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ENGLISH**

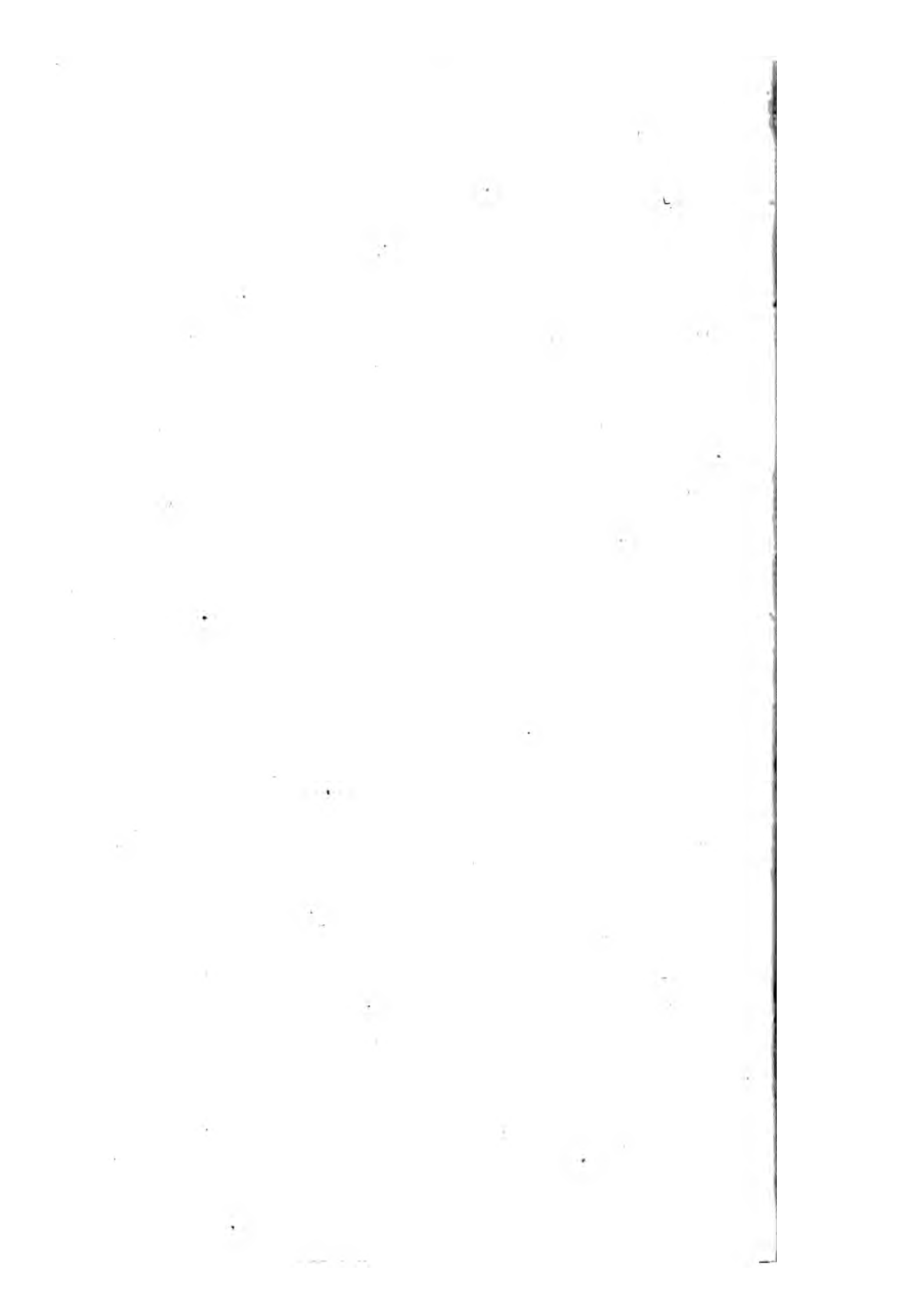
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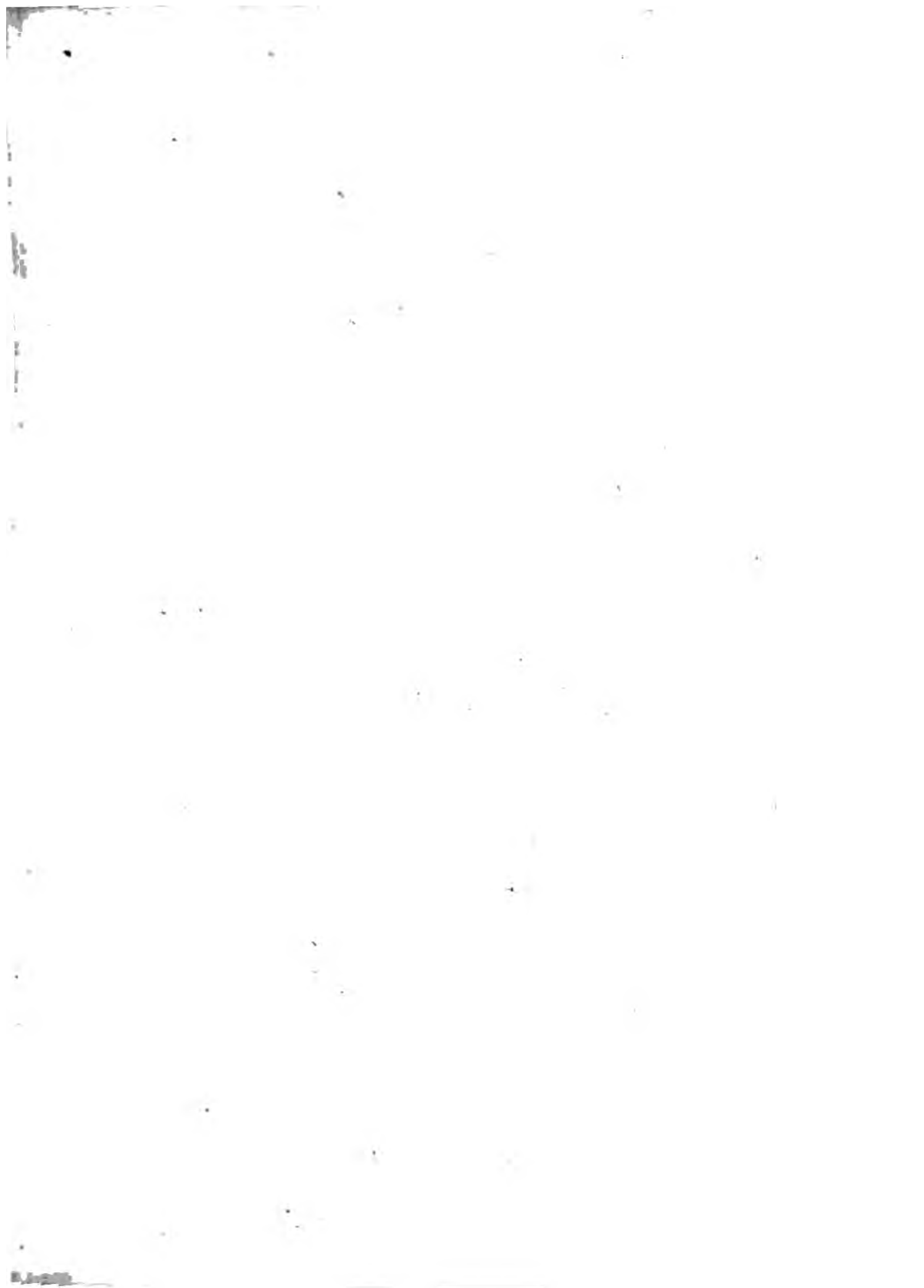
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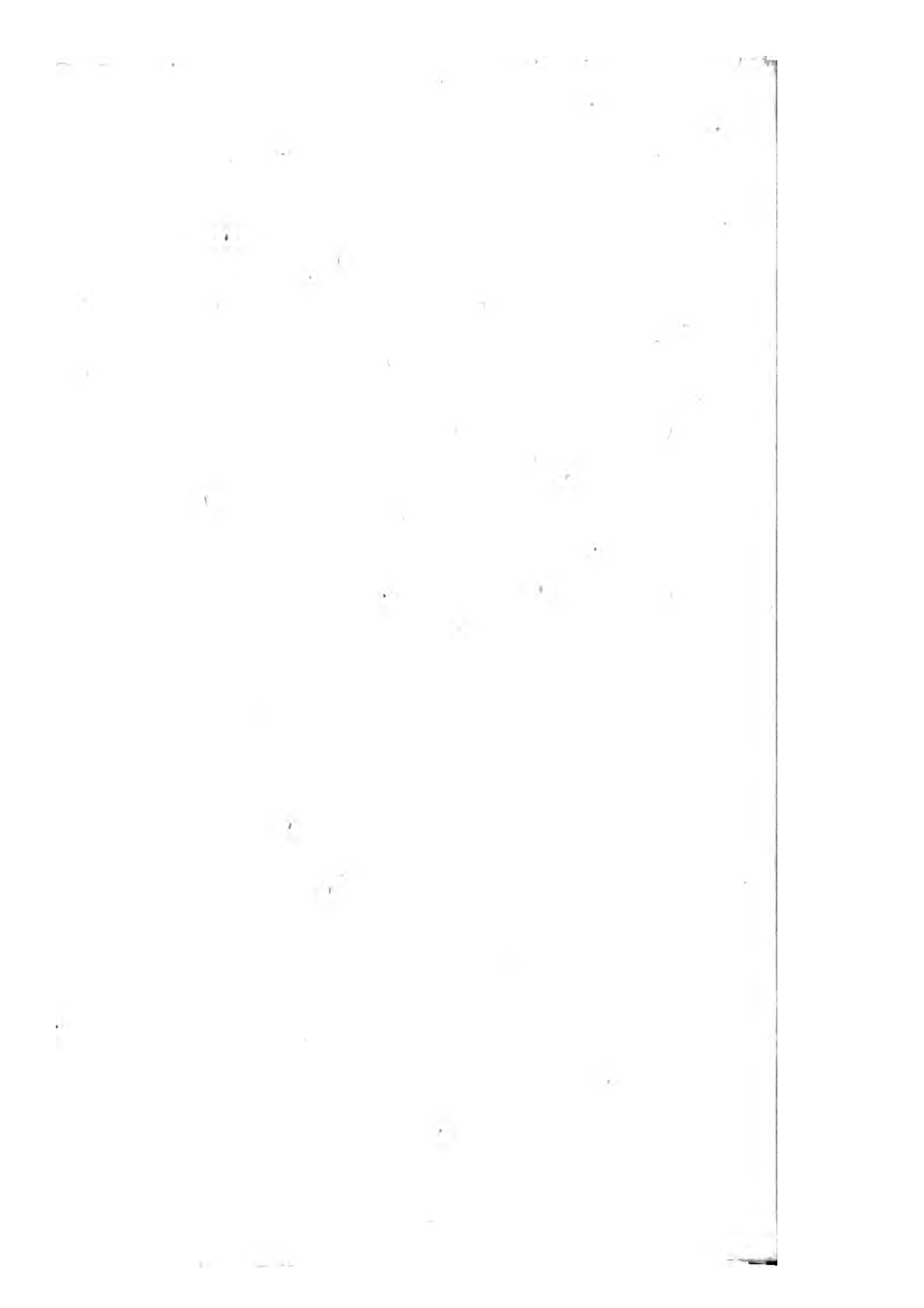
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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

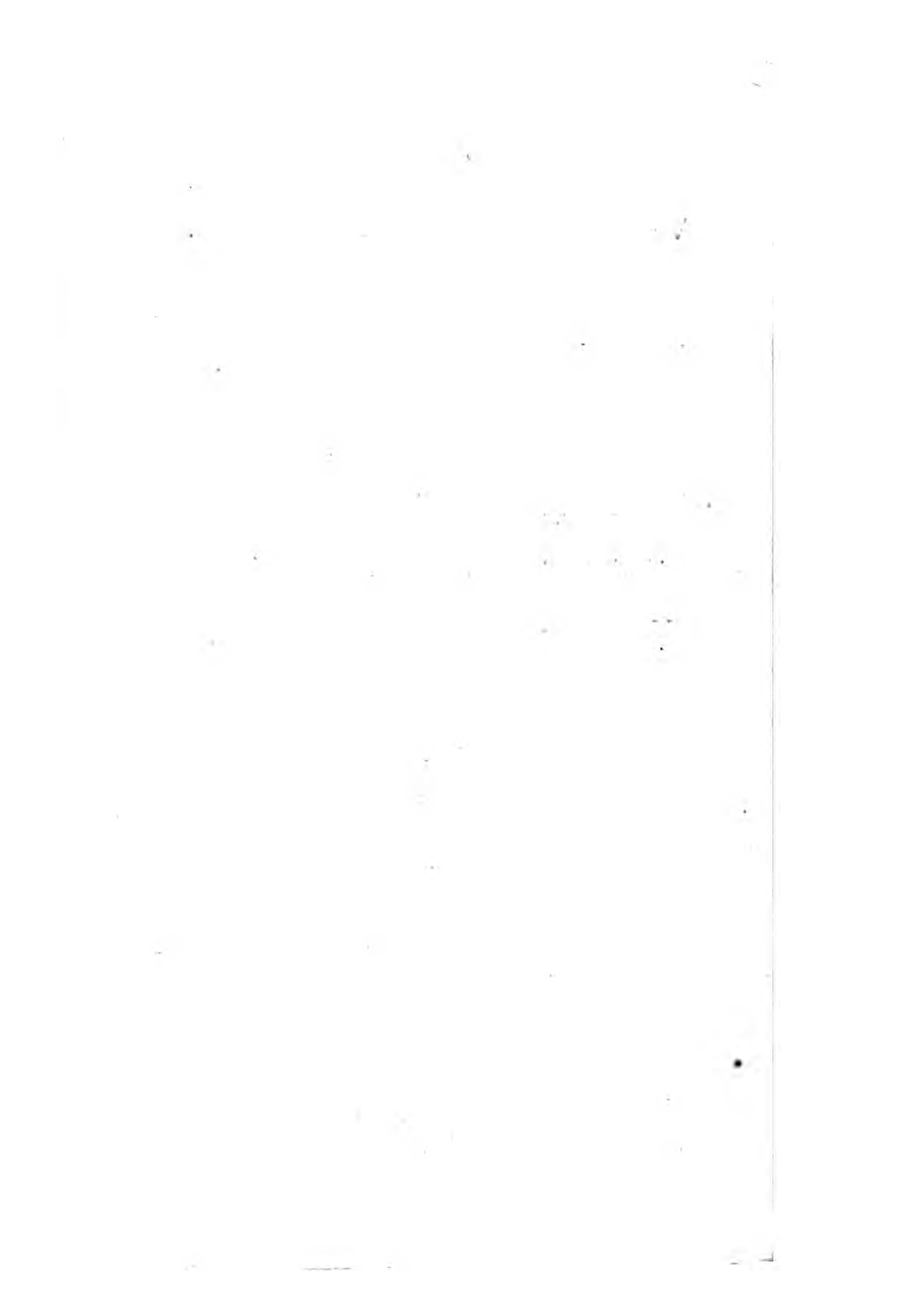
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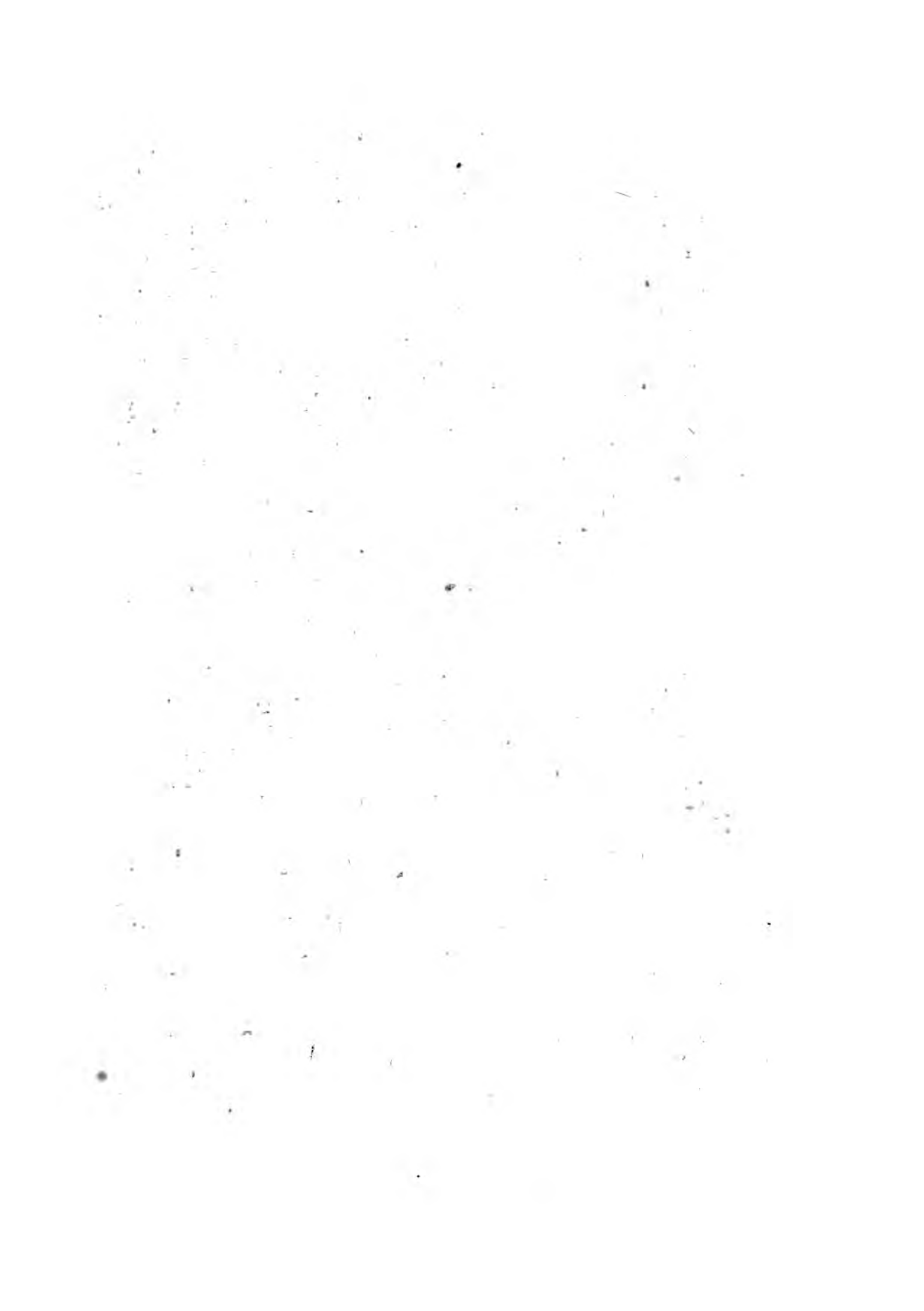
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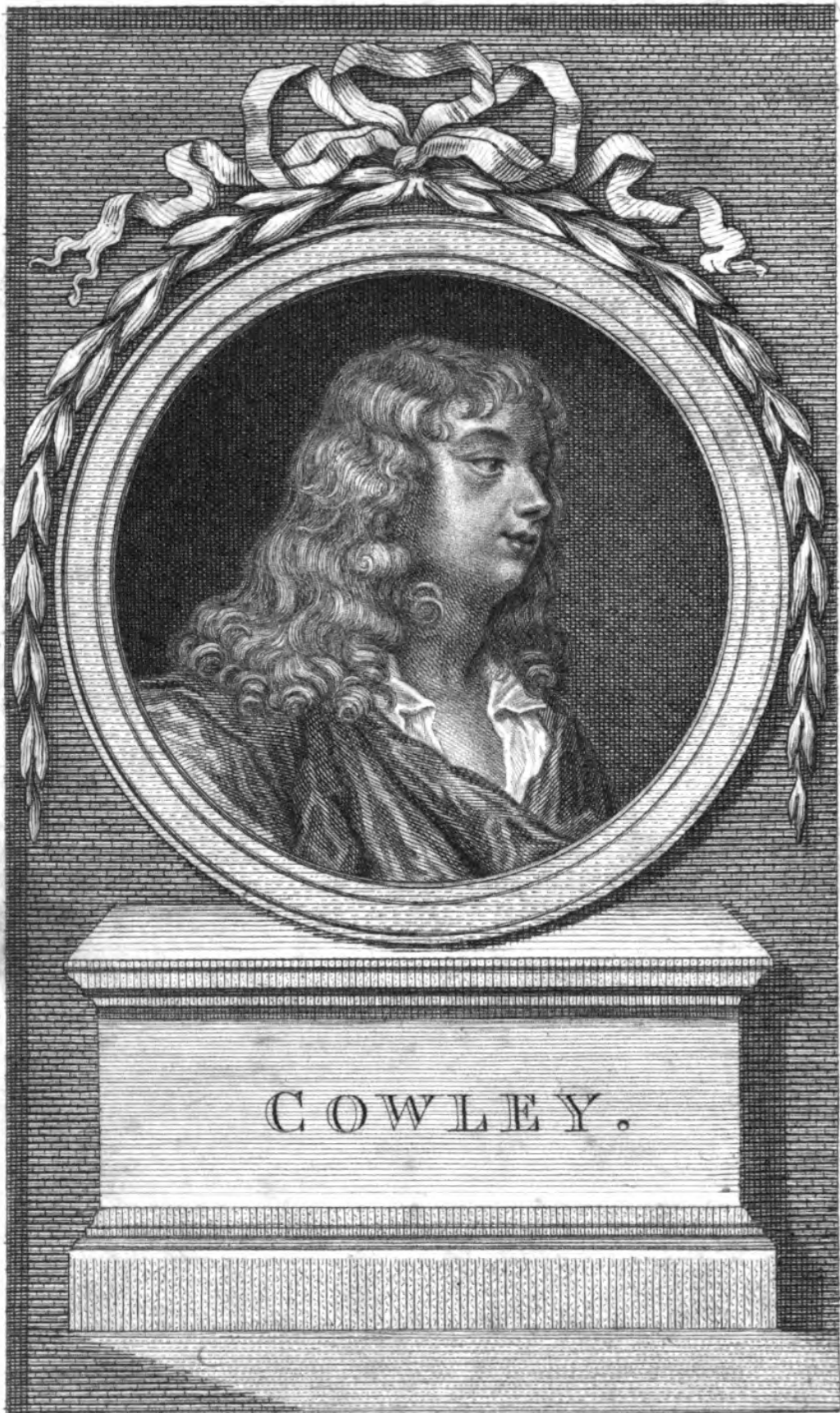
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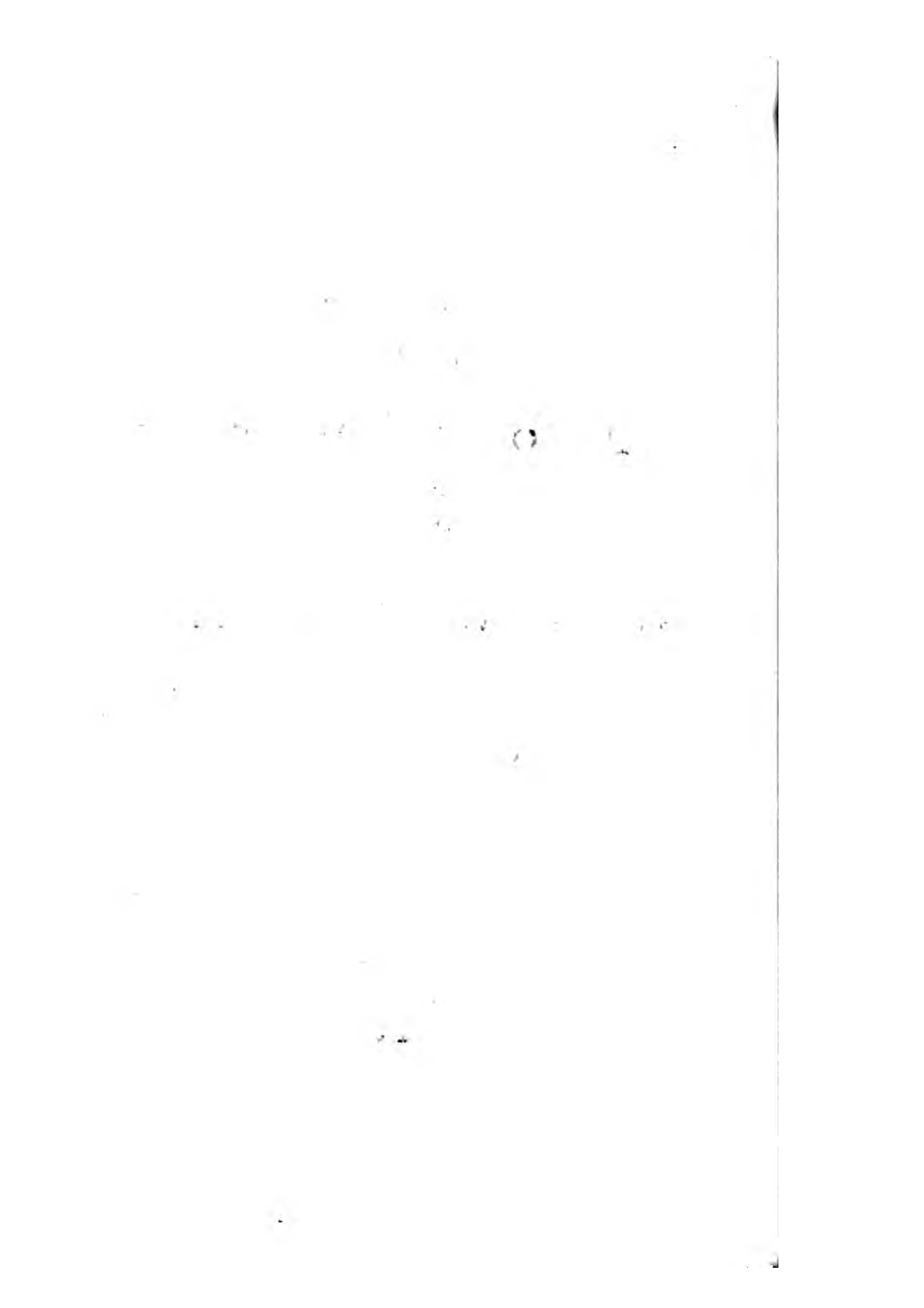
THE

P O E M S

OF

✓ C O W L E Y.

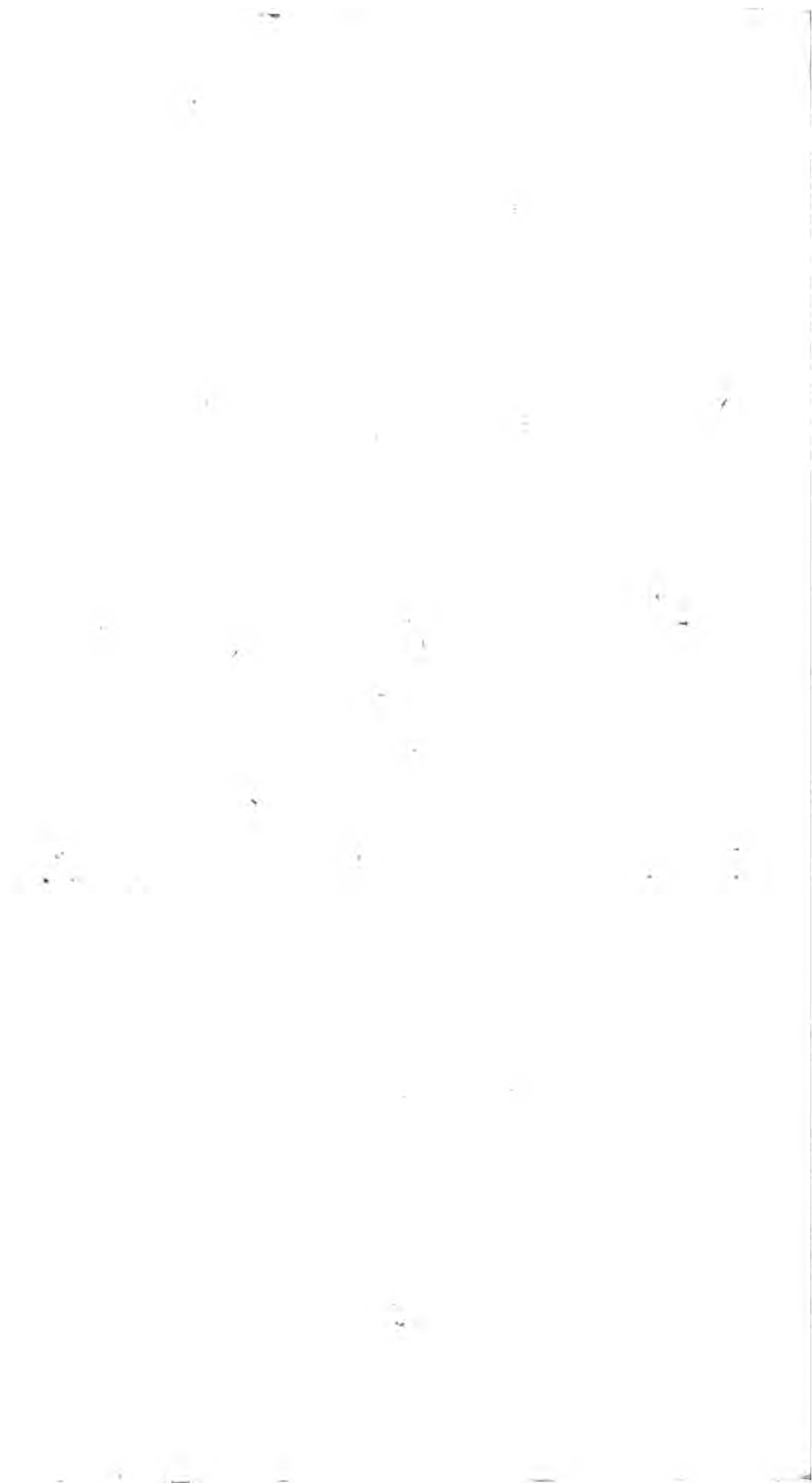
VOLUME I.



THE
P O E M S
OF
MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. I.

B



1 3 1

E L E G I A

DEDICATORIA,

A D

ILLUSTRISSIMAM ACADEMIAM

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOC tibi de nato, ditissima mater, egeo
Exiguum immensi pignus amoris habe.
Heu, meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Astringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Tunc tui poteris vocem hinc agnoscere nati
Tam male formatam, dissimilemque tuæ?
Tunc hinc materni vestigia sacra decoris,
Tu speculum poteris hinc reperire tuum?
Post longum, dices, Coulëi, sic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi speranti, perfide, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, Sagæ Lemurisque Deæque, nocentes,
Hunc mihi in infantis supposuere loco?
At tu, sancta parens, crudelis tu quoque, nati
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid fato genetrix accedis iniquo?
Sit fors, sed non sis, ipsa, noverca mihi.

Si mihi natali Musarum adoleſcere in arvo,
 Si benè dilecto luxuriare ſolo,
 Si mihi de doctâ liciffet plenitudo undâ
 Haurire, ingentem ſi ſatiare ſitim,
 Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,
 Nec legeres nomen fuſa rubore meum.
 Scis benè, ſcis quæ me tempeſtas publica mundi
 Raptatrix veſtro ſuſtulit è gremio,
 Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
 Poſcentem querulo murmure lacris opem.
 Sic quondam, aërium vento bellantè per æquor,
 Cum gravidum autumnum ſæva flagellat hyems,
 Immatura ſuâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
 Et vi victa cadunt; arbor & ipſa gemit.
 Nondum ſuccus ineſt terræ generoſus avitæ,
 Nondum ſol roſeo redditur ore pater.
 O mihi jucundum Grantæ ſuper omnia nomen!
 O penitens toto corde receptus amor!
 O pulchræ ſine luxu ædes, vitæque beatæ,
 Splendida paupertas, ingenuusque decor!
 O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine regum
 Digna domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!
 O nimium Cereris cumulati munere campi,
 Poſthabitis Ennæ quos colit illa jugis!
 O ſacri fontes! & ſacræ vatibus umbræ,
 Quas recreant avium Pieridumque chori!
 O Camus! Phœbo nullus quo gratior amnis!
 Annibus auriferis invidioſus inops!
 Ah mihi ſi veſtræ reddat bona gaudia ſedis,
 Detque Deus doctâ poſſe quiete frui!

DEDICATORIA.

5

Qualis eram, cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
 Vidisti in ripâ, Came ferene, tuâ ;
 Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu ;
 Ille quidèmm immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.
 Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque,
 Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.
 Tunc liquidis tacitisque simul mea vita diebus,
 Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.
 At nunc cœnosæ luces, atque obice multo
 Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ. [unda?
 Quid mihi Sequanâ opus, Tamesisve aut Thybridis
 Tu potis es nostram tollere, Came, sitim.
 Felix, qui nunquam plus uno viderit amne !
 Quique eadem Salicis littora more colit !
 Felix, qui non tentatus fordescere mundus,
 Et cui pauperies nota nitere potest !
 Tempore cui nullo misera experientia constat,
 Ut res humanas sentiat esse nihil !
 At nos exemplis fortuna instruxit opimis,
 Et documentorum satque superque dedit.
 Cum capite avulsùm diadema, infractâque sceptrâ,
 Contusâsque hominum sorte minante minas,
 Parcarum ludos, & non tractabile fatum,
 Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
 Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim
 Infami scopulis naufragiisque mari ?
 Tu quoque in hoc terræ tremuisti, Academia, motu.
 (Nec frustra) atque ædes contremuere tuæ :
 Contremuere ipsæ pacatæ Palladis acres ;
 Et timuit fulmen laurea sancta novum.

Ah quanquam iratum, pestem hanc avertere numen,

Nec saltem bellis ista licere, velit!

Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; & ecce, perimus!

In nos jus habeat: jus habet omne malum.

Tu stabilis, brevium genus immortale nepotum.

Fundes; nec tibi mors ipsa superstes erit:

Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni.

Formosas mittes ad mare mortis aquas.

Sic Venus humanâ quondam, Dea faucia dextrâ,

(Namque solent ipsis bella nocere Deis)

Imploravit opem superûm, questûsque cievit,

Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.

Quid quereris? contemne breves secura dolores:

Nam tibi ferre necem vulnera nulla valent.

E 7 I

T H E

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

T O

HIS EDITION in Folio, 1656.

AT my return lately into England *, I met by great accident (for such I account it to be, that any copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a book intituled, "The Iron Age," and published under my name, during the time of my absence. I wondered very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill verses, should yet be so wise to set them forth as another man's rather than his own; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the bastard upon such a person, whose stock of reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the author to put forth some of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more

B 4

pardon.

* In 1656.

8 * A U T H O R ' S P R E F A C E .

pardonable plagiary, and had done less wrong by robbery, than he does by such a bounty ; for nobody can be justified by the imputation even of another's merit ; and our own coarse cloaths are like to become us better than those of another man, though never so rich : but these, to say the truth, were so beggarly, that I myself was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed *in effigie* ; and impossible it is for any good name to be in safety, if the malice of witches have the power to consume and destroy it in an image of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the charm took no effect. So that I esteem myself less prejudiced by it, than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind ; which is, the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them.

Of which sort, was a comedy called " The Guardian," printed in the year 1650 ; but made and acted before the Prince, in his passage through Cambridge towards York, at the beginning of the late unhappy war ; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated ; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised or perfected by the author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the college. After the representation (which, I confess,

AUTHOR'S PREFACE. 9

feis, was somewhat of the latest) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the poet and the soldier; but I have lost the copy, and dare not think it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in human conversation when I made it. But, as it is, it is only the hasty first-sitting of a picture, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly.

From this which has happened to myself, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the sum; or with such, which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the alloy: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, who think a vast heap of stones or rubbish a better monument than a little tomb of marble; or by the unworthy avarice of some stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book; and, like vintners, with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more profit. This has been the case with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and many others; part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong

belong to me: neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume, than in a gigantic body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous, the less space it animates. And, as Statius says of little Tydeus *,

“ — Totos infusa per artus

“ Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.”

I am not ignorant, that, by saying this of others, I expose myself to some raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer: But though I publish here more than in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppressed and cast away more than I publish; and, for the ease of myself and others, have lost, I believe too, more than both. And upon these considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own modesty, and to produce these poems to the light and view of the world; not as a thing that I approved of in itself, but as a less evil, which I chose rather than to stay till it were done for me by somebody else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after, my death: and this will be the more excusable, when the reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a dead, or at least a dying person, and upon my Muse in this action, as appearing, like the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and assisting at her own funeral.

* Stat. Theb. lib. i. 416.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE. 11

For, to make myself absolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my resolution at present is, never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for, when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life. But, as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poesy; to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more profitable matches, which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows, than in their opinion of, “*Exegi monumentum ære perennius—*”) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves: neither ought any man to envy poets this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them, which St. Paul speaks of the first Christians, “*If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable.*”

And, if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant, that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it
choose

14 AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts (which is the end of most men that travel thither; so that of these Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

“ Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos,

“ Per mare pauperiem fugiens—*)”

but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat (but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy)

“ Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis—†”

As my former author speaks too, who has enticed me here, I know not how, into the pedantry of this heap of Latin sentences. And I think Dr. Donne's *Sunday in a grave* is not more uselefs and ridiculous, than poetry would be in that retirement. As this therefore is in a true sense a kind of death to the Muses, and a real literal quitting of this world; so, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted privilege of deceased poets, which is, to be read with more favour than the living;

“ Tanti est ut placeam tibi, perire ‡.”

Having been forced, for my own necessary justification, to trouble the reader with this long discourse of the reasons why I trouble him also with all the rest of

* Hor. 1 Ep. i. 45.

† Hor. 1 Ep. xi. 9.

‡ Martial. lib. viii. ep. 69.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE. 15

the book ; I shall only add somewhat concerning the several parts of it, and some other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication : as, first, all those which I wrote at school, from the age of ten years, till after fifteen ; for even so far backward there remain yet some traces of me in the little footsteps of a child ; which, though they were then looked upon as commendable extravagancies in a boy (men setting a value upon any kind of fruit before the usual season of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over myself ; and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from others. Besides, they have already past through several editions, which is a longer life than uses to be enjoyed by infants that are born before the ordinary terms. They had the good fortune then to find the world so indulgent (for, considering the time of their production, who could be so hard-hearted to be severe ?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for them, as for not having made advances afterwards proportionable to the speed of my setting out ; and am obliged too in a manner by discretion to conceal and suppress them, as promises and instruments under my own hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to perform ; in which truly if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the honestest sort of bankrupts, which is, to have been made unsolvable not so much by their own negligence and ill-husbandry, as by some notorious accidents and public disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles,

with

16 A U T H O R ' S P R E F A C E .

with any relation to the differences that caused them; as, among others, three books of the civil war itself, reaching as far as the first battle of Newbury, where the succeeding misfortunes of the party stopt the work.

As for the ensuing book, it consists of four * parts. The first is a Miscellany of several subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps superfluous to tell the reader: I know not by what chance I have kept copies of them; for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost; and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deserve more care in preservation, than was bestowed upon their brethren; for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the arrogancy of the word, when I said I had lost them.

The second, is called, "The Mistress," or "Love-Verses;" for so it is, that poets are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love. Sooner or later they must all pass through that trial, like some Mahometan monks, that are bound by their order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca:

"In furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem †."

* In the present collection, there are *five* parts; the first of which contains the juvenile Poems mentioned in p. 15. Their history may be seen in the prefaces prefixed to them. N.

† Virg. Georg. iii. 244.

But

AUTHOR'S PREFACE, 17

But we must not always make a judgment of their manners from their writings of this kind; as the Romanists uncharitably do of Beza, for a few lascivious sonnets composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that poesy is said to be a kind of painting; it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and persons imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a philosopher, nay a Stoic, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho,

“ —ferat & rubus asper amomum *.”

He professes too much the use of fables (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity as to be ashamed to be thought really in love. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man, who is not at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious readers: for much excess is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry; so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obscenity and profaneness, of which, I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my thoughts and intentions. And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing arguments.

* Virg. Ecl. iii. 89.

18 AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

For, as for the "Pindaric Odes" (which is the third part), I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracts of poesy. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of style which Dion. Halicarnassæus calls, *Μεγαλοφυῆς καὶ ἠδὲ μετὰ δεινότητος*, and which he attributes to Alceus. The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all lyriques, and of Pindar above all men living: the figures are unusual and bold, even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry: the numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses, in the Ode intituled, "The Resurrection:" and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed; yet the undertaker will find it otherwise—

—Ut sibi quivis

“ Speret idem; fudet multùm, frustráque laboret

“ Ausus idem*.

• Hor. A. P. 240.

I come

AUTHOR'S PREFACE. 19

I come now to the last part, which is "Davideis," or an heroical poem of the troubles of David: which I designed into twelve books; not for the tribes' sake, but after the pattern of our master Virgil; and intended to close all with that most poetical and excellent elegy of David on the death of Saul and Jonathan: for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, because it is the custom of heroic poets (as we see by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their story: but only so near, that every one may see it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what they have won. This, I say, was the whole design: in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the priests at Nob; the several flights and escapes of David, with the manner of his living in the Wilderness; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the sacking of Ziglaga; the loss and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites the witch of Endor; the war with the Philistines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious stories of the Old Testament, and to embellish with the most remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations before or at that age.

But I have had neither leisure hitherto, nor have appetite at present, to finish the work, or so much as to

revise that part which is done, with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deserves. For what worthier subject could have been chosen, among all the treasuries of past times, than the life of this young prince; who, from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest monarch that ever sat on the most famous throne of the whole earth? Whom should a poet more justly seek to honour, than the highest person who ever honoured his profession? whom a Christian poet, rather than the man after God's own heart, and the man who had that sacred pre-eminence above all other princes, to be the best and mightiest of that royal race from whence Christ himself, according to the flesh, disdained not to descend?

When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature the holy Scripture affords and proffers, as it were, to poesy; in the wise managing and illustrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the singular utility and noblest delight of mankind; it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence, either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or at best on the confused antiquated dreams
of

AUTHOR'S PREFACE. 21

of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things, which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity; as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers, and the like; there is none that he so universally, and so long, usurpt, as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the kingdom of God, who is the father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damascus. There wants, methinks, but the conversion of that, and the Jews, for the accomplishment of the kingdom of Christ. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without some carnal reluctancies apprehend the bonds and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest liberty: it will fare no otherwise with this art, after the regeneration of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful objects; neither will it want room, by being confined to heaven.

There is not so great a lye to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry. Were there never so wholesome nourishment to be had (but alas! it breeds nothing but diseases) out of these boasted feasts of love and fables; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet should make us nauseate it: for it is almost impossible to serve up any new dish of that kind. They are all but the cold-meats of the ancients, new-heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets

22 **AUTHOR'S PREFACE.**

made some rich crops out of these grounds ; the heart of the soil was not then wrought out with continual tillage : but what can we expect now, who come a gleaning, not after the first reapers, but after the very beggars ? Besides, though those mad stories of the gods and heroes seem in themselves so ridiculous ; yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of those times. They were believed by all, but a few philosophers, and perhaps some atheists ; and served to good purpose among the vulgar (as pitiful things as they are), in strengthening the authority of law with the terrors of conscience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable punishments. There was no other religion ; and therefore that was better than none at all. But to us, who have no need of them ; to us, who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinencies ; they ought to appear no better arguments for verse, than those of their worthy successors, the knights-errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the story of Deucalion than in that of Noah ? Why will not the actions of Sampson afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules ? Why is not Jephtha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia ? and the friendship of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theseus and Perithous ? Does not the passage of Moses and the Israelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulysses or Æneas ? Are the obsolete thread-bare

thread-bare tales of Thebes and Troy half so stored with great, heroical, and supernatural actions (since verse will needs find or make such); as the wars of Joshua, of the Judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the gods give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Christ, or of his prophets and apostles? What do I instance in these few particulars? All the books of the Bible are either already most admirable and exalted pieces of poesy, or are the best materials in the world for it.

Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose; none but a good artist will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish diamonds with so little pains and skill as we do marble. For, if any man design to compose a sacred poem, by only turning a story of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles's, or some other godly matter, like Mr. Heywood of angels, into rhyme; he is so far from elevating of poesy, that he only abases divinity. In brief, he who can write a prophane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of invention; the same wisdom of disposition; the same judgment in observance of decencies; the same lustre and vigour of elocution; the same modesty and majesty of number; briefly, the same kind of habit, is required to both: only this latter allows better stuff; and therefore would look more deformedly, ill drest in it.

