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**George Daniel's Poems.**



T H E P O E M S

OF

*George Daniel, Esq.*

OF BESWICK, YORKSHIRE.

(1616—1657)

FROM

The Original MSS. in the British Museum:

HITHERTO UNPRINTED.

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*Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Illustrations, Portrait, &c.,*

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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	PAGE
Scattered Fancies; Formerlie Written, in severall loose papers, now drawne vp in a Liricke Poesie; 1945. pp. 1-124.	
Carmen Protrepticon; Lectori . . . . .	1
To the Reader . . . . .	2
Ode i. . . . .	3
„ ii. . . . .	3-5
„ iii. . . . .	6-10
„ iv. . . . .	10-11
„ v. . . . .	12-13
„ vi. . . . .	13-14
„ vii. . . . .	15-18
„ viii. . . . .	18-19
„ ix. . . . .	20-23
„ x. . . . .	23-24
„ xi. . . . .	25-28
„ xii. . . . .	28-31
„ xiii. . . . .	31-35
„ xiv. . . . .	35-38
„ xv. . . . .	38-41
„ xvi. . . . .	42-44
„ xvii. . . . .	44-46
„ xviii. . . . .	47-49
„ xix. . . . .	50-51
„ xx. . . . .	51-53
„ xxi. . . . .	53-55
„ xxii. . . . .	55-56

		PAGE
Ode	xxiii. . . . .	56-58
„	xxiv. . . . .	58-59
„	xxv. . . . .	60-62
„	xxvi. . . . .	62-63
„	xxvii. . . . .	63-65
„	xxviii. . . . .	66-67
„	xxix. . . . .	67-68
„	xxx. . . . .	68-70
„	xxxi. . . . .	71-72
„	xxxii. . . . .	72-73
„	xxxiii. . . . .	74-75
„	xxxiv. . . . .	75-76
„	xxxv. . . . .	76-78
„	xxxvi. . . . .	78-80
„	xxxvii. . . . .	81
„	xxxviii. . . . .	82-83
„	xxxix. . . . .	83-85
„	xl. . . . .	85-87
„	xli. . . . .	87-88
„	xlii. . . . .	88-90
„	xliii. . . . .	90-92
„	xliv. . . . .	93
„	xlv. . . . .	93-95
„	xlvi. . . . .	96-97
„	xlvii. . . . .	98-99
„	xlviii. . . . .	99-102
„	xlix. . . . .	102-105
„	l. . . . .	105-106
„	li. . . . .	106-108
„	lii. . . . .	108-109
„	liii. . . . .	109-110
„	liv. . . . .	110-112

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
Ode    lv.    . . . . .	112-114
„     lvi.   , . . . .	114-117
„     lvii. . . . .	117-120
„     lviii. . . . .	120
„     lix.   . . . . .	120-123
Lines   . . . . .	123-124
A Postscript . . . . .	124
Further Poems, pp. 125-133.	
To Mr. Ogilby : Vpon his Accurate Translation of incomparable Virgil . . . . .	127-128
The Author       , . . . .	129-133
Portrait of the Author . . . . .	133
ΠΟΔΥΛΟΓΙΑ ; in Severall Ecloges 1638-1648, pp. 134-206.	
An Eclogue Spoken by Amintas and Strephon . . . . .	137-148
The Song . . . . .	148-149
An Eclogue : Spoken by Mœlibeus and Dorilus . . . . .	150-161
The Song . . . . .	162
An Eclogue : Spoken by Halon and Eudæmon . . . . .	163-177
Eudæmon's Song . . . . .	177-178
Halon's Song . . . . .	178-179
An Eclogue : Spoken by Damon and Amintas . . . . .	180-190
The Song . . . . .	190-191
An Eclogue : Spoken by Hilas and Strephon . . . . .	192-204
The Song . . . . .	204-205
Letter to Brother . . . . .	206
Eclesiasticus : or the Wisdom of Iesus, the son of Syrach Paraphrased . . . . pp. 207-248.	
The Induction to the worke . . . . .	209-212
Cap i. to xii. . . . .	213-248
Notes and Illustrations . . . . .	249-264



# Scattered Fancies ;

*Formerlie Written, in severall loose papers,  
now drawne vp in a Liricke Poesie ;*

1645.

