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THE

COMPLETE WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE. CARMEN DEO MASTRO.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSE. AIRIELLS.



LONDON :  
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

The Fuller Worthies' Library.

THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED

AND COLLATED WITH THE ORIGINAL AND EARLY EDITIONS,

AND MUCH ENLARGED WITH

- I. Hitherto unprinted and inedited Poems from Archbishop Sancroft's MSS. &c. &c.
- II. Translation of the whole of the Poemata et Epigrammata.
- III. Memorial-Introduction, Essay on Life and Poetry, and Notes.
- IV. In Quarto, reproduction in facsimile of the Author's own Illustrations of 1652, with others specially prepared.

EDITED BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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## PREFACE.

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I HAVE at last the pleasure of seeing half-fulfilled a long-cherished wish and intention, by the issue of the present Volume, being Vol. I. of the first really worthy edition of the complete Poetry of RICHARD CRASHAW, while Vol. II. is so well advanced that it may be counted on for Midsummer (*Deo favente*).

This Volume contains the whole of the previously-published English Poems, with the exception of the Epigrams scattered among the others, which more fittingly find their place in Vol. II., along with the Latin and Greek originals, and our translation of all hitherto untranslated. Here also will be found important, and peculiarly interesting as characteristic, additions of unprinted and inedited poems by CRASHAW from Archbishop SANCROFT'S MSS., among the TANNER MSS. in the Bodleian. These I have named 'Airelles,' after the little Alpine flowers that are dug out beneath the mountain masses of snow and ice, with abiding touches of beauty and perfume, as though they had been sheltered within walls and glass. The formerly printed Poems have been collated and recollated anxiously with the original and other early and authoritative editions, the results of which are shown in Notes and Illustrations at the close of each poem. Many

of the various readings are of rare interest, and collation has revealed successive additions and revisions altogether unrecorded by modern editors. In their places I have pointed out the flagrant carelessness of the last Editor, W. B. TURNBULL, Esq., in Smith's 'Library of Old Authors.'

As was meet, I have adhered to the first titles of 'Steps to the Temple' and 'The Delights of the Muses,' the former embracing the SACRED, and the latter the SECLAR Poems. The original Editor (whoever he was), not the Author, gave these titles. In the Preface to 'the learned Reader,' he says, '*we stile* his sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple.' At one time I was disposed to assign the editorship of the volumes of 1646 and 1648 to SANCROFT; but inasmuch as both contained Bp. RAINBOW's verses prefixed to ISAACSON's 'Chronologie,' while the piece is not in the SANCROFT MS., it seems he could not have been the editor. His pathetic closing words reveal much love: 'I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young Gent. (*now dead to us*) as hee himselfe doth, with the last line of his poem upon Bishop Andrewes' picture before his Sermons, *Verte paginas*—Look on his following leaves, and see him breath.'

I would now give an account of previous editions of our Worthy, and our use of them. The earliest of his publications—excluding minor pieces in University Collections as recorded in our Essay—was a volume of Latin Epigrams published at Cambridge in 1634 in a small 8vo. The name of CRASHAW nowhere appears, but his initials R. C. are appended to the Dedication to his friend LANEX. The title-page was as follows:

'*Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber. Cantabrigiæ, ex Academia celeberrimæ typographo, 1634.*' Besides the Epigrams, this now rare volume contained certain of his 'Poemata' before the Epigrams. A second edition was published in 1670 with a few additional Epigrams, and those in Greek. A third edition appeared in 1674. Fuller details, with collation of each, are given in Vol. II. in their places.

Nothing more of any considerableness was published until 1646, two years after the Poet's ejection. Then appeared a small volume of Poems, chiefly English, arranged in two distinct classes, Sacred and Secular, the latter with a separate title-page. In the Note which follows this Preface, the title-pages of the volume will be found, along with those of the subsequent editions of 1648 and 1670. With reference to the volume of 1646, a mistake in the printing was thus pointed out: 'Reader, there was a sudden mistake ('tis too late to recover it): thou wilt quickly find it out, and I hope as soone passe it over; some of the humane Poems are misplaced amongst the Divine.' These 'humane' poems, that belonged not to the 'Steps' but the 'Delights of the Muses,' were fifteen in all. They were assigned their own places in the new edition of 1648. With two exceptions, we have adhered to the classification of the 1648 edition: the exceptions are, that we have placed 'Vexilla Regis' immediately after the 'Office of the Holy Crosse,' as belonging properly to that composition; and the 'Apologie' for the Hymn to TERESA after the first, not after the second Hymn, seeing the 'Apologie' is only for the first. The new edition bore on its title-page the announcement: 'The second Edition, wherein are added divers pieces not

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I would now give an account of previous editions of our Worthy, and our use of them. The earliest of his publications—excluding minor pieces in University Collections as recorded in our Essay—was a volume of Latin Epigrams published at Cambridge in 1634 in a small 8vo. The name of CRASHAW nowhere appears, but his initials R. C. are appended to the Dedication to his friend LANEY. The title-page was as follows:

'*Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber. Cantabrigiæ, ex Academia celeberrimæ typographo, 1634.*' Besides the Epigrams, this now rare volume contained certain of his 'Poemata' before the Epigrams. A second edition was published in 1670 with a few additional Epigrams, and those in Greek. A third edition appeared in 1674. Fuller details, with collation of each, are given in Vol. II. in their places.

Nothing more of any considerableness was published until 1646, two years after the Poet's ejection. Then appeared a small volume of Poems, chiefly English, arranged in two distinct classes, Sacred and Secular, the latter with a separate title-page. In the Note which follows this Preface, the title-pages of the volume will be found, along with those of the subsequent editions of 1648 and 1670. With reference to the volume of 1646, a mistake in the printing was thus pointed out: 'Reader, there was a sudden mistake ('tis too late to recover it): thou wilt quickly find it out, and I hope as soone passe it over; some of the humane Poems are misplaced amongst the Divine.' These 'humane' poems, that belonged not to the 'Steps' but the 'Delights of the Muses,' were fifteen in all. They were assigned their own places in the new edition of 1648. With two exceptions, we have adhered to the classification of the 1648 edition: the exceptions are, that we have placed 'Vexilla Regis' immediately after the 'Office of the Holy Crosse,' as belonging properly to that composition; and the 'Apologie' for the Hymn to TERESA after the first, not after the second Hymn, seeing the 'Apologie' is only for the first. The new edition bore on its title-page the announcement: 'The second Edition, wherein are added divers pieces not

before extant.' Our contents of the present Volume (immediately following our Dedication) shows these additions, which were important and precious; viz. twenty-nine new English Poems and eighteen new Latin Poems.

The next edition was published in PARIS in 1652. In our Note (as *supra*) the title-page is given. This volume is an elegant one, and is adorned with twelve dainty engravings after the Author's own designs, though we possess a copy without the engravings, having blanks left. This exceedingly rare book contains most of the Sacred Poems and some of the more serious of the Secular Poems; but as the contents (as *supra*) show, there were large omissions, notably the Sospetto and Musick's Duel. It was edited by THOMAS CAR, who prefixes two poems of his own, as follows :

I. CRASHAWE, THE ANAGRAMME 'HE WAS CAR.'

Was CAR then Crashawe ; or was Crashawe Car,	1
Since both within one name combinèd are ?	
Yes, Car's Crashawe, he Car; 'tis loue alone	
Which melts two harts, of both composing one.	
So Crashaw's still the same : so much desired	5
By strongest witts ; so honor'd, so admired ;	
Car was but he that enter'd as a friend	
With whom he shar'd his thoughtes, and did commend	
(While yet he liu'd) this worke ; they lou'd each other :	
Sweete Crashawe was his friend ; he Crashawe's brother. 10	
So Car hath title then ; 'twas his intent	
That what his riches pen'd, poore Car should print ;	
Nor feares he checke, praying that happie one	
Who was belou'd by all ; disprais'd by none :	
To witt, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all,	15
Nor would he giue, nor take offence ; befall	
What might, he would possesse himselfe, and liue	
As deade (denoyde of interest) t' all might giue	
Desease t' his well composèd mynd ; fore-stal'd	
With heauenly riches ; which had wholly call'd	20

His thoughts from earth, to liue aboue in th' aire  
 A very bird of paradice. No care  
 Had he of earthly trashe. What might suffice  
 To fitt his soule to heauenly exercise  
 Sufficèd him : and may we guesse his hart 25  
 By what his lipps brings forth, his onely part  
 Is God and godly thoughtes. Leaues doubt to none  
 But that to whom one God is all ; all's one.  
 What he might eate or weare he tooke no thought ;  
 His needfull foode he rather found then sought. 30  
 He seekes no downes, no sheetes, his bed's still made ;  
 If he can find a chaire or stoole, he's layd.  
 When Day peepes in, he quitts his restlesse rest,  
 And still, poore soule, before he's vp, he's dre'st.  
 Thus dying did he liue, yet liued to dye 35  
 In th' Virgin's lappe, to whom he did applye  
 His virgine thoughtes and words, and thence was styld  
 By foes, the chaplaine of the virgine myld,  
 While yet he liued without. His modestie  
 Imparted this to some, and they to me. 40  
 Liue happie then, deare soule ! inioy the rest  
 Eternally by paynes thou purchacedst,  
 While Car must liue in care, who was thy friend,  
 Nor cares he how he liue, so in the end  
 He may inioy his dearest Lord and thee ; 45  
 And sitt and singe more skilfull songs eternally.<sup>1</sup>

II. AN EPIGRAMME

Vpon the Pictures in the following Poemes, which the Authour first made with his owne hand, admirably well, as may be seene in his Manuscript dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady the L. Denbigh.

'Twixt pen and pensill rose a holy strife 1  
 Which might draw Vertue better to the life :  
 Best witts gaue votes to that, but painters swore  
 They neuer saw peeces so sweete before

<sup>1</sup> TURNBULL in line 19 misprints 'Diseased his . . . ' making nonsense. Disease is = dis-ease, discompcse, as used by PHINEAS FLETCHER : cf. vol. iii. p. 194 et alibi.

As the fruits of pure Nature ; where no Art	5
Did lead the vntaught pensill, nor had part	
In th' worke . . . . .	
The hand growne bold, with witt will needes contest :	
Doth it preuayle ? ah no ! say each is best.	
This to the care speakes wonders ; that will trye	10
To speake the same, yet lowder, to the eye.	
Both in their aymes are holy, both conspire	
To wound, to burne the hart with heauenly fire.	
This then's the doome, to doe both parties right :	
This to the care speakes best ; that, to the sight.	15
THOMAS CAR.	

It is clear from these lines in the former poem—

'Car was but he that enter'd as a friend  
With whom he shar'd his thoughtes, and did commend  
(While yet he liu'd) THIS WORKE

So Car hath title then ; 'twas his intent  
That what his riches pen'd, poore Car should print'—

that the volume of 1652 carries the authority of CRASHAW with it as his own Selection from what he had written. So that I have had no hesitation in accepting its text of the Poems previously published (in 1616 and 1618) : understanding that the Selection was regulated by his desire only to offer the COUNTESS OF DENBIGH those he himself most valued. There are inevitable misprints and a chaos of punctuation ; but the text as a whole is a great advance on those preceding, as our Notes and Illustrations to the several poems prove. There are some very valuable additions throughout, entirely overlooked by modern Editors. Our text of all not in 1652 volume is based on that of 1618 collated with 1616.

<sup>1</sup> THOMAS CAR again misprints in line 3 : But for 'Be' it is no more making nonsense.

The engravings celebrated in the Epigram of CAR—of whom more, and of the origin and purpose of the Volume, in our Essay—are as follows :

1. 'To the noblest and best of ladyes:' a heart with an emblematical lock. Beneath is printed 'Non Vi' (= not by force), and the following lines :

'Tis not the work of force but skill  
To find the way into man's will.  
'Tis lone alone can hearts vnlock:  
Who knows the Word, he needs not knock.

2. 'To the name above every name.' 'Numisma Urbani 6.' A dove under the tiara, surrounded with a glory. The legend is, 'In unitate Deus est.'

3. 'The Holy Nativity.' The Holy Family at Bethlehem. Beneath are these lines in French and Latin :

Ton Créateur te faict voir sa naissance  
Deignant souffrir pour toy des son enfance.  
Quem vidistis, Pastores, &c.  
Natum vidimus, &c.

4. 'The Glorious Epiphanie.' The adoration of the Magi-kings.

5. 'The Office of the Holy Crosse.' Christ on the Cross. Beneath (from the Vulgate),

Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem et hostiam  
Deo in odorem suavitatis.—Ad Ephe. 5.

6. 'The Recommendation.' The ascended Saviour looking down toward the Earth. Above, this line,

Expostulatio Jesu Christi cum mundo ingrato.

Beneath, a Latin poem of thirteen lines, which appears in its place in our Vol. II.

7. 'Sancta Maria Dolorum.' The Virgin Mary under

the Cross with the instruments of the Passion, holding the dead Saviour in her arms.

8. 'Hymn of St. Thomas.' A Remonstrance. 'Ecce panis Angelorum.'

9. 'Dies Ire.' The Last Judgment. 'Dies Ire, dies illa.'

10. 'O Gloriosa Domina.' The Virgin Mary and Child. Angels hold a crown over her head, surmounted by the Holy Dove. Beneath:

S. Maria Major.  
Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi.  
Qui pascitur inter liliæ. Cant.

11. 'The Weeper.' A female head, showing beneath, a bleeding and burning heart, surrounded by a glory. This couplet is below:

Lo, where a wounded heart, with bleeding eyes conspire:  
Is she a flaming fountaine, or a weeping fire?

12. 'Hymn to St. Teresa.' Portrait: scroll above, inscribed 'Misericors Domini in æternum cantabo.' Beneath, 'La Vray Portraict de Ste. Terese, Fondatrice des Religieuses et Religieux réformez de l'ordre de N. Dame de mont Carmel: Décédée le 1<sup>er</sup> Octo. 1582. Canonisée le 12<sup>e</sup> Mars 1622.'

Besides these TWELVE, I discovered another in illustration of 'O Gloriosa Domina,' substituted for No. 10 in the very fine copy of the volume in the Douce Collection in the Bodleian. I have the satisfaction of furnishing admirable reproductions in fac-simile of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12, and by the kindness of the Bodleian Trustees, the unique illustration for No. 10. No. 11 by my friend W. J. LINTON, Esq. The whole

of these belong exclusively to our illustrated quarto edition, and the impressions taken have been strictly limited thereto, and a very few for my own gift-use.

We have now done with genuine editions; but have yet to notice a wretched medley which bears the name of the '2d edition.' Its title-page is given in our Note (as before). This volume is fairly printed; but whatever was meant by '2d edition,' whether it was so styled from ignorance of the edition of 1648 or copying of its title, or because it was meant for a 2d edition of 1652, it is a deplorable compilation made out of 1646 and 1652. It first reprints 1646 and then 1652, omitting in the second part such poems of 1652 as were in 1646, but without taking the trouble of correcting any, so as to bring them into agreement with the better text. Not to mention well-nigh innumerable misprints and omissions, so blind is it, that it has twice printed two poems which in 1652 had their titles altered, not observing that it had already printed them under the old titles. These were the poems, *On the Death of a Young Gentleman*, and in *Praise of Lessius*. It contains only the eight Latin Poems of 1646, and no others. Of this edition TURNBULL says, 'In its text [it is] the most inaccurate of all'—and— What then? He reprints it! and leaves undetected its inaccuracies and omissions, and superadds as many more of his own—as our Notes and Illustrations demonstrate, albeit we have left many blunders unrecorded, contenting ourselves with seeing that our own is correct. And yet this Editor got in a rage with a correspondent (Professor M'Carthy) of *Notes and Queries*, who at the time corrected incidentally a misprinted letter—oblivious of (literally) hundreds infinitely worse.



PEREGRINE PHILLIPS in 1785 published a very well-printed volume of 'Selections' from CRASHAW; but, like TURNBULL, he blundered over the (so-called) '2d edition' of 1670, and seems never to have seen those of 1648 and 1652. Of other more recent editions I shall speak in our Essay, and, as already stated in our Memorial-Introduction, notice the University Collections and others, to which our Poet contributed. In its place, at close of the present Volume, see account of a hitherto unused edition of a Verse-Letter to COUNTESS OF DENBIGH.

Of the Poems now for the first time printed, the present Volume contains no fewer than fifteen or sixteen with important additions: Vol. II. will contain very many more, as well as our Translation of the hitherto untranslated Poems and Epigrams. The source of all these erewhile unprinted Poems is Vol. 465 among the TANNER MSS., which is known to be in the handwriting (mainly) of Archbishop SANCROFT. The Volume is a collection of contemporary Poetry, but as it now rests in the Bodleian is imperfect, as the Index shows. The following details will probably interest our readers. In the Index is first of all the following, 'Mr. Crashaw's Epigrams, sacra Latina;' but it is erased. Then underneath is written 'Mr. Crashaw's poems transcrib'd from his own copie, before they were printed; amongst w<sup>ch</sup> are some not printed.' 'Latin, On y<sup>e</sup> Gospels v p 7. On other Subjects. p 39, 95, 229. English Sacred Poems p 111. On other Subjects. 39, 162, 164 v 167 v 196, 202 v 206 223, v Suspetto di Herodi, translated from Car. Marino p 287 v.' Guided by this Index for, though to some 'R. Cr.' is prefixed, others printed in 1646 and 1648 are left without name

or initials—page 7 to 22 contains Latin Poems and Epigrams still unpublished. On page 22 is a large letter C = Crashaw. The pagination then leaps to p. 39 and goes on to page 64, and consists of Latin Poems and one in Greek ‘On other Subjects,’ also wholly unpublished. Page 66 is blank, and a blank leaf follows. Then there is a Latin poem by WALLIS, and pp. 95-6 contain other Latin poems by CRASHAW, in part published. Pages 97-102 are blank, and the pagination again leaps to p. 111, where begin the English Sacred Poems, continuing to page 137, with ‘Crashaw’ written at end. These pages (111-137) contain mainly Poems and Epigrams before published. On page 130 is a short poem ‘On Good Friday’ by T. Randolph. On page 135 are two poems by Dr. Alabaster: then, on page 136, Crashaw’s poem ‘On the Assumption,’ and on page 137, a short poem by Wotton. Pages 138-142 are blank, and once more the pagination passes to p. 159, where there is a poem by GILES FLETCHER (pp. 159-160)—printed by us in Appendix to Poems of Dr. GILES FLETCHER in our FULLER WORTHIES’ MISCELLANIES. Pages 160-1 have poems by Corbett (erroneously inserted as HERRICK’s by Hazlitt in his edition of Herrick), and a Song by WOTTON. On page 162 ‘The Faire Ethiopian,’ by CRASHAW: p. 163, ‘Upon Mr. Cl.’ [Cleveland?], who made a Song against the D.D.s—The complaint of a woman with child [both anonymous]. Then at page 164 ‘Upon a gnatt burnt in a candle,’ by Crashaw (being entered in Index as *supra*), and never published. On pages 165-6, Love’s Horoscope (published): p. 166, *Ad Amicam*. T. R. (not by CRASHAW, being entered in Index under Randolph): pp. 167-71, *Fidicinis et Philomela Bellum*

Musicum, and Upon Herbert's Temple: pp. 172-3, Upon Isaacson's Frontispiece (the second piece): pp. 173-4, An invitation to faire weather (all published before). Then translations from the Latin Poets with 'R. CR.' above each, pp. 174-178—all unpublished: pp. 178-9, from Virgil (published). Next on pp. 180-87 are the following: 'On y' Gunpowder-Treason' (three separate pieces), and 'Upon the King's Coronation' (two pieces). These have never been printed until now in our present Vol., and they are unquestionably Crashaw's, inasmuch as (a) All entered thus 164 v. 167 are by him, and so these being entered under his name in Index as 167 v. 196 must belong to him; (b) 'Upon the King's Coronation' are renderings in part of his own Latin; (c) As shown in our Essay (where also their biographic value is shown) unusual words used by Crashaw occur in them. Pp. 187-90, 'Panegyrick upon the birth of the Duke of York' (published): pp. 190-2, 'Upon the birth of the Princesse Elizabeth' (never before printed). Pages 192-196, poems by Corbett, Wotton, and others. Pages 196-7, Translation from the Latin *Ec. Euphoniom* (not before published), and on Lessius (published). Then pp. 197-201, poems by various, in part anonymous: pp. 202-3, An Elegy on Staninough (not having his name or initials, but entered in Index under his name) (never before published). pp. 203-5, In obitum desider. M<sup>r</sup> Chambers (published, but the heading new), and Upon the death of a friend (not before published): p. 205, 'On a cobbler' (anonymous): p. 206, In obitum D<sup>r</sup> Brooke: Epitaphium Conjug. (published) — page 207, poem by CRYSTWELL: p. 208, blank, and then the pagination passes to p. 223. Pages 223-229, poems on Herry's [or Harris] (all pub-

lished, but with variations): pp. 229-30, Elegie on Dr. Porter (never before published, and entered in Index under Crashaw): from p. 231 to 238, various poems, but none by Crashaw; then the pagination leaps to p. 238, and goes on to p. 255, with various pieces, but again none by CRASHAW. On pp. 297-8 are eight of the published English Epigrams. All the other anonymous and avowed poems being entered in the Index separately from CRASHAW'S, and under either their titles or authors, makes us safe to exclude them from our Volumes. On the other hand, the Index-entries and 'R. C.' together, assure us that rich and virgin as is the treasure-trove of unprinted and unpublished Poems—English and Latin, especially the Latin—it is without a shadow of doubt RICHARD CRASHAW'S, and of supreme worth. I have also had the good fortune to discover a Harleian ms. from Lord Somers' Library (6917-18), which furnishes some valuable readings of some of the Poems, as recorded and used by us.

Throughout we have endeavoured with all fidelity to reproduce our Worthy in integrity of text and orthography—diminishing only (slightly) italics and capitals, and as usual giving capitals to all divine Names (nouns and pronouns) and personifications. In Notes and Illustrations all various readings are recorded, and such elucidations and filling-in of names and allusions as are likely to be helpful.

It is now my pleasant duty to return right hearty, because heartfelt, thanks to many friends and correspondents who have aided me in a somewhat arduous and difficult work and 'labour of love.' To the venerable

and illustrations many whose names by express permission adorn my Dedication. I owe a debt of gratitude for a beautiful, a pathetic, a heroic sacred Letter, that greatly animated me to go forward. By my admirably able translators REYS, J. H. C. Esq., M. A., of West Dereham, Norfolk, and FROXY, ANNE, M. A., of Swinburn, my edition as Vol. II. will evidently be advantaged in various Translations for the first time of the Latin pieces, valuable in themselves, and the more valued for the generous enthusiasm and modesty with which they were offered, not to say how considerably they have brightened my own work in the same field. To Dr. BRUNNEN, Newcastle, who retains in the Army his fine literary culture at Engham, to W. ALGER WARDER, Esq., M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, the very Reverend Dr. T. C. HASTINGS, Cressy, Norwich, the Earl and Countess of Devon, Marsignor Broxon, Rome, to Correspondents at Louvain, Delft, Paris, &c., and to Colonel CRISTON and Mr. W. T. BROWN, London, I wish to tender my warmest thanks for various services most pleasantly rendered; all to the enrichment of our edition.

The Illustrations (in the Itô) speak for themselves. I cannot sufficiently express my acknowledgments for the spontaneous and ever increasing willingness of my artist-poet friend W. J. LIXTON, Esq., who from his temporary Transatlantic home has sent me the exquisite head and tail pieces in both volumes, besides cunningly interpreting the two original Illustrations drawn for me by Mrs. HUGH BUCKNEX of Glasgow, and the Poet's 'Weeper.' To Mrs. BUCKNEX her work is its own abundant reward; but none the less do I appreciate her great kindness to me.

Anything else needing to be said will be found in the Memorial-Introduction and Essay on the Life and Poetry, and Notes and Illustrations. I cannot better close our Preface than with the fine tribute of R. ARIS WILLMOTT, in his 'Dream of the Poets,' wherein he catches up the echo of COWLEY across two centuries:

Poet and Saint! thy sky was dark  
 And sad thy lonely vigil here;  
 But thy meek spirit, like the lark  
 Still showered music on the ear,  
 From its own heaven ever clear:  
 No pining mourner thou! thy strain  
 Could breathe a slumber upon Pain,  
 Singing thy tears asleep: not long  
 To stray by Siloa's brook was thine:  
 Yet Time hath never dealt thee wrong,  
 Nor brush'd the sweet bloom from thy line:  
 Thou hast a home in every song,  
 In every Christian heart, a shrine.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

15 St. Alban's Place, Blackburn, Lancashire,  
 4th February 1872.







## MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

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IN a Study of the Life and Poetry of our present Worthy, which will be found in our Volume II.—thus postponed in order that the completed Works may be before the student-reader along with it—I venture to hope new light will be shed on both, and his character as a Man and Poet—one of the richest of the minor Poets of England—vindicated and interpreted as never hitherto they have been. Some memories cannot bear the ‘*cruel light*’ of close scrutiny, some poetries when tested prove false-setto-noted. RICHARD CRASHAW grows on us the more insight we gain. If he were as well known as GEORGE HERBERT, he would be equally cherished, while his Poetry would be recognised as perfumed with all his devoutness and of a diviner ‘*stuff*’ and woven in a grander loom; in sooth, infinitely deeper and finer in almost every element of true singing as differenced from pious and gracious versifying. In this hurrying-scurrying age, only twos-and-threes take time to hold communion with these ancient Worthies; and hence my Essay, as with the FLETCHERS and LORD BROOKE and HENRY VAUGHAN, may win-back that recognition and love due to CRASHAW.

Then, in a much fuller and more adequate Memoir than hitherto furnished of WILLIAM CRASHAW, B.D.,



father of our Poet—also in our Volume II.—the usually-given ancestral details will appear from new and unused sources. So that here and now I intend to limit myself to a brief statement of the few outward Facts, *i.e.* reserving their relation to the central thing in RICHARD CRASHAW'S life—his passing from Protestantism to Catholicism, and to contemporaries and inner friends, and to his Poetry—to our announced Study.

WILLMOTT in his 'Lives of the English Sacred Poets' (vol. first, 1831, vol. second, 1839), begins his fine-toned little Notice thus: 'After an anxious search in all the accessible sources of information, I am able to tell little of one of whom every lover of poetry must desire to know much. The time of his birth and of his decease is involved in equal mystery.'<sup>1</sup> Our 'all' is still 'little' as compared with what we yearn for; but we do not need to begin so dolorously as our predecessor, for we have discovered both the 'time of his *birth* and of his *decease*.' He was born in London in 1612-3; this date being arrived at from the register entry of his age on admission to the University, *viz.* 18 in 1630-1 (as hereafter stated). SHAKESPEARE was then retired to his beloved Stratford; MILTON was in the sixth year of his cherub beauty. His father being 'Preacher at the Temple' at the date would have determined LONDON to have been his birthplace; but his admission to Pembroke and his own signature at Peterhouse, 'Richardum Crashaw, *Londoniense*,' prove it. Who was his mother I have failed to find. The second Mrs. WILLIAM CRASHAW, celebrated in a remark-

<sup>1</sup> Edition of 1831, p. 295; of 1839, vol. 1, p. 301. TURBULL adds not one iota to our knowledge, and repeats all WILLMOTT'S erroneous dates, &c.

able contemporary poetical tractate printed (if not published) by her bereaved husband (of which more anon and elsewhere, as *supra*), could not have been the Poet's mother, as she was not married to CRASHAW (*pater*) until 1619. We should gladly have exchanged the 'Honour of Vertue or the Monument erected by the sorrowfull Husband and the Epitaphs annexed by learned and worthy men, to the immortall memory of that worthy Gentle-woman M<sup>rs</sup>. ELIZABETH CRASHAWE. Who dyed in child-birth, and was buried in Whit-Chappel: Octob. 8. 1620. In the 24 year of her age'—for a page on the first Mrs. Crashaw. Yet is it pleasant to know the motherless little lad received such a new mother as this tribute pictures. In 1620 he was in his ninth year. Thus twice a broad shadow blackened his father's house and his home. Little more than a year had he his 'second' mother.

Our after-Memoir of the elder CRASHAW shows that he was a man of no ordinary force of character and influence. The Epistles-dedicatory to his numerous polemical books are addressed with evident familiarity to the foremost in Church and State: and it is in agreement with this to learn (as we do) that MASTER RICHARD gained admission to the great 'Charterhouse' School through SIR HENRY YELVERTON and SIR RANDOLPH CREW—the former the patron-friend of the saintly DR. SIBBES, the latter of HERRICK, and both of mark. The Register of Charterhouse as now extant begins in 1680. So that we know not the date of young Crashaw's entry on the 'foundation' provided so munificently by SUTTON.<sup>1</sup> As

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we shall find, one of the Teachers—Brooke—is gratefully and characteristically remembered by our Worthy in one of his Latin poems, none the less gratefully that ‘the rod’ is recalled. He was ‘Schoolmaster’ from 1627-8 to 1643. The age of admission was 10 to 14: the latter would bring us to 1627-8, or Brooke’s first year of office. Probably, however, he entered sooner; but neither ROBERT GREY (1624-26) nor WILLIAM MIDDLETON, A.M. (1626-28), nor others of the Masters or celebrities of the famous School are celebrated by him, with the exception of (afterwards) BISHOP LANEY. FRANCIS BEAUMONT was Head-Master in June 18, 1624, and I should have liked to have been able to associate CRASHAW with the Beaumont family. Probably DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT of ‘Psyche’ was a school-fellow.

How long the Charterhouse was attended is unknown; but renewed researches at CAMBRIDGE add to as well as correct the usual dates of his attendance there. WILLMOTT states that ‘he was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, March 26, 1632,’ and remarks, ‘and yet we find him lamenting the premature death of his friend, William Herry, a fellow of the same College, which happened in the October of 1631.’<sup>1</sup> He quotes from the COLE MSS. The original register in the Admission-book of Pembroke College removes the difficulty, and is otherwise valuable, as will be seen. It is as follows:

‘Julij 6. 1631. Richardus Crashawe, Gulielmi presbyteri filius, natus Londini annos habens 18, admissus est ad 2æ mensæ ordinem sub tutela M<sup>ri</sup> Tourney.’

He was ‘matriculated *pensioner* of Pembroke, March 26,

<sup>1</sup> As before, vol. ii. p. 302.

1632,' but, as above, his 'admission' preceded. Belonging to Essex, it is not improbable that CRASHAW and HARRIS were school-fellows at the Charterhouse. His 'friendships' and associates, so winsomely 'sing' of, will demand full after-notice. In 1632-3 appeared GEORGE HERRARD's 'Temple': an influential event in our Poet's history. He took the degree of B.A. in 1634. In 1634 he published anonymously his volume of Latin Epigrams and other Poems; a very noticeable book from a youth of 20, especially as most must have been composed long previously. He passed from Pembroke to Peterhouse in 1636: and again I have the satisfaction to give, for the first time, the entry in the old College Register. It is as follows:

ANNO DOMINI MILLESIMO SEXCENTESIMO TRICESIMO  
 SEXTO VICESIMO SEPTIMO mensis Novembris Richardus Crashaw  
 admissus fuit a Reverendo in Christo Patre ac D<sup>no</sup> D<sup>no</sup>  
 Francisco Episcopo Eliensi ac locum arte societatem  
 Magistri Simon Simia legitime vacantem in Collegio  
 sive Domo S<sup>ti</sup> Petri, et vicesimo secundo die ejusdem  
 mensis eadem Magistri et locum ejusdem Collegii per-  
 sonaliter constitutus, permanentem personam quod ad quatuor  
 Continuationibus et Scabulis Collegii, quibus in hoc est  
 Reverenter medietas et specialiter per se non se non ap-  
 pellandi: sicuti antea eadem etiam secundum notum et  
 firmam statutum prefectorum et se caruere, videlicet  
 Magistri Thome de Castro Bernardi et Magri Thome  
 Bichardus quibus in hoc est intentionem ad per-  
 manens personam amplexus fuit a Magistris Collegii et per-  
 sonam eorum ejusdem Collegii et in locum vacante  
 anni. Per nos Richardum Crashaw locum vacante  
 1636

of Parliament at the said. Given under my hand and  
seal the eleventh day of June anno 1644.

MANCHESTER.

*(To the Master President of the University of Cambridge  
p. 178.)*

The ejection of 1644, like that larger one of 1602, brought much sorrow and trial to a number of good and true souls. To one so gentle, shy, self-introspective as **CRASHAW**, it must have been as the tearing down of a nest to a poor bird. His fellow sufferers went hither and thither. Our first glimpse of our Worthy after his 'ejection' is in 1646, when the 'Steps to the Temple' and 'Delights of the Muses' appeared, with its Editor's touching saying at the close of his Preface 'now dead to us'. A second edition, with considerable additions, was published in 1648. Previous to 1646 he had 'gone over' to Catholicism; for in the 'Steps' of that year is 'An Apologie' for his 'Hymn' 'In Memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Marie de Teresa, that sought an early Martyrdom'. In 1647 it is headed simply 'An Apologie for the precedent Hymne' in the 'Carmen Deo Nostro' of 1649 it is more fully inscribed 'An Apologie for the foregoing Hymn, as having been writt when the author was yet among the Protestantes'. His two Latin poems, '*Deus est in excelsis deus est in excelsis*' and '*Deus est in excelsis deus est in excelsis*' were first published in 1648. The editor was either ignorant of their existence or intentionally suppressed them.

Our Worthy did not long remain in England. He retired to France, and his little genial poem on sending 'two green apples' to Cowley sheds a gleam of light

on his residence in Paris. COWLEY was in the 'gay city' in 1646 as Secretary to LORD JERMYN; and inasmuch as the volume of that year contained his own alternate poem on 'Hope,' I like to imagine that he carried over a copy of it to CRASHAW, and renewed their old friendship. COWLEY, it is told, found our Poet in great poverty; but CAR's verses somewhat lighten the gloom. The 'Secretary' of LORD JERMYN introduced his friend to the Queen of Charles I., who was then a fugitive in Paris. So it usually runs: but CRASHAW had previously 'sung' of and to her Majesty. From the Queen the Poet obtained letters of recommendation to Italy; and from a contemporary notice, hereafter to be used, we learn he became 'Secretary' at Rome to CARDINAL PALAZZA. He appears to have remained in Rome until 1648 (A), and by very 'plain speech' on the morality, that is immorality, of certain ecclesiastics, to have drawn down on himself Italian jealousy and threats. His 'good Catholic' provided a place of shelter in the Lateran (A. 1648), of which he was made a Canon. But a *rescript* was very brief: for, by a document sent me from London, I ascertained that he died of fever at a low stage of residence only, and was buried within the chapel under a 1650. COWLEY next 'metaphorically' took up his abode in friend in which he lived to his death in 1667, and with the process which I wish to discuss.

\* My 'document' was an extract from an old Italian of the Church, and I have seen the original. It is a very interesting notice, and contains a great deal of information. It is a very interesting notice, and contains a great deal of information. It is a very interesting notice, and contains a great deal of information.



said, "In these verses there are beauties which common  
 authors may justly think not only above their attainment,  
 but above their apprehension"—I close for the present our  
 Memoir.

OSAGE DE VIEILLE MUSE CHASTAUX

Poets old Saint! to thee alone are giv'n  
 The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven,  
 The holiest rarest names which can be  
 Next that of God and with humanity  
 In legend the Moses Jewish! 's slaves abid,  
 And build your pyramids to mortal pride,  
 The Muses' strength the spells and charms withstand  
 Hast thou not them nelly hark! 's back at the of Holy Field!

All we deem I we Poets of Earth! but thou  
 Wert living, the same Poet which thou art now,  
 Whilst angels sing to thee their ayres divine,  
 And thy man applause so great as thine  
 Earth's society with them to hold,  
 Thou needst not make new songs, but say the old,  
 And they 'kind spirits' shall all receive to see,  
 How little less than they, exalted thou may be.

Still the old Pagan gods in numbers dwell,  
 The Holy Ghost thing on Earth, still keeps in Hell,  
 No Love we yet quite purged the Christ in land,  
 Still 'tis here, like calves at Bethel stand,  
 And the Poet's death long since all oracles broke,  
 Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke,  
 Nay, with the worst of heathen deities, we  
 Vain men! the monster woman deities,  
 Foul 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?  
 Whorens as girls, as old wives, as furies.

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain  
 The blameless God's end, she did well disdain!

LET US GOVERN OUR LIVES BY HER

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's arms ! Thou most divine,  
 And richest off'ring 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 chappel there,  
 And bore the sacred load in triumph thro' 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.  
 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 sp'rit might on me doubled be,  
I ask but half thy mighty sp'rit for me :  
And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,  
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.<sup>1</sup>

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

<sup>1</sup> Works, vol. i. (1707) pp. 41-7. Line 3 by a strange oversight is misprinted in all the editions I have seen 'The hard, and rarest . . .' I accept WILLMOTT'S correction.



THE  
WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

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VOL. I.  
ENGLISH POETRY.

Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,  
I ask but halt thy mighty spirit for me :  
And when my Muse mounts with so strong a wing,  
I will learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.<sup>1</sup>

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

<sup>1</sup> Works, vol. v. (1870) pp. 44-5. Line 3 by a strange oversight is unprinted in all the editions I have seen. The hard and rarest of all editions, *Works*, vol. v. (1870) pp. 44-5.



THE  
WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

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VOL. I.  
ENGLISH POETRY.

said, 'In these verses there are beauties which common authors may justly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition,'<sup>1</sup>—I close for the present our Memoir :

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

Poet and Saint ! to thee alone are giv'n  
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heav'n,  
The hardest, 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 (tho' 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 ayres 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 heav'nliest 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 tho' Pan's death long since all or'cles broke,  
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke ;  
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we  
(Vain men !) the monster woman deific ;  
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,  
And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.  
What diff'rent 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

<sup>1</sup> Life of COWLEY, in Lives of the Poets.

That her eternal verse employ'd should be  
 In a less subject than eternity :  
 And for a sacred mistress seem'd to take  
 But her whom God Himself seem'd not His spouse to make  
 In a mind her miracle did do  
 A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How well these Swain did Fame contrive thy death,  
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath  
 In thy great mistress's arms. That most divine,  
 And richest offspring of Lorena's shrine  
 Where like some holy sacrifice & expiate  
 A lever burne thee, and Love light the fire  
 Anger they say wrought the flame & changed there  
 And were the sacred road in triumph thro' the air  
 To sweet music they brought thee there, and they  
 And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my Mother-Church, if I consent  
 That angels set you down from thee to wait  
 For e'er in error sure no danger is  
 When you're with so much piety as this.  
 As mighty God will cause I speak, and glad  
 At that our greatest faults were in our head  
 And our worst reason were e'er a weaker yet  
 Rather than thus, our will too strong for it  
 His faith perhaps in some nice sense might  
 Be wrong, no ill, I'm sure was in the right  
 And I myself a Catholic will be  
 As far as reason great cause to pray at thee.

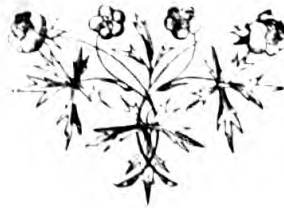
That I have mention'd, and some other names  
 In the Poets' militant names  
 Whose I in our old church's sacred shrine  
 Honour'd in Italy and in Provence  
 Eachman I by beauty, wit, or science  
 Honour'd in our church, in strange words and lines  
 That from our Earth in other fancies thus rise  
 And like Eliza's name have the same  
 Honour'd like our will a word much more  
 Made in thy greatness and thy holiness  
 As soon I say, which have these things  
 To make us in heaven, as good as you.



Not that thy sp'rit might on me doubled be,  
I ask but half thy mighty sp'rit for me :  
And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,  
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.<sup>1</sup>

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

<sup>1</sup> Works, vol. i. (1707) pp. 11-7. Line 3 by a strange oversight is misprinted in all the editions I have seen 'The hard, and rarest . . .' I accept WILLMOTT'S correction.



THE  
WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

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VOL. I.  
ENGLISH POETRY.

2d edition, 1648

STEPS

— — — — —

TEMPLE,

Sacred Poems.

With

The Delights of the Muses.

By RICHARD CRASHAW, *some*

*times of Pembroke Hall, and*  
*late fellow of S. Peters Coll.*  
*in Cambridge.*

*The second Edition wherein are added divers*  
*pieces not before extant.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes  
in *S. Pauls Church-yard*.

1648. [12<sup>o</sup>]

The title-page to the 'Delights of the Muses' is exactly the same with that of 1646, except the date '1648.' Collation: Engraved title-page; title-page (printed); the Preface to the Reader and the Author's Motto, pp. 6; 'Steps,' pp. 110; the Table, pp. 4; the 'Delights;' title-page; the Table, pp. 3; Poems, pp. 71.

3d edition, 1652.

CARMEN  
DEO NOSTRO,  
TE DECET HYMNVS  
SACRED POEMS,

Collected,  
Corrected,  
Augmented,  
Most humbly Presented.  
To  
My Lady  
The Countesse of  
DENBIGH  
By  
Her most deuoted Seruant.  
R. C.

In hearty [*sic*] acknowledgment of his immortall  
obligation to her Goodnes & Charity.

AT PARIS

By PETER TARGA, Printer to the Arch-  
bishops of [*sic*] Paris, in St. Victors streete at  
the golden bell.

M DCLLII. 1652.

Collation: Title-page. Verses by C. 2. pp. 8. Verse Letter  
to Countess of Denbigh pp. 8 and subsequent. The Poems pp.  
131. See our Preface for more on this and previous and suc-  
ceeding volumes and for notice of a separate edition of the  
Verse Letter to the Countess of Denbigh.

4th edition, erroneously designated 2d edition, 1670.

STEPS  
TO THE  
TEMPLE,

THE  
DELIGHTS  
OF THE  
MUSES,  
and  
Carmen  
Deo Nostro.

By *Ric. Crashaw*, sometimes Fellow of *Pembroke Hall*, and late Fellow of *S<sup>t</sup>. Peter's Colledge* in *Cambridge*.

*The 2<sup>d</sup> Edition.*

In the Savoy,  
Printed by T. N. for *Henry Herringham* at the  
*Blew Anchor* in the *Lower Walk* of the  
*New Exchange*. 1670. [8<sup>m</sup>]

Collation: Engraving of a 'Temple;' title-page; the Preface to the Reader and the Author's Motto, pp. 8; the Table, pp. 6 [all unpagéd]; 'Steps,' pp. 77; 'Delights,' pp. 81-137; 'Carmen Deo Nostro, Te Decet Hymnvs,' pp. 141-208. For later editions see our Preface, as before, and for details on all, early and recent, and Manuscripts; and also our Memorial-Introduction and Essay. The 'Preface' of 1646 was reprinted in 1648 without change, save a few slight orthographical differences, and these: p. xlvj. line 3, 'their' for 'its dearest;' p. xlvii. line 1, 'subburd' for 'suburb;' and *ibid.* line 19, 'then' for 'than;' 1648 our text. It follows this Note in its own place. G.



## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE, &c.

### THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

LEARNED READER,

The Author's friend will not usurpe much upon thy eye: This is onely for those whom the name of our divine Poet hath not yet seized<sup>1</sup> into admiration. I dare undertake that what JAMBlicus<sup>2</sup> (*in vita Pythagoræ*) affirmeth of his Master, at his contemplations, these Poems can, viz. They shall lift thee, Reader, some yards above the ground: and, as in PYTHAGORAS Schoole, every temper was first tuned into a height by severall proportions of Musick, and spiritualiz'd for one of his weighty lectures; so maist thou take a poem hence, and tune thy soule by it, into a heavenly pitch;<sup>3</sup> and thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, in these Poems thou maist talke freely of God, and of that other state.

Here's HERBERT's<sup>4</sup> second, but equall, who hath retri'd Poetry of late, and return'd it up to its primitive use; let

<sup>1</sup> Query, the legal term 'seized' = taken possession of? So VAUGHAN, *Silurist*,

'O give it full obedience, that so seiz'd  
Of all I have, I may not move thy wrath' (l. 154),

and

'Thou so long seiz'd of my heart' (ib. p. 299). G.

<sup>2</sup> = Iamblichus, the celebrated Neo-Platonic philosopher, author of *περὶ Πυθαγορῆος ἀρετῶν*, concerning the Philosophy of Pythagoras. G.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. poem on *Lessius*, lines 18 and 38. G.

<sup>4</sup> See our Memorial-Introduction and Essay, for remarks on HERBERT's relation to CRASHAW. G.

it bound back to heaven gates, whence it came. Thinke yee ST. AUGUSTINE would have steyned his graver learning with a booke of Poetry, had he fancied its dearest end to be the vanity of love-sonnets and epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our Poet, that every foot in a high-borne verse, might helpe to measure the soule into that better world. Divine Poetry, I dare hold it in position, against SUREZ on the subject, to be the language of the angels; it is the quintessence of phantasie and discourse center'd in Heaven; 'tis the very out-goings of the soule; 'tis what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in his owne verse

It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface those under-headed Poets, retainers to seven shares and a halfe;<sup>1</sup> madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse in verse,

<sup>1</sup> *'Seven shares and a halfe.'* The same phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*. The player whom Captain Tucca bullied and fleeced, was one of Henslowe's company, as shown by Tucca's stringing taunt that they had 'fortune and the good year on their side;' the facts being that the Fortune theatre had just been built, and that the year had been an exceptionally bad one with the hitherto prosperous players. To call attention tacitly to the allusion 'fortune' is, in the original editions, printed in italics. Various other players having been mimicked, ridiculed, and reviled, Tucca then bids farewell to his new acquaintance with - 'commend me to seven shares and a half;' a remark which by its position seems to point to the chief men of the company. But a great part of the office of a manager like Henslowe was, as exhibited in Henslowe's own Diary, just such as is depreciatingly described in our text. He had various dramatic authors, poetasters, and others in his pay and debt. Hence as the *Poetaster* was written in 1601, and this preface in 1646, it may be concluded, that 'seven shares and a half' was the established proportion taken by, and therefore a theatrical cant name for, the Manager. It follows also that as the Player was one of Henslowe's company, the seven shares and a half alluded to by Jonson was Henslowe himself, from whom he had seceded, and with whom he had probably quarrelled. The question, however, yet remains open, whether seven shares and a half was the proportion received by a manager, or that taken by a proprietor-manager, such as Henslowe was. Malone has conjectured that Henslowe drew fifteen shares; if so, the other seven and a half may have been as rent, and out of one of the two halves may have come the general expenses of the house. G.

is to rime a poore six-penny soule, a suburb-sinner<sup>1</sup> into Hell:—May such arrogant pretenders to Poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous<sup>2</sup> heats and flashes of their adulterate braines, and for ever after, may this our Poet fill up the better roome of man. Oh! when the generall arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore HOMER, VIRGIL, HORACE, CLAUDIAN, &c. ? who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant genius, upon bees, dung, froggs, and gnats, &c., and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine graces, martyrs and angels.

Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life, in St. Marie's Church neere St. Peter's Colledge: there he lodged under TERTULLIAN'S roofof angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow neere the house of God, where like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day: there he penned these Poems, STEPS for happy soules to climbe heaven by. And those other of his pieces, intituled The Delights of the Muses, though of a more humane mixture are as sweet as they are innocent.

The praises that follow, are but few of many that might be conferr'd on him: he was excellent in five languages besides his mother tongue, vid. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little helpe in, they were of his own acquisition.

Amongst his other accomplishments in academick as well pious as harmlesse arts he made his skill in Poetry, Musick, Drawing, Limning, Graving exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy to be but his subterfuge

<sup>1</sup> - *Sixpenny soule a suburb sinner.* This was the ordinary name, courtiers, who eschewing the penny and twopenny rackets of the city and gallery, frequented the meagres of the two or three seats of the city of the house, &c.

<sup>2</sup> = ex. (s. n. 6)



recreations for vacant houres, not the grand businesse of his soule

To the former qualifications I might adde that which would crowne them all, his rare moderation in diet (almost Lessian temperance<sup>1</sup>); he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor (with our Canary scribblers<sup>2</sup>) cast any strange mists of surfets before the intellectuall beames of his mind or memory, the latter of which he was so much a master of, that he had there under locke and key in readinesse, the richest treasures of the best Greek and Latine poets, some of which Authors hee had more at his command by heart, than others that onely read their works, to retaine little, and understand lesse.

Enough Reader, I intend not a volume of praises larger than his booke, nor need I longer transport thee to think over his vast perfections: I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young Gent (now dead to us) as he himselfe doth, with the last line of his poem upon Bishop Andrews picture before his Sermons: *Verte*  
*PECTUS.*

<sup>1</sup> Look on his following leaves, and see him breath.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> as taught by Lessius, whose praise CRASHAW sang. See the Poem in its place in the 'Delights.' G.

<sup>2</sup> drinkers of Canary (wine) G.

<sup>3</sup> On the authorship of this Preface see our Preface. G.

TO MY BROTHER MORTON.

Live Jesus, live, and let us live,  
My life, to dye for love of Thee

**Sacred Poetry.**

---

I.

