Montague].—D.

It fill'd us with amazement to behold
Love made all ſpirit: his corporeall mold,
Diſſected into atomes, melt away
To empty ayre, and from the groſſe allay
Of mixtures and compounding accidents
Refin'd to immateriall elements.
But when the Queene of Beautie did inſpire
The ayre with perfumes and our hearts with fire,
Breathing from her celeſtiall organ ſweet
Harmonious notes, our ſoules fell at her feet,
And did with humble reverend dutie more
Her rare perfections than high ſtate adore.
Theſe harmleſſe paſtimes let my Townſend ſing
To rurall tunes; not that thy Muſe wants wing
To ſoare a loftier pitch, for ſhe hath made
A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroique ſhade
Above the reach of our faint flagging ryme;
But theſe are ſubjects proper to our clyme.
Tourneyes,[1] maſques, theaters better become
Our Halcyon dayes; what though the German drum
Bellow for freedome and revenge, the noyſe
Concernes not us, nor ſhould divert our joyes;
Nor ought the thunder of their carabins
Drowne the ſweet ayres of our tun'd violins.
Beleeve me, friend, if their prevailing powers
Gaine them a calme ſecuritie like ours,
They'le hang their armes upon the olive bough,
And dance and revell then, as we doe now.

[1] This ſpecies of entertainment, we ſuppoſe, was akin to our modern Routs, the expreſſion ſeeming to be borrowed from the Spaniſh *Tornado*, or *Hurricane*.—D.

Upon Master W. Mountague his returne from travell.

LEADE the black bull to ſlaughter, with the bore
And lambe; then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that ſo we may
The ſea gods for their carefull waftage pay;
Send gratefull incenſe up in pious ſmoake
To thoſe mild ſpirits, that caſt a curbing yoake
Upon the ſtubborne winds, that calmely blew
To the wiſht ſhore our long'd-for Mountague.
Then, whilſt the aromatique odours burne
In honour of their darling's ſafe returne,
The Muſe's quire ſhall thus with voyce and hand
Bleſſe the fayre gale that drove his ſhip to land:

Sweetly breathing vernall ayre,
That with kind warmth doeſt repayre
Winter's ruines, from whoſe breſt
All the gums and ſpice of th' eaſt
Borrow their perfumes; whoſe eye
Guilds the morne and cleares the ſkie:
Whoſe diſhevel'd treſſes ſhed
Pearles upon the violet bed,
On whoſe brow, with calme ſmiles dreſt,
The halcion ſits and builds her neſt;
Beautie, youth, and endleſſe ſpring,
Dwell upon thy roſie wing.
Thou, if ſtormie Boreas throwes
Downe whole forreſts when he blowes,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canſt refreſh the teeming earth;
If he nip the early bud,
If he blaſt what's faire or good,

If he ſcatter our choyce flowers,
If he ſhake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canſt ſtroake great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtaine
To binde him in an iron chaine.
Thus, whilſt you deale your body 'mongſt your friends,
And fill their circling armes, my glad ſoule ſends
This her embrace: Thus we of Delphos greet:
As laymen claſpe their hands, we joyne our feet.

To Master W. Mountague.

SIR, I areſt you at your countreyes ſuit,
Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich ſtock, which ſhe by Nature's hand
Gave you in truſt, to th' uſe of this whole land.
Next, ſhe endites you of a felonie,
For ſtealing what was her proprietie—
Your ſelfe—from hence: ſo ſeeking to convey
The publike treaſure of the ſtate away.
More, y'are accuſ'd of oſtraciſme, the fate
Impos'd of old by the Athenian ſtate
On eminent vertue; but that curſe, which they
Caſt on their men, you on your countrey lay.
For, thus divided from your noble parts,
This kingdome lives in exile, and all hearts,
That relliſh worth or honour, being rent
From your perfections, ſuffer baniſhment:
Theſe are your publike injuries; but I
Have a juſt private quarrell to defie,
And call you coward, thus to run away
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring ſtay

Till I redeem'd my honour; but I ſweare,
By Celia's eyes, by the ſame force to teare
Your heart from you, or not to end this ſtrife
Till I or find revenge, or loſe my life.
But as in ſingle fights it oft hath beene,
In that unequall equall tryall ſeene,
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at firſt
Came from the combat oft too with the worſt;
So, if you foyle me when we meet, I'le then
Give you fayre leave to wound me ſo agen.

To his Vnconstant Mrs.[1]

BUT ſay, O very woman, why to mee
The fitt of weakenes and inconſtancy?
What forfett haue I made of word or vow,
That I am rackt on thy diſpleaſure nowe?
If I haue done a fault, I, doe not ſhame
To cite itt from thy lipps, give itt a name.
I aſke the banes: ſtand forth, & tell mee why
Wee ſhould not in our wonted loue comply?
Did thy cloy'd appetite vrge the[e] to trye,
If any other man could doo't as I?
I ſee freinds are, like clothes, layd vpp whilſt newe,
But after wearinge caſte, though nere ſoe true.
Or did thy fi[e]rce ambition longe to make
Some lover turne a martir for thy ſake:
Thinking thy beauty had deſerv'd no name,
Vnleſſe ſome one had periſht in the flame;
Vppon whoſe loueinge duſt this ſentence lyes:
Here one was murthered by his miſtreſs' eyes?

[1] Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 11—12 (ſubſcribed *Th: Car.*). Not in the editions.

Or was't becauſe my loue to thee was ſuch
I could not chuſe but blabb it—ſweare how much
I was thy ſlaue, and (dotinge) lett the[e] knowe
I better could my ſelfe than the[e] forgoe.
Harken, yee men, thet ſoe ſhall love like mee,
Ile give you councell gratis! if you bee
Poſſeſt of what you like, lett yo^{r} faire freind
Lodge in yo^{r} boſome, but noe ſeecretts ſend
To ſeeke their lodginge in a female breaſt,
For ſoe much is abated of yo^{r} reſt.
The ſteed, that comes to vnderſtand his ſtrength,
Growes wilde, and caſts his manager at length;
And that tame lover that vnlocks his harte
Vnto his miſtreſſe, teaches her an art
To plunge him ſelfe: ſhewes her the ſecrett way
Howe ſhee may tyrannize another day.
And nowe my faire vnkindneſſe thvs to thee,
Marke how wiſe paſſion and I agree:
Heare, and be ſorry for't, I will not dye
To expiate thy crime of levity.
I walke (not croſs-arm'd neither), eate and liue,
Yea for to pitty thy neglect not grieue,
Nor envy him that by my loſſe hath won,
That thou art from thy faith and promiſe gon.
Thou ſhalt beleive thy changinge moone-like fitts
Haue not infected mee nor turned my witts
To lunacy: I doe not meane to weepe,
When I ſhould eate, or ſighe when I ſhould ſleepe.
I will not fall vppon my pointed quill,
Bleed incke, and Poems or invention ſpill,
To contrive ballads, or weaue elegies
For nurſes wearings, when the infant cries,
Nor, like th' enamour'd Triſtrams of the tyme,
Diſpaire in proſe, or hange my ſelfe in ryme;
Nor thether runn vppon my verſes feete,
Where I ſhall none but fooles and madd men meete

Who, 'midſt the ſilent ſhades and mirtle walkes,
Pule and doe pennaunce for their miſtreſs' faults.
I'me none of thoſe (Poeticke malecontents)
Borne to make paper deare with my laments,
Or vile Orlando that will rayle and vex,
And for thy ſake fall out with all thy ſex.
No, I will loue againe, and ſeeke a prize
That ſhall redeeme mee from thy poore diſpiſe;
I'll court my fortune nowe in ſuch a ſhape
That will not faigne dye, nor ſterne cullor take;
Thus launch I of[f] with triumph from thy ſhore
To which my laſte fare-well: for never more
Will I touch there to[1] putt to ſea againe,
Blowne with the churliſh winde of thy diſdaine;
Nor will I ſtopp the courſe, till I haue found
A coaſte that yeilds ſafe harbour and firme ground.
Smile yee, Loues ſtarrs; wing'd with deſires, fly
To make my wiſhed-for diſcovery,
Nor doubt I but for one that proves like you,
I ſhall finde tenn as faire, and yett more true.

On the mariage of T[homas] K[illigrew] and C[ecilia] C[rofts]: the morning stormie.

SUCH ſhould this day be, ſo the ſun ſhould hide
His baſhfull face, and let the conquering bride
Without a rivall ſhine, whilſt he forbeares
To mingle his unequall beames with hers;
Or if ſometimes he glance his ſquinting eye
Betweene the parting cloudes, 'tis but to ſpye,

[1] MS. has *I*.

Not emulate her glories; ſo comes dreſt
In vayles, but as a maſquer to the feaſt.
Thus heaven ſhould lower, ſuch ſtormy guſts ſhould blow,
Not to denounce ungentle fates, but ſhow
The cheerefull bridegroome to the clouds and wind
Hath all his teares and all his ſighes aſſign'd.
Let tempeſts ſtruggle in the ayre, but reſt
Eternall calmes within thy peacefull breſt,
Thrice happy youth; but ever ſacrifice
To that fayre hand that dry'de thy blubbred eyes,
That croun'd thy head with roſes, and turn'd all
The plagues of love into a cordiall,
When firſt it joyn'd her virgin ſnow to thine,
Which when to-day the prieſt ſhall recombine,
From the miſterious holy touch ſuch charmes
Will flow, as ſhall unlock her wreathed armes,
And open a free paſſage to that fruit
Which thou haſt toyl'd for with a long purſuit.
But ere thou feed, that thou may'ſt better taſte
Thy preſent joyes, thinke on thy torments paſt;
Thinke on the mercy freed thee; thinke upon
Her vertues, graces, beauties, one by one;
So ſhalt thou reliſh all, enjoy the whole
Delights of her faire body and pure ſoule.
Then boldly to the fight of love proceed:
'Tis mercy not to pitty, though ſhe bleed;
Wee'le ſtrew no nuts, but change that ancient forme,
For till to-morrow wee'le prorogue this ſtorme,
Which ſhall confound with its loude whiſtling noyſe
Her pleaſing ſhreekes, and fan thy panting joyes.

For a Picture, where a Queen laments over the Tombe of a slaine Knight.

BRAVE youth, to whom Fate in one hower
Gave death and conqueſt, by whoſe power
Thoſe chaines about my heart are wound,
With which the foe my kingdome bound:
Freed and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either act an offering;
For victory, this wreathe of bay;
In ſigne of thraldome, downe I lay
Scepter and crowne; take from my ſight
Thoſe royall robes, ſince fortune's ſpight
Forbids me live thy vertue's prize,
I'le dye thy valour's ſacrifice.

To a Lady that desired I would love her.

I.

NOW you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you doe?
Shall I your mirth or paſſion move
When I begin to wooe?
Will you torment, or ſcorne, or love me too?

II.

Each pettie beautie can diſdaine, and I,
Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can ſee, and die;
Diſpence a nobler fate;
'Tis eaſie to deſtroy, you may create.

III.

Then give me leave to love, and love me too,
Not with deſigne
To rayſe, as Love's curſt rebells doe,
When puling poets whine,
Fame to their beautie from their blubber'd eyne.

IV.

Griefe is a puddle, and reflects not cleare
Your beautie's rayes;
Joyes are pure ſtreames; your eyes appeare
Sullen in ſadder layes,
In chearfull numbers they ſhine bright with prayſe

V.

Which ſhall not mention, to expreſſe you fayre,
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Stormes in your brow, nets in your haire,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray, or torture captive hearts.

VI.

I'le make your eyes like morning ſuns appeare,
As milde and faire,
Your brow as cryſtall ſmooth and cleare,
And your diſhevell'd hayre
Shall flow like a calme region of the ayre.

VII.

Rich Nature's ſtore (which is the poet's treaſure)
I'le ſpend to dreſſe
Your beauties, if your mine of pleaſure,
In equall thankfulneſſe,
You but unlocke, ſo we each other bleſſe.

Upon my Lord Chiefe Justice[1] his election of my Lady A[nne] W[entworth] for his Mistresse.

I.

EARE this and tremble, all
Uſurping beauties, that create
A government tyrannicall
In Love's free ſtate:
Juſtice hath to the ſword of your edg'd eyes
His equall ballance joyn'd, his ſage head lyes
In Love's ſoft lap, which muſt be juſt and wiſe.

II.

Harke how the ſterne law breathes
Forth amorous ſighs, and now prepares
No fetters, but of ſilken wreathes
And braded hayres;
His dreadfull rods and axes are exil'd,
Whilſt he ſits crown'd with roſes: Love hath fil'de
His native roughneſſe, Juſtice is growne milde.

III.

The golden age returnes:
Love's bowe and quiver uſeleſſe lye:
His ſhaft, his brand, nor wounds, nor burnes,
And crueltie
Is ſunke to hell; the fayre ſhall all be kind;
Who loves ſhall be belov'd, the froward mind
To a deformed ſhape ſhall be confin'd.

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[1] "Sir John Finch was made Lord Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas, 21 Jan. 1635[-6], and was ſucceeded 27 Jan. 1639[-40]. The marriage did not take place. The lady was Lady Ann Wentworth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Cleveland. She afterwards married Lord Lovelace. Her mother was a Crofts of Saxham."—Hunter's *Chorus Vatum*, iii. 255 [Addit. MSS. Brit. Mus. 24489).

IV.

Aſtræa hath poſſeſt
An earthly ſeate, and now remaines
In Finche's heart, but Wentworth's breſt
That gueſt containes;
With her ſhe dwells, yet hath not left the ſkies,
Nor loſt her ſpheare; for, new-enthron'd, ſhe cryes
I know no heaven but fayre Wentworth's eyes.

To A. D. UNREASONABLE DISTRUSTFUL OF HER OWNE BEAUTY.

FAYRE Doris, breake thy glaſſe; it hath perplext
With a darke comment beautie's cleareſt text;
It hath not told thy face's ſtory true,
But brought falſe copies to thy jealous view.
No colour, feature, lovely ayre, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou maiſt reade in thine, or juſtly doubt
Thy glaſſe hath beene ſuborn'd to leave it out;
But if it offer to thy nice ſurvey
A ſpot, a ſtaine, a blemiſh, or decay,
It not belongs to thee—the treacherous light
Or faithleſſe ſtone abuſe thy credulous ſight.
Perhaps the magique of thy face hath wrought
Upon th' enchanted cryſtall, and ſo brought
Fantaſticke ſhadowes to delude thine eyes
With ayrie repercuſſive ſorceries;
Or elſe th' enamoured image pines away
For love of the fayre object, and ſo may
Waxe pale and wan, and though the ſubſtance grow
Lively and freſh, that may conſume with woe;

Give then no faith to the falſe ſpecular ſtone,
But let thy beauties by th' effects be knowne.
Looke, ſweeteſt Doris, on my love-ſick heart,
In that true mirrour ſee how fayre thou art;
There, by Love's never-erring penſill drawne,
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawne,
Shoot through the ſhadie covert of thy hayre,
Enameling and perfuming the calme ayre
With pearles and roſes, till thy ſuns diſplay
Their lids, and let out the impriſon'd day;
Whilſt Delfique prieſts, enlightned by their theame,
In amorous numbers count thy golden beame,
And from Love's altars cloudes of ſighes ariſe
In ſmoaking incence to adore thine eyes.
If then love flow from beautie as th' effect,
How canſt thou the reſiſtleſſe cauſe ſuſpect?
Who would not brand that foole, that ſhould contend
There was no fire, where ſmoke and flames aſcend?
Diſtruſt is worſe than ſcorne: not to beleeve
My harmes, is greater wrong than not to grieve.
What cure can for my feſtring ſore be found,
Whilſt thou beleev'ſt thy beautie cannot wound?
Such humble thoughts more cruell tyrants prove
Than all the pride that e're uſurp'd in love,
For Beautie's herald here denounceth war,
There are falſe ſpies betray me to a ſnare.
If fire, diſguis'd in balls of ſnow, were hurl'd,
It unſuſpected might conſume the world;
Where our prevention ends, danger begins,
So wolves in ſheepes', lyons in aſſes' ſkins,
Might farre more miſchiefe worke, becauſe leſſe fear'd;
Thoſe the whole flock, theſe might kill all the herd.
Appeare then as thou art, break through this cloude,
Confeſſe thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud;
Be faire, though ſcornfull; rather let me find
Thee cruell, than thus mild and more unkind;

Thy crueltie doth only me defie,
But theſe dull thoughts thee to thy ſelfe denie.
Whether thou meane to bartar, or beſtow
Thy ſelfe, 'tis fit thou thine owne valew know.
I will not cheate thee of thy ſelfe, nor pay
Leſſe for thee than th' art worth ; thou ſhalt not ſay
That is but brittle glaſſe, which I have found
By ſtrict enquirie a firme diamond.
I'le trade with no ſuch Indian foole, as ſells
Gold, pearles and pretious ſtones for beads and bells ;[1]
Nor will I take a preſent from your hand,
Which you or prize not or not underſtand.
It not endeares your bountie that I doe
Eſteeme your gift, unleſſe you doe ſo too ;
You undervalew me, when you beſtow
On me what you nor care for, nor yet know.
No, lovely Doris, change thy thoughts, and be
In love firſt with thy ſelfe, and then with me.
You are afflicted that you are not faire,
And I as much tormented that you are.
What I admire, you ſcorne ; what I love, hate ;
Through different faiths, both ſhare an equall fate ;
Faſt to the truth, which you renounce, I ſtick ;
I dye a martyr, you an heretique.

[1] Alluding to the ignorance of the Indian tribes in South America, who uſed to barter their Riches for the Toys and Trinkets of the Europeans.—D.

To my Friend G[ilbert] N. from Wrest.

I BREATHE, ſweet Ghib, the temperate ayre of Wreſt,
Where I, no more with raging ſtormes oppreſt,
Weare the cold nights out by the bankes of Tweed,
On the bleake mountains, where fierce tempeſts breed,
And everlaſting winter dwells; where milde
Favonius and the vernall windes exilde,
Did never ſpread their wings; but the wilde north
Brings ſterill fearne, thiſtles, and brambles forth.
Here, ſteep'd in balmie dew, the pregnant earth
Sends forth her teeming wombe a flowrie birth,
And, cheriſht with the warme ſun's quickning heate,
Her porous boſome doth rich odours ſweate,
Whoſe perfumes through the ambient ayre diffuſe
Such native aromatiques, as we uſe
No forraigne gums nor eſſence fetcht from farre,
No volatile ſpirits nor compounds that are
Adulterate; but at Nature's cheape expence
With farre more genuine ſweetes refreſh the ſenſe.
Such pure and uncompounded beauties bleſſe
This manſion with an uſefull comelineſſe,
Devoide of art, for here the architect
Did not with curious ſkill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or porpherie,
But built a houſe for hoſpitalitie;
No ſumptuous chimney-peece of ſhining ſtone
Invites the ſtranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertaines his ſight, but cleare
And cheerefull flames cheriſh and warme him here;
No Dorique nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this ſtructure's naked face.

The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than ſeeme in ſight;
In ſtead of ſtatues to adorne their wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where, at large tables fill'd with wholſome meates,
The ſervant, tennant and kind neighbour eates.
Some of that ranke ſpun of a finer thred
Are with the women, ſteward and chaplaine, fed
With daintier cates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coate,
Have ſever'd from the common, freely ſit
At the lord's table, whoſe ſpread ſides admit
A large acceſſe of friends, to fill thoſe ſeates
Of his capacious circle, fill'd with meates
Of choyceſt relliſh, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil'd-up diſhes crack.
Nor thinke, becauſe our piramids and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the ſkie,
That therefore Wreſt of narrowneſſe complaines,
Or ſtreightned walls, for ſhe more numerous traines
Of noble gueſts daily receives, and thoſe
Can with farre more conveniencie diſpoſe
Than prouder piles, where the vaine builder ſpent
More coſt in outward gay embelliſhment
Than reall uſe, which was the ſole deſigne
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for ſervice. Amaltheas horne[1]
Of plentie is not in effigie worne
Without the gate, but ſhe within the dore
Empties her free and unexhauſted ſtore.

[1] Amalthea was the daughter of Meliſſus, King of Crete. She is fabled to have fed Jupiter, while an infant, with the milk of a goat, whoſe Horn the god afterwards made her a preſent of, endued with this virtue, that whoever poſſeſſed it ſhould have everything they wiſhed for. Hence it was called the *Horn of Plenty*.—D.

Nor, croun'd with wheaten wreathes, doth Ceres ſtand
In ſtone, with a crook'd ſickle in her hand;
Nor on a marble tunne, his face beſmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd uncizard Bacchus rear'd:
We offer not in emblemes to the eyes,
But to the taſte, thoſe uſefull deities.
We preſſe the juycie God, and quaffe his blood,
And grinde the yeallow Goddeſſe into food.
Yet we decline not all the worke of art;
But where more bounteous Nature beares a part,
And guides her handmaid, if ſhe but diſpence
Fit matter, ſhe with care and diligence
Employes her ſkill; for where the neighbour ſourſe
Powers forth her waters, ſhe directs their courſe,
And entertaines the flowing ſtreames in deepe
And ſpacious channells, where they ſlowly creepe
In ſnakie windings, as the ſhelving ground
Leades them in circles, till they twice ſurround
This iſland manſion which, i' th' center plac'd,
Is with a double cryſtall heaven embrac'd,
In which our watery conſtellations floate,
Our fiſhes, ſwans, our water-man and boate,
Envy'd by thoſe above, which wiſh to ſlake
Their ſtarre-burnt limbes in our refreſhing lake.
But they ſtick faſt nayl'd to the barren ſpheare,
Whilſt our encreaſe, in fertile waters here
Diſport and wander freely where they pleaſe,
Within the circuit of our narrow ſeas.
With various trees we fringe the water's brinke,
Whoſe thirſtie rootes the ſoaking moyſture drinke;
And whoſe extended boughes in equall rankes
Yeeld fruit, and ſhade, and beautie to the bankes.
On this ſide young Vertumnus ſits, and courts
His ruddie-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyre ſports
On th' other with lov'd Flora, yeelding there
Sweetes for the ſmell, ſweetes for the palate here.