By the Same Author :

~~~~~—me tantum dicere Mea

Nunc iuuat : ~~~~~ :

Carmen Protrepticon ;

Lectori ;

*Men looke on Poems, but they doe not reade  
Them to the Sence ; which makes the Fancie deade,  
And circumscribes the Author in a fewe  
Smooth running Words. But if you passe a Due  
Censure on Writer's ayme, at iudging well ;  
Weigh everie word and everie Sillable :  
And though you read 'em twice, and something find  
To strike your Fancie, thinke there is behind  
Another Sence, worth all that you have knowne ;  
The Poet made 'em Such, and that's His owne.*

## To the Reader.

I *DARE* not *foe* much *Affront* *Poesie*, as *goe* about to *vindicate* her with a *Prose Apologie*, or *Soe* much *derogate* from that *dear Source*, as *borrow* water from the *muddled Cisternes* of her *Inferiour*; but this I not *insist* upon: neither need it *Springe* any *Controversie*: What I have now to *say*, is but to the *ingenious Reader*, that *Hee* will *value* these *noe* other then (as the *writer* gives them) *Leaves*, and perhaps *Budds* of a *tree* which (if this long *winter* of *generall Calamitie* had not *nipt* and *nere* *perished*,) might have brought forth a more *noble* and *better-relishing* *Fruit*. These are but *short-breathings* of a *Sad* (though I *speake* *clearlie*) not *deiected* *Mind*; nor can I (which to the *common Reader* will be *blameable* enough) give a *Severall* *Title* to these *Trifles*; changing *occasion*, having the *best* *Title* to them *All*; *foe* that in *Some* I have *bene* *lost*, and *Swallowed* from my *first intentions*, by *newer* *Thoughts*, but of these not many: which will *easilie* *present* themselves to *Him* I *direct* this *Poesie*.



## Scattered Fancies.

### ODE I :

WHEN I am gone, and these of mine remaine,  
If these, or ought which I call mine, shall Stay ;  
Read over what I leave, and you againe  
Adde to the Sand of Time ; and give my Day  
As glorious Life as when I stood to breath :  
Hee Dyes not, who Surviv<sup>e</sup>s his Dust in Death.

I doe not Beg a Life beyond my Fate,  
Or aske the Courtesie you would not give ;  
'Tis neither You nor I can set a Date  
To written Numbers, if a Muse bid live ;  
And these may Live ; who knowes, when winds disperse  
My Earth in Atomes, Men shall read this verse ?

### ODE II :

I

HOW much a verse deceives  
Vnhappie man ! who weaves



---

His hopes vpon it ?  
 Thinking to gaine a grace  
 From some light wanton's face,  
 With lighter Sonnet ;  
 His Thoughts, his Hope, his Fate hang all vpon it.

2  
 To Titles, or great Name,  
 One brings an Epigram,  
 Yet scarce knowes why ;  
 Another, comes too late,  
 Deploreing humane fate,  
 In Elegie ;  
 Praising a Name, to Raife his owne more high.

3  
 Some, Souce in bitter Inke,  
 The venome which they thinke,  
 To taxe the Times ;  
 Write Satire, to betray  
 Selfe-gvilt, whilst they display  
 The Age's Crimes ;  
 And vindicate their owne with biting Rhimes.

4  
 Some, in a higher Straine,  
 Must Annalize the Raigne,  
 Of Cæsar's Glorie ;  
 Breath big, and thunder State,

---

Lest he Extenuate,  
And dimme the Storie ;  
Which, his Muse tells him, is not Transitorie.

5.  
Another, doth prefer  
To the full Theater,  
His giddie verse ;  
Now, in a Comicke Stile,  
Hee wantons ; in a while,  
Growne big and feirce,  
The buskin'd Muse comes out, in Blood and Tears.

6.  
How much the verse deceives  
Our hopes ! Like Autumne leaves,  
They blow away ;  
The time wee spent, is lost,  
And onlie Time can boast,  
In our Decay ;  
Our verfe forgot, not one Line, left to Say.

7.  
Great Monster ! Shall wee gaine  
Our Labour for our paine ?  
And noe more wage ?  
I'le bring, to stop thy Iawes,  
And Cancell all thy Lawes  
Of Right or Rage ;  
A Verse too Stronge for Envie or for Age.

## ODE III.

I.

GIVE me the Sober Muse and Simple Thought,  
 To furnish out my Loom; ;  
 Let others come,  
 As they affect, in finer garments Clad ;  
 Happilie farder fett and dearer bought.  
 If I had fought such, Such I could have had,  
 At the same rate,  
 But I decline that State ;  
 Give me the Sober Muse, and Simple Thought.

2.

Expect noe fine Thing here, noe gaudie knacke ;  
 But Course and Common Things.  
 Our Larum rings  
 Not to the giddie Eare who seekes the Chime  
 Of Scurril Langvage ; or affects the Smacke  
 Of Brothel-feats, laid Centinel in Rime,  
 How to betray  
 Soules to a Sad Decay ;  
 Expect noe fine Thing here, noe gaudie knacke.

3.

Oft have I bene deceived ; but offer you  
 Whose Ioy, in fired blood  
 You make your good ;  
 And pant, to see a Fancie Set to light,

That may blow vp old fire, or adde a New  
 Vnmanlie itching, to the feeble Spright.  
 Let your thoughts move,  
 To somewhat worthie of your Love ;  
 Oft have I bene deceiv<sup>d</sup>, but oft<sup>r</sup> you.

4.

Repent it, ere too late, Repent in Time,  
 The Error of your witt ;  
 Thinke it vnfit  
 For high-borne Man, foe poorie to decline ;  
 Scorne fordid Earth, and Ioy, in the Sublime  
 Raptures of Truth, clad in the liveing Shine  
 Of modest Fire ;  
 And hate your old Desire :  
 Repent it, ere too late, Repent in time.

5.

Goe, learne the better Arts of Innocence ;  
 Which will instruct you how  
 To scorne, what now  
 You fought with Eagernes ; and to your Soule,  
 Propose a richer prize, at lesse expence ;  
 Where the true pleafure lives, without controule  
 Of doubt or Feare ;  
 One other Step will bring you there :  
 Goe, learne the better Arts of Innocence.

## 6.

Error has many waies t' entrap a Soule ;  
 A thousand more  
 Then wee Account her Store ;  
 Changing to everie Sence, with what they please.  
 Now Light, now fixed, Sometime feeming foule  
 Vnto the Sence ; when She the Sence doth feize  
 With greater might,  
 And with as great Delight ;  
 Error has many waies t' entrap a Soule.

## 7.

Depart, false feeming-Ioyes. fond Mirth, Depart ;  
 Treachers of old,  
 Growne in our Age more bold ;  
 Light hopes and feirce Affections, quit the place ;  
 Lay by your Tirant Scepter ; for my heart  
 Is free to Truth, disdainning Servile waies  
 Of blinded Sence,  
 And Pafsions' large pretence :  
 Depart, false feeming-Ioyes, fond Mirth, depart.

## 8.

Am I not Sworne a Denizon to Truth ?  
 A free Afsociate,  
 Within that State,  