I am far from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: but sure I am, there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree answerable to the idea that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.

JUVENILE POEMS.

THE
 BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT
 TO
 THE EDITION OF 1674.

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquired after, and very scarce (the Town hardly affording one Book, though it hath been four times printed) we thought this fifth edition could not fail of being well received by the world. We presume one reason why they were omitted in the last collection, was, because the propriety of this copy belonged not to the same person that published those: but the reception they had found appears by the several impressions through which they had passed. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his riper years, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in obscurity. We presume the Author's judgment of them is most reasonable to appeal

to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modesty) give them no small character. His words are in the 6th page of his Preface before his former published Poems*.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems, in his "Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose, in the 11th Discourse treating of himself." These we suppose a sufficient authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the smallest remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the copy of his mind; so that by this supplement to his other volume you have the picture of that so deservedly eminent man from almost his childhood to his latest years, the bud and bloom of his Spring; the warmth of his Summer; the richness and perfection of his Autumn. But, for the Reader's further curiosity, we refer him to the Author's following Preface to them, published by himself.

* See the Author's Preface above, p. 15.

TO THE

Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God,

J O H N

Lord Bishop of *Lincoln*, and Dean of *Westminster*.

MY LORD,

I MIGHT well fear, lest these my rude and unpolished lines should offend your honourable survey; but that I hope your Nobleness will rather smile at the faults committed by a Child, than censure them. Howsoever I desire your Lordship's pardon, for presenting things so unworthy to your view; and to accept the good-will of him, who in all duty is bound to be

Your Lordship's

most humble servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE
AUTHOR'S PREFACE
TO HIS
JUVENILE POEMS.

READER (I know not yet whether gentle or no) some, I know, have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earliness: others, who are either of a weak faith, or strong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never sounds but when it is blowed in, and read me, not as Abraham Cowley, but Authorem Anonymum. To the first I answer, that it is an envious frost which nips the blossoms, because they appear quickly: to the latter, that he is the worst homicide who strives to murder another's fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the stars, because the moon and sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this wind. For the itch of Poesy, by being angered, increaseth; by rubbing, spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this Third Edition. What though it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first book which hath
lighted

AUTHOR'S PREFACE. 29

lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgments it suffer shipwreck, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased myself and the Bookseller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poesy flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my Piramus and Thisbe, nay, I would do it myself, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years age. My Constantius and Philetus confesseth me two years older when I writ it. The rest were made since, upon several occasions, and perhaps do not belye the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me: but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the Bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewel.

A. COWLEY.

T O

T O T H E R E A D E R .

I Call'd the buskin'd muse Melpomene,
 And told her what sad story I would write :
 She wept at hearing such a tragedy,
 Though wont in mournful ditties to delight.
 If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know
 My Muse with tears, not with conceits, did flow :

And as she my unabler quill did guide,
 Her briny tears did on the paper fall ;
 If then unequal numbers be espied,
 Oh, Reader ! do not that my error call ;
 But think her tears defac'd it, and blame then
 My Muses' grief, and not my missing pen.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

C O N -

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I SING two constant lovers' various fate,
 The hopes and fears that equally attend
 Their loves ; their rivals' envy, parents' hate :
 I sing their woeful life and tragic end.

Aid me, ye gods, this story to rehearse,
 This mournful tale, and favour every verse !

In Florence, for her stately buildings fam'd,
 And lofty roofs that emulate the sky,
 There dwelt a lovely maid, Constantia nam'd,
 Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy.

Her, lavish Nature did at first adorn,
 With Pallas' soul in Cytherea's form :

And, framing her attractive eyes so bright,
 Spent all her wit in study, that they might
 Keep earth from chaos and eternal night ;
 But envious death destroy'd their glorious light.

Expect not beauty then, since she did part ;
 For in her Nature wasted all her art.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are
 A crown to Phœbus ; and her breath so sweet,
 It did transcend Arabian odours far,
 Or smelling flowers, wherewith the spring doth greet.

Approaching summer ; teeth, like falling snow
 For white, were placed in a double row.

Her

Her wit, excelling praise, even all admire ;
 Her speech was so attractive it might be
 A cause to raise the mighty Pallas' ire,
 And stir up envy from that deity.

The maiden lilies at her sight
 Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew white.

She was in birth and parentage as high
 As in her fortune great or beauty rare ;
 And to her virtuous mind's nobility
 The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were ;
 That in her spotless soul and lovely face
 You might have seen each deity and grace.

The scornful boy Adonis, viewing her,
 Would Venus still despise, yet her desire ;
 Each who but saw, was a competitor
 And rival, scorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.

The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move,
 And light beholders on their way to love.

Among her many suitors, a young knight,
 'Bove others wounded with the majesty
 Of her fair presence, presseth most in fight ;
 Yet seldom his desire can satisfy

With that blest object, or her rareness see ;
 For beauty's guard is watchful jealousy.

Oft times, that he might see his dearest fair,
 Upon his stately jennet he in th' way
 Rides by her house ; who neighs, as if he were
 Proud to be view'd by bright Constantia.

But his poor master, though to see her move
 His joy, dares shew no look betraying love.

Soon

Soon as the morning left her rosy bed,
 And all heaven's smaller lights were driven away,
 She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,
 Like other maids, would walk at break of day:

Aurora blush'd to see a sight unknown,
 To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

Th' obsequious lover follows still her train,
 And where they go, that way his journey feigns:
 Should they turn back, he would turn back again;
 For with his love, his business does remain.

Nor is it strange he should be loth to part
 From her, whose eyes had stole away his heart.

Philetus he was call'd, sprung from a race
 Of noble ancestors; but greedy Time
 And envious Fate had labour'd to deface
 The glory which in his great stock did shine:

Small his estate, unfitting her degree;
 But blinded Love could no such difference see.

Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,
 And dipt his arrow in Constantia's eyes,
 Blowing a fire that would destroy him quite,
 Unless such flames within her heart should rise.

But yet he fears, because he blinded is,
 Though he have shot him right, her heart he 'll miss.

Unto Love's altar therefore he repairs,
 And offers up a pleasing sacrifice;
 Intreating Cupid, with inducing prayers,
 To look upon and ease his miseries:

Where having wept, recovering breath again,
 Thus to immortal Love he did complain:

" Oh mighty Cupid ! whose unbounded sway,
 " Hath often rul'd th' Olympian thunderer ;
 " Whom all coelestial deities obey ;
 " Whom men and gods both reverence and fear !
 " Oh force Constantia's heart to yield to love !
 " Of all thy works the master-piece 'twill prove.

 " And let me not affection vainly spend,
 " But kindle flames in her like those in me ;
 " Yet if that gift my fortune doth transcend,
 " Grant that her charming beauty I may see !
 " For ever view those eyes, whose charming light,
 " More than the world besides, does please my sight.

 " Those who contemn thy sacred deity,
 " Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger know ;
 " I faultless am ; what honour can it be,
 " Only to wound your slave, and spare your foe ?"
 Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect moan,
 In language far more moving than his own.

Home he retir'd, his soul he brought not home ;
 Just like a ship, while every mounting wave
 Toss'd by enraged Boreas up and down,
 Threatens the mariner with a gaping grave ;
 Such did his case, such did his state appear,
 Alike distracted between hope and fear.

Thinking her love he never shall obtain,
 One morn he haunts the woods, and doth complain
 Of his unhappy fate, but all in vain ;
 And thus fond Echo answers him again :
 It mov'd Aurora, and she wept to hear,
 Dewing the verdant grass with many a tear.

T H E E C H O.

I.

“OH! what hath caus'd my killing miseries?”
 “EYES,” Echo said. “What hath detain'd my ease?”
 “EASE,” fraight the reasonable nymph replies.
 “That nothing can my troubled mind appease?”
 “PEACE,” Echo answers. “What, is any nigh?”
 “Philetus said, she quickly utters, “I.”

II.

“Is 't Echo answers? tell me then thy will:”
 “I WILL,” she said, “What shall I get,” says he,
 “By loving still?” To which she answers, “ILL.”
 “Ill! Shall I void of wish'd-for pleasures die?”
 “I.” “Shall not I, who toil in ceaseless pain,
 “Some pleasure know?” No,” she replies again.

III.

“False and inconstant nymph, thou lyest!” said he;
 “THOU LYEST,” she said; “And I deserv'd her hate,
 “If I should thee believe.” “BELIEVE,” saith she.
 “For why? thy idle words are of no weight.”
 “WEIGHT,” she answers. “Therefore I'll depart.”
 To which resounding Echo answers, “PART.”

THEN from the woods with wounded heart he goes,
 Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind.
 He quarrels with himself, because his woes
 Spring from himself, yet can no medicine find:
 He weeps to quench the fires that burn in him,
 But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

No morning-banish'd darknefs, nor black night
By her alternate courfe expell'd the day,
In which Philetus by a constant rite
At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray ;
 And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,
 But care and forrow was his only gain.

But now at laft the pitying God, o'ercome
By constant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart
A golden shaft, and ſhe is now become
A ſuppliant to Love, that with like dart
 He 'd wound Philetus ; does with tears implore
 Aid from that power ſhe ſo much ſcorn'd before.

Little ſhe thinks ſhe kept Philetus' heart
In her ſcorch'd breaft, becauſe her own ſhe gave
To him. Since either ſuffers equal ſmart,
And a like meaſure in their torments have :
 His ſoul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are grown :
 Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone.

Whilſt thoughts 'gainſt thoughts riſe up in mutiny,
She took a lute (being far from any ears)
And tun'd this ſong, poſing that harmony
Which poets attribute to heavenly ſpheres.
 Thus had ſhe ſung when her dear love was ſlain,
 She 'd ſurely call'd him back from Styx again.

T H E S O N G.

I.

TO whom shall I my sorrows show ?
 Not to Love, for he is blind ;
 And my Philetus doth not know
 The inward torment of my mind.
 And all the senseless walls, which are
 Now round about me, cannot hear ;

II.

For, if they could, they sure would weep,
 And with my griefs relent :
 Unless their willing tears they keep,
 Till I from earth am sent.
 Then I believe they 'll all deplore
 My fate, since I taught them before.

III.

I willingly would weep my store,
 If th' flood would land thy love,
 My dear Philetus, on the shore
 Of my heart ; but, should'st thou prove
 Afraid of flames, know the fires are
 But bonfires for thy coming there.

THEN tears in envy of her speech did flow
 From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there
 Her burning flame had melted hills of snow,
 And so dissolv'd them into many a tear ;
 Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
 And quickly caus'd new serpent griefs to grow.

38 COWLEY'S POEMS.

Here stay, my Muse; for if I should recite
Her mournful language, I should make you weep
Like her, a flood, and so not see to write
Such lines as I, and th' age requires, to keep
 Me from stern death, or with victorious rhyme
 Revenge their master's death, and conquer Time.

By this time, chance and his own industry
Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her brother, so that he
Might, by this means, his bright Constantia view;
 And, as time serv'd, shew'd her his misery:
 This was the first act in his tragedy.

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering state,
He said; "How shall I thank thee for this gain,
"O Cupid! or reward my helping fate,
"Which sweetens all my sorrows, all my pain?
"What husbandman would any pains refuse,
"To reap at last such fruit, his labour's use?"

But, when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful state,
Seeing his griefs link'd like an endless chain
To following woes, he would when 'twas too late
Quench his hot flames, and idle love disdain,
 But Cupid, when his heart was set on fire,
 Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire.

The wounded youth and kind Philocrates
(So was her brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
So true and constant in their amities,
And in that league so strictly joined were,
 That death itself could not their friendship sever,
 But, as they liv'd in love, they died together.

If one be melancholy, th' other 's sad ;
 If one be sick, the other 's surely ill ;
 And if Philetus any sorrow had,
 Philocrates was partner in it still :

 Pylades' soul, and mad Orestes', was
 In these, if we believe Pythagoras.

'Oft in the woods Philetus walks, and there
 Exclaims against his fate, fate too unkind :
 With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
 And with sad sighs instructs the angry wind
 To sigh ; and did ev'n upon that prevail ;
 It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

The crystal brooks, which gently run between
 The shadowing trees, and, as they through them pass,
 Water the earth and keep the meadows green,
 Giving a colour to the verdant grass,
 Hearing Philetus tell his woeful state,
 In shew of grief run murmuring at his fate.

Philomel answers him again, and shews,
 In her best language, her sad history,
 And in a mournful sweetness tells her woes,
 Denying to be pos'd in misery :
 Constantia he, she Tereus, Tereus, cries ;
 With him both grief, and grief's expression, vies.

Philocrates must needs his sadness know,
 Willing in ills, as well as joys, to share,
 Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,
 Who in light sport, not sorrow, partners are.
 Who leaves to guide the ship when storms arise,
 Is guilty both of sin and cowardice.

But when his noble friend perceiv'd that he
 Yielded to tyrant passion more and more,
 Desirous to partake his malady,
 He watches him, in hope to cure his sore
 By counsel, and recall the poisonous dart,
 When it, alas! was fixed in his heart.

When in the woods, places best fit for care,
 He to himself did his past griefs recite,
 Th' obsequious friend strait follows him, and there
 Doth hide himself from sad Philetus' sight;
 Who thus exclaims (for a swollen heart would break,
 If it for vent of sorrow might not speak):

“ Oh! I am lost, not in this desert wood,
 “ But in Love's pathless labyrinth; there I
 “ My health, each joy and pleasure counted good,
 “ Have lost, and, which is more, my liberty;
 “ And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice
 “ My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.
 “ Long have I staid, but yet have no relief;
 “ Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shown;
 “ Because she knows not of my killing grief,
 “ And I have fear'd to make my sorrows known.
 “ For why, alas! if she should once but dart
 “ Disdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.
 “ But how should she, ere I impart my love,
 “ Reward my ardent flame with like desire?
 “ But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
 “ Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire?
 “ Why, he who hath all sorrows borne before,
 “ Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more.”

Philocrates

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

41

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
Runs to his friend, and sighing, " Oh !" said he,
" My dear Philetus ! be thyself, and swear
" To rule that passion which now masters thee,
" And all thy reason ; but, if it can't be,
" Give to thy love but eyes, that it may see."

Amazement strikes him dumb ; what shall he do ?
Should he reveal his love, he fears 'twould prove
A hindrance ; and, should he deny to show,
It might perhaps his dear friend's anger move :
These doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand,
Whilst Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

At last resolv'd ; " How shall I seek," said he,
" T' excuse myself, dearest Philocrates !
" That I from thee have hid this secrecy ?
" Yet censure not ; give me first leave to ease [known,
" My case with words : my grief you should have
" Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

" I am all love ; my heart was burnt with fire
" From two bright suns, which do all light disclose ;
" First kindling in my breast the flame Desire :
" But, like the rare Arabian bird, there rose
" From my heart's ashes never-quenched Love,
" Which now this torment in my soul doth move,

" Oh ! let not then my passion cause your hate,
" Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
" Your ancient friendship ; 'tis alas too late
" To call my firm affection back again :
" No physick can re-cure my weakened state,
" The wound is grown too great, too desperate."

" But

42 COWLEY'S POEMS.

- " But counsel," said his friend, " a remedy
 " Which never fails the patient, may at least,
 " If not quite heal your mind's infirmity,
 " Assuage your torment, and procure some rest.
 " But there is no physician can apply
 " A medicine ere he know the malady."
- " Then hear me," said Philetus; " but why? Stay,
 " I will not toil thee with my history;
 " For to remember sorrows past away,
 " Is to renew an old calamity.
 " He who acquainteth others with his moan,
 " Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his own."
- " But," said Philocrates, " 'tis best, in woe,
 " To have a faithful partner of their care;
 " That burthen may be undergone by two,
 " Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
 " I should mistrust your love, to hide from me
 " Your thoughts, and tax you of inconstancy."

What shall he do? or with what language frame
 Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,
 But open his close thoughts and inward flame:
 With that, as prologue to his tragedy,
 He sigh'd, as if they 'd cool his torments' ire,
 When they, alas! did blow the raging fire.

- " When years first styl'd me twenty, I began
 " To sport with catching snares that Love had set:
 " Like birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'en,
 " Or the poor fly caught in Arachne's net,
 " Even so I sported with her beauty's light,
 " Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.
- " First

" First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought
 " 'Twas easy to repel it; but as fire,
 " Though but a spark, soon into flames is brought,
 " So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
 " Which so have scorch'd my love-struck soul, that I
 " Still live in torment, yet each minute die."

" Who is it," said Philocrates, " can move
 " With charming eyes such deep affection?
 " I may perhaps assist you in your love;
 " Two can effect more than yourself alone.
 " My counsel this thy error may reclaim,
 " Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame."

" Nay," said Philetus, " oft my eyes do flow
 " Like Nilus when it scorns th' oppos'd shore;
 " Yet all the watery plenty I bestow,
 " Is to my flame an oil that feeds it more.
 " So fame reports o' th' Dodonéan spring,
 " That lightens all those which are put therein.

" But, being you desire to know her, she
 " Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower,
 " As if they fain would drown the memory
 " Of his life-keeper's name) Constantia—" More
 Grief would not let him utter; tears, the best
 Expressers of true sorrow, spoke the rest.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:

" And was this all? Whate'er your grief would ease,
 " Though a far greater task, believe 't, for thee
 " It should be soon done by Philocrates:
 " Think all you wish perform'd; but see, the day,
 " Tir'd with its heat, is hasting now away!"

Home from the silent woods night bids them go :
 But sad Philetus can no comfort find ;
 What in the day he fears of future woe,
 At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.

Why dost thou vex him, Love ? Could'st thou but see,
 Thou would'st thyself Philetus' rival be.

Philocrates, pitying his doleful moan,
 And wounded with the sorrows of his friend,
 Brings him to fair Constantia ; where alone
 He might impart his love, and either end
 His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,
 Or, by her liking, his wisht joys attain.

“ Fairest,” said he, “ whom the bright heavens do cover,
 “ Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise !
 “ These heaving sighs of a submissive lover,
 “ Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazzling eyes !
 “ And do not you contemn that ardent flame,
 “ Which from yourself, your own fair beauty, came !

“ Trust me, I long have hid my love ; but now
 “ Am forc'd to show 't, such is my inward smart ;
 “ And you alone, fair Saint ! the means do know
 “ To heal the wound of my consuming heart.
 “ Then, since it only in your power doth lie
 “ To kill or save, Oh ! help, or else I die.”

His gently cruel love did thus reply ;
 “ I for your pain am grieved, and would do,
 “ Without impeachment of my chastity
 “ And honour, any thing might pleasure you.
 “ But, if beyond those limits you demand,
 “ I must not answer, Sir, nor understand.”

Believe

- “ Believe me, virtuous maiden ! my desire
 “ Is chaste and pious as thy virgin thought ;
 “ No flash of lust, ’tis no dishonest fire,
 “ Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought ;
 “ But as thy beauty pure ; which let not be
 “ Eclipsed by disdain and cruelty !”
- “ Oh ! how shall I reply ?” she cry’d, “ thou ’st won
 “ My soul, and therefore take thy victory :
 “ Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o’ercome,
 “ And if I should deny thee love, then I
 “ Should be a tyrant to myself : that fire
 “ Which is kept close burns with the greatest ire.
- “ Yet do not count my yielding lightness, now ;
 “ Impute it rather to my ardent love ;
 “ Thy pleasing carriage won me long ago,
 “ And pleading beauty did my liking move ; [might
 “ Thy eyes, which draw like loadstones with their
 “ The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite.”
- “ Oh ! I am rapt above the reach,” said he,
 “ Of thought ; my soul already feels the bliss [thee
 “ Of heaven : when, Sweet, my thoughts once tax but
 “ With any crime, may I lose all happiness
 “ Is wish’d for : both your favour here, and dead,
 “ May the just gods pour vengeance on my head !”

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their fate !)

Constantia’s father enter’d in the room,

When glad Philetus, ignorant of his state,

Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting sun,

Or else the morn, blushing through clouds of water,

To see ascending Sol congratulate her.

Just

Just as the guilty prisoner fearful stands,
 Reading his fatal Theta in the brows
 Of him who both his life and death commands,
 Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows :
 Such was his state to see her father come,
 Nor wish'd-for, nor expected, in the room.

Th' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
 Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be
 At any time with his lov'd daughter there,
 Till he had given him such authority :
 But to depart, since she her love did shew him,
 Was living death, with lingering torments to him.

This being known to kind Philocrates,
 He cheers his friend, bidding him banish fear,
 And by some letter his griev'd mind appease,
 And shew her that which to her friendly ear
 Time gave no leave to tell : and thus his quill
 Declares to her the absent lover's will.

THE LETTER.

PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

I TRUST, dear soul, my absence cannot move
 You to forget or doubt my ardent love ;
 For, were there any means to see you, I
 Would run through death, and all the misery
 Fate could inflict ; that so the world might say,
 In life and death I lov'd Constantia.

Then

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

47

Then let not, dearest Sweet, our absence part
 Our loves, but each breast keep the other's heart ;
 Give warmth to one another, till there rise
 From all our labours and our industries
 The long-expected fruits : have patience, Sweet,
 There 's no man whom the summer pleasures greet
 Before he taste the winter ; none can say,
 Ere night was gone, he saw the rising day.

So, when we once have wasted sorrow's night,
 The sun of comfort then shall give us light.

PHILETUS.

This, when Constantia read, she thought her state
 Most happy, by Philetus' constancy
 And perfect love : she thanks her flattering fate,
 Kisses the paper, till with kissing she
 The welcome characters doth dull and stain :
 Then thus with ink and tears writes back again.

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

YOUR absence, Sir, though it be long, yet I
 Neither forget nor doubt your constancy.
 Nor need you fear that I should yield unto
 Another, what to your true love is due.
 My heart is yours ; it is not in my claim,
 Nor have I power to take it back again.
 There 's nought but death can part our souls ; no time,
 Or angry friends, shall make my love decline :
 But for the harvest of our hopes I 'll stay,
 Unless death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

CONSTANTIA.

Oh !

13 COWLEY'S POEMS.

Oh! how this letter seem'd to raise his pride!
Prouder was he of this than Phaeton,
When he did Phœbus' flaming chariot guide,
Unknowing of the danger was to come:
Prouder than Jason, when from Colchos he
Returned with the fleece's victory.

But ere the autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,
Had paid the sweating plowman's greediest prayer:
And by the fall disrob'd the gaudy ground
Of all those ornaments it us'd to wear;
Them kind Philocrates t' each other brought,
Where they this means t' enjoy their freedom wrought.

“ Sweet fair-one,” said Philetus, “ since the time
“ Favours our wish, and does afford us leave
“ T' enjoy our loves; oh, let us not resign
“ This long'd-for favour, nor ourselves bereave
“ Of what we wish'd for, Opportunity,
“ That may too soon the wings of love out-fly!
“ For when your father, as his custom is,
“ For pleasure doth pursue the timorous hare,
“ If you 'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
“ To be in those woods ready for you, where
“ We may depart in safety, and no more
“ With dreams of pleasure only, heal our sore.”

To this the happy lovers soon agree;
But, ere they part, Philetus begs to hear,
From her enchanting voice's melody,
One song, to satisfy his longing ear:
She yields; and, singing added to desire,
The listening youth increas'd his amorous fire.

T H E

T H E S O N G.

I.

TIME ! fly with greater speed away,
 Add feathers to thy wings,
 Till thy haste in flying brings
 That wisht-for, and expected day.

II.

Comfort's sun we then shall see,
 Though at first it darken'd be
 With dangers ; yet, those clouds but gone,
 Our day will put his lustre on.

III.

Then, though death's sad night appear,
 And we in lonely silence rest ;
 Our ravish'd souls no more shall fear,
 But with lasting day be blest.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,
 Nor no new death extend its power ;
 Thus there 's nothing can dissever
 Hearts which love hath join'd together.

FEAR of being seen, Philetus homeward drove,
 But ere they part she willingly doth give
 (As faithful pledges of her constant love)
 Many a soft kiss ; then they each other leave,
 Rapt up with secret joy that they have found
 A way to heal the torment of their wound.

But, ere the sun through many days had run,
 Constantia's charming beauty had o'ercome
 Guifardo's heart, and scorn'd affection won ;
 Her eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,
 Shot through his wounded heart such hot desire,
 As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

In roofs which gold and Parian stone adorn
 (Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound ;
 In fields so fertile for their yearly corn,
 As might contend with scorch'd Calabria's ground ;
 But in his soul, that should contain the store
 Of surest riches, he was base and poor.

Him was Constantia urg'd continually,
 By' her friends, to love : sometimes they did intreat
 With gentle speeches and mild courtesy ;
 Which when they see despis'd by her they threat.
 But love too deep was seated in her heart,
 To be worn-out with thought of any smart.

Soon did her father to the woods repair,
 To seek for sport, and hunt the started game ;
 Guifardo and Philocrates were there,
 With many friends too tedious here to name :
 With them Constantia went, but not to find
 The bear or wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

Being enter'd in the pathless woods, while they
 Pursue their game, Philetus, who was late
 Hid in a thicket, carries straight away
 His love, and hastens his own hasty fate ;
 That came too soon upon him ; and his sun
 Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

Constantia miss'd, the hunters in amaze
 Take each a several course, and by curst fate
 Guisardo runs, with a love-carried pace,
 Tow'rd's them, who little knew their woeful state :
 Philetus, like bold Icarus, soaring high
 To honours, found the depth of misery.

For when Guisardo sees his rival there,
 Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
 Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,
 And with his sword a way to 's heart does find.
 But, ere his spirits were possess'd of death,
 In these few words he spent his latest breath :

“ O see, Constantia ! my short race is run ;
 “ See how my blood the thirsty ground doth dye ;
 “ But live thou happier than thy love hath done,
 “ And when I 'm dead, think sometime upon me !
 “ More my short time permits me not to tell,
 “ For now death seizeth me ; my dear, farewell !”

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled
 From his pierc'd body, whilst Constantia, she
 Kisses his cheeks, that lose their lively red,
 And become pale and wan ; and now each eye,
 Which was so bright, is like, when life was done,
 A star that 's fall'n, or an eclipsed sun.

Thither Philocrates was driven by fate,
 And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth ;
 Near his pale corpse his weeping sister sat,
 Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.
 Philocrates, when he saw this, did cry,
 “ Friend, I 'll revenge, or bear thee company !

“ Just Jove hath sent me to revenge this fate ;
 “ Nay, stay, Guifardo, think not Heaven in jest :
 “ 'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state.”

Then thrust his sword into the villain's breast.

“ Here” said Philocrates, “ thy life I send
 “ A sacrifice, t' appease my slaughter'd friend.”

But, as he fell, “ Take this reward,” said he,
 “ For thy new victory.” With that he flung
 His darted rapier at his enemy,
 Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
 With that he falls, but, lifting up his eyes,
 “ Farewell, Constantia !” that word said, he dies.

What shall she do ? She to her brother runs,
 His cold and lifeless body does embrace ;
 She calls to him, that cannot hear her moans,
 And with her kisses warms his clammy face.

“ My dear Philocrates !” she, weeping, cries,
 “ Speak to thy sister !” but no voice replies.

Then running to her Love, with many a tear,
 Thus her mind's fervent passion she express ;
 “ O stay, bless'd soul, stay but a little here,
 “ And take me with you to a lasting rest.
 “ Then to Elysium's mansions both shall fly,
 “ Be married there, and never more to die.”

But, seeing them both dead, she cry'd, “ Ah me !
 “ Ah, my Philetus ! for thy sake will I
 “ Make up a full and perfect tragedy :
 “ Since 'twas for me, dear Love, that thou didst die,
 “ I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore ;
 “ These eyes, that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.”

“ It

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

53

“ It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,
“ And thy Constantia live when thou wast slain :
“ No, no, dear soul ! I will not stay from thee ;
“ That will reflect upon my valued fame.”

Then piercing her sad breast, “ I come !” she cries,
And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

Her soul being fled to its eternal rest,
Her father comes, and, seeing this, he falls
To th' earth, with grief too great to be express'd :
Whose doleful words my tir'd Muse me calls
T' o'erpass ; which I most gladly do, for fear
That I should toil too much the reader's ear.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY
OF
PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,
MY VERY LOVING MASTER
MR. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,
Chief School-master of Westminster School.

S I R,

MY childish Muse is in her spring, and yet
Can only shew some budding of her wit.
One frown upon her work, learn'd Sir, from you,
Like some unkind storm shot from your brow,
Would turn her spring to withering autumn's time,
And make her blossoms perish ere their prime.
But if you smile, if in your gracious eye
She an auspicious alpha can descry,
How soon will they grow fruit! how fresh appear!
That had such beams their infancy to cheer!
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then
The earliest offering of her grateful pen.

Your most dutiful Scholar,

ABR. COWLEY.

PYRAMUS

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

WHEN Babylon's high walls erected were
 By mighty Ninus' wife, two houses join'd.
 One Thisbe liv'd in, Pyramus the fair
 In th' other: earth ne'er boasted such a pair!
 The very senseless walls themselves combin'd,
 And grew in one, just like their masters' mind.

Thisbe all other women did excel,
 The Queen of Love less lovely was than she:
 And Pyramus more sweet than tongue can tell;
 Nature grew proud in framing them so well.
 But Venus, envying they so fair should be,
 Bids her son Cupid shew his cruelty.

The all-subduing God his bow doth bend,
 Whets and prepares his most remorseless dart,
 Which he unseen unto their hearts did send,
 And so was Love the cause of Beauty's end.
 But could he see, he had not wrought their smart;
 For pity sure would have o'ercome his heart.

Like as a bird, which in a net is ta'en,
 By struggling more entangles in the gin;
 So they, who in Love's labyrinth remain,
 With striving never can a freedom gain.
 The way to enter 's broad; but, being in,
 No art, no labour, can an exit win.

These lovers, though their parents did reprove
 Their fires, and watch'd their deeds with jealousy ;
 Though in these storms no comfort could remove
 The various doubts and fears that cool hot love ;
 Though he nor her's, nor she his face could see,
 Yet this could not abolish Love's decree :

For age had crack'd the wall which did them part ;
 This the unanimate couple soon did spy,
 And here their inward sorrows did impart,
 Unlading the sad burthen of their heart.

Though Love be blind, this shews he can descry
 A way to lessen his own misery.

Oft to the friendly cranny they resort,
 And feed themselves with the celestial air
 Of odoriferous breath ; no other sport
 They could enjoy ; yet think the time but short,
 And wish that it again renewed were,
 To suck each other's breath for ever there.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate,
 And sometimes they accus'd imperial Jove ;
 Sometimes repent their flames : but all too late ;
 The arrow could not be recall'd : their state
 Was first ordain'd by Jupiter above,
 And Cupid had appointed they should love.

They curst the wall that did their kisses part,
 And to the stones their mournful words they sent,
 As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
 And by their tears could understand their smart :
 But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
 Nor with their sighs, alas ! would it relent.

This

PYRAMUS AND THISBE. 57

This in effect they said ; “ Curs’d wall ! O why
“ Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love
“ Breaks thorough all thy flinty cruelty !
“ For both our souls so closely joined lie,
“ That nought but angry death can them remove ;
“ And though he part them, yet they’ll meet above.”

Abortive tears from their fair eyes out-flow’d,
And damm’d the lovely splendor of their sight,
Which seem’d like Titan, whilst some watery cloud
O’erspreads his face, and his bright beams doth shroud ;
Till Vesper chas’d away the conquer’d light,
And forceth them (though loth) to bid good-night.

But ere Aurora, usher to the day,
Began with welcome lustre to appear,
The lovers rise, and at that cranny they
Thus to each other their thoughts open lay,
With many a sigh and many a speaking tear ;
Whose grief the pitying morning blusht to hear.

“ Dear Love !” said Pyramus, “ how long shall we,
“ Like fairest flowers not gather’d in their prime,
“ Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee,
“ Till we bewail (at last) our cruelty
“ Upon ourselves ? for beauty, though it shine
“ Like day, will quickly find an evening-time.

“ Therefore, sweet Thisbe, let us meet this night
“ At Ninus’ tomb, without the city wall,
“ Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white
“ Abounding, there t’ enjoy our wish’d delight.
“ For mounting love, stopt in its course, doth fall,
“ And long’d-for, yet untasted, joy kills all.

“ What

58 COWLEY'S POEMS.

“ What though our cruel parents angry be ?

“ What though our friends, alas ! are too unkind ?

“ Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,

“ And soon hold back fit opportunity.

“ Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find ;

“ Occasion, once pass'd by, is bald behind.”

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,

For little wooing needs, where both consent ;

What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd :

Which Venus seeing, with blind Chance conspir'd,

And many a charming accent to her sent,

That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's means undone,

Striving to close those eyes that make her bright ;

Just like the moon, which seeks t' eclipse the sun,

Whence all her splendor, all her beams, do come :

So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,

Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

Unto the Mulberry-tree fair Thisbe came ;

Where having rested long, at last she 'gan

Against her Pyramus for to exclaim,

Whilst various-thoughts turmoil her troubled brain :

And, imitating thus the silver swan,

A little while before her death, she sang :

T H E S O N G.

I.

COME, Love! why stayest thou? the night
Will vanish ere we taste delight:
The moon obscures herself from sight,
Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

II.

Come quickly, dear! be brief as time,
Or we by morn shall be o'erta'en;
Love's joy's thine own as well as mine;
Spend not therefore the time in vain.

HERE doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant song,
And for her lover's stay sent many a sigh;
Her Pyramus, she thought, did tarry long,
And that his absence did her too much wrong.

Then, betwixt longing hope and jealousy,
She fears, yet 's loth to tax, his loyalty.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;
Sometimes, that danger hath befallen him:
She fears that he another Love hath taken;
Which, being but imagin'd, soon doth waken
Numberless thoughts, which on her heart did fling
Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

.While

WHILE she thus musing fate, ran from the wood
 An angry lion to the crystal springs,
 Near to that place ; who coming from his food,
 His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood :
 Swifter than thought, sweet Thisbe strait begins
 To fly from him ; fear gave her swallows' wings.

As she avoids the lion, her desire
 Bids her to stay, lest Pyramus should come,
 And be devour'd by the stern lion's ire,
 So she for ever burn in unquench'd fire :
 But fear expels all reasons ; she doth run
 Into a darksome cave, ne'er seen by sun.

With haste she let her looser mantle fall :
 Which, when th' enraged lion did espy,
 With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small ;
 While Thisbe ran, and look'd not back at all ;
 For, could the senseless beast her face descry,
 It had not done her such an injury.

The night half wasted, Pyramus did come ;
 Who, seeing printed in the yielding sand
 The lion's paw, and by the fountain some
 Of Thisbe's garment, sorrow struck him dumb :
 Just like a marble statue did he stand,
 Cut by some skilful graver's artful hand.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
 Washing with tears the torn and bloody weed :
 " I may," said he, " myself for her death blame ;
 " Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame :
 " Since she is dead, whose beauty doth exceed
 " All that frail man can either hear or read."

This

PYRAMUS AND THISBE. 61

This spoke, he drew his fatal sword, and said,
"Receive my crimson blood, as a due debt
"Unto thy constant love, to which 'tis paid :
"I strait will meet thee in the pleasant shade
 "Of cool Elysium ; where we, being met,
 "Shall taste those joys that here we could not get."

Then through his breast thrusting his sword, life hies
From him, and he makes haste to seek his Fair :
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
His blood had dropt upon the mulberries ;
 With which th' unspotted berries stained were,
 And ever since with red they colour'd are.

At last fair Thisbe left the den, for fear
Of disappointing Pyramus, since she
Was bound by promise for to meet him there ;
But when she saw the berries changed were
 From white to black, she knew not certainly
 It was the place where they agreed to be.

With what delight from the dark cave she came,
Thinking to tell how she escap'd the beast !
But, when she saw her Pyramus lie slain,
Ah ! how perplex'd did her sad soul remain !
 She tears her golden hair, and beats her breast,
 And every sign of raging grief express.

She blames all-powerful Jove ; and strives to take
His bleeding body from the moisten'd ground.
She kisses his pale face, till she doth make
It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake
 His parting soul with mournful words ; his wound
 Washes with tears, that her sweet speech confound.
But

But afterwards, recovering breath, said she,
 "Alas! what chance hath parted thee and I?
 "O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
 "That of thy death I may a partner be:
 "Tell Thisbe, what hath caus'd this tragedy!"
 He, hearing Thisbe's name, lifts up his eye;
 And on his Love he rais'd his dying head:
 Where, striving long for breath, at last, said he,
 "O Thisbe, I am hasting to the dead,
 "And cannot heal that wound my fear hath bred:
 "Farewell, sweet Thisbe! we must parted be,
 "For angry Death will force me soon from thee."

Life did from him, he from his mistress, part,
 Leaving his Love to languish here in woe.
 What shall she do? How shall she ease her heart?
 Or with what language speak her inward smart?
 Usurping Passion Reason doth o'erflow,
 She vows that with her Pyramus she'll go:

Then takes the sword wherewith her Love was slain,
 With Pyramus's crimson blood warm still;
 And said, "Oh stay, blest soul, awhile refrain,
 "That we may go together, and remain
 "In endless joys, and never fear the ill
 "Of grudging friends!"—Then she herself did kill.

To tell what grief their parents did sustain,
 Were more than my rude quill can overcome;
 Much did they weep and grieve, but all in vain,
 For weeping calls not back the dead again.
 Both in one grave were laid, when life was done;
 And these few words were writ upon the tomb:

E P I T A P H.

I.

UNDERNEATH this marble stone,
Lie two beauties join'd in one.

II.

Two, whose loves death could not sever;
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

III.

Two, whose souls, being too divine
For earth, in their own sphere now shine.

IV.

Who have left their loves to fame,
And their earth to earth again.

S Y L V A :

O R,

DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES,

MADE UPON SUNDRY OCCASIONS.

 A N E L E G Y

On the Death of the Right Honourable
 DUDLEY Lord CARLETON, Viscount DORCHESTER,
 Late Principal Secretary of State.

TH' infernal sisters did a council call
 Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian hall ;
 The dire Tartarian monsters, hating light,
 Begot by dismal Erebus and Night,
 Where'er dispers'd abroad, hearing the fame
 Of their accursed meeting, thither came.
 Revenge, whose greedy mind no blood can fill,
 And Envy, never satisfy'd with ill :
 Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,
 Resorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age.
 These, to oppress the earth, the Furies sent * :
 The council thus dissolv'd, an angry Fever,
 Whose quenchless thirst by blood was fated never,
 Envyng the riches, honour, greatness, love,
 And virtue (load-stone, that all these did move)

* Something is here wanting, as appears from the
 want both of rhyme and connexion. N.

Of

ELEGY ON LORD CARLETON.

65

Of noble Carleton, him she took away,
 And like a greedy vulture seiz'd her prey.
 Weep with me, each who either reads or hears,
 And know his loss deserves his country's tears!
 The Muses lost a patron by his fate,
 Virtue a husband, and a prop the State.
 Sol's chorus weeps, and, to adorn his hearse,
 Calliope would sing a tragic verse.
 And, had there been before no spring of theirs,
 They would have made a Helicon with tears.

ABR. COWLEY.

A N E L E G Y

On the Death of my loving Friend and Cousin
 MR. RICHARD CLARKE, GENT.
 Late of Lincoln's-Inn.

IT was decreed by stedfast destiny
 (The world from chaos turn'd) that all should die.
 He who durst fearless pass black Acheron,
 And dangers of th' infernal region,
 Leading hell's triple porter captivate,
 Was overcome himself by conquering Fate.
 The Roman Tully's pleasing eloquence,
 Which in the ears did lock up every sense
 Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath
 Could not at all charm unremorseful Death;

VOL. I.

F

Nor

Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd; could save
Himself, with all his wisdom, from the grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro to his funeral flame,
And would have ended in that fire his fame;
Burning those lofty lines, which now shall be
Time's conquerers, and out-last eternity.
Even so lov'd Clarke from death no 'scape could find,
Though arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.
He was adorn'd, in years though far more young,
With learned Cicero's, or a sweeter tongue.
And, could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His youth a Solon's wisdom did presage,
Had envious Time but giv'n him Solon's age.
Who would not therefore now, if Learning's friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end?
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting eyes,
As not to weep when so much virtue dies?
The God of poets doth in darkness shrowd
His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud.
The doleful Muses thinking now to write
Sad elegies, their tears confound their sight:
But him t' Elysium's lasting joys they bring,
Where winged angels his sad requiems sing.

A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

PHOEBUS, expell'd by the approaching night,
 Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful light,
 While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,
 The Muse whom I adore enter'd the room :
 Her hair with looser curiosity
 Did on her comely back dishevel'd lie :
 Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,
 As might have wak'd sleeping Endymion.
 She bade me rise, and promis'd I should see
 Those fields, those mansions of felicity,
 We mortals so admire at : speaking thus,
 She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegasus,
 On whom I rid ; knowing, wherever she
 Did go, that place must needs a Tempe be.

No sooner was my flying courser come
 To the blest dwellings of Elysium,
 When strait a thousand unknown joys resort,
 And hemm'd me round ; chaste Love's innocuous sport !
 A thousand sweets, bought with no following gall,
 Joys, not like ours, short, but perpetual.
 How many objects charm my wandering eye,
 And bid my soul gaze there eternally !
 Here in full streams, Bacchus, thy liquor flows,
 Nor knows to ebb ; here Jove's broad tree bestows
 Distilling honey ; here doth nectar pass,
 With copious current, through the verdant grass :

Here Hyacinth, his fate writ in his looks,
 And thou, Narcissus, loving still the brooks,
 Once lovely boys! and Acis, now a flower,
 Are nourish'd with that rarer herb, whose power
 Created thee, War's potent God! here grows
 The spotless lily and the blushing rose;
 And all these divers ornaments abound,
 That variously may paint the gaudy ground.
 No willow, sorrow's garland, there hath room,
 Nor cypress, sad attendant of a tomb.
 None but Apollo's tree, and th' ivy twine
 Embracing the stout oak, the fruitful vine,
 And trees with golden apples loaded down,
 On whose fair tops sweet Philomel alone,
 Unmindful of her former misery,
 Tunes with her voice a ravishing harmony;
 Whilst all the murmuring brooks that glide along,
 Make up a burthen to her pleasing song.
 No screech-owl, sad companion of the night;
 No hideous raven with prodigious flight,
 Prefaging future ill; nor, Progne, thee,
 Yet spotted with young Itis' tragedy,
 Those sacred bowers receive. There's nothing there
 That is not pure; all innocent and rare.
 Turning my greedy sight another way,
 Under a row of storm-contemning bay,
 I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre
 Teach the deaf stones to hear him and admire.
 Him the whole Poets' chorus compass'd round,
 All whom the oak, all whom the laurel crown'd.

A DREAM OF ELYSIUM. 69

There banish'd Ovid had a lasting home,
 Better than thou could'st give, ungrateful Rome!
 And Lucan (spite of Nero) in each vein
 Had every drop of his spilt blood again:
 Homer, Sol's first-born, was not poor or blind,
 But saw as well in body as in mind.
 Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the rest
 Of Greece's admir'd wife-men, here possess
 A large reward for their past deeds, and gain
 A life as everlasting as their fame.

By these the valiant heroes take their place;
 All who stern death and perils did embrace
 For virtue's cause. Great Alexander there
 Laughs at the earth's small empire, and did wear
 A nobler crown than the whole world could give:
 There did Horatius, Cocles, Sceva, live,
 And valiant Decius; who now freely cease
 From war, and purchase an eternal peace.

Next them, beneath a myrtle bower, where doves
 And gall-less pigeons build their nests, all Love's
 True faithful servants, with an amorous kiss
 And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.
 Leander with his beauteous hero plays,
 Nor are they parted with dividing seas:
 Porcia enjoys her Brutus; death no more
 Can now divorce their wedding, as before:
 Thisbe her Pyramus kiss'd, his Thisbe he
 Embrac'd, each blest'd with t' other's company:
 And every couple, always dancing, sing
 Eternal pleasures to Elysiu's king.

But see how soon these pleasures fade away !
 How near to evening is delight's short day !
 The watching bird, true Nuncius of the light,
 Strait crowd ; and all these vanish'd from my sight :
 My very Muse herself forsook me too.
 Me grief and wonder wak'd : what should I do ?
 Oh ! let me follow thee (said I) and go
 From life, that I may dream for ever so.
 With that my flying Muse I thought to clasp
 Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.
 Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,
 And all our greatest pleasure's but a dream.

O N H I S M A J E S T Y ' S

R E T U R N O U T O F S C O T L A N D .