**STEPS TO THE TEMPLE**

(1648),

AND

**CARMEN DEO NOSTRO &c.**

(1652).



Sacred Poetry.

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I.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

(1648),

AND

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO &c.

(1652).

VOL. I.

B



SAINTE MARY MAGDALENE, OR THE WEEPER.<sup>1</sup>



Loe! where a wounded heart with bleeding eyes compare,  
Is she a falling Sycamore, or a weeping Tree?

THE WEEPER:<sup>2</sup>

L

Hail, sister Springs!<sup>3</sup> 1  
Parents of silver-frosted rills!<sup>4</sup>  
Ever-boiling things!<sup>5</sup>  
Thawing cry-stall! snowy hills!  
Still spending, never spent! I mean 5  
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

<sup>1</sup> This couplet appeared first in 1668 edition of the "Scepter in the Temple"; but it properly belongs to the engraving in "Carmina Liber Noster" of 1652, which is reproduced in our annotated 6th edition, 6.

<sup>2</sup> "The Weeper" appeared originally in the "Scepter" of 1661, pp. 1-5, was reprinted in editions of 1666, pp. 1-5; 1672, pp. 61-72; 1674, pp. 1-5. Five seasons passed in the *Prothema*, our text follows that of 1672; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem for details of various readings, &c. &c. and our Essay for various remarks on it from Pope to Dr. George Mackenzie, p. 6.



SAINTE MARY MAGDALENE, OR THE WEEPER.<sup>1</sup>



Loe! where a wounded heart with bleeding eyes conspire.  
Is she a flaming fountain, or a weeping fire?

THE WEEPER.<sup>2</sup>

I.

HAIL, sister springs! 1  
Parents of syluer-footed rills!  
Euer-bubling things!  
Thawing crystall! snowy hills  
Still spending, neuer spent! I mean 5  
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene!

<sup>1</sup> This couplet appeared first in 1648 edition of the 'Steps to the Temple;' but it properly belongs to the engraving in 'Carmen Deo Nostro' of 1652, which is reproduced in our illustrated 4to edition. G.

<sup>2</sup> 'The Weeper' appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 1-5): was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 1-6), 1652 (pp. 85-92), 1670 (pp. 1-5). For reasons stated in our Preface, our text follows that of 1652; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem for details of various readings, &c. &c., and our Essay for critical remarks on it from POPE to DR. GEORGE MACDONALD. G.



## II.

Heavens thy fair eyes be ;  
 Heavens of euer-falling starres,  
 'Tis seed-time still with thee ;  
 And starres thou sow'st, whose harvest dares 10  
 Promise the Earth, to counter-shine  
 Whatener makes heaun's forehead fine.

## III.

But we' are deceiu'd all ;  
 Starres indeed they are too true ;  
 For they but seem to fall, 15  
 As heaun's other spangles doe =  
 It is not for our Earth and vs  
 To shine in things so pretious.

## IV.

Vpwards thou dost weep ;  
 Heaun's bosome drinks the gentle stream, 20  
 Where th' milky riuers creep,  
 Thine floates aboue, and is the cream,  
 Waters aboue th' heauns, what they be  
 We' are taught best by thy teares and thee.

## V.

Euery morn from hence, 25  
 A brisk cherub something sippes,  
 Whose sacred influence  
 Adds sweetnes to his sweetest lippes .

SAINTE MARY MAGDALENE.

5

Then to his musick ; and his song  
Tasts of this breakfast all day long.

30

VI.

When some new bright guest  
Takes vp among the starres a room,  
And Heaun will make a feast :  
Angels with crystall vials come *gdiola*  
And draw from these full eyes of thine,  
Their Master's water, their own wine

35

VII.

The dew no more will weep  
The primrose's pale cheek to weep :  
The dew no more will sleep  
Nuzz'd in the Lily's neck ;  
Much rather would it be thy tear.  
And leave them *toe to teene* to leave.

40

VIII.

Not the soft gold which  
Escapes from the amber-weeping tree,  
Makes sorrow haide to me  
As the drops that fall from thee.  
Sorrow's best reward is those  
Of which I would I never saw the more

45

IX.

When sorrow would be gone  
It let me know its name

50

O wit of Loue ! that thus could place                    95  
 Fountain and garden in one face.

## XVII.

O sweet contest ! of woes  
 With loues ; of teares with smiles disputing !  
 O fair and freindly foes,  
 Each other kissing and confuting !                    100  
 While rain and sunshine, cheekes and eyes  
 Close in kind contrarieties.

## XVIII.

But can these fair floods be  
 Freinds with the bosom-fires that fill thee !  
 Can so great flames agree                                    105  
 .Eternal teares should thus distill thee !  
 O floods ! O fires ! O suns ! O showres !  
 Mixt and made freinds by Loue's sweet powres.

## XIX.

'Twas his well pointed dart  
 That digg'd these wells, and drest this wine ; 110  
 And taught the wounded heart  
 The way into these weeping eyn.  
 Vain loues anant ! bold hands forbear !  
 The Lamb hath dipp't His white foot here.

## XX.

And now where'ere He strayes,                            115  
 Among the Galilean mountaines.

Of more revealing water  
 He's followed by two faithful for traces  
 Two walking back, two weeping not care,  
 Portable and impetuous waves

122

II.

Of more revealing water  
 In the world and sure traces  
 Even when He says: "I am not here"  
 He might promise the world of his love  
 That promise + wonder of promise + love  
 When will come the day of love

123

III.

When is that day, that day  
 When will come the day of love  
 That will be the day of love  
 That will be the day of love  
 That will be the day of love  
 That will be the day of love

124

When is that day, that day  
 When will come the day of love  
 That will be the day of love  
 That will be the day of love  
 That will be the day of love  
 That will be the day of love

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XX

'Twas thus walking on a hill,  
That hegg'd the walls, and prest this window  
And taught the wounded heart  
The way into these weeping eyes.  
Vain looks avant! bold hands forbear!  
The Lamb hath dipp'd His white foot here.

XXI

And now where'ere He straves, 115  
Among the Galilean mountaines,

Or more vnwellcome wayes ;  
 He's follow'd by two faithfull fountaines ;  
 Two walking baths, two weeping motions,  
 Portable, and compendious oceans. 120

XXI.

O thou, thy Lord's fair store !  
 In thy so rich and rare expenses,  
 Euen when He show'd most poor  
 He might prouoke the wealth of princes.  
 What prince's wanton'st pride e'er could 125  
 Wash with syluer, wipe with gold ?

XXII.

Who is that King, but He  
 Who calls 't His crown, to be call'd thine,  
 That thus can boast to be  
 Waited on by a wandring mine, 130  
 A voluntary mint, that strowes  
 Warm, syluer showres wher're He goes ?

XXIII.

O pretious prodigall !  
 Fair spend-thrift of thy-self ! thy measure  
 (Mercillesse loue !) is all. 135  
 Euen to the last pearle in thy treasure : *thesaurus*,  
 All places, times, and obiects be [Latin.  
 Thy teares' sweet opportunity.

## XXV.

Does thy breast ever  
 Still the tears in vain hold  
 Does thy face  
 Still the frown keep  
 But Night or Day be  
 The cheek that seeks the

## XXVI.

Does the song  
 Thy falling tears keep  
 Does thy sweet  
 Up in clouds of  
 Still at each sign that is  
 A breath that is a tear

## XXVII.

At these thy weeping gates  
 (Watching their watry motion)  
 Each winged moment waits  
 Takes his tear, and gets him gone  
 By thine ey's tint enabled thus,  
 Time laves him vp; he's pretious.

## XXVIII.

Time, as by thee He passes,  
 Makes thy ever-watry eyes  
 His lower-glasses,  
 By them His steps He rectifies.

The sands He us'd, no longer please,  
For His owne sands Hee'l use thy seas.

XXVIII.

Not, 'so long she liuèd,'  
Shall thy tomb report of thee;  
But, 'so long she grieuèd?' 165  
Thus must we date thy memory.  
Others by moments, months, and yeares  
Measure their ages; thou, by teares.

XXIX.

So doe perfumes expire,  
So sigh tormented sweets, opprest 170  
With proud vnpittyng fire.  
Such teares the suffring rose, that's vext  
With vngentle flames, does shed,  
Sweating in a too warm bed.

XXX.

Say, ye bright brothers, 175  
The fugitive sons of those fair eyes,  
Your fruitfull mothers!  
What make you here? what hopes can 'tice  
You to be born? what cause can borrow  
You from those nests of noble sorrow? 180

XXXI.

Whither away w. fast?  
For were the world's ear.



Your sweetness, and it taste  
 Not less the lust-lesser we should  
 See whether lust you think we say  
 Why you are so first away. 80

XXX.

We go not to seek  
 The billows at Aurora's beak  
 The rose's mildest cheek,  
 Nor the violet's humble head. 85  
 Though the hills eyes the Weeper be,  
 Because they want such tears as we.

XXXI.

Much less we mean we to trace  
 The fortune of inferior gemmes,  
 Prefer'd to some proud face. 90  
 Or perch't upon fearful diadems:  
 Crown'd heads are toys. We goe to meet  
 A worthy object, our Lord's feet.

#### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

With some shortcomings—superficial rather than substantive—‘The Weeper’ is a lovely poem, and well deserves its place of honour at the commencement of the ‘Steps to the Temple,’ as in editions of 1646, 1648, and 1670. Accordingly we have spent the utmost pains on our text of it, taking for basis that of 1652. The various readings of the different editions and of the SASCKORT MS. are given below for the capable student of the ultimate perfected form. I have not hesitated

to correct several misprints of the text of 1652 from the earlier editions.

The present poem appears very imperfectly in the first edition (1646), consisting there of only twenty-three stanzas instead of thirty-three (and so too in 1670 edition). The stanzas that are not given therein are xvi. to xxix. (on the last see onward). But on the other hand, exclusive of interesting variations, the text of 1646 supplies two entire stanzas (xi. and xxvii.) dropped out in the editions of 1648 and 1652, though both are in 1670 edition and in the *SANCROFT MS.* Moreover I accept the succession of the stanzas in 1646, so far as it goes, confirmed as it is by the *SANCROFT MS.* A third stanza in 1652 edition (st. xi. there) as also in 1648 edition, I omit, as it belongs self-revealingly to 'The Teare,' and interrupts the metaphor in 'The Weeper.' Another stanza (xxix.) might seem to demand excision also, as it is in part repeated in 'The Teare;' but the new lines are dainty and would be a loss to 'The Weeper.' Our text therefore is that of 1652, as before, with restorations from 1646.

The form of the stanza in the editions of 1646, 1648 and 1670 is thus:

In 1652 from stanza xv. *same as first*

*Text I have made all in Dutch and approved by some of the  
I would have it with "some" in the original and corrected  
under the window to "some" and "the"  
"the" of the "the" and "the" of "the" in 1652 and the  
as illustrated "the" of a "the" and "the" in the*

Your sweetnes cannot tast,  
 Nor does the dust deserve your birth.  
 Sweet, whither hast you then? O say 185  
 Why you trip so fast away!

## XXXII.

We goe not to seek  
 The darlings of Aurora's bed,  
 The rose's modest cheek,  
 Nor the violet's humble head. 190  
 Though the feild's eyes too Weepers be,  
 Because they want such teares as we.

## XXXIII.

Much lesse mean we to trace  
 The fortune of inferior gemmes,  
 Preferr'd to some proud face, 195  
 Or perch't vpon fear'd diadems:  
 Crown'd heads are toyes. We goe to meet  
 A worthy object, our Lord's feet.

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The form of the stanza in the editions of 1646, 1648 and 1670 is thus:

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In 1652 from stanza xv. (there) to end,

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but I have made all uniform, and agreeably to above of 1652.

I would now submit variations, illustrations and corrections, under the successive stanzas and lines.

Couplet on the engraving of 'The Weeper.' In 1652 'Sainte' is misprinted 'Sanite,' one of a number that remind us that the

volume was printed in Paris, not London. In all the other editions the heading 'Sainte Mary Magdalene' is omitted.

St. i. line 2. 1646, 148 and 1670 editions read 'silver-forded.' Were it only for the reading of the text of 1652 'silver-footed,' I should have been thankful for it; and I accept it the more readily in that the SANCROFT MS. from Crashaw's own copy, also reads 'silver-footed.' The Homeric compound epithet occurs in HERRICK contemporarily in his *Hesperides*,

'I send, I send here my supremest kiss  
To thee, my *silver-footed* Thamosis'

[that is, the river Thames'. WILLIAM BROWNE earlier, has 'faire *silver-footed* Thetis' (Works by Hazlitt, i. p. 188). Cf. also the first line of the Elegy on Dr. Porter in our 'Airelles' - printed for the first time by us: 'Stay silver-footed Came.'

With reference to the long-accepted reading 'silver-forded,' the epithet is loosely used not for in the state of being forded, but for in a state to be forded, or fordable, and hence shallow. The thought is not quite the same as that intended to be conveyed by such a phrase as 'silver stream of Thames,' but pictures the bright, pellucid, silvery whiteness of a clear mountain rill. As silver-shallow-- a meaning which, as has been said, cannot be fairly obtained from it--can it alone be taken as a double epithet. In any other sense the hyphen is only an attempt to connect two qualities which refuse to be connected. All difficulty and obscurity are removed by 'silver-footed.'

St. iii. line 1. The 'we' may be = wee, as printed in 1646, but in 1648 it is 'we are,' and in 1670 'we're,' and in the last, line 2, 'they're.' The SANCROFT MS. in line 2, reads 'they are indeed' for 'indeed they are.'

St. iv. line 4, 1646 and 1670 have 'crawles' and 'crawls' respectively, for 'floates,' as in 1648 and our text. The SANCROFT MS. also reads 'crawles.' In line 3, 1646 and 1670 'meet' is inadvertently substituted for 'creep.'

Lines 5 and 6, 1646 and 1670 read

'Heaven, of such faire floods as this,  
Heaven the christall ocean is.'

So too the SANCROFT MS., save that for 'this' it has 'these.'

St. v. line 2. 'Dona' is = active simile. So—and some-thing more—SHAKESPEARE: 'he made me mad, to see him thus so weak' [Henry IV. 3.]

Line 3. 1461. 1471 and 1480 are read soft for 'ac-cord' of 1462 and 1464.

Line 4. 'Dona' is. See our Essay on this and similar homely words with parallels. 1462 reads me for 'the bread-fest'.

St. vi. line 4. 'vols' = points or small volumes. The read-ing in 1464 and 1471 at 1468 with their volles come to and in the 1480 are.

St. vii. line 4. 'Furze' = heath or mountain. In regard to Dr. WILSON'S 'beehive' we have few traces in the MSS. p. 11.

Lines 1 and 2. 'beaw' = beaw. This was the contemporary spelling, as it was long before in the 14th and 15th cen-turies and others in our Folio Version Library.

Lines 3 and 4. 1461. 1471 and 1480 are read

1461. 1471. 1480.

1461. 1471. 1480.

It is a heavy reader that finds the stanza in this form disorganized or the like, but a closer examination reveals a new world in the heart of the stanza. It is a characteristic of the stanza to give a first-division and afterwards in its other lines to complete the sense or particular.

It is 'beehive' from 1461.

St. vii. line 1. 1461. 1471 and 1480 are read

1461. 1471. 1480.

St. viii. line 1. 1461. 1471 and 1480 are read

1461. 1471. 1480.

St. ix. line 1. 1461. 1471 and 1480 are read

1461. 1471. 1480.

St. x. line 1. 1461. 1471 and 1480 are read

1461. 1471. 1480.

TURNBULL misses the rhythmical play in the first and second 'though,' and punctuates the second so as to read with next line. I make a full-stop as in the SANCROFT MS.

Line 4, *ib.* read

'Content and quiet would he goe.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

Line 5, *ib.* read

'Richer far does he esteeme.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

St. xv. lines 5 and 6, *ib.* read

'No April e're lent softer showres,  
Nor May returned fairer flowers.'

'Faithful' looks deeper: but the SANCROFT MS. agrees with '16 and '70.

St. xvii. line 2, in 1648 misreads

'With loves and tears, and smiles disputing.'

TURNBULL, without the slightest authority, seeing not even in 1670 are the readings found, has thus printed lines 2 and 4, 'With loves, of tears *with smiles disputing*' . . . 'Each other kissing *and comforting*' !!

St. xviii. line 2 in 1648 mis-reads

'Friends with the *balsome* fires that fill thee.'

The 'balsome' is an evident misprint, but 'thee' is preferable to 'fill you' of our text (1652), and hence I have adopted it.

Line 3 in 1648 reads

'Cause great flames agree.'

St. xix. line 3, 1648, reads 'that' for 'the.'

Line 4, *ib.* 'those' for 'these.'

Line 6. cf. Revelations xiv. 5, 'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.'

St. xxi. line 6. 'wipe with gold,' refers to Mary Magdalene's golden tresses, as also in st. xxii. 'a voluntary mint.'

Line 4. 'protoke' = challenge.

St. xxii. line 2. Curiously enough, 1648 edition leaves a blank where we read 'calls 't' as in our text (1652). TURNBULL prints 'call'st,' but that makes nonsense. It is calls 't as = calls it. So too the SANCROFT MS. Probably the copy for 1648 was illegible.

St. xxiv. line 1. 1646 and 1670 read

'Does the Night arise?'

Line 2. Our text (1652) misprints 'starres' for 'teares' of 1646, 1648 and 1670.

Line 3. 1646 and 1670 read

'Does Night loose her eyes?'

The SANCROFT MS. reads line 139 'Does the Night arise?' and line 141, 'Does Niget loose her eyes?'

St. xxv. line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Thy teares' just cadence still keeps time.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

Line 3. Our text (1652) misprints 'paire' for 'praire.' 'Sweet-breath'd' should probably be pronounced as the adjectival of the substantive, not as the participle of the verb.

Line 6. 1646, 1648 and 1670 read 'doth' for 'does.'

St. xxvi. lines 1 and 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Thus dost thou melt the yeare  
Into a weeping motion.  
Each minute waiteth heere.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

St. xxvii. Restored from 1646 edition. The SANCROFT MS. in line 168 miswrites 'teares.'

St. xxviii. line 5. reads in 1646 and 1670

'Others by dayes, by monthes, by yeares.'

So also the SANCROFT MS., wherein this st. follows our st. xv.

St. xxix. line 3. Our text (1652) misprints 'fires' for 'fire' of 1648.

St. xxx. line 1. Our text (1652) misprints 'Say the bright brothers.' 1646 and 1670 read 'Say watry Brothers.' So SANCROFT MS. 1648 gives 'ye,' which I have adopted. The misprint of 'the' in 1652 originated doubtless in the printer's reading 'ye,' the usual mode of writing 'the.'

Line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Yee simpering . . . .'

So the SANCROFT MS.

Line 3, ib. 'fertile' for 'fruitfull.'

Line 4, ib. 'What hath our world that can entice.' So the SANCROFT MS.



Lines 5 and 6, *ib.*

‘ what is’t can borrow  
You from her eyes, swolne wombes of sorrow.’

So the SANCROFT MS.

St. xxxi. line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

‘ O whither ? for the *sluttish* Earth ?’

and I accept ‘*sluttish*’ for ‘*sordid*,’ which is also confirmed by SANCROFT MS.

Line 4, *ib.* ‘*your*’ for ‘*their* ;’ and as this is also the reading of 1648 and SANCROFT MS., I have accepted it.

Line 5. 1646 and 1670 omit ‘*Sweet*.’

Line 6, *ib.* read ‘*yee*’ for ‘*you*.’

St. xxxii. and xxxiii. In 1646 and 1670 these two stanzas are thrown into one, *viz.* 23 (there), which consists of the first four lines of xxxii. and the two closing lines of xxxiii. as follows,

‘ No such thing ; we goe to meet  
A worthier object, our Lord’s feet.’

In the SANCROFT MS. also, and reads as last line ‘*A worthy object, our Lord Jesus feet.*’ On the closing lines of st. xxxii. cf. *Sospetto d’Herode*, st. *xlvi*ii.

I have not thought it needful, either in these Notes or hereafter, to record the somewhat arbitrary variations of mere orthography in the different editions, as ‘*haile*’ for ‘*hail*,’ ‘*sylner*’ for ‘*silver*,’ ‘*hee*’ for ‘*he*,’ and the like. But I trust it will be found that no different wording has escaped record. G.





S A C R E D



SANCTA MARIA

DOLORVM.



SANCTA MARIA DOLORVM, OR THE  
MOTHER OF SORROWS.

*A patheticall Descant vpon the deuout Plainsong of  
Stabat Mater Dolorosa.*<sup>1</sup>

1.

IN shade of Death's sad tree  
 Stood dolefull shee.  
 Ah she ! now by none other  
 Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.  
 Before her eyes, 5  
 Her's, and the whole World's ioyes,  
 Hanging all torn she sees ; and in His woes  
 And paines, her pangs and throes :  
 Each wound of His, from euery part,  
 All, more at home in her one heart. 10

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 7-9): reprinted in 1652 and 1670. As before, our text is that of 1652 (pp. 55-61); but see Notes and Illustrations at close. The illustration, engraved by MESAGER, is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. G.

S A C R E D



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SANCTA MARIA DOLORVM. OR THE  
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*A patheticall Description upon the lamentable Passion of  
Stabat Mater Dolens.*

In shade of Death's sad tent  
Stood dolefull shee,  
Ah she! now by none other  
Name to be knowne, alas, but *torment* & *shee*  
Before her eyes,  
Her's, and the whole World's eyes,  
Hanging all torn shee was, and in *the* *eyes*  
And paines, her pangs and *teares*  
Each wound of His, from *every* *part*  
All, more at home, it *was* *her* *heart*

*Printed and sold by J. Sturges, at the Sign of the Anchor, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, London.*

## II.

What kind of marble, than,  
 Is that cold man  
 Who can look on and see,  
 Nor keep such noble sorrowes company ?  
 Sure eu'en from you 15  
 (My flints) some drops are due,  
 To see so many unkind swords contest  
 So fast for one soft brest :  
 While with a faithfull, mutuall floud,  
 Her eyes bleed teares, His wounds weep blood. 20

## III.

O costly intercourse  
 Of deaths, and worse—  
 Diuided loues. While Son and mother  
 Discourse alternate wounds to one another,  
 Quick deaths that grow 25  
 And gather, as they come and goe :  
 His nailes write swords in her, which soon her heart  
 Payes back, with more then their own smart.  
 Her swords, still growing with His pain,  
 Turn speares, and straight come home again. 30

## IV.

She sees her Son, her God,  
 Bow with a load

SANCTA MARIA DOLORVM. 21

Of borrow'd sins ; and swimme  
In woes that were not made for Him.  
Ah ! hard command 35  
Of loue ! Here must she stand,  
Charg'd to look on, and with a stedfast ey  
See her life dy :  
Leauing her only so much breath  
As serues to keep aliuie her death. 40

v.

O mother turtle-doue !  
Soft sourse of loue !  
That these dry lidds might borrow  
Somthing from thy full seas of sorrow !  
O in that brest 45  
Of thine (the noblest nest  
Both of Loue's fires and flouds) might I recline  
This hard, cold heart of mine !  
The chill lump would relent, and proue  
Soft subject for the seige of Loue. 50

vi.

O teach those wounds to bleed  
In me ; me, so to read  
This book of loues, thus writ  
In lines of death, my life may cobby it  
With loyall cares. 55  
O let me, here, claim shares !



## II.

What kind of marble, than,  
 Is that cold man  
 Who can look on and see,  
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 Bow with a load

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 In woes that were not made for Him.  
 Ah ! hard command 35  
 Of loue ! Here must she stand,  
 Charg'd to look on, and with a stedfast ey  
 See her life dy :  
 Leauing her only so much breath  
 As serues to keep aliue her death. 40

## v.

O mother turtle-doue !  
 Soft source of loue !  
 That these dry lidds might borrow  
 Somthing from thy full seas of sorrow !  
 O in that brest 45  
 Of thine (the noblest nest  
 Both of Loue's fires and flouds) might I recline  
 This hard, cold heart of mine !  
 The chill lump would relent, and proue  
 Soft subject for the seige of Loue. 50

## vi.

O teach those wounds to bleed  
 In me ; me, so to read  
 This book of loues, thus writ  
 In lines of death, my life may cobby it  
 With loyall cares. 55  
 O let me, here, claim shares !



Of borrow'd sins ; and swimme  
 In woes that were not made for Him.  
 Ah ! hard command 35  
 Of loue ! Here must she stand,  
 Charg'd to look on, and with a stedfast ey  
 See her life dy :  
 Leauing her only so much breath  
 As serues to keep aliuie her death. 40

## V.

O mother turtle-doue !  
 Soft sourse of loue !  
 That these dry lidds might borrow  
 Somthing from thy full seas of sorrow !  
 O in that brest 45  
 Of thine (the noblest nest  
 Both of Loue's fires and flouds) might I recline  
 This hard, cold heart of mine !  
 The chill lump would relent, and proue  
 Soft subject for the seige of Loue. 50

## VI.

O teach those wounds to bleed  
 In me ; me, so to read  
 This book of loues, thus writ  
 In lines of death, my life may copy it  
 With loyall cares. 55  
 O let me, here, claim shares !

## II.

What kind of marble, than,  
 Is that cold man  
 Who can look on and see,  
 Nor keep such noble sorrowes company ?  
 Sure eu'en from you 15  
 (My flints) some drops are due,  
 To see so many unkind swords contest  
 So fast for one soft brest :  
 While with a faithfull, mutuall fload,  
 Her eyes bleed teares, His wounds weep blood. 20

## III.

O costly intercourse  
 Of deaths, and worse—  
 Diuided loues. While Son and mother  
 Discourse alternate wounds to one another,  
 Quick deaths that grow 25  
 And gather, as they come and goe :  
 His nailes write swords in her, which soon her heart  
 Payes back, with more then their own smart.  
 Her swords, still growing with His pain,  
 Turn speares, and straight come home again. 30

## IV.

She sees her Son, her God,  
 Bow with a load

Of borrow'd sins ; and swimme  
 In woes that were not made for Him.  
 Ah ! hard command 35  
 Of loue ! Here must she stand,  
 Charg'd to look on, and with a stedfast ey  
 See her life dy :  
 Leauing her only so much breath  
 As serues to keep aliue her death. 40

## V.

O mother turtle-doue !  
 Soft source of loue !  
 That these dry lidds might borrow  
 Somthing from thy full seas of sorrow !  
 O in that brest 45  
 Of thine (the noblest nest  
 Both of Loue's fires and flouds) might I recline  
 This hard, cold heart of mine !  
 The chill lump would relent, and proue  
 Soft subject for the seige of Loue. 50

## VI.

O teach those wounds to bleed  
 In me ; me, so to read  
 This book of loues, thus writ  
 In lines of death, my life may copy it  
 With loyall cares. 55  
 O let me, here, claim shares !

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99	99	99
100	100	100

## II.

Shall I, sett there  
 So deep a share  
 (Dear wounds), and onely now  
 In sorrows draw no dividend with you?  
 O be more wise, 85  
 If not more soft, mine eyes!  
 Flow, tardy founte! and into desert shewes  
 Dissolve my dayes and howres  
 And if thou yet faint soul's desert  
 To bleed with Him, fall not to weep with her. 90

## I.

Each yeeze, lend some reche; ;  
 At least an almes of grief  
 To a heart winn by sad right of sin  
 Could prove the whole summe too sure, one to a sin  
 By all those strange 95  
 Of Love, sweet-tanner things,  
 Which these woe make transmittid on thy true heart  
 O teach mine too the art  
 To study Him so all we may  
 To wound, and become one wound. 100

## I.

Let me stee the velle  
 To sing of the cross, & the



Till drunk of the dear wounds, I be  
 A lost thing to the world, as it to me.  
 O faithfull freind 105  
 Of me and of my end!  
 Fold vp my life in loue; and lay't beneath  
 My dear Lord's vitall death.  
 Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea! her pretious breath  
 Pour'd out in prayrs for thee; thy Lord's in death. 110

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. i. line 10. In 1648 the reading is

'Are more at home in her owne heart.'

In 1670 'All, more at home in her own heart.' I think 'all' and 'one' of our text (1652) preferable. There is a world of pathos in the latter. Cf. st. ii. line 8.

St. ii. line 1. On the change of orthography for rhyme, see our PHINEAS FLETCHER, vol. ii. 206; and our LORD BROOKE, VAUGHAN, &c. &c., show 'then' and 'than' used as in Crashaw.

St. vi. line 3. In 1648 the reading is 'love;' 1670 as our text (1652). The plural includes the twofold love of Son and mother.

Line 7, ib. 'to' for 'in.'

Line 9, ib. 'Oh give' at commencement. 1670, 'to' for 'too.'

St. vii. and viii. These two stanzas do not appear in 1648 edition, but appear in 1670.

St. vii. line 4. By 'tree' the Cross is meant. Cf. st. i. line 1.

St. ix. line 1. 1648 edition supplies the two words required by the measure of the other stanzas, 'in sins.' They are dropped inadvertently in 1652 and 1670. Turnbull failed as usual to detect the omission.

Line 4. 1648 spells 'Divident.'

Lines 5 and 6. I have accepted correction of our text (1652) from 1648 edition, in line 6, of 'If' for 'Is,' which is also the reading of 1670. 1648 substitutes 'just' for 'soft;' but 1670 does not adopt it, nor can I.

St. x. line 1. 1648 reads 'Lend, O lend some reliefe.'

Line 9 reads 'To studie thee so.'

St. xi. line 3, *ib.* reads 'thy' for 'the.'

Line 8, *ib.* reads 'Thy deare lost vitall death.'

Line 10. I have adopted from 1648 'in thy Lord's death' for 'thy lord's in death' of our text (1652).

Turnbull has some sad misprints in this poem: *e.g.* st. ii. line 4, 'sorrow's' for 'sorrows;' st. iii. line 2, 'death's' for 'deaths;' st. vi. line 9, 'Me to' for 'Me, too;' st. x. line 2, 'in' for 'an,' and line 3, 'a' mis-inserted before 'sad.' Except in the 'Me to' of st. vi., he had not even the poor excuse of following the text of 1670. G.

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THE TEARE.<sup>1</sup>

I.

WHAT bright-soft thing is this,  
 Sweet Mary, thy faire eyes' expence!  
 A moist sparke it is,  
 A watry diamond; from whence  
 The very tearme, I think, was found,                   5  
 The water of a diamond.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 6-7): reprinted in 1648 pp. 4-5 and 1670 editions. As it does not appear in 'Carmen Dea Nostra' of 1652, our text follows that of 1648: but see Notes and Emendations at close of the poem. G.

The sweetest of all things  
 Is the sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things

10

The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things

15

The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things

20

The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things  
 The sweetest of all things

25

THE TEARE.

27

The watry blossome of thy eyne  
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

30

VI.

Faire drop, why quak'st thou so?  
'Cause thou streight must lay thy head  
In the dust? O, no!  
The dust shall never be thy bed:  
A pillow for thee will I bring,  
Stuft with downe of angel's wing.

35

VII.

Thus carried up on high  
(For to Heaven thou must goe),  
Sweetly shalt thou lye,  
And in soft slumbers bath thy woe,  
Till the singing orbes awake thee,  
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

40

VIII.

There thy selfe shalt bee  
An eye, but not a weeping one;  
Yet I doubt of thee,  
Whether th' had'st rather there have shone  
An eye of heaven; or still shine here,  
In the heaven of Marie's eye, a TEARE.

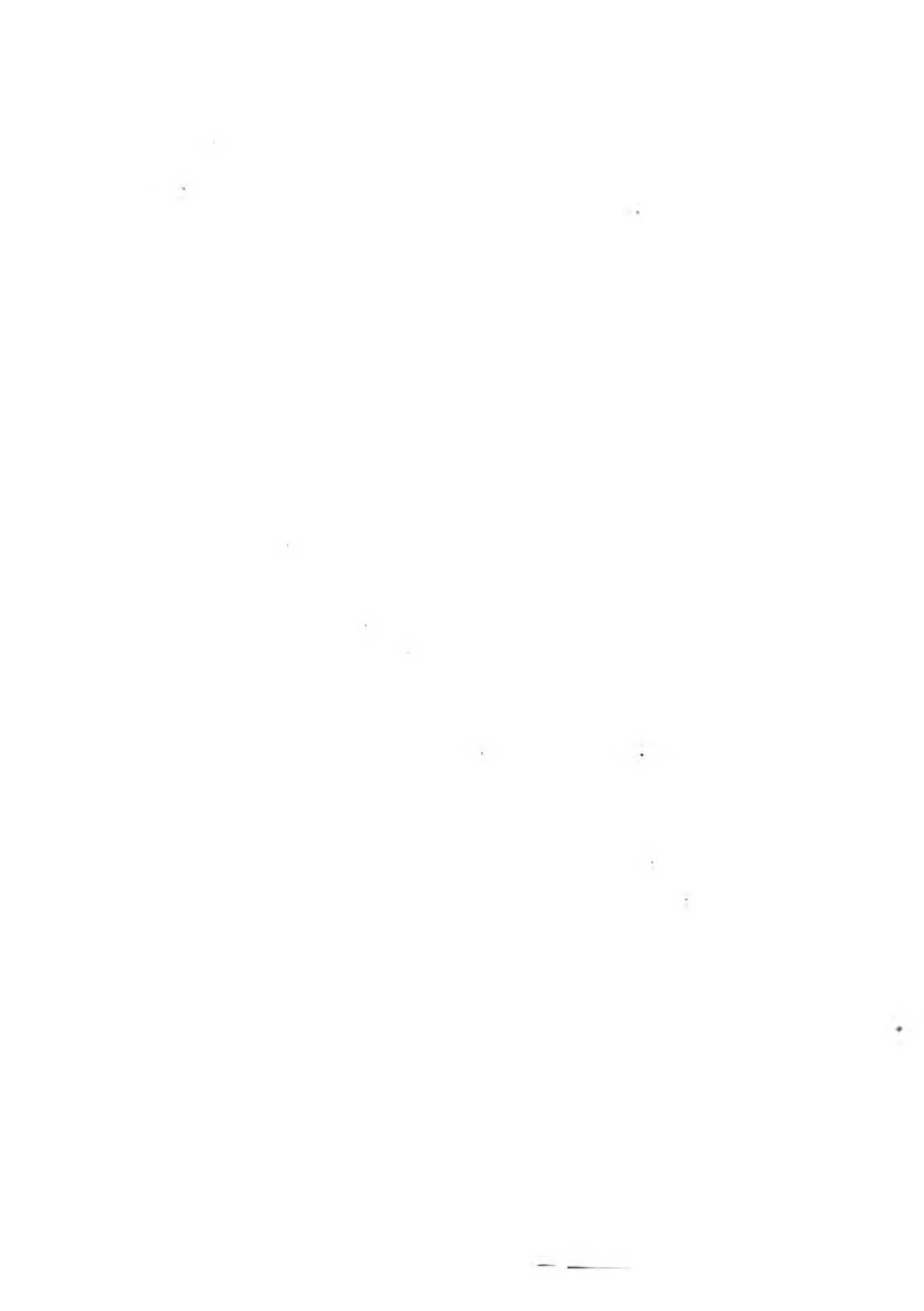
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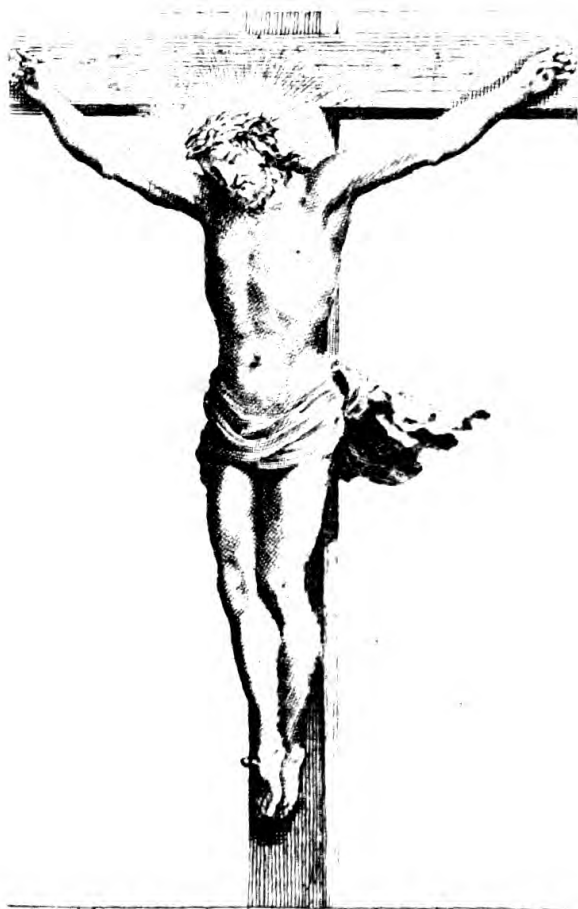
## SANCROFT'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

stanzas identical in all save 'watry' for 'watre' in 'The Weeper' as given in text and 'watre' for 'watre' in lines from st. xxix. of the same poem, which also appear in 'The Weeper' of the same poet. I have withdrawn the latter. We may be sure it was inadvertent, that the very next stanza closes with 'watre' or it: a fault which our Poet seems to be noticed too that 'The Weeper' of 1652. By transferring 'watre' to 1646, 1648 and 1670 editions, and 'watre' to 'The Weeper,' while in 'The Teare' 'watre' of line 1 links it naturally

to 'watre' of 1648 except in st. v. line 4, where 'watre' in 'The Weeper' (there st. xi.) of 1648 is 'watre' (there 'watre') for 'watry,' and that 'watre' in 'The Weeper' of 1652 is 'watre'—the poet has misprinted 'the' for 'thee,'—the poet of 1670. With reference to st. v. of 'The Weeper' of 1648 the reading is 'bal-  
 the type of line 6 settles (I think) that  
 as the ripe blossom is—the grape,  
 of which the Weeper's tears are  
 I have adopted from  
 the reading 'the purpling vine'  
 of 1646, 1648 and 1670. The SANCROFT  
 'watre' for 'watre'; st. iv. line 4,  
 'manly sumne' for 'bride-  
 'I th'







*Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem, et  
hostiam Deo in odorem suavitatis. ad Ephes. 5*



## THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSSE

Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis ut liberet nos a omni iniquitate. *Ad Ephe. v. 2.*

### THE HOWELL

FOR THE HOWE OF MATHIAS.

#### *The Versicles.*

Lord, by Thy sweet and saving sign

#### *The Responsory.*

Defend us from our foes and Tyme

V. Thou shalt open my lippen. O Lord.

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy prayere.

V. O God, make speed to saue me.

R. O Lord, make hast to help me.

<sup>1</sup> Most of 'The Office of the Holy Crosse' appeared in the shape of 1648, but in a fragmentary form. First came a piece 'Upon our B. Saviour's Passion,' which included all the Hymns. Then 'the Antiphona,' which was the last so called here; then 'the Recommendation of the precedent Hymn;' then 'a Prayer;' and lastly, 'Christ's Victory,' including three other of the verses, called 'the Antiphona.' Our text is from 'Carmen Deo Nostro' &c. of 1652, as before (pp. 31-48)—the engraving in which is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this composition. G.



Glory be to the FATHER,

and to the SON,

and to the H[oly] GHOST,

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever 10  
shall be, world without end. Amen.

THE HYMN.

The wakefull Matines hast to sing

The unknown sorrows of our King :

The Father's Word and Wisdom, made

Man for man, by man's betraid ; 15

The World's price sett to sale, and by the bold

Merchants of Death and Sin, is bought and sold :

Of His best freinds (yea of Himself) forsaken :

By His worst foes (because He would) besieg'd and  
taken.

*T. A. 2. 1. 2.*

All hail, fair tree, 20

Whose fruit we be "

What song shall raise

Thy seemly praise,

Who broughtst to light

Life out of death, Day out of Night ! 25

*T. T. 3. 1.*

Lo, we adore Thee,

Dread Lamb ! and bow thus low before Thee :



## THE HYMN.

The early Prime blushes to say  
 She could not rise so soon, as they  
 Call'd Pilat vp: to try if he  
 Could lend them any cruelty. 50

    Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tounge  
         with lyes  
 And loathsom spittle, blott those beauteous eyes,  
 The blissfull springs of ioy: from whose all-chear-  
         ing ray  
 The fair starrs fill their wakefull fires, the sun him-  
         self drinks day. 55

*The Antiphona.*

Victorious sign  
 That now dost shine,  
 Transcrib'd above  
 Into the land of light and loue;  
 O let vs twine 60  
 Our rootes with thine,  
 That we may rise  
 Vpon thy wings, and reach the skyes.

*The Versicle.*

Lo, we adore Thee,  
 Dread Lamb! and fall 65  
 Thus low before Thee.

*The Responsor.*

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse  
Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

*The Prayer.*

O LORD IESV-CHRIST, Son of the liuing God!  
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death, 70  
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy  
iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And  
vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;  
vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to  
Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, 75  
life and glory euerlasting. Who liuest and reignest  
with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost,  
one God, world without end. Amen.

## THE THIRD.

*The Versicle.*

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign,

*The Responsor.*

Defend vs from our foes and Thine. 80  
*V.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.  
*R.* And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.  
*V.* O God, make speed to saue me.  
*R.* O Lord, make hast to help me.  
*V.* Glory be to, &c. 85  
*R.* As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

'Tis said with the cry  
 "Why crucify."  
 See how the vote (nor ask them, why?),  
 "Nay, 'twas best" and let God dy. 95  
 "Why crucify" with wrath, and they will try  
 "Why crucify" then their crucify.  
 "Why crucify" in sport He wears a spitefull crown  
 "Why crucify" shows along His decent Face run  
 "Why crucify" sally down.

*The Antiphona.*

Christ when He dy'd 95  
 Deceiv'd the Crosse;  
 And on Death's side  
 Threw all the losse.  
 The captive World awak't and found  
 The prisoners loose, the iaylor bound. 100

*The Versicle.*

Lo, we adore Thee,  
 Dread LAMB, and fall  
 Thus low before Thee.

*The Responsor.*

Crucify by the covenant of Thy crosse  
 Deceiv'd at once the whole World's losse. 105

*The Prayer.*

O Lord I beseech Thee, Son of the living God,  
interpose Thy most precious blood,  
Thy cross and passion, between my soul and Thy  
judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And  
vouchsafe to grant unto me Thy grace and mercy; to  
unto all quick and dead, communion and rest; to  
Thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners,  
life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest  
with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost,  
one God, world without end. Amen. 115

## THE SIXTH.

*The Versicle.*

Lord, by Thy sweet and saving sign!

*The Response.*

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

*V.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.

*R.* And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

*V.* O God, make speed to save me! 120

*R.* O Lord, make hast to help me!

*V.* Glory be to, &c.

*R.* As it was in the, &c.

## THE HYMN.

Now is the noon of Sorrow's night:

High in His patience, as their spite, 125

## THE HYMNS.

The early Prime blushes to say  
 She could not rise so soon, as they  
 Call'd Pilat vp: to try if he  
 Could lend them any cruelty. 50

    Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tounge  
         with lyes  
 And loathsom spittle, blott those beauteous eyes,  
 The blissfull springs of ioy: from whose all-chear-  
         ing ray  
 The fair starrs fill their wakefull fires, the sun him-  
         self drinks day. 55

*The Antiphona.*

Victorious sign  
 That now dost shine,  
 Transcrib'd above  
 Into the land of light and loue;  
 O let vs twine 60  
 Our rootes with thine,  
 That we may rise  
 Vpon thy wings, and reach the skyes.

*The Versicle.*

Lo, we adore Thee,  
 Dread Lamb! and fall 65  
 Thus low before Thee,

*The Responsor.*

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse  
Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

*The Prayer.*

O LORD IESV-CHRIST, Son of the liuing God!  
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death, 70  
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy  
iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And  
vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;  
vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to  
Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, 75  
life and glory euerlasting. Who liest and reignest  
with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost,  
one God, world without end. Amen.

## THE THIRD.

*The Versicle.*

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign,

*The Responsor.*

Defend vs from our foes and Thine. 80  
*V.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.  
*R.* And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.  
*V.* O God, make speed to saue me.  
*R.* O Lord, make hast to help me.  
*V.* Glory be to, &c. 85  
*R.* As it was in the, &c.



## THE HYMN.

The third hour's deafen'd with the cry  
 Of crucify Him, crucify.  
 So goes the vote (nor ask them, why ?),  
 Live Barabbas ! and let God dy. 90  
 But there is witt in wrath, and they will try  
 A hail more cruell then their crucify.  
 For while in sport He weares a spitefull crown  
 The serious showres along His decent Face run  
 sadly down.

*The Antiphona.*

Christ when He dy'd 95  
 Deceiv'd the Crosse ;  
 And on Death's side  
 Threw all the losse.

The captiue World awak't and found  
 The prisoners loose, the iaylor bound. 100

*The Versicle.*

Lo, we adore Thee,  
 Dread LAMB, and fall  
 Thus low before Thee.

*The Responsor.*

'Cause by the covenant of Thy crosse  
 Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse. 105

*The Prayer.*

O Lord IESU-CHRIST, SON of the living God, interpose. I pray Thee. Thine Own precious death. Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt unto me Thy grace and mercy; 110  
unto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen. 115

## THE SIXT.

*The Versicle.*

Lord, by Thy sweet and saving sign!

*The Response.*

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

V. O God, make speed to save me! 120

R. O Lord, make hast to help me!

V. Glory be to, &c.

R. As it was in the, &c.

## THE HYMN.

Now is the noon of Sorrow's night:

High in His patience, as their spite, 125

## THE HYMN.

The third hour's deafen'd with the cry  
 Of crucify Him, crucify.  
 So goes the vote (nor ask them, why ?),  
 Live Barabbas ! and let God dy. 90  
 But there is witt in wrath, and they will try  
 A hail more cruell then their crucify.  
 For while in sport He weares a spitefull crown  
 The serious showres along His decent Face run  
 sadly down.

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Christ when He dy'd 95  
 Deceiu'd the Crosse ;  
 And on Death's side  
 Threw all the losse.  
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 The prisoners loose, the iaylor bound. 100

*The Versicle.*

Lo, we adore Thee.  
 Dread LAMB, and fall  
 Thus low before Thee.

*The Responsor.*

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse  
 Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse. 105

*The Prayer.*

O Lord IESV-CHRIST, Son of the liuing God !  
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,  
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy  
iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And  
vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy; 110  
vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest ; to  
Thy Church, peace and concord ; to vs sinners,  
life and glory everlasting. Who liuest and reignest  
with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost,  
one God, world without end. Amen. 115

## THE SIXT.

*The Versicle.*

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauuing sign !

*The Responsor.*

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

*V.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.

*R.* And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

*V.* O God, make speed to save me ! 120

*R.* O Lord, make hast to help me !

*V.* Glory be to, &c.

*R.* As it was in the. &c.

## THE HYMN.

Now is the noon of Sorrow's night :

High in His patience, as their spite. 125



*The Prayer.*

O LORD IESV-CHRIST, Son of the living God !  
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,  
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy 150  
iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And  
vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;  
vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest ; to  
Thy Church, peace and concord ; to vs sinners,  
life and glory euerlasting. Who liuest and reignest 155  
with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost,  
one God, world without end. Amen.

## THE NINTH.

*The Versicle.*

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign,

*The Responsor.*

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

*V.* Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord. 160

*R.* And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

*V.* O God, make speed to save me !

*R.* O Lord, make hast to help me !

*V.* Glory be to, &c.

*R.* As it was in the, &c. 165

## THE HYMN.

The ninth with awfull horror hearkened to those groanes  
Which taught attention eu'n to rocks and stones.

Lo, the faint Lamb, with weary limb  
 Beares that huge tree which must bear Him !  
 That fatall plant, so great of fame  
 For fruit of sorrow and of shame,  
 Shall swell with both, for Him, and mix 130  
 All woes into one crucifix.  
 Is tortur'd thirst itselfe too sweet a cup ?  
 Gall, and more bitter mocks, shall make it vp.  
 Are nailes, blunt pens of superficiall smart ?  
 Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to  
 search the inmost heart. 135

*The Antiphona.*

O deare and sweet dispute  
 'Twixt Death's and Loue's farr different fruit !  
 Different as farr  
 As antidotes and poysons are.  
 By that first fatall tree 140  
 Both life and liberty  
 Were sold and slain ;  
 By this they both look vp, and liue again.

*The Versicle.*

Lo, we adore Thee,  
 Dread Lamb ! and bow thus low before Thee. 145

*The Responsor.*

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse,  
 Thou hast sau'd the World from certain losse.

*The Prayer.*

O LORD IESV-CHRIST, Son of the liuing God !  
interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,  
Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy 150  
iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And  
vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;  
vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest ; to  
Thy Church, peace and concord ; to vs sinners,  
life and glory euerlasting. Who liuest and reignest 155  
with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost,  
one God, world without end. Amen.

## THE NINTH.

*The Versicle.*

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauuing sign,

*The Responsor.*

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord. 160

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

V. O God, make speed to save me !

R. O Lord, make hast to help me !

V. Glory be to, &c.

R. As it was in the, &c. 165

## THE HYMN.

The ninth with awfull horror hearkened to those groanes  
Which taught attention eu'n to rocks and stones.





