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The complete works of Richard Crashaw

Richard Crashaw, Alexander Balloch Grosart

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THE

COMPLETE WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

ESSAY ON LIFE AND WRITINGS.
EPIGRAMMATA ET POEMATA LATINA: TRANSLATED FOR THE FIRST TIME. GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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. II.

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PREFACE.

In our Essay and Notes in the present Volume we so fully state such things as it seemed expedient to state on the specialties of our collection of Crashaw's Latin and Greek Poetry, in common with our like collection of his English Poetry in Vol. I., that little remains for preface here, beyond our wish renewedly to express our gratitude and obligations to our fellow-workers on the Translations now submitted. The names given at p. 4 herein, and the markings on the margin of the Contents, will show how generously my own somewhat large proportion of the task of love has been lightened by them; and throughout I have been aided and animated by the cordiality with which the friends have responded to my demands, or spontaneously sent their contributions. Preëminently I owe thanks to my 'brother beloved,' the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., Londesborough Rectory, Market Weighton.

On the text of the Latin and Greek I refer to the close of our Essay; but I must acknowledge willing and scholarly help, on certain points whereon I consulted them, from Rev. Dr. Holden, Ipswich, Rev. Dr.

JESSOPP, Norwich, and W. ALDIS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A. Cambridge (as before); albeit the inevitable variety of suggested emendations, as onward, compelled me to limit myself to as accurate a reproduction as possible of the text of Crashaw himself, obvious misprints excepted.

I have now to record the various University Collections wherein Crashaw's earliest poetical efforts appeared—all showing a passionate loyalty, which indeed remained with him to the end.

(*a*) Anthologia in Regis exanthemata; seu gratulatio Musarum Cantabrigiensium de felicissime conservata Regis Caroli valetudine, 1632.

(*b*) Ducis Eboracensis Fasciae a Musis Cantabrigiensibus raptim contextae, 1633.

(*c*) Rex Redux; sive Musa Cantabrigiensis Voti . . . et felici reditu Regis Caroli post receptam coronam comitaque peracta in Scotia, 1633.

(*d*) Carmen Natalitium ad cunas illustrissimae Principis Elizabethae decantatum intra Nativitatis Dom. solemnia per humiles Cantabrigiae Musas, 1635.

(*e*) Συνῳδία, sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium concentus et congratulatio ad serenissimum Britanniarum Regem Carolum de quinta sua sobole clarissima Principe sibi nuper felicissime nata, 1637.

(*f*) Voces votivae ab Academicis Cantabrigiensibus pro novissimo Caroli et Mariae Principe Filio emissae, 1640.

It is a noticeable fact, that Crashaw while still so young should have been invited to contribute to these University Collections along with Wren, Henry More, Edward King ('Lycidas'), Joseph Beaumont, Edward Rainbow, and kindred. His pieces in each are recorded in the places in our Volumes. They invite critical comment; but our space is fully exhausted.

By the liberality of F. MADOX-BROWN, Esq. R.A. I am enabled to furnish (in the 4to) in this our Second Volume an admirable photograph, by Hollyer of London, of his cartoon for the memorial-window in Peterhouse, Cambridge. Peterhouse is at late-last doing honour to some of her sons thus. Professor Ward, of Owens' College, Manchester, has the praise, as the privilege, of presenting the Crashaw portion of the fine Window. The figure is full of dignity and impressiveness; we may accept the creation of the Painter's genius for a Portrait. The accessories are suggestive of familiar facts in the life and poetry of Crashaw. Vignette-illustrations from W. J. LINTON, Esq. and Mrs. BLACKBURN again adorn our volume (in 4to). I regard that to the 'Captive Bird' (p. xxi.) as a gem. Finally, I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the cultured sympathy with which Mr. CHARLES ROBSON (of my Printers), one of the old learned school, has coöperated with me in securing accuracy. To 'err is human,' but I believe our Volumes will be found as little blemished as most. One misprint, however, caught our eye, just when our

completed Vol. I. was sent out, which troubled us as much as ever it would have done Ritson, viz. 'anchor' for 'arrow' in Cowley's 'Hope' (p. 176, l. 23). Gentle Reader, be so good as correct this at once.

A. B. G.

Park View, Blackburn, Lancashire,
March 4, 1873.

P.S. Three small overlooked items bearing on Crashaw having been recovered from a missing Note-book, I add them here.

(*a*) The 1670 edition of the 'Steps,' &c. (whose title-page is given in Vol. I. xliv.) was re-issued with an undated title-page as 'The Third Edition. London, Printed for *Richard Bently, Jacob Tonson, Francis Saunders*, and *Tho. Bennet*.' It is from the same type, and identical in every way except the fresh title-page, with the (so-called) '2d Edition.'

(*b*) In Thomas Shipman's 'Carolina, or Loyal Poems' (1683) there is a somewhat scurril piece entitled 'The Plagiary, 1658. Upon S. C., Presbyterian Minister and Captain, stealing forty-eight lines from Crashaw's Poems, to patch-up an Elegy for Mr. F. P[ierpont].' A very small specimen must suffice :

'Soft, sir,—stand!
You are arraign'd for theft; hold up your hand.
Impudent theft as ever was exprest,
Not to steal jewels only, but the chest;
Not to nib bits of gold from Crashaw's lines,
But swoop whole strikes together from his mynes.'

Another piece, 'The Promise. To F. L. Esq., with Crashaw's Poems (1653),' has nothing quotable.

(*c*) In Aylett's Poems, 'Peace with her Fowre Gardens,' &c. (1622), there are three little commendatory poems signed 'R. C.,' and these have been assigned to Crashaw; but '1622' forbids this, as he was then only in his 9-10th year. G.

CONTENTS.

As neither Crashaw nor his early Editors furnished Contents to the Epigrammata et Poemata, we are left free to decide thereon; and inasmuch as (*a*) our translations are intended to make Vol. II. as generally accessible and understood as Vol. I., and as (*b*) very few of those here first printed have headings, or the Scripture-texts only—we have deemed it expedient to give as Contents the subjects in English. The Scholar-student will find the Latin headings of the Author in their places. In the right-hand margin the initials of the respective Translators are given; on which see pp. 4-5, and Notes to the successive divisions. [*] on left-hand margin indicates there is a Greek version also: [†] printed for first time: [‡] translated for first time. G.

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[1] Crashaw's version is inadvertently inserted here instead of at p. 201. G.

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ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND POETRY OF CRASHAW.[1]

IN our Memorial-Introduction (vol. i. p. xxvi.) we make two promises, which fall now to be redeemed :

(*a*) A STUDY OF THE LIFE AND POETRY OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

(*b*) A MEMOIR OF WILLIAM CRASHAW, B.D., HIS FATHER.

The latter is in so many ways elucidative and illuminative of the former, outwardly and inwardly, that I deem it well to give it first.

I. MEMOIR OF WILLIAM CRASHAW, B.D.

The late laborious and accurate Joseph Hunter, in his MS. collections yclept Chorus Vatum, which by rare good fortune are preserved in the British Museum (Addl. MSS. 24.487, pp. 34-39), thus begins, *s.n.*

'I am here introducing a name which may be said to be hitherto unknown in the regions of Poetry, and which has been unaccountably passed over by biographical writers of every class ; yet one who has just claims on our attention of his own as well as in being the father of Richard Crashaw, whose merits are admitted ;' and he

[1] See p. 261 (ll. 13-14 of the Poem) for the subject of the above vivid illustration of the captive Bird, by Mrs. Blackburn, as before, specially for us (in 4to).

continues with a pleasant egotism that one can readily pardon, 'and he has particular claims upon me, as having been a native of the part of the kingdom from which I spring, and bearing a name which is that of a numerous family from whom I descend.'

We shall find onward, that the elder Crashaw had a unique gift of Poetry; but independent of that, a somewhat prolonged acquaintance with his numerous books enables us emphatically to ratify the 'claims' of '*his own*' otherwise—though in strong, even fierce, antagonism as Divine and Writer to his gentle-natured son's after-opinions.

Hitherto, in the brief and meagre notices of his son, and of the paternal Crashaw, it has simply been stated that he was a '*Yorkshireman*.' This is mentioned incidentally in various places. We are now enabled by the interest in our researches of local Antiquaries, together with aid from the Hunter and Cole MSS., to give for the first time family-details. Handsworth, sometimes spelled Hansworth, near Sheffield, one of the hamlets of England in the 'Black Country'—once couched among green fields and hedge-row 'lanes,' though now blighted and begrimed—was the 'nest' of the Crashaws; and there and in the neighbourhood the name is met with until comparatively recent times.[1] The Church-Register goes back to 1558, and under Baptisms, Aug. 24th, 1568, is this entry, 'Thomas, son of Richard Crawshaw, baptised;' and, alas, under the following 'November 14th,' 'Thomas, son of Richard Crawshaw, buried.' Next comes our Worthy:

'1572, October 26th, WILL., son of Richard Crawshaw, baptised.' There follow: January 12th, 1574, 'Francis;' November 24th, 1577, 'Ann'—both baptised; April 26th 1585, 'Richard,' son of Richard, buried; 1591, 'Robert

[1] Not to be confounded with Handsworth in Staffordshire, or Hensworth near Doncaster.

Eairl [*sic*] and Dorothy Crawshaw married;' 1608, November 20th, 'Hellen Crawshaw, widow, buried.' Then in 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1619, 1623, 1627, entries concerning the 'Francis' of 1574 and his household. The name does not reappear until 1682, January 1st, when 'William, son of William Crawshaw, is 'baptised;' and so the usual record of the light and shadow of 'Births and Marriages and Deaths' goes on until July 22d, 1729.

It appears from these Register-data that the father of our William Crashaw was named 'Richard,' and that he died in April 1585, when Master William was passing his 13th year. It also appears that his mother was named 'Hellen,' and that she died as 'a widow' in November 1608. In addition to these entries, I have discovered that this 'Hellen' was daughter of John Routh, of Waleswood; a name of mark in Yorkshire, in itself and through marriages.[1] That we are right in all this is made certain by his Will, wherein our Crashaw (*pater*) leaves 'to the parishe of Hansworth, in Com. Ebor., where I was borne, my owne works, all to be bounde together, to lye in the churche; and fourty shillings in monye to the stocke of the poor of that parishe.'[2] So far as I can gather from

[1] In his Will (as before) he leaves 'to my aunt Rowthe my owne works.' She was Dorothy, daughter of John Eyre, of Laughton, co. York.

[2] Mr. Hunter cannot have gone about his inquiries at Handsworth with his usual persistence, for he says (as *supra*), 'I conjecture that he may have been born about 1575, but I do not remember of his baptism in my extracts from the Parish Register of Hansworth, nor indeed any notice of the name of Crashaw,' &c. The Register, as shown above, abounds in the name of Crashaw. For the 'conjecture' of 1575 it is gratifying to be able to substitute the baptism-record in 1572. Later, indeed, Mr. Hunter discovered his mistake. It is not very creditable to the Rev. Dr. Gatty that in his edition of Hunter's 'Hallamshire'—a district which includes Handsworth—he has left the interesting facts laid to his hand unused. Surely it was worth while to claim Crashaw as sprung of Handsworth.

several family-tables which have been furnished to me, *the* Richard Crashaw, father of our William Crashaw, was son of another Richard Crashaw, who in turn was Rector of Aston, next parish to Handsworth, in 1539. Thus, if not of 'blue blood' in the heraldic sense, the Crashaws must have been well-to-do; for they are found not only intermarrying with good Yorkshire families, but also occupying considerable social status: *e. g.* a son of Francis — described as of Hansworth - Woodhouse, a hamlet of Hansworth — brother of William, was admitted to the freedom of the Cutlers' Company of Sheffield in 1638, and was Master in 1675. I have lineal descents brought down to the present year; and the annals of the House may hold their own in family-histories.[1] Our Worthy had life-long intercourse and life-long friendships with the foremost in Yorkshire, as his Will genially and quaintly testifies.

Fatherless in his 13th-14th year, his widowed mother must have been in circumstances pecuniarily that enabled her to have William, at least, '*prepared*' for the University. He was of renowned 'St. John's,' Cambridge, designated by him his 'deere nurse and spirituall mother.'[2] A MS. note by Thomas Baker, in his copy of 'Romish Forgeries and Falsifications' (1606), now in the Library of St. John's, furnishes almost the only definite notice of his University career that I have met with, as follows: 'Guil. Crashawe Eboracensis admissus socius Coll. Jo. pro Dña Fundatrice, authoritate Regia, sede vacante Epi. Elien. 19 Jan. 1593.'[3] Such is the 'entry' as given by Baker;

[1] I have very specially to thank Dr. Henry Hunter, of Taunton, the Rector of Handsworth (Rev. John Hand, M.A.), and Mr. Henry Cadman, of Ballifield Hall, for continued help in these local searches and recoveries. Dugdale's 'Visitation of Yorkshire' (under Strafford and Tickhill Wapentake) has other Crashaws.

[2] His Will, as before.

[3] Communicated by W. Aldis Wright, Esq. M.A., as before. The

but in the original it is as follows: 'Gulielmus Chrashawe Eboracensis admissus sum sisator pro Mr°. Alveye Maij 1°, 1591.' The Master and each senior Fellow chose sizars at this date. Again: 'Ego Gulielmus Crashawe Eboracensis admissus sum socius huius Collegij pro domina fundatrice, Authoritate regia, sede vacante Episcopi Eliensis, 19° Januarij 1593' [*i.e.* 1593-4]. The Bishop of Ely had the right of nominating one Fellow.[1] The See of Ely was vacant from the death of Bishop Richard Cox, 22d July 1581, to the occupancy of Martin Heton in 1598-9. Hence it came that the Queen presented Crashaw to the fellowship of St. John's. (See Baker's St. John's, by Mayor (vol. i. p. 438), for more details.) This was somewhat late. How he obtained the patronage of Elizabeth does not appear. The entry in 'White Vellum Book' of the College Treasury runs simply, 'Being crediblie informed of the povertie and yet otherwise good qualities and sufficiencie of Wm. Crashaw, B.A.' &c. The opening paragraphs of his Will characteristically recount his successive ecclesiastical appointments and preferments, and hence will fittingly come in here. 'In the name of the true and everlivinge God, Amen. I William Crashawe, Bachelor in Divinitie, Preacher of God's Worde. Firste at Bridlington, then at Beverley in Yorkshire. Afterwards at the Temple; since then Pastor of the Churche of Ag[nes] Burton, in the diocese of Yorke; nowe Pastor of that too greate Parishe of White-Chappell in the suburbs of London: the unworthye and unprofitable servante of God, make and ordaine this my last Will and Testament.' Previous to the death of Elizabeth he had been '*deprived*' of a 'little vicarage' ('A Discourse on Popish Corruptions requiring a Kingly Reformation:' MS. in Royal Library). Inquiries at Bridling-

remainder of the note refers to after-matters not necessary to be recorded here.

[1] Communicated to me by Professor Mayor, of Cambridge.

ton, formerly Burlington, and the several places named, have resulted in nothing, from the destruction of muniments, &c. In the earlier he must have been 'Curate' only. His many legacies of his 'owne workes,' which were to 'lye' in many churches, have all perished, or at least disappeared; and equally so his various 'monyes' for the 'poore.' It is sorrowful to find how so very often like provisions are discovered to have gone out of sight, to an aggregate few indeed suspect.

With Agnes Burton he had closer relations, inasmuch as one 'item' of his Will runs: 'The next avoydance of Ag. Burton, taken in my brother's name (for which he knoweth what hath byn offered), I give and bequeathe the same to my said brother Thomas, to be by him disposed to some worthy man.'

He describes 'Mr. Henry Alvay,' 'the famous Puritan,' as his 'ffather in Christ,' in bequeathing him 'one siluer pott with a cover loose, parcell guilt, of about 13 ounces.'[1] When, or from whom, he received 'orders' and ordination does not appear, but what our Worthy became as a Preacher his 'Sermons' remain to attest. They attest his evangelical fervour even to passion, his intense convictions, his wistful tenderness alternated with the most vehement rebuke of fashionable sins and worldliness, his deep personal love for the Lord Jesus, and a strangely pathetic yearning for all men to be 'safe' in Him. He had a kind of holy ubiquity of zeal in occupying pulpits where 'witness' was to be borne 'for the Truth.' His motto, found in a copy of Valerius Maximus, and elsewhere, was 'Servire Deo regnare est' (Notes and Queries, 3d S. vii. 111). America ought to prize his Sermon 'Preached in London before the Right Honourable the Lord Lawarre, Lord Governour and Captaine Generall of Virginia, and others of his Maiestie's Counsell for that Kingdome, and the rest

[1] On Alvey, see Brook's Puritans, ii. 85-6.

of the Adventurers in that Plantation. At the said Lord Generall his leaue-taking of England, his natiue countrey, and departure for Virginia, February 21, 1609. By W. Crashaw, Bachelar of Divinitie, and Preacher at the Temple. Wherein both the lawfulnesse of that Action is maintained, and the necessity thereof is also demonstrated, and so much out of the grounds of Policie, as of Humanity, Equity and Christianity. Taken from his mouth, and published by direction.' 1610. The running heading is 'A New Yeere's Gift to Virginea.' The text is St. Luke xxii. 32: 'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.' There is no nobler Sermon than this of the period; and it is only one of various equally eloquent, impressive, and powerful. Politically the Preacher saw far ahead, and his patriotism is chivalrous as Sidney's. Dr. Donne later preached for the same Virginia Company. He had 'sought' to go as secretary in the outset.

Our Worthy was twice married. Of his first wife—mother of Richard, our 'sweet Singer'—I have failed utterly to get so much as her name. Of his second wife there remains a privately-printed tractate entitled 'The Honovr of Vertve, or the Monument erected by the sorowfull Husband, and the Epitaphes annexed by learned and worthy men, to the immortall memory of that worthy gentlewoman Mrs. Elizabeth Crashawe. Who dyed in child-birth, and was buried in Whit-Chappell, October 8, 1620. In the 24 yeare of her age.' Of inconceivable interest would this remarkable tractate have been, had this been the Poet's mother; but the date shows that Hunter, in his 'Chorus Vatum,' and others, are mistaken in their statement that she was such. Richard Crashaw was born in 1612-3, while the 'Epitaphes' and other allusions touchingly inform us that this fatal 'child-birth' was, 'as she most surely expected,' of her only child. The great Usher

preached her funeral-sermon, 'at which Sermon and Funerall was present one of the greatest Assemblies that ever was seene in man's memorie at the buriall of any priuate person.' The illustrious Preacher—who 'vseth,' the Memorial says, 'to be very wary and modeste in commendation'—is very full and articulate in his praises of the dead. One bit we read with wet eyes; for among other traits Usher praises 'her singular motherly affection *to the child of her predecessor*—a rare vertue [as he noted] in step-mothers at this day.'[1] One can scarcely avoid a sigh that such a 'step-mother' was not spared to such a 'child.' No 'quick' name is found to any of the Verse, nor is the Verse intrinsically very memorable, except for its wealth of sympathy towards the Widower.[2]

[1] From the 'Honovr of Vertve' we also learn that Usher had baptised our Richard; another very interesting fact. We give the opening words, after the monumental inscription: 'The Funerall Sermon was made by Doctor Vsher of Ireland, then in England, and now Lord Bishop of Meath, in Ireland. It was her owne earnest request to him, that he would preach at the baptisme of her sonne, as he had eight yeares afore, being then also in England, at the baptisme *of her husband's elder sonne*. Now because it proued to be both the baptisme of the sonne and buriall of the mother, as she often said it would, he therefore spake out of this text, 1 Sam. iv. 2.' It will be noticed that 'eight years' from 1620 take us back to 1612-13, our Crashaw's birth-year. I add farther this on Mrs. Crashaw: 'Being yong, faire, comely, brought vp as a gentlewoman, in musick, dancing, and like to be of great estate, and therefore much sought after by yong gallants and rich heires, and good joinctures offered, yet she chose a Divine twise her owne age.'

[2] The longest poem is anonymous. It commences with a curious enumeration of popular 'omens' supposed to precede death or misfortune. The lines onward put some of the sweet commonplaces of our Literature very well:

> 'Her time was short, the longer is her rest;
> God takes them soonest whom He loueth best;
> For he that's borne to-day and dyes to-morrow
> Loosath some dayes of ioy, but yeares of sorrow.'

A fragment of it is in the Dr. Farmer Chetham MS. (as edited by us).

Of our Worthy's numerous Writings I have made out a careful enumeration, inasmuch as the usual bibliographical authorities (as Lowndes and Hazlitt) are exceedingly empty; but I must utilise it elsewhere, seeing that such a catalogue of (for the most part) violent invective against Popery were incongruous in an edition of the Poetry of his so opposite-minded son. These three out of our collection will show that Popery was the supreme object of his aversion; and even the full title-pages give but a poor idea of the out-o'-way learning—for he was a scholar among scholars—the grave wit, the sarcasm, the shrewd sense, and, alas, the uncharity of these and kindred sermons and books. The first is this, but from a later edition, for a reason that will appear: 'Loyola's Disloyalty; or the Iesvites' open Rebellion against God and His Church. Whose Doctrine is Blasphemie, in the highest degree, against the blood of Christ, which they Vilifie, and undervalew, that they might uphold their Merits. By Consequent, encouraging all Traytors to kill their lawfull Kings and Princes. With divers other Principles and Heads of their damnable and erronious Doctrine. Worthy to be written and read in these our doubtfull and dangerous times. 1643' (4to). This was originally issued as 'The Iesvites' Gospell' (1610), and in 1621 and 1641 as 'The Bespotted Jesuit.' Be it specially noted that Crashaw himself must not be made responsible for the after title-pages.[1] Next is this: 'The Parable of Poyson. In Five

[1] The title-page of the 'Iesvites' Gospell,' is extremely disingenuous, as there is no hint whatever of a prior publication, and the wording indeed is such as to make it seem that the Author, though dead well-nigh a quarter of a century at the time, was still living; for it thus runs: 'By W. C. And now presented to the Honourable the House of Commons in Parliament Assembled' (1641). Crashaw senior was Ultra-Protestant, but he is made insulting and offensive beyond his intention, as his own title-pages show. Any title-page after 1626 was not his.

Sermons of Spirituall Poyson, &c. Wherein the poysonfull Nature of Sinne, and the Spirituall Antidotes against it, are plainely and brefely set downe. Begun before the Prince his Highnesse. Proceeded in at Greye's Inne and the Temple, and finished at St. Martin's in the fields. By William Crashaw, Batcheler of Diuinity, and Preacher of God's word. 1618' (4to). The Epistle-dedicatory is dated from Agnes Burton, Yorkshire. 'The ioyfull 5 of Nouember, the day neuer to be forgotten.' The third is this: 'The New Man, or a Svpplication from an vnknowne Person, a Roman Catholike, vnto Iames, the Monarch of Great Brittaine, and from him to the Emperour, Kings, and Princes of the Christian World. Touching the causes and reasons that will argue a necessity of a Generall Councell to be fortwith assembled against him that now vsurps the Papall Chaire vnder the name of Paul the fifth. Wherein are discouered more of the secret Iniquities of that Chaire and Court, then hitherto their friends feared, or their very aduersaries did suspect. Translated into English by William Crashaw, Batchelour in Diuinity, according to the Latine Copy, sent from Rome into England. 1622' (4to). Other of these controversial tractates, or 'Flytings' (Scoticè), are more commonly known, and need not detailed notice from us. That the 'ruling passion' was 'strong' to the end, appears by the already repeatedly named Will, the opening of which has been given, and which thus continues: 'For my religion, I professe myself in lief and deathe a Christian, and the crosse of Jesus Christ is my glorye, and His sufferings my salvation. I renounce and abhorre Atheisme, Iudaisme, Turcisme, and all heresies against the Holy and Catholike faithe, oulde and newe, and (namelye) Poperie, beinge as nowe it is established by the canons of Trent and theyr present allowed decrees and doctors, lyke a confused body of all

heresies.' And again: 'I accounte Poperie (as it nowe is) the heape and chaos of all heresies, and the channell whereunto the fowlest impieties and heresies that have bene in the Christian worlde have runne and closelye emptied themselves. I beleeve the Pope's seate and power to be the power of the greate Antichrist, and the doctrine of the Pope (as nowe it is) to be the doctrine of Antichrist; yea, that doctrine of devills prophesied of by the Apostles, and that the trve and absolute Papist, livinge and dyeinge, debarres himself of salvation for oughte that we knowe. And I beleve that I am bounde to separate myself from that sinagogue of Rome if I wilbe saved. And I professe myselfe a member of the true Catholike Churche, but not of the Roman Churche (as nowe it is), and to looke for salvation, not by that faith nor doctrine which that Churche nowe teacheth, but that which once it had, but now falne from it.' And then follow 'groundes' in burning and 'hard' words, intermingled with strange outbursts of personal humiliation before God and an awful sense of His scrutiny.

These Title-pages and Will-extracts must suffice to indicate the Ultra-Protestantism of the elder Crashaw. To qualify them—in addition to our note of the intensified after title-pages *by others*—it must be remembered that the Armada of 1588 flung its scaring shadow across his young days, and that undoubtedly the descendants of Loyola falsified their venerable Founder's intentions by political agitations and plottings. These coloured our ecclesiastical polemique's whole ways of looking at things. His Will and codicil are dated in 1621-2, and during these years and succeeding, his most fiery and intense 'Sermons' and tractates were being published. Richard was then growing up into his teens, and without his 'second' mother. As Crashaw senior died in 1626—his Will having been 'proved' 16th October in that year—our Poet-saint

was only about 13-14 when he lost his father, scarcely ten when appointed by him executor, the words being: 'I ordaine and make Mr. Robert Dixon and *my sonne Richarde* executors of my Will' (10th June 1622).[1]

His Epistles-dedicatory and private Letters (several of which are preserved in the British Museum, and of which I have copies—one very long to Sir Julius Cæsar on his brother's illness) and his Will, make it plain that our Worthy mingled in the highest society, and was consulted in the most delicate affairs. His dedication of one of his most pronounced books, 'Consilium quorundam Episcop. Bononiæ &c.' (1613), to Shakespeare's Earl of Southampton, *as to a trusted friend*, settles, to my mind, the (disputed) fact as to the Earl having become a Protestant. So too the translation of Augustine's 'City of God' (1620, 2d edition) is dedicated to William Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Arundel, and the Earl of Montgomery.

The last matter to be touched on is the Verse of the paternal Crashaw, which has a unique character of its own. It consists of translations from the Latin. His 'Loyola's Disloyalty' is based on a rendering of a Latin poem in super-exaltation of the Virgin Mary by Clarus Bonarscius (=Carolus Scribanius); and Crashaw animadverts on such 'pointes' as these: 'That the milke of Mary may come into comparison with the blood of Christ;' 'that the Christian man's faith may lawfully take hold of both as well as one;' 'that the best compound for a sicke soule is to mix together her milke and Christ's blood;'

[1] Robert Dixon, gent., proved the Will on 16th October 1626, and power was reserved for farther proof by Richard Crashaw, who, as under age, could not then act. Except that young Richard is named executor, there is no special provision made for him; and we must assume that as only son and child he necessarily inherited his portion over and above the (considerable) legacies. It was no uncommon thing at the period to name one young as Master Richard an executor; there are instances even of an unborn child being nominated.

'that Christ is still a little child in His mother's armes, and so may be prayed unto;' 'that a man shall oftentimes be sooner heard at God's hand in the mediation of Mary than Jesus Christ;' and so on. I give the opening, middle, and closing lines.

TO OUR LADY OF HALL AND THE CHILD JESUS.

'My thoughts are at a stand, of milke and blood,
Delights of brest and side, which yeelds most good;
And say, when on the teates mine eyes I cast,
O Lady, of thy brest I beg a taste.
But if mine eyes upon the wounds doe glide,
Then, Jesu, I had rather sucke Thy side.
Long have I mused, now knowe I where to rest:
For with my right hand I will graspe the brest,
If so I may presume: as for the wounds,
With left Ile catch them; thus my zeale abounds.'

Again:

'Mother and Son, give eare to what I crave,
I beg this milke, that bloud, and both would have.
Youngling, that in Thy mother's armes art playing,
Sucking her brest sometimes, and sometimes staying,
Why dost Thou view me with that looke of scorne?
'Tis forceless envie that 'gainst Thee is borne.
Oft hast Thou said, being angry at my sinne,
Darest thou desire the teates My food lyes in?
I will not, oh I dare not, golden Child;
My mind from feare is not so farre exild:
But one, even one poore drop I doe implore
From Thy right hand or side, I ask no more.
If neither, from Thy left hand let one fall;
Nay from Thy foot, rather than none at all:
If I displease Thee, let Thy wounds me wound,
But pay my wage if I in grace be found.'

Finally:

'But ah, I thirst; ah, droght my breath doth smother,
Quench me with blood, sweet Son; with milk, good mother:
Say to Thy mother, See My brother's thirst;
Mother, your milke will ease him at the first.

Say to thy Son, Behold Thy brother's bands;
  Sweet Son, Thou hast his ransome in Thy hands.
Shew Thy redeeming power to soules opprest,
  Thou Sonne, if that Thy blood excel the rest.
And shew Thyselfe justly so stilde indeed,
  Thou mother, if thy brests the rest exceed.
Ah, when shall I with these be satisfi'd?
  When shall I swimme in joyes of brest and side?
Pardon, O God, mine eager earnestnesse,
  If I Thy lawes and reason's bounds transgresse;
Where thirst o're-swayes, patience is thrust away:
  Stay but my thirst, and then my cryes will stay.
I am better then Thy nailes; yet did a streame
  Of Thy deere bloud wash both the lance and them.
More worthy I then clouts; yet them a flood
  Moistened of mother's milke and of Son's blood.'

Rhythm, epithet, and the whole ring of these Verses remind us of the younger Crashaw. But the most remarkable Verse-production of the elder Crashaw is his translation of the 'Querela, sive Dialogvs Animæ et Corporis damnati,' ascribed to St. Bernard. It originally appeared in 1616, and has been repeatedly reprinted since. Those of 1622 and 1632 are now before me, and the English title-page runs: 'The Complaint, or Dialogve betwixt the Soule and the Bodie of a damned man. Each laying the fault vpon the other. Supposed to be written by S. Bernard, from a nightly vision of his; and now published out of an ancient manuscript copie. By William Crashaw.' The Dialogue thus opens:

'In silence of a Winter's night,
A sleeping yet a walking spirit;
  A livelesse body to my sight
  Methought appearèd, thus addight.

In that my sleepe I did descry
A Soule departed but lately
  From that foule body which lay by;
  Wailing with sighes, and loud did cry.

Fast by the body, thus she mones
And questions it, with sighes and grones;
O wretched flesh, thus low who makes thee lye,
Whom yesterday the world had seene so high?

Was't not but yesterday the world was thine,
And all the countrey stood at thy devotion?
Thy traine that followed thee when thy sunne did shine
Have now forsaken thee: O dolefull alteration!

Those turrets gay of costly masonry,
And larger palaces, are not now thy roome;
But in a coffin of small quantity
Thou lyest interrèd in a little tombe.

. . . . . .

O wretched flesh, with me that art forlorne,
If thou couldst know how sharpe our punishment;
How justly mightest thou wish not to be borne,
Or from the wombe to tombe to have been hent!

. . . . . .

How lik'st thou now, poor foole, thy latter lodging,
The roofe whereof lyes even with thy nose?
Thy eyes are shut, thy tongue cannot be cogging;
Nothing of profit rests at thy dispose.

. . . . . .

Thy garments, wretched fool, are farre from rich;
Thy upper garment hardly worth a scute;
A little linnen shrouds thee in thy ditch,
No rents nor gifts men bring, nor make their suite.'

Again, st. 79-81:

'If I be clad in rich array,
And well attended every day,
Both wise and good I shal be thoght,
My kinred also shall be sought.
I am, say men, the case is cleere,
Your cosen, sir, a kinsman neere.
But if the world doe change and frowne,
Our kinred is no longer knowne;
Nor I remembred any more
By them that honoured me before.

O vanity! vile love of mucke,
Foule poyson, wherefore hast thou stucke
Thyselfe so deepe, to raise so high
Things vanishing so suddenly?'

In a 'Manvall for true Catholicks, or a Handfvll, or rather a Heartfull of holy Meditations and Prayers, gathered out of certaine ancient Manuscripts, written 300 yeeres agoe, or more,' which is usually bound up with the 'Querela,' there is no little striking thought and word-painting, combined with a parsimony of epithet, and a naked and yet imaginative echo of the monkish Latin, singularly impressive. Passing the 'Orthodoxall Confessions of God the Father' and 'Sonne' and 'Holy Ghost,' though all have many memorable things—I would close our specimens with one complete poem from the 'Manvall.' It is entitled 'The Conclusion, with a devout and holy prayer;' the word 'prayer' reminding us that in his Prayers herein and in his 'Milke for Babes' (1618, and several later), Crashaw is lowly and devout, and simply a sinner holding the Christian's hope. The remark applies also to much of his celebration of 'Carraciolo,' the Italian convert and 'Second Moses' (1608).

'This is Christian faith unfainèd,
Orthodoxall, true, unstainèd.
As I teach, all understand,
Yeelding unto neither hand.
And in this my soule's defence,
Reiect me not for mine offence:
Thogh Death's slave, yet desperation
I fly in death to seek salvation.
I have no meane Thy love to gain,
But this faith which I maintaine.
This Thou seest, nor will I cease
By this to beg for a release.
Let this sacred salve be bound
Vpon my sores, to make them sound.
Though man be carried forth, and lying
In his grave, and putrifying:

Bound and hid from mortall eyes;
Yet if Thou bid, he must arise.
At Thy will the grave will open,
At Thy will his bonds are broken.
And forth he comes without delay,
If Thou but once bid, Come away!
In this sea of dread and doubt
My poore barke is tost about;
With storms and pirats far and wide,
Death and woes on every side.
Come, thou Steer's-man ever blest,
Calme these winds that me molest;
Chase these ruthlesse pyrats hence,
And show me some safe residence.
My tree is fruitles, dry, and dead,
All the boughs are witherèd;
Downe it must, and to the fire,
If desert have his due hire.
But spare it, Lord, another yeare,
With manuring it [yet] may beare.
If it then be dead and dry,
Burne it; alas, what remedy!
Mine old foe assaults me sore
With fire and water, more and more.
Poore I, of all my strength bereft,
Onely unto Thee am left.
That my foe may hence be chasèd,
And I from Ruin's clawes releasèd,
Lord, vouchsafe me every day
Strength to fast, and faith to pray:
These two meanes Thyself hast taught
To bring temptation's force to noght.
Lord, free my soule from sin's infection
By repentance's direction.
Be Thy feare in me abiding,
My soule to true salvation guiding.
Grant me faith, Lord, hope, and love,
Zeale of heaven and things above.
Teach mee prize the world at nought;
On Thy blisse be all my thought.

All my hopes on Thee I found,
In Whom all good things abound.
Thou art all my dignitie:
All I have I have from Thee.
Thou art my comfort in distresse,
Thou art my cure in heavinesse;
Thou art my music in my sadnes,
Thou art my medicine in my madnesse.
Thou my freedom from my thral,
Thou my raiser from my fall.
In my labour Thou reliev'st me;
Thou reform'st whatever grieves me.
Al my wrongs Thy hand revengeth,
And from hurt my soul defendeth.
Thou my deepest doubts revealest,
Thou my secret faults concealest.
O do Thou stay my feet from treading
In paths to hel and horror leading,
Where eternal torment dwels,
With fears and tears and lothsome smels
Where man's deepest shame is sounded,
And the guilty still confounded;
Where the scourge for ever beateth,
And the worme that alwaies eateth;
Where all those endless do remain,
Lord, preserve us from this paine.
In Sion lodge me, Lord, for pitty—
Sion, David's kingly citty,
Built by Him that's onely good;
Whose gates be of the Crosse's wood;
Whose keys are Christ's undoubted word;
Whose dwellers feare none but the Lord;
Whose wals are stone, strong, quicke and bright;
Whose Keeper is the Lord of Light:
Here the light doth never cease,
Endlesse Spring and endles peace;
Here is musicke, heaven filling,
Sweetnesse evermore distilling;
Here is neither spot nor taint,
No defect, nor no complaint;

No man crookèd, great nor small,
But to Christ conformèd all.
Blessed towne, divinely gracèd,
On a rocke so strongly placèd,
Thee I see, and thee I long for;
Thee I seek, and thee I grone for.
O what ioy thy dwellers tast,
All in pleasure first and last!
What full enioying blisse divine,
What iewels on thy wals do shine!
Ruby, iacinth, chalcedon,
Knowne to them within alone.
In this glorious company,
In the streets of Sion, I
With Iob, Moses, and Eliah,
Will sing the heauenly Alleviah. Amen.

Surely this is a very noteworthy transfusion of old Latin pieties into vivid English. 'Visions' of Jerusalem the Golden transfigure even the austere words towards the close. One can picture Master Richard's eyes kindling over his Father's verses when he was gone.

So endeth what I have thought it needful to tell of the elder Crashaw. As hitherto almost nothing has been told of him, even our compressed little Memorial—keeping back many things and notices that have gathered in our note-books—may be welcome to some. I pass now to

II. A Study of the Life and Poetry of Richard Crashaw.

The outward facts of our 'sweet Singer's' story are given with comparative fulness in our Memorial-Introduction (vol. i. pp. xxvii.-xxxviii.). In the present brief Essay we wish to look into some of these, so as to arrive at a true estimate of them and of the Poetry, now fully (and for the first time) collected.

I think I shall be able to say what has struck myself as worth saying about Crashaw, under these three things:

I. His change from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism, using the terms as historic words, not polemically.

II. His friends and associates, as celebrated in his Writings.

III. His characteristics and place as a Poet. These successively.

I. *His change from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism.* From our Memoir of his Father it will be apparent to all that *he* was a Protestant of Protestants; and it is an inevitable assumption that his son from infancy would be indoctrinated with all vigilance and fervour in the paternal creed, which may be designated Puritan, as opposed to Laudian High-Churchism within the Church of England.[1] I think we shall not err either, in concluding that the younger Crashaw had a very impressionable and plastic nature; so that the strong and self-assertive character of his Father could not fail to mould his earliest thinking, opinions, beliefs, and emotion. Still it will not do to pronounce our Poet's change to have been a revolt and rebound from the narrowness of the paternal teaching and writing, seeing that his Father died in 1626, when he was only passing into his 13-14th year.[2] It is palpable that the elder Crashaw was spared the distress of the apostacy (as he should most trenchantly have named it) of his only son. Moreover, the very notable poems from the Tanner MSS. on the *Gunpowder Treason* (vol. i. pp. 188-194) are

[1] Yet is it notable that the elder Crashaw instituted 'a daily Morning Exercise'—reckoned High-churchly then and since. The 'Honour of Vertue' records that 'many hundred poore soules' had to bless God for the 'Exercise.'

[2] Thomas Baker's note in W. Crashaw's 'Romish Forgeries' (as partly quoted before) is utterly mistaken and misdirectedly strong: 'Erat ille [the elder Crashaw] acerrimus Propugnator Religionis Reformatæ, quam Filius ejus Ric. Crashaw, injuriis vexatus, pressus inopia, Patria extorris, et complexu Matris Ecclesiæ avulsus, abjuravit.'

pronounced and intense in their denunciations of (to quote from them) that 'vnmated malice,' that 'vnpeer'd despight' and 'very quintessence of villanie,' for 'singing' of which he feels he must have not 'inke' but 'the blood of Cerberus, or Alecto's viperous brood,' and demonstrate that he carried with him to, and kept in, Cambridge all his father's wrath, and more than even his father's vocabulary of vituperation, with too his own after-epithets, instinct with poetic feeling, as a thoughtful reading reveals. These poems belong to 1631-3. Even in the Latin Epigrams of 1634 there is (to say the least) a 'slighting' allusion to the Pope in the 'Umbra S. Petri,' being 'Nunc quoque, Papa, tuum sustinet illa decus' (see Epigram xix. p. 47). That volume, also, is dedicated in the most glowing words of affection and indebtedness to Dr. Benjamin Lany (vol. ii. pp. 7-15), afterwards, as we shall find onward, a distinguished bishop in the Church of England. And he was a man after the elder Crashaw's own heart, as we shall now have revealed in a little overlooked poem addressed to Crashaw senior, which is appended to the 'Manvall for True Catholicks' (as before). Here it is; and let the Reader ponder its anti-papal sentiment:

A CONCLUSION TO THE AUTHOR AND HIS BOOKE.

Tradition and antiquitie, the ground
  Whereon that erring Church doth so relye,
Breakes out to light, from darknesse, to confound
  The novel doctrine of their heresie,
Which plaine by these most sensible degrees
  Doth point the wayes it hath digrest to fall;
Where each observing iudgement plainely sees,
  From good to bad, from bad to worst of all
It is arriv'd: so that it can aspire,
  Obscure, deface, suppresse, doe what it may,
To blinde this truth; to no step any higher
  By any policie it can essay.

These holy Hymnes stuft with religious zeale
And meditations of most pious use,
Able their whole to wound, our wounded heale:
Free from impiety, or least abuse,
Blot out all merit in ourselves we have,
And onely, solely, doe on Christ relye:
Offer not prayers for those are in the grave,
Nor unto saints, that heare not, doe not cry.
Then in a word, since God hath thee preserv'd
From the Inquisitors' most cruel rage,
Though in their worth they else might have deserv'd
To passe among the good things of this Age,
Yet are in this respect of more regard,
Since God would have them to these times appeare,
So many having perisht; and be heard
With more true zeale, that God hath kept so deare.
By all which I conclude, from thine owne heart,
Thou wicked servant, that might know and would not,
He hath discharg'd himselfe in all and part,
That would have cur'd your Babel, but hee could not.

B. L.

There is some obscurity in these Donne- or Ben-Jonson-like rugged lines, but none as to the opinions of their writer on Popery. Thus up to 1634 at least, or until his twenty-second or twenty-third year, Crashaw the younger was as thoroughly Protestant, in all probability, as his father could have desired. The '*change*' accordingly was a radical one when he left his mother-Church, and one laments that our light is so dim and our view so distant. Anthony a-Wood (as before) and the usual authorities state that our Crashaw became famous as a preacher: he became, says Willmott, 'a preacher of great energy and power,' *id est*, in England, and therefore while still belonging to the Church of England. I have an impression that somehow the son has been confounded with the father, whose renown as a preacher was lasting; just as it seems certain that son and father have been confounded by the continuous editors of Selden's 'Table-

Talk,' wherein the illustrious Thinker recounts somewhat proudly that he had converted Crashaw from his opposition to stage-plays. We may as well expiscate this point here. The younger Crashaw, then, never expressed himself, so far as is known, against stage-plays: contrariwise, in his fine Epigram on Ford's 'Love's Sacrifice' and 'Broken Heart' he is in sympathy with these 'stage-plays.' On the other hand, in one of his most impassioned sermons, his father had, with characteristic pungency, condemned 'Plaies and Players'—as given below.[1]

[1] The passage occurs in his Sermon before 'Lord Lawarre' on setting out for Virginia (see its title-page *ante*). After disposing of (1) the divels, (2) the Papists, he comes, as follows, to (3) the Plaiers. 'As for the Plaiers: (pardon me, right honourable and beloued, for wronging this place and your patience with so base a subject), they play with Princes and Potentates, Magistrates and Ministers, nay with God and Religion and all holy things: nothing that is good, excellent, or holy can escape them: how then can this action? But this may suffice, that they are Players: they abuse Virginia, but they are Players: they disgrace it; true, but they are but Players, and they haue played with better things, and such as for which, if they speedily repent not, I dare say, vengeance waites for them. But let them play on; they make men laugh on earth, but "Hee that sits in heaven laughes them to scorne;" because like the flie, they so long play with the candle, till first it singe their wings, and at last burnes them altogether. But why are the Players enemies to this Plantation and doe abuse it? I will tell you the causes. First, for that they are so multiplied here, that one cannot liue by another, and they see that wee send of all trades to Virginia, but wee send no Players, which if wee would doe, they that remaine would gaine the more at home. Secondly, as the diuell hates vs because wee purpose not to suffer Heathens, and the Pope because wee have vowed to tolerate no Papists, so doe the Players, because wee resolue to suffer no idle persons in Virginia; which course, if it were taken in England, they know they might turne to new occupations' [sheet H 3, unpaged]. The 'Talk' in Selden's 'Table-Talk' is as follows: 'I never converted but two; the one was Mr. Crashaw, from writing against Plays, by telling him a way how to understand that place [of putting on women's apparel], which has nothing to do

To return: be this as it may in the matter of 'preaching,' the matter-of-fact is, that our Crashaw retained his Fellowship up to his ejection on the 11th of June 1644 (vol. i. pp. xxxiii.-iv.), or when he was in his 32d-33d year; or, as gentle Father Southwell gently put it, about his 'dear Lord's' age. We get a glimpse of his religious life while a Protestant, in the original 'Preface to the Reader' of 'Steps to the Temple,' &c. as follows: '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 roofe of 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' (vol. i. p. xlvii.). Coinciding with this is the love he had for the writings of 'Sainte Teresa,' when (in his own words) 'the Author'

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in the business [as neither has it]—that the Fathers speak against Plays in their time with reason enough, for they had real idolatries mixed with their Plays, having three altars perpetually upon the stage' ('Poetry,' § 3). In confirmation farther of our correction of a long-continued error, I find the elder Crashaw in another of his sermons touching incidentally on the very point of 'women's apparel,' as follows: 'The ungodly playes and enterludes so rife in this nation: what are they but a bastard of Babylon, a daughter of error and confusion, a hellish device (the divel's own recreation to mock at holy things), by him delivered to the heathen, from them to the Papists, and from them to us? . . . . They know all this, *and that God accounts it abomination for a man to put on woman's apparel*, and that the ancient Fathers expounded that place against them' (Sermon preached at the Crosse, Feb. 14, 1607 . . . . justified by the Author . . . . 1609, 4to, p. 169). Probably the preacher intimated his intention to pursue his condemnation farther, and so the great Scholar put him right on the well-known text.

of 'A Hymn to the Name and Honor of the admirable Sainte Teresa' was 'yet among the Protestants.' In his 'Apologie for the foregoing Hymn'—than which, for subtle, delicate, fin*est* mysticism, in words that are not so much words as music, and yet definite words too, changing with the quick bright changes of a dove's neck, there is hardly anything truer—the Poet traces up his devotion to her to his 'reading' of her books; as thus:

> 'Thus haue I back again to thy bright name,
> Fair floud of holy fires! transfus'd the flame
> I took from reading thee. . . . . .
> . . . . . O pardon, if I dare to say
> Thine own dear bookes are guilty.' (vol. i. p. 150.)

The words of the Preface (as above) remind us also that Crashaw took his part in the Fasts and Vigils and austerities of the Ferrars and the saintly, if ascetic, 'Little Gidding' group.[1] Going back on the 'Hymn,' such lines as these show how even then the Poet had drunk-in the very passion of Teresa: *e.g.*

> 'Loue toucht her heart, and, lo, it beates
> High, and burnes with such braue heates,
> Such thirsts to dy, as dares drink vp
> *A thousand cold deathes in one cup.*
> Good reason: for she breathes all fire;
> Her white breast heaues with strong desire.
> . . . . . .
> Sweet, not so fast! lo, thy fair Spouse,
> Whom thou seekst with so swift vowes,
> Calls thee back, and bidds thee come
> T'embrace a milder martyrdom.
> Blest powres forbid thy tender life
> Should bleed vpon a barbarous knife:

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[1] See Professor Mayor's 'Nicholas Ferrar' (1855), pp. vi. vii. 330. He has satisfied us that Crashaw was not the author of the Epitaph on Nicholas Ferrar, as Sancroft supposed. See p. 144.

Or some base hand have power to raze
Thy brest's chast cabinet, and vncase
A soul kept there so sweet: O no,
Wise Heaun will neuer haue it so.
Thou art Love's victime, and must dy
A death more mystical and high:
Into Loue's armes thou shalt let fall
A still-suruiuing funerall.
His is the dart must make the death
Whose stroke shall tast thy hallow'd breath;
A dart thrice dipt in that rich flame
Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name
Vpon the roof of Heau'n, where ay
It shines; and with a soueraign ray
Beates bright vpon the burning faces
Of soules which in that Name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles. . . .
O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain;
Of intolerable ioyes;
Of a death, in which who dyes
Loues his death, and dyes again,
And would for ever so be slain,
And liues and dyes; and knowes not why
To live, but that he thus may neuer leaue to dy.'

It is deeply significant to find such a Hymn as that written while 'yet among the Protestants.' Putting the two things together—(*a*) his recluse, shy, meditative life 'under Tertullian's roofe of angels,' and his prayers THERE in the night; (*b*) his passionately sympathetic reading, as of Teresa, and going forth of his most spiritual yearnings after the 'sweet and subtle pain,' and Love's death 'mystical and high'—we get at the secret of the 'change' now being considered. However led to it, Crashaw's reading lay among books that were as fuel to fire brought to a naturally mystical and supersensitive temperament; and however formed and nurtured, such self-evidently was his temperament. His innate mysticism

drew him to such literature, and the literature fed what perchance demanded rather to be neutralised.[1] I feel satisfied one main element of the attraction of Roman Catholicism for him was the nutriment and nurture for his profoundest though most perilous spiritual experiences in its Writers. His great-brained, strong-thewed father would have dismissed such 'intolerable ioyes' as morbid sentimentalism; but the nervous, finely and highly strung organisation of his son was as an Æolian harp under their touch. To all this must be added certain local influences, and ultimately the crash of the Ejection. The history of the University during the period of Crashaw's residence makes it plain that there was then, as later, a revival of what may be technically called Ritualism—as an intended help-meet to Faith—and that by some of the most cultured and gracious scholars of the Colleges. I am not vindicating, much less judging such, any more than would I 'sit in judgment' on the Ritualist revival of our own day, *i. e.* of its adherents. For myself, I find it a diviner and grander thing to 'walk by faith' rather than by 'sight,' and not 'bodied' but 'disembodied truth' the more spiritual. But to not a few—and to such as Crashaw—the sensible, the visible, the actually looked-at—sanctified with the hoar of centuries—light up and etherealise. Contemporary records show that the chapel of Peterhouse—Crashaw's college—which was built in 1632, and consecrated by Francis White, Bishop of Ely, was a 'handsome' one, having a beautiful ceiling and a noble east window—its glass 'hid away in the troublesome times.' Among the benefactors to its building were (afterwards bishops) Cosin and Wren, and also Shelford, whose 'Five learned

[1] His reading included Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish. His 'exercises' were 'Poetry, Drawing, Limming, Graving' ('exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy'). See our vol. i. p. xlvii.

Discourses' were graced with a noticeable 'commendatory poem' by Crashaw (vol. ii. pp. 162-5). Before this chapel was built the society made use of the chancel of the adjacent church of Little St. Mary's, into which there was a door from Peterhouse College. The reader may at this point turn to our poet's heart-broken 'pleadings' for the 'restoration' of his College, now made 'to speak English.' On all which. and the like, dear old Fuller, in his History of the University, thus speaks, under a somewhat later date (1642), but *the* very turning-period with Crashaw: 'Now began the University to be much beautified in buildings; every college, after casting its skin with the snake, or renewing its bill with the eagle, having their courts, or at least their fronts and gatehouse, repaired and adorned. But the greatest attention was in their chapels, most of them being graced with the accession of organs,' &c.

Contemporary records farther lead us to Peterhouse and Pembroke Colleges as specially 'visited' and 'spoiled' in the Commission from the Parliament in 1643 to remove crosses. We may read one 'report' out of many. 'Mr. Horscot: We went to Peterhouse, 1643, Dec. 21, with officers and soldiers, and [in] the presence [of] Mr. Wilson, of the president Mr. Francis, Mr. Maxy and other Fellows, Dec. 20 and 23, we pulled down two mighty great angells with wings, and divers other angells and the four Evangelists and Peter with his keies, over the Chappell Dore, and about a hundred cherubims and angells and divers superstitious letters in gold; and at the upper end of the chancel these words were written as followeth: "Hic locus est Domini Dei, nil aliud et Porta cœli." Witness, Will. Dowsing, Geo. Long.' Farther: 'These words were written at Keie's Coll. and not at Peterhouse, but about the walls were written in Latin, "We prays thee ever;" and on some of the images was written "Sanctus, Sanctus,

Sanctus;" or other, "Gloria Dei et Gloria Patri," and "Non nobis Domine;" and six angells in the windowes.' So at Pembroke, 'We brake and pulled down 80 superstitious pictures;' and so at Little St. Mary's, 'We brake down 60 superstitious pictures, some Popes and crucifixes and God the Father sitting in a chayer and holding a glass in his hand.' Looking on the since famous names of Peterhouse and Pembroke (Spenser's college)—Cosin, Wren, Shelford, Tournaye, Andrewes—they at once suggest ritualistic, if not Roman Catholic, proclivities.

Thus from all sides came potent influences of personal friendship—of his friends and associates more onward—to give impulse and *momentum* to Crashaw's mystical Roman-Catholic sympathies. The 'Ejection' of 1644 found Crashaw in the very heart of these influences, not swayed simply, but mastered by them. To one so secluded and unworldly, a crisis in which the pillars of the throne were shattered, and in which not the many for the one, but the one rather than the many, must be sacrificed, was a dazing bewilderment, and terror, and agony. All was chaos and weltering confusion; no resting-place in England for his dove-feet: dissonance, blasphemy as he weened, came to his shuddering heart: he saw the lifting-up of anchors never before lifted; and the Church drifting, drifting away aimlessly and helplessly (as he misjudged). Moses-like, he looked this way and that way, and saw no man—saw not The Man—and failed, I fear, to look UP, because of his very agony of looking down and in. And so, in his tremor and sorrow and weariness, he passed over to Roman Catholicism as the 'ideal' of his reading, and as the 'home' of the sainted ones whose words were as manna to his spirit. Not a strong, defiant, masterful soul, by any means—frail, timorous, shrinking, rather—he would 'fly away,' even if out to the wilderness, to be 'at rest.' The very 'inner life' of God was in his soft gentle heart, and

that he carried with him through after-years, as Cowley bore brave witness by his magnanimous title of 'Saint.' Conscience too—ill-instructed possibly, yet true to its light, if true also to feelings that ought to have been wrestled with, not succumbed to—went with him: and what of God's grace is in a man keeps him, wherever ecclesiastically he may abide.

Such is our solution of the 'change' of Crashaw from Protestantism to Catholicism. It is sheer fanaticism to rave against the 'change,' and to burrow for ignoble motives. Gross ignorance of the facts of the period is betrayed by any one who harshly 'judges' that the humble 'ejected Fellow' made a worldly 'gain' by his 'change.' Nay verily, it was no 'gain,' in that paltry sense, for an Englishman then to become a Roman Catholic. It was to invite obloquy, misconstruction, 'evil-speaking.' In Crashaw's case he had wealthy uncles and aunts, and other relatives, who should have amply provided for him, and 'sheltered' him through the 'troublous times.' Prynne's 'Legenda Lignea, with an Answer to Mr. Birchley's Moderator (pleading for a Toleration of Popery) and a Character of some hopeful saints revolted to the Church of Rome' (1653), is brutal as it is inaccurate; but it must be adduced as an example of what 'Revolters' (so called) had to endure, albeit Crashaw was gone into the silences whither no clamour reaches, when the bitter book came forth. 'Master Richard Crashaw (son to the London divine, and sometime Fellow of St. Peterhouse in Cambridge) is another slip of the times that is transplanted to Rome. This peavish sillie seeker glided away from his principles in a poetical vein of fancy and impertinent curiosity, and finding that verses and measured flattery took and much pleased some female wits, Crashaw crept by degrees into favour and acquaintance with some court ladies, and with the gross commendations

of their parts and beauties (burnished and varnished with some other agreeable adulations) he got first the estimation of an innocent, harmless convert; and a purse being made by some deluded, vain-glorious ladies and their friends, the poet was despatched on a pilgrimage to Rome, where, if he had found in the see Pope Urban the Eighth instead of Pope Innocent, he might possibly have received a greater quantity and a better number of benedictions; for Urban was as much a pretender to be prince and œcumenical patron of poets as head of the Church; but Innocent being more harsh and dry, the poor small poet Crashaw met with none of the generation and kindred of Mecænas, nor any great blessing from his Holiness; which misfortune puts the pitiful wier-drawer to a humour of admiring his own raptures; and in this fancy (like Narcissus) he is fallen in love with his own shadow, conversing with himself in verse, and admiring the birth of his own brains; he is only laughed at, or at most but pitied, by his few patrons, who, conceiving him unworthy of any preferment in their Church, have given him leave to live (like a lean swine almost ready to starve) in a poor mendicant quality; and that favour is granted only because Crashaw can rail as satirically and bitterly at true religion in verse as others of his grain and complexion can in prose and loose discourses: this fickle shuttlecock, so tost with every changeable puff and blast, is rather to be laughed at and scorned for his ridiculous levity than imitated in his sinful and notorious apostacy and revolt' (cxxxviii.).

The short and crushing answer to all this Billingsgate is: The poems of Crashaw are now fully before the reader, and he will not find, from the first page to the last, one line answering to Prynne's jaundiced representations: 'flatteries,' 'adulations,' 'railings,' you look for in vain. The wistfulness of persuasion of the Verse-Letter to the Countess of Denbigh would have been trampled on as a

blind man or a boor tramples on a bed of pansies, by the grim lawyer-Puritan. Then, the very lowliness and (alleged) mendicancy of his post in the Church of Rome might have suggested a grain of charity, seeing that worldly advancement could not be motive to an all-but friendless scholar. As to the 'birth of his own brains,' and 'conversing with himself in verse,' would that we had more such 'births' and 'conversings'! Other accusations are malignant gossip, where they are not nonsense. Far different is the spirit of Dr. John Bargrave; whose MS. has at last been worthily edited and published for the Camden Society.[1] His notice of Crashaw at Rome is as follows: 'When I went first of my four times to Rome, there were there four revolters to the Roman Church that had been Fellows of Peterhouse in Cambridge with myself. The name of one of them was Mr. R. Crashaw, who was one of the *Seguita* (as their term is): that is, an attendant or of the followers of this Cardinal, for which he had a salary of crowns by the month (as the custom is), but no diet. Mr. Crashaw infinitely commended his Cardinal, but complained extremely of the wickedness of those of his retinue; of which he, having the Cardinal's ear, complained to him. Upon which the Italians fell so far out with him that the Cardinal, to secure his life, was fain to put him from his service, and procuring him some small employ at the Lady's of Loretto; whither he went on pilgrimage in summer time, and, overheating himself, died in four weeks after he came thither, and it was doubtful whether he was not poisoned' (p. 37). That brings before us a true, white-souled Man 'of God,' resolute to

[1] 'Pope Alexander the Seventh and the College of Cardinals.' By John Bargrave, D.D., Canon of Canterbury [1662-1680]. With a Catalogue of Dr. Bargrave's Museum. Edited by J. C. Robertson, M.A. Canon of Canterbury. Camden Society, 1867, 4to. Todd, in his Milton (i. 250-1), first quoted the above from the MS.

'speak out,' whoever sinned in his sight; and it is blind sectarianism to deny that, from the noble and holy Loyola to our own Faber and Spencer and the living Newman, the Church of Rome has never been without dauntless preachers of the very righteousness of God, or unhesitant rebukers of the wickedness, immoralities, and frivolities of their co-religionists. The suspicion of 'poyson' I am unwilling to accept. Onward I shall give our recovered record of his death. Summarily, then, the 'change' of Crashaw from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism had its root and carries its solution in his 'mystical' dreamy temperament and yearnings, as these were over-encouraged instead of controlled; and as formative influences there were—(*a*) his reading in Teresa and kindred literature, until not 'hands,' but brain and heart, imagination and fancy, grew into the elements wherein they wrought—as one finds sprays of once-green moss and delicate-carven ferns changed by the dripping limestone into limestone: (*b*) the ritualistic revival being in the hands of those most loved and trusted, and from whom he fetched whatever of spiritual life and peace and joy and hope was in him—these too being of stronger will, and decisive in opinion and action—his vague 'feeling-after' rest was centred in the Rest of ideal Roman Catholicism: (*c*) the confusions and strifes of the transition-period of the Commonwealth terrified and wounded him; he mistook the crash of falling scaffolding, whose end was served, for the falling of the everlasting skies; saw not their serene shining beyond the passing clouds, lightning-charged for divine clarifying; and a 'quiet retreat,' which Imagination beckoned him to, won him to 'hide' there his weeping and dismay. Nothing sordid or expedient, or facing-both-ways, or unworthy, moved him to 'change.' Every one who has self-respect based on self-knowledge, and who thus has experienced the mystery of his deepest

beliefs, will make all gentlest allowances, hold all tenderest sympathies with him, and feel the coarse abuse of Prynne and later as a personal wrong. Richard Crashaw was a true 'man of God,' and acted, I believe, in sensitive allegiance to his conscience as it spake to him. 'Change,' even fundamental change, in such a man is to be accepted without reserve as 'honest' and righteous and God-fearing. He dared not sign the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' however 'solemn' it might be to others; and so he went out.[1] I pass to—

II. *His friends and associates, as celebrated in his writings.* I use the word 'Writings' here rather than 'Poems, because in his Epistles, *e.g.* to the 'Epigrammata' and those printed by us for the first time, as well as in his Poetry, names are found over which one pauses instinctively. Commencing with his school-days at the Charterhouse, there is Robert Brooke, 'Master' ('Preceptor') from 1628 to 1643.[2] Very little has come down to us concern-

[1] Crashaw's name is duly entered in the list of Converts of the 1648-9 edition of Dr. Carier's 'Missive to his Majesty of Great Britain . . . . containing the Motives of his Conversion to Catholike Religion'—thus: 'Mr. Richard Crashaw, Master of Arts of Peterhouse, Cambridge, now Secretary to a Cardinall in Rome, well known in England for his excellent and ingenious Poems.' The Countess of Denbigh is also in the list.

[2] In its place (vol. i. p. 234) an Epitaph is headed 'Vpon Doctor Brooke.' This may possibly have been Brook of the Charterhouse; but I had thought it the brother of Christopher Brook (or Brooke)—Dr. Samuel Brooke, the associate of Dr. Donne, and author of a dainty little poem on 'Tears.' I am not aware that the Master of the Charterhouse was 'Doctor.' But his name is spelled Brooks in 'Domus Carthusiana,' p. 139. With reference to 'Priscianus' and 'Stomachus' and 'Hymn to Venus,' &c., two things are noticeable: (1) that earlier Crashaw was of the 'earth earthy,' as much as any of his contemporary poets;—his 'Royal' and other early poetry (as above) is heathenish almost—in strange and suggestive contrast with his later, when every atom of him was reli-

ing him, and the present head of the renowned School has been unable to add to Alexander Chalmers' testimony, 'A very celebrated Master.' All the more have I pleasure in inviting attention to the new 'Epistola' and related poems addressed to him, and which must be studied along with the previous poem, 'Ornatissimo viro præceptori suo colendissimo, Magistro Brook' (vol. ii. pp. 319); and perhaps the humorous and genial serio-comic celebration of 'Priscianus' grew from some school-incident (vol. ii. pp. 308, 315) having in the latter year, like Crashaw, been 'ejected' from the Charterhouse for not taking the 'Solemn League and Covenant.' He had been usher from 1626 to 1628. An apartment in the building is still called from him Brooke Hall ('Chronicles,' pp. 129, 159).

The next prominent name is that of Benjamin Lany—sometimes Laney, as in Masson's Milton (i. 97)—afterwards successively Bishop of Peterborough and Lincoln and Ely. We have already noted his marked Protestantism in the verse-eulogy of the elder Crashaw, so that probably it was as his father's son, Lany, then Master of Pembroke, received our Worthy there. Lany was of the 'ejected' in 1644. The present Bishop of Ely, with all willingness to help us, found no MSS. or biographic materials in his custody. When may we hope each bishopric will find a qualified historian-biographer? A portrait of Lany is in the Master's Lodge at the Charterhouse ('Chronicles,' 1847, p. 140).

Crashaw's tutor at Pembroke was 'Master Tournay,' to whose praise and friendship he dedicates a Latin poem (vol. ii. pp. 371 et sqq). Dr. Ward, Master of Sidney College, writes to Archbishop Usher thus of him: 'We have

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gious: (2) that he was not without humour or power of satire. It is a man's loss to be without humour—he has a poorer nature if he be without it; and for myself, I relish the human-ness of some of Crashaw's earlier Verse, as distinguished from his after intensely-unearthly spiritual Poetry.

had some doings here of late about one of Pembroke Hall, who, preaching in St. Mary's, about the beginning of Lent, upon that text, James ii. 22, seemed to avouch the insufficiency of faith to justification, and to impugn the doctrine of our 11th Article, of Justification by faith only; for which he was convented by the Vice-Chancellor, who was willing to accept of an easy acknowledgment; but the same party preaching his Latin sermon, *pro Gradu*, the last week, upon Rom. iii. 28, he said he came not *palinodiam canere, sed eandem cantilenam canere;* which moved our Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Love, to call for his sermon, which he refused to deliver. Whereupon, upon Wednesday last, being Barnaby Day, the day appointed for the admission of the Bachelors of Divinity, which must answer *Die Comitiorum*, he was stayed by the major part of the suffrages of the Doctors of the faculty. . . . . The truth is, there are some Heads among us that are great abettors of M. Tournay, the party above mentioned, who, no doubt, are backed by others' (June 14, 1643. Life of Parr, p. 470: Willmott, 1st series, pp. 302-3). In relation to Tournay's heresy on 'Justification,' it is profoundly interesting, biographically, to remember Crashaw's most striking Latin poems — so carelessly overlooked, if not impudently suppressed, by Turnbull — first published by Crashaw in the volume of 1648, viz. 'Fides, quæ sola justificat, non est sine spe et dilectione,' and 'Baptismus non tollit futura peccata.' The student will do well to turn to these two poems in their places (vol. ii. pp. 209, 216).[1]

Robert Shelford, 'of Ringsfield in Suffolk, Priest,' was

[1] The following entry from the Admission-Book of Pembroke College refers to Crashaw's Tournay: 'Mar. 1, 1620. Joannes Turney, Cantianus, annos habens [blank] admissus est sizator sub custodia Mri Duncon.' In another account of the Fellows of Pembroke by Attwood in continuation of Bishop Wren is this: 'Joannes Tourney, Cantianus, scholaris Collegii Mro Vaughan [*i. e.* 20 Oct. 1627] titulum obtinet eodem anno. An. 1632 Prædicator Academiæ.

another '*suspect:*' as in Huntley's [=Prynne] *Breviate* (3d ed. 1637, p. 308) we read, 'Master Shelford hath of late affirmed in print, that the Pope was never yet defined to be the Antichrist by any Synods.' More vehemently writes Usher to Dr. Ward (Sept. 15, 1635): 'But while we strive here to maintain the purity of our ancient truth, how cometh it to pass that you at Cambridge do cast such stumbling-blocks in our way, by publishing unto the world such rotten stuff as Shelford hath vented in his Five Discourses; wherein he hath so carried himself *ut famosi Perni amanuensem possis agnoscere.* The Jesuits of England sent over the book hither to assure them that we are now coming home to them as fast as we can. I pray God this sin be not deeply laid to their charge, who give an occasion to our blind thus to stumble' (as before). It was to these 'Five Discourses' our Poet furnished a 'commendatory' poem—given by us unmutilated from the volume (vol. i. pp. 162-5). Shelford, like his friend, was of Peterhouse. Another college-friend was William Herrys (or Herries or Harris), who was of Essex. He died in October 1631. He was of Pembroke and Christ's. The poems and 'Epitaph' consecrated to his memory are in various ways remarkable. But beyond a few college-dates, I have failed to recover notices of him. He seems to have been to Crashaw what young King was to Milton and his fellow-students (vol. i. pp. 220-30; vol. ii. pp. 378 et sqq.).[1] So with James Stanninow (or Staninough), 'fellow of Queene's

An. 1634, Thesaurarius Junior et S. Theologiæ Baccalaureus. Thesaurarius Senior an. 1635, et Attornatus Collegii cum Mro Vaughan in negotiis collegium quocunque modo spectantibus.'