Great Charles !—there stop, ye trumpeters of fame !
 (For he who speaks his titles, his great name,
 Must have a breathing-time) our king :—stay there ;
 Speak by degrees ; let the inquisitive ear
 Be held in doubt, and, ere you say “is come,”
 Let every heart prepare a spacious room
 For ample joys : then lo sing, as loud
 As thunder shot from the divided cloud !

Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves
 The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves
 Great Neptune's court : let every sparrow bear
 From the Three Sisters' weeping bark a tear :
 Let spotted lynxes their sharp talons fill
 With crystal fetch'd from the Promethean hill :

Let

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN. 74

Let Cytherea's birds fresh wreaths compose,
 Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the rose :
 Let the self-gotten phoenix rob his nest,
 Spoil his own funeral pile, and all his best
 Of myrrh, of frankincense, of cassia, bring,
 To strew the way for our returned king !

Let every post a panegyric wear,
 Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear :
 And yet, let no man invoke a Muse ;
 The very matter will itself infuse
 A sacred fury : let the merry bells
 (For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
 Ring without help of sexton, and presage
 A new-made holy-day for future age !

And, if the ancients us'd to dedicate
 A golden temple to propitious Fate,
 At the return of any noble men,
 Of heroes, or of emperors, we must then
 Raise up a double trophy ; for their fame
 Was but the shadow of our Charles's name.
 Who is there where all virtues mingled flow,
 Where no defects or imperfections grow ?
 Whose head is always crown'd with victory,
 Snatch'd from Bellona's hand ; him luxury
 In peace debilitates : whose tongue can win
 Tully's own garland, pride to him creeps in.
 On whom (like Atlas' shoulders) the propt state
 (As he were *primum mobile* of Fate)
 Solely relies ; him blind ambition moves ;
 His tyranny the bridled subject proves.

But all those virtues, which they all possess
 Divided, are collected in thy breast,
 Great Charles ! Let Cæsar boast Pharfalia's fight,
 Honorius praise the Parthian's unfeign'd flight :
 Let Alexander call himself Jove's peer,
 And place his image near the thunderer ;
 Yet while our Charles with equal balance reigns
 'Twixt Mercy and Aftrea, and maintains
 A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he,
 Who is most near, most like, the Deity.

SONG, ON THE SAME.

HENCE, clouded looks ; hence, briny tears,
 Hence, eye that sorrow's livery wears !
 What though awhile Apollo please
 To visit the Antipodes ?
 Yet he returns, and with his light
 Expels what he hath caus'd—the night.
 What though the spring vanish away,
 And with it the earth's form decay ?
 Yet his new-birth will soon restore
 What its departure took before.
 What though we miss'd our absent king
 Awhile ? Great Charles is come again ;
 And with his presence makes us know
 The gratitude to Heaven we owe.
 So doth a cruel storm impart
 And teach us Palinurus' art :
 So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
 A joyful Venus doth arise.

A VOTE.

A V O T E.

LEST the mis-judging world should chance to say,
 I durst not but in secret murmurs pray ;
 To whisper in Jove's ear
 How much I wish that funeral,
 Or gape at such a great-one's fall ;
 This let all ages hear,
 And future times in my soul's picture see
 What I abhor, what I desire to be.

I would not be a Puritan, though he
 Can preach two hours, and yet his sermon be
 But half a quarter long ;
 Though, from his old mechanic trade,
 By vision he 's a pastor made,
 His faith was grown so strong ;
 Nay, though he think to gain salvation
 By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

I would not be a School-master, though he
 His rods no less than Fasces deems to be ;
 Though he in many a place
 Turns Lilly oftener than his gowns,
 Till at the last he make the nouns
 Fight with the verbs apace ;
 Nay, though he can, in a poetic heat,
 Figures, born since, out of poor Virgil beat.

I would

I would not be Justice of peace, though he
Can with equality divide the fee,
 And stakes with his clerk draw ;
Nay, though he fits upon the place
Of judgment with a learned face
 Intricate as the law ;
And, whilst he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks Priscian's head with sentences securely.

I would not be a Courtier, though he
Makes his whole life the truest comedy ;
 Although he be a man
In whom the taylor's forming art,
And nimble barber, claim more part
 Than Nature herself can ;
Though, as he uses men, 'tis his intent
To put off death too with a compliment.

From Lawyers' tongues, though they can spin with ease
The shortest cause into a paraphrase ;
 From Usurers' conscience
(For swallowing up young heirs so fast,
Without all doubt, they 'll choak'd at last)
 Make me all innocence,
Good Heaven ! and from thy eyes, O Justice ! keep ;
For though they be not blind, they 're oft asleep.

From

From Singing-mens' religion, who are
 Always at church, just like the crows, 'cause there
 They build themselves a nest :

From too much Poetry, which shines
 With gold in nothing but its lines,
 Free, O you Powers! my breast.

And from Astronomy, which in the skies
 Finds fish and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

From your Court-madams' beauty, which doth carry
 At morning May, at night a January :

From the grave city brow
 (For though it want an R, it has
 The letter of Pythagoras)

Keep me, O Fortune, now!
 And chines of beef innumerable send me,
 Or from the stomach of the guard defend me.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
 Not from great deeds, but good alone;
 Th' unknown are better than ill-known;

Rumour can ope the grave!
 Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
 Not from the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light ;
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace ; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; that pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, and happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate ;

But boldly say, each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have liv'd to-day *.

A POETICAL REVENGE.

Westminster-hall a friend and I agreed
To meet in ; he (some business 'twas did breed
His absence) came not there ; I up did go
To the next court ; for though I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
(As most spectators do at theatre)

Things

* The three concluding stanzas of this poem are introduced by Mr. Cowley in his "Essays in Verse and Prose." N.

Things very strange : Fortune did seem to grace
My coming there, and helpt me to a place.
But, being newly settled at the sport,
A semi-gentleman of the Inns of Court,
In a fatin suit, redeem'd but yesterday ;
One who is ravish'd with a cock-pit play ;
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
Besides a taylor's bill ; and fears no devil
Besides a serjeant, thrust me from my seat :
At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat
Man in a ruff (whom therefore I did take
For barrister) open'd his mouth and spake ;
" Boy, get you gone, this is no school." " Oh no ;
" For, if it were, all you gown'd-men would go
" Up for false Latin." They grew straight to be
Incens'd ; I fear'd they would have brought on me
An action of trespass : till the young man
Aforesaid, in the fatin suit, began
To strike me : doubtless there had been a fray,
Had not I providently skipp'd away
Without replying ; for to scold is ill,
Where every tongue 's the clapper of a mill,
And can out-sound Homer's Gradivus ; so
Away got I : but ere I far did go,
I flung (the darts of wounding poetry)
These two or three sharp curses back : May he
Be by his father in his study took
At Shakespeare's plays, instead of my lord Coke !
May he (though all his writings grow as soon
As Butter's out of estimation)

Get him a poet's name, and so ne'er come
 Into a serjeant's or dead judge's room!
 May he become some poor physician's prey,
 Who keeps men with that conscience in delay
 As he his client doth, till his health be
 As far-fetcht as a Greek noun's pedigree!
 Nay, for all that, may the disease be gone
 Never but in the long vacation!
 May neighbours use all quarrels to decide;
 But if for law any to London ride,
 Of all those clients let not one be his,
 Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis*!

Grant this, ye Gods that favour poetry!
 That all these never-ceasing tongues may be
 Brought into reformation, and not dare
 To quarrel with a thread-bare black: but spare
 Them who bear scholars' names, lest some one take
 Spleen, and another Ignoramus make.

To the DUTCHESS of BUCKINGHAM.

IF I should say, that in your face were seen
 Nature's best picture of the Cyprian Queen;
 If I should swear, under Minerva's name,
 Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame;
 The future age would think it flattery;
 But to the present, which can witness be,
 'Twould seem beneath your high deserts, as far
 As you above the rest of women are.

When

TO THE DUTCHESS OF B. 79

When Manners' name with Villiers' join'd I see,
How do I reverence your nobility!
But when the virtues of your stock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them; for what woman can,
Besides yourself (nay, I might say what man)
But sex, and birth, and fate, and years excel
In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?

Oh, how had this begot idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the world's infancy,
When man's too much religion made the best
Or deities, or semi-gods at least!
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or, if we were not, by your modesty,
Will make our hearts an altar, and there pray
Not to, but for, you; nor that England may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But, what 's more possible, t' enjoy you long.

To his very much honoured GODFATHER,

Mr. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of fame
Shall perhaps mock Death or Time's darts) my Name.
I love it more, because 'twas given by you;
I love it most, because 'twas your name too;
For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm

I'm glad that city, t' whom I ow'd before
 (But, ah me! Fate hath crost that willing score)
 A father, gave me a godfather too ;
 And I 'm more glad, because it gave me you ;
 Whom I may rightly think, and term, to be
 Of the whole city an epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
 (When Nature had not licens'd my tongue
 Farther than cries) who should my office do ;
 I thank her more, because she found out you :
 In whose each look I may a sentence see ;
 In whose each deed, a teaching homily.

How shall I pay this debt to you ? My fate
 Denies me Indian pearl or Persian plate ;
 Which though it did not, to requite you thus,
 Were to send apples to Alcinous,
 And sell the cunning'ft way.—No! when I can,
 In every leaf, in every verse, write Man ;

When my quill relisheth a school no more ;
 When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soar,
 And gotten wings as well as feet ; look then
 For equal thanks from my unwearied pen :
 Till future ages say, 'twas you did give
 A name to me, and I made yours to live.

A N E L E G Y

On the Death of JOHN LITTLETON, Esquire,
 Son and Heir to Sir THOMAS LITTLETON,
 Who was drowned leaping into the Water to save his
 younger Brother.

AND must these waters smile again, and play
 About the shore, as they did yesterday?
 Will the sun court them still? and shall they show
 No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
 That to the thirsty traveller may say,
 I am accurst; go turn some other way?

It is unjust: black flood! thy guilt is more,
 Sprung from his loss, than all thy watery store
 Can give thee tears to mourn for: birds shall be,
 And beasts, henceforth afraid to drink of thee.

What have I said? my pious rage hath been
 Too hot, and acts, whilst it accuseth, sin.
 Thou 'rt innocent, I know, still clear and bright,
 Fit whence so pure a soul should take its flight.
 How is angry zeal confin'd! for he
 Must quarrel with his love and piety,
 That would revenge his death. Oh, I shall sin,
 And wish anon he had less virtuous been:
 For when his brother (tears for him I 'd spill,
 But they 're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
 Struggled for life with the rude waves, he too
 Leapt in, and when hope no faint beam could show,

His charity shone most : " Thou shalt," said he,
 " Live with me, brother, or I'll die with thee ;"
 And so he did ! Had he been thine, O Rome !
 Thou would'st have call'd this death a martyrdom,
 And fainted him. My conscience give me leave,
 I'll do so to : if Fate will us bereave
 Of him we honour'd living, there must be
 A kind of reverence to his memory,
 After his death ; and where more just than here,
 Where life and end were both so singular ?
 He that had only talk'd with him, might find
 A little academy in his mind ;
 Where Wisdom master was, and fellows all
 Which we can good, which we can virtuous, call :
 Reason, and Holy Fear the proctors were,
 To apprehend those words, those thoughts, that err.
 His learning had out-run the rest of heirs,
 Stol'n beard from Time, and leapt to twenty years.
 And, as the sun, though in full glory bright,
 Shines upon all men with impartial light,
 And a good-morrow to the beggar brings
 With as full rays as to the mightiest kings :
 So he, although his worth just state might claim,
 And give to pride an honourable name,
 With courtesy to all, cloath'd virtue so,
 'That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.
 In 's body too no critique eye could find
 The smallest blemish, to belye his mind ;
 He was all pureness, and his outward part
 But represents the picture of his heart.

ON JOHN LITTLETON, ESQ.

83

When waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheat
 The hungry worm of its expected meat ;
 When gems, pluckt from the shore by ruder hands,
 Return'd again unto their native sands ;
 'Mongst all those spoils, there was not any prey
 Could equal what this brook hath stol'n away.
 Weep then, sad flood ; and, though thou 'rt innocent,
 Weep because Fate made thee her instrument :
 And, when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,
 Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

A TRANSLATION of
 VERSES upon the BLESSED VIRGIN,
 Written in Latin by the Right Worshipful Dr. A.

A V E M A R I A.

ONCE thou rejoic'd'st, and rejoice for ever,
 Whose time of joy shall be expired never :
 Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,
 Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.
 You brought the word of joy in, which was born
 An hail to all ! let us an hail return !
 From you " God save" into the world there came ;
 Our echo hail is but an empty name.

G R A T I A P L E N A.

HOW loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,
 From divers flowers by chemic bees distill'd !
 How full the collet with his jewel is,
 Which, that it cannot take by love, doth kifs :

How full the moon is with her brother's ray,
 When she drinks-up with thirsty orb the day !
 How full of grace the Graces' dances are!
 So full doth Mary of God's light appear.
 It is no wonder if with Graces she
 Be full, who was full with the Deity.

DOMINUS TECUM.

THE fall of mankind under death's extent:
 The quire of blessed angels did lament,
 And wish'd a reparation to see
 By him, who Manhood join'd with Deity.
 How grateful should man's safety then appear
 T' himself, whose safety can the angels cheer!

BENEDICTA TU IN MULIERIBUS.

DEATH came, and troops of sad diseases led
 To th' earth, by woman's hand solicited :
 Life came so too, and troops of Graces led
 To th' earth, by woman's faith solicited.
 As our life's spring came from thy blessed womb,
 So from our mouths springs of thy praise shall come :
 Who did life's blessing give, 'tis fit that she,
 Above all women, should thrice blessed be.

ET BENEDICTUS FRUCTUS VENTRIS TUI.

WITH mouth divine the Father doth protest,
 He a good word sent from his stored breast ;
 'Twas Christ : which Mary, without carnal thought,
 From the unfathom'd depth of goodness brought :

The

VERSES ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN. 85

The word of blessing a just cause affords
To be oft blessed with redoubled words !

SPIRITUS SANCTUS SUPERVENIET IN TE.

AS when soft west-winds strook the garden-rose,
A shower of sweeter air salutes the nose ;
The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power
Unlocks the virgin-bosom of the flower :
So the Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
And from her sacred box whole rivers flow'd :
Yet loos'd not thine eternal chastity ;
Thy rose's folds do still entangled lie.
Believe Christ born from an unbruised womb,
So from unbruised bark the odours come.

ET VIRTUS ALTISSIMI OBUMBRABIT TIBI.

GOD his great Son begot ere time begun ;
Mary in time brought forth her little son,
Of double substance One ; life he began,
God without Mother, without Father, Man.
Great is the birth ; and 'tis a stranger deed
That She no man, than God no wife, should need !
A Shade delighted the child-bearing maid,
And God himself became to her a Shade.
O strange descent ! who is Light's author, he
Will to his creature thus a Shadow be.
As unseen Light did from the Father flow,
So did seen Light from Virgin Mary grow.

When Moses fought God in a shade to see,
 The Father's shade was Christ the Deity.
 Let's seek for day, we darkness, whilst our fight
 In light finds darkness, and in darkness light.

O D E I.

ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY,

TIS not a pyramid of marble stone,
 Though high as our ambition ;
 'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
 Give life to th' ashes of a man ;
 But verses only : they shall fresh appear,
 Whilst there are men to read or hear.
 When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
 And eat the pyramid away ;
 Turning that monument wherein men trust
 Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust ;
 Then shall the Epitaph remain, and be
 New-graven in eternity.
 Poets by death are conquer'd ; but the wit
 Of poets triumphs over it.
 What cannot verse ? When Thracian Orpheus took
 His lyre, and gently on it strook,
 The learned stones came dancing all along,
 And kept time to the charming song.
 With artificial pace the warlike pine,
 The elm, and his wife the ivy, twine ;

With

With all the better trees, which erst had stood
 Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.
 The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
 Craving the honour of his brow ;
 And every loving arm embrac'd, and made
 With their officious leaves a shade.
 The beasts too strove his auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old tyranny.
 The fearful hart next to the lion came,
 And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
 Nightingales, harmless syrens of the air,
 And Muses of the place, were there ;
 Who, when their little windpipes they had found
 Unequal to so strange a sound,
 O'ercome by art and grief they did expire,
 And fell upon the conquering lyre.
 Happy, O happy they, whose tomb might be,
 Mausolus ! envied by thee !

O D E II.

THAT A PLEASANT POVERTY IS TO BE PRE-
 FERRED BEFORE DISCONTENTED RICHES.

WHY, O ! doth gaudy Tagus ravish thee,
 Though Neptune's treasure-house it be ?
 Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,
 Infected yet with Midas' glorious itch ?

Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all,
Like other floods, poetical ;
They have no dance, no wanton sport,
No gentle murmur, the lov'd shore to court.

No fish inhabit the adulterate flood,
Nor can it feed the neighbouring wood ;
No flower or herb is near it found,
But a perpetual winter starves the ground.

Give me a river which doth scorn to show
An added beauty ; whose clear brow
May be my looking-glass, to see
What my face is, and what my mind should be !

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
And prattle to the smiling bank ;
Here sad king-fishers tell their tales,
And fish enrich the brook with silver scales.

Daisies, the first-born of the teeming spring,
On each side their embroidery bring ;
Here lilies wash, and grow more white,
And daffodils, to see themselves, delight.

Here a fresh arbour gives her amorous shade,
Which Nature, the best gardener, made.
Here I would sit and sing rude lays,
Such as the nymphs and me myself should please.

Thus I would waste, thus end, my careless days ;
And robin-red-breasts, whom men praise
For pious birds, should, when I die,
Make both my monument and elegy.

O D E III.

T O H I S M I S T R E S S .

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,
 You whose cheeks best scarlet are ?
 Why do you fondly pin
 Pure linen o'er your skin,
 (Your skin that 's whiter far)
 Casting a dusky cloud before a star ?
 Why bears your neck a golden chain ?
 Did Nature make your hair in vain,
 Of gold most pure and fine ?
 With gems why do you shine ?
 They, neighbours to your eyes,
 Shew but like Phosphor when the sun doth rise.
 I would have all my mistress' parts,
 Owe more to nature than to arts ;
 I would not wooe the dress,
 Or one whose nights give less
 Contentment than the day.
 She 's fair, whose beauty only makes her gay.
 For 'tis not buildings make a court,
 Or pomp, but 'tis the king's resort :
 If Jupiter down pour
 Himself, and in a shower
 Hide such bright majesty,
 Less than a golden one it cannot be.

O D E IV.

ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF FORTUNE.

A TRANSLATION.

LEAVE off unfit complaints, and clear
From sighs your breast, and from black clouds
your brow,

When the sun shines not with his wonted cheer,
And fortune throws an adverse cast for you !

That sea which vex't with Notus is,
The merry East-winds will to-morrow kiss.

The sun to-day rides drowsily,
To-morrow 'twill put on a look more fair :
Laughter and groaning do alternately
Return, and tears' sports nearest neighbours are.

'Tis by the gods appointed so,
That good fare should with mingled dangers flow.

Who drave his oxen yesterday,
Doth now over the noblest Romans reign,
And on the Gabii and the Cures lay
The yoke which from his oxen he had ta'en :
Whom Hesperus saw poor and low,
The morning's eye beholds him greatest now.

If Fortune knit amongst her play
But seriousness, he shall again go home
To his old country-farm of yesterday,
To scoffing people no mean jest become ;

And

UNCERTAINTY OF FORTUNE. 91

And with the crowned axe, which he
Had rul'd the world, go back and prune some tree;
Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,
With his own fasces he shall make him fires.

O D E V.

IN COMMENDATION OF THE TIME WE LIVE UNDER,
THE REIGN OF OUR GRACIOUS KING CHARLES.

CURST be that wretch (death's factor sure) who
brought

Dire swords into the peaceful world, and taught
Smiths (who before could only make
The spade, the plow-share, and the rake)
Arts, in most cruel wise
Man's life t' epitomize !

Then men (fond men, alas !) ride post to th' grave,
And cut those threads which yet the Fates would save ;
Then Charon sweated at his trade,
And had a larger ferry made ;
Then, then the silver hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

Then Revenge, married to Ambition,
Begot black War ; then Avarice crept on ;
Then limits to each field were strain'd,
And Terminus a god-head gain'd,
To men, before, was found,
Besides the sea, no bound.

In

92 COWLEY'S POEMS.

In what plain, or what river, hath not been
War's story writ in blood (sad story!) seen?

This truth too well our England knows:

'Twas civil slaughter dy'd her rose;

Nay, then her lily too

With blood's loss paler grew.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should feel,
Did not just Charles silence the rage of steel;

He to our land blest Peace doth bring,

All neighbour countries envying.

Happy who did remain

Unborn till Charles's reign!

Where, dreaming chemicks! is your pain and cost?

How is your oil, how is your labour lost!

Our Charles, blest alchemist! (though strange,

Believe it, future times!) did change

'The iron-age of old

Into an age of gold.

O D E VI.

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow! how it cuts the air,

How it out-runs thy following eye!

Use all persuasions now, and try

If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.

That way it went; but thou shalt find

No tract is left behind.

Fool!

SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

93

Fool ! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
Of all the time thou 'st shot away,
I 'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.

Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind ?

Our life is carried with too strong a tide ;
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years.

Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.

We and our glafs run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see ;
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to fame, Thou art mine heir ;

That man extends life's natural brevity —
This is, this is the only way
To out-live Nestor in a day.

AN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO CAMBRIDGE.

NICHOLS, my better self ! forbear ;
For, if thou tell'st what Cambridge pleasures are,
The school-boys' sin will light on me,
I shall, in mind at least, a truant be.
Tell me not how you feed your mind
With dainties of philosophy ;
In Ovid's nut I shall not find
The taste once pleased me.

O tell

O tell me not of logick's diverse cheer !
I shall begin to loathe our cramboe here.

Tell me not how the waves appear
Of Cam, or how it cuts the learned shire ;
I shall contemn the troubled Thames
On her chief holiday ; ev'n when her streams
Are with rich folly gilded ; when
The quondam dung-boat is made gay,
Just like the bravery of the men,
And graces with fresh paint that day ;
When th' city shines with flags and pageants there,
And fatin doublets, seen not twice a year.

Why do I stay then ? I would meet
Thee there, but plummets hang upon my feet ;
'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,
But not till I deserve thy company :
Till then, we'll scorn to let that toy,
Some forty miles, divide our hearts :
Write to me, and I shall enjoy,
Friendship and wit, thy better parts.
Though envious Fortune larger hindrance brings,
We'll easily see each other ; Love hath wings.

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

T H E M O T T O.

“ Tentanda via est, &c.”

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
 And make the age to come my own ?
 I shall, like beasts or common people, die,
 Unless you write my elegy ;
 Whilst others great, by being born, are grown ;
 Their mothers' labour, not their own.
 In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie,
 The weight of that mounts this so high.
 These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright ;
 Brought forth with their own fire and light :
 If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
 Out of myself it must be strook.
 Yet I must on ; What sound is 't strikes mine ear ?
 Sure I Fame's trumpet hear :
 It sounds like the last trumpet ; for it can
 Raise up the buried man.
 Unpast Alps stop me ; but I 'll cut through all,
 And march, the Muses' Hannibal.
 Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay
 Nets of roses in the way !

Hence,

Hence, the desire of honours or estate,

And all that is not above Fate!

Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!

Which intercepts my coming praise.

Come, my best friends, my books! and lead me on;

'Tis time that I were gone.

Welcome, great Stagyrate! and teach me now

All I was born to know:

Thy scholar's victories thou dost far out-do;

He conquer'd th' earth, the whole world you.

Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose blest tongue and wit

Preferves Rome's greatness yet:

Thou art the first of Orators; only he

Who best can praise thee, next must be.

Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise!

Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;

Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,

And made that Art which was a Rage.

Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do

To be like one of you?

But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit:

On the calm flourishing head of it,

And, whilst with wearied steps we upward go,

See us, and clouds, below.

O ● E.
O F W I T.

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is Wit,

Thou who master art of it :

For the first matter loves variety less ;

Less women love 't, either in love or dress.

A thousand different shapes it bears,

Comely in thousand shapes appears.

Yonder we saw it plain ; and here 'tis now,

Like spirits, in a place we know not how.

London, that vents of false ware so much store,

In no ware deceives us more ;

For men, led by the colour and the shape,

Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.

Some things do through our judgment pass

As through a multiplying-glass ;

And sometimes, if the object be too far,

We take a falling meteor for a star.

Hence 'tis a Wit, that greatest word of fame,

Grows such a common name ;

And Wits by our creation they become,

Just so as titular bishops made at Rome.

'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest

Admir'd with laughter at a feast,

Nor florid talk, which can that title gain ;

The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
 With their five gouts feet.

All, every where, like man's, must be the soul,
 And Reason the inferior powers control.

Such were the numbers which could call
 The stones into the Theban wall.

Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
 No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
 That shows more cost than art.

Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
 Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.

Several lights will not be seen,
 If there be nothing else between.

Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
 If those be stars which paint the Galaxy.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise
 (Jests for Dutch men and English boys);

In which who finds out Wit, the same may see
 In an'grams and acrostick poetry:

Much less can that have any place
 At which a virgin hides her face;

Such dross the fire must purge away: 'tis just
 The author blush there, where the reader must.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage
 When Bajazet begins to rage;

Nor a tall metaphor in the bombast way;
 Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca;

Nor

ODE. OF WIT.

99

Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force some odd similitude.

What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,
We only can by negatives define ?

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree ;

As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt ; all creatures that had life :

Or, as the primitive forms of all
(If we compare great things with small)

Which, without discord or confusion, lie
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
Makes me forget, and injure you :

I took you for myself, sure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.

Correct my error with thy pen ;

And, if any ask me then

What thing right Wit and height of Genius is,

I'll only shew your lines, and say, 'Tis this.

TO THE LORD FALKLAND.

For his safe Return from the Northern Expedition
against the SCOTS.

GREAT is thy charge, O North ! be wise and just,
England commits her Falkland to thy trust ;

Return him safe ; Learning would rather choose
Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose :

All things that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breast engraven are.

There all the sciences together meet,
And every art does all her kindred greet;
Yet juffle not, nor quarrel ; but as well
Agree as in some common principle.

So, in an army govern'd right, we see
(Though out of several countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The English, Dutch, the Frenchmen, and the Dane ;
So thousand divers species fill the air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there ;
Beasts, houses, trees, and men, together lie,
Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.

And this great prince of knowledge is by Fate
Thrust into th' noise and business of a state.
All virtues, and some customs of the court,
Other men's labour, are at least his sport ;
Whilst we, who can no action undertake,
Whom idleness itself might learned make ;
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know,
Whether the Scots in England be or no ;
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her estate of wit on one bestow ;
Whilst we, like younger brothers, get at best
But a small stock, and must work out the rest.

How

TO LORD FALKLAND. 101

How could he answer 't, should the state think fit
To question a monopoly of wit ?

Such is the man whom we require the same
We lent the North ; untouch'd, as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he 's free.
Those men alone (and those are useful too)
Whose valour is the only art they know,
Were for sad war and bloody battles born ;
Let them the state defend, and he adorn.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he
Who when he spoke, all things would silent be ?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in more ;
Whom England now no more return'd must see ;
He 's gone to heaven on his fourth embassy.
On earth he travel'd often ; not to say
H' had been abroad, or pass loose time away.
In whatsoever land he chanc'd to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues, that Babel sent into the West ;

Spoke them so truly, that he had (you 'd swear)
 Not only liv'd, but been born every where.
 Justly each nation's speech to him was known,
 Who for the world was made, not us alone ;
 Nor ought the language of that man be less,
 Who in his breast had all things to express.
 We say that learning 's endless, and blame Fate
 For not allowing life a longer date :
 He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
 He found them not so large as was his mind ;
 But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan
 Because that art had no more worlds than one ;
 And, when he saw that he through all had past,
 He dy'd, lest he should idle grow at last.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JORDAN,

Second Master at Westminster School.

Hence, and make room for me, all you who come
 Only to read the epitaph on this tomb !
 Here lies the master of my tender years,
 The guardian of my parents' hope and fears ;
 Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear ;
 All weeping was reserv'd to spend it here.
 Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,
 And mourn with me : he was your tutor too.
 Let's join our sighs, till they fly far, and shew
 His native Belgia what she 's now to do.

The

The league of grief bids her with us lament ;
 By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
 In payment of all men we there had lost,
 And all the English blood those wars have cost.
 Wisely did Nature this learn'd man divide ;
 His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride
 Of England; and, t' avoid the envious strife
 Of other lands, all Europe had his life,
 But we in chief; our country soon was grown
 A debtor more to him, than he to 's own.
 He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
 And built up men against the future times ;
 For deeds of age are in their causes then,
 And though he taught but boys, he made the men.
 Hence 'twas, a master, in those ancient days
 When men sought knowledge first, and by it praise,
 Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame ;
 Father itself was but a second name.
 He scorn'd the profit ; his instructions all
 Were, like the science, free and liberal.
 He deserv'd honours, but despis'd them too,
 As much as those who have them others do.
 He knew not that which compliment they call
 Could flatter none, but himself least of all.
 So true, so faithful, and so just, as he
 Was nought on earth but his own memory ;
 His memory, where all things written were,
 As sure and fixt as in Fate's books they are.
 Thus he in arts so vast a treasure gain'd,
 Whilst still the use came in, and stock remain'd :

And, having purchas'd all that man can know,
 He labour'd with 't to enrich others now ;
 Did thus a new and harder task sustain,
 Like those that work in mines for others' gain :
 He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
 To search the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too.
 Though my excuse would be, I must confess,
 Much better had his diligence been less ;
 But, if a Muse hereafter smile on me,
 And say, " Be thou a poet !" men shall see
 That none could a more grateful scholar have ;
 For what I ow'd his life I'll pay his grave.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN
 OUT OF SCOTLAND.

Welcome, great Sir ! with all the joy that 's due
 To the return of peace and you ;
 Two greatest blessings which this age can know !
 For that to Thee, for thee to Heaven we owe.
 Others by war their conquests gain,
 You like a God your ends obtain ;
 Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
 Spoke but the word, and sweetly order'd all.
 This happy concord in no blood is writ,
 None can grudge Heaven full thanks for it :
 No mothers here lament their children's fate,
 And like the peace, but think it comes too late.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN. 105

No widows hear the jocund bells,
And take them for their husbands' knells :

No drop of blood is spilt, which might be said
To mark our joyful holiday with red.

'Twas only Heaven could work this wondrous thing,
And only work 't by such a king.

Again the northern hinds may sing and plough,
And fear no harm but from the weather now ;

Again may tradesmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain ;

The armour now may be hung up to fight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

The gain of civil wars will not allow

Bay to the conqueror's brow :

At such a game what fool would venture in,

Where one must lose, yet neither side can win ?

How justly would our neighbours smile

At these mad quarrels of our isle ;

Swell'd with proud hopes to snatch the whole away,

Whilst we bett all, and yet for nothing play !

How was the silver Tine frightened before,

And durst not kiss the armed shore !

His waters ran more switly than they use,

And hasted to the sea to tell the news :

The sea itself, how rough foe'er,

Could scarce believe such fury here.

How could the Scots and we be enemies grown ?

That, and its master Charles, had made us one.

No

No blood so loud as that of civil war :

It calls for dangers from afar.

Let 's rather go and seek out them and fame ;

Thus our fore-fathers got, thus left, a name :

All their rich blood was spent with gains,

But that which swells their children's veins.

Why sit we still, our spirits wrapt up in lead ?

Not like them whilst they liv'd, but now they're dead.

This noise at home was but Fate's policy,

To raise our spirits more high :

So a bold lion, ere he seeks his prey,

Lashes his sides and roars, and then away.

How would the German Eagle fear,

To see a new Gustavus there !

How would it shake, though as 't was wont to do

For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too !

Sure there are actions of this height and praise

Destin'd to Charles's days !

What will the triumphs of his battles be,

Whose very peace itself is victory !

When Heaven bestows the best of kings,

It bids us think of mighty things :

His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less ;

And we, the prophets' sons, write not by guess.

ON THE DEATH OF
SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE,
THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

VANDYKE is dead; but what bold Muse shall dare
 (Though poets in that word with painters share)
 T' express her sadness? Poesy must become
 An art like Painting here, an art that 's dumb.
 Let 's all our solemn grief in silence keep,
 Like some sad picture which he made to weep,
 Or those who saw 't; for none his works could view
 Unmov'd with the same passions which he drew.
 His pieces so with their live objects strive,
 That both or pictures seem, or both alive.
 Nature herself, amaz'd, does doubting stand,
 Which is her own and which the painter's hand;
 And does attempt the like with less success,
 When her own work in twins she would express.
 His all-resembling pencil did out-pass
 The mimic imagery of looking-glass.
 Nor was his life less perfect than his art,
 Nor was his hand less erring than his heart.
 There was no false or fading colour there,
 The figures sweet and well-proportion'd were.
 Most other men, set next to him in view,
 Appear'd more shadows than the men he drew,
 Thus still he liv'd, till Heaven did for him call;
 Where reverend Luke salutes him first of all;

Where

Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair,
 And could almost wish for his pencil there ;
 Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
 Wondrously painted in the Mind Divine,
 Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the show,
 Scorns his own art, which we admire below.

Only his beauteous lady still he loves
 (The love of heavenly objects Heaven improves) ;
 He sees bright angels in pure beams appear,
 And thinks on her he left so like them here.
 And you, fair widow ! who stay here alive,
 Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve :
 Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be ;
 Begin not now, blest pair ! to disagree.
 No wonder death mov'd not his generous mind ;
 You, and a new-born You, he left behind :
 Ev'n Fate express'd his love to his dear wife,
 And let him end your picture with his life.

PROMETHEUS ILL-PAINTED.

HOW wretched does Prometheus' state appear,
 Whilst he his second misery suffers here !
 Draw him no more ; left, as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.
 It would the Vulture's cruelty outgo,
 If once again his liver thus should grow.
 Pity him, Jove ! and his bold theft allow ;
 The flames he once stole from thee grant him now !

O D E.

HERE 's to thee Dick; this whining love despise;
Pledge me, my friend; and drink till thou be'st
wife.

It sparkles brighter far than she :
'Tis pure and right, without deceit ;
And such no woman ere will be :
No ; they are all sophisticate.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,
But an ill-favour'd and uncleanly sin ?

A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,
That Venus' joys, as well as she,
With reason may be said to be
From the neglected foam deriv'd.

Whom would that painted toy a beauty move ;
Whom would it ere persuade to court and love ;
Could he a woman's heart have seen
(But, oh ! no light does thither come),
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay shut up in her womb ?

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their sighs nor tears are true ;
Those idly blow, these idly fall,
Nothing like to ours at all :
But sighs and tears have sexes too.

Here

Here 's to thee again ; thy senseless sorrows drown ;
 Let the glass walk, till all things too go round !
 Again, till these two lights be four ;
 No error here can dangerous prove :
 Thy passion, man, deceiv'd thee more ;
 None double see like men in love.

FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

WHEN chance or cruel business parts us two,
 What do our souls, I wonder, do ?
 Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,
 Methinks at home they should not stay,
 Content with dreams, but boldly fly
 Abroad, and meet each other half the way.
 Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
 And mix, I know not how nor where !
 Their friendly lights together twine,
 Though we perceive 't not to be so !
 Like loving stars, which oft combine,
 Yet not themselves their own conjunctions know.
 'Twere an ill world, I 'll swear, for every friend,
 If distance could their union end :
 But Love itself does far advance
 Above the power of time and space ;
 It scorns such outward circumstance,
 His time 's for ever, every where his place.

FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE. 111

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,

Lodg'd in each other's heart :

Miracles cease not yet in love.

When he his mighty power will try,

Absence itself does bounteous prove,

And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.

Pure is the flame of Friendship, and divine,

Like that which in Heaven's sun does shine :

He in the upper air and sky

Does no effects of heat bestow ;

But, as his beams the farther fly,

He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,

Like objects if they touch the eye.

Less meritorious then is love ;

For when we friends together see

So much, so much both one do prove,

That their love then seems but self-love to be.

Each day think on me, and each day I shall

For thee make hours canonical.

By every wind that comes this way,

Send me, at least, a sigh or two ;

Such and so many I 'll repay,

As shall themselves make winds to get to you.

A thousand pretty ways we 'll think upon,

To mock our separation.

Alas ! ten thousand will not do :

My heart will thus no longer stay ;

No longer 'twill be kept from you,

But knocks against the breast to get away.

And, when no art affords me help or ease,
 I seek with verse my griefs t' appease;
 Just as a bird, that flies about
 And beats itself against the cage,
 Finding at last no passage out,
 It fits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE TOWER.

PARDON, my lord, that I am come so late
 T' express my joy for your return of fate!
 So, when injurious Chance did you deprive
 Of liberty, at first I could not grieve;
 My thoughts awhile, like you, imprison'd lay;
 Great joys, as well as sorrows, make a stay;
 They hinder one another in the crowd,
 And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.
 Should every man's officious gladness haste,
 And be afraid to shew itself the last,
 The throng of gratulations now would be
 Another loss to you of liberty.
 When of your freedom men the news did hear,
 Where it was wish'd-for, that is every where,
 'Twas like the speech which from your lips does fall;
 As soon as it was heard, it ravish'd all.
 So eloquent Tully did from exile come;
 Thus long'd-for he return'd, and cherish'd Rome;
 Which

TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN. 113

Which could no more his tongue and counsels miss;
 Rome, the world's head, was nothing without his,
 Wrong to those sacred ashes I should do,
 Should I compare any to him but you;
 You, to whom Art and Nature did dispense
 The consulship of wit and eloquence.
 Nor did your fate differ from his at all,
 Because the doom of exile was his fall;
 For the whole world, without a native home,
 Is nothing but a prison of larger room.
 But like a melting woman suffer'd he,
 He who before out-did humanity;
 Nor could his spirit constant and stedfast prove,
 Whose art 't had been, and greatest end, to move.
 You put ill-fortune in so good a dress,
 That it out-shone other men's happiness:
 Had your prosperity always clearly gone,
 As your high merits would have led it on,
 You 'ad half been lost, and an example then
 But for the happy—the least part of men.
 Your very sufferings did so graceful shew,
 That some strait envy'd your affliction too;
 For a clear conscience and heroic mind
 In ills their business and their glory find.
 So, though less worthy stones are drown'd in night,
 The faithful diamond keeps his native light,
 And is oblig'd to darkness for a ray,
 That would be more oppress'd than help'd by day.
 Your soul then most shew'd her unconquer'd power
 Was stronger and more armed than the Tower.

Sure unkind Fate will tempt your spirit no more ;
 Sh' has try'd her weaknes and your strength before.
 T' oppose him still, who once has conquer'd so,
 Were now to be your rebel, not your foe ;
 Fortune henceforth will more of providence have,
 And rather be your friend than be your slave.

T O A L A D Y

WHO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I Little thought the time would ever be,
 That I should wit in dwarfish posies see.
 As all words in few letters live,
 Thou to few words all sense dost give.
 'Twas Nature taught you this rare art,
 In such a little much to shew ;
 Who, all the good she did impart
 To womankind, epitomiz'd in you.

If, as the ancients did not doubt to sing,
 The turning years be well compar'd to' a ring,
 We 'll write whate'er from you we hear ;
 For that 's the posy of the year.
 This difference only will remain—
 That Time his former face does shew,
 Winding into himself again ;
 But your unweary'd wit is always new.

'Tis

'Tis said that conjurers have an art found out
To carry spirits confin'd in rings about :
The wonder now will less appear,
When we behold your magic here.
You, by your rings, do prisoners take,
And chain them with your mystic spells,
And, the strong witchcraft full to make,
Love, the great devil, charm'd to those circles, dwells.

They who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring th' Equator heaven does bind.
When heaven shall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be),
'Tis thou must write the posy there ;
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the sun pass through 't twice a year ;
The sun, who is esteem'd the God of wit.

Happy the hands which wear thy sacred rings,
They 'll teach those hands to write mysterious things.
Let other rings, with jewels bright,
Cast around their costly light ;
Let them want no noble stone,
By nature rich and art refin'd ;
Yet shall thy rings give place to none,
But only that which must thy marriage bind.

PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN;

BEFORE THE PRINCE.

WHO says the times do learning difallow?
 'Tis false; 'twas never honour'd so as now.
 When you appear, great Prince! our night is done;
 You are our morning-star, and shall be' our sun.
 But our scene 's London now; and by the rout
 We perish, if the Round-heads be about:
 For now no ornament the head must wear,
 No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.
 How can a play pass safely, when ye know
 Cheapside-cross falls for making but a show?
 Our only hope is this, that it may be
 A play may pass too, made extempore.
 Though other arts poor and neglected grow,
 They'll admit Poesy which was always so.
 But we condemn the fury of these days,
 And scorn no less their censure than their praise:
 Our Muse, blest Prince! does only' on you rely;
 Would gladly live, but not refuse to die.
 Accept our hasty zeal! a thing that 's play'd
 Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made.
 Our ignorance, but our duty too, we show;
 I would all ignorant people would do so!
 At other times expect our wit or art;
 This comedy is acted by the heart.

THE EPILOGUE.

THE play, great Sir! is done; yet needs must
fear,

Though you brought all your father's mercies here,
It may offend your Highness; and we 'ave now
Three hours done treason here, for aught we know.
But power your grace can above Nature give,
It can give power to make abortives live;
In which, if our bold wishes should be crost,
'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has lost:
Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,
Scarce could it die more quickly than 'twas born.

ON THE DEATH OF

M R. W I L L I A M H E R V E Y.

"Immodicis brevis est ætas, & rara senectus." MART.

IT was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possess'd.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.

What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
 Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan ?

O, thou hast left me all alone !

Thy soul and body, when Death's agony
 Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part,
 Than I, my dearest friend ! do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had dy'd for thee !
 Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
 Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,

If once my griefs prove tedious too.

Silent and sad I walk about all day,

As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
 Where their hid treasures lie ;

Alas ! my treasure's gone ! why do I stay ?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth ;
 A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth ;
 Nor did we envy the most sounding name

By friendship given of old to fame.

None but his brethren he and sisters knew,

Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me ;

And ev'n in that we did agree,

For much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
 How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
 Till the Ledæan stars, so fam'd for love,
 Wonder'd at us from above !

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine ;
 But search of deep Philosophy,
 Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,
 Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
 Have ye not seen us walking every day ?

Was there a tree about which did not know
 The love betwixt us two ?

Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade ;
 Or your sad branches thicker join,
 And into darksome shades combine,
 Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid !

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,
 Till all the tuneful birds to' your boughs they bring ;
 No tuneful birds play with their wonted chear,

And call the learned youths to hear ;
 No whistling winds through the glad branches fly :
 But all, with sad solemnity,
 Mute and unmoyed be,

Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain,
 Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain :
 He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
 Would find out something to commend.

Hence now, my Muse ! thou canst not me delight :
 Be this my latest verse,

With which I now adorn his hearse ;
 And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
 I should contemn that flourishing honour now;
 Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
 It rage and crackle there.

Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
 Cypress, which tombs does beautify:
 Not Phœbus griev'd, so much as I,
 For him who first was made that mournful tree,

Large was his soul; as large a soul as ere
 Submitted to inform a body here;
 High as the place 'twas shortly' in heaven to have,
 But low and humble as his grave:
 So high, that all the Virtues there did come,
 As to their chiefest seat
 Conspicuous and great;
 So low, that for me too it made a room.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
 That we, mistaken mortals! pleasure call;
 Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
 Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.

He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
 That shine with beams like flame,
 Yet burn not with the same,
 Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
 As if for him Knowledge had rather sought:
 Nor did more Learning ever crowded lie
 In such a short mortality.

ON MR. HERVEY'S DEATH.

111

Whene'er the skilful youth discours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame ;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below.

Oh! had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to control
His over-powering soul !

We 'ave lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget ;
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due :
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history ;
More than old writers' practice ere could reach ;
As much as they could ever teach.

These did Religion, Queen of virtues ! sway ;
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one way.

With

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
 He always liv'd, as other faints do die.
 Still with his soul severe account he kept,
 Weeping all debts out ere he slept :
 Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
 Like the sun's laborious light,
 Which still in water sets at night,
 Unfullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man! why wert thou made so good,
 To be snatch'd hence ere better understood ?
 Snatch'd before half of thee enough was seen !
 Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green !
 Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell ;
 But danger and infectious death
 Maliciously seiz'd on that breath
 Where life, spirit, pleasure, always us'd to dwell:
 But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
 Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage !
 A fitter time for heaven no soul ere chose,
 The place now only free from those.
 There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine,
 And, wheresoe'er thou casts thy view,
 Upon that white and radiant crew,
 See'st not a soul cloath'd with more light than thine.
 And, if the glorious faints cease not to know
 Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
 Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
 Only more pure and rarefy'd.