THE PRIMER OF THE HOLY TRINITY

Thy crosse and passion, defend us from all evil, and from  
judgment, now and in the day of our death, and  
vouchsafe to grant unto us Thy grace and mercy  
unto all quick and dead, preserve us and protect  
Thy Church, peace and concord, and give us  
life and glory everlasting. With the Spirit and  
with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Trinity,  
one God, world without end. Amen.

THE PRIMER.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and loving Son

The Response.

Defend us from our foes and sinners.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

V. O God, make speed to save me.

R. O Lord, make hast to help me.

V. Glory be to thee, &c.

R. As it was in the beginning, &c.

THE HYMN.

But there were rocks would not relent at the  
Lo, for their own hearts, they rend their  
Their deadly hate lines still, and have  
A wild reserve of wanton wrath;  
Superfluous spear! But there's a heart ready by  
Will look no wounds be lost, no deaths shall fly

Hear, Father, hear ! Thy Lamb (at last) complains  
 Of some more painfull thing then all His paines.  
 Then bowes His all-obedient head, and dyes       170  
 His own lou's and our sins' GREAT SACRIFICE.  
 The sun saw that, and would haue seen no more ;  
 The center shook : her vselesse veil th' inglorious  
       Temple tore.

*The Antiphona.*

O strange, mysterious strife  
 Of open Death and hidden Life !               175  
 When on the crosse my King did bleed,  
 Life seem'd to dy, Death dy'd indeed.<sup>1</sup>

*The Versicle.*

Lo, we adore Thee,  
 Dread Lamb ! and fall  
 Thus low before Thee.                       180

*The Responsor.*

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse  
 Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

*The Prayer.*

O Lord Iesv-Christ, Son of the liuing God !  
 interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,

<sup>1</sup> Mors et vita duello  
 Confluxero mirando :  
 Dux vite mortuus, regnat vivus.

*Latin Sequence* 12th-13th century: Viet. Pasch. G.

Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy 185  
 iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And  
 vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy;  
 vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to  
 Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners,  
 life and glory euerlasting. Who liest and reignest 190  
 with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost,  
 one God, world without end. Amen.

## EVENSONG.

*The Versicle.*

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

*The Responsor.*

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord! 195

R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

V. O God, make speed to save me!

R. O Lord, make hast to help me!

V. Glory be to, &c.

R. As it was in the, &c. 200

## THE HYMN.

But there were rocks would not relent at this:  
 Lo, for their own hearts, they rend His;  
 Their deadly hate liues still, and hath  
 A wild reserve of wanton wrath;  
 Superfluous spear! But there's a heart stands by 205  
 Will look no wounds be lost, no deaths shall dy.

Gather now thy Greif's ripe fruit, great mother-  
maid!

Then sitt thee down, and sing thine eu'nsong in  
the sad tree's shade.

*The Antiphona.*

O sad, sweet tree!

Wofull and ioyfull we 210

Both weep and sing in shade of thee.

When the dear nailes did lock

And graft into thy gracious stock

The hope, the health,

The worth, the wealth 215

Of all the ransom'd World, thou hadst the power  
(In that propitious hour)

To poise each pretious limb,

And proue how light the World was, when it  
weighd with Him.

Wide maist thou spred 220

Thine armes, and with thy bright and blissfull head

O'relook all Libanus. Thy lofty crown

The King Himself is, thou His humble throne,

Where yeilding and yet conquering He

Prou'd a new path of patient victory: 225

When wondring Death by death was slain,

And our Captiuitie His captiue ta'ne.

*The Secretary*

Let us do as they  
Loyal and true and how to do as they

*The Secretary*

Let us do as they  
That has set the world from common sense

*The Secretary*

Let us do as they

*The Secretary*

Let us do as they

*The Secretary*

Let us do as they  
Let us do as they  
Let us do as they  
Let us do as they  
Let us do as they  
Let us do as they  
Let us do as they

*The Secretary*

Let us do as they  
Let us do as they







EXPOSTULAT IESU XPI. CUM MUNDU INGRATO.



*SUM pulcher: at nemo tamen me diligit.  
Sum nobilis: nemo gē mihi qui feruat.  
Sum dives: a me nemo quicquā postulat.  
Et cuncta possum: nemo in tamen hmet.  
Eternus cęsib: quęror: a paucissimis.  
Prudensque sum: sed me quis ēst qui consulit.  
Et sum vta: at per me quatusquisque ambulat.  
Sum veritas: quare mihi non creditur.  
Sum vita: verūm parus est qui me petit.  
Sum vera lux: videre me nemo cupit.  
Sum misericors: nullus fidem in me colat.  
TV si paris: non id mihi imputas, Homo:  
Sahu tibi est a me parata: hęc vtere.*

*J. 16. 1669. 2001*

THE RECOMMENDATION.<sup>1</sup>

These Houres, and that which houers o're my end,  
 Into Thy hands and hart, Lord, I commend.  
 Take both to Thine account, that I and mine  
 In that hour, and in these, may be all Thine.  
 That as I dedicate my deuoutest breath                     270  
 To make a kind of life for my Lord's death,  
 So from His liuing and life-giuing death,  
 My dying life may draw a new and neuer fleeting breath.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the original edition of this composition, as *supra* (1648), it is entitled simply 'Vpon our B[lessed] Saviour's Passion.' What in our text (1652) constitute the Hymns, were originally numbered as seven stanzas. A few various readings from 1648 will be found below. Our text is given in full in 1670 edition, but not very accurately.

*Various readings of the Hymns in 1648 'Steps.'*

- i. Line 1. 'The wakefull dawning hast's to sing.'
- ,, 2. The allusion is to the petition in the old Litanies, 'By all Thine *unknown* sorrows, good Lord, deliver us.'
- ,, 8. 'betray'd' for 'beseid:' the former perhaps superior.
- ii.   ,, 1. 'The early Morne.'
- ,, 2. 'It' for 'she.'
- iii.  ,, 5. 'ther's' for 'there is.'
- iv.   ,, 6. 'The fruit' instead of 'for'—a misprint.
- v.    ,, 6. 'our great sins' sacrifice.'
- vii.  ,, 1. 'The Nightening houre'—a curious coinage.

<sup>1</sup> The engraving of our text (1652) here, is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. For the Latin 'Expostulatio' belonging thereto, see our vol. ii. G.

In the 'Prayer,' 'unto an quirk and dead' is dropped, and reads 'the,' not 'Thy,' Church. In line 55 Turnbull reads 'weakful,' and line 243, 'heed' for 'head,'—two of a number of provoking blunders in his text. G.

VEXILLA REGIS:

THE HYMN OF THE HOLY CROSSE.<sup>1</sup>

I.

Look vp, languishing soul! Lo, where the fait      1  
 Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,  
     And biddes thee ne're forget  
     Thy life is one long debt  
 Of loue, to Him, Who on this painfull tree      5  
 Paid back the flesh He took for thee.

II.

Lo, how the streames of life, from that full nest  
 Of loues, Thy Lord's too liberall brest,  
     Flow in an amorous floud  
     Of water wedding blood.      10  
 With these He wash't thy stain, transferr'd thy smart,  
 And took it home to His own heart.

III.

But though great Love, greedy of such sad gain,  
 Vsurpt the portion of thy pain,

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 39-41); reprinted in 1652 (pp. 49-51) and 1679 (pp. 174-6). Our text is that of 1652, as before. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

VEXILLA REGIS.

45

And from the nailes and spear  
 Turn'd the steel point of fear :  
 Their vse is chang'd, not lost ; and now they moue  
 Not stings of wrath, but wounds of loue.

15

IV.

Tall tree of life ! thy truth makes good  
 What was till now ne're understood,  
 Though the prophetick king  
 Struck lowd his faithfull string :  
 It was thy wood he meant should make the throne  
 For a more than Salomon.

20

V.

Large throne of Loue ! royally spred  
 With purple of too rich a red :  
 Thy crime is too much duty ;  
 Thy burthen, too much beauty ;  
 Glorious or greiuous more ? thus to make good  
 Thy costly excellence with thy King's own blood.

25

30

VI.

Euen ballance of both worlds ! our world of sin,  
 And that of grace, Heaun-way'd in Him :  
 Vs with our price thou weighed'st ;  
 Our price for vs thou payed'st,  
 Soon as the right-hand scale reioyc't to proue  
 How much Death weigh'd more light then Loue.

35

In the 'Prayer,' 'unto all quick and dead' is dropped, and reads 'the,' not 'Thy,' Church. In line 55 Turnbull reads 'weakful,' and, line 243, 'heed' for 'head,'—two of a number of provoking blunders in his text. G.

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 Of loues, Thy Lord's too liberall brest,  
     Flow in an amorous floud  
     Of water wedding blood. 10  
 With these He wash't thy stain, transferr'd thy smart,  
 And took it home to His own heart.

III.

But though great Love, greedy of such sad gain,  
 Vsurpt the portion of thy pain.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 39-4): reprinted in 1652 (pp. 49-54) and 1670 (pp. 174-6). Our text is that of 1652, as before. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

VEXILLA REGIS.

45

And from the nailes and spear 15  
 Turn'd the steel point of fear :  
 Their vse is chang'd, not lost ; and now they moue  
 Not stings of wrath, but wounds of loue.

IV.

Tall tree of life ! thy truth makes good  
 What was till now ne're understood, 20  
 Though the prophetick king  
 Struck lowd his faithfull string :  
 It was thy wood he meant should make the throne  
 For a more than Salomon.

V.

Large throne of Loue ! royally spred 25  
 With purple of too rich a red :  
 Thy crime is too much duty ;  
 Thy burthen, too much beauty ;  
 Glorious or greiuous more ? thus to make good  
 Thy costly excellence with thy King's own blood. 30

VI.

Euen ballance of both worlds ! our world of sin,  
 And that of grace, Heaun-way'd in Him :  
 Vs with our price thou weigh'd'st ;  
 Our price for vs thou payed'st,  
 Soon as the right-hand scale reioyc't to proue 35  
 How much Death weigh'd more light then Loue.

## VII.

Hail, our alone hope ! let thy fair head shoot  
 Aloft, and fill the nations with thy noble fruit :  
     The while our hearts and we  
     Thus graft our selues on thee,                   40  
 Grow thou and they. And be thy fair increase  
 The sinner's pardon and the iust man's peace.

    Liue, O for euer liue and reign  
 The Lamb Whom His own loue hath slain !  
 And let Thy lost sheep liue to inherit                   45  
 That kingdom which this Crosse did merit. Amen.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These variations &c. as between 1648 and 1652, deserve record :

St. i. line 1. 'Languishing,' which is the reading in 1648.

Ib. line 2. Here, and in v. line 1, I have added 'e' to 'badg' and 'larg' respectively from 1648.

St. vi. line 2. Our text (1652) corrects a manifest blunder of 1648, which reads 'wag'd' for 'way'd' weighed. In 1648, lines 3-4 read

'Both with one price were weighed,  
 Both with one price were paid.'

St. vii. appeared for the first time in our text (1652). In the closing four lines, line 4, 1648, reads noticeably

'That Kingdome which Thy blessed death did merit.'

The allusion in st. iv. is to the old reading of Psalm xvi. 10: 'Tell it among the heathen that the Lord reigneth from *the tree*.' The reference to Solomon points to the mediæval mystical interpretations of Canticles iii. 9-10.

I place 'Vexilla Regis' immediately after the 'Office of the Holy Crosse,' as really belonging to it, and not to be separated as in 1648. G.



[THE LORD SILENCES HIS QUESTIONERS.]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Neither durst any man from that day aske Him any more questions.  
*M. Matthew xxii.*

Mid'st all the darke and knotty snares,           1  
 Black wit or malice can, or dares,  
 Thy glorious wisdome breaks the nets,  
 And treads with uncontrolled steps;  
 Thy quell'd foes are not onely now           2  
 Thy triumphs, but Thy trophies too:  
 They both at once Thy conquest see,  
 And Thy conquest's memorie.  
 Stoney amazement makes them stand  
 Waiting on Thy righteous hand,           3  
 Like statues fixt to the base  
 Of Thy righteous and true law,  
 As if they were afraid to breath  
 The breath of life that Thou dost give,  
 True law, true law, true law, true law,  
 Ha, we're amazed with the law.

<sup>1</sup> Neither durst any man from that day aske Him any more questions.  
*M. Matthew xxii.*





3. Thy wrath and wages here now, O my shall  
    swill. 5  
    The footstep shall be set wide open in Him.
4. Then let Him smile and smile, and let His  
    wings  
    To denote the wondrousness of His wild things.
5. Now's but the message of My pains, My fears  
    Are yet but hopes, weak as my infant years. 10
6. The day of My dark' wife is yet but morn,  
    My tears but tender, and My death new-born.
7. Yet may these unbridg'd griefs give fate some  
    guesses.  
    These cradle-torments have their warningness.
8. These purple buds of blooming death may be, 15  
    Erst the full stature of a fatal tree.
9. And till My riper woes to age are come,  
    This knife may be the speare's prelude.





The first stanza of the poem  
is a simple statement of fact  
and is followed by a stanza  
which is a description of the scene.

The second stanza of the poem  
is a simple statement of fact  
and is followed by a stanza  
which is a description of the scene.

The third stanza of the poem  
is a simple statement of fact  
and is followed by a stanza  
which is a description of the scene.

What were the first words  
of the poem? A simple statement  
of fact. What were the first words  
of the poem? A simple statement  
of fact.

What were the first words  
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is a simple statement of fact  
and is followed by a stanza  
which is a description of the scene.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the *Book of 1001* (p. 25, 26) was reprinted in editions of 1001 (p. 25, 26), 1001 (p. 25-26) and 1001 (pp. 24, 25). Our text is that of 1001 as before but with an entire stanza from 1001 overprinted. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, G.



The difference *is* that *is* *is* *is*  
The *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*  
The *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*  
When *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*

UPON THE BLESSING OF THE RAIN

That *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*  
From *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*  
From *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*  
At *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*

What *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*  
In *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*  
What *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*  
That *is* *is* *is* *is* *is* *is*

Water'd by the showers they bring,  
The dromes that Thy blest heavens enclose  
(A cruel and a costly spring)  
Conceive proud hopes of perishing roses.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the "Steps" of 1668 (pp. 22, 23) was re-  
printed in editions of 1668 (pp. 22, 23), 1672 (pp. 41, 42) and 1674  
(pp. 22, 23). The text is that of 1668 as before, but with an entire  
stanza from 1668 omitted. See Notes and Illustrations at close of  
the poem, 6.

## IV.

Thy restlesse feet now cannot goe  
 For vs and our eternall good,  
 As they were euer wont. What though?  
 They swimme, alas! in their own floud.

## V.

Thy hand to giue Thou canst not lift:  
 Yet will Thy hand still giuing be.  
 It giues, but O itself's the gift:  
 It giues though bound; though bound 'tis free.

## VI.

But O Thy side, Thy deep-digg'd side!  
 That hath a double Nilus going:  
 Nor euer was the Pharian tide  
 Half so fruitfull, half so flowing.

## VII.

No hair so small, but payes his riuer  
 To this Red Sea of Thy blood;  
 Their little channells can deliuer  
 Something to the generall floud.

## VIII.

But while I speak, whither are run  
 All the riuers nam'd before?  
 I counted wrong: there is but one;  
 But O that one is one all ore.

## IX.

Rain-swoln riuers may rise proud,  
 Bent all to drown and overflow ;  
 But when indeed all's ouerflow'd,  
 They themselues are drownèd too.

## X.

This Thy blood's deluge (a dire chance,  
 Dear Lord, to Thee) to vs is found  
 A deluge of deliuerance ;  
 A deluge least we should be drown'd. *lest*  
 N'ere wast Thou in a sense so sadly true,  
 The well of liuing waters, Lord, till now.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1646 is 'On the bleeding wounds of our crucified Lord:' in 1648 has 'body' for 'wounds:' in 1670 as 1646. I record these variations, &c.:

St. i. lines 2 and 3, in 1646 and 1670 read

'From Thy hands and from Thy feet,  
 From Thy head and from Thy side.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

St. ii. In 1646 and 1670 this stanza is the 5th, and in line 2 has 'teares' for 'showres.'

St. iii. This stanza, by some strange oversight, is wholly dropped in 1652. St. iii. not in SANCROFT MS., and our st. ii. is the last. On one of the fly-leaves of the copy of 1646 edition in Trinity College, Cambridge, is the following contemporary MS. epigram, which embodies the sentiment of the stanza:

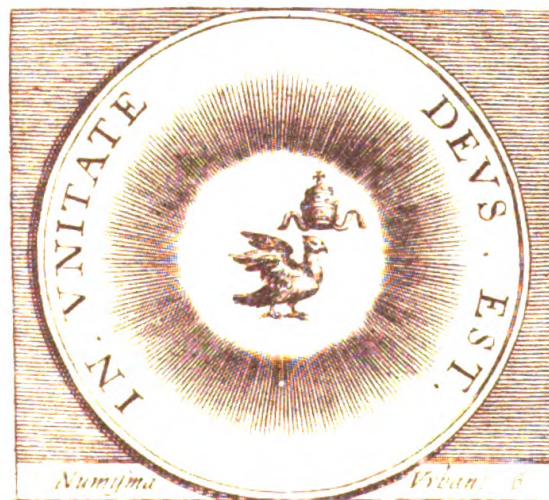
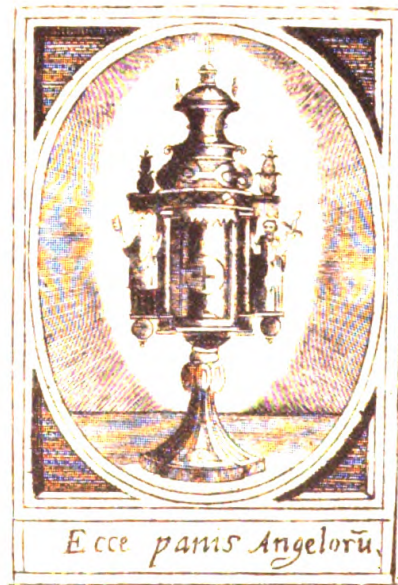
*In caput Iu spina coronatum.*  
 Cecit Caput et Cruce tenuit, h. h. vertitur omne  
 In spina Iudæ, quod fuit ante rosa.

Turnbull gives the stanza, but misplaces it after our st. vi., overlooking that our st. ii. is in 1646 edition st. v.











Awake, my glory, Sovl (if such thou be,  
 And that fair word at all referr to thee),  
     Awake and sing, 15  
     And be all wing :  
 Bring hither thy whole self ; and let me see  
 What of thy parent Heavn yet speakes in thee.  
     O thou art poore  
     Of noble powres, I see, 20  
 And full of nothing else but empty me :  
 Narrow, and low, and infinitely lesse  
 Then this great morning's mighty busynes.  
     One little world or two  
     (Alas) will neuer doe ; 25  
     We must haue store.  
 Goe, Sovl, out of thy self, and seek for more.  
     Goe and request  
 Great Natvre for the key of her huge chest  
 Of Heavns, the self-inuoluing sett of sphears 30  
 (Which dull mortality more feelles then heares).  
     Then rouse the nest  
 Of nimble Art, and traaverse round  
 The aery shop of soul-appeasing sound :  
 And beat a summons in the same 35  
     All-soueraign name,  
 To warn each severall kind  
 And shape of sweetnes, be they such  
     As sigh with supple wind  
     Or answer artfull touch ; 40

That they conuene and come away  
 To wait at the loue-crowned doores of this illustri-  
                                 ous day. *love*  
 Shall we dare this, my Soul? we'l doe't and bring  
 No other note for't, but the name we sing.  
       Wake lyte and harp, and euey sweet-lipp't  
                                 thing 45  
       That talkes with tunefull string;  
 Start into life, and leap with me  
 Into a hasty fitt-tun'd harmony.  
       Nor must you think it much  
       T' obey my bolder touch; 50  
 I haue authority in Love's name to take you,  
 And to the worke of Loue this morning wake you.  
       Wake, in the name  
 Of Him Who neuer sleeps, all things that are,  
       Or, what's the same, 55  
       Are musicall;  
       Answer my call  
       And come along;  
 Help me to meditate mine immortal *song*.  
 Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth, 60  
 Bring all your houshold stufte of Heaun on earth;  
 O you, my Soul's most certain wings,  
 Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,  
       Bring all the store  
 Of sweets you haue; and murther that you haue no  
                                 more. 65

Awake, my glory, Sovl (if such thou be,  
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Nor must you think it much  
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I haue authority in Love's name to take you,  
And to the worke of Loue this morning wake you.  
Wake, in the name  
Of Him Who neuer sleeps, all things that are,  
Or, what's the same, 55  
Are musicall;  
Answer my call  
And come along;  
Help me to meditate mine immortal song.  
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth, 60  
Bring all your houshold stufte of Heaun on earth;  
O you, my Soul's most certain wings,  
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,  
Bring all the store  
Of sweets you haue; and murmur that you haue no  
more. 65



Come, ne're to part,  
 Nature and Art!  
 Come ; and come strong,  
 To the conspiracy of our spacious song.  
     Bring all the powres of praise,                   70  
 Your prouinces of well-ynited worlds can raise ;  
 Bring all your lytes and harps of Heavn and Earth ;  
 Whatere cooperates to the common mirthie :  
     Vessells of vocall ioyes,  
 Or you, more noble architects of intellectuall noise, 75  
 Cymballs of Heav'n, or humane spears,  
 Solliciters of sovles or cares ;  
     And when you are come, with all  
 That you can bring or we can call :  
     O may you fix                                       80  
     For euer here, and mix  
     Your selues into the long  
 And euerlasting series of a deathlesse song ;  
 Mix all your many worlds aboute,  
 And loose them into one of loue.                   85  
     Chear thee my heart !  
     For thou too hast thy part  
     And place in the Great Throng  
 Of this vubounded all-imbracing song.  
     Powres of my soul, be proud !                   90  
     And speake lowd  
 To all the dear-bought Nations, this redeeming Name,  
 And in the wealth of one rich word, proclaim

New similes to Nature. May it be no wrong  
 Blest Heavens, to you and your superiour song, 95  
 That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,  
     A while dare borrow  
 The name of your dilights, and our desires,  
 And fitt it to so farr inferior lyres.  
 Our murmurs haue their musick too, 100  
 Ye mighty Orbes, as well as you ;  
     Nor yeilds the noblest nest  
 Of warbling Seraphim to the cares of Loue,  
 A choicer lesson then the ioyfull brest  
     Of a poor panting turtle-doue. 105  
 And we, low wormes, haue leaue to doe  
 The same bright busynes (ye Third Heavens) with you.  
 Gentle spirits, doe not complain !  
     We will haue care  
     To keep it fair, 110  
 And send it back to you again.  
 Come, louely Name ! Appeare from forth the bright  
     Regions of peacefull light ;  
 Look from Thine Own illustrious home,  
 Fair King of names, and come : 115  
 Leaue all Thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,  
 And giue Thy Self a while the gracious Guest  
 Of humble soules, that seek to find  
     The hidden sweets  
     Which man's heart meets 120  
 When Thou art Master of the mind.



Like diligent bees, and swarm about it. 150  
     O, they are wise,  
 And know what sweetes are suck't from out it :  
     It is the hiue,  
     By which they thriue,  
 Where all their hoard of hony lyes. 155  
 Lo, where it comes, vpon the snowy Dove's  
 Soft back ; and brings a bosom big with loues :  
 Welcome to our dark world, Thou womb of Day!  
 Vnfold Thy fair conceptions, and display  
 The birth of our bright ioyes, O Thou compacted 160  
 Body of blessings : Spirit of soules extracted !  
 O, dissipate Thy spicy powres,  
 (Cloud of condensèd sweetes) and break vpon vs  
     In balmy shows !  
 O, fill our senses, and take from vs all force of so  
     prophane a fallacy, 165  
 To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee !  
 Fair, flowry Name, in none but Thee  
 And Thy nectareall fragrancy,  
     Hourly there meetes  
 An vniuersall synod of all sweetes ; 170  
 By whom it is definèd thus,  
     That no perfume  
     For euer shall presume  
 To passe for odoriferous,  
 But such alone whose sacred pedigree 175  
 Can proue itself some kin (sweet Name !) to Thee.

Come loudly Name; Life of our hope!  
 Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!  
 Unlock Thy cabinet of Day,  
 Dearest Sweet, and come away. 125  
     Lo, how the thirsty Lands  
 Gasp for Thy golden showres! with long-stretcht hands  
     Lo, how the laboring Earth  
     That hopes to be  
     All Heauen by Thee, 130  
     Leapes at Thy birth!  
 The' attending World, to wait Thy rise,  
     First turn'd to eyes;  
 And then, not knowing what to doe,  
 Turn'd them to teares, and spent them too. 135  
 Come royall Name! and pay the expence  
 Of all this pretious patience;  
     O come away  
 And kill the death of this delay!  
 O, see so many worlds of barren yeares 140  
 Melted and measur'd out in seas of teares:  
 O, see the weary liddes of wakefull Hope  
 (Love's eastern windowes) all wide ope  
     With curtains drawn,  
 To catch the day-break of Thy dawn. 145  
 O, dawn at last, long lookt for Day!  
 Take Thine own wings, and come away.  
 Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among  
 The conduct of adoring spirits, that throug

Like diligent bees, and swarm about it. 150  
 O, they are wise,  
 And know what sweetes are suck't from out it :  
 It is the hiue,  
 By which they thriue,  
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 That no perfume  
 For euer shall presume  
 To passe for odoriferous,  
 But such alone whose sacred pedigree 175  
 Can proue itself some kin (sweet Name !) to Thee.

*Come* lovely Name; Life of our hope!  
*Lo*, we hold our hearts wide open!  
 Unlock Thy cabinet of Day,  
 Dearest Sweet, and *come* away. 125  
     *Lo*, how the thirsty Lands  
 Gape for Thy golden showres! with long-stretcht hands  
     *Lo*, how the laboring Earth  
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     All Heaven by Thee, 130  
     Leapes at Thy birth!  
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 (Love's' ca tern windowes) all wide open  
     With curtains drawn,  
 To catch the day break of Thy dawn. 145  
 O, dawn at last, long lookt for Day!  
 Take Thine own wings, and come away.  
*Lo*, where aloft it comes! It comes, among  
 The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng

Like honey bees and swarms about it

100

As they are what

And know what swarms are about from us it

It is the same

By which they gather

Where all their hearts of honey are

105

So when I come upon the crown I see

Not back and forth a woman by with a bee

That me in our first world that world of day

Which they say is honey and not to be

The heart of our hearts and the heart of our hearts

110

Body of honey and heart of our hearts

Which they say is honey

Which of our hearts and heart of our hearts

It is the same

It is the same and heart of our hearts

It is the same

I know that sweet and the world which is the

For I see it and it is the same

And the world which is the same

It is the same

It is the same and heart of our hearts

It is the same

It is the same

It is the same

It is the same

It is the same and heart of our hearts

It is the same and heart of our hearts



Sweet Name, in Thy each syllable  
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell ;  
 A thousand hills of frankincense,  
 Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices                    180  
 And ten thousand paradises,  
 The soul that tastes Thee takes from thence.  
 How many unknown worlds there are  
 Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping !  
 How many thousand mercyes there                    185  
 In Pitty's soft lap ly a-sleeping !  
 Happy he who has the art  
                   To awake them,  
                   And to take them  
 Home, and lodge them in his heart.                    190  
 O, that it were as it was wont to be !  
 When Thy old freinds of fire, all full of Thee,  
 Fought against frowns with smiles ; gaue glorious  
                   chase  
 To persecutions ; and against the face  
 Of Death and feircest dangers, durst with braue    195  
 And sober pace, march on to meet A GRAVE.  
 On their bold brests, about the world they bore Thee,  
 And to the teeth of Hell stood vp to teach Thee ;  
 In center of their inmost soules, they wore Thee,  
 Where rackes and torments striu'd, in vain, to  
                   reach Thee,                    200  
                   Little, alas, thought they  
 Who tore the fair brests of Thy freinds,

Their fury but made way  
 For Thee, and seru'd them in Thy glorious ends.  
 What did their weapons but with wider pores 205  
 Inlarge Thy flaming-brested louers,  
     More freely to transpire  
     That impatient fire,  
 The heart that hides Thee hardly couers ?  
 What did their weapons but sett wide the doores 210  
 For Thee ? fair, purple doores, of Loue's deuising ;  
 The ruby windowes which inricht the East  
 Of Thy so oft-repeated rising !  
 Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning,  
 And reinthron'd Thee in Thy rosy nest, 215  
 With blush of Thine Own blood Thy day adorn  
     ing :  
 It was the witt of Loue crefted the beards  
 Of Wrath, and made Thee way through all these  
     worlds.  
 Welcome, dear, all-admir'd Name !  
     For sure there is no kinde 220  
     That knowes not Thee :  
 For if there be such world of name,  
     Alas ! what will they see  
     That cannot see thee ?  
 And all this happy love is but a breath out of thy side 225  
     To seeke for a new life  
     In that which is thy selfe :









PSALME XXIII.<sup>1</sup>

HAPPY me ! O happy sheepe ! 1  
Whom my God vouchsafes to keepe ;  
Even my God, even He it is,  
That points me to these paths of blisse ;  
On Whose pastures cheerefull Spring, 5  
All the yeare doth sit and sing,  
And rejoycing, smiles to see  
Their green backs weare His liverie :  
Pleasure sings my soul to rest,  
Plentie weares me at her brest, 10  
Whose sweet temper teaches me  
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.  
At my feet, the blubb'ring mountaine  
Weeping, melts into a fountaine ;  
Whose soft, silver-sweating streames 15  
Make high-noon forget his beames :  
When my wayward breath is flying,  
He calls home my soul from dying ;

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 25-27) : was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 40-42) and 1670 (pp. 26-28). Our text is that of 1648 : but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for consistent and reliable data sources to ensure the validity of the findings.

3. The third part presents the results of the study, showing a clear trend of increasing activity over the period observed. The data indicates that the majority of the observed behavior is concentrated in the latter half of the study.

4. The final part of the document provides a conclusion and discusses the implications of the findings. It suggests that the observed patterns may be indicative of broader trends in the field and offers recommendations for further research.

And Thy staffe, whose influence  
 Gives direction, gives defence.  
 At the whisper of Thy word  
 Crown'd abundance spreads my boord : 50  
 While I feast, my foes doe feed  
 Their ranck malice not their need,  
 So that with the self-same bread  
 They are starv'd and I am fed.  
 How my head in ointment swims ! 55  
 How my cup o'relooks her brims !  
 So, even so still may I move,  
 By the line of Thy deare love ;  
 Still may Thy sweet mercy spread  
 A shady arme above my head, 60  
 About my paths ; so shall I find,  
 The faire center of my mind,  
 Thy temple, and those lovely walls  
 Bright ever with a beame, that falls  
 Fresh from the pure glance of Thine eye, 65  
 Lighting to Eternity.  
 There I'le dwell for ever ; there  
 Will I find a purer aire  
 To feed my life with, there I'le sup  
 Balme and nectar in my cup ; 70  
 And thence my ripe soule will I breath  
 Warme into the armes of Death.





Strokes and tames my rabid grieffe,  
 And does wooe me into life : 20  
 When my simple weaknes straves,  
 (Tangled in forbidden wayes)  
 He (my Shepheard) is my guide,  
 Hee's before me, on my side,  
 And behind me, He beguiles 25  
 Craft in all her knottie wiles :  
 He expounds the weary wonder  
 Of my giddy steps, and under  
 Spreads a path, cleare as the day,  
 Where no churlish rub says nay 30  
 To my joy-conducted feet,  
 Whilst they gladly goe to meet  
 Grace and Peace, to learne new laies,  
 Tun'd to my great Shepheard's praise.  
 Come now all ye terrors sally, 35  
 Muster forth into the valley,  
 Where triumphant darknesse hovers  
 With a sable wing, that covers  
 Brooding horror. Come, thou Death,  
 Let the damps of thy dull breath 40  
 Over-shadow even that shade,  
 And make Darknes' selfe afraid ;  
 There my feet, even there, shall find  
 Way for a resolvèd mind.  
 Still my Shepheard, still my God, 45  
 Thou art with me ; still Thy rod,

And Thy staffe, whose influence  
 Gives direction, gives defence.  
 At the whisper of Thy word  
 Crown'd abundance open'd my heart;  
 While I feele, my foes are dead,  
 Their track shall not be seen;  
 So that when the evil ones  
 They are start'd, and I am set,  
 How my heart is comforted,  
 How my eyes are made to see,  
 By the life of Thy love,  
 How my feet are made to tread,  
 How my heart is made to sing,  
 How my voice is made to praise,  
 How my heart is made to love,  
 How my heart is made to see,  
 How my heart is made to see,  
 How my heart is made to see,  
 How my heart is made to see,  
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 How my heart is made to see,  
 How my heart is made to see,



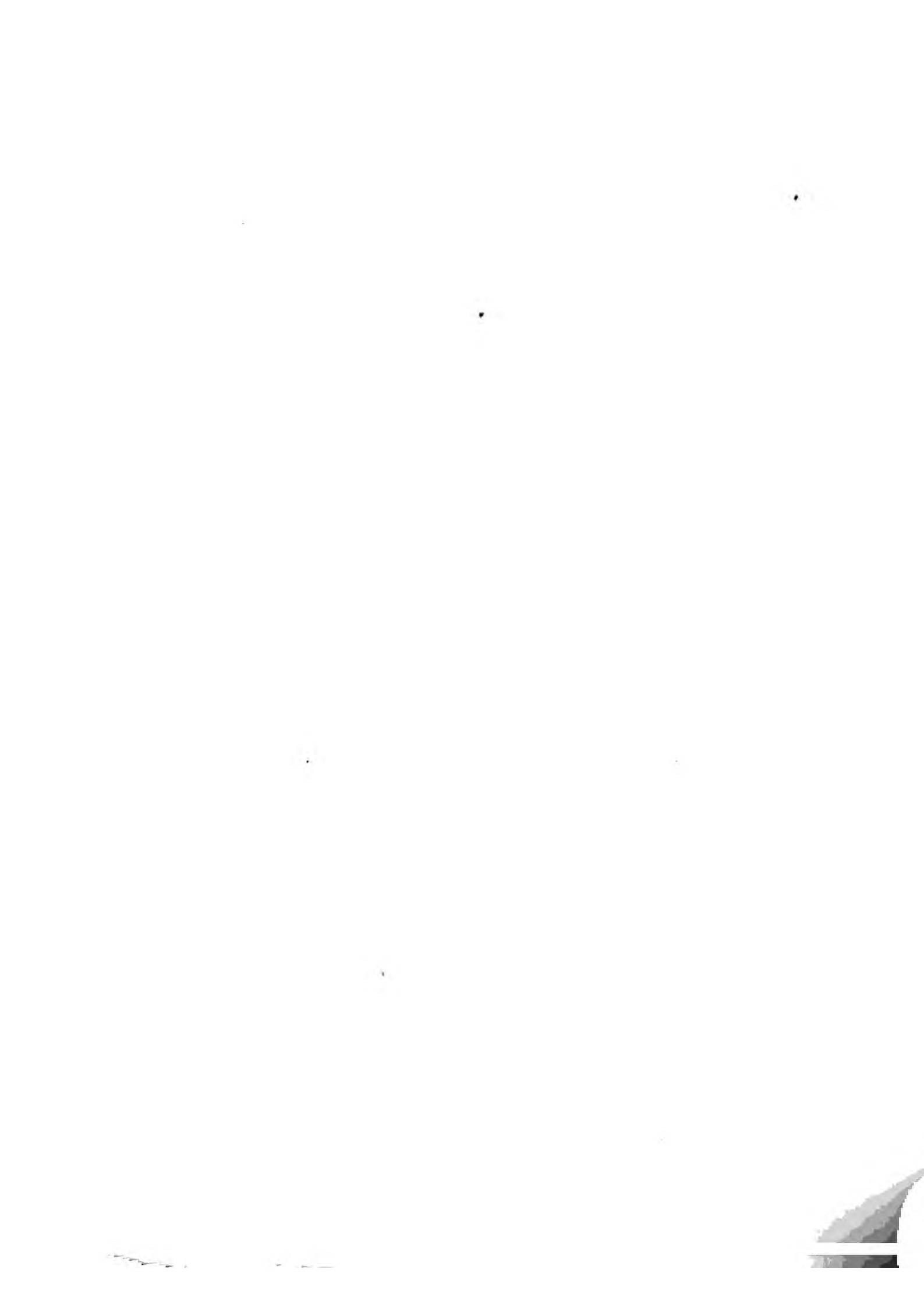
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*Ton Créateur te jâret, veûs jâ nativité,  
Dequart j'effin pour te jâre, ôu j'âre*

IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OVR LORD GOD. 71

Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been, 15  
Tell him Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.

TITYRUS.

Gloomy night embrac't the place  
Where the noble Infant lay.  
The Babe look't vp and shew'd His face ;  
In spite of darknes, it was day. 20

It was Thy day, Sweet ! and did rise  
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

*Chorus.* It was Thy day, Sweet.

THYRSIS.

Winter chidde aloud, and sent  
The angry North to wage his warres. 25  
The North forgott his feirce intent,  
And left perfumes in stead of scarres.

By those sweet eyes' persuasiue powrs  
Where he mean't frost, he scatter'd flowrs.

*Chorus.* By those sweet eyes. 30

BOTH.

We saw Thee in Thy baulmy-nest,  
Young dawn of our æternall Day!

We saw Thine eyes break from their East  
And chase the trembling shades away.

We saw Thee ; and we blest the sight. 35  
We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light.



*Ton Créateur te jâict, voir nâ nâche, mee.  
Dormant en gñu pour te faire en terre.*

IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OVR LORD GOD. 71  
Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been, 15  
Tell him Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.

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Young dawn of our æternall Day!  
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And chase the trembling shades away.  
We saw Thee ; and we blest the sight, 35  
We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light.

TITYRUS.

Poor world (said I), what wilt thou doe  
To entertain this starry Stranger?

Is this the best thou canst bestow?

A cold, and not too cleanly, manger? 40

Contend, the powres of Heav'n and Earth,  
To fitt a bed for this huge birtle?

*Chorus.* Contend the powers.

THYRSIS.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest  
And let the mighty Babe alone. 45

The phœnix builds the phœnix' nest,  
Lov's architecture is his own.

The Babe whose birth embraces this morn,  
Made His Own bed e're He was born.

*Chorus.* The Babe whose. . . . 50

TITYRUS.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,  
Come houering o're the place's head;

Offering their whitest sheets of snow  
To furnish the fair Infant's bed:

Forbear, said I; be not too bold, 55  
Your fleece is white but 'tis too cold.

*Chorus.* Forbear, sayd I.

THYRSIS.

I saw the obsequious Seraphims  
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow.

IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OVR LORD GOD. 73

For well they now can spare their wing, 60  
Since Heavn itself lyes here below.

Well done, said I ; but are you sure  
Your down so warm, will passe for pure ?

*Chorus.* Well done, sayd I.

TITYRUS.

No, no ! your King's not yet to seeke 65  
Where to repose His royall head ;

See, see ! how soon His new-bloom'd cheek  
Twixt's mother's brests is gone to bed.

Sweet choise, said we ! no way but so  
Not to ly cold, yet sleep in snow. 70

*Chorus.* Sweet choise, said we.

BOTH.

We saw Thee in Thy baulmy nest,  
Bright dawn of our æternall Day !

We saw Thine eyes break from their East  
And chase the trembling shades away. 75

We saw Thee : and we blest the sight,  
We saw Thee, by Thine Own sweet light.

*Chorus.* We saw Thee, &c.

FVLL CHORVS.

Wellcome, all wonders in one sight !  
Æternity shutt in a span ! 80

Sommer in Winter, Day in Night !  
Heaven in Earth, and God in man !

Great, little One! Whose all-embracing birth  
Lifts Earth to Heauen, stoopes Heau'n to Earth.

Wellcome, though not to gold nor silk, 85  
To more then Caesar's birth-right is ;

Two sister-seas of virgin-milk,  
With many a rarely-temper'd kisse,  
That breathes at once both maid and mother,  
Warmes in the one, cooles in the other. 90

Shee sings Thy tears asleep, and dips  
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye ;

She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,  
That in their buds yet blushing lye :

She 'gainst those mether-diamonds, tries 95  
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Wellcome, though not to those gay flies,  
Guiled i' th' beames of earthly kings ;

Slippery soules in smiling eyes :  
But to poor shepheards' home-spun things ; 100

Whose wealth's their flock ; whose witt, to  
be

Well-read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband-showers  
Shall blesse the fruitfull Maja's bed,

We'l bring the first-born of her flowrs 105  
To kisse Thy feet and crown Thy head.

To Thee, dread Lamb! Whose loue must keep  
The shepheards, more then they the sheep

To Thee, meek Majesty ! soft King  
 Of simple Graces and sweet Loves : 110  
 Each of vs his lamb will bring,  
 Each his pair of sylver doues :  
 Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,  
 Ourselues become our own best sacrifice.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is simply 'A Hymne of the Nativitie sung by the Shepheards.' It furnishes these various readings, though it wants a good deal of our text (1652) :

Lines 1 to 4,

' who haue scene  
 Daie's King deposèd by night's Queene.  
 Come lift we up our lofty song,  
 To wake the sun that sleeps too long.'

„ 5 to 7,

' Hee (in this our generall joy)  
 Slept . . . . . the faire-ey'd boy.'

„ 24, ' Winter chid the world . . . . '

„ 32, ' Bright dawne . . . . '

„ 58 to 63,

' I saw the officious angells bring  
 The downe that their soft breasts did strow :  
 For well they now can spare their wings,  
 When heauen itselife lies here below.  
 Faire youth (said I) be not too rough,  
 Thy downe (though soft)'s not soft enough.'

' Officious' = ready to do good offices : ' obsequious' = obedient, eager to serve.

Lines 65 to 68,

' The Babe noe sooner 'gan to seeke  
 Where to lay His lonely head ;  
 But streight His eyes advis'd His cheeke  
 'Twixt's mother's breasts to goe to bed.'

„ 79, ' Welcome to our wond'ring sight.'

„ 83, ' glorious birth.'

„ 85, ' not to gold' for ' nor to gold : ' adopted.

„ 96, ' points' = pupils (?).



Lines 101 to 103:

'Hurt not a sheep nor a small lamb,  
 Nor cut the hearts of the little lambs,  
 Nor cut the hearts of the little lambs.'

... 108, '... while they feed the sheepe.'

... 114, 'Weel burne . . . .'

These variations agree with the text of 1646. See our Essay for critical remarks, G.

### NEW YEAR'S DAY.<sup>1</sup>

Rise, thou best and brightest morning!  
 Rosy with a double red;  
 With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,  
 And the dew drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride, that laces  
 The crimson curtains of thy bed,  
 Guilds thee not with so sweet graces,  
 Nor sett's thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair cheek't flowers that fill thee,  
 None so fair thy bosom strowes,  
 As this modest maiden lilly  
 Our sins haue sham'd into a rose.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 94, 95), where it is headed 'An Hymne for the Circumcision day of our Lord;' reprinted in edition of 1648 (pp. 47, 48) with 'X' for 'Au' in heading, and in the 'Carmen &c.' of 1652 (pp. 17, 18), being there entitled simply 'New Year's Day,' and in the edition of 1670 (pp. 72-74). Our text is that of 1652, as before, but there are only slight differences besides the usual orthographical ones, in any. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, G.

Bid thy golden god, the sun,  
Burnisht in his best beames rise.

Put all his red-ey'd rubies on ;  
These rubies shall putt out their eyes.

Let him make poor the purple East,  
Search what the world's close cabinets keep ;

Rob the rich births of each bright nest  
That flaming in their fair beds sleep.

Let him embraue his own bright tresses  
With a new morning made of gemmes ;

And wear, in those his wealthy dresses,  
Another day of diadema.

When he hath done all he may  
To make himselfe rich in his rise.

All will be darknes to the day  
That breakes from one of these bright eyes

And soon this sweet truth shall appeare  
Dear Babe, ere many dayes be done ;

The Morn shall come to meet Thee here  
And leaue her own neglected sun.

Here are beautyes shall becomme true  
Of all his eastern paramours.

His Persian louers all shall leaue true  
And swear faith to Thy sweeter power ;

Nor while they leave him shall they see the sun  
But in Thy fairest eyes find two for one

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IN THE GLORIOUS EPIPHANY OF OUR  
LORD GOD.

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE THREE KINGS.

- 1 *Kinge*. Bright Babe! Whose awful beauty  
The morn incur a sweet mistake,  
2 *Kinge*. For Whom the officious Heavens  
To disinherit the sun's rize,  
3 *Kinge*. Delicately to displace  
The day, and plant it faster in Thy face.  
1 *Kinge*. O Thou born King of Peace  
2 *Kinge*. Of lights!  
3 *Kinge*. Of ioyes!  
*Chorus*. Look vp, sweet Babe, look vp, see  
For love of Thee,  
Thus farr from home  
The East is come  
To seek her self in Thy sweet eyes.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the *Works* of 1664 pp. 62-63, reprinted in 'Carmen' &c. of 1652 pp. 19-20, and in 1655 pp. 155-156. The text is that of 1652, as before: but see above for Notes and Conventions. In our illustrated quarto edition we repeat as the original here of 1652. G.



- 1 *Kinge.* To Thee, to Thee  
From him we flee.
- 2 *Kinge.* From him, whom by a more illustrious ly,  
The blindnes of the World did call the eye. 45
- 3 *Kinge.* To Him, Who by these mortall clouds hast  
made  
Thyself our sun, though Thine Own shade.
- 1 *Kinge.* Farewell, the World's false light!  
Farewell, the white  
Ægypt; a long farewell to thee 50  
Bright idol, black idolatry:  
The dire face of inferior darknes, kis't  
And courted in the pompus mask of a  
more specious mist.
- 2 *Kinge.* Farewell, farewell  
The proud and misplac't gates of Hell, 55  
Pertch't in the Morning's way *perched.*  
And double-guilded as the doores of Day:  
The deep hypocrisy of Death and Night  
More desperately dark, because more bright.
- 3 *Kinge.* Welcome, the World's sure way! 60  
Heavn's wholsom ray.
- Chorus.* Wellcome to vs; and we  
(Sweet!) to our selues, in Thee.
- 1 *Kinge.* The deathles Heir of all Thy Father's day!
- 2 *Kinge.* Decently born! 65  
Embosom'd in a much more rosy Morn:  
The blushes of Thy all-vnblemisht mother.



- 1 *Kinge.* We, who strangely went astray, 15  
 Lost in a bright  
 Meridian night.
- 2 *Kinge.* A darknes made of too much day.
- 3 *Kinge.* Becken'd from farr  
 By Thy fair starr, 20  
 Lo, at last haue found our way.
- Chorus.* To Thee, Thou Day of Night! Thou East  
 of West!  
 Lo, we at last haue found the way  
 To Thee, the World's great vniuersal East,  
 The generall and indifferent Day. 25
- 1 *Kinge.* All-circling point! all-centring sphear!  
 The World's one, round, aternall year:
- 2 *Kinge.* Whose full and all-vnwrinkled face  
 Nor sinks nor swells with time or place;
- 3 *Kinge.* But euery where and euery while 30  
 Is one consistent, solid smile:
- 1 *Kinge.* Not vext and tost
- 2 *Kinge.* Twixt Spring and frost;
- 3 *Kinge.* Nor by alternate shreds of light,  
 Sordidly shifting hands with shades and Night.
- Chorus.* O little all! in Thy embrace 36  
 The World lyes warm, and likes his place;  
 Nor does his full globe fail to be  
 Kist on both his cheeks by Thee.  
 Time is too narrow for Thy year, 40  
 Nor makes the whole World Thy half-sphear.

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Embosom'd in a much more rosy Morn :  
The blushes of Thy all-vnblemisht mother.