 Where heaven-bred Peace is Qveene ? Onlie to her  
 I vow the remnant of my halfe-Spent youth ;  
 And never lend false Smiles, an Eye nor Eare ;

Noe more Suggest  
 Your pleafures to my brest ;  
 Am I not Sworne a Denizon to Truth ?

9.

Nere may my Thoughts Swerve from their fixé home ;  
 But here in Raptures dwell,  
 Which none can tell,  
 Who, blind with Error, run in Sensuall waies ;  
 And though the blood-fir'd Ruffian, rageing come  
 With Scorne against my verse ; and Spend his praise  
 In Balladrie,  
 Defending Luxurie ;  
 Nere may my Thoughts Swerve from their fixé home.

10.

Iust now he frownes, to Strike the Poet dead,  
 If Eyes could wound, or kill ;  
 And calls them Ill,  
 The verses he has read ; and Sweats, and Swears  
 A brain-sicke Frensie, overburdenéd,  
 Has run a Larum to abuse his Eares ;  
 And bring a Cold  
 Ere years, to make him old ;  
 Iust now he frownes, to Strike the Poet dead.

11.

Erect that drowfie head, and yet see Day.  
 See, the bright Skies

---

Would Shoot into thy Eyes,  
 With Glorie, to informe misgvided Sence.  
 Yet be a Man, and heare what all men Say.  
 There is a way of Truth and Excellence,  
 Where Ioy and love,  
 Will teach the Soule to move :  
 Erect that droufie head, and yet fee Day.

## 12.

Let others Sing of Love and loofe delights ;  
 My fober Qvill has vow<sup>e</sup>d  
 (Though vnderstood  
 Perhaps by few) to vse her Inke, in praife  
 Of glorious vertue ; this, the irksome nights  
 Shall melt ; and be the labour of my Dayes ;  
 This Sacred Straine,  
 My howers shall entertaine ;  
 Let others Sing of Love and loofe Delights.

## O D E I V.

## I.

**O**UR Muses, not exil<sup>e</sup>d, with Sober Feet,  
 Draw forth Sad numbers, to a heavie Straine ;  
 And entertaine  
 Some Sparke of hope, they may renew the heat,  
 Of Rapture yet.  
 Though frequent Sorrowes from Iust Causes spring ;

---

Some little Ayre raises my numméd wing ;  
 And Nature, not yet old in Years,  
 Would Stop the torrent of my fears,  
 To strike the Liricke String.

## 2.

The thick Ayre hangs in Fogs about my head,  
 And many Thoughts make my Sad Heart as Dull ;  
 My brest is full  
 Of mists and Clouds ; my Fancie cannot Spread,  
 (Ore-burdenéd.)  
 Her features, to the Life, I did intend :  
 When I begin, it dyes, and makes an End ;  
 In broken grones, abruptly closing,  
 A Thoufand of her beauties loofing ;  
 Beauties which none can lend.

## 3.

Come, yet a little ; let our Thoughts forgett  
 Theire torture ; and fome pettie Solace find.  
 If a sad Mind  
 Can but a little calme her Sorrowes, let  
 The Muses' heat  
 Breath gentle Rapture, interposing Fears,  
 And Sing our deep Cares, vnto patient Ears ;  
 Who wounded, will not scorne our End,  
 Well-leveil'd ; though (ill Shott) it bend  
 In a Distracted verse.

---



## O D E V.

## I.

**W**HERE, where resides content?  
 The ioy which mortalls faigne :  
 'Tis neither in Extent  
 Of Power, nor full-mouth'd gaine ;  
 Nor in the Emptie Shade  
 Of honour ; nor in Trade,  
 Nor in vast riot, nor in Swelling boules ;  
 Nor what wee pleasure call,  
 Diversified. The wall  
 Of Pallaces are emptie as the holes  
 Of Scornéd Peafants. Wee may looke  
 The universe, in everie nooke ;  
 And Cherish giddie Fancie, that wee shall  
 Find, what is not at all.

## 2.

For wee may apprehend  
 Full ioy, in the pursuit  
 Of our desires ; which End,  
 Before they come to fruit.  
 Soe doe I often borrow  
 My pleafures from the morrow ;  
 It comes, and yet my Ioy has noe more Life ;  
 For what can Time produce,  
 But moveing? Never thus

Will I be Slave to Transitorie Strife ;  
 I will propose vnto my Soule,  
 A Pleasure beyond Time's controule ;  
 A Path, where Innocence shall teach my Muse  
 The Raptures she would Chuse.

3.

And there find out, what mortalls, with their Sweat,  
 Could never gett ;  
 And in the Sober heights of vertue, Clime  
 To goodlie ravishment ;  
 Vntouch't by Envie, vnimpair'd by Time ;  
 For to be free, with a heart Innocent,  
 Is onlie true Content.

## ODE VI.

1.

**N**OE more !  
 Let me awhile be free,  
 To my dear Muses ; exercise your power  
 On other men, not me ;  
 I am a freeman ; know,  
 I am my Selfe ; and you  
 Can but pretend, (at best) for what you fight ;  
 Long vsurpation cannot give you right.

2.

'Tis mine,  
 The heart you would Subdue,

---

And Challenge, by prescription, in a twine  
 Of many years, to you ;  
 I will, in the high Court  
 Of Iustice, make report,  
 Of my Sad Case, and beg, on bended knees,  
 I may have right, from Him who all wrong Sees.

3.

'Tis true,  
 You entred by a sleight,  
 Vpon my fimple nonage ; for you drew  
 A faire pretext of right ;  
 Few freinds (God wot) I had,  
 To give advice or ayde ;  
 But I must yeild my Earlie years, to those  
 Who strangers were, and were, indeed, my foes.

4.

Now, Man,  
 Shall I be Slavéd Still ?  
 And kept a Child, with Trifles ? Noe, I can  
 Not Soe forget the Skill  
 By nature lent ; my years  
 Are now past Childish fears,  
 And my free Spirrit scornes to obey your power :  
 Goe feeke an orphan, I am yours noe more.

## ODE VII.

I.

LOE, where Hee comes ! the Monarch of the Earth,  
In Royall Scarlet Clad ;  
Such obiects make me Sad ;  
Is this a Time for Glorie, or for Mirth ?

2.

With azure wings, and golden Diadem,  
A thousand vafsalls waite  
Vpon his goodlie State ;  
And giddilie, the Rout, his Shadowes hemme !

3.

Who this Should be, the Iudging Reader knowes ;  
Ah, fadlie I dare fay,  
Hee did attend, this Day,  
Vpon the Monster, if he bend his browes.

4.

For in the front of his Retinue Stands  
Bold Ignorance, the first ;  
And Ostentation nurst  
By the fame brest, and fwath<sup>e</sup>d in the fame bands.

5.

These misinforme the gaping Multitude,  
And Chatter out his Praise

---

To them, a thousand waies ;  
 What Scepters he has won, what Lands Subdu<sup>d</sup>.

6.

For doubtles, great Hee is ; though greater farre  
 Hee be, in their report,  
 Who limitt out his Court,  
 To the wide Gire of Heaven's fill-moveing Carre.

7.

Let not their golden Sonnets Credit gaine,  
 In your Iudicious Eyes ;  
 He has, in shamefull wife,  
 Bene baffled oft, and may be foe againe.

8.

A Shepheard's Boy, who heard him prouddie boast,  
 Bearded the Monster late ;  
 (And triumpt in his Fate)  