There,

ON MR. HERVEY'S DEATH. 123

There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poesy;
Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse.

O D E.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE.

“ Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
“ Perfusus,” &c. Lib. I. Od. 5.

TO whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravish'd lover:
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?
Ah, simple youth! how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain!
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so cameleon-like an hue,
That still their colour changes with it too!
How oft, alas! will he admire
The blackness of the skies!
Trembling to hear the winds sound higher
And see the billows rise!
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas! before had been at sea!

He

He' enjoys thy calmy sun-shine now,
 And no breath stirring hears ;
 In the clear heaven of thy brow
 No smallest cloud appears.
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
 And trusts the faithless April of thy May.
 Unhappy, thrice unhappy, he,
 T' whom thou untry'd dost shine !
 But there 's no danger now for me,
 Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
 In witness of the shipwreck past,
 My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

I N I M I T A T I O N O F
 M A R T I A L ' S E P I G R A M .

“ Si tecum mihi, chare Martialis,” &c. L. 5. Ep. 27.

IF, dearest friend, it my good fate might be
 T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee ;
 If we for happiness could leisure find,
 And wandering time into a method bind ;
 We should not sure the great-men's favour need,
 Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed ;
 We should not patience find daily to hear
 The calumnies and flatteries spoken there ;
 We should not the lords' tables humbly use,
 Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news ;

But

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

125

But books, and wise discourse, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmixt Nature yields ;
Thick summer shades, where winter still does lie,
Bright winter fires, that summer's part supply ;
Sleep, not control'd by cares, confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite ;
Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines, to give it quick and easy birth ;
A few companions, which ourselves should chuse,
A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse.
Such, dearest friend ! such, without doubt, should be
Our place, our business, and our company.
Now to himself, alas ! does neither live,
But sees good funs, of which we are to give
A strict account, set and march thick away ;
Knows a man how to live, and does he stay ?

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possest,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all ;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.
Martha soon did it resign
To the beautiful Catharine.

Beautiful

Beauteous Catharine gave place
 (Though loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

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

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began ;
 Alternately they sway'd ;
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I' obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
 And did rigorous laws impose ;
 A mighty tyrant she !

Long, alas ! should I have been
 Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
 'Twas then a golden time with me :
 But soon those pleasures fled ;
 For the gracious princess dy'd,
 In her youth and beauty's pride,
 And Judith-reigned in her stead.

THE CHRONICLE.

127

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

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

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy-maid ;
To whom ensued a vacancy :
Thousand worse passions then possess
The interregnum of my breast ;
Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began ;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria ;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate,
The strength and riches of their state ;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,

The

The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines ;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts ;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries !)

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

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

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,
 Upon his two first Books of GONDIBERT,
 Finished before his Voyage to America.

METHINKS heroic poesy till now,
 Like some fantastic fairy-land did show ;
 Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
 And all but man, in man's chief work had place.
 Thou, like some worthy knight with sacred arms,
 Dost drive the monsters thence, and end the charms :
 Instead of those dost men and manners plant,
 The things which that rich soil did chiefly want.
 Yet ev'n thy Mortals do their Gods excel,
 Taught by thy Muse to fight and love so well.

By fatal hands whilst present empires fall,
 Thine from the grave past monarchies recall ;
 So much more thanks from human-kind does merit
 The Poet's fury than the Zealot's spirit :
 And from the grave thou mak'st this empire rise,
 Not like some dreadful ghost, t' affright our eyes,
 But with more lustre and triumphant state,
 Than when it crown'd at proud Verona fate.
 So will our God rebuild man's perish'd frame,
 And raise him up much better, yet the same :
 So God-like poets do past things rehearse,
 Not change, but heighten, Nature by their verse.

With shame, methinks, great Italy must see
 Her conquerors rais'd to life again by thee :

Rais'd by such powerful verse, that ancient Rome
 May blush no less to see her wit o'ercome.
 Some men their fancies, like their faith, derive,
 And think all ill but that which Rome does give;
 The marks of Old and Catholick would find;
 To the same chair would truth and fiction bind.
 Thou in those beaten paths disdain'st to tread,
 And scorn'st to live by robbing of the dead.
 Since time does all things change, thou think'st not fit
 This latter age should see all new but wit;
 Thy fancy, like a flame, its way does make,
 And leave bright tracks for following pens to take.
 Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse
 Did thy desire to seek new worlds infuse;
 And ne'er did Heaven so much a voyage bless,
 If thou canst plant but there with like success.

AN ANSWER TO
 A COPY OF VERSES
 SENT ME TO JERSEY.

AS to a northern people (whom the sun
 Uses just as the Romish church has done
 Her prophane laity, and does assign,
 Bread only both to serve for bread and wine)
 A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives;
 Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
 Fraught with brisk racy verses; in which we
 The soil from whence they came taste, smell, and see:
 Such

ANSWER TO A COPY OF VERSES. 131

Such is your present to us ; for you must know,
 Sir, that verse does not in this island grow,
 No more than sack : one lately did not fear
 (Without the Muses' leave) to plant it here ;
 But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
 rhymes, as ev'n set the hearers' ears on edge :
 Written by ——— Esquire, the
 Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.
 Brave Jersey Muse ! and he 's for this high style
 Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.
 Alas ! to men here no words less hard be
 To rhyme with, than * Mount Orgueil is to met
 Mount Orgueil ! which, in scorn o' th' Muses' law,
 With no yoke-fellow word will deign to draw.
 Stubborn Mount Orgueil ! 'tis a work to make it
 Come into rhyme, more hard than 'twere to take it.
 Alas ! to bring your tropes and figures here,
 Strange as to bring camels and elephants were ;
 And metaphor is so unknown a thing,
 'Twould need the preface of " God save the King."
 Yet this I'll say, for th' honour of the place,
 That, by God's extraordinary grace
 (Which shows the people have judgment, if not wit)
 The land is undefil'd with Clinches yet ;
 Which, in my poor opinion, I confess,
 Is a most singular blessing, and no less
 Than Ireland's wanting spiders. And, so far
 From th' actual sin of bombast too they are,

* The name of one of the castles in Jersey.

(That other crying sin o' th' English Muse)
 That even Satan himself can accuse
 None here (no not so much as the divines)
 For th' *motus primò primi* to strong lines.
 Well, since the soil then does not naturally bear
 Verse, who (a devil) should import it here?
 For that to me would seem as strange a thing
 As who did first wild beasts into' islands bring;
 Unless you think that it might taken be
 As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at sea:
 But that 's a fortune falls not every day;
 'Tis true Green was made by it; for they say
 The parliament did a noble bounty do, [too.
 And gave him the whole prize, their tenths and fifteens

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

Against the Dogmatists.

THE sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew;
 The Phoenix truth did on it rest,
 And built his perfum'd nest;
 That right Porphyrian tree which did true Logick shew.
 Each leaf did learned notions give,
 And th' apples were demonstrative;
 So clear their colour and divine,
 The very shade they cast did other lights out-shine.

“ Taste

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE. 133

“ Taste not,” said God ; “ ’tis mine and angels’ meat ;
“ A certain death doth fit,
“ Like an ill worm, i’ th’ core of it.
“ Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know and eat.”
Thus spoke God, yet man did go
Ignorantly on to know ;
Grew so more blind, and she
Who tempted him to this, grew yet more blind than he.
The only science man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew :
He strait his nakedness did view,
His ignorant poor estate, and was ashamed of it.
Yet searches probabilities,
And rhetorick, and fallacies,
And seeks by useless pride,
With flight and withering leaves that nakedness to hide.
“ Henceforth,” said God, “ the wretched sons of earth
“ Shall sweat for food in vain,
“ That will not long sustain ;
“ And bring with labour forth each fond abortive birth.
“ That serpent too, their pride,
“ Which aims at things deny’d ;
“ That learn’d and eloquent lust ;
“ Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the dust.”

R E A S O N.

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
 Be led by others a right way ;
 They build on sands, which if unmov'd they find,
 'Tis but because there was no wind.

Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than know
 If our forefathers err'd or no.

When we trust men concerning God, we then
 Trust not God concerning men.

Visions and inspirations some expect
 Their course here to direct ;
 Like senseless chemists their own wealth destroy,
 Imaginary gold t' enjoy :

So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
 And gild the passage as they fly ;
 But when they fall, and meet th' opposing ground,
 What but a sordid slime is found ?

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,
 And fast, that they may dream of meat ;
 Sometimes ill spirits their sickly souls delude,
 And bastard forms obtrude :

So Endor's wretched forcerefs, although
 She Saul through his disguise did know,
 Yet, when the devil comes up disguis'd, she cries,
 " Behold ! the Gods arise."

In vain, alas ! these outward hopes are try'd ;
 Reason within 's our only guide ;
 Reason, which (God be prais'd !) still walks, for all
 Its old original fall :
 And, since itself the boundless Godhead join'd
 With a reasonable mind,
 It plainly shows that mysteries divine
 May with our reason join.

The holy book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
 With thousand lights of truth divine :
 So numberless the stars, that to the eye,
 It makes but all one galaxy.
 Yet Reason must assist too ; for, in seas
 So vast and dangerous as these,
 Our course by stars above we cannot know,
 Without the compass too below.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see,
 It sees that there and such they be ;
 Leads to heaven's door, and there does humbly keep,
 And there through chinks and key-holes peep :
 Though it, like Moses, by a sad command,
 Must not come into th' Holy Land,
 Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
 And from afar 'tis all descry'd.

O N T H E

D E A T H O F M R. C R A S H A W.

POET and Saint ! to thee alone are given
 The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven;
 The hard and rarest union which can be,
 Next that of godhead with humanity.
 Long did the Muses' banish'd slaves abide,
 And built vain pyramids to mortal pride ;
 Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
 Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy land.

Ah wretched we, poets of earth ! but thou
 Wert living the same poet which thou 'rt now ;
 Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
 And joy in an applause so great as thine.
 Equal society with them to hold,
 Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old ;
 And they (kind spirits !) shall all rejoice, to see
 How little less than they exalted man may be.
 Still the old Heathen Gods in Numbers dwell ;
 The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell !
 Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Christian land ;
 Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand.
 And, though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
 Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke :
 Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we
 (Vain men !) the monster Woman deify ;

Find

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW. 137

Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
What different faults corrupt our Muses thus ?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous !

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead ; she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employ'd should be
On a less subject than eternity ;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,
But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse to
make.

It (in a kind) her miracle did do ;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

* How well (blest swan!) did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine !
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the fam'd chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air :
'Tis surer much they brought thee there ; and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my mother-church ! if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went ;
For ev'n in error sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his,

* Mr. Crashaw died of a fever at Loretto, being
newly chosen canon of that church.

Ah,

Ah, mighty God ! with shame I speak 't, and grief,
 Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief !
 And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
 Rather than thus our wills too strong for it !
 His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
 Be wrong ; his life, I 'm sure, was in the right ;
 And I myself a Catholick will be,
 So far at least, great Saint ! to pray to thee.
 Hail, bard triumphant ! and ~~some~~ care bestow
 On us, the poets militant below !
 Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
 Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance ;
 Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by Desires,
 Expos'd by Tyrant-Love to savage beasts and fires.
 Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
 And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
 Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
 More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
 Lo ! here I beg (I, whom thou once didst prove
 So humble to esteem, so good to love)
 Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
 I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me :
 And, when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
 'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.

ANACREONTIQUES:

O R,

SOME COPIES OF VERSES,

TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTICALLY OUT OF
ANACREON.

I.

L O V E.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings,
 In mighty numbers, mighty things.
 Begin, my Muse ! but lo ! the strings
 To my great song rebellious prove ;
 The strings will sound of nought but love.
 I broke them all, and put on new ;
 'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
 These sure (said I) will me obey ;
 These, sure, heroick notes will play.
 Strait I began with thundering Jove,
 And all th' immortal powers ; but Love,
 Love smil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre
 Came gentle airs, such as inspire
 Melting love and soft desire.
 Farewell then, heroes ! farewell, kings !
 And mighty numbers, mighty things !
 Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

 }
 DRINK.

II.

D R I N K I N G.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck-in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

III. BEAUTY.

III.

B E A U T Y.

LIBERAL Nature did dispense
 To all things arms for their defence ;
 And some she arms with sinewy force,
 And some with swiftness in the course ;
 Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
 And some with horns or tusked jaws :
 And some with scales, and some with wings,
 And some with teeth, and some with stings.
 Wisdom to man she did afford,
 Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
 What to beauteous womankind,
 What arms, what armour, has she' assign'd ?
 Beauty is both ; for with the fair
 What arms, what armour, can compare ?
 What steel, what gold, or diamond,
 More impassible is found ?
 And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er
 So great an active force did bear ?
 They are all weapon, and they dart
 Like porcupines from every part.
 Who can, alas ! their strength express,
 Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
 Cap-a-pe with nakedness ?

IV. T H E

IV.

T H E D U E L.

YES, I will love then, I will love ;
 I will not now Love's rebel prove,
 Though I was once his enemy ;
 Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
 Did to the combat him defy.
 An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,
 Like some new Ajax, I did wield.
 Love in one hand his bow did take,
 In th' other hand a dart did shake ;
 But yet in vain the dart did throw,
 In vain he often drew the bow ;
 So well my armour did resist,
 So oft by flight the blow I mist :
 But, when I thought all danger past,
 His quiver empty'd quite at last,
 Instead of arrow or of dart
 He shot himself into my heart.
 The living and the killing arrow
 Ran through the skin, the flesh, the blood,
 And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow,
 No trench or work of life withstood.
 In vain I now the walls maintain ;
 I set out guards and scouts in vain ;
 Since th' enemy does within remain.

}

In

T H E D U E L.

143

In vain a breast-plate now I wear,
Since in my breast the foe I bear ;
In vain my feet their swiftness try ;
For from the body can they fly ?

V.

A G E.

OFT am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon ! thou grow'st old ;
Look how thy hairs are falling all ;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall !
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know ;
This I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old ;
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

VI.

T H E A C C O U N T.

WHEN all the stars are by thee told
(The endless fums of heavenly gold) ;
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From sickly autumn's head that fall ;
Or when the drops that make the sea,
Whilst all her sands thy counters be ;

Thou then, and thou alone, may'st prove
 Th' arithmetician of my love.
 An hundred loves at Athens score,
 At Corinth write an hundred more:
 Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,
 So few, is an escaping there.
 Write then at Chios seventy-three;
 Write then at Lesbos (let me see)
 Write me at Lesbos ninety down,
 Full ninety loves, and half a one.
 And, next to these, let me present
 The fair Ionian regiment;
 And next the Carian company;
 Five hundred both effectively.
 Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
 Three hundred 'tis, I 'm sure, complete;
 For arms at Crete each face does bear,
 And every eye 's an archer there.
 Go on: this stop why dost thou make?
 Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.
 Seems this to thee too great a sum?
 Why many thousands are to come;
 The mighty Xerxes could not boast
 Such different nations in his host.
 On; for my love, if thou be'st weary,
 Must find some better secretary.
 I have not yet my Persian told,
 Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
 Nor Indian, nor Arabian;
 Nor Cyprian loves, nor African;

Nor

Nor Scythian nor Italian flames ;
 There 's a whole map behind of names
 Of gentle loves i' th' temperate zone,
 And cold ones in the frigid one,
 Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,
 And parched loves beneath the Line.

VII.

G O L D.

A Mighty pain to love it is,
 And 'tis a pain that pain to miss ;
 But, of all pains, the greatest pain
 It is to love, but love in vain.
 Virtue now, nor noble blood,
 Nor wit, by Love is understood ;
 Gold alone does passion move,
 Gold monopolizes love ;
 A curse on her, and on the man
 Who this traffick first began !
 A curse on him who found the ore !
 A curse on him who digg'd the store !
 A curse on him who did refine it !
 A curse on him who first did coin it !
 A curse, all curses else above,
 On him who us'd it first in love !
 Gold begets in brethren hate ;
 Gold in families debate ;

Gold does friendships separate;
 Gold does civil wars create.
 These the smallest harms of it!
 Gold, alas! does love beget.

VIII.

THE EPICURE.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine!
 Around our temples roses twine!
 And let us chearfully awhile,
 Like the wine and roses, smile.
 Crown'd with roses, we contemn
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.
 To-day is ours; what do we fear?
 To-day is ours; we have it here:
 Let 's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.
 Let 's banish business, banish sorrow;
 To the Gods belongs to-morrow.

IX.

A N O T H E R.

UNderneath this myrtle shade,
 On flowery beds supinely laid,
 With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
 And around it roses growing,

What

What should I do but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day ?
 In this more than kingly state
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up ;
 And mingled cast into the cup
 Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
 Vigorous health and gay desires.
 The wheel of life no less will stay
 In a smooth than rugged way :
 Since it equally doth flee,
 Let the motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious ointments shower ?
 Nobler wines why do we pour ?
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
 Upon the monuments of the dead ?
 Nothing they but dust can show,
 Or bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give ;
 After death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my pleasures have,
 All are Stoics in the grave.

}

X.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy fire.

THE GRASSHOPPER. 349

To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But, when thou 'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung;
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

XI.

THE SWALLOW.

FOOLISH prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscover'd nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy seasons' noise:
Free from th' ill thou 'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks-out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,

All thy art could never pay
 What thou 'st ta'en from me away.
 Cruel bird! thou 'st ta'en away
 A dream out of my arms to-day;
 A dream, that ne'er must equal'd be
 By all that waking eyes may see.
 Thou, this damage to repair,
 Nothing half so sweet or fair,
 Nothing half so good, canst bring,
 Though men say thou bring'st the spring.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

WHO WAS CHOAKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love.

HOW shall I lament thine end,
 My best servant, and my friend?
 Nay, and, if from a Deity
 So much deified as I,
 It sound not too profane and odd,
 Oh, my master and my god!
 For 'tis true, most mighty poet!
 (Though I like not men should know it)
 I am in naked nature less,
 Less by much, than in thy dress.
 All thy verse is softer far
 Than the downy feathers are

ELEGY UPON ANACREON. 151

Of my wings, or of my arrows,
 Of my mother's doves or sparrows.
 Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,
 Or their riper following blisses,
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
 All with Venus' girdle bound ;
 And thy life was all the while
 Kind and gentle as thy style.

The smooth-pac'd hours of every day
 Glided numerously away.
 Like thy verse each hour did pass ;
 Sweet and short, like that, it was.

Some do but their youth allow me,
 Just what they by nature owe me,
 The time that 's mine, and not their own,
 The certain tribute of my crown :
 When they grow old, they grow to be
 Too busy, or too wise, for me.
 Thou wert wiser, and didst know
 None too wise for Love can grow ;
 Love was with thy life entwin'd,
 Close as heat with fire is join'd ;
 A powerful brand prescrib'd the date
 Of thine, like Meleager's, fate.
 Th' antiperistasis of age
 More inflam'd thy amorous rage ;
 Thy silver hairs yielded me more
 Than even golden curls before.

Had I the power of creation,
 As I have of generation,

Where I the matter must obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay,
My creatures should be all like thee,
'Tis thou shouldst their idea be :
They, like thee, should throughly hate
Business, honour, title, state ;
Other wealth they should not know,
But what my living mines bestow ;
The pomp of kings, they should confess,
At their crownings, to be less
Than a lover's humblest guise,
When at his mistress' feet he lies.
Rumour they no more should mind
Than men safe-landed do the wind ;
Wisdom itself they should not hear,
When it presumes to be severe :
Beauty alone they should admire :
Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,
Nor ask what parents it can shew ;
With dead or old 't has nought to do.
They should not love yet all or any,
But very much and very many :
All their life should gilded be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety ;
Well remembering and applying
The necessity of dying.
Their chearful heads should always wear
All that crowns the flowery year :
They should always laugh, and sing,
And dance, and strike th' harmonious string ;

ELEGY UPON ANACREON. 153

Verse should from their tongue so flow,
 As if it in the mouth did grow,
 As swiftly answering their command,
 As tunes obey the artful hand.
 And whilst I do thus discover
 Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
 'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy sake
 I of the grape no mention make.

Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
 Cursed plant! I lov'd thee well;
 And 'twas oft my wanton use
 To dip my arrows in thy juice.
 Cursed plant! 'tis true, I see,
 Th' old report that goes of thee—
 That, with giants' blood the earth
 Stain'd and poison'd, gave thee birth;
 And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite
 On men in whom the gods delight.
 Thy patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
 Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
 In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
 Worse than his tigers, he delights;
 In all our heaven I think there be
 No such ill-natur'd God as he.
 Thou pretendest, traiterous Wine!
 To be the Muses' friend and mine:
 With love and wit thou dost begin,
 False fires, alas! to draw us in;
 Which, if our course we by them keep,
 Misguide to madness or to sleep:

Sleep

Sleep were well; thou 'aft learnt a way
To death itself now to betray.

It grieves me when I see what fate
Does on the best of mankind wait.
Poets or lovers let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poesy
Can arm, against death's smallest dart,
The poet's head or lover's heart;
But when their life, in its decline,
Touches th' inevitable line,
All the world 's mortal to them then,
And wine is aconite to men;
Nay, in death's hand, the grape-stone proves
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS*.

CHRIST'S PASSION,

Taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr. Masters.
of New-College in Oxford.

ENOUGH, my Muse! of earthly things,
And inspirations but of wind;
Take up thy lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlasting strings;
And on them play, and to them sing,
The happy mournful stories,
The lamentable glories,
Of the great crucified King.

Mountainous heap of wonders! which dost rise
Till earth thou joinest with the skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half seen by mortal eye!

How

* These verses were not included among those which Mr. Cowley himself styled "Miscellanies;" but were classed by Bishop Sprat under the title by which they are here distinguished. N.

How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
 What shall I play? what shall I sing?
 I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,
 Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed spirits
 With all their comments can explain; [above,
 How all the whole world's life to die did not disdain!

I'll sing the searchless depths of the compassion Divine,
 The depths unfathom'd yet
 By reason's plummet and the line of wit;
 Too light the plummet, and too short the line!
 How the eternal Father did bestow
 His own eternal Son as ransom for his foe,
 I'll sing aloud, that all the world may hear
 The triumph of the buried Conquerer.
 How hell was by its prisoner captive led,
 And the great slayer, Death, slain by the dead.

Methinks I hear of murdered men the voice,
 Mixt with the murderers' confused noise,
 Sound from the top of Calvary;
 My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see
 Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;
 Oh, how unlike the others he! [the tree!
 Look, how he bends his gentle head with blessings from
 His gracious hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do good,
 Are nail'd to the infamous wood!
 And sinful man does fondly bind
 The arms, which he extends t' embrace all human-kind.

Unhappy

Unhappy man ! canst thou stand by and see

All this as patient as he ?

Since he thy sins does bear,

Make thou his sufferings thine own,

And weep, and sigh, and groan,

And beat thy breast, and tear

Thy garments and thy hair,

And let thy grief, and let thy love,

Through all thy bleeding bowels move.

Dost thou not see thy prince in purple clad all o'er,

Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore,

But made at home with richer gore ?

Dost thou not see the roses which adorn

The thorny garland by him worn ?

Dost thou not see the livid traces

Of the sharp scourges' rude embraces ?

If yet thou feelst not the smart

Of thorns and scourges in thy heart ;

If that be yet not crucify'd ;

Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his side !

Open, oh ! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,

And let them call

Their stock of moisture forth, where'er it lies !

For this will ask it all.

'Twould all, alas ! too little be,

Though thy salt tears come from a sea.

Canst thou deny him this, when he

Has open'd all his vital springs for thee ?

Take heed ; for by his side's mysterious flood

May well be understood,

That he will still require some waters to his blood.

O D E

ON ORINDA'S POEMS.

WE allow'd you beauty, and we did submit
 To all the tyrannies of it ;
 Ah! cruel sex, will you depose us too in wit ?
 Orinda * does in that too reign ;
 Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
 And cancel great Apollo's Salic law.
 We our old title plead in vain,
 Man may be head, but woman 's now the brain.
 Verse was Love's fire-arms heretofore,
 In Beauty's camp it was not known ;
 Too many arms besides that conqueror bore :
 'Twas the great cannon we brought down
 T' assault a stubborn town ;
 Orinda first did a bold sally make,
 Our strongest quarter take,
 And so successful prov'd, that she
 Turn'd upon Love himself his own artillery.
 Women, as if the body were their whole,
 Did that, and not the soul,
 Transmit to their posterity ;
 If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
 Th' abortive issue never liv'd.
 'Twere shame and pity, Orinda, if in thee

* Mrs. Catharine Philips.

A spirit.

A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,
 Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
 But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
 The fair and fruitful field ;
 And 'tis a strange increase that it does yield.
 As, when the happy Gods above
 Meet all together at a feast,
 A secret joy unspeakable does move
 In their great mother Cybele's contented breast :
 With no less pleasure thou, methinks, should see,
 This, thy no less immortal progeny.
 And in their birth thou no one touch dost find,
 Of th' ancient curse to woman-kind :
 Thou bring'st not forth with pain ;
 It neither travail is nor labour of the brain :
 So easily they from thee come,
 And there is so much room
 In th' unexhausted and unfathom'd womb,
 That, like the Holland Countess, thou may'st bear
 A child for every day of all the fertile year.

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy, raise,
 If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise :
 Where'er I see an excellence,
 I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
 Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high ;
 Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine
 'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all, [eye.
 Or rather 'tis angelical ;

For,

For, as in angels, we
 Do in thy verses see
 Both improv'd sexes eminently meet;
 They are than man more strong, and more than woman
 sweet.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
 Female chimera's, that o'er poets reign;
 I ne'er could find that fancy true,
 But have invoc'd them oft, I'm sure, in vain:
 They talk of Sappho; but, alas! the shame!
 Ill-manners soil the lustre of her fame;
 Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
 That, like a lantern's fair inclosed light,
 It through the paper shines where she does write.
 Honour and friendship, and the generous scorn
 Of things for which we were not born
 (Things that can only by a fond disease,
 Like that of girls, our vicious stomachs please)
 Are the instructive subjects of her pen;
 And, as the Roman victory
 Taught our rude land arts and civility,
 At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters, men.
 But Rome with all her arts could ne'er inspire,
 A female breast with such a fire:
 The warlike Amazonian train,
 Who in Elysium now do peaceful reign,
 And Wit's mild empire before arms prefer,
 Hope 'twill be settled in their sex by her.

Merlin

Merlin the feer (and sure he would not lye,
 In such a sacred company)
 Does prophecies of learn'd Orinda show,
 Which he had darkly spoke so long ago;
 Ev'n Boadicia's angry ghost
 Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
 And to her injur'd daughters now does boast,
 That Rome 's o'ercome at last, by a woman of her race.

O D E

UPON OCCASION OF A COPY OF VERSES
 OF MY LORD BROGHILL'S.

BE gone (said I) ingrateful Muse! and see
 What others thou canst fool, as well as me.
 Since I grew man, and wiser ought to be,
 My business and my hopes I left for thee:
 For thee (which was more hardly given away)
 I left, even when a boy, my play.
 But say, ingrateful mistress! say,
 What for all this, what didst thou ever pay?
 Thou 'lt say, perhaps, that riches are
 Not of the growth of lands where thou dost trade,
 And I as well my country might upbraid
 Because I have no vineyard there.
 Well: but in love thou dost pretend to reign;
 There thine the power and lordship is;
 Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again;
 'Twas such a way as could not miss.

I, like a fool, did thee obey :
 I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain ;
 For, after all my expence of wit and pain,
 A rich, unwriting hand, carried the prize away.

Thus I complain'd, and strait the Muse reply'd,
 That she had given me fame.

Bounty immense ! and that too must be try'd
 When I myself am nothing but a name.

Who now, what reader does not strive
 T' invalidate the gift whilst we 're alive ?
 For, when a poet now himself doth show,
 As if he were a common foe,
 All draw upon him, all around,
 And every part of him they wound,
 Happy the man that gives the deepest blow :
 And this is all, kind Muse ! to thee we owe.

Then in rage I took,
 And out at window threw,
 Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew ;
 Homer himself went with them too ;
 Hardly escap'd the sacred Mantuan book :
 I my own offspring, like Agave, tore,
 And I resolv'd, nay, and I think I swore,
 That I no more the ground would till and sow,
 Where only flowery weeds instead of corn did grow.

When (see the subtle ways which Fate does find,
 Rebellious man to bind !
 Just to the work for which he is assign'd)

ON LORD BROGHILL'S VERSES. 163

The Muse came in more chearful than before,
And bade me quarrel with her now no more :

“ Lo ! thy reward ! look here, and see

“ What I have made ” (said she)

“ My lover and belov'd, my Broghill, do for thee !

“ Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,

“ Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.

“ What criticks, the great Hectors now in wit,

“ Who rant and challenge all men that have writ,

“ Will dare t' oppose thee, when

“ Broghill in thy defence has drawn his conquering

I rose, and bow'd my head, [pen ?”

And pardon ask'd for all that I had said :

Well satisfy'd and proud,

I strait resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,

That from her service now I ne'er would part ;

So strongly large rewards work on a grateful heart !

Nothing so soon the drooping spirits can raise

As praises from the men whom all men praise :

'Tis the best cordial, and which only those

Who have at home th' ingredients can compose ;

A cordial that restores our fainting breath,

And keeps up life ev'n after death !

The only danger is, lest it should be

Too strong a remedy ;

Lest, in removing cold, it should beget

Too violent a heat ;

And into madness turn the lethargy.

Ah ! gracious God ! that I might see

A time when it were dangerous for me

To be o'er-heat with praise !
 But I within me bear, alas ! too great allays.
 'Tis said, Apelles, when he Venus drew,
 Did naked women for his pattern view,
 And with his powerful fancy did refine
 Their human shapes into a form divine ;
 None who had sat could her own picture see,
 Or say, one part was drawn for me :
 So, though this nobler painter, when he writ,
 Was pleas'd to think it fit
 That my book should before him sit,
 Not as a cause, but an occasion, to his wit ;
 Yet what have I to boast, or to apply
 To my advantage out of it ; since I,
 Instead of my own likeness, only find
 The bright idea there of the great writer's mind ?

O D E.

Mr. COWLEY'S Book presenting itself to the
 University Library of OXFORD.

HAIL, Learning's Pantheon ! Hail, the sacred ark
 Where all the world of science does embark !
 Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long withstood,
 Insatiate Time's devouring flood.
 Hail, tree of knowledge ! thy leaves fruit ! which well
 Dost in the midst of paradise arise,
 Oxford ! the Muse's paradise,
 From which may never sword the bless'd expell

Hail,

Hail, bank of all past ages ! where they lie
 T' enrich with interest posterity !

Hail Wit's illustrious Galaxy !
 Where thousand lights into one brightness spread ;
 Hail, living University of the dead !

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues ! which e'er
 The mighty linguist Fame, or Time, the mighty trave-
 That could speak, or this could hear. [ler,

Majestick monument and pyramid !
 Where still the shades of parted souls abide
 Embalm'd in verse ; exalted souls which now
 Enjoy those arts they woo'd so well below ;
 Which now all wonders plainly see,
 That have been, are, or are to be,
 In the mysterious library,
 The beatific Bodley of the Deity ;

Will you into your sacred throng admit
 The meanest British Wit ?

You, general-council of the priests of Fame,
 Will you not murmur and disdain,
 That I a place among you claim,
 The humblest deacon of her train ?

Will you allow me th' honourable chain ?
 The chain of ornament, which here
 Your noble prisoners proudly wear ;

A chain which will more pleasant seem to me
 Than all my own Pindaric liberty !

Will ye to bind me with those mighty names submit,
 Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ ?

Whatever happy book is chained here,
 No other place or people need to fear;
 His chain 's a passport to go every where.

As when a seat in heaven
 Is to an unmalicious sinner given,
 Who, casting round his wondering eye,
 Does none but patriarchs and apostles there espy;
 Martyrs who did their lives bestow,
 And faints, who martyrs liv'd below;
 With trembling and amazement he begins
 To recollect his frailties past and sins;
 He doubts almost his station there;
 His soul says to itself, "How came I here?"
 It fares no otherwise with me,
 When I myself with conscious wonder see
 Amidst this purify'd elected company.
 With hardship they, and pain,
 Did to this happiness attain:
 No labour I, nor merits, can pretend;
 I think predestination only was my friend.
 Ah, that my author had been ty'd like me
 To such a place and such a company!
 Instead of several countries, several men,
 And business, which the Muses hate,
 He might have then improv'd that small estate
 Which Nature sparingly did to him give;
 He might perhaps have thriven then,
 And settled upon me, his child, somewhat to live.

'T had

'T had happier been for him, as well as me ;
 For when all, alas ! is done,
 We books, I mean, You books, will prove to be
 The best and noblest conversation :
 For, though some errors will get in,
 Like tinctures of original sin ;
 Yet sure we from our fathers' wit
 Draw all the strength and spirit of it,
 Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,
 As the best blood of man 's employ'd in generation.

O D E.

Sitting and drinking in the Chair made out of the
 Relicks of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE'S Ship.

CHEAR up, my mates, the wind does fairly blow,
 Clap on more sail, and never spare ;
 Farewell all lands, for now we are
 In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.
 Bless me, 'tis hot ! another bowl of wine,
 And we shall cut the burning Line :
 Hey, boys ! she scuds away, and by my head I know
 We round the world are sailing now.
 What dull men are those that tarry at home,
 When abroad they might wantonly roam,
 And gain such experience, and spy too
 Such countries and wonders, as I do !
 But pr'ythee, good pilot, take heed what you do,
 And fail not to touch at Peru !

With gold there the vessel we 'll store,
 And never, and never be poor,
 No, never be poor any more.

What do I mean? What thoughts do me misguide?
 As well upon a staff may witches ride
 Their fancy'd journeys in the air,
 As I sail round the ocean in this chair!

'Tis true; but yet this chair which here you see,
 For all its quiet now, and gravity,
 Has wander'd and has travel'd more
 Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree, before:
 In every air and every sea 't has been,
 'T has compass'd all the earth, and all the heavens 't has
 Let not the Pope's itself with this compare, [seen.
 This is the only universal chair.

The pious wanderer's fleet, sav'd from the flame
 (Which still the relicks did of Troy pursue,
 And took them for its due),

A squadron of immortal nymphs became:
 Still with their arms they row about the seas,
 And still make new and greater voyages:
 Nor has the first poetic ship of Greece
 (Though now a star she so triumphant show,
 And guide her sailing successors below,
 Bright as her ancient freight the shining fleece)
 Yet to this day a quiet harbour found;
 The tide of heaven still carries her around.

Only Drake's sacred vessel (which before
 Had done and had seen more

Than

Than those have done or seen,
 Ev'n since they Goddeses and this a Star has been)
 As a reward for all her labour past,
 Is made the seat of rest at last.
 Let the case now quite alter'd be,
 And, as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
 Let the world now come to see thee !

The world will do 't ; for curiosity
 Does, no less than devotion, pilgrims make ;
 And I myself, who now love quiet too,
 As much almost as any chair can do,
 Would yet a journey take,
 An old wheel of that chariot to see,
 Which Phaeton so rashly brake :
 Yet what could that say more than these remains of
 Drake ?
 Great relick ! thou too, in this port of ease,
 Hast still one way of making voyages ;
 The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale
 (The great trade-wind which ne'er does fail)
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run,
 As long around it as the sun.
 The streights of Time too narrow are for thee ;
 Launch forth into an undiscover'd sea,
 And steer the endless course of vast Eternity !
 Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me !

UPON THE DEATH OF
THE EARL OF BALCARRES.

TIS folly all, that can be said,
 By living mortals, of th' immortal dead,
 And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed. }
 'Tis as if we, who stay behind
 In expectation of the wind,
 Should pity those who pass'd this streight before, }
 And touch the universal shore.
 Ah, happy man! who art to sail no more!
 And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve
 Because our friends are newly come from sea,
 Though ne'er so fair and calm it be;
 What would all sober men believe,
 If they should hear us sighing say,
 "Balcarres, who but th' other day
 "Did all our love and our respect command;
 "At whose great parts we all amaz'd did stand;
 "Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?" }
 If you will say—Few persons upon earth
 Did, more than he, deserve to have
 A life exempt from fortune and the grave;
 Whether you look upon his birth
 And ancestors, whose fame 's so widely spread—
 But ancestors, alas! who long ago are dead—

ON THE EARL OF BALCARRES. 172

Or whether you consider more
The vast increase, as sure you ought,
Of honour by his labour bought,
And added to the former store :

All I can answer, is, That I allow
The privilege you plead for ; and avow
That, as he well deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now.

}

Though God, for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring Providence intends
Erroneous mankind should not understand,
Would not permit Balcarres' hand
(That once with so much industry and art
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of every part)
To perfect his distracted nation's cure,
Or stop the fatal bondage 'twas t' endure ;
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove,
From all th' oppression and the woe
Of his frail body's native soil below,
To his soul's true and peaceful country above :
So Godlike kings, for secret causes, known
Sometimes, but to themselves alone,
One of their ablest ministers elect,
And send abroad to treaties, which they' intend
Shall never take effect ;
But, though the treaty wants a happy end,
The happy agent wants not the reward,
For which he labour'd faithfully and hard ;
His just and righteous master calls him home,
And gives him, near himself, some honourable room.

Noble

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
 To save his country, and restore his king ;
 And, whilst the manly half of him (which those
 Who know not Love, to be the whole suppose)
 Perform'd all parts of virtue's vigorous life ;

The beauteous half, his lovely wife,
 Did all his labours and his cares divide ;
 Nor was a lame nor paralytic side :

In all the turns of human state,
 And all th' unjust attacks of Fate,
 She bore her share and portion still,
 And would not suffer any to be ill.

Unfortunate for ever let me be,

If I believe that such was he,

Whom, in the storms of bad success,

And all that Error calls unhappiness,

His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany !

With these companions 'twas not strange

That nothing could his temper change.

His own and country's union had not weight

Enough to crush his mighty mind !

He saw around the hurricanes of state,

Fixt as an island 'gainst the waves and wind.

Thus far the greedy sea may reach ;

All outward things are but the beach ;

A great man's soul it doth assault in vain !

Their God himself the ocean doth restrain

With an imperceptible chain,

And bid it to go back again.

His

ON THE EARL OF BALCARRES. 173

His wisdom, justice, and his piety,
His courage both to suffer and to die,
His virtues, and his lady too,
Were things celestial. And we see,
In spite of quarrelling philosophy,
How in this case 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n stands still, and only earth goes round.

O D E.

UPON DR. HARVEY.

COY Nature (which remain'd, though aged grown,
A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)
When Harvey's violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble and to flee ;
Took sanctuary, like Daphne, in a tree :
There Daphne's lover stop'd, and thought it much
The very leaves of her to touch :
But Harvey, our Apollo, stop'd not so ;
Into the bark and root he after her did go !
No smallest fibres of a plant,
For which the eye-beams' point doth sharpness want,
His passage after her withstood.
What should she do ? through all the moving wood
Of lives endow'd with sense she took her flight ;
Harvey pursues, and keeps her still in sight.

But,

But, as the deer, long-hunted, takes a flood,
 She leap'd at last into the winding streams of blood;
 Of man's mæander all the purple reaches made,
 Till at the heart she stay'd;
 Where turning head, and at a bay,
 Thus by well-purged ears was she o'erheard to say:

“ Here sure shall I be safe” (said she)
 “ None will be able sure to see
 “ This my retreat, but only He
 “ Who made both it and me.
 “ The heart of man what art can e'er reveal ?
 “ A wall impervious between
 “ Divides the very parts within,
 “ And doth the heart of man ev'n from itself conceal.”
 She spoke: but, ere she was aware,
 Harvey was with her there;
 And held this slippery Proteus in a chain,
 Till all her mighty mysteries he descry'd;
 Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide
 Was the first thing that Nature did in vain.

He the young practice of new life did see,
 Whilst, to conceal its toilsome poverty,
 It for a living wrought, both hard and privately.
 Before the liver understood
 The noble scarlet dye of blood;
 Before one drop was by it made,
 Or brought into it, to set up the trade;
 Before the untaught heart began to beat
 The tuneful march to vital heat;

From

U P O N D R. H A R V E Y. 175

From all the souls that living buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for earth, or sea, or air ;
Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought ;
A strict account to him is hourly brought
How the great fabrick does proceed,
What time, and what materials, it does need :
He so exactly does the work survey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

Thus Harvey sought for Truth in Truth's own book,
The creatures— which by God himself was writ ;
And wisely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read comments only upon it,
But on th' original itself to look.
Methinks in Art's great circle others stand
Lock'd-up together, hand in hand ;
Every one leads as he is led ;
The same bare path they tread,
And dance, like fairies, a fantastic round,
But neither change their motion nor their ground :
Had Harvey to this road confin'd his wit,
His noble circle of the blood had been untrodden yet.
Great Doctor ! th' art of curing 's cur'd by thee ;
We now thy patient, Physick, see
From all inveterate diseases free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer air ;
It now will strong and healthful prove ;
Itself before lethargic lay, and could not move !

These useful secrets to his pen we owe !
 And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow ;
 Of which a barbarous war's unlearned rage
 Has robb'd the ruin'd age :
O cruel loss ! as if the golden fleece,
 With so much cost and labour bought,
 And from afar by a great hero brought,
 Had sunk ev'n in the ports of Greece.
O cursed war ! who can forgive thee this ?
 Houses and towns may rise again ;
 And ten times easier 'tis
 To rebuild Paul's, than any work of his :
 That mighty task none but himself can do,
 Nay, scarce himself too, now ;
 For, though his wit the force of age withstand,
 His body, alas ! and time, it must command ;
 And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,
 Will sure have her revenge on him at last.

ODE, FROM CATULLUS.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast
 (Meaning nothing less than rest)
 Acme lean'd her loving head,
 Thus the pleas'd Septimius said :
 My dearest Acme, if I be
 Once alive, and love not thee.

With.

With a passion far above
 All that e'er was called love ;
 In a Libyan desert may
 I become some lion's prey ;
 Let him, Acme, let him tear
 My breast, when Acme is not there.

The God of Love, who stood to hear him:
 (The God of Love was always near him)
 Pleas'd and tickled with the sound,
 Sneez'd aloud ; and all around
 The little Loves, that waited by,
 Bow'd, and blest the augury.
 Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
 Rear'd her gently-bending head ;
 And, her purple mouth with joy
 Stretching to the delicious boy,
 Twice (and twice could scarce suffice):
 She kiss his drunken rolling eyes.

My little life, my all ! (said she)
 So may we ever servants be
 To this best God, and ne'er retain
 Our hated liberty again !
 So may thy passion last for me,
 As I a passion have for thee,
 Greater and fiercer much than can
 Be conceiv'd by thee a man !
 Into my marrow is it gone,
 Fixt and settled in the bone ;
 It reigns not only in my heart,
 But runs, like life, through every part.

She spoke ; the God of Love aloud
Sneez'd again ; and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and blest the augury.

This good omen thus from heaven
Like a happy signal given,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing else but Acme grow)
Acme's bosom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne ;
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all human-kind.

If the Gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I 'd advise them, when they spy
Any illustrious piety,
To reward her, if it be she—
To reward him, if it be he—
With such a husband, such a wife ;
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

O D E

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION AND
RETURN.

“ —Quod optanti divûm promittere nemo
 “ Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro,” VIRG.

NOW blessings on you all, ye peaceful stars,
 Which meet at last so kindly, and dispense
 Your universal gentle influence
 To calm the stormy world and still the rage of wars!
 Nor, whilst around the continent
 Plenipotentiary beams ye sent,
 Did your pacific lights disdain
 In their large treaty to contain
 The world apart, o'er which do reign
 Your seven fair brethren of great Charles's-wain;
 No star amongst ye all did, I believe,
 Such vigorous assistance give,
 As that which, thirty years ago,
 At * Charles's birth, did, in despite
 Of the proud sun's meridian light,
 His future glories and this year foreshow.

* The star that appeared at noon, the day of the king's birth, just as the king his father was riding to St. Paul's to give thanks to God for that blessing.