- 3 *Kinge*. No more that other  
 Aurora shall sett ope  
 Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope 70  
 From mortall eyes  
 To meet religious welcomes at her rise.
- Chorus*. We (pretious ones !) in you haue won  
 A gentler Morn, a iuster sun.
- 1 *Kinge*. His superficiall beames sun-burn't our  
 skin; 75
- 2 *Kinge*. But left within
- 3 *Kinge*. The Night and Winter still of Death and Sin.
- Chorus*. Thy softer yet more certaine darts  
 Spare our eyes, but peirce our harts :
- 1 *Kinge*. Therefore with his proud Persian spoiles 80
- 2 *Kinge*. We court Thy more concerning smiles.
- 3 *Kinge*. Therefore with his disgrace  
 We guild the humble cheek of this chast  
 place ;
- Chorus*. And at Thy feet powr forth his face.
- 1 *Kinge*. The doating Nations now no more 85  
 Shall any day but Thine adore.
- 2 *Kinge*. Nor—much lesse—shall they leaue these eyes  
 For cheap .Egyptian deities.
- 3 *Kinge*. In whatsoe're more sacred shape  
 Of ram, he-goat, or reuerend ape ; 90  
 Those beauteous rauishers opprest so sore  
 The too-hard-tempted nations.
- 1 *Kinge*. Neuer more

- By wanton heyfer shall be worn
- 2 *Kinge.* A garland, or a guilded horn : 95  
 The altar-stall'd ox, fatt Osyris now  
 With his fair sister cow
- 3 *Kinge.* Shall kick the clouds no more ; but lean  
 and tame,
- Chorus.* See His horn'd face, and dy for shame :  
 And Mithra now shall be no name. 100
- 1 *Kinge.* No longer shall the immodest lust  
 Of adulterous godles dust
- 2 *Kinge.* Fly in the face of Heu'n ; as if it were  
 The poor World's fault that He is fair. 105
- 3 *Kinge.* Nor with peruerse loues and religious rapes  
 Reuenge Thy bountyes in their beauteous  
 shapes ;  
 And punish best things worst ; because  
 they stood  
 Guilty of being much for them too good.
- 1 *Kinge.* Proud sons of Death! that durst compell 110  
 Heu'n it self to find them Hell :
- 2 *Kinge.* And by strange witt of madnes wrest  
 From this World's East the other's West.
- 3 *Kinge.* All-idolizing wormes! that thus could crowd  
 And vrge their sun into Thy cloud ; 115  
 Forcing His sometimes eclips'd face to be  
 A long deliquium to the light of Thee.
- Chorus.* Alas! with how much heauyer shade  
 The shamefac't lamp hung down his head



That sable judgment-seat shall by new lawes  
Decide and settle the great cause  
Of controuerted light :

*Chorus.* And Natur's wrongs rejoyce to doe Thee right.

3 *Kinge.* That forfeiture of Noon to Night shall pay 150  
All the idolatrous thefts done by this Night  
of Day ;

And the great Penitent presse his own pale lipps  
With an elaborate loue-eclipse :

To which the low World's lawes  
Shall lend no cause, 155

*Chorus.* Saue those domestick which He borrowes  
From our sins and His Own sorrowes.

1 *Kinge.* Three sad hours' sackcloth then shall show  
to vs

His penance, as our fault, conspicuous :

2 *Kinge.* And He more needfully and nobly proue 160  
The Nations' terror now then erst their loue.

3 *Kinge.* Their hated loues changd into wholsom  
feares :

*Chorus.* The shutting of His eye shall open their's.

1 *Kinge.* As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of Day  
Miss-ledde, before, they lost their way ; 165  
So shall they, by the seasonable fright  
Of an vnseasonable Night,

Loosing it once again, stumble on true Light :

2 *Kinge.* And as before His too-bright eye  
Was their more blind idolatry ; 170

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. This is essential for ensuring the integrity of the financial statements and for providing a clear audit trail.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data. These methods include direct observation, interviews, and the use of statistical models. Each method has its own strengths and limitations, and it is important to choose the most appropriate one for the specific situation.

3. The third part of the document describes the process of data analysis. This involves identifying patterns, testing hypotheses, and drawing conclusions based on the evidence. It is important to be objective and to avoid drawing conclusions based on bias or preconceived notions.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the importance of communication in the research process. This involves clearly presenting the findings to the relevant stakeholders and being open to feedback and criticism.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes by emphasizing the need for ongoing research and the importance of staying up-to-date on the latest developments in the field.

Of his strong soul, shall he  
 Leap at thy lofty face,  
 And seize the swift flash, in rebound 200  
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 Once call'd a sun,  
 Till dearly thus vndone ;

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 Twinne svnnes !) and taught now to negotiate  
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 We vow to make braue way  
 Vpwards, and presse on for the pure intelli-  
 gentiall prey ;



225

s. asking throne ;  
scroll prize

230

s. last of brain ;  
s. last of law  
s. how may see

s. in us ray

230

s. = scheme

240

245



For being show'd by this Day's light, how farr  
 He is from sun enough to make Thy starr,  
 His best ambition now is but to be 250  
 Somthing a brighter shadow, Sweet, of Thee.  
 Or on Heaun's azure forehead high to stand  
 Thy golden index ; with a duteous hand  
 Pointing vs home to our own sun  
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2 *Kinge.* At least to play  
 The amorous spyes 225  
 And peep and proffer at Thy sparkling throne ;  
 3 *Kinge.* In stead of bringing in the blissfull prize  
 And fastening on Thine eyes :  
 Forfeit our own  
 And nothing gain 230  
 But more ambitious losse at last, of brain ;  
*Chorus.* Now by abasèd liddes shall learn to be  
 Eagles ; and shutt our eyes that we may see.

*The Close.*

[*Chorus.*] Therefore to Thee and Thine auspicious ray  
 (Dread Sweet !) lo thus 236  
 At last by vs,  
 The delegated eye of Day  
 Does first his scepter, then himself, in solemne  
 tribute pay.  
 Thus he vndresses 240  
 His sacred vnshorn tresses ;  
 At Thy adored feet, thus he layes down  
 1 *Kinge.* His gorgeous tire  
 Of flame and fire,  
 2 *Kinge.* His glittering robe. 3 *Kinge.* His sparkling  
 crown ; 245  
 1 *Kinge.* His gold : 2 *Kinge.* His mirrh : 3 *Kinge.*  
 His frankincense.  
*Chorus.* To which he now has no pretence :

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- So his officious blindnes now shall be  
 Their black, but faithfull perspectiue of Thee :
- 3 *Kinge.* His new prodigious Night,  
 Their new and admirable light,  
 The supernaturall dawn of Thy pure Day; 175  
 While wondring they  
 (The happy conuerts now of Him  
 Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)  
 Shall henceforth see  
 To kisse him only as their rod, 180  
 Whom they so long courted as God.
- Chorus.* And their best vse of him they worship't, be  
 To learn of him at last, to worship Thee.
- 1 *Kinge.* It was their weaknes woo'd his beauty;  
 But it shall be 185  
 Their wisdome now, as well as duty,  
 To injoy his blott; and as a large black letter  
 Vse it to spell Thy beautyes better;  
 And make the Night it self their torch to Thee.
- 2 *Kinge.* By the oblique ambush of this close night 190  
 Couch't in that conscious shade  
 The right-ey'd Areopagite  
 Shall with a vigorous guesse inuade  
 And catch Thy quick reflex; and sharply see  
 On this dark ground 195  
 To descant Thee.
- 3 *Kinge.* O prize of the rich Spirit! with what feirce  
 chase

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 And seize the swift flash, in rebound 200  
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Stanza 18 (1850) is Miltonic parallels with lines 4 of this stanza in the text of Lino 46; these in turn parallel lines 1-4 of Stanza 18 of Herodotus, stanza xxiii.

*At large the sun, into Thy cloud, I, and become  
 A light, and find him to become a light following the  
 sun.* (Lino 186 in text 1952 misprints out itself. Lino  
 186: *Oblique ambush, 186.* The Kline's continuation of the  
 stanza is in place, and with words not to be understood in their  
 original sense from the dimming of the sun at the Crucifixion  
 and the dimming, but this time through the splendour of a  
 light, at the conversion of him who was taken to reach  
 gentiles in the count of the Arcoparites. The speaker, or  
 the *Christ*, takes the view which at first sight may seem to  
 be implied in the gospel narrative, that the light brighter than  
 the day shone round about Saul, and his companions but not on  
 Saul; they being conched in the conscious shade of the day-  
 light. Throughout, there is a double allusion to this second  
 dimming of the sun as manifesting Christ to St. Paul and the  
 gentiles, and to the dimming of the eyes, and the walking in dark-  
 ness for a time of him who as a light on Earth was to mani-  
 fest the True Light to the world. Throughout, too, there is a  
 kind of parallelism indicated between the two lesser lights. Both  
 rebellions were to be dimmed and brought into subjection, and  
 then to shine forth 'right-eyed' in renewed and purified splen-  
 dour as evidences of the Sun of Righteousness. Hence at the  
 close, the chorus calls them 'ye twin-suns,'—and the words,  
 'All thus triumphantly tamed' refer, equally to both. The  
 punctuation to make this clear should be '... sun, ... un-  
 done ...' 'To negotiate you' (both word and metaphor being  
 either unhappily chosen) means, to pass you current as the  
 stamped image of the Deity. 'O prize of the rich Spirit'  
 (l. 197) may be made to refer to 'thee O Christ', prize of the  
 'rich spirit' of Paul, but 'may be' is almost too strong to apply  
 to such an interpretation. It is far more consonant to the struc-  
 ture and tenor of the whole passage, to read it as an epithet  
 applied to St. Paul: 'O prize of the rich Spirit of grace.' I  
 will not without hesitation changed 'of this strong soul' into  
 'of this strong soul.' 'Oblique ambush' may refer to the ob-  
 liquity of the sun now rays of darkness, but the primary

reference is to the indirect manner and 'vigorous guess,' by which St. Paul, mentally glancing from one to the other light, learned through the dimming of the sun to believe in the Deity of Him who spake from out the dimming brightness. The same thought, though with a strained and less successful effort of expression, appears in the song of the third King, 'with that fierce chase,' &c.

Line 251. 'Somthing a brighter shadow (Sweet) of Thee.' Apparently a remembrance of a passage which THOMAS HETWOOD, in his 'Hierarchie of the Angels,' gives from a Latin translation of PLATO, 'Lumen est umbra Dei et Deus est Lumen Luminis.' On which see our Essay. Perhaps the same gave rise to the thought that the sun eclipsed God, or shut Him out as a cloud or shade, or made night, *e.g.*

\* And urge their sun . . . . .  
 . . . . . eclipse he made ? (lines 115-20).  
 \* Not so much their sun as shade  
 . . . . . by this night of day ? (lines 138-151), G.

TO THE QUEEN'S MAIESTY.<sup>1</sup>

MADAME,

1

'Mongst those long rowes of crownes that guild your race,  
 These royall sages sue for decent place :  
 The day-break of the Nations ; their first ray,  
 When the dark World dawn'd into Christian Day, 5  
 And smil'd i' th' Babe's bright face ; the purpling bud  
 And rosy dawn of the right royall blood ;  
 Fair first-fruits of the Lamb ! sure kings in this,  
 They took a kingdom while they gaue a kisse.  
 But the World's homage, scarce in these well blown, 10  
 We read in you (rare queen) ripe and full-grown.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 55, 56) : reprinted in editions of 1652 (pp. 29, 30) and 1670 (pp. 161, 162). Our text is that of 1652, as before : but see Notes at close of the poem. G.

See our Essay for Miltonic parallels with lines in this remarkable composition. Line 46, 'these mortal clouds,' *i.e.* of infant flesh. Cf. So-p. d' Herode, stanza xxiii.

'Tis at He whom the sun serves should faintly peep  
Through clouds of infant flesh.'

Line 111, 'And urge their sun into Thy cloud,' *i.e.* into being Thy cloud, forcing him to become 'a long deliquium & light of thee.' Line 189, our text (1652) misprints 'in self.' 190, 'By the oblique ambush,' &c. The Kings continue spirit of prophecy, and with words not to be understood fulfilment, pass on from the dimming of the sun at the first to a second dimming, but this time through the splendour of a brighter light, at the conversion of him who was taken to the Gentiles in the court of the Areopagites. The view rather CRASHAW, takes the view which at first sight may be implied in the gospel narrative, that the light of the midday shone round about SAUL and his company, they being couched in the conscious light. Throughout, there is a double allusion to the dimming of the sun as manifesting Christ to the Gentiles, and to the dimming of the eyes, and the blindness for a time of him who as a light bearer manifested the True Light to the world. The same kind of parallelism indicated between the dimming of the sun and rebellions were to be dimmed and be dimmed, then to shine forth 'right-eyed' in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. In our as evidences of the Sun of Righteousness, the chorus calls them 'ye  
'Till thus triumphantly tamed  
punctuation to make this clear  
done; . . . 'To negotiate ye  
rather unhappily chosen by  
true-stamped image of the  
(line 197) may be made to point  
rich spirit' of Paul, but to  
to such an interpretation  
ture and tenor of the  
applied to St. Paul:  
have also without he  
'of his strong soul  
lique rays of the

sented gold frank  
 n. But these  
 straw seems  
 er doubt-  
 g as

ed  
 ved  
 words  
 difficult,  
 kings were  
 aisely derived  
 ame truly royal  
 eignty of the King  
 ority from Him, and  
 m. Hence the use of  
 or Christ-accepting kings  
 in the purple,' or '*right*

ed in preceding editions, the  
 words after a fashion hardly to  
 amble his metaphors like a poetaster  
 of America. But both sense and poetry  
 the (!) after 'blood' as at least equal to  
 'whose' by 'whole,' as in 164<sup>th</sup>. This  
 tion, not change. Even thus read, however,  
 somewhat cloudy; but the construction is the  
 pires of your high-born ancestors bend with you  
 y tops, when you bow down your head. Our Poet in  
 versions, and they are sometimes more obscure than  
 nt to be. Line 20 Psalm i., and cf. Philip. ii. 11. G.

ON EASTER DAY.<sup>1</sup>

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4 Thy self, and Thy World with Thee!  
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<sup>1</sup> See the *Saxnot* of 1616 (pp. 22, 23): reprinted in *The Works of John Donne*, ed. [?], vol. 1 (pp. 23, 24). Our text is that of the *Saxnot*, excepting in line 10, 'live' for 'lives,' from the *Saxnot*. Slight differences are simply in orthography. In the *Saxnot* ms. the heading is 'Vpon Easter Day.'



HEROD'S MUSE

LIBRA PUBLICA

SUBJECTS

Casting the crown on the floor  
 Death's master he was to be  
 Struggling for the throne  
 Herod's murder of his wife  
 Therefore he sends a lord to bid  
 The sleeping tyrant's final end  
 Who fears in vain that he will die  
 Meaner than a man who dies

1

MUSE, now the servant of my lord,  
 Hate is thy theme, as Herod's word  
 Hand (O what dares not thy hand do?)  
 A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' arms

<sup>1</sup> For critical remarks on the present text see our Essay on the  
 interpretation rather than translation of Herod's Muse. The text  
 referred to our Essay. The present text is a translation of the  
 poem, for it is inserted in the margin of the manuscript in the  
 the ms. containing it have disappeared. It was first printed in  
 the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 51-73), and was reprinted in the editions of  
 1648 and 1670: and separately, with a new introduction a few years  
 since. Our text is that of 1646 (pp. 51-73), but it differs from the  
 edition of 1646 only in slight changes of spelling, e.g. 'gild' for  
 'guild' for 'gild,' and the like—not even for 'gild' for 'gild'

Vpon EASTER DAY.<sup>1</sup>

Rise heire of fresh Eternity 1  
From thy virgin tombe !  
Rise mighty Man of wonders, and Thy World with Thee !  
Thy tombe the uniuersall East,  
Nature's new wombe, 5  
Thy tombe, fair Immortalitie's perfumèd nest.  
  
Of all the glories make Noone gay,  
This is the Morne ;  
This Rock buds forth the fountaine of the streames  
of Day;  
In Joye's white annalls live this howre 10  
When Life was borne ;  
No cloud scoule on His radiant lids, no tempest lower.  
  
Life, by this Light's nativity  
All creatures have ;  
Death onely by this Daye's just doome is fore't to dye,  
Nor is Death fore't ; for may he ly 16  
Thron'd in Thy grave,  
Death will on this condition be content to dye.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 22, 23) ; reprinted in 1648 (pp. 56, 57) and in 1670 (pp. 23, 24). Our text is that of 1648, with the exception of reading in line 10, 'live' for 'lives,' from 1646 (and so in 1670). Other slight differences are simply in orthography, and not noted. In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'Vpon Christ's Resurrection.' G.



SOSPETTO D' HERODE.

LIBRO PRIMO.<sup>1</sup>

ARGOMENTO.

*Casting the times with their strong signes,  
Death's master his owne death divines :  
Strugling for helpe, his best hope is  
Herod's suspition may heale his.  
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake  
The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake ;* foolish  
*Who feares (in vaine) that He Whose birth  
Meanes Heav'n, should meddle with his Earth.*

I.

MUSE, now the servant of soft loves no more,  
Hate is thy theame, and Herod, whose unblest  
Hand (O what dares not jealous greatnesse ?) tore  
A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' brest :

<sup>1</sup> For critical remarks on the present very striking expansion and interpretation rather than translation of MARINO, the Reader is referred to our Essay. The SANCROFT MS. must have contained this poem, for it is inserted in the index ; but unfortunately the pages of the MS. containing it have disappeared. It was first published in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 51-73), and was reprinted in the editions of 1648 and 1670: and separately, with a brief introduction, a few years since. Our text is that of 1648 (pp. 57-74); but it differs from the edition of 1646 only in slight changes of spelling, e.g. 'hee' for 'he,' 'guild' for 'gild,' and the like—not calling for record. The edition



The bloomes of martyrdome. O be a dore  
 Of language to my infant lips, yee best  
     Of confessours: whose throates answering his swords,  
     Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke soules for  
     words.

## II.

Great Anthony! Spain's well-beseeming pride,  
 Thou mighty branch of emperours and kings;  
 The beauties of whose dawne what eye may bide?  
 Which with the sun himselfe weigh's equall wings:  
 Mappe of heroick worth! whom farre and wide  
 To the beleeying world, Fame boldly sings:  
     Deignethou to weare this humble wreath, that bowes  
     To be the sacred honour of thy browes.

## III.

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright flowers  
 Other than what their owne blest beauties bring:

of 1670, in st. i, line 3, misprints 'so what' for 'O what,' and TURNBULL repeats the error, and of himself misreads in st. xxii, 'Who thunders on a throne of stars above' for 'Who in a throne of stars thunders above,' and in like manner in st. xxiv, line 8 substitutes 'getting' for 'finding,' and in st. xxvi, line 3 'serve' for 'serves.' Again in st. li, first line of which is left partially blank, from (probably) the illegibility of CRASHAW'S MS., TURNBULL tacitly fills in, 'By proud usurping Herod now was borne.' So too, besides lesser orthographic alterations, in st. xxxvi, line 2 he does not detect the stupid misprint 'whose' for 'my,' nor that of 'fight' for 'sight' in st. xlvii, line 8, while in st. lxi, he drops 'all,' which even the 1670 edition does not do, any more than is it responsible for a title of TURNBULL'S mistakes here and throughout, G.

They were the smiling sons of those sweet bowers  
 That drink the deaw of life, whose deathlesse spring,  
 Nor Sirian flame nor Borean frost deflowers :  
 From whence heav'n-labouring bees with busie wing,  
     Suck hidden sweets, which well-digested proves  
     Immortall hony for the hive of loves.

## IV.

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth,  
 Holds high the reine of faire Parthenope,  
 That neither Rome nor Athens can bring forth  
 A name in noble deeds rivall to thee !  
 Thy fame's full noise, makes proud the patient Earth,  
 Farre more then, matter for my Muse and mee.  
     The Tyrrhene Seas and shores sound all the same  
     And in their murmurs keepe thy mighty name.

## V.

Below the bottome of the great Abyссе,  
 There where one center reconciles all things :  
 The World's profound heart pants ; there placèd is  
 Mischiefe's old master. Close about him clings  
 A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kisse  
 His correspondent cheekes : these loathsome strings  
     Hold the perverse prince in eternall ties  
     Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

## VI.

The judge of torments and the king of teares,  
 He fills a burnisht throne of quenchlesse fire :

The bloomes of martyrdome. O be a dore  
 Of language to my infant lips, yee best  
 Of confessours; whose throates answering his swords,  
 Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke soules for  
 words.

## II.

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 A name in noble deeds rivall to thee !  
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 Farre more then, matter for my Muse and mee,  
     The Tyrrhene Seas and shores round all the coast  
     And in their murmurs keepe thy mighty name

## V.

Below the bottome of the great Arque,  
 There where one center reconciles all the strife  
 The World's profound heart peeces, whose quiet is  
 Mischiefe's old master. (Here sits the great King  
 A cur'd knot of embracing states that doe  
 His correspondent needses loose and loose do  
     Hold the perverse peace in a sacred bow  
     Fast bound, since first he leav'd the bow

The judge of stormes and the great King of seas  
 He fills a burning world with his great power



They are the things that I have seen  
 And that I have seen in the eyes of  
 The young men of the East, who  
 They are all the same, they are all  
 They are all the same, they are all  
 They are all the same, they are all  
 They are all the same, they are all  
 They are all the same, they are all  
 They are all the same, they are all  
 They are all the same, they are all

They are all the same, they are all  
 They are all the same, they are all  
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 They are all the same, they are all  
 They are all the same, they are all

From Jordan made his thyral to make  
 This mortal enemy to mankind's good  
 Lifts his malignant eyes, what's to be  
 To become beautiful in human world  
 Where Jordan made his thyral to make  
 The fields of Palestine, with its pure a field  
 There does he fix his eyes, and there descent  
 New matter, to make good his great suspect



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There does he fixe his eyes : and there detect  
New matter, to make good his great suspect.



## XII.

He calls to mind th' old quarrell, and what sparke  
 Set the contending sons of Heav'n on fire :  
 Oft in his deepe thought he revolves the darke  
 Sibill's divining leaves : he does enquire  
 Into th' old propheties, trembling to marke  
 How many present prodigies conspire,  
     To crowne their past predictions, both he layes  
     Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

## XIII.

Heaven's golden-wingèd herald, late he saw  
 To a poore Galilean virgin sent :  
 How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe  
 Immortall flowers to her faire hand present.  
 He saw th' old Hebrew's wombe, neglect the law  
 Of age and barrenesse, and her babe prevent *anticipate*  
     His birth by his devotion, who began  
     Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

## XIV.

He saw rich nectar-thawes, release the rigour  
 Of th' icy North ; from frost-bound Atlas hands,  
 His adamantine fetters fall : green vigour  
 Gladding the Scythian rocks and Libian sands.  
 He saw a vernall smile, sweetly disfigure  
 Winter's sad face, and through the flowry lands  
     Of faire Engaddi, hony-sweating fountaines  
     With manna, milk, and balm, new-broach the  
     mountaines.

## XV.

He saw how in that blest Day-bearing Night,  
 The Heav'n-rebukèd shades made hast away;  
 How bright a dawne of angels with new light  
 Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a Day  
 Of which the Morning knew not. Mad with spight  
 He markt how the poore shepherds ran to pay  
     Their simple tribute to the Babe, Whose birth  
     Was the great businesse both of Heav'n and Earth.

## XVI.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease  
 Make proud the ruby portalls of the East.  
 He saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,  
 Adore her Prince's birth, flat on her brest.  
 He saw the falling idolls, all confesse  
 A comming Deity : He saw the nest  
     Of pois'nous and unnaturall loves, Earth-nurst,  
     Tought with the World's true antidote, to burst.

## XVII.

He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-borne light,  
 On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd  
 The golden eyes of Night : whose beame made bright  
 The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,  
 (Nor askt leave of the sun) by day as night.  
 By whom (as Heav'ns illustrious hand-maid) rais'd,  
     Three kings (or what is more) three wise men went  
     Westward to find the World's true orient.

## XVIII.

Strucke with these great concurrences of things,  
 Symptomes so deadly unto Death and him ;  
 Faine would he have forgot what fatall strings  
 Eternally bind each rebellious limbe.  
 He shooke himselfe, and spread his spacious wings :  
 Which like two bosom'd sailes, embrace the dimme  
     Aire, with a dismall shade ; but all in vaine :  
     Of sturdy adamant is his strong chaine.

## XIX.

While thus Heav'n's highest counsails, by the low  
 Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well,  
 He tost his troubled eyes : embers that glow  
 Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell :  
 With his foule clawes he fene'd his furrowed brow,  
 And gave a gastly shreeke, whose horrid yell  
     Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,  
     The while his twisted taylor he gnaw'd for spight.

## XX.

Yet on the other side, faine would he start  
 Above his feares, and thinke it cannot be.  
 He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart  
 And feele the pulse of every prophecy ;  
 He knows (but knowes not how, or by what art)  
 The Heav'n-expecting ages hope to see  
     A mighty Babe, Whose pure, unspotted birth  
     From a chaste virgin wombe, should blesse the Earth.

III

But these that prospered in their old life,  
 And pass'd the world with all its joys and strife,  
 How did that a small time of life they spent,  
 Yet scarce it was as though they had spent  
 How God's eternal love should be their part,  
 For all his mercies and his love should part  
 How a poor soul should be his creature,  
 And live it with some bliss, that's true.

IV

That the great angel, standing by the entrance,  
 His voice is mine in a voice that's sweet and true,  
 That the measure of his love should be my share,  
 As perfect in a few words as in a year,  
 That from His mother's womb He might be born,  
 Whose words will never cease to be our own,  
 That a vile man should be his low bed should prove,  
 What in a minute of time should be his love.

V

That He Whom the sun serves should be a family peep,  
 Through clouds of infant food: that He the old  
 Eternal Word should be a child and weep:  
 That He Who made the fire should leave the cold:  
 That Heav'n's high Majesty His court should keep  
 In a clay-cottage, by each blast controll'd:  
 That Glorie's Self should serve our griefs and feares,  
 And free Eternity, submit to yeares.

## XVIII.

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 Symptomes so deadly unto Death and him ;  
 Faine would he have forgot what fatall strings  
 Eternally bind each rebellious limbe.  
 He shooke himselfe, and spread his spacious wings :  
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 Aire, with a dismall shade ; but all in vaine :  
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 He knows (but knowes not how, or by what art)  
 The Heav'n-expecting ages hope to see  
 A mighty Babe, Whose pure, unspotted birth  
 From a chast virgin wombe, should blesse the Earth.

## XXI.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,  
 And reason (for what's faith to him?) devoure.  
 How she that is a maid should prove a mother,  
 Yet keepe inviolate her virgin flower;  
 How God's eternall Sonne should be Man's brother,  
 Poseth his proudest intellectuall power.  
     How a pure Spirit should incarnate bee,  
     And Life it selfe weare Death's fraile livery.

## XXII.

That the great angell-blinding Light should shrinke  
 His blaze, to shine in a poore shepherd's eye:  
 That the unmeasur'd God so low should sinke,  
 As pris'ner in a few poore rags to lye:  
 That from His mother's brest He milke should drinke,  
 Who feeds with nectar Heav'n's faire family:  
     That a vile manger His low bed should prove,  
     Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

## XXIII.

That He Whom the sun serves, should faintly peepe  
 Through clouds of infant flesh: that He the old  
 Eternall Word should be a child, and weepe:  
 That He Who made the fire, should feare the cold:  
 That Heav'n's high Majesty His court should keepe  
 In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd:  
     That Glorie's Self should serve our griefs and feares,  
     And free Eternity, submit to yeares.

## XXIV.

And further, that the Lawe's eternall Giver  
 Should bleed in His Owne Lawe's obedience :  
 And to the circumcising knife deliver  
 Himselfe, the forfeit of His slave's offence :  
 That the unblemisht Lambe, blessèd for ever,  
 Should take the marke of sin, and paine of sence.

These are the knotty riddles, whose darke doubt  
 Intangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

## XXV.

While new thoughts boy'd in his enragèd brest,  
 His gloomy bosome's darkest character  
 Was in his shady forehead seen exprest :  
 The forehead's shade in Griefe's expression there,  
 Is what in signe of joy among the blest  
 The face's lightning, or a smile is here.

Those stings of care that his strong heart opprest,  
 A desperate, Oh mee ! drew from his deepe brest.

## XXVI.

Oh mee ! (thus bellow'd he) Oh mee ! what great  
 Portents before mine eyes their powers advance ?  
 And serves my purer sight, onely to beat  
 Downe my proud thought, and leave it in a trance ?  
 Frowne I : and can great Nature keep her seat ?  
 And the gay starrs lead on their golden dance ?

Can His attempts above still prosp'rous be,  
 Auspicious still, in spite of Hell and me ?

## XIV

Hee has my Heaven (what would He more?) whose  
bright

And radiant scepter this bold hand should bear :  
And for the never-fading fields of light.

My faire inheritance, He confines me here  
To this darke house of shades, horror and night,  
To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheer  
Is the solemnity my sorrow weares.

That mankind's torment waits upon my teares.

## XV

Darke, dusky Mal. He needs would surge forth,  
To make the partner of His Owne pure ray :  
And should we powers of Heav'n's spirits of world,  
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay ?

It shall not be, said I, and should be the North,

Where never wing of angell yet made way :

What though I must my bow ? yet I stroke light,

And to dare something is some victory.

## XVI

Is He not satisfied ? meanes He to wrest

Heav'n from me too, and sack my territories ?

Vile humane nature meanes He not to wrest

(O my despight) with His divinest glories ?

And rising with rich spoiles upon His breast

With His faire triumphs fill all future stories ?

Must the bright armies of Heav'n strike these eyes ?

Mocke me, and raise my darke memories ?

VOL. I

3



## XXX.

Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves  
 Of stars that gild the Mornè, in charge were given?  
 The nimblest of the lightning-wingèd loves,  
 The fairest, and the first-borne smile of Heav'n?  
 Looke in what pompe the mistrisse planet moves  
 Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven:

Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,  
 Opprest the common-people of the skyes.

## XXXI.

Ah wretch! what bootes thee to cast back thy eyes,  
 Where dawning hope no beame of comfort showes?  
 While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,  
 Renders thee double to thy present woes:  
 Rather make up to thy new miseries,  
 And meet the mischiefè that upon thee growes.

If Hell must mourne, Heav'n sure shall sympathize,  
 What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

## XXXII.

And yet whose force feare I? have I so lost  
 My selfe? my strength too with my innocence?  
 Come try who dares, Heav'n, Earth, what ere doth boast  
 A borrowed being, make thy bold defence,  
 Come thy Creator too: What though it cost  
 Me yet a second fall? wee'd try our strengths:

Heav'n saw us struggle once; as brave a fight  
 Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.

## XXXIII.

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause :  
 His foule hags rais'd their heads, and clapt their hands,  
 And all the powers of Hell in full applause  
 Flourisht their snakes, and tost their flaming brands.  
 We (said the horrid sisters) wait thy lawes,  
 Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands :  
     Be it thy part, Hell's mighty lord, to lay  
     On us thy dread command, our's to obey.

## XXXIV.

What thy Alecto, what these hands can doe,  
 Thou mad'st bold prooffe upon the brow of Heav'n,  
 Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now  
 To these thy sooty kingdomes thou art driven.  
 Let Heav'n's Lord chide above lowder than thou  
 In language of His thunder, thou art even  
     With Him below : here thou art lord alone,  
     Boundlesse and absolute : Hell is thine owne.

## XXXV.

If usuall wit, and strength will doe no good,  
 Vertues of stones, nor herbes : use stronger charmes,  
 Anger and love, best hookes of humane blood.  
 If all faile, wee'l put on our proudest armes,  
 And pouring on Heav'n's face the Sea's huge flood  
 Quench His curl'd fires : wee'l wake with our alarmes  
     Ruine, where e're she sleepes at Nature's feet :  
     And crush the World till His wide corners meet.

## XXX.

Art thou not Lucifer! he to whom the droves  
 Of stars that gild the Mornè, in charge were given?  
 The nimblest of the lightning-wingèd loves,  
 The fairest, and the first-borne smile of Heav'n!  
 Looke in what pompe the mistrisse planet moves  
 Rev'rently circled by the lesser seaven:

Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,  
 Opprest the common-people of the skyes.

## XXXI.

Ah wretch! what bootes thee to cast back thy eyes,  
 Where dawning hope no beame of comfort shewes?  
 While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,  
 Renders thee double to thy present woes:  
 Rather make up to thy new miseries,  
 And meet the mischiefe that upon thee growes.

If Hell must in urne, Heav'n sure shall sympathize,  
 What force must effect, from I shall devise.

## XXXII.

And yet whose face have I? have I not lost  
 Myself, and a strange face with my innocence?  
 Myself, my face, my name, my Earth, what are I then?  
 A shadow of a man, like the hell sentence  
 Which I have heard, and which I have not lost  
 Myself, my face, my name, my Earth, what are I then?  
 A shadow of a man, like the hell sentence  
 Which I have heard, and which I have not lost  
 Myself, my face, my name, my Earth, what are I then?  
 A shadow of a man, like the hell sentence  
 Which I have heard, and which I have not lost

XLII.

Thus spoke th' impotent prince, and made a pause :  
 His four huge hands rais'd their heads, and clapt their hands,  
 And all the powers of Hell in full applause  
 Flourish'd their snakes, and toss'd their flaming brands.  
 We 'saw the inward sinners, with thy waves,  
 Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands,  
 Be in thy part, Hell's mighty Lord, to say  
 'Tis in thy great command, ours to obey.

XLIII.

What thy Alas! what these hands can do,  
 Thou mad'st a bold protest upon the brow of Heav'n,  
 Not should'st thou have in justice, because thus now  
 To these thy woe-impiousness thou art drawn,  
 Let Heav'n's Lord think above, & what thou shalt  
 In language of His thunder, thou art even  
 With Hell below : here thou art Lord of all,  
 Boundless and absolute, Hell is thine own.

XLIV.

If usual will and strength will be in good,  
 Vertues of us men, not virtues, use strange courses,  
 Anger and love best hoodwink'd of a minute good,  
 If all false, we'll put on our proudest knees,  
 And pouring on Heav'n's face the sea's high flood  
 Quench'd Hell our'd fire : we'll walk with our altars  
 Home, where e're the images of Nature's best,  
 And crush the World till Hell will converse meet.

## XXX.

Rejoice the proud King, O my dear wife's detence,  
 Stay of my strength, my glory, of whose brave worth,  
 The mighty stars to take their expectation,  
 When 'gainst the Thunder's mouth we march'd forth;  
 Still you are present, all at your Lewis's expense  
 In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth  
 I thank you all, but not so just single out  
 Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

## XXXV...

Fourth of the curs'd knot of ha's is shee,  
 Or rather all the other three in one;  
 Hell's shop of slaughter shee do's oversee,  
 And still assist the execution,  
 But chiefly there do's she delight to be,  
 Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on;  
 And while the black soules boile in their own gore,  
 To hold them down, and looke that none seeth o're.

## XXXVIII.

Thrice howl'd the caves of Night, and thrice the sound,  
 Thundring upon the bankes of those black lakes,  
 Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:  
 At last her listning eares the noise o're takes,  
 She lifts her sooty lampes, and looking round,  
 A gen'rall hisse from the whole tire of snakes  
 Rebounding, through Hell's inmost cavernes came,  
 In answer to her formidable name.

## LXXXI.

'Mongst all the palaces in Herod's command,  
 No one so merchandise as this of her's  
 The adamantine doors, for ever stand  
 Impenetrable both to praises and tears  
 The walls inexorable steep, no hand  
 Of Time, or teeth of hungry Rome should sever.

Their ugly ornaments are the blood-stained  
 Of ragged limbs, & the walls and turret-towers stained.

## LXXXII.

There has the purple Innocence a proud seat  
 Whose ever-branched awning shades the feet  
 About her Throne, Vices and slaughter stand  
 Eating their not unripe and poisonous food  
 There ride in pompous stage the demons and the host  
 And there is master of the murdering word.

Swinging a huge and ghastly imperial scepter  
 With endless witnesses around him sits the great.

## LXXXIII.

It is a language that is not to be  
 The walls are thick and impenetrable  
 The doors are of iron and the windows  
 The windows are of iron and the walls  
 The walls are thick and impenetrable  
 The doors are of iron and the windows  
 The windows are of iron and the walls  
 The walls are thick and impenetrable

## XXXVI.

Reply'd the proud king, O my crowne's defence,  
 Stay of my strong hopes, you of whose brave worth,  
 The frighted stars tooke faint experience,  
 When 'gainst the Thunder's mouth we march'd forth :  
 Still you are prodigall of your Love's expence  
 In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth :  
     I thanke you all, but one must single out :  
     Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

## XXXVII.

Fourth of the curs'd knot of hags is shee,  
 Or rather all the other three in one ;  
 Hell's shop of slaughter shee do's oversee,  
 And still assist the execution,  
 But chiefly there do's she delight to be,  
 Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on :  
     And while the black soules boile in their own gore,  
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## XXXVIII.

Thrice howl'd the caves of Night, and thrice the sound,  
 Thundring upon the bankes of those black lakes,  
 Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound :  
 At last her listning cares the noise o're takes,  
 She lifts her sooty lampes, and looking round,  
 A gen'rall hisse from the whole fire of snakes  
     Rebounding, through Hell's inmost cavernes came,  
     In answer to her formidable name.

## XXXIX.

'Mongst all the palaces in Hell's command,  
 No one so mercilesse as this of her's.  
 The adamantine doors, for ever stand  
 Impenetrable, both to prai'rs and teares ;  
 The walls inexorable steele, no hand  
 Of Time, or teeth of hungry Ruine feares.  
 Their ugly ornaments are the bloody staines  
 Of ragged limbs, torne skulls, and dasht-out braines.

## XL.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat  
 Whose ever-brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood :  
 About her Hate, Wrath, Warre and Slaughter sweat ;  
 Bathing their hot limbs in life's pretious flood :  
 There rude impetuous Rage do's storme and fret,  
 And there as master of this murd'ring brood,  
 Swinging a huge sith stands impartiall Death : *scythe*  
 With endlesse businesse almost out of breath.

## XLI.

For hangings and for curtaines, all along  
 The walls (abominable ornaments !)  
 Are tooles of wrath, anvills of torments hung ;  
 Fell executioners of foule intents,  
 Nailes, hammers, hatchets sharpe, and halters strong,  
 Swords, speares, with all the fatall instruments  
 Of Sin and Death, twice dipt in the dire staines  
 Of brothers' mutuall blood, and fathers' braines.



## XLII.

The tables furnisht with a cursèd feast  
 Which Harpyes, with leane Famine feed upon,  
 Vnfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,  
 Inhumane Erisiethon too makes one ;  
 Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests :  
 Wolvish Lyeaon here a place hath won.  
     The eup they drinke in is Medusa's scull,  
     Which mixt with gall and blood they quaffe brim-full.

## XLIII.

The foule queen's most abhorrèd maids of honour,  
 Medea, Jezabell, many a meager witch,  
 With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her :  
 But her best huswife's are the Parca, which  
 Still worke for her, and have their wages from her :  
 They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.  
     Her cruell cloathes of costly threds they weave,  
     Which short-cut lives of mured infants leave.

## XLIV.

The house is hers'd about with a black wood, *loursed*  
 Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree :  
 Each flowers a pregnant poyson, try'd and good,  
 Each herbe a plague. The wind's sighes timèd bee  
 By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.  
 Through the thick shades obscurely might you see  
     Minotaures, Cyclopes, with a darke drove  
     Of Dragons, Hydraes, Sphinxes, fill the grove.

## XLV.

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus' dogs appeare,  
 With the fierce Lyons of Therodamas.  
 Busiris has his bloody altar here :  
 Here Sylla his severest prison has :  
 The Lestrigonians here their table reare :  
 Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brasse :  
     Here cruell Scyron boasts his bloody rockes  
     And hatefull Schinis his so fearèd oakes.

## XLVI.

What ever schemes of blood, fantastick Frames  
 Of death, Mezentius or Geryon drew ;  
 Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelinus : names  
 Mighty in mischief ; with dread Nero too ;  
 Here are they all, here all the swords or flames  
 Assyrian tyrants or Egyptian knew.  
     Such was the house, so furnisht was the hall,  
     Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

## XLVII.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king  
 The horrid summe of his intentions tell ;  
 But shee (swift as the momentary wing  
 Of lightning, or the word he spoke) left Hell.  
 She rose, and with her to our World did bring  
 Pale proofe of her fell presence ; th' aire too well  
     With a chang'd countenance witness the sight,  
     And poore fowles interrupted in their flight.

## XLII.

The tables furnisht with a cursèd feast  
 Which Harpyes, with leane Famine feed upon,  
 Vnfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,  
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 By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.  
 Through the thiek shades obscurely might you see  
 Minotaures, Cyclopes, with a darke drove  
 Of Dragons, Hydracs, Sphinxes, fill the grove.



## XVII.

Heav'n's, saw her rise, and saw Hell at the sight;  
 The furies tore up a scythe, and sever'd in two  
 Her shaft the mid-way; but it was Night,  
 And Winter strove her way, 'twas such a strife  
 Is silent Nature that a general truce  
 An universal pulse spreading thro'  
 The face of flames, from her lire eyes had run,  
 Had not her black stak's led them from the sun.

## XVIII.

Now led the Night's impation from her dew,  
 Where all the furies lay slain close by,  
 With her soft wing wipt from the browes of men  
 Dav's sweat; and by a gentle tyranny  
 And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them  
 Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye  
 Of Sorrow, with a soft and luvvy hand,  
 Sealing all breasts in a lethargic band.

## I.

When the Erinyes her black piteous spread,  
 And came to Bethlem, where the cruel king  
 Had now retir'd himselfe, and borrowed  
 His brest a while from Care's unquiet sting;  
 Such as at Thebes' dire feast she shew'd her head,  
 Her sulphur-breath'd torches brandishing:  
 Such to the frighted palace now she comes,  
 And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

13.

By Herod \_\_\_\_\_

The scepter, which of old great David bore,  
 Whose right by David's lineage was long worn,  
 Himself a stranger to the throne had made,  
 And from the head of Judah's crown had torn  
 The crown, for which upon their heads he set  
 A sad yoke under which they groan'd in pain,  
 And as a sign of their sad state had set

By through the world a name so great  
 In which the king's power was so great  
 If any man was of a name so great  
 And who was of a name so great  
 The name of David was so great  
 And who was of a name so great  
 The name of David was so great  
 And who was of a name so great

The name of David was so great  
 And who was of a name so great  
 The name of David was so great  
 And who was of a name so great  
 The name of David was so great  
 And who was of a name so great  
 The name of David was so great  
 And who was of a name so great



## LVII.

Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,  
 That thy firme hand for ever might sustaine  
 A well-pois'd scepter? does it now seeme good  
 Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vaine?  
 'Gainst thy owne sons and brothers thou hast stood  
 In armes, when lesser cause was to complaine:  
     And now crosse Fates a watch about thee keepe,  
     Can'st thou be carelesse now? now can'st thou sleep?

## LVIII.

Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake  
 Of thy great selfe, hath stolne king Herod from thee?  
 O call thy selfe home to thy self, wake, wake,  
 And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee.  
 Redeeme a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake  
 Thy selfe into a shape that may become thee.  
     Be Herod, and thou shalt not misse from mee  
     Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.

## LIX.

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist  
 For a beseeming bracelet she had ty'd  
 (A speciall worme it was as ever kist  
 The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd  
 To the king's heart: the snake no sooner list,  
 But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd:  
     Dire flames diffuse themselves through every vein  
     This done, home to her Hell she ty'd againe.



## LIV.

Seest thou a pilot, whose poore barke is prest  
 With many a manyesse o're-mastring wave ;  
 For whom (as dead) the wrathfull winds contest  
 Whil, of the deep'st shall digge her watry grave.  
 Why dost thou let thy brave soule lye supprest  
 In death like slanders, while thy dangers crave  
 A waking eye and hand? looke vp and see  
 The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

## LV.

Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrewes' royall stemme  
 (That old dry stocke) a despair'd branch is sprung :  
 A most strange Babe! Who here conceal'd by them  
 In a neglected stable lies, among  
 Boasts and base straw; Already is the streame  
 Quite turnd: th' ingratfull rebels, this their young  
 Master (with voyce free as the trumpe of Fame)  
 Their new King, and thy Successour proclame.

## LVI.

What busy motions, what wild engines stand  
 On tiptoe in their giddy braynes! th' have fire  
 Already in their bosomes, and their hand  
 Already reaches at a sword; they hire  
 Poysons to speed thee; yet through all the Land  
 What one comes to reveale what they conspire?  
 Goe now, make much of these; wage still their wars  
 And bring home on thy brest, more thanklesse scars.

## LVII.

Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,  
 That thy firme hand for ever might sustaine  
 A well-pois'd scepter? does it now seeme good  
 Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vaine?  
 'Gainst thy owne sons and brothers thou hast stood  
 In armes, when lesser cause was to complaine:  
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 Of thy great selfe, hath stolne king Herod from thee?  
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 And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee.  
 Redeeme a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake  
 Thy selfe into a shape that may become thee.  
     Be Herod, and thou shalt not misse from mee  
     Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.

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 (A speciall worme it was as ever kist  
 The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd  
 To the king's heart: the snake no sooner hist,  
 But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd:  
     Dire flames diffuse themselves through every veine:  
     This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amaine.

And the world is a stage,  
And all the men and women  
Are merely players;  
Their exits and entrances  
Are soliloquies,  
And all the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women  
Are merely players;  
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Are soliloquies,  
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 To the king's heart: the snake no sooner hist,  
 But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd:  
     Dire flames diffuse themselves through every veine:  
     This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amaine.

## LX.

He wakes, and with him (ne're to sleepe) new feares :  
 His sweat-bedewed bed hath now betraid him  
 To a vast field of thornes ; ten thousand speares  
 All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him :  
 So mighty were th' amazing characters  
 With which his feeling dreame had thus dismay'd him,  
     He his owne fancy-framèd foes defies :  
     In rage, My armes, give me my armes, he cries.

## LXI.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire,  
 The breath of artificiall lungs embraves,  
 The caldron-prison'd waters streight conspire  
 And beat the hot brasse with rebellious waves ;  
 He murmurs, and rebukes their bold desire ;  
 Th' impatient liquor frets, and foames, and raves,  
     Till his o're-flowing pride suppress the flame  
     Whence all his high spirits and hot courage came.

## LXII.

So boyles the firèd Herod's blood-swolne brest,  
 Not to be slak't but by a sea of blood ;  
 His faithlesse crowne he feeles loose on his crest,  
 Which a false tyrant's head ne're firmly stood.  
 The worme of jealous envy and unrest  
 To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,  
     Makes him, impatient of the lingring light,  
     Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night.

## LXIII.

A thousand prophecies that talke strange things  
 Had sowne of old these doubts in his deepe brest.  
 And now of late came tributary kings,  
 Bringing him nothing but new feares from th' East,  
 More deepe suspicions, and more deadly stings,  
 With which his feav'rous cares their cold increast.  
 And now his dream (Hel's fireband) still more bright,  
 Shew'd him his feares, and kill'd him with the sight.

## LXIV.

No sooner therefore shall the Morning see  
 (Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of Day)  
 But all the counsellours must summon'd bee,  
 To meet their troubled lord : without delay  
 Heralds and messengers immediately  
 Are sent about, who poasting every way  
 To th' heads and officers of every band,  
 Declare who sends, and what is his command.

## LXV.

Why art thou troubled, Herod ? what vaine feare  
 Thy blood-revolving brest to rage doth move ?  
 Heaven's King, Who doffs Himselfe weak flesh to weare,  
 Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love.  
 Nor would He this thy fear'd crown from thee teare,  
 But give thee a better with Himselfe above.  
 Poor jealousie ! why should He wish to prey  
 Vpon thy crowne, Who gives His owne away ?

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...the tenth, being considered  
...the fabric of the  
...astronomical appearance, mingle  
...and grandly in *Milvros*, and in the  
...with the biblical history of Satan?

St. viii. line 1. TRANBULL perpetuates the misprint of  
...from 1670.

St. i. line 3. *linage* = *lineage*. For once 1670 is correct  
in reading 'linage' for the misprint 'imaze' of 1646 and 1648.  
The original is literally as follows:

Hereof the legs of Augustus, a man to be wared,  
Then tread over the right parts of Israel,  
Not of the eye or one.

St. lix. line 3. 'a special worm': so SHAKESPEARE (*Ant. and Cleopatra*, v. 2, 'the pretty worm' and 'the worm.'

St. lx. Every one will be reminded of the tent-scene in Richard III.

At end of this translation PEREGRINE PHILLIPS adds 'cetera desunt—heu! heu!'

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can never climb the North or reach the zenith, being conquered by the effulgence of the sun of day. When did the fable of the angel Lucifer, founded on an astronomical appearance, mingle itself as it has done here, and grandly in MILTON, and in the popular mind generally, with the biblical history of Satan?

St. xxxvi. line 2. TURNBULL perpetuates the misprint of 'whose' for 'my' from 1670.

St. li. line 3, 'linage' = 'lineage.' For once 1670 is correct in reading 'linage' for the misprint 'image' of 1646 and 1648. The original is literally as follows:

' Herod the liege of Augustus, a man now agèd,  
Then ruled over the royal courts of David :  
Not of the royal *line* . . . . '

St. lix. line 3, 'a special worm:' so SHAKESPEARE (*Ant. and Cleopatra*, v. 2), 'the pretty worm' and 'the worm.'

St. lx. Every one will be reminded of the tent-scene in Richard III.

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THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND

BY JOHN CALVIN

Translated by the Rev. James Anderson

Volume I. The beginning of the Reformation.

CHAPTER I. OF THE BEGINNING OF THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE.

THE first year of the reign of Charles VIII. King of France, was the first year of the Reformation in France. The King was married to Catherine de Medicis, who was a very good woman, and she was the first that began to reform the Church of France.

CHAPTER II. OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

THE first year of the reign of Henry VIII. King of England, was the first year of the Reformation in England. The King was married to Catherine of Aragon, who was a very good woman, and she was the first that began to reform the Church of England.

CHAPTER III. OF THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

THE first year of the reign of James V. King of Scotland, was the first year of the Reformation in Scotland. The King was married to Mary of France, who was a very good woman, and she was the first that began to reform the Church of Scotland.