[1] From the Admission-Book of Christ's College I get the following: 'Gulielmus Harris, Essexiensis, filius Gulielmi Equitis de Margret-Ing. institutus in rudimentis grammaticis sub Mro Plumtræ Scholæ publicæ de Brentwood Archididasculo, admissus Mar. 2, 1623, ætatis 16, sub Mro Siddall.' The family of Harris, lords of the manor of Shenfield in the parish of Margaret-Ing in Essex, occurs

Colledge'—the poem on whose death was first printed by us (vol. i. pp. 290-92). He has a Latin poem prefixed to Isaacson's 'Chronology' (our vol. i. pp. 246-49).[1] So too with 'Master Chambers,' of the fine pathetic hitherto anonymous poem 'Vpon the death of a Gentleman" (vol. i. pp. 218-19). Neither have I been able to add one syllable to the name and heading: 'An Epitaph vpon Mr. Ashton, a conformable citizen.' Wren, Cosin, and others of Cambridge, not being named by Crashaw, do not come under these remarks. The new poems on Dr. Porter (vol. i. pp. 293-4), Dr. Mansell (vol. ii. p. 323), and others, explain themselves—with our notes. Of Cardinal Palotta, or Palotto, we get most satisfying glimpses in Dr. Bargrave's volume (already quoted). The Protestant Canon's testimony is: 'He is very papable [placable], and esteemed worthy by all, especially the princes that know his virtue and qualities, being a man of angelical life; and Rome would be glad to see him Pope, to pull down the pride of the Barberini. Innocent the Xth, now reigning, hath a great regard for him, though his kindred care not for him, because he speaketh his mind freely of them to the Pope' (p. 36).[2]

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in Morant's 'Essex.' Sir William Herrys married Frances Astley. From Attwood (as before) I glean these farther entries: 'Gulielmus Herrys, Essexiensis, Colegii Christi alumnus, Artium Baccalaureus; electus et ille Jan. 8, an. 1630. An. 1631 incipit in Artibus. Monitor autem illo anno, Oct. 15. Optimæ spei juvenis.' He may have died of the plague (cf. Cooper's 'Annals of Cambridge,' iii. 243). (From Mr. Wright, as before.)

[1] Stanynough has also verses in the Univ. Collections of 1625 and 1633. He was buried in Queen's College Chapel, 5 March 1634-5 (St. Bot. Regr.). I do not deem it necessary to record the college entries concerning him, from his admission as pensioner, 30 April 1622, to 'leave to forbear to take orders,' Sept. 1631: renewed 22 July 1633.

[2] The whole §, pp. 34-37, is full of anecdote and of rare interest, and sorrowfully confirmatory of Crashaw's words.

It only remains that I notice our Crashaw's friendship with (*a*) Abraham Cowley; (*b*) the Countess of Denbigh.

(*a*) ABRAHAM COWLEY. Of the alternate-poem on Hope, composed by Cowley and Crashaw (vol. i. pp. 175-181), and that 'Vpon two greene Apricockes sent to Cowley by Sir Crashaw' (ib. pp. 269-70), more in our next division. These remain as the ever-enduring 'memorial' of their friendship, while the thought-full, love-full 'Elegy,' devoted by the survivor to the memory of his Friend, can never pale of its glory (vol. i. pp. xxxvi.-viii.). All honour to Cowley that he kept the traduced 'Apostate' and 'Revolter' in his heart-of-hearts, and 'sought' him out in his lowly 'lodgings' in the gay, and yet (to him) sad Paris. It is my purpose one day worthily to reproduce the Works of this in form fantastic, but in substance most intellectual, of our Poets; and I shall have then, perhaps, something additional to communicate on this beautiful Friendship. They had appeared together as Poets in the 'Voces Votivæ.' The various readings show that Cowley's portion of Hope was revised in Paris; and this, with the gift of the 'apricockes,' expresses that they had some pleasant intercourse.[1]

(*b*) COUNTESS OF DENBIGH. By the confiding goodness of the present Earl and Countess of Denbigh, I have, among my 'Sunny Memories,' most pleasant hours of a long summer day spent in examining the Library and family MSS. and portraits at Newnham Paddox, and a continued and sympathetic correspondence, supplemented with kindred helpfulness on the part of the good Father-priest of the house. It is one of the anomalies of our national historic Biography that the sister of Buckingham —Susan, daughter of Sir George Villiers, of Brokesby, first

[1] I find I cannot spare room for Cowley's own separate poem on Hope. It is in all the editions of his Poems.

Countess of Denbigh—should have died and made no 'sign,' and left no memorial; for it is absolutely unknown when or where she did die. But as it is known that *she* became a Roman Catholic,[1] while it is not known that Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Edward Bourchier, Earl of Bath, who became third wife (of four) of Basil, second Earl of Denbigh, so 'changed,' we must conclude that Turnbull and others are mistaken in regarding the latter as Crashaw's 'patron' and friend. The family-papers show that Susan Countess of Denbigh was a lady of intellect and force; equally do they show that Elizabeth Bourchier was (to say the least) un-literary. I have from Newnham Paddox a sheaf of rarely-vivid and valuable Letters of 'Susan' —with some of 'Elizabeth;' and if I can only succeed in discovering the date of the former's death, so as to determine whether she was living up to Crashaw's death in 1650, or thereby—as dowager-countess—I intend to prepare a short Monograph on her, wherein I shall print, for the first time, such a series of Letters as will compare with any ever given to the world; and I should greatly like to engrave her never-yet engraved magnificent face at Newnham Paddox. For the present, a digression may be allowed, in order to introduce, as examples of these recovered Letters, a short and creditable one from Buckingham to his mother, and one from Susan, Countess of Denbigh, to her son; others, that are long and fact-full, hereafter (as *supra*). These in order:

1. Buckingham to his Mother [undated]:

[1] Bishop Laud, in his Defence, pleads that he had retained many in the Church of England, and names the Duke of Buckingham, spite of his mother's and sister's influence (Works, *s.n.*). Buckingham's mother was a fervent Catholic, and here his 'sister,' *i.e.* Susan first Countess of Denbigh, is placed with her as Roman Catholic. Other references go to make the fact certain. I hope to be called on hereafter to give details (as *supra*).

Dere Mother,—Give me but as many blessings and pardons as I shall make falts, and then you make happie

Your most obedient Sonne,

For my Mother. BUCKINGHAM.

II. Susan, Countess of Denbigh, to Lord Fielding:

My deere Sone,—The king dothe approve well of your going into Spane, and for my part I thinke it will be the best of your traviles by reson that the king doth discours moust of that plase. I am much afflicted for feare of Mr. Mason, but I hope our Lord well send him well home againe. I pray do not torment me with your going into the danger of the plauge any more. So with my blessing I take my leave.

Your loveing Mother,

For my deare Sonne theise. SU. DENBIGH.

The Verse-Letters to the Countess of Denbigh (vol. i. pp. 295-303) will be read with renewed interest in the light of the all-but certain fact that it was Susan, sister of Buckingham — every way a memorable woman — who was 'persuaded' by Crashaw to 'join' Roman Catholicism, as did her mother.[1] Reverting to the names which I have endeavoured to commemorate, where hitherto scarcely anything has been known, it will be perceived that the circle of Crashaw's friendships was a narrow one, and touched mainly the two things—his University career, and his great 'change' religiously or rather ecclesiastically. Of the Poets of his period, except Cowley and Ford, no trace remains as known to or influential over him. When Cra-

[1] The poems entitled 'Prayer: an Ode which was prefixed to a little prayer-book given to a young gentlewoman,' and 'To the same Party: covncel concerning her choise' (vol. i. pp. 128-137), have much of the sentiment and turn of wording of the Verse-Letters to the Countess of Denbigh; but I have failed to discover who is designated by their 'M. R.' It is clear she was a 'gentle'-born Lady. 'Mrs.' does not necessarily designate a married person. She may have been a 'fair young Lady.'

shaw entered Cambridge, Giles Fletcher had been dead ten years; Phineas Fletcher and Herrick had left about same number of years; Herbert, for four or five; and Milton was just going. His most choice friends were among the mighty dead. Supreme names later lay outside of his access. I wish he had met—as he might have done—Milton. I pass next to

III. *His characteristics and place as a Poet.* It is something 'new under the sun' that it should be our privilege well-nigh to double the quantity of the extant Poetry of such a Singer as Richard Crashaw, by printing, for the first time, the treasure-trove of the Sancroft-Tanner MSS.; and by translating (also for the first time) the whole of his Latin poetry. Every element of a true poetic faculty that belongs to his own published Poems is found in the new, while there are new traits alike of character and genius; and our Translations must be as the 'raising' of the lid of a gem-filled casket, shut to the many for these (fully) two hundred years. The admirer of Crashaw hitherto has thus his horizon widened, and I have a kind of feeling that perchance it were wiser to leave the completed Poetry to make its own impression on those who come to it. Nevertheless I must, however briefly, fulfil my promise of an estimate of our Worthy. Four things appear to me to call for examination, in order to give the essentials of Crashaw as a Poet, and to gather his main characteristics: (*a*) Imaginative-sensuousness; (*b*) Subtlety of emotion; (*c*) Epigrams; (*d*) Translations and (briefly) Latin and Greek Poetry. I would say a little on each.

(*a*) *Imaginative-sensuousness.* Like 'charity' for 'love,' the word 'sensuous' has deteriorated in our day. It is, I fear, more than in sound and root confused with 'sensual,' in its base application. I use it as Milton did, in the well-known passage when he defined Poetry to be 'simple, *sensuous*, and passionate;' and I qualify 'sensuousness'

with 'imaginative,' that I may express our Poet's peculiar gift of looking at everything with a full, open, penetrative eye, yet through his imagination; his imagination not being as spectacles (coloured) astride the nose, but as a light of white glory all over his intellect and entire faculties. Only Wordsworth and Shelley, and recently Rossetti and Jean Ingelow, are comparable with him in this. You can scarcely err in opening on any page in your out-look for it. The very first poem, 'The Weeper,' is lustrous with it. For example, what a grand reach of 'imaginative' comprehensiveness have we so early as in the second stanza, where from the swimming eyes of his 'Magdalene' he was, as it were, swept upward to the broad transfigured sky in its wild ever-varying beauty of the glittering silver rain!

> 'Heauns thy fair eyes be;
> Heauens of ever-falling starres.
> 'Tis seed-time still with thee;
> And starres thou sow'st whose haruest dares
> Promise the Earth to counter-shine
> Whateuer makes heaun's forehead fine.'

How grandly vague is that 'counter-shine *whatever*,' as it leads upwards to the 'forehead'—superb, awful, God-crowned — of the 'heauns'! Of the same in kind, but unutterably sweet and dainty also in its exquisiteness, is stanza vii.:

> 'The deaw no more will weep *dew*
> The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
> The deaw no more will sleep
> Nuzzel'd in the lily's neck;
> Much rather would it be thy tear,
> And leaue them both to tremble there.'

Wordsworth's vision of the 'flashing daffodils' is not finer than this. A merely realistic Poet (as John Clare or Bloomfield) would never have used the glorious singular,

'thy tear,' with its marvellous suggestiveness of the multitudinous dew regarding itself as outweighed in everything by one 'tear' of such eyes. Every stanza gives a text for commentary; and the rapid, crowding questions and replies of the Tears culminate in the splendid homage to the Saviour in the conclusion, touched with a gentle scorn:

'We goe not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head,
Though the feild's eyes too Weepers be,
Because they want such teares as we.
Much lesse mean to trace
The fortune of inferior gemmes,
Preferr'd to some proud face,
Or pertch't vpon fear'd diadems:
Crown'd heads are toyes. We goe to meet
A worthy object, our *Lord's feet.*'

'Feet' at highest; mark the humbleness, and the fitness too. Even more truly than of Donne (in Arthur Wilson's Elegy) may it be said of Crashaw, here and elsewhere, thou 'Couldst give both life and sense unto a flower,'—faint prelude of Wordsworth's 'meanest flower.'

Dr. Macdonald (in 'Antiphon') is perplexingly unsympathetic, or, if I may dare to say it, wooden, in his criticism on 'The Weeper;' for while he characterises it generally as 'radiant of delicate fancy,' he goes on: 'but surely such tones are not worthy of flitting moth-like about the holy sorrow of a repentant woman! Fantastically beautiful, they but play with her grief. Sorrow herself would put her shoes off her feet in approaching the weeping Magdalene. They make much of her indeed, but they show her little reverence. There is in them, notwithstanding their fervour of amorous words, a coldness, like that which dwells in the ghostly beauty of icicles shining in the moon' (p. 239). Fundamentally blundering is all this:

for the Critic ought to have marked how the Poet's 'shoes' are put off his feet in approaching the weeping Magdalene; but that *she* is approached as far-back in the Past or in a Present wherein her tears have been 'wiped away,' so that the poem is dedicate not so much to The Weeper as to her Tears, as things of beauty and priceless-ness. Mary, 'blessed among women,' is remembered all through; and just as with her Divine Son we must 'sorrow' in the vision of His sorrows, we yet have the remembrance that they are all done, 'finished;' and thus we can expatiate on them not with grief so much as joy. The prolongation of 'The Weeper' is no 'moth-like flitting about the holy sorrow of a repentant woman,' but the never-to-be-satisfied rapture over the evidence of a 'godly sorrow' that has worked to repentance, and in its reward given loveliness and consecration to the tears shed. The moon 'shining on icicles' is the antithesis of the truth. Thus is it throughout, as in the backgrounds of the great Portrait-painters as distinguished from Land-scapists and Sea-scapists and Sky-scapists—Crashaw inevitably works out his thoughts through something he has looked at as transfigured by his imagination, so that you find his most mystical thinking and feeling framed (so to say) with images drawn from Nature. That he did look not at but into Nature, let 'On a foule Morning, being then to take a Journey,' and 'To the Morning; Satisfaction for Sleepe,' bear witness. In these there are penetrative 'looks' that Wordsworth never has surpassed, and a richness almost Shakesperean. Milton must have studied them keenly. There is this characteristic also in the 'sensuousness' of Crashaw, that while the Painter glorifies the ignoble and the coarse (as Hobbima's Asses and red-cloaked Old Women) in introducing it into a scene of Wood, or Way-side, or Sea-shore, his outward images and symbolism are worthy in themselves, and stainless as worthy (passing

exceptions only establishing the rule). His epithets are never superfluous, and are, even to surprising nicety, true. Thus he calls Egypt '*white* Egypt' (vol. i. p. 81); and occurring as this does 'In the glorious Epiphanie of ovr Lord God,' we are reminded again how the youthful Milton must have had this extraordinary composition in his recollection when he composed his immortal Ode.[1] Similarly we have '*hir'd* mist' (vol. i. p. 84); '*pretious* losse' (ib.); '*fair-ey'd* fallacy of Day' (ib. p. 85); '*black* but faithfull perspectiue of Thee' (ib. p. 86); '*abasèd* liddes' (ib. p. 88); '*gratious* robbery' (ib. p. 156); 'thirsts of

[1] The 'Epiphanie' has some of the grandest things of Crashaw, and things so original in the thought and wording as not easily to be paralleled in other Poets: *e.g.* '*Dread* Sweet' (l. 236), and the superb 'Something a *brighter shadow*, Sweet, of thee' (l. 250). The most Crashaw-like of early 'Epiphany' or Christmas Hymns is that of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, from which I take these lines:

'Awake, my soul, and come away!
Put on thy best array;
Least if thou longer stay,
Thou lose some minitts of so blest a day.
Goe run,
And bid good-morrow to the sun;
Welcome his safe return
To Capricorn;
And that great Morne
Wherein a God was borne,
Whose story none can tell,
But He whose every word's a miracle.'
(Our ed. of Bp. Taylor's Poems, pp. 22-3.)

En passant, since our edition of Bishop Taylor's Poems was issued we have discovered that a 'Christmas Anthem or Carol by T. P.,' which appeared in James Clifford's 'Divine Services and Anthems' (1663), is Bishop Taylor's Hymn. This we learn from 'The Musical Times,' Feb. 1st, 1871, in a paper on Clifford's book. Criticising the words as by an unknown T. P.—ignorant that he was really criticising Bp. Jeremy Taylor—the (I suppose) learned Writer thus appreciatively writes of the grand Hymn and these passionate yearning words: 'Who, for instance, could seriously sing in church such stuff

loue' (ib.); '*timerous* light of starres' (ib. p. 172); '*rebellious* eye of Sorrow' (ib. p. 112); and so in hundreds of parallels. Take this from 'To the Name above every Name' (ib. p. 60):

> 'O come away . . . . .
> 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.
> O, dawn at last, long-lookt-for Day,
> Take thine own wings, and come away.'

Comparing Cowley's and Crashaw's 'Hope,' Coleridge thus pronounces on them: 'Crashaw seems in his poems to have given the first ebullience of his imagination, unshapen into form, or much of what we now term sweetness. In the poem Hope, by way of question and answer, his superiority to Cowley is self-evident;' and he continues, 'In that on the Name of Jesus, equally so; but his lines on St. Teresa are the finest.' 'Where he does combine richness of thought and diction, nothing can excel, as in the lines you so much admire,

> Since 'tis not to be had at home
>
> . . . . .
>
> She'l to the Moores and martyrdom.'[1]

And then as never-to-be-forgotten 'glory' of the Hymn to Teresa, he adds: 'these verses were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of Christabel; if indeed, by some subtle process of the mind, they did not

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as the following Christmas Anthem or Carol, by T. P.? which Mr. William Childe (not yet made Doctor) had set to music.' Ahem! And so on, in stone-eyed, stone-eared stupidity.—Of modern celebrations I name as worthy of higher recognition than it has received the following 'Hymn to the Week above every Week,' by Thomas H. Gill; Lon., Mudie, 1844 (pp. 24). There is no little of the rich quaint matter and manner of our elder Singers in this fine Poem.

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 143.

suggest the first thought of the whole poem' (Letters and Conversations, 1836, i. 196). Coleridge makes another critical remark which it may be worth while to adduce and perhaps qualify. 'Poetry as regards small Poets may be said to be, in a certain sense, conventional in its accidents and in its illustrations. Thus [even] Crashaw uses an image "as sugar melts in tea away;" which although *proper then* and *true now*, was in bad taste at that time equally with the present. In Shakespeare, in Chaucer, there was nothing of this' (as before). The great Critic forgot that 'sugar' and 'tea' were not vulgarised by familiarity when Crashaw wrote, that the wonder and romance of their gift from the East still lay around them, and that their use was select, not common. Thus later I explain Milton's homeliness of allusion, as in the word 'breakfast,' and 'fell to,' and the like; words and places and things that have long been not prosaic simply, but demeaned and for ever unpoetised. I am not at all careful to defend the 'sugar' and 'tea' metaphor; but it, I think, belongs also to his imaginative-sensuousness, whereby orient awfulness almost, magnified and dignified it to him.

Moreover the canon in 'Antiphon' is sound: 'When we come, in the writings of one who has revealed masterdom, upon any passage that seems commonplace, or any figure that suggests nothing true, the part of wisdom is to brood over that point; for the probability is that the barrenness lies in us, two factors being necessary for the result of sight—the thing to be seen, and the eye to see it. No doubt the expression may be inadequate; but if we can compensate the deficiency by adding more vision, so much the better for us' (p. 243).

I thank Dr. George Macdonald[1] (in 'Antiphon') for

[1] Like Macaulay in his History of England (1st edition), Dr. Macdonald by an oversight speaks of Crashaw as 'expelled from *Oxford*,' instead of Cambridge (cf. our vol. i. p. 32).

his quaint opening words on our Crashaw, and forgive him, for their sake, his blind reading of 'The Weeper.' 'I come now to one of the loveliest of our angel-birds, Richard Crashaw. Indeed, he was like a bird in more senses than one; for he belongs to that class of men who seem hardly ever to get foot-hold of this world, but are ever floating in the upper air of it' (p. 238). True, and yet not wholly; or rather, if our Poet ascends to 'the upper air,' and sings there with all the divineness of the skylark, like the skylark his eyes fail not to over-watch the nest among the grain beneath, nor his wings to be folded over it at the shut of eve. Infinitely more, then, is to be found in Crashaw than Pope (in his Letter to his friend Henry Cromwell) found: 'I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman; that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness than to establish a reputation: so that nothing regular or just can be expected of him. All that regards design, form, fable (which is the soul of poetry), all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts (which is the body), will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry), may be found in these verses.' Nay verily, the form is often exquisite; but 'neat' and 'pretty conceptions' applied to such verse is as 'pretty' applied to Niagara — so full, strong, deep, thought-laden is it. I have no wish to charge plagiarism on Pope from Crashaw, as Peregrine Phillips did (see onward); but neither is the contemptuous as ignorant answer by a metaphor of Hayley to be received. The two minds were essentially different: Pope was talented, and used his talents to the utmost; Crashaw had absolute as unique genius.[1]

[1] The Letter of Pope to Mr. Henry Cromwell is in all the editions of his Correspondence. Willmott (as before) also gives it *in*

(*b*) *Subtlety of emotion.* Dr. Donne, in a memorable passage, with daring originality, sings of Mrs. Drury rapturously :

> 'Her pure and eloquent soul
> Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say her body thought.'

I have much the same conception of Crashaw's thinking. It was so emotional as almost always to tremble into feeling. Bare intellect, 'pure' (=naked) thought, you rarely come on in his Poems. The thought issues forth from (in old-fashioned phrase) the heart, and its subtlety is something unearthly even to awfulness. Let the reader give hours to the study of the composition entitled 'In the glorious Epiphanie of ovr Lord God, a Hymn svng as by the three Kings,' and 'In the holy Nativity of ovr Lord God.' Their depth combined with elevation, their grandeur softening into loveliness, their power with pathos, their awe bursting into rapture, their graciousness and lyrical music, their variety and yet unity, will grow in their study. As always, there is a solid substratum of original thought in them ; and the thinking, as so often in Crashaw, is surcharged with emotion. If the thought may be

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extenso. Of The Weeper Pope says : 'To confirm what I have said, you need but look into his first poem of The Weeper, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21st stanzas are as sublimely dull as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23d stanzas of the same copy are soft and pleasing. And if these last want anything, it is an easier and more unaffected expression. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been spared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this example one may guess at all the rest to be like this ; a mixture of tender gentle thoughts and suitable expressions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needless fillers-up of the rest,' &c. &c. 'Sweet' is the loftiest epithet Pope uses for Crashaw, and that in the knowledge of the 'Suspicion of Herod.' In The Weeper he passes some of the very finest things. In his Abelard and Eloisa he incorporates felicities from Crashaw's 'Alexias' within inverted commas ; but elsewhere is not very careful to mark indebtedness.

likened to fire, the praise, the rapture, the yearning may be likened to flame leaping up from it. Granted that, as in fire and flame, there are coruscations and jets of smoke, yet is the smoke that 'smoak' of which Chudleigh in his Elegy for Donne sings:

> 'Incense of love's and fancie's *holy smoak;*'

or, rather, that 'smoke' which filled the House to the vision of Isaiah (vi. 4). The hymn 'To the admirable Sainte Teresa,' and the 'Apologie' for it, and related 'Flaming Heart,' and 'In the glorious Assvmption of our Blessed Lady,' are of the same type. Take this from the 'Flaming Heart' (vol. i. p. 155):

> 'Leaue her . . . the flaming heart:
> Leaue her that, and thou shalt leaue her
> Not one loose shaft, but Loue's whole quiver.
> *For in Loue's feild was neuer found*
> *A nobler weapon than a wovnd.*
> Loue's passiues are his actiu'st part,
> The wounded is the wounding heart.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Liue here, great heart; and loue and dy and kill,
> And bleed and wound; and yeild and conquer still.'

His homage to the Virgin is put into words that pass the bounds which we Protestants set to the 'blessed among women' in her great renown, and even while a Protestant Crashaw fell into what we must regard as the strange as inexplicable forgetfulness that it is The *Man*, not The Child, who is our ever-living High-Priest 'within the veil,' and that not in His mother's bosom, but on the Throne of sculptured light, is His place. Still, you recognise that the homage to the Virgin-mother is to the Divine Son through her, and through her in fine if also mistaken humility. 'Mary' is the Muse of Crashaw; the Lord Jesus his 'Lord' and hers. I would have the reader spend willing time, in slowly, meditatively reading

the whole of our Poet's sacred Verse, to note how the thinking thus thrills into feeling, and feeling into rapture—the rapture of adoration. It is miraculous how he finds words wherewith to utter his most subtle and vanishing emotion. Sometimes there is a daintiness and antique richness of wording that you can scarcely equal out of the highest of our Poets, or only in them. Some of his images from Nature are scarcely found anywhere else. For example, take this very difficult one of ice, in the Verse-Letter to the Countess of Denbigh (vol. i. p. 298, ll. 21-26), 'persuading' her no longer to be the victim of her doubts:

> '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.*
> Th' astonish'd Nymphs their Floud's strange fate deplore,
> To find themselves their own severer shoar.'

Young is striking in his use of the ice-metaphor:

> 'in Passion's flame
> Hearts melt; but *melt like ice, soon harder froze.*'
> (Night-Thoughts, N. II. l. 522-3.)

But how strangely original is the earlier Poet in so cunningly working it into the very matter of his persuasion! Our quotation from Young recalls that in the 'Night-Thoughts' there are evident reminiscences of Crashaw: *e. g.*

> 'Midnight veil'd his face:
> Not such as this, not such as Nature makes;
> A midnight Nature shudder'd to behold;
> A midnight new; a dread eclipse, without
> Opposing spheres, from her Creator's frown.'
> (Night IV. ll. 246-250.)

So in 'Gilt was Hell's gloom' (N. VII. l. 1041), and in this portrait of Satan:

> 'Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
> His baleful eyes!' (N. IX. ll. 280-1.) and

'the fiery gulf,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent;' (Ib. ll. 473-4)

and

'Banners streaming as the comet's blaze;' (Ib. l. 323)

and

'Which makes a hell of hell,' (Ib. l. 340)

we have the impress and inspiration of our Poet.

How infinitely soft and tender and Shakesperean is the 'Epitaph vpon a yovng Married Covple dead and bvryed together' (with its now restored lines), thus!—

'Peace, good Reader, doe not weep;
Peace, the louers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded ly
In the last knott that Loue could ty.
And though they ly as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheetes of lead
(Pillow hard, and sheetes not warm),
Loue made the bed; they'l take no harm:
Let them sleep; let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the æternall morrow dawn;
Then . . . .' (vol. i. pp. 230-1.)

The hush, the tranquil stillness of a church-aisle, within which 'sleep' old recumbent figures, comes over one in reading these most pathetically beautiful words. Of the whole poem, Dodd in his 'Epigrammatists' (as onward) remarks, 'after reading this Epitaph, all others on the same subject must suffer by comparison. Yet there is much to be admired in the following by Bishop Hall, on Sir Edward and Lady Lewkenor. It is translated from the Latin by the Bishop's descendant and editor, the Rev. Peter Hall (Bp. Hall's Works, 1837-9, xii. 331):

'In bonds of love united, man and wife,
Long, yet too short, they spent a happy life;
United still, too soon, however late,
Both man and wife receiv'd the stroke of fate:
And now in glory clad, enraptur'd pair,

The same bright cup, the same sweet draught they share.
Thus, first and last, a married couple see,
In life, in death, in immortality.'

There is much beauty also in an anonymous epitaph in the 'Festoon' 143, 'On a Man and his Wife:'

'Here sleep, whom neither life nor love,
Nor friendship's strictest tie,
Could in such close embrace as thou,
Their faithful grave, ally;
Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
For bands of love divine,
For union only more complete,
Thou faithful grave, than thine.' (p. 253.)

His 'Wishes to his (supposed) Mistresse' has things in it vivid and subtle as anything in Shelley at his best; and I affirm this deliberately. His little snatch on 'Easter Day,' with some peculiarities, culminates in a grandeur Milton might bow before. The version of 'Dies Irae' is wonderfully severe and solemn and intense. Roscommon undoubtedly knew it. And so we might go on endlessly. His melody—with exceptional discords—is as the music of a Master, not mere versification. Once read receptively, and the words haunt almost awfully, and, I must again use the word, unearthlily. Summarily—as in our claim for Vaughan, as against the preposterous traditional assertions of his indebtedness to Herbert poetically, while really it was for spiritual benefits he was obligated—we cannot for an instant rank George Herbert as a Poet with Crashaw. Their piety is alike, or the 'Priest' of Bemerton is more definite, and clear of the 'fine mist' of mysticism of the recluse of 'Little St. Mary's;' but only very rarely have you in 'The Temple' that light of genius which shines as a very Shekinah-glory in the 'Steps to the Temple.' These 'Steps' have been spoken of as 'Steps' designed to lead into Herbert's 'Temple,' whereas they were 'Steps' to the 'Temple' or Church of the Living

God. Crashaw 'sang' sweetly and generously of Herbert (vol. i. pp. 139-140); but the two Poets are profoundly distinct and independent. Clement Barksdale, probably, must bear the blame of foolishly subordinating Crashaw to Herbert, in his Lines in 'Nympha Libethris' (1651):

'HERBERT AND CRASHAW.

When unto Herbert's Temple I ascend
By Crashaw's Steps, I do resolve to mend
My lighter verse, and my low notes to raise,
And in high accent sing my Maker's praise.
Meanwhile these sacred poems in my sight
I place, that I may learn to write.'

(*c*) *Epigrams.* The title-page of the Epigr. Sacra of 1670 marks out for us their main dates; that is to say, as it designates him Collegii Petrensis Socius,' which he was not until 1637, the only portion that belongs to that period must be the additions made in the 1670 edition (see vol. ii. pp. 3-4). Dr. Macdonald (in 'Antiphon') observes: 'His Divine Epigrams are not the most beautiful, but they are to me the most valuable, of his verses, inasmuch as they make us feel afresh the truth which he sets forth anew. In them some of the facts of our Lord's life and teaching look out upon us as from clear windows of the Past. As epigrams, too, they are excellent—pointed as a lance' (p. 240). He limits himself to the 'English' Epigrams, and quotes after above, Nos. LIV. (2) and XI.; and continues with No. XIV., and next LIV. (1); on which he says: 'I value the following as a lovely parable. Mary is not contented; to see the place is little comfort. The church itself, with all its memories of the Lord, the Gospel story, and all theory about Him, is but His tomb until we find Himself;' and he closes with one which he thinks is 'perhaps his best,' viz. No. I.[1] We too may give it:

[1] He also quotes, as complete in themselves and 'best alone,' these two lines from No. LI.:

> '*Two went up into the Temple to pray.*
> Two went to pray! O, rather say,
> One went to brag, th' other to pray.
> One stands up close, and treads on high,
> Where th' other dares not send his eye.
> One neerer to God's altar trod;
> The other to the altar's God.' (vol. ii. p. 35.)

The admiring critic on this proceeds: 'This appears to me perfect. Here is the true relation between the forms and the end of religion. The priesthood, the altar and all its ceremonies, must vanish from between the sinner and his God. When the priest forgets his mediation of a servant, his duty of a door-keeper to the temple of truth, and takes upon him the office of an intercessor, he stands between man and God, and is a satan, an adversary. Artistically considered, the poem could hardly be improved' (p. 241). 'Artistically,' nevertheless, it is a wonder Dr. Macdonald did not detect Turnbull's mis-reading of 'lend' for 'send' (l. 4). Bellew in his Poet's Corner reads 'bend,' which is equally poor for 'tendit.' There follows No. XLII., 'containing a similar lesson;' and finally No. XLV. p. 196, whereof he says: 'The following is a world-wide intercession for them that know not what they do.

> 'This new guest to her eyes new laws hath given;
> 'Twas once *look up*, 'tis now look down to heaven.'

Dr. Robert Wilde in his Epitaph upon E. T. has the same idea, and puts it quaintly:

> 'Reader, didst thou but know what sacred dust
> Thou tread'st upon, thou'dst judge thyself unjust
> Shouldst thou neglect a shower of tears to pay,
> To wash the sin of thy own feet away.
> That actor in the play, who, looking down
> When he should cry 'O heaven!' was thought a clown
> And guilty of a solecism, might have
> Applause for such an action o'er this grave.
> Here lies a piece of Heaven; and Heaven one day
> Will send the best in heaven to fetch't away.'
> (Hunt's edition, p. 30.)

Of those that reject the truth, who can be said ever to have truly seen it? A man must be good to see truth. It is a thought suggested by our Lord's words, not an irreverent opposition to the truth of them' (p. 242).

Now that, besides the (relatively) few Epigrams which were translated by Crashaw himself, the whole are translated (for the first time), and now too that, exclusive of longer Latin poems, a goodly addition has been made by us to them, the reader will find it rewarding to turn and return on this remarkable section of Crashaw's poetry. Conceits there are, grotesque as gargoyles of a cathedral, oddities of symbolism, even passing into unconscious playing with holy words and things never to be played with; but each has a jewel of a distinct thought or sentiment, and often the wording is felicitous, albeit, as in all his Latin verse, not invariably without technical faults of quantity and even syntax. I had marked very many for specific criticism; but I must refrain. Our translation is perhaps a better commentary. To my co-workers and myself it has been a labour of love. I must close our notice of Crashaw as an Epigrammatist with some parallels from 'The Epigrammatists' of the Rev. Henry Philip Dodd, M.A. [illegible] Under No. [illegible] 'On Pontius Pilate washing his hands' he has this: 'In Elsum's Epigrams on Paintings, 1776, is one on a picture by Andrea Sacchi of Pilate washing his hands, translated from Michael Silos De Romana Pictura et Sculptura' Eg. [illegible]

> [illegible] curses Pilate, villain [illegible] a grain.
> A little water cannot purge thy stain
> No. Cease [illegible] not yet the man,
> Lest thou condemn a Deity to death.
> Him whose mere [illegible] gave and preserve[illegible] thy breath?

Similarly under No. [illegible] 'On the Blessed Virgin's Bashfulness,' he has this: 'Some lines "To the Blessed Virgin at her Purification," by the [illegible] Epigrammatist Bancroft,

are almost as beautiful in sentiment as this exquisite piece (Book ii. 86):

> Why, favourite of Heaven, most fair,
> Dost thou bring fowls for sacrifice?
> Will not the armful thou dost bear,
> That lovely Lamb of thine, suffice?'

Of the exceptionally celebrated, not exceptionally superior Epigram on 'The Water turned Wine,' which somehow has been given by a perverse continued blunder to Dryden, Aaron Hill's masterly translation may be read along with those given by us in the place (vol. ii. pp. 96-7):

> 'When Christ at Cana's feast by pow'r divine
> Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine;
> See! cried they, while in red'ning tide it gush'd,
> The bashful stream hath seen its God, and *blush'd.*'

Dryden's 'The conscious water saw its God, and blush'd,' is a mere remembrance of Crashaw.[1]

(*d*) *Translations and* (*briefly*) *Latin and Greek Poetry.* It may seem semi-paradoxical to affirm it, but in our opinion the genius of Crashaw shines with its fullest splendour in his Translations, longer and shorter. Even were there not his wonderful 'Suspicion of Herod' and 'Musick's Duell,' this might be said; for in his 'Dies Irae,' and 'Hymne

[1] The 'conceit' is found in Vida's Christiad, lib. ii. 431, iii. 984: also in a Hymn of St. Ambrose. Cf. too Psalm lxvii. 16. Victor Hugo has adapted it as follows: 'Here is a whimsical explanation of the miracle of the wedding at Cana in Galilee:

> La nymphe de ces eaux aperçut Jésus-Christ,
> Et son pudique front de rougeur se couvrit.'
>
> The nymph of these waters perceived Jesus Christ,
> And her modest brow was dyed with shame.

(Victor Hugo: a Life, 1863, i. 269). Whence the brilliant Frenchman fetched his 'whimsical explanation' is not doubtful. In the last line of Crashaw's epigram the reading in Poemata Anglorum Latina is

> 'Vidit et erubuit nympha pudica Deum.'

'Lympha' is inferior, and a (mis)reading for 'nympha.'

out of Sainte Thomas,' and others lesser, there are felicities that only a genuine Maker could have produced. His 'Dies Irae' was the earliest version in our language. Roscommon and Scott alike wrote after and 'after' it. But it is on the two truly great Poems named we found our estimate. Turning to 'Musick's Duell,' as we ask the reader to do now (vol. i. 197-203), we have only to read critically the Latin of Strada, from whence it is drawn, to discern the creative gift of our Poet. Here it is:

Jam Sol a medio pronus deflexerat orbe
Mitius, e radiis vibrans crinalibus ignem,
Cum Fidicen, propter Tiberina fluenta, sonanti
Lenibat plectra curas, aestumque levabat,
Ilice defensus nigra scenaque virenti.
Audiit hunc hospes silvae Philomela propinquae
Musa loci, nemoris siren, innoxia siren;
Et prope succedens stetit abdita frondibus, alte
Accipiens sonitum, secumque remurmurat, et quos
Ille modos variat digitis, haec gutture reddit.
Sensit se Fidicen Philomela imitante referri,
Et placuit ludum volucri dare; plenius ergo
Explorat citharam, tentamentumque futurae
Praebeat ut pugnae, percussit protinus omnes
Impulsu pernice fides, nec segnius illa.
Mille per excurrens variae discrimina vocis,
Venturi specimen praefert argutula cantus.
Tunc Fidicen per fila movens trepidantia dextram,
Nunc contemnenti similis diverberat ungue,
Depectitque pari chordas, et simplice ductu:
Nunc carptim replicat, digitisque micantibus urget
Fila minutatim, celerique repercutit ictu.
Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondet, et artem
Arte refert. Nunc seu rudis aut incerta canendi
Projicit in longum, nulloque plicatile flexu
Carmen init, simili serie, jugique tenore,
Praebet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voce;
Nunc caesim variat, modulisque canora minutis.
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocat ore.
Miratur Fidicen parvis e faucibus ire

Tam varium, tam dulce melos; majoraque tentans
Alternat mira arte fides; dum torquet acutas
Inciditque, graves operoso verbere pulsat,
Permiscetque simul certantia rauca sonoris,
Ceu resides in bella viros clangore lacessat.
Hoc etiam Philomela canit: dumque ore liquenti
Vibrat acuta sonum, modulisque interplicat aequis;
Ex inopinato gravis intonat, et leve murmur
Turbinat introrsus, alternantique sonore
Clarat, et infuscat ceu martia classica pulset.
Scilicet erubuit Fidicen, ...
Non imitabilibus plectrum concentibus urget.
Namque manu per fila volat, simul hos, simul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni,
Et strepit, et tinnit, crescitque snperbius, et se
Multiplicat religens, plenoque choreumate plaudit.[1]

It will be noted by the student that such word-painting as in these lines belongs to Crashaw, not Strada:

'and streightway she
Carves out her dainty voyce as readily.
. . . . . .
Through the sleeke passage of her open throat
A clear unwrinckled song;
. . . . . .
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
Men's hearts into their hands:'
. . . . . .
staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
. . . . . .
a tide
Of streaming sweetnesse, *which in state doth ride*
On the wav'd backe of every swelling straine,
Rising and falling in a pompous traine.
. . . . . .
Thus high, thus low, *as if her silver throat*
Would reach the brazen voyce of War's hoarce bird.

[1] From *Prolusiones* of Strada.

. . . . his hands sprightly as fire, he flings
And with *a quavering coynesse tasts the strings.*
The sweet-lip't sisters, musically frighted,
Singing their feares, are fearefully delighted,
Trembling as when Appolo's golden haires
Are fan'd and frizled, in the wanton ayres
Of his own breath: which marryed to his lyre
Doth tune the spheares.

. . . . . .

with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.

. . . . . .

The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swolne rapsodyes,

. . . . . .

Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone.'

In the words of Willmott (as before), 'We shall seek in vain in the Latin text for the vigour, the fancy, and the grandeur of these lines. These remain with Crashaw, of whose obligations to Strada we may say, as Hayley [stupidly, if picturesquely] remarked of Pope's debt to Crashaw, that if he borrowed anything from him in this article, it was only as the sun borrows from the earth, when, drawing from thence a mere vapour, he makes it the delight of every eye, by giving it all the tender and gorgeous colouring of heaven' (vol. i. p. 323). The richness and fulness of our Poet as a Translator becomes the more clear when we place beside his interpretation of Strada the 'translations' of others, as given in the places (vol. i. pp. 203-6). A third (anonymous) version we discovered among the Lansdowne MSS. 3910, pt. lxvi., from which we take a specimen:

'Now the declininge sunn 'gan downward bende
From higher heauene, and from his locks did sende
A milder flame; when neere to Tyber's flowe
A Lutaniste allayde his carefull woe,
With sondinge charmes, and in a greeny seate
Of shady oake, toke shelter from the heate.

A nitingale ore-hard hym that did use
To soiourne in ye neighbour groues, the Muse
That files the place, the syren of the wood:
Poore harmeles Syren, steling neere she stood
Close lurkinge in the leaues attentiuely:
Recordinge that vnwonted mellodye,
She condt it to herselfe, and every straine
His fingers playde, her throat return'd againe.'

And so to the end (MS. 3910, pp. 114-17). We have reserved until now incomparably the second, but only a far-off second, to Crashaw's, from John Ford's 'Lover's Melancholy' (1629); which probably was our Poet's guide to Strada. Here is the substance of the fine reminiscent version, from act i. scene 1:

Menaphon. A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the wood, the birds,
That as they flocked about him all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.
Amethus. And do so I: good, on.
Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own:
He could not run division with more art
Vpon his quaking instrument than she
The nightingale did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.
Ameth. How did the rivals part?
Men. You term them rightly.
For they were rivals, and their mistress, Harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last

Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Vpon his instrument he plays so swiftly
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Ameth. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordained to be
Music's first master, strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropped she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep.[1]

Comment is needless on such pale, empty literality, as compared with the vitality and *élan* of Crashaw, in all but Ford's; while even Ford's is surpassed in every way by the 'Musick's Duell.'

The 'Suspicion of Herod,' by Marino (c. i.), is a grand poem in the original. Milton knew it, and was taken by it. Our Poet had glorious materials whereon to work, accordingly, when he turned Translator of this all-too-little known Singer of Italy. But Crashaw's soul was more spacious, his imagination more imperial, his vocabulary wealthier, than even Marino's. The greatness and grandeur and force of the Italian roused the Englishman to emulation. Willmott (as before) has placed the original Italian beside Crashaw's interpretation, and the advance in the Translator on his original is almost startling.

[1] Gifford here has one of his many singular notes, because he could think of no other meaning than 'merriment' for 'mirth,' which, as 'joy' or 'gladness,' is quite in place, and indeed accurately descriptive of the combined gladness and sadness of the pathetic contest.

We prefer adducing Crashaw, and then giving a close rendering of the original: *e.g.*

> 'He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-borne light,
> *On which, as on a glorious stranger, gaz'd*
> *The golden eyes of Night.'* (st. xvii.)

literally in Marino:

> '*He sees also shining from heaven,*
> *With beauteous ray, the wondrous star,*
> Which, brilliant and beautiful, goes
> Pointing the way straight towards Bethlehem.'

Again:

> '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.'* (st. xv.)

literally in Marino:

> 'He sees the quiet shades and the dark
> Horrors of the happy, holy Night
> Smitten and routed by heavenly voices,
> And vanquished by angelic splendours.'

Once more: when Alecto, the most terrible of the infernal sisters, ascends to Earth at the command of Satan:

> 'Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight:
> The fields' faire eyes saw her, and saw no more,
> But shut their flowry lids for ever;' (st. xlviii.)

for

> 'Parvero i fiori intorno e la verdura
> Sentir forza di peste, ira di verno;'

literally:

> 'soon as Hell had vomited out
> This monster from the dark abyss,
> *The flowers all around and the verdure appeared*
> *To feel the strength of the plague, the fury of winter.'*

This naked simplicity of wording is very fine: yet do Crashaw's adornments bring new charm to Marino. The soliloquy of Satan, though close as the skin to the body,

has a ruddiness (so-to-say) from Crashaw. Nothing in Milton is grander than st. xxv. to xxx.; and in all there are touches from the cunning hand of Crashaw: *e.g.*

'*And for the never-fadiny fields of light;*' (st. xxvii.)

for Marino's

'Che più può farmi omai chi la celeste
Reggia mi tolse, e i regni i miei lucenti?'

literally:

'What more can He now do to me, Who took
From me the heavenly palace and my bright realms?'

Again:

'*Bow our bright heads before a king of clay;*' (st. xxviii.)

for Marino's

'Volle alle forme sue semplici e prime,
Natura sovralzar corporea e bassa,
E de' membri del ciel capo sublime
Far di limo terrestre eterna massa;'

literally:

'He turns to his simple primitive forms,
To raise Nature above the corporeal and low,
And to make an unworthy mass of earthly clay
The sublime head of the heavenly members.'

Compare also st. x. in Crashaw with the original as literally rendered:

'Disdainefull wretch, how hath one bold sinne cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes!
How hath *one black eclipse cancell'd and crost*
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise!
Proud morning of a perverse day, how lost
Art thou unto thy selfe, thou too selfe-wise
Narcissus! foolish Phaeton, who for all
Thy *high-aym'd hopes, gaind'st but a flaming fall.*'

Literally in Marino:

'O wretched Angel, once fairer than light,
How thou hast lost thy primeval splendour!

Thou shalt have from the eternal Requiter
Deserved punishment for the unjust crime:
Proud admirer of thy honours,
Rebellious usurper of another's seat!
Transformed, and fallen into Phlegethon,
Proud Narcissus, impious Phaethon!'

Milton takes from Crashaw, not Marino, in his portrait of the Destroyer:

'From Death's sad shades to the life-breathing ayre
This mortall enemy to mankind's good
Lifts his *malignant eyes, wasted with care,*
To become beautifull in humane blood.' (st. xi.)

Literally in Marino:

'He from the shades of death to the living air,
Envious in truth of our human state,
Lifted aloft his eyes by where
The hollow vent-hole opened straight down.'

Well-nigh innumerable single lines and words are inevitably marked: *e. g.*

'the rebellious eye
Of sorrow.' (st. xlix.)

So the eyes of Satan:

'the sullen dens of Death and Night
Startle the dull ayre with a dismal red;' (st. vii.)

for Marino's

'Negli occhi ove mestizia alberga e morte,
Luce fiammeggia torbida e vermiglia;'

literally:

'In the eyes where sadness dwells and death
A turbid vermilion-coloured light shines.'

Again: the sun is seen by the Tempter to

Make proud the ruby portalls of the East;' (st. xvi.)

for 'la Reggia Oriental.' Crashaw has the same vivid fancy in the Hymn for Epiphany:

'Aurora shall set ope
Her ruby casements.'

Finally, to show that even where our Translator keeps closest to the original, he yet gives the creative touches of which I have already spoken, read his st. v. beside this literal translation :

> 'Under the abysses, at the very core of the world,
> In the central point of the universe,
> Within the bowers of the darkest deep,
> There stands the fiendly perverse Spirit:
> With sharp thongs an impure group
> Binds him with a hundred snakes athwart:
> With such bonds girds him for ever,
> The great champion who conquered HIM in Paradise.'

Thus we might go over the entire poem, and everywhere we should gather proofs that he was himself all he conceived in his splendid portraiture of the true Poet's genius :

> 'no rapture makes it live
> Drest in the glorious madnesse of a Muse,
> Whose feet can walke the Milky Way,
> Her starry throne, and hold up an exalted arm
> To lift me from my lazy urn and climbe
> Upon the stoopèd shoulders of old Time,
> And trace eternity.' (vol. i. p. 238.)[1]

Fully to estimate Crashaw's own grander imaginative faculty the Reader must study here the now-first-printed and very Miltonic poems on Apocalypse xii. 7 (Vol. II. pp. 231-3) and 'Christe, veni' (*ib.* pp. 223-5). It is profoundly to be regretted that our Poet should have limited himself to Book I. of the 'Strage degli Innocenti,' viz. 'Sospetto d' Herode.' Book VII. especially, 'Della Gerusalemme Distruta,' would have demanded all his powers. The entire poem was 'done in English,' and it is '*done*' (by T. R. 1675).

[1] Professor M'Carthy, who finds the influence of Crashaw in Shelley, has suggested one line from the 'Suspicion' as a motto for Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' viz. in st. xliii.

> 'They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.'

(N. and Q. 2d S. v. 449-52.)

With reference to our own Translations of Crashaw, it in some instances we have enlarged on our original, and adventured to fill-in what in the Latin the Poet is fettered in uttering, may we apologise by pleading his own example as a Translator, though with unequal steps and far off? I would specify the very remarkable 'Bulla,' in which, indeed, I find Crashaw's highest of pure poetic faculty within the region of Fancy in its delicatest and subtlest symbolisms; also the scarcely less remarkable address 'To the Reader' ('Lectori'); and his 'Fides &c. &c.' and his classical legends of 'Arion,' and his University 'Laments' and 'Appeals' for Peterhouse. Throughout, my co-workers and myself have aimed to give the *thought* of Crashaw; and, unless I egregiously mistake, we have together earned some gratitude from admirers of our Worthy.

I leave to other Scholars to deal critically with the Latin and Greek of these Poems and Epigrams now first translated. Read unsympathetically, I fear that very often his quantities and versification will be regarded as barbarous; but we have done something, it is believed, to neutralise Turnbull's most discreditable misprints herein, as in the English Poems. In the places (vol. ii. pp. 5-6, 244, and 332) we have recorded some of his more flagrant blunders; but besides we have silently corrected as many more of the original and early editions.

That Crashaw was not an accurate scholar the Greek Epigrams (as well as some of the Latin ones) furnish sufficient proof. Of the many obvious errors in quantity and construction, I have only corrected such as may have been mere oversights, some of them perhaps caused by his MS. having been misread; in other cases I have followed the original editions, and corrected the numerous errors made by Turnbull from his not being able to read the Greek features &c. It may be well to indicate a few of

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In XI. last line, ἀτέββαστον for ἀ-δέββαστον; CXXI. last line, ἔφν for ἔη; CXXV. line 5, κεῖν' for κεῖν; CLXXX. line 1 has πλάνη as if the penult were long instead of short, and ἅλημαι an unused form, so that the line offends both quantity and usage—it might be amended thus, Εἴς μὲν ἐγώ, ἤ μοί τε πλάνη περιίγγεν, ἀλῶμαι; CLXXXII. line 1, ἐπέβαλλεν for ἐπίβαλλεν; CLXXXIII. line 2, συκόμωρε should be συκόμορε, but altered for scansion; line 3, ἐκκρήμνης should perhaps be ἐκκρημνὰς; line 4, unscanable; and in CXXV. line 4, δασίους should be δασέων. οὐρανὸς, the penult of which is short, he uses as either long or short.

I must add, that the accentuation was as often wrong as right. I have carefully corrected it throughout. And this seems to me to be the only allowable way of reproducing Crashaw. An Editor cannot be held responsible for his Author writing imperfect Greek or Latin, any more than for his mistakes either in opinion or in matters-of-fact or taste.

Anderson's and Chalmers' Poets, and Peregrine Phillip's Selections, and Turnbull's edition in Russell Smith's 'Old Authors' and that in Gilfillan's Poets (a selection only), are our predecessors in furnishing Crashaw's Poetry. We confess to a feeling of just pride (shall we say?) in being the first worthily and adequately to present as remarkable Poetry, in its own region, as is anywhere to be found. RICHARD CRASHAW has assuredly not yet gathered all his fame.[1]

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[1] I place here a copy of the document that had gone astray (Vol. I. p. xxxv.): 'It results from a Papal Bull dated 24th April 1649, that Richard Crashaw, an Englishman, was admitted to a benefice ('Beneficiato') of the Basilica-Church of our Lady of Loreto, through strong interest in his favour by Cardinal Palloeta, then Protector of the so-called Holy House of Loreto, and in whose service Richard Crashaw was. But as it appears from another Bull dated 25th August 1649,

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that a successor was named to Richard Crashaw, it is evident that he was a Beneficiary in Loreto for only about three months—too short a time to furnish sufficient materials for the illustration of his biography.—N.B. A Beneficiary in ecclesiastical hierarchy is a grade under a Canon, and his duty in church is more assiduous than that of the Canon; but it is not necessary to be a Beneficiary before becoming a Canon.'

Latin Poems.

PART FIRST. SACRED.

I.

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA.

(1634–1670.)

NOTE.

THE earliest appearance of CRASHAW as a poet was in the University Collections of Latin Verse on the (then) usual conventional occasions of royal births and deaths, and the like. These pieces will be found in their places in the present volume. The place of honour herein we assign to his own published volume of 1634, of which the following is the title-page, within a neat woodcut border:

EPIGRAM-
MATUM
SACRORUM
LIBER.

University Printer's ornament, with legend, 'Hinc. Lvcem. Et. Pocula. Sacra.' and 'Alma Mater.'

Cantabrigiæ,
Ex Academiæ celeberrimæ
typographeo. 1634.

This is a small duodecimo. Collation: Title-page—Epistle-dedicatory to LANY, with the poems, 'Salve, alme custos Pierii gregis,' &c.—Venerabili viro Magistro Tournay, Tutori suo summe observando—Ornatissimo viro Præceptori suo colendissimo, Magistro Brook—Lectori (verse and prose), seven leaves: Epigrammata Sacra, pp. 79.

A second edition of this volume appeared in 1670. Its title-page is as follows:

RICHARDI CRASHAWI

POEMATA

et

EPIGRAMMATA,

Quæ scripsit Latina & Græca,
Dum *Aulæ Pemb.* Alumnus fuit,
Et
Collegii *Petrensis* Socius.

Editio Secunda, Auctior & emendatior.

Εἵνεκεν εὐμαθίης πινυτόφρονος, ἣν ὁ Μελιχρὸς
Ἤσκησεν, Μουσῶν ἄμμιγα καὶ Χαρίτων. Ἀιθολ.

[Printer's ornament, as before.]

Cantabrigiæ,
Ex Officina *Joan. Hayes*, Celeberrimæ Academiæ
Typographi. 1670.

This is an 8vo. Collation: Title-page—and to Brook, as before; then these additional Latin poems: In Picturam Reverendissimi Episcopi D. Andrews—Votiva Domûs Petrensis pro Domo Dei—In cæterorum Operum difficili Parturitione Gemitus—Epitaphium in Gulielmum Herrisium—In Eundem—Natalis Principis Mariæ—In Serenissimæ Reginæ partum hyemalem—Natalis Ducis Eboracensis—In faciem Augustiss. Regis a morbillis integram—Ad Carolum Primum, Rex Redux—Ad Principem nondum natum, Reginâ gravidâ. Bastard-title,

'Epigrammata Sacra, quæ scripsit Græca et Latina'—Lectori (as before), nine leaves: Epigrammata Sacra, pp. 67.

The additions to the second edition—besides the Latin poems enumerated—were in the Epigrams these: No. 1, Pharisaeus et Publicanus, Greek version—No. 11, Obolum Viduæ, ib.—No. 53, Ecce locus ubi jacuit Dominus, ib.—No. 120, In descensum Spiritûs sancti, ib.—No. 124, In S. Columbam ad Christi caput sedentem, ib.—No. 141, Ad D. Lucam medicum, ib.—No. 148, In stabulum ubi natus est Dominus, ib.—No. 161, Hic lapis fiat panis, ib.—No. 177, In die Ascensionis Dominicæ, ib.—No. 178, Cæcus implorat Christum, Latin and Greek —No. 179, Quis ex vobis, &c. ib.—No. 180, Herodi D. Jacobum obtruncati, ib.—No. 181, Cæci receptis, &c. ib.—and No. 182, Zaccheus in sycomoro.

A third edition was issued in 1674. It is identical with that of 1670, save in the date on title-page, printer's ornament, and this line at bottom: 'Prostant venales apud *Joann. Creed.*' Probably consisted of 'remainders' of 1670 edition.

As the edition of 1634 was published during the author's residence in the University, and so under his own eye, I have made it the basis of our text, though with a vigilant eye on the later corrections; but have given from the edition of 1670 the Greek versions of certain of the Epigrams, and those added (as above). The Epistle-dedicatory to Lany, and related introductory poems of 1634, alone, I prefix to the Epigrammata Sacra, assigning the other poems more fittingly to the Secular Poems (as annotated in the places). The Editor of the second edition, 'auctior et emendatior,' has not been transmitted. For more on the editions of the Epigrammata Sacra, see our Essay and Notes and Illustrations. As explained in our Prefatory Note, the translations of the Latin Poemata et Epigrammata, as of the others, follow the originals successively. A. denotes the translator to be THOMAS ASHE, M.A., Ipswich; B., CLEMENT BARKSDALE (from 'Epigrammata Sacra selecta, cum Anglicâ Versione. Sacred Epigrams Englished. London: Printed for John Barksdale, Bookseller in Cirencester. 1682.' 12mo); CL., Rev. J. H. CLARK, M.A., West Dereham, Norfolk; CR., CRASHAW himself; G., myself; W., Rev. W. ARIS WILLMOTT (from his 'Lives of the Sacred Poets,' s. n. Crashaw); and R. WI., Rev. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., Londesborough Rectory, Market Weighton. In the present and succeeding division those

Epigrams translated by Crashaw himself are given under the related Latin — all from the original text of 1646, as before. They consist of Nos. 1, 2, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 20, 21, 26, 29, 36, 40, 42, 43, 47, 49, 51, 54 (two), 56, 57, 63, 64, 68, 85, 91, 93, 101, 104, 106, 108, 115, 117, 140, 157, 160, 164, 169, 184, and 185 in the present, and of Nos. 21, 22, 28, 42, 46, and 55 in next section.

It only remains that I add here, instead of noticing in their places, the following more flagrant errors of Turnbull in the 'Epigrammata' and related 'Poemata Latina et Græca.' Similar lists will be found in the introductory notes to the several divisions of this volume.

In the Epistle to Lany, line 18, avidi *for* avide; line 29, amore *for* amare; in the Ode, st. ii. line 1, ipsi *for* ipse. In the address 'Lectori,' line 7, abi *for* alis; line 29, putre *for* putri; line 48, mens *for* meus; line 53, fingit *for* finget; line 70, graves *for* gravis; line 97, tota dropped out; line 120, negat *for* neget; in succeeding prose, line 29, Acygmanos *for* acygnianos.

The misprints in the Epigrammata are so numerous, that it is deemed expedient to tabulate them according to our numbering. On the errors in the Greek, see our Preface to the present Volume.

No.
1, line 4, ille *for* hic.
2, heading, Victorem *for* vectorem.
3, l. 1, ori *for* oris.
6, l. 2, meæ *for* mea.
7, l. 4, tanto *for* tanti.
8, l. 1, vulnere *for* vulnera.
10, l. 1, tumidus *for* timidus.
12, heading, Luc. x. 30 *for* x. 39; and so often.
19, l. 4, decas *for* decus.
30, l. 3, Te ne *for* Tene.
31, heading, credebunt *for* credebant.
44, l. 1, tumere *for* tenuere.
45, l. 2, mala *for* male.
48, l. 1, Christe *for* Christi.
60, l. 4, fecere *for* fuere.

No.
65, l. 7, adnixus *for* ad nixus.
67, l. 1, Infantes *for* infantis.
69, heading, meditur *for* medetur.
78, l. 2, pati *for* peti.
101, l. 4, aqua *for* aquas.
108, l. 8, oculos *for* oculus.
111, l. 3, natalis *for* natales.
114, l. 2, utere *for* uteri.
115, l. 4, queas *for* queat.
120, heading, Domini *for* Dominicam.
,, l. 6, Phœbe *for* Phœbo.
122, heading, traduit *for* traderet.
123, l. 2, nescis *for* nescio.
125, l. 1, volueris *for* volucris.

No.
126, heading, Divi *for* Divo.
132, heading, Christo *for* Christi.
135, heading left out.
140, l. 2, illa *for* ille.
149, l. 2, quae *for* qua.
153, l. 3, colubres *for* colubros.
155, heading, Domini *for* Dominicæ.
158, l. 3, par *for* per.
161, l. 8, fieris *for* fieres.
,, l. 12, solis *for* solio.

No.
164, l. 1, Daemone *for* Dæmona.
169, heading, lavante *for* lavanti.
,, l. 2, virginea *for* virgineæ.
170, l. 5, decies *for* denis.
172, l. 1, vidis *for* vides.
176, l. 16, dominum *for* dominam.
,, l. 73, ista *for* iste.
177, l. 20, metu *for* nutu.
182, l. 2, fide *for* fida.

The whole of these, with others belonging to Crashaw himself and his first editors, are carefully corrected in our edition G.

REVERENDO ADMODUM VIRO

BENJAMINO LANY,[1]

SS. THEOLOGIAE PROFESSORI, AULAE PEMBROCHIANAE CUSTODI DIGNISSIMO, EX SUORUM MINIMIS MINIMUS,

R. C[RASHAW]

CUSTODIAM COELESTEM

P.

Suus est et florum fructus; quibus fruimur, si non utilius, delicatius certe. Neque etiam rarum est quod ad spem Veris, de se per flores suos quasi pollicentis, adultioris anni, ipsiusque adeo Autumni exigamus fidem. Ignoscas igitur, vir colendissime, properanti sub ora Apollinis sui, primaeque adolescentiae lascivia exultanti Musae. Tenerae aetatis flores adfert, non fructus serae: quos quidem exigere ad seram illam et sobriam maturitatem, quam in fructibus expectamus merito, durum fuerit; forsan et ipsa hac praecoci importunitate sua placituros magis: tibi praesertim quem paternus animus, quod fieri solet, intentum tenet omni suae spei diluculo, quo tibi de tuorum indole promittas aliquid. Ex more etiam eorum, qui in praemium laboris sui pre-

[1] See our Essay for notice of Lany. G.

tiumque patientiae festini, ex iis quae severunt ipsi et excoluerunt, quicquid est flosculi prominulum, prima quasi verecundia auras et apertum Jovem experientis arripiunt avide, saporemque illi non tam ex ipsius indole et ingenio quam ex animi sui affectu, foventis in eo curas suas et spes, affingunt. Patere igitur, reverende custos, hanc tibi ex istiusmodi floribus corollam necti; convivalem vero: nec aliter passuram sidus illud oris tui auspicatissimum, nisi, qua est etiam amoenitate, remissiore radio cum se reclinat, et in tantum de se demit. Neque sane hoc scriptionis genere, modo partes suas satis praestiterit, quid esse potuit otio theologico accommodatius, quo nimirum res ipsa theologica poetica amoenitate delinita majestatem suam venustate commendat. Hoc demum quicquid est, amare tamen poteris, et voles, scio: non ut magnum quid, non ut egregium, non ut te dignum denique, sed ut tuum: tuum summo jure, utpote quod e tua gleba, per tuum radium, in manum denique tuam evocatum fuerit. Quod restat hujus libelli fatis, exorandus es igitur, vir spectatissime, ut quem sinu tum facili privatum excepisti, eum jam ore magis publico alloquentem te non asperneris. Stes illi in limine, non auspicium modo suum, sed et argumentum. Enimvero Epigramma sacrum tuus ille vultus vel est, vel quid sit docet; ubi nimirum amabili diluitur severum, et sanctum suavi demulcetur. Pronum me vides in negatam mihi provinciam; laudum tuarum, intelligo: quas mihi cum modestia tua abstulerit, re-

liquum mihi est necessario ut sim brevis; imo vero longus nimium; utpote cui argumentum istud abscissum fuerit, in quo unice poteram, et sine taedio, prolixus esse. Vale, virorum ornatissime, neque dedigneris quod colere audeam Genii tui serenitatem supplex tam tenuis, et, quoniam numen quoque hoc de se non negat, amare etiam. Interim vero da veniam Musae in tantum sibi non temperanti; quin in hanc saltem laudis tuae partem, quae tibi ex rebus sacris apud nos ornatis meritissima est, istiusmodi carmine involare ausa sit, qualicunque:

Salve, alme custos Pierii gregis,
Per quem erudito exhalat in otio;
Seu frigus udi captet antri,
Sive Jovem nitidosque soles.

Non ipse custos pulchrior invias
Egit sub umbras Aemonios greges;
Non ipse Apollo notus illis
Lege suae meliore cannae.

Tu, si sereno des oculo frui,
Sunt rura nobis, sunt juga, sunt aquae,
Sunt plectra dulcium sororum
(Non alio mihi nota Phoebo).

Te dante, castos composuit sinus;
Te dante, mores sumpsit; et in suo

Videnda vultu, pulveremque
Relligio cineremque nescit.

Stat cincta digna fronde decens caput:
Suosque per te fassa palam Deos,
Comisque, Diva, vestibusque
Ingenium dedit ordinemque.

Jamque ecce nobis amplior es modo
Majorque cerni. Quale jubar tremit
Sub os! verecundusque quanta
Mole sui Genius laborat!

Jam qui serenas it tibi per genas,
Majore coelo sidus habet suum;
Majorque circum cuspidatae
Ora comis tua flos diei.

Stat causa. Nempe hanc ipse Deus, Deus,
Hanc ara, per te pulchra, diem tibi
Tuam refundit, obvioque
It radio tibi se colenti.

Ecce, ecce! sacro in limine, dum pio
Multumque prono poplite amas humum,
Altaria annuunt ab alto;
Et refluis tibi plaudit alis

Pulchro incalescens officio, puer
Quicunque crispo sidere crinium,
Vultuque non fatente terram,
Currit ibi roseus satelles.

Et jure. Nam cum fana tot inviis
Moerent ruinis, ipsaque, ceu preces
Manusque non decora supplex
Tendat, opem rogat, heu negatam!

Tibi ipsa voti est ora sui rea.
Et solvet. O quam semper apud Deum
Litabis illum, cujus arae
Ipse preces prius audiisti!

[TRANSLATION. Prose G.; verse CL.]

To the very reverend man BENJAMIN LANY, *Doctor of Divinity, most worthy Master of Pembroke College [Cambridge], the least of the least of those that are his, R[ichard] C[rashaw] implores the divine protection.*[1]

Even flowers have their own peculiar fruit, which we enjoy, if not so profitably, yet in a manner more refined. Nor is it unusual that, in accordance with the hope of Spring, making promises for herself as it were by her flowers, we demand credit for the maturer year, and even for Autumn itself. Forgive, then, most Reverend Sir, the Muse hastening into the presence of her Apollo, and exulting in the wantonness of earliest youth. She offers the flowers of a tender age, not the fruits of a late one, which flowers indeed it

[1] See our Essay in the present volume for notices of Lany. G.

were unreasonable to demand in accordance with that late and sober maturity which we rightly look for in fruits—flowers which are more likely to be pleasing from the very fact of their precocious importunity,—to thee above all, whom a fatherly mind, as it is wont to happen, holds watching for every dawning of its hope, by which you may give yourself assurance of anything respecting the genius of your sons; after the manner also of those who, in haste for the reward of their labour and the price of their patience, from what they have themselves sown and tended, snatch greedily whatever part may project a little of a floweret, which, as with early bashfulness, is making trial of the airs and the open sky, and attach an odour to it, not so much from its own nature and character as from the inclination of their own mind, which fosters in it their own anxieties and hopes. Suffer then, Reverend Master, this little garland, made of flowers of such a sort, to be bound on thee; a festal one assuredly, and not able to endure that most auspicious star of thy countenance in any other way than—for it is even of such a graciousness—when it draws back with milder ray, and so far subtracts from itself. Nor assuredly than this kind of writing, provided it have sufficiently discharged its proper functions, could anything be more suitable to theological leisure; for in it without doubt the very substance of theology being overlaid with poetic grace, sets off its grandeur by loveliness. Finally, whatever

this may be, you will nevertheless, I know, be able and willing to be lovingly disposed towards it; not as anything great or uncommon; not, in short, as anything worthy of you, but as your own—your own by highest right as having been called forth from your soil, by your light, and, in fine, into your hand. As for what fortune awaits this little book, deign to be persuaded, most worshipful Sir, not to scorn when addressing you now in a more public style him whom you have welcomed in private with so ready an affection. May you stand on its threshold, not only as its good omen but also as its subject! In very truth that countenance of yours is a Sacred Epigram, or teaches what it should be, where forsooth severity is tempered with love, and sanctity is mellowed by sweetness. You see me inclined towards a sphere denied to me—that of sounding your praises, I mean; which since your modesty has taken from me, it remains of necessity that I should be brief: yes indeed, I am too diffuse, seeing that the very subject is cut off from me in which alone I was, and even without irksomeness, able to be prolix. Farewell, most cultured of men, and do not disdain me, so insignificant a suppliant, for daring to honour your tranquil genius, and, since divinity even does not forbid this respecting itself, also to love it. But in the mean while give pardon to the Muse, to such a degree unrestrained as to have dared for this part at least of your praise, which is most due to you on account of

sacred things that have been honoured amongst us, to fly towards you with a strain of such kind as this, whatever it may be:

Kind Guardian of the Muses' flock,
  Through whom it breathes in learn'd repose,
Whether it choose the dripping rock,
  Or where the open sunshine glows.