But did you taſte the high and mighty drinke
Which from that fountaine flowes, you'ld cleerly think
The god of wine did his plumpe cluſters bring,
And cruſh the Falerne[1] grape into our ſpring;
Or elſe, diſguis'd in watery robes, did ſwim
To Ceres' bed, and make her big of him,
Begetting ſo himſelfe on her; for know
Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in autumne, but our fire boyles here
As luſtie liquour as the ſun makes there.
Thus I enjoy my ſelfe, and taſte the fruit
Of this bleſt peace; whilſt, toyl'd in the purſuit
Of bucks and ſtags, th' embleme of warre, you ſtrive
To keepe the memory of our armes alive.

The New-Yeares Gift.

To the King.

LOOKE back, old Janus,[2] and ſurvey,
From Time's birth till this new-borne day,
All the ſucceſsfull ſeaſon bound
With lawrell wreathes and trophies crown'd;
Turne o're the annals paſt, and where
Happie auſpitious dayes appeare,

[1] The grape of Falerne is celebrated by all antiquity. It was produced from vines of a peculiar ſtrength and flavour, which grew in the Falernian fields in Campania.—D.

[2] Janus, who was painted with two faces. He was worſhipped as a god, war had a temple built to him. In time of peace it was ſhut: in time of and it was open.—D.

Mark'd with the whiter ſtone, that caſt
On the darke brow of th' ages paſt
A dazeling luſter, let them ſhine
In this ſucceeding circle's twine,
Till it be round with glories ſpread;
Then with it crowne our Charles his head,
That we th' enſuing yeare may call
One great continued feſtivall.
Freſh joyes, in varied formes, apply
To each diſtinct captivitie.
Seaſon his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugall delights;
May the choyce beauties that enflame
His royall breſt be ſtill the ſame;
And he ſtill thinke them ſuch, ſince more
Thou canſt not give from Nature's ſtore.
Then as a father let him be
With numerous iſſue bleſt, and ſee
The faire and God-like offspring growne
From budding ſtarres to ſuns full blowne.
Circle with peacefull olive bowes
And conquering bayes his regall browes.
Let his ſtrong vertues overcome,
And bring him bloodleſſe trophies home;
Strew all the pavements where he treads
With loyall hearts or rebels' heads;
But, Byfront, open thou no more
In his bleſt raigne the temple dore.

To the Queene.

THOU great commandreſſe, that doeſt move
Thy ſcepter o're the crowne of love,
And through his empire with the awe
Of thy chaſte beames doeſt give the law;
From his prophaner altars we
Turne to adore thy deitie:
He only can wilde luſt provoke,
Thou thoſe impurer flames canſt choke;
And where he ſcatters looſer fires,
Thou turn'ſt them into chaſt deſires;
His kingdome knowes no rule but this:
Whatever pleaſeth, lawfull is;
Thy ſacred lore ſhewes us the path
Of modeſtie and conſtant faith,
Which makes the rude male ſatisfied
With one faire female by his ſide;
Doth either ſex to each unite,
And forme love's pure hermaphrodite.
To this thy faith behold the wilde
Satyr already reconciled,
Who from the influence of thine eye
Hath ſuckt the deepe divinitie.
O free them then, that they may teach
The centaur and the horſman preach
To beaſts and birds ſweetly to reſt,
Each in his proper lare and neſt:
They ſhall convey it to the floud,
Till there thy law be underſtood:
So ſhalt thou with thy pregnant fire
The water, earth, and ayre inſpire.

To the New Yeare,

for the Countesse of Carlile.

GIVE Lucinda pearle nor ſtone;
Lend them light who elſe have none;
Let her beauties ſhine alone.

Gums nor ſpice bring from the eaſt,
For the phenix in her breſt
Builds his funerall pile and neſt.

No tyre thou canſt invent,
Shall to grace her forme be ſent;
She adornes all ornament.

Give her nothing; but reſtore
Thoſe ſweet ſmiles, which heretofore
In her chearfull eyes ſhe wore.

Drive thoſe envious cloudes away,
Vailes that have o're-caſt my day,
And ecclipſ'd her brighter ray.

Let the royall Goth mowe downe
This yeare's harveſt with his owne
Sword, and ſpare Lucinda's frowne.

Janus, if, when next I trace
Thoſe ſweet lines, I in her face
Reade the charter of my grace,

Then from bright Apollo's tree
Such a garland wreath'd ſhall be,
As ſhall crowne both her and thee.

The Comparison.[1]

DEAREST, thy twin'd haires are not threads of gold,
Nor thine eyes diamonds, nor doe I hold
Thy lips for rubies; nor thy cheekes to be
Freſh roſes, nor thy teeth of Ivorie:
The ſkin that doth thy daintie bodie ſheath
Not alabaſter is, nor doſt thou breath
Arabian odours: ſuch the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with which would but impaire thy worth.
Such may be others miſtreſſes, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy treſſes are thoſe rayes that doe ariſe,
Not from one ſunne, but two; ſuch are thy eyes;
Thy lips congealed nectar are, and ſuch
As but a deitie ſhould none dare touch.
The perfect crimſon that thy cheeke doth cloath
(But onely that it farre excells them both)
Aurora's bluſh reſembles, or that redd
Which Iris ſtruts in when her mantles ſpred;

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[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 9 (where it is entitled: *Vppon his Miſtres*); Aſhmole MS. 47, art. 57, (where the title is *On y^e^ Perfection of his m^ris^*); Aſhmole MS. 38, art. 229 (where the lines are headed *On his M^rs^ features*); *Witts Recreations*, 1640, ſign. D 3 (imperfect). In *Witts Recreations*, it is accompanied by the following:—

The Answer.

If earth doth never change, nor move,
There's nought of earth, ſure in thy love,
Sith heavenly bodies with each one
Concur in generation,
And (wanting gravitie) are light,
Or in a borrowed luſtre bright;
If meteors and each falling ſtar
Of heavenly matter framed are:
Earth hath my miſtriſſe, but ſure thine
All heavenly is, though not divine.

Thy teeth in whiteneſſe Leda's ſwan exceede;
Thy ſkin's a heavenly and immortall weede;
And as thou breath'ſt, the winds are readie ſtraight
To filch it from thee, and doe therefore wait
Cloſe at thy lips and, ſnatching it from thence,
Beare it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincenſe.
Faire Goddeſſe (for thy feature makes thee one),
Yet be not ſuch for theſe reſpects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as faire, as good, as true.[1]

The Sparke.[2]

MY firſt love, whom all beauties did adorne,
Firing my heart, ſuppreſt it with her ſcorne;
Sun-like to tinder in my breſt it lies,
By every ſparkle made a ſacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindles my deſire,
And that is free to all that was entire:
Deſiring more, by thee (deſire) I loſt,[3]
As thoſe that in conſumptions hunger moſt;
And now my wandring thoughts are not confind
Unto one woman, but to woman kinde.

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[1] In Aſhm. MSS. 38 and 47 the termination is different. In the former it runs:—

> "Yet bee not ſoe for that reſpecte alone,
> Shaped onlye and expoſed to the view;
> Bee Goddeſs-like in all: bee good, bee true."

Aſhm. MS. 47 correſponds, with the exception of a few verbal alterations.

[2] Old printed copies; Mr. Huth's "Berkeley" MS. 1640.

[3] This and the following line are not in Mr. Huth's MS.

This for her ſhape I love, that for her face,
This for her geſture or ſome other grace;
And where I none of theſe doe uſe to find,
I chooſe thereby the kernell, not the rynd:
And ſo I hope, though my chiefe hope be[1] gone,
To find in many what I loſt in one,
And like to merchants after ſome great loſſe
Trade by retaile, which cannot doe in groſſe.[2]
The fault is hers that made me goe aſtray,—
He needs muſt wander that hath loſt his way.
Guiltleſs I am; ſhee did this change provoke,
And made that charcoale which at firſt[3] was oake;
And as a looking glaſſe to[4] the aſpect,
Whilſt it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
But being crack't or broken, there are ſhowne
Many leſſe faces, where was firſt but[5] one;
So love into my heart did firſt preferr[6]
Her image, and there planted none but her;
But ſince 'twas broke and martird by her ſcorne,
Many leſſe faces in her ſeate were[7] borne;
Thus, like to tynder, am I prone to catch
Each falling ſparkle, fit for any match.

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[1] Mr. Huth's MS. The old editions read, *ſince my firſt hopes are, &c.*
[2] Ibid. Old editions have, *that cannot now ingroſſe.*
[3] Ibid. Printed copies read, *to her.*
[4] Ibid. Printed copies, *from.*
[5] Ibid. Printed copies read, *half faces, which at firſt were.*
[6] Ibid. Printed copies, *unto proffer.*
[7] Ibid. Printed copies, *face was.*

The Complement.[1]

O MY deereſt, I ſhall grieve thee
When I ſweare, yet (ſweete) beleeve me:
By thine eyes, that cryſtall brooke[2]
On which crabbed old age looke,
I ſweare to thee, (though none abhorre them)
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that faire
Rich fanne[3] of thy moſt curious haire,
Though the wires thereof be drawne
Finer than the threeds of lawne,
And are ſofter than the leaves
On which the ſubtle ſpinner weaves.

I doe not love thee for thoſe flowers
Growing on thy cheeks, (Loves bowers)
Though ſuch cunning them hath ſpread,
None can part their white[4] and red;
Love's golden arrowes thence are ſhot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for thoſe ſoft
Red corrall lips I've kiſt ſo oft;
Nor teeth of pearle, the double guard
To ſpeech, whence muſicke ſtill is heard;
Though from thence a kiſſe being taken
Would tyrants melt, and death awaken.

---

[1] Old printed copies; Aſhmole MS. 38, art. 36 (where it is called *In praiſe of the excellent compoſure of his miſtreſs*); Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 12 (where it is called *Loues Complement*). The Harl. MS. has enabled me to correct the text in ſeveral places, where the readings of the old copies were clearly wrong.

[2] Old printed copies have *the tempting booke.*

[3] Harl. MS. 6057 has *gem.*

[4] Old printed copy has *paint them whit.*

I doe not love thee, O my faireſt,
For that richeſt, for that rareſt
Silver pillar which ſtands under
Thy round head, that globe of wonder;
Though that necke be whiter farre
Than towers of polliſht ivory are.

I doe not love thee for thoſe mountaines
Hill'd with ſnow, whence milkey fountaines
(Suger'd ſweets, as ſirropt berries)
Muſt one day run through pipes of cherries:
O how much thoſe breaſts doe move me!
Yet for them I doe not love thee.

I doe not love thee for that belly,
Sleeke as ſatten, ſoft as jelly,
Though within that chriſtall round
Heapes of treaſure may be found
So rich, that for the leaſt of them
A king would give his diadem.

I doe not love thee for thoſe thighes,
Whoſe alabaſter rocks doe riſe
So high and even, that they ſtand
Like ſea-markes to ſome happy land.
Happy are thoſe eyes have ſeene them,
But happier hee hath ſayl'd betweene them.

I do not love thee for that palme,
Though the dew thereof be balme;
Nor for thy pretty legg and foote,
Although it be the precious roote
On which this goodly cedar growes:
Sweete, I love thee not for thoſe.

Nor for thy wit ſoe pure and quicke,
Whoſe ſubſtance no arithmeticke
Can number out; nor for the charmes
Maſk't in thy embracing armes;
Though in them one night to lie,
Deareſt, I would gladly die.

I love thee not for eye nor haire,
Nor cheekes, nor lips, nor teeth ſo rare,
Nor for thy necke, nor for thy breaſt,
Nor for thy belly, nor the reſt,
Nor for thy hand, nor foote ſo ſmall;
But, wouldſt thou know, deere ſweet?—for all.

On sight of a Gentlewoman's Face in the Water.[1]

STAND ſtill, you floods, doe not deface
That image which you beare;
So votaries from every place
To you ſhall altars reare.

No winds but lovers' ſighs blow here,
To trouble theſe glad ſtreames,
On which no ſtarre from any ſpheare
Did ever dart ſuch beames.[2]

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[1] Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed: *On a Miſtreſſes face in the water*).

[2] In Mr. Wyburd's MS. this ſtanza runs thus:—

"Noe windes but louers ſighes drawe nigh
To trouble their gladd ſtreames,
On which nor ſtarr, nor the worlds eye,
Did euer dart ſuch beames."

To chriſtall then in haſt congeale,
  Leaſt you ſhould looſe your bliſſe;
And to my cruell faire reveale
  How cold, how hard ſhe is.

But if the envious nymphes ſhall feare
  Their beauties will be ſcorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to teare
  That face which you adorn'd;

Then rage and foame amaine, that we
  Their malice may deſpiſe;
When from your froath we ſoone ſhall ſee
  A ſecond Venus riſe.

VERSES.

[*Begins imperfectly.*][1]

SHEE gaue her Jewells in a Cuppe of Gold,
Wherein were grauen ſtories donne of old;
And in his hand hee held a book, which ſhew'd
The birth-Starres of the Cittie, when Brute plow'd
The furrows for the wall: on euery page
A king was drawne, his fortune and his age;
But ſhee lik't beſt, and lou'd to ſee againe
The Brittiſh Princes that had match'd with Spaine.
  Thus entred ſhee the Court, where euery one
  To entertaine her made proviſion.
Nays had angled all the night, and took
The trout, the Gudgeon, with her ſiluer hook:

[1] Mr. Wyburd's MS. where they immediately precede the poem which follows. I conſider the authorſhip doubtful. The lines have a tincture of mingled gravity and erudition not characteriſtic of Carew.

The Graces all were buſie in the Downes
In gattering ſalletts and in wreathing crownes:
The wood-nimphes ran about, and while twas dark,
With light and lowebell caught th' amazed lark:
One with ſome hayres, pluckt from a Centaures taile,
Made ſpringes for the woodcock in the dale:
One ſpredd her nett, the Coney to inſnare:
Another with her houndes purſued the hayre.
Diana earely, with her bugle cleare,
Armed with a quiver ſhott the fallowe deere.
The ſtately ſtagg, hitt with her fatell ſhaft,
Shedd teares in falling, while the huntreſſe laugh't.
All ſent their gaines to Hymen for a preſent:
The Buck, the Partridge, and the painted Pheaſant;
And Joue, to grace the feaſt of Hymens ioye,
Sent thither Nectar by his Troyan Boy.
The Graces and the Driades were there, &c.

[*Ends imperfectly.*]

A Song.[1]

ASKE me no more where Jove beſtowes,
When June is paſt, the fading roſe;
For in your beautie's orient deepe
Theſe flowers, as in their cauſes, ſleepe.

Aſke me no more whither doth ſtray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Thoſe powders to inrich your haire.

[1] Old printed copies; *Wit Reſtored*, 1658, and *Weſtminſter Drollery*, 1672 (with a parody in each caſe). Collated with an early MS. by Haſlewood; in his copy the firſt ſtanza ſtands third. Patherike Jenkyns, in his *Amorea*, 1661, has a ſong, "On the Death of his Miſtreſs," which ſeemed to Haſlewood an imitation of Carew. I cannot ſee it.

Aſke me no more whither doth haſt
The nightingale when May is paſt;
For in your ſweet dividing throat
She winters and keepes warme her note.

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

Aſke me no more if eaſt or weſt
The Phenix builds her ſpicy neſt;
For unto you at laſt ſhee flies,
And in your fragrant boſome dyes.

Song.

COULD you know what's ſoft? I dare
Not bring you to the downe or aire,
Nor to ſtarres to ſhew what's bright,
Nor to ſnow to teach you white:

Nor, if you would muſique heare,
Call the orbes to take your eare;
Nor, to pleaſe your ſence, bring forth
Bruiſed Nard, or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac't,
Bring you Nectar for a taſt:
Would you have all theſe in one,
Name my miſtris, and 'tis done.

The Second Rapture.

NO, worldling, no, 'tis not thy gold,
Which thou doſt uſe but to behold,
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life:
Children or friends, nor a good wife,
That makes thee happy; theſe things be
But ſhaddowes of felicitie.
Give me a wench about thirteene,
Already voted to the Queene
Of luſt and lovers; whoſe ſoft haire,
Fann'd with the breath of gentle aire,
O'reſpreads her ſhoulders like a tent,
And is her vaile and ornament;
Whoſe tender touch will make the blood
Wild in the aged and the good;
Whoſe kiſſes, faſtned to the mouth
Of threeſcore yeares and longer ſlouth,
Renew the age, and whoſe bright eye
Obſcures thoſe leſſer lights of ſkie;
Whoſe ſnowy breaſts (if we may call
That ſnow, that never melts at all)
Makes Jove invent a new diſguiſe,
In ſpite of Junoe's jealouſies;
Whoſe every part doth re-invite
The old decayed appetite;
And in whoſe ſweet embraces I
May melt myſelfe to luſt, and die.
This is true bliſſe, and I confeſſe
There is no other happineſſe.

The Hue and Cry.[1]

IN Love's name you are charged hereby
To make a ſpeedy hue and cry
After a face, who t' other day
Came and ſtole my heart away;
For your directions in brief
Theſe are beſt marks to know the thief:
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove,
Playing the eagle: her clear brow
Is a comely field of ſnow.
A ſparkling eye, ſo pure a gray
As when it ſhines it needs no day.
Ivory dwelleth on her noſe;
Lilies, married to the roſe,
Have made her cheek the nuptial bed;
[Her] lips betray their virgin red,
As they only bluſh'd for this,
That they one another kiſs;

[1] This piece is taken from the *Wittie Faire One*, performed as early as 1628 (Shirley's Works, edit. 1833, i, 311); Mr. Dyce was evidently unaware of the circumſtance that this poem was inſerted (with material variations) as Carew's in all the editions of his *Works*. The ordinary verſion and a third (totally different) from a MS. will be given alſo preſently. There is very little or no probability that a writer of Carew's ability and original genius would have appropriated the work of another man; and as it is well known that ſongs written long before by other pens were often inſerted in plays, it is not altogether unlikely that Shirley may have had Carew's permiſſion to make uſe of the *Hue and Cry* in this way, and that the production thus found its way into the printed copy of the *Wittie Faire One*, 1633. On this ſuppoſition I have given in the text all the verſions.

But obſerve, beſide the reſt,
You ſhall know this felon beſt
By her tongue; for if your ear
Shall once a heavenly muſic hear,
Such as neither gods nor men
But from that voice ſhall hear again,
That, that is ſhe: oh, take her t' ye;
None can rock heaven aſleep but ſhe.

Another Version.[1]

IN Love's name you are charg'd hereby,
To make a ſpeedy hue and crie
After a face which, t'other day,
Stole my wandring heart away.
To direct you, theſe, in briefe,
Are ready markes to know the thiefe.
Her haire a net of beames would prove
Strong enough to captive Jove
In his eagle's ſhape; her brow
Is a comely field of ſnow;
Her eye ſo rich, ſo pure a grey,
Every beame creates a day;
And if ſhe but ſleepe (not when
The ſun ſets) 'tis night agen.
In her cheekes are to be ſeene
Of flowers both the king and queene,
Thither by the Graces led,
And freſhly laid in nuptiall bed;
On whom lips like nymphes doe waite,
Who deplore their virgin ſtate;

[1] Old printed copies.

Oft they bluſh, and bluſh for this,
That they one another kiſſe;
But obſerve beſides the reſt,
You ſhall know this fellon beſt
By her tongue, for if your eare
Once a heavenly muſicke heare,
Such as neither gods nor men,
But from that voice, ſhall heare agen—
That, that is ſhe. O ſtrait ſurpriſe,
And bring her unto Love's aſſize.
If you let her goe, ſhe may
Antedate the latter day,
Fate and philoſophy controle,
And leave the world without a ſoule.

Another Version.[1]

GOOD folk, for gold or hire,
One help mee to a Cryer;
For my poore heart is gonne aſtray
After two eyes that paſt this waie.
If there be anie man
In towne or Country can
Bring mee my heart againe,
Ile paie him for his paine;
And by theſe markes I will you ſhowe,
That onelie I this heart doe owe.

[1] Mr. Wyburd's MS. only. This ſeems to be by Carew alſo. There is a piece called *A Hue and Cry after Cupid*, perhaps imitated from the preſent, in *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660, 8°, a copy of which, ſet to muſic, is in Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11608, fol. 81.

Itt is a wounded heart,
Wherein yett ſticks the dart:
Maymde in euerie part throughout it:
Faith and troath writt round about itt.
It was a tame hart and a Deare,
And never vſ'd to roame;
But haueing gott this haunt, I feare
'Twill neuer bide at home.
For God's ſake, paſſing by the waye,
If you my heart doe ſee,
Either impound it for a ſtraye,
Or ſend it home to mee.

To his Mistris confined.

Song.

OTHINKE not, Phœbe, 'cauſe a cloud
Doth now thy ſilver brightnes ſhrowd,
My wandring eye
Can ſtoope to common beauties of the ſkye.
Rather be kind, and this ecclips
Shall neither hinder eye nor lips,
For wee ſhall meete
Within our hearts, and kiſſe, and none ſhall ſee't.

Nor canſt thou in thy priſon be,
Without ſome living ſigne of me;
When thou doſt ſpye
A ſun beame peepe into the roome, 'tis I;
For I am hid within a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee ſee
In what a martyredome I burne for thee.

When thou doſt touch thy lute, thou mayeſt
Thinke on my heart, on which thou plaieſt,
When each ſad tone
Upon the ſtrings doth ſhew my deeper groane.
When thou doſt pleaſe, they ſhall rebound
With nimble ayres, ſtrucke to the ſound
Of thy owne voyce;
O thinke how much I tremble and rejoyce.

There's no ſad picture that doth dwell
Upon thy arras wall, but well
Reſembles me;
No matter though our age doe not agree.
Love can make old, as well as time;
And he that doth but twenty clime,
If he dare prove
As true as I, ſhewes foureſcore yeares in love.

The Tinder.

OF what mould did Nature frame me?
Or was it her intent to ſhame me,
That no woman can come neere me
Faire, but her I court to heare me?
Sure that miſtris, to whoſe beauty
Firſt I paid a lover's duty,
Burnt in rage my heart to tinder,
That nor prayers nor teares can hinder.
But where ever I doe turne me,
Every ſparke let fall doth burne me.
Women, ſince you thus inflame me,
Flint and ſteele I'le ever name yee.

A Song.