No less effects than these we may
 Be assur'd of from that powerful ray,
 Which could out-face the sun, and overcome the day. }

Auspicious star! again arise,
 And take thy noon-tide station in the skies,
 Again all heaven prodigiously adorn;
 For lo! thy Charles again is born.
 He then was born with and to pain;
 With and to joy he 's born again.
 And, wisely for this second birth,
 By which thou certain wert to bless
 The land with full and flourishing happiness,
 Thou mad'st of that fair month thy choice,
 In which heaven, air, and sea, and earth,
 And all that 's in them, all, does smile and does rejoice.
 'Twas a right season; and the very ground
 Ought with a face of paradise to be found,
 Then, when we were to entertain
 Felicity and innocence again.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that blessed pair behold,
 Which the abused people fondly sold
 For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,
 By seeking all like Gods to be?
 Will Peace her halcyon nest venture to build
 Upon a shore with shipwrecks fill'd,
 And trust that sea, where she can hardly say
 She 'as known these twenty years one calmy day?
 Ah! mild and gallefs dove,
 Which dost the pure and candid dwellings love,

Canst

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION. 181

Canst thou in Albion still delight ?

Still canst thou think it white ?

Will ever fair Religion appear

In these deformed ruins ? will she clear

Th' Augean stables of her churches here ?

Will Justice hazard to be seen

Where a High Court of Justice e'er has been ?

Will not the tragic scene,

And Bradshaw's bloody ghost, affright her there,

Her, who shall never fear ?

Then may Whitehall for Charles's feat be fit,

If Justice shall endure at Westminster to sit.

Of all, methinks, we least should see

The chearful looks again of Liberty.

That name of Cromwell, which does freshly still

The curses of so many sufferers fill,

Is still enough to make her stay,

And jealous for a while remain,

Left, as a tempest carried him away,

Some hurricane should bring him back again.

Or, she might justlier be afraid

Left, that great serpent, which was all a tail

(And in his poisonous folds whole nations prisoners
made)

Should a third time perhaps prevail

To join again, and with worse sting arise,

As it had done when cut in pieces twice.

Return, return, ye sacred Four !

And dread your perish'd enemies no more.

Your

Your fears are causeless all, and vain,
 Whilst you return in Charles's train ;
 For God does him, that he might you, restore,
 Nor shall the world him only call
 Defender of the faith, but of you all.

Along with you plenty and riches go,
 With a full tide to every port they flow,
 With a warm fruitful wind o'er all the country blow. }
 Honour does as ye march her trumpet sound,
 The Arts encompass you around,
 And, against all alarms of Fear,
 Safety itself brings up the rear ;
 And, in the head of this angelic band,
 Lo ! how the goodly Prince at last does stand
 (O righteous God !) on his own happy land :
 'Tis happy now, which could with so much ease
 Recover from so desperate a disease ;
 A various complicated ill,
 Whose every symptom was enough to kill ;
 In which one part of three frenzy possess'd,
 And lethargy the rest :
 'Tis happy, which no bleeding does endure,
 A surfeit of such blood to cure :
 'Tis happy, which beholds the flame
 In which by hostile hands it ought to burn,
 Or that which, if from Heaven it came,
 It did but well deserve, all into bonfire turn.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION. 183

We fear'd (and almost touch'd the black degree
Of instant expectation)

That the three dreadful angels we,
Of famine, sword, and plague, should here establish'd see
(God's great triumvirate of desolation !)

To scourge and to destroy the sinful nation.
Justly might Heaven Protectors such as those,
And such Committees for their Safety, impose
Upon a land which scarcely better chose.

We fear'd that the Fanatic war,
Which men against God's houses did declare,
Would from th' Almighty enemy bring down

A sure destruction on our own.

We read th' instructive histories which tell
Of all those endless mischiefs that befel
The sacred town which God had lov'd so well,
After that fatal curse had once been said,
"His blood be upon ours and on our children's head."
We know, though there a greater blood was spilt,
'Twas scarcely done with greater guilt.

We know those miseries did befall
Whilst they rebell'd against that Prince, whom all
The rest of mankind did the love and joy of mankind
call.

Already was the shaken nation
Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought,
And it was hastening on (we thought)
Even to the last of ills—annihilation :
When, in the midst of this confused night,
Lo! the blest Spirit mov'd, and there was light ;

For, in the glorious General's previous ray,
 We saw a new-created day :
 We by it saw, though yet in mists it shone,
 The beauteous work of Order moving on.
 Where are the men who bragg'd that God did bless,
 And with the marks of good success
 Sign his allowance of their wickedness ?
 Vain men ! who thought the Divine Power to find
 In the fierce thunder and the violent wind :
 God came not till the storm was past ;
 In the still voice of Peace he came at last !
 The cruel business of destruction
 May by the claws of the great fiend be done ;
 Here, here we see th' Almighty's hand indeed
 Both by the beauty of the work we see 't, and by the
 speed.

He who had seen the noble British heir,
 Even in that ill, disadvantageous light
 With which misfortune strives t' abuse our fight—
 He who had seen him in his cloud so bright—
 He who had seen the double pair
 Of brothers, heavenly good ! and sisters, heavenly fair !—
 Might have perceiv'd, methinks, with ease
 (But wicked men see only what they please)
 That God had no intent t' extinguish quite
 The pious king's eclipsed right.
 He who had seen how by the Power Divine
 All the young branches of this royal line
 Did in their fire, without consuming, shine—

}
 How

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION. 185

How through a rough Red-sea they had been led,
By wonders guarded, and by wonders fed—
How many years of trouble and distress
They 'd wander'd in their fatal wilderness,
And yet did never murmur or repine;—
 Might, methinks, plainly understand,
That, after all these conquer'd trials past,
 Th' Almighty mercy would at last
Conduct them with a strong unerring hand
 To their own Promis'd Land :
 For all the glories of the earth
 Ought to be entail'd by right of birth ;
 And all Heaven's blessings to come down
Upon his race, to whom alone was given
The double royalty of earth and heaven ;
Who crown'd the kingly with the martyrs' crown.

The martyrs' blood was said of old to be
 The seed from whence the Church did grow.
The royal blood which dying Charles did sow
Becomes no less the seed of royalty :
 'Twas in dishonour sown ;
 We find it now in glory grown,
The grave could but the dross of it devour ;
“ 'Twas sown in weakness, and 'tis rais'd in power.”
We now the question well decided see,
 Which eastern Wits did once contest,
 At the great Monarch's feast,
“ Of all on earth what things the strongest be ?”

And

And some for women, some for wine, did plead ;
 That is, for Folly and for Rage,
 Two things which we have known indeed
 Strong in this latter age ;
 But, as 'tis prov'd by Heaven, at length,
 The King and Truth have greatest strength,
 When they their sacred force unite,
 And twine into one right :
 No frantic commonwealths or tyrannies ;
 No cheats, and perjuries, and lyes ;
 No nets of human policies ;
 No stores of arms or gold (though you could join
 Those of Peru to the great London mine) ;
 No towns ; no fleets by sea, or troops by land ;
 No deeply-entrench'd islands, can withstand,
 Or any small resistance bring
 Against the naked Truth and the unarmed King.

The foolish lights which travellers beguile
 End the same night when they begin ;
 No art so far can upon nature win
 As e'er to put-out stars, or long keep meteors in. }
 Where 's now that *Ignus fatuus*, which ere-while }
 Misled our wandering isle ?
 Where 's the impostor Cromwell gone ?
 Where 's now that Falling-star, his son ?
 Where 's the large Comet now, whose raging flame
 So fatal to our monarchy became ;
 Which o'er our heads in such proud horror flood,
 Insatiate with our ruin and our blood ?

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION. 187

The fiery tail did to vast length extend ;
And twice for want of fuel did expire,
 And twice renew'd the dismal fire :
Though long the tail, we saw at last its end.
 The flames of one triumphant day,
 Which, like an anti-comet here,
 Did fatally to that appear,
 For ever frightened it away :
Then did th' allotted hour of dawning right
 First strike our ravish'd sight ;
Which malice or which art no more could stay,
Than witches' charms can a retardment bring
To the resuscitation of the day,
 Or resurrection of the spring.
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bless the preceding winter, and the night !

Man ought his future happiness to fear,
 If he be always happy here—
 He wants the bleeding marks of grace,
The circumcision of the chosen race.
 If no one part of him supplies
 The duty of a sacrifice,
 He is, we doubt, reserv'd intire
 As a whole victim for the fire.
 Besides, ev'n in this world below,
 To those who never did ill-fortune know,
The good does nauseous or insipid grow.

Consider

Consider man's whole life, and you 'll confess
 The sharp ingredient of some bad success
 Is that which gives the taste to all his happiness.
 But the true method of felicity

Is, when the worst
 Of human life is plac'd the first,
 And when the child's correction proves to be
 The cause of perfecting the man:
 Let our weak days lead up the van;
 Let the brave Second and Triarian band
 Firm against all impression stand:
 The first we may defeated see;
 The virtue and the force of these are sure of victory.

Such are the years, great Charles! which now we see
 Begin their glorious march with thee:
 Long may their march to heaven, and still triumphant,
 be!

Now thou art gotten once before,
 Ill-fortune never shall o'er-take thee more.
 To see 't again, and pleasure in it find,
 Cast a disdainful look behind;
 Things which offend when present, and affright,
 In memory well-painted move delight.
 Enjoy then all thy' afflictions now—
 Thy royal father's came at last;
 Thy martyrdom 's already past:
 And different crowns to both ye owe.
 No gold did e'er the kingly temples bind,
 Than thine more try'd and more refin'd.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION. 189

As a choice medal for Heaven's treasury
God did stamp first upon one side of thee
The image of his suffering humanity :
On th' other side, turn'd now to fight, does shine
The glorious image of his power divine !

}

So, when the wisest poets seek
In all their liveliest colours to set forth
A picture of heroic worth
(The pious Trojan or the prudent Greek) ;
They chuse some comely prince of heavenly birth
(No proud gigantic son of earth,
Who strives t' usurp the Gods' forbidden feat) ;
They feed him not with nectar, and the meat
That cannot without joy be eat ;
But, in the cold of want, and storms of adverse chance,
They harden his young virtue by degrees :
The beauteous drop first into ice does freeze
And into solid crystal next advance.
His murder'd friends and kindred he does see,
And from his flaming country flee :
Much is he tost at sea, and much at land ;
Does long the force of angry gods withstand :
He does long troubles and long wars sustain,
Ere he his fatal birth-right gain.
With no less time or labour can
Destiny build up such a man,
Who 's with sufficient virtue fill'd
His ruin'd-country to rebuild.

Not

Nor without cause are arms from Heaven,
 To such a hero by the poets given :
 No human metal is of force t' oppose
 So many and so violent blows.

Such was the helmet, breast-plate, shield,
 Which Charles in all attacks did wield :
 And all the weapons malice e'er could try,
 Of all the several makes of wicked policy,
 Against this armour struck, but at the stroke,
 Like swords of ice, in thousand pieces broke.
 To angels and their brethren spirits above,
 No show on earth can sure so pleasant prove,
 As when they great misfortunes see
 With courage borne, and decency.

So were they borne when Worcester's dismal day
 Did all the terrors of black Fate display !

So were they borne when no disguises' cloud
 His inward royalty could shrowd ;

And one of th' angels whom just God did send
 To guard him in his noble flight

(A troop of angels did him then attend !)

Affur'd me in a vision th' other night,

That he (and who could better judge than he ?)

Did then more greatness in him see,

More lustre and more majesty,

Than all his coronation-pomp can shew to human eyes.

Him and his royal brothers when I saw

New marks of honour and of glory

From their affronts and sufferings draw,

And look like heavenly saints ev'n in their purgatory ;

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION. 1491

Methoughts I saw the three Judean Youths
(Three unhurt martyrs for the noblest truths !)
In the Chaldean furnace walk ;
How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk !
No hair is sing'd, no smallest beauty blasted !
Like painted lamps they shine unwafted !
The greedy fire itself dares not be fed
With the blest oil of an anointed head.
The honourable flame
(Which rather light we ought to name)
Does like a glory compass them around,
And their whole body 's crown'd.
What are those two bright creatures which we see
Walk with the royal Three
In the same ordeal fire,
And mutual joys inspire ?
Sure they the beauteous sisters are,
Who, whilst they seek to bear their share,
Will suffer no affliction to be there !
Less favour to those Three of old was shown,
To solace with their company
The fiery trials of adversity !
Two Angels join with these, the others had but one.
Come forth, come forth, ye men of God belov'd !
And let the power now of that flame,
Which against you so impotent became,
On all your enemies be prov'd.
Come, mighty Charles ! desire of nations ! come ;
Come, you triumphant exile ! home.

He

He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise
Of a whole land which does at once rejoice,
I hear th' united people's sacred voice.

The sea, which circles us around,
Ne'er sent to land so loud a sound;
The mighty shout sends to the sea a gale,
And swells up every sail:

The bells and guns are scarcely heard at all;
The artificial joy's drown'd by the natural.
All England but one bonfire seems to be,
One Ætna shooting flames into the sea:

The starry worlds, which shine to us afar,
Take ours at this time for a star.

With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits, flow;
And we, the priests of a poetic rage,

Wonder that in this golden age
The rivers too should not do so.

There is no Stoick, sure, who would not now
Ev'n some excess allow;

And grant that one wild fit of chearful folly
Should end our twenty years of dismal melancholy.

Where's now the royal mother, where,
To take her mighty share

In this so ravishing fight,

And, with the part she takes, to add to the delight?

Ah! why art thou not here,

Thou always best, and now the happiest Queen!
To see our joy, and with new joy be seen?

God

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION. 193

God has a bright example made of thee,
To shew that woman-kind may be
Above that sex which her superior seems,
In wisely managing the wide extremes
Of great affliction, great felicity.
How well those different virtues thee become,
Daughter of triumphs, wife of martyrdom!
Thy princely mind with so much courage bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With so much goodness us'd felicity,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to thee;
'Tis come, and seen to-day in all its bravery!

}

Who 's that heroic person leads it on,
And gives it like a glorious bride
(Richly adorn'd with nuptial pride)
Into the hands now of thy son?
'Tis the good General, the man of praise,
Whom God at last, in gracious pity,
Did to th' enthralled nation raise,
Their great Zerubbabel to be;
To loose the bonds of long captivity,
And to rebuild their temple and their city!
For ever blest may he and his remain,
Who, with a vast, though less-appearing, gain,
Preferr'd the solid Great above the Vain,
And to the world this princely truth has shown—
That more 'tis to restore, than to usurp a crown!
Thou worthiest person of the British story!
(Though 'tis not small the British glory)

Did I not know my humble verse must be
 But ill-proportion'd to the height of thee,
 Thou and the world should see
 How much my Muse, the foe of flattery,
 Does make true praise her labour and design;
 An Iliad or an Æneid should be thine.

And ill should we deserve this happy day,
 If no acknowledgements we pay
 To you, great patriots of the two
 Most truly Other Houses now;
 Who have redeem'd from hatred and from shame
 A Parliament's once venerable name;
 And now the title of a House restore,
 To that which was but Slaughter-house before.
 If my advice, ye worthies ! might be ta'en,
 Within those reverend places,
 Which now your living presence graces,
 Your marble-statues always should remain,
 To keep alive your useful memory,
 And to your successors th' example be
 Of truth, religion, reason, loyalty :
 For, though a firmly-settled peace
 May shortly make your public labours cease,
 The grateful nation will with joy consent
 That in this sense you should be said,
 (Though yet the name sounds with some dread)
 To be the Long, the Endless, Parliament.

ON THE QUEEN'S REPAIRING
SOMERSET-HOUSE.

WHEN God (the cause to me and men unknown)
Forsook the royal houses, and his own,
And both abandon'd to the common foe;
How near to ruin did my glories go!
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this princely place
Which covetous hands could take, or rude deface.
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richest figures torn, and all around
Dismember'd statues of great heroes lay;
Such Naseby's field seem'd on the fatal day!
And me, when nought for robbery was left,
They starv'd to death: the gasping walls were cleft,
The pillars sunk, the roofs above me wept,
No sign of spring, or joy, my garden kept;
Nothing was seen which could content the eye,
Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.

See how my face is chang'd! and what I am
Since my true mistress, and now foundress, came
It does not fill her bounty to restore
Me as I was (nor was I small before):
She imitates the kindness to her shown;
She does, like Heaven (which the dejected throne
At once restores, fixes, and higher rears)
Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what she repairs.

And now I dare (though proud I must not be,
 Whilst my great mistress I so humble see
 In all her various glories) now I dare
 Ev'n with the proudest palaces compare.
 My beauty and convenience will, I'm sure,
 So just a boast with modesty endure ;
 And all must to me yield, when I shall tell
 How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.

Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
 Which still with waves of crowding people flows ;
 And every day there passes by my side,
 Up to its western reach, the London tide,
 The spring-tides of the term : my front looks down
 On all the pride and business of the town ;
 My other front (for, as in kings we see
 The liveliest image of the Deity,
 We in their houses should heaven's likeness find,
 Where nothing can be said to be Behind)
 My other fair and more majestic face
 (Who can the fair to more advantage place ?)
 For ever gazes on itself below,
 In the best mirror that the world can show.

And here behold, in a long bending row,
 How two joint-cities make one glorious bow !
 The midst, the noblest place, possess'd by me,
 Best to be seen by all, and all o'er-see !
 Which way so'er I turn my joyful eye,
 Here the great court, there the rich town, I spy ;
 On either side dwells safety and delight ;
 Wealth on the left, and power upon the right.

T' assure

ON REPAIRING SOMERSET-HOUSE. 197

T' assure yet my defence, on either hand,
Like mighty forts, in equal distance stand
Two of the best and stateliest piles which e'er
Man's liberal piety of old did rear ;
Where the two princes of th' Apostles' band,
My neighbours and my guards, watch and command.

My warlike guard of ships, which farther lie,
Might be my object too, were not the eye
Stopt by the houses of that wondrous street
Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.
The stream's eternal siege they fixt abide,
And the swoln stream's auxiliary tide,
Though both their ruin with joint power conspire;
Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but fire.
And here my Thames, though it more gentle be
Than any flood so strengthen'd by the sea,
Finding by art his natural forces broke,
And bearing, captive-like, the arched yoke,
Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the disgrace,
But recomposes strait, and calms his face ;
Is into reverence and submission strook,
As soon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rds the white palace, where that king does reign
Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.

Amidst these louder honours of my feat,
And two vast cities, troublesomely great,
In a large various plain the country too
Opens her gentler blessings to my view :
In me the active and the quiet mind,
By different ways, equal content may find.

If any prouder virtuoso's sense
At that part of my prospect take offence,
By which the meaner cabbins are descry'd,
Of my imperial river's humbler side—
If they call that a blemish—let them know,
God, and my godlike mistress, think not so ;
For the distress'd and the afflicted lie
Most in their care, and always in their eye.

And thou, fair river ! who still pay'st to me
Just homage, in thy passage to the sea,
Take here this one instruction as thou go'st—
When thy mixt waves shall visit every coast ;
When round the world their voyage they shall make,
And back to thee some secret channels take ;
Ask them what nobler fight they e'er did meet,
Except thy mighty master's sovereign fleet,
Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,
The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride.

From hence his kingdoms, happy now at last,
(Happy, if wise by their misfortunes past !)
From hence may omens take of that success
Which both their future wars and peace shall bless.
The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build ;
With her son's fabricks the rough sea is fill'd.

THE COMPLAINT.

IN a deep vision's intellectual scene,
 Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
 Th' uncomfortable shade
 Of the black yew's unlucky green,
 Mixt with the mourning willow's careful grey,
 Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way,
 The melancholy Cowley lay :
 And lo ! a Muse appear'd to 's clos'd sight,
 (The Muses oft in lands of vision play)
 Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal light.
 A golden harp with silver strings she bore ;
 A wondrous hieroglyphick robe she wore,
 In which all colours and all figures were,
 That nature or that fancy can create,
 That art can never imitate ;
 And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
 In such a dress, in such a well-cloath'd dream,
 She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,
 Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet ;
 A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.
 She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from the
 The shaken strings melodiously resound. [ground ;
 " Art thou return'd at last," said she,
 " To this forsaken place and me ?"
 " Thou prodigal ! who didst so loosely waste
 " Of all thy youthful years the good estate ;

- " Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,
 " And gather husks of learning up at last,
 " Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
 " And winter marches on so fast ?
 " But, when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
 " And did as learn'd a portion assign,
 " As ever any of the mighty Nine
 " Had to their dearest children done ;
 " When I resolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed name,
 " Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame ;
 " Thou changeling ! thou, bewitch'd with noise and
 show,
 " Would'st into courts and cities from me go ;
 " Would'st see the world abroad, and have a share
 " In all the follies and the tumults there :
 " Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a state,
 " And business thou would'st find, and would'st create ;
 " Business ! the frivolous pretence
 " Of human lusts, to shake off innocence ;
 " Business ! the grave impertinence ;
 " Business ! the thing which I of all things hate ;
 " Business ! the contradiction of thy fate.
- " Go, renegado ! cast up thy account,
 " And see to what amount
 " Thy foolish gains by quitting me :
 " The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
 " The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostacy.

" Thou

“ Thou thought’st, if once the public storm were past,
 “ All thy remaining life should sun-shine be ;
 “ Behold ! the public storm is spent at last,
 “ The sovereign ’s tost at sea no more,
 “ And thou, with all the noble company,
 “ Art got at last to shore.
 “ But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see
 “ All march’d up to possess the promis’d land,
 “ Thou still alone, alas ! dost gaping stand
 “ Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand !
 “ As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
 “ After a tedious stormy night,
 “ Such was the glorious entry of our king ;
 “ Enriching moisture drop’d on every thing ;
 “ Plenty he sow’d below, and cast about him light !
 “ But then, alas ! to thee alone,
 “ One of old Gideon’s miracles was shown ;
 “ For every tree and every herb around
 “ With pearly dew was crown’d,
 “ And upon all the quicken’d ground
 “ The fruitful seed of heaven did brooding lie,
 “ And nothing but the Muse’s fleece was dry.
 “ It did all other threats surpass,
 “ When God to his own people said
 “ (The men whom through long wanderings he had led)
 “ That he would give them ev’n a heaven of brass :
 “ They look’d up to that heaven in vain,
 “ That bounteous heaven, which God did not restrain }
 “ Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.
 “ The

" The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more,
 " Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
 " And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
 " Though she contracted was to thee,
 " Given to another, who had store
 " Of fairer and of richer wives before,
 " And not a Leah left, thy recompence to be!
 " Go on; twice seven years more thy fortune try;
 " Twice seven years more God in his bounty may
 " Give thee, to fling away
 " Into the court's deceitful lottery:
 " But think how likely 'tis that thou,
 " With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
 " Should'st in a hard and barren season thrive,
 " Should even able be to live;
 " Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,
 " In the miraculous year when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile.

And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,

The melancholy Cowley said—

" Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid

" The ills which thou thyself hast made?

" When in the cradle innocent I lay,

" Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,

" And my abused soul didst bear

" Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,

" Thy golden Indies in the air;

}
}

" And

THE COMPLAINT, 203

“ And ever since I strive in vain
“ My ravish'd freedom to regain ;
“ Still I rebel, still thou dost reign ;
“ Lo ! still in verse against thee I complain.
“ There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
“ Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds ;
“ No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
“ No useful plant can keep alive :
“ The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
“ Make all my art and labour fruitless now ;
“ Where once such fairies dance, no grafs doth ever
“ grow.

“ When my new mind had no infusion known,
“ Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
“ That ever since I vainly try
“ To wash away th' inherent dye :
“ Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours quite,
“ But never will reduce the native white :
“ To all the ports of honour and of gain,
“ I often steer my course in vain ;
“ Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
“ Thou slack'nest all my nerves of industry,
“ By making them so oft to be
“ The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
“ Whoever this world's happiness would see,
“ Must as entirely cast-off thee,
“ As they who only heaven desire
“ Do from the world retire.

“ This

- " This was my error, this my gross mistake,
 " Myself a demy-votary to make.
 " Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate
 " (A fault which I, like them, am taught too late),
 " For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
 " And perish for the part which I retain.
- " Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse !
 " The court, and better king, t' accuse :
 " The heaven under which I live is fair,
 " The fertile soil will a full harvest bear :
 " Thine, thine is all the barrenness ; if thou
 " Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough.
 " When I but think how many a tedious year
 " Our patient sovereign did attend
 " His long misfortunes' fatal end ;
 " How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
 " On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend ;
 " I ought to be accurst, if I refuse
 " To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse !
 " Kings have long hands, they say ; and, though I be
 " So distant, they may reach at length to me.
 " However, of all princes, thou
 " Should'st not reproach rewards for being small or slow ;
 " Thou ! who rewardest but with popular breath,
 " And that too after death."

ON COLONEL TUKE'S TRAGI-COMEDY,
THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

AS when our kings (lords of the spacious main)
Take in just wars a rich plate-fleet of Spain,
The rude unshapen ingots they reduce
Into a form of beauty and of use ;
On which the conqueror's image now does shine,
Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine :
So, in the mild contentions of the Muse
(The war which Peace itself loves and pursues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought
This Cargazon of Spain with treasures fraught.
You have not basely gotten it by stealth,
Nor by translation borrow'd all its wealth ;
But by a powerful spirit made it your own ;
Metal before, money by you 'tis grown.
'Tis current now, by your adorning it
With the fair stamp of your victorious wit.

But, though we praise this voyage of your mind,
And though ourselves enrich'd by it we find ;
We 're not contented yet, because we know
What greater stores at home within it grow.
We 've seen how well you foreign ores refine ;
Produce the gold of your own nobler mine :
The world shall then our native plenty view,
And fetch materials for their wit from you ;
They all shall watch the travails of your pen,
And Spain on you shall make reprisals then.

ON THE DEATH OF
MRS. KATHARINE PHILIPS.

CRUEL Disease! ah, could not it suffice
 Thy old and constant spite to exercise
 Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
 Which still thy depredations most do vex?
 Where still thy malice most of all
 (Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall?
 And in them most assault the fairest place,
 The throne of empress Beauty, ev'n the face?
 There was enough of that here to assuage,
 (One would have thought) either thy lust or rage.
 Was 't not enough, when thou, prophane Disease!
 Didst on this glorious temple seize?
 Was 't not enough, like a wild zealot, there,
 All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
 Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images?
 Was 't not enough thus rudely to defile,
 But thou must quite destroy, the goodly pile?
 And thy unbounded sacrilege commit
 On th' inward holiest holy of her wit?
 Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st thy power;
 No mine of death can that devour;
 On her embalmed name it will abide
 An everlasting pyramid,
 As high as heaven the top, as earth the basis wide.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. PHILIPS. 207.

All ages past record, all countries now
In various kinds such equal beauties show,
That ev'n judge Paris would not know
On whom the golden apple to bestow ;
Though Goddesses t' his sentence did submit,
Women and lovers would appeal from it :
Nor durst he say, of all the female race,

This is the sovereign face.

And some (though these be of a kind that 's rare,
That 's much, ah, much less frequent than the fair) }
So equally renown'd for virtue are,
That it the mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best woman for her guide she chose.

But if Apollo should design

A woman Laureat to make,

Without dispute he would Orinda take,

Though Sappho and the famous Nine

Stood by, and did repine.

To be a princess, or a queen,

Is great ; but 'tis a greatness always seen :

The world did never but two women know,

Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit, did rise

To the two tops of spiritual dignities ;

One female pope of old, one female poet now.

Of female poets, who had names of old,

Nothing is shown, but only told,

And all we hear of them perhaps may be

Male-flattery only, and male-poetry.

Few minutes did their beauty's lightning waste,
 The thunder of their voice did longer last,
 But that too soon was past.

The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
 In her own lasting characters are writ,
 And they will long my praise of them survive,
 Though long perhaps, too, that may live.

The trade of glory, manag'd by the pen,
 Though great it be, and every where is found,
 Does bring in but small profit to us men ;
 'Tis, by the number of the sharers, drown'd.

Orinda, on the female coasts of Fame,
 Ingrosses all the goods of a poetic name ;
 She does no partner with her see ;
 Does all the business there alone, which we
 Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

But wit 's like a luxuriant vine ;
 Unless to virtue's prop it join,
 Firm and erect towards heaven bound ;
 Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit
 be crown'd,

It lies, deform'd and rotting, on the ground.
 Now shame and blushes on us all,
 Who our own sex superior call !

Orinda does our boasting sex out-do,
 Not in wit only, but in virtue too :
 She does above our best examples rise,
 In hate of vice and scorn of vanities.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. PHILIPS. 209

Never did spirit of the manly make,
And dip'd all o'er in Learning's sacred lake,
A temper more invulnerable take. }
No violent passion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodness of her mind :
Through walls of stone those furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way ;
When her soft breast they hit, powerless and dead they
lay !

The fame of Friendship, which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious names of old,
Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew,
Rejoices now t' have got a new,
A new and more surprizing story,
Of fair Lucretia's and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in some foreign country he must live,
The language and the manners he does strive
To understand and practice here,
That he may come no stranger there :
So well Orinda did herself prepare,
In this much different clime, for her remove
To the glad world of Poetry and Love.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old negro's darksome womb !
 Which, when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mafs put on kind looks and fmil'd ;
 Thou tide of glory, which no rest doft know,
 But ever ebb and ever flow !
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove ! [love!
 Who does in thee defcend, and heaven to earth make
 Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health !
 Her joy, her ornament, and wealth !
 Hail to thy husband Heat, and thee ! [he!
 Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lufly bridegroom
 Say from what golden quivers of the fky
 Do all thy winged arrows fly ?
 Swiftnefs and power by birth are thine :
 From thy great fire they came, thy fire the Word Divine.
 'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
 That fo much coft in colours thou,
 And skill in painting, doft beftow,
 Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.
 Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
 Thy race is finish'd when begun ;
 Let a poft-angel ftart with thee,
 And thou the goal of earth fhalt reach as foon as he.
 Thou

H Y M N T O L I G H T. 211

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey ;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride !) the bushes of the field.

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night ;
Asham'd, and fearful to appear,
They skreen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm :
At the first opening of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
Creep, conscious, to their secret rests :
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head :
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold ;
 Thy sun-shine melts away his cold.
 Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
 To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

 Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
 Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,
 To Darkness' curtains he retires ;
 In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

 When, Goddess ! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
 Out of the morning's purple bed,
 Thy quire of birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

 The ghosts, and monster-spirits, that did presume
 A body's privilege to assume,
 Vanish again invisibly,
 And bodies gain again their visibility.

 All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
 Is but thy several liveries ;
 Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
 Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

 A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;
 A crown of studded gold thou bear'st ;
 The virgin-lilies, in their white,
 Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

 The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
 Girt in thy purple swadling-bands :
 On the fair tulip thou dost doat ;
 Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

With

H Y M N T O L I G H T. 213

With flame condens'd thou do'st thy jewels fix,
And solid colours in it mix :
Flora herself envies to see

Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

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

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah! wondrous few, there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess! ev'n to thee.
Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels
slide.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows ;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

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

T O

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Philosophy, the great and only heir
 Of all that human knowledge which has been
 Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,
 Though full of years he do appear
 (Philosophy, I say, and call it He ;
 For, whatsoe'er the painter's fancy be,
 It a male-virtue seems to me)
 Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
 Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate.
 Three or four thousand years, one would have thought,
 To ripeness and perfection might have brought
 A science so well bred and nurs'd,
 And of such hopeful parts too at the first :
 But, oh ! the guardians and the tutors, then
 (Some negligent and some ambitious men)
 Would ne'er consent to set him free,
 Or his own natural powers to let him see,
 Lest that should put an end to their authority.

That his own business he might quite forget,
 They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton wit ;
 With the desserts of poetry they fed him,
 Instead of solid meats t' increase his force ;
 Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him
 Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse ;

Instead

Instead of carrying him to see
 The riches which do hoarded for him lie
 In Nature's endless treasury,
 They chose his eye to entertain
 (His curious but not covetous eye)
 With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.
 Some few exalted spirits this latter age has shown,
 That labour'd to assert the liberty
 (From guardians who were now usurpers grown)
 Of this old minor still, captiv'd Philosophy;
 But 'twas rebellion call'd, to fight
 For such a long-oppressed right.
 Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,
 (Whom a wise king, and nature, chose,
 Lord chancellor of both their laws)
 And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cause.

Authority—which did a body boast,
 Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about,
 Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
 To terrify the learned rout
 With the plain magic of true Reason's light—
 He chac'd out of our sight;
 Nor suffer'd living men to be misled
 By the vain shadows of the dead : [tom fled. }
 To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd phan- }
 He broke that monstrous God which stood
 In midst of, th' orchard, and the whole did claim;
 Which with a useless scythe of wood,
 And something else not worth a name

(Both vast for shew, yet neither fit
 Or to defend, or to beget ;
 Ridiculous and senseless terrors !) made
 Children and superstitious men afraid.
 The orchard 's open now, and free,
 Bacon has broke the scare-crow deity :
 Come, enter, all that will,
 Behold the ripen'd fruit, come gather now your fill !
 Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
 Catching at the forbidden tree—
 We would be like the Deity—
 When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we,
 Without the senses' aid, within ourselves would see ;
 For 'tis God only who can find
 All Nature in his mind.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought
 (Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew)
 To things, the mind's right object, he it brought :
 Like foolish birds, to painted grapes we flew ;
 He sought and gather'd for our use the true ;
 And, when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
 He prest them wisely the mechanic way,
 Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
 Ferment into a nourishment divine,
 The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
 Who to the life an exact piece would make,
 Must not from others' work a copy take ;
 No, not from Rubens or Vandyke ;
 Much less content himself to make it like

Th' ideas and the images which lie
 In his own fancy or his memory.
 No, he before his sight must place
 The natural and living face ;
 The real object must command
 Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

From these and all long errors of the way,
 In which our wandering predecessors went,
 And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray,
 In deserts but of small extent,
 Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last :
 The barren wilderness he past ;
 Did on the very border stand
 Of the blest promis'd land ;

And, from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
 Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
 But life did never to one man allow
 Time to discover worlds and conquer too ;
 Nor can so short a line sufficient be
 To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.

The work he did we ought t' admire ;
 And were unjust if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
 Of low affliction and high happiness :
 For who on things remote can fix his sight,
 That 's always in a triumph or a fight ?

From you, great champions ! we expect to get
 These spacious countries, but discover'd yet ;

Countries,

Countries, where yet, instead of Nature, we
 Her images and idols worship'd see :
 These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
 Though Learning has whole armies at command,
 Quarter'd about in every land,
 A better troop she ne'er together drew :
 Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
 God with design has pick'd out you,
 To do those noble wonders by a few :
 When the whole host he saw, " They are" (said he)
 " Too many to o'ercome for me ;"
 And now he chooses out his men,
 Much in the way that he did then ;
 Not those many whom he found
 Idly' extended on the ground,
 To drink with their dejected head
 The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled :
 No ; but those few who took the waters up,
 And made of their laborious hands the cup.
 Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight
 Their wondrous pattern too you take :
 Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
 And with their hands then lifted up the light.
 Io ! sound too the trumpets here !
 Already your victorious lights appear ;
 New scenes of heaven already we espy,
 And crowds of golden worlds on high,
 Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea
 Could never yet discover'd be,
 By sailors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye.

Nature's great works no distance can obscure,
No smallness her near objects can secure ;

Y' have taught the curious sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible littleness !

Y' have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
And well begun her deepest sense to understand !

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So virtuous and so noble a design,
So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
The things which these proud men despise, and call

Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest actions do !

Whoever would deposed Truth advance

Into the throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the blows of Ignorance,
And the sharp points of envious Wit.

So, when, by various turns of the celestial dance,

In many thousand years

A star, so long unknown, appears,

Though heaven itself more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below ;
Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, show.

With courage and success you the bold work begin ;

Your cradle has not idle been :

None e'er, but Hercules and you, would be

At five years age worthy a history.

And

And ne'er did Fortune better yet
 Th' historian to the story fit :
 As you from all old errors free
 And purge the body of Philosophy ;
 So from all modern follies he
 Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
 His candid style like a clean stream does slide,
 And his bright fancy, all the way,
 Does like the sun-shine in it play ;
 It does, like Thames, the best of rivers ! glide,
 Where the God does not rudely overturn,
 But gently pour, the crystal urn,
 And with judicious hand does the whole current guide :
 'T has all the beauties Nature can impart,
 And all the comely drefs, without the paint, of Art.

UPON THE

CHAIR made out of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP,
 Presented to the Univerfity Library of Oxford,
 by John Davis of Deptford, Efquire.

TO this great fhip, which round the globe has run,
 And match'd in race the chariot of the fun,
 This Pythagorean fhip (for it may claim
 Without prefumption fo deferv'd a name,
 By knowledge once, and transformation now)
 In her new fhape, this facred port allow.

Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate
 A more blest station, or more blest estate;
 For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
 To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven.

P R O L O G U E

To the CUTTER OF COLMAN STREET.

AS, when the midland sea is no where clear
 From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier—
 Which coast about, to all they meet with foes,
 And upon which nought can be got but blows—
 The merchant-ships so much their passage doubt,
 That, though full-freighted, none dares venture out,
 And trade decays, and scarcity ensues:
 Just so the timorous wits of late refuse,
 Though laded, to put forth upon the stage,
 Affrighted by the criticks of this age.
 It is a party numerous, watchful, bold;
 They can from nought, which fails in fight, with-hold;
 Nor do their cheap, though mortal, thunder spare;
 They shoot, alas! with wind-guns charg'd with air.
 But yet, gentlemen-criticks of Argier,
 For your own interest I 'd advise ye here,
 To let this little forlorn-hope go by
 Safe and untouch'd. "That must not be" (you 'll cry.) }
 If ye be wise, it must; I 'll tell you why. }
 There are seven, eight, nine—stay—there are behind
Ten plays at least, which wait but for a wind,

And

And the glad news that we the enemy miss ;
 And those are all your own, if you spare this.
 Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite new ;
 Some by known shipwrights built, and others too
 By that great author made, whoe'er he be,
 That styles himself " Person of Quality ;"
 All these, if we miscarry here to-day,
 Will rather till they rot in th' harbour stay ;
 Nay, they will back again, though they were come
 Ev'n to their last safe road, the tyring-room.
 Therefore again I say, if you be wise,
 Let this for once pass free ; let it suffice
 That we, your sovereign power here to avow,
 Thus humbly, ere we pass, strike sail to you.

ADDED AT COURT.

STAY, gentlemen ; what I have said was all
 But forc'd submission, which I now recall.
 Ye 're all but pirates now again ; for here
 Does the true sovereign of the seas appear,
 The sovereign of these narrow seas of wit ;
 'Tis his own Thames ; he knows and governs it.
 'Tis his dominion and domain ; as he
 Pleases, 'tis either shut to us, or free.
 Not only, if his passport we obtain,
 We fear no little rovers of the main ;
 But, if our Neptune his calm visage show,
 No wave shall dare to rise or wind to blow.

THE MISTRESS,

O R

SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE-VERSES.

“ Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.” VIRG.

THE REQUEST.

I've often wish'd to love; what shall I do?
 Me still the cruel boy does spare;
 And I a double task must bear,
 First to wooe him, and then a mistress too.
 Come at last and strike, for shame,
 If thou art any thing besides a name;
 I'll think thee else no God to be,
 But poets rather Gods, who first created thee.

I ask not one in whom all beauties grow;
 Let me but love, whate'er she be,
 She cannot seem deform'd to me;
 And I would have her seem to others so.
 Desire takes wings and strait does fly,
 It stays not dully to enquire the Why.
 That happy thing, a lover, grown,
 I shall not see with others' eyes, scarce with mine own.

If she be coy, and scorn my noble fire ;
 If her chill heart I cannot move ;
 Why I 'll enjoy the very love,
 And make a mistress of my own desire.
 Flames their most vigorous heat do hold,
 And purest light, if compass'd round with cold :
 So, when sharp winter means most harm,
 The springing plants are by the snow itself kept warm.

But do not touch my heart, and so be gone ;
 Strike deep thy burning arrows in !
 Lukewarmness I account a sin,
 As great in love as in religion.
 Come arm'd with flames ; for I would prove
 All the extremities of mighty Love.
 Th' excess of heat is but a fable ;
 We know the torrid zone is now found habitable.

Among the woods and forests thou art found,
 There boars and lions thou dost tame ;
 Is not my heart a nobler game ?
 Let Venus, men ; and beasts, Diana, wound !
 Thou dost the birds thy subjects make ;
 Thy nimble feathers do their wings o'ertake :
 Thou all the spring their songs dost hear ;
 Make me love too, I'll sing to' thee all the year !

What service can mute fishes do to thee ?
 Yet against them thy dart prevails,
 Piercing the armour of their scales ;
 And still thy sea-born mother lives i' th' sea.

Dost

Dost thou deny only to me
 The no-great privilege of captivity ?
 I beg or challenge here thy bow ;
 Either thy pity to me, or else thine anger, show.

Come! or I 'll teach the world to scorn that bow :
 I 'll teach them thousand wholesome arts
 Both to resist and cure thy darts,
 More than thy skilful Ovid e'er did know.
 Musick of sighs thou shalt not hear,
 Nor drink one wretched lover's tasteful tear :
 Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
 My verses shall not only wound, but murder, thee.

THE THRALDOM.

I CAME, I saw, and was undone ;
 Lightning did through my bones and marrow run ;
 A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart ;
 A swift cold trembling seiz'd on every part ;
 My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
 The poison that was enter'd there.

So a destroying-angel's breath
 Blows-in the plague, and with it hasty death :
 Such was the pain, did so begin,
 To the poor wretch, when Legion enter'd in
 " Forgive me, God !" I cry'd ; " for I
 " Flatter'd myself I was to die."

But quickly to my cost I found,
 'Twas cruel Love, not Death, had made the wound :
 Death a more generous rage does use ;
 Quarter to all he conquers does refuse :
 Whilst Love with barbarous mercy saves
 The vanquish'd lives, to make them slaves.

I am thy slave then ; let me know,
 Hard master ! the great task I have to do :
 Who pride and scorn do undergo,
 In tempests and rough seas thy galleys row ;
 They pant, and groan, and sigh ; but find
 Their sighs increase the angry wind.

Like an Egyptian tyrant, some
 Thou weariest out in building but a tomb ;
 Others, with sad and tedious art,
 Labour i' th' quarries of a stony heart :
 Of all the works thou dost assign,
 To all the several slaves of thine,
 Employ me, mighty Love ! to dig the mine.

THE GIVEN LOVE.

I'LL on ; for what should hinder me
 From loving and enjoying thee ?
 Thou canst not those exceptions make,
 Which vulgar, fordid mortals take—
 That my fate 's too mean and low ;
 'Twere pity I should love thee so,

If that dull cause could hinder me
In loving and enjoying thee.

It does not me a whit displease,
That the rich all honours seize ;
That you all titles make your own,
Are valiant, learned, wise, alone :
But, if you claim o'er women too
The power which over men ye do ;
If you alone must lovers be ;
For that, Sirs, you must pardon me.

Rather than lose what does so near
Concern my life and being here,
I'll some such crooked ways invent,
As you, or your forefathers, went :
I'll flatter or oppose the king,
Turn Puritan, or any thing ;
I'll force my mind to arts so new :
Grow rich, and love as well as you.

But rather thus let me remain,
As man in paradise did reign ;
When perfect love did so agree
With innocence and poverty.
Adam did no jointure give ;
Himself was jointure to his Eve :
Untouch'd with avarice yet, or pride,
The rib came freely back t' his side.

A curse upon the man who taught
Women, that love was to be bought ;

Rather doat only on your gold,
And that with greedy avarice hold ;
For, if woman too submit
To that, and sell herself for it,
Fond lover ! you a mistress have
Of her that 's but your fellow-slave.

What should those poets mean of old,
That made their God to wooe in gold ?
Of all men, sure, they had no cause
To bind love to such costly laws ;
And yet I scarcely blame them now ;
For who, alas ! would not allow,
That women should such gifts receive,
Could they, as he, be what they give.

If thou, my dear, thyself shouldst prize,
Alas ! what value would suffice ?
The Spaniard could not do 't, though he
Should to both Indies jointure thee.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou shouldst any bargain make ;
To give all, will besit thee well ;
But not at under-rates to sell.

Bestow thy beauty then on me,
Freely, as nature gave 't to thee ;
'Tis an exploded popish thought
To think that heaven may be bought.
Prayers, hymns, and praises, are the way,
And those my thankful Muse shall pay :

Thy

THE GIVEN LOVE.

229

Thy body, in my verse enshrin'd,
Shall grow immortal as thy mind.

I 'll fix thy title next in fame
To Sachariffa's well-fung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when, at the last great affize,
All women shall together rise,
Men strait shall cast their eyes on thee,
And know at first that thou art she.

THE SPRING.

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must say
The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,
As ever they were wont to be ;
Nay, the birds' rural musick too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they sung to pleasure you :

I saw a rose-bud ope this morn—I 'll swear
The blushing morning open'd not more fair.