Not fairer he through trackless shade
  Who led Æmonia's flocks of old;
Not even Apollo, when he play'd,
  With defter touch could charm the fold.

If thou the eye serene dost grant,
  Green fields are ours, and streams and hills,
And, since no Phœbus else we want,
  The Muses with their dulcet quills.

Religion too with modest grace
  Through thee assumes a gentler mien;
Through thee again can show her face,
  No more in dust and ashes seen.

Her brows crown'd meetly, and, through thee,
  Her God in sight of all confess'd,
She gives in her divinity
  Meaning and law to garb and vest.

Lo, while we gaze, an ample state
  Adorns thee; what a lustrous sheen

Plays on thy lips! with what a weight
  Thy reverent Genius toils within!

For him on whom thy calm glance flows
  His star sheds down a fuller ray;
The light that o'er thine aspect glows
  Is brighter than the shafts of Day.

And there is cause. The Lord of heaven,
  Whose altar thou hast made so fair,
Pours back the light that thou hast given,
  With glory meets His worshipper.

Lo, on the threshold of thy God
  While thou dost stoop on bended knee,
The altar from on high doth nod,
  Its plausive wings are bent to thee.

And, glowing with his duty's worth,
  Each starry-tressèd chorister
With look that savours not of earth
  Tends like a rosy cherub there.

And rightly. For, when ruin-wreck'd,
  With prayers and outstretch'd hands the fane
Bemoan'd itself in all neglect,
  And sought elsewhere for help in vain,—

To thee by its own vows 'tis bound,
  And now repays thee. At the shrine
Whose cry so well thy ears hath found
  Long, long may prayer and praise be thine!

LECTORI.

SALVE. Jamque vale. Quid enim quis pergeret ultra ?
Qua jocus et lusus non vocat, ire voles ?
Scilicet hic, Lector, cur noster habebere, non est ;
Deliciis folio non faciente tuis.
Nam nec Acidalios halat mihi pagina rores ;
Nostra Cupidineae nec favet aura faci.
Frustra hinc ille suis quicquam promiserit alis :
Frustra hinc illa novo speret abire sinu.
Ille e materna melius sibi talia myrto ;
Illa jugis melius poscat ab Idaliis.
Quaerat ibi suus in quo cespite surgat Adonis,
Quae melior teneris patria sit violis.
Illinc totius Florae, verisque, suique
Consilio, ille alas impleat, illa sinus.
Me mea, casta tamen, si sit rudis, herba coronet :
Me mea, si rudis est, sit rudis, herba juvat.
Nulla meo Circaea tument tibi pocula versu :
Dulcia, et in furias officiosa tuas.
Nulla latet Lethe, quam fraus tibi florea libat,
Quam rosa sub falsis dat malefida genis.
Nulla verecundum mentitur mella venenum :
Captat ab insidiis linea nulla suis.
Et spleni, et jecori foliis bene parcitur istis.
Ah, male cum rebus staret utrumque meis !

Rara est quae ridet, nulla est quae pagina prurit,
Nulla salax, si quid norit habere salis.
Non nudae Veneres, nec, si jocus, udus habetur:
Non nimium Bacchus noster Apollo fuit.
Nil cui quis putri sit detorquendus ocello;
Est nihil obliquo quod velit ore legi.
Haec coram atque oculis legeret Lucretia justis;
Iret et illaesis hinc pudor ipse genis.
Nam neque candidior voti venit aura pudici
De matutina virgine thura ferens:
Cum vestis nive vincta sinus, nive tempora fulgens,
Dans nive flammeolis frigida jura comis,
Religiosa pedum sensim vestigia librans,
Ante aras tandem constitit, et tremuit.
Nec gravis ipsa suo sub numine castior halat
Quae pia non puras summovet ara manus.
Tam Venus in nostro non est nimis aurea versu:
Tam non sunt pueri tela timenda dei.
Saepe puer dubias circum me moverat alas,
Jecit et incertas nostra sub ora faces;
Saepe vel ipse sua calamum mihi blandus ab ala,
Vel matris cygno de meliore dedit;
Saepe Dionaeae pactus mihi serta coronae;
Saepe: Meus vates tu, mihi dixit, eris.
I procul, i cum matre tua, puer improbe, dixi:
Non tibi cum numeris res erit ulla meis.
Tu Veronensi cum passere pulchrior ibis:
Bilbilicisve queas comptius esse modis.

Ille tuos finget quocunque sub agmine crines :
Undique nequitiis par erit ille tuis.
Ille nimis, dixi, patet in tua proelia campus :
Heu, nimis est vates et nimis ille tuus!
Gleba illa, ah, tua quam tamen urit adultera messis !
Esset Idumaeo germine quanta parens !
Quantus ibi et quantae premeret puer ubera matris !
Nec coelos vultu dissimulante suos.
Ejus in isto oculi satis essent sidera versu ;
Sidereo matris quam bene tuta sinu !
Matris ut hic similes in collum mitteret ulnas,
Inque sinus niveos pergeret, ore pari ;
Utque genis pueri haec aequis daret oscula labris,
Et bene cognatis iret in ora rosis ;
Quae Mariae tam larga meat, quam disceret illic
Uvida sub pretio gemma tumere suo !
Staret ibi ante suum lacrymatrix Diva Magistrum :
Seu levis aura volet, seu gravis unda cadat ;
Luminis haec soboles, et proles pyxidis illa,
Pulchrius unda cadat, suavius aura volet.
Quicquid in his sordet demum, luceret in illis.
Improbe, nec satis est hunc tamen esse tuum ?
Improbe, cede, puer : quid enim mea carmina mulces ?
Carmina de jaculis muta futura tuis.
Cede, puer, qua te petulantis fraena puellae ;
Turpia quae revocant pensa procacis herae ;
Qua miseri male pulchra nitent mendacia limi ;
Qua cerussatae, furta decora, genae ;

Qua mirere rosas, alieni sidera veris ;
    Quas nivis haud propriae bruma redempta domat.
Cede, puer, dixi et dico ; cede, improba mater :
    Altera Cypris habet nos ; habet alter Amor.
Scilicet hic Amor est ; hic est quoque mater Amoris.
    Sed Mater virgo ; sed neque caecus Amor.
O Puer ! ô Domine ! ô magnae reverentia Matris,
    Alme tui stupor et relligio gremii !
O Amor, innocuae cui sunt pia jura pharetrae,
    Nec nisi de casto corde sagitta calens !
Me, Puer, ô certa, quem figis, fige sagitta ;
    O tua de me sit facta pharetra levis !
Quodque illinc sitit et bibit, et bibit et sitit usque ;
    Usque meum sitiat pectus, et usque bibat.
Fige, Puer, corda haec. Seu spinis exiguus quis,
    Seu clavi aut hastae cuspide magnus ades ;
Seu major cruce cum tota ; seu maximus ipso
    Te corda haec figis denique ; fige, Puer.
O metam hanc tuus aeternum inclamaverit arcus :
    Stridat in hanc teli densior aura tui.
O tibi si jaculum ferat ala ferocior ullum,
    Hanc habeat triti vulneris ire viam.
Quique tuae populus cunque est, quae turba, pharetrae ;
    Hic bene vulnificas nidus habebit aves.
O mihi sis bello semper tam saevus in isto !
    Pectus in hoc nunquam mitior hostis eas.
Quippe ego quam jaceam pugna bene sparsus in illa !
    Quam bene sic lacero pectore sanus ero !

Haec mea vota. Mei sunt haec quoque vota libelli.
Haec tua sint, Lector, si meus esse voles.
Si meus esse voles, meus ut sis, lumina, Lector,
Casta, sed ô nimium non tibi sicca, precor.
Nam tibi fac madidis meus ille occurrerit alis,
Sanguine, seu lacryma diffluat ille sua :
Stipite totus hians, clavisque reclusus, et hasta :
Fons tuus in fluvios desidiosus erit ?
Si tibi sanguineo meus hic tener iverit amne,
Tune tuas illi, dure, negabis aquas ?
Ah durus ! quicunque meos, nisi siccus, amores
Nolit, et hic lacrymae rem neget esse suae.
Saepe hic Magdalinas vel aquas vel amaverit undas ;
Credo nec Assyrias mens tua malit opes.
Scilicet ille tuos ignis recalescet ad ignes ;
Forsan et illa tuis unda natabit aquis.
Hic eris ad cunas, et odoros funere manes :
Hinc ignes nasci testis, et inde meos.
Hic mecum, et cum matre sua, mea gaudia quaeres :
Maturus Procerum seu stupor esse velit ;
Sive per antra sui lateat, tunc templa, sepulchri :
Tertia lux reducem, lenta sed illa, dabit.
Sint fidae precor, ah, dices, facilesque tenebrae ;
Lux mea dum noctis, res nova ! poscit opem.
Denique charta meo quicquid mea dicat amori,
Illi quo metuat cunque, fleatve, modo,
Laeta parum, dices, haec, sed neque dulcia non sunt :
Certe et amor, dices, hujus amandus erat.

Si nimium hic promitti tibi videtur, Lector bone, pro eo cui satisfaciendo libellus iste futurus fuerit; scias me in istis non ad haec modo spectare quae hic habes, sed ea etiam quae olim, haec interim fovendo, habere poteris. Nolui enim, si hactenus deesse amicis meis non potui, flagitantibus a me, etiam cum dispendii sui periculo, paterer eos experiri te in tantum favorem tuum, nolui, inquam, fastidio tuo indulgere. Satis hic habes quod vel releges ad ferulam suam, neque enim maturiores sibi annos ex his aliqua vendicant, vel ut pignus plurium adultiorumque in sinu tuo reponas. Elige tibi ex his utrumvis. Me interim quod attinet, finis meus non fefellit. Maximum meae ambitionis scopum jamdudum attigi: tunc nimirum cum qualecunque hoc meum pene infantis Musae murmur ad aures istas non ingratum sonuit, quibus neque doctiores mihi de publico timere habeo, nec sperare clementiores; adeo ut de tuo jam plausu, dicam ingenue et breviter, neque securus sim ultra neque solicitus. Prius tui, quisquis es, Lector, apud me reverentia prohibet; de cujus judicio omnia possum magna sperare: posterius illorum reverentia non sinit, de quorum perspicacitate maxima omnia non possum mihi non persuadere. Quanquam ô quam velim tanti me esse in quo patria mea morem istum suum deponere velit, genio suo tam non dignum; istum scilicet quo, suis omnibus fastiditis, ea exosculatur unice, quibus trajecisse Alpes et de transmarino esse, in pretium cessit! Sed relictis hisce, nimis improbae

spei votis, convertam me ad magistros acygnianos; quos scio de novissimis meis verbis, quanquam neminem nominarim, iratos me reliquisse: bilem vero componant; et mihi se hoc debere, ambitioso juveni verbum tam magnum ignoscant — debere, inquam, fateantur: quod nimirum in tam nobili argumento, in quo neque ad foetida de suis sanctis figmenta, neque ad putidas de nostris calumnias opus habeant confugere, de tenui hoc meo dederim illorum magnitudini unde emineat. Emineat vero; serius dico, sciantque me semper se habituros esse sub ea, quam mihi eorum lux major affuderit, umbra, placidissime acquiescentem.

[TRANSLATION. Verse and Prose, G.]

To the Reader.

'Greeting,' Reader; and now 'farewell'!
Wherefore shouldst thou on my page dwell,
Where neither jest nor sport inviteth,
That the jocund youth delighteth?
Therefore, Reader, pass thee by
To thine own idle jollity:
The notes that trill from my poor lute
Such as thee shall never suit;
Nor here are Acidalian dews
That Venus' roses sweet suffuse;
Nor breath sets Cupid's torch a-blaze
That lovers on my lines may gaze.

Vainly shall mother and shall son
Look here for lewd emotion.
Cupid, seek thy mother's kirtle,
Or hide thee 'neath her fragrant myrtle.
And, Venus, thy Idalian hills
Will better yield thee sport that thrills:
Thither, therefore, goddess, turn;
O'er thy lost Adonis burn;
Or devise, if grief thee frets,
Other shrines for thy violets:
There, with Flora and the Spring
The green earth enamelling,
Thou mayst fill thy bosom's whiteness,
He his wings in all their brightness,
With all flow'rs that wait on thee
When thou holdest revelry.
Me my own poor flow'r will crown;
Poor 'tis true, yet all my own—
Poor but pure. So let it be,
Those unto others, this to me.
No Circe-cup foams in my verse,
To make fierce lustings still more fierce;
No draft of Lethe here doth flow,
Flow'ry above, deathly below;
No false cheeks, with falser bloom—
A rose up-bursting from a tomb;
No barb hid 'neath treach'rous plume;
No poison spread as honey'd bait;

No line where danger lies in wait:
Here's nor spleen nor melancholy,
That for me were unmeet wholly;
Rarely do I raise a smile,
Ne'er merge my wit in wanton wile;
Never quicken Passion's pulse,
Nor show nude Beauty to convulse,
Until beneath the hoof o' th' flesh
The strong man bound is in Lust's mesh.
If jest I pass, do not repine
To learn it reeks not of the wine;
For my Apollo is celestial,
And from Bacchus shrinks as bestial.
Nothing that's foul my page contains;
Nothing the modest eye arraigns;
Nothing to cause averted face —
Lucretia every line might trace
With calm, serene, unfearing eye,
Nor blush stain cheek of Modesty.
For not more pure the maiden's vow[1]
Whisper'd in tremulous words and low,
As, girt in snowy robe, her breast
Heaves like a wave in sweet unrest,
And the white veil shows whiter brow
In pureness of unfallen snow,
With flame-gleam from meek-droppèd hair
Dishevell'd by the am'rous air:

[1] Perhaps a virgin-priestess being dedicated is intended. G.

Soft strains with her soft voice blending,
The marriage-rites to heaven ascending:
Yea, not the altar's self exhaleth
More chastely, as its God it haileth,
That keeps far off unholy hands
While there the priest with bow'd head stands.
My verse is not the Queen of Love's,
Nor knows the cooing of her doves:
Her beauty me not overpowers,
Though bright as skies when no cloud low'rs;
Vainly at me her tricksy boy
His arrows shoots. The sweet annoy
I never felt; though oft and oft
He hover'd o'er me, and with soft,
Sly, 'luring glances his torch wav'd,
And look'd to find me swift enslav'd;
Offer'd a quill from his own wing,
E'en from his mother's swan—to sing;
Ay, often Venus' love-wreaths weaving,
On my brow the symbol leaving:
He would laugh, and Poet style me,
And with flatteries beguile me:
'Begone, begone, O wanton boy!
Thy mother too, though Queen of Joy.'
Thus did I speak. Naught of my song
Shall thy tyranny prolong:
Get thee, with thy torch and arrow,
Unto the Veronian sparrow;

Or the Bilbilician win Martial
To embalm thy pleasant sin :
Be thy assaults however vile,
He on thee will smile, and smile :
He, thy love-locks curious twining,
Shall ne'er come short of thy inclining :
He thine own poet is, and will
Give thee full license to instill
By jest and quip and jollity
Whate'er it listeth thee to try.
Alas, that genius so august
Should pander to adult'rous lust !
Alas, that he, poet so true,
Should poet be, Cupid, to you !
O, what harvest of rich thought
Judean seed from him had brought,
If, up-climbing holy mountains,
He had drunk from hallow'd fountains !
Mother and son, I see them now,
As round her neck his arms he'd throw,
Nestling with his azure eyes,
Her bosom's splendour for his skies ;
Kissing, and kiss'd in sweet reply,
As soft winds o'er violets die :
While she all her love discloses,
Murm'ring on his lips' twin roses :
His lips like hers, and hers like his,
Glued i' the rapture of their bliss.

Visions like these would Martial give
With dainty touch and fugitive.
The heav'nly Weeper there would bow
Before her Lord, and pay her vow:
Now is uttered gentle sigh,
And now great tears gleam in her eye:
That, offspring of the stainless Light;
This, of the Pyx's mystic rite:
In his verse, tears, sighs should fall
Delicate and musical:
In fine, whate'er in mine were mean
Should radiant grow as sunlight's sheen.
Go, then, go, insatiate boy,
Nor me longer seek t' annoy:
I've said it, nor shall e'er unsay:
Go to thy mother, and there play.
Why wilt thou whisper flattery,
And praise my Muse's witchery—
Verses that reck not of thy smarts—
And smite me with thy fire-tipp'd darts?
Go, get thee gone! Thy haunt must be
Where there's wanton revelry,
And the young minx with toss o' curls
Opes her lips to show her pearls;
Opes her lips, with some gross jest
A foolish lover to arrest.
Thither go, where falsely-fair
Beauty is bought and sold; and where,

Flaunting with painted cheek, and eye
A-flame to ev'ry devilry,
Base women seek base men, and tingle
Their hot veins as they commingle,
Baring their charms, 'neath alien roses
Ministering such sweets as Hell composes.
Hence, therefore, Cupid! Venus, hence!
I yield not to your violence:
I've said it, nor shall you allure
My heart to own your sway impure.
Another Cypris holds me now,
Another Love receives my vow:
For Love is here and Mother kind,
But she a Virgin; He not blind.
O Child! O Lord! great Mother blest!
O wonder of thy holy breast!
O Love, whose quiver's sacred pow'rs
Ne'er send forth arrow that devours,
Unless a shaft pierce the pure heart,
That Thou mayst heal the blessèd smart.
Me whom Thou piercest, holy Child,
Pierce, pierce me sure with arrows mild.
Let Thy quiver grow more light
As Thou dost me yearning smite:
What my soul pants for, and still drinks
And drinks, and thirsts, and never thinks
To get enough, O give, still give.
Thus would I die; thus would I live.

Transfix this heart, Child : howsoe'er
Thou comest,—crown'd with thorns and bare,
Or great with the awful heraldry
Of nail and spear for Faith to see ;
Or greater still, on the holy rood
Wet with the terror of Thy Blood ;
Or great'st of all, Thyself alone
In meek might of Thy Passion,—
Still pierce this heart ; O pierce it, Child :
Thus would I drink in rapture wild.
O that Thy bow might wound me still !
O that of wounds I had my fill !
Or, if some swifter wing there be,
That it would fly to me—to me !
Behold, my Saviour, this poor breast,
And take it as Thine arrows' nest :
I seek not to be spar'd one blow :
Thus would I have Thee still my foe ;
Still yearn that wounded I may be ;
For wounds like these are ecstasy.
These are my wishes : and my Books,
May they be his who on them looks !
Seek'st, Reader, to be mine ? Then, last,
I ask thy eyes that they be chaste ;
Chaste, but not tearless ; my dear Love
To meet and know, as from above
He comes, and still the Crucified,
Proclaiming how for man He died

By thorn, and nail, and spear, and cry,
And bitterest words of agony:
Say, should He meet thee thus in blood,
Couldst thou e'en grudge of tears a flood?
Ah, hard thy heart as e'er was stone,
That all unmov'd can hear Him groan,
Nor by a throb of feeling show
Thou hast a sense of His great woe;
While here He treasured human tears
Hushing sad Mary in her fears,
As to His feet in shame she crept,
And with white drops them all bewept:
More than Assyrian gold to thee
Such tears, if thou their worth couldst see.
His love with thine again will glow,
His tears afresh with thine will flow.
Here, Reader, glancing through my Book,
Thou shalt upon His cradle look:
To His sweet obsequies now turn,
And mark how still my love shall burn.
Here, with His Mother and with me,
My ceaseless sacred joys shalt see:
Whether Earth's Princes speechless stand
As sudden darkness wraps the land;
Or He lies hidden in the Cave,
A temple now, and not a grave;
But the third morning shall restore Him:
Ah, much too slow those days pass o'er Him!

Be true, ye shadows of the tomb;
Enfold Him in a kindly gloom:
Thus wilt thou pray; while my dear Light
(O strange!) demands the help of Night.
In fine, whate'er my Book shall say
To my dear Love—however pray,
However fear, however weep,
And with sweet tears its pages steep—
My words thy willing words will move.
'O, not enough these things I love;
But they are sweet all things above;
And certainly the love of Him
Deserves all other loves to dim.'

If it seem to you, good Reader, that I have promised overmuch on behalf of him to whom this tractate shall be pleasing, know that I do not look merely on those things which you possess here, but also on those which, by cherishing such as you now have, you may hereafter obtain; for I have been unwilling, if hitherto I have not been a-wanting to my friends earnestly entreating me that I should allow them, even at the risk of their own peril, to encroach on your good-will, however great—I have been unwilling, I say, to give myself up to your fastidious criticism. You have enough here either to hand over to the rod which it deserves (for none of these things ask or claim for themselves maturer years), or to lay it up in your bosom as a pledge

of more and of advanced attempts. Choose for yourself an alternative. As for myself, my aim has not deceived me. I have already attained the utmost pinnacle of my ambition, at the time when this somewhat indifferent murmur of my almost-infantine Muse sounded not unmusically in those ears, than which from the world at large I have none more learned to fear, none more indulgent to hope for; so that, as regards your applause, I will speak candidly and at once: I am neither over-confident nor over-solicitous of it. Firstly, my respect for you, Reader, whoever you are, and of whose decision I can hope everything, restrains; and next, my respect for those of whose penetration I am unable not to persuade myself to hope the greatest things. Yet still, how I do wish that I were of service whenever my Country desires to cast aside its own particular custom, so unworthy its own worth—that custom particularly by which, all her own things being despised, she only prizes those things to which having crossed the Alps and lived over the sea has given a value! But these wishes of too rash hope being put aside, let me turn to the acygnian gentlemen, whom I know—although I shall name none personally—to have angrily abandoned me on account of some of my recent sayings. Still, let them compose their temper, and let them confess—may they pardon such a great saying from a forward young man!—I say, let them confess that they owe me this: that, in truth, in so grand an argument,

in which they have not recourse to the stale untruths concerning their own services, nor to the nauseous calumnies concerning ours. With regard to this slight statement of mine, I have yielded to the importance of those from whence it springs. And let it spring, forsooth! I speak seriously—and let them know that they will always find me most tranquilly reposing under that shadow which their greater light has cast around me!

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA.

I.

Pharisaeus et Publicanus. **Luc. xviii. 14-19.**

En duo templum adeunt, diversis mentibus ambo.
Ille procul trepido lumine signat humum:
It gravis hic, et in alta ferox penetralia tendit.
Plus habet hic templi; plus habet ille Dei.

Ἄνδρες, ἰδοὺ, ἑτέροισι νόοις, δύω ἱρὸν ἐσῆλθον.
Τηλόθεν ὀῤῥωδεῖ κεῖνος ὁ φρικαλέος·
Ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ὡς σοβαρὸς νηοῦ μυχὸν ἐγγὺς ἱκάνει·
Πλεῖον ὁ μὲν νηοῦ, πλεῖον ὁ δ' εἶχε Θεοῦ.

Two went up into the Temple to pray.

Two went to pray! O, rather say,
One went to brag, th' other to pray.
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not send his eye.
One neerer to God's altar trod;
The other to the altar's God. Cr.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Two men unto the Temple went to pray.
That, with a downcast look, stood far away;

This, near the altar, himself highly bore:
This of the Temple, that of God hath more. B.

II.

In asinum Christi vectorem. Matt. xxi. 7.

Ille[1] suum didicit quondam objurgare magistrum:
Et quid ni discas tu celebrare tuum?
Mirum non minus est, te jam potuisse tacere,
Illum quam fuerat tum potuisse loqui.

Upon the asse that bore our Saviour.

Hath only Anger an omnipotence
In eloquence?
Within the lips of Love and Joy doth dwell
No miracle?
Why else had Balaam's asse a tongue to chide
His master's pride,
And thou, heaven-burthen'd beast, hast ne're a word
To praise thy Lord?
That he should find a tongue and vocal thunder
Was a great wonder;
But O, methinkes, 'tis a farre greater one
That thou find'st none. Cr.

MORE CLOSELY.

The ass of old had power to chide its wilful lord;
And hast not thou the power to speak one praiseful word?
Not less a marvel, sure, this silence is in thee
Than that the ass of old to speak had liberty. G.

[1] Balaami asinus. Cr.

III.

Dominus apud suos vilis. Luc. iv. 28-29.

En consanguinei ! patriis en exul in oris
Christus ! et haud alibi tam peregrinus erat.
Qui socio demum pendebat sanguine latro,
O consanguineus quam fuit ille magis !

The Lord 'despised and rejected' by His own people.

See, O my kinsmen, what strange thing is this !
Christ in's own country a great stranger is.
The thief which bled upon the Cross with Thee
Was more ally'd in consanguinity.[1] B.

IV.

Ad Bethesdae piscinam positus. Joan. v. 1-16.

Quis novus hic refugis incumbit Tantalus undis,
Quem fallit toties tam fugitiva salus ?
Unde hoc naufragium felix medicaeque procellae,
Vitaque tempestas quam pretiosa dedit ?

The cripple at the Pool of Bethesda.

What Tantalus is this, who health still craves
So oft, yet vainly, from the refluent waves ?
And whence this happy wreck, this healing strife,
This storm that drifts its victim into life ? CL.

[1] By a singular misprint Barksdale thus reads:
'The thief which bless'd upon the Cross with Me,' &c. G.

ANOTHER VERSION.

What new Tantalus is here,
Couch'd by this swift-ebbing wave,
Whom the healing flood comes near,
Then retiring fails to save?

O, what happy shipwreck this,
And a cure by conflict wrought!
Strange that woe should thus win bliss,
From disaster life be brought! G.

V.

Christus ad Thomam. Joan. xx. 26-29.

Saeva fides, voluisse meos tractare dolores!
Crudeles digiti, sic didicisse Deum!
Vulnera ne dubites, vis tangere nostra: sed, eheu,
Vulnera, dum dubitas, tu graviora facis.

Christ to Thomas.

Harsh faith, and wouldst thou probe these signs of woe?
O cruel fingers, would ye prove God so?
Touch them, lest thou shouldst doubt? Then have thy will;
But, ah, thy doubting makes them deeper still. CL.

ANOTHER RENDERING.

O cruel faith, afresh my pangs to move!
O ruthless fingers, thus their Lord to prove!
See, touch the wounds; doubt not; but with such doubt
Thou makest all those wounds afresh gush out. A.

VI.

Quisquis perdiderit animam suam mea causa inveniet eam.
Matt. xvi. 25.

I, vita, i, perdam : mihi mors tua, Christe, reperta est :
Mors tua vita mea est ; mors tibi vita mea.
Aut ego te abscondam Christi, mea vita, sepulchro :
Non adeo procul est tertius ille dies.

Whosoever will lose His life for My sake shall find it.

Away, my life ! Lord Christ,
I have Thy death :
My life's Thy death, and Thy
death gives me breath.
But come, my life, I'll hide
thee in His tomb :
The third day hence is not
so long to come. A.

VII.

Primo mane venit ad sepulchrum Magdalena. Joan. xx. 1.

Tu matutinos praevertis, sancta, rubores,
Magdala ; sed jam tum Sol tuus ortus erat.[1]
Jamque vetus merito vanos sol non agit ortus,
Et tanti radios non putat esse suos.
Quippe aliquo, reor, ille novus jam nictat in astro,
Et se nocturna parvus habet facula.
Quam velit ô tantae vel nuntius esse diei,
Atque novus Soli Lucifer ire novo !

[1] Barksdale thus renders the first couplet :
'Magdalen ! thou prevent'st the morning light ; = anticipatest
But thy Sun was already in thy sight.' G.

[Mary] Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, cometh unto the sepulchre.

Thou holy Magdalene,
Ere rosy morn was seen,
Awokest; but e'en then
Thy Sun was in thy ken.

Now the great olden sun,
Rising as wont upon
The earth, is wilderèd
With new beams round him shed.

Lo, as a star he seems,
Or torch with nigh-quench'd beams;
Keeping himself still small
Before the Lord of All.

How well might'st thou, O Sun,
Submit to be outshone,
And, as a morning-star,
Herald One grander far! G.

VIII.

Quinque panes ad quinque hominum millia. **Joan. vi. 9.**

En mensae faciles, redivivaque vulnera coenae,
Quaeque indefessa provocat ora dape!
Aucta Ceres stupet arcana se crescere messe.
Denique quid restat? Pascitur ipse cibus.

On the miracle of multiplyed loaves.

See here an easie feast that knows no wound,
That under Hunger's teeth will needs be found;

A subtle harvest of unbounded bread :
What would ye more? Here Food itselfe is fed. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Eas'ly-furnish'd table !
And feast increas'd by eating :
Still the mouth entreating.

The bread itself, unable
To tell whence it flows,
Finds it most surely grows.

Finds itself guest—no fable !
Whence is the mystic dower ?
From Him Who is all power. G.

IX.

Æthiops lotus. Act. viii. 38.

Ille niger sacris exit, quam lautus ! ab undis :
Nec frustra Æthiopem nempe lavare fuit.
Mentem quam niveam piceae cutis umbra fovebit ?
Tam volet et nigros sancta Columba lares.

On the baptized Ethiopian.

Let it no longer be a forlorne hope
To wash an Ethiope :
He's washt ; his gloomy skin a peacefull shade
For his white soule is made :
And now, I doubt not, the Eternall Dove
A black-fac'd house will love. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

How fair this Ethiop comes from th' holy fount !
To wash a Black we may not vain account.
How bright a soul is in a cloudy skin !
The Dove now loves a black house to dwell in. B.

X.

Publicanus procul stans percutiebat pectus suum. Luc. xviii. 13.

Ecce hic peccator timidus petit advena templum :
Quodque audet solum, pectora moesta ferit.
Fide miser ; pulsaque fores has fortiter : illo
Invenies templo tu propiore Deum.

The publican standing afar off smote on his breast.

Lo, a sinner, timid stranger,
Stranger to the Lord our God,
Seeks, in consciousness of danger,
Where to leave sin's awful load.
He to the Temple now is come,
Bow'd in dread beside the door ;
His pallid lips, behold, are dumb ;
He smites his bosom, dares no more.
Ah, distress'd one, smite thee there
In *that* temple, God is near. G.

XI.

In obolum viduae. Marc. xii. 44.

Gutta brevis nummi, vitae patrona senilis,
E digitis stillat non dubitantis anus :

Istis multa vagi spumant de gurgite census :
Isti abjecerunt scilicet; illa dedit.

Κερματίοιο βραχεῖα ῥανὶς, βιότοιό τ' ἀφαυρῆς
Ἔρκος, ἀποστάζει χειρὸς ἀπὸ τρομερᾶς.
Τοῖς δὲ ἀνασκιρτᾷ πολὺς ἀφρὸς ἀναιδέος ὄλβου.
Οἱ μὲν ἀπέῤῥιπτον· κεῖνα δέδωκε μόνον.

The widow's mites.

Two mites, two drops—yet all her house and land—
Falle from a steady heart though trembling hand:
The others' wanton wealth foams high and brave.
The other cast away; she only gave. CR.

XII.

Maria vero assidens ad pedes ejus audiebat eum. Luc. x. 39.

Aspice, namque novum est, ut ab hospite pendeat hospes!
Hinc ori parat, hoc sumit ab ore cibos.
Tune epulis adeo es, soror, officiosa juvandis,
Et sinis has, inquit, Martha, perire dapes?

Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word.

Behold, a new thing here—host hanging on her Guest!
Preparing for His mouth, His mouth's words are her feast!
O Martha sister, spare thy labour and thy cost:
Tending the food that perisheth, diviner food is lost.

G.

XIII.

In Spiritus Sancti descensum. Act. ii.

Ferte sinus, ô, ferte : cadit vindemia coeli,
Sanctaque ab aethereis volvitur uva jugis.
Felices nimium, queis tam bona musta bibuntur ;
In quorum gremium lucida pergit hiems !
En caput, en ut nectareo micat et micat astro ;
Gaudet et in roseis viva corona comis.
Illis, ô Superi, quis sic neget ebrius esse ?
Illis, ne titubent, dant sua vina faces.

The descent of the Holy Spirit.

Bear, O bosoms, bear ye what Heaven's vintage showers,
Sacred clusters pouring from ethereal bowers.
Too happy, surely, ye who drink of wine so good ;
It comes into your bosoms a sparkling, cooling flood.
Behold, with nectar'd star each head is shining, shining ;
Around your purpl'd locks a crown of life entwining.
O Spirit of all flesh, to drink who'd be denied,
Since Thou, lest they should falter, mak'st wine a torch
to guide ? G.

XIV.

Congestis omnibus peregre profectus est. Luc. xv. 13.

Dic mihi, quo tantos properas, puer auree, nummos ?
Quorsum festinae conglomerantur opes ?
Cur tibi tota vagos ructans patrimonia census ?
Non poterunt siliquae nempe minoris emi ?

ON THE PRODIGALL.

The younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country.

Tell me, bright boy, tell me, my golden lad,
Whither away so frolick? why so glad?
What all thy wealth in counsile? all thy state?
Are husks so deare? troth, 'tis a mighty rate. CR.

XV.

Non solum vinciri, sed et mori paratus sum. Act. xxi. 13.

Non modo vinc'la, sed et mortem tibi, Christe, subibo,
Paulus ait, docti callidus arte doli.
Diceret hoc aliter: Tibi non modo velle ligari,
Christe, sed et solvi[1] nempe paratus ero.

I am ready not to be bound only, but to dye.

Come death, come bonds, nor do you shrink, my eares,
At those hard words man's cowardize calls feares.
Save those of feare, no other bands feare I;
Nor other death than this—the feare to die. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Not bonds for Thee, Lord, but death too I'll brave,
Says Paul, adept in double-meanings grave.
The words meant more: his wish was to be bound
For Christ; but loosèd too, and with Him found. G.

[1] Phil. i. 23, τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν ἔχων εἰς τὸ ἀναλύσαι.

XVI.

In Herodem σκωληκόβρωτον. Act. xii. 23.

Ille Deus, Deus! haec populi vox unica: tantum,
Vile genus, vermes credere velle negant.
At cito se miseri, cito nunc errasse fatentur;
Carnes degustant, ambrosiamque putant.

On Herod worshipped as a god, eaten of worms.

A god! a god! one-mouth'd the people cry;
Only the worms, vile tribe, his claim deny.
Yet they, too, soon confess themselves astray,
For in his flesh they find ambrosia. CL.

XVII.

Videns ventum magnum timuit, et cum coepisset demergi, clamavit, &c. Matt. xiv.

Petre, cades, ô, si dubitas: ô, fide: nec ipsum,
Petre, negat fidis aequor habere fidem.
Pondere pressa suo subsidunt caetera: solum,
Petre, tuae mergit te levitatis onus.[1]

When he saw the wind boisterous he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, &c.

Peter! doubt, and thou sinkest! O, believe;
The sea will not thy faith, Peter, deceive.
Things by their weight subside into the wave;
Thy lightness, Peter, threats a wat'ry grave. G.

[1] Barksdale, as before, thus renders the latter couplet:

'All things subside by their own weight: I think
Thy lightness only, Peter, makes thee sink.'

XVIII.

Obtulit eis pecunias. Act. viii. 18.

Quorsum hos hic nummos profers? quorsum, impie Simon?
Non ille hic Judas, sed tibi Petrus adest.
Vis emisse Deum? potius, precor, hoc age, Simon,
Si potes, ipse prius daemona vende tuum.

He offered them money.

Money! what wouldst thou, impious? Look and see,
'Tis Peter, not Iscariot, speaks to thee.
Wouldst thou buy God? Nay, Simon, change thy tone,
And try to sell that demon of thine own. CL.

XIX.

Umbra S. Petri medetur aegrotis. Act. v. 15.

Conveniunt alacres, sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras,
Atque umbras fieri, creditis? umbra vetat.
O Petri umbra potens, quae non miracula praestat?
Nunc quoque, Papa, tuum sustinet illa decus.

The shadow of St. Peter heals the sick.

Beneath that shadow they delight to crowd;
To turn to shades by that shade not allow'd.
From Peter's shadow what may we not hope,
Now all thy glory it sustains, O Pope! G.

XX.

Tetigit linguam ejus, &c. . . . et loquebatur . . . et praecepit illis ne cui dicerent: illi vero eo magis praedicabant. **Marc. vii. 33, 36.**

Christe, jubes muta ora loqui; muta ora loquuntur:
Sana tacere jubes ora; nec illa tacent.
Si digito tunc usus eras, muta ora resolvens;
Nonne opus est tota nunc tibi, Christe, manu?

The dumbe healed, and the people enjoyned silence.

Christ bids the dumbe tongue speake; it speakes: the sound
Hee charges to be quiet; it runs round.
If in the first He us'd His finger's touch,
His hand's whole strength here could not be too much.

CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Christ, the mute lips Thou bidst to speak; and lo,
Straightway words flow:
Thou mute wouldst have the speaking lips; but they
Thee disobey.
If, then, a single finger Thou didst use
Mute tongues to loose,
Thy whole hand now we need; for old and young
Have ceaseless tongue.

G.

XXI.

Sacerdos quidam descendens eadem via vidit, et praeteriit.
Luc. x. 32.

Spectasne, ah, placidisque oculis mea vulnera tractas?
O dolor! ô nostris vulnera vulneribus!
Pax oris quam torva tui est! quam triste serenum!
Tranquillus miserum qui videt, ipse facit.

And a certaine priest comming that way looked on him, and passed by.

Why dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that passest by,
Handling and turning them with an unwounded eye?
The calm that cools thine eye does shipwrack mine; for O,
Unmov'd to see one wretched is to make him so. CR.

ANOTHER RENDERING.

Dost look upon my wounds, serene-faced Priest?
Thy placid eyes give wounds more deep and sore.
O, thy calm stare avert! pass on, at least:
They who see woe unmov'd cause it, and more. G.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Canst look, and by with look so tranquil pass,
Nor heed my wounds? O, wounds on wounds, alas!
O peace, too grim! on it set little store:
Who looks unmov'd on misery makes it more. A.

XXII.

Leprosi ingrati. Luc. xvii.

Dum linquunt Christum, ah morbus! sanantur euntes:
Ipse etiam morbus sic medicina fuit.
At sani Christum, mens ah male-sana! relinquunt:
Ipsa etiam morbus sic medicina fuit.

The ungrateful lepers.

Whilst leaving Christ—ah, fell disease!—
They're healèd as they go:
Their malady their medicine is,
Because He will'd it so.
But healèd now—ah, mind diseas'd!—
They from the Lord depart:
Their healing their disease is now,
Bred in an ingrate heart. G.

XXIII.

Ne soliciti estote tu crastinum. Matt. vi. 34.

I, miser, inque tuas rape non tua tempora curas:
Et nondum natis perge perire malis.
Mi querulis satis una dies, satis angitur horis:
Una dies lacrymis mi satis uda suis.
Non mihi venturos vacat expectare dolores:
Nolo ego, nolo hodie crastinus esse miser.

Be ye not fretted about to-morrow.

Go, wretched mortal, antedate the day,
Fill thee with care;
Work thyself mis'ries, in a perverse way,
Before they're there.
Enough for me the day's cares in the day,
The passing hour;
Enough the tears that daily, yea or nay,
In sorrow low'r.
I have no leisure thus to antedate
The coming woe,
Nor to-day darken with to-morrow's fate;
And so I go. G.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Wretch, to thy woes add not
to-morrow morn;
And haste not thou to
groan with ills unborn.
Each day's laments, each
hour's griefs, me suffice;
Each morn, noon, eve, with
rueful weeping eyes.
No leisure is to look for
griefs to be:
Stir not to-day to-morrow's
pains in me. A.

XXIV.

A telonio Matthaeus. **Matt. ix. 9.**

Ah satis, ah nimis est: noli ultra ferre magistrum,
Et lucro domino turpia colla dare.
Jam fuge; jam, Matthaee, feri fuge regna tyranni:
Inque bonam, felix i fugitive,[1] crucem.

Matthew called from the receipt of custom.

Enough, too much; no more a master's yoke
Endure, nor bow to lordly Lucre's stroke:
His service from thy slavish neck is broke.

Flee, Matthew, flee the cruel tyrant's sway,
And hie thee, like a happy runaway,
To the sweet cross that waits for thee to-day. R.Wi.

XXV.

Viduae filius e feretro matri redditur. **Luc. vii. 15.**

En redeunt, lacrymasque breves nova gaudia pensant;
Bisque illa est, uno in pignore, facta parens.
Felix quae magis es nati per funera mater:
Amisisse, iterum cui peperisse fuit.

The dead son re-delivered to his mother.

Sweet restoration! by new joys outweigh'd,
Brief sorrow is exil'd,

[1] Christi scilicet. C. [The reference is to a runaway slave whose punishment would be crucifixion. G.]

And the lorn widow is a mother made
  Twice in her only child.

O happy mother! then a mother most
  When all her hopes seem'd vain:
Happy, who wept beside a dear son lost,
  And found him born again. CL.

XXVI.

Bonum intrare in coelos cum uno oculo, &c. **Matt. xviii. 9.**

Uno oculo? ah centum potius mihi, millia centum:
  Nam quis ibi, in coelo, quis satis Argus erit?
Aut si oculus mihi tantum unus conceditur, unus
  Iste oculus fiam totus et omnis ego.

It is better to go into heaven with one eye, &c.

One eye? a thousand rather, and a thousand more,
To fix those full-fac't glories. O, he's poore
Of eyes that has but Argus' store!
Yet, if thou'lt fill one poore eye with Thy Heaven and Thee,
O grant, sweet Goodnesse, that one eye may be
All and every whit of me. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

With one eye! Ah! but rather to me give
  A hundred or a hundred-thousand, Lord.
All Argus' eyes were no superlative
  To view the glories Thy three heavens afford.

Or, O my God, if unto those who die,
It be Thy will only to give one eye,
Grant my whole body that one eye to be,
That thus I may forever gaze on Thee. G.

XXVII.

Hydropicus sanatur. Luc. xiv. 2-4.

Ipse suum pelagus, morboque immersus aquoso
Qui fuit, ut laetus nunc micat atque levis:
Quippe in vina iterum Christus, puto, transtulit undas;
Et nunc iste suis ebrius est ab aquis.

Himself is his own sea;
Dropsy his malady
In sad severity.

But Christ the Lord he sees,
Who touching him him frees;
Now joyous and at ease.

Again, as I opine,
The Lord transmutes to wine
By miracle divine;

And now, still more and more,
His own wine-water store
Pours mirth at ev'ry pore. G.

XXVIII.

Non erat iis in diversorio locus. Luc. ii. 7.

Illi non locus est? Illum ergo pellitis? Illum?
Ille Deus, quem sic pellitis; ille Deus.
O furor! humani miracula saeva furoris!
Illi non locus est, quo sine nec locus est.

There was no room for them in the inn.

No place for Him! So Him you drive away;
You drive away your God, your God. O, stay!
O height of human madness! wonders rare!
No place for Him! without Whom no place were. G.

XXIX.

In lacrymas Lazari spretas a Divite. Luc. xvi.

Felix, ô, lacrymis, ô Lazare, ditior istis,
Quam qui purpureas it gravis inter opes:
Illum cum rutili nova purpura vestiet ignis,
Ille tuas lacrymas quam volet esse suas.

Upon Lazarus his teares.

Rich Lazarus, richer in those gems, thy teares,
Than Dives in the roabes he weares:
He scornes them now; but, O, they'l suit full well
With th' purple he must weare in Hell! Cr.

ANOTHER RENDERING.

O happy Lazarus! richer in thy tears
Than he who midst his riches purple wears.
Hell's purple flames red-glowing shall be his:
Ah, then how shall he count thy tears a bliss!

XXX.

Indignatur Caiphas Christo se confitenti. **Matt. xxvi. 65.**

Tu Christum, Christum quod non negat esse lacessis:
Ipsius hoc crimen, quod fuit ipse, fuit.
Tene Sacerdotem credam? Novus ille Sacerdos
Per quem impune Deo non licet esse Deum.

Caiphas angry that Christ confesses He is the Christ.

Wroth that The Christ confesseth Christ He is!
His fault that He is but Himself, I wis.
Thee shall I reckon priest? Strange priest is he
Who leaves not God His own Divinity! G.

XXXI.

Cum tot signa edidisset, non credebant in eum. **Joan. xii. 37.**

Non tibi, Christe, fidem tua tot miracula praestant;
O verbi, ô dextrae dulcia regna tuae!
Non praestant? neque te post tot miracula credunt?
Mirac'lum qui non credidit, ipse fuit.[1]

But though He had done so many miracles before them, yet they believed not on Him.

For all Thy signs they still refuse Thee, Lord;
Those signs, blest symbols of Thy reign and word.
Such signs, and not believe? Sure, who did thus
Made unbelief itself miraculous. CL.

[1] Barksdale, as before, thus renders the latter couplet:

'After so many miracles done well,
He that believes not is a miracle.'

XXXII.

Ad S. Andream piscatorem. **Marc. i. 16.**

Quippe potes pulchre captare et fallere pisces;
Centum illic discis lubricus ire dolis.
Heus, bone piscator! tendit sua retia Christus:
Artem inverte, et jam tu quoque disce capi.

To S. Andrew, fisherman.

How cleverly the fishes he beguiles!
He learns to use a hundred cunning wiles.
Ho, thou good Fisher: Christ casts out His net;
Now haste thou to be caught; for thee 'tis set. G.

XXXIII.

Ego sum vox, &c. **Joan. i. 23.**

Vox ego sum, dicis: tu vox es, sancte Joannes?
Si vox es, genitor cur tibi mutus erat?
Ista tui fuerant quam mira silentia patris!
Vocem non habuit tunc quoque cum genuit.

I am the voice.

'I am the voice,' thou sayest. Thou holy John,
If voice thou art, why was thy father dumb?
O silence strange! which as I muse upon,
I see thy voice from God, not man, did come. G.

XXXIV.

Vincula sponte decidunt. Act. xii. 7.

Qui ferro Petrum cumulas, durissime custos,
A ferro disces mollior esse tuo.
Ecce fluit, nodisque suis evolvitur ultro :
I, fatue, et vinc'lis vincula pone tuis.

The chains spontaneously fall off.

Who loadest him with chains, thou jailer stern,
To be more kind e'en from those chains shalt learn.
Lo, they dissolve, and their own knots untie.
Go, fool, and chains with chains to fetter try. G.

XXXV.

IN DIEM OMNIUM SANCTORUM.

Ne laedite terram, neque mare, neque arbores, quousque obsignaverimus servos Dei nostri in frontibus suis. Rev. vii. 3.

Nusquam immitis agat ventus sua murmura, nusquam
Sylva tremat, crispis sollicitata comis.
Aequa Thetis placide allabens ferat oscula Terrae ;
Terra suos Thetidi pandat amica sinus :
Undique pax effusa piis volet aurea pennis,
Frons bona dum signo est quaeque notata suo.
Ah, quid in hoc opus est signis aliunde petendis?
Frons bona sat lacrymis quaeque notata suis.

On All-Saints' Day.

Let wind with murmurs harsh nowhere be heard ;
Nowhere wood tremble, its curl'd tresses stirr'd.

Calm-flowing Sea greet Earth with kisses bland,
Earth unto Sea its bosom kind expand.
Let holy Peace on golden pinions steal,
Till each blest brow is mark'd with its own seal.
Ah, why elsewhere for this, need signs be sought?
To each blest brow tears seal enough have brought.

R. Wi.

XXXVI.

In die Conjurationis sulphureae.

Quam bene dispositis annus dat currere festis!
Post omnes Sanctos omne scelus sequitur.

Upon the Powder-day.

How fit our well-rank'd Feasts do follow!
All-mischiefe comes after All-Hallow.[1] Cr.

XXXVII.

Deus sub utero Virginis. Luc. i. 31.

Ecce tuus, Natura, pater; pater hic tuus hic est:
Ille, uterus matris quem tenet, ille pater.
Pellibus exiguis arctatur Filius ingens,
Quem tu non totum, crede, nec ipsa capis.
Quanta uteri, Regina, tui reverentia tecum est,
Dum jacet hic coelo sub breviore Deus!
Conscia divino gliscunt praecordia motu,
Nec vehit aethereos sanctior aura polos.

[1] Query: Is there a punning-play on Judas' 'All Hail' (*i.e.* All Hallow) before the Betrayal? G.

Quam bene sub tecto tibi concipiuntur eodem
  Vota, et, vota cui concipienda, Deus!
Quod nubes alia, et tanti super atria coeli
  Quaerunt, invenient hoc tua vota domi.
O felix anima haec, quae tam sua gaudia tangit!
  Sub conclave suo cui suus ignis adest.
Corpus amet, licet, illa suum, neque sidera malit:
  Quod vinc'lum est aliis, hoc habet illa domum.
Sola jaces, neque sola; toro quocunque recumbis,
  Illo estis positi tuque tuusque toro.
Immo ubi casta tuo posita es cum conjuge conjunx;
  Quod mirum magis est, es tuus ipsa torus.

God in the Virgin's womb.

Thy Father, Nature, here thy Father see:
Whom womb of mother holds, thy Father He.
Scant teguments the mighty Son enchain,
Whom thou thyself not wholly dost contain.
What reverence, Queen, to thine own womb is given,
While God lies here beneath a lesser heaven!
With sacred motion swells her conscious breast;
Nor are the poles upborne by airs more blest.
'Neath the same roof are well conceiv'd by thee
Vows, and the God to whom vows offer'd be.
What other prayers o'er clouds and sky's vast bound
Seek, by thy prayers this will at home be found.
Blest soul, so nigh to thy supreme desire,
To which 'neath its own shrine dwells its own fire.

She may her body love, nor heaven prefer:
What chains down others is a home to her.
Lone, yet not lone, where'er thou dost recline;
On that same couch are laid both thou and thine.
Nay, when with thy chaste spouse, chaste wife thou'rt laid—
More strange, thyself thine own blest couch art made.

R. Wi.

XXXVIII.

Ad Judaeos mactatores Stephani. Act. vii. 59.

Frustra illum increpitant, frustra vaga saxa: nec illi
Grandinis, heu, saevae! dura procella nocet.
Ista potest tolerare, potest nescire; sed illi,
Quae sunt in vestro pectore, saxa nocent.

To the Jews, murderers of St. Stephen.

Vainly ye cast stones, Jews; they give no shock:
Shower as the hail-storm, it is all in vain.
These he shall bear, and heed not: 'tis the rock
Of your obdurate hearts that gives him pain. G.

XXXIX.

D. Joannes in exilio. Rev. i. 9.

Exul, amor Christi est: Christum tamen invenit exul:
Et solitos illic invenit ille sinus.
Ah, longo, aeterno ah terras indicite nobis
Exilio, Christi si sinus exilium est.

St. John in exile.

Love to Christ an exile is,
Yet the exile findeth Christ;
All the dear familiar bliss,
And the bosom-joys unpric'd.
Ah, Lord, exile long to us,
Never-ending e'en be sent,
If we find Christ's bosom thus
As our place of banishment. G.

XL.

Ad infantes martyres. **Matt. ii. 16.**

Fundite ridentes animas, effundite coelo;
Discet ibi vestra, ô quam bene! lingua loqui.
Nec vos lac vestrum et maternos quaerite fontes:
Quae vos expectat lactea tota via est.

To the infant martyrs.

Go, smiling soules, your new-built cages breake,
In Heav'n you'l learne to sing ere here to speake:
Nor let the milky fonts that bath your thirst
Bee your delay;
The place that calls you hence is, at the worst,
Milke all the way. Cr.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Depart, ye smiling souls, to Heaven depart:
Your tongues may there learn best the speaking art.
Stay not to suck, sweet children, do not stay:
Cry not; for you shall go the milky way. B.

XLI.

Quaerit Jesum suum beata Virgo. Luc. ii. 45.

Ah, redeas miserae, redeas, puer alme, parenti;
Ah, neque te coelis tam cito redde tuis.
Coelum nostra tuum fuerint, ô, brachia, si te
Nostra suum poterunt brachia ferre Deum.

The blessed Virgin seeks Jesus.

Ah, to Thy mother, ah, return,
my fair, belovèd Son;
Return not to Thy native skies,
my heaven-descended One.
Thy mother's arms Thy heaven would be,
enfolding Thee around;
If thus within these innocent arms
the great God might be found.[1] G.

XLII.

Non sum dignus ut sub tecta mea venias. Matt. viii. 8.

In tua tecta Deus veniet: tuus haud sinit illud
Et pudor atque humili in pectore celsa fides.
Illum ergo accipies, quoniam non accipis: ergo
In te jam veniet, non tua tecta Deus.[2]

[1] Cf. Crashaw's own hitherto unpublished poem, amplifying the epigram, in 'Airelles,' vol. i. pp. 185-6. G.

[2] Barksdale, as before, thus renders the closing couplet:

'Thou receiv'st and receiv'st not Christ; for He
Comes not into thy house, but into thee.'

I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roofe.

Thy God was making hast into thy roofe ;
Thy humble faith and feare keepes him aloofe.
Hee'll be thy guest, because He may not be ;
Hee'll come—into thy house? No, into thee. CR.

XLIII.

Christus accusatus nihil respondet. **Matt. xxvii. 12.**

Nil ait : ô sanctae pretiosa silentia linguae!
Ponderis ô quanti res nihil illud erat!
Ille olim verbum qui dixit, et omnia fecit,
Verbum non dicens omnia nunc reficit.

And He answered them nothing.

O mighty Nothing! unto thee,
Nothing, wee owe all things that bee.
God spake once when Hee all things made,
Hee sav'd all when Hee Nothing said.
The world was made of Nothing then ;
'Tis made by Nothing now againe. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

'Nothing He said.'
O precious silence of that sacred tongue !
O what vast interests on that Nothing hung!
He who once spoke the word, and all things made,
Now re-makes all, when not a word is said. G.

XLIV.

Nunc dimittis. Luc. ii. 29.

Spesne meas tandem ergo mei tenuere lacerti?
Ergo bibunt oculos lumina nostra tuos?
Ergo bibant: possintque novam sperare juventam:
O possint senii non meminisse sui!
Immo mihi potius mitem mors induat umbram,
Esse sub his oculis si tamen umbra potest.
Ah, satis est. Ego te vidi, puer auree, vidi:
Nil post te, nisi te, Christe, videre volo.[1]

Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.

And is my hope grasp'd in these arms of mine
At last, and do these eyes drink light from Thine?
There let them drink with a new youth in store,
And feel the dimming touch of age no more.
Nay rather, if Thine eyes can give it room,
Let Death's soft shadow gently o'er them come.
Thee have I seen, O Child: enough for me:
I care not to behold aught else but Thee. CL.

XLV.

Verbum inter spinas. Luc. viii. 7.

Saepe Dei verbum sentes cadit inter, et atrum
Miscet spina procax, ah, male juncta! latus.
Credo quidem: nam sic spinas, ah, scilicet inter
Ipse Deus verbum tu quoque, Christe, cadis.

[1] Barksdale, as before, translates the last couplet thus:
'Enough! I have seen, have seen my Saviour:
Beside Thee, Christ, I would see nothing more.'

The Word among thorns.

Often and often 'good words' fall
Where thorns and briars rankly crawl;
Their spines lay hold, and choke, and pierce—
Like to wild beast in hunger fierce.
I know it: for like flash of sword
I read 'twas so with Thee THE WORD:
God, e'en my God, Thou wast in truth;
But fell'st 'mong thorns, which show'd no ruth. G.

XLVI.

Sabbatum Judaicum et Christianum. Luc. xiv. 5.

Res eadem vario quantum distinguitur usu:
Nostra hominem servant sabbata, vestra bovem.
Observent igitur, pacto quid justius isto?
Sabbata nostra homines, sabbata vestra boves.

The Judaic and Christian Sabbath.

How diff'rent grows a thing through diff'rent use!
Our Sabbaths serve men, *yours* give oxen truce.
Be this agreed—arrangement fitter none—
Our Sabbath men keep, *yours* oxen alone. G.

XLVII.

Ad verbum Dei sanatur caecus. Marc. x. 52.

Christe, loquutus eras, ô sacra licentia verbi:
Jamque novus caeci fluxit in ora dies.
Jam credo, Nemo[1] est, sicut Tu, Christe, loquutus:
Auribus? immo oculis, Christe, loquutus eras.

[1] Joan. vii. 46.

The blind cured by the word of our Saviour.

Thou spak'st the word—Thy word's a law;
Thou spak'st, and straight the blind man saw.
To speak and make the blind to see,
Was never man, Lord, spake like Thee.
To speak thus was to speak, say I,
Not to his eare, but to his eye. CR.

XLVIII.

Onus meum leve est. Matt. xi. 30.

Esse levis quicunque voles, onus accipe Christi:
Ala tuis humeris, non onus, illud erit.
Christi onus an quaeris quam sit grave? scilicet audi,
Tam grave, ut ad summos te premat usque polos.

My burden is light.

Askest how thou may'st lightly loaded be?
Christ's *burden* take from me:
A wing to lift, no load to press thee down,
Thou it wilt feel and own.
Dost ask how heavy may Christ's *burden* be?
Then list, O man, to me:
So *heavy*, that whoe'er 'neath it enrolls,
It lifts to the highest poles. G.

XLIX.

Miraculum quinque panum. Joan. vi. 1-13.

Ecce, vagi venit unda cibi; venit indole sacra
Fortis, et in dentes fertilis innumeros.

Quando erat invictae tam sancta licentia coenae?
Illa famem populi poscit, et illa fidem.

On the miracle of loaves.

Now, Lord, or never, they'l beleeve on Thee;
Thou to their teeth hast prov'd Thy deity. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

See, loaves in heaps, blest growth, spread far and wide,
For mouths innumerable multiplied.
Feast holy, free, invincible like this,
Claims the crowd's hunger, and their faith, I wis. R. WI.

L.

Nunc scimus te habere daemonium. Joan. viii. 52.

Aut Deus, aut saltem daemon tibi notior esset,
Gens mala, quae dicis daemona habere Deum.
Ignorasse Deum poteras, ô caeca; sed oro,
Et patrem poteras tam male nosse tuum

Now we know Thee to have a devil.

God or the devil by you
ought better to be known,
Ye wicked ones, who charge
your God a devil to own.
Ign'rant of God, indeed,
ye well might be; but O,
The devil, your own father,
how could ye fail to know? G.

LI.

In beatae Virginis verecundiam.

In gremio, quaeris, cur sic sua lumina Virgo
Ponat? ubi melius poneret illa, precor?
O ubi, quam coelo, melius sua lumina ponat?
Despicit, at coelum sic tamen illa videt.

On the blessed Virgin's bashfulness.

That on her lap she casts her humble eye,
'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.
The faire starre is well fixt, for where, O, where,
Could she have fixt it on a fairer spheare?
'Tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n she sees, Heaven's God there lyes;
She can see Heaven, and ne're lift up her eyes.
This new guest to her eyes new lawes hath given:
'Twas once looke up, 'tis now looke downe to Heaven.

CR.

LII.

In vulnera Dei pendentis.

O frontis, lateris, manuumque pedumque cruores;
O quae purpureo flumina fonte patent:
In nostram, ut quondam, pes non valet ire salutem,
Sed natat; in fluviis, ah, natat ille suis.
Fixa manus; dat, fixa: pios bona dextera rores
Donat, et in donum solvitur ipsa suum.
O latus, ô torrens; quis enim torrentior exit
Nilus, ubi pronis praecipitatur aquis?

Mille et mille simul cadit et cadit undique guttis
  Frons: viden' ut saevus purpuret ora pudor?
Spinae hoc irriguae florent crudeliter imbre,
  Inque novas sperant protinus ire rosas.
Quisque capillus it exiguo tener alveus amne,
  Hoc quasi de rubro rivulus oceano.
O nimium vivae pretiosis amnibus undae:
  Fons vitae nunquam verior ille fuit.

On the wounds of our crucified Lord.

O bleeding wounds of brow, feet, hands, and side;
Rivers which from a purple fount spread wide.
No more to save us now that foot can go,
But swims in streams which from its own wounds flow.
Transfix'd His hand yet gives—gives dewdrops holy,
And into its own gift is melted wholly.
O side, O torrent; for with torrent strong
What flooded Nile more swift is driven along?
Drops from His brow in thousands fall and fall;
See to His face a cruel blush they call.
By this sad shower the thorns unkindly nurst
Soon into new-blown roses hope to burst.
Each hair becomes a slender streamlet's bed,
As if a rivulet from this ocean red.
O waves too much alive with precious streams,
Nowhere a fount of life more truly gleams.[1] R. Wi.

[1] Cf. our vol. i. pp. 50-1. G.

LIII.

Quare cum Publicanis manducat Magister vester? Matt. ix. 11.

Ergo istis socium se peccatoribus addit?
Ergo istis sacrum non negat ille latus?
Tu, Pharisaee, rogas, Jesus cur fecerit istud?
Nae dicam: Jesus, non Pharisaeus, erat.

Wherefore eateth your Master with Publicans?

Wherefore associates He with sinners vile?
Why hides He not His holy self the while?
Askest thou, Pharisee, how this can be?
Because 'tis Jesus, not a Pharisee. G.

LIV.

Ecce locus ubi jacuit Dominus.

Ipsum, ipsum, precor, ô potius mihi, candide, monstra:
Ipsi, ipsi ô lacrymis oro sit ire meis.
Si monstrare locum satis est, et dicere nobis,
En, Maria, hic tuus en hic jacuit Dominus;
Ipsa ulnas monstrare meas, et dicere possum,
En, Maria, hic tuus en hic jacuit Dominus.

Φαίδιμέ, μοι αὐτὸν μᾶλλόν μοι δείκνυθι αὐτόν.
Αὐτός μου, δέομαι, αὐτὸς ἔχῃ δάκρυα.
Εἰ δὲ τόπον μοὶ δεικνύναι ἄλις ἐστὶ, καὶ εἰπεῖν,
Ὧδε τεὸς, Μαριὰμ, ἠνίδε, κεῖτο ἄναξ·
Ἀγκοίνας μου δεικνύναι δύναμαί γε καὶ εἰπεῖν,
Ὧδε τεὸς, Μαριὰμ, ἠνίδε, κεῖτο ἄναξ.

[illegible] *the Lord lay.*

[illegible] Sir, O show
[illegible] Hers life may goe.
[illegible] and I say,
[illegible] Lord on's lay:
[illegible] and I say,
[illegible] Lord on's lay.

[illegible]

[illegible] CB.

The leprosy remaineth,
  change it only in its seat
Expelled from the heart,
  to the soul it makes retreat.
Now by its revolution
  a change is brought about
Before shut out from men,
  from God they're now shut out. [illegible]

LVI.

In cicatrices quas Christus habet in se ultimae experientiae.
Joan. xx.

Quicquid spina pecunt, vel stylus charta notat,
  Quicquid purpurea sustinuere laena nota.
Vivit adhuc totum: sed jam tua vulnera non sunt:
  Non, sed vulneribus sunt medicina mea.

On the self-surrounding marks of our Saviour's wounds.

Whatever story of their crucible,
Or nails, or thorns, or spears have writ in Thee,
  Are in another sense
    Still legible;
  Sweet is the difference:
    Once I did spell
  Every red letter
    A wound of Thine;
  Now, what is better,
    Balsome for mine. [illegible]

Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

Show me Himselfe, Himselfe, bright Sir, O show
Which way my poore tears to Himselfe may goe.
Were it enough to show the place, and say,
Looke, Mary, here, see where thy Lord once lay;
Then could I show these armes of mine, and say,
Looke, Mary, here, see where thy Lord once lay.

Vpon the sepulchre of our Lord.

Here, where our Lord once laid His head,
Now the grave lies buried. CR.

LV.

Leprosi ingrati. Luc. xvii. 11-19.

Lex jubet ex hominum coetu procul ire leprosos:
At mundi a Christo cur abiere procul?
Non abit, at sedes tantum mutavit in illis;
Et lepra, quae fuerat corpore, mente sedet.
Sic igitur digna vice res variatur; et a se
Quam procul ante homines, nunc habuere Deum.

The unthankful lepers. (Where are the nine?)

The Lord commands the lepers
far off from men to stay:
But cleansed by the Lord,
why went the Nine away?

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

ANOTHER RENDERING.

Each bloody, cruel character,
  Thorn, nail, and spear had written,
When here, as man's great Arbiter,
  On Calvary Thou wert smitten,
Thou wearest still above, O Lord:
  But now no longer wounds they are;
According to Thy Holy Word,
  They med'cine for my wounds declare. G.

LVII.

Aeger implorat umbram D. Petri. Act. v. 15.

Petre, tua lateam paulisper, Petre, sub umbra:
  Sic mea me quaerent fata, nec invenient.
Umbra dabit tua posse meum me cernere solem;
  Et mea lux umbrae sic erit umbra tuae.

The sick implore St. Peter's shadow.

Under thy shadow may I lurke awhile,
Death's busie search I'le easily beguile:
Thy shadow, Peter, must show me the sun;
My light's thy shadowe's shadow, or 'tis done. Cr.

ANOTHER RENDERING.

O Peter, Peter, let thy shadow fall
Where I in wretchedness a-weary crawl:
Here vainly shall my fates upon me call.
Thy shadow me shall guide unto my sun—
Whoe'er sought Him in truth, and was undone?—
And so my light, thy shadow, shall be one. G.

LVIII.

Quid turbati estis? Videte manus meas et pedes, quia ego ipse sum. Luc. xxiv. 39.

En me et signa mei, quondam mea vulnera: certe,
Vos nisi credetis, vulnera sunt et adhuc.
O nunc ergo fidem sanent mea vulnera vestram:
O mea nunc sanet vulnera vestra fides.

Why are ye troubled? . . . Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I myself.

'Tis I; behold My proofs, My wounds of old;
Wounds which still bleed, if you will not believe.
O, now to heal your faith My wounds behold,
And healing from your faith My wounds receive.

LIX.

In vincula Petro sponte delapsa, et apertas fores. Act. xii. 7, 10.

Ferri non meminit ferrum: se vincula Petro
Dissimulant: nescit carcer habere fores.
Quam bene liber erit, carcer quem liberat! ipsa
Vincula quem solvunt, quam bene tutus erit!

The chains spontaneously fell from Peter, and the (prison)-doors opened.

Iron forgets 'tis iron;
the chains dissemble too;
Nor has the prison doors
for Peter now.

Free truly is that pris'ner
who by the prison's freed;
Whom chains themselves unbind
free is indeed.

LX.

Deferebantur a corpore ejus sudaria, &c. Act. xix. 12.

Imperiosa premunt morbos, et ferrea fati
Jura ligant, Pauli lintea tacta manu.
Unde haec felicis laus est et gloria lini?
Haec, reor, e Lachesis pensa fuere colo.

From his body there were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs, &c.

They quell disease, and sway Fate's iron bands,
These lordly linen cloths touched by Paul's hands.
Whence rose the glory of their happy fame?
From the Fates' distaff, sure, these kerchiefs came.

R. Wi.

LXI.

Christus vitis ad vinitorem Patrem. Joan. xv. 1-6.

En serpit tua, purpureo tua palmite vitis
Serpit, et, ah, spretis it per humum foliis.
Tu viti succurre tuae, mi Vinitor ingens:
Da fulcrum; fulcrum da mihi: quale? crucem.

Christ the Vine to the Vinedresser-Father.

Lo, Thy vine trails, trails with a purple shoot,
Scatt'ring its leaves before it beareth fruit.
Succour Thy vine, great Vinedresser, from loss:
Support, support me, Lord: how? With Thy cross. G.

LXII.

Pene persuades mihi ut fiam Christianus. Act. xxvi. 28.

Pene? quid hoc pene est? Vicinia saeva salutis!
O quam tu malus es proximitate boni!
Ah, portu qui teste perit, bis naufragus ille est;
Hunc non tam pelagus, quam sua terra premit.
Quae nobis spes vix absunt, crudelius absunt:
Pene sui felix, emphasis est miseri.

Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

Almost? What word is this we hear?
O doubly lost, with heaven so near!
To perish in the neighbourhood
Of vast but unavailing good!
He shipwreck undergoes twice o'er
Who perishes in sight of shore,
And less by ocean is o'ercome
Than by that hopeless glimpse of home.
The hopes that almost seem our own
Leave all the keener sting when gone;
And just to miss felicity
Is but emphatic misery. CL.