IN her faire cheekes two pits doe lye,
To bury thoſe ſlaine by her eye;
So, ſpight of death, this comforts me,
That fairely buried I ſhall be.
My grave with roſe and lilly ſpread:—
O 'tis a life to be ſo dead!
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For, if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold thoſe lips againe,
Reviving what thoſe eyes have ſlaine
With kiſſes ſweet, whoſe balſome pure
Love's wounds, as ſoon as made, can cure,
Me thinkes 'tis ſickenes to be ſound,
And there's no health to ſuch a wound.
Come then, &c.

When in her chaſte breaſt I behold
Thoſe downy mounts of ſnow ne're cold,
And thoſe bleſt hearts her beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climing thoſe faire hills,
Mee thinkes there's life in ſuch a death,
And ſo t' expire inſpires new breath.
Come then, &c.

Nymphe, ſince no death is deadly, where
Such choice of antidotes are neere,
And your keene eyes but kill in vaine,
Thoſe that are ſound, as ſoone as ſlaine;

That I no longer dead ſurvive,
Your way's to bury me alive
In Cupid's cave, where happy I
May dying live, and living die.
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For, if thou let me live, I die.

The Carver.

To his Mistris.

A CARVER, having lov'd too long in vaine,
Hewd out the portraiture of Venus' ſunne
In marble rocke, upon the which did raine
Small driſling drops that from a fount did runne;
Imagining the drops would either weare
His fury out, or quench his living flame:
But when hee ſaw it bootleſſe did appeare,
He ſwore the water did augment the ſame.
So I, that ſeeke in verſe to carve thee out,
Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,
Viewing my lines impoliſh't all throughout,
Find my will rather to my love obey;
That with the carver I my work doe blame,
Finding it ſtill th' augmenter of my flame.

To the Painter.

FOND man, that hop'ſt to catch that face
With thoſe falſe colours, whoſe ſhort grace
Serves but to ſhew the lookers on
The faults of thy preſumption;

Or at the leaſt to let us ſee
That is divine, but yet not ſhee:
Say you could imitate the rayes
Of thoſe eyes that outſhine the dayes,
Or counterfeite in red and white
That moſt uncounterfeited light
Of her complexion; yet canſt thou
(Great maſter though thou be) tell how
To paint a vertue? Then deſiſt,
This faire your artifice hath miſt;
You ſhould have markt how ſhee begins,
To grow in vertue, not in ſinnes;
In ſtead of that ſame roſie die,
You ſhould have drawne out modeſtie,
Whoſe beauty ſits enthroned there,
And learne to looke and bluſh at her.
Or can you colour juſt the ſame,
When vertue bluſhes, or when ſhame,
When ſicknes, and when innocence,
Shewes pale or white unto the ſence?
Can ſuch courſe varniſh ere be ſed
To imitate her white and red?
This may doe well elſewhere in Spaine,
Among thoſe faces died in graine;
So you may thrive, and what you doe
Prove the beſt picture of the two.
Beſides, if all I heare be true,
'Tis taken ill by ſome that you
Should be ſo inſolently vaine,
As to contrive all that rich gaine
Into one tablet, which alone
May teach us ſuperſtition;
Inſtructing our amazed eyes
To admire and worſhip imag'ries,
Such as quickly might outſhine
Some new ſaint, wer't allow'd a ſhrine,

And turne each wandring looker on
Into a new Pigmaleon.
Yet your art cannot equalize
This picture in her lover's eyes;
His eyes the pencills are which limbe
Her truly, as hers coppy him;
His heart the tablet, which alone
Is for that porƈtraite the tru'ſt ſtone.
If you would a truer ſee,
Marke it in their poſteritie;
And you ſhall read it truly there,
When the glad world ſhall ſee their heire.

Love's Courtship.[1]

KISSE, lovely Celia, and be kind;
Let my deſires freedome find;
Sit thee downe,
And we will make the gods confeſſe
Mortals enjoy ſome happines.

Mars would diſdaine his miſtris' charmes,
If he beheld thee in my armes,
And deſcend,
Thee his mortall Queene to make,
Or live as mortall for thy ſake.

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[1] Old printed copies. In Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, the verſes are headed merely "To Cœlia," and are printed very imperfectly. The variations, however, are ſo great, that the poem appears to have been obtained from ſome independent ſource. It has rather the appearance of a firſt draft of the piece. See the next poem.

Venus muſt looſe her title now,
And leave to brag of Cupid's bow;
Silly Queene,
Shee hath but one, but I can ſpie
Ten thouſand Cupids in thy eye.

Nor may the ſunne behold our bliſſe,
For ſure thy eyes doe dazle his;
If thou feare
That he'll betray thee with his light—
Let me ecclipſe thee from his ſight;

And while I ſhade thee from his eye,
Oh let me heare thee gently cry,
Celia yeelds.
Maids often looſe their maidenhead,
Ere they ſet foote in nuptiall bed.

To Cœlia.[1]

RISE, lovely Cœlia, and be kinde:
Let my deſires freedome finde;
And wee'l make the Gods confeſs
Mortals enjoy ſome happineſs:
Sit thee down.
Cupid hath but one bow, yet can I ſpie
A thouſand Cupids in thy eie;
Nor may the God behold our bliſs,
For ſure thine eyes doe dark'n his.
If thou feareſt,

[1] Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 28, as cited above. This is only another and ſhorter copy, much altered, of the poem juſt printed.

That hee'l betray thee with his light,
Let me eclipſe thee with his ſight;
And whilſt I ſhade thee from his eye,
Oh, let me hear thee gently cry:
I yield.

On a Damaske Rose sticking upon a Ladie's breast.[1]

LET pride grow big, my roſe, and let the cleare
And damaſke colour of thy leaves appeare;
Let ſcent and lookes be ſweete, and bleſſe that hand
That did tranſplant thee to that ſacred land.
O happy thou that in that garden reſts,
That paradice betweene that ladie's breaſts!
There's an eternall ſpring; there ſhalt thou lie
Betwixt two lilly mounts, and never die.
There ſhalt thou ſpring amongſt the fertile valleyes
By budds, like thee that grow in midſt of allyes;[2]
There none dare plucke thee, for that place is ſuch
That, but a good devine, there's none dare touch;
If any but approach, ſtraite doth ariſe
A bluſhing lightning flaſh, and blaſts his eyes.
There, 'ſtead of raine, ſhall living fountaines flow;
For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.
Nor now, as earſt, one ſun ſhall on thee ſhine,
But thoſe two glorious ſuns, her eyes devine.
O then what monarch would not think't a grace,
To leave his regall throne to have thy place?
My ſelfe, to gaine thy bleſſed ſeat, do vow,
Would be transform'd into a roſe as thou.

[1] Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 26. [2] *Lillies.*—Harl. MS.

The Protestation,

A Sonnet.[1]

NO more ſhall meads be deck't with flowers,
Nor ſweetneſſe dwell in roſie bowers,
Nor greeneſt buds on branches ſpring,
Nor warbling birds delight to ſing,
Nor Aprill violets paint the grove,
If I forſake my Celia's love.

The fiſh ſhall in the ocean burne,
And fountaines ſweet ſhall bitter turne;
The humble oake no flood ſhall know,
When floods ſhall higheſt hills o'reflow.
Blacke Læthe ſhall oblivion leave,
If ere my Celia I deceive.

Love ſhall his bow and ſhaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to flie;
The Sun refuſe to ſhew his light,
And day ſhall then be turn'd to night;
And in that night no ſtarre appeare,
If once I leave my Celia deere.

Love ſhall no more inhabite earth,
Nor lovers more ſhall love for worth,
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor paine torment poore ſoules in hell;
Grim death no more ſhall horrid prove,
If ere I leave bright Celia's love.

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[1] There is a great ſimilarity between this "ſonnet" and a Poem by E. S. in the *Paradice of daynty deviſes*, 1576, p. 46.—F.

The Tooth-ach cured by a Kisse.

FATE'S now growne mercifull to men,
Turning diſeaſe to bliſſe;
For had not kind rheume vext me then,
I might not Celia kiſſe.
Phiſitians, you are now my ſcorne,
For I have found a way
To cure diſeaſes, (when forlorne
By your dull art,) which may
Patch up a body for a time,
But can reſtore to health
No more than chimiſts can ſublime
True gold, the Indies' wealth.
That angell ſure, that us'd to move
The poole[1] men ſo admir'd,
Hath to her lip, the ſeat of love,
As to his heaven, retir'd.

To his Jealous Mistris.

ADMIT, thou darling of mine eyes,
I have ſome idoll lately fram'd
That, under ſuch a falſe diſguiſe,
Our true loves might the leſſe be fam'd.
Canſt thou, that knoweſt my heart, ſuppoſe
I'le fall from thee, and worſhip thoſe?

---

[1] The pool of Bethesda, near Jeruſalem, which was frequented by all kinds of diſeaſed people, waiting for the moving of the waters. "For an angel," ſays St. John, "went down at a certain ſeaſon into the pool, and troubled the water: whoſoever then firſt after the troubling of the water ſtepped in, was made whole of whatſoever diſeaſe he had."—D.

Remember, deare, how loath and ſlow
I was to caſt a looke or ſmile,
Or one love-line to miſbeſtow,
Till thou hadſt chang'd both face and ſtile;
And art thou growne afraid to ſee
That maſke put on thou mad'ſt for me.

I dare not call thoſe childiſh feares,
Comming from love, much leſſe from thee,
But waſh away with frequent teares
This counterfeit idolatrie;
And henceforth kneele at ne're a ſhrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

The Dart.

OFT when I looke I may deſcry
A little face peepe through that eye;
Sure that's the boy which wiſely choſe
His throne among ſuch beames as thoſe,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May ſerve for darts to kill withall.

The Mistake.

WHEN on faire Celia I did ſpie
A wounded heart of ſtone,
The wound had almoſt made me cry,
Sure this heart was my owne.

But when I ſaw it was enthron'd
In her celeſtiall breſt,
O then I it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne're ſo bleſt.

Yet if in higheſt heavens doe ſhine
Each conſtant martyr's heart,
Then ſhee may well give reſt to mine,
That for her ſake doth ſmart.

Where ſeated in ſo high a bliſſe,
Though wounded, it ſhall live;
Death enters not in Paradiſe,
The place free life doth give.

Or if the place leſſe ſacred were,
Did but her ſaving eye
Bath my ſicke heart in one kind teare,
Then ſhould I never dye.

Slight balmes may heale a ſlighter ſore,
No medicine leſſe divine
Can ever hope for to reſtore
A wounded heart like mine.

The Prologue to a Play presented before the King and Queene, att an Entertainement of them by the Lord Chamberlaine at Whitehall Hall [*ſic*].[1]

Song.

Sr,

SINCE you haue pleas'd this night to vnbend
Your ſerious thoughts, and with your Perſon lend
Your Pallace out, and ſoe are hither come
A ſtranger: in your owne houſe not at home;
Diueſting ſtate, as if you meant alone
To make your Servants loyall heart your throne:
Oh, ſee how wide thoſe values themſelues diſplay
To entertaine his royall gueſts! ſurvey
What Arches[2] triumphall, Statues, Alters, Shrines
Inſcribd to your great names: hee theſe aſſignes
Soe from that ſtock of zeale, his coarſe cates may
Borrow ſome relliſh, though but thinly they
Coverd his narrow table, ſoe may theis
Succeeding trifles by that title pleaſe.
Els, gratious Maddam, muſt the influence
Of your faire eyes propitious beames diſpence
To crowne ſuch paſtimes as hee could prouide
To oyle the lazie minutes as they ſlide.

---

[1] Mr. Wyburd's MS., to which this and the Epilogue ſeem to be peculiar. Theſe two pieces were probably written for Carew's maſque or entertainment prepared for the Lord Chamberlain, when he received the King at Whitehall. They therefore may appropriately accompany the *Four Songs* written for the ſame occaſion.

[2] MS. has *Argues*.

For well hee knowes vpon your ſmile depends
This night[s] ſucceſs; ſince that alone coñends
All his endeauors, giues the muſick praiſe,
Painters and vs, and guilds the Poet's bayes.

The Epilogue to the same Play.[1]

HUNGER is ſharp, the ſated ſtomack dull:
Feeding delights twixt emptineſs and full:
The pleaſure lyes not in the end, but ſtreames
That flowe betwixt two oppoſite extreames.
Soe doth the flux from hott to cold combine
An equall temper: ſuch is noble wine,
Twixt fullſome muſt and vinegar too tart,
Meaſures the ſcratching betwixt itch and ſmart.
It is a ſhifting Tartar, that ſtill flyes
From place to place: if it ſtand ſtill, it dyes.
After much reſt, labour delights: when paine
Succeeds long trauaile, reſt growes ſweete againe.
Paine is the baſe, on which his nimble feete
Move in contynuall chaunge from ſower to ſweete.
This the Contriuer of your ſports to night
Hath well obſerued, and ſoe, to fix delight
In a perpetuall circle, hath applyed
The choyſeſt obiects that care could provide
To euery ſence. Onely himſelf hath felt
The load of this greate honour, and doth melt
All into humble thancks, and at your feete
Of both your majeſtyes proſtrates the ſweete
Perfume of gratefull ſervice, which hee ſweares
Hee will extend to ſuch a length of yeares,

[1] Mr. Wyburd's MS. as above deſcribed.

As fitts not vs to tell, but doth belong
To a farre abler pen and nobler tongue.
Our taſk ends heere: if wee haue hitt the lawes
Of true delight, his gladd heart joyes; yet, 'cauſe
You cannot to ſucceeding pleaſures climbe,
Till you growe weary of the inſtant tyme,
Hee was content this laſt peece ſhould grow ſower,
Onely to ſweeten the inſueing hower.
But if the Cook, Muſitian, Player, Poett,
Painter, and all, haue fail'd, hee'le make them know itt,
That haue abuſd him: yett muſt grieue att this,
Hee ſhould doo pennance, when the ſin was his.

To my Lord Admirall,[1] on his late Sicknesse and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth invade
Orpheus returning from th' Elyſian ſhade,
Embrace the Heroe, and his ſtay implore,
Make it their publike ſuit he would no more
Deſert them ſo, and for his Spouſes ſake,
His vaniſht love, tempt the Lethæan Lake.
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climbe,
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed,
Which ſhall the faire Euridice ſucceed;
Euridice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes liſt'ning Trees and ſavage Mountaines groane

[1] The Duke of Buckingham, the unhappy favourite of Charles I. by whom he was appointed Lord High Admiral of England.—D. Firſt printed in 1642.

Through all the ayre his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late;
Your pining ſickneſſe and your reſtleſſe paine
At once the Land affecting and the mayne.
When the glad newes that you were Admirall
Scarce through the Nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whoſe wiſdome ſhines in you,
Should be perplexed how to chuſe a new:
So more then private was the joy and griefe
That, at the worſt, it gave our ſoules relief,
That in our Age ſuch ſenſe of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.

Nature, her faireſt light eclipſed, ſeemes
Herſelfe to ſuffer in theſe ſad extreames;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.
The ſtem thus threatned and the ſap, in thee
Droope all the branches of that noble Tree;
Their beauties they, and we our love ſuſpend;
Nought can our wiſhes ſave thy health intend:
As lillies over-charg'd with raine, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend,
Fold thee within their ſnowy armes, and cry,
He is too faultleſſe and too young to die:
So, like Immortals, round about thee thay
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.
Who would not languiſh, by ſo faire a train
To be lamented and reſtor'd againe?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoule would goe,
Though to the Bleſt? Ore young Adonis ſo
Faire Venus mourn'd, and with the precious ſhowre
Of her warme teares cheriſht the ſpringing flower.
The next ſupport, faire hope, of your great name,
And ſecond Pillar of that noble frame,
By loſs of thee would no advantage have,

But, ſtep by ſtep, purſues thee to thy grave.
And now relentleſſe Fate, about to end
The line, which backward doth ſo farre extend
That Antique ſtock, which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt ſpirits and with brighteſt eyes,
Kind Phœbus interpoſing, bade me ſay,
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe; but they,
Like Neptune and his ſea-born niece, ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the Land and Sea:
With courage guard, and beauty warm our Age,
And Lovers fill with like Poetique rage.

THE RETIRED BLOOD EXHORTED TO RETURNE IN THE CHEEKES OF THE PALE SISTERS Mris. KATHERINE AND Mris. MARY NEVILL.[1]

STAY, coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale ſiſter beauty's field,
Who, there diſplaying all her white
Enſigns, hath uſurp'd thy right;
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou ſhould'ſt rule alone;
And on the cheeke, where Nature's care
Allotted each an equal ſhare,
The ſpreading lily only grows,
Whoſe milky deluge drowns thy roſe.
Quit not the field (faint blood) nor ruſh
In the ſhort ſally of a bluſh

[1] Not in ed. 1640, but firſt printed in that of 1642; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 44. In the old printed copy it is headed: *On Miſtreſs N. To the Green Sickneſs.* The title given to the poem in the preſent text is authorized by Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.

Upon thy ſiſter foe, but ſtrive
To keep an endleſs war alive;
Though peace do petty ſtates maintain,
Here war alone makes beauty reign.

To Mistrisse Katharine Nevill, on her Greene Sicknesse.[1]

WHITE Innocence, that now lyeſt ſpread,
Forſaken on thy widdowed bedd,
Cold and alone, if Feare, Love, hate,
Or ſhame recall thy Crimſon Mate
From his dark Mazes to reſide
With the[e] his chaſt and mayden Bride,
That hee may never backward flowe,
Congeale him to thy virgin ſnow:
Or if his owne heate with thy paire
Of neighbouring Suns and flameing hayre
Thawe him into a new divorce,
Leaſt to thy heart hee take his courſe,
Oh lodge mee there, where Ile defeate
All future hopes of his retreate,
And force the fugitive to ſeeke
A conſtant ſtation in thy cheek.
Soe each ſhall keepe his proper place:
I in your heart, hee in your face.

[1] Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 43; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; not in the old editions.

AGAINE AN OTHER OF THE SAME.[1]

Song.

BRIGHT Albion, where the Queene of love
Preſſing the pinion of her ſnow-white Dove,
With ſilver harneſs ore thy faire
Region in Trivmph drives her ivory chaire;
Where now retyr'd ſhee reſts at home
In her white frothie bedd and native fome;
Where the graye Morne through miſts of lawne
Snowing ſoft pearles ſhootes an eternall dawne
On thy Elizian ſhade. Thou bleſt
Empire of love and beautie vnpoſſeſt:
Chaſt virgin kingdome, but create
Mee Monarch of thy free Elective State:
Lett me ſurround with circling armes
My beauteous Iſland, and with amorous charmes,
Mixt with this flood of frozen ſnowe,
In crimſon ſtreames Ile force the redd ſea flowe.

UPON A MOLE IN CELIA'S BOSOM.[2]

THAT lovely ſpot which thou doſt ſee
In Celia's boſom was a bee,
Who built her amorous ſpicy neſt
I' th' hyblas of her either breaſt;

---

[1] Mr. Wyburd's MS; not in the old editions.

[2] Old printed copies (but not in firſt edit.); Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed *A mole betwixt Celias breaſts*).

But from thoſe ivory hives ſhe flew
To ſuck the aromatic dew,
Which from the neighbour vale diſtils,
Which parts thoſe two twin-ſiſter hills;
There feaſting on ambroſial meat,
A rowling file of balmy ſweat[1]
(As in ſoft murmurs before death
Swan-like ſhe ſung,) chok'd up her breath:
So ſhe in water did expire,
More precious than the Phœnix fire.
Yet ſtill her ſhadow there remains
Confin'd to thoſe Elyſian plains,
With this ſtrict law, that who ſhall lay
His bold lips on that milky way,
The ſweet and ſmart from thence ſhall bring
Of the bee's honey and her ſting.

An Hymeneall Song on the Nuptials of the Lady Ann Wentworth and the Lord Lovelace.[2]

BREAK not the ſlumbers of the Bride,
But let the ſunne in Triumph ride,
Scattering his beamy light;
When ſhe awakes, he ſhall reſigne
His rayes: and ſhe alone ſhall ſhine
In glory all the night.

For ſhe, till day returne, muſt keepe
An Amorous Vigill and not ſteepe
Her fayre eyes in the dew of ſleepe.

---

[1] Printed copies read *ſweet*.
[2] Firſt printed in 1642. Not in firſt edition.

Yet gently whiſper as ſhe lies,
And ſay her Lord waits her upriſe,
The Prieſts at the Altar ſtay;
With flow'ry wreathes the Virgin crew
Attend, while ſome with roſes ſtrew,
And Mirtles trim the way.

Now to the Temple and the Prieſt
See her convaid, thence to the Feaſt;
Then back to bed, though not to reſt.

For now, to crowne his faith and truth,
Wee muſt admit the noble youth
To revell in Loves ſpheare;
To rule, as chiefe Intelligence,
That Orbe, and happy time diſpence
To wretched Lovers here.

For they're exalted far above
All hope, feare, change, nor try[1] to move
The wheele that ſpins the fates of Love.

They know no night, nor glaring noone,
Meaſure no houres of Sunne or Moone,
Nor mark time's reſtleſſe Glaſs;
Their kiſſes meaſure as they flow,
Minutes, and their embraces ſhew
The howers as they paſſe.

Their Motions the yeares Circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take
Rules to make Love an Almanack.

---

[1] Old copies read *or they*.

A Married Woman.[1]

WHEN I ſhall marry, if I doe not find
A wife thus moulded, I'le create this mind:
Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
Beauty or wit, ſhall ſhe derive a power
To prejudice my right; but if ſhe be
A ſubject borne, ſhe ſhall be ſo to me:
As to the ſoul the fleſh, ſo[2] Appetite
To reaſon is; which ſhall our wils unite
In habits ſo confirm'd, as no rough ſway
Shall once appeare, if ſhe but learne t' obay.
For in habituall vertues ſenſe is wrought
To that calme temper, as the bodie's thought
To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude
Paſſions of Luſt and Anger are ſubdu'd;
When 'tis the faire obedience to the ſoule
Doth in the birth thoſe ſwelling Acts controule.
If I in murder ſteepe my furious rage,
Or with Adult'ry my hot luſt aſſwage,
Will it ſuffice to ſay my ſenſe (the Beaſt)
Provokt me to't? Could I my ſoule diveſt,
My plea were good. Lyons and Buls commit
Both freely, but man muſt in judgement ſit,
And tame this Beaſt; for Adam was not free,
When in excuſe he ſaid, Eve gave it me:
Had he not eaten, ſhe perhaps had beene
Vnpuniſht; his conſent made hers a ſinne.