 Whose lookes, erewhile, had Cow<sup>d</sup> a mightie Hoast.

9.

Yet Still he lives ; for he can never Dye,  
 Till Time and motion Cease ;  
 Till then, he shall increase,  
 In all the Glories of his Tirrannie.

10.

A thousand, thousand Times, Hee has bene foyl<sup>d</sup> ;  
 And where he most doth raigne,

---

Hee formerlie was slaine,  
By weaker hands, of a small Infant Child.

## 11.

This, this is hee, of whom old Poets fung ;  
Who, more then once, was flaine,  
And still reviv'd againe ;  
Nor could Hee dye, vpon his Mother flung.

## 12.

There is an Art taught, where true Arts are taught ;  
(For 'tis not strength alone  
Prevailes against his bone)  
Will foyle him foone, and bring his strength to naught.

## 13.

Then be not danted, my amaz'd Soule ;  
The Giant, (were Hee more  
Then his owne vants) were poore,  
To Cope with Boyes, instructed in this Schoole.

## 14.

Thither will I betake me, and there trye  
What Sleights will most prevaile,  
To make his Footing faile ;  
Till I be perfect in the Misterye.

## 15.

Then Muster vp, Collofsus, to affright  
Stupid and retchles Men ;

Who know nor how nor when  
Nor why, they yeild their exercise, thy might.

16.

And I will Sing away my common Cares,  
With everie Sand of Time ;  
Where Rapture shall Sublime  
My new-borne Soule in an immortall verse.

### ODE VIII.

I.

OH, how I wander, oh, where shall, at last,  
My wearied feet have rest? My mind repast?  
Where shall I find the wishéd Port of rest,  
To Strike away the Fears which have opprest  
My wounded Brest?

2.

Long Dayes I travell ; bitter nights I wake ;  
Till Heart and Head, with over-watching ake ;  
I count the Atomes of Time's running Glafse ;  
And thinke the Howers, (which once did fleetly pafse ;)  
Slow as an Afse.

3.

I wonder Time can be foe patient ;  
My bowells burne till all his glafs be spent.  
The night brings horror, day gives noe releife,

---

To my Affliction ; one continued greife  
Weares out my Life.

4.

Some pious Hand direct me ! I have gone  
From Pole to Pole, and left where I begun.  
I tooke the wings which for the Day were drest,  
Survaied the orient, to the vtmost west ;  
But found noe Rest.

5.

Yet, yet, at length, let my spent Bodie find  
A short repose. Oh, would you be foe kind,  
You who can onlie perfect Man's desire,  
And give that Rest to which I now Aspire ;  
A Rest entire.

6.

Then should my Soule in mightie Raptures move :  
Where Sacred Rapture fires it all in Love ;  
And ioyne my String to that Celestiall Qvire  
Whose Harmonie is one vnited Lire,  
Of Sacred Fire.

7.

There Centred, Rest in all her Ioyes doth Rest ;  
Full in her Peace ; with Ioy and Glorie Blest ;  
Still may wee travell out our Age, in Feare,  
To find that vpon Earth, which is noe where ;  
But onlie there.



## O D E I X.

I.

G O E, dote, fond Lover ; Seeke  
(To fsmooth lascivious Rhime)  
Some beautie, where Sublime  
Graces adorne the Cheeke ;  
Court Lips, or Eyes,  
Or what you prife,  
With most Affection, as you can devise.

2.

And see how long they please  
The flitting Sence, with Ioy ;  
Either they kill or Cloy,  
And aggravate Disease ;  
Noe reall good  
Is vnderstood,  
Where the maine obiect is but Flesh and Blood.

3.

But if you would behold  
A Beautie to Entice ;  
Revert your pur-blind Eyes ;  
Too blind, and yet too bold.  
I'le Shew you here,  
In her true Sphere,  
Perfection, crownéd in a golden Chaire.

4.

'Gainst which the Rage of Time  
Could never yet prevaile ;  
Nor doth She want the Haile  
Of Poets, in a Rhime ;  
Remaining yonge,  
Although she sprung  
Ere Time, the Chaos into Forme had flung.

5.

Nor Shall you need to bring  
Attributes to her praife ;  
For her Aspect will raife  
A Store too vast to Singe ;  
Such as would pose  
Art to disclose  
In any verse, and fill a Rheme of Prose.

6.

This is that Beautie which  
Strikes dead all humane Sence ;  
From whose sole Influence,  
All Creatures are made rich ;  
And what wee praise,  
Soe manie waies,  
Are but light Sparkes, shot from these liveing raies.

7.

Bring, bring the loftie verse,  
 And Sonnet out your Dayes ;  
 Let everie word be praife,  
 And everie Accent peirce  
 The Ears of Men  
 With wonder ; when  
 You faile, goe to this Source and fill your Pen.

8.

Here, never Ending Love,  
 Runns in a liveing Streame ;  
 Peace fitts vnder the Beame  
 Of Glorie ; all that move  
 Is holie here :  
 Pale Doubt and ffeare  
 Exiléd are, and Envie comes not neare.

9.

The witts who fung of old  
 Their feilds of lasting pleasure,  
 Meant this ; though in some measure,  
 (Perhaps) it would not hold ;  
 For humane witt  
 Can onlie fitt,  
 The Sence with Ioy ; Soe much they fail<sup>d</sup> of it.

10.

Bring in fresh Chaplets : Crowne  
 Her, worthy all your praise ;  
 And mightie Rapture raife  
 To sing her Name ; lay downe  
 Your brittle Theame,  
 Caught in a Dreame,  
 And raise a Character, in her great name.

## O D E X.

1.

**T**HE Day was Darke, and Heaven his bright face Shrouds,  
 In Sable Clouds ;  
 The gaudie Sun, in his Meridian Light,  
 Was darke as Night ;  
 And horrid Stormes came rolling on the Skye.  
 The Thunder Strucke, the Lightning feirce did flye ;  
 The Ayre incenséd, all her Streames let fall ;  
 The Cataracts of Heaven their Doores set ope ;  
 Whose gushing Torrents call  
 Fresh ffloods, to crofse the avaritious Hope  
 Of men, to looke it should be faire at all.

2.

My Sober Mufe can fay how it did wound  
 My Sinnew-bound

---

Vnusefull Members ; how my Sence was dull,  
 And my Soule full  
 Of horror and amazement ; I had lost  
 The nearest faculties that life could boast ;  
 Strucke with the Feare, into an Extasie  
 Of Feare, like Death ; indeed halfe dead with Feare ;  
 Yet knew noe reason why :  
 I summond all my Sences in, to beare ;  
 But they were Dead, with my Soule's Agonie.

3.

When loe ! a glance of heaven's Immortall ray,  
 Found out a way,  
 (Through the vast mure of Night, into my Soule ;  
 And did controule  
 My Stupid Sences, putt away my Feare,  
 Made stronge my frailtie, and my doubts made cleare ;  
 That recollecting all my Thoughts made new,  
 And weighing the late cause of this Affright ;  
 Vntroubled Heavens I veiwe ;  
 The Sun vnclouded, and the Welkin bright ;  
 Onlie the Storme was in my bosome true.