LXIII.

Lux venit in mundum, sed dilexerunt homines magis tenebras quam lucem. Joan. iii. 19.

Luce sua venit ecce Deus, mundoque refulget;
Pergit adhuc tenebras mundus amare suas.
At Stygiis igitur mundus damnabitur umbris:
Pergit adhuc tenebras mundus amare suas?

But men loved darkness rather than light.

The world's Light shines: shine as it will,
The world will love its darknesse still.
I doubt though, when the world's in hell,
It will not love its darknesse halfe so well. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Behold the day of Christ! God comes with light;
Yet the world loves the darkness of the night.
Therefore the world to Stygian darkness will
Be damn'd: and doth the world love darkness still? B.

ANOTHER RENDERING.

Lo, God comes girt with light,
and all the world o'ershines:
The world abides in night,
nor watcheth for the signs.
To Stygian darkness hurl'd
on the great Day of Doom,
Shalt thou, night-loving world,
still love thy lightless gloom? G.

LXIV.

Dives implorat guttam. Luc. xvi. 24.

O mihi si digito tremat et tremat unica summo
Gutta! ô si flammas mulceat una meas!
Currat opum quocunque volet levis unda mearum;
Una mihi haec detur gemmula, Dives ero.

Dives asking a drop.

A drop, one drop! how sweetly one faire drop
Would tremble on my pearle-tipt finger's top!
My wealth is gone: O, goe it where it will,
Spare this one iewell, I'le be Dives still. CR.

LXV.

Quomodo potest homo gigni qui est senex? Joan. iii. 4.

Dic, Phoenix unde in nitidos novus emicat annos,
Plaudit et elusos aurea penna rogos?
Quis colubrum dolus insinuat per secula retro,
Et jubet emeritum luxuriare latus?
Cur rostro pereunte suam praedata senectam
Torva ales, rapido plus legit ore diem?
Immo, sed ad nixus praestat Lucina secundos?
Natales seros unde senex habeat.
Ignoras, Pharisaee? sat est: jam credere disces:
Dimidium fidei, qui bene nescit, habet.

How can a man be born when he is old?

See how new Phœnix into bright life springs,
And fans the unhurting flames with golden wings.
O'er snake what subtle change creeps as months flow,
Bidding its faded frame with beauty glow.
Why, on itself with worn beak having prey'd,
Is raven old more youthful swift array'd?
O'er second birth-throes bears Lucina sway,
Whence an old man may have late natal day?

Pharisee, know'st not? Well, now faith thou'lt learn:
Wisely to know not, half faith's crown doth earn.

R. Wi.

LXVI.

Arbor Christi jussu arescens. Marc. xi. 13.

Ille jubet: procul ite mei, mea gloria, rami:
Nulla vocet nostras amplius aura comas.
Ite, nec ô pigeat; nam vos neque fulminis ira,
Nec trucis ala Noti verberat: ille jubet.
O vox, ô Zephyro vel sic quoque dulcior omni;
Non possum Autumno nobiliore frui.

The tree dried up by the word of Christ.

He speaks: hence, leaves; my glory hence, away;
Thou Zephyr 'mid my leaves no longer play;
Begone: nor grieve: 'tis not the lightning's wrath,
Nor wing of the storm-wind that smites: He saith.
O voice, than Zephyr sweeter far to me;
More noble autumn-fruit could never be. G.

LXVII.

Zacharias minus credens. Luc. i. 12.

Infantis fore te patrem, res mira videtur;
Infans interea factus es ipse pater.
Et dum promissi signum, nimis anxie, quaeris,
Jam nisi per signum quaerere nulla potes.

Zacharias incredulous.

To have a child thou deem'st so strange a thing,
That thou art made a child for wondering.

Whilst for a sign too eagerly thou dost call,
Except by sign thou can'st not ask at all. CL.

LXVIII.

In aquam baptismi Dominici. **Matt. iii. 13-16.**

Felix ô, sacros cui sic licet ire per artus;
Felix, dum lavat hunc, ipsa lavatur aqua.
Gutta quidem sacros quaecunque perambulat artus,
Dum manet hic, gemma est; dum cadit hinc, lacryma.

On the water of our Lord's baptisme.

Each blest drop on each blest limme
Is washt itselfe in washing Him:
'Tis a gemme while it stayes here;
While it falls hence 'tis a teare. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Happy the water washt His sacred side;
In washing Christ itself is purify'd.
Each drop that trickled down His body, there
Staying a gem, thence falling was a tear. B.

LXIX.

Mulieri incurvatae medetur Dominus, indignante Archisynagogo. **Luc. xiii. 11.**

In proprios replicata sinus quae repserat, et jam
Daemonis, infelix, nil nisi nodus erat,
Solvitur ad digitum Domini: sed strictior illo
Unicus est nodus; cor, Pharisaee, tuum.

The bowed-down woman healed by the Lord, the Synagogue-ruler is displeased.

Creeping and doubled erewhile in her woe,
Lo, now she stands erect: Christ willed it so.
Dæmonic knots are loos'd beneath His hands;
But thy heart, Pharisee, still rigid stands. G.

LXX.

Neque ausus fuit quisquam ex illo die eum amplius interrogare. **Matt. xxii. 46.**

Christe, malas fraudes, Pharisaica retia, fallis:
Et miseros sacro discutis ore dolos.
Ergo tacent tandem, atque invita silentia servant:
Tam bene non aliter te potuere loqui.[1]

Neither durst any man from that day forth ask Him any more questions.

Nets, frauds of Pharisees, the Lord beguiles;
His sacred lips disperse the wretched wiles.
So they were silent—enforc'd so to be:
Such silence, Lord, their best address to Thee. G.

LXXI.

S. Joannes matri suae. **Matt. xx. 20.**

O mihi cur dextram, mater, cur, oro, sinistram
Poscis, ab officio mater iniqua tuo?
Nolo manum Christi dextram mihi, nolo sinistram:
Tam procul a sacro non libet esse sinu.

[1] See vol. i. pp. 47-8, for Crashaw's own poem enlarging the epigram. G.

St. John and his mother.

Mother, why ask you right or left for me?
The benefit would be an injury.
Nor right nor left for me convenient are:
From His sweet bosome either is too far. B.

LXXII.

Si filius Dei es, dejice te. Matt. iv. 6.

Ni se dejiciat Christus de vertice Templi,
Non credes quod sit Filius ille Dei?
At mox te humano de pectore dejicit: heus tu,
Non credes quod sit Filius ille Dei?

If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down.

Cast Thyself from the pinacle whereon
I set Thee, or I think Thee not God's Son.
No; but He'l cast thee from the hearts of men,
Satan. Wilt not believe He's God's Son then? B.

LXXIII.

Dominus flens ad Judaeos. Luc. xix. 41.

Discite, vos miseri, venientes discite flammas;
Nec facite ô lacrymas sic periisse meas.
Nec periisse tamen poterunt: mihi credite, vestras
Vel reprimet flammas haec aqua, vel faciet.

The Lord weeping over the Jews.

Think on the coming flames I would prevent;
Let not My tears for you in vain be spent.
And yet they can't be spent in vain; for sure
This water flames will quench, or else procure. B.

LXXIV.

Nec velut hic Publicanus. **Luc. xviii. 11.**

Istum? vile caput! quantum mihi gratulor, inquis,
Istum quod novi tam mihi dissimilem!
Vilis at iste abiit sacris acceptior aris:
I nunc, et jactes hunc tibi dissimilem.

Nor even as this publican.

Him, 'vile wretch!' Ah, myself how much I pride
That I am utterly unlike to him!
The 'vile wretch' leaves God's altar justified:
Now go and boast thou art unlike to him. G.

LXXV.

In Saulum fulgore nimio excaecatum. **Act. ix. 3.**

Quae lucis tenebrae? quae nox est ista diei?
Nox nova, quam nimii luminis umbra facit.
An Saulus fuerit caecus, vix dicere possum;
Hoc scio, quod captus lumine Saulus erat.[1]

On Saul blinded with too much light.

What darken'd noon is here? what mid-day night?
It is the shadow cast by too much light.
Saul may be blind or not; all I can say,
Ta'en within Heaven's light earth's light fades away.
R. Wi.

[1] Barksdale thus renders the latter couplet:

'That Saul was blind, I will not say:
Sure Saul was *captus lumine*.'

LXXVI.

Beati oculi qui vident. Luc. x. 23.

Cum Christus nostris ibat mitissimus oris,
Atque novum caecos jussit habere diem,
Felices, oculos qui tunc habuere, vocantur?
Felices, et qui non habuere, voco.

Blessed are the eyes which see.

When Christ with us on Earth did sympathize,
And to the poor blind men restor'd their eyes,
Happy they who had eyes. Not they alone;
I call them also happy who had none. B.

ANOTHER VERSION.

When Christ on earth moved on His pitying way,
And bade the blind look up and find new day,
Was eyesight then such bliss to every one?
Yet I will deem them happy who had none. G.

LXXVII.

Filius e feretro matri redditur. Luc. vii. 15.

Ergone tam subita potuit vice flebilis horror
In natalitia candidus ire toga?
Quos vidi, matris gemitus hos esse dolentis
Credideram; gemitus parturientis erant.

Her son is delivered to his mother from the bier.

With such quick change could tear-bedew'd Dismay
Give birthday smiles, and walk in white array?

Heard I bereavèd mother's wailings wild?
No; the blest cries of one who bears a child! R. Wi.

LXXVIII.

In seculi sapientes. **Matt. xi. 25.**

Ergone delicias facit, et sibi plaudit ab alto
Stultitia, ut velit hac ambitione peti?
Difficilisne adeo facta est, et seria tandem?
Ergo et in hanc etiam quis sapuisse potest?
Tantum erat, ut possit tibi doctior esse ruina?
Tanti igitur cerebri res, periisse, fuit?
Nil opus ingenio; nihil hac opus arte furoris:
Simplicius poteris scilicet esse miser.

On the wise of this world.

With such complacent joys is Folly fraught,
That with this trouble she must needs be sought?
So difficult and grave is she turn'd now,
Can any one for her be wise enow?
Must Ruin to be deeper taught aspire?
To perish, does it so much brain require?
Genius and skill in madness who would see?
Forsooth, more simply you may wretched be! R. Wi.

LXXIX.

In Judaeos Christum praecipitare conantes. **Luc. iv. 29.**

Dicite, quae tanta est sceleris fiducia vestri,
Quod nequiit daemon, id voluisse scelus?
Quod nequiit daemon scelus, id voluisse patrare:
Hoc tentare ipsum daemona, credo, fuit.

The Jews seeking to cast Christ headlong from a precipice.

What daring leads you on, ungodly crew,
To that which ev'n the Devil durst not do?
Ye dare what he dares not? If truth be told,
Ye tempt the Devil's self to be more bold. G.

LXXX.

In draconem praecipitem. Rev. xii. 9.

I, frustra truculente; tuas procul aurea rident
Astra minas, coelo jam bene tuta suo.
Tunc igitur coelum super ire atque astra parabas?
Ascensu tanto non opus ad barathrum.

The casting-down of the dragon.

Go, Dragon! the fair stars smile at thy threat,
Secure, serene, in native skies a-glow.
Thy throne o'er sky and stars thou fain would'st set;
Thou need'st not vault so high to plunge so low. G.

LXXXI.

Beatae Virgini credenti. Luc. ii. 19.

Miraris, quid enim faceres? sed et haec quoque credis:
Haec uteri credis dulcia monstra tui.
En fidei, Regina, tuae dignissima merces:
Fida Dei fueras filia; mater eris.

The blessed Virgin believing.

Thou wondered'st! how else could'st thou so guarded?
Yet thou believ'dst the mighty coming birth;

Queen! thy faith's working is full well rewarded;
God's daughter, thou God's mother art on earth. G.

LXXXII.

Licetne Caesari censum dare? Marc. xii. 14.

Post tot Scribarum, Christe, in te proelia, tandem
Ipse venit Caesar; Caesar in arma venit.
Pugnant terribiles non Caesaris ense, sed ense
Caesare: quin Caesar vinceris ipse tamen.
Hoc quoque tu conscribe tuis, Auguste, triumphis.
Sic vinci dignus quis nisi Caesar erat?

Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?

After so many battles with the Scribes, O Lord,
Cæsar himself comes; Cæsar with his sword.
They fight not arm'd with Cæsar's sword indeed;
But Cæsar as their sword with craft they plead.
Conquer'd thyself, O Cæsar, make it known—
Who save thee, worthy so to be o'erthrown. G.

LXXXIII.

In tibicines et turbam tumultuantem circa defunctam. Matt. ix. 23.

Vani, quid strepitis? nam quamvis dormiat illa,[1]
Non tamen e somno est sic revocanda suo.
Expectat solos Christi sopor iste susurros:
Dormit enim; sed non omnibus illa tamen.

[1] Ver. 24. Non enim mortua est puella, sed dormit. Cr.

The minstrels and crowd making a noise about the dead.

Vain mourning this; why make ye such loud noise?
She sleeps indeed, but so will not awake.
Her sleep waits for the whisper of His voice
Who a great promise to her father spake. G.

LXXXIV.

Piscatores vocati. Matt. iv. 19.

Ludite jam, pisces, secura per aequora: pisces
Nos quoque, sed varia sub ratione, sumus.
Non potuisse cápi, vobis spes una salutis:
Una salus nobis est, potuisse capi.

The fishermen called.

Play, fishes, in your waters, safely play:
We become fishes too, another way.
Not to be taken, to you safety brought:
But we are then most safe when we are caught. B.

ANOTHER RENDERING.

Careless, aneath the waves, ye fishes, play:
We too are fishes, in a different way;
Ye die, we live, being caught; and that for aye. G.

ANOTHER.

Sport, fishes, now, within the secure sea:
Lo, fishes too, in different kind, are we.
In shunning nets your hope of safety lay;
Our safety is to be the netter's prey. A.

LXXXV.

Date Caesari. **Marc. xii. 17.**

Cuncta Deo debentur: habet tamen et sua Caesar;
Nec minus inde Deo est, si sua Caesar habet.
Non minus inde Deo est, solio si caetera dantur
Caesareo, Caesar cum datur ipse Deo.

Give to Cæsar . . . . and to God . . . .

All we have is God's, and yet
Cæsar challenges a debt;
Nor hath God a thinner share,
Whatever Cæsar's payments are.
All is God's; and yet 'tis true
All we have is Cæsar's too.
All is Cæsar's; and what ods,
So long as Cæsar's selfe is God's? CR.

ANOTHER RENDERING.

All things belong to God, yet Cæsar has his all;
Not due the less to God that they to Cæsar fall.
Not less they're God's because they're giv'n to Cæsar's throne;
For Cæsar's throne itself belongs to God alone. G.

LXXXVI.

Dominus asino vehitur. **Matt. xxi. 7.**

Ille igitur vilem te, te dignatur asellum,
O non vectura non bene digne tua!
Heu, quibus haud pugnat Christi patientia monstris!
Hoc quod sic fertur, hoc quoque ferre fuit.

The Lord borne on the ass.

Does He, base ass, thus deign to honour thee,
Unworthy thus to bear th' incarnate God?
Alas, Thy patience strangely tried I see,
Thee carried thus who bear'st sin's awful load! B.

ANOTHER RENDERING.

A common ass does the Lord dignify?
O, how unworthy such a burden high!
With the Lord's patience, ah, what can compare?
So to be borne, this also was to bear. R. Wi.

LXXXVII.

Videbunt Filium hominis venientem in nube. Luc. xxi. 27.

Immo, veni: aërios, ô Christe, accingere currus,
Inque triumphali nube coruscus ades.
Nubem quaeris? erunt nostra, ah! suspiria nubes:
Aut sol in nubem se dabit ipse tuam.

They shall see the Son of Man coming in a cloud.

Come, yoke Thy chariots of the air, O Lord;
Triumphal honours let bright clouds afford.
Dost seek a cloud? Our sighs a cloud will be,
Or the sun melt into a cloud for Thee. G.

LXXXVIII.

Nisi digitum immisero, &c. Joan. xx. 25.

Impius ergo iterum clavos? iterum impius hastam?
Et totum digitus triste revolvet opus?
Tune igitur Christum, Thoma, quo vivere credas,
In Christum faceres, ah truculente! mori?

CHRIST TO THOMAS.

Except I shall put my finger, &c.

Thy impious finger, would it, then, re-borrow
The nails, the spear, each circumstance of sorrow?
That on a living Christ thou mayst rely,
Cruel, wouldst thou thy Christ re-crucify? G.

LXXXIX.

Ad Judaeos mactatores S. Stephani. Act. vi. 9-12.

Quid datis, ah miseri! saxis nolentibus iras?
Quid nimis in tragicum praecipitatis opus?
In mortem Stephani se dant invita: sed illi
Occiso faciunt sponte sua tumulum.

To the Jews stoning St. Stephen.

Wretches, do ye put rage into cold stones?
Why rush so eagerly to work so vile?
Your stones unwilling add to Stephen's moans,
But gladly heap a tomb for him the while. G.

XC.

Sancto Joanni dilecto discipulo.

Tu fruere, augustoque sinu caput abde, quod ô tum
Nollet in aeterna se posuisse rosa.
Tu fruere; et sacro dum te sic pectore portat,
O sat erit tergo me potuisse vehi.

To St. John the beloved disciple.

Upon His breast thy happy head reposes,
Nor would that pillow change for Heaven's own roses:

While thus His bosom bears up happy thee,
To press His shoulders were enough for me. G.

XCI.

In lactentes martyres. **Matt. ii. 16, 17.**

Vulnera natorum qui vidit et ubera matrum,
Per pueros fluviis, ah! simul ire suis:
Sic pueros quisquis vidit, dubitavit an illos
Lilia coelorum diceret, anne rosas.

Upon the infant martyrs.

To see both blended in one flood,
The mothers' milk, the childrens' blood,
Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather
Roses hence, or lillies rather. Cr.

ANOTHER RENDERING.

Who saw the infants' blood and milk of mother
Flowing, alas, in a commingl'd tide,
Doubtingly ask'd, and gaz'd from one to other,
Whether Heav'n's rose or lily they espy'd. G.

XCII.

Deus nobiscum. **Matt. i. 23.**

Nobiscum Deus est? vestrum hoc est, hei mihi! vestrum:
Vobiscum Deus est, ô asini atque boves.
Nobiscum non est; nam nos domus aurea sumit:
Nobiscum Deus est, et jacet in stabulo?
Hoc igitur nostrum ut fiat, dulcissime Jesu,
Nos dandi stabulis, vel tibi danda domus.

God with us.

Is God with us? Woe's me,
God is with you, ye beasts, I see.
God is with you, ye beasts;
God comes not to our golden feasts.
That God may be with us,
We must provide a lowly house.
God comes to the humble manger,
While to the great house a stranger. G.

XCIII.

Christus circumcisus ad Patrem.

Has en primitias nostrae, Pater, accipe mortis;
Vitam ex quo sumpsi, vivere dedidici.
Ira, Pater, tua de pluvia gustaverit ista:
Olim ibit fluviis hoc latus omne suis.
Tunc sitiat licet et sitiat, bibet et bibet usque:
Tunc poterit toto fonte superba frui.
Nunc hastae interea possit praeludere culter:
Indolis in poenas spes erit ista meae.[1]

XCIV.

In Epiphaniam Domini. Matt. ii. 2.

Non solita contenta dies face lucis Eoae,
Ecce micat radiis caesariata novis.
Persa sagax, propera: discurre per ardua regum
Tecta, per auratas marmoreasque domus:

[1] For Crashaw's own full rendering of this epigram, see our vol. i. pp. 48-9. G.

Quaere ô, quae intepuit Reginae purpura partu;
Principe vagitu quae domus insonuit.
Audin' Persa sagax? Qui tanta negotia coelo
Fecit, Bethlemiis vagiit in stabulis.

The Epiphany of our Lord.

Scorning her wonted herald, lo, the Day
Now decks her forehead with a brighter ray.
Sage Persian, haste; ask where high roofs unfold
Their royal wealth of marble and of gold;
In what rich couch an Empress-mother lies;
What halls have heard a new-born Prince's cries.
Wouldst know, sage Persian? He for whom Heaven keeps
Such festival, in Bethlehem's manger weeps. CL.

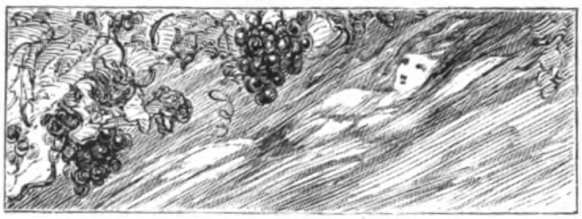
XCV.

Ecce quaerebamus te, &c. Luc. ii. 49.

Te quaero misera, et quaero: tu nunc quoque tractas
Res Patris; Pater est unica cura tibi.
Quippe quod ad poenas tantum et tot nomina mortis,
Ad luctum et lacrymas, hei mihi! mater ego.

Lo, we have sought Thee, &c.

I seek Thee mourning, and I seek again:
Thou still Thy Father's business dost attend;
And me, alas, sad mother of all pain,
Of grief and tears, Thou surely wilt befriend. G.



XCVI.

Aquae in vinum versae. **Joan. ii. 1-11.**

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura lymphis?
Quae rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen, convivae, praesens agnoscite Numen:
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.[1]

Water turned into wine.

Whence that blush upon thy brow,
Fair Nymph of the waters, now?
Mark the glow all rosy-red
Of the stream astonièd.
All the guests in tumult rush'd:
The shy Nymph saw her God, and blush'd. G.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Whence to your waters comes the glow of wine?
What strange new rose their mazèd streams hath flush'd?
Haste, guests, and own your Visitant divine;
For the chaste Nymph hath seen her God, and blush'd. CL.

[1] Barksdale thus renders one couplet:

'See, O my guests, a Deity is here:
The chast nymph saw a God, and blusht for fear.'

For Dryden's and others, see our Essay in this volume. G.

* For the above illustration I am indebted, as before, to my friend W. J. Linton, Esq.

ANOTHER.

Whence comes this rose, this ruddy colour strange?
What blushes new the wondering water change?
Mark, mark, gay guests, a present Deity!
The conscious water blush'd its God to see. A.

XCVII.

Absenti Centurionis filio Dominus absens medetur.
Matt. viii. 13.

Quam tacitis inopina salus illabitur alis!
Alis quas illi vox tua, Christe, dedit.
Quam longas vox ista manus habet! haec medicina
Absens et praesens haec medicina fuit.

The Lord at a distance heals the absent servant of the Centurion.

Safety unlook'd-for! silent 'light the wings
Wherewith Thy voice, O Christ, swift-healing brings:
Far-reaching hand Thy word has, and Thou healest
Absent and present, even as Thou willest. G.

XCVIII.

Quid timidi estis? **Marc. iv. 40.**

Tanquam illi insanus faceret sua fulmina ventus;
Tanquam illi scopulos norit habere fretum.
Vos vestri scopuli, vos estis ventus et unda:
Naufragium cum illo qui metuit, meruit.

Why are ye so fearful?

As if to Him the winds their thunder threw;
As if to Him hard rocks the water knew.
Ye are your rocks, ye are your wind and wave:
Shiprack with Him who fear, deserve to have. B.

XCIX.

Nunc dimittis. Luc. ii. 29.

Ite mei, quid enim ulterius, quid vultis, ocelli?
Leniter obductis ite superciliis.
Immo et adhuc et adhuc, iterumque iterumque videte;
Accipite haec totis lumina luminibus.
Jamque ite; et tutis ô vos bene claudite vallis:
Servate haec totis lumina luminibus.
Primum est, quod potui te, Christe, videre: secundum,
Te viso, recta jam potuisse mori.[1]

Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.

Begone, mine eyes; what would ye see beside?
Go now in peace 'neath darkening brows to hide.
Once and again, and yet again, behold;
With one long gaze His beams in yours enfold.
Then go, and guard your treasure safe from foes,
And fast in yours those beams of His enclose.
To look on Thee, O Christ, this first have I;
Then, having look'd on Thee, straightway to die. CL.

[1] Barksdale, as before, thus renders the last couplet:

'To see Christ was first in my desire:
Next, having seen Thee, forthwith to expire.'

C.

In segetem sacram. Matt. xiii. 24.

Ecce suam implorat, demisso vertice, falcem :
Tu segeti falcem da, Pater alme, suam.
Tu falcem non das? messem tu, Christe, moraris?
Hoc ipsum falx est; haec mora messis erit.

Good seed in the field.

Its sickle it implores with head bow'd low;
Its sickle on the corn-field, Lord, bestow.
Refusest Thou? The harvest dost delay?
The sickle this—hence fuller harvest-day. G.

CI.

Coepit lacrymis rigare pedes ejus, et capillis extergebat. Luc. vii. 37.

Unda sacras sordes lambit placidissima : flavae
Lambit et hanc undam lucida flamma comae.
Illa per has sordes it purior unda; simulque
Ille per has lucet purior ignis aquas.

She began to wash His feet with teares, and wipe them with the haires of her head.

Her eyes' flood lickes His feets' faire staine;
Her hair's flame lickes up that againe.
This flame thus quencht hath brighter beames;
This flood thus stainèd fairer streames. Cr.

ANOTHER RENDERING.

With placid force the gentle wave
That consecrated dust doth lave,
And a bright flame of golden hair
Doth lave in light those waters fair.
Purer the trickling waters shine
Through contact with that dust divine;
And purer through the waters' flow
That flame of lucent fire doth glow. CL.

CII.

Quid vis tibi faciam? Luc. xviii. 41.

Quid volo, Christe, rogas? quippe ah volo, Christe, videre:
Quippe ad te, dulcis Christe, videre volo.
At video, fideique oculis te nunc quoque figo:
Est mihi, quae nunquam est non oculata, fides.
Sed quamvis videam, tamen ah volo, Christe, videre:
Sed quoniam video, Christe, videre volo.

What seekest that I do to thee?

Askest, O Christ, my wish? My Christ I wish to see:
To see Thee, O my sweet Christ, to see Thee.
But, lo, I see; for now on Thee I fix faith's eye,
And gazing so, dimness and darkness fly.
But though I see, yet, ah, my Christ I wish to see;
And since I see, O Christ, I would see Thee. G.

CIII.

Christus mulieri Canaaneae difficilior. **Matt. xv. 21.**

Ut pretium facias dono, donare recusas:
Usque rogat supplex, tutamen usque negas.
Hoc etiam donare fuit, donare negare.
Saepe dedit quisquis saepe negata dedit.

The silence of Christ to the woman of Canaan.

That He a gift more precious might bestow,
While she implor'd, discouragements He used.
This was to give thus not to give; for, lo,
He giveth oft who gives what's oft refused.[1] G.

CIV.

Beatus venter et ubera, &c. **Luc. ii. 27.**

Et quid si biberet Jesus vel ab ubere vestro?
Quid facit ad vestram, quod bibit ille, sitim?
Ubera mox sua et hic, ô quam non lactea! pandet;
E nato mater tum bibet ipsa suo.

Blessed be the paps which Thou hast sucked.

Suppose He had been tabled at thy teates,
Thy hunger feeles not what He eates:

[1] Barksdale, as before, inserts an anonymous epigram on the same subject as *supra*, being the only one not by Crashaw in the volume. It is as follows: '40. Mulier Canaanitis. Matt. 15. *Femina tam fortis, &c.*

'O woman, how great is that faith of thine!
Fides more than a grammar's feminine.'

In another application, quaint old Dr. Worship, in his 'Earth raining upon Heaven' (1614), in rebuking the unfeminine boldness of the sex, says, 'Harke yee grammarians: *Hic mulier* ere long will be good Latin' (pp. 5, 6). G.

He'l have His teat ere long—a bloody one;
The mother then must suck the Son. CR.

CV.

In Christum vitem. Joan. xv. 1.

Ulmum vitis amat, quippe est et in arbore flamma,
Quam fovet in viridi pectore blandus amor:
Illam ex arboribus cunctis tu, vitis, amasti;
Illam, quaecunque est, quae crucis arbor erat.

Christ the true Vine (including the branches).

The vine clings lovingly unto the elm;
Love's flame draws thus a tree within its realm:
But most, O vine, thou lov'st, whate'er its name,
That tree from which the cross of Calvary came. G.

CVI.

Vos flebitis et lamentabimini. Joan. xvi. 20.

Ergo mihi salvete mei, mea gaudia, luctus:
Quam charum, ô Deus, est hoc mihi flere meum!
Flerem, ni flerem: solus tu, dulcis Jesu,
Laetitiam donas tunc quoque quando negas.

Verily I say unto you, Yee shall weep and lament.

Welcome, my griefe, my joy; how deare's
To me my legacy of teares!
I'll weepe and weepe, and will therefore
Weepe 'cause I can weepe no more.
Thou, Thou, deare Lord, even Thou alone,
Giv'st joy, even when Thou givest none. CR.

CVII.

In gregem Christi Pastoris. Joan. x. 11.

O grex, ô nimium tanto Pastore beatus;
O ubi sunt tanto pascua digna grege?
Ne non digna forent tanto grege pascua, Christus
Ipse suo est Pastor, pascuum et ipse gregi.

Christ the good Shepherd.

O flock, O too much in thy Sheepherd blest,
Where are fields worthy thee to feed and rest?
Lest worthy pastures nowhere should be found,
Christ is to thee the Sheepherd and the ground. B.

ANOTHER VERSION.

O flock, in your great Shepherd all too blest,
Where shall fit pasturage be found for you?
That His fair flock may ne'er want food or rest,
Christ is the Pastor and the pasture too. CL.

CVIII.

In vulnera pendentis Domini. Matt. xxviii. 26-53.

Sive oculos, sive ora vocem tua vulnera; certe
Undique sunt ora, heu, undique sunt oculi.
Ecce ora, ô nimium roseis florentia labris!
Ecce oculi, saevis ah madidi lacrymis!
Magdala, quae lacrymas solita es, quae basia sacro
Ferre pedi, sacro de pede sume vices.
Ora pedi sua sunt, tua quo tibi basia reddat:
Quo reddat lacrymas scilicet est oculus.[1]

[1] For Crashaw's own rendering of this epigram or poem, see our vol. i. pp. 50-1. G.

On the wounds of the crucified Lord.

Thy wounds, O Lord, are mouths and eyes—
Let not the strange words breed surprise:
Where'er I look, wounds seem to speak;
Where'er I look, wounds in tears break;
Mouths with ruddy lips disparted,
Eyes as of the broken-hearted.
Thou, Mary, on His sacred feet
Rainèdst thy tears and kisses sweet.
Now retake thy kisses, tears;
Cling thee there, there hush thy fears.
See, mouths and eyes are here also;
Swift they'll pay back thy loving woe. G.

CIX.

Paralyticus convalescens. Marc. ii. 1-13.

Christum, quod misero facilis peccata remittit,
Scribae blasphemum dicere non dubitant.
Hoc scelus ut primum Paralyticus audiit: ira
Impatiens, lectum sustulit atque abiit.

The paralytic healed.

The Scribes audaciously blaspheme the Lord,
That He a poor man pardon'd with a word.
The Paralytic hears all that they say;
Indignant takes his bed, and walks away. G.

CX.

Tunc sustulerunt lapides. Joan. viii. 59.

Saxa? illi? quid tam foedi voluere furores?
Quid sibi de saxis hi voluere suis?
Indolem, et antiqui agnosco vestigia patris:
Panem de saxis hi voluere suis.

Then took they up stones.

'They took up stones:' What meant they by such rage?
What wanted they with them? Their meaning's plain:
'Tis their old father's way—O sad presage!
He too took up the stones for bread amain.[1] G.

CXI.

In resurrectionem Domini. Matt. xxviii. 6.

Nasceris, en, tecumque tuus, Rex auree, mundus,
Tecum[2] virgineo nascitur e tumulo.
Tecum in natales properat natura secundos,
Atque novam vitam te novus orbis habet.
Ex vita, Sol alme, tua vitam omnia sumunt:
Nil certe, nisi mors, cogitur inde mori.
At certe neque mors: nempe ut queat illa sepulchro,
Christe, tuo condi, mors volet ipsa mori.

On the Resurrection of the Lord.

Thou'rt born, and, lo, bright King, Thy world is born,
Is born with Thee from virgin tomb this morn.

[1] Cf. St. Matt. iv. 3. G.
[2] Joan. xix. 41. ἐν ᾧ οὐδέπω οὐδεὶς ἐτέθη. CR.

Hastes Nature to its second day of birth,
And a new life in Thee crowns a new earth.
Dear Sun, from Thy life all things draw life's breath;
Nought thence is forced to die, save only Death.
Nor is Death forced—since in Thy grave to lie,
Death will itself, O Christ, be glad to die. R. Wi.

CXII.

Aliqui vero dubitabant. **Matt. xxviii. 17.**

Scilicet et tellus dubitat,[1] tremebunda: sed ipsum hoc,
Quod tellus dubitat, vos dubitare vetat.
Ipsi custodes vobis, si quaeritis, illud
Hoc ipse dicunt,[2] dicere quod nequeunt.

But some doubted.

Earth, quaking, wavers: if that fact be true,
The wavering earth forbids you waver too.
The very keepers, if their voice you seek,
Though speechless, even by their silence speak. R. Wi.

CXIII.

In vulnerum vestigia quae ostendit Dominus, ad firmandam suorum fidem. **Joan. xx. 20.**

His oculis, nec adhuc clausis coïere fenestris,
Invigilans nobis est tuus usus amor.
His oculis nos cernit amor tuus: his et amorem,
Christe, tuum gaudet cernere nostra fides.

[1] Ver. 2. σεισμὸς ἐγένετο μέγας. Cr.
[2] Ver. 4. ἐσείσθησαν οἱ τηροῦντες, καὶ ἐγένοντο ὥσει νεκροί. Cr.

The scars of the wounds which the Lord showed to the strengthening of His disciples' faith.

Thy love these eyes did open;
They're watching for us still:
These eyes, of love the token,
Our faith with love do fill. G.

CXIV.

Mittit Joannes qui quaerant a Christo, an is sit. Luc. vii. 19.

Tu qui adeo impatiens properasti agnoscere Christum,
Tunc cum claustra uteri te tenuere tui,
Tu, quis sit Christus, rogitas? et quaeris ab ipso?
Hoc tibi vel mutus dicere quisque potest.[1]

John sends to Jesus . . . saying, Art Thou He that should come? or look we for another?

And dost *thou* ask, who in thy mother's womb
So eager wast to hail Messiah come?
Thou ask, and of Himself, if Christ He be?
Why, even the very dumb can answer thee. CL.

CXV.

In Petrum auricidam. Joan. xviii. 10.

Quantumcunque ferox tuus hic, Petre, fulminat ensis,
Tu tibi jam pugnas, ô bone, non Domino.
Scilicet in miseram furis implacidissimus aurem,
Perfidiae testis ne queat esse tuae.

[1] Barksdale, as before, renders the closing couplet thus:
'Is He the Christ? And the inquiry is
Of Himself? Why, the dumb can answer this.'

On St. Peter cutting off Malchus his eare.

Well, Peter, dost thou wield thy active sword;
Well for thyselfe, I meane, not for thy Lord.
To strike at eares is to take heed there bee
No witnesse, Peter, of thy perjury. CR.

CXVI.

Manus arefacta sanatur. **Marc. iii. 1-5.**

Felix, ergo tuae spectas natalia dextrae,
Quae modo spectanti flebile funus erat!
Quae nec in externos modo dextera profuit usus,
Certe erit illa tuae jam manus et fidei.[1]

The withered hand healed.

O happy man, thy right-hand's birth beholding,
Erewhile a sad funereal sight enfolding!
The hand of no use, by the word Christ saith,
Restor'd, is now become the hand of faith. G. & B.

CXVII.

In Pontium male lautum. **Matt. xxvii. 24.**

Illa manus lavat unda tuas, vanissime judex:
Ah tamen illa scelus non lavat unda tuum!
Nulla scelus lavet unda tuum: vel si lavet ulla,
O volet ex oculis illa venire tuis.

[1] Barksdale, as before, renders the latter couplet. G.

To Pontius washing his hands.

Thy hands are washt; but, O, the water's spilt
That labour'd to have washt thy guilt:
The flood, if any can, that can suffice,
Must have its fountaine in thine eyes. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

The unjust judge washt his hands at the time:
Ah, but no water can wash out thy crime.
No water washt it out: if any will,
'Tis that which must from thy owne eyes distil. B.

CXVIII.

In piscem dotatum. Matt. xvii. 27.

Tu piscem si, Christe, velis, venit ecce, suumque
Fert pretium: tanti est vel periisse tibi.
Christe, foro tibi non opus est; addicere nummos
Non opus est: ipsum se tibi piscis emet.

The stater-giving fish.

A fish Thou wishest, Lord;
And without e'er a word,
Behold, it swims to Thee,
Fetching its own cost, free.
Thou needest not to go
In markets to and fro;
Nor need'st Thou price to bring—
The fish owns Thee its king. G.

CXIX.

Ego vici mundum. Joan. xvi. 33.

Tu contra mundum dux es meus, optime Jesu?
At tu, me miserum! dux meus ipse jaces.
Si tu, dux meus, ipse jaces, spes ulla salutis?
Immo, ni jaceas tu, mihi nulla salus.

I have overcome the world.

Jesus, my Captain, give me victories!
Alas, Jesus Himself, my Captain, dies.
And if my Captain fall, what hope have I?
No hope at all, unless my Captain die. B.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Art Thou my Chief, best Lord, against the foe?
But Thou, my Chief, me wretched! liest low.
If Thou, my Chief, liest low, what help for me?
Nay, if Thou liest not low, no help can be. A.

CXX.

In ascensionem Dominicam. Act. i. 10.

Vadit, io, per aperta sui penetralia coeli:
It coelo, et coelum fundit ab ore novum.
Spargitur ante pedes, et toto sidere pronus
Jam propius solis sol bibit ora sui.
At fratri debere negans sua lumina Phoebe,
Aurea de Phoebo jam meliore redit.
Hos, de te victo, tu das, Pater, ipse triumphos:
Unde triumphares, quis satis alter erat?

On the ascension of our Lord.

Through open'd depths of His own heaven He soars,
And from His face in heaven a new heaven pours.
Scatter'd before Him down the welkin sinks
The sun, and its own sun's near glory drinks.
Moon unto sun for light no more beholden,
Now from more lustrous sun returns all golden.
These triumphs o'er Thyself Thou grantest, Lord;
Triumphs no other could suffice to 'accord. R. Wi.

CXXI.

In descensum Spiritus Sancti. Act. ii.

Jam coeli circum tonuit fragor: arma minasque
Turbida cum flammis mista ferebat hiems.
Exclamat Judaeus atrox: Venit ecce nefandis,
Ecce venit meriti fulminis ira memor.
Verum ubi composito sedit fax blandior astro,
Flammaque non laesas lambit amica comas;
Judaeis, fulmen quia falsum apparuit esse,
Hoc ipso verum nomine fulmen erat.

Οὐρανοῦ ἐκτύπησε βρόμος· πόλεμον καὶ ἀπειλὰς
Ἦγε τρέχων ἄνεμος σὺν φλογὶ σμερδαλέῃ.
Αὖεν Ἰουδαῖος· μιαρὰ στυγερῶν τὰ κάρηνα
Ἔφθασε τῆς ὀργῆς τὸ πρέπον οὐρανίης.
Ἀλλὰ γαληναίῳ ὅτε κεῖται ἥσυχον ἄστρῳ
Φλέγμα, καὶ ἀβλήτους λεῖχε φίλον πλοκάμους,
Ἐκθαμβεῖ. ὅτι γὰρ κείνοις οὐκ ἦεν ἀληθὴς,
Νῦν ἐτεὸν διότι τῷδε κεραυνὸς ἔην.

The descent of the Holy Spirit.

Booms the thunder through the sky,
Flash the lightnings, threats the storm;
Cries the Jew with vengeful eye:
See SIN doom'd in fitting form!
But, lo, the lightning, paled to light
Mild and calm as ev'ning's star,
Binds their brows with nimbus bright,
Playing softly i' their hair.
To the Jews it is not lightning,
Yet the more the name's enlightening.[1] G.

CXXII.

Sic dilexit mundum Deus, ut Filium morti traderet. Joan. iii. 16.

Ah nimis est, illum nostrae vel tradere vitae:
Guttula quod faceret, cur facit oceanus?
Unde et luxuriare potest, habet hinc mea vita:
Ample et magnifice mors habet unde mori.

God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son....

Ah, 'tis too much to give Him for our sake:
A drop might serve, why then an ocean take?
Here may my life expatiate gloriously—
Amply, magnificently, Death may die. R. WI.

[1] Or—To the Jews it is not fire,
Yet the name best tells Heav'n's ire. G.

CXXIII.

Juga boum emi. Luc. xiv. 19.

Ad coenam voco te, domini quod jussa volebant;
Tu mihi, nescio quos, dicis, inepte, boves.
Imo vale, nobis nec digne nec utilis hospes;
Coena tuos, credo, malit habere boves.

I have bought five yoke of oxen.

I call thee to His Supper,
for so The Master spake:
Thou sayest 'No,' pretending
thou must thy oxen take.
Farewell, O thou unworthy
and wholly useless guest;
Thy oxen for the Supper
in truth were better prest. G.

CXXIV.

D. Paulum, verbo sanantem claudum, pro Mercurio Lystres adorant. Act. xiv. 8-18.

Quis Tagus hic, quae Pactoli nova volvitur unda?
Non hominis vox est haec: Deus ille, Deus.
Salve, mortales nimium dignate penates:
Digna Deo soboles, digna tonante Deo.
O salve, quid enim, alme, tuos latuisse volebas?
Te dicit certe vel tua lingua Deum.
Laudem hanc haud miror: meruit facundus haberi,
Qui claudo promptos suasit habere pedes.

St. Paul, healing the lame man with a word, is worshipped by the Lystrians as Mercury.

What Tagus, what Pactolus here is rolled?
'Tis not man's voice: a God, a God behold.
Hail, too much honour thou to men hast done,
Of Jove, of thundering Jove the worthy son.
Hail, Lord, for why wouldst hide thee from thine own?
A God e'en by thy tongue assuredly art known.
The praise of eloquence for him was meet
Who could persuade the lame to use swift feet. R. Wi.

CXXV.

In S. Columbam ad Christi caput sedentem.

Cui sacra siderea volucris suspenditur ala?
Hunc nive plus niveum cui dabit illa pedem?
Christe, tuo capiti totis se destinat auris,
Qua ludit densae blandior umbra comae.
Illic arcano quid non tibi murmure narrat,
Murmure mortales non imitante sonos?
Sola avis haec nido hoc non est indigna cubare:
Solus nidus hic est hac bene dignus ave.[1]

Πῇ ταχύεργος ἄγει πτέρυγ' ἀστερόεσσαν ἐρετμός;
Ἢ τίνι κεῖνα φέρει τὴν πόδα χιονέην;
Χριστὲ, τεῇ κεφαλῇ πάσαις πτερύγεσσιν ἐπείγει·
Πῇ σκιά τοι δασίοις παῖζε μάλα πλοκάμοις.

[1] Barksdale, as before, thus renders the last couplet:
'Most worthy nest this for the Bird above;
Most worthy of this nest is th' holy Dove.' G.

Ποῖά σοι ἀῤῥήτῳ ψιθυρίσματι κεῖν' ἀγορεύει;
'Αῤῥήτ', οὐκ ἠχῆς ἶσα μὲν ἀνδρομέης.
Μοῦνα μὲν ἥδ' ὄρνις καλιᾶς ἐστ' ἀξία ταύτης·
'Αξία δ' ὄρνιθος μοῦνα μὲν ἡ καλιά.

To the sacred Dove alighting on the head of Christ.

On whom doth this blest Bird its wings outspread?
Where will it suffer its white feet to rest?
O Jesus, hovering o'er Thy hallow'd head,
Within Thy hair's sweet shade it seeks a nest.
There does it breathe a mystic song to Thee,
A melody unlike all earthly sound:
That Bird alone to this pure nest may flee;
This nest alone worthy the Bird is found. W.

CXXVI.

In fores divo Petro sponte apertas. Act. xii. 10.

Quid juvit clausisse fores, bone janitor, istas?
Et Petro claves jam liquet esse suas.
Dices, sponte patent: Petri ergo hoc scilicet ipsum
Est clavis, Petro clave quod haud opus est.

The doors of the prison self-opening to Peter.

Good jailor, how is this,
These doors thou lockest here?
That Peter has the keys
'Tis now to all men clear.

Thou say'st the doors self-open,
And well thou sayest indeed;
For by this very token
He no other key doth need. G.

CXXVII.

Murmurabant Pharisaei, dicentes, Recipit peccatores, et comedit cum illis. Luc. xv. 2.

Ah male, quisquis is est, pereat, qui scilicet istis
Convivam, saevus, non sinit esse suum!
Istis cum Christus conviva adjungitur, istis
O non conviva est Christus, at ipse cibus.[1]

The Pharisees murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

Ah, let him perish in his harsh protests
Who sinners checks to be the Saviour's guests!
Sinners do entertain Christ as a guest:
They spread the table, but He is the feast. G. & B.

CXXVIII.

In trabem Pharisaicam. Matt. vii. 3.

Cedant, quae, rerum si quid tenue atque minutum est,
Posse acie certa figere, vitra dabunt.
Artis opus mirae! Pharisaeo en optica trabs est,
Ipsum, vera loquor, qua videt ille nihil.

[1] Barksdale, as before, renders the latter couplet. G.

On the beam of the Pharisee.

Grant you can fix upon a needle's end
Each smallest object microscopes will lend.
Rare beam to look through has the Pharisee,
Whereby, in sooth, nothing itself sees he ! R. Wi.

CXXIX.

Constituerunt ut si quis confiteretur eum esse Christum, synagoga moveretur. Joan. ix. 22.

Infelix, Christum reus es quicunque colendi ;
O reus infelix, quam tua culpa gravis !
Tu summis igitur, summis damnabere coelis :
O reus infelix, quam tua poena gravis !

They determined that if any man should confess Him to be Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue.

Alas, unhappy, own the Christ thou wilt ;
Unhappy culprit, fearful is thy guilt.
The gates of heaven for aye should keep thee close :
Unhappy culprit, fearful are thy woes. A.

CXXX.

De voto filiorum Zebedaei. Matt. xx. 20.

Sit tibi, Joannes, tibi sit, Jacobe, quod optas ;
Sit tibi dextra manus ; sit tibi laeva manus.
Spero alia in coelo est, et non incommoda, sedes ;
Si neque laeva manus, si neque dextra manus.
Coeli hanc aut illam nolo mihi quaerere partem ;
O coelum, coelum da, Pater alme, mihi.

Concerning the prayer of the sons of Zebedee.

O brothers twain, may it be yours to fill
At right and left your places as ye will!
A seat remains, I trust—a fair one too—
Besides those high ones that were sought for you.
I pray not that to me some part be given,
But heaven itself, kind Father, grant me heaven. CL.

ANOTHER VERSION.

John and James, take your place at God's command:
One at the right, th' other at the left hand.
I ask not to be placèd so, or so:
To heaven, to heaven, good Father, let me go. B.

CXXXI.

Ad hospites coenae miraculosae quinque panum. Joan. vi. 9-13.

Vescere pane tuo, sed et, hospes, vescere Christo;
Et panis pani scilicet ille tuo.
Tunc pane hoc Christi recte satur, hospes, abibis,
Panem ipsum Christum si magis esurias.[1]

To the guests at the miraculous supper of the five loaves.

Feed on thy bread, on Christ too feed, O guest;
With Bread on bread forsooth thou shalt be blest.
Then shalt thou go, with Christ's bread satisfied,
If hungering for the living Bread beside. R. WI.

[1] Barksdale, as before, thus renders the latter couplet:
'These loaves of Christ are well bestow'd: if fed
With these, they hunger after living bread.' G.

CXXXII.

De Christi contra mundum pugna. Joan. xvi. 33.

Tune, miser, tu, mundus ait, mea fulmina contra
Ferre manus, armis cum tibi nuda manus?
I, lictor, manibusque audacibus injice vinc'la:
Injecit lictor vincula, et arma dedit.

Christ overcoming the world.

O wretched! the world mutters. I do wonder
Thou dar'st lift unarm'd hands against my thunder.
Go, tyrant; put thy chains upon these hands:
'Tis done; and now full-arm'd the prisoner stands. G.

CXXXIII.

Graeci disputatores divo Paulo mortem machinantur. Act. ix. 29.

Euge, argumentum! sic disputat: euge, sophista!
Sic pugnum Logices stringere, sic decuit.
Hoc argumentum in causam quid, Graecule, dicit?
Dicit, te in causam dicere posse nihil.[1]

The Grecian disputants go about to kill St. Paul.

O noble argument, Sophister rare!
Thus Logic's fist to double be your care.
This argument, poor Greek, what does it weigh?
It says that you have nought at all to say. R. Wi.

[1] Barksdale, as before, thus renders the latter couplet:

'By your opposing force, Greeks, what is meant?
That you have no convincing argument.' G.

CXXXIV.

Qui maximus est inter vos, esto sicut qui minimus. **Luc. xxii. 26.**

O bone, discipulus Christi vis maximus esse?
At vero fies hac ratione minor.
Hoc sanctae ambitionis iter, mihi crede, tenendum est,
Haec ratio: Tu, ne sis minor, esse velis.

He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger.

The greatest of disciples wouldst thou be?
Whoever's so ambitious, less is he.
That thou mai'st not go less, to every one
Submit: this, this is Christ's ambition. B.

CXXXV.

In lacrymantem Dominum. **Luc. xix. 41.**

Vobis, Judaei, vobis haec volvitur unda;
Quae vobis, quoniam spernitis, ignis erit.
Eia faces, Romane, faces! seges illa furoris,
Non nisi ab his undis, ignea messis erit.

He beheld the city, and wept over it.

For you, O Jews, is roll'd this tearful tide,
Which as a flame shall glow, since ye deride.
Torches, Rome's torches—those wild-waving ears
A fiery crop shall prove, fed by these tears. R. Wi.

CXXXVI.

Christus in Aegypto. **Matt. ii. 19-21.**

Hunc tu, Nile, tuis majori flumine monstra;
Hunc, nimis ignotum, dic caput esse tibi.
Jam tibi, Nile, tumes; jam te quoque multus inunda:
Ipse tuae jam sis laetitiae fluvius.

Christ in Egypt.

With prouder stream, Nile, show Him to thine own;
Call Him thy fountain-head, too little known:
Now swelling for thyself, thyself o'erflow;
And with its own joy let thy current glow. R. Wi.

CXXXVII.

In caecos Christum confitentes, Pharisaeos abnegantes.
Matt. ix. 27-31.

Ne mihi tu, Pharisaee ferox, tua lumina jactes:
En caecus! Christum caecus at ille videt.
Tu, Pharisaee, nequis in Christo cernere Christum:
Ille videt caecus; caecus es ipse videns.[1]

The blind confessing Christ, the Pharisees denying.

Cast not thine eyes on me, proud Pharisee,
Lo, this blind man, though blind, yet Christ can see.
Thou, Pharisee, canst not in Christ Christ find;
The blind man sees Him, and the seer's blind. G. & B.

CXXXVIII.

Si quis pone me veniet, tollat crucem et sequatur me.
Matt. xvi. 24.

Ergo sequor, sequor, en, quippe et mihi crux mea, Christe, est:
Parva quidem; sed quam non satis, ecce, rego.
Non rego? non parvam hanc? ideo neque parva putanda est.
Crux magna est, parvam non bene ferre crucem.

[1] Barksdale, as before, renders the latter couplet. G

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.

Therefore I follow, lo, I follow on;
My cross is with me, yet not rightly worn.
It little is compar'd with Thine, I own;
Yet little is not being wrongly borne. G.

CXXXIX.

Relictis omnibus sequutus est eum. Luc. v. 28.

Quas Matthaeus opes, ad Christi jussa, reliquit;
Tum primum vere coepit habere suas.[1]
Iste malarum est usus opum bonus, unicus iste;
Esse malas homini, quas bene perdat, opes.

And he left all . . . and followed Him.

To be rich, truly rich, Matthew did take
The right way, when he left all for Christ's sake.
This is the one good use of ill-got wealth;
For ill-got 'tis which, leaving, bringeth health. B. & G.

CXL.

Aedificatis sepulchra Prophetarum. Matt. xxiii. 29.

Sanctorum in tumulis quid vult labor ille colendis?
Sanctorum mortem non sinit ille mori.
Vane, Prophetarum quot ponis saxa sepulchris,
Tot testes lapidum, queis periere, facis.

[1] Barksdale, as before, renders the opening couplet. G.

Ye build the sepulchres of the Prophets.

Thou trim'st a Prophet's tombe, and dost bequeath
The life thou took'st from him unto his death.
Vain man! the stones that on his tombe doe lye
Keepe but the score[1] of them that male him dye. *Cr.*

ANOTHER VERSION.

What means this labour on the tombs of saints,
Causing their holy memory be cherish'd?
Vain men! each stone which consecrates their plaints
Doth tell us of the stones by which they perish'd.
G.

CXLI.

In memoriam ædificia pro Christi nata est miseratio.
Matt. xxiii. 3-5.

Prendis miser Christum: et cum Christo prendis eum:
At manus est lapis, lapidem: prendis tamen.
Ignoro hoc in lapidem mali est hoc prendere Christum
Cum sit
Cum lapidem prendis non hominem mali in
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

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G.

CXLI.

In manum aridam qua Christo mota est miseratio.
Marc. iii. 3-5.

Prende, miser, Christum; et cum Christo prende salutem:
At manca est, dices, dextera: prende tamen.
Ipsum hoc, in Christum, manus est: hoc prendere Christum est,
Qua Christum prendas, non habuisse manum.

The man with the withered hand, who excited Christ's compassion.

Take hold of Christ, O wretched one,
And with Christ take salvation.
But thy right hand, thou say'st, is dead;
Yet take thee hold: His word is said.

[1] = reckoning or debt to be paid. G.

Take hold of Christ e'en without hand;
Then safe in Christ, and well, thou'lt stand:
Take hold of Christ in simple faith;
This will be hand to thee, He saith. G.

CXLII.

Ad D. Lucam medicum. Coloss iv. 14.

Nulla mihi, Luca, de te medicamina posco,
Ipse licet medicus sis, licet aeger ego:
Quippe ego in exemplum fidei dum te mihi pono,
Tu, medice, ipse mihi es tu medicina mea.

Οὐδὲν ἐγὼ, Λουκᾶ, παρά σου μοὶ φάρμακον αἰτῶ,
Κἂν σὺ δ' ἰατρὸς ἔῃς, κἂν μὲν ἐγὼ νοσερός.
Ἀλλ' ἐν ὅσῳ παράδειγμα πέλεις μοὶ πίστιος, αὐτὸς,
Αὐτὸς ἰατρὸς ἐμοί γ' ἐσσὶ ἀκεστορίη.

Luke the beloved physician.

No medicine of thee, O Luke, I seek,
Though thou art a physician, and I sick:
Th' example of thy faith before my eyen,
To me, physician, is the medicine. B.

ANOTHER VERSION.

To St. Luke as a physician.

No medicine will I crave, Saint Luke, of thee,
Though I be sick, though thou physician be:
Pattern of faith, I plant thee in my soul,
And thou thyself the medicine makest me whole. A.

CXLIII.

Hydropicus sanatus, Christum jam sitiens. Luc. xiv. 4.

Pellitur inde sitis, sed et hinc sitis altera surgit;
Hinc sitit ille magis, quo sitit inde minus.
Felix ô, et mortem poterit qui temnere morbus;
Cui vitae ex ipso fonte sititur aqua.

The dropsical man thirsting now for Christ.

Thy dropsy's quench'd, but other thirst now rises,
Which craves the more, the less the former thirsts.
O happy malady, which death despises:
Thirst for the stream which from life's fountain bursts. G.

CXLIV.

In coetum coelestem omnium Sanctorum.

Felices animae, quas coelo debita virtus
Jam potuit vestris inseruisse polis:
Hoc dedit egregii non parcus sanguinis usus,
Spesque per obstantes expatiata vias.
O ver, ô longae semper seges aurea lucis;
Nocte nec alterna dimidiata dies;
O quae palma manu ridet, quae fronte corona;
O nix virgineae non temeranda togae;
Pacis inocciduae vos illic ora videtis;
Vos Agni dulcis lumina; vos—quid ago?

To the assembly of all the Saints.

Thrice-happy souls, to whom the prize is given,
Whom faith and truth have lifted into heaven:

Gift of the heavenly Martyrs' dying breath,
Gift of a Faith that burst the gates of Death.
O Spring, O golden harvest of glad light;
Sweet day, whose beauty never fades in night;
The palm blooms in each hand, the garland on each brow,
The raiment glitters in its undimm'd snow;
The regions of unfading peace ye see,
And the meek brightness of the Lamb: how different
from me![1] W.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Thrice-happy, happy souls, to you heaven's debt
Is paid; you in your heavenly spheres are set.
Whence this to you? ah, noble blood ye shed,
And your strong faith the strong world buffeted.
O ever-ripening harvest of long light;
O Spring, O day not halved with lingering night;
O hands with laughing palms, O crownèd brows;
O spotless robes, whiter than virgin snows!
The beauteous eyes of fadeless Peace ye see—
The eyes of the sweet Lamb; yea—woe is me! A.

CXLV.

Christus absenti medetur. Matt. viii. 13.

Vox jam missa suas potuit jam tangere metas?
O superi, non hoc ire sed isse fuit.
Mirac'lum fuit ipsa salus, bene credere possis,
Ipsum, mirac'lum est, quando salutis iter.

[1] By an oversight Willmott renders *ora* 'regions' instead of 'eyes.' G.

Christ heals in absence.

Came, then, His voice with power, Himself unseen?
Heavens! this, though not to go, was to have been.
The cure miraculous we can credit well,
When the mere going was a miracle. CL.

CXLVI.

Caecus natus. Joan. ix. 1, 2.

Felix, qui potuit tantae post nubila noctis,
O dignum tanta nocte, videre diem:
Felix ille oculus, felix utrinque putandus,
Quod videt, et primum quod videt ille Deum.

The man born blind.

Happy the man who was endu'd with sight,
And saw a day well worth so long a night:
Happy the eye, twice happy is the eye,
That sees, and at first look, a Deity. B.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Thrice-happy eye, that after such dark night—
Day worthy night so dark—couldst see the light:
O happy eye, eye thrice and four times blest,
At once to ope, and upon God to rest. A.

CXLVII.

Et ridebant illum. Matt. ix. 24.

Luctibus in tantis, Christum ridere vacabat?
Vanior iste fuit risus, an iste dolor?

Luctibus in tantis hic vester risus inepti,
Credite mi, meruit maximus esse dolor.

And they laughed at Him.

Laughter at Christ the Saviour—
Laughter 'mid falling tears!
O, which show'd greater folly,
Vain laughter or vain fears?
Such laughter 'mid such sorrow,
O fools, ye may believe:
Such laughter in such Presence
Gave greatest cause to grieve. G.

CXLVIII.

In sapientiam seculi. **Matt. xi. 25.**

Noli altum sapere, hoc veteres voluere magistri,
Ne retrahat lassos alta ruina gradus.
Immo mihi dico, Noli sapuisse profundum:
Non ego ad infernum me sapuisse velim.

The wisdom of the world.

'Aim not at things too high,' 'twas said of old,
'Lest ruin thence o'ertake thee, over-bold.'
For me to dive too deep I think not well:
I would not have my knowledge deep as hell. CL.

CXLIX.

In stabulum ubi natus est Dominus.

Illa domus stabulum? non est, Puer auree, non est:
Illa domus, qua tu nasceris, est stabulum?

Illa domus toto domus est pulcherrima mundo;
Vix coelo dici vult minor illa tuo.[1]
Cernis ut illa suo passim domus ardeat auro?
Cernis ut effusis rideat illa rosis?
Sive aurum non est, nec quae rosa rideat illic;
Ex oculis facile est esse probare tuis.

Οἶκος ὅδ' ἐστ' αὐλή; οὐ μή. τεὸς οἶκος, Ἰησοῦ,
Εν θ' ᾧ τὺ τίκτῃ αὔλιον οὐ πέλεται.
Οἴκων μὲν πάντων μάλα δὴ κάλλιστος ἐκεῖνος·
Οὐρανοῦ οὐδὲ τεοῦ μικρότερος πέλεται.
Ἠνίδε κεῖνο νέῳ δῶμ' ἐμπυρίζετο χρυσῷ,
Ἠνίδε κεῖνο νέοις δῶμα ῥόδοισι γελᾷ.
Ην ῥόδον οὐχὶ γελᾷ, ἢν οὐδέ τε χρυσὸς ἐκεῖθεν·
Ἐκ σοῦ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐστιν ἐλεγχέμεναι.

On the stable where our Lord was born.

That house a stable? nay, bright Infant, nay:
Where Thou art born — a stable do we say?
Of mansions in this world fairest of all,
That house but little less than heaven we call.
Seest thou that house with golden splendour flush?
Seest thou that house with scatter'd roses blush?
There is no gold, no rose there laughing lies:
It is the light that falls from His fair eyes. A.

[1] Barksdale thus renders the second couplet:

'This house a stable! No: Thy blessèd birth,
Jesus, converts it to a heaven on earth.' G.

CL.

S. Stephanus amicis suis, funus sibi curantibus. Act. vii. 57-60.

Nulla, precor, busto surgant mihi marmora: bustum
Haec mihi sint mortis conscia saxa meae.
Sic nec opus fuerit, notet ut quis carmine bustum,
Pro Domino, dicens, occidit ille suo.
Hic mihi sit tumulus, quem mors dedit ipsa; meique
Ipse hic martyrii sit mihi martyrium.

St. Stephen to his friends, to raise no monument.

I pray you, raise, my friends, no tomb for me,
But let these conscious stones my record be;
Nor will there then be need of verse to tell
That here for his dear Lord a martyr fell.
That which brought death, a tomb shall also bring,
And be the witness of my witnessing. CL.

CLI.

In D. Joannem, quem Domitianus ferventi oleo illaesum indidit.

Illum qui, toto currens vaga flammula mundo,
Non quidem Joannes, ipse sed audit amor—
Illum ignem extingui, bone Domitiane, laboras?
Hoc non est oleum, Domitiane, dare.[1]

On St. John, whom Domitian cast into a caldron of boiling oil, he unhurt.

That fire—which o'er the world a wandering flame,
Bears not the name of John, but Love's own name—

[1] Barksdale, as before, thus renders the closing couplet:
'John is Christ's flame; Domitian, in thine ire,
Canst thou e'er hope with oil to extinguish fire?' G.

To quench, my good Domitian, dost thou toil?
Fire scarce is quench'd, methinks, by adding oil. CL.

CLII.

In tenellos martyres.

Ah, qui tam propero cecidit sic funere, vitae
Hoc habuit tantum, possit ut ille mori.
At cujus Deus est sic usus funere, mortis
Hoc tantum, ut possit vivere semper, habet.

The infant-martyrs.

Fallen, alàs, in life's most tender dawn,
With only so much life as die they may.
But they 'gainst whom Death's arrows thus are drawn,
Only taste death that they may live for aye. G.

CLIII.

Attulerunt ei omnes male affectos daemoniacos, lunaticos: et sanavit eos. Matt. iv. 24.

Collige te tibi, torve Draco, furiasque facesque,
Quasque vocant pestes nox Erebusque suas:
Fac colubros jam tota suos tua vibret Erinnys;
Collige, collige te fortiter, ut pereas.

They brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatick, and those that had the palsy; and He healed them.

Gather thy powers, grim Dragon, furies, flames,
All plagues which Erebus or midnight claims,

Bid each Erinnys high her serpents flourish;
Bring all, bring all, that thou mayst wholly perish.[1]

R. Wi.

CLIV.

Tuam ipsius animam pertransibit gladius. Luc. ii. 35.

Quando habeat gladium tua, Christe, tragoedia nullum,
Quis fuerit gladius, Virgo beata, tuus?
Namque nec ulla alias tibi sunt data vulnera, Virgo,
Quam quae a vulneribus sunt data, Christe, tuis.
Forsan quando senex jam caligantior esset,
Quod Simeon gladium credidit, hasta fuit.
Immo neque hasta fuit, neque clavus, sed neque spina:
Hei mihi, spina tamen, clavus et hasta fuit.
Nam queiscunque malis tua, Christe, tragoedia crevit,
Omnia sunt gladius, Virgo beata, tuus.

A sword shall pierce through thy own soul.

Since in the tragedy
Wrought upon Calvary,
No sword, O Christ, hast Thou,
Whence, then, shall come the blow
To Mary, virgin-mother?

Not any wounds are given,
Save as her Son is riven:
No sword, O Christ, hast Thou;
Whence, then, shall come the blow
To Mary, virgin-mother?

[1] Barksdale thus renders the latter couplet:
'Do, Dragon, do, thy snakes together call,
That by Christ's virtue they may perish all.' G.

Perchance the dim-ey'd seer
By sword intended spear:
No sword, O Christ, hast Thou;
Whence, then, shall come the blow
To Mary, virgin-mother?

Not spear or nail or thorn,
Yet by all these I'm torn:
No sword, O Christ, hast Thou;
O whence, then, comes the blow
To Mary, virgin-mother?

In the dread tragedy
Wrought upon Calvary,
Whate'er, O suff'ring Lord,
Smote Thee, pierc'd as a sword
Mary, the virgin-mother. G.

CLV.

In sanguinem circumcisionis dominicae. Ad convivas, quos haec dies apud nos solennes habet.

Heus, conviva! bibin'? Maria haec, Mariaeque puellus,
Mittunt de prelo musta bibenda suo.
Una quidem est, toti quae par tamen unica mundo,
Unica gutta, suo quae tremit orbiculo.
O bibite hinc; quale aut quantum vos cunque bibistis,
Credite mi, nil tam suave bibistis adhuc.
O bibite et bibite, et restat tamen usque bibendum:
Restat, quod poterit nulla domare sitis.
Scilicet hic, mensura sitis, mensura bibendi est:
Haec quantum cupias vina bibisse, bibis.

On the blood of the Lord's circumcision.

Ah, friend, wilt drink? Mary and her Babe divine
Send from their press, for drinking, this new wine.
One drop, yet this round world in worth resembling,
A single drop in tiny circlet trembling.
Drink hence; whate'er ye've drunk, how much soever,
Trust me, such pleasant drink ye've met with never.
Drink, drink again; to drink is left for you—
Is left what mortal thirst can ne'er subdue.
Thirst's limit here will drinking's bound define:
You drink all that you would drink of this wine.

R. Wi.

CLVI.

Puer Jesus inter doctores. Luc. ii. 46.

Fallitur, ad mentum qui pendit quemque profundum,
Ceu possint laeves nil sapuisse genae.
Scilicet e barba male mensuratur Apollo;
Et bene cum capitis stat nive, mentis hyems.
Discat, et a tenero disci quoque posse magistro,
Canitiem capitis nec putet esse caput.

The Child Jesus among the doctors.

To weigh a man by bearded chin is vain,
As if smooth cheeks no wisdom could contain.
Forsooth the beard is a poor gauge of wit;
With mental winter snowy head may fit.
Hear what wise words from a Child-teacher fall,
Nor think a hoary head the head of all. R. Wi.

CLVII.

Ad Christum, de aqua in vinum versa. **Joan. ii. 1-11.**

Signa tuis tuus hostis habet contraria signis:
In vinum tristes tu mihi vertis aquas.
Ille autem e vino lacrymas et jurgia ducens,
Vina iterum in tristes, hei mihi! mutat aquas.

To our Lord, upon the water made wine.

Thou water turn'st to wine, faire friend of life;
Thy foe, to crosse the sweet arts of Thy reigne,
Distills from thence the teares of wrath and strife,
And so turnes wine to water backe againe. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Blessing's in Thy every sign,
But the Tempter each pollutes:
Thou the water makest wine,
He the wine to woe transmutes. G.

CLVIII.