---

[1] Firſt printed in ſecond edition.

[2] This correction is ſuggeſted in a MS. note to a copy of the edition of 1642 in the Britiſh Muſeum. The old copies read *as*.

A Divine Love.[1]

I.

WHY ſhould dull Art, which is wiſe Natures ape,
If ſhe produce a Shape
So far beyond all patternes that of old
Fell from her mold,
As thine, (admir'd Lucinda!) not bring forth
An equall wonder to expreſſe that worth
In ſome new way, that hath,
Like her great worke, no print of vulgar path?

II.

Is it becauſe the rapes of Poetry,
Rifleing the ſpacious ſky
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
Did thoſe diſpence
On ayrie creations that ſurpaſt
The reall workes of Nature, ſhe at laſt,
To prove their raptures vaine,
Shew'd ſuch a light as Poets could not faine?

III.

Or is it 'cauſe the factious wits did vie
With vaine Idolatry,
Whoſe Goddeſſe was ſupreame, and ſo had hurld
Sciſme through the world,
Whoſe Prieſt ſung ſweeteſt layes, thou didſt appeare
A glorious myſterie, ſo darke, ſo cleare,
As nature did intend
All ſhould confeſſe, but none might comprehend?

[1] Firſt printed in 1642.

IV.

Perhaps all other beauties ſhare a light
Proportion'd to the ſight
Of weake mortality, ſcatt'ring ſuch looſe fires
As ſtirre deſires,
And from the braine diſtill ſalt, amorous rhumes;
Whilſt thy immortall flame ſuch droſs conſumes,
And from the earthy mold
With purging fires ſevers the purer gold?

V.

If ſo, then why in Fames immortall ſcrowle
Doe we their names inroule,
Whoſe eaſie hearts and wanton eyes did ſweat
With ſenſuall heate?
If Petrarkes unarm'd boſome catch a wound
From a light glance, muſt Laura be renown'd?
Or both a glory gaine,
He from ill-govern'd Love, ſhe from Diſdain?

VI.

Shall he more fam'd in his great Art become
For wilfull martyrdome?
Shall ſhe more title gaine to chaſte and faire
Through his diſpaire?
Is Troy more noble 'cauſe to aſhes turn'd,
Then virgin Cities that yet never burn'd?
Is fire, when it conſumes
Temples, more fire, then when it melts perfumes?

VII.

'Cauſe Venus from the Ocean took her form,
Muſt Love needs be a ſtorme?
'Cauſe ſhe her wanton ſhrines in Iſlands reares,
Through ſeas of tears,

Ore Rocks and Gulphs, with our owne ſighs for gale,
Muſt we to Cyprus or to Paphos ſayle?
Can there no way be given,
But a true Hell, that leads to her falſe Heaven?

Loves Force.[1]

IN the firſt ruder Age, when love was wild,
Not yet by Lawes reclaim'd, not reconcil'd
To order, nor by Reaſon mann'd, but flew,
Full-ſumm'd by Nature, on the inſtant view,
Upon the wings of Appetite at all
The eye could faire or ſenſe delightfull call:
Election was not yet; but as their cheape
Food from the Oake, or the next Acorne heape,
As water from the neareſt ſpring or brooke,
So men their undiſtinguiſht females took
By chance, not choice. But ſoone the heavenly ſparke
That in mans boſome lurkt broke through this darke
Confuſion; then the nobleſt breaſt firſt felt
Itſelfe for its owne proper object melt.

A Fancy.[1]

MARKE how this poliſht Eaſterne ſheet
Doth with our Northerne tincture meet;
For though the paper ſeeme to ſinke,
Yet it receives and bears the Inke;

[1] Firſt printed in 1642.

And on her ſmooth ſoft brow theſe ſpots
Seeme rather ornaments then blots,
Like thoſe you Ladies uſe to place
Myſteriouſly about your face;
Not only to ſet off and breake
Shaddowes and Eye-beames, but to ſpeake
To the ſkild Lover, and relate,
Vnheard, his ſad or happy fate.
Nor do their Characters delight,
As careleſs workes of black and white:
But 'cauſe you underneath may find
A ſence that can informe the mind;
Divine or moral rules impart,
Or Raptures of Poetick Art:
So what at firſt was only fit
To fold up ſilkes, may wrap up wit.

To his Mistress.[1]

I.

GRIEVE not, my Celia, but with haſte
Obey the fury of thy fate:
'Tis ſome perfection to waſte
Diſcreetly out our wretched ſtate,
To be obedient in this ſenſe
Will prove thy vertue, though offence.

II.

Who knows but deſtiny may relent?
For many miracles have been,

[1] Firſt printed in 1671.

Thou proving thus obedient
To all the griefs ſhe plung'd thee in;
And then the certainty ſhe meant
Reverted is by accident.

III.

But yet I muſt confeſs 'tis much,
When we remember what hath been,
Thus parting never more to touch,
To let eternal abſence in;
Though never was our pleaſure yet
So pure, but chance diſtracted it.

IV.

What, ſhall we then ſubmit to fate,
And dye to one anothers love?
No, Celia, no, my ſoul doth hate
Thoſe Lovers that inconſtant prove.
Fate may be cruel, but if you decline,
The Crime is yours, and all the glory mine.

Fate and the Planets ſometimes bodies part,
But canker'd nature only alters th' heart.

Song.[1]

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the ſports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever:
He at length our good will ſever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain;

[1] Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 141. Not in the editions.

Suns that ſet may riſe again,
But if once we loſe this light,
'Tis with us perpetuall night.
Why ſhould we defer our joyes?
Fame and rumour are but toyes.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor houſhold ſpies?
Or his eaſier eares beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no ſin loves fruit to ſteal,
But the ſweet theft to reveal.
To be taken, to be ſeen:
Theſe have crimes accounted been.

In Praise of his Mistress.[1]

I.

OU, that will a wonder know,
Go with me,
Two Suns in a Heaven of Snow
Both burning be
All they fire, that do but eye them,
But the ſnow's unmelted by them.

II.

Leaves of Crimſon Tulips met,
Guide the way
Where Two Pearly rows be ſet
As white as day.
When they part themſelves aſunder,
She breathes Oracles of wonder.

[1] Firſt printed in 1671.

III.

Hills of Milk with Azure mix'd
Swell beneath,
Waving ſweetly, yet ſtill fix'd,
While ſhe doth breath.
From thoſe hills deſcends a valley,
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

IV.

As fair Pillars underſtand
Statues Two,
Whiter than the Silver Swan
That ſwims in *Po*;
If at any time they move her,
Every ſtep begets a Lover.

V.

All this but the Caſket is
Which contains
Such a Jewel, as the miſs
Breeds endleſs pains;
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot ſhow it.

To Celia upon Love's Ubiquity.[1]

AS one that ſtrives, being ſick, and ſick to death,
By changing places to preſerve a breath,
A tedious reſtleſs breath: removes and tries
A thouſand rooms, a thouſand policies,
To cozen pain, when he thinks to find eaſe,
At laſt he finds all change, but his diſeaſe;

[1] Firſt printed in 1671.

So (like a Ball with fire and powder fill'd)
I reſtleſs am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
And with that moving torture muſt retain,
(With change of all things elſe) a conſtant pain.
So I ſtay with you, preſence is to me
Nought but a light to ſhew my miſery,
And parting are as racks, to plague love on,
The further ſtretch'd, the more affliction.
Go I to Holland, France, or furtheſt Inde,
I change but onely countreys, not my mind.
And though I paſs through Air and Water free,
Deſpair and hopeleſs fate ſtill follow me.
Whilſt in the boſome of the waves I reel,
My heart I'll liken to the tottering Keel,
The Sea to my own troubled fate, the Wind
To your diſdain, ſent from a ſoul unkind:
But when I lift my ſad looks to the ſkies,
Then ſhall I think I ſee my Celia's Eyes;
And when a Cloud or Storm appears between,
I ſhall remember what her frowns have been.
Thus, whatſoever courſe my fates allow,
All things but make me mind my buſineſs—you.
The good things that I meet, I think ſtreams be
From you the Fountain; but when bad I ſee,
How vile and curſed is that thing, think I,
That to ſuch goodneſs is ſo contrary!
My whole life is 'bout you, the center ſtar,
But a perpetual Motion Circular.
I am the Dials hand, ſtill walking round;
You are the Compaſs; and I never ſound
Beyond your Circle; neither can I ſhew
Aught but what firſt expreſſed is in you,
That whereſoe'r my Tears do cauſe me move,
My fate ſtill keeps me bounded with your love;
Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
Time ſhall ſtand ſtill, and moiſt Waves flaming be:

Yet being gone, think not on me; I am
A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;
But when I die, and wiſh all comforts given,
I'le think on you, and by you think on heaven.

On his Mistress going to Sea.[1]

FAREWELL, fair Saint! may not the ſeas and wind
Swell like the heart and eyes you leave behind;
But, calm and gentle (as the lookes you beare)
Smile on your face, and whiſper in your eare.

Let no bold Billow offer to ariſe,
That it may nearer look upon your eyes:
Leſt wind and wave, enamour'd of your Forme,
Should throng and crowd themſelves into a ſtorme.

But if it be your fate (vaſte Seas) to love,
Of my becalmed breaſt learn how to move;
Move then, but in a gentle Lovers pace:
No furrows nor no wrinkles in your face.

And ye, fierce wind, ſee that you tell your tale
In ſuch a breath as may but fill her Sail:
So, whilſt ye court her, each his ſev'rall way,
Ye will her ſafely to her Port convay.

And loſe her in a noble way of wooing,
Whilſt both contribute to your own undoing.

[1] *Ayres and Dialogues*, by H. Lawes, book i. p. 10; Abraham Wright's *Parnaſſus Biceps*, 1657, p. 120. Not in the edits. The lines alſo occur with many literal variations, and a Latin verſion entitled, *Dominæ Navigaturæ*, in Fanſhawe's tranſlation of Guarini's *Paſtor Fido*, 1648.

1.

TELL me, *Eutreſia*,[1] ſince my fate
And thy more powerfull Forme decrees
My heart an Immolation at thy Shrine,
Where it is ever to incline,
How I muſt love, and at what rate,
And by what ſteps and what degrees
I ſhall my hopes enlarge, and my deſires confine?

A.

Firſt when thy flames begin,
See they burne all within,
And ſo, as lookers on may not deſcry,
Smoake in a ſigh, or ſparkle in an eye.
I'de have thy love a good while there,
Ere thine owne heart ſhould be aware,
And I my ſelfe would chooſe to know it
Firſt by thy care and cunning not to ſhow it.

2.

When my flame thine owne way is thus betrayd;
Muſt it be ſtill afrayd?

[1] This, like the preceding piece, not included hitherto in any collection of Carew's writings, occurs at the end of Sir Richard Fanſhawe's tranſlation of Guarini's *Paſtor Fido*, 1648, 4to, and 1664, 8vo, among Fanſhawe's miſcellaneous poems and tranſlations. The preſent verſes are headed: *Written by Mr. T. C. of his Maieſties Bed-Chamber*, and are much in Carew's uſual manner. By a curious (apparent) error in the index to the volume, the two poems are ſaid there to be "by Miſtris T. C." and the name of the lady is changed from *Eutreſia* to *Lucretia*. Fanſhawe has added a Latin verſion of both productions; on the firſt he has beſtowed the title of *Methodus Amandi*.

It is to be added that Ellis met with a copy of the preſent poem in a MS. then belonging to Malone, but not now in the Bodleian, and printed it with modernized ſpelling in his *Specimens of the Early Engliſh Poets* (edit. 1801, iii. 144-6). The text here uſed ſeems, on the whole, preferable.

May it not be ſharpſighted too aſwell,
And know thou knowſt that which it dares not tell;
And by that knowledge finde it may
Tell it ſelfe ore a lowder way?

B.

Let me alone a while,
For ſo thou maiſt beguile
My heart to a conſent,
Long ere it meant.
For while I dare not diſaprove,
Leaſt that betray a knowledge of thy love,
I ſhall be ſo accuſtom'd to allow,
That I ſhall not know how
To be diſpleas'd, when thou ſhalt it avow.

3.

When by loves powerfull ſecret ſympathy
Our Soules are got thus nigh,
And that by one another ſeene,
There needs no breath to goe betweene,
Though in the maine agreement of our breaſts
Our *Hearts* ſubſcribe as *Intereſts*,
Will it not need
The Tongues ſigne too as *Witneſſe* to the deed?

C.

Speake then, but when you tell the tale
Of what you ayle,
Let it be ſo diſorder'd that I may
Gueſſe onely thence what you would ſay.
Then to ſpeake ſence
Were an offence,
And 'twill thy paſſion tell the ſubtleſt way
Not to know what to ſay.

Mr. Carew to his Frind.[1]

LIKE to the hand, that hath bine vſd to playe
One leſſon longe, ſtill runns the ſelfe ſame way,
And waights not what the heavens bidde yt ſtricke,
But dothe preſume by cuſtome this will like.
Soe runne my thoughts which are ſoe perfect growne,
Soe well acquainted with my paſſion,
That now they dare preuent me with their haſt,
And ere I thincke to ſighe, my ſighe is paſt:
Its paſt and flowen to you, for you alone
Are all the object that I thincke vppon;
And did not you ſupplye my ſoule with thought,
For want of action ytt to none were brought.
What, though our abſent armes may not infolde
Reall embraces, yet wee firmly hold
Each other in poſſeſſion; thus wee ſee
The lord enioyes his lands, whear ere hee bee.
If kings poſſes no more then whear they ſate,
What would they greater then a meane eſtate?
This makes me firmlye yours, you firmlye myne,
That ſomthing more then bodies us combine.

WHEN, Celia, I intend to flatter you,
And tell you lyes to make you true,
I ſwear
Theres none ſo fair;
And you believe it, too.

[1] MS. Aſhmole 38, art. 81. This is not in the old copies, but has been printed by Bliſs in his edition of the Oxford *Athenæ* (edit. Bliſs, ii. 659).

Oft have I match'd you with the roſe, and ſaid
No twins ſo like hath Nature made;
But 'tis
Only in this:
You prick my hand, and fade.

Oft have I ſaid there is no precious ſtone,
But may be found in you alone,
Though I
No ſtone eſpy,
Unleſs your heart be one.

When I praiſe your ſkin, I quote the wool,
That ſilkworms from their entrails pul,
And ſhew
That new fal'n ſnow
Is not more beautiful.

Yet grow not proud by ſuch Hyperboles:
Were you as excellent as theſe,
While I
Before you lie,
They might be had with eaſe.[1]

On Munday of Oxford.[2]

GOD bleſſe the Sabbath! fye on worldly pelfe!
The weeke begins on Tueſday: Munday has hanged himſelfe.

[1] Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 106. Not in the edits. Given to Carew conjecturally.

[2] This and the following epigrams are inſerted on the authority of Harl. MS. 6917, where they occur among other undoubted poems by Carew. They were probably mere *jeux d'eſprit* preſerved by accident.

Epigram.

CALL Phillip *flatt-noſe*, and he fretts at that:
And yet this Phillip hath a noſe that's flatt.

On one that Dyed of the Wind-Collick.

HERE lyes John Dumbelow, who dyed becauſe he was ſo,
If his tayle could haue ſpoke, his hart had not broke.

On a Child's Death.

A CHILD, and dead! alas, how could it come?
Surely the thread of life was but a thrumme!

Commendatory Verſes.

To my honoured friend, Maſter Thomas May, upon his comedie, The Heire.[1]

THE Heire, being borne, was in his tender age
Rockt in the Cradle of a private Stage,
Where, lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the firſt day fairely ſtand;
Since, having gather'd ſtrength, he dares preferre
His ſteps into the publike Theater,
The World: where he deſpaires not but to find
A doome from men more able, not leſſe kind.

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[1] Old printed copies of Carew's poems; prefixed to the edit. of *The Heire*, 4°. 1633; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (the firſt four lines only). This drama was written in or before 1620; but at what period Carew's encomium may have been compoſed, is ſlightly uncertain. The probability ſeems to be, however, that the verſes were written in 1633, to accompany the printed copy of the play. "Theſe complimentary verſes muſt be conſidered rather as a tribute to Friendſhip than to Genius; for, though May was a competitor with Sir William D'Avenant for the Royal Laurel, his abilities were much leſs ſplendid. He tranſlated the Georgics of Virgil and Lucan's Pharſalia, and was the Hiſtorian of the Oliverian Parliament."—D.

I but his Uſher am, yet if my word
May paſſe, I dare be bound he will afford
Things muſt deſerve a welcome, if well knowne,
Such as beſt writers would have wiſht their owne.
You ſhall obſerve his words in order meet,
And ſoftly ſtealing on with equall feet
Slide into even numbers with ſuch grace,
As each word had beene moulded for that place.
You ſhall perceive an amorous paſſion ſpunne
Into ſo ſmooth a web, as had the Sunne,
When he purſu'd the ſwiftly flying Maid,[1]
Courted her in ſuch language, ſhe had ſtaid;
A love ſo well expreſt muſt be the ſame
The Authour felt himſelfe from his faire flame.
The whole plot doth alike itſelfe diſcloſe
Through the five Acts, as doth a Locke that goes
With letters, for, till every one be knowne,
The Lock's as faſt as if you had found none;
And where his ſportive Muſe doth draw a thread
Of mirth, chaſt Matrons may not bluſh to reade.
Thus have I thought it fitter to reveale
My want of art, deare friend, than to conceale
My love. It did appeare I did not meane
So to commend thy well-wrought Comick ſcene,
As men might judge my aime rather to be
To gaine praiſe to my ſelfe, than give it thee;
Though I can give thee none but what thou haſt
Deſerv'd, and what muſt my faint breath out-laſt.
Yet was this garment (though I ſkilleſſe be
To take thy meaſure) onely made for thee,
And if it prove too ſcant, 'tis cauſe the ſtuffe
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.[2]

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[1] Alludes to the fable of Apollo and Daphne.—D.

[2] The text of 1640 has been collated with the 4°. edit. of the *Heire*; it was not thought worth while to note the trivial differences of orthography.

To my worthy friend Master George Sandys, on his translation of the Psalme.

IPRESSE not to the quire, nor dare I greet
The holy Place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwaſht Muſe pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine;
Here humbly at the Porch ſhe liſtning ſtayes,
And with glad eares ſucks in thy Sacred Layes.
So devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without dore, and ſome beneath the Font,
To ſtand and heare the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not aſſiſt the ſolemne Exerciſe:
Sufficeth her that ſhe a Lay-place gaine,
To trim thy Veſtments, or but beare thy traine;
Though nor in Tune nor Wing ſhe reach thy Larke,
Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Arke.
Who knowes but that her wandring eyes, that run
Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun;
A pure Flame may, ſhot by Almighty Power
Into my breſt, the earthy flame devoure.
My Eyes in Penitentiall dew may ſteepe
That brine which they for ſenſuall love did weepe;
So, though ('gainſt Natures courſe) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water be with water drencht,
Perhaps my reſtleſſe Soul, tyr'de with perſuit
Of mortall beauty, ſeeking without fruit

[1] Theſe lines were originally prefixed to *A Paraphraſe vpon the Divine Poems.* By George Sandys. Lond. 1638, folio. A ſecond edition appeared in 1648, without place or printer's name, 8°. "Dryden calls him the beſt verſifier of his time."—D.

Contentment there which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quencht all her thirſt, nor ſatisfi'd, though cloy'd;
Weary of her vaine ſearch below, above
In the firſt Faire may find th' immortall Love.
Prompted by thy Example then, no more
In moulds of Clay will I my God adore;
But teare thoſe idols from my heart, and write
What his bleſt Sp'rit, not fond love, ſhall indite;
Then I no more ſhall court the Verdant Bay,
But the dry leaveleſſe Trunke on Golgotha;
And rather ſtrive to gaine from thence one Thorne,
Than all the flouriſhing Wreathes by Laureats worne.

To my much honoured friend, Henry Lord Cary of Lepington, upon his translation of Malvezzi.[1]

My Lord,

IN every triviall worke 'tis knowne
Tranſlators muſt be maſters of their owne
And of their Author's language; but your taſke
A greater latitude of ſkill did aſke;
For your Malvezzi firſt requir'd a man
To teach him ſpeak vulgar Italian.
His matter's ſo ſublime, ſo now his phraſe
So farre above the ſtile of Bemboe's dayes,

[1] Old printed copies. Theſe lines were originally prefixed to the ſecond edition of Malvezzi's *Romulus and Tarquin*, tranſlated by Henry Cary, Lord Lepington, Lond. 1638, 12°. There was an edition of this work in 1637 without the verſes by Carew, Suckling and others, and with the tranſlator's name in a monogrammatical diſguiſe.

Old Varchie's rules, or what the Cruſca yet
For currant Tuſcan mintage will admit,
As I beleeve your Marqueſſe, by a good
Part of his natives, hardly underſtood.
You muſt expect no happier fate; 'tis true
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts nor words fit common eares;
He writes, and you tranſlate, both to your peeres.

To my worthy friend, M. D'Avenant, upon his excellent play, The Just Italian.[1]

I'LE not miſpend in praiſe the narrow roome
I borrow in this leafe; the garlands bloome
From thine owne ſeedes, that crowne each glorious page
Of thy triumphant worke; the ſullen age
Requires a ſatyre. What ſtarre guides the ſoule
Of theſe our froward times, that dare controule,
Yet dare not learne to judge? When didſt thou flie
From hence, cleare, candid Ingenuitie?
I have beheld when, pearch'd on the ſmooth brow
Of a faire modeſt troope, thou didſt allow
Applauſe to ſlighter workes; but then the weake
Spectator gave the knowing leave to ſpeake.