*For unto him that hath a troubled Spright,  
 Time has noe Ioy, nor Heaven's bright fface noe Light.*

## ODE XI.

I.

AND now 'tis Faire ; how shall wee Spend the Day ?  
 Manage the lustie Steed ?  
 Or see the Eager Hounds pursue the pray ;  
 And laugh to see him bleed ?  
 How shall wee run the ling'ring howers away ?

2.

Goe see the Gallant Falcon, from her wings,  
 The Qvarrie Strike ?  
 Or stay to heare HERMOGENES, who Sings  
 Soe Angel-like ?  
 Or see the ffouler lay his treacherous Strings ?

3.

Or with the baited Hooke, in Devia's Streame,  
 Begvile the fimple Trout ?  
 Or rather take a Gun, and warre proclaime  
 To all the Birds about ?  
 Or Sitt and talke, and make the Times our Theame ?

4.

And where wee faile, the pleasures of the House  
 Shall our Discourse supplie.  
 Plumpe Bacchus makes the heart glad, when he flowes  
 In Cups not niggardlie :  
 Or shall wee wage, what wee fear not to loofe ?

5.

Some toy at Dice or Cards? Or will you tofse  
 A Ball att Tennis? Or  
 Let's boule an hower or two, with the fame lofse ;  
 Our Time wee loofe, noe more.  
 Or Billiards? or what Elfe you will propofe ?

6.

Come, fhall wee wanton with a Ladie's Eye,  
 And Appetite provoke ?  
 Or keep the Round of good Societie,  
 In high-pris'd Indian Smoke ?  
 And let the novice breake the Pipes, lye by ?

7.

Let's this, or any thefe ; which you like best  
 Pursue. The Day growes old :  
 The Sun is halfe his Iourney to the west ;  
 But if to-morrow hold,  
 With better Pleafures wee will be refresht.

8.

Were we but now made dull with Stormie Ayre ?  
 And fhall wee ufe it thus ?  
 That Day which (Doubtles) heaven did prepare,  
 To fitt vs, in an vse  
 More Noble ; which wee Loofe, ere wee'are aware.

9.

Come, take thy Qvill along, my Sober Mufe,  
And wee will find a place  
Where wee may freelie Sing, and shade our Browes,  
Vnder some Mirtle base ;  
Such humble Shrubs my Thoughts doe rather Chufe.

10.

Or shall wee, vnder crooked Hawthorne Sitt,  
And our Sad ffancies drefse ?  
Or rather chufe our lovéd Elme, and fitt  
Notes to our heavineffe ?  
Not Emulous of ffame, nor Glorious of witt.

11.

However, where wee Sitt, or what wee Sing,  
The Day shall be made short,  
In fober recreations ; when the wing  
Of ffancie flyes to sport,  
Heaven, Ayre, Earth, Water, all their beauties bring.

12.

And be the Day or Clear or cloudie Dull,  
Our pleafure is the Same ;  
To-morrowe's Expectation cannot gull  
Our Thoughts, in their true Ayme ;  
Nor take from what wee feeke, in obiects full.



13.

Thus then, he pleafure only doth enioy,  
 Whose pleafure is not tyed,  
 In change of time, to quicken or destroy ;  
 But, more fe curely ride,  
 All winds and weathers, with a Constant Ioye.

Him, nor the ANGRIE HEAVENS can AFFRIGHT,  
 Nor Serene Skies please, with a better Light.

## O D E X I I .

1.

C O N T E N T E D I to frame a rurall ode,  
 In humble Shades ;  
 Admire thofe Swains who in bright Southerne Glades  
 Doe make abode ;  
 And Caroll high to Fame, with mounting Qvill :  
 My obscure Groves best fuit my humble Skill.

2.

Let me vnto the fameles Devia's Shore,  
 Low Accents frame ;  
 Vnenvied in my ffate, or in my ffame ;  
 And raise my Store  
 ffrom noe man's Harvest ; but a Stocke produce  
 ffrom native bounties, to enrich my Muse.

3.

And run, with changing Chords, as ffancie gvides,  
To everie new  
Obiect of Chance ; which wee will more pursue,  
The more it slides ;  
And gather a fresh Stocke, from all wee fee ;  
Our numbers Chargéd in varietie.

4.

My Temples bound, not in a wreath of bay ;  
(For be it farre  
From my free Thought, foe high Attempt to dare)  
But humble Hay ;  
May rest secure ; and if I be content  
My ffate is better, ffame as Eminent.

5.

There will I fing, vast Nature in her Store ;  
And fing the Power  
Whìch gives to Nature all her wealth ; the bower  
Of All (and more)  
Perfection ; where all fullnes doth remaine ;  
Parent to Nature, who doth All sustaine.

6.

Nature, made faire in all her best Attire,  
Brings it from hence ;  
Her weakest Ray, her beames of Excellence,

Shoot from one fire ;  
 And not her lest production but doth Stand  
 A powerfull wittnes of his mightie Hand.

7.

As Life and fforme did from his breath proceed,  
 In the fame way  
 Comes Sence-depriveing Death, and Sharpe Decay.  
 Wee doe not tread  
 But a fresh wonder rifes, to display  
 Its beauties ; Sparkes from the Eternall Ray.

8.

A thousand Times I contemplate his Store,  
 In earthlie Things ;  
 I yet rise higher, and my Iudgment brings  
 A Thousand more ;  
 Yet treebled, and I looke vpon the Sun  
 To gather new, and end where I begun.

9.

There is noe Day foe Sad, noe night foe Dull,  
 But I can meet  
 Ten miriads of wonder ; and forget  
 That I am full ;  
 From nothing (be it scorn'd) but I can gather,  
 A Praise vnto this vniversall Father.

## 10.

Hee rules the ruleing Monarchs of the Earth,  
And Peasants poore ;  
The crawling Emmets have from him their Store ;  
Lions their Birth ;  
The Royall Eagle flyes but by his might ;  
And Hee secures the Sillie Sparrowe's flight.

## 11.

The mightie Cedar getts from him his Sap ;  
And Shrubs their Iuice ;  
The Rose and Lillie flourish by his Deawes ;  
Nettles, by hap,  
Come not to feed, but by the Influence  
Which He, to everie Creature, doth dispence.

## O D E X I I I .

## I.

SOE powerfull Nature, doth in Things appeare,  
To this Great Rector's will ;  
Some things live but a Day, and fome a yeare ;  
Some, many yeares fullfill ;  
Some, which in Nature were thought strong enough,  
Doe foone Decaye ;  
And the weake Spray  
Which yeilds to everie wind, is fometimes tough.

2.

The long-liv<sup>e</sup>d Raven sometime knowes a Date  
 Short as the Sparrowe's Life ;  
 The Stagge and Sheepe may be co-terminate,  
 In Nature's finall Strife ;  
 The mightie Elephant and Mouse may run  
 An Equall race ;  
 And in this case,  
 The Heliotrope may live with the last Sun.

3.

That wonder ; is it Nature's ? that a Flower  
 Observing all his path,  
 Should change the Station with Him everie Howre,  
 And feele a kind of Death,  
 When his Flame quencht, to westerne waves doth fall ;  
 Againe inspir<sup>e</sup>d,  
 When he is fir<sup>e</sup>d ;  
 When in his South he rides, spred most of All.

4.

Or, be it Nature's worke, who gave her Power ?  