Christus infans Patri sistitur in templo. **Luc. ii. 22-33.**

Agnus eat ludatque, licet, sub patre petulco;
Cumque sua longum conjuge turtur agat.
Conciliatorem nihil hic opus ire per agnum,
Nec tener ut volucris non sua fata ferat.
Hactenus exigua haec, quasi munera, lusimus; haec quae
Multum excusanti sunt capienda manu.
Hoc donum est; de quo, toto tibi dicimus ore,
Sume, Pater: meritis hoc tibi sume suis.

Donum hoc est, hoc est; quod scilicet audeat ipso
Esse Deo dignum: scilicet ipse Deus.

The Infant Christ is presented to the Father in the temple.

Let the lamb go, by hornèd sire to play;
The turtle, with its mate, flee far away:
No need is here of lamb to mediate,
Or tender bird to bear another's fate.
At those poor offerings once, as 'twere, we play'd,
Receiv'd by One who much allowance made.
This is a gift the full-voic'd boast to wake,
'Take it, O Father, on its merits take.'
A gift, a gift this is, which need not fear
Being fit for God, since God Himself is here. R. Wi.

CLIX.

Leprosus Dominum implorans. **Matt. viii. 2.**

Credo quod ista potes, velles modo: sed quia credo,
Christe, quod ista potes, credo quod ista voles.
Tu modo, tu faciles mihi, sol meus, exere vultus;
Non poterit radios nix mea ferre tuos.[1]

The leper beseeching.

I believe, Lord, Thou'rt able if Thou'rt willing,
And I believe Thou'rt willing as Thou'rt able.
Shine on me, O my Sun: Thy rays distilling,
Shall melt my snow, and give me healing stable. G.

[1] Barksdale, as before, thus renders the closing couplet:

'Shine forth, my Sun: soon as Thy beams are felt,
Thy gracious healing beams, my snow will melt.' G.

CLX.

Christus in tempestate. Matt. viii. 23-27.

Quod fervet tanto circum te, Christe, tumultu,
Non hoc ira maris, Christe, sed ambitio est.
Haec illa ambitio est, hoc tanto te rogat ore,
Possit ut ad monitus, Christe, tacere tuos.

Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith?

As if the storme meant Him,
Or 'cause Heaven's face is dim,
His needs a cloud.
Was ever froward wind
That could be so unkind,
Or wave so proud?
The wind had need be angry, and the water black,
That to the mighty Neptune's Self dare threaten wrack.
There is no storm but this
Of your own cowardise
That braves you out;
You are the storme that mocks
Yourselves; you are the rocks
Of your owne doubt:
Besides this feare of danger there's no danger here,
And he that here feares danger does deserve his feare. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

That the Sea with such violence falls on,
'Tis not his malice, but ambition:
This the ambition, this the loud request,
At Thy command, O Christ, to take his rest. B.

CLXI.

Annunciant ritus, quos non licet nobis suscipere, cum simus Romani. Act. xvi. 21.

Hoc Caesar tibi, Roma, tuus dedit, armaque? solis
Romanis igitur non licet esse piis?
Ah, melius, tragicis nullus tibi Caesar in armis
Altus anhelanti detonuisset equo;
Nec domini volucris facies horrenda per orbem
Sueta tibi in signis torva venire tuis:
Quam miser ut staret de te tibi, Roma, triumphus,
Ut tanta fieres ambitione nihil.
Non tibi, sed sceleri vincis: proh laurea tristis,
Laurea, Cerbereis aptior umbra comis.
Tam turpi vix ipse pater diademate Pluto,
Vix sedet ipse suo tam niger in solio.
De tot Caesareis redit hoc tibi, Roma, triumphis:
Caesaree, aut, quod idem est, egregie misera es.

They teach customs which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans.

Rome, have thy Cæsar's arms wrought this for thee,
That Romans only may not Christians be?
Better for thee no Cæsar had waged war,
High-thundering on his fiery steed afar;
Nor eagle's lordly form o'er all the world
Had aye on thy stern ensigns been unfurl'd.
How poor a triumph, Rome, o'er thyself wrought,
By dint of such ambition to be—nought!

Conquering for sin, not Rome; sad laurel-wreath,
More fit to shadow Cerberus' locks beneath.
Old Pluto scarce wears diadem so base,
Sits scarce so swart enthron'd in his own place.
Cæsarean triumphs, Rome, win this for thee—
Cæsarean, that is, highest misery. R. Wi.

CLXII.

Hic lapis fiat panis. Matt. iv. 3.

Et fuit ille lapis, quidni sit dicere? panis,
Christe, fuit: panis sed tuus ille fuit.
Quippe Patris cum sic tulerit suprema voluntas,
Est panis, panem non habuisse, tuus.

Ἄρτος ἔην τοι δῆτ', εἰπεῖν θέμις ἐστίν, ἐκεῖνος,
Χριστὲ, τοι ἄρτος ἔην καὶ λίθος, ἀλλὰ τεός.
Ἦν οὕτως τοῦ πατρὸς ἔῃ μεγάλου τὸ θέλημα,
Ἄρτος ὅτ' οὐκ ἦν τοι, Χριστὲ, τοι ἄρτος ἔην.

Command that this stone become a loaf.

And so it was; bread was that stone;
Such bread, Christ, as was all Thine own.
Since God so will'd that it should be,
To have no bread was bread to Thee. G.

CLXIII.

Mulier Canaanitis. Matt. xv. 22.

Quicquid Amazoniis dedit olim fama puellis,
Credite: Amazoniam cernimus, ecce, fidem.
Foemina, tam fortis fidei? jam credo fidem esse
Plus quam grammatice foeminei generis.

The woman of Canaan.

Whate'er Fame tells of Amazons of old,
Believe: here Amazonian faith behold.
Of such strong faith a woman? Faith I see
More than in grammar feminine to be. R. Wi.

CLXIV.

Deus, post expulsum daemonem mutum, maledicis Judaeis os obturat. Luc. xi. 14.

Una pene opera duplicem tibi daemona frangis:
Iste quidem daemon mutus; at ille loquax.
Scilicet in laudes, quae non tibi laurea surgit?
Non magis hic loquitur, quam tacet ille tuas.

Upon the dumbe devill cast out, and the slanderous Jewes put to silence.

Two devills at one blow Thou hast laid flat;
A speaking devill this, a dumbe one that.
Was't Thy full victorie's fairer increase,
That th' one spake, or that th' other held his peace?
Cr.

CLXV.

Dicebant, Vere hic est Propheta. Joan. vi. 14.

Post tot quae videant, tot quae miracula tangant,
Haec et quae gustent, Christe, dabas populo:
Jam Vates, Rex, et quicquid pia nomina possunt,
Christus erat: vellem dicere, venter erat.
Namque his, quicquid erat Christus, de ventre repleto
Omne illud vero nomine venter erat.

They said, This is of a truth that Prophet.

When Christ had given the multitude so much,
So many miracles to see, taste, touch;
Now Prophet, King, the holiest name Heaven wishes,
Was Christ: I'd rather call it 'Loaves and fishes.'
Whate'er Christ was, to their stay'd appetite
'Twas all more truly 'Loaves and fishes' dight. R. Wi.

CLXVI.

Christus ambulabat in porticu Salomonis, et hyems erat.
Joan. x. 22.

Bruma fuit? non, non; ah, non fuit ore sub isto:
Si fuit, haud anni, nec sua bruma fuit.
Bruma tibi vernis velit ire decentior horis,
Per sibi non natas expatiata rosas.
At tibi ne possit se tam bene bruma negare,
Sola haec, quam vibrat gens tua, grando[1] vetat.

It was winter, and Jesus walked in Solomon's porch.

Was't winter? No, O no; beneath that Face:
At least no natural winter there found place.
Winter for Thee would breathe Spring's beauteous hours,
With roses crowd its unaccustom'd bowers.
But lest so sweetly Winter should retire,
Lo, this hail hinders, hurl'd by Jewish ire. R. Wi.

[1] Ver. 31. Sustulerunt lapides. Cr.

CLXVII.

Dederunt nummos militibus. Matt. xxviii. 12.

Ne miles velit ista loqui, tu munera donas?
Donas, quod possit, cum tacet ipse, loqui.
Quae facis a quoquam, pretio suadente, taceri;
Clarius, et dici turpius ista facis.

They gave large money to the soldiers.

The soldiers' silence is't with money bought?
Thy gift will tell a tale, though they say nought.
Whatever with a bribe thou fain wouldst hide,
More shamefully thou spreadest far and wide. R. Wi.

CLXVIII.

Beatae Virgini: de salutatione angelica. Luc. i. 26-28.

Χαῖρε suum neque Caesareus jam nuntiet ales;
Χαῖρε tuum penna candidiore venit.
Sed taceat, qui χαῖρε tuum quoque nuntiat, ales;
Χαῖρε meum penna candidiore venit.
Quis dicat mihi χαῖρε meum mage candidus autor,
Quam tibi quae dicat candidus ille tuum?
Virgo, rogas, quid candidius quam candidus ille
Esse potest? Virgo, quae rogat, esse potest.
Χαῖρε tuum, Virgo, donet tibi candidus ille;
Donas candidior tu mihi χαῖρε meum.
Χαῖρε meum de χαῖρε tuo quid differat, audi:
Ille tuum dicit, tu paris, ecce, meum.

To the blessed Virgin: concerning the angelic salutation.

Its 'hail' Cæsarean eagle need not bring;
Thy 'hail' comes wafted on a whiter wing.
But let the 'all-hail' angel e'en be still;
My 'hail' comes flitting on a whiter quill.
To say my 'hail' what whiter being can be
Than that white being who utters thine to thee?
Virgin, dost ask what whiter than that white
Might be? The Virgin who is asking, might.
That white one, Virgin, may give 'hail' to thee;
But thou, more white, dost give my 'hail' to me.
My 'hail' o'er thy 'hail,' wouldst thou know its worth;
He utters thine, but mine thou bringest forth. R. Wi.

CLXIX.

Pontio lavanti. Matt. xxvii. 24.

Non satis est caedes, nisi stuprum hoc insuper addas,
Et tam virgineae sis violator aquae?
Nympha quidem pura haec et honesti filia fontis
Luget, adulterio jam temerata tuo.
Casta verecundo properat cum murmure gutta,
Nec satis in lacrymam se putat esse suam.
Desine tam nitidos stuprare, ah desine, rores:
Aut dic, quae miseras unda lavabit aquas.

To Pontius washing his blood-stained hands.

Is murther no sin? or a sin so cheape
That thou need'st heape
A rape upon't? Till thy adult'rous touch
Taught her these sullied cheeks, this blubber'd face,
She was a nimph, the meadowes knew none such;
Of honest parentage, of unstain'd race;
The daughter of a faire and well-fam'd fountaine
As ever silver-tipt the side of shady mountaine.

See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appeares
Nothing but teares:
Each drop's a teare that weeps for her own wast.
Harke how at every touch she does complaine her,
Harke how she bids her frighted drops make hast,
And with sad murmurs chides the hands that stain her.
Leave, leave, for shame; or else, good judge, decree
What water shal wash this when this hath washèd thee.

CR.

CLXX.

In die passionis dominicae.

Tamne ego sim tetricus? valeant jejunia: vinum
Est mihi dulce meo, nec pudet esse, cado.
Est mihi quod castis, neque prelum passa, racemis
Palmite virgineo protulit uva parens.
Hoc mihi, ter denis sat enim maturuit annis,
Tandem, ecce, e dolio praebibit hasta suo.

Jamque it; et ô quanto calet actus aromate torrens,
Acer ut hinc aura divite currit odor!
Quae rosa per cyathos volitat tam vina Falernos?
Massica quae tanto sidere vina tremunt?
O ego nescibam; atque ecce est vinum illud amoris,
Unde ego sim tantis, unde ego par cyathis.
Vincor: et ô istis totus prope misceor auris:
Non ego sum tantis, non ego par cyathis.
Sed quid ego invicti metuo bona robora vini?
Ecce est, quae validum diluit[1] unda merum.

On the day of the Lord's Passion.

Should I be dull? Fastings farewell! Sweet wine
I have—nor am asham'd—in cask of mine,
Which the full grape, unprest, from virgin shoot
Produced for me in purest cluster'd fruit.
This wine, now mellow'd by the thirtieth year,
Lo, from the 'wood' will pour at touch of spear.
It pours, and O how sweet the torrent glows,
How sharp an odour on the rich air flows!
What bouquet thus breathes from Falernian jars?
What Massic wines tremble beneath such stars?
O, I knew not; and, lo, this is Love's wine,
Whence I such draughts, e'en I, need not decline.
Vanquish'd, I wholly faint these airs along;
I am no match, not I, for draughts so strong.
But wherefore fear I their blest strength divine?
Behold the water mingled with the wine! R. Wi.

[1] . . . Et continuo exivit sanguis et aqua. Cr.

CLXXI.

In die resurrectionis dominicae venit ad sepulchrum Magdalena ferens aromata.

Quin et tu quoque busta tui Phoenicis adora;
Tu quoque fer tristes, mens mea, delicias.
Si nec aromata sunt, nec quod tibi fragrat amomum;
Qualis Magdalina est messis odora manu.
Est quod aromatibus praestat, quod praestat amomo:
Haec tibi mollicula, haec gemmea lacrymula.
Et lacryma est aliquid: neque frustra Magdala flevit:
Sentiit haec, lacrymas non nihil esse suas.
His illa, et tunc cum Domini caput iret amomo,
Invidiam capitis fecerat esse pedes.
Nunc quoque cum sinus huic tanto sub aromate sudet,
Plus capit ex oculis, quo litet, illa suis.
Christe, decent lacrymae: decet isto rore rigari
Vitae hoc aeternum mane tuumque diem.

On the day of our Lord's resurrection, the Magdalene bearing spices cometh to the sepulchre. Marc. xvi. 1; Luc. xxiv. 1.

Come thou too, thou; kneel by thy Phœnix' tomb;
Bring thy poor offerings too, my soul, and come.
With thee no herbs and fragrant spice are seen—
Such odorous tribute gave the Magdalene;
But these—no herbs nor spices equal them—
These little liquid drops, each tear a gem.
One tear is much: thine did not fall in vain,
Sweet Magdalene; thou knewest the tears were gain.

With these—her Lord's head in amomum laid—
The humble feet the head's despair she made.
Now, while her breast moist with such fragrance lies,
She in a strife draws sweeter from her eyes.
Lord Christ, these tears are well: well fits it too
Life's everlasting morn drip with such dew. A.

CLXXII.

In cicatrices Domini adhuc superstites. Luc. xxiv. 31.

Arma vides; arcus, pharetramque levesque sagittas,
Et quocunque fuit nomine miles Amor.
His fuit usus Amor: sed et haec fuit ipse; suumque
Et jaculum, et jaculis ipse pharetra suis.
Nunc splendent tantum, et deterso pulvere belli
E memori pendent nomina magna tholo.
Tempus erit tamen, haec irae quando arma pharetramque,
Et sobolem pharetrae spicula tradet Amor.
Heu, qua tunc anima, quo stabit conscia vultu,
Quum scelus agnoscet dextera quaeque suum?
Improbe, quae dederis, cernes ibi vulnera, miles,
Qua tibi cunque tuus luserit arte furor.
Seu digito suadente tuo mala laurus inibat
Temporibus; sacrum seu bibit hasta latus:
Sive tuo clavi saevum rubuere sub ictu;
Seu puduit jussis ire flagella tuis.
Improbe, quae dederis, cernes ibi vulnera, miles:
Quod dederis vulnus, cernere, vulnus erit.

Plaga sui vindex clavosque rependet et hastam :
Quoque rependet, erit clavus et hasta sibi.
Quis tam terribiles, tam justas moverit iras ?
Vulnera pugnabunt, Christe, vel ipsa tibi.

On the scars of the Lord still remaining.

Arms see—bows, quiver, arrows flying far,
And every style in which Love went to war.
These arms Love used—nay, Himself was : His own
Dart and darts' quiver was Himself alone.
Now they but shine, and, dusty battle ended,
In treasur'd glory are on high suspended.
Time comes when unto Wrath these arms, both quiver
And quiver's offspring, darts, Love will deliver.
Ah, with what thoughts, what countenance wilt thou stand
When its own guilt comes home to each right hand ?
Wretch, thou wilt see the wounds which thou hast made,
And with what fatal skill thy fury play'd :
Whether with bloody wreath thy fingers plied
His temples, or thy spear drank His dear side ;
Or 'neath thy blow nails turn'd a cruel red,
Or the scourge blush'd as at thy call it sped.
Wretch, there the wounds thou gavest thou shalt see :
To see the wound thou gav'st a wound shall be.
Stroke self-avenging follows nails and spear :
Its nail and spear of recompense are here.
Such awful righteous wrath who would excite ?
Thy very wounds, O Christ, for Thee will fight. R. Wi.

CLXXIII.

Pacem meam do vobis. Joan. xiv. 27.

Bella vocant : arma, ô socii, nostra arma paremus
Atque enses : nostros scilicet, ah, jugulos.
Cur ego bella paro, cum Christus det mihi pacem ?
Quod Christus pacem dat mihi, bella paro.
Ille dedit, nam quis potuit dare certior autor ?
Ille dedit pacem : sed dedit ille suam.

My peace I give unto you.

War calls : O friends, our arms let us prepare,
And swords ; forsooth, our throats let us lay bare.
Why war prepare, if Christ His peace afford ?
Because Christ gives me peace, I take the sword.
He gave—what surer giver can be shown ?
He gave the peace, but then He gave His own. R. Wi.

CLXXIV.

In D. Paulum illuminatum simul et excaecatum. Act. ix. 8, 9.

Quae, Christe, ambigua haec bifidi tibi gloria teli est,
Quod simul huic oculos abstulit atque dedit ?
Sancta dies animi, hac oculorum in nocte, latebat ;
Te ut possit Paulus cernere, caecus erat.

Paul's conversion and blindness.

Why, Lord, this twofold glory of Thy ray,
Giving him sight whose sight it takes away?
Paul in that night God's inner light shall find :
That he may see The Christ his eyes are blind. Cl.

CLXXV.

Ego sum Via. Ad Judaeos spretores Christi. Joan. xiv. 6.

O sed nec calcanda tamen : pes improbe, pergis ?
Improbe pes, ergo hoc coeli erat ire viam ?
Ah pereat, Judaee ferox, pes improbus ille,
Qui coeli tritam sic facit esse viam.

I am the Way. To the Jewish despisers of Christ.

Not to be trampled on, though : vile foot, stay ;
Vile foot, is this to tread the heavenly Way ?
Let that fierce Jewish foot to death be given,
Which thus wears out the blessèd Way to heaven. R. Wi.

CLXXVI.

In nocturnum et hyemale iter infantis Domini. Matt. ii. 19-21.

Ergo viatores teneros, cum Prole parentem,
Nox habet hos, queis est digna nec ulla dies.
Nam quid ad haec Pueri vel labra genasve parentis ?
Heu, quid ad haec facient oscula, nox et hyems !
Lilia ad haec facerent, faceret rosa ; quicquid et halat
Aeterna Zephyrus qui tepet in viola.
Hi meruere, quibus vel nox sit nulla ; vel ulla
Si sit, eat nostra purius illa die.
Ecce sed hos quoque nox et hyems clausere tenellos :
Et quis scit, quid nox, quid meditetur hyems ?
Ah, ne quid meditetur hyems saevire per Austros,
Quaeque solet nigros nox mala ferre metus !

Ah, ne noctis eat currus non mollibus Euris,
Aspera ne tetricos nuntiet aura Notos!
Heu, quot habent tenebrae, quot vera pericula secum,
Quot noctem dominam quantaque monstra colunt!
Quot vaga quae falsis veniunt ludibria formis!
Trux oculus, Stygio concolor ala Deo!
Seu veris ea, sive vagis stant monstra figuris;
Virginei satis est hinc, satis inde metus.
Ergo veni; totoque veni resonantior arcu,
Cynthia, praegnantem clange procul pharetram.
Monstra vel ista vel illa, tuis sint meta sagittis:
Nec fratris jaculum certior aura vehat.
Ergo veni, totoque veni, flagrantior ore,
Dignaque Apollineas sustinuisse vices.
Scis bene quid deceat Phoebi lucere sororem:
Ex his, si nescis, Cynthia, disce genis.
O tua, in his, quanto lampas formosior iret!
Nox suam, ab his, quanto malit habere diem!
Quantum ageret tacitos haec luna modestior ignes,
Atque verecundis sobria staret equis!
Luna, tuae non est rosa tam pudibunda diei,
Nec tam Virgineo fax tua flore tremit.
Ergo veni; sed et astra, tuas age, Cynthia, turmas:
Illa oculos pueri, quos imitentur, habent.
Hinc oculo, hinc astro: at parili face nictat utrumque;
Aetheris os, atque os aethereum Pueri.
Aspice, quam bene res utriusque deceret utrumque!
Quam bene in alternas mutua regna manus!

Ille oculus coeli hoc si staret in aethere frontis;
Sive astrum hoc Pueri fronte sub aetherea.
Si Pueri hoc astrum aetherea sub fronte micaret,
Credat et hunc oculum non minus esse suum.
Ille oculus coeli, hoc si staret in aethere frontis,
Non minus in coelis se putet esse suis.
Tam pulchras variare vices cum fronte Puelli,
Cumque Puelli oculis aether et astra queant.
Astra quidem vellent; vellent aeterna pacisci
Foedera mutatae sedis inire vicem.
Aether et ipse, licet numero tam dispare, vellet
Mutatis oculis tam bona pacta dari.
Quippe iret coelum quanto melioribus astris,
Astra sua hos oculos si modo habere queat!
Quippe astra in coelo quantum meliore micarent,
Si frontem hanc possint coelum habuisse suum.
Aether et astra velint: frustra velit aether et astra:
Ecce negat Pueri frons, oculique negant.
Ah, neget illa, negent illi: nam quem aethera mallent
Isti oculi? aut frons haec quae magis astra velit?
Quid si aliquod blanda face lene renideat astrum?
Lactea si coeli terque quaterque via est?
Blandior hic oculus, roseo hoc qui ridet in ore;
Lactea frons haec est terque quaterque magis.
Ergo negent, coelumque suum sua sidera servent:
Sidera de coelis non bene danda suis.
Ergo negant: seque ecce sua sub nube recondunt,
Sub tenera occidui nube supercilii:

Nec claudi contenta sui munimine coeli,
  Quaerunt in gremio matris ubi lateant.
Non nisi sic tactis ubi nix tepet illa pruinis,
  Castaque non gelido frigore vernat hyems.
Scilicet iste dies tam pulchro vespere tingi
  Dignus; et hos soles sic decet occidere.
Claudat purpureus qui claudit vesper Olympum;
  Puniceo placeas tu tibi, Phoebe, toro;
Dum tibi lascivam Thetis auget adultera noctem,
  Pone per Hesperias strata pudenda rosas.
Illas nempe rosas, quas conscia purpura pinxit;
  Culpa pudorque suus queis dedit esse rosas.
Hos soles, niveae noctes, castumque cubile,
  Quod purum sternet per mare virgo Thetis;
Hos, sancti flores; hos, tam sincera decebant
  Lilia; quaeque sibi non rubuere rosae.
Hos, decuit sinus hic; ubi toto sidere proni
  Ecce lavant sese lacteo in oceano.
Atque lavent: tandemque suo se mane resolvant,
  Ipsa dies ex hoc ut bibat ore diem.

On the night and winter journey of the Infant Lord.

These tender travellers, feel they Night's dark sway,
Mother and Child, too good for whitest day?
For how will mother's cheeks, or lips of Child,
How kisses fare, from Night and Winter wild?
With lilies these, with roses, should be blest,
Or sweetest breath of violet-perfum'd West.

Such travellers merited to have no night,
Or, if at all, one whiter than our light.
Winter and Night these tender ones enclose,
And what Night plots, or Winter, ah, who knows?
Ah, lest fell Winter with its north-winds rage,
Ill-omen'd Night its wonted fears engage.
Ah, lest rough east-winds should Night's chariot draw,
Or harsh south-winds should shake the heart with awe.
What real perils troop in Darkness' train,
Over what monsters Night extends her reign:
What vagrant phantoms, which in false shapes go,
Stern-ey'd, black-pinion'd, like the gods below!
But standing forth in false forms or in true,
For these, for those, a Virgin's dread is due.
Come then, come, Cynthia, with resounding bow,
And clang thy full-charg'd quiver at the foe.
These monsters, those, thy darts unerring share,
Nor truer aim thy brother's arrows bear:
Come, then, O come, with all thy face a-flame,
Worthy thyself to take Apollo's name.
Thou know'st how Phœbus' sister ought to shine;
If not, learn, Cynthia, from these cheeks divine.
Placed here thy torch more beauty would display,
And Night from hence prefer to draw its day;
Such moon more modest shed its silent beam,
And shamefac'd stay her softly-going team.
O Moon, thy day no rose so chaste resembles,
Thy torch with no such virgin beauty trembles.

Come then, but bring thy troops of stars likewise;
For they can try to shine like the Child's eyes.
An eye, a star, twinkling with equal grace,
The face of heaven and the Child's heavenly face.
How well the charm of each transferr'd would show,
From hand to hand the mutual sceptres go!
Whether heaven's eye should deck His skiey brow,
Or the Child's star adorn heaven's forehead now.
If the Child's star on heaven's forehead shone,
That eye would seem to Him not less His own.
Place on His skiey forehead heaven's eye,
Not less 'twould deem itself in its own sky.
Such interchanges might the stars and skies
Make charmingly with the Child's brow and eyes.
For change of place the stars indeed might like
An everlasting treaty now to strike;
And differing though in numbers, e'en the skies
Might wish to bargain for a change of eyes.
With how much better stars the sky would shine,
If as its stars it had these eyes divine!
The stars would shine in how much better heaven,
If as their sky this brow divine were given!
So sky and stars may choose—in vain they choose;
For the Child's brow and His fair eyes refuse.
Ah, wisely; for these eyes what better heaven
Could wish? what better stars to brow be given?
What though some gentle star more softly gleams?
What if heaven's way thrice, four times, milky seems?

Softer this eye which smiles in ruddy face;
This milk-white brow, thrice, four times is its grace.
To quit their heaven, let then these stars deny;
Stars ought not to be ta'en from their own sky.
They do deny; and soon in cloud are hid,
In tender shadow of the drooping lid.
Nor with their own defence content they rest,
But seek a hiding-place in mother's breast.
Thus the snow melts where His warm touch is plac'd,
And genial Spring blooms out of Winter chaste.
Such day such evening-dew deserves to drink;
Such suns in such a bed deserve to sink.
Sky-closing Eve, thy purple veil entwine,
Sun, thy luxurious couch incarnadine;
While wanton Thetis day too early closes,
Thy shameless bed place 'mid Hesperian roses;
Roses, forsooth, by conscious blushes painted,
By sin with its own tell-tale redness tainted.
Nights snowy-white, chaste couch to these suns be,
Which virgin Thetis spreads o'er lucent sea;
All-holy flowers, lilies inviolate,
Roses with innocent blush upon them wait.
Be theirs this bosom, where reclin'd all night
They bathe themselves in ocean milky-white.
And let them bathe, till their own morn say, rise;
And Day itself drink splendour from these eyes. R. Wi.

CLXXVII.

Non dico, me rogaturum Patrem pro vobis. Joan. xvi. 26.

Ah tamen ipse roga : tibi scilicet ille roganti
Esse nequit durus, nec solet esse, Pater.
Ille suos omni facie te figit amores ;
Inque tuos toto effunditur ore sinus.
Quippe, tuos spectans oculos, se spectat in illis ;
Inque tuo, Jesu, se fovet ipse sinu.
Ex te metitur sese, et sua numina discit :
Inde repercussus redditur ipse sibi.
Ille tibi se, te ille sibi par nectit utrinque :
Tam tuus est, ut nec sit magis ille suus.
Ergo roga : ipse roga : tibi scilicet ille roganti
Esse nequit durus, nec solet esse, Pater.
Illum ut ego rogitem ? Hoc, eheu, non ore rogandum ;
Ore satis puras non faciente preces.
Illum ego si rogitem, quis scit quibus ille procellis
Surgat, et in miserum hoc quae tonet ira caput ?
Isto etiam forsan veniet mihi fulmen ab ore :
Saepe isto certe fulmen ab ore venit.
Ille una irati forsan me cuspide verbi,
Uno me nutu figet, et interii :
Non ego, non rogitem : mihi scilicet ille roganti
Durior esse potest, et solet esse, Pater.
Immo rogabo : nec ore meo tamen : immo rogabo
Ore meo, Jesu, scilicet ore tuo.

I do not say that I will pray the Father for you.

Yea, Lord, ask Thou: He is not wont to be,
He cannot prove unkind, if ask'd of Thee.
With favouring eyes He makes Thee all His love;
Toward Thine heart, Lord, His whole affections move.
Beholding Thy fair eyes Himself He sees;
In Thy pure breast Himself He cherishes.
By Thee He metes Himself, His godhead learns,
And, sweet reversion! to Himself returns.
He Thee, Thou He, in one Ye intertwine;
He is His own no more, He is so Thine.
Yea, Lord, ask Thou: He is not wont to be,
He cannot prove unkind, if ask'd of Thee.
Shall these lips, Lord, ask Him? But how should they?
With rightful words and pure they fail to pray.
If I should ask Him, then, what tempests dread,
What anger thundering o'er this wretched head!
His look perchance would gleam as lightning down—
Yea, oft, I know, as lightning falls His frown.
Perchance the javelin of one angry word,
One nod, would slay, and I should die unheard.
I? I'll not ask: Lord, He is wont to be,
He easy proves unkind, if ask'd of me.
Yet, stay: I'll ask:—not with these lips of mine;
Yea, with my lips,—my lips, Lord, namely Thine. A.

CLXXVIII.

In die ascensionis dominicae. Act. i. 9, 10.

Usque etiam nostros te, Christe, tenemus amores?
Heu, coeli quantam hinc invidiam patimur!
Invidiam patiamur: habent sua sidera coeli,
Quaeque comunt tremulas crispa tot ora faces;
Phoebenque et Phoebum, et tot pictae vellera nubis,
Vellera, quae rosea Sol variavit acu.
Quantum erat, ut sinerent hac una nos face ferri?
Una sit hic: sunt et sint ibi mille faces.
Nil agimus: nam tu quia non ascendis ad illum,
Aether[1] descendit, Christe, vel ipse tibi.

Νῦν ἔτι ἡμέτερόν σε, Χριστὲ, ἔχομεν τὸν ἔρωτα;
Οὐρανοῦ οὖν ὅσσον τὸν φθόνον ὡς ἔχομεν·
Ἀλλὰ ἔχωμεν. ἔχει ἐὰ μὲν τὰ δ' ἀγάλματα αἰθήρ,
Ἄστρα τε καὶ Φοῖβον καὶ καλὰ τῶν νεφελῶν.
Ὅσσον ἔην, ἡμῖν ὄφρ' εἴη ἓν τόδε ἄστρον;
Ἄστρον ἓν ἡμῖν ᾖ· εἰσί τοι ἄστρ' ἑκατόν.
Πάντα μάτην. ὅτι, Χριστὲ, σὺ οὐκ ἀνέβαινες ἐς αὐτόν,
Αὐτὸς μὲν κατέβη οὐρανὸς εἰς σὲ τεός.

On the day of the Lord's ascension.

Still do we keep Thee here, O Christ, our Love?
Ah, envy much we gain from Heaven above!
But be it so: Heaven is with stars a-blaze,
And countless orbs that trick their tremulous rays:
Moon, sun, and colour'd clouds, a fleecy store,
By Evening's rosy touch embroider'd o'er.

[1] Act. i. Nubes susceptum eum abstulit. Cr.

'Twere little they should leave one light below :
Let one be here, a thousand there may glow.
'Tis vain : since Thou ascendest not on high,
To Thee, O Christ, descends the very sky. R. Wi.

CLXXIX.

Caecus implorat Christum. Marc. x. 46-52.

Improba turba, tace. Mihi tam mea vota propinquant,
Et linguam de me vis tacuisse meam ?
Tunc ego tunc taceam, mihi cum meus ille loquetur :
Si nescis, oculos vox habet ista meos.
O noctis miserere meae, miserere ; per illam
In te quae primo riserit ore, diem.
O noctis miserere meae, miserere ; per illam
Quae, nisi te videat, nox velit esse, diem.
O noctis miserere meae, miserere ; per illam
In te quam fidei nox habet ipsa, diem.
Haec animi tam clara dies rogat illam oculorum :
Illam, oro, dederis ; hanc mihi ne rapias.

Νύκτ' ἐλέησον ἐμὴν, ἐλέησον. ναί τοι ἐκεῖνο,
Χριστὲ, ἐμοῦ ἦμαρ, νὺξ ὅδ' ἐμεῖο ἔχει.
Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἐκεῖνο, Θεὸς, δέεται τόδε γνώμης·
Μή μοι τοῦτ' αἴρῃς, δός μοι ἐκεῖνο φάος.[1]

The blind man implores Christ.

Be silent, crowd : my prayers so near me come,
And do you bid my pleading tongue be dumb,

[1] Crashaw must have stopped short in his Greek version of the present and succeeding epigram. G.

Before my Lord to me His speech addresses?
Know, then, that voice of His my eyes possesses.
Pity my night, Lord, pity; by that day
Which smiled on me in Thee with earliest ray:
Pity my night, Lord, pity; by that day
Which if it sees Thee not, for night would pray:
Pity my night, Lord, pity; by that day
Which in faith's dimness fades not quite away.
My mind's clear day bids my eyes' day awake:
This grant, O Lord, nor the other from me take.

R. Wi.

CLXXX.

Quis ex vobis si habeat centum oves, et perdiderit unam ex illis, &c. Luc. xv. 4.

O ut ego angelicis fiam bona gaudia turmis!
Me quoque solicito quaere per arva gradu.
Mille tibi tutis ludunt in montibus agni,
Quos potes haud dubia dicere voce tuos.
Unus ego erravi, quo me meus error agebat;
Unus ego fuerim gaudia plura tibi.
Gaudia non faciunt, quae nec fecere timorem;
Et plus quae donant ipsa peric'la placent.
Horum quos retines fuerit tibi latior usus:
De me quem recipis dulcior usus erit.

Εἷς μὲν ἐγώ, ἧ μοῦ πλάνη περιῆγεν, ἄλημι·
Εἷς δέ τοι σῶς ἔσομαι γηθοσύναι πλέονες.
Ἀμνὸς ὁ μὴ ποιῶν φόβον οὐ ποιεῖ δέ τε χάρμα.
Μείζων τῶν μὲν, ἐμοῦ χρεία δὲ γλυκυτέρη.

What man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, &c.

O might I fire the angel-bands with joy,
Thy seeking steps o'er anxious plains employ!
A thousand lambs on the safe mountains play;
All Thine they are, Thou certainly canst say.
The one that err'd and stray'd behold in me;
Be I the one to bring more joy to Thee!
They give no joy who never caus'd a fear;
Dangers themselves, o'ercome, the more endear.
Of those retain'd, more wide be the employment;
Of me recover'd, sweeter the enjoyment. R. Wi.

CLXXXI.

Herodi D. Jacobum obtruncanti. Act. xii. 2.

Nescis Jacobus quantum hunc tibi debeat ictum,
Quaeque tua in sacrum saeviat ira caput.
Scilicet ipso illi donasti hoc ense coronam,
Quo sacrum absciderás scilicet ense caput.
Abscissum pensare caput quae possit abunde,
Sola haec tam saeva et sacra corona fuit.

Ἓν μὲν, Ἰάκωβε, κεφαλήν τοι ξίφος ἀπῆρεν,
Ἓν τόδε καὶ στέφανον ξίφος ἔδωκε τεόν.
Μοῦνον ἀμείβεσθαι κεφαλὴν, Ἰάκωβε, δύναιτο,
Κεῖνος δὸ' ὡς καλὸς μαρτυρίου στέφανος.

To Herod beheading St. James.

Know'st not how much James owes thee for this stroke,
Or how on his blest head thine anger broke.
Lo, to himself a crown thou dost accord
Forsooth with that selfsame beheading sword.
Only this sacred sanguinary crown
That sunder'd head was able to weigh down. R. Wi.

CLXXXII.

Caeci receptis oculis Christum sequuntur. Matt. xx. 34.

Ecce manu imposita Christus nova sidera ponit:
Sectantur patriam sidera fida manum.
Haec manus his, credo, coelum est: haec scilicet astra
Suspicor esse olim quae geret ille manu.[1]

Χείρ ἐπιβαλλομένη Χριστοῦ ἐπέβαλλεν ὀπωπῶν
Ἄστρα· ὀπηδεύει κεῖνά γε χειρὶ Θεοῦ.
Χείρ αὕτη τούτοις πέλεν οὐρανός. ἄστρα γὰρ οἶμαι
Ἐν χερὶ ταῦτ' οἴσει Χριστὸς ἔπειτα ἐῇ.

The blind men having received their sight follow Christ.

See Christ with outstretcht hand new stars create,
Which on that hand with due observance wait.
That hand, sure, is their heaven: these stars are they
Which He will hold in His right hand one day.

R. Wi.

[1] Rev. i. 16. Cr.

CLXXXIII.

Zachaeus in sycomoro. Luc. xix. 4.

Quid te, quid jactas alienis fructibus, arbor?
Quid tibi cum foliis non, sycomore, tuis?
Quippe istic ramo qui jam tibi nutat ab alto,
Mox e divina Vite racemus erit.

Τίπτ' ἐπικομπάζεις κενεὸν ξείνῳ δέ τε καρπῷ,
Καὶ φύλλοις σεμνὴ μὴ, συκόμωρε, τεοῖς;
Καὶ γὰρ ὅδ' ἐκκρήμνης σοῦ νῦν μετέωρος ἀπ' ἔρνους,
Ἀμπέλου ὁ κλαδὼν ἔσσεται οὐρανίου.

Zaccheus in the sycamore-tree.

Why of strange fruits dost boast, O sycamore?
Of leaves not thine who gave thee such a store?
He who waves to and fro on bough of thine,
A cluster soon will be of the True Vine. R. Wi.

CLXXXIV.

On our crucified Lord naked and bloody.

Th' have left Thee naked, Lord: O that they had!
This garment too I would they had deny'd.
Thee with Thyselfe they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe of Thy side.
O never could bee found garments too good
For Thee to weare, but these of Thine own blood.

CLXXXV.

Sampson to his Dalilah.

Could not once blinding me, cruell, suffice?
When first I look't on thee, I lost mine eyes.

SECULAR EPIGRAMS.

I.

Upon Ford's two Tragedyes, 'Love's Sacrifice' and 'The Broken Heart.'

THOU cheat'st us, Ford; mak'st one seeme two by art:
What is Love's Sacrifice but The Broken Heart?

II.

Vpon the Faire Ethiopian, sent to a gentlewoman.

Lo here the faire Chariclea, in whom strove
So false a fortune and so true a love!
Now after all her toyles by sea and land,
O may she but arrive at your white hand!
Her hopes are crown'd; onely she feares that than
Shee shall appeare true Ethiopian.

III.

On marriage.

I would be married, but I'de have no wife:
I would be married to a single life.

IV.

On Nanus mounted upon an ant.

High-mounted on an ant, Nanus the tall
Was throwne, alas, and got a deadly fall;
Vnder th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies
All torne: with much adoe yet ere he dyes
Hee straines these words: Base Envy, doe laugh on:
Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaethon.

V.

Vpon Venus putting-on Mars his armes.

What, Mars his sword? faire Cytherea, say,
Why art thou arm'd so desperately to-day?
Mars thou hast beaten naked; and, O then,
What needst thou put on armes against poore men?

VI.

Vpon the same.

Pallas saw Venus arm'd, and straight she cry'd:
Come if thou dar'st; thus, thus let us be try'd.
Why, foole! saies Venus, thus provok'st thou mee,
That being nak't, thou know'st could conquer thee?

VII.

Out of Martiall.

Foure teeth thou hadst, that, ranck'd in goodly state,
Kept thy mouth's gate.
The first blast of thy cough left two alone;
The second, none.
This last cough, Delia, cought-out all thy feare;
Th' hast left the third cough now no business here.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These Secular, or, as the word was, 'Humane' Epigrams, all originally appeared in the volume of 1646, as before, and were continued in the after-editions. It is pleasant to have this recognition of John Ford (I.) by Crashaw. The two Tragedies celebrated, appeared in the same year, 1633. The 'Faire Ethiopian' of II. was doubtless William Lisle's poem so named [Lond. 1632],—not given by Hazlitt, *s. n.* The others are too well known to need annotation. These are all preserved, with a collection of others, in the Tanner MS., as before. G.

Latin Poems.

PART FIRST. SACRED.

II.

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

NOTE.

It is my great privilege to be the first to print the following extensive additions to the *Epigrammata Sacra* of Crashaw. They are wholly derived from Archbishop Sancroft's MS. in the Bodleian, as described in our Preface (Vol. I. p. xx.-xxiii.) and in the Preface to the present Volume. For their relation to those published by the Author himself and in the editions of 1634 and 1670, see our Essay, as before. As with Crashaw's own collection (of 1634), the Epigrams seem to have been composed and written down on the spur of the moment as a subject struck him, and hence there is the same absence of arrangement: nor is it much to be lamented, seeing that each is independent. As a rule, I follow the order of the manuscript. For translations of fifteen of these fifty-five Epigrams, viz. Nos. 8, 9, 19, 24, 26, 32, 34, 35, 39, 46, 48, 49, 51, 52, 53, and 55, I am indebted, as for so much more throughout, to my excellent poet-friend the Rev. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., as before: for the others, in Fuller's phrase, 'my meanness is responsible,' except in a few instances wherein Crashaw has himself furnished renderings, or at least little poems less or more corresponding with the Latin; as pointed out in the places. G.

I.

Act. xxviii. 3.

PAULE, nihil metuas, non fert haec vipera virus :
Virtutem vestrae vult didicisse manus.
Oscula, non morsus; supplex, non applicat hostis.
Nec metuenda venit, sed miseranda magis.

St. Paul and the viper.

Paul, fear thou nought; no poison bears this asp :
It seeks to learn the virtue of thy hand.
Not as a foe, but suppliant, it would clasp;
Not fear, but pity, it would fain command. G.

II.

Joan. vi. 14, 26.

Jam credunt, Deus es : Deus est, qui teste palato,
Quique ipsò demum est judice dente Deus.
Scilicet haec sapiunt miracula : de quibus alvus
Proficere, et possit pingue latus fluere.
Haec sua fecisti populo miracula credunt.
Gens pia, et in ventrem relligiosa suum !

The miracle of the loaves.

Now truly they believe that Thou art God !—
God witnessèd by palate and by tooth !—

They know the smack of miracles that load
And swell their paunches; yea, believe, forsooth.
To a most pious race, Lord, Thou appealest,
And stomachs most believing Thou revealest. G.

III.

In lacrymas Christi patientis.

Saeve dolor! potes hoc? oculos quoque perpluis istos?
O quam non meritas haec arat unda genas!
O lacrymas ego flere tuas, ego dignior istud,
Quod tibi cunque cadit roris, habere meum.
Siccine? me tibi flere tuas! ah, mi bone Jesu,
Si possem lacrymas vel mihi flere meas!
Flere meas? immo immo tuas, hoc si modo possem:
Non possem lacrymas, non ego flere meas.
Flere tuas est flere meas, tua lacryma, Christe,
Est mea vel lacryma est si tua, causa mea est.

Of the tears of the suffering Christ.

O cruel Pain! I ask thee how
Thou canst do what thou'rt doing now?
Dost thou also—or is't my fears?—
Drench His sweet eyes with scalding tears?
O how that show'r furrows amain
His undeserving cheek, as rain!
More meet it were that I should know
The tears that from His anguish flow:

More meet it were that I should feel
All dews that down His wan cheek steal:
O is it thus? Would that it were!
That I might weep Thy laden tear:
Yea, blessèd Jesus, would that I
For mine own self could weeping lie:
Mine own tears weep? nay, they are Thine,
For all Thy tears, alas, are mine.
Ah, not a tear that Thou didst shed,
When sorrow bow'd Thy sacred head,
But came of human woe or guilt,
For which at last Thy Blood was spilt;
And even if the tears were Thine,
Being for my sake, they're rather mine. G.

IV.

In sepulcrum Domini. Joan. xix. 38-42.

Jam cedant, veteris cedant miracula saxi,
Unde novus subito fluxerat amne latex.
Tu felix rupes, ubi se lux tertia tollet,
Flammarum sacro fonte superba flues.

The sepulchre of the Lord.

Yield place, ye wonders of the ancient stone
Whence sudden-gushing streams were seen to flow:
When the third day, blest rock, on thee has shone,
Proudly with fount of sacred fire thou'lt glow. G.

V.

Ubi amorem praecipit. Joan. xiii. 14.

Sic magis in numeros morituraque carmina vivit
Dulcior extrema voce caducus olor;
Ut tu inter strepitus odii, et tua funera, Jesu,
Totus amor liquido totus amore sonas.

The parting words of Love.

E'en as the dying swan, sweeter for failing breath,
Dies not, but rather lives, in her last wistful song,
Dost Thou, Lord, mid hate's din and close-approaching death,
As Love, with melting voice, Thy dying love prolong. G.

VI.

Act. xii. 23.

Euge, Deus—pleno populus fremit undique plausu—
Certe non hominem vox sonat, euge, Deus!
Sed tamen iste Deus qui sit, vos dicite, vermes,
Intima turba illi; vos fovet ille sinu.

Herod devoured of worms.

Behold a god! full-voic'd the people cry;
Not man, but god, with shouts they him attest.
What kind of god he is, ye worms, reply—
A crowd that know the secrets of his breast. G.

VII.

Bonum est nobis esse hic.

Cur cupis hic adeo, dormitor Petre, manere?
Somnia non alibi tam bona, Petre, vides.

It is good to be here.

Why seek'st thou, drowsy Peter, here to stay?
Elsewhere such pleasant dreams thou see'st not, eh?[1] G.

VIII.

Videte lilia agrorum . . . nec Salomon, &c. **Matt. vi. 29.**

Candide rex campi, cui floris eburnea pompa est,
Deque nivis fragili vellere longa toga;
Purpureus Salomon impar tibi dicitur esto.
Nempe, quod est melius, par fuit ille rosis.

Look on the lilies of the field . . . not Solomon, &c.

O fairest monarch of the enamell'd field,
Whose is the blossom'd pomp of ivory splendour,
And whose the fleeces, snowy-white, which yield
Long-flowing robes immaculate and tender.
Ah, not like lilies—'tis divinely spoken—
Was Solomon, with sin encrimsonèd;
But not unlike—and 'tis a better token—
Roses tear-wash'd, which hang the blushing head.

R. Wi.

IX.

Marc. vii. 33, 36.

Voce manuque simul linguae tu, Christe, ciendae:
Sistendae nudis vocibus usus eras.
Sane at lingua equus est pronis effusus habenis:
Vox ciet, at sistit non nisi tota manus.

[1] Is the allusion to Peter's following 'afar off,' and after-denial of the Lord? G.

The deaf healed.

To wake the tongue—voice, hand too, Christ would use;
To check it, but a bare word of command.
Really, the tongue is as a horse rein'd-loose—
Starts at a word, stay'd only with strong hand.

R. Wi.

X.

In beatae Virginis verecundiam.

Non est hoc matris, sed, crede, modestia nati,
Quod virgo in gremium dejicit ora suum.
Illic jam Deus est, oculus jam Virginis ergo,
Ut coelum videat, dejiciendus erit.

The modesty of the blessed Virgin.

Not humbleness of mother, but of Child,
Shines in the downward gaze of Virgin mild.
The Virgin gazes where her God doth lie:
She must look down that Heaven may meet her eye.

G.

XI.

Mitto vos sicut agnos in medio luporum.

Hos quoque, an hos igitur saevi lacerabitis agnos?
Hic saltem, hic vobis non licet esse lupis.
At sceleris nulla est clementia, at ergo scietis,
Agnus qui nunc est, est aliquando Leo.

I send you as lambs in the midst of wolves.

These lambs also, e'en these, will ye, then, fiercely tear?
Here to be wolves, at least here, ye will never dare.

Alas, the wicked still are cruel; but ye'll learn
He Who is now a Lamb will one day Lion turn. G.

XII.

Christus a daemone vectus. **Matt. iv.**

Ergo ille, angelicis ô sarcina dignior alis,
Praepete sic Stygio, sic volet ille vehi.
Pessime! nec laetare tamen tu scilicet inde,
Non minus es daemon, non minus ille Deus.

Christ carried by the devil.

Will He—O burden worthier angels' wings!—
Deign to be carried by swift fiend of hell?
Vilest! to thee this no advancement brings;
He no less God, thou no less demon fell. G.

XIII.

Joan. i. 23.

Vox ego sum, dicis: tu vox es, sancte Joannes?
Si vox es, sterilis cur tibi mater erat?
Quam fuit ista tuae mira infoecundia matris!
In vocem sterilis rarior esse solet.

St. John the Baptist a voice.

'I am a voice, a voice,' says holy John.
If so, how should thy mother barren be?
This is unfruitfulness to muse upon;
Tongue-barren women we so seldom see! G.

XIV.

Vox Joannes, Christus Verbum.

Monstrat Joannes Christum, haud res mira videtur:
Vox unus, verbum scilicet alter erat.
Christus Joanne est prior, haec res mira videtur:
Voce sua verbum non solet esse prius.

John the Voice, Christ the Word.

John points out Christ; no wonder this we deem:
One is a Voice, the other is the Word.
Christ is before John; wondrous this may seem;
For when was word before a voice e'er heard? G.

XV.

In natales Domini pastoribus nuntiatos. Luc. ii. 8-19.

Ad te sydereis, ad te, bone Tityre, pennis
Purpureus juvenis gaudia tanta vehit.
O bene te vigilem, cui gaudia tanta feruntur,
Ut neque dum vigilas, te vigilare putes.
Quem sic monstrari voluit pastoribus aether,
Pastor an agnus erat? Pastor et agnus erat.
Ipse Deus cum Pastor erit, quis non erit agnus?
Quis non pastor erit, cum Deus agnus erit?

On the birth of the Lord announced to the shepherds.

To thee, good Tityrus, on starry wings shepherd
The royal angel such 'glad tidings' brings.
Surely the happy watcher never thought
That he was watching when such joys were brought.

And He, Whom thus the heavenly host reveal'd
To shepherds 'mid their flocks in open field,
Tell me, was He a Shepherd or a Lamb?
Shepherd and Lamb at once; He took each name.
Since, then, our God a Shepherd's name doth wear,
The name of lamb who will not wish to bear?
And who will not be shepherd, since God deigns
To be a Lamb, for suffering of sin's pains? G.

XVI.

In Atheniensem merum. Act. xvii. 28.

Ipsos naturae thalamos sapis, imaque rerum
Concilia, et primae quicquid agunt tenebrae,
Quid dubitet refluum mare, quid vaga sydera volvant;
Christus et est studiis res aliena tuis.
Sic scire, est tantum nescire loquacius illa:
Qui nempe illa sapit sola, nec illa sapit.

Of the 'blue-blood' pride of the Athenians.

Thou knowest Nature's secret things
And all her deepest counsellings—
All wonders of the primal Night
Conceal'd from prying human sight;
Knowest how the sea-tide pauses,
The wandering stars too in their causes.
But while to thee, in all else wise,
Christ from thy thoughts an alien lies,
In earthly studies to advance
Is but loquacious ignorance;

And he whose wisdom is but such,
Of those things even knows not much.
O, study thou beneath the Cross,
Or all thy labour is but loss! G.

XVII.

Ego vitis vera. **Joan. xv. 1.**

Credo quidem, sed et hoc hostis te credidit ipse
Caiaphas, et Judas credidit ipse, reor.
Unde illis, Jesu, vitis nisi vera fuisses,
Tanta tui potuit sanguinis esse sitis?

I am the True Vine.

'Believe!' e'en Caiaphas, thy foe, believèd
Thee the True Vine; and Judas too, I think.
Had they not, Lord, Thee as True Vine receivèd,
Could they have thirsted so Thy Blood to drink?
G.

XVIII.

Abscessum Christi queruntur Discipuli.

Ille abiit, jamque ô quae nos mala cunque manetis,
Sistite jam in nostras tela parata neces.
Sistite; nam quibus haec vos olim tela paratis,
Abscessu Domini jam periere sui.

The departure of Christ lamented by the Disciples.

The Lord is gone; and now, all evils dire,
Hold back the darts which for our death you flourish:
Yea, hold them back, nor waste on us your ire,
For with our Lord's departure, lo, we perish. G.

XIX.

In descensum Spiritus Sancti. Act. ii. 1-4.

Quae vehit auratos nubes dulcissima nimbos?
Quis mitem pluviam lucidus imber agit?
Agnosco, nostros haec nubes abstulit ignes:
Haec nubes in nos jam redit igne pari.
O nubem gratam et memorem, quae noluit ultra
Tam saeve de se nos potuisse queri!
O bene; namque alio non posset rore rependi,
Coelo exhalatum quod modo terra dedit.

On the descent of the Holy Spirit.

What sweetest cloud comes wafting golden shower?
What gentle raindrops bring their shining dower?
The cloud which stole our flame, our heart's desire,
This very cloud returns with equal fire.
O kindly-mindful cloud, which could not brook
That we should mourn thee with so sad a look!
'Tis well; no other dew had countervail'd
That which from earth to heaven was late exhal'd.

R. Wi.

XX.

Act. x. 39.

Quis malus appendit de mortis stipite vitam?
O malus agricola, hoc inseruisse fuit?
Immo, quis appendit vitae hac ex arbore mortem?
O bonus Agricola, hoc inseruisse fuit.

What wicked one affix'd Life to Death's tree?
O wretched gard'ner, call'st thou this engrafting?
Nay, tell me who affix'd Death to Life's tree?
O noble Gard'ner, this I call engrafting. G.

XXI.

Ego sum Ostium. Joan. x. 9.

Jamque pates, cordisque seram gravis hasta reclusit,
Et clavi claves undique te reserant.
Ah, vereor, sibi ne manus impia clauserit illas,
Quae coeli has ausa est sic aperire fores.

I am the Doore.

And now th' art set wide ope; the speare's sad art,
Lo, hath unlockt Thee at the very heart.
He to himselfe—I feare the worst—
And his owne hope,
Hath shut these doores of heaven, that durst
Thus set them ope. Cr.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Now Thou art open wide; the barrier dear
Of Thy great heart unclos'd by cruel spear;
And nails as keys unlock Thee everywhere.
Ah, he whose wicked hand thus forc'd the gate
Of heaven, perhaps at heaven's shut door will wait
One day, with outer darkness for his fate. G.

XXII.

In spinas demtas a Christi capite cruentatas.

Accipe, an ignoscis? de te sata germina, miles.
Quam segeti est messis discolor illa suae!
O quae tam duro gleba est tam grata colono?
Inserit hic spinas: reddit et illa rosas.

Upon the thornes taken downe from our Lord's head bloody.

Knowst thou this, souldier? 'tis a much-chang'd plant, which yet
Thyselfe didst set;
'Tis chang'd indeed: did Autumn e're such beauties bring
To shame his Spring?
O, who so hard an husbandman could ever find
A soyle so kind?
Is not the soile a kind one, thinke ye, that returnes
Roses for thornes? CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Take, soldier—know'st them not?—thy planted germs;
A harvest how unlike to its seed-corn!
What soil yields husbandman such kindly terms?
The rose he gathers, where he planted thorn. G.

XXIII.

Joan. iii. 1-21.

Nox erat, et Christum, Doctor male docte, petebas
In Christo tenebras depositure tuas.

Ille autem multo dum te bonus irrigat ore,
    Atque per arcanas ducit in alta vias,
Sol venit, et primo pandit se flore diei,
    Ludit et in dubiis aureus horror aquis.
Sol oritur; sed adhuc, et adhuc tamen, ô bone, nescis.
    Sol oritur, tecum nox tamen est, et adhuc

. . . . .

    Non coeli, illa fuit, nox fuit illa tua.

Nicodemus.

'Twas night; and, Teacher all untaught,
Thy darkness thou to Christ hast brought;
But while attent He speaks to thee
Benignant words, that thou mayst see,
Leading higher still and higher,
As thy yearnings do aspire,
Guiding thee, by sure grace given,
Through secret paths that reach to heaven;
Lo, the Sun on thee is risen,
Bursting from his cloudy prison,
Showing Him, the Life, the Way,
Flushing with first bloom of day,
Quivering with a golden light
Such as on wav'ring seas gleams bright.
The Sun is risen; yet darkness lies,
Good Nicodemus, on thine eyes;
But the night's thine own; for, lo,
All heav'n above doth lustrous glow. G.

XXIV.

Domitiano de S. Johanne ad portam Lat.

Ergo ut inultus eas? sed nec tamen ibis inultus,
Sic violare ausus meque meosque deos.
Ure oleo, lictor. Oleo parat urere lictor:
Sed quem uri lictor credidit, unctus erat.
Te quoque sic olei virtus malefida fefellit?
Sic tua te Pallas, Domitiane, juvat?

To Domitian, concerning St. John commanded to be cast into a caldron of boiling oil.

Thou go unpunish'd? That shall never be,
Since thou hast dar'd to mock my gods and me.
Burn him in oil!—The lictor oil prepares:
Behold the Saint anointed unawares!
With such elusive virtue was the oil fraught!
Such aid thy olive-loving Pallas brought![1] R. Wi.

XXV.

In Baptistam vocem. Joan. i. 23.

Tantum habuit Baptista loqui, tot flumina rerum,
Ut bene Vox fuerit, praetereaque nihil.
Ecce autem Verbum est unum tantum ille loquutus:
Uno sed Verbo cuncta loquutus erat.

The voice of the Baptist.

The Baptist had to speak such floods of things,
That well he might be Voice and nothing more:
But one word only, lo, Christ speaks, which brings
In one word all: My soul that Word adore! G.

[1] The allusion in l. 5 is to wrestlers anointing themselves to prevent their adversaries grasping them. R. Wi.

Ille autem multo dum te bonus irrigat ore,
Aequo per arcanas ducit in alta vias,
Sed venit, et primo panditur se flore diei,
Lucet et in dubius aureus horror aquis.
Sol oritur, sed adhuc, et adhuc tamen, ô bone, nescis.
Sol oritur, tecum nox tamen est, et adhuc

. . . . .

Non coeli, illa fuit, nox fuit illa tua.

Nicodemus.

'Twas night, and, Teacher all untaught,
Thy darkness thou to Christ hast brought;
But while attent He speaks to thee
Benignant words, that thou mayst see,
Leading higher still and higher,
As thy yearnings do aspire,
Guiding thee, by sure grace given,
Through secret paths that reach to heaven:
Lo, the Sun on thee is risen,
Bursting from his cloudy prison,
Showing Him, the Life, the Way,
Flashing with first bloom of day,
Quivering with a golden light
Such as on wav'ring seas gleams bright.
The Sun is risen; yet darkness lies,
Good Nicodemus, on thine eyes;
But the night's thine own; for, lo,
All heav'n above doth lustrous glow. G.

XXIV.

Domitianus de S. Johanne ad portam Lat.

Ergo ut inultus eas? sed nec tamen ibis inultus,
Sic violare ausus meque meosque deos.
Ure oleo, lictor. Oleo parat urere lictor:
Sed quem uri lictor credidit, unctus erat.
Te quoque sic olei virtus malefida fefellit?
Sic tua te Pallas, Domitiane, juvat?

To Domitian, concerning St. John commanded to be cast into a caldron of boiling oil.

Thou go unpunish'd? That shall never be,
Since thou hast dar'd to mock my gods and me.
Burn him in oil!—The lictor oil prepares.
Behold the Saint anointed unawares!
With such elusive virtue was the oil fraught
Such aid thy olive-loving Pallas brought!

XXV.

In Baptistam [illegible]

Tantum habuit Baptista [illegible]
Ut bene Vox [illegible]
Ecce autem Verbum [illegible]
Uno sed Verbo [illegible]

The Baptist had [illegible]
That well [illegible]
But one word [illegible]
In one word [illegible]

[1] The [illegible]
to prevent their [illegible]

XXVI.

In D. Petrum angelo solutum. Act. xii. 6, 7.

Mors tibi et Herodes instant: cum nuncius ales
Gaudia fert, quae tu somnia ferre putas.
Quid tantum dedit ille, rogo, tibi? Vincula solvit,
Mors tibi et Herodes nonne dedisset idem?

On St. Peter loosed by the angel.

Death, Herod, press on thee; when angel's wing
Brings joys which thou supposest dreams to bring.
What gave he thee? Thy chains burst at his touch;
But Death and Herod would have given as much.

R. Wi.

XXVII.

Relictis omnibus sequuti sunt eum. Luc. v. 28.

Ad nutum Domini abjecisti retia, Petre.
Tam bene non unquam jacta fuere prius.
Scilicet hoc recte jacere est tua retia, Petre,
Nimirum, Christus cum jubet, abjicere.

On St. Peter casting away his nets at our Saviour's call.

Thou hast the art on't, Peter, and canst tell
To cast thy nets on all occasions well.
When Christ calls, and thy nets would have thee stay,
To cast them well's to cast them quite away. Cr.

ANOTHER VERSION.

At the Lord's word thy nets were cast away:
Never before thy nets so well were cast.

Rightly to cast them is to cast away,
When once The Master's order has been pass'd. G.

XXVIII.

Agnus Dei, qui tollit peccata mundi. Joan. i. 36.

Ergo tot heu, torvas facies, tot in ora leonum,
In tot castra lupum qui meat, Agnus erit?
Hic tot in horribiles, quot sunt mea crimina, pardos?
Hic tot in audaces ungue vel ore feras?
Ah melius, pugiles quis enim commiserit istos?
Quos sua non faciunt arma vel ira pares.

The Lamb of God, Who bears away the sins of the world.

Shall He, then, be a Lamb, to go
Forth against such various foe?
Lions ravenous, great of jaw;
Wolves in vast herds, of mighty paw;
Pards vengeful, prowling out and in—
Frightful, num'rous as my sin—
Awful of face, and gaunt and grim,
Merciless to mangle limb by limb.
Ah, goest Thou, gentle One, 'gainst these?
And does terror upon Thee seize?
O how unequal is the strife,
And the prey so grand a life!
With such as these to fight art fated?
Nor in arms nor passion mated. G.

XXIX.

Pisces multiplicati. Joan. xxi. 11.

Quae secreta meant taciti tibi retia verbi,
Queis non tam pisces quam capis Oceanum?

The miraculous draught of fishes.

What nets, hid in Thy silent word,
Passest Thou on;
By which not fish Thou takest, Lord,
But the Ocean? G.

XXX.

Domine, non solum pedes, sed et caput, &c. Joan. xiii. 9.

En caput, atque suis quae plus satis ora laborant
Sordibus; huc fluvios, ais [et] adde tuos.
Nil opus est; namque haec, modo tertius occinat ales,
E fluviis fuerint, Petre, lavanda suis.

Lord, not my feet only, but also my head, &c.

'Behold my head, behold my face,
Which sin's filthiest stains deface:
Here pour Thy streams:' thou say'st to Me.
But, Peter, needs not this for thee;
For ere the cock a third time crow,
Rivers of its own tears must flow. G.

XXXI.

Cum tot signa edidisset, non credebant. Joan. xii. 37.

Quanta amor ille tuus se cunque levaverit ala,
Quo tua cunque opere effloruit alta manus;

Mundus adest, contraque tonat, signisque reponit
Signa, adeo sua sunt numina vel sceleri,
Imo, ô nec nimii vis sit temeraria verbi,
Ille uno sensu vel tua cuncta premit.
Tot tantisque tuis mirac'lum hoc objicit unum,
Tot tantisque tuis non adhibere fidem.

Though they beheld so many miracles, they believed not.

However high in Thy great love Thou wingest,
And whatsoe'er within Thy hand Thou bringest,
Against Thee, with its thunders, stands the world,
Sign answering sign ; Sin's banners all unfurl'd.
Nay—and let not the bold rash word appal—
One thought o' the world makes all Thy wonders fall :
Against Thy mightiest signs this one it wields—
To the vast whole of Thine, no faith it yields. G.

XXXII.

In nubem, quae Dominum abstulit. Act. i. 9.

O nigra haec ! quid enim mihi candida pectora monstrat,
Pectora cygneis candidiora genis ?
Sit vero magis alba, suo magis aurea Phoebo,
Quantumcunque sibi candida ; nigra mihi est.
Nigra mihi nubes ! et qua neque nigrior Austros,
Vel tulit irati nuntia tela Dei.
Nigra ! licet nimbos, noctem neque detulit ullam.
Si noctem non fert, at rapit, ecce, diem.

On the cloud which received the Lord.

O, this black cloud! a white breast does it show—
A breast more white than a swan's neck of snow?
More bright than golden sunshine let it be!
However fair itself, 'tis black to me.
From blacker cloud ne'er issu'd stormy blast,
Nor thunderbolts of angry heaven were cast.
Black! though no showers or shadows round it play;
If Night it bring not, yet it takes our Day. R. Wi.

XXXIII.

Vidit urbem, et flevit super eam. Luc. xix. 41, 42.

Ergo meas spernis lacrymas, urbs perfida? Sperne.
Sperne meas, quas ô sic facis esse tuas.
Tempus erit, lacrymas poterit cum lacryma demum
Nostra, nec immerito, spernere spreta tuas.

He saw the city, and wept over it.

Why scornest thou My tears, deceitful city?
Scorn, scorn My tears, and thus thou mak'st them thine.
The time will come when thou shalt seek My pity;
But I shall scorn thy tears, as thou scorn'st Mine.
G.

XXXIV.

Nec sicut iste publicanus. Luc. xviii. 11.

Tu quoque dum istius miseri peccata fateris,
Quae nec is irato mitius ungue notat;
Hic satis est gemino bonus in sua crimina telo.
Interea, quid erit, mi Pharisaee, tuis?

Nor even as this publican.

While thou too dost this wretch's sins confess,
Which he with hand and tongue deplores no less;
If he 'gainst his own crimes twice just will be,
What thinks he meanwhile of the Pharisee? R. Wi.

XXXV.

Accedentes Discipuli exvitaverunt eum. Matt. viii. 25.

Ah, quis erat furor hos, tam raros, solvere somnos?
O vos, queis Christi vel sopor invigilat!
Illum si somnus tenuit, vos somnia terrent,
Somnia tam vanos ingeminata metus.
Nil Christi nocuit somnus, mihi credite. Somnus
Qui nocuit, vestrae somnus erat fidei.

His Disciples came and awoke Him.

What madness this, slumbers so rare to break,
O ye, for whom even Christ's sleep doth wake!
If sleep held Him, ye're terrified by dreams—
Dreams which redouble fear that only seems.
Christ's sleep nought injur'd you, indeed 'tis true:
Your faith's sleep, and that only, injur'd you. R. Wi.

XXXVI.

In mulierem Canaanaeam cum Domino decertantem.
Matt. xv. 22-28.

Cedit io jam, jamque cadet modo, fortiter urge,
Jam tua ni desit dextera, jamque cadet.
Nimirum hoc velit ipse, tuo favet ipse triumpho,
Ipse tuas tacitus res tuus hostis agit.

Quas patitur facit ille manus; ictu ille sub omni est;
    Atque in te vires sentit, amatque suas.
Usque adeo haud tuus hic ferus est, neque ferreus hostis;
    Usque adeo est miles non truculentus Amor.
Illo quam facilis victoria surgit ab hoste,
    Qui, tantum ut vinci possit, in arma venit!

The woman of Canaan.

Now He yieldeth, now He falleth,
As thy passion on Him calleth:
Press thee nigher still and nigher,
Urge thee higher still and higher;
Cleave and cling, nor let thy hand
Cease to plead, nor fearing stand.
He thy triumph sees with gladness,
Loves thee in thy clinging sadness;
Seems thy foe, yet ne'ertheless
Yearns in His heart of love to bless;
Willing bears thy every blow,
That from His own pow'r doth flow;
Loves to hear thy interceding,
His own voice within thee pleading.
Ah, this seeming en'my of thine,
Of fierceness giveth thee no sign;
For Love no grim soldier is,
Rough and severe, denying bliss.
Eas'ly is that victory won,
When the foe seeks to be undone. G.

XXXVII.

Quare comedit Magister vester cum peccatoribus, &c.
Matt. ix. 11.