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[1] Old printed copies of Carew's *Poems*; Davenant's *Iuſt Italian*, 1630, 4°, ſign. A. 2 *verſo* and A 3 *recto*. "This gentleman, who was ſuppoſed, but with the greateſt improbability, to be a natural ſon of Shakeſpear, was one of the firſt Poets of his time. It was he who harmonized the ſtage. He firſt introduced ſcenery, and the order and Decorum of the French Theatre, upon the Britiſh one. He ſucceeded Ben Johnſon as Poet Laureat to Charles."—D.

Now noyſe prevailes, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit that with the crie ſpends not his mouth.
Yet aſke him reaſon why he did not like;
Him, why he did: their ignorance will ſtrike
Thy ſoule with ſcorne and pity. Marke the places
Provoke their ſmiles, frownes, or diſtorted faces,
When they admire, nod, ſhake the head,—they'le be
A ſcene of myrth, a double comedie.
But thy ſtrong fancies (raptures of the braine,
Dreſt in poetique flames,) they entertaine
As a bold, impious reach; for they'le ſtill ſlight
All that exceeds Red Bull[1] and Cockpit flight.
Theſe are the men in crowded heape that throng
To that adulterate ſtage, where not a tong
Of th' untun'd kennell can a line repeat
Of ſerious ſence: but like lips meet like meat;
Whilſt the true brood of actors, that alone
Keepe naturall unſtrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearſe
The terſer Beaumont's or great Johnſon's verſe.
Repine not thou then, ſince this churliſh fate
Rules not the ſtage alone; perhaps the State
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good
Have by the rabble beene miſunderſtood.
So was thy Play, whoſe cleere, yet loftie ſtraine
Wiſe men, that governe fate, ſhall entertaine.

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[1] After the Reſtoration, there were two companies of Players formed, one under the title of the *King's Servants*, the other that of the *Duke's Company*, both by patent from the Crown; the firſt granted to Mr. [Thomas] Killigrew, and the latter to Sir William D'Avenant. The King's Servants acted firſt at the Red Bull in St. John's Street, and afterwards at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, to which places our Poet here alludes. It ſeems by the verſes before us that, though Killigrew's company was much inferior to D'Avenant's, it was more ſucceſsful, though the company of the latter, who performed at the Duke's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, acted the pieces of Shakeſpeare, Johnſon, Beaumont, and were headed by the celebrated Betterton.—D.

To the Reader of Master William Davenant's Play.[1]

IT hath been ſaid of old, that playes bee Feaſts,
Poets the Cookes, and the Spectators Gueſts,
The Actors Waiters. From this Similie
Some have deriv'd an unſafe libertie
To uſe their Judgements as their Taſtes, which chuſe
Without controule this Diſh, and that refuſe;
But Wit allowes not this large Priviledge:
Either you muſt confeſſe, or feele it's edge;
Nor ſhall you make a currant inference,
If you transfer your reaſon to your ſenſe:
Things are diſtinct, and muſt the ſame appeare
To every piercing Eye or well-tun'd Eare.
Though ſweets with yours, ſharps beſt with my taſt meet;
Both muſt agree, this meat's or ſharpe or ſweet:
But if I ſ[c]ent a ſtench or a perfume,
Whilſt you ſmell nought at all, I may preſume
You have that ſenſe imperfect: So you may
Affect a ſad, merry, or humerous Play,
If, though the kind diſtaſte or pleaſe, the Good
And Bad be by your Judgement underſtood;
But if, as in this play, where with delight
I feaſt my Epicurean appetite
With relliſhes ſo curious, as diſpence
The utmoſt pleaſure to the raviſht ſenſe,
You ſhould profeſſe that you can nothing meet
That hits your taſte either with ſharpe or ſweet,

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[1] Old printed copies. Theſe lines were originally prefixed to *The Witts, a Comedie*, &c. Lond. 1636, 4°, which text has been collated with that of 1640.

But cry out, 'tis inſipid, your bold Tongue
May doe it's Maſter, not the Author wrong;
For men of better Pallat will by it
Take the juſt elevation of your Wit.

To my friend, Will. D'Avenant.

I CROWDED 'mongſt the firſt to ſee the ſtage
(Inſpir'd by thee) ſtrike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancie dazled; where each ſceane
Wrought like a charme, and forc't the audience leane
To th' paſſion of thy pen. Thence ladyes went
(Whoſe abſence lovers ſigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind ſcorne, and courtiers, who by art
Made love before with a converted heart,
To wed thoſe virgins, whom they woo'd t' abuſe;
Both rendred Hymen's pros'lits by thy muſe.
But others, who were proofe 'gainſt love, did ſit
To learne the ſubtle dictats of thy wit;
And as each profited, took his degree,
Maſter or bachelor, in comedie.
Wee of th' adult'rate mixture not complaine;
But thence more characters of vertue gaine;
More pregnant patternes of tranſcendent worth,
Than barren and inſipid truth brings forth:
So oft the baſtard nobler fortune meets
Than the dull iſſue of the lawfull ſheets.

To Will. Davenant my Friend.[1]

WHEN I behold, by warrants from thy Pen,
A Prince rigging our Fleets, arming our Men;
Conducting to remoteſt ſhores our force
(Without a *Dido* to retard his courſe),
And thence repelling in ſucceſſe-full fight
Th' uſurping Foe (whoſe ſtrength was all his Right)
By two brave Heroes (whom wee juſtly may
By *Homer's Ajax* or *Achilles* lay),
I doubt the Author of the Tale of Troy,
With him that makes his Fugitive enjoy
The Carthage Queene, and thinke thy Poem may
Impoſe upon Poſteritie, as they
Have done on us: what though Romances lye
Thus blended with more faithfull Hiſtorie,
Wee of th' adult'rate mixture not complaine,
But thence more Characters of Vertue gaine;
More pregnant Patterns of tranſcedent worth,
Than barren and inſipid Truth brings forth:
So oft the Baſtard nobler fortune meets
Than the dull iſſue of the lawfull ſheets.

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[1] This is another, and the original, verſion of the copy of verſes juſt given. I print them preciſely as they occur among the Prolegomena to *Madagaſcar; With other Poems. By W. Davenant.* Lond. 1638, 12°. In both texts the concluſion is ſimilar.

A Paraphraſe of Certain Pſalms.

Psalme 1.[1]

1.

HAPPIE the man that dothe not walke
In wicked counſells, nor hath lent
His glad eare to the rayling talke
Of ſkorners, nor his prompt ſteeps[2] bent
To wicked pathes, where ſinners went.

2. But to thoſe ſafer tracts confinde,
Which Gods law-giueing finger made,
Neuer withdrawes his weried mynde
From practize of that holye trade,
By noonedayes ſunne or midnights ſhade.

---

[1] MS. Aſhmole 38. No other copy ſeems to be known. It has been printed already in Fry's *Bibliographical Memoranda*, 1816, but for the preſent purpoſe the text has been collated with the MS.

[2] Steps.

3. Like the fayre plante whom neighbouring flouds
Refreſh, whoſe leafe feeles no decayes;
That not alone w^th^ flattering buds,
But earely fruitts his Lords hope payes:
So ſhall he thriue in all his wayes.

4. But the looſe ſinner ſhall not ſhare
Soe fixt a ſtate; like the light duſt,
That vpp and downe the empty ayre
The wylde wynd driues w^th^ various guſt:
Soe ſhall croſſe fortunes toſs th' unjuſt.

5. Therfore, att the laſt judgement day,
The trembling ſinnefull ſoule ſhall hyde
His confuſed face, nor ſhall he ſtay,
Whear the elected troopes abyde,
But ſhall be chaſed farr from theire ſide.

6. For the clere pathes of righteous men
To the all-ſeeing Lord are knowne;
But the darke maze and diſmall den,
Whear ſinners wander vpp and downe,
Shall by his hand be overthrowne.

Psalme 2.[1]

1, 2, 3.

WHY rage the heathen, wherefore ſwell
The People with vaine thoughts, why meete
Theire Kings in counſell to rebell
'Gainſt God and Chriſt, trampling his ſweete,
But broken, bonds vnder their feete?

[1] MS. Aſhmole 38 and Mr. Wyburd's MS. From theſe ſources are alſo derived Pſalms 51, 91, 104, 113 and 114, which follow.

4, 5, 6. Alas, the glorious God that hath
His throne in heaven, derides th' vnſound
Plotts of weak mortalls: in his wrath
Thus ſhall hee ſpeak: my ſelf hath crownd
The Monarch of my holy ground.

7, 8. I will declare what God hath told;
Thou art my ſonne: this happie day
Did thie incarnate birth vnfould;
Aſk, and the heathen ſhall obey,
With the remoteſt Earth, thy ſway.

9, 10, 11. Thy rodd of iron ſhall, if Kings ryſe
Againſt thee, bruiſe them into duſt
Like potts of clay; therefore bee wiſe,
Yee Princes, and learne judgments iuſt:
Serve God with feare: tremble, yet truſt.

12. Kiſſe and doe hommage to the Sonne,[1]
Leaſt his diſpleaſure ruyne bring,
For if the fire bee but begunn,
Then happie thoſe that themſelues fling
Vnder the ſhelter of his wing.

Psalme 51.

1.

GOOD God, vnlock thy magazins
Of mercie, and forgive my ſinnes.

2. Oh, waſh and purifie the foule
Pollution of my ſin-ſtaynd ſoule.

[1] Both the MS. have *Sunn*.

3. For I confeſſe my faults, that lye
In horrid ſhapes before myne eye.

4. Againſt the[e] onely and alone,
In thie ſight was this evill donne,
That all men might thy Iuſtice ſee,
When thou art iudg'd for iudgeing mee.

5. Euen from my birth I did begin
With mothers milk to ſuck in ſinn.

6. But thou lov'ſt truth, and ſhalt impart
Thy ſecret wiſdome to my heart.

7. Thou ſhalt with yſopp purge mee, ſoe
Shall I ſeeme white as mountaine ſnowe.

8. Thou ſhalt ſend ioyfull newes, and then
My broaken bones growe ſtrong againe.

9. Lett not thine eyes my ſins ſurvey ;
But caſt thoſe cancell'd debts away.

10. Oh, make my cleans'd heart a pure cell,
Where a renewed ſpiritt may dwell.

11. Caſt mee not from thy ſight, nor chaſe
Away from mee thy ſpiritt of grace.

12. Send mee thy ſaueing health againe,
And with thy Spiritt thoſe ioyes mainetaine.

13. Then will I preach thy wayes, and drawe
Converted ſinners to thy lawe.

14, 15. Oh God, my God of health, vnſeale
My blood-ſhutt lipps, and Ile reveale
What mercyes in thy juſtice dwell,
And with lowd voyce thy praiſes tell.

16, 17. Could ſacrifice haue purgd my vice,
Lord, I had brought thee ſacrifice ;

But though burnt offerings are refus'd,
Thou ſhalt accept the heart that's bruis'd:
The humbled ſoule, the ſpiritt oppreſt:
Lord, ſuch oblations pleaſe the[e] beſt.

18. Bleſs Syon, Lord; repaire with pittie
The ruynes of thy holy Cittie.

19. Then will wee holy dower preſent thee,
And peace offerings that content thee;
And then thyne Alters ſhall be preſt
With many a ſacrificed beaſt.

Psalme 91.

1, 2, 3.

MAKE the greate God thy Fort, and dwell
In him by faith, and doe not care
(Soe ſhaded) for the power of hell
Or for the cunning Fowler's ſnare,
Or poyſon of th' infected ayre.

4, 5. His plumes ſhall make a downy bedd,
Where thou ſhalt reſt: hee ſhall diſplay
His wings of truth over thy head
Which, like a ſhield, ſhall drive away
The feares of night, the darts of day.

6, 7. The winged plague that flyes by night,
The murdering ſword that kills by day,
Shall not thy peacefull ſleepes affright,
Though on thy right and left hand they
A thouſand and ten thouſand ſlay.

8, 9, 10. Yet ſhall thine eyes behould the fall
Of ſinners; but, becauſe thy heart
Dwells with the Lord, not one of all
Thoſe ills, nor yet the plaguie dart,
Shall dare approach neere where thou art.

11, 12, 13. His Angells ſhall direct thie leggs,
And guard them in the ſtony ſtreets:
On lyons' whelps and addars' eggs
Thy ſtepps ſhall march; and if thou meete
With draggons, they ſhall kiſs thy feete.

14, 15, 16. When thou art troubled, hee ſhall heare,
And help thee for thy loue embraſt,
Unto[1] his name; therefore hee'l reare
Thy honours high, and when thou haſt
Enioyd them long, ſaue the[e] att laſt.

Psalme 104.[2]

1.

MY ſoule the great Gods praiſes ſings,
Encircled round with glorious wings.

2. Cloath'd with light, o're whome the ſkie
Hangs like a ſtarry cannopie.

3. Whoe dwells vppon the gliding ſtreames,
Enamel'd with his golden beames:
Enthron'd in clouds, as in a chayre,
Hee rydes in tryvmph through the ayre.

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[1] The MSS. have *And knowe* and *And knew*.

[2] Beſides the copies in Aſhm. MS. 38 and in Mr. Wyburd's MS. there is one in Addit. MS 22, 118, fol. 35-6. All the texts have been collated.

4. The winds and flameing element
Are on his greate Ambaſſage ſent.

5. The fabrick of the Earth ſhall ſtand
For aye, built by his powerfull hand.

6, 7, 8, 9. The floods that with theire watry robe
Once coverd all this earthlie Globe,
Soone as thie thundering voyce was heard,
Fledd faſt, and ſtraight the hills appear'd:
The humble valleys ſawe the Sunn,
Whilſt the affrighted waters runn
Into theire channells, and noe more
Shall drowne the earth, or paſſe the ſhoare.

10. Along thoſe Vales the coole ſprings flowe,
And waſh the mountaines feete belowe.

11. Hither for drinck the whole heard ſtrayes:
There the wild aſſe his thirſt allayes

12. And on the bowghs that ſhade the ſpring
The featherd quire ſhall ſitt and ſing.

13, 14, 15. When on her wombe thy dewe is ſhedd,
The pregnant Earth is brought to bedd,
And, with a fruitfull birth encreaſt,
Yeelds hearbes and graſs for man and beaſt:
Heart-ſtrengthening breade, care-drowning wyne,
And oyle that makes the face to ſhyne.

16. On Lebanon his cedars ſtand:
Trees full of ſapp, works of his hand.

17. In them the birds their cabines dight:
The firr-tree is the ſtorks delight.

18. The wild goat on the hills, in cells
Of rockes the hermitt conye, dwells.

19. The Moone obſerues her courſe; the Sunn
Knowes when his weary race is donne.

20. And when the Night her dark vaile ſpredds,
The wilder beaſts forſake their ſhedds:

21. The hungrie lions hunt for blood,
And roareing begg from God their food.

22, 23. The Sunn returnes: theis beaſts of pray
Flye to their denns, and from the day;
And whilſt they in dark cavernes lurk,
Mann till the evening goes to work.

24. How full of creatures is the Earth,
To which thy wiſdome gaue their birth!

25. And thoſe that in the wide ſea breed,
The bounds of number farre exceed.

26. There the huge whales with finny feete
Dance vnderneath the ſaileing fleete.

27, 28, 29, 30. All theis expect theire nouriſhment
From thee, and gather what is ſent.
Bee thy hand open, they are fedd,
Bee thie face hidd, aſtoniſhed:
If thou withdrawe their Soule, they muſt
Returne into theire former duſt;
If thou ſend back thy breath, the face
Of th' Earth is ſpread with a new race.

31. Gods glorie ſhall for ever ſtay;
Hee ſhall with ioy his works ſurvey.

32, 33. The ſtedfaſt Earth ſhall ſhake, if hee
Look downe, & if the mountaines bee
Toucht, they ſhall ſmoak; yet ſtill my verſe
Shall, whilſt I liue, his praiſe reherſe.

34. In him with ioy my thoughts ſhall meete;
Hee makes my meditations ſweete.

35. The ſinner ſhall appeare noo more:
Then, oh my ſoule, the Lord adore!

Psalme 113.

1, 2, 3.

EE children of the Lord, that waite
Vppon his wille, ſing hymnes divine
From henceforth to tymes endleſs date
To his name, prais'd from the firſt ſhine
Of th' earthly ſunn, till it decline.

4, 5, 6. The hoaſts of Heauen or earth haue none
May to his height of glory riſe;
For whoe like him hath fixd his throne
Soe high, yet bends downe to the ſkyes,
And lower[s to] Earth his humble eyes?

7, 8, 9. The poore from loathed duſt hee drawes,
And makes them regall ſtate inveſt
'Mongſt kings he[1] gives his people lawes;
Hee makes the barren mother reſt
Vnder her roofe, with children bleſt.

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[1] Aſhm. MS. *the;* Mr. Wyburd's MS. *that.*

Psalme 114.

1, 2.

WHEN the ſeede of Iacob fledd
From the cruell Pharaohs land,
Iuda was in ſafety ledd
By the Lord, whoſe powerfull hand
Guided all the Hebrew band.

3, 4. This the ſea ſaw, and diſmayde
Flyes: ſwift Iourdane backward makes:
Mountaines ſkipt like ramms affraid;
And the lower hillocks ſhakes,
Like a tender lambe that quakes.

5, 6. What, Oh Sea, hath thee diſmaide?
Why did Iourdane backwards make?
Mountaines why, like ramms affraide,
Skipt yee? wherefore did yee ſhake,
Hillocks, like the lambes that quake?

7, 8. Tremble, Oh thou ſtedfaſt Earth,
Att the preſence of the Lord,
That makes rocks give rivers birth,
And by virtue of whoſe word
Flints ſhall floweing ſprings afford.

Psalme 119.[1]

Aleph. *Beati Immaculati.* 1.

1.

BLEST is hee that ſpottleſs ſtands
In the way of Gods coñands.

2. Bleſſed hee that keepes his word:
Whoſe intire heart ſeekes the Lord;

3. For the man, that walketh in
His iuſt paths, coñitts noe ſinn.

4. By thine ſtrickt coñaunds wee are
Bound to keepe thy lawes with care.

5. Oh that my ſtepps might not ſlide
From thy ſtatutes' perfect guide!

6. Soe ſhall I decline thy wrath,
Treading thy coñaunded path;

7. Haueing learn'd thy righteous wayes,
With true heart I'le ſing thy praiſe;

8. In thy ſtatutes I'll perſever:
Then forſake mee not for ever!

Beth. *In quo corriget?* 2.

9. How ſhall youth but by the leuell
Of thy word bee kept from euill?

[1] Mr. Wyburd's MS. No other copy ſeems to be known.

10. Lett my ſoule, that ſeekes the way
Of thy truth, not goe aſtraye.

11. Where leaſt my fraile feet might ſlide,
In my heart thy words I hide.

12. Bleſt bee thou, oh Lord: oh, ſhowe
How I may thy ſtatutes knowe.

13. I haue publiſht the divine
Judgments of thy mouth with myne;

14. Which haue fill'd my ſoule with pleaſure,
More then all the heaps of treaſure.

15. They ſhall all the ſubiect proue
Of my talk and of my love.

16. Thoſe my darlings noe tyme ſhall
From my memory lett fall.

Gimel. *Retribue ſervo tuo.* 3.

17. Lett thie grace, O Lord, preſerve mee,
That I may but live to ſerve thee;

18. Open my dark eyes, that I
May thy wonderous lawes deſcry.

19. Lett thy glorious light appeare:
I am but a pilgrime heere.

20. Yet the zeale of theire deſyre
Hath euen ſett my heart on fire.

21. Thy fearce rodd and curſe oretaketh
Him that proudly thee forſaketh.

22. I haue kept thy lawes, Oh God:
Turne from mee thy curſe and rodd.

23. Though combined Princes raild,
Yet thy Servant hath not faild

24. In their ſtuddie to abide;
For they are my Joy, my guide.

Daleth. *Adhæſit pavimento.* 4.

25. For thy words ſake, give new birth
To my ſoule that cleaues to earth.

26. Thou haſt heard my tongue vntwine
All my waies: Lord, teach mee thyne!

27. Make mee knowe them, that I may
All thie wonderous workes diſplay.

28. Thou haſt ſaid the word: then bring
Eaſe to my ſoule languiſhing.

29. Plant in mee thy lawes' true love,
And the Vaile of lyes remove.

30. I have chooſen truth to lye,
The fixt obiect of myne eye.

31. On thy word my faith I grounded:
Lett me not then bee confounded.

32. When my ſoule from bonds is freed,
I ſhall runne thy wayes with ſpeed.

He. *Legem pone.* 5.

33. Teach mee, Lord, thy waies, and I
From that roade will never fly;

34. Give mee knowledge, that I may
With my heart thy lawes obey.

35. Vnto that path my ſtepps move,
For I there haue fixt my love.

36. Fill my heart with thoſe pure fires,
Not with covetous deſyres.

37. To vaine ſights lett mee bee
Blinde, but thy waies lett mee ſee.

38. Make thy promiſe firme to mee,
That with feare have ſerved thee.

39. 'Cauſe thy judgements ever were
Sweete, divert the ſhame I feare.

40. Lett not him in juſtice periſh,
That deſyres thy lawes to cheriſh.

Vau. *Et venias ſuper me.* 6.

41. Lett thy loving mercies cure mee,
As thy promiſſes aſſure mee;

42. Soe ſhall the blaſphemers ſee,
I not vainely truſt in thee;

43. Take not quite the words away
Of thy truth, that are my ſtay;

44. Then I'le keepe thy lawes, even till
Winged tyme it ſelf ſtand ſtill;

45. And whilſt I purſue thy ſearch,
With ſecure ſtepps will I march.

46. Vnaſhamed I'le record
Euen before greate kings thy word.

47. That ſhall be my ioy, for there
My thoughts ever fixed were;

48. With bent mynd and ſtretch'd out hands
I will ſeek thie lov'd commands.

Zaine. *Memor eſto Verbi tui.* 7.

49. Thinck vppon thy promiſe made,
For in that my truſt is layd;

50. That my comfort in diſtreſs,
That hath brought my life redreſſe.

51. Though the proud hath ſcorn'd mee, they
Made mee not forſake thy waie;

52. Thy eternall judgements brought
Joy to my remembring thought;

53. With great ſorrowe I am taken,
When I ſee thy lawes forſaken,

54. Which haue made me ſongs of myrth
In this pilgrimage of Earth:

55. Which I myndefull was to keepe,
When I had forgott to ſleepe;

56. Thy coñaundes I did embrace,
Therefore I obtain'd thy grace.

Heth. *Portio mea, Domine.* 8.