How could it be so fair, and you away ?
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay ?
Could they remember but last year,
How you did them, they you, delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And call'd their fellows to the fight,
Would, looking round for the same fight in vain,
Creep back into their silent barks again.

Q 3

Where'er

Where'er you walk'd, trees were as reverend made,
As when of old Gods dwelt in every shade.

Is 't possible they should not know,
What loss of honour they sustain
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain ?

Dull creatures ! 'tis not without cause that she,
Who fled the God of Wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times, sure, they much wiser were,
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear ;
In vain did Nature bid them stay,
When Orpheus had his song begun—
They call'd their wondering roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.

How would those learned trees have follow'd you !
You would have drawn them and their poet too.

But who can blame them now ? for, since you 're gone,
They 're here the only fair, and shine alone :

You did their natural rights invade ;
Wherever you did walk or sit,
The thickest boughs could make no shade,
Although the sun had granted it :

The fairest flowers could please no more, near you,
Than painted flowers, set next to them, could do.

Whene'er then you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to me.

The little joys which here are now,
 The name of punishments do bear ;
 When by their sight they let us know
 How we depriv'd of greater are :
 'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring ;
 This is for beasts, and that for men, the Spring.

W R I T T E N I N

J U I C E O F L E M O N.

WHILST what I write I do not see,
 I dare thus, ev'n to you, write poetry.
 Ah, foolish Muse ! which dost so high aspire,
 And know'st her judgment well,
 How much it does thy power excel,
 Yet dar'st be read by, thy just doom, the fire.

Alas ! thou think'st thyself secure,
 Because thy form is innocent and pure :
 Like hypocrites, which seem unspotted here ;
 But, when they sadly come to die,
 And the last fire their truth must try,
 Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and blotted, they appear.

Go then, but reverently go,
 And, since thou needs must sin, confess it too :
 Confess 't, and with humility clothe thy shame ;
 For thou, who else must burned be
 An heretick, if she pardon thee,
 May'st like a martyr then enjoy the flame.

But, if her wisdom grow severe,
 And suffer not her goodness to be there ;
 If her large mercies cruelly' it restrain ;
 Be not discourag'd, but require
 A more gentle ordeal fire,
 And bid her by Love's flames read it again.

Strange power of heat ! thou yet dost show
 Like winter-earth, naked or cloath'd with snow :
 But as, the quickening sun approaching near,
 The plants arise up by degrees ;
 A sudden paint adorns the trees,
 And all kind Nature's characters appear.

So, nothing yet in thee is seen ;
 But, when a genial heat warms thee within,
 A new-born wood of various lines there grows ;
 Here buds an A, and there a B,
 Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
 And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

Still, silly paper ! thou wilt think
 That all this might as well be writ with ink :
 Oh, no ; there 's sense in this, and mystery—
 Thou now may'st change thy author's name,
 And to her hand lay noble claim ;
 For, as she reads, she makes, the words in thee.

Yet—if thine own unworthiness
 Will still that thou art mine, not her's, confess—
 Consume thyself with fire before her eyes,
 And so her grace or pity move :
 The gods, though beasts they do not love,
 Yet like them when they 're burnt in sacrifice.

I N C O N S T A N C Y.

FIVE years ago (says Story) I lov'd you,
 For which you call me most inconstant now ;
 Pardon me, Madam ! you mistake the man,
 For I am not the same that I was then ;
 No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me ;
 And that my mind is chang'd, yourself may see.
 The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
 Were more inconstant far ; for accidents
 Must of all things most strangely' inconstant prove,
 If from one subject they t' another move ;
 My members then the father-members were
 From whence these take their birth which now are here.
 If then this body love what th' other did,
 'Twere incest ; which by Nature is forbid.
 You might as well this day inconstant name,
 Because the weather is not still the same
 That it was yesterday—or blame the year,
 'Cause the spring flowers, and autumn fruit, does bear.
 The world 's a scene of changes ; and to be
 Constant, in Nature were inconstancy ;
 For 'twere to break the laws herself has made :
 Our substances themselves do fleet and fade ;
 The most fix'd being still does move and fly,
 Swift as the wings of time 'tis measur'd by.
 T' imagine then that Love should never cease
 (Love, which is but the ornament of these)
 Were quite as senseless, as to wonder why
 Beauty and colour stays not when we die.

N O T

N O T F A I R.

TIS very true, I thought you once as fair
 As women in th' idea are ;
 Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
 But a faint metaphor of thee :
 But then, methoughts, there something shin'd within,
 Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin ;
 Nor could I chuse but count it the sun's light,
 Which made this cloud appear so bright.
 But, since I knew thy falsehood and thy pride,
 And all thy thousand faults beside,
 A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
 White as his teeth would seem to be.
 So men (they say) by hell's delusions led,
 Have ta'en a succubus to their bed ;
 Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
 Till the cleft foot discovers all :
 Then they start from 't, half ghosts themselves with fear ;
 And devil, as 'tis, it does appear.
 So, since against my will I found thee foul,
 Deform'd and crooked in thy soul,
 My reason strait did to my senses shew,
 That they might be mistaken too :
 Nay, when the world but knows how false you are,
 There 's not a man will think you fair ;
 Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be,
 They 'll call their eyes as false as thee.
 Be what thou wilt, hate will present thee so
 As Puritans do the Pope, and Papists Luther do.

P L A T O N I C K L O V E .

INDEED I must confess,
 When souls mix 'tis an happiness ;
 But not compleat till bodies too combine,
 And closely as our minds together join :
 But half of heaven the souls in glory taste,
 Till by love in heaven, at last,
 Their bodies too are plac'd.

In thy immortal part
 Man, as well as I, thou art ;
 But something 'tis that differs thee and me ;
 And we must one even in that difference be.
 I thee, both as a man and woman, prize ;
 For a perfect love implies
 Love in all capacities.

Can that for true love pass,
 When a fair woman courts her glass ?
 Something unlike must in love's likeness be ;
 His wonder is, one, and variety :
 For he, whose soul nought but a soul can move,
 Does a new Narcissus prove,
 And his own image love.

That souls do beauty know,
 'Tis to the bodies' help they owe ;
 If, when they know 't, they strait abuse that trust,
 And shut the body from 't, 'tis as unjust
 As if I brought my dearest friend to see
 My mistress, and at th' instant he
 Should steal her quite from me.

THE CHANGE.

LOVE in her funny eyes does basking play;
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
 Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
 In all her outward parts Love 's always seen;
 But oh! he never went within.

Within, Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,
 Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride:
 So, the earth's face trees, herbs, and flowers, do dress,
 With other beauties numberless;
 But at the centre darkness is, and hell;
 There wicked spirits, and there the damned, dwell.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
 Darkness and death lie in my weeping eyes,
 Despair and paleness in my face appears,
 And grief, and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
 But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
 Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you 'll prove
 Within too stor'd enough of love:
 Give me but your's, I 'll by that change so thrive,
 That love in all my parts shall live.
 So powerful is this change, it render can
 My outside Woman, and your inside Man.

C L A D

CLAD ALL IN WHITE.

FAIREST thing that shines below,
 Why in this robe dost thou appear?
 Would'st thou a white most perfect show,
 Thou must at all no garment wear:
 Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
 Than winter when 'tis clad with snow.

'Tis not the linen shews so fair;
 Her skin shines through, and makes it bright:
 So clouds themselves like suns appear,
 When the sun pierces them with light:
 So, lilies in a glass inclose,
 The glass will seem as white as those.

Thou now one heap of beauty art;
 Nought outwards, or within, is foul:
 Condensed beams make every part;
 Thy body's cloathed like thy soul;
 Thy soul, which does itself display,
 Like a star plac'd i' th' milky-way.

Such robes the saints departed wear,
 Woven all with light divine;
 Such their exalted bodies are,
 And with such full glory shine:
 But they regard not mortals' pain;
 Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

Yet,

Yet, seeing thee so gently pure,
 My hopes will needs continue still ;
 Thou would'st not take this garment, fure,
 When thou hadst an intent to kill !
 Of peace and yielding who would doubt,
 When the white flag he sees hung out ?

LEAVING ME, AND THEN LOVING MANY.

SO men, who once have cast the truth away,
 Forfook by God, do strange wild lusts obey ;
 So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore
 One Deity, could not stop at thousands more :
 Their zeal was senseless strait, and boundless, grown ;
 They worship'd many a beast and many a stone.
 Ah, fair apostate ! couldst thou think to flee
 From Truth and Goodness, yet keep unity ?
 I reign'd alone ; and my blest self could call
 The universal monarch of her all.
 Mine, mine, her fair East-Indies were above,
 Where those suns rise that cheer the world of Love ;
 Where beauties shine like gems of richest price ;
 Where coral grows, and every breath is spice :
 Mine too her rich West-Indies were below,
 Where mines of gold and endless treasures grow.
 But, as when the Pellæan conqueror dy'd,
 Many small princes did his crown divide ;
 So, since my love his vanquish'd world forfook,
 Murder'd by poisons from her falsehood took,
 An hundred petty kings claim each their part,
 And rend that glorious empire of her heart.

MY HEART DISCOVERED.

HER body is so gently bright,
 Clear and transparent to the sight
 (Clear as fair crystal to the view,
 Yet soft as that, ere stone it grew)
 That through her flesh, methinks, is seen
 The brighter soul that dwells within :
 Our eyes the subtile covering pass,
 And see that lily through its glass.
 I through her breast her heart espy,
 As souls in hearts do souls descry :
 I see 't with gentle motions beat ;
 I see light in 't, but find no heat.
 Within, like angels in the sky,
 A thousand gilded thoughts do fly ;
 Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,
 Fair and chaste as mother-mind.
 But oh ! what other heart is there,
 Which sighs and crouds to her's so near ?
 'Tis all on flame, and does, like fire,
 To that, as to its heaven, aspire !
 The wounds are many in 't and deep ;
 Still does it bleed, and still does weep !
 Whose-ever wretched heart it be,
 I cannot choose but grieve to see :
 What pity in my breast does reign !
 Methinks I feel too all its pain.

So torn, and so defac'd, it lies,
 That it could ne'er be known by th' eyes ;
 But oh ! at last I heard it groan,
 And knew by th' voice that 'twas mine own.
 So poor Alcione, when she saw
 A shipwreck'd body tow'rd's her draw,
 Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,
 Which only then did pity wear :
 But, when the corpse on shore were cast,
 Which she her husband found at last,
 What should the wretched widow do ?
 Grief chang'd her strait ; away she flew,
 Turn'd to a bird : and so at last shall I
 Both from my murder'd heart and murderer fly.

ANSWER TO THE PLATONICKS.

SO angels love ; so let them love for me ;
 When I 'm all soul, such shall my love too be :
 Who nothing here but like a spirit would do,
 In a short time, believe 't, will be one too.
 But, shall our love do what in beasts we see ?
 Ev'n beasts eat too, but not so well as we :
 And you as justly might in thirst refuse
 The use of wine, because beasts water use :
 They taste those pleasures as they do their food ;
 Undress'd they take 't, devour it raw and crude :
 But to us men, Love cooks it at his fire,
 And adds the poignant sauce of sharp desire.

Beasts,

ANSWER TO THE PLATONICKS. 241

Beasts do the same ; 'tis true ; but ancient Fame
Says, Gods themselves turn'd beasts to do the same.
The Thunderer, who, without the female bed,
Could Goddeses bring-forth from out his head,
Chose rather mortals this way to create ;
So much he' esteem'd his pleasure 'bove his state.
Ye talk of fires which shine, but never burn ;
In this cold world they 'll hardly serve our turn ;
As usefess to despairing lovers grown,
As lambent flames to men i' th' frigid zone.
The sun does his pure fires on earth bestow
With nuptial warmth, to bring-forth things below ;
Such is Love's noblest and divinest heat,
That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.
Lust you call this ; a name to your's more just,
If an inordinate desire be lust :
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More lustful was, than the hot youth of Troy.

THE VAIN LOVE.

Loving one first because she could love Nobody,
afterwards loving her with Desire.

WHAT new-found witchcraft was in thee,
With thine own cold to kindle me ?
Strange art ! like him that should devise
To make a burning-glass of ice :
When winter so, the plants would harm,
Her snow itself does keep them warm.

Fool that I was! who, having found
 A rich and funny diamond,
 Admir'd the hardness of the stone,
 But not the light with which it shone:
 Your brave and haughty scorn of all
 Was stately and monarchical.
 All gentleness, with that esteem'd,
 A dull and slavish virtue seem'd;
 Should'st thou have yielded then to me,
 Thou 'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee;
 For who would serve one, whom he sees
 That he can conquer if he please?
 It far'd with me, as if a slave
 In triumph led, that does perceive
 With what a gay majestic pride
 His conqueror through the streets does ride,
 Should be contented with his woe,
 Which makes up such a comely show.
 I sought not from thee a return,
 But without hopes or fears did burn;
 My covetous passion did approve
 The hoarding-up, not use, of love.
 My love a kind of dream was grown,
 A foolish, but a pleasant one:
 From which I 'm waken'd now; but, oh!
 Prisoners to die are waken'd so;
 For now th' effects of loving are
 Nothing but longings, with despair:
 Despair, whose torments no men, sure,
 But lovers and the damn'd, endure.

Her scorn I doated once upon,
 Ill object for affection ;
 But since, alas ! too much 'tis prov'd,
 That yet 'twas something that I lov'd ;
 Now my desires are worse, and fly
 At an impossibility :
 Desires, which, whilst so high they soar,
 Are proud as that I lov'd before.
 What lover can like me complain,
 Who first lov'd vainly, next in vain !

T H E S O U L.

IF mine eyes do e'er declare
 They've seen a second thing that's fair ;
 Or ears, that they have musick found,
 Besides thy voice, in any sound ;
 If my taste do ever meet,
 After thy kifs, with aught that's sweet ;
 If my abused touch allow
 Aught to be smooth, or soft, but your ;
 If what seasonable springs,
 Or the Eastern summer, brings,
 Do my smell persuade at all
 Aught perfume, but thy breath, to call ;
 If all my senses' objects be
 Not contracted into thee,
 And so through thee more powerful pass,
 As beams do through a burning-glass ;
 If all things that in nature are
 Either soft, or sweet, or fair,

Be not in thee so' epitomis'd,
That nought material 's not compris'd ;
May I as worthlefs seem to thee
As all, but thou, appears to me !

If I ever anger know,
Till some wrong be done to you ;
If Gods or Kings my envy move,
Without their crowns crown'd by thy love ;
If ever I an hope admit,
Without thy image stamp'd on it ;
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you 're concern'd therein ;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That tastes of any thing but thee ;
If any sorrow touch my mind,
Whilst you are well, and not unkind ;
If I a minute's space debate,
Whether I shall curse and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the world, myself and all ;
And for love—if ever I
Approach to it again so nigh,
As to allow a toleration
To the least glimmering inclination :
If thou alone dost not control
All those tyrants of my soul,
And to thy beauties ty'ft them so,
That constant they as habits grow ;
If any passion of my heart,
By any force, or any art,

Be brought to move one step from thee,
 May'st thou no passion have for me !

If my busy Imagination,
 Do not thee in all things fashion ;
 So that all fair species be
 Hieroglyphic marks of thee ;
 If when she her sports does keep
 (The lower soul being all asleep)
 She play one dream, with all her art,
 Where thou hast not the longest part ;
 If aught get place in my remembrance,
 Without some badge of thy resemblance—
 So that thy parts become to me
 A kind of art of memory ;—
 If my Understanding do
 Seek any knowledge but of you ;
 If she do near thy body prize
 Her bodies of philosophies ;
 If she to the Will do shew
 Aught desirable but you ;
 Or, if that would not rebel,
 Should she another doctrine tell ;
 If my Will do not resign
 All her liberty to thine ;
 If she would not follow thee,
 Though Fate and thou should'st disagree ;
 And if (for I a curse will give,
 Such as shall force thee to believe)
 My soul be not entirely thine ;
 May thy dear body ne'er be mine !

THE PASSIONS.

FROM Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy, free,
 And all the passions else that be,
 In vain I boast of liberty,
 In vain this state a freedom call;
 Since I have Love, and Love is all:
 Not that I am, who think it fit to brag
 That I have no disease besides the plague!

So in a zeal the sons of Israel:
 Sometimes upon their idols fell,
 And they depos'd the powers of hell;
 Baal and Astarte down they threw,
 And Acharon and Moloch too:
 All this imperfect piety did no good,
 Whilst yet, alas! the calf of Bethel stood.

Fondly I boast, that I have dress'd my vine
 With painful art, and that the wine
 Is of a taste rich and divine;
 Since Love, by mixing poison there,
 Has made it worse than vinegar.
 Love ev'n the taste of Nectar changes so,
 That Gods chuse rather water here below.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all passions else that be,
 Drive this one tyrant out of me,
 And practise all your tyranny!
 The change of ills some good will do:
 Th' oppressed wretched Indians so,
 Being slaves by the great Spanish monarch made,
 Call in the States of Holland to their aid.

W I S D O M.

W I S D O M.

TIS mighty wife that you would now be thought,
 With your grave rules from musty morals brought;
 Through which some streaks too of divinity ran,
 Partly of Monk and partly Puritan;
 With tedious repetitions too you 'ave ta'en
 Often the name of vanity in vain.
 Things, which, I take it, friend, you 'd ne'er recite,
 Should she I love but say t' you, "Come at night."
 The wisest king refus'd all pleasures quite,
 Till Wisdom from above did him enlight;
 But, when that gift his ignorance did remove,
 Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in love.
 And, if by' event the counsels may be seen,
 This Wisdom 'twas that brought the southern queen:
 She came not, like a good old wife, to know
 The wholesome nature of all plants that grow;
 Nor did so far from her own country roam,
 To cure scald-heads and broken-shins at home:
 She came for that, which more befits all wives,
 The art of giving, not of saving, lives.

THE DESPAIR.

BENEATH this gloomy shade,
 By Nature only for my sorrows made,
 I'll spend this voice in cries ;
 In tears I'll waste these eyes,
 By Love so vainly fed :

So Lust, of old, the Deluge punished.

“ Ah, wretched youth !” said I ;

“ Ah, wretched youth !” twice did I sadly cry ;

“ Ah, wretched youth !” the fields and floods reply.

When thoughts of Love I entertain,
 I meet no words but “ Never,” and “ In vain.”

“ Never,” alas ! that dreadful name

Which fuels the internal flame :

“ Never” my time to come must waste ;

“ In vain” torments the present and the past.

“ In vain, in vain,” said I ;

“ In vain, in vain !” twice did I sadly cry ;

“ In vain, in vain !” the fields and floods reply.

No more shall fields or floods do so ;
 For I to shades more dark and silent go :

All this world's noise appears to me

A dull, ill-acted comedy :

No comfort to my wounded sight,

In the sun's busy and impertinent light.

Then down I laid my head,

Down on cold earth ; and for a while was dead,

And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.

“ Ah,

THE DESPAIR.

249

“ Ah, sottish Soul !” said I,
When back to’ its cage again I saw it fly ;
“ Fool, to resume her broken chain,
“ And row her galley here again !
“ Fool, to that body to return
“ Where it condemn’d and destin’d is to burn !
“ Once dead, how can it be,
“ Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
“ That thou should’st come to live it o’er again in me ?”

THE WISH.

WELL then ; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne’er agree ;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy ;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th’ grave,
May I a small house and large garden have !
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !
And, since love ne’er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Only belov’d, and loving me !

Oh,

Oh, fountains ! when in you shall I
 Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?
 Oh fields ! oh woods ! when, when shall I be made
 The happy tenant of your shade ?
 Here 's the spring-head of pleasure's flood ;
 Where all the riches lie, that she
 Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here,
 Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear ;
 Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
 And nought but echo flatter.
 The Gods, when they descended, hither
 From heaven did always chuse their way ;
 And therefore we may boldly say,
 That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
 And one dear She, live, and embracing die !
 She, who is all the world, and can exclude
 In desarts solitude.
 I should have then this only fear—
 Left men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a city here.

M Y D I E T.

NOW, by my Love, the greatest oath that is,
None loves you half so well as I:

I do not ask your love for this ;
But for Heaven's sake believe me, or I die.
No servant e'er but did deserve
His master should believe that he does serve ;
And I 'll ask no more wages, though I starve.

'Tis no luxurious diet this, and sure
I shall not by 't too lusty prove ;
Yet shall it willingly endure,
If 't can but keep together life and love.
Being your prisoner and your slave,
I do not feasts and banquets look to have ;
A little bread and water 's all I crave.

On a sigh of pity I a year can live ;
One tear will keep me twenty, at least ;
Fifty, a gentle look will give ;
An hundred years on one kind word I 'll feast :
A thousand more will added be,
If you an inclination have for me ;
And all beyond is vast eternity !

THE THIEF.

THOU robb'ft my days of bufinefs and delights,
 Of fleep thou robb'ft my nights ;
 Ah, lovely thief ! what wilt thou do ?
 What ? rob me of heaven too ?
 Thou ev'n my prayers doft steal from me ;
 And I, with wild idolatry,
 Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

Is it a fin to love, that it fhould thus,
 Like an ill confcience torture us ?
 Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
 (None guiltlefs e'er was haunted fo !)
 Still, ftill, methinks, thy face I view,
 And ftill thy fhape does me purfue,
 As if, not you me, but I had murder'd you.

From books I ftrove fome remedy to take,
 But thy name all the letters make ;
 Whate'er 'tis writ, I find That there,
 Like points and comma's every where :
 Me bleft for this let no man hold ;
 For I, as Midas did of old,
 Perifh by turning every thing to gold.

What do I feek, alas ! or why do I
 Attempt in vain from thee to fly ?
 For making thee my deity,
 I gave thee then ubiquity.
 My pains refemble hell in this ;
 The divine prefence there too is,
 But to torment men, not to give them blifs.

A L L.

A L L - O V E R L O V E .

TIS well, 'tis well with them, say I,
 Whose short-liv'd passions with themselves can
 die :

For none can be unhappy, who,
 'Midst all his ills, a time does know
 (Though ne'er so long) when he shall not be so.

Whatever parts of me remain,
 Those parts will still the love of thee retain ;
 For 'twas not only in my heart,
 But, like a God, by powerful art
 'Twas all in all, and all in every part.

My' affection no more perish can
 Than the first matter that compounds a man.
 Hereafter, if one dust of me
 Mix'd with another's substance be,
 'Twill leaven that whole lump with love of thee.

Let Nature, if she please, disperse
 My atoms over all the universe ;
 At the last they easily shall
 Themselves know, and together call ;
 For thy love, like a mark, is stamp'd on all.

LOVE AND LIFE.

NOW, sure, within this twelvemonth past,
 I 'ave lov'd at least some twenty years or more:
 Th' account of Love runs much more fast
 Than that with which our life does score:
 So, though my life be short, yet I may prove
 The great Methusalem of Love.

Not that Love's hours or minutes are
 Shorter than those our being 's measur'd by;
 But they 're more close compacted far,
 And so in lesser room do lie:
 Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
 Things solid take up little place.

Yet Love, alas! and Life, in me,
 Are not two several things, but purely one;
 At once how can there in it be
 A double, different motion?
 O yes, there may; for so the self-same sun
 At once does slow and swiftly run:

Swiftly his daily journey he goes,
 But reads his annual with a statelier pace;
 And does three hundred rounds enclose
 Within one yearly circle's space;
 At once, with double course in the same sphere,
 He runs the day, and walks the year.

When

LOVE AND LIFE.

255

When Soul does to myself refer,
'Tis then my life, and does but slowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It swiftly flies, and then is Love.
Love's my diurnal course, divided right
'Twixt hope and fear—my day and night.

THE BARGAIN.

TAKE heed, take heed, thou lovely maid,
Nor be by glittering ills betray'd;
Thyself for money! oh, let no man know
The price of beauty fall'n so low!
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
When Love, that 's blind, is by blind Fortune led?

The foolish Indian, that sells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wise and gainful traffick hold,
Than thou, who sell'st thyself for gold.
What gains in such a bargain are?
He'll in thy mines dig better treasures far,

Can gold, alas! with thee compare?
The sun, that makes it, 's not so fair;
The sun, which can nor make nor ever see
A thing so beautiful as thee,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the sea serv'd him for a looking-glass.

Bold

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee ;
 Since Magus, none so bold as he :
 Thou 'rt so divine a thing, that thee to buy
 Is to be counted simony ;
 Too dear he 'll find his fordid price
 Has forfeited that and the Benefice.

If it be lawful thee to buy,
 There 's none can pay that rate but I ;
 Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
 But what on earth 's most like to thee ;
 And that my heart does only bear ;
 For there thyself, thy very self is there.

So much thyself does in me live,
 That, when it for thyself I give,
 'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,
 Whose stamp and value equal is ;
 And, that full weight too may be had,
 My soul and body, two grains more, I 'll add.

THE LONG LIFE.

LOVE from Time's wings hath stol'n the feathers, sure
 He has, and put them to his own ;
 For hours of late as long as days endure,
 And very minutes hours are grown.

The various motions of the turning year
 Belong not now at all to me :
 Each summer's night does Lucy's now appear,
 Each winter's day St. Barnaby.

How long a space since first I lov'd it is !
 To look into a glass I fear ;
 And am surpriz'd with wonder when I miss
 Grey-hairs and wrinkles there.

Th' old Patriarchs' age, and not their happiness too,
 Why does hard Fate to us restore ?
 Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew,
 What the Flood wash'd away before ?

Sure those are happy people that complain
 O' th' shortness of the days of man :
 Contract mine, Heaven ! and bring them back again
 To th' ordinary span.

If when your gift, long life, I disapprove,
 I too ingrateful seem to be ;
 Punish me justly, Heaven ! make her to love,
 And then 'twill be too short for me.

C O U N S E L.

GENTLY, ah gently, madam, touch
 The wound which you yourself have made ;
 That pain must needs be very much,
 Which makes me of your hand afraid.
 Cordials of pity give me now,
 For I too weak for purgings grow.

Do but awhile with patience stay
 (For counsel yet will do no good)
 'Till time, and rest, and Heaven, allay
 The violent burnings of my blood ;

For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men drunk, for being so ?

Perhaps the physick 's good you give,
But ne'er to me can useful prove ;
Medicines may cure, but not revive ;
And I 'm not sick, but dead in love.
In Love's hell, not his world, am I ;
At once I live, am dead, and die.

What new-found rhetorick is thine !
Ev'n thy dissuasions me persuade,
And thy great power does clearest shine,
When thy commands are disobey'd.
In vain thou bid'st me to forbear ;
Obedience were rebellion here.

Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant
Against thine eyes t' assist my heart ;
But different far was his intent,
For strait the traitor took their part :
And by this new foe I 'm bereft
Of all that little which was left.

The act, I must confess, was wise,
As a dishonest act could be :
Well knew the tongue, alas ! your eyes
Would be too strong for that and me ;
And part o' th' triumph chose to get,
Rather than be a part of it.

RESOLVED TO BE BELOVED

'TIS true, I 'ave lov'd already three or four,
 And shall three or four hundred more ;
 I 'll love each fair-one that I see,
 Till I find one at last that shall love me.

That shall my Canaan be, the fatal soil
 That ends my wanderings and my toil ;
 I 'll settle there, and happy grow ;
 The country does with milk and honey flow.

The needle trembles so, and turns about,
 Till it the northern point find out ;
 But constant then and fix'd does prove,
 Fix'd, that his dearest pole as soon may move.

Then may my vessel torn and shipwreck'd be,
 If it put forth again to sea !
 It never more abroad shall roam,
 Though 't could next voyage bring the Indies home.

But I must sweat in love, and labour yet,
 Till I a competency get ;
 They 're slothful fools who leave a trade,
 Till they a moderate fortune by 't have made.

Variety I ask not ; give me one
 To live perpetually upon ;
 The person Love does to us fit,
 Like manna, has the taste of all in it.

T H E S A M E.

FOR Heaven's sake, what d' you mean to do ?

Keep me, or let me go, one of the two ;

Youth and warm hours let me not idly lose,

The little time that Love does chuse :

If always here I must not stay,

Let me be gone whilst yet 'tis day ;

Left I, faint and benighted, lose my way.

'Tis dismal, one so long to love

In vain ; till to love more as vain must prove ;

To hunt so long on nimble prey, till we

Too weary to take others be :

Alas ! 'tis folly to remain,

And waste our army thus in vain,

Before a city which will ne'er be ta'en.

At several hopes wisely to fly,

Ought not to be esteem'd inconstancy ;

'Tis more inconstant always to pursue

A thing that always flies from you ;

For that at last may meet a bound,

But no end can to this be found,

'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless round.

When it does hardness meet, and pride,

My love does then rebound t' another side ;

But, if it aught that 's soft and yielding hit,

It lodges there, and stays in it.

Whatever 'tis shall first love me,

That it my heaven may truly be ;

I shall be sure to give 't eternity.

THE DISCOVERY.

BY Heaven, I 'll tell her boldly that 'tis she ;
 Why should she aſham'd or angry be,
 To be belov'd by me ?

The Gods may give their altars o'er ;
 They 'll ſmoak but ſeldom any more,
 If none but happy men muſt them adore.

The lightning, which tall oaks oppoſe in vain,
 To ſtrike ſometimes does not diſdain
 The humble furzes of the plain.

She being ſo high, and I ſo low,
 Her power by this does greater ſhow,
 Who at ſuch diſtance gives ſo ſure a blow.

Compar'd with her, all things ſo worthleſs prove,
 That nought on earth can tow'rds her move,
 Till 't be exalted by her love.

Equal to her, alas ! there 's none ;
 She like a Deity is grown ;
 That muſt create, or elſe muſt be alone.

If there be man who thinks himſelf ſo high,
 As to pretend equality,

He deſerves her leſs than I ;
 For he would cheat for his relief ;
 And one would give, with leſſer grief,
 T' an undeſerving beggar than a thief.

A G A I N S T F R U I T I O N .

NO; thou 'rt a fool, I 'll swear, if e'er thou grant;
 Much of my veneration thou must want,
 When once thy kindness puts my ignorance out;
 For a learn'd age is always least devout.
 Keep still thy distance; for at once to me
 Goddess and woman too thou canst not be:
 Thou 'rt queen of all that sees thee, and as such
 Must neither tyrannize nor yield too much;
 Such freedoms give as may admit command,
 But keep the forts and magazines in hand.
 Thou 'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill
 My large ambition; but 'tis dangerous still,
 Left I like the Pellæan prince should be,
 And weep for other worlds, having conquer'd thee:
 When Love has taken all thou hast away,
 His strength by too much riches will decay.
 Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand,
 Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;
 And I must needs, I 'm sure, a loser be,
 To change thee, as thou 'rt there, for very thee.
 Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
 That, should'st thou nectar give, 'twould spoil the taste.
 Beauty at first moves wonder and delight;
 'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the sight.
 We' admire it whilst unknown; but after, more
 Admire ourselves for liking it before.

Love,

Love, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,
 Does over-gorge himself with his own prey;
 Of very hopes a surfeit he 'll sustain,
 Unless by fears he cast them up again:
 His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone;
 If once he lose his sting, he grows a drone.

LOVE UNDISCOVERED.

SOME others may with safety tell
 The moderate flames which in them dwell;
 And either find some medicine there,
 Or cure themselves ev'n by despair;
 My love 's so great, that it might prove
 Dangerous to tell her that I love.
 So tender is my wound, it must not bear
 Any salute, though of the kindest air.

I would not have her know the pain,
 The torments, for her I sustain;
 Lest too much goodness make her throw
 Her love upon a fate too low.
 Forbid it, Heaven! my life should be
 Weigh'd with her least conveniency:
 No, let me perish rather with my grief,
 Than, to her disadvantage, find relief!

Yet when I die, my last breath shall
 Grow bold, and plainly tell her all:
 Like covetous men, who ne'er descry
 Their dear hid-treasures till they die.

Ah, fairest maid ! how will it cheer
 My ghost, to get from thee a tear !
 But take heed ; for if me thou pitiest then,
 Twenty to one but I shall live again.

THE GIVEN HEART.

I Wonder what those lovers mean, who say
 They 'ave given their hearts away :
 Some good kind lover, tell me how ;
 For mine is but a torment to me now.

If so it be one place both hearts contain,
 For what do they complain ?
 What courtesy can Love do more,
 Than to join hearts that parted were before ?

Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
 Into the self-same room ;
 'Twill tear and blow up all within,
 Like a granado shot into' a magazine.

Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts
 Of both our broken-hearts ;
 Shall out of both one new one make,
 From her's th' allay, from mine the metal, take.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
 But little left behind :
 Mine only will remain entire ;
 No dross was there, to perish in the fire.

THE PROPHE T.

TEACH me to love ! go teach thyself more wit ;
I chief professor am of it.

Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews,
Teach boldness to the stewes ;

In tyrants' courts teach supple flattery ;

Teach Jesuits, that have travel'd far, to lye ;

Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,

Teach restless fountains how to flow,

Teach the dull earth fixt to abide,

Teach woman-kind inconstancy and pride :

See if your diligence here will useful prove ;

But, pr'ythee, teach not me to love.

The God of Love, if such a thing there be,

May learn to love from me ;

He who does boast that he has been

In every heart since Adam's sin ;

I'll lay my life, nay mistress, on 't, that 's more,

I'll teach him things he never knew before ;

I'll teach him a receipt, to make

Words that weep, and tears that speak ;

I'll teach him sighs, like those in death,

At which the souls go out too with the breath ;

Still the soul stays, yet still does from me run,

As light and heat does with the sun.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am ; 'tis I

Who must new worlds in it descry ;

Rich

Rich worlds, that yield of treasure more
 Than all that has been known before,
 And yet like his, I fear, my fate must be,
 To find them out for others, not for me.
 Me times to come, I know it, shall
 Love's last and greatest prophet call ;
 But, ah ! what 's that, if she refuse,
 To hear the wholesome doctrines of my Muse ;
 If to my share the prophet's fate must come—
 Hereafter fame, here martyrdom ?

THE RESOLUTION.

THE devil take those foolish men
 Who gave you first such powers ;
 We stood on even grounds till then ;
 If any odds, creation made it ours.
 For shame, let these weak chains be broke ;
 Let 's our slight bonds, like Samson, tear ;
 And nobly cast away that yoke,
 Which we nor our forefathers e'er could bear.
 French laws forbid the female reign ;
 Yet Love does them to slavery draw :
 Alas ! if we 'll our rights maintain,
 'Tis all mankind must make a Salique law.

CALLED.

C A L L E D I N C O N S T A N T.

HA! ha! you think you've kill'd my fame,
 By this not understood, yet common, name:
A name that's full and proper, when assign'd
 To woman-kind;
 But, when you call us so,
 It can at best but for a metaphor go.

Can you the shore inconstant call,
 Which still, as waves pass by, embraces all;
 That had as lief the same waves always love,
 Did they not from him move?
 Or can you fault with pilots find
 For changing course, yet never blame the wind?

Since, drunk with vanity, you fell,
 The things turn round to you that steadfast dwell;
 And you yourself, who from us take your flight,
 Wonder to find us out of sight.
 So the same error seizes you,
As men in motion think the trees move too.

T H E W E L C O M E.

GO, let the fatted calf be kill'd;
 My prodigal's come home at last,
 With noble resolutions fill'd,
 And fill'd with sorrow for the past:

No more will burn with love or wine ;
But quite has left his women and his swine.

Welcome, ah ! welcome, my poor heart !

Welcome ! I little thought, I 'll swear
('Tis now so long since we did part)

Ever again to see thee here :

Dear wanderer ! since from me you fled,
How often have I heard that thou wert dead !

Hast thou not found each woman's breast

(The lands where thou hast travelled)

Either by savages possesst,

Or wild and uninhabited ?

What joy could'st take, or what repose,

In countries so unciviliz'd as those ?

Luft, the scorching dog-star, here

Rages with immoderate heat ;

Whilst pride, the rugged Northern bear,

In others makes the cold too great :

And, where these are temperate known,

The soil 's all barren sand or rocky stone.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view

A rich, well-govern'd heart,

Like China, it admitted you

But to the frontier-part.

From Paradise shut for evermore,

What good is 't that an angel kept the door ?

Well fare the pride, and the disdain,
 And vanities, with beauty join'd ;
 I ne'er had seen this heart again,
 If any fair-one had been kind :
 My dove, but once let loose, I doubt
 Would ne'er return, had not the flood been out.

THE HEART FLED AGAIN.

FALSE, foolish heart ! didst thou not say,
 That thou would'st never leave me more ?

Behold ! again 'tis fled away,
 Fled as far from me as before.
 I strove to bring it back again ;
 I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

Ev'n so the gentle Tyrian dame,
 When neither grief nor love prevail,
 Saw the dear object of her flame,
 Th' ingrateful Trojan, hoist his sail :
 Aloud she call'd to him to stay ;
 The wind bore him and her lost words away.

The doleful Ariadne so,
 On the wide shore forsaken stood :
 " False Theseus, whither dost thou go ?"
 Afar false Theseus cut the flood.
 But Bacchus came to her relief ;
 Bacchus himself 's too weak to ease my grief.

Ah !

Ah ! senseless heart, to take no rest,
 But travel thus eternally !
 Thus to be froz'n in every breast !
 And to be scorch'd in every eye !
 Wandering about like wretched Cain,
 Thrust-out, ill-us'd, by all, but by none slain !

Well, since thou wilt not here remain,
 I'll e'en to live without thee try ;
 My head shall take the greater pain,
 And all thy duties shall supply :
 I can more easily live, I know,
 Without thee, than without a mistress thou.

WOMEN'S SUPERSTITION.

OR I'm a very dunce, or woman-kind
 Is a most unintelligible thing :
 I can no sense nor no contexture find,
 Nor their loose parts to method bring :
 I know not what the learn'd may see,
 But they're strange Hebrew things to me.

By customs and traditions they live,
 And foolish ceremonies of antique date ;
 We lovers, new and better doctrines give,
 Yet they continue obstinate :
 Preach we, Love's prophets, what we will,
 Like Jews, they keep their old law still.

WOMEN'S SUPERSTITION. 271

Before their mothers' Gods they fondly fall,
Vain idol-gods, that have no sense nor mind :
Honour 's their Ashtaroth, and pride their Baal,
The thundering Baal of woman-kind :
With twenty other devils more,
Which they, as we do them, adore.

But then, like men both covetous and devout,
Their costly superstition loth t' omit—
And yet more loth to issue monies out,
At their own charge to furnish it—
To these expensive Deities
The hearts of men they sacrifice.

T H E S O U L.

SOME dull philosopher—when he hears me say
My soul is from me fled away,
Nor has of late inform'd my body here,
But in another's breast does lie,
That neither is, nor will be, I,
As a form servient and assisting there—
Will cry, " Absurd ! " and ask me how I live ;
And syllogisms against it give.
A curse on all your vain philosophies,
Which on weak Nature's law depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and Religion, those great mysteries !

Her body is my soul; laugh not at this,
 For by my life I swear it is.
 'Tis that preserves my being and my breath;
 From that proceeds all that I do,
 Nay all my thoughts and speeches too;
 And separation from it is my death.

E C H O.

TIR'D with the rough denials of my prayer,
 From that hard she whom I obey;
 I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,
 That gives consent to all I say.
 Ah, gentle nymph! who lik'ft so well
 In hollow, folitary caves to dwell;
 Her heart being fuch, into it go,
 And do but once from thence answer me fo!
 Complaisant nymph! who doft thus kindly share
 In griefs whose cause thou doft not know;
 Hadft thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,
 How much compassion wouldft thou show!
 Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,
 Was of lefs beauty, and lefs ravifhing power.
 Alas! I might as eafily
 Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.
 By repercuffion beams engender fire;
 Shapes by reflection shapes beget;
 The voice itfelf, when ftopt, does back retire,
 And a new voice is made by it.

Thus

Thus things by opposition
 The gainers grow ; my barren love alone
 Does from her stony breast rebound,
 Producing neither image, fire, nor sound.

T H E R I C H R I V A L.

THEY say you 're angry, and rant mightily,
 Because I love the same as you :
 Alas ! you 're very rich, 'tis true ;
But, pr'ythee, fool ! what 's that to Love and me ?
 You 'ave land and money, let that serve ;
 And know you 'ave more by that than you deserve.
 When next I see my fair-one, she shall know
 How worthless thou art of her bed ;
 And, wretch ! I 'll strike thee dumb and dead,
With noble verse not understood by you ;
 Whilst thy sole rhetorick shall be
 " Jointure" and " jewels," and " our friends agree."
Pox o' your friends, that doat and domineer ;
 Lovers are better friends than they :
 Let 's those in other things obey ;
The Fates, and Stars, and Gods, must govern here.
 Vain names of blood ! in love let none
Advise with any blood, but with their own.
 'Tis that which bids me this bright maid adore ;
 No other thought has had access !
 Did she now beg, I 'd love no less,
And, were she an empress, I should love no more ;

Were she as just and true to me,
Ah, simple soul! what would become of thee?

AGAINST HOPE.

HOPE! whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound:

Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;

If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!

The joys which we entire should wed,
Come deflower'd virgins to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty custom's paid to thee.

For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste;
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond archer, Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are!

Thin,

A G A I N S T H O P E.

275

Thin, empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
 With shapes that our own fancy gives !
 A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in tears !
 When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
 By Ignes Fatui for North-stars we fail.

Brother of Fear, more gayly clad !
 The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad :
 Sire of Repentance ! child of fond Desire !
 That blow'st the chemics', and the lovers', fire,
 Leading them still insensibly' on
 By the strange witchcraft of "anon !"
 By thee the one does changing Nature, through
 Her endless labyrinths, pursue ;
 And th' other chases Woman, whilst she goes
 More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

F O R H O P E.

H O P E ! of all ills that men endure,
 The only cheap and universal cure !
 Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health !
 Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth !
 Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
 To every taste a several meat !
 Thou strong retreat ! thou sure-entail'd estate,
 Which nought has power to alienate !
 Thou pleasant, honest flatterer ! for none
 Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone !

T 2

Hope !

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

Brother of Faith ! 'twixt whom and thee
 The joys of heaven and earth divided be !
 Though Faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,
 Thy portion yet in moveables is great.

Happiness itself 's all one
 In thee, or in possession !
 Only the future 's thine, the present his !
 Thine 's the more hard and noble bliss :
 Best apprehender of our joys ! which hast
 So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast !

Hope ! thou sad lovers' only friend !
 Thou Way, that may'st dispute it with the End !
 For Love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
 The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
 Fruition more deceitful is
 Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss ;
 Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee
 Some other way again to thee ;

And

And that 's a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.

L O V E ' S I N G R A T I T U D E .

I Little thought, thou fond ingrateful sin !
When first I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary heart,
That thou would'st e'er have grown
So false or strong to make it all thine own.

At mine own breast with care I fed thee still,
Letting thee suck thy fill ;
And daintily I nourish'd thee
With idle thoughts and poetry !
What ill returns dost thou allow !—
I fed thee then, and thou dost starve me now.

There was a time when thou wast cold and chill,
Nor hadst the power of doing ill ;
Into my bosom did I take
This frozen and benumbed snake,
Not fearing from it any harm ;
But now it stings that breast which made it warm.

What cursed weed 's this Love ! but one grain sow,
And the whole field 'twill overgrow ;
Strait will it choak up and devour
Each wholesome herb and beauteous flower !

Nay, unless something soon I do,
'Twill kill, I fear, my very laurel too.

But now all 's gone—I now, alas! complain,
Declare, protest, and threat, in vain;
Since, by my own unforc'd consent,
The traitor has my government,
And is so settled in the throne,
That 'twere rebellion now to claim mine own.

THE FRAILTY.

I Know 'tis sordid, and 'tis low
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I so hotly now pursue
(I know all this as well as you);
But, whilst this cursed flesh I bear,
And all the weakness and the baseness there,
Alas! alas! it will be always so.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,
I rage sometimes, and bite my chain;
Yet to what purpose do I bite
With teeth which ne'er will break it quite?
For, if the chiefest Christian Head
Was by this sturdy tyrant buffeted,
What wonder is it if weak I be slain?

C O L D N E S S.

AS water fluid is, till it do grow
 Solid and fixt by cold ;
 So in warm seasons Love does loosely flow ;
 Frost only can it hold :
 A woman's rigour and disdain
 Does his swift course restrain.
 Though constant and consistent now it be,
 Yet, when kind beams appear,
 It melts, and glides apace into the sea,
 And loses itself there.
 So the sun's amorous play
 Kisses the ice away.
 You may in vulgar loves find always this ;
 But my substantial love
 Of a more firm and perfect nature is ;
 No weathers can it move :
 Though heat dissolve the ice again,
 The crystal solid does remain.