Siccine fraternos fastidis, improbe, morbos,
Cum tuus, et gravior, te quoque morbus habet?
Tantum ausus medicum morbus sibi quaerere, magnus;
Tantum ausus medicum spernere, major erat.

Wherefore eateth your Master with sinners, &c.

Dost loathe thy brother, Pharisee,
Since his disease to Christ he brings?
And knowest not that all men see
Disease to thee more deadly clings?
That he dare seek Healer so great,
Shows great his disease to be;
That thou dar'st scorn on Him to wait,
Shows a greater cleaves to thee. G.

XXXVIII.

In febricitantem et hydropicum sanatos. Marc. i. 30, 31; Luc. xiv. 2-4.

Nuper lecta gravem extinxit pia pagina febrem,
Hydropi siccos dat modo lecta sinus.
Haec vice fraterna quam se miracula tangunt,
Atque per alternum fida juvamen amant!
Quippe ignes istos his quam bene mersit in undis,
Ignibus his illas quam bene vicit aquas!

Miracles of healing the men sick of fever and of dropsy.

We read within the sacred page
Christ quench'd a fever's burning rage;
Read that a dropsy's swollen flood
Ebb'd at His word e'en as He stood.
Well join'd these mir'cles each to other,
As loving brother unto brother:
How well these waters drown'd that flame,
That fire these waters overcame! G.

XXXIX.

In S. Lucam medicum. Col. iv. 14.

Hanc, mihi quam miseram faciunt mea crimina vitam,
Hanc, medici, longam vestra medela facit.
Hoc'ne diu est vixisse? diu, mihi credite, non est
Hoc vixisse; diu sed timuisse mori.
Tu foliis, Medice alme, tuis medicamina praebes,
Et medicaminibus, quae mala summa, malis.
Hoc mortem bene vitare est, vitare ferendo.
Et vixisse diu est hoc, cito posse mori.

To St. Luke the physician.

This life my sins with wretchedness make rife,
Physicians by their art prolong this life.
Is this to live long time? I hear one sigh;
This is but fearing a long time to die.
Thy leaves, Physician blest, medicines contain
E'en for our medicines poor, our chiefest bane.

This is to escape death well—in death to lie;
And this is to live long—quickly to die. R. Wi.

XL.

Tollat crucem suam, &c. Matt. xxvii. 32.

Ergo tuam pone; ut nobis sit sumere nostram:
Si nostram vis nos sumere, pone tuam.
Illa, illa, ingenti quae te trabe duplicat, illa
Vel nostra est, nostras vel tulit illa cruces.

He bears His own cross, &c.

Wherefore Thy cross, O Lord, lay down,
That we our own may make it:
If ours Thou willest us to own,
Thine, Lord, lay down; we'll take it:
That, that, I say, with its huge beam,
Which Thy prest body doubles;
That cross, e'en that, our own we deem,
For it has borne our troubles.
Our sin Thy burden sendeth;
Thy cross our crosses blendeth. G.

XLI.

In cygneam D. Jesu cantionem. Joan. xvii.

Quae mella, ô quot, Christe, favos in carmina fundis!
Dulcis et, ah furias! ah, moribundus olor!
Parce tamen, minus hae si sunt mea gaudia voces:
Voce quidem dulci, sed moriente canis.

Upon our Lord's last comfortable discourse with His disciples.

All Hybla's honey, all that sweetnesse can,
Flowes in Thy song, O faire, O dying Swan!
Yet is the joy I take in't small or none;
It is too sweet to be a long-liv'd one. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

On the swan-song of our Lord Jesus.

What songs, like honeycomb, your tongue employ,
Sweet Swan! but ah, Thou waitest for Death's call.
O cease; these sounds are but a doubtful joy;
'Tis a sweet voice, but has a dying fall. G.

XLII.

Et conspuebant illum. Marc. xiv. 65.

Quid non tam foede saevi maris audeat ira?
Conspuit ecce oculos, sydera nostra, tuos.
Forsan et hic aliquis sputo te excaecat, Jesu,
Qui debet sputo, quod videt ipse, tuo.

And they spat upon Him.

What will Wrath's sea, so foully fierce, not dare?
It spits upon our stars, Thy eyes so fair.
Perchance e'en here some one now spits on Thee
Who to Thy spittle owes it, he doth see. G.

XLIII.

Rogavit eum, ut descenderet et sanaret filium suum. Joan. iv. 47.

Ille ut eat tecum, in natique tuique salutem?
Qui petis; ah nescis, credo, quod ales Amor.

Ille ut eat tecum? quam se tua vota morantur!
    Ille ut eat? tanto serius esset ibi.
Ne tardus veniat, Christus tecum ire recusat:
    Christi nempe ipsum hoc ire moratur iter.
Christi nempe viis perit hoc quodcunque meatur:
    Christi nempe viis vel properare mora est.
Hic est, cui tu vota facis tua, Christus: at idem,
    Crede mihi, dabit haec qui rata, Christus ibi est.

He besought that He would go with him and heal his son.

That He would go with thee thou pleadest,
As for thy child thou intercedest.
Ah, little knowest thou how Love,
Such as descendeth from Above,
Swifter far is than feet can go,
Or any motion here below.
'Go with thee?' O how strange request!
Thou wouldst later then be blest.
That He may not slowlier come,
Christ will not travel with thee home,
For so to 'go' were to delay;
All paths unneeded by The Way.
Christ to Whom thou speakest pleading,
Christ with Whom thou'rt interceding,
He is here, and yet is yonder,
Swift as is the bolt of thunder:
He thy heart's desire will give;
Have thou faith, thy child shall live. G.

XLIV.

Pavor enim occupaverat eum super capturam piscium. Luc. v. 9.

Dum nimium in captis per te, Petre, piscibus haeres,
Piscibus, ut video, captus es ipse tuis.
Rem scio, te praedam Christus sibi cepit: et illi
Una in te ex istis omnibus esca fuit.

For dread came upon him at the great draught of fishes.

Whilst, Peter, thou art so astonishèd
At thy draught of fishes,
Methinks thyself by them art captive led:
Christ to catch thee wishes,
So as one bait He setteth all these fishes. G.

XLV.

Viderunt et oderunt me. Joan. xv. 24.

Vidit? et odit adhuc? Ah, te non vidit, Jesu.
Non vidit te, qui vidit, et odit adhuc.
Non vidit, te non vidit, dulcissime rerum;
In te qui vidit quid, quod amare neget.

But now they have seen and hated.

Seene, and yet hated Thee? They did not see;
They saw Thee not, that saw and hated Thee:
No, no, they saw Thee not, O Life, O Love,
Who saw aught in Thee that their hate could move. Cr.

ANOTHER VERSION.

See Thee, Lord, and hated still?
Ah, that were impossible:

See and hate? He saw Thee never
Who could see, nor love for ever.
O Thou, the all-lovely One,
He hath had no vision
Who can see and hate; for why,
Speck nor stain may none descry
In Thy lowly, lofty Face,
Full of sweetness, love, and grace. G.

XLVI.

Luc. xviii. 39.

Tu mala turba tace; mihi tam mea vota propinquant,
Tuque in me linguam vis tacuisse meam?
Tunc ego, tunc taceam, mihi cum meus Ille loquetur.
Si nescis, oculos vox habet ista meos.
O noctis miserere meae, miserere, per illam,
Quae tam laeta tuo ridet in ore diem.
O noctis miserere meae, miserere, per illam,
Quae, nisi te videat, nox velit esse, diem.
O noctis miserere meae, miserere, per illam,
Haec mea quam, fidei, nox habet ipsa, diem.
Illa dies animi, Jesu, rogat hanc oculorum:
Illam, oro, dederis; hanc mihi ne rapias.

The blind suppliant.

Be silent, crowd: my prayers so near me come,
And do you bid my pleading tongue be dumb

Before my Lord to me His speech, etc.[1]

ANOTHER VERSION.

Silence, silence, O vile crowd;
Yea, I will now cry aloud:
He comes near, Who is to me
Light and life and liberty.
Silence seek ye? yes, I'll be
Silent when He speaks to me,
He my Hope; ah, meek and still,
I shall 'bide His holy will.
O crowd, ye it may surprise,
But His voice holdeth my eyes:
O have pity on my night,
By the day that gives glad light;
O have pity on my night,
By the day would lose its light,
If it gat not of Thee sight;
O have pity on my night,
By day of faith upspringing bright;
That day within my soul that burns,
And for eyes' day unto Thee turns.
Lord, O Lord, give me this day,
Nor do Thou take that away. G.

[1] See the above Epigram, with only a few verbal changes, at pp. 160-1, with translation by Rev. Richard Wilton. I add my own, as the inadvertent repetition was not observed until too late. G.

XLVII.

In Pharisaeos Christi verbis insidiantes. Matt. xxii. 15.

O quam te miseri ludunt vaga taedia voti,
Ex ore hoc speras qui, Pharisaee, malum!
Sic quis ab Aurorae noctem speraverit ulnis,
Unde solet primis Sol tener ire rosis?
Sic Acheronta petas illinc unde amne corusco
Lactea sydereos Cynthia lavit equos.
Sic violas aconita roges: sic toxica nympham,
Garrula quae vitreo gurgite vexat humum.
Denique, ut exemplo res haec propriore patescat,
A te sic speret quis, Pharisaee, bonum?

The Pharisees insidiously watching the words of Christ.

O self-baffl'd Pharisee,
Vainly dost thou weary thee,
Hoping at His holy mouth
To catch other than the Truth:
Stainless, holy, pure is He,
Guileless as Simplicity.
Who would e'er expect black Night
In the bosom of the Light,
When the young sun in splendour burns,
And the dawn to roses turns?
Who, again, would seek to mark
Acheron plunging i' the dark,

Where white Cynthia's starry steeds
Lave them by the glitt'ring meads?
Who would aconite think to get
From the fragrant violet?
Or, watching by the babbling rill
Gushing in pureness from the hill,
Think thence poison to distil?
In fine, instance nearer thee—
Would any ever hope to see
Aught of good in Pharisee? G.

XLVIII.

Matt. ix. 20.

Falleris, et nudum male ponis, pictor, Amorem;
Non nudum facis hunc, cum sine veste facis.
Nonne hic est, dum sic digito patet ille fideli,
Tunc cum vestitus, tunc quoque nudus Amor?

Touched the hem of His garment.

Erringly, painter, thou portrayst Love bare;
Not bare you make him, though no clothes he wear.
Here, while laid open to believing hand,
Though clothed indeed, bare truly see Him stand.

R. Wi.

XLIX.

Tolle oculos, tolle, ô tecum tua sydera nostros.
Ah quid enim, quid agant hic sine sole suo?

Id quod agant sine sole suo tua sydera, coelum :
Id terrae haec agerent hic sine sole suo.
Illa suo sine sole suis caeca imbribus essent :
Caeca suis lacrymis haec sine sole suo.

The departing Saviour.

O take, take with Thee, Lord, Thy stars, our eyes ;
What would they do left here without their sun ?
E'en what your sunless stars would do, ye skies,
Would here by sunless stars of earth be done.
Without their sun, those dark with showers we see ;
These without sun, dark with their tears would be.

R. Wi.

L.

Nam ego non solum vinciri, &c. Act. xxi. 13.

Quid mortem objicitis nostro, quid vinc'la timori ?
Non timor est illinc, non timor inde meus.
Vincula, quae timeam, sunt vincula sola timoris :
Sola timenda mihi est mors, timuisse mori.

Paul unfearing.

Why talk of death or bonds to me,
As if these things a fear could be ?
My fear springeth not from thence ;
Nor in these is influence
Me to trouble or alarm,
Me to fret, or me to harm.

The only bonds that fearful are
Are the bonds themselves of fear;
The only death looks dreadfully,
Is lest I should fear to die. G.

LI.

Legatio Baptistae ad Christum. Matt. xi.

Oro, quis es? legat ista suo Baptista Magistro.
Illi quae referant, talia Christus habet.
Cui caecus cernit, mutus se in verba resolvit,
It claudus, vivit mortuus: oro, quis est?

The message of the Baptist to Christ.

I ask, Who art Thou? is the Baptist's word.
Straight from his Master this reply is heard:
He by whose mighty power dumb speak, blind see,
Lame walk, dead live: Who is This? I ask thee.
R. Wi.

LII.

Accipe dona, puer, parvae libamina laudis;
Accipe, non meritis accipienda suis:
Accipe dona, puer dulcis; dumque accipis illa,
Digna quoque efficies, quae, puer, accipies.
Sive oculo, sive illa tua dignabere dextra;
Dextram oculumque dabis posse decere tuum.
Non modo es in dantes, sed et ipsa in dona benignus;
Nec tantum donans das, sed et accipiens.

Gifts to Jesus.

Take, Lord, these gifts, small offerings of our hand,
Though their own worth acceptance none command.
Take, and while taking them, Thou Saviour sweet,
E'en what Thou takest, Thou wilt render meet.
Whether Thou deem them worthy eye or touch,
Thou wilt be able, Lord, to make them such :
Kind e'en to gifts themselves, as to those giving,
Thou givest both when giving and receiving. R. Wi.

LIII.

In partum B. Virginis non difficilem.

Nec facta est tamen illa parens impune, quod almi
Tam parcens uteri venerit ille puer.
Una haec nascentis quodcunque pepercerit hora,
Toto illum vitae tempore parturiit.
Gaudia parturientis erat semel ille parenti ;
Quotidie gemitus parturientis erat.

On the blessed Virgin's easy parturition.

Not lightly she escap'd a mother's doom,
Although her Child dealt gently with her womb :
Whate'er was spar'd at the one hour of birth,
She travail'd with Him all His time on earth :
The joy of childbirth quickly pass'd away ;
She felt the pangs of childbirth every day. R. Wi.

LIV.

Circulus hic similem quam par sibi pergit in orbem!
Principiumque suum quam bene finis amat!
Virgineo thalamo quam pulchre convenit ille,
Quo nemo jacuit, virgineus tumulus!
Undique ut haec aequo passu res iret; et ille
Josepho desponsatus, et ille fuit.

Upon our Saviour's tombe, wherein never man was laid.

How life and death in Thee
Agree!
Thou hadst a virgin wombe
And tombe:
A Joseph did betroth
Them both. CR.

ANOTHER VERSION.

See how a circle tends,
Beginning as it ends:
Behold a virgin womb;
Behold a virgin tomb;
Behold, and wonder at the truth,
A Joseph was espous'd to both! G.

LV.

In Sanctum igneis linguis descendentem Spiritum. **Act. ii. 3.**

Absint, qui ficto simulant pia pectora vultu,
Ignea quos luteo pectore lingua beat.
Hoc potius mea vota rogant, mea thura petessunt,
Ut mihi sit mea mens ignea, lingua luti.

On the Holy Spirit descending in fiery tongues.

Begone, who goodness feign with a false face,
Whom fiery tongues in earthy bosom grace.
This rather all my prayers and gifts desire,
A tongue of earth, if but my heart be fire. R. Wi.

LVI.

LIFE FOR DEATH.[1]

Whosoever will loose his life, &c. Matt. xvi. 25.

Soe I may gaine Thy death, my life I'le giue,—
My life's Thy death, and in Thy death I liue;
Or else, my life, I'le hide thee in His graue,
By three daies losse æternally to saue. Cr.

LVII.

ON THE DIVINE LOVE: AFTER H. HUGO.[2]

In amorem divinum (Hermannus Hugo).

Æternall Loue! what 'tis to loue Thee well,
None but himselfe who feeles it, none can tell.
But oh, what to be lou'd of Thee as well,
None, not himselfe who feeles it, none can tell. Cr.

[1] This was overlooked in its proper place as Crashaw's own rendering of Epigram VI. p. 39. G.

[2] LVI. and LVII. from Tanner MSS., as before. G.

Latin Poems.

PART FIRST. SACRED.

III.

HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED.

1648.

NOTE.

Whether intentionally, or with his usual carelessness, the two following important and characteristic Poems are not given in Turnbull's edition; and they seem entirely to have escaped the knowledge of even admirers of Crashaw. They appeared originally in the 'Steps of the Temple' of 1648 (pp. 103-105), and were naturally excluded from the Paris collection of 1652, and overlooked in the edition of 1670. See their biographic significance in our Essay in the present Volume. For the second translation (viz. of Baptismus &c.) I tender thanks to my good friend Rev. J. H. Clark, M.A., as before; the other and somewhat difficult one (Fides &c.) I have myself done. G.

FIDES, QUAE SOLA JUSTIFICAT,

NON EST SINE SPE ET DILECTIONE.

Nam neque tam sola est. O quis male censor amarus
Jam socias negat in mutua sceptra manus?
Deme Fidem; nec aget, nec erit jam nomen Amoris:
Et vel erit, vel aget quid sine Amore Fides?
Ergo, Amor, i, morere; i, magnas, Puer alme, per umbras
Elysiis non tam numen inane locis. 6
O bene, quod pharetra hoc saltem tua praestat et arcus,
Ne tibi in extremos sit pyra nulla rogos!
O bene, quod tuus has saltem tibi providet ignis,
In tu quas possis funera ferre faces! 10
Durus es, ah, quisquis tam dulcia vincula solvis;
Quae ligat, et quibus est ipse ligatus Amor.
O bene junctarum divortia saeva sororum,
Tam penitus mixtas quae tenuere manus! 14
Nam quae, tam varia, in tam mutua viscera vivunt?
Aut ubi, quae duo sunt, tam prope sunt eadem?
Alternis sese circum amplectuntur in ulnis:
Extraque et supra, subter et intus eunt.
Non tam Nympha tenax, Baccho jam mista marito,
Abdidit in liquidos mascula vina sinus. 20

Compare jam dempto, saltem sua murmura servat
Turtur, et in viduos vivit amara modos.
At Fidei sit demptus Amor; non illa dolebit,
Non erit impatiens aegraque; jam moritur.
Palma, marem cui tristis hyems procul abstulit umbram,
Protinus in viridem procubuit faciem? 26
Undique circumfert caput, omnibus annuit Euris;
Siqua maritalem misceat aura comam:
Ah misera, expectat longum, lentumque expirat,
Et demum totis excutitur foliis. 30
At sine Amore Fides nec tantum vivere perstat,
Quo dici possit vel moritura Fides.
Mortua jam nunc est: nisi demum mortua non est
Corporea haec, anima deficiente, domus.
Corpore ab hoc Fidei hanc animam si demis Amoris,
Jam tua sola quidem est, sed male sola Fides. 36
Hectore ab hoc, currus quem jam nunc sentit Achillis,
Hectora eum speres quem modo sensit herus?
Tristes exuvias, Oetaei frusta furoris,
Vanus, in Alcidae nomen et acta vocas? 40
Vel satis in monstra haec, plus quam Nemeaea, malorum
Hoc Fidei torvum et triste cadaver erit?
Immo, Fidem usque suos velut ipse Amor ardet amores;
Sic in Amore fidem comprobat ipsa Fides.

ERGO:

Illa Fides vacua quae sola superbiat aula, 45
Quam Spes desperet, quam nee amabit Amor;

Sola Fides haec, tam misére, tam desolate
  Sola, quod ad nos est, sola sit usque licet.
A sociis quae sola suis, a se quoque sola est.
  Quae sibi tam nimia est, sit mihi nulla Fides. 50

NOTE.

In line 10 we have corrected an evident but long-continued misprint in the original text of 'In tu aquas' by reading 'In tu quas,' and translate accordingly. G.

TRANSLATION.

FAITH, WHICH ALONE JUSTIFIES,

EXISTS NOT WITHOUT HOPE AND LOVE.

THAT Faith which only justifies
A sinner as in guilt he lies,
Bow'd aneath the awful blood,
Clinging to the uplifted rood,
Is not alone so as nor Love
Nor heavenly Hope may in it move,
To thrill with touch of ecstasy
The bruisèd heart, the swimming eye.
  What, censor! bitter to ill end,
Dost thou thy dogma still defend?
And wouldest thou to hands allied
Mutual sceptres see denied,
Snapping betwixt Faith and Love
The tie that binds them from Above?
I tell thee nay, stone-hearted one,
The Faith of Christ is not alone:

Take Faith away, and Love will sigh;
Take Hope away, and Faith will die;
Take Faith away, Love will do naught;
Take Love away, and Faith's distraught:
For I tell thee, vain sophister,
They're as sister unto sister.
But mark, this Love that brings Faith joy
Is not blind Cupid. Ah, bright Boy,
Begone; thou shalt not, wouldst thou, stay;
Go, get thee swift from light o' day;
Go, get thee now to the vast shades,
And there indulge thy escapades:
Thou in Elysian realms mayst reign
A fitting deity, not vain:
Go therefore, and with thee thy bow
And quiver. Well it is below
That these for thee shall form a pyre,
To which thy torch will furnish fire.
But, ah, thou hast a heart of stone,
Who wouldest make Faith live alone,
Loos'ning the sweet ties Love has found
To bind Faith to her, herself bound.
O, it is cruel thus to sever
Sisters whom God hath joinèd ever;
Whose claspèd hands so closely cling,
E'en as vine-tendrils ring on ring:
You may not tell there's more than one,
So absolute the union.

Where shall you find beneath the sky
Two differing so variously,
And yet each life in other bound,
Touch one, the other you shall wound:
Or where, 'mid all the pairs on earth,
Twins through marriage or through birth,
Shall you find two so truly one?
Arms twining in affection,
They clasp each other, chin to chin,
Above, below, without, within,
Embracing and embrac'd by turns;
Yet not with such wild-fire as burns
In Lust's hot touch, and clasp and grasp
Eager and stinging as tongue of asp.
Not so closely interwine
The graceful Elm and clinging Vine,
When to bosom of the tree
Bacchus' clusters prest you see,
And the Nymph the fruit receives,
And hides it amid dewy leaves;
Ev'n as the poets tell of old,
In legends of the Age of Gold.
    Faith and Love know no such flame,
Their pure twining brings no shame;
Look for taint, you'll find it missing:
'Tis as flower flower kissing;
Or twin-roses dewy dripping,
And twin-bees their honey sipping.

The Turtle-dove, robb'd of her mate,
Pines and mourns disconsolate;
Yet still lives on in widow'd grief,
Knowing at times Hope's sweet relief.
But Faith when once of Love bereft
Loses her all, has nothing left;
Nor mourns nor frets nor pales—she's dead,
Struck to the heart astonièd.

The Palm that by the wintry blast
Sees her companion-tree downcast,
Whose mighty shadow o'er her threw
Protection when the fierce storm blew;
Her umbrage sheds, and quivering
Seeks that some fav'ring wind would bring
Her branches with his boughs to mingle,
Since she is left in sadness, single;
Wretched, she wears and wastes away,
Leaf following leaf in wan decay,
Until at last, naked and bare,
She shivers in the piercing air;
And when the Spring comes, Winter sped,
'Tis vain to call her—she is dead!

But when Love from Faith is gone,
Faith lingers not still on and on;
That while her form yet meets your eye,
You can pronounce 'She'll surely die.'
SHE'S DEAD i' the instant: or you will
Maintain a stark corpse liveth still,

Whose soul has pass'd beyond the sky,
Sunder'd until the last great Cry.
Faith is the body, Love the soul;
Take Love from it, you take the whole:
Now, now indeed thy Faith's alone,
But being alone, lo, it is none.
To make it clear, turn Homer's page
That paints Achilles' hate and rage,
When, having mighty Hector slain,
He dragg'd him dead over the plain—
That Hector whom the chariot feels
Dragg'd helpless, lifeless at its wheels,
Was it the same who, with proud crest,
That chariot's lord had lately prest,
Eager the victory to wrest?
Hercules' name and deeds dost see
In Œta's bloody tragedy,
When dead the mighty hero lay,
Of jealousy the poison'd prey.
His living strength the lion slew,
And hide Nemæan round him threw:
'Gainst more than lion-rage of Death
Dost summon the sad corpse of Faith?
Sure Love with love for Faith will burn,
While Faith herself trusts Love in turn.

THEREFORE:

That Faith alone, lording it high,
Which Hope despairs of, and with cry

Of anguish Love can never love,
Is not the Faith sent from Above:
The Faith that thus would be alone,
What is't to us—desolate, lone?
Faith then, that lovèd will not love
Nor hope—may no such Faith me move!
But ever in my bosom lie
Faith, Hope, and Love in trinity:
Yea, Love himself shall Faith's best lover prove,
And Faith confirm his strongest faith in Love. G.

BAPTISMUS NON TOLLIT FUTURA PECCATA.

Quisquis es ille tener modo quem tua mater[1] Achilles
In Stygis aethereae provida tinxit aquis,
Sanus, sed non securus dimitteris illinc:
In nova non tutus vulnera vivis adhuc.
Mille patent aditus; et plus quam calce petendus 5
Ad nigri metues spicula mille dei.
Quod si est vera salus, veterem meminisse salutem;
Si nempe hoc vere est esse, fuisse pium;
Illa tibi veteres navis quae vicerat Austros,
Si manet in mediis usque superstes aquis; 10
Ac dum tu miseros in littore visis amicos,
Et peccatorum triste sodalitium,

[1] Ecclesia. Cr.

Illa tibi interea tutis trahet otia velis,
  Expectans donec tu rediisse queas :
Quin igitur da vina, puer ; da vivere vitae ; 15
  Mitte suum senibus, mitte supercilium ;
Donemus timide, ô socii, sua frigora brumae :
  Aeternae teneant hic nova regna rosae.
Ah, non tam tetricos sic eluctabimur Euros ;
  Effractam non est sic revocare ratem. 20
Has undas aliis decet ergo extinguere in undis ;
  Naufragium hoc alio immergere naufragio :
Possit ut ille malis oculus modo naufragus undis,
  Jam lacrymis melius naufragus esse suis.

TRANSLATION.

BAPTISM CANCELS NOT AFTER-SINS.

O young Achilles, whom a mother's care
  Hath dipp'd as in a sacred Stygian wave ;
Whole, but yet not secure, thou hence dost fare,
  For there are wounds from which it will not save.
A thousand ways of entrance open lie
  For evil ; not alone against thy heel
The prince of darkness in his rage lets-fly
  The thousand arrows thou mayst dread to feel.
But if remember'd health may still have given
  True health, and to have been is still to be,
Thou seem'st as one whose bark, by storms unriven,
  Still rides, as yet unconquer'd, on the sea ;

And, while on shore thy friends thou visitest,
    And the sad company of them that sin,
With furlèd sails upon the waves at rest,
    Thy bark floats idly till thou art within.
But if for this thou criest overbold,
    'Bring wine! enjoy the moment as it goes;
Leave to old age its cares; dismiss the cold,
    While in new realms for ever reigns the rose!'
Ah, know that not in revels such as these
    Learn we to struggle with the spiteful gale;
Nor thus can hope to rescue from rough seas
    The broken cable and the driven sail.
These waves must in another wave be wash'd,
    This shipwreck in another shipwreck drown'd;
The eye in such ill storms so vilely dashed,
    A happier wreck in its own tears be found. CL.

Latin Poems.

PART FIRST. SACRED.

IV.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

NOTE.

The Sancroft MS., as before, furnishes the following hitherto unprinted longer Poems, which I place under SACRED, as being throughout in subject and treatment such. The Rev. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., as before, has at once the praise and responsibility of the translations in the whole of this section. G.

PSALMUS I.

O te te nimis et nimis beatum,
Quem non lubricus implicavit error;
Nec risu misero procax tumultus.
Tu cum grex sacer undique execrandis
Strident consiliis, nec aure felix;
Felix non animo, vel ore mixtus,
Haud intelligis impios susurros.
Sed tu deliciis ferox repostis
Cultu simplice, sobriaque cura
Legem numinis usque et usque volvis.
Laeta sic fidas colit arbor undas,
Quem immiti violentus aura
Seirius frangit, neque contumacis.

NOTE.

This fragment of a Latin rendering of the first Psalm may be compared with BUCHANAN'S, but, I fear, not to its advantage. It were superfluous to give a translation of it; but see the parallel which follows. G.

IRA PROCELLAE.

At tu, profane pulvis, et lusus sacer
Cujusvis aurae; fronte qua tandem feres

Vindex tribunal? quanta tum, et qualis tuae
Moles procellae stabit? O quam ferreo
Frangere nutu, praeda frontis asperae,
Sacrique fulminandus ah procul, procul
A luce vultus, aureis procul a locis,
Ubi longa gremio mulcet aeterno pios.
Sincera semper pax, et umbrosa super
Insurgit ala, vividique nectaris
Imbres beatos rore perpetuo pluit.
Sic ille, sic, ô vindice, stat vigil,
Et stabit ira torvus in impios,
Seseque sub mentes bonorum
Insinuat facili favore.

TRANSLATION.

THE WRATH OF THE JUDGMENT-WHIRLWIND.

But thou, O dust profane, and of each air
The plaything doom'd, with what face wilt thou bear
The Judgment-throne? how huge a stormy cloud
Will lower upon thee! how wilt thou be bow'd
With iron nod, the prey of frowning Face,
By thunder to be driven far off, apace,
From light of sacred Countenance! afar
From golden regions, where the righteous are,
Sooth'd in pure Peace's lap eterne, whose wing
Towers high above them, overshadowing;

While happy showers of nectar sweet imbue
Their lips, as with an everlasting dew.
The wicked so His watchful ire will learn,
And cower 'neath God's avenging countenance stern;
The righteous so His love divine will feel
With gentle lapse into their bosom steal. R. Wi.

CHRISTE, VENI.

Ergo veni; quicunque ferant tua signa timores,
Quae nos cunque vocant tristia, Christe, veni.
Christe, veni; suus avulsum rapiat labor axem,
Nec sinat implicitas ire redire vias;
Mutuus attonito titubet sub foedere mundus,
Nec natura vagum dissona volvat opus.
Christe, veni; roseos ultra remeare per ortus
Nolit, et ambiguos Sol trahat aeger equos.
Christe, veni; ipsa suas patiatur Cynthia noctes,
Plus quam Thessalico tincta tremore genas;
Astrorum mala caesaries per inane dolendum
Gaudeat, horribili flore repexa caput;
Sole sub invito subitae vis improba noctis
Corripiat solitam, non sua jura, diem;
Importuna dies, nec Eoi conscia pacti,
Per desolatae murmura noctis eat.
Christe, veni; tonet Oceanus pater, et sua nolit
Claustra vagi montes sub nova sceptra meent.

Christe, veni; quodcunque audet metus, audeat ultra
Fata id agant, quod agant; tu modo, Christe, veni.
Christe, veni; quacunque venis mercede malorum.
Quanti hoc constiterit cunque venire, veni.
Teque tuosque oculos tanti est potuisse videre!
O tanti est te vel sic potuisse frui!
Quicquid id est, veniat. TU MODO, CHRISTE, VENI.

TRANSLATION.

EVEN SO: COME, LORD JESUS.

O come; whatever fears Thy standards carry,
Or sorrows summon us, Lord, do not tarry.
Come, Lord; though labouring heaven whirl from its place,
And its perplexèd paths no more can trace;
Though sympathising earth astonied reel,
And nature jarrèd cease its round to wheel.
Come, Lord; though sun refuse with rosy beam
To rise, and sickly drives a doubtful team.
Come, Lord; though moon look more aghast at night
Than when her cheeks with panic fear are white;
Though ominous comets through the dolorous air
Hurtle, and round their brow dread fire-wreaths wear;
Though spite of struggling sun Night's sudden sway
Impious and lawless seize the accustom'd day;
Mistimèd Day, mindless of eastern glow,
Through moanings of forsaken Night should go.

Come, Lord; though father Ocean roars and lowers,
That his mov'd mountain-bars own other powers.
Come, Lord; whate'er Fear dares, e'en let it dare;
Let Fates do what they will, be Thou but there.
Come, Lord; with whate'er recompense of ill,
Whate'er Thy coming cost, O come, Lord, still.
Thee and Thine eyes, O what 'twill be to see!
Thee to enjoy e'en so, what will that be!
Let come what will, do Thou, Lord, only come.

R. Wi.

CIRCUMCISIO.

Ah ferus, ah culter, qui tam bona lilia primus
In tam crudeles jussit abire rosas;
Virgineum hoc qui primus ebur violavit ab ostro,
Inque sui instituit muricis ingenium.
Scilicet hinc olim quicunque cucurrerit amnis,
Ex hoc purpurei germine fontis erit.
Scilicet hunc mortis primum puer accipit unguem,
Injiciunt hodie fata, furorque manus.
Ecce illi sanguis fundi jam coepit; et ecce
Qui fundi possit, vix bene sanguis erat;
Excitat e dolio vix dum bene musta recenti,
Atque rudes furias in nova membra vocat.
Improbus, ut nimias jam nunc accingitur iras,
Armaque non molli sollicitanda manu;

Improbus, ut teneras audet jam ludere mortes,
Et vitae ad modulum, quid puerile mori;
Improbus, ut tragici impatiens praeludia fati
Ornat, et in socco jam negat ire suo:
Scilicet his pedibus manus haec meditata cothurnos?
Haec cum blanditiis mens meditata minas?
Haec tam dura brevem decuere crepundia dextram?
Dextra giganteis haec satis apta genis?
Sic cunis miscere cruces? cumque ubere matris
Commisisse neces et scelus et furias?
Quo ridet patri, hoc tacite quoque respicit hastam,
Quoque oculo matrem mulcet, in arma redit.
Dii superi, furit his oculis! hoc asper in ore est!
Dat Marti vultus, quos sibi mallet Amor.
Deliciae irarum! torvi, tenera agmina, risus!
Blande furor! terror dulcis! amande metus!
Praecocis in paenas pueri lascivia tristis!
Cruda rudimenta! et torva tyrocinia!
Jam parcum breviusque brevi pro corpore vulnus,
Proque brevi brevior vulnere sanguis eat:
Olim, cum nervi vitaeque ferocior haustus
Materiam morti luxuriemque dabunt;
Olim maturos ultro conabitur imbres;
Robustum audebit tunc solidumque mori.
Ergo illi, nisi qui in saevos concreverit usus,
Nec nisi quem possit fundere, sanguis erit?
Euge, puer trux! euge tamen mitissime rerum!
Quique tibi tantum trux potes esse, puer?

Euge tibi trux ! euge mihi mitissime rerum !
  Euge Leo mitis ! trux sed et Agne tamen !
Macte, puer, macte hoc tam durae laudis honore !
  Macte, o paenarum hac indole et ingenio !
Ah ferus, ah culter, sub quo, tam docte dolorum,
  In tristem properas sic, puer, ire virum.
Ah ferus, ah culter, sub quo, puer auree, crescis,
  Mortis proficiens hac quasi sub ferula.

TRANSLATION.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

Ah, fierce, fierce knife, which such sweet lilies first
Into such cruel roses made to burst;
Which first this ivory pure with purple stain'd,
And in the white a deeper dye engrain'd.
Whatever stream hereafter hence shall flow,
Out of this purple fountain-head shall grow.
Now first this tender Child Death's talons knows,
The Fates and Fury now hurl their first blows.
See now His blood begins to pour; and see
Scarce blood enough to pour there seems to be.
Scarce wise to broach the new wine from the wood,
And 'gainst those young limbs call the Furies rude.
Wanton, e'en now He girds on woes too much,
And arms not to be tried by such soft touch:
Wanton, He dares at gentle deaths to play,
And for His age to die, as a child may:

Wanton, beforehand acts His tragic woe,
Restless, refusing in child-step to go.
Buskins is this hand shaping for those feet,
And does this mind plan threats with coaxings sweet?
Such playthings stern does this small hand bespeak,
And is it match'd with giant's iron cheek?
To mingle cross with cradle, mother's breast
With slaughter, wickedness, and rage unblest?
His smiling eye now glances at the spear,
And turns to arms from soothing mother dear.
God, with such face to frown, such eyes to rage!
War wins the looks which Love would fain engage.
O winsome angers! savage smiles—mild brood—
Soft rage, sweet terror, awe which might be woo'd!
Sad wanton forwardness of Child for woes;
Harsh rudiments, stern training which He chose!
Now scantier wound for scanty body show,
And scantier blood for scanty wound let flow.
Soon, when His strength and deeper draught of breath
Shall furnish food luxuriously for Death,
'Twill be His pleasure then full showers to try,
Then will He strongly, wholly dare to die.
No blood but what to cruel use will grow
To Him belongs, or what He can bid flow.
Ah, cruel Child, though of all things most mild,
Yet to Thyself Thou canst be cruel, Child;
To Thyself cruel, but most mild to me;
A Lion mild, a pitiless Lamb here see.

Long, long may this stern praise Thine honour lift,
A faculty for woes[1] and innate gift.
Fierce knife, from which experience sharp He borrows,
While the Child hastes to grow the Man of Sorrows;
Fierce knife, 'neath which Thou draw'st Thy golden
breath,
Advancing as 'twere 'neath the rod of Death. R. Wi.

VIRGO.

Ne, pia, ne nimium, Virgo, permitte querelis:
Haud volet, haud poterit natus abesse diu.
Nam quid eum teneat? vel quae magis oscula vellet?
Vestri illum indigenam quid vetet esse sinus?
Quippe illis quae labra genis magis apta putentur?
Quaeve per id collum dignior ire manus?
His sibi quid speret puer ambitiosius ulmo,
Quove sub amplexu dulcius esse queat?
O quae tam teneram sibi vitis amicior ulmum
Implicet, alternis nexibus immoriens?
Cui circum subitis eat impatientior ulnis?
Aut quae tam nimiis vultibus ora notet?
Quae tam prompta puer toties super oscula surgat?
Qua signet gemma nobiliore genam?
Illa ubi tam vernis adolescat mitius auris,
Tamve sub apricis pendeat uva jugis?

[1] Cf. Wordsworth's 'A faculty for storms' ('Happy Warrior'). G.

Illi qua veniat languor tam gratus in umbra?
    Commodius sub quo murmure somnus agat?
O ubi tam charo, tam casto in carcere regnet,
    Maternoque simul virgineoque sinu,
Ille ut ab his fugiat, nec tam bona gaudia vellet?
    Ille ut in hos possit non properare sinus?
Ille sui tam blanda sinus patrimonia spernet?
    Haeres tot factus tam bene deliciis?
Ne tantum, ne Diva, tuis permitte querelis:
    Quid dubites? Non est hic fugitivus Amor.

TRANSLATION.

TO THE VIRGIN MARY,

ON LOSING THE CHILD JESUS.

Not, not too much, Virgin, to plaints give way;
Nor will, nor can, thy Son long from thee stay.
Why should He? Where so love to be carest?
What could prevent His nestling in thy breast?
What lips more suited to those cheeks divine?
What hand to clasp that neck more fit than thine?
What could He hope more clinging than these arms?
Or what embraces e'er possess such charms?
What kindlier vine its tender elm around
Could twine, in mutual folds e'en dying found?
To whom with sudden arms more eager go?
Who on this face such yearning glances throw?

Where 'mid such quick-rain'd kisses could He wake?'
Whence His prest cheek a nobler ruby take?
Where could that grape ripen in airs more mild,
Or hang 'neath hills where suns so sweetly smil'd?
Where could such grateful languor o'er Him creep,
Or what more soothing murmur lull to sleep?
Where could He reign in nook so chaste, so dear,
As in this Mother's, Virgin's bosom here?
Could He fly hence, and such blest joys decline,
And could He help hastening to breast of thine?
This balmy bosom's heritage not share,
Of such delights so easily made heir?
Nay, Lady, nay; thy loud complainings stay;
Be cheer'd: this is no Love that flies away. R. Wi.

APOCALYPSE XII. 7.

Arma, viri! aetheriam quocunque sub ordine pubem
    Siderei proceres ducitis; arma, viri!
Quaeque suis, nec queis solita est, stet dextra sagittis;
    Stet gladii saeva luce corusca sui.
Totus adest, totisque movet se major in iris,
    Fertque Draco, quicquid vel Draco ferre potest.
Quas secum facies, imae mala pignora noctis;
    Quot secum nigros ducit in arma deos.
Jam pugnas parat, heu saevus! jam pugnat, et ecce,
    Vix potui 'Pugnat' dicere, jam cecidit.

His tamen ah nimium est quod frontibus addidit iras;
    Quod potuit rugas his posuisse genis.
Hoc torvum decus est, tumidique ferocia fati,
    Quod magni sceleris mors quoque magna fuit.
Quod neque, si victus, jaceat victoria vilis;
    Quod meruit multi fulminis esse labor;
Quod queat ille suas hoc inter dicere flammas:
    'Arma tuli frustra: sed tamen arma tuli.'

TRANSLATION.

WAR IN HEAVEN.

Rev. xii. 7.

To arms, ye starry chieftains all, who lead
The youth of heaven to war—to arms, with speed!
Let each right-hand its untried arrows grasp,
Or its own fiercely-gleaming falchion clasp.
He is *all* here, and mightier in his wrath,
The Dragon brings all powers the Dragon hath:
Strange forms, curst children of the deepest Night—
What dusky gods he marshals to the fight!
Now he makes ready, fights now, fierce as hell!
Scarce could I say 'He fights,' when, lo, he fell.
Ah, 'twas too much to scar with wrath these faces,
And leave on angel-cheeks such furrow'd traces.
'Tis his grim boast and proudly-swelling fate,
That of a great crime e'en the end was great:

If vanquish'd, that 'twas no mean victory;
Much boltèd thunder there requir'd to be;
That with these words his fiery pains he charms:
'Arms I bore vainly; but I did bear arms.' R. Wi.

NOTE.

See our Essay, as before, for relation of this poem to the Sospetto d' Herode, and others. G.

NON ACCIPIMUS BREVEM VITAM,

SED FACIMUS.

Ergo tu luges nimium citatam
Circulo vitam properante volvi?
Tu Deos parcos gemis, ipse cum sis
Prodigus aevi?
Ipse quod perdis, quereris perire?
Ipse tu pellis, sed et ire ploras?
Vita num servit tibi? servus ipse
Cedet abactus.
Est fugax vitae, fateor, fluentum:
Prona sed clivum modo det voluptas,
Amne proclivi magis, et fugace
Labitur unda.
Fur Sopor magnam hinc, oculos recludens,
Surripit partem, ruit inde partem

Temporis magnam spolium reportans
Latro voluptas.
Tu creas mortes tibi mille, et aeva
Plura quo perdas, tibi plura poscis. . . . . .

TRANSLATION.

WE DO NOT RECEIVE, BUT MAKE, A SHORT LIFE.

Dost thou lament that life, urg'd-on too quickly,
Rolls round its course in hasting revolution?
Dost blame the thrifty gods, when thou thyself art
Lavish of lifetime?
What thyself wastest, mourn'st thou if it perish?
Dost drive it from thee, but deplore it going?
Is life thy servant? Sooth, a very servant
Turn'd off departeth.
Life's stream is fleeting—I confess it—always;
But once let Pleasure yield an easy incline,
With headlong wave and with more fleeting current
Onward it glideth.
Sleep, the thief, closing drowsy eyelids, snatcheth
One mighty portion; while as large a portion
Pleasure, the robber, carries off unchalleng'd—
Time's precious gold-dust.
Thou for thyself a thousand deaths createst;
And the more lifetimes thou dost spend in folly,
So many more in lieu of them demandest;
Wasting and wanting. R. Wi.

DE SANGUINE MARTYRUM.

Felices, properatis io, properatis, et altam
Vicistis gyro sub breviore viam.
Vos per non magnum vestri mare sanguinis illuc
Cymba tulit nimiis non operosa notis,
Quo nos tam lento sub remigio luctantes
Ducit inexhausti vis male fida freti.
Nos mora, nos longi consumit inertia lethi;
In ludum mortis luxuriemque sumus.
Nos aevo et senio et latis permittimur undis;
Spargimur in casus, porrigimur furiis.
Nos miseri sumus ex amplo spatioque perimus;
In nos inquirunt fata, probantque manus;
Ingenium fati sumus, ambitioque malorum.
Conatus mortis consiliumque sumus.
In vitae multo multae patet area mortis[1]

. . . . . .

Non vitam nobis numerant, quot viximus anni:
Vita brevis nostra est; sit licet acta diu.
Vivere non longum est, quod longam ducere vitam:
Res longa in vita saepe peracta brevi est.
Nec vos tam vitae Deus in compendia misit,
Quam vetuit vestrae plus licuisse neci.

[1] Ms. has no stop here, and leaves a space nearly wide enough for a line. Mr. Wilton has excellently supplied it. Doubtless it was left blank by Sancroft in order to consult the Text, or as unable to decipher the MS. G.

Accedit vitae quicquid decerpitur aevo,
Atque illo brevius, quo citius morimur.

TRANSLATION.

MARTYRS.

Good speed ye made, in sooth, good speed, ye blest,
And by a shorter course won heavenly rest;
Over a narrow sea of your own blood
Death's bark has borne you, by few gales withstood:
While with slow oars we toil the shore to gain,
Through boisterous fury of the boundless main.
We waste with lingering, indolent decay;
We are Death's pastime and his wanton play;
O'er time and age and wide waves we are blown,
Expos'd to furies and to chances thrown.
Wretched in full are we, perish at length;
Fates seek us out, and try on us their strength.
We are Fate's skill, Evils' ambition fine,
Death's utmost effort and deep-plann'd design.
In a long life wide field for Death there lies;
In a short life grand deeds may daze men's eyes.[1]
By years we live we reckon not our life;
Our life is short, with great deeds be it rife.

[1] I have ventured to supply a connecting line in place of the pentameter here dropt out; which might have been something like this:
'Inque brevi vita splendida facta micent.' R. Wi.

To spend long years, let not long life be thought;
A long-liv'd deed oft in short life is wrought.
God not so much contracted your life's space,
As order'd Death the sooner to give place.
What earth's life loses, gains the life on high:
By how much sooner, so much less we die.

R. Wi.

SPES.

Spes diva, salve! diva avidam tuo
Necessitatem numine prorogans,
    Vindicta fortunae furentis,
        Una salus mediis ruinis.
Regina quamvis, tu solium facis
Depressa parvi tecta tugurii;
    Surgit jacentes inter; illic
        Firma magis tua regna constant.
Cantus catenis, carmina carcere,
Dolore ab ipso gaudiaque exprimis:
    Scintilla tu vivis sub imo
        Pectoris, haud metuens procellas.
Tu regna servis, copia pauperi,
Victis triumphus, littora naufrago,
    Ipsisque damnatis patrona,
        Anchora sub medio profundo.

[illegible]

TRANSLATION.

HOPE.

[illegible]

[illegible] there are seen
[illegible] holy.

[illegible]
[illegible] in bosom dim,
[illegible] tempests wildly raging.

[illegible]
[illegible] from the waves;
[illegible] deliverance speedy.

An 'Anchor sure,'
The eternal Rock thou graspest,
The strain of ocean 'stedfast' to endure;
And Heaven's calm joys 'within the veil' thou claspest.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Quin ipse alumnus sum tuus, ubere
Pendens ab isto, et hinc animam traho.
O Diva nutrix, ô foventes
Pande sinus, sitiens laboro.

TRANSLATION.

HOPE.

Hail, goddess Hope!
Who Fate remorseless movest
Far off, and canst with raging Fortune cope;
'Mid ruin thou our sole salvation provest.
A mighty queen,
Thy throne on roof-trees lowly
And prostrate souls is fix'd, and there are seen
The firm foundations of thy kingdom holy.
A gladsome hymn
From fetters disengaging,
And joy from grief, thou liv'st in bosom dim,
A spark that laughs at tempests wildly raging.
A crown to slaves;
Abundance to the needy;
To shipwreck'd men a refuge from the waves;
To conquer'd and condemn'd deliverance speedy.
An 'Anchor sure,'
The eternal Rock thou graspest,
The strain of ocean 'stedfast' to endure;
And Heaven's calm joys 'within the veil' thou claspest.

Nay, I thy child,
Dependent here adore thee :
From thee I draw my life, O Mother mild ;
Open thy fostering bosom, I implore thee. R. Wi.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΤΟΥ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΥ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΝ.

Ecce tuos lapides ! nihil est pretiosius illis ;
Seu pretium capiti dent, capiantve tuo.
Scilicet haec ratio vestri diadematis : hoc est,
Unde coronatis vos decet ire comis.
Quisque lapis quanto magis in se vilis habetur,
Ditior hoc capiti est gemma futura tuo.
Haec est, quae sacra didicit florere figura,
Non nisi per lacrymas charta videnda tuas.
Scilicet ah dices, haec cum spectaveris ora,
Ora sacer sic, ô sic tulit ille pater.
Sperabis solitas illinc, pia fulmina, voces ;
Sanctaque tam dulci mella venire via.
Sic erat illa, suas Famae cum traderet alas,
Ad calamum, dices, sic erat illa manus.
Tale erat et pectus, celsae domus ardua mentis,
Tale suo plenum sidere pectus erat.
O bene fallacis mendacia pulchra tabellae,
Et qui tam simili vivit in aere, labor !
Cum tu tot chartis vitam, Pater alme, dedisti,
Haec merito vitam charta dat una tibi.

TRANSLATION.

ON STEPHEN'S CROWN.

[This poem seems only intelligible by our supposing that a double reference is intended; first, and faintly, to St. Stephen the proto-martyr; and mainly to Stephens (Stephanus), father and son, Robert and Henry, the great scholars, commentators, printers, and publishers of the sixteenth century, whose books would always be in Crashaw's hands. Stephens, father and son, suffered persecution, banishment, poverty, and excommunication alike from Protestants and Catholics, while engaged in bringing out the Bible, Greek Testament, and numerous Classic Authors. 'In two years Henry revised and published more than 4000 pages of Greek text.' In the latter years of his life, being driven from Geneva (as it is alleged) by the 'petty surveillance and censorship of the pious pastors there, he wandered in poverty over Europe, his own family often ignorant where he was to be found.']

Behold thy stones! more precious nought is seen,
Whether they deck with precious rays serene
Thy head, or from it take a precious glow.
This is your style of diadem; e'en so
With crownèd locks 'tis seemly ye should go:
The viler in itself each stone may seem,
A richer gem upon thy head will gleam.
Behold the Book where, seen through mist of tears,
A sacred form in manhood's bloom appears.
Ah, you will say, when you behold this face,
Such looks, O such, our father us'd to grace.
The accustom'd sounds you hope for—holy thunder,
And the blest honey hid that sweet tongue under:

So, o'er his pen, you say, that hand was bent,
When her own wings to fetter'd Fame he lent.
Such was that breast, his spirit's lofty dwelling—
That breast with its own starry thoughts high swelling.
O pleasing fantasies of picture fair,
And kindred forms which labour'd brass may bear!
Since through thee, Sire, such countless writings live,
Life unto thee let this one writing give. R. Wi.

EXPOSTULATIO JESU CHRISTI

CUM MUNDO INGRATO.

Sum pulcher: at nemo tamem me diligit.
Sum nobilis: nemo est mihi qui serviat.
Sum dives: a me nemo quicquam postulat.
Et cuncta possum: nemo me tamen timet.
Aeternus exsto: quaeror a paucissimis.
Prudensque sum: sed me quis est qui consulit?
Et sum Via: at per me quotusquisque ambulat?
Sum Veritas: quare mihi non creditur?
Sum Vita: verum rarus est qui me petit.
Sum Vera Lux: videre me nemo cupit.
Sum misericors: nullus fidem in me collocat.
Tu, si peris, non id mihi imputes, homo:
Salus tibi est a me parata: hac utere.[1]

[1] From 'The Recommendation' illustration in 'Carmen D. nostro' (Paris, 1652). See vol. i. in 4to, p. 43. G.

TRANSLATION.

JESUS CHRIST'S EXPOSTULATION

WITH AN UNGRATEFUL WORLD.

I am all-fair, yet no one loveth Me:
Noble, yet no one would My servant be:
Rich, yet no suppliant at My gate appears:
Almighty, yet before Me no one fears:
Eternal, I by very few am sought:
Wise am I, yet My counsel goes for nought:
I am the Way, yet by Me walks scarce one:
The Truth, why am I not relied upon?
The Life, yet seldom one My help requires:
The True Light, yet to see Me none desires:
And I am merciful, yet none is known
To place his confidence in Me alone.
Man, if thou perish, 'tis that thou dost choose it;
Salvation I have wrought for thee, O use it! R. Wi.

Latin Poems.

PART SECOND. SECULAR.

I.

FROM 'STEPS TO THE TEMPLE' AND 'DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES,' ETC.

1646–1648.

NOTE.

Among the English poems of the 'Steps to the Temple' and 'Delights of the Muses' of 1646 were the following, in order: In Picturam Reverendissimi Episcopi D. Andrews (p. 89)—Epitaphium in Dominum Herrisium (pp. 92-3)—Principi recens natae omen maternae indolis (pp. 108-9)—In Serenissimae Reginae partum hyemalem (pp. 118-9)—Ad Reginam (pp. 121-2)—In faciem Augustiss. Regis a morbillis integram (p. 127)—Rex Redux (pp. 131-2), and Ad Principem nondum natum (p. 133). In the enlarged edition of 1648 besides these, there appeared: Bulla (pp. 54-58)—Thesaurus Malorum Foemina (p. 59)—In Apollinea depereuntem Daphnen (pp. 60-1)—Aeneas Patris sui Bajulus (p. 61)—In Pygmaliona (p. 61)—Arion (pp. 61-2)—Phoenicis Genethliacon et Epicedion (p. 63)—Epitaphium (p. 64)—Damno affici saepe fit Lucrum (pp. 64-5)—Humanae Vitae Descriptio (p. 65)—Tranquillitas Animi, Similitudine ducta ab Ave captiva et canora tamen (pp. 66-7).

These Poems I have arranged under two classes: (*a*) Miscellaneous, really, not merely formally, poetry: (*b*) Royal and other commemorative pieces. The former in the present section, the latter in the next. See our Essay on each. Nearly the whole of the translations in this division are by myself, with additional renderings of some by Rev. Thomas Ashe, M.A., as before, and others by Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., as before, as pointed out in the places.

As before, I note here the more misleading errors of Turnbull's text. In 'Bulla,' l. 1, 'timores' for 'tumores;' l. 4, 'dextera mihi' for 'dextra mei;' l. 54, 'nitent' for 'niteat;' l. 80, 'avis' for 'uvis;' l. 84, 'nives' for 'niveae;' l. 85, 'sint' for 'sunt;' l. 154, 'desinet' for 'defluet;' l. 157, 'Tempe' for 'Nempe:' in Tranquillitas Animi,' l. 13, 'minis minisque' for 'nimis nimisque;' l. 16, 'patrisque' for 'patreaeque;' l. 20, 'provocabit' for 'provocabat:' in 'Humanae Vitae Descriptio,' l. 13, 'more' for 'mare:' in 'Apollinea depereuntem Daphnen,' l. 12, 'ores' for 'oris:' in Phoenicis Genethliacon et Epicedion,' l. 5, 'teipsum' for 'teipsam:' in 'Epitaphium,' l. 6, 'tremulum' for 'tremulam;' l. 7, 'discas' for 'disces,' 'hinc' for 'huc,' and 'reponas' for 'repones;' l. 10, 'miseris' for 'nimis:' in 'Thesaurus Malorum Foemina,' l. 16, 'Pietas' for 'Pectus.' G.

BULLA.

Quid tibi vana suos offert mea Bulla tumores?
Quid facit ad vestrum pondus inane meum?
Expectat nostros humeros toga fortior. Ista
En mea Bulla, lares en tua dextra mei.
Quid tu? quae nova machina,
Quae tam fortuito globo
In vitam properas brevem?
Qualis virgineos adhuc
Cypris concutiens sinus,
Cypris jam nova, jam recens,
Et spumis media in suis,
Promsit purpureum latus;
Concha de patria micas,
Pulchroque exsilis impetu;
Statim et millibus ebria
Ducens terga coloribus
Evolvis tumidos sinus
Sphaera plena volubili.
Cujus per varium latus,
Cujus per teretem globum
Iris lubrica cursitans
Centum per species vagas,

Et picti facies chori
Circum regnat, et undique,
Et se Diva volatilis 25
Jucundo levis impetu
Et vertigine perfida
Lasciva sequitur fuga,
Et pulchre dubitat; fluit
Tam fallax toties novis, 30
Tot se per reduces vias,
Erroresque reciprocos
Spargit vena coloribus;
Et pompa natat ebria.
Tali militia micans 35
Agmen se rude dividit;
Campis quippe volantibus,
Et campi levis aequore
Ordo insanus obambulans
Passim se fugit, et fugat. 40
Passim perdit, et invenit.
Pulchrum spargitur hic Chaos.
Hic viva, hic vaga flumina
Ripa non propria meant,
Sed miscent socias vias, 45
Communique sub alveo
Stipant delicias suas.
Quarum proximitas vaga
Tam discrimine lubrico,
Tam subtilibus arguit 50

Juncturam tenuem notis,
Pompa ut florida nullibi
Sinceras habeat vias;
Nec vultu niteat suo.
Sed dulcis cumulus novos 55
Miscens purpureus sinus
Flagrant divitiis suis,
Privatum renuens jubar.
Floris diluvio vagi,
Floris sidere publico 60
Late ver subit aureum,
Atque effunditur in suae
Vires undique copiae.
Nempe omnis quia cernitur,
Nullus cernitur hic color, 65
Et vicinia contumax
Allidit species vagas.
Illic contiguis aquis
Marcent pallidulae faces.
Unde hic vena tenellulae, 70
Flammis ebria proximis
Discit purpureas vias,
Et rubro salit alveo.
Ostri sanguineum jubar
Lambunt lactea flumina; 75
Suasu caerulei maris
Mansuescit seges aurea;
Et lucis faciles genae

Vanas ad nebulas stupent;
Subque uvis rubicundulis 80
Flagrant sobria lilia;
Vicinis adeo rosis
Vicinae invigilant nives;
Ut sint et niveae rosae,
Ut sunt et roseae nives, 85
Accenduntque rosae nives,
Extinguuntque nives rosas.
Illic cum viridi rubet,
Hic et cum rutile viret,
Lascivi facies chori. 90
Et quicquid rota lubrica
Caudae stelligerae notat,
Pulchrum pergit et in ambitum.
Hic coeli implicitus labor,
Orbes orbibus obvii; 95
Hic grex velleris aurei,
Grex pellucidus aetheris;
Qui noctis nigra pascua
Puris morsibus atterit;
Hic quicquid nitidum et vagum 100
Coeli vibrat arenula,
Dulci pingitur in joco;
Hic mundus tener impedit
Sese amplexibus in suis.
Succinctique sinu globi 105
Errat per proprium decus.

Hic nictant subitae faces,
Et ludunt tremulum diem,
Mox se surripiunt sui et
Quaerunt tecta supercili, 110
Atque abdunt petulans jubar,
Subsiduntque proterviter.
Atque haec omnia quam brevis
Sunt mendacia machinae !
Currunt scilicet omnia 115
Sphaera, non vitrea quidem—
Ut quondam Siculus globus—
Sed vitro nitida magis,
Sed vitro fragili magis,
Et vitro vitrea magis. 120
Sum venti ingenium breve,
Flos sum, scilicet, aëris,
Sidus scilicet aequoris ;
Naturae jocus aureus,
Naturae vaga fabula, 125
Naturae breve somnium.
Nugarum decus et dolor ;
Dulcis doctaque vanitas.
Aurae filia perfidae ;
Et risus facilis parens. 130
Tantum gutta superbior,
Fortunatius et lutum.
Sum fluxae pretium spei ;
Una ex Hesperidum insulis.

Formae pyxis, amantium 135
Clare caecus ocellulus;
Vanae et cor leve gloriae.
Sum caecae speculum Deae,
Sum Fortunae ego tessera,
Quam dat militibus suis; 140
Sum Fortunae ego symbolum,
Quo sancit fragilem fidem
Cum mortalibus ebriis,
Obsignatque tabellulas.
Sum blandum, petulans, vagum, 145
Pulchrum, purpureum, et decens,
Comptum, floridulum, et recens,
Distinctum nivibus, rosis,
Undis, ignibus, aere,
Pictum, gemmeum, et aureum, 150
O sum, scilicet, ô NIHIL.
Si piget, et longam traxisse in taedia pompam
Vivax, et nimium Bulla videtur anus:
Tolle tuos oculos pensum leve defluet, illam
Parca metet facili non operosa manu. 155
Vixit adhuc. Cur vixit? adhuc tu nempe legebas.
Nempe fuit tempus tum potuisse mori?

NOTE.

A collation of the 'Bulla' with the Tanner MS. corrects the punctuation of the original and subsequent printed texts, and specially puts right in the last line 'Nempe' for 'Tempe,' so long retained. In the fourth line from close the printed texts read 'desinet' for 'defluet.' Nothing else noticeable. G.

TRANSLATION. THE BUBBLE. [TO REV. DR. LANY.]

What art thou? What new device,
Globe, chance-fashion'd in a trice,
Into brief existence bounding,
Perfectly thy circle rounding?
As when Cypris, her breast smiting—
Virgin still, all love inviting—
Cypris in young loveliness
Couch'd rosy where the white waves press
Her to bear and her to bless;
So forth from thy native shell
Gleamest thou ineffable!
Springing up with graceful bound
And describing dainty round;
Thousand colours come and go
As thou dost thy fair curves show,
Swelling out—a whirling ball
Meet for Fairy-Festival;
Through whose sides of shifting hue,
Through whose smooth-turn'd globe, we view
Iris' gliding rainbow sitting,
In a hundred forms soft-flitting:
And semblance of a troop displaying,

All around dominion swaying :
And the Goddess volatile
With witching step and luring smile
Follows still with twinkling foot
In link'd mazes involute :
With many a sight-deceiving turn
And flight which makes pursuers burn,
And a graceful hesitation—
Only treacherous simulation :
JUST so, and no less deceiving,
Our BUBBLE, all its colours weaving,
Follows ever-varying courses,
Or in air itself disperses :
Here now, there now, coming, going,
Wand'ring as if ebbing, flowing :
Sporting Passion's colours all
In ways that are bacchanal ;
And the GLOBES undisciplin'd
As though driven by the wind,
Borne along the fleeting plains
Light as air ; nor order reigns—
But the heaven-possess'd array
Moving each in its own way,
Hither now and thither flying,
Glancing, wavering, and dying,
Losing still their path and finding,
In a random inter-winding :
Rising, falling, on careering,

Vis'ble now, now disappearing;
Living wand'ring streams outgoing,
Ev'n Confusion beauteous showing:
Flowing not each in its course,
But each to other joining force;
Moving in pleasant pastime still
In a mutual good-will:
And a nearness that's so near
You the contact almost fear,
Yet so finely drawn to eye
In its delicate subtlety
That the procession, blossom-fair,
Nowhere has direction clear:
Nor with their own aspect glance,
But in the sweet luxuriance
Which skiey influences lend,
As in new windings on they trend:
Throwing off the stol'n sunlight
In a flood of blossoms bright,
Scatter'd on the fields of light;
Such a brilliancy of bloom
As all may share if all will come.
Now golden Spring advances lightly,
Spreading itself on all sides brightly,
Out of its rich and full supply
Open-handed, lavishly.
    Since all colours you discern,
No one colour may you learn:

All tints melted into one
In a sweet confusion,
You cannot tell 'tis that or this,
So shifting is the loveliness:
Gleams as of the peacock's crest,
Or such as on dove's neck rest;
Opal, edg'd with amethyst,
Or the sunset's purpl'd mist,
Or the splendour that there lies
In a maiden's azure eyes,
Kindling in a sweet surprise:
Flower-tints, shell-tints, tender-dy'd,
Save to curious unespied:
Lo, one BUBBLE follows t'other,
Differing still from its frail brother,
Striking still from change to change
With a quick and vivid range.
There in the contiguous wave
Torches palely-glist'ning lave;
Here what delicate love-lights shine!
Through them near flames bick'ring shine.
Matching flushing of the rose,
As the ruddy channel flows:
Milky rivers in white tide
Lucent, hush, still onwards glide:
Purple rivers in high flood—
Red as is man's awful blood:
Corn-fields smiling goldenly

Meet the blue laugh of the sea :
Mist-clouds sailing on their way
Darken the changeful cheeks of Day:
And beneath vine-clusters red
Lilies are transfigurèd:
Here you mark as 'twere the snows
Folding o'er the neighb'ring rose;
Snow into blown roses flushing,
Roses wearied of their blushing,
As the shifting tints embrace,
And their course you scarce can trace:
Now retiring, now advancing,
Now in wanton mazes dancing;
Now a flow'ry red appears,
Now a purpl'd green careers.
All the signs in heaven that burn
Where the gliding wheel doth turn,
Here in radiant courses go,
As though 'twere a heaven below:
The sky's mazes involute
Circling onward with deft foot,
Sphere on heavenly sphere attending,
Coming, going, inter-blending:
And the gold-fleec'd flocks of air
Wand'ring inviolate and fair;
Flocks that drink in chaste delight
Dewy pastures of the Night,
Leaving no trace of foot or bite.

Whate'er of change above you note,
As these clouds o'er heaven float,
Lo, repeated here we see
In a sportive mimicry.
    Here the tiny tender world
Within its own brightness furl'd
Wavers, as in fairy robe
'Twere a belted linèd globe.
Lights as of the breaking Day
Tremble with iridescent play,
But now swiftly upward going,
Evanescent colours showing,
In some nook their beams concealing,
Nor their wantonness revealing.
O, what store of wonders here
In this short-liv'd slender SPHERE!
For all wonders I have told
Are within its GLOBE enroll'd:
Not such globe as skillèd he
Fashion'd of old in Sicily:
Brighter e'en than crystals are,
And than crystal frailer far.
    'I am Spirit of the Wind,
For a flitting breath design'd;
I am Blossom born of air;
I'm of Ocean, guiding Star;
I'm a golden sport of Nature,
Frolic stamp'd on ev'ry feature:

I'm a myth, an idle theme,
The brief substance of a dream:
Grace and grief of trifles, I
Charm—a well-skill'd vanity;
Begotten of the treacherous breeze,
Parent of absurdities:
Yet, a drop or mote, at best,
Favour'd more than are the rest.
I'm price of Hope that no more is,
One of the Hesperides:
Beauty's casket, doating eye
Of lovers blinded wilfully:
The light Spirit of Vanity.
I am Fortune's looking-glass,
The countersign which she doth pass
To her troop of warriors:
I'm the oath by which she swears,
And wherewith she doth induce
Men to trust a fragile truce.
Charming, provoking, still astray,
Fair and elegant and gay,
Trim and fresh and blossom-hu'd;
Interchangeably imbu'd
With rosy-red and the snow's whiteness,
Air and water and fire's brightness:
Painted, gemm'd, of golden dye,
NOTHING—after all—am I!'

If now, O gentle Reader, it appear
    Irksome my BUBBLE's chatterings to hear;
If on it frowning, 'Words, words, words!' thou say,
    No more I'll chatter, but at once obey.
So, turn thine eye, my Friend, no more give heed;
    My BUBBLE lives but if thou choose to read.
Cease thou to read, and I resign my breath;
    Cease thou to read, and that will be my death. G.

TRANQUILLITAS ANIMI:

SIMILITUDINE DUCTA AB AVE CAPTIVA, ET CANORA TAMEN.

Ut cum delicias leves, loquacem
Convivam nemoris vagamque musam
Observans, dubia viator arte
Prendit desuper: horridusve ruris
Eversor, male perfido paratu, 5
Heu durus! rapit, atque io triumphans
Vadit: protinus et sagace nisu
Evolvens digitos, opus tenellum
Ducens pollice lenis erudito,
Virgarum implicat ordinem severum, 10
Angustam meditans domum volucri.
Illa autem, hospitium licet vetustum
Mentem solicitet nimis nimisque,
Et suetum nemus, hinc opaca mitis

Umbrae frigora, et hinc aprica puri 15
Solis fulgura, patriaeque sylvae
Nunquam muta quies; ubi illa dudum
Totum per nemus, arborem per omnem,
Hospes libera liberis querelis
Cognatum bene provocabat agmen: 20
Quanquam ipsum nemus arboresque alumnam
Implorant profugam, atque amata multum
Quaerant murmura lubricumque carmen
Blandi gutturis et melos serenum.
Illa autem, tamen, illa jam relictae, 25
Simplex! haud meminit domus, nec ultra
Sylvas cogitat; at brevi sub antro,
Ah penna nimium brevis recisa,
Ah ritu vidua sibique sola,
Privata heu fidicen! canit, vagoque 30
Exercens querulam domum susurro
Fallit vincula, carceremque mulcet;
Nec pugnans placidae procax quieti
Luctatur gravis, orbe sed reducto
Discursu vaga saltitans tenello, 35
Metitur spatia invidae cavernae.
Sic in se pia mens reposta, secum
Alte tuta sedet, nec ardet extra,
Aut ullo solet aestuare fato:
Quamvis cuncta tumultuentur, atrae 40
Sortis turbine non movetur illa.
Fortunae furias onusque triste

Non tergo minus accipit quieto,
Quam vectrix Veneris columba blando
Admittat juga delicata collo. 45
Torvae si quid inhorruit procellae,
Si quid saeviat et minetur, illa
Spernit, nescit, et obviis furorem
Fallit blanditiis, amatque et ambit
Ipsum, quo male vulneratur, ictum. 50
Curas murmure non fatetur ullo;
Non lambit lacrymas dolor, nec atrae
Mentis nubila frons iniqua prodit.
Quod si lacryma pervicax rebelli
Erumpit tamen evolatque gutta, 55
Invitis lacrymis, negante luctu,
Ludunt perspicui per ora risus.