CHAPTER IV. OF THE REFORMATION IN SWITZERLAND.

THE first year of the reign of the Swiss Confederation, was the first year of the Reformation in Switzerland. The Swiss were the first that began to reform the Church of Switzerland.

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Ah ! this way bend Thy benign fload  
 To a bleeding heart that gaspes for blood.  
 That blood, whose least drops soueraign be  
 To wash my worlds of sins from me. 50

Come Loue ! come Lord ! and that long day  
 For which I languish, come away.  
 When this dry soul those eyes shall see,  
 And drink the vnseal'd sourse of Thee :  
 When Glory's sun, Faith's shades shall chase, 55  
 And for Thy veil giue me Thy face. Amen.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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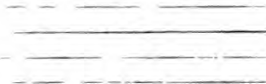
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THE HYMN OF SAINTE THOMAS,

IN ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.<sup>1</sup>

Ecce panis Angelorum,  
Adoro te.

WITH all the powres my poor heart hath 1  
Of humble loue and loyall faith,  
Thus lowe (my hidden life!) I bow to Thee  
Whom too much loue hath bow'd more low for me.  
Down, down, proud Sense! discourses dy! 5  
Keep close, my soul's inquiring ey!  
Nor touch, nor tast, must look for more  
But each sitt still in his own dore.

Your ports are all superfluous here,  
Saue that which lets in Faith, the eare. 10  
Faith is my skill: Faith can beleue  
As fast as Loue new lawes can giue.  
Faith is my force: Faith strength affords  
To keep pace with those powrfull words.  
And words more sure, more sweet then they, 15  
Loue could not think, Truth could not say.

O let Thy wretch find that releife  
Thou didst afford the faithful theife.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared first in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 74-75): was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 66-69) and 1670 (pp. 185-187). Our text is that of 1652: but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, and our Essay for critical remarks. The engraving of 1652 is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. G.





Ah! this way bend Thy benign floud  
 To a bleeding heart that gaspes for blood.  
 That blood, whose least drops soueraign be  
 To wash my worlds of sins from me. 50

Come Loue! come Lord! and that long day  
 For which I languish, come away.  
 When this dry soul those eyes shall see,  
 And drink the vnseal'd sourse of Thee :  
 When Glory's sun, Faith's shades shall chase, 55  
 And for Thy veil giue me Thy face. Amen.

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G.

Plead for me, Lorde : adleage and show  
 That Faith has farther here to goe 20  
 And lesse to lean on : because than *then*  
 Though hidd as God, wounds with Thee man :  
 Thomas might too be none but might see  
 At least the suffering side of Thee :  
 And that too was Thy self which Thee did cover, 25  
 But here can't that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet, consider then, that I  
 Though allow'd nor hand nor eye  
 To reach at Thy lord's face : nor can  
 Fast Thee God, or touch Thee man, 30  
 Both yet believe, and wnesse Thee  
 My Lord too and my God, as lowd as he.

Help, Lord, my faith, my hope increase,  
 And till my portion in Thy peace :  
 Give leue for life : nor let my dayes 35  
 Grow, but in new powres to Thy name and praise

O dear memoriall of that Death  
 Which lues still, and all wvs vs breath  
 Rich, royall food : Beautytull bread  
 Whose vse denyes vs to the dead : 40  
 Whose vitall gust alone can gve  
 The same leue both to eat and live,  
 True cuer bread of lues, and be  
 My life, my soul, my sinner selfe to mee

O soft, self wounding Pelican 45  
 Whose brest weepes blut, for wmae I was

Ah! this way bend Thy benign fload  
 To a bleeding heart that gaspes for blood.  
 That blood, whose least drops soueraign be  
 To wash my worlds of sins from me. 50

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G.

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM

1666. HEINRICH HEINE'S 'SACRAMENTS'

Rise, for all Sion! rise and sing  
Thy soul's kind shepherd, thy Lord's King  
Struck all thy powers, all it were vain  
Hopes of Levee, of Harls of man,  
This soveraign self' ye sitte above  
The best ambition of thy Love.

II.

Lo, the Bread of Life, this day's  
Triumphant text, proclaims thy prayer *in Odes*  
The living and life-giving bread  
To the great twelve distributed;  
When Life, Himself, at point to dye  
Of Love, was His Own legacy.

III.

Come, Lord! and let vs work a song  
Lowd and pleasant, sweet and long;  
Let lippes and hearts lit high the noise  
Of so iust and solemn voyes,  
Which on His white browes this bright day  
Shall hence for ever bear away.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 76-78), where the title is 'A Hymne on the B. Sacrament'; reprinted in 1652 (pp. 79-73) and 1670 (pp. 187-199). Our text is that of 1652; but see Notes at close of the poem, G.

## IV.

Lo, the new law of a new Lord,  
 With a new Lamb blesses the board :  
 The agèd Pascha pleads not yeares  
 But spyes Loue's dawn, and disappears.  
 Types yield to truthes ; shades shrink away ;  
 And their Night dyes into our Day.

## V.

But lest that dy too, we are bid  
 Euer to doe what He once did :  
 And by a mindfull, mystick breath  
 That we may liue, reuiue His death ;  
 With a well-bles't bread and wine,  
 Transsum'd and taught to turn diuine.

## VI.

The Heaun-instructed house of Faith  
 Here a holy dictate hath,  
 That they but lend their form and face ;—  
 Themselues with reuerence leaue their place,  
 Nature, and name, to be made good,  
 By a nobler bread, more needfull blood.

## VII.

Where Nature's lawes no leaue will giue,  
 Bold Faith takes heart, and dares beleiuue  
 In different species : name not things,  
 Himself to me my Saviour brings ;

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The children's Bread, the Bridegroom's Wine,  
 Not to be cast to Dogs, or swine.

## XII.

Let the full, full Sacrifice  
 On which all figures hit their eyes  
 The ransom of Isack, and his ransom;  
 The manna, and the paschal Lamb.

## XIII.

Jesus Master, just and true:  
 Our food, and faithfull Shephard too  
 O by Thy self vouchsafe to keep,  
 As with Thy selfe Thou feed'st Thy sheep.

## XIV.

O let that love which thus makes Thee  
 Mix with our low mortality,  
 Lift our lean soules, and sett vs vp  
 Con-victors of Thine Own full cup,  
 Coheirs of saints. That so all may  
 Drink the same wine; and the same way:  
 Nor change the pastvre, but the place,  
 To feed of Thee, in Thine Own face. Amen.

## NOTES.

In 1648, line 3 has 'thou' for 'you:' line 4 'and' for 'to':  
 line 6, 'ambitious:' line 19, 'Lord' is misprinted 'Law:' line  
 39, 'names:' line 42 spells 'one' as 'on:' line 55, our text  
 (1652) misprints 'shall:' line 75, 1648 reads 'mean' for 'lean.'  
 G.



Handwritten notes in Arabic script, possibly a title or reference.

LEAF-BOOK

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Handwritten notes in Arabic script.

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That true, Schooles vse to tell,  
 As and angels in one point can dwell.  
 As from the great artillery  
 Which here contracts it self, and comes to ly 19  
 Or se-couch't in your white bosom ; and from thence  
 As from a snowy fortresse of defence,  
 Against the ghostly foes to take your part,  
 And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.  
 It is an armory of light ;  
 Let constant vse but keep it bright, 25  
     You'll find it yields  
 To holy hands and humble hearts  
     More swords and sheilds  
 Then sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts.  
     Only be sure 30  
     The hands be pure  
 That hold these weapons ; and the eyes  
 Those of turtles, chaste and true ;  
     Wakefull and wise :  
 Here is a freind shall fight for you ; 35  
 Hold but this book before your heart,  
 Let prayer alone to play his part ;  
     But O the heart  
     That studyes this high art  
     Must be a sure house-keeper : 40  
     And yet no sleeper.  
     Dear soul, be strong  
     Mercy will come ere long

And bring his love and thought with blessings,  
 For us, of tender-falling graces, 45  
 For us, of immortal dressings,  
 For worthy souls, whose wise embraces  
 Store up themselves for Him, Who is alone  
 The Saviour of virgins and the virgin's Son,  
 But if the noble birth-gift, when He come,  
 Shall send the loving heart from home : 50  
     Learning her chast' abode  
     To gild the road  
 And give the gay mates of the world of lives ;  
 To take her pleasures, and to play 55  
 And kiss the world's hot lips,  
 To dance on the green skirts of some smiling  
     Fair laughing  
 Soft eye, of sweet and stunged eyes,  
     Soft cheek, of deep and fair 60  
 Soft lips, of red and as they,  
 To dance, to dance, to dance, to dance,  
 To dance, to dance, to dance, to dance,  
     With the soft start  
 And with the soft start, to dance before 65  
 With the soft start, to dance before  
 With the soft start, to dance before  
 With the soft start, to dance before  
 With the soft start, to dance before  
 With the soft start, to dance before  
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 With the soft start, to dance before 70  
 With the soft start, to dance before  
 With the soft start, to dance before  
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Amorous languishments ; luminous trances ;  
 Sights which are not seen with eyes ;  
 Spirituall and soul-peircing glances  
 Whose pure and subtil lightning flies 75  
 Home to the heart, and setts the house on fire,  
 And melts it down in sweet desire  
     Yet doth not stay  
 To ask the windows' leaue, to passe that way ;  
 Delicious deaths ; soft exalations 80  
 Of soul ; dear and diuine annihilations ;  
     A thousand vnknown rites  
 Of ioyes and rarefy'd delights ;  
 A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces :  
     And many a mystick thing 85  
     Which the diuine embraces  
 Of the deare Spouse of spirits, with them will bring,  
     For which it is no shame  
 That dull mortality must not know a name.  
     Of all this hidden store 90  
 Of blessings, and ten thousand more  
     (If when He come  
     He find the heart from home)  
     Doubtlesse He will vnload  
     Himself some other where, 95  
     And poure abroad  
     His pretious sweets  
 On the fair soul whom first He meets.  
 O fair, O fortunate ! O riche ! O dear !

And bring his bosome fraught with blessings,  
 Flowers of neuer-fading graces 45  
 To make immortall dressings  
 For worthy soules, whose wise embraces  
 Store vp themselves for Him, Who is alone  
 The Spovse of virgins and the virgin's Son,  
 But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come, 50  
 Shall find the loytering heart from home ;  
     Leauing her chast abroad  
     To gadde abroad  
 Among the gay mates of the god of flyes ;  
 To take her pleasure, and to play 55  
 And keep the deuill's holyday ;  
 To dance in th' sunshine of some smiling  
     But beguiling  
 Spheare of sweet and sugred lyes ;  
     Some slippery pair 60  
 Of false, perhaps, as fair,  
 Flattering but forswearing, eyes ;  
 Doubtlesse some other heart  
     Will gett the start  
 Meanwhile, and stepping in before 65  
 Will take possession of that sacred store  
 Of hidden sweets and holy ioyes ;  
 Words which are not heard with eares  
 (Those tumultuous shops of noise)  
 Effectuall whispers, whose still voice 70  
 The soul it selfe more feeles then heares ;

Amorous languishments ; luminous trances ;  
 Sights which are not seen with eyes ;  
 Spirituall and soul-peircing glances  
 Whose pure and subtil lightning flyes 75  
 Home to the heart, and setts the house on fire,  
 And melts it down in sweet desire  
     Yet doth not stay  
 To ask the windows' leaue, to passe that way ;  
 Delicious deaths ; soft exalations 80  
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## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The text of 1648 corresponds pretty closely, except in the usual changes of orthography, with our text (1652): and 1670, in like manner, follows that of 1646. 1646 edition furnishes some noticeable variations:

Line 1, 'large' for 'great.'

„ 2-4 restored to their place here. TURNBULL gives them in a foot-note with this remark: 'So in the Paris edition of 1652. In all the others,

Fear it not, sweet,  
It is no hypocrite,  
Much larger in itself, than in its book.'

This is a mistake. The only edition that omits the lines (5-13) besides the first (1646) and substitutes these three is that of 1670.

Lines 5-13 not in 1646 edition: first appeared in 1648 edition.

„ 14, 'choise' for 'rich.'

„ 15, 'hoasts' for 'host.'

„ 17, 'Ten thousand.'

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Line 62, 'forswearing:': a classic word.

„ 64, 'git' is the spelling.

„ 65. All the editions save our text (1652) omit 'mean-while.'



O happy and thrice-happy she 100  
 Deare silver-breasted dove  
     Who ere she be,  
     Whose early loue  
     With wing'd vowes  
 Makes hast to meet her morning Spouse, 105  
 And close with His immortall kisses.  
 Happy indeed, who neuer misses  
 To improve that pretious hour,  
     And every day  
     Seize her sweet prey, 110  
 All fresh and fragrant as He rises,  
 Dropping with a baulmy showr,  
 A delicious dew of spices ;  
 O let the blissfull heart hold it fast  
 Her heau'nly arm-full ; she shall tast 115  
 At once ten thousand paradises ;  
     She shall haue power  
     To rife and deflour  
 The rich and roseall spring of those rare sweets  
 Which with a swelling bosome there she meets : 120  
     Bundles and infinite  
     Bottomles treasures  
 Of pure inebriating pleasures.  
 Happy proof ! she shal discover  
     What ioy, what blisse, 125  
 How many heau'ns at once it is  
 To haue her God become her Lover.

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Say, gentle soul, what can you find 10  
     But painted shapes,  
     Peacocks and apes ;  
     Illustrious flyes,  
 Guilded dunghills, glorious lyes ;  
     Goodly surmises 15  
     And deep disguises,  
 Oathes of water, words of wind ?  
 Trvth biddes me say 'tis time you cease to trust  
 Your soul to any son of dust.  
 'Tis time you listen to a brauer loue, 20  
     Which from aboue  
     Calls you vp higher  
     And biddes you come  
     And choose your roome  
 Among His own fair sonnes of fire ; 25  
     Where you among  
     The golden throng  
 That watches at His palace doores  
     May passe along,  
 And follow those fair starres of your's ; 30  
 Starrs much too fair and pure to wait vpon  
 The false smiles of a sublunary sun.  
 Sweet, let me prophesy that at last t'will proue  
     Your wary loue  
 Layes vp his purer and more pretious vowes, 35  
 And meanes them for a farre more worthy Spovse

Line 66, 'the' for 'that.'

.. 69, 'These' for 'Those,' by mistake.

.. 78, 'doth' for 'does' I have adopted here.

.. 83, 1648, by misprint, has 'O' for 'Of.'

.. 84, 'An hundred thousand loyes and graces.'

.. 90. I have accepted 'hidden' before 'store' from 1646 edition.

Line 101. I have also adopted this characteristic line from 1646 edition. In all the others (except 1670) it is 'Selected dove.'

Line 107, 'soule' for 'indeed.'

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.. 121-122. In 1648 printed as *supra*, the lines probably indicating a blank where the ms. was illegible. In our text (1652) we have two lines, but no blank indicated.

Line 124, 'soul' for 'proof.'

.. 127, 'a' for 'her.' G.

### TO THE SAME PARTY :

COUNCEL CONCERNING HER CHOISE.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR, Heaun-designed sovl !

Amongst the rest

Of suters that besseige your maiden brest,

Why may not I

My fortune try

And venture to speak one good word,

Not for my self, alas ! but for my dearer Lord ?

You have seen allready, in this lower sphear

Of froth and bubbles, what to look for here :

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 82-84), and was reprinted in 1670 (pp. 198-200). Our text is that of 1648; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, G.

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 Peacocks and apes ;  
 Illustrious flies,  
 Guilded dunghills, glorious lyes ;  
 Goodly surmises 15  
 And deep disguises,  
 Oathes of water, words of wind ?  
 Trvth biddes me say 'tis time you cease to trust  
 Your soul to any son of dust.  
 'Tis time you listen to a brauer loue, 20  
 Which from above  
 Calls you vp higher  
 And biddes you come  
 And choose your roome  
 Among His own fair soules of fire ; 25  
 Where you among  
 The golden throng  
 That watches at His palace doores  
 May passe along,  
 And follow those fair starres of yours, 30  
 Starres much too fair and pure to waite vpon  
 The false smiles of a worldly wile.  
 Sweet, let me prophesy that at last you will  
 Your way find  
 Laye vp the prize and more precious viewe, 35  
 And receive them for a faire name worthy to be

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DEAR, Heaun-designed sovl ! 1  
 Amongst the rest  
 Of suters that beseige your maiden brest,  
 Why may not I  
 My fortune try 5  
 And venture to speak one good word,  
 Not for my self, alas ! but for my dearer Lord ?  
 You have seen allready, in this lower sphear  
 Of froth and bubbles, what to look for here :

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 82-84), and was re-  
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## TO THE SAME TABLE

- Line 66, 'the' for 'that.'  
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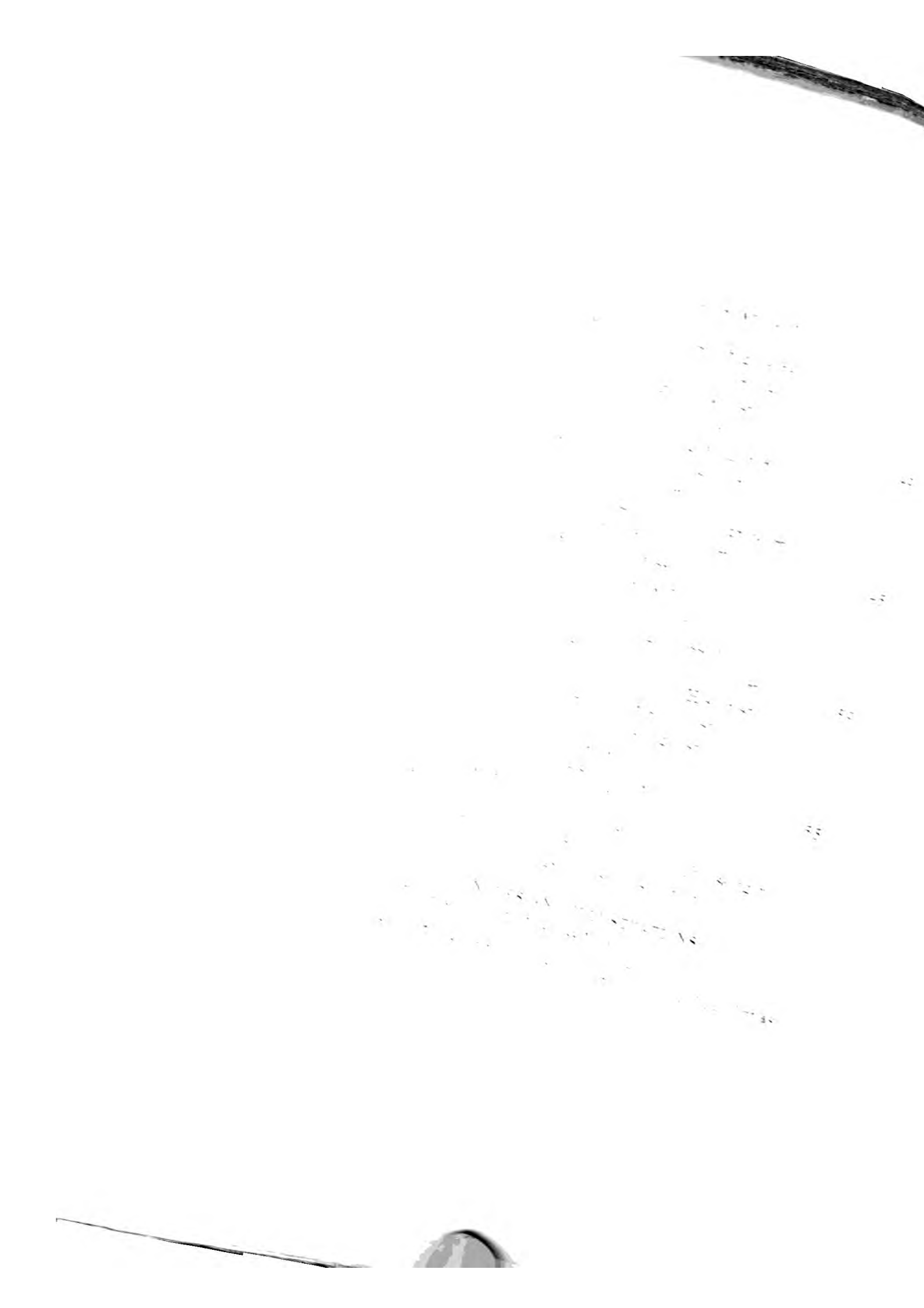
## TO THE SAME

## CONCEAL CONCERNIN

DEAR, Heaven-designed sovl!  
 Amongst the rest  
 Of suiters that besidge your ma  
 Why may not I  
 My fortune try  
 And venture to speak one good  
 Not for my self, alas! but for  
 You have seen already, in this  
 Of truth and bubbles, what to

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of  
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the address or superscription, though so contrived as not to interfere with the metre, but to make a five-foot line with the two feet of the true first line of the poem. So Parolles prefaces his verse with

'Dian, the count's a fool and full of gold.'  
(*All's Well that ends Well*, iv. 3.)

and Longaville (*Love's Labour Lost*) prefaces to his sonnet,

'O sweet Maria, empress of my love.'

In fact, it is the 'Madam' of a poetical epistle brought into metrical harmony with the verse. G.

## DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND CONDITION OF LIFE.

(COTT OF BARCLAY.)<sup>1</sup>

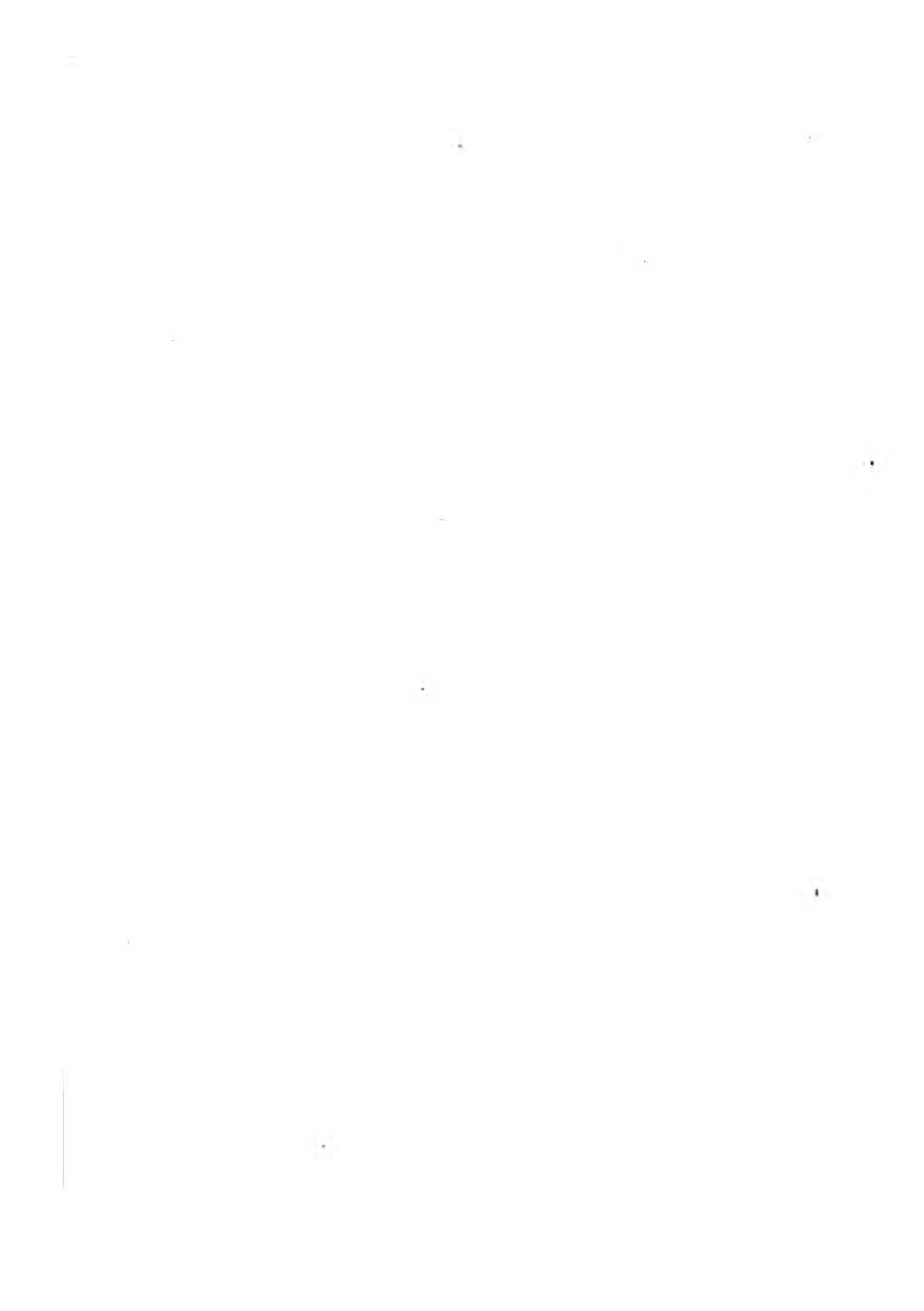
No roofs of gold o're riotous tables shining 1  
Whole dayes and suns, devour'd with endless dining  
No sailes of Tyrian sylk, proud pavements sweeping,  
Nor inry couches costlier slumber keeping;  
False lights of flaring gemmes; tumultuous boyes; 5  
Halls full of flattering men and frisking boyes;  
What'ere false shewes of short and slippery good  
Mix the mad some of men in mutual blood.  
But walkea, and vnder wood; and wretche, full of  
Virtue's and gentles; but not ready till 10  
Our lodgings hard and lonely as our fate,  
That chaste and chary, as the few virtues we wote.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared in *Parsons's* in *Works of the Rev. Dr. Parsons*, ed. by  
1682 pp. 22-2 and 171 pp. 23-3. (The text is a copy of the text as  
before the text is a copy of the text as before.)

The soul is used to diligent, as the naturall lockes  
 Of these things growes : rough as the wind-blit rocks.  
 A hasty portion of prescribed sleep : 15  
 Obeient slanders, that can wake and weep,  
 And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again :  
 Still rowling a round spear of still-returning pain.  
 Hands full of harty labours : paines that pay  
 And prize themselves : doe much, that more they may, 20  
 And work for work, not wages : let to-morrow's  
 New drops, wash off the sweat of this day's sorrows.  
 A long and dayly dying life, which breaths  
 A respiration of remaining deaths,  
 But neither are there those ignoble stings 25  
 That nip the blossome of the World's best things,  
 And lash Earth-labouring souls, . . . . .  
 No cruell guard of diligent cares, that keep  
 Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep :  
 But reuerent discipline, and religious fear, 30  
 And soft obedience, find sweet biding here ;  
 Silence, and sacred rest ; peace, and pure ioyes ;  
 Kind loues keep house, ly close, make no noise ;  
 And room enough for monarchs, while none swells  
 Beyond the kingdomes of contentfull cells. 35  
 The self-remembering soyl sweetly recouers  
 Her kindred with the starrs ; not basely houers  
 Below : but meditates her immortall way  
 Home to the originall source of Light and intellectuall  
 day.















Les Vrais portraits de S<sup>te</sup> Térèse Fondatrice  
des Religieuses de Pélagie reformez de  
l'ordre de St. Benoist du Mont Carmel Decedee  
le 4<sup>o</sup> Oct. 1682. Concombe le 21<sup>o</sup> May 1682.  
M. de la Roche



A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOR OF  
THE ADMIRABLE SAINTE TERESA :

Fovndresse of the Reformation of the discalced Carmelites,  
both men and women ; a Woman for angelicall heighth of  
speculation, for masculine courage of performance more  
then a woman : who yet a child, out-ran maturity, and  
durst plott a Martyrdome ;

*Misericordias Domini in Æternvm cantabo.*

Le Vray portraict de S<sup>te</sup> Terese, Fondatrice des Religieuses et  
Religieux reformez de l'ordre de N. Dame du mont Carmel :  
Decedee le 4<sup>e</sup> Octo. 1582. Canonisee le 12<sup>e</sup> Mars. 1622.<sup>1</sup>

THE HYMNE.

LOUE, thou art absolute sole lord 1  
Of life and death. To proue the word  
Wee'l now appeal to none of all  
Those thy old souldiers, great and tall,  
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down 5  
With strong armes, their triumphant crown ;  
Such as could with lusty breath  
Speak lowd into the face of death,

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 79-84): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 89-94), 1652 (pp. 93-100), and 1670 (pp. 61-67). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving of the Saint's portrait, and French lines here, are reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, and our Essay on Teresa and Crashaw. G.



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J. M. del. & sculp.



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Wee'l now appeal to none of all  
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Such thirsts to dy, as dares drink vp  
 A thousand cold deaths in one cup.  
 Good reason : for she breathes all fire ;  
 Her white brest heaves with strong desire 40  
 Of what she may with fruitles wishes  
 Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.  
 Since 'tis not to be had at home  
 She'l trauail to a martyrdom.  
 No home for hers confesses she 45  
 But where she may a martyr be.  
 She'l to the Moores ; and trade with them *Moors*  
 For this vnualued diadem :  
 She'l offer them her dearest breath,  
 With Christ's name in't, in change for death : 50  
 She'l bargain with them ; and will giue  
 Them God ; teach them how to liue  
 In Him : or, if they this deny,  
 For Him she'l teach them how to dy :  
 So shall she leaue amongst them sown 55  
 Her Lord's blood ; or at lest her own. *lest*  
 Farewel then, all the World ! adieu !  
 Teresa is no more for you.  
 Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and ioyes  
 (Never till now esteemèd toyes) 60  
 Farewell, what ever deare may bee,  
 Mother's armes or father's knee :  
 Farewell house, and farewell home !  
 She's for the Moores, and martyrdom.



"So great a gift, that I might see  
 Myself, and thou, and all the world  
 Created, and the world, and thou,  
 To suffer, and to die, for me."  
 "I will give thee, if thou wilt, the life  
 Of a King, and a King, and a King,  
 Or some base hand, that I may see  
 The world's last, and the world's  
 A world kept, that I may see  
 When Heaven will never have it so.  
 The world, and the world, and the world,  
 A death, and a death, and a death,  
 Into the world, that shall let fall  
 A state, and a state, and a state.  
 He is the dart, must make the death,  
 Whose stroke shall last thy hallow'd breath,"  
 A dart, three darts, in that rich dune  
 Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name  
 Upon the roof of Heaven, where ay  
 It shines; and with a sovereign ray  
 Beates bright upon the burning faces  
 Of souls, which in that Name's sweet graces  
 Find everlasting smiles: so rare,  
 So spiritual, pure, and fair  
 Must be the immortal instrument  
 Upon whose choice point shall be sent  
 A life so lov'd: and that there be  
 Fitt executioners for thee.

The fair'st and first-born sons of fire  
Blest seraphim, shall leaue their quire,  
And turn Loue's souldiers, vpon thee 95  
    To exercise their archerie.  
O how oft shalt thou complain  
Of a sweet and subtle pain :  
Of intolerable ioyes :  
Of a death, in which who dyes 100  
Loues his death, and dyes again  
And would for euer so be slain.  
And liues, and dyes ; and knowes not why  
To liue, but that he thus may neuer leaue to dy.  
    How kindly will thy gentle heart 105  
Kisse the sweetly-killing dart !  
And close in his embraces keep  
Those delicious wounds, that weep  
Balsom to heal themselves with : thus  
When these thy deaths, so numerous 110  
Shall all at last dy into one,  
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion ;  
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted  
By too hott a fire, and wasted  
Into perfuming clouds, so fast 115  
Shalt thou exhale to Heaun at last  
In a resolving sigh, and then  
O what? Ask not the tongues of men ;  
Angells cannot tell ; suffice  
Thy selfe shall feel thine own full ioyes, 120



Teares shall take comfort, and turn gemms  
 And wrongs repent to diademms. 150  
 Eu'n thy death shall liue ; and new-  
 Dresse the soul that erst he slew.  
 Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scarres  
 As keep account of the Lamb's warres.

Those rare workes where thou shalt leaue writt 155  
 Loue's noble history, with witt  
 Taught thee by none but Him, while here  
 They feed our soules, shall clothe thine there.  
 Each heaunly word, by whose hid flame  
 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same 160  
 Shall flourish on thy browes, and be  
 Both fire to vs and flame to thee ;  
 Whose light shall liue bright in thy face  
 By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see 165  
 Thousands of crown'd soules throng to be  
 Themselves thy crown : sons of thy vowes  
 The virgin-births with which thy soueraign Spouse  
 Made fruitfull thy fair soul. Goe now  
 And with them all about thee, bow 170  
 To Him ; put on (Hee'l say) put on  
 (My rosy loue) that thy rich zone  
 Sparkling with the sacred flames  
 Of thousand soules, whose happy names  
 Heau'n keep vpon thy score : (Thy bright 175  
 Life brought them first to kisse the light,



- Line 37, 'thirst' for 'thirsts,' and 'dare' for 'dares.'  
 „ 38 spells 'coled.'  
 „ 40, 'weake' for 'white;' the latter a favourite epithet with CRASHAW: 1648 'weake.'  
 Line 43, 1648 drops 'at' inadvertently.  
 „ 44 spells 'travell:' 1648 has 'for' instead of 'to.'  
 „ 45, 'her,' by misprint for 'her's.'  
 „ 47, 1648 has 'try' for 'trade.'  
 „ 49, 'Shee offers.' 57 spells 'adeiu.'  
 „ 61, this line is by oversight dropped from our text (1652).  
 Line 70, spelled 'barborous' in our text, but I have adopted 'a' from 1646 and 1648.  
 Line 71, 'race' for 'raze;' a common contemporary spelling.  
 „ 77, 'hand' for 'armes.'  
 „ 93, 'The fairest, and the first borne Loves of fire.'  
 „ 94, 'Seraphims,' the usual misspelling of the plural of seraph in our English Bible.  
 Line 104, 'To live, but that he still may dy.'  
 „ 106, our text (1652) misreads 'sweetly-kissing.' I have adopted 'sweetly-killing' from 1646, 1648 and 1670.  
 Line 108, 1648 has 'thine' for 'his.'  
 „ 118, 'dissolving.'  
 „ 123, our text (1652) inadvertently drops 'shalt,' and misreads 'you' for 'thou.' I accept the text of 1646, 1648 and 1670.  
 Line 129, 'on.'  
 „ 130, 'shee' for 'reueal'd Life;' and in next line 'her' for 'His.' Our text (1652) is preferable, as pointing to Christ the Life, our Life. See under lines 11-13.  
 Line 133, 'joy.'  
 „ 146, 'set;' a common contemporary spelling.  
 „ 147, this line, dropped inadvertently from our text (1652), is restored from 1646, 1648 and 1670.  
 Line 148, 'And' for 'All.'  
 „ 151, 'Even thy deaths.'  
 „ 152, 'Dresse the soul that late they slew.'  
 „ 167 misprints 'nowes;' corrected in 1648, but not in 1670.  
 „ 168 drops 'soueraign.' See under lines 11-13.  
 „ 175, 'keeps.'  
 „ 178, 'shall.' Cf. Rev. xiv. 5, as before. G.

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

Our free traffique for Heau'n ; we may maintaine  
 Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from Spain. 20  
 What soul so e're, in any language, can  
 Speak Heau'n like her's, is my soul's country-man.  
 O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heau'n she speaks !  
 'Tis Heau'n that lyes in ambush there, and breaks  
 From thence into the wondring reader's brest ; 25  
 Who feels his warm heart hatcht into a nest  
 Of little eagles and young loues, whose high  
 Flights scorn the lazy dust, and things that dy.  
 There are enow whose draughts (as deep as Hell)  
 Drink vp all Spain in sack. Let my soul swell 30  
 With the strong wine of Loue : let others swimme  
 In puddles ; we will pledge this seraphim  
 Bowles full of richer blood then blush of grape  
 Was euer guilty of. Change we our shape  
 (My soul) some drink from men to beasts, O then 35  
 Drink we till we proue more, not lesse, then men,  
 And turn not beasts but angels. Let the King  
 Me euer into these His cellars bring,  
 Where flowes such wine as we can haue of none  
 But Him Who trod the wine-presse all alone : 40  
 Wine of youth, life, and the sweet deaths of Loue ;  
 Wine of immortall mixture ; which can proue  
 Its tincture from the rosy nectar ; wine  
 That can exalt weak earth ; and so refine  
 Our dust, that at one draught, Mortality 45  
 May drink it self vp, and forget to dy.





Make not too much hast to admire  
 That fair-cheek't fallacy of fire.  
 That is a seraphim, they say 5  
 And this the great Teresia.  
 Readers, be rul'd by me ; and make  
 Here a well-plact and wise mistake :  
 You must transpose the picture quite,  
 And spell it wrong to read it right ; 10  
 Read him for her, and her for him,  
 And call the saint the seraphim.  
 Painter, what didst thou vnderstand  
 To put her dart into his hand ?  
 See, euen the yeares and size of him 15  
 Showes this the mother seraphim.  
 This is the mistresse flame ; and duteous he  
 Her happy fire-works here, comes down to see.  
 O most poor-spirited of men !  
 Had thy cold pencil kist her pen, 20  
 Thou couldst not so vnkindly err  
 To show vs this faint shade for her.  
 Why, man, this speakes pure mortall frame ;  
 And mockes with female frost Loue's manly flame.  
 One would suspect thou meant'st to paint 25  
 Some weak, inferiour, woman-saint.  
 But had thy pale-fac't purple took  
 Fire from the burning checks of that bright booke,  
 Thou wouldst on her haue heap't vp all  
 That could be found seraphicall ; 30



But if it be the frequent fate  
 Of worst faults to be fortunate ; 60  
 If all's præscription ; and proud wrong  
 Harkens not to an humble song ;  
 For all the gallantry of him,  
 Giue me the suffring seraphim.  
 His be the brauery of all those bright things, 65  
 The glowing cheekes, the glistering wings ;  
 The rosy hand, the radiant dart ;  
 Leaue her alone the flaming heart.  
 Leaue her that ; and thou shalt leaue her  
 Not one loose shaft but Loue's whole quiver. 70  
 For in Loue's feild was neuer found  
 A nobler weapon then a wovnd.  
 Loue's passiues are his actiu'st part,  
 The wounded is the wounding heart.  
 O heart ! the æquall poise of Loue's both parts 75  
 Bigge alike with wound and darts.  
 Liue in these conquering leaues ; liue all the same,  
 And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.  
 Liue here, great heart ; and loue and dy and kill ;  
 And bleed and wound ; and yeild and conquer still. 80  
 Let this immortall life wherere it comes  
 Walk in a crowd of loues and martyrdomes.  
 Let mystick deaths wait on't ; and wise soules be  
 The loue-slain wittnesses of this life of thee.  
 O sweet incendiary ! shew here thy art, 85  
 Vpon this carcasse of a hard, cold hart ;



Line 31 misreads 'But e're,' and 'were' for 'weares.'  
 ,, 33, 'cheekes.'  
 ,, 34 flagrantly misreads 'flagrant' for 'fragrant,' which  
 TURNBULL as usual blindly repeats.  
 Line 48, 'shafts.'  
 ,, 58 reads ' . . . kindly tells the shame.' It is a characteristic of CRASHAW to vary his measures, else I should have adopted this reading from 1648. The line is somewhat obscure through the conceitful repetition of 'gives.' The sense is, who, being pictured red, shows the blushing shamefacedness of being outdone in his own seraphic nature by an earthly saint. G.

A SONG OF DIVINE LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

LORD, when the sense of Thy sweet grace      1  
 Sends vp my soul to seek Thy face,  
 Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,  
 I dy in Loue's delicious fire.  
       O Loue, I am thy sacrifice !                      5  
 Be still triumphant, blessed eyes !  
 Still shine on me, fair suns ! that I  
 Still may behold, though still I dy.

## SECOND PART.

Though still I dy, I liue again ;  
 Still longing so to be still slain ;                      10

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (p. 98): reprinted in 1652 (p. 107) and 1670 (pp. 197-8). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but the only difference in the others is (except the usual slight changes in orthography), that in 1648, 2d part, line 5 reads 'longing' for 'louing,' which I have adopted, as pointing back to the 'longing' of the 1st part, line 2. The title I take from 1648, as in 1652 it is simply 'A Song.' G.



Come away, my loue !  
 Come away, my doue !  
     Cast off delay ; 15  
 The court of Heau'n is come  
 To wait vpon thee home ;  
     Come, come away !  
     The flowrs appear,  
 Or quickly would, wert thou once here. 20  
 The Spring is come, or if it stay  
 'Tis to keep time with thy delay.  
 The rain is gone, except so much as we  
 Detain in needfull teares to weep the want of thee.  
     The Winter's past, 25  
     Or if he make lesse hast,  
 His answer is, why she does so,  
 If Sommer come not, how can Winter goe ?  
     Come away, come away !  
 The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay ; 30  
 The fountains murmur, and each loftyest tree  
 Bowes low'st his leauy top, to look for thee.  
     Come away, my loue !  
     Come away, my doue &c.  
 She's call'd again. And will she goe ? 35  
 When Heau'n bidde come, who can say no ?  
 Heau'n calls her, and she must away,  
 Heau'n will not, and she cannot stay.  
 Goe then ; goe, gloriovs on the golden wings  
 Of the bright youth of Heau'n, that sings 40





Maria, men and angels sing,  
 Maria, mother of our King. 70  
 Live, rosy princesse, live! and may the bright  
 Crown of a most incomparable light  
 Embrace thy radiant browes. O may the best  
 Of euerlasting ioyes bath thy white brest.  
 Live, our chast loue, the holy mirth 75  
 Of Heau'n; the humble pride of Earth.  
 Liue, crown of woemen; queen of men;  
 Liue, mistresse of our song. And when  
 Our weak desires haue done their best,  
 Sweet angels come, and sing the rest. 80

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in the SANCROFT MS. is 'On the Assumption of the Virgin Marie.' In line 5 it reads 'whil'st,' and so in line 43: line 7, 'again th' immortal Dove:' line 12, our text (1652) reads 'but;' we prefer 'saue' of 1648 and the MS.: line 30, our text (1652) misprints 'heauy' for 'leavy' of 1648: line 42, the MS. reads 'great:' line 47, 'give' for 'be;' adopted: line 53, 'eyes' for 'ioyes;' adopted: line 57, 'sacred:' line 76, 'bragg:' line 77, '*praise of women, pride of men.*'

By an unaccountable inadvertence, our text (1652) omits lines 47-56. They are restored from 1648: they also appear in 1670. Line 18 in 1648 reads 'Come, come away:' in 1670 it is 'Come away, come away;' but this edition strangely, but characteristically, omits lines 19-34; and TURNBULL, following it, though pronounced by himself 'the most inaccurate of all' (Preliminary Observations, p. xi. of his edition), has overlooked them. Confer, for a quaint parallel with these lines (19-34), our JOSEPH FLETCHER. It may also be noted here that TURNBULL betrays his habitual use of his self-condemned text of 1670 by misreading in line 12, 'No sweets since thou art wanting here;' so converting the fine compliment into ungram-

Line 66, 'the' for 'that.'  
 „ 69, 'These' for 'Those,' by mistake.  
 „ 78, 'doth' for 'does' I have adopted here.  
 „ 83, 1648, by misprint, has 'O' for 'Of.'  
 „ 84, 'An hundred thousand loyes and g  
 „ 90. I have accepted 'hidden' before 'e  
 edition.

Line 101. I have also adopted this character  
 1646 edition. In all the others (except 1670  
 dove.'

Line 107, 'soule' for 'indeed.'  
 „ 114, 'that' for 'the.'  
 „ 121-122. In 1648 printed as *supra*,  
 indicating a blank where the ms. was illeg  
 (1652) we have two lines, but no blank indica

Line 124, 'soul' for 'proof.'  
 „ 127, 'a' for 'her.' G.

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TO THE SAME PARTY.

COVNCEL CONCERNING HER

DEAR, Heaun-designèd sovl !  
 Amongst the rest  
 Of suters that beseige your maide  
 Why may not I  
 My fortune try  
 And venture to speak one good  
 Not for my self, alas ! but for n  
 You have seen allready, in this  
 Of froth and bubbles, what to

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' o  
 printed in 1670 (pp. 198-200). Our  
 Notes and Illustrations at close of th

Let the  
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TO THE SAME PARTY. 163  
 Say, gentle soul, what can you find  
 But painted shapes,  
 Peacocks and eyes;  
 Illustrious eyes,  
 Gilded danglehills, glorious eyes;  
 Goodly surmises  
 And deep disguises.  
 Oathes of water, words of wind!  
 Truth biddes me say 'tis time you cease to trust  
 Your soul to any son of dust.  
 'Tis time you listen to a kinder voice,  
 Which from above  
 Calls you up higher  
 And biddes you come  
 And choose your room  
 Among His own fair armies of fire,  
 Where you among  
 The golden throng  
 That watches at His palace doors  
 May pass along  
 And follow those fair stars of yours;  
 Stars much too fair and pure to suit you  
 The false smiles of a worldly man  
 Sweet, let me prophesy that at last you  
 Your way lose  
 Lays up his pure and true golden room  
 And names them for a here and now day

clouds wipe away  
 clouds: take Day  
 at thee: bring the best  
 Eastern nest. 10  
 : then sit down,  
 n, and take thy crown.  
 vindicate to thee  
 handmaid, Charitie;  
 self, set thee on high 15  
 all hearts, command each eye.  
 ars wake, and rise  
 that strange sacrifice  
 s were; each one putting on  
 beseem thy throne. 20  
 eav'n, whose golden rings  
 ll altars; with bright wings  
 eeks, (which the World beleeves  
 shall with these sacred leaves  
 comes, and in that garb shall go 25  
 us, more conspicuous tho.  
 Be it enacted then,  
 of thy firm-pointed pen,  
 o longer shall put on  
 esse for pure religion: 30  
 ll our Churches' frighted stones  
 like the burnt and martyr'd bones  
 otion; nor faint marbles weep  
 ruines; nor Religion keep

matical nonsense. Earlier also (line 3) he similarly reads, after the same text, 'light' for 'earth.' So too in line 7 he reads 'She's call'd again: hark! how th' immortall dove:' and line 42, for the favourite 'dread' of our Poet the weaker 'great,' as *supra*: and the following line 63 omits 'the:' line 64, 'our:' line 65 reads 'We'll:' line 76, 'and' for 'the.' On lines 9-10, cf. Song of Solomon, ii. 10-13. G.

UPON FIVE PIOUS AND LEARNED DIS-  
COURSES:

BY ROBERT SHELFORD.<sup>1</sup>

Rise, then, immortall maid! Religion, rise!                    1  
Put on thy self in thine own looks: t' our eyes  
Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have made thee;  
Such as (ere our dark sinnes to dust betray'd thee)  
Heav'n set thee down new drest; when thy bright birth  
Shot thee like lightning to th' astonisht Earth.            6

<sup>1</sup> From 'Five Pious and Learned Discourses:

1. A Sermon shewing how we ought to behave our selves in God's house.
2. A Sermon preferring holy Charity before Faith, Hope and Knowledge.
3. A Treatise shewing that God's Law now qualified by the Gospel of Christ, is possible, and ought to be fulfilled of us in this life.
4. A Treatise of the Divine attributes.
5. A Treatise shewing the Antichrist not to be yet come.

By Robert Shelford, of Ringsfield in Suffolk, Priest. Printed by the printers to the Universitie of Cambridge, 1635 [quarto]. See Note at close of the poem, and our Essay, for more on Shelford. G.

From th' dawn of thy fair eyelids wipe away  
 Dull mists and melancholy clouds : take Day  
 And thine own beams about thee : bring the best  
 Of whatso'e're perfum'd thy Eastern nest. 10  
 Girt all thy glories to thee : then sit down,  
 Open this book, fair Queen, and take thy crown.  
 These learnèd leaves shall vindicate to thee  
 Thy holiest, humblest, handmaid, Charitie ;  
 She'l dresse thee like thy self, set thee on high 15  
 Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each eye.  
 Lo ! where I see thy altars wake, and rise  
 From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice  
 Which they themselves were ; each one putting on  
 A majestie that may beseem thy throne. 20  
 The holy youth of Heav'n, whose golden rings  
 Girt round thy awfull altars ; with bright wings  
 Fanning thy fair locks, (which the World beleeves  
 As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves  
 Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go 25  
 If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho.  
 ————— Be it enacted then,  
 By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,  
 God's services no longer shall put on  
 Pure sluttishnesse for pure religion : 30  
 No longer shall our Churches' frighted stones  
 Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones  
 Of dead Devotion ; nor faint marbles weep  
 In their sad ruines ; nor Religion keep

7. "The *SEVEN*." For *SEVEN* Keats similarly reads, "The *SEVEN* that dwell'd on Earth." So too in line 7 he reads "SEVEN" for "SEVEN" with "immortal doves" and "SEVEN" for "SEVEN" for "at the weaker great," and "SEVEN" for "SEVEN" for "and" in line 64, "our!" for "our!" in line 70, and for "tho'" in line 71. On lines 9-10, *SEVEN* is written as "SEVEN" and "SEVEN."

UPON FIVE PLOYS AND LEARNED DIS-  
COURSES.

BY ROBERT SHELFORD.