E N J O Y M E N T.

THEN like some wealthy island thou shalt lie,
 And like the sea about it, I ;
 Thou, like fair Albion to the sailors' sight,
 Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white ;
 Like the kind Ocean I will be,
 With loving arms for ever clasping thee.

But I 'll embrace thee gentlier far than so ;
 As their fresh banks soft rivers do :
 Nor shall the proudest planet boast a power
 Of making my full love to ebb one hour ;
 It never dry or low can prove,
 Whilst thy unwaisted fountain feeds my love.

Such heat and vigour shall our kisses bear,
 As if like doves we 'engender'd there :
 No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure,
 In love there 's none too much an Epicure :
 Nought shall my hands or lips control ;
 I 'll kiss thee through, I 'll kiss thy very soul.

Yet nothing but the night our sports shall know ;
 Night, that 's both blind and silent too !
 Alpheus found not a more secret trace,
 His lov'd Sicilian fountain to embrace,
 Creeping so far beneath the sea,
 Than I will do t' enjoy and feast on thee.

Men, out of wisdom ; women, out of pride,
 The pleasant thefts of love do hide :
 That may secure thee ; but thou 'ast yet from me
 A more infallible security ;
 For there 's no danger I should tell
 The joys which are to me unspeakable.

SLEEP.

S L E E P.

IN vain, thou drowsy God! I thee invoke;
 For thou, who dost from fumes arise—
 Thou, who man's soul dost overshadow
 With a thick cloud by vapours made—
 Canst have no power to shut his eyes,
 Or passage of his spirits to choke,
 Whose flame 's so pure that it sends up no smoke.

Yet how do tears but from some vapours rise?
 Tears, that bewinter all my year?
 The fate of Egypt I sustain,
 And never feel the dew of rain,
 From clouds which in the head appear;
 But all my too much moisture owe
 To overflowings of the heart below.

Thou, who dost men (as nights to colours do)
 Bring all to an equality!
 Come, thou just God! and equal me
 Awhile to my disdainful She:
 In that condition let me lie,
 Till Love does me the favour shew:
 Love equals all a better way than you.

Then never more shalt thou b' invok'd by me;
 Watchful as spirits and Gods I'll prove:
 Let her but grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy kinsman Death defy;
 For, betwixt thee and them that love,
 Never will an agreement be;

Thou scorn'st th' unhappy, and the happy, thee!

B E A U T Y.

B E A U T Y.

BEAUTY! thou wild fantastick ape,
 Who dost in every country change thy shape!
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
 Thou flatterer! which comply'st with every sight!

Thou Babel, which confound'st the eye
 With unintelligible variety!

Who hast no certain What, nor Where;
 But vary'st still, and dost thyself declare
 Inconstant, as thy she-professors are.

Beauty! Love's scene and masquerade,
 So gay by well-plac'd lights and distance made;
 False coin, with which th' impostor cheats us still;
 The stamp and colour good, but metal ill!

Which light or base we find, when we
 Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee!

For, though thy being be but show,
 'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow:
 And chuse t' enjoy thee, when thou least art Thou.

Beauty! thou active, passive ill!
 Which dy'st thyself as fast as thou dost kill!
 Thou tulip, who thy stock in paint dost waste,
 Neither for physic good, nor smell, nor taste.

Beauty! whose flames but meteors are,
 Short-liv'd and low, though thou would'st seem a star;
 Who dar'st not thine own home descry,
 Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,
 When thou, alas! dost in the fancy lie.

Beauty!

Beauty! whose conquests still are made
 O'er hearts by cowards kept, or else betray'd ;
 Weak victor! who thyself destroy'd must be
 When Sickness storms, or Time besieges thee !
 Thou 'unwholesome thaw to frozen age !
 Thou strong wine, which youth's fever dost enrage !
 Thou tyrant, which leav'ft no man free !
 Thou subtle thief, from whom nought safe can be !
 Thou murderer, which haft kill'd, and devil, which
 would'ft damn me !

T H E P A R T I N G .

AS men in Greenland left beheld the sun
 From their horizon run,
 And thought upon the sad half-year
 Of cold and darkness they must suffer there :
 So on my parting mistress did I look ;
 With such swoln eyes my farewell took ;
 Ah, my fair star ! said I ;
Ah, those blest lands to which bright Thou dost fly !
 In vain the men of learning comfort me,
 And say I 'm in a warm degree ;
 Say what they please, I say and swear
 'Tis beyond eighty' at least, if you 're not here.
 It is, it is ; I tremble with the frost,
 And know that I the day have lost ;
 And those wild things which men they call,
 I find to be but bears or foxes all.

Return,

Return, return, gay planet of mine East,
 Of all that shines thou much the best!
 And, as thou now descend'st to sea,
 More fair and fresh rise up from thence to me!

Thou, who in many a propriety,
 So truly art the fun to me,
 Add one more likeness (which I'm sure you can)
 And let me and my fun beget a man!

M Y P I C T U R E .

HERE, take my likeness with you, whilst 'tis so;
 For, when from hence you go,
 The next sun's rising will behold
 Me pale, and lean, and old:
 The man who did this picture draw,
 Will swear next day my face he never saw.

I really believe, within a while,
 If you upon this shadow smile,
 Your presence will such vigour give
 (Your presence, which makes all things live!)
 And absence so much alter me,
 This will the substance, I the shadow, be.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
 And your bright looks awake it,
 Ah! be not frightened if you see
 The new-soul'd picture gaze on thee,
 And hear it breathe a sigh or two;
 For those are the first things that it will do.

My

MY PICTURE.

283

My rival-image will be then thought blest,
And laugh at me as dispossess't ;
But thou, who (if I know thee right)
I' th' substance dost not much delight,
Wilt rather send again for me,
Who then shall but my picture's picture be.

THE CONCEALMENT.

NO ; to what purpose should I speak ?
No, wretched heart ! swell till you break.
She cannot love me if she would ;
And, to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.
No ; to the grave thy sorrows bear ;
As silent as they will be there :
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handsomely the thing contrive,
That she may guiltless of it live ;
So perish, that her killing thee
May a chance-medley, and no murder, be.
'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By' her beauty, not her anger, die :
This will look justly, and become
An execution ; that, a martyrdom.
The censuring world will ne'er refrain
From judging men by thunder slain.
She must be angry, sure, if I should be
So bold to ask her to make me,
By being her's, happier than she !
I will not ; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, than her hate.

And

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
 Will ominous to her appear ;
 When, found in every other part,
 Her sacrifice is found without an heart ;
 For the last tempest of my death
 Shall fight out that too with my breath.
 Then shall the world my noble ruin see,
 Some pity and some envy me ;
 Then she herself, the mighty she,
 Shall grace my funerals with this truth ;
 " 'Twas only Love destroy'd the gentle youth !"

THE MONOPOLY.

WHAT mines of sulphur in my breast do lie,
 That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart !
 Not Ætna flames more fierce or constantly,
 The sounding shop of Vulcan's smoky art :
 Vulcan his shop has placed there,
 And Cupid's forge is set-up here.

Here all those arrows' mortal heads are made,
 That fly so thick unseen through yielding air ;
 The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,
 Are Jealousy, Fear, Sadness, and Despair.
 Ah, cruel God! and why to me
 Gave you this curst monopoly ?

I have the trouble, not the gains, of it :—
 Give me but the disposal of one dart,
 And then (I 'll ask no other benefit)
 Heat as you please your furnace in my heart :

THE MONOPOLY.

287.

So sweet 's revenge to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly die.

Deep into' her bosom would I strike the dart,
Deeper than woman e'er was struck by thee;
Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so far from
th' heart,

They flutter still about, inconstantly :
Curse on thy goodness, whom we find
Civil to none but woman-kind !

Vain God ! who women dost thyself adore !
Their wounded hearts do still retain the powers
To travel and to wander, as before :
Thy broken arrows 'twixt that sex and ours
So 'unjustly are distributed,
They take the feathers, we the head.

THE DISTANCE.

I'VE followed thee a year, at least,
And never stopp'd myself to rest ;
But yet can thee o'ertake no more
Than this day can the day that went before.

In this our fortunes equal prove
To stars, which govern them above ;
Our stars, that move for ever round,
With the same distance still betwixt them found.

In vain, alas ! in vain I strive
The wheel of Fate faster to drive ;
Since, if around it swifelier fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

Hearts

Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,
 That there can never meet a pair !
 Tamelier than worms are lovers slain ;
 The wounded heart ne'er turns, to wound again.

THE INCREASE.

I Thought, I'll swear, I could have lov'd no more
 Than I had done before ;
 But you as easily might account
 Till to the top of numbers you amount,
 As cast up my love's score.
 Ten thousand millions was the sum ;
 Millions of endless millions are to come.
 I'm sure her beauties cannot greater grow ;
 Why should my love do so ?
 A real cause at first did move ;
 But mine own fancy now drives-on my love,
 With shadows from itself that flow.
 My love, as we in numbers see,
 By cyphers is increas'd eternally.
 So the new-made and untry'd spheres above
 Took their first turn from th' hand of Jove ;
 But are, since that beginning, found
 By their own forms to move for ever round.
 All violent motions short do prove ;
 But, by the length, 'tis plain to see
 That Love 's a motion natural to me.

L O V E ' S V I S I B I L I T Y .

WITH much of pain, and all the art I knew,
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

The world perceives it, and, it may be, she ;
Though so discreet and good she be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to me.

Men without love have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have shown ;
But none who had it ever seem'd t' have none.

Love 's of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no arts or disguises find,
But thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.

The very eye betrays our inward smart ;
Love of himself left there a part,
When thorough it he past into the heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the secret wisely, yet,
Like drunkenness, into the tongue 'twill get.

L O O K I N G O N , A N D D I S C O U R S I N G W I T H ,
H I S M I S T R E S S .

TH E S E full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain ?
To look on heaven with mighty gulfs between
Was the great miser's greatest pain ;

So near was he to heaven's delight,
 As with the blest converse he might,
 Yet could not get one drop of water by 't.

Ah wretch ! I seem to touch her now ; but oh,
 What boundless spaces do us part !
 Fortune, and friends, and all earth's empty show,
 My lowness, and her high desert :
 But these might conquerable prove ;
 Nothing does me so far remove,
 As her hard soul's aversion from my love.

So travellers, that lose their way by night,
 If from afar they chance t' espy
 Th' uncertain glimmerings of a taper's light,
 Take flattering hopes, and think it nigh ;
 Till, wearied with the fruitless pain,
 They sit them down, and weep in vain,
 And there in darkness and despair remain.

RESOLVED TO LOVE.

I Wonder what the grave and wise
 Think of all us that love ;
 Whether our pretty fooleries
 Their mirth or anger move :
 They understand not breath that words does want ;
 Our sighs to them are insignificant.

RESOLVED TO LOVE. 291

One of them saw me, th' other day,
Touch the dear hand which I admire;
My soul was melting strait away,
And dropt before the fire:
This silly wise-man, who pretends to know,
Ask'd why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?
Another, from my mistress' door
Saw me with eyes all watery come;
Nor could the hidden cause explore,
But thought some smoke was in the room:
Such ignorance from unwounded learning came;
He knew tears made by smoke, but not by flame.
If learn'd in other things you be,
And have in love no skill,
For God's sake keep your arts from me,
For I 'll be ignorant still:
Study or action others may embrace;
My love 's my business, and my books her face.
These are but trifles, I confess,
Which me, weak mortal! move;
Nor is your busy seriousness
Less trifling than my love:
The wisest king, who from his sacred breast
Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best.

M Y F A T E.

GO bid the needle his dear North forsake,
 To which with trembling reverence it does bend;
 Go bid the stones a journey upwards make;
 Go bid th' ambitious flame no more ascend:
 And, when these false to their old motions prove,
 Then shall I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

The fast-link'd chain of everlasting Fate
 Does nothing tie more strong than me to you;
 My fixt love hangs not on your love or hate,
 But will be still the same, whate'er you do:
 You cannot kill my love with your disdain;
 Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

Me, mine example, let the Stoicks use,
 Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain;
 Let all predestinators me produce,
 Who struggle with eternal bonds in vain:
 This fire I 'm born to—but 'tis she must tell,
 Whether 't be beams of heaven or flames of hell.

You who men's fortunes in their faces read,
 To find out mine, look not, alas! on me;
 But mark her face, and all the features heed;
 For only there is writ my destiny:
 Or, if stars shew it, gaze not on the skies;
 But study the astrology of her eyes.

If

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
 What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear;
 I well believe the fate of mortal days
 Is writ in heaven; but oh, my heaven is there.
 What can men learn from stars they scarce can see?
 Two great lights rule the world, and her two me.

T H E H E A R T - B R E A K I N G .

IT gave a piteous groan, and so it broke;
 In vain it something would have spoke:
 The love within too strong for 't was,
 Like poison put into a Venice-glass.

I thought that this some remedy might prove;
 But oh, the mighty serpent Love,
 Cut by this chance in pieces small,
 In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

And now, alas! each little broken part
 Feels the whole pain of all my heart;
 And every smallest corner still
 Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.

Even so rude armies, when the field they quit,
 And into several quarters get;
 Each troop does spoil and ruin more
 Than all join'd in one body did before.

How many Loves reign in my bosom now!
 How many loves, yet all of you!

Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My Monarch-Love into a Tyrant-State.

THE USURPATION.

THOU'adst to my soul no title or pretence ;
I was mine own, and free,
Till I had given myself to thee ;
But thou hast kept me slave and prisoner since.
Well, since so insolent thou 'rt grown,
Fond tyrant ! I 'll depose thee from thy throne ;
Such outrages must not admitted be
In an elective monarchy.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall ;
My country, kindred, and my best
Acquaintance, were to share the rest ;
But thou, their covetous neighbour, drav'st out all ;
Nay more ; thou mak'st me worship thee,
And would'st the rule of my religion be :
Did ever tyrant claim such power as you,
To be both emperor and pope too ?

The public miseries, and my private fate,
Deserve some tears ; but greedy thou
(Insatiate maid !) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee should alienate :
Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
Though the sole cause of most of them thou art ;
Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,
Since first mine eyes I gave to you.

Thou

Thou all my joys and all my hopes dost claim ;
 Thou ragest like a fire in me,
 Converting all things into thee ;
 Nought can resist, or not encrease the flame :
 Nay, every grief and every fear
 Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear :
 Thy presence, like the crowned basilisk's breath,
 All other serpents puts to death.

As men in hell are from diseases free,
 So from all other ills am I ;
 Free from their known formality :
 But all pains eminently lie in thee !
 Alas, alas ! I hope in vain
 My conquer'd soul from out thine hands to gain ;
 Since all the natives there thou 'ast overthrown,
 And planted garrisons of thine own.

M A I I E ' S H E A D.

THou worst estate ev'n of the sex that 's worst ;
 Therefore by Nature made at first
 T' attend the weakness of our birth !
 Slight outward curtain to the nuptial bed !
 Thou case to buildings not yet finished !
 Who, like the centre of the earth,
 Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
 Though thou a point imaginary be !

A thing God thought for mankind so unfit,
That his first blessing ruin'd it.

Cold, frozen nurse of fiercest fires !

Who, like the parched plains of Afric's sand
(A sterile, and a wild unlovely land !)

Art always scorch'd with hot desires,

Yet barren quite, didst thou not bring

Monsters and serpents forth thyself to sting !

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost dwell

Like a close conjurer in his cell,

And fear'st the day's discovering eye !

No wonder 'tis at all that thou should'st be

Such tedious and unpleasant company,

Who liv'st so melancholily !

Thou thing of subtle, slippery kind,

Which women lose, and yet no man can find !

Although I think thou never found wilt be,

Yet I 'm resolv'd to search for thee ;

The search itself rewards the pains :

So, though the chemick his great secret miss

(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)

Yet things well worth his toil he gains ;

And does his charge and labour pay

With good unsought experiments by the way.

Say what thou wilt, chastity is no more

Thee, than a porter is his door.

In vain to . . . they pretend,
 Who guard themselves with ramparts and with walls;
 Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,
 Who can an open breach defend.
 Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
 Within so hated, and so lov'd without.

I M P O S S I B I L I T I E S.

IMpossibilities! oh no, there 's none;
 Could mine bring thy heart captive home,
 As easily other dangers were o'erthrown,
 As Cæsar, after vanquish'd Rome,
 His little Asian foes did overcome.

True lovers oft by Fortune are envied;
 Oft earth and hell against them strive;
 But Providence engages on their side,
 And a good end at last does give:
 At last, just men and lovers always thrive.

As stars (not powerful else) when they conjoin,
 Change, as they please, the world's estate;
 So thy heart in conjunction with mine
 Shall our own fortunes regulate;
 And to our stars themselves prescribe a fate.

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold romance,
 That should two kind examples shew,
 Which before us in wonders did advance;

Not that I thought that story true,
 But none should Fancy more, than I would Do.
 Through spite of our worst enemies, thy friends ;
 Through local banishment from thee ;
 Through the loud thoughts of less-concerning ends,
 As easy shall my passage be,
 As was the amorous youth's o'er Helle's sea :
 In vain the winds, in vain the billows, roar ;
 In vain the stars their aid deny'd ;
 He saw the Sestian tower on th' other shore :
 Shall th' Hellespont our loves divide ?
 No, not the Atlantick ocean's boundless tide.
 Such seas betwixt us easily conquer'd are ;
 But, gentle maid ! do not deny
 To let thy beams shine on me from afar ;
 And still the taper let me espy :
 For, when thy light goes out, I sink and die.

S I L E N C E.

CURSE on this tongue, that has my heart betray'd,
 And his great secret open laid !
 For, of all persons, chiefly she
 Should not the ills I suffer know ;
 Since 'tis a thing might dangerous grow,
 Only in her to pity me :
 Since 'tis for me to lose my life more fit,
 Than 'tis for her to save and ransom it.

Ah!

Ah! never more shall thy unwilling ear
 My helpless story hear;
 Discourse and talk awake does keep
 The rude unquiet pain
 That in my breast does reign;
 Silence perhaps may make it sleep:
I'll bind that sore up I did ill reveal;
 The wound, if once it close, may chance to heal.
No, 'twill ne'er heal; my love will never die,
 Though it should speechless lie.
 A river, ere it meet the sea,
 As well might stay its source,
 As my love can his course,
 Unless it join and mix with thee:
 If any end or stop of it be found,
 We know the flood runs still, though under ground.

T H E D I S S E M B L E R.

UNHURT, untouch'd, did I complain,
 And terrify'd all others with the pain:
 But now I feel the mighty evil;
 Ah! there's no fooling with the devil!
So, wanton men, whilst others they would fright,
 Themselves have met a real sprite.
 I thought, I'll swear, an handsome lye
 Had been no sin at all in poetry;
 But now I suffer an arrest,
 For words were spoke by me in jest.

Dull,

Dull, sottish God of Love! and can it be
Thou understand'st not raillery?

Darts, and wounds, and flame, and heat,
I nam'd but for the rhyme, or the conceit;
Nor meant my verse should raised be
To this sad fame of prophecy:
Truth gives a dull propriety to my style,
And all the metaphors does spoil.

In things where fancy much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign;
The play at last a truth does grow,
And Custom into Nature go:
By this curst art of begging I became
Lame, with counterfeiting lame.

My lines of amorous desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire;
And 'twas a barbarous delight
My fancy promis'd from the sight:
But now, by Love, the mighty Phalaris, I
My burning Bull the first do try.

THE INCONSTANT.

I Never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifty's space,
They all victorious be.

Love,

Love, thou 'rt a devil, if I may call thee one ;
For sure in me thy name is Legion.

Colour, or shape, good limbs, or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find ;
In motion or in speech a grace ;
If all fail, yet 'tis woman-kind ;
And I 'm so weak, the pistol need not be
Double or treble charg'd to murder me.

If tall, the name of proper slays ;
If fair, she 's pleasant as the light ;
If low, her prettiness does please ;
If black, what lover loves not night ?
If yellow-hair'd, I love, lest it should be
Th' excuse to others for not loving me.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart ;
The lean, with love makes me too soft :
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart
To me ; if crooked, 'tis his bow :
Nay, age itself does me to rage incline,
And strength to women gives, as well as wine.

Just half as large as Charity
My richly-landed Love 's become ;
And, judg'd aright, is Constancy,
Though it take up a larger room :
Him, who loves always one, why should they call
More constant than the man loves always all ?

Thus

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
 Through all Love's gardens and his fields;
 And, like the wise, industrious bee,
 No weed but honey to me yields!
 Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
 Though I return not home with laden thighs.

My soul at first indeed did prove
 Of pretty strength against a dart,
 Till I this habit got of love;
 But my consum'd and wasted heart,
 Once burnt to tinder with a strong desire,
 Since that, by every spark is set on fire.

THE CONSTANT.

GREAT and wise conqueror, who, where'er
 Thou com'st, dost fortify, and settle there!
 Who canst defend as well as get,
 And never hadst one quarter beat-up yet;
 Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part
 With one inch of my vanquish'd heart;
 For, since thou took'st it by assault from me,
 'Tis garrison'd so strong with thoughts of thee,
 It fears no beauteous enemy.

Had thy charming strength been less,
 I 'ad serv'd ere this an hundred mistresses:
 I 'm better thus, nor would compound
 To leave my prison to be a vagabond;
 A prison in which I still would be,
 Though every door stood ope to me.

In spite both of thy coldness and thy pride,
 All love is marriage on thy lover's side,
 For only death can them divide.

Close, narrow chain, yet soft and kind
 As that which spirits above to good does bind,
 Gentle and sweet Necessity,
 Which does not force, but guide, our liberty!
 Your love on me were spent in vain,
 Since my love still could but remain
 Just as it is; for what, alas! can be
 Added to that which hath infinity
 Both in extent and quality?

HER NAME.

WITH more than Jewish reverence as yet
 Do I the sacred name conceal;
 When, ye kind stars, ah when will it be fit
 This gentle mystery to reveal?
 When will our love be nam'd, and we possess
 That christening as a badge of happiness?
 So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,
 To wear that gem on any line;
 Nor, till the happy nuptial Muse be seen,
 Shall any stanza with it shine.
 Rest, mighty name! till then; for thou must be
 Laid down by her, ere taken up by me.

Then

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;

Then Echo's burden it shall be;

Then all the birds in several notes shall sing,

And all the rivers murmur, thee;

Then every wind the sound shall upwards bear,

And softly whisper 't to some angel's ear.

Then shall thy name through all my verse be spread,

Thick as the flowers in meadows lie,

And, when in future times they shall be read

(As sure, I think, they will not die)

If any critic doubt that they be mine,

Men by that stamp shall quickly know the coin.

Meanwhile I will not dare to make a name

To represent thee by;

Adam (God's nomenclator) could not frame

One that enough should signify:

Astrea or Celia as unfit would prove

For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity Jove.

W E E P I N G.

SEE where she sits, and in what comely wise
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!

Ah, charming maid! let not ill-fortune see

Th' attire thy sorrow wears,

Nor know the beauty of thy tears;

For she 'll still come to dress herself in thee.

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy
 In every drop, methinks, her eye.
 The baby, which lives there, and always plays
 In that illustrious sphere,
 Like a Narcissus does appear,
 Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.
 Ne'er yet did I behold so glorious weather,
 As this sun-shine and rain together.
 Pray Heaven her forehead, that pure hill of snow
 (For some such fountain we must find,
 To waters of so fair a kind)
 Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below !
 Ah, mighty Love ! that it were inward heat
 Which made this precious limbeck sweat !
 But what, alas ! ah, what does it avail,
 That she weeps tears so wondrous cold,
 As scarce the afs's hoof can hold,
 So cold, that I admire they fall not hail.

D I S C R E T I O N.

Discreet ! what means this word discreet ?
 A curse on all discretion !
 This barbarous term you will not meet
 In all Love's lexicon.
 Jointure, portion, gold, estate,
 Houses, household-stuff, or land,
 (The low conveniencies of Fate)
 Are Greek no lovers understand.

Believe me, beauteous one ! when love
 Enters into a breast,
 The two first things it does remove
 Are friends and interest.

Passion 's half blind, nor can endure
 The careful, scrupulous eyes ;
 Or else I could not love, I 'm sure,
 One who in love were wise.

Men, in such tempests tost about,
 Will, without grief or pain,
 Cast all their goods and riches out,
 Themselves their port to gain.

As well might martyrs, who do choose
 That sacred death to take,
 Mourn for the cloaths which they must lose,
 When they 're bound naked to the stake.

THE WAITING-MAID.

THY Maid ! ah ! find some nobler theme
 Whereon thy doubts to place ;
 Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
 The glories of thy face.

Alas ! she makes thee shine so fair,
 So exquisitely bright,
 That her dim lamp must disappear
 Before thy potent light.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee
 Maliciously are spent ;
 And make that beauty tyranny,
 That 's else a civil government.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
 Is but a barbarous skill ;
 'Tis like the poisoning of a dart
 Too apt before to kill.

The ministering angels none can see ;
 'Tis not their beauty' or face,
 For which by men they worship'd be ;
 But their high office and their place.
 Thou art my Goddess, my Saint she ;
 I pray to her, only to pray to thee.

C O U N S E L.

AH! what advice can I receive !
 No, satisfy me first ;
 For who would physick-potions give
 To one that dies with thirst ?

A little puff of breath, we find,
 Small fires can quench and kill ;
 But, when they 're great, the adverse wind
 Does make them greater still.

Now whilst you speak, it moves me much,
 But strait I 'm just the same ;
 Alas ! th' effect must needs be such
 Of cutting through a flame.

T H E C U R E.

COME, doctor! use thy roughest art,
 Thou canst not cruel prove;
 Cut, burn, and torture, every part,
 To heal me of my love.

There is no danger, if the pain
 Should me to a fever bring;
 Compar'd with heats I now sustain,
 A fever is so cool a thing
 (Like drink which feverish men desire)
 That I should hope 'twould almost quench my fire.

T H E S E P A R A T I O N.

ASK me not what my love shall do or be
 (Love, which is foul to body, and soul of me!)
 When I am separated from thee;
 Alas! I might as easily show,

What after death the soul will do;
 'Twill last, I'm sure, and that is all we know.

The thing call'd soul will never stir nor move,
 But all that while a lifeless carcase prove;

For 'tis the body of my love:

Not that my love will fly away,

But still continue; as, they say,

Sad troubled ghosts about their graves do stray.

T H E T R E E.

I Chose the flourishing't tree in all the park,
 With freshest boughs and fairest head ;
 I cut my love into his gentle bark,
 And in three days, behold ! 'tis dead :
 My very written flames so violent be,
 They 've burnt and wither'd-up the tree.

How should I live myself, whose heart is found
 Deeply graven every where
 With the large history of many a wound,
 Larger than thy trunk can bear ?
 With art as strange as Homer in the nut,
 Love in my heart has volumes put.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take
 The leaves and beauties all,
 As a strong poison with one drop does make
 The nails and hairs to fall :
 Love (I see now) a kind of witchcraft is,
 Or characters could ne'er do this.

Pardon, ye birds and nymphs, who lov'd this shade ;
 And pardon me, thou gentle tree ;
 I thought her name would thee have happy made,
 And blessed omens hop'd from thee :
 " Notes of my love, thrive here," said I, " and grow ;
 " And with ye let my love do so."

Alas, poor youth ! thy love will never thrive !

This blasted tree predestines it ;

Go, tie the dismal knot (why should'st thou live ?)

And, by the lines thou there hast writ,

Deform'dly hanging, the sad picture be

To that unlucky history.

HER UNBELIEF.

'T IS a strange kind of ignorance this in you !

That you your victories should not spy,

Victories gotten by your eye !

That your bright beams, as those of comets do,

Should kill, but not know how, nor who !

That truly you my idol might appear,

Whilst all the people smell and see

The odorous flames I offer thee,

Thou sitt'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear,

Thy constant, zealous worshiper.

They see 't too well who at my fires repine ;

Nay, th' unconcern'd themselves do prove

Quick-ey'd enough to spy my love ;

Nor does the cause in thy face clearer shine,

Than the effect appears in mine.

Fair infidel ! by what unjust decree

Must I, who with such restless care

Would make this truth to thee appear,

Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be

Damn'd by thy incredulity ?

I, by

I, by thy unbelief, am guiltless slain :
 Oh, have but faith, and then, that you
 May know that faith for to be true,
 It shall itself by' a miracle maintain,
 And raise me from the dead again !

Meanwhile my hopes may seem to be o'erthrown ;
 But lovers' hopes are full of art,
 And thus dispute—That, since my heart,
 Though in thy breast, yet is not by thee known,
 Perhaps thou may'st not know thine own.

THE GAZERS.

COME, let's go on, where love and youth does call ;
 I've seen too much, if this be all.
 Alas ! how far more wealthy might I be
 With a contented ignorant poverty !
 To shew such stores, and nothing grant,
 Is to enrage and vex my want.
 For love to die an infant's lesser ill,
 Than to live long, yet live in childhood still.
 We've both sat gazing only, hitherto,
 As man and wife in picture do ;
 The richest crop of joy is still behind,
 And he who only sees, in love, is blind.
 So, at first, Pygmalion lov'd,
 But th' amour at last improv'd ;
 The statue' itself at last a woman grew,
 And so at last, my dear, should you do too.

Beauty to man the greatest torture is,
 Unless it lead to farther bliss,
 Beyond the tyrannous pleasures of the eye;
 It grows too serious a cruelty,
 Unless it heal, as well as strike :
 I would not, salamander-like,
 In scorching heats always to live desire,
 But, like a martyr, pass to heaven through fire.

Mark how the lusty sun salutes the spring,
 And gently kisses every thing !
 His loving beams unlock each maiden flower,
 Search all the treasures, all the sweets devour :
 Then on the earth, with bridegroom-heat,
 He does still new flowers beget.
 The sun himself, although all eye he be,
 Can find in love more pleasure than to see.

THE INCURABLE.

I Try'd if books would cure my love, but found
 Love made them nonsense all ;
 I 'apply'd receipts of business to my wound,
 But stirring did the pain recall.

As well might men who in a fever fry,
 Mathematic doubts debate ;
 As well might men who mad in darkness lie,
 Write the dispatches of a state.

I try'd

THE INCURABLE.

313

I try'd devotion, sermons, frequent prayer,
But those did worse than useless prove;
For prayers are turn'd to sin, in those who are
Out of charity, or in love.

I try'd in wine to drown the mighty care;
But wine, alas! was oil to th' fire;
Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there
Did double the desire.

I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,
And mix'd with pleasant companies;
My mirth did graceless and insipid grow,
And 'bove a clinch it could not rise.

Nay, God forgive me for 't! at last I try'd,
'Gainst this some new desire to stir,
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I espy'd
Some faint resemblances of her.

The physic made me worse, with which I strove
This mortal ill t' expel;
As wholesome medicines the disease improve,
There where they work not well.

H O N O U R.

SHE loves, and she confesses too;
There 's then, at last, no more to do:
The happy work 's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou hast won;

The

The fruits of conquest now begin ;
 Iö triumph ! Enter in.

What 's this, ye Gods ! what can it be ?
 Remains there still an enemy ?
 Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
 And would yet capitulate ;
 Have I o'ercome all real foes,
 And shall this phantom me oppose ?

Noisy nothing ! stalking shade !
 By what witchcraft wert thou made ?
 Empty cause of solid harms !
 But I shall find out counter-charms,
 Thy airy devilship to remove
 From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
 By the night's obscurity,
 And obscurer secrecy !
 Unlike to every other sprite,
 Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,
 Nor appear'st but in the light.

THE INNOCENT ILL.

THOUGH all thy gestures and discourses be
 Coin'd and stamp'd by modesty ;
 Though from thy tongue ne'er slipp'd away
 One word which nuns at th' altar might not say ;

Yet

Yet such a sweetness, such a grace,
 In all thy speech appear,
 That what to th' eye a beauteous face,
 That thy tongue is to th' ear :

So cunningly it wounds the heart,
 It strikes such heat through every part,
 That thou a tempter worse than Satan art.

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracks have been

So much as of original sin,
 Such charms thy beauty wears as might
 Defires in dying confes'd faints excite :

Thou, with strange adultery,
 Dost in each breast a brothel keep ;
 Awake all men do lust for thee,
 And some enjoy thee when they sleep.

Ne'er before did woman live,
 Who to such multitudes did give
 The root and cause of sin, but only Eve.

Though in thy breast so quick a pity be,
 That a fly's death 's a wound to thee ;
 Though savage and rock-hearted those
 Appear, that weep not ev'n Romance's woes ;
 Yet ne'er before was tyrant known,
 Whose rage was of so large extent ;
 The ills thou dost are whole thine own ;
 Thou 'rt principal and instrument :
 In all the deaths that come from you,
 You do the treble office do
 Of judge, of torturer, and of weapon too.

Thou

Thou lovely instrument of angry Fate,
 Which God did for our faults create !
 Thou pleasant, universal ill,
 Which, sweet as health, yet like a plague dost kill !
 Thou kind, well-natur'd tyranny !
 Thou chaste committer of a rape !
 Thou voluntary destiny,
 Which no man can, or would, escape !
 So gentle, and so glad to spare,
 So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
 (We know) ev'n the destroying-angels are.

D I A L O G U E .

She. **W**HAT have we done? what cruel passion
 mov'd thee,
 Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee ?
 Me thou 'st robb'd ; but what art thou
 Thyself the richer now ?
 Shame succeeds the short-liv'd pleasure ;
 So soon is spent, and gone, this thy ill-gotten treasure !

He. We 'ave done no harm ; nor was it theft in me,
 But noblest charity in thee.
 I 'll the well-gotten pleasure
 Safe in my memory treasure :
 What though the flower itself do waste,
 The essence from it drawn does long and sweeter last.

She.

She. No: I'm undone; my honour thou hast slain,
 And nothing can restore 't again.
 Art and labour to bestow,
 Upon the carcase of it now,
 Is but t' embalm a body dead;
 The figure may remain, the life and beauty 's fled.

He. Never, my dear, was honour yet undone
 By Love, but Indiscretion.
 To th' wife it all things does allow;
 And cares not What we do, but How.
 Like tapers shut in ancient urns,
 Unless it let-in air, for ever shines and burns.

She. Thou first, perhaps, who didst the fault commit,
 Wilt make thy wicked boast of it;
 For men, with Roman pride, above
 The conquest do the triumph love;
 Nor think a perfect victory gain'd,
 Unless they through the streets their captive lead en-
 chain'd.

He. Whoe'er his secret joys has open laid,
 The bawd to his own wife is made;
 Beside, what boast is left for me,
 Whose whole wealth 's a gift from thee?
 'Tis you the conqueror are, 'tis you
 Who have not only ta'en, but bound and gagg'd
 me too.

She. Though public punishment we escape, the sin
 Will rack and torture us within:

Guilt

Guilt and sin our bosom bears ;
 And, though fair yet the fruit appears,
 That worm which now the core does waste,
 When long 't has gnaw'd within, will break the skin
 at last.

He. That thirsty drink, that hungry food, I sought,
 That wounded balm is all my fault ;
 And thou in pity didst apply,
 The kind and only remedy :
 The cause absolves the crime ; since me
 So mighty force did move, so mighty goodness thee.

She. Curse on thine arts ! methinks I hate thee now ;
 And yet I 'm sure I love thee too !
 I 'm angry ; but my wrath will prove
 More innocent than did thy love.
 Thou hast this day undone me quite ;
 Yet wilt undo me more should'st thou not come at
 night.

VERSES LOST UPON A WAGER.

AS soon hereafter will I wagers lay
 'Gainst what an oracle shall say ;
 Fool that I was, to venture to deny
 A tongue so us'd to victory !
 A tongue so blest by nature and by art,
 That never yet it spoke but gain'd an heart :

Though

VERSES LOST UPON A WAGER. 319

Though what you said had not been true,
If spoke by any else but you ;
Your speech will govern destiny,
And Fate will change rather than you should lye.

'Tis true, if human Reason were the guide,
Reason, methinks, was on my side ;
But that 's a guide, alas ! we must resign,
When th' authority 's divine.

She said, she said herself it would be so ;
And I, bold unbeliever ! answer'd no :
Never so justly, sure, before,
Error the name of blindness bore ;
For, whatsoe'er the question be,
There 's no man that has eyes would bet for me.

If Truth itself (as other angels do
When they descend to human view)
In a material form would deign to shine,
'Twould imitate or borrow thine :
So dazzling bright, yet so transparent clear,
So well-proportion'd, would the parts appear !
Happy the eye which Truth could see
Cloath'd in a shape like thee ;
But happier far the eye
Which could thy shape naked like Truth espy !

Yet this lost wager costs me nothing more
Than what I ow'd to thee before :
Who would not venture for that debt to play,
Which he were bound howe'er to pay ?

If Nature gave me power to write in verse,
 She gave it me thy praises to rehearse :
 Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit
 Has such a sovereign right to it,
 That no man's Muse for public vent is free,
 Till she has paid her customs first to thee.

BATHING IN THE RIVER.

THE fish around her crowded, as they do
 To the false light that treacherous fishers shew,
 And all with as much ease might taken be,
 As she at first took me ;
 For ne'er did light so clear
 Among the waves appear,
 Though every night the sun himself set there.
 Why to mute fish should'st thou thyself discover,
 And not to me, thy no less silent lover ?
 As some from men their buried gold commit
 To ghosts, that have no use of it ;
 Half their rich treasures so
 Maids bury ; and, for aught we know,
 (Poor ignorants !) they 're mermaids all below.
 The amorous waves would fain about her stay,
 But still new amorous waves drive them away,
 And with swift current to those joys they haste,
 That do as swiftly waste :
 I laugh'd the wanton play to view ;
 But 'tis, alas ! at land so too,
 And still old lovers yield the place to new.

BATHING IN THE RIVER.

321

Kiss her, and as you part, you amorous waves
(My happier rivals, and my fellow-slaves)
Point to your flowery banks, and to her shew

The good your bounties do ;
Then tell her what your pride doth cost,
And how your use and beauty 's lost,

When rigorous winter binds you up with frost.

Tell her, her beauties and her youth, like thee,
Haste without stop to a devouring sea ;

Where they will mix'd and undistinguish'd lie
With all the meanest things that die ;

As in the ocean thou.

No privilege dost know

Above th' impurest streams that thither flow.

Tell her, kind flood! when this has made her sad,

Tell her there 's yet one remedy to be had :

Shew her how thou, though long since past, dost find
Thyself yet still behind :

Marriage (say to her) will bring

About the self-same thing.

But she, fond maid, shuts and seals-up the spring.

L O V E G I V E N O V E R . .

IT is enough ; enough of time and pain .

Haft thou consum'd in vain ;

Leave, wretched Cowley ! leave

Thyself with shadows to deceive ;

Think that already lost which thou must never gain .

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years
 (Toss'd in storms of hopes and fears)
Like helpless ships that be
 Set on fire i' th' midst o' the sea,
Have all been burnt in love, and all been drown'd in
 tears.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art
 Free thy unlucky heart ;
 Since Fate does disapprove
 Th' ambition of thy love,
And not one star in heaven offers to take thy part.

If e'er I clear my heart from this desire,
 If e'er it home to its breast retire,
 It ne'er shall wander more about,
 Though thousand beauties call it out :
A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire.

The pox, the plague, and every small disease,
 May come as oft as ill-fate please ;
 But death and love are never found
 To give a second wound,
We 're by those serpents bit, but we 're devour'd by
 these.

Alas ! what comfort is 't that I am grown
 Secure of being again o'erthrown ?
 Since such an enemy needs not fear
 Left any else should quarter there,
Who has not only sack'd, but quite burnt down, the
 town.

A P O E M

A P O E M
 O N T H E L A T E
 C I V I L W A R *.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER. 1679.

MEeting accidentally with this poem in manuscript, and being informed that it was a piece of the incomparable Mr. A. C's, I thought it unjust to hide such a treasure from the world. I remembered that our author, in his preface to his works †, makes mention of some poems written by him on the late civil war, of which the following copy is questionably a part. In his most imperfect and unfinished pieces, you will discover the hand of so great a master. And (whatever his own modesty might have advised to the contrary) there is not one careless stroke of his but what should be kept sacred to posterity. He could write nothing that was not worth the preserving, being habitually a poet, and always inspired. In this piece the judicious reader will find the turn of the verse to be his; the same copious and lively imagery of fancy, the same warmth of passion and delicacy of wit, that sparkles in all his writings. And certainly

* This and the two following Poems are not given with certainty as Cowley's. They have been ascribed to him; are possibly genuine; and therefore are preserved in this collection. N.

† See p. 16 of this Volume.

no labours of a genius so rich in itself, and so cultivated with learning and manners, can prove an unwelcome present to the world.

WHAT rage does England from itself divide,
 More than the seas from all the world beside?
 From every part the roaring cannons play,
 From every part blood roars as loud as they.
 What English ground but still some moisture bears,
 Of young men's blood, and more of mothers' tears?
 What air 's unthicken'd with the sighs of wives,
 Though more of maids for their dear lovers' lives?
 Alas! what triumphs can this victory shew,
 That dyes us red in blood and blushes too!
 How can we wish that conquest, which bestows
 Cypress, not bays, upon the conquering brows?
 It was not so when Henry's dreadful name,
 Not sword, nor cause, whole nations overcame.
 To farthest West did his swift conquests run,
 Nor did his glory set but with the sun.
 In vain did Roderic to his hold retreat,
 In vain had wretched Ireland call'd him great;
 Ireland! which now most basely we begin
 To labour more to lose than he to win.
 It was not so when in the happy East,
 Richard, our Mars, Venus's Isle possess'd:
 'Gainst the proud Moon he th' English cross display'd,
 Eclips'd one horn, and th' other paler made;
 When our dear lives we ventur'd bravely there,
 And digg'd our own to gain Christ's sepulchre.

That

That sacred tomb, which, should we now enjoy,
 We should with as much zeal fight to destroy !
 The precious signs of our dead Lord we scorn,
 And see his cross worse than his body torn ;
 We hate it now both for the Greek and Jew,
 To us 'tis foolishness and scandal too.
 To what with worship the fond Papist falls,
 That the fond zealot a curs'd idol calls :
 So, 'twixt their double madness, here 's the odds,
 One makes false devils, t'other makes false gods.

It was not so when Edward prov'd his cause,
 By a sword stronger than the Salique laws,
 Tho' fetch'd from Pharamond ; when the French did fight,
 With women's hearts, against the women's right.
 Th' afflicted ocean his first conquest bore,
 And drove red waves to the sad Gallic shore :
 As if he 'ad angry with that element been,
 Which his wide soul bound with an island in.
 Where 's now that spirit with which at Cressley we,
 And Poictiers, forc'd from Fate a victory ?
 Two kings at once we brought sad captives home,
 A triumph scarcely known to ancient Rome !
 Two foreign kings : but now, alas ! we strive,
 Our own, our own good sovereign to captive !

It was not so when Agincourt was won ;
 Under great Henry serv'd the rain and sun :
 A nobler fight the sun himself ne'er knew,
 Not when he stopp'd his course a fight to view !
 Then Death's old archer did more skilful grow,
 And learn'd to shoot more sure from th' English bow ;

Then France was her own story sadly taught,
And felt how Cæsar and how Edward fought.

It was not so when that vast fleet of Spain
Lay torn and scatter'd on the English main ;
Through the proud world a virgin terror strook ;
The Austrian crowns, and Rome's seven hills, she shook !
To her great Neptune homag'd all his streams,
And all the wide-stretch'd ocean was her Thames.
Thus our forefathers fought, thus bravely bled,
Thus still they live, whilst we alive are dead ;
Such acts they did, that Rome, and Cæsar too,
Might envy those whom once they did subdue.
We 're not their offspring ; sure our heralds lye ;
But born we know not how, as now we die ;
Their precious blood we could not venture thus :
Some Cadmus, sure, sow'd serpents' teeth for us ;
We could not else by mutual fury fall,
Whilst Rhine and Sequan for our armies call :
Chuse war or peace, you have a prince, you know,
As fit for both, as both are fit for you ;
Furious as lightning, when war's tempest came,
But calm in peace, calm as a lambent flame.

Have you forgot those happy years of late,
That saw nought ill, but us that were ingrate ;
Such years, as if earth's youth return'd had been,
And that old serpent Time had cast his skin ?
As gloriously and gently did they move,
As the bright sun that measures them above ;
Then only in books the learn'd could misery see,
And the unlearn'd ne'er heard of misery.