TRANSLATION. PEACE OF MIND:[1]

UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A CAPTIVE SONG-BIRD.

The time of the singing of birds is come;
I will away i' the greenwood to roam;
I will away; and thou azure-ey'd Muse
Deign with thy gifts my mind to suffuse.—
So o'erheard I one say, as he withdrew
To a fairy scene that well I knew,
Light lac'd with shadow, shadow with light,
Leaves playing bo-peep from morn unto night.

[1] See Illustration (in 4to) by Mrs. Blackburn to ll. 13-14 as vignette in Essay. G.

But, ah, what is this? Alas, and alas,
A sweet bird flutters upon the grass;
Flutters and struggles with quivering wing!
Tempted and snar'd—gentle, guileless thing.
Vain, vain thy struggles; for, lo, a hand
Hollow'd above, makes thee captive stand.
Home hies the Captor, loud singing his joy;
He has got a pet song-bird for his boy.
Now twining and twisting, a cage he makes
Wire-wrought and fast'n'd. Ah, my heart aches!
It is a prison, for the poor bird prepar'd;
Shut close and netted, netted and barr'd.
Comes the flutter and gleam of forest-leaves
Through the trellis'd window under the eaves;
Comes the breath and stir of the vernal wind,
Comes the goldening sunshine—to remind
Of all that is lost; comes now and again
Far off a song from the blading grain;
Calling, still calling the Songster to come
Back—once more back—to its woodland home.
I mark eyelids rise; mark the lifting wing;
Mark the swelling throat, as if it would sing;
Mark the weary 'chirp, chirp,' like infant's cry,
Yearning after the free and boundless sky;
For the grand old woods; once more to sit
On the swinging bough into blossom smit.
Vain, vain, poor bird! thou'rt captive still;
Thou must bend thee to thy Captor's will:

Thy wing is cut; from thy mate thou'rt taken;
All alone thou abidest, sad, forsaken.
The days pass on; and I look in once more
On the captive bird 'bove the ivied door.
Sweetly it sings, as if all by itself,
A short, quiet song. O thou silly elf,
Hast forgot the greenwood, the forest hoar,
The flash of the sky, the wind's soften'd roar?
Hast forgot that thou still a captive art,
Prison'd in wire-work? hast forgot thy smart?
'Tis even so: for now down, and now up,
Now hopping on perch, now sipping from cup,
I mark it sullen and pining no more,
But keeping within, though open the door.
List ye, now list—from its swelling throat,
Of its woodland song you miss never a note.
Alone, it is true, and in a wir'd cage;
But kindness has melted the captive's rage.
Behold a sweet meaning in this bird's story—
How the child of God is ripen'd for glory:
For it is thus with the child of God,
Smitten and bleeding 'neath His rod:
Thus 'tis with him; for, tranquil and calm
'Mid dangers and insults, he singeth his psalm:
Alone, all alone, deserted of man,
Slander'd and trampl'd and plac'd under ban,
He frets not, he pines not, he plains not still,
But sees clear in all his dear Father's will:

Come loss, come cross, come bereavement, come wrong,
He sets all to music, turns all to song;
Come terror, come trial, come dark day, come bright,
Still upward he looks, and knows all is right:
Wounded, he sees the Hand gives the stroke,
Bending his neck to bear his Lord's yoke,
And finds it grow light, by grace from Above,
As love's slender collars o' the Queen of Love;
Comes the starting tear, 'tis dried with a smile;
Comes a cloud, as you look 'tis gone the while;
Stirs the 'old Adam' to tempt and to dare,
He thinks Who was tempted and knows what we are;
Gentle and meek, murmurs not nor rebels,
But serene as in heaven and tranquil dwells:
And so the Believer has 'songs in the night,'
And so every cloud has a lining of light.
Thus, even thus, the captive bird's story
Tells how a soul is ripen'd for glory. G.

DAMNO AFFICI SAEPE FIT LUCRUM.

Damna adsunt multis taciti compendia lucri,
Felicique docent plus properare mora.
Luxuriem annorum posita sic pelle redemit,
Atque sagax serpens in nova saecla subit.
Cernis ut ipsa sibi replicato suppetat aevo,
Seque iteret multa morte perennis avis?

Succrescit generosa sibi, facilesque per ignes
    Perque suos cineres, per sua fata ferax.
Quae sollers jactura sui? quis funeris usus?
    Flammarumque fides ingeniumque rogi?
Siccine fraude subis? pretiosaque funera ludis?
    Siccine tu mortem, ne moriaris, adis?
Felix cui medicae tanta experientia mortis,
    Cui tam Parcarum est officiosa manus.

TRANSLATION.

GAIN OUT OF LOSS.

Losses are often source of secret gain,
Delays good-speed, and ease the child of pain.
The subtle snake, laying aside her fears,
Casts off her slough, and heals the waste of years.
The phœnix thus her waning pride supplies,
And, to be ever-living, often dies;
Bold for her good, she makes the fires her friend,
And to begin anew, will plot her end.
What skilful losing! what wise use of dying!
What trust in flames! and what a craft in plying
That trick of immolation! Canst thou so
Compound with griefs? canst wisely undergo
Life's losses, crosses? play with gainful doom?
Canst, to be quicken'd, gladly seek the tomb?
Thrice-happy he thus touch'd with healing sorrow,
For whom night's strife plots but a gracious morrow. A.

ANOTHER RENDERING (*more freely*).

Suff'ring is not always loss;
Often underneath the cross—
Heavy, crushing, wearing, slow,
Causing us in dread to go—
All unsuspected lieth gain,
Like sunshine in vernal rain.
Lo, the serpent's mottled skin
Cast, new lease of years doth win:
Lo, the phœnix in the fire
Leaps immortal from its pyre,
The mystic plumage mewing,
And life by death renewing.
What a wise loss thus to lose!—
Who will gainsay or abuse?
What strange end to fun'ral pile,
Thus in Death's gaunt face to smile!
Faith still strong within the fire,
Faith triumphant o'er its ire.
How stands it, fellow-man, with thee?
What meaning in this myth dost see?
Happy thou, if when thou'rt lying
On thy sick-bed slow a-dying,
Cometh vision of the Eternal,
Cometh strength for the supernal,
Cometh triumph o'er the infernal;
And thou canst the Last Enemy
Calmly meet, serenely die;

The hard Sisters life's web snipping,
But thy spirit never gripping;
Good, not evil, to thee bringing;
Hushing not thy upward singing,
To the Golden City winging.
    Even so to die is gain,
Like the Harvest's tawnied grain:
Suffering is not always loss;
The Crown succeeds the Cross. G.

HUMANAE VITAE DESCRIPTIO.

O vita, tantum lubricus quidam furor
Spoliumque vitae! scilicet longi brevis
Erroris hospes! Error ô mortalium!
O certus error! qui sub incerto vagum
Suspendit aevum, mille per dolos viae 5
Fugacis, et proterva per volumina
Fluidi laboris, ebrios lactat gradus;
Et irretitos ducit in nihilum dies.
O fata! quantum perfidae vitae fugit
Umbris quod imputemus atque auris, ibi 10
Et umbra et aura serias partes agunt
Miscentque scenam, volvimur ludibrio
Procacis aestus, ut per incertum mare
Fragilis protervo cymba cum nutat freto;
Et ipsa vitae fila, queis nentes Deae 15

Aevi severa texta producunt manu,
Haec ipsa nobis implicant vestigia,
Retrahunt trahuntque, donec everso gradu
Ruina lassos alta deducat pedes.
Felix, fugaces quisquis excipiens dies 20
Gressus serenos fixit, insidiis sui
Nec servit aevi, vita inoffensis huic
Feretur auris, atque clauda rarius
Titubabit hora: vortices anni vagi
Hic extricabit, sanus assertor sui. 25

TRANSLATION.

DESCRIPTION OF HUMAN LIFE.

O Life, or but some evanescent madness
And glittering spoil of life snatch'd with blind gladness!
Of endless Error, transitory guest;
Sad human Error, which would fain find rest.
O certain Error, 'neath uncertain sky
Suspending here our frail mortality;
Leading us through a thousand devious ways
And intricacies of a treacherous maze!
Our staggering footsteps how dost thou beguile
Through wanton rounds of unavailing toil,
And our entangl'd days to nothing bring!
O fates, how much of our poor life takes wing,
Wasted on winds and shadows! On life's stage
Shadows and winds a serious part engage,

The scene confusing. On life's billow tost,
The sport of changeful tide, we're well-nigh lost,
And, like a frail boat on a stormy sea,
We waver up and down uncertainly.
Nay, e'en the threads spun by the Fates on high,
As with stern fingers they divinely ply
The web of life, twine round us as we go,
And draw us backwards, forwards, to and fro;
Till Ruin trips us up, and we are found
Helpless and weary, stretched along the ground.
Happy the man who, welcoming each day
With smiles that answer to its fleeting ray,
Pursues with step serene his purpos'd way;
The alluring snares peculiar to the age
His soul enslave not, nor his mind engage;
His life with peaceful tenor glides along,
By fav'ring breezes fann'd, and sooth'd with song;
Inspir'd by Heaven with soul-sustaining force,
Seldom he falls, or falters in his course;
But ever, as the eddying years roll round,
Bursting through all the perils that abound,
A wise assertor of himself is found. R. Wi.

IN PYGMALIONA.

Poenitet artis
Pygmaliona suae,

Quod felix opus esset,
Infelix erat artifex;
Sentit vulnera, nec videt ictum.
Quis credit? gelido veniunt de marmore flammae:
Marmor ingratum nimis
Incendit autorem suum.
Concepit hic vanos furores,
Opus suum miratur atque adorat.
Prius creavit, ecce nunc colit manus;
Tentantes digitos molliter applicat;
Decipit molles caro dura tactus.
An virgo vera est, an sit eburnea;
Reddat an oscula quae dabantur,
Nescit; sed dubitat, sed metuit, munere supplicat,
Blanditiasque miscet.
Te, miser, poenas dare vult, hos Venus, hos triumphos
Capit a te, quod amorem fugis omnem.
Cur fugis heu vivos? mortua te necat puella.
Non erit innocua haec, quamvis tua fingas manu;
Ipsa heu nocens erit nimis, cujus imago nocet.

TRANSLATION.

ON PYGMALION.

Grief for work his hands have done
Harroweth Pygmalion;
Happy reach of art! yet he
The artificer, unhappily,

He feels the wounds: what deals the blow?
Can it be true? can flames from gelid marble flow?

Marble, treacherous and to blame
To burn your Sculptor with such flame!
What madness in his heart is hid?
He wonders at, he adores the work he did.
First he made, and next his hand
With wandering fingers softly tries
The mystery to understand.
Ah, surely now the hard flesh lies!
Is it a living maiden, see!
O treacherous blisses!
Is it no marble? can it frail flesh be?
Does it return his kisses?
He knows not, he.

He doubts, he fears, he prays; what mean
All these sweet blandishments between?
Venus, wretched Sculptor, wills
You should suffer these sad ills;
This is her triumph over you,
Because at love your lips would curl;
Your will not living overthrows yet this dead girl.

Weep, ah, weep, Pygmalion!
Though you shap'd her with your hands,
With your chisel, out of stone,
Not innocuous here she stands.

O image of a maiden!
If you so strangely baneful prove,
With what despair will you come laden,
Coming alive to claim his love! A.

ANOTHER VERSION (*more freely*).

Pygmalion mourns his own success;
Was ever such strange wretchedness?
His work itself, a work of Art,
Perfect in its every part;
But himself? Alas, artist he
Of his own utmost misery.
He feels his wounds, but who shall tell
Whence come the drops that downward steal?
Flames leap out from the marble, cold
As ice itself by storm-wind roll'd:
And he, contriver of that fire,
Burns self-immolate on his own pyre;
Furies of his own genius born
Cast him, adoring and forlorn,
Into a strange captivity
Before his own hands' work; and he
Clings to the shapely form, until,
In ecstasy of love a-thrill,
He burning lips to cold lips sets,
And wild with passion her cheek wets;
Strains to his breast insensate stone,
As 'twere a breathing thing; with moan,

With clasp and grasp and tingling touch,
As though he ne'er could grip too much;
And wilder'd cry of agony,
That she respond would; by him lie
A virgin pure as drifted snow,
Or lilies that i' the meadows blow.
Is it ivory? is it stone?
Lives it? or is it clay alone?
O that to flesh the stone would melt,
And show a soul within it dwelt!
He looks, he yearns, he sighs, he sobs,
Convulsive his whole body throbs;
He doubts, he fears, he supplicates
With wistful gaze; he on her waits;
Gifts lavish he lays at her feet,
And, stung to passion, will entreat,
As though the image he has made
Were thing of life he might persuade—
Persuade and woo, and on her stake
His future, all. O sad mistake!
For thee, Pygmalion, Venus sends
These triumphs which thy chisel lends,
To punish thee, for that no love
Erewhile thy obstinate heart might move.
Why flee'st thou the living, say,
When this image thee doth slay?
Thee doth—ay, slay! Why dost thou stand
Entranc'd before the work o' thy hand,

None the less hurtful that it is
Thine own genius yields the bliss ?
Venus must thee still deny;
The sculptured maid must breathless lie. G.

ARION.

Squammea vivae
Lubrica terga ratis
Jam conscendet Arion.
Merces tam nova solvitur
Navis quam nova scanditur. Illa
Aërea est merces, haec est et aquatica navis.
Perdidere illum viri
Mercede magna, servat hic
Mercede nulla piscis : et sic
Salute plus ruina constat illi ;
Minoris et servatur hinc quam perditur.
Hic dum findit aquas, findit hic aëra :
Cursibus, piscis ; digitis, Arion :
Et sternit undas, sternit et aëra :
Carminis hoc placido Tridente
Abjurat sua jam murmura, ventusque modestior
Auribus ora mutat :
Ora dediscit, minimos et metuit susurros ;
Sonus alter restat, ut fit sonus illis

Aura strepens circum muta sit lateri adjacente penna,
Ambit et ora viri, nec vela ventis hic egent;
Attendit hanc ventus ratem: non trahit, at trahitur.

TRANSLATION (*full*).

ARION.

Never since ship was set a-float
Have men seen so strange a boat:
Alive it is from deck to keel,
Having the gray gleam of steel;
Slippery as wave-wash'd wreck,
Or as a war-ship's bloody deck.
A Dolphin, lo, its huge back bending,
Safety to Arion lending
From the sailors of Sicily,
Covetous of his golden monie;
Money that as prize he had won
Before all Singers aneath the sun;
Playing and singing so famouslie,
Singing and playing so wondrouslie,
That there went up from ev'ry throat
The verdict, 'for Arion I vote:'
Vote the prize; and gifts as well,
Crowns of gold and of asphodel;
Lyres all a-glow with gems,
Robes bejewell'd to their hems;
A thousand golden pieces and one
For the gifted son of Poseidon:

And, hark, as 'twere the bellowing thunder,
In clang'rous shouts men tell their wonder.
Arion now homeward takes his way
In a fair ship steer'd for Corinth Bay;
Proud of his prizes, proud of his skill,
Proud that soon Periander will
Welcome him fondly, and call him friend,
With words such as no money can send.
Alas and alas, such crime to tell!
The ship-captain and sailors fell
Covet his gold, and have it must,
Though Arion they murder by blow or thrust.
But Apollo at midnight hour
Sendeth a dream in mystic power;
It showeth the men, it showeth their crime.
Arion awakes with the morning's chime;
Awakes, and planneth how to escape.
Vain, vain all; on him they gape,
Thirsting alike for gold and life,
Murder and covetousness at strife.
'Suffer me, then,' Arion said,
'That I may play as I have play'd;
Here is my poor Lyre, and, ere I die,
Let me prove its minstrelsy.'
He has donn'd him now in gay attire,
Festal robes; in his hand his Lyre.
List ye, list ye; above, below,
Sounds such as only the angels know;

Sounds that are born of rapture and bliss,
Of the throbbing heart and the burning love-kiss.
Now it is soft, pathetic, low,
Then 'gins to change to cry of woe;
Now it comes rushing as if the thunder
Came booming from the deep earth under;
Pulsing along each quivering string
As though the Lyre were a living thing,
And Arion's hand had so cunning a spell
As should win all heaven—ay and hell.
O, came there never such melodie
From mortal earth or mortal sky.
He mounted to the good ship's prow,
And mingling with his song a vow
To the gods, he himself threw
Out 'mid the waves from that damnable crew.
    Up through the waves the Dolphins bound,
A hundred bended backs are found,
Each one more eager than the rest
To upbear the sweet Player on Ocean's breast.
    Arion ascends; and, lo, he stands,
His Lyre unwet within his hands:
Onward and onward careering they go;
O soft and true the notes that flow!
Rising, falling, swelling, dying,
Near and nearer, far-off flying;
Pulsing along each quivering string
As though the Lyre were a living thing.

New is the ship, as new the freight;
The Dolphin feels never the weight;
New is the ship, and new the fare,
That of the water, this of the air:
The sailors in their greed him lost,
The Dolphin bears him withouten cost.
Away and away with a shim'ring track
Arion goes on the Dolphin's back;
Away and away, still softly playing,
Each string his lightest touch obeying.
Under the spell the Sea grows calm,
Listing attent his witching psalm;
Under the spell the air grows mild,
Breathing soft as sleeping child.
But who may seek all the tale to tell?
It is a tale unspeakable.
Onward and onward careering they go,
Silence above and silence below:
The Storm-gale shuts its mouth and lists,
The Wind folds its pinions and desists,
Following, not blowing, drawing not, but drawn,
From early ev'ning to breaking dawn.
Tenarus at last Arion beheld;
Tenarus, his own dear home that held;
And as together they swiftly come,
He claps hands loud and thinks of home.
The Dolphin seeks a quiet cove;
The Dolphin arching its back above

The azure waters, leaves him there,
A-list'ning still his Lyre to hear.
Homeward to Corinth Arion proceeds:
Periander a tale of suff'ring reads
In the thinnèd cheek and the dreamy eye,
In the tremulous words and the laden sigh.
The story is told. O story of wrong!
The ship returns; and it is not long
Ere captain and crew, at bar arraign'd,
Must tell where Arion they detain'd.
'He tarries,' quoth they, 'in Sicily,
Winning all men by his minstrelsie.'
Lies were proven in their throat.
Periander his hands together smote,
Swearing a solemn oath that they—
One, all—should drown'd be in the Bay.
Tied hand and foot, pallor'd and grim,
'Tis done as they would ha' done to him.
A plunge as of a plunging stone,
A few bubbles—Vengeance is done! G.

IN

APOLLINEA DEPEREUNTEM DAPHNEN.

Stulte Cupido,
Quid tua flamma parat?
Annos sole sub ipso
Accensae pereunt faces?
Sed fax nostra potentior istis,
Flammas inflammare potest, ipse uritur ignis,
Ecce flammarum potens
Majore sub flamma gemit.
Eheu, quid hoc est? En Apollo
Lyra tacente, ni sonet dolores,
Coma jacente squallet aeternus decor
Oris, en, dominae quo placeat magis,
Languido tardum jubar igne promit.
Pallente vultu territat aethera.
Mundi oculus lacrymis senescit,
Et solvit pelago debita, quodque hauserat ignibus,
His lacrymis rependit.
Noctis adventu properans se latebris recondit,
Et opacas tenebrarum colit umbras,
Namque suos odit damnans radios nocensque lumen.
An lateat tenebris dubitat, an educat diem,
Hinc suadet hoc luctus furens, inde repugnat amor.

TRANSLATION (*full*).

ON APOLLO PINING FOR DAPHNE.

Cupid, foolishest of pets,
What woe thy swift-sent flame begets !
Surely before the flashing Sun
Torches pale to extinction?
But our torch is mightier far ;
It able is 'gainst fire to war,
Yea, fire itself to burn and char.
The igni-potent in amaze,
Lo, groans, his huge heart all a-blaze
With keener flame than his own rays.
Ah, what is this ? Apollo burns,
And as distraught in anguish mourns.
Lo, see his lyre mute and unstrung,
Or only grief-notes from it wrung :
Lo, his golden locks neglected,
And his radiant face dejected ;
Beauty eterne distain'd, rejected.
The great Sun-god is in love,
And seeks in vain his Fair to move :
Hence his weird pallor, and those cries
That the sky shudd'ring terrifies ;
Hence the world's day-bringing eye
Tears dim, such as in mortals' lie ;
Hence those showers often falling,
The Sea her erst gifts recalling ;

Hence welcome the approaching night,
That mourning he may veil his light—
Veil his light, and in shadows deep
His great anguish in secret weep.
Nor, when vermeil-drapèd Morning,
With her smile the East adorning,
Touches with her rosy finger
Eyes that 'neath their lashes linger,
Seeking to wake the God of Day,
That round the world his beams may play,
Does he haste at all to rise
To his 'fulgent throne i' the skies;
But rather would abide within
The clouds whereon he rests his chin;
Hating his own beams' splendour now,
Since Daphne scorns to list his vow:
Thus he lingers, and still weighs
Whether Day or Night to raise.
Raging grief he cannot smother,
Says the one; and Love the other.
Cupid, tricksiest of pets,
What woe thy swift-sent flame begets![1] G.

[1] Query, in the heading (Latin), 'In Apollinem'? but 'Apollinea' is in all the texts. G.

AENEAS PATRIS SUI BAJULUS.

Moenia Trojae, hostis et ignis,
Hostes inter et ignes, Aeneas spolium pium
Atque humeris venerabile pondus
Excipit, et 'Saevae nunc ô nunc parcite flammae;
Parcite haud, clamat, mihi;
Sacrae favete sarcinae:
Quod si negatis, nec licebit
Vitam juvare, sed juvabo funus
Rogusque fiam patris ac bustum mei.'
His dictis, acies pervolat hostium,
Gestit, et partis veluti trophaeis
Ducit triumphos. Nam furor hostium
Jam stupet, et pietate tanta
Victor vincitur; imo et moritur
Troja libenter, funeribusque gaudet,
Ac faces admittit ovans, ne lateat tenebras
Per opacas opus ingens pietatis.
Debita sic patri solvis tua, sic pari rependis
Officio. Dederat vitam tibi, tu reddis huic:
Felix, parentis qui pater diceris esse tui.

TRANSLATION (*full*).

ÆNEAS THE BEARER OF HIS FATHER.

The walls of Troy—the walls of Troy!
'Tis an old tale you will enjoy:
A foe is there amid the fire,
A foe 'twixt foemen in their ire.
Aeneas takes a pious load
With upward prayer to his god;
E'en his old father, whose gray head
Lay 'mong the dying and the dead:
O venerable spoil in truth,
Fit from the demons to fetch ruth.
Fierce roar the flames, and fiercer still
Rages the fight on plain and hill.
'Spare the old man,' Aeneas cries;
'Spare the white hairs; or if he dies,
Be mine the privilege of his pyre;
Be mine with him at once t'expire.'
Scarcely are the true words spoken,
When through line of battle broken
Swift he passes; and this brave son
His father bears in triumph on;
Reck'ning that he a trophy has
That the conquerors' doth surpass.
He safely goes: for, lo, amaz'd,
The foe upon them wistful gaz'd:

The conquerors the conquer'd are
By filial love so strong, so fair.
The flames Troy willingly receives,
Jubilant that the old man lives;
Welcomes the torches, that the night
May not conceal this deed of light.
All praise to thee, high-hearted son!
Thou an undying name hast won:
The debt of love thou hast repaid
Unto thy father, who is made
Thy debtor now; for life he gave,
And thou in turn his life dost save.
Happy the son whom thus we see
Father of his own sire to be. G.

PHOENICIS GENETHLIACON ET EPICEDION.

Phoenix alumna mortis,
Quam mira tua puerpera!
Tu scandis haud nidos, sed ignes.
Non parere sed perire ceu parata:
Mors obstetrix; atque ipsa tu teipsam paris,
Tu tuique mater ipsa es,
Tu tuique filia.
Tu sic odora messis
Surgis tuorum funerum;
Tibique per tuam ruinam

Reparata, te succedis ipsa. Mors ô
Faecunda; sancta ô lucra pretiosae necis!
Vive, monstrum dulce, vive,
Tu tibique suffice.

TRANSLATION.

OF THE GENERATION AND REGENERATION OF THE PHŒNIX.

Phœnix, nursling of Death,
How wondrous is thy birth!
Thou gainest not thy breath
I' nest, like birds of Earth:
'Mid fire all flaming hot
Thou strangely art begot;
The leaping flames thee cherish
When thou seem'st to perish.
Lo, Death thy midwife is;
Lo, thyself thou bearest.
O tell me how is this,
That mystery thou preparest?
Thou mother of thyself!
Thou daughter of thyself!
When thy 'pointed hour is done,
Thou an od'rous nest entwinest;
And, as for thy destruction,
Thou 'midst its fires reclinest.
Most surely thou'rt consum'd;
Most surely thou'rt relum'd.

O fruitful Death !
O gainful Death !
Live then, self-containèd bird ;
    Most pleasing wonder.
The old legend is absurd ;
    But truth lies under. G.

EPITAPHIUM.

Quisquis nectareo serenus aevo
Et spe lucidus aureae juventae,
Nescis purpureos abire soles,
Nescis vincula ferreamque noctem
Imi careris horridumque Ditem, 5
Et spectas tremulam procul senectam,
Hinc disces lacrymas, et huc repones.
Hic, ô scilicet hic brevi sub antro
Spes et gaudia mille, mille, longam,
Heu longam nimis ! induere noctem. 10
Flammantem nitidae facem juventae
Submersit Stygiae paludis unda.
Ergo, si lacrymas neges doloris,
Huc certo lacrymas feres timoris.

NOTE.

I correct, in l. 6, 'tremulam' for 'tremulum ;' l. 7, 'disces' for 'discas,' and 'huc' for 'hinc.' G.

TRANSLATION.

EPITAPH.

Ye that still, serene in peace,
Lying in the lap of ease,
Believe the hopes of golden youth,
And have not heard the bitter truth,
How shining suns fade at a breath;
Ye, with little dread of death,
Or fear of chains and iron night
Of man's last prison, or the sight
Of gloomy Dis; that think to keep
Old age away,—look here, and weep.
Here, to this one narrow room,
A thousand joys and hopes have come;
Here bright minutes many a one
Have a lasting night put on:
Youth's torch, that flash'd such light about,
Is in the Stygian wave put out.
Then, if you grudge poor grief a tear,
Heave, at least, a sigh for fear. A.

ANOTHER RENDERING (*more freely*).

Whoe'er ye be, upgazing here,
Calm, unruffl'd, without tear;
Joyous in your golden prime,
And unwitting of the time

When shall pale Life's glowing sun,
And the web of years be spun;
Thinking not o' the iron night
Where grim Pluto reigns in might;
Thinking not of the nether world,
With its clanking chains;
Whither damnèd souls are hurl'd
When the Judge arraigns;
Seeing old age far away;
Making Life one holiday;—
Here perceive that Grief shall yet
Your ruddy cheeks with sorrow wet;
Here musing upon this poor stone,
Ye may learn prevention.
This Earth, what is it but a home
Fugitive as sea-wave's foam?
Mark where breaks the whit'n'd wave
'Mid the cliffs—an archèd cave;
Light and shadow play within,
Flick'ring o'er its walls;
In the gloom—with Hell akin—
A dull stream slowly crawls.
E'en such is Life, how bright soe'er,
Hope and Joy lure to Despair;
And Life's stream goes plunging down
Into dark drear Acheron;
Youth's bright torch extinguish'd quite;
Golden Day exchang'd for Night:

To long night of changeless woe
Swift the Christless souls shall go.
Shun not therefore in thy prime,
Shun not whilst thou art in Time,
Tears of penitence over sin ;
Or bitterly shalt thou rue,
When Death shall fling his javelin,
And Hell's prison thee immew.
Bethink thee in thy golden prime ;
Bethink thee whilst thou'rt yet in Time. G.

ELEGIA.[1]

Ite, meae lacrymae, nec enim moror, ite; sed oro
Tantum ne miserae claudite vocis iter.
O liceat querulos verbis animare dolores,
Et saltem 'Ah periit !' dicere noster amor.
Ecce negant tamen; ecce negant, lacrymaeque rebelles
Pergunt indomita praecipitantque via.
Visne, ô care, igitur te nostra silentia dicant ?
Vis fleat assiduo murmure mutus amor ?
Flebit, et urna suos semper bibet humida rores,
Et fidas semper semper habebit aquas.
Interea, quicunque estis, ne credite mirum
Si verae lacrymae non didicere loqui.

[1] Appeared originally in 1648 edition (pp. 63-4), under the title of 'Elegia.' It was subsequently headed 'In eundem,' following the Epitaph-poem on Harris (see above). G.

TRANSLATION.

ELEGY.

Flow, flow, my tears; I stay you not; but pray
To my unhappy voice close not the way.
My plaintive griefs with words, O let me move;
To say, 'Alas, he died!' allow my love.
Lo, they say, no—the rebel tears say, no!
And with unconquer'd headlong torrent flow.
Wouldst thou, O dear one, that our silence speak?
Mute love with ceaseless sob moisten our cheek?
It shall; and still thine urn drink its own dews,
And never its own faithful waters lose.
Meanwhile let no one think a wonder wrought,
If real tears to speak could not be taught. R. Wi.

THESAURUS MALORUM FOEMINA.

Quis deus, ô quis erat, qui te, mala foemina, finxit?
Proh, crimen superum, noxa pudenda deum!
Quae divum manus est adeo non dextera mundo?
In nostras clades ingeniosa manus:
Parcite; peccavi: nec enim pia numina possunt
Tam crudele semel vel voluisse nefas.
Vestrum opus est pietas; opus est concordia vestrum;
Vos equidem tales haud reor artifices.
Heus, inferna cohors, foetus cognoscite vestros.
Num pudet hanc vestrum vincere posse scelus?

Plaudite Tartarei proceres Erebique potentes,
  Nae mirum est tantum vos potuisse malum;
Jam vestras laudate manus. Si forte tacetis,
  Artificum laudes grande loquetur opus.
Quam bene vos omnes speculo contemplor in isto!
  Pectus in angustum cogitur omne malum.
Quin dormi, Pluto; rabidas compesce sorores;
  Jam non poscit opem nostra ruina tuam.
Haec satis in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
  Mortales furias Tartara nostra dabunt.

TRANSLATION.

WOMAN A TREASURY OF EVILS.

What god? or who was it? I ask, contriv'd
Thee, O Woman, evil Woman? who conniv'd
Together—who—in this supremest crime
Of the divinities, before old Time
Was born? Alas, most dire calamity
As e'er has come upon humanity!
Whence was the hand, ye Powers, so evil-skill'd
In sin and mischief, so perversely will'd
To curse this world of ours? But hold! I blunder;
I must to the dark regions lying under,
Ev'n Hell, descend. Not Thee, O God above,
For Thou art pitiful, for Thou art Love:
Not one of all the gracious Pow'rs supernal;
But ye, O Furies, from the pit infernal,

Ye, ye the work devis'd, matur'd, achiev'd,
And brought to Man; to Man—frail Man! deceiv'd:
Ho, hosts of evil! ho! on you I call:
Behold your offspring diabolical.
Does it a blush raise?—Spirits of evil, speak!—
Such as expos'd crime brings to mortal cheek?
Lo, these your works yourselves surpass, I wis;
Clap hands, ye potentates of the Abyss.
Rulers of Erebus, is it not a wonder,
Worthy of Hell's most resonant swift thunder,
That ye such thing contrivèd have as Heaven
Never cast out, nor e'er to Hell was driven?
Take ye your praise, your praise; this work o' your hands
Absolute in mischief 'bove compar'son stands.
Or if ye silent be, your work will speak
Your praise. Ha, ha! what mean ye that ye shriek
Thus as I meditate with pulse of fear
Upon this monster, Woman? Ah, 'tis clear;
I see your guile and skill. The gods above
Would have all ills within one scant breast move!
To bed, Pluto, king of the nether world;
Sleep on in peace; be every banner furl'd;
Ye fires, go out; Man's ruin is complete;
No need of you—in Woman all woes meet:
In her, ye devils, ye have so contriv'd
That Tempter, who—better than had ye div'd
To furthest Tartarus—Man's protecting wall
Shall breach. Earth's fury—Woman—passes all! G.

Latin Poems.

PART SECOND. SECULAR.

II.

MISCELLANEOUS AND COMMEMORATIVE.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

NOTE.

Once more the Sancroft MS. furnishes the Poems of this division, all hitherto unprinted. In this section I have again been largely and finely aided in the translations by my already-named friend the Rev. Richard Wilton, as before. G.

PULCHRA NON DIUTURNA.

Eheu, ver breve et invidum !
Eheu, floriduli dies !
Ergo curritis improba,
Et quae nunc face fulgurat,
Dulcis forma tenacibus
Immiscebitur infimae :
Heu, noctis nebulis ; amor
Fallax, umbraque somnii.
Quin incumbitis ; invida
Sic dictat colus, et rota
Cani temporis incito
Currens orbe volubilis.
O deprendite lubricos
Annos ; et liquidum jubar
Verni sideris, ac novi
Floris fulgura, mollibus
Quae debetis amoribus,
Non impendite luridos
In manes avidum et Chaos.
    Quanquam sidereis genis,
Quae semper nive sobria
Sinceris spatiis vigent,

Floris germine simplicis,
Flagrant ingenuae rosae :
    Quanquam perpetua fide
Illic mille Cupidines,
Centum mille Cupidines,
Pastos nectarea dape,
Blandis sumptibus educas ;
Istis qui spatiis vagi,
Plenis lusibus ebrii,
Udo rore beatuli,
Uno plus decies die
Istis ex oculis tuis,
Istis ex oculis suas
Sopitas animant faces,
Et languentia recreant
Succo spicula melleo :
Tum flammis agiles novis
Lasciva volitant face,
Tum plenis tumidi minis,
Tum vel sidera territant,
Et coelum et fragilem Jovem :
    Quanquam fronte sub ardua
Majestas gravis excubans,
Dulces fortiter improbis
Leges dictat amoribus :
    Quanquam tota, per omnia,
Coelum machina praeferat,
Tanquam pagina multiplex

Vivo scripta volumine,
Terris indigitans polos,
Et compendia siderum :
    Istis heu tamen heu genis,
Istis purpureis genis,
Oris sidere florido,
Regno frontis amabili ;
Mors heu crastina forsitan
Crudeles faciet notas,
Naturaeque superbiam
Damnabit tumuli specu.

TRANSLATION.

THE BEAUTIFUL NOT LASTING.

Alas, how brief and grudg'd our Spring!
Ah, flow'ry days how vanishing!
E'en so ye hasten on and on
With an unceasing motion.
And thou, sweet Beauty, brightly flashing,
But all too soon thy fairness dashing,
To depths of lowest Night must go :
Ah, losing there thy hasty glow;
Dark'ning mists around thee clinging,
And thy loveliness swift-winging:
A love that brightens to deceive;
A dream-shadow, fugitive.

Ye therefore o'er whom Life's young Day
Shineth still with golden ray,
Seize—Fate's harsh distaff makes appeal,
And hoary Time's quick-whirling wheel,
As round and round the circle spins,
And to furthest distance wins—
Seize ye the gliding seasons fleet,
And dews of vernal Phosphor sweet,
And new-blown flowers' brightness meet.
O, what to tender loves ye owe,
Waste not on Chaos dark below,
Where pallid ghosts dim-gleaming go.
Though, Beauty, on thy starry cheeks,
Where snow's white pureness ever breaks,
And where gazing, we see born
Roses fresh without all thorn,
Buds intertwining undefil'd,
Spotless as e'er a grace-born child :
Though thou with everlasting faith
Fosterest with thy nectar'd breath
Myriad Loves, and dost them feed
With honey'd feast of heavenly mead
In gentle draughts ; and they roam round
In thy realms, and aye are found
Surfeiting themselves with play
In one amorous holiday ;
Happy in the drenching dew,
And seeking ever to renew

Their torch-flames at thy fair eyes,
And whet blunt arrows' ecstasies
With sweet juice that in honey lies:
And so, with their flame relumèd,
Deftly hover, airy-plumèd;
Waving higher still and higher
Their torches that raise soft desire;
Menacing the very stars,
Yea the old heavens i' their wars:
Although beneath thy high-arch'd brow
Sits Majesty, nor doth allow
To wanton loves such liberty
As mocks the Ruler of the sky;
But in their wild career gives pause,
Imposing on them Love's sweet laws:
Though thy whole frame in every part
Sets forth the sky as in a chart;
Though thy fair face in every look
Shows heaven in page of living book;
To Earth reveals the starry skies
In the bright glances of thine eyes:
Yet, alas, on these fair cheeks,
Where the rose all-blushing speaks,
There shall come the snow's sad whiteness,
And the red, heart-breaking brightness:
On the 'human face divine,'
That as a star doth radiant shine,
There shall come the deep'ning shadow,

As clouds across the dappl'd meadow.
On the high state of the brow
To-morrow Death may make his blow;
And all of Nature's bravery
Gone, in the Grave's cavern lie.
Alas, the fairest is the fleetest!
Alas, how short-liv'd is the sweetest!
Alas, the richest is the rarest!
Alas, that Death doth spoil the fairest! G.

HYMNUS VENERI,

DUM IN ILLIUS TUTELAM TRANSEUNT VIRGINES.

Tu tuis adsis, Venus alme, sacris:
Rideas blandum, Venus, et benignum,
Quale cum Martem premis, aureoque
Frangis ocello.
Rideas ô tum neque flamma Phoebum,
Nec juvent Phoeben sua tela; gestat
Te satis contra tuus ille tantum
Tela Cupido.
Saepe in ipsius pharetra Dianae
Hic suas ridens posuit sagittas,
Ausus et flammae Dominum magistris
Urere flammis.
Virginum te orat chorus—esse longum

Virgines nollent—modo servientum
Tot columbarum tibi passerumque au-
gere catervam.
Dedicant quicquid labra vel rosarum
Colla, vel servant tibi liliorum;
Dedicant totum tibi ver genarum,
Ver oculorum.
Hinc tuo sumas licet arma nato,
Seu novas his ex oculis sagittas;
Seu faces flamma velit acriori
Flave comatas.
Sume, et ô discant quid amica, quid nox,
Quid bene et blande vigilata nox sit;
Quid sibi dulcis furor, et protervus
Poscat amator.
Sume per quae tot tibi corda flagrant,
Per quod arcanum tua cestus halat,
Per tuus quicquid tibi dixit olim aut
Fecit Adonis.

TRANSLATION.

A HYMN TO VENUS,

WHILE THE VIRGINS PASS UNDER HER PROTECTION.

Be thou, sweet Venus, present now,
Whilst at thy sacred rites we vow;
Smile, Venus, with the smile that charms
When Mars enfolds thee in his arms,

O'ercome with glance as sunshine golden,
Renownèd from the ages olden.
Smile; then Phœbus' flame shall fail,
Nor Phœbe her own darts avail.
Thy Cupid only against thee
Wields successful weaponry.
Oft and oft the laughing Boy
In the wildness of his joy
Has slipt into Diana's quiver
His keen arrows, that a shiver
Pleasant-painful send through all,
When he, trickster, doth enthral.
Yea, he has dar'd the Lord of Fire
With flames more burning, in his ire.
The arm-link'd Virgins to thee pray,
Seeking thou wouldst near them stay;
Were it but to offer here,
In the flock that hovers near,
More doves and sparrows lightly-flying:
To their prayer there's no denying.
Lo, they dedicate in posies
All their lips supply of roses;
All their necks, of lilies, white
As the dewy stainless light;
Yea, the whole Spring of each cheek,
And that which from their eyes doth break.
Hence, Venus, arms thou mayest take
For thy wanton Boy to make

Arrows from their fire-darting eyes,
Or torches flame-tipp'd that surprise
With Love's delicious agonies.
Take them, and see thou lett'st them know
What means a 'mistress;' and then show
What the Night all-wakeful is
In the rapture of its bliss;
What the bold lover shall demand
When all charms he doth command.
Take them: by all the hearts that burn,
And passionate unto thee turn!
By all the mysteries that are breath'd,
Or in thine own girdle sheath'd!
By all to thee Adonis e'er
Or said or did, when he would swear,
Ne'er i' the world was one so fair! G.

VERIS DESCRIPTIO.

Tempus adest, placidis quo sol novus auctior horis
Purpureos mulcere dies, et sidere verno
Floridus, augusto solet ire per aethera vultu,
Naturae communis amor; spes aurea mundi;
Virgineum decus, et dulcis lascivia rerum,
Ver tenerum, ver molle subit; jam pulchrior annus
Pube nova, roseaeque recens in flore juventae
Felici fragrat gremio, et laxatur odora

Prole parens; per aquas, perque arva, per omnia late
Ipse suas miratur opes, miratur honores.
Jam Zephyro resoluta suo tumet ebria tellus,
Et crebro bibit imbre Jovem, sub frondibus altis
Flora sedens, audit, felix! quo murmure lapsis
Fons patrius minitetur aquis, quae vertice crispo
Respiciunt tantum, et strepero procul agmine pergunt.
Audit, et arboreis siquid gemebunda recurrens
Garriat aura comis, audit, quibus ipsa susurris
Annuit, et facili cervice remurmurat arbor.
Quin audit querulas, audit quodcunque per umbras
Flebilibus Philomela modis miserabile narrat.
Tum quoque praecipue blandis Cytherea per orbem
Spargitur imperiis; molles tum major habenas
Incutit increpitans, cestus magis ignea rores
Ingeminat, tumidosque sinus flagrantior ambit;
Nympharum incedit late, Charitumque corona
Amplior, et plures curru jam nectit olores:
Quin ipsos quoque tum campis emittit apricis
Laeta parens gremioque omnes effundit Amores. Venus
Mille ruunt equites blandi, peditumque protervae
Mille ruunt acies: levium pars terga ferarum
Insiliunt, gaudentque suis stimulare sagittis;
Pars optans gemino multum properare volatu
Aërios conscendit equos; hic passere blando
Subsiliens leve ludit iter; micat huc, micat illuc
Hospitio levis incerto, et vagus omnibus umbris:
Verum alter gravidis insurgens major habenis

Maternas molitur aves: illi improbus acrem
Versat apem similis, seseque agnoscit in illo.
Et brevibus miscere vias ac frangere gyris:
Pars leviter per prata vagi sua lilia dignis
Contendunt sociare rosis; tum floreus ordo
Consilio fragrante venit; lascivit in omni
Germine laeta manus; nitidis nova gloria pennis
Additur; illustri gremio sedet aurea messis;
Gaudet odoratas coma blandior ire sub umbras.
Excutiunt solitas, immitia tela, sagittas,
Ridentesque aliis pharetrae spectantur in armis.
Flore manus, et flore sinus, flore omnia lucent.
Undique jam flos est. Vitreas hic pronus ad undas
Ingenium illudentis aquae, fluitantiaque ora,
Et vaga miratur tremulae mendacia formae.
Inde suos probat explorans, et judice nympha
Informat radios, ne non satis igne protervo
Ora tremant, agilesque docet nova fulgura vultus,
Atque suo vibrare jubet petulantius astro.

TRANSLATION.

A DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

The time is come, when, lord of milder hours,
The Sun, ascending fresh with larger powers,
Is wont to woo and soothe the purple Day,
And, brilliant with its beaming vernal ray,
To climb with face august the heavenly way;

All Nature's love, Earth's hope and glory golden,
To which for garlands virgins are beholden.
With a glad plenty of all living things
Sweet tender Spring approaches on soft wings.
The Year, more beauteous now with offspring new,
And crown'd with Youth's fresh flowers of every hue,
Delicious odours pours from happy breast,
Of fragrant progeny the parent blest:
O'er verdant fields, blue waters, everywhere,
At his own wealth he wonders, large and fair.
By her own Zephyr thirsty Earth unbound
Drinks eagerly the showers which fall all round;
While Flora, sitting where tall trees appear,
Lists, O how happily! as, murmuring near,
A father-fountain chides its gliding waters,
Which with curl'd head—alas, unduteous daughters—
Only look back, and then a garrulous band
Pursue their laughing way o'er all the land;
Lists how the sighing, oft-returning air
Soft prattles to the leafy tresses fair;
With what sweet whispers it accosts the tree,
Which with bow'd head makes answer murmuringly;
Lists, lists again, while through the mournful shade
Sad Philomel's pathetic plaint is made.

Now chiefly Venus spreads her empire sweet,
And calls the world to worship at her feet;
Now mightier her soft reins shakes to and fro,
Chiding, and makes her chariot faster go;

More fiery bids her cestus' powers abound,
And her warm swelling bosom girds around;
More glorious now, circl'd by Nymphs and Graces,
She marches forth, and to her chariot-traces
She yokes more swans. Nay, freer than before,
Her Loves themselves, the sunny meadows o'er,
From her maternal bosom see her pour;
A thousand horsemen sweet career around,
Ten thousand wanton footmen scour the ground;
Part mount the backs of wild beasts as they run,
And their own goad-like arrows ply in fun;
Part seek wing'd flight to urge with double speed,
And so ascend each one an airy steed;
One, vaulting on a sparrow, flits away;
Here see him lightly shine, there brightly play,
In no place long; now resting here, now yonder,
Wherever shadows woo them, lo, they wander.
One, rising mightier than her heavy reins,
His Mother's birds attempts with lighter chains.
One, bee-like, brave o'erthrows an angry bee,
Only another self in him to see;
In tiny circles they awhile revolve,
But soon their interlacing flight dissolve.
Part, lightly flitting o'er the meadows fair,
Strive their own lilies with meet rose to pair.
Now flowery tribes in fragrant counsel stand,
Amid the buds wantons the joyous band.
New glory on their shining pinions rests,

A golden harvest settles on their breasts;
With sweeten'd locks to odorous shades they go,
Their arrows, weapons harsh, away they throw,
While other arms their smiling quivers show.
Flowers in their hand, flowers in their breast, are seen,
On every side appears a flowery sheen.
One Love, reclin'd beside a glassy stream,
Admires the nature of the illusive gleam,
The liquid likeness of his wavering face,
And tremulous deceit of imag'd grace.
Thence, his own rays examining, he tries
And fashions, as the Nymph may chance advise,
That braver fires may tremble in his eyes;
His mobile face new lightnings flashes far,
With rays more wanton, bickering like a star. R. Wi.

PRISCIANUS VERBERANS ET VAPULANS.

The two following poems—somewhat out of character, so to say, with Crashaw—were probably prepared for a tractate, which it has been our good fortune to hap on in the Bodleian. It is a Latin burlesque Poem, filling a small 4to of 20 pages, with this title:

En
Priscianus
Verberans
et
Vapulans.
Jam publicato verberans aures stylo
Qua penis iterum vapulet, metuit crisin.

Londini
Excudebat Augustinus Mathewes impensis Roberti Mulbourne ad insigne Canis venatici in coemeterio Paulino. 1632.

The words 'Priscianus Verberans et Vapulans' remind us of the once-famous 'Comoedia' of Nicodemus Freschlin; but the later poem shows no reminiscence of the earlier. These details will doubtless interest and amuse in relation to Crashaw's pieces. Priscianus, otherwise Nisus, a schoolmaster, whips a boy who broke and dirtied his whipping-horse, and the boy's parents bring an action against him for assault. The place is evidently Aldborough in Suffolk—illumined by the genius of Crabbe—and the name of the boy's family Coleman. The poem thus begins and proceeds—the marginal notes being placed at the bottom of our pages:

Pinguibus in populi, qui dicitur Austricus,[1] arvis
Praeturam, fasces, lictores nuper adepta
Villa[2] antiqua, novo jam Burgi turget honore.

He describes the school:

Vicinae senior Carbonius[3] incola villae,
'Lingua vernacula idem quod ἀνθράκανδρος,

sends his son as a scholar: the stipend 20*s.* a year:

De stipe[3] consentit genitor: Carbunculus intrat.

He describes the whipping-block, the judicious use of which saves boys from the gallows:

Iste caballus
Non in perniciem, non urbis ut ille ruinam the Trojan
Sed curam imberbis populi, regimenque salubre:
A triplici ligno[4] lignum hoc penate tuetur
Praecipitem aetatem.

Young Coleman plays truant from school, and one day, when the school is empty, breaks and defiles the horse. He openly boasts of his feat, and returning another day to repeat his misdeed, is caught by Nisus, who mounts him on the injured

[1] In agro Sudovolgorum.
[2] Nomen Elda (*Cancrorum idiomate*) [backwards].
[3] Pretium annuum haud invidendum, xx*s.*
[4] Patibulo, quod tribus constat lignis, arrectariis binis, et trabe transversa.

horse, which, by poetical license, is made to whinny with content. The youth expects twenty cuts, and receives four:

> Quattuor[1] inflixit tantum mediocriter ictus,
> Plures optet equus, plures daret arbiter aequus.

Coleman senior calls on the Schoolmaster, who remarks that payment for his son's schooling is in arrear. Coleman returns with Mrs. Coleman, and demands a receipt for the payment, which he makes, as Nisus discovers, lest a counter-action be brought against him:

> Vult sibi ut absolvens[2] accepti latio detur
> Consignata manu Nisi, atque a teste probata.

Then Mrs. Coleman shows herself deserving of the cucking-stool:

> . . . . . bona Carbonissa
> Inque caput Nisi cumulata opprobria plaustro
> Digna et rixivomas sub aquis mersante[3] cathedra,
> Quinetiam manibus quasi pugnatura lacessit.

They bring their action for assault. (The English words in the marginal notes, placed below, are in black-letter:)

> Nulla mora est, juristam adhibent, de fonte dicarum
> Qui populo Placita ad Communia[4] panditur, exit
> Schedula quod vulgo[5] Regis Breve dicitur: illo
> Mox capitur Nisus, geminoque sub obside spondet
> In responsurum praescripto tempore: tempus
> Cunctarum[6] lux est animarum crastini. Verum
> Actor quis?[7] Puer ipse, virum qui provocat, annos
> Nondum bis-senos superans. Sed et actio quaenam?
> Quid crimen? Pravus atque atrox injuria, tristes
> Et tragicae ambages, ampullae sesquipedales,
> Quod[8] Regis contra pacem vi Nisus, et armis

[1] Quattuor, quia equus quadrupes videbatur in eam sententiam quasi pedibus ire. [2] Vulgo acquietantia.

[3] Organum est librite hydrobapticum ad omnium ripas situm, linguæ fervore refrigerando.

[4] The Common Pleas in Westminster Hall. [5] A writ.

[6] The return of the writ [the morrow of All Souls].

[7] The plaintiff.

[8] Stylus curiae. Si quis alicui in jurgio pilum imminuerit, prodit tragica accusatio de insultu et vulnere, ita quod de ejus vita desperabatur. O forensem exaggerationem!

Insultum fecit, male tractans verbere saevo
Verberibus diris adeo, plenisque pericli
De pueri vita ut desperaretur.

The poem ends, leaving poor Nisus in the midst of his first lawsuit:

Ecce
Nisus, jam primum Nisus miser ambulat in jus:

and the marginal note is 'In causis litigiosis sive casibus inscriptionum stylus Johannes de Stiles versus Johannem de Nokes.' A concluding chronogram gives the year 1629:

LVDI MagIster LIte VeXatVr forI.

The Schoolmaster's friends have written him complimentary epigrams, which are prefixed to his poem. One is worth reproducing, as it has an echo of Crashaw's:

Ad κοπροχρυσοῦντα
Suavia nonnulli lutulento carmine narrant:
Turpia tu nitido, Nise poeta, places.

In black-letter, as follows:

Some cloath faire tales in sluttish eloquence:
Thy tale is foule, thy verse is frankincense.
T. Lovering Artium Ludiq. Magister.

There seems little doubt that Crashaw's two poems were born of this anonymous tractate. Cf. 'rixivomas' (p. 310) with 'vomitivam' and 'rixosa volumina linguae.' Biographically they and others secular have a special interest and value. My good friend Rev. Richard Wilton, as before, has very happily translated these playthings. G.

Quid facis? ah, tam perversa quid volvitur ira?
Quid parat iste tuus, posterus iste furor?
Ah, truculente puer, tam foedo parce furori.
Nec rapiat tragicas tam gravis ira nates.
Ecce fremit, fremit ecce indignabundus Apollo.
Castalides fugiunt, et procul ora tegunt.

Sic igitur sacrum, sic insedisse caballum
    Quaeris? et, ah, fieri tam male notus eques?
Ille igitur phaleris nitidus lucebit in istis?
    Haec erit ad solidum turpis habena latus?
His ille, haud nimium rigidis, dabit ora lupatis?
    Haec fluet in miseris sordida vitta jubis?
Sic erit ista tui, sic aurea pompa triumphi?
    Ille sub imperiis ibit olentis heri?
Ille tamen neque terribili stat spumeus ira;
    Ungula nec celso fervida calce tonat.
O merito spectatur equi patientia nostri!
    Dicite Io, tantum quis toleravit equus?
Pegasus iste ferox, mortales spretus habenas.
    Bellerophontaea non tulit ire manu.
Noster equus tamen exemplo non turget in isto:
    Stat bonus, et solito se pede certus habet.
Imo licet tantos de te tulit ille pudores,
    Te tulit ille iterum, sed meliore modo.
Tunc rubor in scapulas O quam bene transiit iste,
    Qui satis in vultus noluit ire tuos!
At mater centum in furias abit, et vomit iram
    Mille modis rabidam jura, forumque fremit.
Quin fera tu taceas; aut jura forumque tacebunt:
    Tu legi vocem non sinis esse suam.
O male vibratae rixosa volumina linguae,
    Et satis in nullo verba tonanda foro!
Causidicos, vesana! tuos tua fulmina terrent.
    Ecce stupent miseri, ah, nec meminere loqui.

Hinc tua, foe le puer, foedati hinc terga caballi
  Exercent querulo jurgia lenta foro.
Obscaenas lites, et olentia jurgia ridet
  Turpiter in causam sollicitata Themis.
Juridicus lites quisquis tractaverit istas,
  O satis emuncta nare sit ille, precor,
At tu de misero quid vis, truculente, caballo?
  Cur premis insultans, saeve, tyranne puer!
Tene igitur fugiet? fugiet sacer iste caballus?
  Non fugiet, sed, si vis, tibi terga dabit.[1]

TRANSLATION.

PRISCIANUS BEATING AND BEING BEATEN.

What wouldest thou? why rolls thy wayward ire?
What means that rage of thine dirty and dire?
Ah, savage boy, such fury foul forbear,
Nor let thy wrath those tragic buttocks tear.
Apollo, all indignant, groans and sighs;
The Muses flee, and hide them from thine eyes.
Thus dost thou seek to sit the sacred steed?
Thus to become a horseman fam'd indeed!
In such adornment shall he brightly shine?
His firm flank lash'd by this base whip of thine?
His mouth to this loose bit shall he deliver?
O'er his poor mane this filthy fillet quiver?

[1] It is not easy to bring-out the play on *terga dabit*—'terga dare' being equivalent to 'fugere'—and yet indicative of the boy's punishment on the back of the whipping-horse.

In golden triumph thus shalt thou proceed,
So rank a lord bestriding such a steed?
Yet foaming with dire rage he does not stand,
Nor with hot hoof go thundering o'er the land.
Our horse's patience is a wond'rous sight!
O, say, what horse before endur'd such wight?
Old Pegasus, despising mortal sway,
Bellerophon's strong hand disdain'd to obey:
And yet with no such rage swells this our horse;
Quiet he stands, and holds his wonted course.
Nay, though he bore such shame from thee that day,
Again he bore thee—in a better way!
Then to thy shoulders fitly pass'd the blush,
Which to thy countenance refus'd to rush.
His mother furious raves and wildly splutters
A thousand spites, and of the law-courts mutters.
Peace, woman! or the law-courts thou wilt awe;
Thou dost not leave its own voice to the Law.
O fractious eddies of the brandish'd tongue,
Such words as in no law-court ever rung.
Thy very lawyers from thy thunders hide:
Lo, they forget to speak, as stupefied.
Thus, thus, foul boy, thy foulèd horse's hide
By wrangling law-court's tedious strife is plied.
While Justice, summon'd to a cause so vile,
Views the rank strife obscene with scornful smile.
Whatever judge such nasty action tries,
See that he blow his nose well, I advise.

But why wouldst thou, cruel, tyrannic boy,
With thy insulting weight that horse annoy?
That sacred steed, will it, then, from thee flee?—
'Twill not turn tail, but lend its back to thee! R. Wi.

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SUPER HAC RE AB IPSO LUDI MAGISTRO EDITUM, QUI DICITUR 'PRISCIANUS VERBERANS ET VAPULANS.'

Sordes ô tibi gratulamur istas,
O Musa aurea, blanda, delicata;
O Musa, ô tibi candidas, suoque
Jam nec nomine, jam nec ore notas:
Sacro carmine quippe delinitae
Se nunc, ô bene nesciunt, novaque
Mirantur facie novum nitorem.
Ipsas tu facis ô nitere sordes.
Sordes ô tibi gratulamur ipsas.
Si non hic natibus procax malignis
Foedo fulmine turpis intonasset,
Unde insurgeret haec querela vindex,
Docto et murmure carminis severi
Dulces fortiter aggregaret iras?
Ipsae ô te faciunt nitere sordes:
Sordes ô tibi gratulamur ipsas.
Quam pulchre tua migrat Hippocrene!
Turpi quam bene degener parenti!

Foedi filia tam serena fontis.
Has de stercore quis putaret undas?
Sic ô lactea surge, Musa, surge;
Surge inter medias serena sordes.
Spumis qualiter in suis Dione,
Cum prompsit latus aureum, atque primas
Ortu purpureo movebat undas.
Sic ô lactea surge, Musa, surge:
Enni stercus erit Maronis aurum.

TRANSLATION.

TO A TRACTATE ON THIS SUBJECT

PUBLISHED BY THE MASTER OF THE SCHOOL HIMSELF, WHICH IS CALLED 'PRISCIANUS VERBERANS ET VAPULANS.'

On this vile theme thee we congratulate,
O golden Muse, pleasing and delicate;
This fair white vileness, Muse, which by its own
Or name or face is now no longer known.
For, charm'd by thy poetic sacred strain,
It knows not, happily, itself again;
But with new face wonders at its new splendour—
For splendid e'en a vile theme thou canst render:
Congratulations for vile theme we tender.
For had not *he*,[1] with headlong buttocks base,
Gone flashing foully on with thunderous pace,

[1] Alluding to Pegasus, and the fountain caused by stroke of hoof.

From whence would this avenging plant have sprung,
This solemn strain with polish'd music rung?
And whence had gather'd these brave angers tender?
O Muse, the vilest theme can bring thee splendour,
For which congratulations now we render.
Thy Hippocrenè comes with a fair face,
Finely unworthy of its father base;
Of a foul fountain so serene a daughter:
From dunghill who would dream such crystal water?
Thus rise, O Muse, O rise, a milk-white queen,
Out of the midst of vileness rise serene.
Even as Venus rising from her spray,
When she discover'd to the light of day
Her golden limbs, the billowy waves surprising
With the first glory of her purple rising;
So rise, O Muse, thy milk-white grace unfold;
Ennius' dunghill will be Virgil's gold! R. Wi.

MELIUS PURGATUR STOMACHUS PER VOMITUM QUAM PER SECESSUM.

Dum vires refero vomitus et nobile munus,
Da mihi de vomitu, grandis Homere, tuo.
Nempe olim, multi cum carminis anxia moles
Vexabat stomachum, magne Poeta, tuum;
Aegraque jejuno tenuebat pectora morsu,
Jussit et in crudam semper hiare famem:

Phoebus, ut est medicus, vomitoria pocula praebens,
Morbum omnem longos expulit in vomitus.
Protinus et centum incumbunt toto ore Poetae,
Certantes sacras lambere relliquias.
Quod vix fecissent, scio, si medicamen ineptum
Venisset misere posteriore via.
Quippe per anfractus caecique volumina ventris
Sacra, putas, hostem vult medicina sequi?
Tam turpes tenebras haec non dignatur, at ipsum
Sedibus ex imis imperiosa trahit.

ERGO:

Per vomitum stomachus melius purgabitur, alvus
Quam qua secretis exit opaca viis.

NOTE.

While we do not deem it expedient to translate this somewhat coarse *jeu d'esprit*, its sentiment and allusions will be found anticipated in the lines 'To the Reader, upon the Author his Kins-man,' prefixed to 'Follie's Anatomie; or Satyres and Satyricall Epigrams; with a compendious History of Ixion's Wheele. Compiled by Henry Hutton, Dunelmensis.' London, 1619 (pp. 3-4)—which we give here:

Old Homer in his time made a great feast,
And every Poet was thereat a guest:
All had their welcome, yet not all one fare;
To them above the salt (his chiefest care)
He spread a banquet of choice Poesie,
Whereon they fed even to satietie.
The lower end had from that end their cates;
For Homer, setting open his dung-gates,
Delivered from that dresser excrement,
Whereon they glutted, and returned in print.
Let no man wonder that I this rehearse;
Nought came from Homer but it turned to verse.

Now where our Author was, at this good cheere,
Where was his place, or whether he were there;
Whether he waited, or he tooke away,
Of this same point I cannot soothly say.
But this I ghesse: being then a dandiprat,
Some witty Poet took him on his lap,
And fed him, from above, with some choice bit.
Hence his acumen, and a ready wit.
But prayers from a friendly pen ill thrive,
And truth's scarce truth, spoke by a relative.
Let envy, therefore, give her vote herein:
Envy and th' Author sure are nought akin.
He personate bad Envy; yet say so,
He lickt at Homer's mouth, not from below.

R[ALPH] H[UTTON].

Percy Society edit. (Rimbault), 1842. Both Hutton and Crashaw remind us of the like sportiveness (rough) in Dryden and Byron. G.

CUM HORUM ALIQUA DEDICARAM

PRAECEPTORI MEO COLENDISSIMO, AMICO AMICISSIMO, R. BROOKE.[1]

En tibi Musam, Praeceptor colendissime, quas ex tuis modo scholis, quasi ex Apollinis officina, accepit alas timide adhuc, nec aliter quam sub oculis tuis jactitantem.

Qualiter e nido multa jam floridus ala
Astra sibi meditatur avis, pulchrosque meatus
Aërios inter proceres, licet aethera nunquam
Expertus, rudibusque illi sit in ardua pennis

[1] See Memorial-Introduction, vol. i., and our Essay in the present Volume, for notices of Brooke. G.

Prima fides, micat ire tamen, quatiensque decora
Veste leves humeros, querulumque per aëra ludens
Nil dubitat vel in astra vagos suspendere nisus,
At vero simul immensum per inane profundis
Exhaustus spatiis, vacuoque sub aethere pendens,
Arva procul sylvasque suas, procul omnia cernit,
Cernere quae solitus : tum vero victa cadit mens,
Spesque suas, et tanta timens conamina, totus
Respicit ad matrem, pronisque revertitur auris.

Quod tibi enim haec feram, vir ornatissime, non ambitio dantis est, sed justitia reddentis; neque te libelli mei tam elegi patronum, quam dominum agnosco. Tua sane sunt haec et mea; neque tamen ita mea sunt, quin si quid in illis boni est, tuum hoc sit totum, neque interim in tantum tua, ut quantumcumque est in illis mali, illud non sit ex integro meum. Ita medio quodam et misto jure utriusque sunt, ne vel mihi, dum me in societatem tuarum laudum elevarem, invidiam facerem ; vel injuriam tibi, ut qui te in tenuitatis meae consortium deducere conarer. Ego enim de meo nihil ausim boni mecum agnoscere, nedum profiteri palam, praeter hoc unum, quo tamen nihil melius, animum nempe non ingratum tuorum beneficiorum historiam religiosissima fide in se reponentem. Hoc quibuscumque testibus coram, hoc palam in os coeli meaeque conscientiae meum jacto effero me in hoc ultra aemuli patientiam. Enim vero elegantiore obsequio venerentur te, et venerantur

scio, tuorum alii: nemo me sincero magis vel ingenuo poterit. Horum denique rivulorum, tenuium utcunque nulliusque nominis, haec saltem laus erit propria, quod suum nempe norint Oceanum.

TRANSLATION.

WHEN I HAD DEDICATED CERTAIN OF MY POEMS

TO MY MOST ESTIMABLE PRECEPTOR AND MOST FRIENDLY FRIEND, R. BROOKE.

'Well done, Muse!' was thy encouraging word, most estimable Præceptor; 'Well done, Muse!' fluttering its wings, which it received from thy School of late, as from Apollo's workshop, timidly as yet, nor otherwise than beneath thine eyes.

Like as a nestling, feather'd gaily o'er,
Is meditating towards the stars to soar,
And in ambitious flights already vies
With the wing'd chiefs that skim along the skies:
What though he never has essay'd the air,
And needs must trust in plumes untried to bear
Unwonted burden heavenward? yet he quivers
To stretch his wings, and his fair plumage shivers
Round his light shoulders till he flits away,
While whispering airs against his pinions play;
Nor dreams he will suspend his wandering flight
Anywhere short of regions starry bright.
But when exhausted by the spaces high
And the immeasurable void of sky,

Hovering in empty air, far off he sees
The fields and hedges and familiar trees—
O, how far off!—which used his sight to please;
Then sudden overpower'd behold him sink,
And from his hopes and lofty soarings shrink:
To his dear mother his whole soul looks back,
And down he flutters on the homeward track.

That I offer thee these poems, most honourable Sir, is not the ambitious desire to give, but the righteous wish to restore what is due. And I have not chosen thee so much the patron of my little book, as I recognise thee to be its owner. Thine indeed these things are, and mine: nor yet are they so much mine, but that if there is anything good in them, this is wholly thine; nor at the same time are they so far thine, that everything bad in them is not entirely mine. Thus, by a sort of common and joint right, they belong to each of us; lest either I should bring envy to myself, while I presumed to a share of thy praises, or injury to thee, by endeavouring to drag thee down to association with my feebleness. For concerning anything belonging to me, I should not venture even to myself to admit any merit, much less to proclaim it openly, except this one thing, than which there is nothing more excellent—namely, a mind not ungrateful, and cherishing in itself with most punctilious fidelity the record of thy kindnesses.

This in the presence of any witnesses, this openly in the face of heaven and to my own conscience, I boast of as my own. I proclaim myself in this particular incapable of enduring a rival; for others of thy admirers [pupils] may venerate thee, and do venerate thee, with more polite attention, but none will be able to do so with observance more sincere and felt. In conclusion; of these rivulets, however slender they may be and of no name, this at least will be the fitting praise—that at all events they know their own Ocean. R. Wi.

IN OBITUM REV. V. D^ris MANSELL,

COLL. REGIN. M^ri QUI VEN. D^s BROOKE [M^ri COLL. TRIN.], INTERITUM PROXIME SECUTUS EST.[1]

Ergo iterum in lacrymas et saevi murmura planctus
Ire jubet tragica mors iterata manu;
Scilicet illa novas quae jam fert dextra sagittas,
Dextra priore recens sanguine stillat adhuc.
Vos ô, quos socia Lachesis prope miscuit urna,
Et vicina colus vix sinit esse duos;
Ite ô, quos nostri jungunt consortia damni;
Per nostras lacrymas ô nimis ite pares;

[1] See notice of Dr. Mansell in note to the translation. The present poem is printed by Mr. Searle in his 'History of the Queen's College &c.' 1871, pp. 448-9. G.