Rise, the normal world! Religion, rise!                    1  
Put on thy self in thine own looks: t' our eyes  
Be what thy virtues, not our blots, have made thee:  
Such as thy own dark sinnes to dust betray'd thee)  
Heav'n set thee down new drest: when thy bright birth  
Shot thee like lightning to th' astonish'd Earth.            6

(From *Five Ploys and Learned Discourses*.)

1. A Sermon showing how we ought to behave our selves in God's house.
2. A Sermon preferring holy Charity before Faith, Hope and Knowledge.
3. A Treatise shewing that God's Law now qualified by the Gospel of Christ, is possible, and ought to be fulfilled of us in this life.
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 And thine own beams about thee : bring the best  
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 Open this book, fair Queen, and take thy crown.  
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 She'l dresse thee like thy self, set thee on high 15  
 Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each eye.  
 Lo ! where I see thy altars wake, and rise  
 From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice  
 Which they themselves were ; each one putting on  
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 Girt round thy awfull altars ; with bright wings  
 Fanning thy fair locks, (which the World beleeves  
 As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves  
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 \_\_\_\_\_ Be it enacted then,  
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 God's services no longer shall put on  
 Pure sluttishnesse for pure religion : 30  
 No longer shall our Churches' frighted stones  
 Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones  
 Of dead Devotion ; nor faint marbles weep  
 In their sad ruines ; nor Religion keep





And something more. O he is Antichrist :  
 Doubt this, and doubt (say they) that Christ is Christ :  
 Why, 'tis a point of Faith. What e're it be, 65  
 I'm sure it is no point of Charitie.  
 In summe, no longer shall our people hope,  
 To be a true Protestant's but to hate the Pope.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I have taken the text of this poem as it originally appeared, because in all the editions of the Poems wherein it is given the last ten lines are omitted. TURNBULL discovered this after his text of the Poems was printed off, and so had to insert them in a Postscript, wherein his genius for blundering describes Shelford's volume as 'Five . . . . Poems.' These slight variations may be recorded :

The title in all is 'On a Treatise of Charity.'

Line 12, 1648 has 'thy' for 'this.'

„ 16, ib. 'shall' for 'shalt.'

„ 17, all the editions 'off'rings' for 'altars.'

„ 30, ib. 'A' for the first 'pure.'

„ 36, our text misprints 'look' for 'look't.'

The poem is signed in Shelford's volume 'RICH. CRASHAW, Aul. Pemb. A.B.' It appeared in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 86-8), 1648 (pp. 101-2), 1670 (pp. 68-70). G.









DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA :

THE HYMN OF THE CHURCH, IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF  
JUDGMENT.<sup>1</sup>

I.

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things  
Both the Psalm and sybyll sings  
Of a sure Iudge, from Whose sharp ray  
The World in flames shall fly away.

II.

O that fire ! before whose face  
Heavn and Earth shall find no place.  
O those eyes ! Whose angry light  
Must be the day of that dread night.

III.

O that trump ! whose blast shall run  
An even round with the circling sun,  
And urge the murmuring graues to bring  
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 106-7), where it is headed 'A Hymne in Meditation of the Day of Judgement;' reprinted 1652 (pp. 74-78), 1670 (pp. 191-4). Our text is that of 1652, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See our Essay for critical remarks on this great version of a supreme hymn. G.





## IV.

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death !  
When a deep groan from beneath  
Shall cry, We come, we come, and all  
The caues of Night answer one call.

## V.

O that Book ! whose leaues so bright  
Will sett the World in seure light.  
O that Iudge ! Whose hand, Whose eye  
None can indure ; yet none can fly.

## VI.

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say ?  
And to what patron chuse to pray ?  
When starres themselues shall stagger ; and  
The most firm foot no more then stand.

## VII.

But Thou giu'st leaue (dread Lord !) that we  
Take shelter from Thy self, in Thee ;  
And with the wings of Thine Own doue  
Fly to Thy scepter of soft loue.

## VIII.

Dear, remember in that Day  
Who was the cause Thou can'st this way.  
Thy sheep was stray'd ; and Thou wouldst be  
Euen lost Thyself in seeking me.









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Shall cry, We come, we come, and all  
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Take shelter from Thy self, in Thee ;  
And with the wings of Thine Own doue  
Fly to Thy scepter of soft loue.

## VIII.

Dear, remember in that Day  
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way.  
Thy sheep was stray'd ; and Thou wouldst be  
Euen lost Thyself in seeking me.

IX.

Some will think it hard, that I do not  
 Of a more noble subject than I do  
 And that I have allow'd my self to these  
 Lines all that death and darkness.

X.

I set not my self, Thy rocking bed  
 With my Father, and not with me.  
 Thy pay'd at first with too much pain,  
 To be pay'd twice, or once, in vain.

XI.

Mercy (say I judge), mercy I cry  
 With blushing cheek and bleeding eye  
 The conscious colors of my sin  
 Are red without and pale within.

XII.

O let Time Own soft bowells pay  
 Thy self; and so discharge that day.  
 If Sin can sigh, Loue can forgive:  
 O say the word, my soul shall live.

XIII.

Those mercyes which Thy Mary found,  
 Or who Thy crosse confes't and crown'd;  
 Hope tells my heart, the same loues be  
 Still alive, and still for me.

## XIV.

Though both my prayres and teares combine,  
Both worthlesse are ; for they are mine.  
But Thou Thy bounteous Self still be ;  
And show Thou art, by sauing me.

## XV.

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim  
The flocks of goates to folds of flame,  
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be ;  
Let ' Come ye blessed,' then call me.

## XVI.

When the dread '*Ite*' shall diuide  
Those limbs of death, from Thy left side ;  
Let those life-speaking lipps command  
That I inheritt Thy right hand.

## XVII.

O hear a suppliant heart, all crush't  
And crumbled into contrite dust.  
My hope, my fear ! my Iudge, my Freind !  
Take charge of me, and of my end.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In st. vi. line 4, ' then' is = than, on which cf. our PHINEAS FLETCHER, as before : in st. xvi. line 1, '*Ite*' = 'go ye' of the Vulgate. 1670, st. ii. line 3, misprints 'these' for 'those :'  
st. viii. line 3, 'And Thou would'st be,' *i.e.* didst will to be,—not merely wished to be, but carried out Thy intent. G.



THE TURTLE AND THE HARE

THE TURTLE SAID TO THE HARE, "I AM GOING TO  
RACE YOU TO THE OAK TREE AT THE  
END OF THE HILL. I WILL BE THERE FIRST."  
SAID THE HARE TO HIMSELF,

"I MUST KNOW HOW FAST I CAN GO."  
HE SAID TO HIMSELF, "I WILL TAKE  
A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE WOODS."  
HE RAN VERY FAST AND HE WAS FIRST.

HE SAID TO HIMSELF, "I WILL TAKE  
THE LONG WAY TO SHOW THAT I AM WISE."  
HE WALKED VERY SLOWLY AND HE WAS LAST.  
SAID THE HARE TO ALL  
IN THE WOODS,

"WHAT HAVE HIS WISDOMS WORTH? THE WISE  
LET HIM GO ON;  
O' HIS OWN WISDOMS;  
SAY HE WILL NOT SLEEP  
NOR SPEAK OF THEM TO ANY OF HIS FRIENDS."

\* Appeared originally in "Stories" of 1918 (pp. 197-99); reprinted  
1952 (pp. 32-34) and 1977 (pp. 17-18). Our text is that of 1952, as  
before. In 1918 lines 1 and 2 read "you" for "them" and line 33  
"I had" for "you" (the latter also printed).

Still would the youthfull spirits sing ;  
 And still Thy spacious palace ring ; 20  
 Still would those beauteous ministers of light  
 Burn all as bright.

And bow their flaming heads before Thee :  
 Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee ;  
 Still would those euer-wakefull sons of fire 25  
 Keep warm Thy prayse  
 Both nights and dayes,  
 And teach Thy lou'd name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then doe it's kind ;  
 And giue it self for sport to the proud wind. 30  
 Why should a peice of peeuish clay plead shares  
 In the æternity of Thy old cares ?  
 Why shouldst Thou bow Thy awfull brest to see  
 What mine own madneses haue done with me ?

Should not the king still keepe his throne 35  
 Because some desperate fool's vndone ?  
 Or will the World's illustrious eyes  
 Weep for euery worm that dyes.

Will the gallant sun  
 E're the lesse glorious run ? 40  
 Will he hang down his golden head  
 Or e're the sooner seek his Western bed,  
 Because some foolish fly  
 Growes wanton, and will dy ?





CHARITAS NIMIA, OR THE DEAR BARGAIN.<sup>1</sup>

Lord, what is man ! why should he coste Thee 1  
So dear ! what had his ruin lost Thee ?  
Lord, what is man ! that thou hast ouerbought  
So much a thing of nought ?

Loue is too kind, I see ; and can 5  
Make but a simple merchant-man.  
'Twas for such sorry merchandise,  
Bold painters haue putt out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what wer't to Thee  
If there were no such wormes as we ? 10  
Heau'n ne're the lesse still Heau'n would be,  
Should mankind dwell  
In the deep Hell :  
What haue his woes to doe with Thee ?

Let him goe weep 15  
O're his own wounds ;  
Seraphims will not sleep  
Nor spheares let fall their faithfull rounds.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 107-9) ; reprinted 1652 (pp. 52-54) and 1670 (pp. 176-8). Our text is that of 1652, as before. In 1648 lines 1 and 2 read 'you' for 'thee;' and line 33 'Thou' for 'you,' the latter adopted. G.

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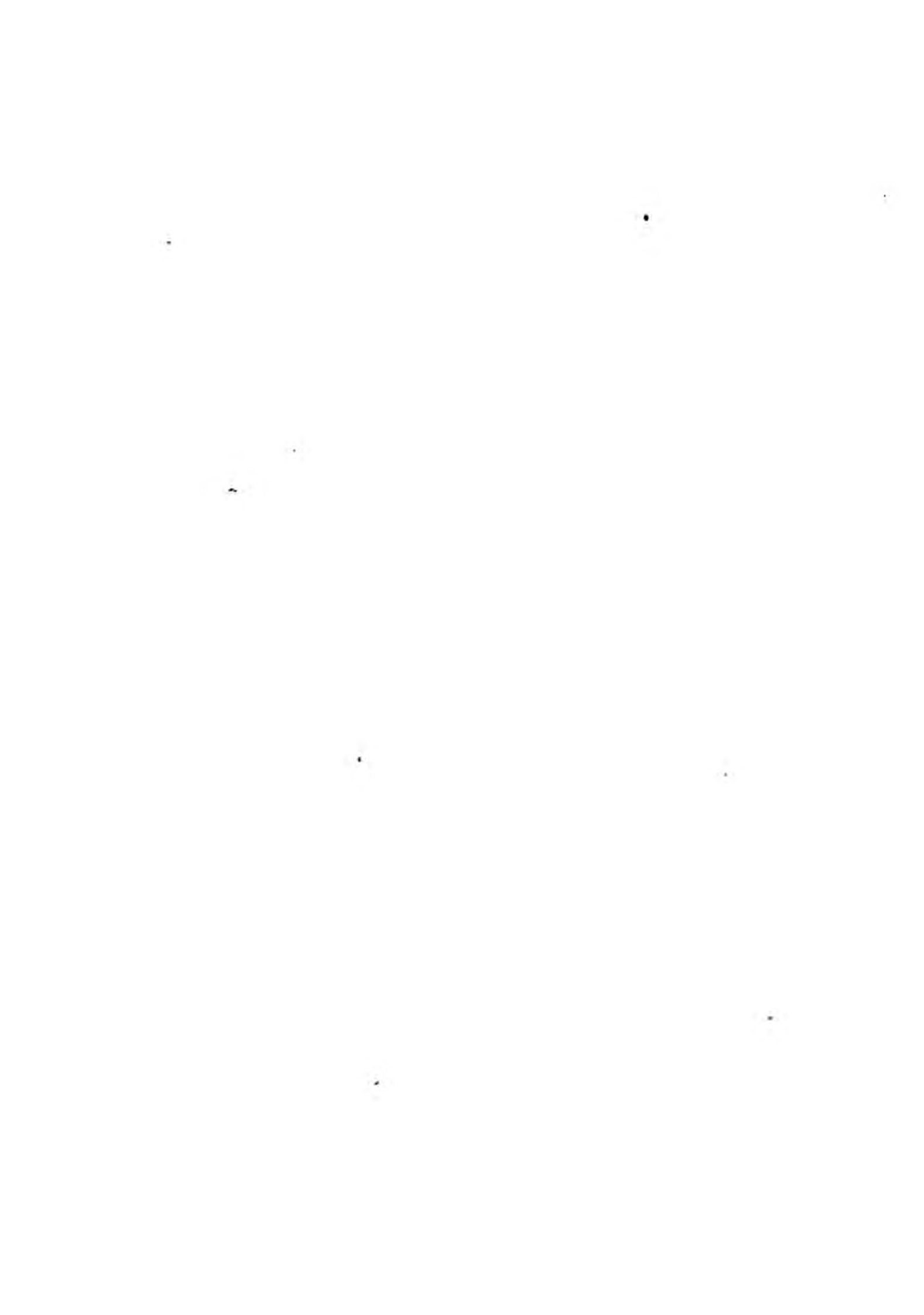
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S. MARIA MAIOR.

*Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi, qui pascitur inter lilia. Cant. ii.*

THE HIMN, O GLORIOSA DOMINA.<sup>1</sup>

HAIL, most high, most humble one ! 1  
About the world, below thy Son ;  
Whose blush the moon beauteously marres  
And staines the timerous light of stares.  
He that made all things, had not done 5  
Till He had made Himself thy Son :  
The whole World's host would be thy guest  
And board Himself at thy rich brest.  
O boundles hospitality !  
The Feast of all things feeds on thee. 10  
    The first Eue, mother of our Fall,  
E're she bore any one, slew all.  
Of her vnkind gift might we haue  
Th' inheritance of a hasty grave :  
Quick-burye'd in the wanton tomb 15  
    Of one forbidden bitt ;  
Had not a better frvit forbidden it.  
    Had not thy healthfull womb

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 109-110); reprinted 1652 (pp. 79-80) and 1670 (pp. 194-5). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition in two forms (one hitherto unknown) from the Bodleian copy. G.





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The World's new eastern window bin,  
 And given vs heau'n again, in giuing Him. 20  
 Thine was the rosy dawn, that spring the Day  
 Which renders all the starres she stole away.  
 Let then the aged World be wise, and all  
 Proue nobly here ymmaturall ;  
 'Tis gratitude to forgett that other 25  
 And call the maiden Eue their mother.  
 Yee redeem'd nations farr and near,  
 Applaud your happy selues in her ;  
 (All you to whom this loue belongs)  
 And keep't aliue with lasting songs. 30  
 Let hearts and lippes speak lowd ; and say  
 Hail, door of life : and sourse of Day !  
 The door was shut, the fountain seal'd ;  
 Yet Light was seen and Life reueal'd.  
 The door was shut, yet let in day, 35  
 The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.  
 Glory to Thee, great virgin's Son  
 In bosom of Thy Father's blisse.  
 The same to Thee, sweet Spirit be done ;  
 As euer shall be, was, and is. Amen. 40

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in 1648 is simply 'The Virgin-Mother:;' in 1679 it is 'The Hymn, O Gloriosa Domina.'

Line 2, 1648 reads 'the Son.'

„ 10, our text (1652) misprints 'the' for 'thee.'

Line 21, I follow here the text of 1648. 1652 reads

'Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day.'

and this is repeated in 1670 and, of course, by TURNBULL.

Line 26, 1648 has 'your' for 'their.'

„ 35 is inadvertently dropped in our text (1652), though the succeeding line (with which it rhymes) appears. I restore it. 1670 also drops it; and so again TURNBULL!

Lines 43-44, 'Because some foolish fly.' This metaphorical allusion to the Fall and its results (as described by MILTON and others) is founded on the dying of various insects after begetting their kind. G.

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HOPE.<sup>1</sup>

HOPE, whose weak beeing ruin'd is 1  
 Alike if it succeed or if it misse!  
 Whom ill and good doth equally confound,  
 And both the hornes of Fate's dilemma wound.  
     Vain shadow; that dost vanish quite 5  
     Both at full noon and perfect night!  
 The starres haue not a possibility  
     Of blessing thee.  
 If thinges then from their end we happy call,  
 'Tis Hope is the most hopelesse thing of all. 10

Hope, thou bold taster of delight!  
 Who in stead of doing so, deuourst it quite.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared first in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 96-9): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 111-113), 1652 (pp. 128-131), and 1670 (pp. 74-77). Our text is that of 1652, as before; with the exception of better readings from 1646, as noted below. See our Memorial Introduction and Essay for notices of the friendship of Cowley and Crashaw. G.



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And th' other chases woman ; while she goes  
 More wayes and turnes then hunted Nature knowes. 40

M. COWLEY.

#### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In all the editions save that of 1652 the respective portions of COWLEY and CRASHAW are alternated as Question and Answer, after a fashion of the day exemplified by PEMBROKE and RUDYARD and others. The heading in 1646, 1648 and 1670 accordingly is 'On Hope. by way of Question and Answer, between A. COWLEY and R. CRASHAW.'

#### *Various readings from 1646 edition.*

- Line 3, 'and' for 'or,' and 'doth' for 'does.'  
 „ 7, 'Fates' for 'starres:' but as Fate occurs in line 4, 'starres' seems preferable.  
 Line 9, 'ends' for 'end.'  
 „ 18, 'so' for 'such.'  
 „ 19, 'doth' for 'does;' adopted.  
 „ 20, 'its' for 'his;' the personification warrants 'his.'  
 „ 25. All the other editions misread  
     'Thine empty cloud, the eye it selfe deceives.'

There can be no question that 'thinne' not 'thine' was the poet's word. Cf. CRASHAW'S reference in his Answer. TURNBULL perpetuates the error.

- Line 30, 'not' for 'for.'  
 „ 33, 'shield' in all the editions save 1652 by mistake.  
 „ 34, 'blows' and 'chymicks' for 'chymick;' the latter adopted.

Line 37, as in line 19.

„ 38, spelled 'laborinths.'

In our Essay see critical remarks showing that COWLEY and CRASHAW revised their respective portions. It seems to have escaped notice that COWLEY himself wrote another poem 'For Hope,' as his former was 'Against Hope.' See it in our Study of Crashaw's Life and Poetry. G.

1000

Fair hope ! Our earlyer Heau'n ! by thee  
 Young Time is taster to Eternity :  
 Thy generous wine with age growes strong, not sowre,  
 Nor does it kill thy fruit, to smell thy flowre.  
     Thy golden, growing head neuer hangs down 25  
     Till in the lappe of Loue's full noone  
 It falls ; and dyes ! O no, it melts away  
     As doth the dawn into the Day :  
 As lumpes of sugar loose themselues, and twine  
 Their subtile essence with the soul of wine. 30

Fortune ! alas, aboue the World's low warres [starres.  
 Hope walks ; and kickes the curld heads of conspiring  
 Her keel cutts not the waues where these winds stirr,  
 Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her.  
     Her shafts and shee, fly farre above, 35  
     And forage in the fields of light and love.  
 Sweet Hope ! kind cheat ! fair fallacy ! by thee  
     We are not where nor what we be,  
 But what and where we would be. Thus art thou  
 Our absent presence, and our future now. 40

Faith's sister ! nurse of fair desire !  
 Fear's antidote ! a wise and well-stay'd fire !  
 Temper 'twixt chill Despair, and torrid Ioy !  
 Queen regent in yonge Loue's minority !  
     Though the vext chymick vainly chases 45  
     His fugitiue gold through all her faces ;





M. CRASHAW'S ANSWER FOR HOPE.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR Hope! Earth's dowry, and Heaun's debt!      1  
 The entity of things that are not yet,  
 Subtlest, but surest being! thou by whom  
 Our nothing has a definition!

    Substantiall shade! whose sweet allay      5  
     Blends both the noones of Night and Day:  
 Fates cannot find out a capacity  
     Of hurting thee.

From thee their lean dilemma, with blunt horn,  
 Shrinks, as the sick moon from the wholesome morn.    10

Rich hope! Love's legacy, vnder lock  
 Of Faith! still spending, and still growing stock!  
 Our crown land lyes aboue, yet each meal brings  
 A seemly portion for the sonnes of kings.

    Not will the virgin ioyes we wed      15  
     Come lesse vnbroken to our bed,  
 Because that from the bridall cheek of Blisse  
     Thou steal'st vs down a distant kisse.

Hope's chaste stealth harmes no more Ioye's maidenhead  
 Then spousal rites preiudge the marriage bed.      20

<sup>1</sup> As with Cowley's lines: see foot-note *ante*, G.

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 As lumpes of sugar loose themselues, and twine  
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     Though the vext chynck vainly chases 45  
     His fugitive gill through ad her lace ;



dent meaning intended. Alas is = exclamation simply, not in our present limitation of it to sorrow. See Epitaph of HERRYS onward, lines 49-52.

Line 33, 'our' for 'these;' the latter necessary in its relation to 'low' not 'law,' the 'winds' being those of the 'warres' of our world.

Line 34, 'And Fate's' for 'Fortune's.'

„ 35-36 dropped by our text (1652) inadvertently.

„ 36, 'or' for 'nor.'

„ 45, 'And' for 'Though.'

„ 47, 'huntresse' for 'hunter;' adopted.

„ 48, 'field' for 'fields.'

„ 49. I prefer 'huntresse' of 1646, 1648 and 1670, to 'hunter' of our text (1652). G.





Sacred Poetry.

II.

AIRELLES

FROM UNPUBLISHED MSS.



Secret Party

1888

1888







### MARY SEEKING JESUS WHEN LOST.

St. Luke ii. 41-52 : *Quærit Jesum suum Maria, &c.* (v. 41.)

AND is He gone, Whom these armes held but now !  
    Their hope, their vow !  
Did euer greife and joy in one poore heart  
    Soe soone change part ?  
Hee's gone ! The fair'st flower that e're bosome drest ;  
    My soule's sweet rest.  
My wombe's chast pride is gone, my heauen-borne boy ;  
    And where is joy ?  
Hee's gone ! and His lou'd steppes to wait vpon,  
    My joy, is gone.  
My joyes, and Hee are gone ; my greife, and I  
    Alone must ly:  
Hee's gone ! not leaving with me, till He come,  
    One smile at home.  
Oh come then, bring Thy mother her lost joy :  
    Oh come, sweet boy !  
Make hast, and come, or e're my greife and I  
    Make hast, and dy.  
Peace, heart ! The heauens are angry, all their spheres  
    Riual thy tears.  
I was mistaken, some faire spurre or other  
    Was Thy lost mother





## THE WOUNDS OF THE LORD JESUS.

IN CICATRICES DOMINI JESU.

COME braue soldjers, come and see  
Mighty Loue's artillery.  
This was the conquering dart ; and loe  
There shines His quiuer, there His bow.  
These the passiuē weapons are,  
That made great Loue, a man of warre.  
The quiver that He bore, did bide  
Soe neare, it prov'd His very side :  
In it there sate but one sole dart,  
A peircing one—His peirced heart.  
His weapons were nor steele, nor brasse,  
The weapon that He wore, He was.  
For bow His vn bent hand did serue,  
Well strung with many a broken nerue.  
Strange the quiver, bow and dart !  
A bloody side, and hand, and heart !  
But now the feild is wonne ; and they  
(The dust of Warrē cleane wip'd away)  
The weapons now of triumph be,  
That were before of Victorie.



And crack the christall globe ; the milkly streame  
 Shall in a siluer raine runne out, whose creame  
 Shall choake the gaping earth, w<sup>ch</sup> then shall fry  
 In flames, & of a burning feuer dy.  
 That wonders may in fashion be, not rare,  
 A Winter's thunder with a groane shall scare,  
 And rouze the sleepy ashes of the dead,  
 Making them skip out of their dusty bed.  
 Those twinckling eyes of heauen, w<sup>ch</sup> eu'n now shin'd,  
 Shall with one flash of lightning be struck blind.  
 The sea shall change his youthfull greene, & slide  
 Along the shore in a graue purple tide.  
 It does praesage, that a great Prince shall climbe,  
 And gett a starry throne before his time.  
 To vs her in this shoale of prodigies,  
 Thy infants, Æolus, will not suffice.  
 Noe, noe, a giant wind, that will not spare  
 To tosse poore men like dust into the aire ;  
 Justle downe mountaines : Kings courts shall be sent,  
 Like bandied balles, into the firmament.  
 Atlas shall be tript vpp, Ioue's gate shall feele  
 The weighty rudenes of his boysterous heele.  
 All this it threats, & more : Horro', that flies  
 To th' empyreum of all miseries.  
 Most tall hyperbole's cannot descry it ;  
 Mischeife, that scornes expression should come nigh it.  
 All this it only threats : the meteor ly'd ;  
 It was exhal'd, a while it hung, & dy'd.



Heaven was asham'd, to see our mother Earth  
Engender with the Night, & teeme a birth  
Soe foule, one minute's light had it but seene,  
The fresh face of the morne had blasted beene.  
Her rosy cheekes you should haue seene noe more  
Dy'd in vermilion blushes, as before :  
But in a vaile of clouds muffing her head  
A solitary life she would haue led.  
Affrighted Phœbus would haue lost his way,  
Giving his wanton palfreys leaue to play  
Olympick games in the' Olympian plaines,  
His trembling hands loosing the golden raines.  
The Queene of night gott the greene sicknes then,  
Sitting soe long at ease in her darke denne,  
Not daring to peepe forth, least that a stone  
Should beate her headlong from her jetty throne.  
Ioue's twinckling tapers, that doe light the world,  
Had beene puft out, and from their stations hurl'd :  
Æol kept in his wrangling sonnes, least they  
With this grand blast should haue bin blowne away.  
Amazèd Triton, with his shrill alarmes  
Bad sporting Neptune to pluck in his armes,  
And leaue embracing of the Isles, least hee  
Might be an actor in this Tragedy.  
Nor should wee need thy crispèd waues, for wee  
An Ocean could haue made t' haue drownèd thee.  
Torrents of salt teares from our eyes should runne,  
And raise a deluge, where the flaming sunne





And least thy blood-shott eyes should lead aside  
 This masse of cruelty, to be thy guide  
 Three coleblack sisters, (whose long suttly haire,  
 And greisly visages doe fright the aire ;  
 When Night beheld them, shame did almost turne  
 Her sable cheekes into a blushing morne,  
 To see some fowler than herselfe) these stand,  
 Each holding forth to light the aery brand,  
 Whose purer flames tremble to be soe nigh,  
 And in fell hatred burning, angry dy.  
 Sly, lurking treason is his bosome freind,  
 Whom faint, & palefac't Feare doth still attend.  
 These need noe invitation, onely thou  
 Black dismall Horro', come ; make perfect now  
 Th' epitome of Hell : oh lett thy pinions  
 Be a gloomy canopy to Pluto's minions.  
 In this infernall Majesty close shrowd  
 Your selues, you Stygian states ; a pitchy clowd  
 Shall hang the roome, & for your tapers bright,  
 Sulphureous flames, snatch'd from æternall night.  
 But rest, affrighted Muse ; thy siluer wings  
 May not row neerer to these dusky rings.<sup>1</sup>  
 Cast back some amorous glances on the cates,  
 That heere are dressing by the hasty Fates,  
 Nay stopp thy cloudy eyes, it is not good,  
 To drowne thy selfe in this pure pearly flood.

<sup>1</sup> May be 'kings;' but the ms. doubtful. G.



Secular Poetry.

I.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

(1646).





### MUSICK'S DUELL.<sup>1</sup>

Now Westward Sol had spent the richest beams      1  
 Of Noon's high glory, when hard by the streams  
 Of Tiber, on the sceane of a greene plat,  
 Vnder protection of an oake, there sate  
 A sweet Lute's-master ; in whose gentle aires      5  
 He lost the daye's heat, and his owne hot cares.  
     Close in the covert of the leaves there stood  
 A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood :  
 (The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,  
 Their Muse, their Syren—harmlesse Syren she !)      10  
 There stood she listning, and did entertaine  
 The musick's soft report, and mold the same  
 In her owne murmures, that what ever mood  
 His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good :

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 103-7); was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 1-5), and 1670 (pp. 81-6). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but all agree. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this poem for other two earlier translations, and our Essay for the original Latin, with critical remarks. In our illustrated quarto edition will be found a pathetic and daintily-rendered illustration, done expressly for us by Mrs. Blackburn of Glasgow, and engraved by W. J. Linton, Esq. G.



With her sweet selfe shee wrangles. Hee amazed  
 That from so small a channell should be rais'd  
 The torrent of a voyce, whose melody 45  
 Could melt into such sweet variety,  
 Straines higher yet ; that tickled with rare art  
 The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)  
 Most kindly doe fall out ; the grumbling base  
 In surly groans disdaines the treble's grace ; 50  
 The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides,  
 Vntill his finger (Moderatour) hides  
 And closes the sweet quarrell, rowsing all,  
 Hoarce, shrill at once ; as when the trumpets call  
 Hot Mars to th' harvest of Death's field, and woo 55  
 Men's hearts into their hands : this lesson too  
 Shee gives him back ; her supple brest thrills out  
 Sharpe aires, and staggers in a warbling doubt  
 Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers o're her skill,  
 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill 60  
 The plyant series of her slippery song ;  
 Then starts shee suddenly into a throng  
 Of short, thicke sobs, whose thundring volleyes float  
 And roule themselves over her lubrick throat  
 In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast, 65  
 That ever-bubbling spring ; the sugred nest  
 Of her delicious soule, that there does lye  
 Bathing in streames of liquid melodie ;  
 Musick's best seed-plot, whence in ripen'd aires  
 A golden-headed harvest fairely reares 70







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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring the integrity and transparency of the financial system. The text highlights that without proper record-keeping, it would be difficult to detect and prevent fraud or mismanagement of funds.

2. The second part of the document focuses on the role of the regulatory body in overseeing the financial institutions. It states that the regulator must ensure that all financial entities comply with the established laws and regulations. This involves conducting regular audits and inspections to verify the accuracy of the reported financial statements and the soundness of the internal controls.

3. The third part of the document addresses the need for a robust legal framework to support the financial system. It argues that clear and enforceable laws are essential for creating a level playing field for all participants and for resolving disputes efficiently. The text suggests that the legal system should be able to handle complex financial transactions and provide a fair and timely resolution of any conflicts that may arise.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the importance of financial literacy and education for the general public. It notes that a well-informed citizenry is better equipped to make sound financial decisions and to hold financial institutions accountable. The text recommends that the government and financial institutions should collaborate to provide accessible and quality financial education programs to all segments of the population.

5. The fifth and final part of the document concludes by reiterating the need for a strong and resilient financial system. It stresses that the success of the economy depends on the stability and confidence of the financial markets. Therefore, it is imperative that all stakeholders work together to address the challenges and opportunities facing the financial system and to ensure its long-term sustainability and growth.



- (b) From 'Characters and Elegies.' By Francis Wortley, knight and baronet: 1646 (p. 66). A Paraphrase upon the Verses which Favianus Strada made of the Lutanist and Philomell in Contestation.

When past the middle orbe the parching sun  
 Had downward neerer our horizon run  
 A Lutanist neere Tiber's streames had found  
 Where the *eccho* did resound.  
 Under a holme a shady bower he made  
 To ease his cares, his severall phancies play'd;  
 The philomell no sooner did the musick hear  
 But straight-wayes she drew neere,  
 The harmlesse byten, musicke of the wood,  
 Had in a leavy-bush, she hearing stood,  
 The rum.mates upon the ayres he paid,  
 And to him answers made,  
 With her short voyce both all his passions for, and  
 Lost not one note, but to his play song right  
 Well pleased to heare her strain, and only he  
 Tries a variety.  
 And takes her with a severall, *eccho* from above  
 Even as the straine that he... out of reach was  
 A thousand wayes he tries the answers all,  
 And for new varieties takes call,  
 He would not wish a string in such a straine  
 To which she warble and the musick play  
 His fingers would the reach in greater choice  
 Than she had with her voyce,  
 The Lutanist admitt not her owne never  
 Out of reach in such a way, to my use  
 But that which he had chosen is not used because  
 she pleases to out of change,  
 A change to her we mean to make, as she  
 If she can so please she has her owne, which she  
 And if she cannot find the best she shall  
 she never made it all,  
 A hundred wayes he tries the answers all  
 And for new varieties takes call  
 He would not wish a string in such a straine  
 To which she warble and the musick play  
 His fingers would the reach in greater choice  
 Than she had with her voyce.







IN THE PRAISE OF THE SPRING :

OUT OF VIRGIL.<sup>1</sup>

ALL trees, all leavy groves confesse the Spring 1  
Their gentlest friend ; then, then the lands begin  
To swell with forward pride, and feed desire  
To generation ; Heaven's Almighty Sire  
Melts on the bosome of His love, and powres 5  
Himselfe into her lap in fruitfull showers.  
And by a soft insinuation, mixt  
With Earth's large masse, doth cherish and assist  
Her weake conceptions. No lone shade but rings  
With chatring birds' delicious murmurings ; 10  
Then Venus' mild instinct (at set times) yields  
The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields  
(Quick with warme Zephyre's lively breath) lay forth  
Their pregnant bosomes in a fragrant birth.  
Each body's plump and jucy, all things full 15  
Of supple moisture : no coy twig but will

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 110-1), and was reprinted in editions 1648 (pp. 7-8) and 1670 (pp. 106-7). Our text is that of 1648, as before, with the exception of 'gentlest' for 'gentle' from 1646 edition (line 2d), which is confirmed by the SANCROFT MS. The MS. in line 10 reads 'chatting:' line 16, I have corrected the usual reading of 'bosome' by 'blosome,' from the SANCROFT MS. The heading of the MS. is 'E Virg. Georg. particula. In laudem Veris. R. Cr.' i.e. Georg. ii. 323-345. G.







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Of things to do, thinke what shall bee

Right fit against thy remedie,

That which makes us have no need

Of physicke, that's phisick indeed.

Heark! father, Reader: would'st thou see      15

Nature her own physician be?

Would'st see a man all his own wealth,

His own phisick, his own health?

A man whose sober soul can tell

How to wear her garments well?

20

Her garments, that upon her sit,

(As garments should) close and fit?

A well-fitted bodice, that's not opprest

Not blacked with what she should be drest?

Whose soul's shield in a crystall shrine,

25

Far off, while all her bright features shine?

As when a piece of wanton lawn,

A thin aerial vail is drawn,

Oh! Beauty's face, seeming to hide,

More sweetly shows the blushing bride:

30

A soul, whose soft celestial beams

No mists do mask, no lurie steams?

A happy soul, that all the way

To Heaven, hath a Summer's day?

Would'st see a man whose well-warm'd blood      35

Bathes him in a genuine flood?

A man, whose tuned humours be

A set of rarest harmonie?

Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile  
 Age? Would'st see December smile? 40  
 Would'st see a nest of roses grow  
 In a bed of reverend snow?  
 Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering  
 Winter's self into a Spring?  
 In summe, would'st see a man that can 45  
 Live to be old, and still a man?  
 Whose latest, and most leaden houres,  
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres;  
 And when Life's sweet fable ends,  
 His soul and bodie part like friends: 50  
 No quarrels, murmures, no delay:  
 A kisse, a sigh, and so away?  
 This rare one, Reader, would'st thou see,  
 Heark hither: and thyself be he.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Besides the reprint of 1646 as *supra*, this poem appeared in 1648 (pp. 8, 9), 1652 (pp. 126-8), where it is entitled 'Temperance. Of the Cheap Physitian, vpon the Translation of Lessivs (pp. 126-8):' and 1670 (pp. 108-9 and pp. 207-8, being inadvertently printed twice). These variations are noticeable:

Line 1, in 1648 and 1652, 'Goe now and with . . .'

„ 2, in 1670, 'the' for 'thy;' and TURNBULL, as usual, repeats the error.

Line 3, in 1648 'pretious' for 'cruel:' so 1670 in 2d copy.

„ 9, ib. 'last' for 'length,' and 1670 'gaine' for 'get' in 2d copy.

Lines 11, 12, this couplet is inadvertently dropped in 1648. I adopt 'gainst' for 'against' from SANCROFT MS. in line 12.

Line 15, ib. 'wilt' for 'wouldst.'

„ 18, 'physick' in 1646, 1648 and 1670 (1st copy); but

Goe poore man, thinke what shall bee  
 Remedic 'gainst thy remedie,  
 That which makes us have no need  
 Of phisick, that's phisick indeed.

Heark hither, Reader : would'st thou see 15  
 Nature her own physician be ?

Would'st see a man all his own wealth,  
 His own musick, his own health ?  
 A man, whose sober soul can tell  
 How to wear her garments well ? 20

Her garments, that upon her sit,  
 (As garments should do) close and fit ?

A well clothed soul, that's not opprest  
 Nor choked with what she should be drest ?

Whose soul's sheath'd in a crystall shrine, 25  
 Through which all her bright features shine ?

As when a piece of wanton lawn,  
 A thin aerial vail is drawn,

O're Beauty's face : seeming to hide,  
 More sweetly shows the blushing bride : 30

A soul, whose intellectuall beams  
 No mists do mask, no lazie steams ?

A happie soul, that all the way  
 To Heav'n, hath a Summer's day ?

Would'st see a man whose well-warm'd blood 35  
 Bathes him in a genuine flood ?

A man, whose tunèd humours be  
 A set of rarest harmonic ?



Handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.

Licke his proud feet, and haste into the seas 5  
 Through the great mouth that's nam'd from Hercules)  
 A band of men, rough as the armes they wore  
 Look't round, first to the sea, then to the shore.  
 The shore that shewed them, what the sea deny'd,  
 Hope of a prey. There to the maine-land ty'd 10  
 A ship they saw ; no men she had, yet prest  
 Appear'd with other lading, for her brest  
 Deep in the groaning waters wallowed  
 Vp to the third ring : o're the shore was spread  
 Death's purple triumph ; on the blushing ground 15  
 Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd  
 In their owne blood's deare deluge : some new dead ;  
 Some panting in their yet warme ruines bled,  
 While their affrighted soules, now wing'd for flight  
 Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light. 20  
 Those yet fresh streames which crawlèd every where  
 Shew'd that sterne Warre had newly bath'd him there.  
 Nor did the face of this disaster show  
 Markes of a fight alone, but feasting too :  
 A miserable and a monstrous feast, 25  
 Where hungry Warre had made himself a guest :  
 And comming late had eat up guests and all,  
 Who prov'd the feast to their owne funerall &c.



11

12

13

His skin as with a fiery blushing  
 High-colour'd is ; his eyes still flushing 20  
 With nimble flames ; and though his mind  
 Be ne're so curst, his tongue is kind :  
 For never were his words in ought  
 Found the pure issue of his thought.  
 The working bees' soft melting gold, 25  
 That which their waxen mines enfold,  
 Flow not so sweet as doe the tones  
 Of his tun'd accents ; but if once  
 His anger kindle, presently  
 It boyles out into cruelty, 30  
 And fraud : he makes poor mortalls' hurts  
 The objects of his cruell sports.  
 With dainty curles his froward face  
 Is crown'd about : But O what place,  
 What farthest nooke of lowest Hell 35  
 Feeles not the strength, the reaching spell  
 Of his small hand ? Yet not so small  
 As 'tis powerfull therewithall.  
 Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,  
 And like a saucy bird he hovers 40  
 With wanton wing, now here, now there,  
 'Bout men and women, nor will spare  
 Till at length he perching rest,  
 In the closet of their brest.  
 His weapon is a little bow, 45  
 Yet such a one as—Jove knows how—



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 High-colour'd is ; his eyes still flushing 20  
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VPON BISHOP ANDREWS' PICTURE BEFORE  
HIS SERMONS.<sup>1</sup>

THIS reverend shadow cast that setting sun,                    1  
Whose glorious course through our horizon run,  
Left the dimme face of this dull hemispheare,  
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great teare.  
Whose faire, illustrious soule, led his free thought            5  
Through Learning's vniverse, and (vainly) sought  
Room for her spacious selfe, untill at length  
Shee found the way home, with an holy strength ;  
Snatch't her self hence to Heaven: fill'd a bright place,  
'Mongst those immortall fires, and on the face            10  
Of her great Maker fixt her flaming eye,  
There still to read true, pure divinity.

<sup>1</sup> The first edition of Bishop Andrewes' Sermons was published in 1629. Its title was 'XCVI Sermons by the Right Honourable and Reverend Father in God, Launcelot Andrewes, late Lord Bishop of Winchester.' It is dedicated to the King by Laud and Buckeridge, Bishop of Ely, the latter adding a funeral sermon. It has no frontispiece. LOWNDES, as other bibliographers, does not seem to have known the edition of 1629. He calls that of 1631 the first, while it was the second; and he says it had a frontispiece, which is incorrect, if I may judge from a number of copies personally examined. The third edition (1635) I have not seen: but in the quarto (1641) appears a frontispiece-portrait, having the lines above, but no name or initials. Line 8 TURNBULL misprints 'and, with holy.' G.

Ne're suff'ed, yet his little arrow,  
 Of Heaven's high'st arches to fall narrow,  
 The gold that on his quiver smiles,  
 Doo'ves men's fears with flattering wiles. 50  
 But O—t' so well my wounds can tell—  
 With bitter shafts 'tis sav'e't too well,  
 He is all cruell, cruell all,  
 His torch imperious though but small  
 Makes the sunne of flames the sire— 55  
 Worse than sunburnt in his fire,  
 Wheresoe're you chance to find him  
 Ceaze him, bring him—but first bind him—  
 Pity not him, but feare thy selfe  
 Though thou see the crafty elfe, 60  
 Tell down his silver drops unto thee :  
 They'r counterteit, and will undoe thee,  
 With baited smiles if he display  
 His tawning cheeks, looke not that way,  
 If he offer sugred kisses, 65  
 Start, and say, the serpent hisses,  
 Draw him, drag him, though he pray  
 Woe, intreat, and crying say  
 Prethee, sweet, now let me go,  
 Here's my quiver, shafts and bow, 70  
 Ile give thee all, take all ; take heed  
 Lest his kindnesse make thee bleed.  
 What e're it be Loue offers, still presume  
 That though it shines, 'tis fire and will consume.



VPON BISHOP ANDREWS' PICTURE BEFORE  
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For a silver-crownèd head  
 A durty pillow in Death's bed.  
 For so deare, so deep a trust, 15  
 Sad requitall, thus much dust!  
 Now though the blow that snatch him hence,  
 Stopt the mouth of Eloquence :  
 Though shee be dumbe e're since his death,  
 Not us'd to speake but in his breath ; 20  
 Leaving his death vngarnishèd  
 Therefore, because hee is dead  
 Yet if at least shee not denyes,  
 The sad language of our eyes,  
 Wee are contented : for then this 25  
 Language none more fluent is.  
 Nothing speakes our griefe so well  
 As to speak nothing. Come then tell  
 Thy mind in teares who e're thou be,  
 That ow'st a name to misery. 30  
 Eyes are vocall, teares have tongues,  
 And there be words not made with lungs ;  
 Sententious showres : O let them fall,  
 Their cadence is rhetoricall.  
 Here's a theame will drinke th' expence, 35  
 Of all thy watry eloquence.  
 Weepe then ! onely be exprest  
 Thus much, ' he's dead : ' and weep the rest.



To them shee gave the first and fairest beame  
 That waited on her birth : she gave to them  
 The purest pearles, that wept her evening death ;  
 The balmy Zephirus got so sweet a breath           20  
 By often kissing them. And now begun  
 Glad Time to ripen Expectation :  
 The timorous maiden-blossomes on each bough  
 Peept forth from their first blushes ; so that now  
 A thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each bud,           25  
 And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood  
 Fixt in delight, as if already there  
 Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden Yeare  
 His crowne expected : when, (O Fate ! O Time !  
 That seldome lett'st a blushing youthfull prime   30  
 Hide his hot beames in shade of silver age,  
 So rare is hoary Vertue) the dire rage  
 Of a mad storme these bloomy joyes all tore,  
 Ravisht the maiden blossoms, and downe bore  
 The trunke. Yet in this ground his pretious root   35  
 Still lives, which when weake Time shall be pour'd out  
 Into Eternity, and circular joyes  
 Dance in an endlesse round, again shall rise  
 The faire son of an ever-youthfull Spring,  
 To be a shade for angels while they sing ;           40  
 Meane while who e're thou art that passest here,  
 O doe thou water it with one kind teare.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header.

Main body of handwritten text, appearing to be a list or series of entries with some numerical markers on the right side.

Printed text at the bottom of the page, likely a page number or footer.

Why then should it e're be seen  
 That his should fade, while thine is green? 20  
 And wilt thou (O, cruell boast!)  
 Put poore Nature to such cost?  
 O, twill undoe our common mother,  
 To be at charge of such another.  
 What? thinke me to no other end 25  
 Gracious heavens do use to send  
 Earth her best perfection,  
 But to vanish, and be gone?  
 Therefore onely given to day  
 To-morrow to be snatch't away? 30  
 I've seen indeed the hopefull bud  
 Of a ruddy rose that stood  
 Blushing, to behold the ray  
 Of the new-saluted Day:  
 (His tender toppe not fully spread) 35  
 The sweet dash of a shower new shead,  
 Invited him, no more to hide  
 Within himselfe the purple pride  
 Of his forward flower; when lo,  
 While he sweetly 'gan to show  
 His swelling gloryes, Auster spide him, 40  
 Cruell Auster thither hy'd him,  
 And with the rush of one rude blast,  
 Sham'd not, spitefully to wast  
 All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,  
 And lay them trembling at his feet. 45

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Lest for griefe his losse may move  
 All her births abortive proue. 75

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Essay for notice of 'Mr. Herrys.' In the SANCROFT ms. the heading is 'An Elegie on Mr. Herris. R. Cr.' It offers these variations: lines 1 and 2, 'doest:' line 18, 'his' for 'he;' adopted: line 29, 'given' for 'give;' adopted: line 36, 'new' for 'now;' adopted from 1648: line 50, the ms. reads 'rugged' for 'ruddy;' adopted: line 58, 'ah' for 'O;' adopted: line 60, 'And let:' lines 70-71 added from the ms., where in the margin is written 'not printed.' G.

ANOTHER.<sup>1</sup>

If ever Pitty were acquainted 1  
 With sterne Death; if e're he fainted,  
 Or forgot the cruell vigour  
 Of an adamantine rigour;  
 Here, O, here we should have knowne it, 5  
 Here, or no where, hee'd have showne it.  
 For hee, whose pretious memory  
 Bathes in teares of every eye;  
 Hee, to whom our Sorrow brings  
 All the streames of all her springs; 10  
 Was so rich in grace, and nature,  
 In all the gifts that blesse a creature;

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 36-7): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 23-4) and 1670 (pp. 91-3). Our text is that of 1648; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G





In the darke volume of our fate,  
 Whence each lease of life hath date,  
 Where in sad particulars  
 The totall summe of man appeares,  
 And the short clause of mortall breath, 45  
 Bound in the period of Death :  
 In all the booke if any where  
 Such a tearme as this, ' Spare here,'  
 Could been found, 'twould have been read,  
 Writ in white letters o're his head : 50  
 Or close unto his name annex,  
 The faire glosse of a fairer text.  
 In briefe, if any one were free  
 Hee was that one, and onely hee.  
 But he, alas ! even hee is dead, 55  
 And our hope's faire harvest spread  
 In the dust. Pitty, now spend  
 All the teares that Griefe can lend.  
 Sad Mortality may hide  
 In his ashes all her pride ; 60  
 With this inscription o're his head,  
 ' All hope of never dying here is dead.'

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The **SANCROFT MS.** furnishes these variations : line 1, ' was :'  
 line 26, ' t' have :'  
 line 34, ' quotes' for ' notes :'  
 l. 42, ' lease' for ' leafe ;'  
 adopted : line 49 omits rightly the first ' have' and spells ' bin ;'  
 the former adopted : line 50, ' wrote :'  
 line 62, ' is' for ' lyes ;'  
 adopted : line 23, ' steely' - hard as steel, or, as we say, iron-hearted.  
 The **SANCROFT MS.** writes the two poems as one. **G.**



HIS EPIGRAM<sup>1</sup>

PASSEYER, who e'er thou art  
Stay a while, and let thy heart  
Take acquaintance of this stone,  
But ere thou passest further on,  
This stone will tell thee, that beneath,  
Is cut and'd the crime of Death;  
The ripe old wrinkles of whose mind  
Left his yeares so much behind,  
That numbering of his vertues' praise,  
Death lost the reckoning of his dayes :  
And believing what they told,  
Imagin'd him exceeding old.  
In him Perfection did set forth  
The strength of her united worth.  
Him his wisdom's pregnant growth  
Made so reverend, even in youth,  
That in the center of his brest  
(Sweet as is the phoenix' nest)

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 38-9); was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 24-6) and 1679 (93-4). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The *Saxenour* ms. is headed 'Epitaphium in eundem R. Cr.' Line 31, *TURBULL* misprints 'breast' for 'breath,' G.