 The word is the mistake ;  
 You call it Nature, but I call it more ;  
 That which did Nature make.  
 For what is Nature ? but the Creature All  
 Seal<sup>e</sup>d by his hand ;  
 And cannot Stand  
 Without his ayde, nor yet without Him fall.

5.

For not the Elements whereby we live,  
 Can Challenge ought in this ;  
 Hee made them Strong, or wasting ; he did give  
 The breath, which still is His,  
 To everie Creature ; Soe that wee can find  
 Noe Shape at all ;  
 For what wee call  
 Nature, but his Imprefion in the Kind.

6.

Thus I agree, and thus I dare avow  
 Nature our Strongest Light ;  
 For the Thing men call Art, I doe not know  
 A Thing more Sleight ;  
 For what bold Impudence dare boast a Trade ?  
 Or vndertake  
 More strong to make,  
 The Creature, the Creator perfect made ?

7.

This mightie Idoll, which fond men adore,  
 Is but a Shadow vaine ;  
 Boasting of Knowledge, knoweing nere the more ;  
 But makes an Easie plaine  
 Path, intricate and rugged ; to invite  
 By filken Clue  
 Such as pursue  
 Her winding Steps, to an Eternall night.

## 8.

The Knowledge men would know, if they could tell  
 What their own thoughts } would know,  
                                   Soules }  
 Is Nature's Patent, Stampt with Heaven's Great Seale ;  
 Which, well furveigh'd, will Show  
 Large Misterie, and Misterie vnfold :  
           Then doe not Strive  
           (Fond men,) to give  
 Your ffreedome to a Zanie, blind and bold.

## 9.

It is the great Imposture of the world ;  
 A Snare to ruine Sence ;  
 A pitt where glorious witts have often hurl'd  
           Their brightest Excellence ;  
 Where Sober Knowledge and the Light of Truth  
           Were never heard ;  
           But Hee who rear'd  
 His ffollie loudest, with a high-rais'd mouth.

## 10.

And doubtles, thus the Earth with Iove made warre :  
           When man shall vndertake  
 To Circle mightie Nature in the Sphere  
           Which groveling Fancies make ;  
 What is it This, but to their power, to raife  
           A mound, to Scale

Th<sup>e</sup> Olimpicke wall,  
And deprive the Creator of his praife ?

## 11.

But mightie Nature, (provident in All)  
Did this of old foresee ;  
And sett before the Face of Truth a wall,  
Beyond Discoverie ;  
Lest Man, too bold in veiwing her bright Shine,  
Might proudlie vant  
Hee did not want  
Of the Perfection iustly call'd Devine.

## 12.

Soe fell the Angells ; foe did Man, at first,  
And foe doth often fall ;  
For foe bold Crime how iustlie was Hee curst ;  
Who seeking, lost it All.  
And if there be a parcell of that Fire  
Not yet put out ;  
It is, noe doubt,  
From the first Flame, who gave it first entire.

## O D E X I V .

## I.

**N**OTHING in Nature can be certaine fixt,  
But to the mover's will ;



All varie, in their Motions stranglie mixt ;  
 Nothing but changeth Still.  
 And what wee 'count in Nature monstrous,  
 Is nothing lesse ;  
 It is to vs ;  
 But is a true production, to expresse  
 The Maker infinite, to noe rules Tyed ;  
 And 'tis his Power to be Diversified.

## 2.

Is there a certaine growth in any Tree ?  
 Or Shrub, or humble plant ?  
 Are wee made Iudges which most perfect be,  
 Or which perfection want ?  
 Shall wee asume vnto the giddie Sence,  
 What is beyond  
 All the pretence  
 Of humane Reafon, certainlie to find ?  
 Perhaps the crooked Hawthorne (to the Eye  
 Of Nature) is as right as Cedars high.

## 3.

'Tis the same hand which clad the blushing Rose,  
 Which did the Henbane dresse ;  
 The fragrant violet by his bountie growes,  
 And loathsome weeds noe lesse ;  
 Hee makes the various Tulip please the Eye ;  
 And yet his Care

Doth not denye  
 To the poore Dazie, happilie as deare ;  
 And fure the vulgar marigold may Cope,  
 In Nature, with the faméd Heliotrope.

4.

Nor did he bid, what wee account most faire,  
 The Apple, Plumme, or Grape,  
 Be cherisht more, in Nature's equall Care,  
 Then her lefs-valued Heape.  
 The Crab and Sloae, he doth alike protect ;  
 Nor brambles bafe  
 Doth he neglect ;  
 But as the fupreme Rector in Each place,  
 Doth the whole Creature with his bountie fill :  
 Thus Nature is Exprefion of his will.

5.

How is a Camel better in his Shape  
 Then the despiféd Gnat ?  
 Why doe wee wonder at the Mimicke Ape ?  
 Or the Rude Parrot's chat ?  
 The Squirrel is as worthy, and the wren  
 A better note :  
 Is not the Hen  
 And her brave Husband, in his golden Coat,  
 Fair as the Phasiant ? or in Nature's Eyes  
 Perhaps as dear as Birds of Paradiçe.

## 6.

The Sea, of Water cannot onlie boast ;  
 Nor doth his hand Sustaine  
 Onlie great Rivers, or the great ones most ;  
 For Hee who gvides the maine,  
 Is the fame Providence to the least Spring ;  
 Not only Thames,  
 But where I sing,  
 The fameles Devia, equall bountie claimes :  
 There will I shade my browes, and bring a Store  
 Of better verfe, to Sing his wonders ore.

## O D E X V.

## I.

VNSATISFYED with Earth  
 (Where Greife and thousand Troubles intermixe  
 With some poór feeming Mirth)  
 I put on wings, and mounting higher, fixe  
 On fairer obiects. See the great  
 Rector of nature and the vniverse  
 His gifts disperse,  
 In everie kind ; and all his bounties meet,  
 To make a Harmonie compleat.

## 2.

This Power, which Nature rules,  
 And the whole world, is the great God of Power ;

The God, which antique Schooles  
 Have aymed at ; the God which wee Adore ;  
 Whose Misterie, Stupendious height,  
 Includes the obiect of our Faith alone ;  
 For he were none,  
 If Reason could vnfold him to our Sight ;  
 And to fraile Sence display that Light.

## 3.

Oh Infinite ! beyond the Qvill  
 Of Nature, or her Servant, to display :  
 Whose Power is but to will ;  
 To whom, the Earth, the Sea, and Heavens obey ;  
 How shall I dare to bring a verse  
 Before thy Throne of Glorie ? Oh, despise  
 Not what shall rise  
 From a full Soule ; though Sinfull Lips reherse  
 The Tenor, doe not shut thy Ears.

## 4.

Oh, doe not shut thy Ears,  
 Offended with my Song ; but let my Zeale  
 Thy Anger and my Fears  
 Prevent ; let thy indulgent Mercie heale  
 The boyling vlcer of my Sin.  
 And yet in Time, repaire the Soon-decay  
 Of thy wrought Clay ;  
 A despis'd Shred of mankind, who has bin  
 Made clean before ; oh cleanse agin.