57. Thou, O Lord, art my reward:
To thy lawes my thoughts are ſquar'd;

58. With an humble heart I craue
Thou wilt promis'd mercy haue.

59. I have marked my waies, and now
To thie waies my feete I bowe.

60. Nor haue I the tyme delaid,
But with haſt this iourney made,

61. Where, though hands of ſinners lay
Snareing netts, I keepe my waie.

62. I my ſelf att midnight raiſe
Singing thy iuſt iudgements praiſe.

63. I converſe with thoſe that beare
To thie lawes obedyent feare.

64. Teach mee them, Lord, by that grace
Which hath fil'd the worlds wide ſpace.

[*Concludes imperfectly.*]

Psalme 137.[1]

SITTING by the ſtreames that glide
Downe by Babell's towring wall,
With our tears wee filde the tyde,
Whilſt our myndfull thoughts recall
Thee, O Sion, and thy fall.

Our neglected harps vnſtrunge,
Not acquainted with the hand
Of the ſkillfull tuner, hunge
On the willow trees that ſtand
Planted in the neighbour land.

[1] MS. Aſhmole 38. No other copy is at preſent known. I have little doubt, however, that Mr. Wyburd's MS. in its original integrity contained this as well as the remainder of Pſalm 119.

Yett the ſpightfull foe commands
Songs of mirthe, and bids vs lay
To dumbe harps our captiue hands,
And to ſcoffe our ſorrowes, ſay,
Sing vs ſome ſweet Hebrewe lay.

But, ſay wee, our holye ſtrayn
Is too pure for heathen land,
Nor may wee God's himmes prophane,
Or moue eyther voyce or hand
To delight a ſauage band.

Holye Salem, yf thy loue
Fall from my forgetfull harte,
May the ſkill, by which I moue
Strings of muſicke tun'd with art,
From my withered hand departe.

May my ſpeachles tongue giue ſound
To noe accents, but remayne
To my priſon roofe faſt bound,
Iff my ſad ſoule entertayne
Mirth, till thou rejoyce agayne.

In that day remember, Lord,
Edom's breed, that in our groanes
They triumph; and with fier, ſword,
Burn their cittie, herſe their bones,
And make all one heape of ſtones.

Cruell Babell, thou ſhalt feele
The reuenger of our groanes,
When the happie victor's ſteele,
As thine our's, ſhall hew thy bones,
And make all one heape of ſtones.

Men ſhall bleſs the hand that teares
From the mothers ſoft embraces
Sucking infants, and beſmeares
With their braynes the rugged faces
Of the rockes and ſtony places.

COELUM BRITANNICUM.

A MASQUE

AT WHITE-HALL IN THE BANQVETTING-HOVSE

on Shrove-Tveſday-Night, the 18. of February, 1633.

The Deſcription of the Scæne.[1]

THE firſt thing that preſented it ſelfe to the ſight was a rich Ornament that encloſed the Scæne; in the upper part of which were great branches of Foliage, growing out of leaves and huſkes, with a Coronice[2] at the top; and in the midſt was placed a large compartiment, compoſed of Groteſke worke, wherein were Harpies, with wings and Lyons clawes, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches: over all was a broken Frontiſpice, wrought with ſcrowles and maſque heads of Children; and within this a Table, adorn'd with a leſſer compartiment, with this inſcription, COELVM BRITTANICVM. The two ſides of this Ornament were thus ordered: Firſt, from the ground aroſe a ſquare Baſement, and

[1] The preſent text is from the 4to tract of 1634, collated with the edition of 1640; but the firſt is the more correct, and appeared, as the only work of Carew which was printed in his lifetime, perhaps under his eye, to be the more ſuitable for ſelection and uſe in the preſent caſe. In edit. 1772 there is a long note here on the nature and origin of Maſques, which ſeemed altogether ſcarcely worth printing. The full title of the Maſque will be found elſewhere.

[2] The uppermoſt member of the entablature of a Column, or that which crowns the order.—D.

on the Plinth[1] ſtood a great vaze of gold, richly enchaſed, and beautified with Sculptures of great Releiue,[2] with frutages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this ſate two youths naked, in their naturall colours; each of theſe with one arme ſupported the Vaze, on the cover of which ſtood two young women in Draperies, arme in arme, the one figuring the glory of Princes, and the other Manſuetude;[3] their other armes bore upan Ovall in which to the Kings Majeſty was this Impreſe, A Lyon with an Imperial Crowne on his head; the word, *Animum ſub pectore forti.* On the other ſide was the like Compoſition, but the deſigne of the Figures varied; and in the Oval on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Impreſe to the Queens Majeſty, a Lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three leſſer Lillies ſpringing out of the Stemme; the word, *Semper inclita Virtus.* All this Ornament was heightned with Gold, and for the Invention and various compoſition, was the neweſt and moſt gracious that hath beene done in this place.

The curtaine was watchet,[4] and a pale yellow in paines, which flying up on the ſudden, diſcovered the Scæne, repreſenting old Arches, old Palaces, decayed walls, parts of Temples, Theaters, Baſilicas,[5] and Thermæ,[6] with confuſed heaps of broken Columnes, Baſes, coronices, and Statues, lying as under ground, and altogether reſembling the ruines of ſome great city of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Brittaines.

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[1] The ſquare member which ſerves as the foundation to the baſe of a pillar.—D.

[2] That part of a figure which projects much beyond the ground on which it is carved is called by artiſts *alto relievo*.—D. The editions have *releine.* This emendation is ſuggeſted in a MS. note to a copy of ed. 1642 in the Britiſh Muſeum.

[3] Gentleneſs.—D.

[4] Pale blue.—D.

[5] Baſilicas, in Architecture, are public halls with two ranges of pillars, and galleries over them.—D.

[6] Baths.—D.

This ſtrange proſpect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators ſome time, when, to a loud muſicke, Mercury deſcends; on the upper part of his Chariot ſtands a Cocke, in action of crowing; his habit was a Coat of flame colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimm'd with gold and ſilver; upon his head a wreath, with ſmall falls of white feathers, a Caduſeus in his hand, and wings at his heeles. Being come to the ground, he diſmounts, and goes up to the State.

Mercury.

From the high Senate of the gods, to You
Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majeſty,
Before whoſe Throne three warlike Nations bend
Their willing knees: on whoſe Imperiall browes
The Regall Circle prints no awfull frownes
To fright your Subjects, but whoſe calmer eyes
Shed joy and ſafety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerefull loyall reverence,
Come I, Cyllenius, Joves Ambaſſadour;
Not, as of old, to whiſper amorous tales
Of wanton love into the glowing eare
Of ſome choyce beauty in this numerous traine;
Thoſe dayes are fled, the rebell flame is quench'd
In heavenly breſts; the gods have ſworne by Styx,
Never to tempt yeelding mortality
To looſe embraces. Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your vertuous Court,
By whoſe bright blaze your Pallace is become
The envy'd patterne of this underworld;
But the aſpiring flame hath kindled heaven;
Th' immortall boſomes burne with emulous fires,
Jove rivals your great vertues, Royall ſir,
And Juno, Madam, your attractive graces;
He his wild luſts, her raging jealouſies

She layes aſide, and through th' Olympique hall,
As yours doth here, their great Example ſpreads.
And though of old, when youthfull blood conſpir'd
With his new Empire, prone to heats of luſt,
He acted inceſts, rapes, adulteries,
On earthly beauties, which his raging Queene,
Swolne with revengefull fury, turn'd to beaſts,
And in deſpight he transformèd to Stars,
Till he had fill'd the crowded Firmament
With his looſe Strumpets and their ſpurious race,
Where the eternall records of his ſhame
Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
When in the Chryſtall myrrour of your reigne
He view'd himſelfe, he found his loathſome ſtaines;
And now, to expiate the infectious guilt
Of thoſe deteſted luxuries, hee'll chace
Th' infamous lights from their uſurped Spheare,
And drowne in the Lethæan flood their curs'd
Both names and memories. In whoſe vacant roomes
Firſt you ſucceed, and of the wheeling Orbe
In the moſt eminent and conſpicuous point,
With dazeling beames and ſpreading magnitude,
Shine the bright Pole-ſtarre of this Hemiſpheare;
Next, by your ſide, in a triumphant Chaire,
And crown'd with Ariadnes Diadem,
Sits the faire Conſort of your heart and Throne;
Diffuſ'd about you, with that ſhare of light
As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
Hee'll fix this Noble traine, of either ſexe;
So to the Brittiſh ſtars this lower Globe
Shall owe its light, and they alone diſpence
To th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus*, attired in a long darkiſh robe, all wrought over with ponyards, Serpents' tongues, eyes, and eares; his beard and haire party coloured, and upon his head a

wreath ſtucke with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the Forepart.

Momus.

By your leave, Mortals, goodden cozen Hermes! your pardon, good my lord Ambaſſadour. I found the tables of your Armes and Titles in every Inne betwixt this and Olympus, where your preſent expedition is regiſtred your nine thouſandth nine hundred ninety-ninth Legation. I cannot reach the policy why your Maſter breeds ſo few Stateſmen; it ſuits not with his dignity that in the whole empyræum there ſhould not bee a god fit to ſend on theſe honourable errands but your ſelfe, who are not yet ſo carefull of his honour or your owne, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant; the Hoſts upon the highway cry out with open mouth upon you for ſupporting pilfery in your traine; which, though as you are the god of petty larcinry, you might protect, yet you know it is directly againſt the new orders, and oppoſes the Reformation in Diameter.

Merc. Peace, Rayler, bridle your licentious tongue,
And let this Preſence teach you modeſty.

Mom. Let it if it can; in the meane time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know (gay people) that though your Poets, who enjoy by Patent a particular privilege to draw downe any of the Deities from Twelfnight till Shrove tueſday, at what time there is annually a moſt familiar entercourſe betweene the two Courts, have as yet never invited me to theſe Solemnities; yet it ſhall appeare by my intruſion this night, that I am a very conſiderable Perſon upon theſe occaſions, and may moſt properly aſſiſt at ſuch entertainments. My name is *Momus-ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demorgorgon-ap-Eternity*. My Offices and Titles are, the Supreme Theomaſtix, Hupercrittique of manners, Protonotarie of abuſes, Arch-Informer, Dilator-Generall, Vniverſall Calumniator, Eternall Plaintiffe, and perpetuall Foreman of the Grand

Inqueſt. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, ſpeculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, dores, curtaines, through key-holes, chinkes, windowes, about all Veneriall Lobbies, Skonces, or Redoubts, though it bee to the ſurprize of a perdu[1] Page or Chambermaid, in, and at all Courts of civill and criminall judicature, all Counſels, Conſultations, and Parlamentary aſſemblies, where, though I am but a Wooll-ſacke god, and have no vote in the ſanction of new lawes, I have yet a Prærogative of wreſting the old to any whatſoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoofe, or prejudice, of Iupiter his Crowne and Dignity, for, or againſt the Rights of either houſe of Patrician or Plebeian gods. My naturall qualities are to make Iove frowne, Iuno powt, Mars chafe, Venus bluſh, Vulcan glow, Saturne quake, Cynthia pale, Phæbus hide his face, and Mercury here take his heeles. My recreations are witty miſchiefes, as when Saturne guelt his father; the Smith caught his wife and her Bravo in a net of Cobweb-Iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Halfpace, preſented the Embleme of the forked tree, and diſcover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the ſnowie cliffs of Calabria, with the Grotto of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me by the familiar illuſtration of a Bird of mine owne feather, old Peter Aretine, who reduc'd all the Scepters and Myters of that Age tributary to his wit, was my Parallel; and Frank Rablais ſuck'd much of my milke too; but your moderne French Hoſpitall of Oratory is meere counterfeit, an arrant Mountebanke; for, though fearing no other tortures than his Sciatica, hee diſcourſe of Kings and Queenes with as little reverence as of Groomes and Chambermaids, yet the wants their fangteeth and Scorpions taile; I meane that fellow who, to adde to his ſtature, thinkes it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like

[1] Lying in wait to watch anything.—D.

a Dogge in a doublet, than to walke like other men on the ſoles of his feet.

Merc. No more, impertinent trifeler! you diſturbe
The great Affaire with your rude ſcurrilous chat:
What doth the knowledge of your abject ſtate
Concerne Joves ſolemne Meſſage?

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more eſpeciall Commiſſion of employment from Iupiter, and a larger entertainment from his Exchequer, yet, as a freeborne god, I have the liberty to travell at mine owne charges, without your paſſe or countenance legatine; and that it may appeare a ſedulous acute obſerver may know as much as a dull flegmatique Ambaſſadour, and weares a treble key to unlocke the miſterious Cyphers of your darke ſecrecies, I will diſcourſe the politique ſtate of heaven to this trimme Audience.

At this the Scæne changeth, and in the heaven is diſcovered a Spheare, with Starres placed in their ſeverall Images, borne up by a huge naked Figure (onely a peece of Drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards, as if the great weight lying on his ſhoulders oppreſt him; upon his head a Crowne; by all which hee might eaſily be knowne to be Atlas.

You ſhall underſtand, that Iupiter, upon the inſpection of I know not what vertuous Preſidents extant (as they ſay) here in this Court, but as I more probably gheſſe, out of the conſideration of the decay of his naturall abilities, hath before a frequent cõvocation of the Superlunary Peeres in a ſolemne Oration recanted, diſclaimed, and utterly renounced all the laſcivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepaſt licentious life, and taken his oath on Junos Breviary, religiouſly kiſſing the two-leav'd Booke, never to ſtretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous ſheets, and hath with pathetical remonſtraces exhorted, and under ſtrict penalties enjoyned, a reſpective conformity in the ſeverall ſubordinate Deities; and

becauſe the Libertines of Antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their tryumphs over chaſtity to all future imitation, have in their immortall ſongs celebrated the martyrdome of thoſe Strumpets under the perſecution of the wives, and devolved to Poſterity the Pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and baſtards; it is therefore by the authority aforeſaid enacted, that this whole Army of conſtellations be immediately diſbanded and caſheerd, ſo to remove all imputation of impiety from the Cœleſtiall Spirits, and all luſtfull influences upon terreſtriall bodies; and, conſequently, that there be an Inquiſition erected to expunge in the Ancient, and ſuppreſſe in the moderne and ſucceeding Poems and Pamphlets, all paſt, preſent, and future mention of thoſe abjur'd hereſies, and to take particular notice of all enſuing incontinences, and puniſh them in their high Commiſſion Court. Am not I in election to be a tall Stateſman, think you, that can repeat a paſſage at a Counſell-table thus punctually?

Merc. I ſhun in vaine the importunity
With which this Snarler vexeth all the gods;
Iove cannot ſcape him: well, what elſe from heaven?

Mom. Heaven!—Heaven is no more the place it was: a cloyſter of Carthuſians, a Monaſtery of converted gods; Iove is growne old and fearefull, apprehends a ſubverſion of his Empire, and doubts leſt Fate ſhould introduce a legall ſucceſſion in the legetimate heire, by repoſſeſſing the Titanian line; and hence ſprings all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the Preſence Chamber by the Vi-Preſident of Parnaſſus, too ſtrict to bee obſerved long: Monopolies are called in, ſophiſtication of wares puniſhed, and rates impoſed on Commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly Beverage of a narcotique weed which hath rendred the Idæaes confus'd in the Divine intellects, and reducing it to the compoſition uſed in Saturnes reigne. Edicts are made for the reſtoring of decayed houſe-keeping, prohibiting the repayre of Families to the

Metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more maſculine reſolution of ſolliciting buſineſſes in their owne perſons, and leaving their huſbands at home for ſtallions of hoſpitality. Bacchus hath commanded all Tavernes to be ſhut, and no liquor drawne after tenne at night. Cupid muſt goe no more ſo ſcandalouſly naked, but is enjoyned to make him breeches, though of his mothers petticotes. Ganimede is forbidden the Bedchamber, and muſt only miniſter in publique. The gods muſt keep no Pages, nor Groomes of their Chamber, under the age of 25, and thoſe provided of a competent ſtocke of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by eſpeciall permiſſion. Vulcan was brought to an Oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into one of the Sunnes Chariot-wheeles, and froſt-nailing his horſes, upon the fifth of November laſt, for breach of a penall Statute prohibiting worke upon Holydayes, that being the annual celebration of the Gygantomachy.[1] In briefe, the whole ſtate of the Hierarchy ſuffers a totall reformation, eſpecially in the poynt of reciprocation of conjugall affection. Venus hath confeſt all her adulteries, and is received to grace by her huſband who, conſcious of the great diſparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allowes thoſe levities as an equall counterpoize; but it is the prettieſt ſpectacle to ſee her ſtroaking with her ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her ſnowie fingers combing his ſooty beard. Iupiter too beginnes to learne to lead his owne wife; I left him practiſing in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an univerſall obedience, where the Law-giver himſelfe in his owne perſon obſerves his decrees ſo punctually, who, beſides to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimoniall union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber dore and ſeeling fretted with ſtarres in capitall letters, engraven the inſcription of

[1] This alludes to the *Gunpowder Plot*, and was intended, with the preceding liſt of all the Regulations in Heaven, to compliment Charles I. and his Conſort on their temperance, their chaſtity, their juſtice, &c.—D.

CARLO MARIA. This is as much, I am ſure, as either your knowledge or Inſtructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without State-formality, politique inferences, or ſuſpected Rhetoricall elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexteriouſly proceed to the ſecond part of your charge, which is the raking of yon heavenly ſparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Œtheriall lights to their primitive opacity, and groſſe darke ſubſiſtance; they are all unrivited from the Spheare, and hang looſe in their ſockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediately they reinveſt their priſtine ſhapes, and appeare before you in their owne naturall deformities.

Merc. Momus, thou ſhalt prevaile, for ſince thy bold
Intruſion hath inverted my reſolves,
I muſt obey neceſſity, and thus turne
My face, to breath the Thundrers juſt decree
'Gainſt this adulterate Spheare, which firſt I purge
Of loathſome Monſters and miſ-ſhapen formes:
Downe from her azure concave thus I charme
The Lyrnean hydra, the rough unlick'd Beare,
The watchfull Dragon, the ſtorme-boading Whale,
The Centaure, the horn'd Goatfiſh Capricorne,
The Snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar.
Diveſted of your gorgeous ſtarry robes,
Fall from the circling Orbe, and e're you ſucke
Freſh venome in, meaſure this happy earth;
Then to the Fens, Caves, Forreſts, Deſerts, Seas,
Fly, and reſume your native qualities.

They dance in theſe monſtrous ſhapes the firſt Antimaſke[1] *of naturall deformity.*

[1] It is a miſtake to ſuppoſe (as is generally done) that *Antimaſque* ſignifies a kind of half-entertainment or Prelude to the Maſque itſelf. The derivation of it is from *Antick* and *Maſque*, and it means a dance of ſuch ſtrange and monſtrous figures, as have no relation to order, uniformity, or even probability.—D.

Mom. Are not theſe fine companions, trim playfellowes for the Deities? Yet theſe and their fellowes have made up all our converſation for ſome thouſands of yeeres. Doe not you faire ladies acknowledge yourſelves deeply engaged now to thoſe Poets your ſervants that, in the height of commendation, have rais'd your beauties to a parallell with ſuch exact proportions, or at leaſt rank'd you in their ſpruce ſociety? Hath not the conſideration of theſe Inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? But now that theſe heavenly Manſions are to be voyd, you that ſhall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcuſable; eſpecially ſince Vertue alone ſhall be ſufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a Lady not competently ſtock'd that way, ſhe ſhall not on the inſtant utterly deſpaire, if ſhee carry a ſufficient pawn of handſomeneſſe; for however the letter of the Lawe runnes, Iupiter, notwithſtanding his Age and preſent auſterity, will never refuſe to ſtampe beauty, and make it currant with his owne Impreſſion; but to ſuch as are deſtitute of both I can afford but ſmall encouragement. Proceed, Cozen Mercury; what followes?

Merc. Look up, and marke where the bright Zodiacke
Hangs like a Belt about the breſt of heaven;
On the right ſhoulder, like a flaming Iewell,
His ſhell with nine rich Topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this Tropique, ſits the ſkalding Crab:
He, when the Sunne gallops in full careere
His annuall race, his gaſtly clawes uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the torrid zone,
The fiery teame, and proudly ſtops their courſe,
Making a ſolſtice, till the fierce Steeds learne
His backward paces, and ſo retrograde
Poſte downe-hill to th' oppoſed Capricorne.

Thus I depoſe him from his haughty[1] Throne;
" Drop from the Sky into the briny flood,
" There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea;
" But let thoſe fires that beautifi'd thy ſhell
" Take humane ſhapes, and the diſorder ſhow
" Of thy regreſſive paces here below."

The ſecond Antimaſque is danc'd in retrograde paces, expreſſing obliquity in motion.

Mom. This Crab, I confeſſe, did ill become the heavens; but there is another that more infeſts the Earth, and makes ſuch a ſolſtice in the politer Arts and Sciences, as they have not beene obſerved for many Ages to have made any ſenſible advance. Could you but lead the learned ſquadrons with a maſculine reſolution paſt this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be payed with Altars; but that not being the worke of this night, you may purſue your purpoſes: what now ſucceeds?

Merc. Vice that, unbodied, in the Appetite
Erects his Throne, hath yet in beſtiall ſhapes
Branded by Nature with the Character
And diſtinct ſtampe of ſome peculiar ill,
Mounted the ſky, and fix'd his Trophies there:
As fawning flattery in the little Dog,
I' th' bigger, churliſh Murmur; Cowardize
I' th' timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle;
Rapine and Avarice in th' adventrous Ship,
That ſail'd to Colchos for the Golden fleece.
Drunken diſtemper in the Goblet flowes;
I' th' Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;

[1] Old copies have *laughty*.

In Hercules and the Lyon, furious rage;
Vaine Oſtentation in Caſſiope:
All theſe I to eternall exile doome,
But to this place their emblem'd Vices ſummon,
Clad in thoſe proper Figures, by which beſt
Their incorporeall nature is expreſt.