Then

Then happy James with as deep quiet reign'd,
 As in his heavenly throne, by death, he gain'd ;
 And, lest this blessing with his life should cease,
 He left us Charles, the pledge of future peace ;
 Charles, under whom, with much ado, no less
 Than sixteen years, we endur'd our happiness ;
 Till in a moment, in the North, we find
 A tempest conjur'd up without a wind.
 As soon the North her kindness did repent ;
 First the peace-maker, and next war, she sent.
 Just Tweed, that now had with long peace forgot
 On which side dwelt the English, which the Scot,
 Saw glittering arms shine sadly on his face,
 Whilst all th' affrighted fish sank down apace.
 No blood did then from this dark quarrel grow,
 It gave blunt wounds, that bled not out till now !
 For Jove, who might have us'd his thundering power,
 Chose to fall calmly in a golden shower !
 A way we found to conquer, which by none
 Of all our thrifty ancestors was known ;
 So strangely prodigal of late we are,
 We there buy peace, and here at home buy war.
 How could a war so sad and barbarous please,
 But first by slandering those blest days of peace ?
 Through all the excrements of state they pry,
 Like emp'ricks, to find out a malady ;
 And then with desperate boldness they endeavour,
 Th' ague to cure by bringing-in a fever :
 The way is sure to expel some ill, no doubt ;
 The plague, we know, drives all diseases out.

What strange wild fears did every morning breed,
 Till a strange fancy made us sick indeed !
 And cowardice did valour's place supply,
 Like those that kill themselves for fear to die !
 What frantic diligence in these men appears,
 That fear all ills, and act o'er all their fears !
 Thus into war we scar'd ourselves ; and who
 But Aaron's sons, that the first trumpet blew ?
 Fond men ! who knew not that they were to keep
 For God, and not for sacrifice, their sheep !
 The churches first this murderous doctrine sow,
 And learn to kill, as well as bury, now :
 The marble tombs where our forefathers lie,
 Sweated with dread of too much company ;
 And all their sleeping ashes shook for fear,
 Lest thousand ghosts should come and shroud them there.

Petitions next from every town they frame,
 To be restor'd to them from whom they came :
 The same style all, and the same sense, does pen,
 Alas ! they' allow set forms of prayer to men.
 Oh happy we, if men would neither hear
 Their studied form, nor God their sudden prayer.
 They will be heard, and, in unjustest wise,
 The many-headed rout for justice cries ;
 They call for blood, which now I fear does call
 For blood again, much louder than they all.
 In senseless clamours, and confused noise,
 We lost that rare, and yet unconquer'd voice :
 So, when the sacred Thracian lyre was drown'd
 In the Bistonian women's mixed sound,

The wondering stones, that came before to hear,
Forgot themselves, and turn'd his murderers there.
The same loud storm blew the grave mitre down;
It blew down that, and with it shook the crown.
Then first a state, without a church, begun;
Comfort thyself, dear church! for then 'twas done.
The same great storm to sea great Mary drove;
The sea could not such dangerous tempests move:
The same drove Charles into the North, and then
Would readilier far have driven him back again.
To fly from noise of tumults is no shame;
Ne'er will their armies force them to the same:
They all his castles, all his towns, invade,
He's a large prisoner in all England made!
He must not pass to Ireland's weeping shore;
The wounds these surgeons make must yield them more:
He must not conquer his lewd rebels there,
Lest he should learn by that to do it here.
The sea they subject next to their command;
The sea, that crowns our kings and all their land.
Thus poor they leave him, their base pride and scorn,
As poor as these, now mighty men, were born:
When strait whole armies meet in Charles's right;
How no man knows, but here they are, and fight.
A man would swear, that saw this alter'd state,
Kings were call'd gods because they could create
Vain men; 'tis Heaven this first assistance brings,
The same is Lord of Hosts that 's King of Kings.
Had men forsok him, angels from above
(Th' Assyrian did less their justice move)

Would

Would all have muster'd in his righteous aid,
 And thunder 'gainst your cannon would have play'd.
 It needs not so, for man desires to right
 Abus'd mankind, and wretches you must fight.

Wor'ster first saw 't, and trembled at the view;
 Too well the ills of civil war she knew.
 Twice did the flames of old her towers invade,
 Twice call'd she in vain for her own Severn's aid.
 Here first the rebel winds began to roar,
 Brake loose from the just fetters which they bore;
 Here mutinous waves above their shore did swell,
 And the first storm of that dire winter fell.
 But when the two great brethren once appear'd,
 And their bright heads, like Leda's offspring, rear'd;
 When those sea-calming sons from Jove were spied,
 The winds all fled, the waves all sunk and died!
 How fought great Rupert, with what rage and skill!
 Enough to have conquer'd had his cause been ill!
 Comely young man! and yet his dreadful sight
 The rebels' blood to their faint hearts does fright.
 In vain, alas! it seeks so weak defence;
 For his keen sword brings it again from thence.
 Yet grieves he at the laurels thence he bore;
 Alas, poor Prince! they 'll fight with him no more;
 His virtue 'll be eclips'd with too much fame,
 Henceforth He will not conquer, but his Name.
 Here — with tainted blood the field did stain,
 By his own sacrilege, and 's country's curses, slain.
 The first commander did Heaven's vengeance shew,
 And led the rebels' van to shades below.

On two fair hills both armies next are seen,
Th' affrighted valley fights and sweats between;
Here Angels did with fair expectance stay,
And wish'd good things to a king as mild as they;
There Fiends with hunger waiting did abide,
And cursed both, but spurr'd-on th' guilty side.
Here stood Religion, her looks gently sage,
Aged, but much more comely for her age!
There Schism, old hag, tho' seeming young, appears,
As snakes by casting skins renew their years;
Undecent rags of several dyes she wore,
And in her hand torn liturgies she bore.
Here Loyalty an humble cross display'd,
And still, as Charles pass'd by, she bow'd and pray'd.
Sedition there her crimson banner spreads,
Shakes all her hands, and roars with all her heads:
Her knotty hairs were with dire serpents twist,
And every serpent at each other hiss'd.
Here stood white Truth, and her own host does bless,
Clad with those arms of proof, her nakedness;
There perjuries like cannons roar aloud,
And lyes flew thick, like cannons' smoky cloud,
Here Learning and th' Arts met; as much they fear'd
As when the Hunns of old and Goths appear'd.
What should they do? Unapt themselves to fight,
They promis'd noble pens the acts to write.
There Ignorance advanc'd, and joy'd to spy
So many that durst fight they know not why;
From those who most the slow-soul'd monks disdain,
From those she hopes the monks' dull age again.

Here

Here Mercy waits, with sad but gentle look,
 Never, alas ! had she her Charles forsook !
 For mercy on her friends, to Heaven she cries,
 Whilst Justice pulls down vengeance from the skies,
 Oppression there, Rapine, and Murder, stood,
 Ready, as was the field, to drink their blood ;
 A thousand wronged spirits amongst them moan'd,
 And thrice the ghost of mighty Strafford groan'd.

Now flew their cannon thick through wounded air,
 Sent to defend, and kill, their sovereign there.
 More than he them, the bullets fear'd his head,
 And at his feet lay innocently dead ;
 They knew not what those men that sent them meant,
 And acted their pretence, not their intent.

This was the day, this the first day, that shew'd
 How much to Charles for our long peace we ow'd :
 By his skill here, and spirit, we understood,
 From war nought kept him but his country's good.
 In his great looks what chearful anger shone !
 Sad war, and joyful triumphs, mix'd in one.
 In the same beams of his majestic eye,
 His own men life, his foes did death, espy.
 Great Rupert this, that wing great Wilmot leads,
 White-feather'd Conquest flies o'er both their heads.
 They charge, as if alone they 'd beat the foe,
 Whether their troops follow'd them up or no.
 They follow close, and haste into the fight,
 As swift as strait the rebels make their flight.
 So swift the miscreants fly, as if each fear
 And jealousy they fram'd had met them there.

They

ON THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

333

They heard war's music, and away they flew,
 The trumpets fright worse than the organs do.
 Their souls, which still new bye-ways do invent,
 Out at their wounded backs perversely went.
 Pursue no more; ye noble victors, stay,
 Lest too much conquest lose so brave a day!
 For still the battle sounds behind, and Fate
 Will not give all; but sets us here a rate:
 Too dear a rate she sets; and we must pay
 One honest man for ten such knaves as they.
 Streams of black, tainted blood the field besmear,
 But pure, well-colour'd drops shine here and there;
 They scorn to mix with floods of baser veins,
 Just as the nobler moisture oil distains.
 Thus fearless Lindsey, thus bold Aubigny,
 Amidst the corpse of slaughter'd rebels lie:
 More honourably than — e'er was found,
 With troops of living traitors circled round.
 Rest, valiant souls, in peace! ye sacred pair,
 And all whose deaths attended on you there,
 You 're kindly welcom'd to heaven's peaceful coast,
 By all the reverend martyrs' noble host:
 Your soaring souls they meet with triumph, all
 Led by great Stephen their old general.
 Go, —, now prefer thy flourishing state
 Above those murder'd heroes' doleful fate;
 Enjoy that life which thou durst basely save,
 And thought'st a saw-pit nobler than a grave.
 Thus many sav'd themselves, and nigh the rest,
 Nigh, that agrees with their dark actions best.

A dismal

A dismal shade did heaven's sad face o'erflow,
 Dark as the night slain rebels found below :
 No gentle stars their chearful glories rear'd,
 Asham'd they were at what was done, and fear'd
 Left wicked men their bold excuse should frame
 From some strange influence, and so veil their shame.
 To Duty thus, Order and Law incline,
 They who ne'er err from one eternal line ;
 As just the ruin of these men they thought,
 As Sifera's was, 'gainst whom themselves had fought.
 Still they rebellions' ends remember well,
 Since Lucifer the great, their shining captain, fell.
 For this the bells they ring, and not in vain ;
 Well might they all ring out for thousands slain :
 For this the bonfires their glad lightness spread,
 When funeral flames might more besit their dead :
 For this with solemn thanks they tire their God,
 And, whilst they feel it, mock th' Almighty's rod ;
 They proudly now abuse his justice more,
 Than his long mercies they abus'd before.
 Yet these the men that true religion boast,
 The pure and holy, holy, holy, host !
 What great reward for so much zeal is given ?
 Why, Heaven has thank'd them since as they thank'd
 Heaven.

Witness thou Brentford, say, thou ancient town,
 How many in thy streets fell groveling down :
 Witness the red-coats weltering in their gore,
 And dy'd anew into the name they bore :

Witness their men blow'd up into the air
(All elements their ruins joy'd to share) ;
In the wide air quick flames their bodies tore,
Then, drown'd in waves, they 're tost by waves to shore :
Witness thou 'Thames, thou wast amaz'd to see
Men madly run to save themselves in thee ;
In vain, for rebels' lives thou would'st not save,
And down they sunk beneath thy conquering wave.
Good, reverend Thames ! the best-belov'd of all
Those noble blood that meet at Neptune's hall ;
London's proud towers, which do thy head adorn,
Are not thy glory now, but grief and scorn.
Thou griev'st to see the white-nam'd palace shine,
Without the beams of its own lord and thine :
Thy lord, which is to all as good and free,
As thou, kind flood ! to thine own banks canst be.
How does thy peaceful back disdain to bear
The rebels' busy pride at Westminster !
Thou, who thyself dost without murmuring pay
Eternal tribute to thy prince the sea.

To Oxford next great Charles in triumph came,
Oxford, the British Muses' second fame.
Here learning with some state and reverence looks,
And dwells in buildings lasting as her books ;
Both now eternal, but they 'ad ashes been,
Had these religious Vandals once got in.
Not Bodley's noble work their rage would spare,
For books they know the chief malignants are.
In vain they silence every age before ;
For pens of time to come will wound them more !

The

The temple's decent wealth, and modest state,
 Had suffer'd ; this their avarice, that their hate :
 Beggary and scorn into the church they 'd bring,
 And made God glorious, as they made the king :
 O happy town, that to lov'd Charles's fight,
 In those sad times, gav'ft safety and delight,
 The fate which civil war itself doth blefs !
 Scarce would'ft thou change for peace this happiness.
 'Midst all the joys which Heaven allows thee here ;
 Think on thy sifter, and then shed a tear.

What fights did this sad winter see each day,
 Her winds and storms came not so thick as they !
 Yet nought these far-lost rebels could recall,
 Not Marlborough's nor Cirencester's fall.
 Yet still for peace the gentle conqueror sues ;
 By his wrath they perish, yet his love refuse.
 Nor yet is the plain lesson understood,
 Writ by kind Heaven in B— and H—'s blood.
 Chad and his church saw where their enemy lay,
 And with just red new-mark'd their holy-day.
 Fond men ! this blow the injur'd Crosier strook ;
 Nought was more fit to perish, but thy book.
 Such fatal vengeance did wrong'd Charlegrove shew,
 Where — both begun and ended too
 His curs'd rebellion ; where his soul 's repaid
 With separation, great as that he made.
 —, whose spirit mov'd o'er this mighty frame
 O' th' British isle, and out this chaos came.
 —, the man that taught confusion's art ;
 His treasons restless, and yet noiseless heart.

His active brain like *Ætna's* top appear'd,
 Where treason 's forg'd, yet no noise outward heard.
 'Twas he contriv'd whate'er bold M— said,
 And all the popular noise that P— has made ;
 'Twas he that taught the zealous rout to rise,
 And be his slaves for some feign'd liberties :
 Him for this black design, hell thought most fit ;
 Ah ! wretched man, curs'd by too good a wit !

If not all this your stubborn hearts can fright,
 Think on the West, think on the Cornish might :
 The Saxon fury, to that far-stretch'd place,
 Drove the torn relics of great Brutus' race :
 Here they of old did in long safety lie,
 Compass'd with seas, and a worse enemy ;
 Ne'er till this time, ne'er did they meet with foes
 More cruel and more barbarous than those.
 Ye noble Britons, who so oft with blood
 Of Pagan hosts have dy'd old Tamar's flood ;
 If any drop of mighty Uther still,
 Or Uther's mightier son, your veins does fill ;
 Shew then that spirit, till all men think by you
 The doubtful tales of your great Arthur true :
 You 'ave shewn it, Britons, and have often done
 Things that have cheer'd the weary, setting sun.
 Again did Tamar your dread arms behold,
 As just and as successful as the old :
 It kiss'd the Cornish banks, and vow'd to bring
 His richest waves to feed th' ensuing spring ;
 But murmur'd sadly, and almost deny'd
 All fruitful moisture to the Devon side.

Ye sons of war, by whose bold acts we see
 How great a thing exalted man may be ;
 The world remains your debtor, that as yet
 Ye have not all gone forth and conquer'd it.
 I knew that Fate some wonders for you meant,
 When matchless Hopton to your coasts she sent ;
 Hopton ! so wise, he needs not Fortune's aid,
 So fortunate, his wisdom 's useles made :
 Should his so-often-try'd companions fail,
 His spirit alone, and courage, would prevail.
 Miraculous man ! how would I sing thy praise,
 Had any Muse crown'd me with half the bays
 Conquest hath given to thee ; and next thy name
 Should Berkeley, Stanning, Digby, press to fame.
 Godolphin ! thee, thee Grenville ! I'd rehearse,
 But tears break off my verse !—
 How oft has vanquish'd Stamford backward fled ;
 Swift as the parted souls of those he led !
 How few did his huge multitudes defeat,
 For most are cyphers when the number 's great !
 Numbers, alas ! of men, that made no more
 Than he himself, ten thousand times told o'er.
 Who hears of Stratton-fight, but must confess
 All that he heard or read before was less ;
 Sad Germany can no such trophy boast,
 For all the blood these twenty years she 'as lost.
 Vast was their army, and their arms were more
 Than th' host of hundred-handed giants bore.
 So strong their arms, it did almost appear
 Secure, had neither arms nor men been there.

In Hopton breaks, in break the Cornish powers,
Few, and scarce arm'd, yet was th' advantage ours :
What doubts could be, their outward strength to win,
When we bore arms and magazine within ?
The violent sword's outdid the musket's ire ;
It strook the bones, and there gave dreadful fire :
We scorn'd their thunder ; and the reeking blade
A thicker smoke than all their cannon made ;
Death and loud tumults fill'd the place around
With fruitless rage ; fall'n rebels bite the ground !
The arms we gain'd were wealth, bodies o' th' foe,
All that a full-fraught victory can bestow !
Yet stays not Hopton thus, but still proceeds ;
Pursues himself through all his glorious deeds :
With Hertford and the Prince he joins his fate
(The Belgian trophies on their journey wait) ;
The Prince, who oft had check'd proud W—'s fame,
And fool'd that flying conqueror's empty name ;
Till by his loss that fertile monster thriv'd ;
This serpent cut in parts rejoin'd and liv'd :
It liv'd, and would have stung us deeper yet,
But that bold Grenville its whole fury met ;
He sold, like Decius, his devoted breath,
And left the commonwealth heir to his death.
Hail, mighty ghost ! look from on high, and see
How much our hands and swords remember thee !
At Roundway Heath, our rage at thy great fall
Whet all our spirits, and made us Grenvilles all.
One thousand horse beat all their numerous power ;
Bless me ! and where was then their conqueror ?

Coward of fame, he flies in haste away ;
 Men, arms, and name, leaves us, the victors' prey.
 What meant those iron regiments which he brought,
 That moving statues seem'd, and so they fought ?
 No way for death but by disease appear'd,
 Cannon, and mines, and siege, they scarcely fear'd :
 Till, 'gainst all hopes, they prov'd in this sad fight
 Too weak to stand, and yet too slow for flight.
 The Furies howl'd aloud through trembling air ;
 Th' astonish'd snakes fell sadly from their hair :
 To Lud's proud town their hasty flight they took,
 The towers and temples at their entrance shook.
 In vain their loss they attempted to disguise,
 And mustered up new troops of fruitless lyes :
 God fought himself, nor could th' event be less ;
 Bright Conquest walks the fields in all her dress.
 Could this white day a gift more grateful bring ?
 Oh yes ! it brought bless'd Mary to the King !
 In Keynton field they met ; at once they view
 Their former victory, and enjoy a new :
 Keynton, the place that Fortune did approve,
 To be the noblest scene of war and love.
 Through the glad vale ten thousand Cupids fled,
 And chac'd the wandering spirits of rebels dead ;
 Still the lewd scent of powder did they fear,
 And scatter'd eastern smells through all the air.
 Look, happy mount ! look well ! for this is she,
 That toil'd and travel'd for thy victory :
 Thy flourishing head to her with reverence bow ;
 To her thou ow'st that fame which crowns thee now.

From

ON THE LATE CIVIL WAR. 341

From far-stretch'd shores they felt her spirit and might;
Princes and God at any distance fight.
At her return well might she' a conquest have!
Whose very absence such a conquest gave.—
This in the West; nor did the North bestow
Less cause their usual gratitude to show:
With much of state brave Cavendish led them forth,
As swift and fierce as tempest from the north;
Cavendish! whom every Grace, and every Muse,
Kiss'd at his birth, and for their own did chuse:
So good a wit they meant not should excel
In arms; but now they see 't, and like it well:
So large is that rich empire of his heart,
Well may they rest contented with a part.
How soon he forc'd the northern clouds to flight,
And struck confusion into form and light!
Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer days
A peaceful world out of a chaos raise.
Bradford and Leeds prop'd up their sinking fame;
They bragg'd of hosts, and Fairfax was a name.
Leeds, Bradford, Fairfax' powers are strait their own,
As quickly as they vote men overthrown:
Boötes from his wain look'd down below,
And saw our victory move not half so slow.
I see the gallant Earl break through the foes;
In dust and sweat how gloriously he shows!
I see him lead the pikes; what will he do?
Defend him, Heaven! oh, whither will he go?
Up to the cannons' mouth he leads! in vain
They speak loud death, and threaten, till they're ta'en.

So Capaneus two armies fill'd with wonder,
 When he charg'd Jove, and grappled with his thunder :
 Both hosts with silence and with terror shook,
 As if not he, but they, were thunder-struck.
 The courage here, and boldness, was no less ;
 Only the cause was better, and success.
 Heaven will let nought be by their cannon done,
 Since at Edgehill they sinn'd, and Burlington.
 Go now, your silly calumnies repeat,
 And make all Papists whom you cannot beat !
 Let the world know some way, with whom you 're vex'd,
 And vote them Turks when they o'erthrow you next !
 Why will you die, fond men ! why will you buy
 At this fond rate your country's slavery ?
 Is 't liberty ? What are those threats we hear ? *
 Why do you thus th' old and new prison fill ?
 When that 's the only why ; because you will ?
 Fain would you make God too thus tyrannous be,
 And damn poor men by such a stiff decree.
 Is 't property ? Why do such numbers, then,
 From God beg vengeance, and relief from men ?
 Why are th' estates and goods seiz'd-on, of all
 Whom covetous or malicious men miscall ?
 What 's more our own than our own lives ? But oh
 Could Yeomans or could Burchier find it so ?
 The barbarous coward, always us'd to fly,
 Did know no other way to see men die.

* A line is here evidently wanting ; but the defect is in all the copies hitherto known. N.

Or is 't religion? What then mean your lyes,
 Your sacrileges, and pulpit-blasphemies?
 Why are all sects let loose that ere had birth,
 Since Luther's noise wak'd the lethargic earth?

The Author went no further.

THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

A S A T I R E.

SO two rude waves, by storms together thrown,
 Roar at each other, fight, and then grow one.
 Religion is a circle; men contend,
 And run the round in dispute, without end:
 Now, in a circle, who go contrary,
 Must, at the last, meet of necessity.
 The Roman Catholic, to advance the cause,
 Allows a lye, and calls it Pia Fraus;
 The Puritan approves and does the same,
 Dislikes nought in it but the Latin name:
 He flows with his devices, and dares lye
 In very deed, in truth; and verity.
 He whines, and sighs-out lyes with so much ruth,
 As if he griev'd 'cause he could ne'er speak truth.
 Lyes have possess'd the press so, as their due,
 'Twill scarce, I fear, henceforth print Bibles true.
 Lyes for their next strong fort ha' th' pulpit chose;
 There they throng out at th' preacher's mouth and nose,
 And, howe'er gross, are certain to beguile
 The poor book-turners of the middle isle;
 Nay, to th' Almighty's self they have been bold
 To lye; and their blasphemous minister told,

They might say false to God ; for if they were
 Beaten, he knew 't not, for he was not there.
 But God, who their great thankfulness did see,
 Rewards them strait with another victory,
 Just such an one as Brentford ; and, sans doubt,
 Will weary, ere 't be long, their gratitude out.
 Not all the legends of the saints of old,
 Not vast Baronius, nor sly Surius, hold
 Such plenty of apparent lyes as are
 In your own author, Jo. Browne, Cleric. Par.
 Besides what your small poets said or writ,
 Brookes, Strode, and the baron of the saw-pit :
 With many a mental reservation,
 You 'll maintain liberty :—Reserv'd “ your own.”
 For th' public good the sums rais'd you 'll disburse ;
 —Reserv'd “ the greater part, for your own purse.”
 You 'll root the Cavaliers out, every man ;
 —Faith, let it be Reserv'd here “ if ye can.”
 You 'll make our gracious Charles a glorious king ;
 —Reserv'd “ in heaven”—for thither ye would bring
 His royal head ; the only secure room
 For kings ; where such as you will never come.
 To keep th' estates o' th' subjects you pretend ;
 —Reserv'd “ in your own trunks.” You will defend
 The church of England, 'tis your protestation ;
 But that's “ New”-England by a small Reservation,
 Power of dispensing oaths the Papists claim ;
 Case hath got leave of God to do the same :
 For you do hate all swearing so, that when
 You 've sworn an oath, ye break it strait again.

A curse

A curse upon you! which hurts most these nations,
 Cavaliers' swearing, or your protestations?
 Nay, though oaths be by you so much abhor'd,
 Y' allow "God damn me" in the Puritan Lord.

They keep the Bible from laymen; but ye
 Avoid this, for ye have no laity.

They in a foreign and unknown tongue pray,
 You in an unknown sense your prayers say;
 So that this difference 'twixt you does ensue,—
 Fools understand not them, not wise men you.

They an unprofitable zeal have got
 Of invoking fairs, that hear them not:
 'Twere well you did so; nought may more be fear'd,
 In your fond prayers, than that they should be heard.
 To them your nonsense well enough might pass,
 They 'd ne'er see that i' th' divine looking-glass.
 Nay, whether you 'd worship fairs is not known,
 For ye 'ave as yet, of your religion, none.

They by good-works think to be justify'd:
 You into the same error deeper slide;
 You think by works too justify'd to be,
 And those ill-works—lyes, treason, perjury.
 But, oh! your faith is mighty; that hath been,
 As true faith ought to be, of things unseen:
 At Wor'ster, Brentford, and Edgehill, we see,
 Only by faith, ye 'ave got the victory.
 Such is your faith, and some such unseen way
 The public faith at last your debts will pay.

They hold free-will (that nought their souls may
 bind)

As the great privilege of all mankind:

You

You 're here more moderate ; for 'tis your intent
To make 't a privilege but of parliament.

They forbid priests to marry : you worse do ;
Their marriage you allow, yet punish too ;
For you 'd make priests so poor, that upon all
Who marry scorn and beggary must fall.

They a bold power o'er sacred scriptures take,
Blot out some clauses, and some new ones make :
Your great lord Jesuit Brookes publickly said
(Brookes, whom too little learning hath made mad),
That to correct the Creed ye should do well,
And blot-out Christ's descending into hell.
Repent, wild man ! or you 'll ne'er change, I fear,
The sentence of your own descending there.

Yet modestly they use the Creed ; for they
Would take the Lord's-Prayer root and branch away :
And wisely said a Levite of our nation,
The Lord's-Prayer was a Popish innovation.
Take heed, you 'll grant ere long it should be said,
An 't be but to desire your daily bread.

They keep the people ignorant : and you
Keep both the people and yourselves so too.
They blind obedience and blind duty teach :
You blind rebellion and blind faction preach ;
Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance
That which can only save you, Ignorance ;
Though, Heaven be prais'd ! 't has oft been proved
well,

Your ignorance is not invincible ;

Nay,

Nay, such bold lyes to God himself ye vaunt,
As if you 'd fain keep him too ignorant.

Limbus and Purgatory they believe,
For lesser sinners ; that is, I conceive,
Malignants only : you this trick does please ;
For the same cause ye 've made new Limbuses,
Where we may lie imprison'd long, ere we
A day of judgment in your courts shall see.
But Pym can, like the Pope, with this dispense,
And for a bribe deliver souls from thence.

Their councils claim infallibility ;
Such must your Conventicle-synod be ;
And teachers from all parts of th' earth ye call,
To make 't a Council Oecumenical.

They severall times appoint from meats' t' abstain ;
You now for th' Irish wars a fast ordain ;
And, that that kingdom might be sure to fast,
Ye take a course to starve them all at last :
Nay, though ye keep no eves, Fridays, nor Lent,
Not to drefs meat on Sundays you 're content ;
Then you repeat, repeat, and pray, and pray,
Your teeth keep sabbath, and tongues working-day.

They preserve relicks : you have few or none,
Unless the clout sent to John Pym be one ;
Or Holles's rich widow, she who carry'd
A relick in her womb before she marry'd.

They in succeeding Peter take a pride ;
So do you ; for your master ye 'ave deny'd.
But chiefly Peter's privilege ye choose,
At your own wills to bind and to unloose.

He was a fisherman ; you 'll be so too,
 When nothing but your ships are left to you :
 He went to Rome ; to Rome you backward ride
 (Though both your goings are by some deny'd)
 Nor is 't a contradiction, if we say,

You go to Rome the quite contrary way.

He dy'd o' th' cross ; that death 's unusual now ;
 The gallows is most like 't, and that 's for you.

They love church-music ; it offends your sense,
 And therefore ye have fung it out from thence ;
 Which shews, if right your mind be understood,
 You hate it not as music, but as good :

Your madness makes you sing as much as they
 Dance who are bit with a Tarantula.

But do not to yourselves, alas ! appear
 The most religious traitors that e'er were,
 Because your troops singing of psalms do go ;
 There 's many a traitor has march'd Holborn so.
 Nor was 't your wit this holy project bore ;
 Tweed and the Tyne have seen those tricks before.

They of strange miracles and wonders tell :
 You are yourselves a kind of miracle ;
 Ev'n such a miracle as in writ divine
 We read o'—th' devil's hurrying down the swine.
 They have made images to speak : 'tis said,
 You a dull image have your Speaker made ;
 And, that your bounty in offerings might abound,
 Ye 'ave to that idol giv'n six thousand pound.
 They drive-out devils, they say : here ye begin
 To differ, I confess—you let them in.

They

They maintain transubstantiation ;
 You, by a contrary philosophers'-stone,
 To transubstantiate metals have the skill,
 And turn the kingdom's gold to ir'n and steel.
 I' th' sacrament ye differ; but 'tis noted,
 Bread must be flesh, wine blood, if e'er 't be voted.

They make the Pope their head ; y' exalt for him,
 Primate and metropolitan, master Pym ;
 Nay, White, who sits i' th' infallible chair,
 And most infallibly speaks nonsense there ;
 Nay, Cromwell, Pury, Whistler, Sir John Wray,
 He who does say, and say, and say, and say ;
 Nay, Lowry, who does new church-government wish,
 And prophecies, like Jonas, 'midst the fish ;
 Who can such various business wisely sway,
 Handling both herrings and bishops in one day :
 Nay, all your preachers, women, boys, and men,
 From master Calamy to mistress Ven,
 Are perfect Popes, in their own parish, grown ;
 For, to out-do the story of pope Joan,
 Your women preach too, and are like to be
 The whores of Babylon as much as she.

They depose kings by force : by force you 'd do it,
 But first use fair means to persuade them to it.
 They dare kill kings : and 'twixt ye here 's the strife,
 That you dare shoot-at kings to save their life :
 And what 's the difference, pray, whether he fall
 By the Pope's Bull or your Ox general ?
 Three kingdoms thus ye strive to make your own,
 And, like the Pope, usurp a triple crown.

Such is your faith, such your religion ;
 Let 's view your manners now, and then I 've done.
 Your covetousness let gasping Ireland tell,
 Where first the Irish lands, and next ye sell
 The English blood, and raise rebellion here
 With that which should suppress and quench it there.
 What mighty sums have ye squeez'd out o' th' city !
 Enough to make them poor, and something witty.
 Excise, loans, contributions, poll-monies,
 Bribes, plunder, and such parliament priv'leges,
 Are words which you ne'er learnt in holy writ,
 Till th' Spirit, and your Synod, mended it.
 Where 's all the twentieth part now, which hath been
 Paid you by some, to forfeit the nineteen ?
 Where 's all the goods distrain'd, and plunders past ?
 For you 're grown wretched pilfering knaves at last ;
 Descend to brass and pewter, till of late,
 Like Midas, all ye touch'd must needs be plate.
 By what vast hopes is your ambition fed ?
 'Tis writ in blood, and may be plainly read :
 You must have places, and the kingdom sway ;
 The king must be a ward to your lord Say.
 Your innocent Speaker to the Rolls must rise ;
 Six thousand pound hath made him proud and wise.
 Kimbolton for his father's place doth call,
 Would be like him ;—would he were, face and all !
 Isaack would always be lord-mayor ; and so
 May always be, as much as he is now.
 For the Five members, they so richly thrive,
 That they would always be but Members five.

Only Pym doth his natural right enforce,
 By th' mother's side he 's Master of the horse.
 Most shall have places by these popular tricks,
 The rest must be content with bishopricks.
 For 'tis 'gainst superstition you 're intent;
 First to root out that great church-ornament,
 Money and lands : your swords, alas ! are drawn
 Against the Bishop, not his cap, or lawn.

O let not such lewd sacrilege begin,
 Tempted by Henry's rich, successful sin !
 Henry ! the monster-king of all that age ;
 Wild in his lust, but wilder in his rage.
 Expect not you his fate, though Hotham thrives
 In imitating Henry's tricks for wives ;
 Nor fewer churches hopes, than wives, to see
 Buried, and then their lands his own to be.

Ye boundless tyrants ! how do you outvy
 Th' Athenians' Thirty, Rome's Decemviry !
 In rage, injustice, cruelty, as far
 Above those men, as you in number are.
 What mysteries of iniquity do we see !
 New prisons made to defend liberty !
 Our goods forc'd from us for property's sake ;
 And all the real nonsense which ye make !
 Ship-money was unjustly ta'en, ye say ;
 Unjustlier far, you take the ships away.
 The High Commission you call'd tyranny :
 Ye did ! good God ! what is the High Committee ?
 Ye said that gifts and bribes preferments bought :
 By money and blood too they now are sought.

To the king's will, the laws men strove to draw :
 The subjects' will is now become the law.
 'Twas fear'd a new religion would begin :
 All new religions, now, are enter'd in.
 The king delinquents to protect did strive :
 What clubs, pikes, halberts, lighters, fav'd the Five !
 You think th' parl'ment like your state of grace ;
 Whatever sins men do, they keep their place.
 Invasions then were fear'd against the state ;
 And Strode swore last year * would be eighty-eight.
 You bring-in foreign aid to your designs,
 First those great foreign forces of Divines,
 With which ships from America were fraught ;
 Rather may stinking tobacco still be brought
 From thence, I say : next, ye the Scots invite,
 Which you term brotherly-assistance, right ;
 For England you intend with them to share :
 They, who, alas ! but younger brothers are,
 Must have the monies for their portion ;
 The houses and the lands will be your own.
 We thank you for the wounds which we endure,
 Whilst scratches and slight pricks ye seek to cure ;
 We thank you for true real fears, at last,
 Which free us from so many false ones past ;
 We thank you for the blood which fats our coast,
 As a just debt paid to great Strafford's ghost ;
 We thank you for the ills receiv'd, and all
 Which yet by your good care in time we shall ;

* viz. 1642.

We thank you, and our gratitude 's as great
As yours, when you thank'd God for being beat.

THE CHARACTER OF AN HOLY-SISTER.

SHE that can fit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away ;
She that can rob her husband, to repair
A budget-priest, that noses a long prayer ;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half-eyes and Bible softly goes ;
She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,
And edifies her looks with little ruffs ;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff that longest are the best ;
She that will lye, yet swear she hates a liar,
Except it be the man that will lie by her ;
She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake ;
She that sings psalms devoutly next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchin, where none see 't ;
She that will sit in shop for five hours space,
And register the sins of all that pass,
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,
That none can possibly be sav'd but they
That hang religion in a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair ;
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sense,
Moses, or Dod on the commandements ;
She that can sigh, and cry " Queen Elizabeth,"
Rail at the Pope, and scratch-out " sudden death :"

And for all this can give no reason why :
This is an holy-sifter, verily.

T H E F O R C E O F L O V E .

PRESERVED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

THROW an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles still ;
Roll it down, it never stops
Till within the vale it drops :
So are all things prone to Love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream,
Up ascends the lambent flame ;
Smoke and vapour mount the skies ;
All preserve their unities ;
Nought below, and nought above,
Seems averse, but prone to Love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
Or the orient rays of light ;
Bid Dan Phœbus not to shine,
Bid the planets not incline ;
'Tis as vain, below, above,
To impede the course of Love.

Salamanders live in fire,
Eagles to the skies aspire,
Diamonds in their quarries lie,
Rivers do the sea supply :
Thus appears, below, above,
A propensity to Love.

Metals grow within the mine,
Luscious grapes upon the vine ;
Still the needle marks the pole ;
Parts are equal to whole :

'Tis a truth as clear, that Love
Quickens all, below, above.

Man is born to live and die,
Snakes to creep, and birds to fly ;
Fishes in the waters swim,
Doves are mild, and lions grim :
Nature thus, below, above,
Pushes all things on to Love.

Does the cedar love the mountain ?
Or the thirsty deer the fountain ?
Does the shepherd love his crook ?
Or the willow court the brook ?
Thus by Nature all things move,
Like a running stream, to Love.

Is the valiant hero bold ?
Does the miser doat on gold ?
Seek the birds in spring to pair ?
Breathes the rose-bud scented air ?
Should you this deny, you 'll prove
Nature is averse to Love.

As the wencher loves a lass,
As the toper loves his glass,
As the friar loves his cowl,
Or the millar loves the toll,
So do all, below, above,
Fly precipitate to Love.

356 COWLEY'S POEMS.

When young maidens courtship shun,
When the moon out-shines the sun,
When the tigers lambs beget,
When the snow is black as jet,
When the planets cease to move,
Then shall Nature cease to Love.

E P I G R A M,
ON THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

N. B. This is delivered down by tradition as a production of that celebrated poet; and was spoken at the Westminster-School election, on the following subject:

“ Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.” OVID.

SOL Daphne sees, and seeing her admires,
Which adds new flames to his celestial fires:
Had any remedy for Love been known,
The god of Physic, sure, had cur'd his own.

CON.

C O N T E N T S

OF

T H E F I R S T V O L U M E.

E LEGIA dedicatoria, ad illustrissimam Academiam Cantabrigiensem. - - -	Page 3
Author's Preface to the edition of 1656 - - -	7

JUVENILE POEMS.

The Bookseller's Advertisement to the edition of 1674 - - - - -	25
To the Bishop of Lincoln - - - - -	27
The Author's Preface to his Juvenile Poems	28
To the Reader - - - - -	30
CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS - - - - -	31
The Echo - - - - -	35
The Song - - - - -	37
The Letter. Philetus to Constantia - - -	46
Constantia to Philetus. - - - - -	47
The Song. - - - - -	49
THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE - - - - -	54
To the Right Worshipful, my very loving Master Mr. Lambert Osbolton, Chief School-Master of Westmin- ster School. - - - - -	ibid.
A 2 3	Pyramus

Pyramus and Thisbe	- - -	Page 55
The Song	- - -	59
Epitaph	- - -	63

SYLVA : OR DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES
MADE UPON SUNDRY OCCASIONS.

An Elegy on the death of the Right Honourable Dudley Lord Carleton, Viscount Dorchester, late Principal Secretary of State	- - -	64
An Elegy on the death of my loving friend and cou- sin Mr. Richard Clarke, Gent. late of Lincoln's- Inn	- - -	65
A Dream of Elyfium	- - -	67
On his Majesty's return out of Scotland	-	70
Song, on the same	- - -	72
A Vote	- - -	73
A Poetical Revenge	- - -	76
To the Dutchess of Buckingham	- -	78
To his very much honoured Godfather, Mr A. B.		79
An Elegy on the Death of John Lyttleton, Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir Thomas Lyttleton, who was drowned leaping into the water to save his younger brother	- - -	81
A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin, written in Latin by the Right Worshipful Dr. A.		83
Ode I. On the praise of Poetry.	- -	86
II. That a pleasant Poverty is to be preferred before discontented Riches	-	87
III. To his Mistress	- -	89
		Ode IV.

C O N T E N T S. 359

Ode IV. On the uncertainty of Fortune. A translation	Page 90
V. In Commendation of the time we live under, the reign of our gracious king Charles	91
VI. Upon the Shortness of Man's Life	92
An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge	93

MISCELLANIES.

The Motto	95
Ode. Of Wit	97
To the Lord Falkland, for his safe Return from the Northern Expedition against the Scots.	99
On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton	101
On the Death of Mr. Jordan, Second Master at Westminster School	102
On his Majesty's Return out of Scotland	104
On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandyke, the famous Painter	107
Prometheus ill-painted	108
Ode	109
Friendship in absence	110
To the Bishop of Lincoln, upon his enlargement out of the Tower	112
To a Lady who made Posies for Rings	114
Prologue to the Guardian : before the Prince	116
The Epilogue	117
On the Death of Mr. William Hervey	- ibid.
Ode. In Imitation of Horace's Ode	123
In Imitation of Martial's Epigram	124

360 C O N T E N T S.

The Chronicle. A Ballad	-	-	Page 125
To Sir William Davenant, upon his two first books of Gondibert, finished before his voyage to Ame- rica	-	-	129
An Answer to a copy of Verses sent me to Jersey			130
The Tree of Knowledge, that there is no knowledge. Against the Dogmatists	-	-	132
Reason. The use of it in divine matters	-		134
On the Death of Mr. Crashaw	-	-	136

ANACREONTIQUES: OR, SOME COPIES OF
VERSES TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTI-
CALLY OUT OF ANACREON.

I. Love	-	-	-	139
II. Drinking	-	-	-	140
III. Beauty	-	-	-	141
IV. The Duel	-	-	-	142
V. Age	-	-	-	143
VI. The Account	-	-	-	ibid.
VII. Gold.	-	-	-	145
VIII. The Epicure	-	-	-	146
IX. Another	-	-	-	ibid.
X. The Grasshopper	-	-	-	148
XI. The Swallow	-	-	-	149
Elegy upon Anacreon, who was choaked by a grape- stone	-	-	-	150

VERSES

VERSES WRITTEN ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Christ's Passion, taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr. Masters of New-College in Oxford	Page 155
Ode on Orinda's Poems	158
Ode upon occasion of a copy of Verses of my Lord Broghill's	161
Ode. Mr. Cowley's Book presenting itself to the Univerfity Library of Oxford	164
Ode. Sitting and drinking in the Chair made out of the Relicks of Sir Francis Drake's Ship	167
Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres	170
Ode. Upon Dr. Harvey.	173
Ode, from Catullus. Acme and Septimius	176
Ode upon his Majesty's Reftoration and Return	179
On the Queen's repairing Somerfet-Houfe	195
The Complaint	199
On Colonel Tuke's Tragi-Comedy, " The Adven- tures of Five Hours"	205
On the Death of Mrs. Katharine Philips	206
Hymn to Light	210
To the Royal Society	214
Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's Ship, prefented to the Univerfity Library of Oxford, by John Davis of Deptford, Efquire	220
Prologue to The Cutter of Colman Street	222

THE MISTRESS, OR SEVERAL COPIES OF
LOVE-VERSES.

The Request	-	-	Page 223
The Thraldom	-	-	225
The Given Love	-	-	226
The Spring	-	-	229
Written in Juice of Lemon	-	-	231
Inconstancy	-	-	233
Not Fair	-	-	234
Platonick Love	-	-	235
The Change	-	-	236
Glad all in White	-	-	237
Leaving me, and then loving many	-	-	238
My Heart discovered	-	-	239
Answer to the Platonicks	-	-	240
The Vain Love. Loving one first because she could love Nobody, afterwards loving her with Desire			241
The Soul	-	-	243
The Passions	-	-	246
Wisdom	-	-	247
The Despair	-	-	248
The Wish	-	-	249
My Diet	-	-	251
The Thief	-	-	252
All-over Love	-	-	253
Love and Life	-	-	254
The Bargain	-	-	255
			The

C O N T E N T S. 363

The Long Life	Page 256
Counsel	257
Resolved to be beloved	259
The same	260
The Discovery	261
Against Fruition	262
Love undiscovered	263
The given Heart	264
The Prophet	265
The Resolution	266
Called Inconstant	267
The Welcome	ibid.
The Heart fled again	269
Women's Superstition	270
The Soul	271
Echo	272
The Rich Rival	273
Against Hope	274
For Hope	275
Love's Ingratitude	277
The Frailty	278
Coldness	279
Enjoyment	ibid.
Sleep	281
Beauty	282
The Parting	283
My Picture	284
The Concealment	285
The Monopoly	286
	The

The Distance	-	-	-	Page 287
The Increase	-	-	-	288
Love's Visibility	-	-	-	289
Looking on, and discoursing with, his Mistress	-	-	-	ibid.
Resolved to love	-	-	-	290
My Fate	-	-	-	292
The Heart-breaking	-	-	-	293
The Usurpation	-	-	-	294
Maidenhead	-	-	-	295
Impossibilities	-	-	-	297
Silence	-	-	-	298
The Dissembler	-	-	-	299
The Inconstant	-	-	-	300
The Constant	-	-	-	302
Her Name	-	-	-	303
Weeping	-	-	-	304
Discretion	-	-	-	305
The Waiting-maid	-	-	-	306
Counsel	-	-	-	307
The Cure	-	-	-	308
The Separation	-	-	-	ibid.
The Tree	-	-	-	309
Her Unbelief	-	-	-	310
The Gazers	-	-	-	311
The Incurable	-	-	-	312
Honour	-	-	-	313
The innocent Ill	-	-	-	314
Dialogue	-	-	-	316
Verses lost upon a Wager	-	-	-	318
Bathing in the River	-	-	-	320
				Love

C O N T E N T S.		365
Love given over	- - -	Page 321
A Poem on the late Civil War	-	323
The Puritan and the Papist. A Satire	-	343
The Character of an Holy-Sister	-	353
The force of Love	- -	354
Epigram on the power of Love	-	356

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