Every reconcilèd Grace  
 Had their generall meeting-place. 20  
 In him Goodnesse joy'd to see  
 Learning learne Humility.  
 The splendor of his birth and blood  
 Was but the glosse of his owne good.  
 The flourish of his sober youth 25  
 Was the pride of naked truth.  
 In composure of his face,  
 Liv'd a faire, but manly grace.  
 His mouth was Rhetorick's best mold,  
 His tongue the touchstone of her gold. 30  
 What word so e're his breath kept warme,  
 Was no word now but a charme :  
 For all persuasive Graces thence  
 Suck't their sweetest influence.  
 His vertue that within had root, 35  
 Could not chuse but shine without.  
 And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,  
 At each corner peeping forth,  
 Pointed him out in all his wayes,  
 Circled round in his owne rayes : 40  
 That to his sweetnesse, all men's eyes  
 Were vow'd Love's flaming sacrifice.  
 Him while fresh and fragrant Time  
 Cherisht in his golden prime ;  
 E're Hebe's hand had overlaid 45  
 His smooth checkes with a downy shade ;

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(Pillow hard, and sheetes not warm)  
 Loue made the bed; they'l take no harm;  
 Let them sleep: let them sleep on, 15  
 Till this stormy night be gone,  
 And the æternall morrow dawn;  
 Then the curtaines will be drawn  
 And they wake into a light,  
 Whose Day shall neuer sleepe in Night. 20

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'Epitaphium Conjugum vnâ mortuor. et sepultor. R. CR.' It was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (p. 26), where it is entitled as *supra*, and 1670 (p. 95). Our text is that of 1648, which yields the five lines (11-14), and which ELLIS in his 'Specimens' (iii. 208, 1845) introduced from a MS. copy, but as doubtful from not having appeared in any of the editions; a mistake on his part, as the lines appear in 1648 and 1652. His note is, nevertheless, 'The lines included in brackets are in *no printed edition*: they were found in a MS. copy, and are perhaps not Crashaw's.' As usual, TURNBULL overlooked them. I add a few slight various readings from 1646.

Line 2, 'the.'

„ 5, 'sever.'

„ 6, 'Because they both liv'd but one life.'

„ 10, I accept 'that' in 1646 and SANCROFT MS. as it is confirmed by HARLEIAN MS. 6917-18, as before.

Line 17, I adopt 'And' for 'Till' from 1648.

„ 19, 'waken with that Light,' and so SANCROFT MS.: 1648 reads 'And they wake into that Light:'. HARLEIAN MS. as before, 'And they waken with.'

Line 20, 'sleep' for 'dy,' which I adopt as agreeing with the 'wake,' and as being confirmed by HARLEIAN MS. as before. G.

11

12

13

14

15

Lesser and lesser yet ; till thou begin  
 To show a face, fitt to confesse thy kin,  
 Thy neighbourhood to Nothing !  
 Proud lookes, and lofty eyliddes, here putt on 20  
 Your selues in your vnfaign'd reflexion ;  
 Here, gallant ladyes ! this vnpartiall glasse  
 (Through all your painting) shows you your true face.  
 These death-seal'd lippes are they dare giue the ly  
 To the lowd boasts of poor Mortality ; 25  
 These curtain'd windows, this retirèd eye  
 Outstares the liddes of larg-look't Tyranny.  
 This posture is the braue one, this that lyes  
 Thus low, stands vp (me thinkes) thus and defies  
 The World. All-daring dust and ashes ! only you 30  
 Of all interpreters read Nature true.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These various readings are worthy of record :

Line 7 in our text (1652) is misprinted as two lines, the first ending with 'blood,' a repeated blunder of the Paris printer. It reads also 'the' for 'ye' of 1646. I adopt the latter. I have also cancelled 'and' before 'blood' as a misprint.

Line 8 in 1652 is misprinted 'svlken' for 'sylken.'

„ 12, ib. 'thy self,' and so in 1648 and 1670 : 'bulke' from 1646 is preferable, and so adopted.

Line 15, 1646 has 'small' for 'lean,' which is inferior.

„ 16, our text (1652) misspells 'narrow.'

„ 19, in 1646 the readings here are,

'Thy neighbourhood to nothing ! here putt on  
 Thy selfe in this unfeign'd reflection.'

1648 and our text as given. 'Nothing' is intended to rhyme with 'kin' and 'begin,' and so to form a triplet.

Line 23, our text (1652), 1648 and 1670 read 'Though ye



1917

1917

Received of the Treasurer of the  
Board of Directors of the  
City of New York the sum of  
\$1000.00 for the year 1917.

Witness my hand and seal of office  
this 1st day of January 1917.  
Mayor of the City of New York

Received of the Treasurer of the  
Board of Directors of the  
City of New York the sum of  
\$1000.00 for the year 1917.

*[Handwritten signature]*



ON A FOULE MORNING, BEING THEN TO  
TAKE A JOURNEY.<sup>1</sup>

WHERE art thou Sol, while thus the blind-fold Day 1  
Staggers out of the East, loses her way  
Stumbling on Night? Rouze thee illustrious youth,  
And let no dull mists choake thy Light's faire growth.  
Point here thy beames: O glance on yonder flocks, 5  
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks.  
Vnfold thy faire front, and there shall appeare  
Full glory, flaming in her owne free spheare.  
Gladnesse shall cloath the Earth, we will instile  
The face of things, an universall smile. 10  
Say to the sullen Morne, thou com'st to court her;  
And wilt command proud Zephirus to sport her  
With wanton gales: his balmy breath shall licke  
The tender drops which tremble on her cheeke;  
Which rarified, and in a gentle raine 15  
On those delicious bankes distill'd againe,  
Shall rise in a sweet Harvest, which discloses  
Two ever-blushing bed[s] of new-borne roses.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in *Steps* of 1646 (pp. 45-6); was reprinted in *Delights* of 1648 (pp. 28-9) and 1670 (pp. 101-2). Our text is that of 1646, as before; but see *Notes and Illustrations* at close of the poem. G.

He'll tan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,  
 And friske in curl'd meanders: hee will throw 20  
 A fragrant breath suckt from the spicy nest  
 O' th' pretious phoenix, warme upon her breast.  
 Hee with a dainty and soft hand will trim  
 And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim  
 In silken volumes; wheresoe're shee'l tread, 25  
 Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.

Rise then (faire blew-ey'd maid!) rise and discover  
 Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.  
 See how hee runs, with what a hasty flight,  
 Into thy bosome, bath'd with liquid light. 30  
 Fly, fly prophane fogs, farre hence fly away,  
 Faint not the pure streames of the springing Day,  
 With your dull influence; it is for you  
 To sit and scoule upon Night's heavy brow,  
 Not on the fresh cheekes of the virgin Morne, 35  
 Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joyes are worne.  
 Fly then, and doe not thinke with her to stay;  
 Let it suffice, shee'l weare no maske to day.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the *Syncefort* ms. this is headed 'An Invitation to faire weather. In itinere adurgeretur matutinum cælum tali carmine invitabatur serenitas. R. Cn.' In line 12 the ms. reads 'smooth' for 'proud' (*Textus* here, after 1670, as usual misreads 'demand' for 'command'); line 18 corrects the misreading of all the editions, which is 'To every blushing . . .'; line 23 reads 'soft and dainty'; line 36, 'is' for 'are;' other orthographic differences only.

The opening lines of this poem seem to be adapted from remembrance of the Friar's in *Romeo and Juliet* :

'The grey-eyed Moria smiles on the frowning Night  
And flecked Darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth Day's path and Titan's burning wheels.' (ll. 3.)

Line 4, in HARLEIAN MS. 6917-18 reads, as I have adopted, 'thy' for 'the.'

Line 5, ib. 'on yond faire.'

" 7, ib. 'Unfold thy front and then . . .'

" 9, instile is = instill, used in Latin sense of drop into or upon: HARLEIAN MS., as before, is 'enstille.'

Line 14, HARLEIAN MS., as before, 'thy' for 'her.'

" 16, ib. 'these.'

" 17-18, ib.

and disclose  
the new-born rose.'

See our Essay for critical remarks. G.

## TO THE MORNING:

SATISFACTION FOR SLEEPE.<sup>1</sup>

WHAT succour can I hope my Muse shall send  
Whose drowsinesse hath wrong'd the Muses' friend?  
What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,  
Vnlesse the Muse sing my apologie?  
O in that morning of my shame! when I  
Lay folded up in Sleepe's captivity,  
How at the sight did'st thou draw back thine eyes,  
Into thy modest veyle? how didst thou rise

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 47-8); was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 30-1) and 1679 (pp. 102-3). Our text is that of 1648, as before: but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

Twice dy'd in thine owne blushes ! and did'st run  
 To draw the curtaines, and awake the sun !           10  
 Who, rowzing his illustrious tresses, came,  
 And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame  
 His head in thy faire bosome, and still hides  
 Mee from his patronage : I pray, he chides :  
 And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take       15  
 My owne Apollo, try if I can make  
 His Lethè be my Helicon : and see  
 If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on mee.  
 Hence 'tis, my humble fancie finds no wings,  
 No nimble rapture starts to Heaven, and brings       20  
 Enthusiasticke flames, such as can give  
 Marrow to my plumpe genius, make it live  
 Drest in the glorious madnesse of a Muse,  
 Whose feet can walke the milky way, and chuse  
 Her stary throne ; whose holy heats can warme       25  
 The grave, and hold up an exalted arme  
 To lift me from my lazy vrne, to climbe  
 Vpon the stoopèd shoulders of old Time,  
 And trace Eternity-- But all is dead,  
 All these delicious hopes are buried               30  
 In the deepe wrinkles of his angry brow,  
 Where Mercy cannot find them : but O thou  
 Bright lady of the Morne ! pittie doth lye  
 So warme in thy soft brest, it cannot dye.  
 Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise       35  
 O meet the angry God, invade his eyes,

And stroake his radiant checkes ; one timely kisse  
 Will kill his anger, and revive my blisse.  
 So to the treasure of thy pearly deaw,  
 Thrice will I pay three teares, to show how true 40  
 My griefe is ; so my wakefull lay shall knocke  
 At th' orientall gates, and duly mocke  
 The early larkes' shrill orizons, to be  
 An anthem at the Daye's nativitie.  
 And the same rosie-finger'd hand of thine, 45  
 That shuts Night's dying eyes, shall open mine.  
     But thou, faint God of Sleepe, forget that I  
 Was ever known to be thy votary.  
 No more my pillow shall thine altar be,  
 Nor will I offer any more to thee 50  
 My selfe a melting sacrifice ; I'me borne  
 Againe a fresh child of the buxome Morne,  
 Heire of the sun's first beames. Why threat'st thou so ?  
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden scepter ? goe,  
 Bestow thy poppy upon wakefull Woe, 55  
 Sicknesse, and Sorrow, whose pale lidds ne're know  
 Thy downie finger ; dwell upon their eyes,  
 Shut in their teares : shut out their miseries.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1646, line 1, for 'shall' reads 'will:' ib. in HARLEIAN MS. as before, 'my' for 'the Muse;' which I adopt here, but not in next line: line 9, ib. 'thy:' line 11, illustrious is = lustrous, radiant: HARLEIAN MS. as before, line 19, 'this my humble:' line 20, 1646 misprints 'raptures:' line 27, 1670 has 'and



LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.

241

Ah, my heart, her eyes, and shee,           15  
 Have taught thee new astrologie.  
 How e're Love's native houres were set,  
 What ever starry synod met,  
 'Tis in the mercy of her eye,  
 If poore Love shall live or dye.           20

If those sharpe rayes putting on  
 Points of death, bid Love be gon :  
 (Though the Heavens in counsell sate  
 To crowne an uncontroulèd fate,  
 Though their best aspects twin'd upon       25  
 The kindest constellation,  
 Cast amorous glances on his birth,  
 And whisper'd the confederate Earth  
 To pave his pathes with all the good,  
 That warmes the bed of youth and blood)   30  
 Love hath no plea against her eye :  
 Beauty frownes, and Love must dye.

But if her milder influence move,  
 And gild the hopes of humble Love :  
 (Though Heaven's inauspicious eye       35  
 Lay blacke on Love's nativitie ;  
 Though every diamond in Iove's crowne  
 Fixt his forehead to a frowne :)  
 Her eye, a strong appeale can giue,  
 Beauty smiles, and Love shall live.       40



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A SONG :

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.<sup>1</sup>

To thy lover  
Deere, discover  
That sweet blush of thine that shameth  
—When those roses  
It discloses—  
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free ayre,  
Flow thy haire ;  
That no more Summer's best dresses,  
Bee beholden  
For their golden  
Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

O deliver  
Love his quiver ;  
From thy eyes he shoots his arrowes :  
Where Apollo  
Cannot follow :  
Featherd with his mother's sparrowes.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 123-4), along with the other two (pp. 125-6): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 35-7) and 1670 (pp. 117-19). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. G.

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and the state of the economy.  
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should be read carefully.

All his terrors to affright mee :  
 Thine eyes' Graces  
 Gild their faces,  
 And those terrors shall delight mee.

When my dying  
 Life is flying,  
 Those sweet aires that often slew mee  
 Shall revive mee,  
 Or reprove mee,  
 And to many deaths renew mee.

---

 OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

LOVE now no fire hath left him, 1  
 We two betwixt us have divided it.  
 Your eyes the light hath reft him,  
 The heat commanding in my heart doth sit.<sup>1</sup>  
 O that poore Love be not for ever spoyled, 5  
 Let my heat to your light be reconciled.

So shall these flames, whose worth  
 Now all obscurèd lyes :  
 —Drest in those beames—start forth  
 And dance before your eyes. 10

<sup>1</sup> TURNBULL glaringly misprints 'The heart commanding in my heart,' and in line 15, 'O love;' the latter after 1670 as usual, the former his own. G.

The first edition of this work was published in 1652, and was the first of a series of editions which have since appeared. The work is a collection of poems, and is one of the most valuable of the English classics. It was first published in London, and has since been published in many other places. The work is now in the public domain, and is free for all to use.

THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, ESQ. BY JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ. IN TWO VOLUMES. THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED. LONDON, 1791.

This is a biography of the famous lexicographer, Samuel Johnson, written by his friend and biographer, James Boswell. It is one of the most interesting and valuable biographies of the English language.

A postscript to the first edition of this work, in the work celebrated, was published in 1791, and is now in the public domain. It is a valuable addition to the work, and is free for all to use. The work is now in the public domain, and is free for all to use.

Let Nature die, (Phoenix-like) from death  
 Revivèd Nature takes a second breath;  
 If on Time's right hand, sit faire Historie, 5  
 If from the seed of emptie Ruine, she  
 Can raise so faire an harvest; let her be  
 Ne're so farre distant, yet Chronologie  
 (Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can  
 Out-stare the broad-beam'd daye's meridian) 10  
 Will have a perspicill to find her out,  
 And, through the night of error and dark doubt,  
 Discerne the dawne of Truth's eternall ray,  
 As when the rosie Morne budds into Day.

Now that Time's empire might be amply fill'd, 15  
 Babel's bold artists strive (below) to build  
 Ruine a temple; on whose fruitfull fall  
 History reares her pyramids, more tall  
 Than were th' Aegyptian (by the life these give,  
 Th' Egyptian pyramids themselves must live): 20

M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge (2d s. vol. iv. p. 286). One is thankful to have the claim confirmed by the non-presence of the poem in the SANCROFT MS., where only the above shorter one appears as by CRASHAW. Lines 5-8 of RAINBOW's poem it was simply impossible for our singer to have written. I add the other at close of CRASHAW's, as some may be curious to read it: but as the details of the grotesque 'Frontispiece' are celebrated by RAINBOW, not CRASHAW, I have departed from my intention of reproducing it in our illustrated quarto edition, the more readily in that I have much increased otherwise therein the reproductions announced. RAINBOW contributed to the University Collections along with CRASHAW, MORE, BEAUMONT, E. KING, &c. &c. See our Essay on Life and Poetry. G.



Set then your eyes in method, and behold 15  
 Time's embleme, Saturne ; who, when store of gold  
 Coynd the first age, devour'd that birth, he fear'd ;  
 Till History, Time's eldest child appear'd ;  
 And Phoenix-like, in spight of Saturne's rage,  
 Forc'd from her ashes, heyres in every age. 20  
 From th' Rising Sunne, obtaining by just suit,  
 A Spring's ingender, and an Autumne's fruit.  
 Who in those Volumes at her moti3n pend,  
 Vnto Creation's Alpha doth extend.  
 Againe ascend, and view Chronology, 25  
 By optick skill, pulling farre History  
 Neerer ; whose Hand the piercing Eagle's eye  
 Strengthens, to bring remotest objects nigh.  
 Vnder whose feet, you see the Setting Sunne,  
 From the darke Gnomon, o're her volumes runne, 30  
 Drown'd in eternall night, never to rise,  
 Till Resurrection show it to the eyes  
 Of Earth-worne men ; and her shrill trumpet's sound  
 Affright the Bones of mortals from the ground.  
 The Columnes both are crown'd with either Sphere,  
 To show Chronology and History beare, 36  
 No other Culmen than the double Art,  
 Astronomy, Geography, impart.



On these she lifts the world ; and on their base  
 Shows the two termes, and limits of Time's race :  
 That, the creation is ; the judgement, this ;  
 That, the World's morning ; this, her midnight is.

## NOTE.

As explained in preceding Note, I add here the poem so long  
 mis-assign'd to CRASHAW.

ON THE FRONTISPIECE OF ISAACSON'S  
 CHRONOLOGIE EXPLAINED.

By DR. EDWARD RAINBOW, BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

It with distinctive eye, and mind, you looke      1  
 Vpon the Front, you see more than one Booke,  
 Creation is God's Booke, wherein He writ  
 Each creature, as a letter filling it.  
 History is Creation's Booke ; which shoves      5  
 To what effects the Series of it goes.  
 Chronologic's the Booke of Historie, and beares  
 The just account of Dayes, Moneths, and Yeares.  
 But Resurrection, in a later Presse,  
 And New Edition, is the summe of these.      10  
 The Language of these Bookes had all been one,  
 Had not th' aspiring Tower of Babylon  
 Contus'd the tongues, and in a distance hurl'd  
 As late the speech, as men, o' th' new fill'd world.

Set then your eyes in method, and behold 15  
 Time's embleme, Saturne ; who, when store of gold  
 Coynd the first age, devour'd that birth, he fear'd ;  
 Till History, Time's eldest child appear'd ;  
 And Phœnix-like, in spight of Saturne's rage,  
 Forc'd from her ashes, heyres in every age. 20  
 From th' Rising Sunne, obtaining by just suit,  
 A Spring's ingender, and an Autumne's fruit.  
 Who in those Volumes at her motiõn pend,  
 Vnto Creation's Alpha doth extend.  
 Againe ascend, and view Chronology, 25  
 By optick skill, pulling farre History  
 Neerer ; whose Hand the piercing Eagle's eye  
 Strengthens, to bring remotest objects nigh.  
 Vnder whose feet, you see the Setting Sunne,  
 From the darke Gnomon, o're her volumes runne, 30  
 Drown'd in eternall night, never to rise,  
 Till Resurrection show it to the eyes  
 Of Earth-worne men ; and her shrill trumpet's sound  
 Affright the Bones of mortals from the ground.  
 The Columnes both are crown'd with either Sphere,  
 To show Chronology and History beare, 36  
 No other Culmen than the double Art,  
 Astronomy, Geography, impart.



To th' Church he did allow her dresse,  
 True Beauty, to true Holinesse.  
 Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend  
 Her hand to bring him to his end.  
 When Age and Death call'd for the score,     25  
 No surfets were to reckon for.  
 Death tore not—therefore—but sans strife  
 Gently untwin'd his thread of life.  
 What remains then, but that thou  
 Write these lines, Reader, in thy brow,     30  
 And by his faire example's light,  
 Burne in thy imitation bright.  
 So while these lines can but bequeath  
 A life perhaps unto his death ;  
 His better Epitaph shall bee,     35  
 His life still kept alive in thee.

---

 OUT OF CATULLUS.<sup>1</sup>

COME and let us live my deare,     1  
 Let us love and never feare,  
 What the sowrest fathers say :  
 Brightest Sol that dyes to day

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 132-3), and was reprinted in 1648 (p. 42); but not in 1670. Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The original is found in *Carm.* v. = 2. The *SANCROFT* m.s. reads line 4 'Blithest:' line 9 'numerous:' line 12 'A:' line 17 'our.' G.



2. Where ere she lye,  
Lock't up from mortall eye, 5  
In shady leaves of Destiny ;
3. Till that ripe birth  
Of studied Fate stand forth,  
And teach her faire steps tread our Earth ;
4. Till that divine 10  
Idæa, take a shrine  
Of chrystall flesh, through which to shine ;
5. Meet you her, my wishes,  
Bespeake her to my blisses,  
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses. 15
6. I wish her, beauty  
That owes not all its duty  
To gaudy tire or glistring shoo-ty.
7. Something more than  
Taffata or tissew can, 20  
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.
8. More than the spoyle  
Of shop, or silkeworme's toyle,  
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.
9. A face that's best 25  
By its owne beauty drest,  
And can alone commend the rest.



18. Each ruby there,  
Or pearle that dares appeare,  
Be its own blush, be its own teare.
19. A well tam'd heart, 55  
For whose more noble smart,  
Love may be long chusing a dart.
20. Eyes, that bestow  
Full quivers on Love's bow ;  
Yet pay lesse arrowes than they owe. 60
21. Smiles, that can warme  
The blood, yet teach a charme,  
That Chastity shall take no harme.
22. Blushes, that bin  
The burnish of no sin, 65  
Nor flames of ought too hot within.
23. Ioyes, that confesse,  
Vertue their mistresse,  
And have no other head to dresse.
24. Feares, fond, and flight, 70  
As the coy bride's, when Night  
First does the longing lover right.
25. Teares, quickly fled,  
And vaine, as those are shed  
For a dying maydenhead. 75





## WISHES.

257

34. Her flattery,  
Picture and Poesy,  
Her counsell her owne vertue be. 100
35. I wish her store  
Of worth may leave her poore  
Of wishes ; and I wish——no more. 105
36. Now if Time knowes  
That her, whose radiant browes  
Weave them a garland of my vowes ;
37. Her whose just bayes,  
My future hopes can raise, 110  
A trophie to her present praise ;
38. Her that dares be,  
What these lines wish to see :  
I seeke no further : it is she.
39. 'Tis she, and here 115  
Lo I uncloth and cleare,  
My wishes cloudy character.
40. May she enjoy it,  
Whose merit dare apply it,  
But Modesty dares still deny it. 120
41. Such worth as this is  
Shall fixe my flying wishes,  
And determine them to kisses.

26. Days, that need borrow,  
 Ne part of their good morrow,  
 From a fore spent night of sorrow.
27. Days, that in spite  
 Of darkness, by the light 80  
 Of a clear mind are day all night.
28. Nights, sweet as they,  
 Made short by lovers play,  
 Yet long by th' absence of the day.
29. Life, that dares send 85  
 A challenge to his end,  
 And when it comes say, Welcome friend!
30. Sylvian showers  
 Or sweet discourse, whose powers  
 Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. 90
31. Soft silken hours;  
 Open sunnes; shady bowers;  
 To veill, nothing within that lowers.
32. What ere delight  
 Can make Daye's forehead bright, 95  
 Or give downe to the wings of Night.
33. In her whole frame,  
 Have Nature all the name,  
 Art and ornament the shame.

WISHES.

257

34. Her flattery,  
Picture and Poesy,  
Her counsel her owne vertue be. 100
35. I wish her store  
Of worth may leave her poore  
Of wishes; and I wish——no more. 105
36. Now if Time knowes  
That her whose radiant browes  
Weave them a garland of my vowes,
37. Her woe not halpe,  
My future hope can save,  
A tryall to her present grace; 110
38. Her paine can ease,  
What time shee shall be free,  
I wish no further to be seen
39. To see her face  
In I shall see her face,  
If I shall see her face
40. To see her face  
In I shall see her face,  
If I shall see her face 120
41. To see her face  
In I shall see her face,  
If I shall see her face





TO THE QUEEN :

AN APOLOGIE FOR THE LENGTH OF THE FOLLOWING PANEGYRICK.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN you are mistresse of the song, 1  
Mighty queen, to thinke it long,  
Were treason 'gainst that majesty  
Your Vertue wears. Your modesty  
Yet thinks it so. But ev'n that too 5  
—Infinite, since part of you—  
New matter for our Muse supplies,  
And so allowes what it denies.  
Say then dread queen, how may we doe  
To mediate 'twixt your self and you? 10  
That so our sweetly temper'd song  
Nor be too sort, nor seeme to[o] long.  
Needs must your noble prayses' strength  
That made it long excuse the length.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 'Voces Votivæ ab Academicis Cantabrigiensibus pro novissimo Carolo et Mariæ principe filio emissæ. Cantabrigiæ: apud Rogerum Daniel. MDCXL.' This poem did not appear in the edition of 1646; but it did in that of 1648 (p. 48). Not having been reprinted in 1670, it was overlooked by TURNBULL. Our text is from 1648; but the only variation from the original in 'Voces Votivæ' is in line 7, 'to' instead of 'for.' G.



TO THE QUEEN.

BY ON BEHALF OF HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY A LANE YARRICK.<sup>1</sup>

BRITAIN! the mighty Ocean's lovely bride! 1  
Now stretch thy soft, fair isle, and grow: spread wide  
Thy bosom, and make room. Thou art oppress'd  
With thine own Idles, and art strangely blest  
Beyond thy self: for (oh! the gods, the gods 5  
Come fast upon thee: and those glorious ods  
Swell thy full measure to a pitch so high  
As sits above thy best capacity.

Are they not ods! and glorious! that to thee  
Those mighty geni throng, which well might be 10  
Each one an Age's labour! that thy dayes  
Are gilded with the union of those rays  
Whose each divided beam would be a sunne  
To glad the sphere of any Nation?  
Sure, if for these thou mean'st to find a seat, 15  
Th' hast need, O Britain, to be truly Great.

And so thou art: their presence makes thee so:  
They are thy greatness. Gods, where-e're they go,

<sup>1</sup> Appeared as in last piece: 1648 (pp. 49-53), 1670 (pp. 97-100). Our text is that of 1648, as before, which corrects TURNBULL in many places as well in errors of commission as of omission; the latter extending to no fewer than forty-nine entire lines, in addition to the "Apologie" of fourteen lines. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, G.

Bring their Heav'n with them : their great footsteps  
place

An everlasting smile upon the face 20  
Of the glad Earth they tread on : while with thee  
Those beames that ampliate mortalitie,  
And teach it to expatiate and swell  
To majestie and fulnesse, deign to dwell,  
Thou by thy self maist sit, (blest Isle) and see 25  
How thy great mother Nature dotes on thee.  
Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,  
And seem'd to make an Isle, but made a World.

Time yet hath dropt few plumes since Hope turn'd  
Joy,

And took into his armes the princely boy, 30  
Whose birth last blest the bed of his sweet mother,  
And bad us first salute our prince, a brother.

*The Prince and Duke of York.*

Bright Charles ! thou sweet dawn of a glorious Day !  
Centre of those thy grandsires (shall I say,  
Henry and James ? or, Mars and Phœbus rather ? 35  
If this were Wisdome's god, that War's stern father ;  
'Tis but the same is said : Henry and James  
Are Mars and Phœbus under diverse names) :  
O thou full mixture of those mighty souls  
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the poles 40  
Of Peace and War ; thou, for whose manly brow  
Both lawrels twine into one wreath, and woo



Look thy girl into some sweet print; O see,  
 The rosy and the lively lips that smile in thee,  
 Art taken it and transferr'd by thy great mother: 45  
 So, as thy rosy shadow see thy brother,  
 Thy little chin in lesser trace in these cune  
 The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.  
 From the same snowy alabaster rock  
 These hands and thine were hewn: those cherries 50  
     in kin  
 Those full of thy lips: then wert of all  
 This well-wrought engine the fair principall.

*Lady Mary.*

Firstly, great Nature, didst thou brag, and tell  
 How ev'n the last drawn that faithfull parallel,  
 And nam'd thy masterpiece: O then go on, 55  
 Make such another sweet comparison.  
 Seest thou that Marie there? O teach her mother  
 To shew her to her self in such another.  
 Follow this wonder too; nor let her shine  
 Alone; light such another star, and twine 60  
 Their rosie beams, that so the Morn for one  
 Vow'd, may have a constellation.

*Lady Elizabeth.*

These words scarce waken'd Heaven, when—  
     lo!—our vows  
 Sat crown'd upon the noble infant's brows.





*To the Queen.*

But stay ; what glimpse was that ? why blusht  
the Day ?

115

Why ran the started aire trembling away ?  
Who's this that comes circled in rayes that scorn  
Acquaintance with the sun ? what second morn  
At midday opes a presence which Heaven's eye  
Stands off and points at ? Is't some deity 120  
Stept from her throne of starres, deignes to be seen ?  
Is it some deity ? or is't our queen ?

'Tis she, 'tis she : her awfull beauties chase  
The Day's abashèd glories, and in face  
Of noon wear their own sunshine. O thou bright 125  
Mistresse of wonders ! Cynthia's is the Night ;  
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day  
(Nor does thy sun deny't) our Cynthia.

Illustrious sweetnesse ! in thy faithfull wombe,  
That nest of heroes, all our hopes find room. 130  
Thou art the mother-phenix, and thy brest  
Chast as that virgin honour of the East,  
But much more fruitfull is ; nor does, as she,  
Deny to mighty Love, a deitie.  
Then let the Eastern world brag and be proud 135  
Of one coy phenix, while we have a brood,  
A brood of phenixes : while we have brother  
And sister-phenixes, and still the mother.

And may we long ! Long may'st thou live t'increase  
The house and family of phenixes. 140

Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light  
 Ere prove the dismall morning of thy night :  
 Ne're may a birth of thine be bought so dear  
 To make his costly cradle of thy beer.

O may'st thou thus make all the year thine own, 145  
 And see such names of joy sit white upon  
 The brow of every mouth ! and when th' hast done,  
 Mayst in a son of his find every son  
 Repeated, and that son still in another,  
 And so in each child, often prove a mother. 150  
 Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean  
 Vpon thy royall elm (fair vine !) and when  
 The Heav'ns will stay no longer, may thy glory  
 And name dwell sweet in some eternall story !

Pardon (bright Excellence,) an untun'd string, 155  
 That in thy cares thus keeps a murmuring.  
 O speake a lowly Muse's pardon, speake  
 Her pardon, or her sentence ; onely breake  
 Thy silence. Speake, and she shall take from thence  
 Numbers, and sweetnesse, and an influence 160  
 Confessing thee. Or (if too long I stay,)  
 O speake thou, and my pipe hath nought to say :  
 For see Apollo all this while stands mute,  
 Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.

But gods are gracious ; and their altars make 165  
 Pretious the offrings that their altars take.

Give then this rurall wreath fire from thine eyes,  
This rurall wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This poem was originally entitled (as *supra*) 'Upon the Duke of York's Birth.' As new children were born additions were made to it and the title altered. Cf. the Latin poem in our vol. ii. *ad Reginam*.

The children celebrated were the following: Charles James, born May 13, 1628, died the same day; the Queen's first child: Charles II., born May 29, 1630: James, who is placed before his sister Mary, who was older than he; born Oct. 14, 1633; afterwards James II.: Princess Mary, born Nov. 4, 1631, afterwards mother of William III.: Princess Elizabeth, born Dec. 28, 1635; died of grief at her father's tragical end, Sept. 8, 1650; was buried in the church at Newport, Isle of Wight, where her remains were found in 1793. Vaughan the Silurist has a fine poem to her memory (our edition, vol. ii. pp. 115-17): Anne, born March 17, 1636-7; she died Dec. 8, 1640 (Crashaw from first to last keeps Death out of his poem): Henry, born July 8, 1640, afterwards Duke of Gloucester and Earl of Cambridge. Henrietta Anne, born June 16, 1644, is not named.

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Line 50, 1646 oddly misprints 'these Cherrimock.'

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Line 52, 1646, 'art' for 'wert.'  
 .. 54, ib. 'may'st' for 'did'st.'  
 .. 55, ib. 'th' art' for 'th' hadst.'  
 .. 64-70 restored from 1648. Not in SANCROFT MS.  
 .. 74, 1646, 'pearls' for 'tears.' So the SANCROFT MS.  
 .. 78-118, all these lines—most characteristic—restored from 1648. TURNBULL overlooked them. Not in the SANCROFT MS.

Line 140, 1670 drops a line here, and thus confuses,

'A brood of phœnixes, and still the in other;  
 And I may we long: long may'st thou live t' encrease  
 The house,' &c.

PEREGRINE PHILLIPS in his selections from CRASHAW (1785), following the text of 1670, says in a foot-note, 'A line seems wanting, but is so in the original copy.' TURNBULL follows suit and says, 'Here a line seems deficient.' If either had consulted the 'original' editions, which both professed to know, it would have saved them from this and numerous kindred blunders.

Line 145, 1646, 'light' for 'life.'

.. 151, ib. 'that's.'

.. 170, ib. 'their' for 'the offerings.'

In line 27 'Thee therefore &c.' is a thought not unfrequent with the panegyrists of James. BEN JONSON makes use of it at least twice. In the Masque of Blackness we have,

'With that great name Britania, this blest isle  
 Hath won her ancient dignity and style;  
 A world divided from a world, and tried  
 The abstract of it, in his general pride.'

SHAKESPEARE used the same thought more nobly when he made it the theme of that glorious outburst of patriotism from the lips of the dying Gaunt. G.





VPON TWO GREENE APRICOCKES SENT TO  
COWLEY BY SIR CRASHAW.<sup>1</sup>

TAKE these, Time's tardy truants, sent by me           1  
To be chastis'd (sweet friend) and chide by thee.  
Pale sons of our Pomona ! whose wan cheekes  
Have spent the patience of expecting weekes,  
Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show           5  
The redd, but of the blush to thee they ow.  
By thy comparriſon they ſhall put on  
More Summer in their ſhame's reflection,  
Than ere the fruitfull Phœbus' flaming kiſſes  
Kindled on their cold lips. O had my wiſhes       10  
And the deare merits of your Muſe, their due,  
The yeare had found ſome fruit early as you ;  
Ripe as thoſe rich compoſures Time computes  
Blooſſoms, but our bleſt taſt confeſſes fruits.  
How does thy April-Autumne mocke theſe cold     15  
Progreſſions 'twixt whoſe termes poor Time grows old !

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 1648 'Delights;' but is not given in 1670 edition. Line 14 is an exquisitely-turned allusion to COWLEY's title-page of his juvenile Poems, 'Poetical Blossoms,' 1633. 'Apricocks' = apricots. So HERRICK in the 'Maiden Blush,'

'So cherries blush, and katherne peares,  
And *apricocks*, in youthfull yeares.'

(Works, by HAZLITT, vol. ii. p. 287.) G.

What! should I see thee seated by the traine  
 Of children of the morning? What! should I see thee  
 At the feet of Paracelsus, with his beard  
 15      19  
 Whose fruit and blossoms had all those the same length,  
 In whom the spring of the impatient youth,  
 Nature's quicklinks might easily mend her growth,  
 Could stand in all her virtues but to grieve thee,  
 For the young blood grows pale and leide,  
 No fault should I have thee to smile on thee      25  
 Young master of the World's maturity  
 But such who se such one's virtues what they borrow  
 Of himes to day, pay back again to morrow,  
 No need be doubtfull: How then must these  
 30  
 If it writes to keep up at thy Hesperides!  
 Fading will I like their slownesse, but in their  
 Defects I draw mine own dull character,  
 Take them, and live in them acknowledging,  
 How much my Summer waites upon thy Spring.





## ALEXIAS :

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FORSAKEN WIFE OF SAINTE ALEXIS.<sup>1</sup>

### THE FIRST ELEGIE.

I LATE the Roman youth's loud prayse and pride,     1  
Whom long none could obtain, though thousands try'd ;  
Lo, here am left (alas !) For my lost mate  
T' embrace my teares, and kisse an vnkind fate.  
Sure in my early woes starres were at strife,     5  
And try'd to make a widow ere a wife.  
Nor can I tell (and this new teares doth breed)  
In what strange path, my lord's fair footsteppes bleed.  
O knew I where he wander'd, I should see  
Some solace in my sorrow's certainty :     10  
I'd send my woes in words should weep for me,  
(Who knowes how powerfull well-writt praises would  
Sending's too slow a word ; myselfe would fly.     [be.]  
Who knowes my own heart's woes so well as I ?

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1648 (pp. 67-8) : was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 115-120) and 1670 (pp. 200-4). Our text is that of 1652, as before ; but see various readings at close of the poems. See also our Essay for critical remarks. Our poet translates from the Latin of FRANCIS REMOND. G.



I'm wedded o're again since thou art gone ;  
 Nor couldst thou, cruell, leaue me quite alone.  
 Alexis' widdow now is Sorrow's wife, 5  
 With him shall I weep out my weary life.  
 Wellcome, my sad-sweet mate ! Now haue I gott  
 At last a constant Loue, that leaues me not :  
 Firm he, as thou art false ; nor need my cries  
 Thus vex the Earth and teare the beauteous skyes. 10  
 For him, alas ! n'ere shall I need to be  
 Troublesom to the world thus as for thee :  
 For thee I talk to trees ; with silent groues  
 Expostulate my woes and much-wrong'd loues ;  
 Hills and relentlesse rockes, or if there be 15  
 Things that in hardnesse more allude to thee,  
 To these I talk in teares, and tell my pain,  
 And answer too for them in teares again.  
 How oft haue I wept out the weary sun !  
 My watry hour-glasse hath old Time's outrunne. 20  
 O I am learnèd grown : poor Loue and I  
 Haue study'd ouer all Astrology ;  
 I'm perfect in Heaun's state ; with euery starr  
 My skillfull greife is grown familiar.  
 Rise, fairest of those fires ; what'ere thou be 25  
 Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me.  
 Such as the sacred light that e'rst did bring  
 The Eastern princes to their infant King,  
 O rise, pure lamp ! and lend thy golden ray  
 That weary Loue at last may find his way. 30



Loue's truest knott by Venus is not ty'd,  
 Nor doe embraces onely make a bride.  
 The queen of angels (and men chaste as you)  
 Was maiden-wife and maiden-mother too. 30  
 Cecilia, glory of her name and blood,  
 With happy gain her maiden-vowes made good :  
 The lusty bridegroom made approach ; young man  
 Take heed (said she) take heed, Valerian !  
 My bosome's guard, a spirit great and strong, 35  
 Stands arm'd, to sheild me from all wanton wrong ;  
 My chastity is sacred ; and my Sleep  
 Wakefull, her dear vowes vndefil'd to keep.  
 Pallas beares armes, forsooth ; and should there be  
 No fortresse built for true Virginitie ? 40  
 No gaping Gorgon, this : none, like the rest  
 Of your learn'd lyes. Here you'll find no such iest.  
 I'm your's : O were my God, my Christ so too,  
 I'd know no name of Loue on Earth but you.  
 He yeilds, and straight baptis'd, obtains the grace 45  
 To gaze on the fair souldier's glorious face.  
 Both mixt at last their blood in one rich bed  
 Of rosy martyrdome, twice married.  
 O burn our Hymen bright in such high flame,  
 Thy torch, terrestriall Loue, haue here no name. 50  
 How sweet the mutuall yoke of man and wife,  
 When holy fires maintain Loue's heaunly life !  
 But I (so help me Heaun my hopes to see)  
 When thousands sought my loue, lou'd none but thee.





Secular Poetry.

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II.

AIRELLES.





UPON THE KING'S CORONATION.<sup>1</sup>

SOUND forth, coelestiall organs, let heauen's quire  
Ravish the dancing orbes, make them mount higher  
With nimble capers, & force Atlas tread  
Vpon his tiptoes, e're his siluer head  
Shall kisse his golden curthen. Thou glad Isle,  
That swim'st as deepe in joy, as seas, now smile ;  
Lett not thy weighty glories, this full tide  
Of blisse, debase thee ; but with a just pride  
Swell : swell to such an height, that thou maist vye  
With heauen itselſe for stately majesty.  
Doe not deceiue mee, eyes : doe I not see  
In this blest earth heauen's bright epitome,  
Circled with pure refinèd glory ? heere  
I view a rising sunne in this our sphere,  
Whose blazing beames, maugre the blackest night,  
And mists of greife, dare force a joyfull light.  
The gold, in w<sup>ch</sup> he flames, does well præſage  
A precious season, & a golden age.  
Doe I not see joy keepe his revels now,  
And sitt triumphing in each cheerfull brow ?

<sup>1</sup> Charles I. See our Essay on this and kindred poems, and their relation to the Latin royal poems. G.



With a black maske : the clouds with child by Greife  
Traueld th' Olympian plaines to find releife.  
But at the last (having not soe much power  
As to refraine) brought forth a costly shower  
Of pearly drops, & sent her numerous birth  
(As tokens of her greife) vnto the Earth.  
Alas, the Earth, quick drunke with teares, had reel'd  
From of her center, had not Ioue vpheld  
The staggering lumpe : each eye spent all its store,  
As if heereafter they would weepe noe more :  
Streight from this sea of teares there does appeare  
Full glory flaming in her owne free sphere.  
Amazèd Sol throwes of his mournfull weeds,  
Speedily harnessing his fiery steeds,  
Vp to Olympus' stately topp he hies,  
From whence his glorious rivall hee espies.  
Then wondring starts, & had the curteous night  
Withheld her vaile, h' had forfeited his sight.  
The joyfull sphæres with a delicious sound  
Afright th' amazèd aire, and dance a round  
To their owne musick, nor (untill they see  
This glorious Phœbus sett) will quiet bee.  
Each aery Siren now hath gott her song,  
To whom the merry lambes doe tripp along  
The laughing meades, as joyfull to behold  
Their winter coates couer'd with flaming gold.  
Such was the brightnesse of this Northerne starre,  
It made the virgin phœnix come from farre



But then, alas, my heart! oh how shall I  
 Cure thee of thy delightfull tympanie?  
 I cannot hold; such a spring-tide of joy  
 Must haue a passage, or 'twill force a way.  
 Yet shall my loyall tongue keepe this comānd:  
 But giue me leaue to ease it with my hand.  
 And though these humble lines soare not soe high,  
 As is thy birth; yet from thy flaming eye  
 Drop downe one sparke of glory, & they'l proue  
 A præsent worthy of Apollo's loue.  
 My quill to thee may not præsume to sing:  
 Lett th' hallowed plume of a seraphick wing  
 Bee consecrated to this worke, while I  
 Chant to my selfe with rustick melodie.

Rich, liberall heauen, what hath yo' treasure store  
 Of such bright angells, that you giue vs more?  
 Had you, like our great sunne, stampèd but one  
 For earth, t' had beene an ample portion.  
 Had you but drawne one liuely cobby forth,  
 That might interpret our faire Cynthia's worth,  
 Y' had done enough to make the lazy ground  
 Dance, like the nimble spheres, a joyfull round.  
 But such is the cœlestiall excellence,  
 That in the princely patterne shines, from whence  
 The rest pourtraicted are, that 'tis noe paine  
 To ravish heauen to limbe them o're againe.  
 Wittnesse this mapp of beauty; euery part  
 Of w<sup>ch</sup> doth show the quintessence of art.





Thou deseru'st thy life to loose,  
For distracting such a Muse.  
Was it thy ambitious aime  
By thy death to purchase fame?  
Didst thou hope he would in pittie  
Haue bestow'd a funerall ditty  
On thy ghoast? and thou in that  
To haue outliuèd Virgill's gnatt?  
No! The treason thou hast wrought  
Might forbid thee such a thought.  
If that Night's worke doe miscarry,  
Or a syllable but vary;  
A greater foe thou shalt me find,  
The destruction of thy kind.  
Phœbus, to revenge thy fault,  
In a fiery trapp thee caught;  
That thy wingèd mates might know it,  
And not dare disturbe a poet.  
Deare and wretched was thy sport,  
Since thyselfe was crushèd for't;  
Scarcely had that life a breath,  
Yet it found a double death;  
Playing in the golden flames,  
Thou fell'st into an inky Thames;  
Scorch'd and drown'd. That petty sunne  
A pretty Icarus hath vndone.



FROM PETRONIUS.<sup>1</sup>

*Ab's Phasiusis petita Colchus, &c.*

The bird that's fetch't from Phasis fould,  
Or choicest hennes of Africk-brood ;  
These please our palates ; and why these ?  
'Cause they can but seldome please.  
Whil'st the goose soe goodly white,  
And the drake, yeeld noe delight,  
Though his wings' conceited hewe  
Paint each feather, as if new.  
These for vulgar stomacks be,  
And relish not of rarity.  
But the dainty Searus, sought  
In farthest elime ; what e're is bought  
With shipwrack's toile, oh, that is sweet,  
'Cause the quicksands hansell'd it.  
The pretious barbill, now growne rife,  
Is cloying meat. How stale is wife ?  
Deare wife hath ne're a handsome letter,  
Sweet mistris sounds a great deale better.  
Rose quakes at name of cinnamon.  
Unlesse't be rare, what's thought vpon ?

<sup>1</sup> Petronius, Satyricon, cap. 93. G.



While from another (vnseen) corner blowes  
 The stroke of fate, to w<sup>h</sup> his life he owes ;  
 By Parthians low the soldier lookes to die,  
 (Whose hands are fighting, while their feet doe flie.)  
 The Parthian starts at Rome's imperiall name,  
 Flodg'd with her eagle's wing : the very chaine  
 Of his captivity rings in his eares.  
 Thus, ô thus fondly doe wee pitch our feares  
 Faire distant from our fates, our fates, that mocke  
 Our giddy feares with an vnlook't for shocke.

A little more, & I had surdy scene  
 Thy greisly Majesty, Hell's blackest Queene ;  
 And Cæcus on his tribunall too,  
 Sitting the soules of guilt : & you, (oh you !)  
 You euer blushing meales, where doe the blest  
 Faire from darke horrors home appeale to rest.  
 There amorous Sappho plaines vpon her lute  
 Her loue's crosse fortune, that the sad dispute  
 Runnes murmuring on the strings. Alcæus there  
 In high-built numbers wakes his golden lyre  
 To tell the world, how hard the matter went,  
 How hard by sea, by warre, by banishment.  
 There these brane soules deale to each wondring eare  
 Such words, soe precious, as they may not weare  
 Without religious silence ; aboue all  
 Warre's rattling tumults, or some tyrant's fall.  
 The thronging clotted multitude doth feast :  
 What wonder ? when the hundred-headed beast

Hangs his black lugges, stroakt with those heavenly  
 lines ; *ears*  
 The Furies' curl'd snakes meet in gentle twines,  
 And stretch their cold limbes in a pleasing fire.  
 Prometheus selfe, and Pelops stervèd sire  
 Are cheated of their paines ; Orion thinkes  
 Of lions now noe more, or spotted linx.

## EX EUPHORMIONE.

*O Dea, siderei seu tu stirps alma tonantis, &c.*

BRIGHT goddesse (whether Jove thy father be,  
 Or Jove a father will be made by thee)  
 Oh crowne these praiera (mov'd in a happy bower)  
 But with one cordiall smile for Cloe. That power  
 Of Loue's all-daring hand, that makes me burne,  
 Makes me confess't. Oh, doe not thou with scorne,  
 Great nymph, o'relooke my lownesse. Heau'n you know  
 And all their fellow-deities will bow  
 Eu'n to the naked'st vowes. Thou art my fate ;  
 To thee the Parcaë haue given vp of late  
 My threds of life : if then I shall not live  
 By thee, by thee yet lett me die ; this giue,  
 High Beautie's soveraigne, that my funerall flames  
 May draw their first breath from thy starry beames.  
 The phoenix' selfe shall not more proudly burne,  
 That fetcheth fresh life from her fruitfull vrne.



AN ELEGY VPON THE DEATH OF  
MR. STANNINOW,

FELLOW OF QUEENE'S COLLEDGE.<sup>1</sup>

HATH aged winter, fledg'd with feathered raine,  
To frozen Caucasus his flight now tane ?  
Doth hee in downy snow there closely shrowd  
His bedrid limmes, wrapt in a fleecy clowd ?  
Is th' Earth disrob'd of her apron white,  
Kind Winter's guilt, & in a greene one dight ?  
Doth she beginne to dandle in her lappe  
Her painted infants, fodd with pleasant pappe,  
W<sup>ch</sup> their bright father in a pretious showre  
From heaven's sweet milky streame doth gently poure ?  
Doth blith Apollo cloath the heavens with joye,  
And with a golden waue wash cleane away  
Those durty smutches, w<sup>ch</sup> their faire fronts wore,  
And make them laugh, w<sup>ch</sup> frown'd, & wept before ?  
If heaven hath now forgot to weepe ; ô then  
What meane these shoures of teares amongst vs men ?  
These cataracts of griefe, that dare eu'n vie  
With th' richest clowds their pearly treasurie ?

<sup>1</sup> See notice of Stannough in our Essay, as before. G.