The third Antimaſque is danc'd of theſe ſeverall vices, expreſſing the deviation from Vertue.

Mom. From henceforth it ſhall be no more ſaid in the Proverbe, when you would expreſſe a riotous Aſſembly, That hell, but heaven, is broke looſe. This was an arrant Goale-delivery; all the priſons of your great Cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter; but, Cozen Cylleneus, in my judgement it is not ſafe that theſe infectious perſons ſhould wander here, to the hazard of this Iſland; they threatned leſs danger when they were nayl'd to the Firmament: I ſhould conceive it a very diſcreet courſe, ſince they are provided of a tall veſſell of their owne, ready rigg'd, to embarque them all together in that good Ship call'd the Argo, and ſend them to the plantation in New-England, which hath purg'd more virulent humors from the politique body, then Guacum and all the Weſt-Indian druggs have from the naturall bodies of this kingdome. Can you deviſe how to diſpoſe them better?

Merc. They cannot breath this pure and temperate Aire,
Where Vertue lives; but will, with haſty flight,
'Mongſt fogs and vapours, ſeeke unſound abodes.
Fly after them, from your uſurped ſeats,
You foule remainders of that viperous brood:
Let not a Starre of the luxurious race
With his looſe blaze ſtaine the ſkyes chryſtall face.

All the Starres are quench'd, and the Spheare darkned.

Before the entry of every Antimaſque, the Starres in thoſe

figures in the Spheare which they were to repreſent, were extinct; ſo as, by the end of the Antimaſques in the Spheare, no more Stars were ſeene.

Mom. Here is a totall Ecclipſe of the eighth Spheare, which neither Booker, Alleſtre, nor any of your prognoſticators, no, nor their great maſter Tycho, were aware of; but yet, in my opinion, there were ſome innocent, and ſome generous Conſtellations, that might have beene reſerved for Noble uſes; as the Skales and Sword to adorne the ſtatue of Iuſtice, ſince ſhe reſides here on Earth onely in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had beene a fit preſent for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mew'd moſt of her feathers lately. The Dolphin, too, had beene moſt welcome to the French; and then, had you but clapt Perſeus on his Pergaſus, brandiſhing his Sword, the Dragon yawning on his backe under the horſes feet, with Pythons dart through his throat, there had beene a Divine St George for this Nation: but ſince you have improvidently ſhuffled them altogether, it now reſts onely that wee provide an immediate ſucceſſion; and to that purpoſe I will inſtantly proclaime a free Election.

O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of Men.

Whereas we having obſerved a very commendable practice taken into frequent uſe by the Princes of theſe latter Ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, ſieges, battels, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapiſtry, Embroyderies, and other manifactures, wherewith they have embelliſhed their publique Palaces, and taken into Our more diſtinct and ſerious conſideration the particular Chriſtmas hanging of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the Navall Victory of 88.[1] is, to the eternall glory of this Nation,

[1] The defeat of the famous Spaniſh Armada, which Philip ſent againſt England, and which was completely ruined by Queen Elizabeth's Fleet in 1588.—D.

exactly delineated ; and whereas We likewiſe, out of a propheticall imitation of this ſo laudable cuſtome, did, for many thouſand yeares before, adorne and beautifie the eighth roome of Our cæleſtiall Manſion, commonly called the Starre-Chamber, with the military adventures, ſtratagems, atchievements, feats and defeats, performed in Our Owne perſon, whileſt yet Our Standard was erected, and We a Combattant in the Amorous Warfare: it hath notwithſtanding, after mature deliberation and long debate held firſt in our owne inſcrutable boſome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privy Councell, ſeemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for cauſes to Our ſelfe beſt knowne, to unfurniſh and diſ-array our foreſaid Starre-Chamber of all thoſe Ancient Conſtellations which have for ſo many Ages been ſufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places ſuch Perſons onely as ſhall be qualified, with exemplar Vertue and eminent Deſert, there to ſhine in indelible Characters of glory to all Poſterity. It is therefore Our divine will and pleaſure, voluntarily, and out of Our owne free and proper motion, meere grace and ſpeciall favour, by theſe preſents, to ſpecifie and declare to all Our loving People, that it ſhall be lawfull for any Perſon whatſoever, that conceiveth him or herſelfe to bee really endued with any Heroicall Vertue or tranſcendent Merit, worthy ſo high a calling and dignity, to bring their ſeverall pleas and pretences before Our Right truſty and Welbeloved Cozen and Councellor, Don Mercury and god Momus, &c. our peculiar Delegates for that affaire, to[1] whom We have Transferr'd an abſolute power to conclude and determine, without Appeale or Revocation, accordingly as to their wiſedomes it ſhall in ſuch caſes appeare behoovefull and expedient. Given at Our Palace in Olympus the firſt day of the firſt moneth, in the firſt yeare of the Reformation.

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[1] Old editions have *upon*.

Plutus[1] enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thinne white beard, ſpectacles on his noſe, with a buncht backe, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloth of gold.

Plutus appeares.

Merc. Who's this appeares?

Mom. This is a ſubterranean fiend, Plutus, in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of gold; a Poyſon hid by Providence in the bottome of Seas and Navill of the earth from mans diſcovery; where, if the ſeeds beganne to ſprout above-ground, the excreſcence was carefully guarded by Dragons; yet at laſt by humane curioſity brought to light to their owne deſtruction, this being the true Pandora's box, whence iſſued all thoſe miſchiefes that now fill the Univerſe.

Plut. That I prevent the meſſage of the gods
Thus with my haſte, and not attend their ſummons,
Which ought in Iuſtice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To ſhew the juſt precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortall Powers;
But to exclude the hope of partiall Grace
In all Pretenders who, ſince I deſcend
To equall tryall, muſt by my example,
Waving your favour, clayme by ſole Deſert.
If Vertue muſt inherit, ſhee's my ſlave;
I lead her captive in a golden chaine
About the world; ſhee takes her Forme and Being
From my creation; and thoſe barren ſeeds
That drop from Heaven, if I not cheriſh them
With my diſtilling dewes and fotive[2] heat,

[1] Plutus was the god of wealth in the mythological creed of the ancients; but it ſeems queſtionable whether *Pluto* and *Plutus* were not the ſame.

[2] Nouriſhing.—D.

They know no vegetation ; but expos'd
To blaſting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not ſhoot forth at all, or budding wither.
Should I proclaime the daily ſacrifice
Brought to my Temples by the toyling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject Beaſts,
But humane ſweat and blood powr'd on my Altars,
I might provoke the envy of the gods.
Turne but your eyes, and marke the buſie world,
Climbing ſteepe Mountaines for the ſparkling ſtone,
Piercing the Center for the ſhining Ore,
And th' Oceans boſome to rake pearly ſands:
Croſſing the torrid and the frozen Zones,
'Midſt rocks and ſwallowing Gulfes, for gainful trade:
And through oppoſing ſwords, fire, murdring Canon,
Skaling the walled Towne for precious ſpoyles.
Plant, in the paſſage to your heavenly ſeats,
Theſe horrid dangers, and then ſee who dares
Advance his deſperate foot; yet am I ſought,
And oft in vaine, through theſe and greater hazards:
I could diſcover how your Deities
Are for my ſake ſleighted, deſpis'd, abus'd;
Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images
Uncover'd, rifled, rob'd, and diſarray'd
By ſacrilegious hands; yet is this treaſure
To th' golden Mountaine, where I ſit ador'd,
With ſuperſtitious ſolemne rights convay'd,
And becomes ſacred there, the ſordid wretch
Not daring touch the conſecrated Ore,
Or with prophane hands leſſen the bright heape;
But this might draw your anger downe on mortals,
For rendring me the homage due to you;
Yet what is ſaid may well expreſſe my power,
Too great for Earth, and onely fit for Heaven.
Now, for your paſtime, view the naked root
Which, in the dirty earth and baſe mould drown'd,

Sends forth this precious Plant and golden fruit.
You luſty Swaines, that to your grazing flocks
Pipe amorous roundelayes; you toyling Hinds,
That barbe the fields, and to your merry Teames
Whiſtle your paſſions; and you mining Moles,
That in the bowels of your mother-Earth
Dwell, the eternall burthen of her wombe,
Ceaſe from your labours, when Wealth bids you play,
Sing, dance, and keepe a chearefull holyday.

They dance the fourth Antimaſque, conſiſting of Countrey people, muſique, and meaſures.

Merc. Plutus, the gods know and confeſſe your power,
Which feeble Vertue ſeldome can reſiſt;
Stronger then Towers of braſſe or Chaſtity;
Iove knew you when he courted Danae,
And Cupid weares you on that arrowes head,
That ſtill prevailes. But the gods keepe their Thrones
To enſtall Vertue, not her Enemies.
They dread thy force, which even themſelves have felt:
Witneſſe Mount Ida, where the Martiall Maid
And frowning Iuno did to mortall eyes
Naked for gold their ſacred bodies ſhow!
Therefore for ever be from heaven baniſh'd:
But ſince with toyle from undiſcover'd Worlds
Thou art brought hither, where thou firſt didſt breathe
The thirſt of Empire into Regall breſts,
And frightedſt quiet Peace from her meek Throne,
Filling the World with tumult, blood and warre;
Follow the Camps of the contentious earth,
And be the Conqu'rers ſlave; but he that can
Or conquer thee, or give thee Vertues ſtampe,
Shall ſhine in heaven a pure immortall Lampe.

Mom. Nay ſtay, and take my benediction along with you.

I could, being here a Co-Iudge, like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either raile at you, or breake jeſts upon you; but I rather chuſe to looſe a word of good counſell, and entreat you to bee more carefull in your choyſe of company; for you are alwayes found either with Miſers, that not uſe you at all, or with fooles, that know not how to uſe you wel. Be not hereafter ſo reſerv'd and coy to men of worth and parts, and ſo you ſhall gaine ſuch credit, as at the next Seſſions you may be heard with better ſucceſſe. But till you are thus reform'd, I pronounce this poſitive ſentence, That whereſoever you ſhall chuſe to abide, your ſociety ſhall adde no credit or reputation to the party, nor your diſcontinuance, or totall abſence, be matter of diſparagement to any man; and whoſoever ſhall hold a contrary eſtimation of you, ſhall be condemn'd to weare perpetuall Motley, unleſſe he recant his opinion. Now you may voyd the Court.

Pænia enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her haire ſtarted up like a fury; her Robe was of a darke color, full of patches; about one of her hands was tide a chaine of Iron, to which was faſtned a weighty ſtone, which ſhee bore up under her arme.

Pænia enters.

Merc. What Creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other; they move like two Buckets, or as two nayles drive out one another. If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortall Powers)
But that the place your wiſedome hath deny'd
My foe, your Iuſtice will conferre on me;
Since that which renders him incapable
Proves a ſtrong plea for me. I could pretend,
Even in theſe rags, a larger Soverainty

Then gaudy Wealth in all his pompe can boaſt;
For marke how few they are that ſhare the World;
The numerous Armies, and the ſwarming Ants
That fight and toyle for them, are all my Subjects;
They take my wages, weare my Livery:
Invention too and Wit are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Vertue is my Offspring;
As many miſchiefes iſſue from my wombe,
And thoſe as mighty, as proceed from gold.
Oft o're his Throne I wave my awfull Scepter,
And in the bowels of his ſtate command,
When, 'midſt his heapes of coyne and hils of gold,
I pine and ſtarve the avaritious foole.
But I decline thoſe titles, and lay clayme
To heaven by right of Diuine contemplation;
She is my Darling; I in my ſoft lap,
Free from diſturbing cares, bargaines, accounts,
Leaſes, Rents, Stewards, and the feare of theeves,
That vex the rich, nurſe her in calme repoſe,
And with her all the Vertues ſpeculative,
Which but with me find no ſecure retreat.
For entertainment of this howre, I'll call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Natures charge, and not importune heaven
To chayne the winds up, or keepe back the ſtormes,
To ſtay the thunder, or forbid the hayle
To threſh the unreap'd eare; but to all weathers,
Both chilling froſt and ſkalding Sunne, expoſe
Their equall face. Come forth, my ſwarthy traine,
In this faire circle dance, and as you move,
Marke and foretell happy events of Love.

They dance the fifth Antimaſque of Gypſies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder, that your perpetuall converſation with Poets and Philoſophers hath furniſhed you with

no more Logicke, or that you ſhould thinke to impoſe upon us ſo groſſe an inference, as, becauſe Plutus and you are contrary, therefore whatſoever is denyed of the one muſt be true of the other; as if it ſhould follow of neceſſity, becauſe he is not Iupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, then to ſwallow ſuch a fallacie; for though you two cannot bee together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both, and ſuch is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me adviſe you to marry your ſelfe to Content, and beget ſage Apothegms and goodly morall Sentences, in diſpraiſe of Riches and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou doſt preſume too much, poore needy wretch,
To claime a ſtation in the Firmament,
Becauſe thy humble Cottage or thy Tub
Nurſes ſome lazie or Pedantique virtue
In the cheape Sun-ſhine or by ſhady ſprings,
With roots and pot-hearbs; where thy right hand,
Tearing thoſe humane paſſions from the mind,
Vpon whoſe ſtockes faire blooming vertues flouriſh,
Degradeth Nature, and benummeth ſenſe,
And, Gorgon-like, turnes active men to ſtone.
We not require the dull ſociety
Of your neceſſitated Temperance,
Or that unnaturall ſtupidity
That knowes nor joy nor ſorrow; nor your forc'd
Falſly exalted paſſive Fortitude
Above the active. This low abject brood,
That fix their ſeats in mediocrity,
Become your ſervile minds; but we advance
Such vertues onely as admit exceſſe:
Brave bounteous Acts, Regall Magnificence,
All-ſeeing Prudence, Magnanimity
That knowes no bound, and that Heroicke vertue
For which Antiquity hath left no name,

But patternes only, ſuch as Hercules,
Achilles, Theſeus. Backe to thy loath'd cell!
And when thou ſeeſt the new enlightned Spheare,
Study to know but what thoſe Worthies were.

Tiche enters, her head bald behind, and one great locke before; wings at her ſhoulders, and in her hand a wheele; her upper parts naked, and the ſkirt of her garment wrought all over with Crownes, Scepters, Bookes, and ſuch other things as expreſſe both her greateſt and ſmalleſt gifts.

Mom. See, where Dame Fortune comes; you may know
Her by her wheele, and that vaile over eyes, with which
She hopes, like a ſeel'd[1] Pigeon, to mount above the Clouds,
And pearch in the eight Spheare: liſten, ſhe begins.

Fort. I come not here, you gods, to plead the Right
By which Antiquity aſſign'd my Deitie,
Though no peculiar ſtation 'mongſt the Stars,
Yet generall power to rule their influence;
Or boaſt the Title of Omnipotent,
Aſcrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Iove,
Since you have cancell'd all thoſe old recòrds.
But, confident in my good cauſe and merit,
Claime a ſucceſſion in the vacant Orbe;
For ſince Aſtræa fled to heaven, I ſit
Her Deputy on Earth; I hold her ſkales,
And weigh mens Fates out, who have made me blind,
Becauſe themſelves want eyes to ſee my cauſes,
Call me inconſtant, 'cauſe my workes ſurpaſſe
The ſhallow fathom of their human reaſon;
Yet here, like blinded Iuſtice, I diſpence
With my impartiall hands their conſtant lots;
And if deſertleſſe, impious men engroſſe

[1] Hooded, a term of Falconry.—D.

My beſt rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,
That ſcant your graces to mortality,
And, niggards of your good, ſcarce ſpare the world
One vertuous for a thouſand wicked men.
It is no error to conferre dignity,
But to beſtow it on a vicious man;
I gave the dignity, but you made the vice;
Make you men good, and I'le make good men happy.
That Plutus is refus'd, diſmaies me not;
He is my Drudge, and the externall pompe
In which he decks the world proceeds from me,
Not him; like Harmony, that not reſides
In ſtrings or notes, but in the hand and voyce.
The revolutions of Empires, States,
Scepters and Crownes, are but my game and ſport,
Which as they hang on the events of Warre,
So thoſe depend upon my turning wheele.
You warlike Squadrons who, in battles joyn'd,
Diſpute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
Preſent the modell of that martiall frame,
By which, when Crownes are ſtak'd, I rule the game.

They dance the ſixth Antimaſke, being the repreſentation of a Battell.

Mom. Madam, I ſhould cenſure you, *pro falſo clamore*, for preferring a ſcandalous cros-bill of recrimination againſt the gods, but your blindneſſe ſhall excuſe you. Alas! what would it advantage you, if vertue were as univerſall as vice is? It would onely follow that, as the world now exclaimes upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then raile as faſt at you for depreſſing the vertuous; ſo they would ſtill keepe their tune, though you chang'd their ditty.

Merc. The miſts in which future events are wrap'd,
That oft ſucceed beſide the purpoſes

Of him that workes, his dull eyes not diſcerning
The firſt great cauſe, offer'd thy clouded ſhape
To his enquiring ſearch; ſo in the darke
The groping world firſt found thy Deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which to the piercing eye of Providence
Being fix'd and certaine, where paſt and to come
Are alwayes preſent, thou doſt diſappeare,
Loſeſt thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou then onely a deluding Phantome,
At beſt a blind guide, leading blinder fooles
Who, would they but ſurvay their mutuall wants,
And helpe each other, there were left no roome
For thy vaine ayd. Wiſedome, whoſe ſtrong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mockes thy futile power:
Induſtrious labour drags thee by the lockes,
Bound to his toyling Car and, not attending
Till thou diſpence, reaches his owne reward.
Onely the lazie ſluggard yawning lyes
Before thy threſhold, gaping for thy dole,
And lickes the eaſie hand that feeds his ſloth;
The ſhallow, raſh and unadviſed man
Makes thee his ſtale, diſburdens all the follies
Of his miſ-guided actions on thy ſhoulders.
Vaniſh from hence, and ſeeke thoſe ideots out
That thy fantaſticke god-head hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy ſuperſtitious crowd.

Hedone, Pleaſure, a young woman with a ſmiling face, in a light laſcivious habit, adorn'd with ſilver and gold; her Temples crown'd with a garland of Roſes, and over that a rainbow circling her head downe to her ſhoulders.

Hedone enters.

Merc. What wanton's this?

Mom. This is the ſprightly Lady Hedone: a merry gameſter this; people call her Pleaſure.

Plea. The reaſons (equall Iudges,) here alleag'd
By the diſmiſt Pretenders, all concurre
To ſtrengthen my juſt title to the ſpheare.
Honour or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themſelves no ſimple reall good,
But as they are the meanes to purchaſe Pleaſure:
The paths that lead to my delicious Palace.
They for my ſake, I for mine owne, am prized.
Beyond me nothing is; I am the Gole,
The journeys end, to which the ſweating world
And wearied Nature travels. For this the beſt
And wiſeſt ſect of all Philoſophers
Made me the ſeat of ſupreme happineſſe;
And though ſome more auſtere upon my ruines
Did to the prejudice of Nature raiſe
Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas becauſe
They wanted wings to reach my ſoaring pitch.
Had they beene Princes borne, themſelves had prov'd
Of all mankind the moſt luxurious.
For thoſe delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck'd and devour'd: from offices of State,
From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, feares,
Retir'd, the churliſh Cynicke in his Tub
Enjoy'd thoſe pleaſures which his tongue defam'd.
Nor am I rank'd 'mongſt the ſuperfluous goods;
My neceſſary offices preſerve
Each ſingle man, and propagate the kind.
Then am I univerſall as the light
Or common ayre we breath; and ſince I am
The generall deſire of all mankinde,
Civil Felicity muſt reſide in me.
Tell me what rate my choyceſt pleaſures beare,

When, for the ſhort delight of a poore draught
Of cheape cold water great Lyſimachus
Rendred himſelfe ſlave to the Scythians?
Should I the curious ſtructure of my ſeats,
The art and beauty of my ſeverall objects,
Rehearſe at large, your bounties would reſerve
For every ſenſe a proper conſtellation;
But I preſent their Perſons to your eyes.
Come forth, my ſubtle Organs of delight,
With changing figures pleaſe the curious eye,
And charme the eare with moving Harmonie.

They dance the ſeventh Antimaſke of the five ſenſes.

Merc. Bewitching ſyren, guilded rottenneſſe,
Thou haſt with cunning artifice diſplay'd
Th' enamel'd outſide and the honied verge
Of the faire cup, where deadly poyſon lurkes.
Within a thouſand ſorrowes dance the round;
And like a ſhell Paine circles thee without;
Griefe is the ſhadow waiting on thy ſteps,
Which, as thy joyes 'ginne tow'rds their Weſt decline,
Doth to a Gyants ſpreading forme extend
Thy Dwarfiſh ſtature. Thou thy ſelfe art Paine;
Greedy, intenſe Deſire, and the keene edge
Of thy fierce Appetite oft ſtrangles thee,
And cuts thy ſlender thread; but ſtill the terror
And apprehenſion of thy haſty end
Mingles with Gall thy moſt refined ſweets;
Yet thy Cyrcæan charmes transforme the world.
Captaines that have reſiſted warre and death,
Nations that over Fortune have triumphed,
Are by thy Magicke made effeminate;
Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the Author of the firſt exceſſe

That drew this reformation on the gods.
Canſt thou then dreame, thoſe Powers that from heaven have
Baniſh'd th' effect, will there enthrone the[1] cauſe?
To thy voluptuous Denne flye, Witch, from hence,
There dwell for ever drown'd in brutiſh ſenſe.

Mom. I concurre, and am growne ſo weary of theſe tedious pleadings, as I'le packe up too and be gone. Beſides, I ſee a crowd of other ſuitors preſſing hither; I'le ſtop 'em, take their petitions, and preferre 'em above; and as I came in bluntly without knocking, and nobody bid mee welcome, ſo I'le depart as abruptly without taking leave, and bid no bodie farewell.