Ite per Elysias felici tramite valles,
    Et sociis animos conciliate viis.
Illic ingentes ultro confundite manes,
    Noscat et aeternam mutua dextra fidem.
Communes eadem spargantur in otia curae,
    Atque idem felix poscat utrumque labor.
Nectarae simul ite vagis sermonibus horae;
    Nox trahat alternas continuata vices.
Una cibos ferat, una suas vocet arbor in umbras;
    Ambobus faciles herba det una toros.
Certum erit interea quanto sit major habenda
    Quam quae per vitam est, mortis amicitia.

TRANSLATION.

ON THE DEATH OF REV. DR. MANSELL,

MASTER OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, WHICH FOLLOWED VERY CLOSELY THE DECEASE OF REV. DR. BROOKE.[1]

In tears once more and sighs of cruel woe
Death's tragic stroke repeated bids us go;

[1] 'John Mansel or Mansell was of the county of Lincoln, and was entered at the college (Queen's) as a sizar 29th March 1594, under Clement Smith, nephew of Sir Thomas Smith. He was B.A. 1597-8, was made scholar in 1598, and elected fellow of the college 31st June 1600. Romney and Bilsington, priories in Kent, were founded in 1257 by John Maunsell, provost of Beverley, treasurer of York, rector of Maidstone, Kent, and of Wigan, Lancashire; he was also Chief-justice of England. "I have seen a pedigree of the Mansels, from Philip de Mansel, who came in with the Conqueror, untill our times. Of this name and familie is that orthodoxall sound Divine and worthy

That fatal hand, which now bears arrows new,
Still freshly drips with former crimson dew.
Ye whom Fate almost mingl'd in one urn,
Whom to be two, close threads forbid discern;
Go ye, who equally our sorrows share,
By reason of our tears too much a pair;
Go where Elysian vales your steps invite,
In social paths your happy souls unite;
There mix your mighty shades with willing mind,
Eternal faith your blended right-hands find.
Let common cares be lost in the same joys,
While the same happy labour both employs;
Through nectar'd hours in talk together range,
And night continue the sweet interchange:

Master of Queen's Colledge in Cambridge, *John Mansel*, Doctor of Divinitie, and a generall schollare in all good literature." (Weever, *Fun. Mon.* 273-4.) He commenced M.A. in 1601, and was B.D. in 1609. From the year 1604 to the year 1617 he seems to have been in residence, as he held various college offices and college lectureships in every year of that period. He was senior bursar for the two years 1609-10 and 1610-11. He was vicar of Hockington from 2d September 1614 to May 1616. He vacated his fellowship in the course of the year 1616-17, receiving his stipend for three and half weeks in the third quarter, so that he ceased to be fellow towards the end of July 1617. He became D.D. in 1622. He was elected president [of Queen's College] 29th April 1622. . . . Dr. Mansel died 7th October 1631.' (From Mr. Searle's 'History of the Queen's College &c.,' as before, pp. 447-8.) Agreeably to the heading, Dr. Samuel Brooke died September 1631 (MS. Baker xxvi. 167; Wood's Fasti (Bliss), pt. i. p. 400. Crashaw celebrated Brooke, as did Dr. Donne. See English Poems in vol. i., and Epitaphium onward. G.

One tree bear fruit for both, one tree yield shade,
On the same turf your pleasant couch be made;
Thus how much better will be plainly seen
Friendship of Death than that of life, I ween. R. Wi.

HONORATISSIMO DR. ROBERTO HEATH,

SUMMO JUSTIT. DE COM. BANCO, GRATULATIO.[1]

Ignitum latus et sacrum tibi gratulor ostrum,
O amor atque tuae gloria magna togae:
Nam video Themis ecce humeris, Themis ardet in istis,
Inque tuos gaudet tota venire sinus.
O ibi purpureo quam se bene porrigit astro,
Et docet hic radios luxuriare suos.
Imo eat aeterna sic ô Themis aurea pompa;
Hic velit ô sidus semper habere suum.
Sic flagret, et nunquam tua purpura palleat intus;
O nunquam in vultus digna sit ire tuos.
Sanguine ab innocuo nullos bibat illa rubores;
Nec tam crudeli murice proficiat.
Quaeque tibi est (nam quae non est tibi?) candida virtus
Fortunam placide ducat in alta tuam.
Nullius viduae lacrymas tua marmora sudent;
Nec sit, quae inclamet te, tibi facta domus.

[1] See notice of Heath in note to the translation. G.

Non gemat ulla suam pinus tibi scissa ruinam,
  Ceu cadat in domini murmure maesta sui.
Fama suas subter pennas tibi sternat eunti;
  Illa tubae faciat te melioris opus.
Thura tuo, quacunque meat, cum nomine migrent;
  Quaeque vehit felix te, vehat aura rosas.
Vive tuis, nec enim non sunt aequissima, votis
  Aequalis, quae te sidera cunque vocant.
Haec donec niveae cedat tua purpura pallae,
  Lilium ibi fuerit, quae rosa vestis erat.

TRANSLATION.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROBERT HEATH,

ON HIS BEING MADE A JUDGE: A CONGRATULATION.[1]

Upon thy sacred purple, barr'd with fire,
I gratulate thee—glorious, lov'd attire!
For on those shoulders I see Justice shine,
And glad to hide within those folds of thine.

[1] 'Lord' is titular, not of the peerage. Doubtless Crashaw celebrates Sir Robert Heath, Kt., who was successively Recorder of London, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and finally, 26th October 1631, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. From this post he appears to have been dismissed three years later; but in 1641 he was appointed a Judge of the King's Bench, and in 1643 Chief-Justice of that court, when he would be commonly called '*Lord* Chief-Justice of England.' Being a Royalist, he fled into France in 1646, and died at Calais 30th August 1649. His remains were brought to England and buried at Brasted, Kent, in which church there is a fine monument. His age was seventy-five. G.

O finely there she shoots her purple beam,
And teaches here her rays brightly to gleam.
May Justice thus in pomp eternal go,
Here always wish her golden star to glow!
Thus blaze, and ne'er thy purple pale its blush,
And never need into thy face to flush.
From innocent blood ne'er drink a deeper dye,
And turn more crimson from such cruelty.
Let all fair virtues—for thou ownest all—
Calmly to heaven above thy footsteps call.
No widows' tears thy marble halls distil,
No house cry out against thee, built by ill;
No timber cut for thee its downfall groan,
'Mid its lord's murmurs sadly overthrown.
May Fame spread out her wings beneath thy feet,
And thee with loud applause her trumpet greet!
May incense waft thy name where'er it goes,
The happy gale which bears thee bear the rose!
Live equal to thy prayers, most just are they,
Whatever stars direct thee on thy way,
Till this thy purple turn to robe of snow,
And where the rose had been, the lily glow! R. Wi.

HORATII ODE,

Ille et nefasto te posuit die, &c. Lib. ii. 13.

ἑλληνιστί.

Ὥρᾳ σε κεῖνος θῆκεν ἀποφράδι
Ὁ πρῶτος ὅστις χειρὶ τε βώμακι
Ἔθρεψε, δένδρον, τῆς τε κώμης
Αἴτιον, ἐσσομένων τ' ἔλεγχος.
Κεῖνος τοκῆος θρύψε καὶ αὐχένα,
Κεῖνος γε, φαίην, αἵματι ξεινίῳ
Μυχώτατον κοιτῶνα ῥαῖνε
Νύκτιος, ἀμφαφάασε κεῖνος
Τὰ δῆτα Κόλχων φάρμακα, καὶ κακοῦ
Πᾶν χρῆμα, ὀώσας μοὶ ἐπιχώριον
Σε στυγνὸν ἔρνος, δεσπότου σε
Ἔμπεσον ἐς κεφαλὴν ἀεικῶς.
Πάσης μὲν ὥρης πᾶν ἐπικίνδυνον
Τίς οἶδε φεύγειν; δείδιε Βόσφορον
Λιβὺς ὁ πλωτήν, οὐδ' ἀναίκηρ
Τὴν κρυφίην ἐτέρωθεν ὀκνεῖ.
Πάρθων μάχημον Ῥωμαΐκος φυγὴν,
Καὶ τόξα· Πάρθος Ῥωμαΐκην βίαν,
Καὶ δεσμὰ· λάους ἀλλὰ μοίρας
Βάλλε, βαλεῖ τ' ἀδόκητος ὁρμή.

Σχέδον σχέδον πῶς Περσεφόνης ἴδον
Αὔλην μελαίνην, καὶ κρίσιν Αἰακοῦ,
Καλὴν τ' ἀπόστασιν μακαίρων
Αἰολίαις κινύρην τε χορδαῖς
Σαπφὼ πατρίδος μεμφομένην κόραις,
Ἠχοῦντα καὶ σε πλεῖον ἐπιχρύσῳ,
Ἀλκαῖε, πλήκτρῳ σκληρὰ νῆος,
Σκληρὰ φυγῆς, πολέμου τε σκληρά
Εὐφημέουσαι δ' ἀμφοτέρων σκιαὶ
Κλύουσι θάμβει, τὰς δὲ μαχὰς πλέον,
Ἀναστάτους τε μὲν τυράννους
Ὠμιὰς ἔκπιεν ὦσι λᾶος.
Τί θαῦμ'; ἐκείναις θὴρ ὅτε τρίκρανος
Ἄκην ἀοιδαῖς, οὔατα κάββαλε,
Ἐριννύων τ' ἡδυπαθοῦσι
Βόστρυχες, ἡσυχίων ἐχιδνῶν.
Καὶ δὴ Προμηθεὺς, καὶ Πέλοπος πατὴρ
Εὔδουσιν ἠχεῖ τῷ λαθικήδει·
Ἄγειν λεόντας Ὠρίων δὲ
Οὐ φιλεέι, φοβεράς τε λύγκας.

Latin Poems.

PART SECOND. SECULAR.

III.

ROYAL AND ACADEMICAL.

NOTE.

In our Preface to the present Volume we give the title-pages of the original publications wherein appeared the Royal and Academical Poems of this section; in the translation of which I owe again thanks to the friends of the former divisions, as their initials show; and another, Professor Sole, of St. Mary's College, Oscott, Birmingham, to whom I am indebted for that bearing his initials. One to the 'Princess,' celebrated before, is here printed as well as translated for the first time, as noted in the place. It was deemed preferable to include it with the others rather than among those hitherto unprinted. For brief notices of the various Royal and Academical celebrities of these poems, see Memorial-Introduction and related English poems in Vol. I. and notes in their places in the present Volume.

Once more I note here the chief errors of Turnbull's text: 'Ad Carolum,' &c. l. 11, 'perrerati' for 'pererrati;' l. 26, 'discere' for 'dicere:' in 'In Serenissimæ Reginæ' &c. the heading is 'Senerissimæ;' l. 14, 'tuos' for 'tuus;' l. 41, 'Namque' for 'Nam quæ;' l. 43, 'Junus' for 'Janus:' in 'Principi recens' &c. l. 4, 'eum' for 'cum;' l. 10, 'lato' for 'late;' l. 22, 'imperiosus' for 'imperiosior;' l. 26, 'quoque' for 'quoquo;' l. 30, 'melle' for 'molle:' in 'Ad Reginam,' l. 35, 'aure' for 'auree:' in 'Votiva Domus' &c. l. 20, 'teneræ' for 'tremulae;' l. 25, 'jam' for 'bene;' l. 26, 'mulcent' for 'mulceat;' l. 29, 'minium' for 'nimium;' l. 40, 'ora' for 'ara;' l. 45, 'volvit' for 'volvat;' l. 50, 'motus ad oras' for 'nidus ad aras:' in 'Ejusdem caeterorum' &c. l. 5, 'natalis' for 'natales;' l. 15, 'qua' for 'quo;' l. 31, 'longe' for 'longo:' in 'Venerabili viro magistro Tournay' &c. l. 8, 'vixerit' for 'vexerit;' l. 21, 'tuos est' for 'tuas eat;' ll. 24, 27, and 28, 'est' for 'eat:' in 'Or. viro praeceptori' &c. l. 6, 'metuendas' for 'metuendus;' l. 20, 'est' for 'eat.' G.

AD CAROLUM PRIMUM:

REX REDUX.[1]

ILLE redit, redit. Hoc populi bona murmura volvunt;
Publicus hoc, audin'? plausus ad astra refert:
Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum;
Omnibus hinc una est laetitiae facies.
Rex noster, lux nostra redit; redeuntis ad ora
Arridet totis Anglia laeta genis:
Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis;
Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.
Forte roges tanto quae digna pericula plausu
Evadat Carolus, quae mala quosve metus:
Anne pererrati male fida volumina ponti
Ausa illum terris pene negare suis:
Hospitis an nimii rursus sibi conscia tellus
Vix bene speratum reddat Ibera caput.
Nil horum; nec enim male fida volumina ponti
Aut sacrum tellus vidit Ibera caput.
Verus amor tamen haec sibi falsa pericula fingit—
Falsa peric'la solet fingere verus amor;

[1] That is, from the Scotch trip of 1663. This appeared in the University collection, 'Rex Redux' &c. (see Preface in present Volume), 1633. Among other contributors were Edward King ('Lycidas'), Thomas Randolph, Waller, and Henry More. G.

At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret—
    Vera peric'la solet temnere verus amor;
Illi falsa timens, sibi vera pericula temnens,
    Non solum est fidus, sed quoque fortis amor.
Interea nostri satis ille est causa triumphi:
    Et satis, ah, nostri causa doloris erat.
Causa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licet esset;
    Anglia quod saltem dicere posset, abest.
Et satis est nostri Carolus nunc causa triumphi:
    Dicere quod saltem possumus: Ille redit.

TRANSLATION.

THE RETURN OF THE KING.

'The King returns!' the people cry;
And shouts of greeting scale the sky.
The news sits in each look serene;
In each a common joy is seen.
Our King! our light! she laughs once more,
Glad Anglia, as he gains her shore.
Each at the King's eyes lights his eyes;
Sees new day with his face arise.
You'll ask, what fears beset his way,
What ills, what dangers,—we're so gay:
If 'gainst his bark, that sail'd for home,
The faithless billows dar'd to foam;
Or if, so seldom blest, you plann'd
To keep him still, Iberian land.

Nor waves have wrong'd his saintly head,
Nor green Iberia felt his tread.
Yet think such fancies true love will—
True love, that feigns false perils still :
Us such fears vex, whose hearts are stout—
True perils still true love will scout :
Thus fear false perils, scorn the true,
Will trusty love and brave in you.
O fitly we kept cloudy brow,
Because of him, as laughter now.
When we could say, 'Our King's not here,'
We griev'd for him, no danger near :
Now our hearts can no least joy lack,
When we say, laughing, 'He's come back.' A.

AD PRINCIPEM NONDUM NATUM,

REGINA GRAVIDA.[1]

Nascere nunc, ô nunc ; quid enim, puer alme, moraris ?
Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.

[1] The following is a note of Charles I.'s family :
Charles James, born May 13, 1628 ; died same day.
Charles, born May 29, 1630 ; afterwards Charles II.
Mary, born November 4, 1631 ; afterwards mother of William III.
James, born October 14, 1633 ; afterwards James II., probably the unborn child of this poem.
Elizabeth, born December 28, 1635 ; died of grief for her father

Ergone tot tardos, ô lente, morabere menses?
  Rex redit; ipse veni, et dic, bone, gratus ades.
Nam quid ave nostrum? quid nostri verba triumphi?
  Vagitu melius dixeris ista tuo.
At maneas tamen, et nobis nova causa triumphi:
  Sic demum fueris; nec nova causa tamen:
Nam quoties Carolo novus aut nova nascitur infans,
  Revera toties Carolus ipse redit.

TRANSLATION.

TO THE ROYAL INFANT NOT YET BORN,

THE QUEEN BEING WITH CHILD.

Be born, O, now; for why, fair child, delay?
No sweeter hour will bring to thee the day.
So many months wilt linger on the wing?
The King returns; come thou, and welcome bring.
What is our hail? our voice of triumph high?
Thou wilt have said these better with thy cry.
But stay; and soon new cause of triumph be;
And yet in thee no new cause shall we see:
Oft as to Charles is born new girl, new boy,
Sure Charles himself returns, and brings us joy. R. Wi.

5th September 1650 (see Vaughan's fine poem to her memory, Works by us, *s.n.*).
Anne, born March 17, 1636-7; died December 8, 1640.
Henry, born July 8, 1640; afterwards Duke of Gloucester and Earl of Cambridge.
Henrietta-Anne, born June 16, 1644. G.

IN FACIEM AUGUSTISSIMI REGIS

A MORBILLIS INTEGRAM.[1]

Musa redi, vocat alma parens Aeademia : noster
  En redit, ore suo noster Apollo redit ;
Vultus adhuc suus, et vultu sua purpura tantum
  Vivit, et admixtas pergit amare nives.
Tune illas violare genas ? tune illa profanis,
  Morbe ferox, tentas ire per ora notis ?
Tu Phoebi faciem tentas, vanissime ? Nostra
  Nec Phoebe maculas novit habere suas.
Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur ;
  Ipsa sedet radiis ô bene tuta suis :
Quippe illic Deus est. coelumque et sanctius astrum ;
  Quippe sub his totus ridet Apollo genis.
Quod facie Rex tutus erat, quod caetera tactus :
  Hinc hominem Rex est fassus, et inde Deum.

[1] The King (Charles I.) had the small-pox in 1632.—This appeared originally in the University Collection on the occasion, 'Anthologia in Regis,' &c. (see Preface to present volume). Henry More and Edward King ('Lycidas') contributed also. G.

TRANSLATION.

TO THE FACE OF THE MOST AUGUST KING,

UNINJURED BY SMALL-POX.

Come, Muse, at call of thy Academy:
With his own face our Phœbus here we see;
His face his own yet, with its own red dyed,
Which with its whiteness loves to be allied.
O fierce disease, dost thou, with marks profane,
Attempt these cheeks, that countenance, to stain?
Most futile! Dost attempt our Phœbus' face?
Not in our Phœbe her own spots canst trace.
His self-asserting face disdains disease;
'Mid its own rays it sits, O well at ease.
Sure God and heaven and holiest star are here;
Sure 'neath these cheeks smiles Phœbus full and clear.
Our King being safe in face, but touch'd elsewhere,
Proves he was here a god, though a man there. R. Wi.

IN SERENISSIMAE REGINAE

PARTUM HIEMALEM.[1]

Serta, puer; quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus?
Texe mihi facili pollice serta puer.
Quid tu nescio quos narras mihi; stulte, Decembres
Quid mihi cum nivibus? da mihi serta, puer.

[1] See note to preceding poem. From Voces Votivæ &c. (see Preface to this volume). G.

Nix et hiems? non est nostras quid tale per oras;
Non est, vel si sit, non tamen esse potest.
Ver agitur: quaecunque trucem dat larva Decembrem,
Quid fera cunque fremant frigora, ver agitur.
Nonne vides quali se palmite regia vitis
Prodit, et in sacris quae sedet uva jugis?
Tam laetis quae bruma solet ridere racemis?
Quas hiemis pingit purpure tanta genas?
O Maria, ô divum soboles, genitrixque deorum,
Siccine nostra tuus tempora ludus erunt?
Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumae
Sidera, nil madidos sola morare notos?
Siccine sub media poterunt tua surgere bruma,
Atque suas solum lilia nosse nives?
Ergo vel invitis nivibus frendentibus Austris,
Nostra novis poterunt regna tumere rosis?
O bona turbatrix anni, quae limite noto
Tempora sub signis non sinis ire suis;
O pia praedatrix hiemis, quae tristia mundi
Murmura tam dulci sub ditione tenes;
Perge, precor, nostris vim pulchram ferre calendis;
Perge, precor, menses sic numerare tuos.
Perge intempestiva atque importuna videri;
Inque uteri titulos sic rape cuncta tui.
Sit nobis sit saepe hiemes sic cernere nostras
Exhaeredatas floribus ire tuis.
Saepe sit has vernas hiemes Maiosque Decembres,
Has per te roseas saepe videre nives.

Altera gens varium per sidera computet annum,
Atque suos ducant per vaga signa dies:
Nos deceat nimiis tantum permittere nimbis?
Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britanna vices?
Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum:
In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos.
Sic tuus ille uterus nostri bonus arbiter anni:
Tempus et in titulos transeat omne tuos.
Namque alia indueret tam dulcia nomina mensis?
Aut qua tam posset candidus ire toga?
Hanc laurum Janus sibi vertice vellet utroque;
Hanc sibi vel tota Chloride Maius emet.
Tota suam, vere expulso, respublica florum
Reginam cuperent te sobolemve tuam.
O bona sors anni, cum cuncti ex ordine menses
Hic mihi Carolides, hic Marianus erit!

TRANSLATION.

TO HER SERENE MAJESTY, CHILD-BEARING IN WINTER.

Garlands! bring garlands, boy! what garden now
Would not give flowers? with ready hand do thou
Weave garlands. What! December, sayst thou,—
snow?
Fool! hold thy blabbing, speak of what we know.
Winter upon our shores, and snow? the thing
Is not, and cannot be. It is the Spring:

Whatever ghost threatens us with the drear
Beatings of wild December, Spring is here.
See'st thou not with what leaves the royal vine
Spreads forth, what clusters on her boughs incline?
Say, when like this was Winter ever seen
To laugh and glow in purple? O great Queen,
Offspring of gods, and mother! do we see
The seasons thus a plaything made for thee?
Thus with thy Spring mayst thou the stars restrain,
That Winter sting not, nor the South bring rain.
And do the lilies by thy grace alone
Spring up, and know no snows except their own?
In spite of all that Winter may oppose,
Are thus our kingdoms blooming with the rose?
O thou most blest disturber of the year,
Who sufferest not the bounded seasons here
To keep i' their own signs! destroyer kind
Of Winter, whose sweet influence can bind
All harsher murmurs of the world, still dare
We pray thee, thus to force our calendar
With thy fair violence; continue still
The months to number at thine own sweet will;
Still thus untimely, still thus burdensome,
Make all things subject to thy royal womb.
So, by thy grace, may it be often ours
To see dethronèd Winter deck'd in flowers;
On snow that falls i' roses still to gaze,
Sweet vernal Winters and December Mays!

Let others by the stars compute their year,
And count their days as wandering signs appear:
Not so we Britons; not for us shall storm
With cruel change our seasons dare deform;
To thee, great Queen, our whole year we resign,
O spend it all i' those rich births of thine!
So the whole year shall own thy womb to be
Its sovereign arbitress of good; in thee
Merge all its titles. Where's the month could bear
A more delicious name, or ever wear
More whiteness? Janus, for his double crown,
Covets this laurel; Maius for his own
Would buy it, though his Chloris were the cost.
Thee or thine infant, now that Spring has lost
His ancient throne, the flow'ry states invite
To take their empire. O blest year, how bright
Thy fortunes, where each month in turn may claim
From Mary or from Charles its mighty name! G.

AD REGINAM

ET SIBI ET ACADEMIAE PARTURIENTEM.[1]

Huc ô sacris circumflua coetibus,
Huc ô frequentem, Musa, choris pedem
Fer, annuo doctum labore
Purpureas agitare cunas.

[1] From 'Delights of the Muses,' 1648, pp. 47-8; not in Turnbull. G.

Foecunditatem provocat, en, tuam
Maria partu nobilis altero,
Prolemque Musarum ministram
Egregius sibi poscit infans.
Nempe illa nunquam pignore simplici
Sibive soli facta puerpera est :
Partu repercusso, vel absens,
Perpetuos procreat gemellos.
Hos ipsa partus scilicet efficit,
Inque ipsa vires carmina suggerit,
Quae spiritum vitamque donat
Principibus simul et Camaenis.
Possit Camaenas, non sine numine,
Lassare nostras diva puerpera,
Et gaudiis siccare totam
Perpetuis Heliconis undam.
Quin experiri pergat, et in vices
Certare sanctis conditionibus :
Lis dulcis est, nec indecoro
Pulvere, sic potuisse vinci.
Alternis Natura diem meditatur et umbras,
Hinc atro, hinc albo pignore facta parens.
Tu melior Natura tuas, dulcissima, servas—
Sed quam dissimili sub ratione !—vices.
Candida tu, et partu semper tibi concolor omni :
Hinc natam, hinc natum das ; sed utrinque diem.

TRANSLATION.

TO THE QUEEN.

Hither, Muse, and bring again
Thy august surrounding train;
With measur'd tread of practis'd feet
Come, for thou hast learn'd to greet
With the voice of loyal cheer
A princely cradle year by year.
Lo, our noble Queen on thee
Calls in fruitful rivalry
By another birth; and he,
Illustrious infant, needs must have
The Muses' offspring for his slave.
Never has she yet been known
A mother for herself alone,
But by a reflected might
Even in absence doth delight
In twins ever, and while she
Thus augments her progeny,
And gives vigour to the lyre,
She doth at once with life inspire
Young princes, and the Muses' quire.
These, though not untouch'd they be
With the sacred flame, may she
Tire in her fruitful deity,
And with joys that theirs outrun,
Dry at last all Helicon!

Sweet is the strife wherein, to prove
Her powers, she deigns by rule to move;
Nor an unbecoming stain
Is the dust that they must gain,
Who in such contest can but fight in vain.
Nature, o'er day and night alternate dreaming,
Brings forth a swart child now, and now a fair:
On thee attends, O Queen in beauty beaming,
A better Nature, with a rule how rare!
Bright as thyself, thine own tend all the selfsame way;
A daughter now, and now a son; but each a child of Day.

CL.

SERENISSIMAE REGINAE LIBRUM SUUM COMMENDAT ACADEMIA.

Hunc quoque materna, nimium nisi magna rogamus,
Aut aviae saltem sume, Maria, manu.
Est Musa de matre recens rubicundulus infans,
Cui pater est partus—quis putet?—ille tuus.
Usque adeo impatiens amor est in virgine Musa:
Jam nunc ex illo non negat esse parens.
De nato quot habes olim sperare nepotes,
Qui simul et pater est, et facit esse patrem!

TRANSLATION.

TO HER MOST SERENE MAJESTY

THE UNIVERSITY COMMENDS ITS BOOK.

Deign, Queen, to this, unless we ask too much,
A mother's, or at least grandmother's, touch.
It is the Muse's rosy infant fine;
Its father—who would think?—this Child of thine.
So unrestrain'd the love of virgin Muse,
To be a mother thus she can't refuse.
From *him* what grandsons round thee soon will gather,
Who at once father is, and makes a father! R. Wi.

PRINCIPI RECENS NATAE

OMEN MATERNAE INDOLIS.[1]

Cresce, ô dulcibus imputanda divis;
O cresce, et propera, puella princeps,
In matris propera venire partes.
Et cum par breve fulminum minorum,
Illinc Carolus, et Jacobus inde,
In patris faciles subire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris;
Cum terror sacer Anglicique magnum

[1] Turnbull gives simply as the heading 'Natales Principis Mariae.' The date is Nov. 4, 1631. This Princess was born Nov. 4, 1631. G.

Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
Late Bosporon Ottomanicasque
Non picto quatiet tremore Lunas;
Te tunc altera nec timenda paci
Poscent praelia; tu potens pudici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
Late dulcia fata dissipabis.
O cum flos tener ille, qui recenti
Pressus sidere jam sub ora ludit,
Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
Evolvet latus aureum per ignes;
Quique imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,
Puris expatiabitur genarum
Campis imperiosior Cupido;
O quam certa superbiore penna
Ibunt spicula melleaeque mortes,
Exultantibus hinc et inde turmis,
Quoquo jusseris, impigre volabunt!
O quot corda calentium deorum
De te vulnera delicata discent!
O quot pectora principum magistris
Fient molle negotium sagittis!
Nam quae non poteris per arma ferri,
Cui matris sinus atque utrumque sidus
Magnorum patet officina amorum?
Hinc sumas licet, ô puella princeps,
Quantacunque opus est tibi pharetra.
Centum sume Cupidines ab uno

Matris lumine Gratiasque centum
Et centum Veneres: adhuc manebunt
Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
Tercentum Veneresque Gratiaeque
Puro fonte superstites per aevum.

TRANSLATION.

OF THE PRINCESS MARY.

Grow, maiden Princess, and increase,
Thou who with the sweet goddesses
Thy place shalt have; O haste to be
Thy mother's own epitome;
And when that pair of minor flames,
Thy princely brothers Charles and James,
Apt in the footsteps of their sire,
Lead on the Fates in glorious ire;
When o'er the Bosphorus shall creep
A thrill of dread, as rolls full deep
The murmur of the British name,
And with no feign'd alarm shall shame
The Turkish Crescent—other wars,
And such as bring sweet Peace no tears
Shall call thee forth; and from on high
The flashing of thy modest eye
Shall scatter o'er adoring foes
Thick volleys of delicious woes.
O, when that tender bloom which now
Plays, lately born, beneath thy brow,

In time to come with mightier blaze
Shall dart around its pointed rays;
When he, the Cupid now so mild,
No longer but a harmless child,
Shall range in youth's imperious pride
Thy cheeks' fair pastures far and wide,—
O then with what unerring skill,
Borne on proud wings, thy shafts shall kill,
While, where thou bid'st, the honey'd blow
Falls ceaseless midst the exulting foe!
How many god-like breasts shall learn
From thee with Love's rich wounds to burn!
How often shall thy mastering darts
Work their sweet will on princely hearts!
For what may she not do in war,
Whose mother's breast—with each bright star
That rul'd her birth—to her but proves
A storehouse of all-conquering loves?
    Hence for thy quiver, Princess Maid,
Take what thou wilt, nor be afraid.
A hundred Cupids be thy prize,
From one of thy bright mother's eyes;
A hundred graces add to these,
And then a hundred Venuses:
A hundred-thousand Cupids still
Are hers; three hundred Graces will,
With Venuses in equal store,
Haunt that pure fount for evermore. CL.

IN NATALES MARIAE PRINCIPIS.[1]

Parce tuo jam, bruma ferox, ô parce furori,
Pone animos; ô placatae da spiritus aurae,
Afflatu leniore gravem demulceat annum.
Res certe et tempus meruit. Licet improbus Auster,
Saeviat, et rabido multum se murmure volvat;
Imbriferis licet impatiens Notus ardeat alis;
Hic tamen, hic certe, modo tu non, saeva, negares,
Nec Notus impatiens jam, nec foret improbus Auster.
Scilicet hoc decuit? dum nos tam lucida rerum
Attollit series, adeo commune serenum
Laetitiae vernisque animis micat alta voluptas;
Jam torvas acies, jam squallida bella per auras
Volvere, et hibernis annum corrumpere nimbis?
Ah melius, quin luce novae reparata juventae
Ipsa hodie vernaret hiems, pulchroque tumultu
Purpureas properaret opes, effunderet omnes
Laeta sinus, nitidumque diem fragrantibus horis
Aeternum migrare velit, florumque beata
Luxuria, tanta ô circum cunabula surgat,
Excipiatque novos et molliter ambiat artus.

[1] From Tanner MS., as before; hitherto unprinted. See note to preceding poem. G.

Quippe venit, sacris iterum vagitibus ingens
Aula sonat, venit en roseo decus addita fratri
Blanda soror. Tibi se brevibus, tibi porrigit ulnis,
Magne puer, facili tibi torquet hiantia risu
Ora; tibi molles lacrymas et nobile murmur
Temperat, inque tuo ponit se pendula collo.
Tale decus juncto veluti sub stemmate cum quis
Dat sociis lucere rosis sua lilia. Talis
Fulget honos medio cum se duo sidera mundo
Dulcibus intexunt radiis: nec dignior olim
Flagrabat nitidae felix consortio formae,
Tunc cum sidereos inter pulcherrima fratres
Erubuit primum, et Laedaeo cortice rupto
Tyndarida explicuit tenerae nova gaudia frontis.
Sic socium ô miscete jubar, tu candide frater,
Tuque serena soror. Sic ô date gaudia patri,
Sic matri cumque ille olim subeuntibus annis,
Ire inter proprios magna cervice triumphos.
Egregius volet, atque sua se discere dextra;
Te quoque tum pleno mulcebit sidere, et alto
Flore tui dulcesque oculos maturior ignis
Indole divina, et radiis intinget honoris.
Tunc ô te quoties, nisi quod tu pulchrior illa,
Esse suam Phoeben fulsus jurabit Apollo;
Tunc ô te quoties, nisi quod tu castior illa,
Esse suam Venerem Mavors jurabit inanis.
Felix, ah, et cui se non Mars, non aureus ipse
Credet Apollo parem; tanta cui conjuge celsus

In pulchros properare sinus, et carpere sacras
Delicias oculosque tuos, tua basia solus
Tum poterit dixisse sua; et se nectare tanto
Dum probat esse Deum, superas contemnere mensas.

TRANSLATION.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCESS MARY.

Forbear thy fury, Winter fierce, forbear;
Lay down thy wrath, and let the tranquil air
With inspiration mild soothe the stern year:
This time deserves it, and occasion dear.
The wild North-wind may rage and wildly bluster;
The gusty South its rainy clouds may muster;
Yet here at least, if thou but will it so,
Neither wild North nor gusty South will blow.
For were it seemly, when events so bright
Exalt us, and the universal light
Of joy and vernal pleasure thrills the soul,
Grim lines of battling tempest-clouds should roll
Through all the air, and drown the year with rain?
Better old Winter should bright youth regain,
And turn at once to Spring; with tumult sweet
Hasten his purple stores, and joyful greet
With all his outpour'd heart this shining Day,
And bid its fragrant hours for ever stay;
Making a radiant wealth of flowers abound

Where in her cradle that sweet Child is found,
Her tender limbs caress and softly compass round.
She comes! Once more are heard those blessèd cries
Within the palace. See a glory rise—
A star-like glory added to the other,
A charming sister to a rosy brother!
To this she stretches out her tiny arms,
Fair Boy—for thee displays the winsome charms
Of her sweet smiles, and checks her gentle tears,
And coos and prattles to delight thine ears,
Or fondly hangs upon thy neck. Such grace
Pleases the eye, when, their stalks joined, you place
Lilies with roses to combine their splendour.
And then appears such lustrous glory tender,
When in the midst of heaven, at dewy eve,
Two stars their gentle radiance interweave.
Nor loftier grace that beauteous union show'd
When from her egg the fairest Helen glow'd
Betwixt her starry brothers, and display'd
Her tender brow with new delights array'd.
So mix your common beam, thou brother fair
And sister mild. Such joys your father share
And mother dear! And when, as seasons roll,
He moves with head erect and princely soul
Amid his proper triumphs, and shall learn
Himself by his own deeds, thou shalt discern
A riper flame within thee, heavenly dower,
And star full-orb'd shalt shine, and full-grown flower;

While a soft beauty bathes thy lustrous eyes,
And rays of majesty the world surprise.
Then O how oft, but that thou art more fair,
Will some imaginary Phœbus swear
That thou art his own Phœbe! or again
But that thou art more chaste, some Mars in vain
Will swear thou art his Venus, love's soft strain!
Ah, happy he, to whom nor Mars will dream
Nor golden Phœbus he can equal seem,
Who with a wife so sweet, so fair is blest,
And all the fond affection of thy breast,
And tender, pure endearments; who alone
Can call thy eyes and kisses all his own;
And while he quaffs such nectar'd wine of love,
Feels like a god, and scorns the feasts above. R. Wi.

AD REGINAM.[1]

Et vero jam tempus erat tibi, maxima mater,
Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem:
Tempus erat, ne qua tibi basia blanda vacarent;
Sarcina ne collo sit minus apta tuo.

[1] Originally headed 'Natalis Ducis Eboracensis;' but altered as above, as the English poem on this subject was so changed when other children were born, and the earlier title became inapplicable. Appeared originally in the University collection 'Ducis Eboracensis' &c. (see Preface in present volume). This was afterwards James II. G.

Scilicet ille tuus, timor et spes ille suorum, 5
Quo primum es felix pignore facta pareus,
Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur et enses,
Jam patris magis est, jam magis ille suus.
Indolis ô stimulos; vix dum illi transiit infans,
Jamque sibi impatiens arripit ille virum. 10
Improbus ille suis adeo negat ire sub annis:
Jam nondum puer est, major et est puero.
Si quis in aulaeis pictas animatus in iras
Stat leo, quem docta cuspide lusit acus,
Hostis, io, est; neque enim ille alium dignabitur hostem;
Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus. 16
Tunc hasta gravis adversum furit; hasta bacillum est;
Mox falsum vero vulnere pectus hiat.
Stat leo, ceu stupeat tali bene fixus ab hoste,
Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet, 20
Tam torvum, tam dulce micant: nescire fatetur
Mars ne sub his oculis esset, an esset amor.
Quippe illic Mars est, sed qui bene possit amari;
Est et amor certe, sed metuendus amor:
Talis amor, talis Mars est ibi cernere; qualis 25
Seu puer hic esset, sive vir ille Deus.
Hic tibi jam scitus succedit in oscula fratris;
Res, ecce, in lusus non operosa tuos.
Basia jam veniant tua quantacunque caterva;
Jam quocunque tuus murmure ludat amor. 30
En, tibi materies tenera et tractabilis hic est;
Hic ad blanditias est tibi cera satis.

Salve infans, tot basiolis, molle argumentum,
Maternis labiis dulce negotiolum;
O salve; nam te nato, puer auree, natus 35
Et Carolo et Mariae tertius est oculus.

TRANSLATION.

TO THE QUEEN.

'Twas now the time for thee, Mother most great,
With these sweet eyes the day to accelerate;
Time thy soft kisses should not idle be,
Or from fit burden thy fair neck be free.
For he, his parents' fear and hope confest,
With whom thou first wast made a mother blest,
He wraths and swords designs, courageous grown;
Now more his father's is, and more his own.
O spurs of nature! yet an infant, see
He catches at the man impatiently,
The rogue declines to keep in his own years;
Not yet a child, he more than child appears.
If on the tapestry, with feign'd anger fraught,
A lion stands, by skilful needle wrought,
A foe behold; such foe to fight he deigns;
A lesser wrath his mighty hand disdains.
Fierce spear he brandishes; a wand his spear:
Soon in false breast behold true wound appear.
The lion stands, maz'd by such enemy,
Fearing or loving something in his eye,

So sternly, sweetly bright; nor can he tell
Whether beneath that eye Mars or Love dwell.
In sooth, a Mars who may be lov'd is here;
And Love indeed, but Love deserving fear.
Such Love, such Mars, 'tis easy here to scan;
This god or that, as he is boy or man.
Thy babe now comes to take the endearing place,
A creature not beyond thy fond embrace.
Now let thy troops of kisses have their way,
Now let thy love with brooding murmur play;
Here is material tractable and tender,
Which waxen surface to soft touch shall render.
Hail, infant! gentle subject for caresses,
Employment sweet a mother's lips which blesses;
O hail; for with thy birth, thou golden boy,
Lo, to thy parents a third eye brings joy! R. Wi.

VOTIVA DOMUS PETRENSIS

PRO DOMO DEI.[1]

Ut magis in mundi votis aviumque querelis
Jam veniens solet esse dies, ubi cuspide prima
Palpitat, et roseo lux praevia ludit ab ortu;
Cum nec abest Phoebus, nec Eois laetus habenis
Totus adest, volucrumque procul vaga murmura mulcet:

[1] On 'Peterhouse' see our Memorial-Introduction, vol. i. and Essay in the present volume. G.

Nos ita; quos nuper radiis afflavit honestis 6
Relligiosa dies; nostrique per atria coeli—
Sacra domus nostrum est coelum—jam luce tenella
Libat adhuc trepidae fax nondum firma diei:
Nos ita jam exercet nimii impatientia voti, 10
Speque sui propiore premit.
Quis pectora tanti
Tendit amor coepti, desiderio quam longo
Lentae spes inhiant, domus o dulcissima rerum,
Plena Deo domus! Ah, quis erit, quis, dicimus, ille—
O bonus, ô ingens meritis, ô proximus ipsi, 16
Quem vocat in sua dona, Deo—quo vindice totas
Excutiant tenebras haec sancta crepuscula?
Quando,
Quando erit, ut tremulae flos heu tener ille diei, 20
Qui velut ex oriente suo jam altaria circum
Lambit, et ambiguo nobis procul anuit astro,
Plenis se pandat foliis, et lampade tota
Laetus, ut e medio cum sol micat aureus axe,
Attonitam penetrare domum bene possit adulto 25
Sidere, nec dubio pia moenia mulceat ore?
Quando erit, ut convexa suo quoque pulchra sereno
Florescant, roseoque tremant laquearia risu?
Quae nimium informis tanquam sibi conscia frontis
Perpetuis jam se lustrant lacrymantia guttis? 30
Quando erit, ut claris meliori luce fenestris
Plurima per vitreos vivat pia pagina vultus?
Quando erit, ut sacrum nobis celebrantibus hymnum

Organicos facili et nunquam fallente susurro
Nobile murmur agat nervos; pulmonis iniqui 35
Fistula nec monitus faciat malefida sinistros?
Denique, quicquid id est quod res hic sacra requirit,
Fausta illa et felix—sitque ô tua—dextra, suam cui
Debeat haec Aurora diem. Tibi supplicat ipsa,
Ipsa tibi facit ara preces. Tu jam illius audi, 40
Audiet illa tuas. Dubium est, modo porrige dextram,
Des magis, an capias: audi tantum esse beatus,
Et damnum hoc lucrare tibi.
Scis ipse volucres
Quae rota volvat opes; has ergo, hic fige perennis 45
Fundamenta Domus Petrensi in rupe, suamque
Fortunae sic deme rotam. Scis ipse procaces
Divitias quam prona vagos vehat ala per Euros;
Divitiis illas, age, deme volucribus alas,
Facque suus nostras illis sit nidus ad aras: 50
Remigii ut tandem pennas melioris adeptae,
Se rapiant, dominumque suum super aethera secum.
Felix ô qui sic potuit bene providus uti
Fortunae pennis et opum levitate suarum,
Divitiisque suis aquilae sic addidit alas. 55

TRANSLATION.

THE PRAYER OF PETERHOUSE FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD [=ITS CHAPEL].

As bids the Day a keener longing stir
The waking world, and warblings cheerier

To birds inspires, when comes she o'er the hills,
As quivering dart the streaks of Morn, and thrills
Through lattic'd sky from roseate East the light
Presaging his approach; nor absent quite,
Nor glorying in his slacken'd reins, the Sun
Is present all; and birds, to music won
By gentle touch, are murmuring far and near,
So we, on whom with radiance severe
A solemn day begins to dawn; whose eye
Now sees glide through the heavenly courts which lie,
With portals wide—God's house is heaven, we say—
The flame unsteady of still wavering Day
Slenderly stealing in; the prospect nigher,
Our hearts too labour with extreme desire,
And throb with hopes impatient of their end.
    How love of such a work our heart doth rend!
How long desire makes hopes in leash restrain'd
To pant! O sweetest House, on which has rain'd
The torrent of God's fulness. Ah, who is he,
Ah, who—O good, O huge in charity,
O nigh to God Himself,—Whom to descend
On His own gracious gifts he prays—shall lend
This sacred twilight power to drive away
All gloom, and shake her raiment into day?
Ah, when, thou pitifully trem'lous bloom
Of glimmering Day, that as from bridal room
In the Orient cam'st to kiss our altar-stone,
And beckonest to us from a star alone,

In yonder distance shining doubtfully,—
Ah, when wilt thou expand to Day, and, free
In conscious joy of thy full splendour, pour
A flood of light, as when the Sun doth soar
In golden mid-day, and, to full age grown,
Shine through and through the pile, and make it own
With awe thy sway, nor let the sacred walls
Doubt thy embrace?
Blest he to whom befalls
To see the vaulted roofs span their fair sky,
And break in flowers, while fretted ceilings lie
Trembling with rosy laughter; which do now,
As wearing of their shame a conscious brow,
Bedew their formless face with dropping tear.
When shall it be? the window growing clear
With better light, that many a page devout
May live, and life from glassy face breathe out.
Ah, when, as hymn of praise we celebrate,
Shall solemn-breathing murmur make vibrate
The organ's nerves with graceful ceaseless hum;
Nor pipe of lung unjust intruding come,
Each harsh, uncertain note for ever dumb?
Whatever else, in fine, this Sanctuary
May need, that right-hand bless'd and happy be,
And be it thine! to which the Dawn shall owe
Its day. The altar kneels to thee. Do thou
List to her prayer, and she will thine allow;
Stretch out thy laden hand, and doubtful live

Whether thou dost not more receive than give;
That thou art happy do thou only hear,
And turn thy loss to gain in yonder sphere.
Thou knowest what wheel makes riches fly away;
These riches therefore here securely lay,
Fountains of a Horse perennial,
On the Petrensian rock; from Fortune shall
Her own wheel thus be wrench'd. Thou knowest how prone
A wing bears up unconstant riches, blown
On vagrant, veering winds. Come, take away
These wings from fleeting riches, make them stay
At these our altars, and build here their nest;
Till arm'd with wings to better flight redress'd,
They may transport themselves to the home of rest,
Bearing their master with them.
Blest that man
Who knowing prudently the times to scan,
The airiness of wealth to profit brings,
And him on Fortune's pinions deftly flings,
And to his riches adds an eagle's wings. S. S.

IN CAETERORUM OPERUM

DIFFICILI PARTURITIONE GEMITUS.[1]

O felix nimis illa, et nostrae nobile nomen
Invidiae volucris, facili quae funere surgens
Mater odora sui, nitidae nova fila juventae,
Et festinatos peragit sibi fata per ignes.
Illa, haud natales tot tardis mensibus horas 5
Tam miseris tenuata moris, saltu velut uno
In nova secla rapit sese, et caput omne decoras
Explicat in frondes, roseoque repullulat ortu.
Cinnameos simul illa rogos conscenderit, omnem
Laeta bibit Phoebum, et jam jam victricibus alis 10
Plaudit humum cineresque suos.
Heu, dispare fato
Nos ferimur; seniorque suo sub Apolline phoenix
Petrensis mater, dubias librata per auras
Pendet adhuc, quaeritque sinum in quo ponat inertes 15
Exuvias, spoliisque suae reparata senectae
Ore pari surgat, similique per omnia vultu.
At nunc heu nixu secli melioris in ipso
Deliquium patitur!
At nunc heu lentae longo in molimine vitae 20

[1] See Memorial-Introd. vol. i., and Essay in the present vol. as below. G.

Interea moritur! Dubio stant moenia vultu
Parte sui pulchra, et fratres in foedera muros
Invitant frustra, nec respondentia saxis
Saxa suis; moerent opera intermissa, manusque
Implorant. 25
Succurre piae, succurre parenti,
O quisquis pius es. Illi succurre parenti,
Quam sibi tot sanctae matres habuere parentem.
Quisquis es, ô tibi, crede, tibi tot hiantia ruptis
Moenibus ora loqui. Matrem tibi, crede verendam 30
Muros tam longo laceros senioque situque
Ceu canos monstrare suos. Succurre roganti.
Per tibi plena olim, per jam sibi sicca precatur
Ubera, ne desis senio. Sic longa juventus
Te foveat, querulae nunquam cessura senectae. 35

TRANSLATION.

A GROAN

ON OCCASION OF THE DIFFICULT PARTURITION OF THE REMAINING WORKS OF PETERHOUSE.

O bird too fortunate, whose glorious name
Fills us with envy of her happy fame,
Which by an easy death on soaring wing,
Sweet mother of herself, doth upwards spring,
Assumes afresh her shining youth's attire,
And wins new lease of life through hasten'd fire!
She—not through slow-revolving natal days
To a thin shadow worn by sad delays—

Transports herself into another round
Of centuries, as by a single bound ;
With beauteous leaves her head she covers o'er,
And with a rosy birth shoots forth once more.
Soon as she climbs the spicy funeral pyre
Joyful she drinks the sun, and mounting higher,
Now, now the ground her wings victorious strike,
And her own ashes.
But, alas, we follow
No such example. 'Neath her own Apollo,
Our Mother Peterhouse, now ancient grown,
Our agèd Phœnix, hither, thither blown,
And balancing herself on doubtful air,
Hovers with wing uncertain, seeking where
Her relics she may lay, worn out with toils,
As in a nest, and from the very spoils
Of her own age renew'd, she may arise
In perfect comeliness of face and eyes,
As in the days of old, to mount the skies.
But now, alas, e'en in the very throes
Of her reviving age our Phœnix knows
And keenly feels a sad deficiency.
Alas, in life's long lingering effort she
Now in the mean while dies. Of doubtful face,
Her buildings seem in part bedeck'd with grace ;
But elsewhere, heedless of inviting calls
To union, stand the unfinish'd brother walls.
On unresponsive ears the summons falls ;

As stones to fellow-stones appealing turn,
The interrupted works together mourn,
And beg a helping hand. O, succour bring,
Whoe'er is pious, to the parent wing
Which shelter'd thee beneath its holy shade,
And gave so many mother churches[1] aid
Parental; O, be now thy help display'd.
Whoe'er thou art, the ruin'd courts to thee
With gaping mouths are speaking audibly.
Thy reverend mother would thine eyes engage
To view thy walls, dismantled long with age
And base neglect, and ponder her gray hair.
By the full breasts which once she offer'd thee,
By the dry breasts which she is doom'd to see
Now for herself, she cries imploringly:
'My age to help, O fail not to appear;
So may long-lasting youth thy bosom cheer,
Youth which complaining age shall never fear.' R. Wi.

TRANSLATION (*more freely*).

A LAMENT

OVER THE SLOW RESTORATION OF PETERHOUSE-COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

O Phœnix, all-too-happy bird,
Who enviless thy fame has heard?
Thou, thine own mother, from the pyre—
Spices mix'd with flickering fire—
Sweetly didst thy breath suspire;

[1] Apparently the churches in the gift of the College. W.

Then rose again, and thy age gone
In a swift resurrection—
Gone! by wondrous mystic skill
Wearing a richer plumage still,
Youth renew'd from feet to bill,—
Thou didst not linger in thine age,
Nor a slow weary struggle wage,
With changing cures and long delay
Searching for life in every way.
No; but a quick fate self-choosing,
All hindering self-ruth refusing,
Thou didst raise thy funeral pyre,
Thou didst hovering i' the fire,
From amidst the perfum'd flame
Spring up, immortal as thy fame.
Thou didst lift thy comely head,
Ev'ry moulting feather shed;
Thou didst raise thy radiant breast
Blazing to the blazing West.
O Phœnix, thou'rt an awful bird;
Who enviless thy fame has heard?
Climbing to thy funeral pyre,
Climbing self-martyr'd to the fire,
Sweetly there to bear thine ire;
Fetching down from the great sun
To pilèd nest of cinnamon
Rays intense; then upward winging,
Sudden from thine ashes springing;

Victorious by this quaint mewing,
Life strangely out of death renewing;
Now i' the red fire consuming,
Next at the sun thine eyes reluming.
    Alas, how different is the fate
In this our later age, ingrate,
Of her, my mother-college, lying
All desolate and slowly dying;
Lifting but a feeble wing,
Though once, as Phœnix of the fire,
Springing immortal from its pyre;
When Apollo and the Graces
Reign'd where Ruin now defaces,
Gave her, when she shone in splendour,
Orator, sage, and poet tender;
Gave her sons, noble and good,
Better than the bluest blood:
O how chang'd, since those days olden
Such as in the ages golden,
I behold her, smitten, lorn,
And by every Fury torn,
Hanging in uncertain strife
As it were 'twixt death and life;
Doubting whether e'en she shall
Have so much as funeral;
Her corpse laid in some quiet bay,
Where the sea-waves softly play;
Willing they should take her bones—

Her time-stain'd, rent, and shatter'd stones ;
If only thus but once again
Rebuilded, she might yet attain
To something of her old renown
By such resurrection,
And, phœnix-like, herself out-do
In her best days when she was new.
O ye sons, your mother own
In her desolation ;
Own her, though in aging years
She shows few and thin gray hairs,
Where once,—ah—in brave times of old—
Flash'd her proud locks with sheen of gold.
Ah, Peter nam'd, thou art denied,
Thus is thy name verified.
'Tis a spectacle for tears ;
'Tis a spectacle for fears ;
'Tis a spectacle for wonder ;
'Tis a crime deserves the thunder,
That from base to gold-touch'd ceiling
Day by day her halls are reeling ;
Mullion'd window torn and rent,
And destruction imminent ;
Everywhere such gaping wounds
As a stranger e'en astounds ;
And what was in faith begun
Left in desolation ;
Stone to stone in mute appealing,

Cold neglect and scorn revealing,
And the font of tears unsealing.
Sons of my Mother-College lying
All in ruins and slow dying,
If ye have aught of piety
Or least touch of charity,
Look on these broken walls, and see
Your mother in her misery;
Holding up, in vain appealing,
Wither'd hands, her woes revealing;
And in the rank growths tangled there
See her dishonourèd gray hair.
    Woe is me, her genial breast,
Which so many sons has blest,
Each all welcoming that came,
Drawn by her renownèd name,
Wither'd, shrunk, can quench no thirst,
Ah, my heart with grief will burst.
To my dim eye there rises clear
The full tide that once roll'd here;
Now shingle, sand, and fest'ring mud
Tell of the far-refluent flood.
    O, pity her, ye sons, and vow
Once more to crown your mother's brow;
Once more to rear her crumbling walls;
Once more to gather in her halls
The young, the brave, the true, the good,
The wise, the noble; and the Rood

Over all shall bless and keep;
So in old age ye shall not weep,
Nor ever shall your fair fame sleep. G.

VENERABILI VIRO MAGISTRO TOURNAY,

TUTORI SUO SUMME OBSERVANDO.

Messis inauravit Cereri jam quarta capillos,
Vitis habet Bacchum quarta corona suae,
Nostra ex quo, primis plumae vix alba pruinis,
Ausa tuo Musa est nidificare sinu.
Hic nemus, hic soles, et coelum mitius illi; 5
Hic sua quod Musis umbra vel aura dedit.
Sedit ibi secura malus quid moverit Auster,
Quae gravis hibernum vexerit ala Jovem.
Nescio quo interea multum tibi murmure nota est:
Nempe sed hoc poteras murmur amare tamen. 10
Tandem ecce, heu simili de prole puerpera! tandem
Hoc tenero tenera est pignore facta parens.
Jamque meam hanc sobolem, rogo, quis sinus alter haberet?
Quis mihi tam noti nempe teporis erat?
Sed quoque et ipsa meus, de te, meus, improba, tutor, 15
Quam primum potuit dicere, dixit, erit.
Has ego legitimae, nec laevo sidere natae
Non puto degeneres indolis esse notas;
Nempe quod illa suo patri tam semper apertos,

Tam semper faciles norit adire sinus. 20
Ergo tuam tibi sume : tuas eat illa sub alas :
Hoc quoque de nostro, quod tucaris, habe.
Sic quae Suada tuo fontem sibi fecit in ore,
Sancto et securo melle perennis eat.
Sic tua, sic nullas Siren non mulceat aures, 25
Aula cui plausus et sua serta dedit.
Sic tuus ille, precor, Tagus aut eat obice nullo,
Aut omni, quod adhuc, obice major eat.

TRANSLATION.

TO THE VENERABLE MAN MASTER TOURNAY,

MY TUTOR MOST REVERED.[1]

A fourth time now our glebe for Ceres bears
The golden locks of harvest; Bacchus wears
Now the fourth season his bright vine-leaf crown,
Since, scant'ly hoar as yet with the soft down
Of her first plumage, in thy gentle breast
My young Muse dar'd to build herself a nest.
Here found she sun and shade and gentler heaven,
And what with these is by the Muses given
Were hers. Here sat she careless how the skies
Might darken, or the blasts of winter rise;

[1] John Tournay was of Kent: B.A. 1623; M.A. 1627; B.D. 1634; elected Fellow of Pembroke Hall 20th October 1627, and had the College title for orders the same year (Loder's Framlingham, p. 250). See our Essay in present volume on the group of College friends. G.

And here her voice reach'd thee, but by what move
Of fate I know not, only that thy love
Her voice did win; and now at length behold—
And ah, how much the child her arms enfold
Is like the mother!—she in tender years
The parent of a tender babe appears.
What lap, then, for this infant shall I find
Fitter than thine, or known by me so kind?
Yea, soon as she could speak, the wanton, she
Said, 'He shall be my guardian,' meaning thee;
And no ill forecast I would deem is this
Of Genius true and favouring deities,
That she so early should a sire divine
Always so open, always so benign.
Take, then, thine own—she is beneath thy wing—
And of this gift accept the offering.
So may Persuasion, who her fount has made
Upon thy lips, still pour from thence unstay'd
Her sacred honey; so be at the Court,
Whereto with plausive wreaths she doth resort,
No ears thy Siren move not; so, I pray,
No hindering bar thy Tagus strive to stay,
Or only such as erst thy stream has swept away. CL.

ORNATISSIMO VIRO PRAECEPTORI SUO

COLENDISSIMO MAGISTRO BROOK.

O mihi qui nunquam nomen non dulce fuisti,
Tunc quoque cum domini fronte timendus eras;
Ille ego pars vestri quondam intactissima regni,
De nullo virgae nota labore tuae,
Do tibi quod de te per secula longa queretur,
Quod de me nimium non metuendus eras:
Quod tibi turpis ego torpentis inertia sceptri
Tam ferulae tulerim mitia jura tuae.
Scilicet in foliis quicquid peccabitur istis,
Quod tua virga statim vapulet, illud erit;
Ergo tibi haec poenas pro me mea pagina pendat.
Hic agitur virgae res tibi multa tuae.
In me igitur quicquid nimis illa pepercerit olim,
Id licet in foetu vindicet omne meo.
Hic tuus inveniet satis in quo saeviat unguis,
Quodque veru docto trans obeliscus eat:
Scilicet haec mea sunt; haec quas mala scilicet: ô si,
Quae tua nempe forent, hic meliora forent!
Qualiacunque, suum norunt haec flumina fontem—
Nilus ab ignoto fonte superbus eat—
Nec certe nihil est qua quis sit origine. Fontes

Esse solent fluvii nomen honorque sui.
Hic quoque tam parvus, de me mea secula dicant,
Non parvi soboles hic quoque fontis erat.
Hoc modo et ipse velis de me dixisse: Meorum
Ille fuit minimus—sed fuit ille meus.

TRANSLATION.

TO THAT MOST CULTURED MAN,

HIS MOST ESTIMABLE TUTOR MASTER BROOK.[1]

O thou, whose name to me was still endear'd
E'en when the master's brow was justly fear'd;
I, of thy realm the most inviolate part,
By touch of thy birch-rod ne'er taught to smart,
Give thee what through long years complains of thee
That thou wast not enough a fear to me;
That I, base subject of thy sceptre slow,
Thy ferule's milder sway should only know.
Sooth, in these leaves what faults soe'er thou see,
Thy rod in every case should punish'd be.
Then let this page for me the suffering pay;
Here certainly thy rod may have full play;
Howe'er that rod to me was once too mild,
It may revenge it all on this my child;
Here will thy nail discover where to rage,
And scratch a learnèd blot across the page.

[1] See Memorial-Introduction, vol. i. and our Essay, for notices of Brooke; also present volume for other poems, &c. addressed to him. G.

[illegible] ALTAR [illegible]

[illegible] th, these things [illegible]
[illegible] that they [illegible]
[illegible] these streams their [illegible]
[illegible] what [illegible] may [illegible]
[illegible] may be we deem,
[illegible] their stream
[illegible] perhaps may say of me—
[illegible] small was he.
[illegible] things:
[illegible] that he was mine? R. W.

[illegible] KY EPITAPHIUM.[1]

[illegible]

[illegible] Swiss author
[illegible] Spaniard

These which are bad, forsooth, these things are mine;
Would they were better, that they might be thine!
Whate'er they are, these streams their fountain know,
Nile from an unknown fount may proudly go.
Not lightly what one's source may be we deem;
Fountains give name and honour to their stream.
So small—my times perhaps may say of me—
An offspring of no fountain small was he.
Only to say of me may it be thine:
'He was my least indeed—but he was mine!' R. Wi.

IN REV. DRE. BROOKE EPITAPHIUM.[1]

Posuit sub ista, non gravi, caput terra
Ille, ipsa quem mors arrogare vix ausa
Didicit vereri, plurimumque suspenso
Dubitavit ictu, lucidos procul vultus,
Et sidus oris acre procul prospectans.
Cui literarum fama cum dedit lumen,
Accepit, atque est ditior suis donis.
Cujus serena gravitas faciles mores
Muliere novit; cujus in senectute
Famaeque riguit, et juventa fortunae.

[1] Dr. Samuel Brooke, brother of Christopher Brooke, author of sweet lines, as 'Tears,' and others. He died in September 1631. See note on Dr. Mansell *ante*. G.

Ita brevis aevi, ut nec videri festinus;
Ita longus, ut nec fessus. Et hunc mori credis?

TRANSLATION.

EPITAPH ON REV. DR. BROOK.

Beneath this earth, strew'd lightly, lies the head
Of one whom Death himself had learnt to dread,
Scarce venturing to claim; and falter'd much
Ere he allow'd his threatening stroke to touch
That sacred presence. These bright eyes from far
He view'd; from far that face ray'd like a star.
On whom when fame of letters lustre drew,
He took it as his right, and richer grew
By his own gifts to learning; whose serene
Severity of manners seem'd to have been
Temper'd by woman's softness; whose good name,
In later as in early years the same,
Stood firm; his fortune equal to his fame.
His life so short, that not in haste he seem'd;
So long, that weary he might not be deem'd:
That such a one is dead, can it be dream'd? R. Wi.

EPITAPHIUM IN GULIELMUM HERRISIUM.[1]

Siste te paulum, viator, ubi longum sisti
Necesse erit, huc nempe properare te scias quocunque
properas.
Morae pretium erit
Et lacrymae,
Si jacere hic scias
Gulielmum
Splendidae Herrisiorum familiae
Splendorem maximum:
Quem cum talem vixisse intellexeris,
Et vixisse tantum;
Discas licet
In quantas spes possit
Assurgere mortalitas,
De quantis cadere.

Quem { Infantem / Juvenem } { Essexia / Cantabrigia } vidit

[1] For notice of Herres or Harris, see Essay in the present volume. Curiously enough, in line 2, the original misprints 'tempe' for 'nempe,' as in the 'Bulla' is misprinted 'nempe' for 'tempe;' and onward 'morte' for 'mortem;' while 'Oratorem' and 'Poetam' are exchanged wrongly. In the heading too it is 'Dominum' for 'Gulielmum.' G.

Senem, ah infelix utraque
Quod non vidit.
Qui
Collegii Christi Alumnus
Aulae Pembrokianae socius,
Utrique ingens amoris certamen fuit,
Donec
Dulciss. lites elusit Deus,
Eumque coelestis collegii,
Cujus semper alumnus fuit,
socium fecit;
Qui et ipse collegium fuit,
In quo
Musae omnes et Gratiae,
Nullibi magis sorores,
Sub praeside religione,
In tenacissimum sodalitium coaluere.

Quem	Oratoria	Oratorem	agnovere.
	Poetica	Poetam	
	Utraque	Philosophum	
	Christianum	Omnes	
Qui	Fide	Mundum	superavit.
	Spe	Coelum	
	Charitate	Proximum	
	Humilitate	Seipsum	

Cujus
Sub verna fronte senilis animus,
Sub morum facilitate, severitas virtutis;

Sub plurima indole, pauci anni;
Sub majore modestia, maxima indoles
adeo se occuluerunt
ut vitam ejus
Pulchram dixeris et pudicam dissimulationem:
Imo vero et mortem,
Ecce enim in ipso funere
Dissimulari se passus est,
Sub tantillo marmore tantum hospitem,
Eo nimirum majore monumento
quo minore tumulo.
Eo ipso die occubuit quo Ecclesia
Anglicana ad vesperas legit,
Raptus est ne malitia mutaret intellectum ejus;
Scilicet Id. Octobris anno S. 1631.

TRANSLATION.

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM HARRIS.

Stay thee a short space here, good passer-by,
Upon thy way;
Where in a little while thou too must lie,
Haste as thou may.
Certes thou knowest that thy life-long quest
Leads hither—to the long, long sleep and rest:
Grudge thee not, then, the tribute of a tear,
Whilst, ling'ring, to this stone thou drawest near.
It will reward thy stay,

It will thy tears repay,
To know
Below
lies
William,
Of the family of Harris,
The most splendid name
Where all have fame.
Knowing that such an one did live,
And how he liv'd—great, noble, wise—
Know how all mortal hopes are fugitive;
Height gauging depth with 'Here he lies.'
Whom { As infant / As youth } { Essex / Cambridge } saw.
Ah, miserable and lamenting both, that they
See not his golden locks in years grow gray!
He was
A student of Christ College,
A fellow of Pembroke Hall:
To have him
The two Colleges did strive
In rivalry of love:
But the great God put in His negative,
Calling him Above,
To gain ampler knowledge
In the Heavenly College,
Of which he was on earth a student consecrate;
So, when Death summon'd him, he went elate.

So wise his wit,
By genius lit,
In himself alone
Many in one,
You had a College, where
Graces and Muses fair
With Religion, you might see
Twin'd hand in hand in amity.

Whom	Eloquence as an	Orator	owned:
	Poetry as a	Poet	
	Each as a	Philosopher	
	All as a	Christian	

Who	By faith the	world	conquered;
	By hope	Heaven	
	By love his	fellow-men	
	By himself	himself	

Of whom
The ripen'd mind under a youthful face;
Severest virtue under courtliest grace;
Few years his, yet mellow'd as in age;
A modesty that did all hearts engage:
These self-reveal'd and self-revealing,
That all his life seem'd but a fine concealing.

Yea, ev'n in his death 'twas so;
For being thus at length laid low,
He chose no boastful tomb to tell
How good the life that in him fell:

By so much greater is the guest,
Smaller the mound where he doth rest:
Yea, in his death there was diminution:
Great was the guest, but see how small the stone.
On that very day he died in which the
Church of England reads its even-song:
He was snatch'd away, lest the wickedness
of the times should contaminate his understanding,
viz. 15th October A.S. 1631.[1]

IN EUNDEM SCAZON.[2]

Huc, hospes, oculos flecte, sed lacrimis caecos,
Legit optime haec, quem legere non sinit fletus.
Ars nuper et natura, forma, virtusque
Aemulatione fervidae, paciscuntur
Probare uno juvene quid queant omnes,
Fuere tantae terra nuper fuit liti,
Ergo huc ab ipso Judicem manent coelo.

[1] In 1648 (last four lines), l. 2 is misprinted 'Anglica nec' for 'Anglicana,' and l. 3 'militia' for 'malitia' of 1646 edition. There is some obscurity in the 'ad vesperas legit.' The intransitive use seems unusual, unless it means as above = the Anglican Church performs the evening service at the close of its day, or before it ceased to exist as the Church of the land. Laud was now commencing those innovations which led to the destruction of the Church of England. G.

[2] From 'Delights of the Muses,' after 'Upon the Death of Mr. Herrys' (of vol. i. pp. 220-1). Not given by Turnbull. G.

TRANSLATION.

Stranger, bend here thine eyes, but dim with tears;
Whom weeping blinds, best reader here appears.
Art, Nature, Beauty, Virtue, all agree,
Contending late with a warm rivalry,
To show what in one youth all join'd would be.
So great the strife they caus'd on earth of late,
That here from heaven itself the Judge they wait.

R. Wi.

IN PICTURAM REVERENDISSIMI EPISCOPI D. ANDREWS.[1]

Haec charta monstrat, fama quem monstrat magis,
Sed et ipsa necdum fama quem monstrat satis;
Ille, ille totam solus implevit tubam,
Tot ora solus domuit, et famam quoque
Fecit modestam: mentis igneae pater
Agilique radio lucis aeternae vigil,
Per alta rerum pondera indomito vagus
Cucurrit animo, quippe naturam ferox
Exhausit ipsam mille foetus artibus,
Et mille linguis ipse se in gentes procul
Variavit omnes, fuitque toti simul
Cognatus orbi, sic sacrum et solidum jubar
Saturumque coelo pectus ad patrios libens
Porrexit ignes: hac eum, lector, vides
Hac, ecce, charta ô utinam et audires quoque.

[1] For Crashaw's own translation of this see vol. i. p. 217. G.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

As in the other Worthies, this Index is intended to guide to Notes and Illustrations of the several words in the places; but mainly in Vol. I., as Vol. II. consists wholly of the Latin and Greek and their translations. G.

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END OF VOL. II.

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