If Winters gone, whence this vntimely cold,  
 That on these snowy limmes hath laid such hold?  
 What more than winter hath that dire art found,  
 These purple currents hedg'd with violets round.  
 To corrallize, w<sup>ch</sup> softly wont to slide  
 In crimson waueletts, & in scarlet tide?  
 If Flora's darlings now awake from sleepe,  
 And out of their greene mantletts dare to peepe  
 O tell me then, what rude outragious blast  
 Forc't this prime flowre of youth to make such hast?  
 To hide his blooming glories, & bequeath  
 His balmy treasure to the bedd of death?  
 'Twas not the frozen zone; one sparke of fire,  
 Shott from his flaming eye, had thaw'd its ire,  
 And made it burne in loue: 'twas not the rage,  
 And too vngentle nippe of frosty age:  
 'Twas not the chast, & purer snow, whose nest  
 Was in the mōdest nunnery of his brest:  
 Noe, none of these ravish't those virgin roses,  
 The Muses, & the Graces fragrant posies.  
 W<sup>ch</sup>, while they smiling sate vpon his face,  
 They often kist, & in the sugred place  
 Left many a starry teare, to thinke how soone  
 The golden harvest of our joyes, the noone  
 Of all our glorious hopes should fade,  
 And be eclipsèd with an envious shade.  
 Noe 'twas old doting Death, who stealing by,  
 Dragging his crooked burthen, look't awry,



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 Dragging his crooked burthen, look't awry,



How out of tune the world now lies,  
 Since youth must fall, when it should rise !  
 Gone be all consort, since alone  
 He that once bore the best part's gone.  
 Whose whole life, musick was ; wherein  
 Each vertue for a part came in.  
 And though that musick of his life be still,  
 The musick of his name yett soundeth shrill.

AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF DR. PORTER.<sup>1</sup>

STAY, silver-footed Came, striue not to wed  
 Thy maiden streames soe soone to Neptune's bed ;  
 Fixe heere thy wat'ry eyes upon these towers,  
 Vnto whose feet in reuerence of the powers,  
 That there inhabite, thou on euery day  
 With trembling lippes an humble kisse do'st pay.  
 See all in mourning now ; the walles are jett,  
 With pearly papers carelesly besett.  
 Whose snowy cheekes, least joy should be exprest,  
 The weeping pen with sable teares hath drest.  
 Their wrongèd beauties speake a tragœdy,  
 Somewhat more horrid than an elegy.  
 Pure, & vnmixèd cruelty they tell,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> poseth Mischeife's selfe to parallel.  
 Justice hath lost her hand, the law her head ;  
 Peace is an orphan now ; her father's dead.

<sup>1</sup> See our Essay, as before, for notice of PORTER. G.

He host's nurse, Vertue's blest guardian,  
 That heavenly mortall, that seraphick man.  
 His sigh is said, now, if thou canst crowd on  
 Thy lazy crawling streames, pri'thee be gone,  
 And murther forth thy woes to euery flower,  
 That on thy bankes sits in a verdant bower,  
 And is instructed by thy glassy waue  
 To paint its perfum'd face w<sup>th</sup> colours braue.  
 In vailles of dust their silken heads they'le hide,  
 As if the oft-departing sunne had dy'd.  
 Goe learne that fatall quire, soe spruceely dight  
 In downy surplisses, & vestments white,  
 To sing their saddest dirges, such as may  
 Make their sear'd soules take wing, & fly away.  
 Lett thy swolne breast discharge thy strugling groanes  
 To th' churlish rocks; & teach the stubborne stones  
 To melt in gentle drops, lett them be heard  
 Of all proud Neptune's siluer-shielded guard;  
 That greife may crack that string, & now vntie  
 Their shackled tongues to chant an elegie.  
 Whisper thy plaints to th' Ocean's curteous cares,  
 Then weepe thyselfe into a sea of teares.  
 A thousand Helicons the Muses send  
 In a bright christall tide, to thee they send,  
 Leaving those mines of nectar, their sweet fountaines,  
 They force a lilly path through rosy mountaines.  
 Feare not to dy with greife; all bubbling eyes  
 Are teeming now with store of fresh supplies.

**VERSE-LETTER**

TO

**THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH**

(1652).



The first of these is the *Epithalamion*,  
 which is a poem celebrating the marriage  
 of a young man and woman, and is written  
 in a style of great simplicity and grace.  
 The second is the *De Ratione*, which is  
 a treatise on the nature of the human  
 mind, and is written in a style of great  
 simplicity and grace. The third is the  
*De Vita*, which is a treatise on the  
 nature of life, and is written in a style  
 of great simplicity and grace. The fourth  
 is the *De Mortu*, which is a treatise  
 on the nature of death, and is written  
 in a style of great simplicity and grace.  
 The fifth is the *De Divitiis*, which is  
 a treatise on the nature of wealth, and  
 is written in a style of great simplicity  
 and grace. The sixth is the *De Paupertate*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
 poverty, and is written in a style of  
 great simplicity and grace. The seventh  
 is the *De Senectute*, which is a  
 treatise on the nature of old age, and  
 is written in a style of great simplicity  
 and grace. The eighth is the *De  
 Juventute*, which is a treatise on the  
 nature of youth, and is written in a  
 style of great simplicity and grace.  
 The ninth is the *De Tranquillitate*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
 peace, and is written in a style of  
 great simplicity and grace. The tenth  
 is the *De Libertate*, which is a  
 treatise on the nature of liberty, and  
 is written in a style of great simplicity  
 and grace. The eleventh is the *De  
 Servitute*, which is a treatise on the  
 nature of slavery, and is written in a  
 style of great simplicity and grace.  
 The twelfth is the *De Nobilitate*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
 nobility, and is written in a style of  
 great simplicity and grace. The  
 thirteenth is the *De Humilitate*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
 humility, and is written in a style of  
 great simplicity and grace. The  
 fourteenth is the *De Modestia*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
 modesty, and is written in a style of  
 great simplicity and grace. The  
 fifteenth is the *De Magnitudine*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
 greatness, and is written in a style of  
 great simplicity and grace. The  
 sixteenth is the *De Parvitate*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
 smallness, and is written in a style of  
 great simplicity and grace. The  
 seventeenth is the *De Unitate*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
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 great simplicity and grace. The  
 eighteenth is the *De Diversitate*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
 diversity, and is written in a style of  
 great simplicity and grace. The  
 nineteenth is the *De Similitudine*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
 similarity, and is written in a style of  
 great simplicity and grace. The  
 twentieth is the *De Contrarietate*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
 opposition, and is written in a style of  
 great simplicity and grace. The  
 twenty-first is the *De Contradictione*,  
 which is a treatise on the nature of  
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 Consistentia*, which is a treatise on  
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 and grace. The twenty-third is the  
*De Inconsistentia*, which is a  
 treatise on the nature of inconsistency,  
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 simplicity and grace. The twenty-fourth  
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**VERSE-LETTER**

TO

**THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH**

(1652).

#### NOTE.

To the volume of 1652 ('Carmen Deo Nostro' &c.) was prefixed a Verse-letter to the COUNTESS OF DENBIGH, illustrated with an engraving of a 'locked heart,' as reproduced in our quarto edition. In 1653 ('Sept. 23, 1653'), as appears from a contemporary marking in the unique copy in the British Museum, the following was printed: 'A Letter from MR. CRASHAW to the Countess of Denbigh. Against Irresolution and Delay in matters of Religion. London, n. d.' (4to). Collation: title-page and 3 pages, page 1st on reverse of title-page (British Museum E. 220. 2.). The Paris copy is very imperfect from some unexplained reason (68 as against 90 lines), and it would seem that some friend of the deceased poet, dissatisfied with it, and having in his (or her) possession a fuller ms., printed, if not published it. We give the enlarged text—never before noticed, having been only named, without taking the trouble to consult and compare it, by TURNBULL; and for the student add the abbreviated form from 1652 'Carmen,' as it, in turn, has lines and words not in the other. See our ESSAY for more on this most characteristic poem, and relative to the Countess of Denbigh. G.



AGAINST IRRESOLUTION AND DELAY IN  
MATTERS OF RELIGION.

WHAT Heav'n-besiegèd heart is this 1  
Stands trembling at the Gate of Blisse :  
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture  
Fairly to open and to enter ?  
Whose definition is, A Doubt 5  
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt In and Out.  
Ah ! linger not, lov'd soul : a slow  
And late consent was a long No.  
Who grants at last, a great while try'de  
And did his best, to have deny'de 10  
What magick-bolts, what mystick barrs  
Maintain the Will in these strange warrs ?  
What fatall, yet fantastick, bands  
Keep the free heart from his own hands ?  
Say, lingring Fair, why comes the birth 15  
Of your brave soul so slowly forth ?  
Plead your pretences (O you strong  
In weaknesse !) why you chuse so long  
In labour of your self to ly,  
Not daring quite to live nor die. 20

So when the Year takes cold we see  
 Poor waters their own prisoners be ;  
 Fetter'd and lock'd up fast they lie  
 In a cold self-captivity. [plore,  
 The astonish'd Nymphs their Floud's strange fate de-  
 To find themselves their own severer shoar. 26

Love, that lends haste to heaviest things,  
 In you alone hath lost his wings,  
 Look round and read the World's wide face,  
 The field of Nature or of Grace ; 30  
 Where can you fix, to find excuse  
 Or pattern for the pace you use ?

Mark with what faith fruits answer flowers,  
 And know the call of Heav'n's kind showers ;  
 Each mindfull plant hasts to make good 35  
 The hope and promise of his bud.  
 Seed time's not all ; there should be harvest too.  
 Alas ! and has the Year no Spring for you ?

Both winds and waters urge their way,  
 And murmur if they meet a stay. 40  
 Mark how the curl'd waves work and wind,  
 All hating to be left behind.  
 Each bigge with businesse thrusts the other,  
 And seems to say, Make haste, my brother.  
 The airy nation of neat doves, *puw* 45  
 That draw the chariot of chast Loves,  
 Chide your delay : yea those dull things,  
 Whose wayes have least to doe with wings,

Make wings at least of their own weight,  
 And by their love controll their Fate. 50  
 So lumpish steel, untaught to move,  
 Learn'd first his lightnesse by his love.

What e're Love's matter be, he moves  
 By th' even wings of his own doves,  
 Lives by his own laws, and does hold 55  
 In grossest metallis his own gold.

All things swear friends to Fair and Good  
 Yea suitours ; man alone is wo'ed,  
 Tediously wo'ed, and hardly wone :  
 Only not slow to be undone. 60

As if the bargain had been driven  
 So hardly betwixt Earth and Heaven ;  
 Our God would thrive too fast, and be  
 Too much a gainer by't, should we  
 Our purchas'd selves too soon bestow 65  
 On Him, who has not lov'd us so.

When love of us call'd Him to see  
 If wee'd vouchsafe His company,  
 He left His Father's Court, and came  
 Lightly as a lambent flame, 70

Leaping upon the hills, to be  
 The humble king of you and me.  
 Nor can the cares of His whole crown  
 (When one poor sigh sends for Him down)  
 Detain Him, but He leaves behind 75  
 The late wings of the lazy wind,

So when the Year takes cold we see  
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 The late wings of the lazy wind,



#### NOTE.

To the volume of 1652 ('Carmen Deo Nostro' &c.) was prefixed a Verse-letter to the COUNTESS OF DENBIGH, illustrated with an engraving of a 'locked heart,' as reproduced in our quarto edition. In 1653 ('Sept. 23, 1653'), as appears from a contemporary marking in the unique copy in the British Museum, the following was printed: 'A Letter from Mr. CRASHAW to the Countess of Denbigh. Against Irresolution and Delay in matters of Religion. London, n. d.' (4to). Collation: title-page and 3 pages, page 1st on reverse of title-page (British Museum E. 220. 2.). The Paris copy is very imperfect from some unexplained reason (68 as against 90 lines), and it would seem that some friend of the deceased poet, dissatisfied with it, and having in his (or her) possession a fuller ms., printed, if not published it. We give the enlarged text—never before noticed, having been only named, without taking the trouble to consult and compare it, by TURNBULL; and for the student add the abbreviated form from 1652 'Carmen,' as it, in turn, has lines and words not in the other. See our Essay for more on this most characteristic poem, and relative to the Countess of Denbigh. G.



AGAINST IRRESOLUTION AND DELAY IN  
MATTERS OF RELIGION.

WHAT Heav'n-besiegèd heart is this	1
Stands trembling at the Gate of Blisse :	
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture	
Fairly to open and to enter ?	
Whose definition is, A Doubt	5
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt In and Out.	
Ah ! linger not, lov'd soul : a slow	
And late consent was a long No.	
Who grants at last, a great while try'de	
And did his best, to have deny'de	10
What magick-bolts, what mystick barrs	
Maintain the Will in these strange warrs ?	
What fatall, yet fantastick, bands	
Keep the free heart from his own hands ?	
Say, lingring Fair, why comes the birth	15
Of your brave soul so slowly forth ?	
Plead your pretences (O you strong	
In weaknesse !) why you chuse so long	
In labour of your self to ly,	
Not daring quite to live nor die.	20

So when the Year takes cold we see  
 Poor waters their own prisoners be :  
 Fetter'd and lock'd up fast they lie  
 In a cold self-captivity. [plore,  
 Th' astonish'd Nymphs their Floud's strange fate de-  
 To find themselves their own severer shoar. 26

Love, that lends haste to heaviest things,  
 In you alone hath lost his wings.  
 Look round and reade the World's wide face,  
 The field of Nature or of Grace ; 30  
 Where can you fix, to find excuse  
 Or pattern for the pace you use !  
 Mark with what faith fruits answer flowers,  
 And know the call of Heav'n's kind showers :  
 Each mindfull plant hasts to make good 35  
 The hope and promise of his bud.  
 Seed time's not all ; there should be harvest too.  
 Alas ! and has the Year no Spring for you ?  
 Both winds and waters urge their way,  
 And mummure if they meet a stay. 40  
 Mark how the curl'd waves work and wind,  
 All hating to be left behind.  
 Each bigge with businesse thrusts the other,  
 And seems to say, Make haste, my brother.  
 The airy nation of neat doves, *pure* 45  
 That draw the chariot of chaste Loves,  
 Chide your delay : yea those dull things,  
 Whose wayes have least to doe with wings,

Make wings at least of their own weight,  
 And by their love controll their Fate. 50  
 So lumpish steel, untaught to move,  
 Learn'd first his lightnesse by his love.

What e're Love's matter be, he moves  
 By th' even wings of his own doves,  
 Lives by his own laws, and does hold 55  
 In grossest metallis his own gold.

All things swear friends to Fair and Good  
 Yea suitours ; man alone is wo'ed,  
 Tediously wo'ed, and hardly wone :  
 Only not slow to be undone. 60

As if the bargain had been driven  
 So hardly betwixt Earth and Heaven ;  
 Our God would thrive too fast, and be  
 Too much a gainer by't, should we  
 Our purchas'd selves too soon bestow 65  
 On Him, who has not lov'd us so.

When love of us call'd Him to see  
 If wee'd vouchsafe His company,  
 He left His Father's Court, and came  
 Lightly as a lambent flame, 70

Leaping upon the hills, to be  
 The humble king of you and me.  
 Nor can the cares of His whole crown  
 (When one poor sigh sends for Him down)  
 Detain Him, but He leaves behind 75  
 The late wings of the lazy wind,

Handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.



FROM 'CARMEN DEO NOSTRO' (1652).

*Non vi.*

'Tis not the work of force but skill  
To find the way into man's will.  
'Tis love alone can hearts unlock ;  
Who knows the Word, he needs not knock.'

To the noblest and best of Ladyes, the Countesse of Denbigh,  
perswading her to Resolution in Religion, and to render  
her selfe without further delay into the Communion of the  
Catholick Church.

WHAT heau'n-intreated heart is this 1  
Stands trembling at the gate of blisse ?  
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture  
Fairly to open it, and enter.  
Whose definition is a doubt 5  
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out.  
Say, lingring Fair! why comes the birth  
Of your brave soul so slowly forth ?  
Plead your pretences (O you strong  
In weaknes !) why you choose so long 10  
In labor of your selfe to ly,  
Nor daring quite to liue nor dy ?  
Ah ! linger not, lou'd soul ! a slow  
And late consent was a long no ;  
Who grants at last, long time try'd 15  
And did his best to haue deny'd :



Make wings at least of their own wing,  
And by their love controll their fate,  
So lumpish steel, untaught to move,  
Learn'd first his lightness by the dove.

What e're Love's matter be, he moves  
By th' even wings of his own love,  
Lives by his own laws, and does not  
In grossest metallic his own proof.

All things swear fidelity to him,  
Yea suitours; man, woman, child,  
Tediouly woful, and the wife  
Only not slow to be convinc'd,  
As if the bargain had been made  
So hardly betwixt Love, and the world,  
Our God would not be so deceiv'd,  
Too much a gazer on the world,  
Our purchase made, to be so sold  
On Him, who is the true God,  
When love of the world is in the soul,  
If we'd our souls  
He left His hand  
Lightly to be so sold,  
Let us be so sold,  
The world is so sold,  
Not that we are so sold,  
When we are so sold,  
Deceiv'd by the world,  
The world is so sold.



part the same laws of Time and Place,  
And bend the whole all ten heav'ns to our entreat

Yield to His wise, wise soul, and see  
Your triumph in His victory.

Do banish dull tears, give Faith the day:

To save your life, kill your Delay.

The cowardice that keeps this field;

And want of courage not to yield.

Yield then, O yield, that Love may win  
The front at last, and let Life in.

Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove

Death's prey, before the prize of Love.

The fort of your faith, if't be not won,

He'll repul'd indeed, but you'r undone.



FROM CAREER LIPS NORTON 1862,

1862.

To all the world of love and skill  
To all the world of love and skill  
To all the world of love and skill  
To all the world of love and skill

In the ancient and vast of history the Commission of Southern  
perpetuating the in Revolution in Religion and a number  
not to be without further to say into the Commission of the  
Catholic Church

The first Commission of Southern  
perpetuating the in Revolution in Religion and a number  
not to be without further to say into the Commission of the  
Catholic Church

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Meet His well-meaning wounds, wise heart,      45  
 And hast to drink the wholesome dart.  
 That healing shaft, which Heavn till now  
 Hath in Loue's quiner hid for you.  
 O dart of Loue! arrow of light!  
 O happy you, if it hitt right!      50  
 It must not fall in vain, it must  
 Not mark the dry, regardless dust.  
 Fair one, it is your fate; and brings  
 Eternal worlds vpon its wings.  
 Meet it with wide-spread armes, and see      55  
 Its seat your soul's just center be.  
 Disband dull feares; give faith the day;  
 To save your life, kill your delay.  
 It is Loue's seege, and sure to be  
 Your triumph, though His victory      60  
 The cowardise that keeps this hold  
 And want of courage not to yield.  
 Yield then, O yield, that Loue may win  
 The fort at last, and let life in.  
 Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove      65  
 Death's prey. before the prize of Loue  
 This fort of your false ends, if it be not won,  
 He is repulst indeed; but you are rickon.



Meet His well-meaning wounds, wise heart, 45  
 And hast to drink the wholesome dart.  
 That healing shaft, which Heaun till now  
 Hath in Loue's quiuer hid for you.  
 O dart of Loue ! arrow of light !  
 O happy you, if it hitt right ! 50  
 It must not fall in vain, it must  
 Not mark the dry, regardless dust.  
 Fair one, it is your fate ; and brings  
 Æternal worlds vpon its wings.  
 Meet it with wide-spread armes, and see 55  
 Its seat your soul's iust center be.  
 Disband dull feares ; giue faith the day ;  
 To saue your life, kill your delay.  
 It is Loue's seege, and sure to be  
 Your triumph, though His victory. 60  
 'Tis cowardise that keeps this feild  
 And want of courage not to yeild.  
 Yeild then, O yeild, that Loue may win  
 The fort at last, and let life in.  
 Yeild quickly, lest perhaps you proue 65  
 Death's prey, before the prize of Loue.  
 This fort of your faire selfe, if't be not won,  
 He is repulst indeed ; but you are vndone.

END OF VOL. I.



Meet His well-meaning wounds, wise heart,  
 And hast to drink the wholesome dart.  
 That healing shaft, which Heaun till now  
 Hath in Loue's quiuer hid for you.  
 O dart of Loue ! arrow of light !  
 O happy you, if it hitt right !  
 It must not fall in vain, it must  
 Not mark the dry, regardless dust.  
 Fair one, it is your fate ; and brings  
 Æternal worlds vpon its wings.  
 Meet it with wide-spread armes, and see  
 Its seat your soul's iust center be.  
 Disband dull feares ; giue faith the day ;  
 To saue your life, kill your delay.  
 It is Loue's seege, and sure to be  
 Your triumph, though His victory.  
 'Tis cowardise that keeps this feild  
 And want of courage not to yeild.  
 Yeild then, O yeild, that Loue may win  
 The fort at last, and let life in.  
 Yeild quickly, lest perhaps you proue  
 Death's prey, before the prize of Loue.  
 This fort of your faire selfe, if't be not won,  
 He is repulst indeed ; but you are vndone.

END OF VOL. I.





SUPPLEMENT to FULLER WORTHIES' LIBRARY  
EDITION OF THE POEMS OF

## RICHARD CRASHAW,

2 VOLS. 1872-73.

The Rev. Dr. A. B. Grosart, Brooklyn House, Blackburn, Lancashire, has the pleasure to inform his fellow book-lovers who subscribed for his Crashaw (as above), that having had the rare good fortune to make a 'find' of an authenticated autograph MS. volume of Poems by Crashaw, he has personally collated those already published—preserving the many and interesting various readings—and transcribed *literatim* a number hitherto unknown and unprinted, and had a limited number printed, as a uniform Supplement to the F. W. L. edn.

Owing to deaths and changes, Dr. Grosart has printed only a very small number of each size, merely to cover the cost of production. He has also given a fac-simile by the Autotype Company of a page of the MS. that contains a fine corrective various reading. *The wholly new poems extend to no fewer than 144 lines*, and have Crashaw's subtlest and finest characteristics. The various readings on the best known of the Poems are full of interest and are all recorded. In order that this Supplement may fit in properly at end of vol. I. the Contents are reprinted and the closing leaf of the vol.

On receipt of the respective price or prices, by postal order, a copy or copies will be duly posted free.

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*Name and Address must be written plainly.*

To hold their peace y all the wayes  
These wret. hys haue to speake thy prayse

(Mat 27

And hee answered them ~~Nothing~~

O mighty Nothing! unto thee  
Nothing we owe all things that bee.  
God spake when first hee all things made;  
Hee saud all when hee Nothing said  
The world was made of Nothing then  
Is made by Nothing now agen.

To our Lord upon the Water made Wine.  
Thou Water turnst to Wine (fayre friend of life)  
Thy foe to ~~make~~ the sweet acts of thy raigne  
Distills from thence the feary of Wrath and strife  
And so turnes wine to Water backe agayne.

Vpon our sauiours Tombe,  
(Wher in neuer was man laid)

How life an Death in thee  
agree  
Thou hadst a Virgin wombe  
and tombe  
A Joseph did betroth  
them both

*SUPPLEMENT*  
TO  
COMPLETE WORKS  
OF  
RICHARD CRASHAW.  
1873.

EDITED BY THE  
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, D.D., LL.D., F.S.A. (Scot.)  
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.  
1887-8.



## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

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THE National Library (British Museum) recently acquired by purchase from Messrs. Bull & Auvache, Booksellers, 36 Hart Street, Bloomsbury, W.C., a small ms. volume. Mr. W. T. Brooke, their cataloguer (who has won himself a deserved name and authority in Hymnody), having noticed that it contained well-known poems of Richard Crashaw, persuaded his employers to offer it to the authorities of the manuscript department of the great library. It was at once acquired for ten guineas. It had been picked up in a chance or miscellaneous lot at Sotheby's or Puttick & Simpson's, where it had been utterly unrecognised as of any value or interest. So much for metropolitan bibliophiles' knowledge, or ignorance. There is nothing to show from whence it came, or who had been its possessor or possessors. From first to last no name whatever occurs. The writing is, for the period, exceptionally neat and careful. There cannot be shadow of a doubt that the entire manuscript is in the holograph of the author himself. There is thus supplied what has long been a desideratum: a full example of Richard Crashaw's handwriting. Accordingly I furnish in the present tractate a faithful facsimile of a page, selecting the one containing Epigram clvii., 'To our Lord upon the Water made Wine,' to show correction of a long-continued author's own misprint of 'acts' for 'arts' (vol. ii. p. 135). *En passant*, the wonder is that none of us (from the poet's own printed text onward) happened to think of the self-vindicating emendation. 'Act' must now for ever displace 'art,' and so remove a blemish — as of a pit-mark on a peach's ruddied cheek—from one of the more brilliant of the *Divine Epigrams*.

I now proceed to describe the precious Find in detail. After four blank leaves, the ms. begins with six dedicatory

lines to some (presumably) 'fair lady.' To this succeeds—a small space between—a second semi-dedicatory poem of thirty lines, the last a huge Alexandrine, intended to reflect the 'long spring' desired. Both of these are out-and-out Crashawean. Perhaps the opening allusion to the 'nightingale' was meant to remind of the 'Music's Duel' onward. Thereafter, a selection from the *Divine Epigrams* (in English only) is given successively, as follows, according to the numbering of the printed text and our edition, viz. : lxviii., lxiii., ix., viii., xi., xiv., xlix., lvii., cvii., lvi., liv. (2d), xx., clxxxv., liv. (1st), li., xl., clx., xxix., i., ii., xxxvi., xlii., xxi. (of our *Epigr. Sacra*, never before published), xlvii., lxx. At this point comes in an epigram-poem of twenty-six lines—besides the text from St. Matthew, c. xxii.—hitherto unprinted and unknown. To this succeed other of the *Divine Epigrams*—xlvi., clvii., liv. (again of our *Epigr. Sacra*, never before published), xxvi., clxiv., xxi. Here once more there is interposed another hitherto unprinted and unknown epigram-poem, on a theme that must have had a peculiar fascination for Crashaw, seeing that he has repeatedly verse-celebrated it—'Pontius Pilate] washing his bloud-stained Hands.' It consists of sixteen lines, besides heading. There follow xci., civ., cxl., lxxxv., cvi., and other two of our before unpublished *Epigr. Sacra*, viz. xli. and xlv. The fact that this ms. contains five of the Sancroft ms. Epigrams, whilst it confirms its authority, reflexly confirms its own. They proceed lxiv.—and next a fifth of our *Epigr. Sacra*, xxii.—ci., cxv., xv., xxvii. Following these are others, now giving references to our edition: vol. i. p. 48, 'Our Lord in His Circumcision to His Father;' p. 50, 'On the Woundes of our Crucified Lord;' p. 94, 'Easter Day;' p. 51, 'On the bleeding Wounds of our Crucified Lord.' To these once more succeed *Divine Epigrams*, clxxxiv.; and thereafter these: vol. i. p. 65, Psalm xxiii.; p. 69, Psalm cxxxvii.; p. 4, 'The Weeper;' p. 25, 'The Teare.' Then comes another hitherto unprinted and unknown poem of no fewer than eighty-six lines, being a translation from Grotius's 'Tragedy of Christ's Sufferings.' This is a rugged but peculiarly Crashawean poem, after the style of his most noticeable lament for 'Mr. Stanninough' (vol. i. pp. 232-3). Succeeding these lines are the following: vol. ii. p. 165, on Nanus; p. 166, on Venus (2) and out of Martiall; p. 286, from Petronius; vol. i. p. 243, from Italian; p. 246, *ibid.*; vol. ii.

p. 165, 'Marriage;' vol. i. p. 245, from Italian; p. 251, Catullus; p. 215, 'Cupid;' p. 197, 'Musick's Duel;' p. 212, Heliodorus; p. 207, Virgil; p. 218, Charles; pp. 220, 223, 225, on Herrys; p. 234, on Brobke; p. 250, on Ashton. By the way, be it noted that Jolly, in that remarkable 'Life' of a remarkable man, 'John Duncan, Scotch Weaver and Botanist' (1883), sums it up with a quotation from the 'Epitaph on Mr. Ashton': 'Such are some of the elements of the rare happiness, self-helpfulness, and peace achieved by this lowly scientific weaver, with a keen temperament, amidst extraordinary disabilities, and under the most unlikely conditions; and his story will not have been written in vain, if it should help any of us to become what Crashaw celebrates, what every one sighs and seeks to be, however erroneously and blindly, and what John Duncan greatly was—

'A man all his own wealth,  
His own music, his own health;  
A happy soul, that all the way  
To heaven hath a summer's day.' (p. 506.)

Besides all these, there follow vol. i. p. 209, on Lessius; p. 217, Bp. Andrewes; p. 218, Chambers; p. 230, Epitaph; p. 232, Stanninough; p. 235, 'Foule Morning;' p. 237, 'Morning;' p. 240, 'Love's Horoscope;' p. 252, 'Wishes'—these last nine being given according to their succession in our edition. The 'Wishes' closes the whole, and twelve blank leaves complete the volume. Summarily, there are four blank leaves—one leaf blank after page 1, eleven leaves of ms., two blank leaves, thirty-eight leaves of ms. (*verso* of last blank), and twelve blank leaves. The edges are gilded. The present muslin binding is probably of the present century. One or two words are slightly cut through, suggesting that the ms. was originally written on its paper, and then handed to the binder.

The whole of these hitherto unknown and unprinted poems, by Richard Crashaw, will be found in the present Supplement. I print in integrity of accuracy, only punctuating slightly.

With reference to the *Divine Epigrams* and poems transcribed into this ms. volume, they are substantially in agreement with the printed texts and the Sancroft mss., and our own. Capitals and varying punctuation, and no punctuation, it does not seem needful to reckon. But not infrequently I have been arrested by a various reading. Having collated and re-collated the whole, the results must now be presented, adding as they



do new stanzas and lines and words. Again the references are to our edition :

a. Vol. i. pp. 3-12, 'The Weeper'—st. xvi. to xxxiii., xxix. and xxxiii. are not in the ms. ; and st. ix. is viii., st. viii. is ix., st. xxvii. is xvii., st. xxv. is xviii., st. xxiv. is xix., st. xxviii. is xx., st. xxx. is xxi., st. xxxi. is xxii., and st. xxxii. is xxxiii. St. xvi. of the ms. is new, thus :

'Thus dost thou melt the yeare  
 Into a weeping motion ;  
 Each minute wayteth here,  
 Takes his Teare and gets him gone :  
 By thine Eyes tinct ennobled thus,  
 Time layes him up : Hee's pretious.'

These minor variations may also be recorded : st. iii. l. 2 reads, 'Stars they are indeed too true' for 'Starres indeed they are too true;' and st. iv. l. 4, 'craules' for 'floates;' and last couplet :

'Heauen of such fayre floods as this,  
 Heauen the Chrystill Ocean is.'

St. v. l. 3, 'soft' for 'sacred;' st. vi. l. 4, 'their bottles'—a Bible word in Auth. Version (Psalm lvi. 8)—for 'crystall violls;' st. vii., closing couplet :

'. . . . . would it tremble here  
 . . . . . to bee thy Teare.'

St. ix, last l., 'richest' for 'proudest;' st. xi. 'beleene' for 'beleaves;' st. xiii. last l., 'May Balsame' for 'Balsome may;' st. xiv. l. 3, 'Might hee flow from thee' for 'Were his way by thee;' l. 4, 'quiett would hee goe' for 'quiet he wold;' l. 5, 'Richer farre does hee' for 'Soe much more rich would he;' st. xv., last couplet, 'softer' for 'kinder,' and 'fayrer' for 'more faithfull;' st. xxiv. l. i., 'the Night arise' for 'Does the day starre rise;' l. 3, 'Docs Night loose her' for 'Does Day close his'—the change from Day to Night a decided improvement; st. xxv. l. 2, 'tears iust Cadence keepe still time' for 'Thy falling teares keep faithfull time' (see st. xv. and the new reading); st. xxviii. l. 5, 'Dayes by' for 'moments by;' st. xxx. recast thus :

'far want' between.  
 The meaning can't have been  
 'or partial object.'  
 What can we say has not come  
 from the Latin? What is the source  
 of the form we see in the words 'arrow'?

St. xxii. l. 1. 'I' written for 'in' For some . . . I. forest  
 removed. st. xxii. last couplet reads

I. man lang. We go to meet  
 a worthy guest, for Locrine yet.

St. xxiii. not being in the ms. The ms. reads since fortified  
 in st. i. on which see our note in vol. i. p. 12. as also on the  
 above various readings in relation to the forest of soth.

i. Vol. i. pp. 25-26. The Latin — st. x. l. 4 reads. Sweating  
 in too warme a bed for sweating in a too warme bed :  
 st. x. l. 4. By the wanton flying for By the purging time :  
 l. 4. many for madegroom. As before, see our Notes in  
 vol. i. p. 26.

Some of these various readings the critical student of our  
 poetic literature and Crashaw lover will study with zest.  
 Where jewels are in question, the smallest flaw must be looked  
 after; and in my judgment, a select few of the readings are  
 their own best evidence.

The ms., I suspect, was a bit of task-work as a New Year  
 gift. It is neatly and carefully done: but there are at least  
 three slips that show the most was transcription, not composi-  
 tion: e.g. vol. i. p. 211. 'partes' for 'pages': p. 211, l. 34,  
 'Lanight' for 'Ranight' and p. 211, l. 41. 'many' for 'manly.'  
 These can only be explained by inadvertence, through probably  
 brain and hand weariness.

The opening or dedicatory Poems make us think inevit-  
 ably that if Richard Crashaw had found in the Lady for whom  
 he prepared this ms. the 'not impossible she' of his immor-  
 tal 'Wishes,' it might have altered and coloured his whole  
 after years. There are abundant evidences in 'Wishes' and  
 elsewhere that he was susceptible to the tender passion. It  
 is noticeable that 'Wishes' ends the ms. That the 'fair  
 lady' who inspired the 'Wishes' was real flesh and blood, is  
 clear.

The translation from Grotius is strong and vivid, if some-  
 what uneven. Probably its suppression was due to George

Sandys having translated and published the complete tragedy in 1640—'Christ's Passion: a Tragedy. With Annotations.' That it was not his (later) R. Catholicism that kept it back may be inferred from his printing his precious tribute to George Herbert. The student-reader will note at l. 52, 'The water blush'd and started into wine,' the prelude of the famous *Nympha pulica*, &c., and in Dryden's hymn on the Epiphany.

The two new epigram-poems have Crashawian touches that are interesting. Even his faults partake of his qualities. I hold myself to be again favoured to be the first to print and give to the world these relics of our poet-saint. A find of 144 lines (excluding various readings) is surely something notable at this late day.

I have reprinted pp ix.-x. of Contents, and p. 303 of vol. i., in order that this supplement may take its place as part of vol. i. It is paged accordingly.

I cannot close this Introductory Note without thanking my excellent friend Mr. W. T. Brooke for informing me of the purchase of the ms. by the British Museum. No one, I am sure, will be more gratified than himself to discover that the ms. contains very much more of new material than he was aware of. I have likewise to acknowledge the usual kindness and courtesy of the authorities of the British Museum during my personal transcription and collation of the ms., and for having the facsimile done.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

Brooklyn House, Baskburn, Lancashire,  
31st October 1857.

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*POSTSCRIPT.*

It will be observed that none of the Latin or Greek poems appear in this ms.; perhaps to be explained by the selection having been made for a lady. In relation to the Latin poems, it may as well be here recorded that Crashaw's brilliant 'Bulla' originally appeared in the following volume:

'D. Heynsii Crepundia siliana. Eiusdem DISSERTATIO de vere Criticæ apud Veteres ortu, progressu, usque, cum in cæteris disciplinis tum in sacris: et EXERCITIATIO CRITICA demonstrans omnem ferè Egyptiorum, Græcorum, & Latinorum Religionem ex Oriente fuisse. In quibus diversi autorum loci tam Græcorum, quam Latinorum, emendantur, illustrantur, & explicantur. CANTABRIGIÆ ex Officina R. Daniel, Almæ Academiæ Typographi, 1646.'

The book itself ends at p. 305. Then follows an index, occupying six pages, but not paged. Then on the remaining blank leaves the following most interesting little address:

'Lector: nè detur vacuum, bene tibi  
Bullam vere auream: Quæ nunc  
primum adest in apertis aërem.  
Argumenti certe non ita dissimilis, seu  
crepundia respicias seu Hænnæ guttu-  
lam. Quid enim aliud Bulla, quam pos-  
teriorum ornamentum, aut guttule con-  
mentariæ? Tam tibi quæque intumui-  
it' Hæc autem libro aëtheri cura-  
vimus, ne a sociis illa derelicta (re-  
qua enim ejusdem Poetæ nuper prodè-  
re) ludibrium ventis & deberet, & sol-  
veret.

Bulla Ri. Cr. Cantabrigiensiæ.  
Quid tibi vana sicos offert mea Bulla tumores?  
Quid facit ad vestrum pectus inane meum  
Expectat nostros humeros toga fortior: ista  
En mea Bulla, Lares en tua dextra mei.'

Professor Napier of Oxford has been good enough to collate my text for me with that in Heynsius, showing the following results:

Line 11, no comma after *suis*; l. 12, Prompsit purpureum  
latus, l. 14, exilis impetu. l. 17, sinus, l. 24, Circum regnat;  
& undique. l. 26, comma after *impetu*; l. 29, colon after  
*dubitat*; l. 30, no comma after *novis*; l. 33, Spargit vena  
Coloribus, l. 36, colon after *dividit*; l. 40, comma after *fugat*;  
l. 41, no comma after *perdit*; l. 42, chaos, l. 44, after *meant*,  
semicolon; l. 53, comma after *vias*; l. 54, colon after *suo*;  
l. 55, comma after *cumulus*; l. 56, purpureos sinus, l. 57,  
Flagrat l. 60, sydere l. 64, comma after *Nempe*; l. 65, color;  
l. 70, Unde l. 75, fullstop after *flumina*; l. 77, aurea, ll. 79

and 81, fullstops after *stupent* and *lilia*; l. 83, *nives*, l. 85, **Ut** *sint* & *roseæ nives*; l. 89, *rutilo viret* l. 93, **Pulchrum** *pergit* in *ambitum* (no *et*); l. 95, *obvii*. l. 99, *atterit*. l. 100, **Hic**, *quicquid nitidum*, & *vagum* l. 102, **Dulci** *pingitur en joco*. l. 104, *suis*; l. 108, *diem*: l. 109, **Mox** *se recipiunt, sui et* l. 116, **Sphæra** *non vitrea quidem, (Ut quondam Siculus globus)*; l. 121, fullstop after *breve*; l. 122, **Flos** *sum scilicet aeris*: l. 123, *æquoris*, l. 126, *sommum*, l. 127, *nugarum decus*, & *dolor*, **Dulcis**, *doctæque vanitas*, l. 129, *perfidæ*, l. 130, *parens*, l. 133, *spei*, l. 134, *insulis*, l. 136, *ocellulus*, l. 138, *Deæ*, l. 140, *suis*. l. 150, *Pictum, gemmeum, aureum* (there is no *et*); l. 151, **O** *sum, scilicet o nihil*. l. 154, *oculos, pensum leve defluet, illam*; l. 156, *Vixit adhuc, cur vixit? adhuc tu nempe legebas*; *Nempe fuit tempus tum potuisse mori*. FINIS.

My friend Mr. W. T. Brooke first called my attention to Heynsius' 'Crepundia.'

A. B. G

## I. [DEDICATION.]

At th' Iuory Tribunall of your hand  
(Faire one), these tender leaues doe trembling stand.  
Knowing 'tis in the doome of your sweet Eye  
Whether the Muse they cloth<sup>e</sup> shall liue or die.  
Liue shee, or dye to fame; each leafe you meet  
Is her Lifes wing, or her death's winding-sheet.

## II. [OF THE BOOK.]

Though now 'tis neither May nor June,  
And Nightingales are out of tune;  
Yett in these leaues Faire one, there lyes  
(Sworne seruant to your sweetest Eyes,  
A Nightingale, who may shee spread  
In your white bosome her chaast bed,  
Spite of all the Maiden snow  
Those pure untrodden pathes can show,  
You streight shall see her wake and rise  
Taking fresh Life from your fayer Eyes,  
And with clasp t wings proclayne a Spring  
Where Loue and shee shall sit and sing,  
For lodg'd so nere your sweetest throate  
What Nightingale can losse her noate?  
Nor lett her kinred birds complayne  
Because shee breakes the yeares old reigne,  
For lett them know shee's none of those  
Hedge-Quiristers whose Musicke owes  
Onely such straynes as serue to keepe  
Sad shades and sing full Night asleepe.

and 81, fullstops after *stupent* and *lilia*; l. 83, *nives*, l. 85, **Ut** *sint* & *roseæ nives*; l. 89, *rutilo viret* l. 93, **Pulchrum** *pergit in ambitum* (no *et*); l. 95, *obvii*. l. 99, *atterit*. l. 100, **Hic**, *quicquid nitidum*, & *vagum* l. 102, **Dulci** *pingitur en joco*. l. 104, *suis*; l. 108, *diem*: l. 109, **Mox** *se recipiunt, sui et* l. 116, *Sphæra non vitrea quidem*, (*Ut quondam Siculus globus*); l. 121, fullstop after *breve*; l. 122, **Flos sum scilicet aeris**: l. 123, *æquoris*, l. 126, *sommum*, l. 127, *nugarum decus*, & *dolor*, **Dulcis**, *doctæque vanitas*, l. 129, *perfidæ*, l. 130, **parens**, l. 133, *spei*, l. 134, *insulis*, l. 136, *ocellulus*, l. 138, **Dææ**, l. 140, *suis*. l. 150, *Pictum, gemmeum, aureum* (there is no *et*); l. 151, **O sum, scilicet o nihil**. l. 154, *oculos, pensum leve defluet, illam*; l. 156, *Vixit adhuc, cur vixit? adhuc tu nempe legebas*; *Nempe fuit tempus tum potuisse mori*. **FINIS.**

My friend Mr. W. T. Brooke first called my attention to Heynsius' 'Crepundia.'

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## I. [DEDICATION.]

At th' Ivory Tribunall of your hand  
Faire one, these tender leaves doe trembling stand,  
Knowing 'tis in the doome of your sweet Eye  
Whether the Muse they cloath'd, shall live or die,  
Live shee, or dye to fame; each leade you know  
Is her Lifes wing, or her death a wanting roote.

## II. [OF THE BOOK.]

Though now tis neither May nor June  
And Nightingales are out of tune  
Yet in these leaves Faire one, there lives  
Some servant to your sweetest Eyes  
A Nightingale who may not stand  
In your white bosome nor must not  
Singe if all the Muses move  
These pure unviolated passions move  
You straight shall see her voice and tune  
Taking fresh Life from your eyes Eyes  
And with many a winged passion  
Whom Love and death shall not divide  
For aye 'till in some your sweetest Eyes  
What Nightingale can see her voice  
You see her kisse with many a tear  
Because shee wishes to be in  
For all her love and all her pain  
Kisses, and tears, and all her pain  
That makes her voice so sweet and true



No, shee's a Priestesse of that Groue  
 The holy chappell of chast Loue,  
 Your virgin bosome. Then what e're  
 Poore Lawes diuide the publick yeare,  
 Whose reuolutions wait upon  
 The wild turnes of the wanton sun,  
 Bee you the Lady of Loues Yeare;  
 Where youre Eyes shine his Suns appeare:  
 There all the yeare is Loues long Spring,  
 There all the yeare Loues Nightingales  
 shall sit and sing.

### III. [THE ENEMIES OF CHRIST SILENCED.]

Matt. xxii. [46.]

*Neither durst any man from that day aske him any  
 more questions.*

Midst all the darke and knotty snares  
 Blacke witt or malice can or dares,  
 Thy glorious wisdom breaks the netts,  
 And treads with uncontrolled steps.  
 Thy quell'd foes are not onely now  
 Thy triumph, but thy trophies too.  
 They both at once thy conquests bee  
 And thy conquests memory.  
 Stony amazement makes them stand  
 Wayting on thy victorious hand;  
 Like statues fixed to the fame  
 Of thy renowne, and their own shame,  
 As if they onely meant to breath,  
 To bee the life of their own Death.  
 'Twas time to hold their peace when they  
 Had not another word to say.  
 Yett is their silence unto thee  
 The full sound of thy victorye .

Their silence speaks of love and  
 Thy well pronounced Paragons  
 While they speak of things they speak of  
 Their name in thy Memorial  
 While they speak nothing they pronounce  
 These with the surliest tongue of love  
 To hold their peace - all the way  
 These words have to speak thy praise

IV TO FATHERS PLEASE WAKING HIS  
 BLOOD-STAINED HANDS

Is murder in an ' or a sin of the age  
 That thou need'st avenge  
 A rage upon ' all thy other four  
 Taught for these blood-stained things thy number of  
 Since was a sign the death was slow and  
 Of honest judgement of men's face  
 The laughter of a horse and v. John's fountain  
 As ever spoken the side of that's  
 See how these words and words that men  
 D. King and  
 Each from a ' and words for  
 Hence now is every word men  
 Hence now men who are  
 And will not  
 Leave leave be  
 What water shall

V. ODE TO THE  
 CHURCH OF

O Thou the  
 Love grace

Of future chance! the world's Sire; and Mine,  
 Before the world. Obedient, lo! I ioyne  
 An æquall pace thus farre; Thy word my deedes  
 Haue flow'd together; if ought further needes  
 I shrinke not, but thus ready stand to beare  
 (For else why came I?) eu'n what e're I feare.  
 Yett O, what end? where does the period dwell  
 Of my sad labours? no day yett could tell: 10  
 My soule she was secure. Still haue I borne  
 A still increasing burden; worse hath torne  
 His way through bad, to my successiue hurt.  
 I left my glorious Father's star-pau'd Court;  
 E're borne was banisht; borne, was glad t'embrace  
 A poore (yea scarce a) rooffe; whose narrow place  
 Was not so much as cleane; a stable, kind;  
 The best my cradle and my birth could find.  
 Then was I knowne; and knowne unluckily,  
 A weake, a wretched child; eu'n then was I 20  
 For Jurye's king an enemy, euen worth  
 His feare; the circle of a yeare's round growth  
 Was not yett full (a time that to my age  
 Made litle, not a litle to his rage)  
 When a wild sword eu'n from their breasts, did lop  
 The Mothers' Joyes in an untimely crop.  
 The search of one child (cruell industry!)  
 Was losse of multitudes; and missing mee,  
 A bloude drunk errour spilt the costly ayne  
 Of that mad sin: how great! and yet how uayne!) 30  
 I cal'd a hundred miracles to tell  
 The world my Father; then does enuy swell  
 And breake upon Mee; my owne uirtues height  
 Hurtes Mee far worse then Herods highest spite:  
 A riddle! (Father) still acknowledg'd thine,  
 Am still refus'd; before the Infant shrine  
 Of my weake feet, the Persian Magi lay  
 And left their Mithra for my star; this they;

But Isaack's issue, the peculiar heyres  
 Of thy old goodnesse, know Thee not for thens. 40  
 Basely degenerate Against mee flocke  
 The stiff-neck'd Pharisees, that use to mocke  
 Sound goodnesse with her shadow, which they weare,  
 And gainst religion her owne colours beare.  
 The mouth'd brood of Priests against mee draw,  
 Those Lawlesse tyrant masters of the Law,  
 Profane baboons who does fiercely lead = Zedok  
 His court-fed impes against this hated head.  
 What would they more 'th' th' one seeme when at my nod  
 Great Nature selfe back shrinke, and spake me God: 50  
 Lerna saying there where I a guest did shine,  
 The Water turn'd it, and started into Wine,  
 Full of nigh sparkling liquor: taught by mee  
 A sweet new-braced ecstasy,  
 And straight if all this appropriation gave = gas  
 Good wine in all joynts, but the easy rate.  
 Other mens hunger with strange feasts I quell'd  
 Mine owne with stranger fastings, when I held  
 Twice twenty dayes pure abstinence, to feed  
 My mind's devotion in my body's need: 60  
 A subtle inundation of yucca food  
 Sprang in the spending fingers, and I re-dow'd  
 The peoples hunger: and when all was full  
 The broken meate was much more then the whole,  
 The Wind in all his roaring brags stood still  
 And listned to the whisper of my will,  
 The wild waues couch'd: the sea forgot to sweat,  
 Under my feet, the waters to bee wet,  
 In death-full desperate ill, where art and all  
 Was nothing, there my voyce was med'cinall. 70  
 Old clouds of thickest blindnesse led my sight,  
 And to my touch darke eyes did owe the light,  
 He that ne re heard now speakes, and finds a tongue  
 To chaunt my prayes in a new-strung song.

Euen hee that belches out a foaming flood  
 Of hot defiance 'gainst what e're is good—  
 Father and heyre of Darknesse, when I chide  
 Sinker into Horrors bosome, glad to hide  
 Himselfe in his owne hell; and now lets loose  
 Mans hearts (his tenement) and breakes up house. 80  
 Yet hee's not all; nor wax'd enough for mee  
 To freind the liuing world; euen Death did see  
 Mee ranging in his quarters; and the land  
 Of deepest silence answered my command.  
 Heaven, Earth, and Sea, my triumphes; what remain'd  
 Now but the Graue? &c. the Graue it selfe I tam'd. 86









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