5.

Then will I bring to thee  
My Himnes of Praise ; and Celebrate thy Name,  
In the best Poesie,  
My humble Thoughts, or Zealous fires can frame ;  
This, all the Tribute I can bring ;  
And though it be above all Taske of verse,  
I must reherse  
Something to thee. The widdow can but fling  
Her Mites ; nor I, alas, but Sing.

6.

Naught have I elfe to give,  
Nor can I give it ; onlie thine repay,  
Whose breath first made me Live,  
And gave me Being, in noe obscure way ;  
Noe vegetable, Plant, nor Beast,  
But noblest of thy Creatures, made me man,  
And Christian ;  
Borne in the Light of Truth, where glories feast  
The Soule, in Sempiternall Rest.

7.

Thou hast redeeméd Mee  
From double Death ; and the Strict covenant  
Is cancelléd by thee ;  
Wee have a freedome which old Times did want ;  
Thou hast securéd me from the wombe  
Vnto this minute ; that I now may praife

---

For all the Dayes  
I have compleated, and the Time to come,  
Thy mercie, to the Tombe.

8.

Then let my Qvill Aspire  
In mightie Numbers, and thy Mercies Sing;  
A Himn, the Soule to fire  
In ioyfull Rapture. Oh ! could frailtie bring  
Thofe liveing heights of Poesie,  
Which Fancie faine would flatter witt into ;  
Here they might flow ;  
But wee are Silent ; all our Streames are Drye ;  
Our Qvills are Stopt, or Idlye Lye.

9.

Yet, will I once afsay,  
To honour thee, in Straines of humble Rhime.  
Suffice it, if I pay  
A gratefull Tribute. Hee, who gvides the Time  
Expects from Man, some howers t' applye  
His worke ; indeed his owne. For what wee give  
To Him, shall live,  
Our richest Store ; when our fraile Bodies Dye,  
And in the Grave, forgotten lye.

## ODE XVI.

## I.

**N**OW faire and Cleare, the Heavens are pleas'd to Smile;  
 The purgéd Ayre doth rise,  
 Full, in her Balme and Spice ;  
 Spiknard and Cafsia breath, to reconcile  
 Oppoféd Elements ; Aurora faire  
 Spreads all the Treafure of her haire,  
 T' envite the Active Phebus more away,  
 And glad the Creatures in a well-come day.

## 2.

The night is fled, and Daye's best Chorister  
 Kickes his feild-Bed with Scorne ;  
 In livelie Rapture, borne  
 To thofe Etheriall Courts of wonder, where  
 His Liricke notes, left fyled,  
 Prefervéd are, vnsoyled ;  
 The Royall Eagle, in the welkin towers,  
 And for his prey, with mightie pineon Scowers.

## 3.

The manly Cocke, has long his Bugle shrill'ed ;  
 And thriftie villagers  
 Have long fince fhak'ed their Ears ;  
 Each bufie in the Labour he is Skill'd ;  
 Their frugall wives Afsay  
 The offices of Day ;

---

The night-pent flockes vnbound, spread ore the Hills,  
And Coridon, their Swaine, his loud Pipe Shrills.

4.

Only I flug it, with a careles Head;  
And my free Genius Steepe  
In the wide Gulph of Sleep;  
And loofe my Spirrits in a tempting Bed.  
My Limbes, vnapt to vse,  
And all my Ioyes, my Mufe,  
Forgot in Slumbers; and my heaue Eyes  
Invite fresh Dreames; I haue noe will to rife.

5.

Yet let not vertue leave me; I will Shake  
Thofe fetters into Ayre;  
And my quick Thought prepare,  
For free and active Rapture. I will make  
Rich Nature open All  
Her treafures; which fhall fall  
A haruest, to enrich my sober Qvill;  
And purged Ears, with gratefull Accents fill.

6.

Forsake me, you dull ministers of Sleepe,  
And let me Raise my Qvill,  
To Court th' Olimpicke Hill,  
With Earlie praifes; and Survay the Heape



---

Of Nature's bounties. Then  
 If I (foe bold) may Pen  
 Something to praise Him, whom I most admire  
 My God, my Glorie ; I have my Desire.

ODE XVII.

I.

WHEN I would bring  
 One verse, to Sing  
 Thy Name, how Dull am I !  
 Should I rehearse  
 Some toy in verse,  
 My giddie Fancie then would flye ;  
 Wretch that I am ! How glad  
 I am of this poore trade,  
 This Sillye Rime !  
 Yet when I would endeavour  
 To Celebrate the giver,  
 In a well-weigh'd  
 Iudicious Poesie, how lesse Sublime  
 My numbers move then ever.

2.

When I my Clod  
 Would kicke, oh God,  
 How am I fetteréd ;  
 At either heele,  
 Me think's I feele

A plummet, heavier far then Lead ;  
 Or like the Falcon, knit  
 Vnto the Perch, I flitt,  
     And make a bayte ;  
 I picke my Iesses ; and afsay  
 For Libertie, in everie way ;  
     But cannot hitt.  
 I toyle and flutter ; faine would breake the grate,  
     Where I am mewed, of Clay.

3.

I may, Sometime,  
 In halfe a Rime,  
 Hop from the Turfe ; but when  
     I would attempt  
     A ravesment,  
 T' enrich my drye and droufie pen ;  
 Check'd by my bonds, I fall,  
 And lime my Selfe, in all  
     The muite and Slime.  
 The more I would Aspire,  
 The more (Alas) I tire ;  
     Enforc'd to call  
 My Clog, to be my Stay ; and pant a Time  
     Vpon my Bed of mire.

4.

Poore helples Man,  
 What number Can

Exprefse thy weaknefe? Had  
 All Qvills bene bent,  
 To this intent,  
 How were it more then yet a Shade?  
 There is a Dismall Screene  
 Of Earth and Sin betweene  
 Vs and the bright  
 Obiects wee would difcerne.  
 How farre are wee to learne  
 The yet vnknowne  
 Beauties of Truth? and onlie hope a Light  
 For which our Bowells yerne.

5.

Leave me awhile,  
 Officious Qvill;  
 For I have a great Thought  
 Vnforméd yet;  
 Nor can I fitt  
 It to the better Formes I ought.  
 Let me awhile retire,  
 Till warméd with Sacred Fire,  
 My Active nerves  
 Secure a stronger flight,  
 To gather (from that Light  
 Which I admire)  
 Some ray; (alas) till then the Sinner Sterves,  
 In a Sad winter's night.

ODE XVIII.

I.

THUS wee deceive our selves, and Everie Day  
Creates another hope : as wee might Say  
Time is not ripe, when our Time flyes away.

2.

Were but to-morrow come or next Day here,  
Wee should be happie ; or some feaven yeare  
Hence, wee'le have Peace, and dwell noe more in Feare.

3.

How hardly are wee pleaf'd, how lefs content  
In present fortunes ? And wee still prevent  
Our Ioyes, in Expectation of Event.

4.

One Day's too long, another is too Short ;  
Winter is Cold, Summer vnfit for Sport ;  
The Spring is bitter, and the Autumne Smart.

5.

But for the frost, (God knowes) what wee'd ha' done ;  
Now wee crye out of Raine ; and now the Sun  
Shines too too hot, when other fault is none.

6.

What wee'd hav<sup>e</sup> done ! if this Thing had not bene ;  
Still one mischance or other comes betweene  