Merc. Theſe with forc'd reaſons and ſtrain'd arguments
Urge vaine pretences, whilſt your Actions plead,
And with a ſilent importunity
Awake the drouſie Iuſtice of the gods
To Crowne your deeds with immortality.
The growing Titles of your Anceſtors,
Theſe Nations' glorious Acts, joyn'd to the ſtocke
Of your owne Royall vertues, and the cleare
Reflexe they take from th' imitation
Of your fam'd Court, make Honors ſtorie full,
And have to that ſecure fix'd ſtate advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through ſtreames of blood, ſweats to aſpire.
Thoſe Ancient Worthies of theſe famous Iſles,
That long have ſlept, in freſh and lively ſhapes
Shall ſtraight appeare, where you ſhall ſee your ſelfe
Circled with moderne Heroes, who ſhall be
In Act, whatever elder times can boaſt
Noble or Great, as they in Propheſie
Were all but what you are. Then ſhall you ſee
The ſacred hand of bright Eternitie

[1] In the old copies *th'*.

Mould you to Stars, and fix you in the Spheare.
To you, your Royall halfe, to them ſhee'll joyne
Such of this traine, as with induſtrious ſteps
In the faire prints your vertuous feet have made,
Though with unequall paces, follow you.
This is decreed by Iove, which my returne
Shall ſee perform'd; but firſt behold the rude
And old Abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew;
You naked, ancient, wild Inhabitants,
That breath'd this Ayre, and preſt this flowery Earth,
Come from thoſe ſhades where dwels eternall night,
And ſee what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas and the Spheare vaniſheth, and a new Scæne appeares of mountaines, whoſe eminent height exceed the Clouds, which paſt beneath them; the lower parts were wild and woody: out of this place comes forth a more grave Antimaſque of Picts, the naturall Inhabitants of this Iſle, antient Scots and Iriſh; theſe dance a Perica, or Martiall dance.

When this Antimaſque was paſt, there began to ariſe out of the earth the top of a hill which, by little and little, grew to bee a huge mountaine, that covered all the Scæne; the under part of this was wild and craggy, and above ſomewhat more pleaſant and flouriſhing; about the middle part of this Mountaine were ſeated the three kingdomes of England, Scotland, and Ireland, all richly attired in regall habits, appropriated to the ſeverall Nations, with Crownes on their heads, and each of them bearing the ancient Armes of the kingdomes they repreſented. At a diſtance above theſe ſate a young man in a white embroidered robe; upon his faire haire an Olive garland with wings at his ſhoulders, and holding in his hand a Cornucopia fill'd with corne and fruits, repreſenting the Genius of theſe kingdomes.

The Firſt Song.

GENIUS.

Raiſe from theſe rockie cliffs your heads,
Brave Sonnes, and ſee where Glory ſpreads
Her glittering wings; where Majeſty,
Crown'd with ſweet ſmiles, ſhoots from her eye
Diffuſive joy; where Good and Faire
United ſit in Honours chayre.
Call forth your aged Prieſts and chryſtall ſtreames,
To warme their hearts and waves in theſe bright beames.

KINGDOMES.

1. *From your conſecrated woods,*
Holy Druids; 2. *Silver floods,*
From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. *Hither move; forſake your bowers*
1. *Strew'd with hallowed Oaken leaves,*
Deck'd with flags and ſedgie ſheaves,
And behold a wonder. 3. *Say,*
What doe your duller eyes ſurvay?

CHORVS OF DRUIDS AND RIVERS.

We ſee at once, in dead of night,
A Sun appeare, and yet a bright
Nooneday ſpringing from Starre-light.

GENIVS.

Looke up, and ſee the darkned Spheare
Depriv'd of light; her eyes ſhine here.

CHORVS.

Theſe are more ſparkling then thoſe were.

KINGDOMES.

1. *Theſe ſhed a nobler influence,*
2. *Theſe by a pure intelligence*
Of more tranſcendent Vertue move;
3. *Theſe firſt feele, then kindle love;*
1. 2. *From the boſomes they inſpire,*
Theſe receive a mutuall fire;
1. 2. 3. *And where their flames impure returne,*
Theſe can quench as well as burne.

GENIVS.

Here the fare victorious eyes
Make Worth onely Beauties prize;
Here the hand of Vertue tyes
'Bout the heart loves amorous chayne;
Captives tryumph, vaſſals reigne,
And none live here but the ſlaine.

CHORVS.

Theſe are th' Heſperian bowers, whoſe faire trees beare
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.

GENIVS.

Then from your impris'ning wombe,
Which is the cradle and the tombe
Of Britiſh Worthies, (faire ſonnes) ſend
A troope of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to eaſe this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of love.

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. *Open thy ſtony entrailes wide,*
And breake old Atlas, that the pride
Of three fam'd kingdomes may be ſpy'd.

CHORVS.

Pace forth, thou mighty Britiſh Hercules,
With thy choyce band, for onely thou and theſe
May revell here in Loves Heſperides.

At this, the under-part of the Rocke opens, and out of a Cave are ſeene to come the Maſquers, richly attired like ancient Heroes, the Colours yellow, embroydered with ſilver, their antique Helmes curiouſly wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troope of young Lords and Noble-mens ſonnes, bearing Torches of Virgin-wax. Theſe were apparelled after the old Britiſh faſhion in white Coats, embroydered with ſilver, girt, and full gathered, cut ſquare coller'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them. Firſt theſe dance with their lights in their hands, after which the Maſquers deſcend into the roome, and dance their entry.

The dance being paſt, there appeares in the further part of the heaven comming downe a pleaſant Cloud, bright and tranſparent which, comming ſoftly downewards before the upper part of the mountaine, embraceth the Genius, but ſo as through it all his body is ſeene; and then riſing againe with a gentle motion, beares up the Genius of the three kingdomes, and being paſt the Airy Region, pierceth the heavens, and is no more ſeene; at that inſtant, the Rocke with the three kingdomes on it ſinkes, and is hidden in the earth. This ſtrange ſpectacle gave great cauſe of admiration, but eſpecially how ſo huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the Stage, which was but ſix foot high.

The ſecond Song.

KINGDOMES.

1. *Here are ſhapes form'd fit for heaven;*
2. *Theſe move gracefully and even.*

3. *Here the Ayre and paces meet*
So juſt, as if the ſkilfull feet
Had ſtruck the Vials.—1. 2. 3. *So the Eare*
Might the tunefull footing heare.

CHORVS.

And had the Muſicke ſilent beene,
The eye a moving tune had ſeene.

GENIVS.

Theſe muſt in the unpeopled ſkie
Succeed, and governe Deſtinie:
Iove is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
Theſe glorious lights. I muſt aſcend
And helpe the Worke.

KINGDOMES.

1. *We cannot lend*
Heaven ſo much treaſure. 2. *Nor that pay*
But rendring what it takes away.
Why ſhould they, that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORVS.

Or be to one eternall poſture ty'd,
That can into ſuch various figures ſlide?

GENIVS.

Iove ſhall not, to enrich the Skie,
Beggar the Earth: their Fame ſhall flye
From hence alone, and in the Spheare
Kindle new Starres, whilſt they reſt here.

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. *How can the ſhaft ſtay in the quiver,*
Yet hit the marke?

GENIVS.

Did not the River
Eridanus the grace acquire
In Heaven and Earth to flow:
Above in ſtreames of golden fire,
In ſilver waves below?

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. *But ſhall not wee, now thou art gone*
Who wert our Nature, wither,
Or breake that triple Vnion
Which thy ſoule held together?

GENIVS.

In Concords pure immortall ſpring
I will my force renew,
And a more active Vertue bring
At my returne. Adieu.

KINGDOMES. *Adieu.*—CHORVS. *Adieu.*

The Maſquers dance their maine dance; which done, the Scæne againe is varied into a new and pleaſant proſpect, cleane differing from all the other; the neareſt part ſhewing a delicious garden, with ſeverall walkes and parterra's ſet round with low trees, and on the ſides, againſt theſe walkes, were fountaines and grots, and in the furtheſt part a Palace, from whence went high walkes upon Arches, and above them open Terraces planted with Cypreſſe trees; and all this together was compoſed of ſuch Ornaments as might expreſſe a Princely Villa.

From hence the Chorus, deſcending into the roome, goes up to the State.

The third Song.

BY THE CHORUS GOING UP TO THE QUEENE.

Whilſt thus the darlings of the Gods
From Honours Temple to the Shrine
Of Beauty and theſe ſweet abodes
Of Loue we guide, let thy Diuine
Aſpects (bright Deity) with faire
And Halcyon beames becalme the Ayre.

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
St. George himſelfe (great Queene) to you:
You'll ſoone diſcerne him; and we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or ſome true
Round-Table Knight, as ever fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought.

Plant in their Martiall hands, Warr's ſeat,
Your peacefull pledges of warme ſnow,
And, if a ſpeaking touch, repeat
In Loves knowne language tales of woe:
Say in ſoft whiſpers of the Palme,
As Eyes ſhoot darts, ſo Lips ſhed Balme.

For though you ſeeme, like Captives, led
In triumph by the Foe away,
Yet on the Conqu'rers necke you tread,
And the fierce Victor proves your prey;
What heart is then ſecure from you,
That can, though vanquiſh'd, yet ſubdue?

The Song done, they retire, and the Maſquers dance the Revels with the Ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The Revels being paſt, and the Kings Majeſty ſeated under the State by the Queene, for Concluſion to this Maſque there appeares comming forth from one of the ſides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great Cloud which, arriving at the middle of the heaven, ſtayeth; this was of ſeverall colours, and ſo great, that it covered the whole Scæne. Out of the further part of the heaven beginnes to breake forth two other Clouds, differing in colour and ſhape; and being fully diſcovered, there appeared ſitting in one of them Religion, Truth, and Wiſdome. Religion was apparelled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light vaile, in one hand a booke, and in the other a flame of fire: Truth in a Watchet Robe, a Sunne upon her fore-head, and bearing in her hand a Palme; Wiſdome in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rayes about her head, and Apollo's Cithera in her hand. In the other Cloud ſate Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was Carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of ſtickes bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corne on her head; Government was figured in a coat of Armour, bearing a ſhield, and on it a Meduſa's head, upon her head a plumed helme, and in her right hand a Lance; Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurell wreath on his head. Theſe being come downe in an equall diſtance to the middle part of the Ayre, the great Cloud beganne to breake open, out of which ſtroke beames of light; in the midſt, ſuſpended in the Ayre, ſate Eternity on a Globe; his Garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with Stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a circle, with his tayle in his mouth. In the firmament about him was a troope of fifteene ſtarres, expreſſing the ſtellifying of our Britiſh Heroes; but one more great and eminent than the reſt, which was over his head, figured his Majeſty: and in the lower part

was ſeene, a farre off, the proſpect of Windſor Caſtell, the famous ſeat of the moſt honourable Order of the Garter.

The fourth Song.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALETHIA, SOPHIA, HOMONOIA, DICÆARCHE, EUPHEMIA.

ETERNITIE.

Be fix'd, you rapid Orbes, that beare
The changing ſeaſons of the yeare
On your ſwift wings, and ſee the old
Decrepit ſpheare growne darke and cold;
Nor did Iove quench her fires: theſe bright
Flames have ecclips'd her ſullen light:
This Royall Payre, for whom Fate will
Make Motion ceaſe, and Time ſtand ſtill;
Since Good is here ſo perfect, as no Worth
Is left for After-Ages to bring forth.

EVSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeale the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My Truths, from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their ſight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

Nor doe their Actions from the guide
Of my exacteſt precepts ſlide.

HOMONOIA.

And as their owne pure Soules entwin'd,
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd.

DICÆARCHE.

So juſt, ſo gentle is their ſway,
As it ſeemes Empire to obay.

EVPHEMIA.

And their faire Fame, like incenſe hurl'd
On Altars, hath perfum'd the world.
So. *Wiſdome.*—AL. *Truth.*—EUS. *Pure Adoration.*
HO. *Concord.*—DI. *Rule.*—EUP. *Cleare Reputation.*

CHORVS.

Crowne this King, this Queene, this Nation.

CHORVS.

Wiſdome, truth, &c.

ETERNITIE.

Brave Spirits, whoſe adventrous feet
Have to the Mountaines top aſpir'd,
Where faire Deſert and Honour meet,
Here from the toyling Preſſe retir'd,
Secure from all diſturbing evill,
For ever in my Temple revell.

With wreathes of Starres circled about,
Guild all the ſpacious firmament,
And, ſmiling on the panting Rout
That labour in the ſteepe aſcent,
With your reſiſtleſſe influence guide
Of human change th' uncertaine tide.

EVS. ALE. SOP.

But oh, you royall Turtles, ſhed,
When you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruit of your chaſte bed
Thoſe ſacred ſeeds of Love

CHORVS.

Which no Power can but yours diſpence,
Since you the patterne beare from hence.

HOM. DIC. EVP.

Then from your fruitfull race ſhall flow
Endleſſe Succeſſion;
Scepters ſhall bud, and Lawrels blow
'Bout their immortall Throne.

CHORVS.

Propitious Starres ſhall crowne each birth,
Whilſt you rule them, and they the Earth.

The ſong ended, the two Clouds, with the perſon ſitting on them, aſcend; the great Cloud cloſeth againe, and ſo paſſeth away overthwart the Scæne, leaving nothing behind it but a ſerene Skye. After which, the Maſquers dance[d] their laſt dance, and the Curtaine was let fall.

The Names of the Maſquers.

THE KINGS MAJESTY.

Duke of LENOX,
Earle of DEVONSHIRE,
Earle of HOLLAND,
Earle of NEWPORT,
Earle of ELGIN,
Viſcount GRANDISON,
Lord RICH,
Lord FEILDING,
Lord DIGBY,
Lord DUNGARVAN,
Lord DUNLUCE,
Lord WHARTON,
Lord PAGET,
Lord SALTON.

The Names of the young Lords and Noble-mens Sonnes.

Lord WALDEN,
Lord CRANBORNE,
Lord BRACKLEY,
Lord CHANDOS,
Mr WILLIAM HERBERT,
Mr THOMAS HOWARD,
Mr THOMAS EGERTON,
Mr CHARLES CAVENDISH,
Mr ROBERT HOWARD,
Mr HENRY SPENCER.

FINIS.

The Songs and Dialogues of this Booke were ſet with apt Tunes to them, by Mr. HENRY LAWES, one of His Majeſties Muſitians.[1]

[1] Not in the 4to of 1634.

Supplement.

The Enquiry.[1]

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk't,
Love and my ſighes thus intertalk't:
Tell me (ſaid I in deepe diſtreſſe)
Where may I find my ſhepheardeſſe?

Thou fool, (ſaid love,) knowſt thou not this?
In every thing that's good ſhee is;
In yonder tulip goe and ſeeke,
There thou maiſt find her lip, her cheeke.

In yon ennammel'd panſie by,
There thou ſhalt have her curious eye;
In bloome of peach, in roſie bud,
There wave the ſtreamers of her blood.

[1] This and the following poem are the two pieces referred to as being of doubtful authorſhip; but it ſeems to be tolerably clear that they proceeded from the pen of Herrick.

In brighteſt lilies that there ſtands,
The emblems of her whiter hands;
In yonder riſing hill there ſmells
Such ſweets as in her boſome dwells.

'Tis true, (ſaid I,) and thereupon
I wente to plucke them one by one,
To make of parts a union,
But on a ſuddaine all was gone.

With that I ſtopt. Said love, theſe be,
(Fond man,) reſemblances of thee;
And as theſe flowres, thy joyes ſhall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye,
And all thy hopes of her ſhall wither,
Like theſe ſhort ſweets thus knit together.

The Primrose.

ASKE me why I ſend you here
This ſweet Infanta of the yeere?
Aſke me why I ſend to you
This primroſe, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whiſper to your eares,
The ſweets of love are mixt with tears.

Aſk me why this flower do's ſhow
So yellow-green, and ſickly too?
Aſk me why the ſtalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will anſwer, Theſe diſcover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

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—— John, of Saxham, cupbearer to Charles I. He has a *Hymn* in the ſecond book of Lawes's *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1655. In Herrick's works, by Hazlitt, p. 286, is a ſhort poem, "To his Faithful Friend, Maſter John Crofts Cup-bearer to the King," xxxiii. xxxvii. 38, 107, *note*.
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Denny family, of Cheſhunt, Herts, &c. connected with the Carews by marriage. See *Carliſle*. xxx. 87.
Devonſhire, Earl of. William Cavendiſh, third Earl of Devonſhire of that line, ſucceeded his father in 1628. One of the maſquers in *Cœlum Britannicum*, 235.
Digby, Lord. I ſuppoſe that this was George, Lord Digby, ſon and heir of John, firſt Earl of Briſtol. He ſucceeded to the earldom in 1653. One of the maſquers in *Cœlum Britannicum*, 234.
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—— alluſion to. Donne aſſuredly did not deſerve the encomium of Carew or the enthuſiaſtic admiration of his contemporaries, but his works will always remain of ſtandard value and intereſt. I have before me a thick 4to. MS. written in 1620, containing the bulk of his poetical writings; the differences between the text and that of the old printed copies are worth the attention of any future editor of Donne. See Jonſon's *Works*, 1816, viii. 205. It is ſomewhat ſtrange, perhaps, that Carew ſhould have formed ſo high an opinion of a writer, of whoſe ſtyle his own works afford no trace. Yet our poet had, perhaps, in his recollection Donne's Paradox, "Why have Baſtards beſt Fortunes," when he wrote the concluding lines on Davenant's Poems. See *ſuprâ*, pp. 174-5, 96.
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Dunluce, Randal, Lord, one of the maſquers in *Cœlum Britannicum*. He was the ſon of Randal, firſt earl of Antrim. His lordſhip afterwards married (1635) Catherine, widow of George Villiers, firſt Duke of Buckingham. In 1644, he was advanced to the marquiſate of Antrim, which higher dignity expired with him. He is mentioned, not in a very complimentary way, in a poem called *The Progreſs*, printed in *Inedited Poetical Miſcellanies*, 1870, 235.

Egerton, Mr. Thomas, a maſquer in *Cœlum Britannicum*, 235.

Elgin, Earl of. Thomas, Lord Bruce of Kinloſs, firſt Earl of Elgin. He was raiſed to the latter dignity, June 21, 1633. A maſquer in *Cœlum Britannicum*, 235.

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—— Mary. Perhaps theſe were all the children of Sir Thomas Nevile. See Shirley's *Works*, vi. 448. In Johnſon's *Scholar's Guide*, 1677, there is an anagram on Maria Nevila —*Alia Minerva*, 147.
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—— noticed, xxxvi. *note*.
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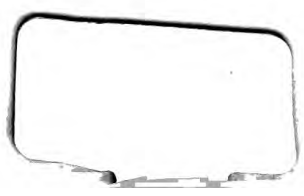
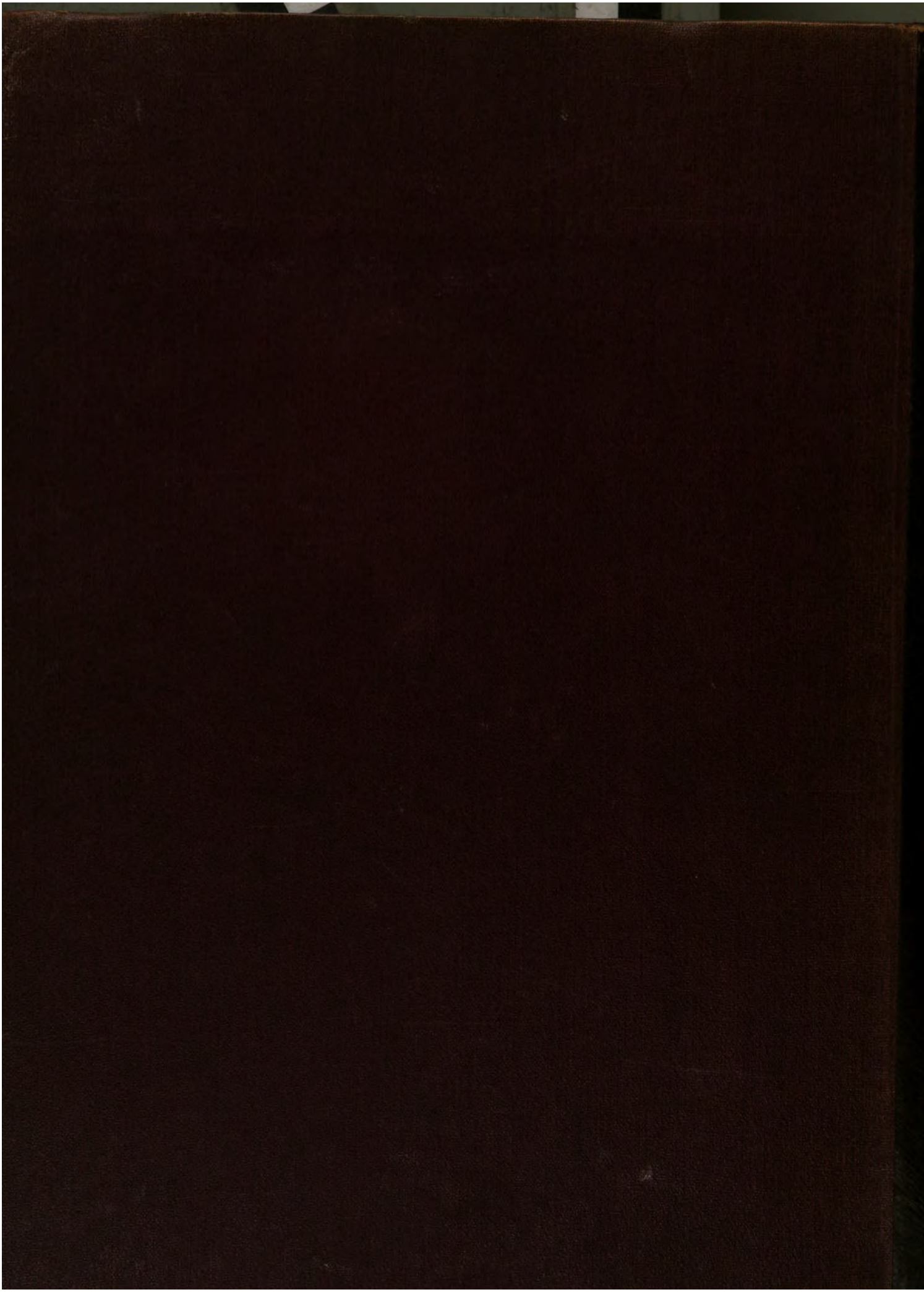
THE END.

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