Vs and our Hopes ; or else, the world had feene

7.

A Trophie, to convince Posteritie  
Of our great Diligence and Industrie ;  
Our Prudence, Iustice, and our Pietie.

8.

But ah ! wee are not happie ; never since  
Some Day of ffate, (as we would make pretence)  
Has the same Starre had his owne Influence.

9.

Oh God ! how mad are men ! and I not lesse  
Then he the maddest ; in the emptines  
Of Hope I loose my Youth, I must confesse.

10.

And Delatorie Causes still invent,  
To my owne preiudice ; in the intent  
I would pursue most to my owne content.

11.

Else why should I, this Day, my Qvill forbear ?  
Noe Day noe Line ; but in the Kalender  
This is a Day, though shortest in the yeare.

12.

And am I therefore tyed, (because the Sun  
Is not with vs Eight howers,) to leave vndone  
The Daye's worke? for a morne or Afternoone.

13.

Such students are too regular, and make  
A Toyle of their Endeavours; let them take  
Their nine for bed-time, and their five to wake.

14.

Such method, yet I know not: though I be  
A-bed at Ten, I tarrie vp till three,  
Next morning; then I watch as much as Hee.

15.

For 'tis nor Day, nor night, nor any Time  
That can Deterre a Mufe, in the fublime  
Raptures of Fancie. Had I now a Rhime

16.

Of worth and price; this fhort December Day,  
It would fpin out, to make my Readers fay,  
Long Barnabie was never halfe foe Gay.

## ODE XIX.

1.

I DOE not feele the Storme  
 Which vexes you in the too foone Decay  
 Of your fair garden's verdure ; where noe Spray  
 Lookes green, noe Flower  
 But run into his root.  
 Your fruit trees lower ;  
 You cannot fet your foot  
 In all your Garden on a liveing worme.

2.

The glorie of your Toyle,  
 The high-pri'd Tulip, has noe Colour now ;  
 The Gilly-flowers are dead ; the Rose can fhow  
 Nor Red nor Smell,  
 T' envite the willing Sence.  
 Who now can tell  
 The violet's residence ?  
 The Sweet-briar drye, the Lillie has noe foyle.

3.

When I, beyond the Rage  
 Of Time, or winter's malice, now can Show  
 A liveing Paradice, and lead you through  
 Greene Alleys, fet  
 With ever-verdant flowers ;

The violet  
 Wants odour to the worst of ours ;  
 Trim Nature stands here in firme Equipage.

4.

I have a Rose, will keepe  
 Its Secret and beautie to another Spring ;  
 (Nor wonder that I fay it) I can bring,  
 This verie Day,  
 (Dead winter haveing nipt  
 Yours into Clay)  
 A goodly Tulip, Stript  
 In Gold and Purple ; Nature not asleepe.

5.

How doe they drop away !  
 Your flowers and Ioyes together? Goe with me  
 Into Apolloe's Garden, you shall see  
 To mocke at yours,  
 And frustrate all your Thought,  
 A bed of Flowers,  
 Into quaint Mazes wrought ;  
 The Muses' bower, vnder the liveing Bay.

## O D E X X.

I.

WHAT mad men are wee of the versing trade !  
 To give our witt



---

To Everie Censure ! And, noe doubt,  
 A Thousand to the Common Eye has Strayed,  
     Ere one has hit ;  
 And vs, the workmen, fooles, they flout.

## 2.

An Epicke is too grave, a Satire Sharpe ;  
     Sonnet is Light,  
     Elegie Dull ; in Epigram  
 Wee want our Salt ; and Ignorance will carpe,  
     Although we write  
 A Region beyond All they claime.

## 3.

Yet Silly men are wee ; and here I should  
     Desist from all  
     My Exercise of witt, if fure  
 I knew an able Iudge to read, that could  
     But Errors call,  
 Which Errors were ; and know what's pure.

## 4.

I durst not put my witt vnto the Test  
     Of such a Man ;  
     I find a gvilt, with my owne Eyes,  
 A partiall Father ; yet not foe pofsest  
     Of my owne braine  
 But I can see Deformities,

5.

Perhaps a fault, where the good Reader huggs  
 My verie Name.  
 And let him Ioy in all he found ;  
 Where I am proud of witt, perhaps he Shruggs ;  
 And Sighes, 'tis Lame ;  
 Soe 'twer, if I to him were bound.

6.

But let me give Advice. Doe not pretend  
 To iudge of witt ;  
 It is an Emmett in a Cloud ;  
 And you have but dimme Eyes, my honest freind.  
 If wee Submitt,  
 Your Sence may make this Ant a Toade.

7.

Then will I not fitt downe with this Rebuke ;  
 But once againe  
 Ioy with the Mufes ; innocent  
 In my designe ; adventuring to looke  
 In noe man's braine  
 For witt, beyond his Argument.

## O D E X X I.

I.

WHEN Ease and Sleepe, the busye world has husht ;  
 And Sixe howers cold, the Sun, our Hemisphere

---

Has left in Darke ;  
 I with the Muses Ioy, and freely there  
 Expostulate my Fancies, to the Iust  
 Ayme of their marke.

2.

A Thousand objects flitt within my braine ;  
 Some slip, as Shadowes ; some like Columnnes stand  
 To fixe vpon ;  
 Which I furvey, and with a ferious hand  
 Delineate ; cheiflie to entertaine  
 My selfe alone.

3.

And though my Body hardly well allowes  
 These frequent watchings, I am foe much wed  
 To my Delight,  
 When Ease and Health would move me to my bed ;  
 And (free from gvilt) with vnperplexéd browes,  
 Might sleepe the night ;

4.

Yet rather Chuse I, to my Health's impaire,  
 With gentle Muses, to bestow my Time,  
 In the weake blaze  
 Of a Sad Lampe ; and free from greater Crime,  
 Sing to my selfe the Fancies I prepare,  
 A Thousand waies.

5.

And I will Sing great Things ; perhaps to please  
 The Iudging Reader, and to pufle thofe  
     Who pretend more.  
 But Stay ! my carefull Leech noe more allowes ;  
 Checks my Disorder ; and has stay'd, to drefse  
     Mee, a long Hower.

6.

For, I must now observe Him ; but when Time  
 M' imposthum'd Members fhall againe make light ;  
     I will be free,  
 In midnight Revels to the Appetite  
 Of my owne Genius, in the purest Rhime  
     And Poesie.

## ODE XXII.

I.

CLEARE, as vntroubled waters from their Spring,  
 And pure, as Innocence her Selfe can Sing ;  
     Modest, as virgin Brides,  
     Whose gentle blushings hides  
 What they exprefe ; Sweet as the blooming Rose ;  
 Faire, as the Earlie Morning, when she Showes  
     Her golden fface, and Deawie Lockes doth tye  
     In azure Fillets ; Such be my Poesie,

## 2.

Not bound to flatter Titles, or let loofe  
 To vulgar pafsions, in the Times' abuse;  
     Not limited, not Free,  
     Further then modestie  
 Can warrant, in Each Syllable ; not led  
 To Sooth opinion, neither foe much wed  
     To my owne Sence, but I all formes may See  
 In proper orbes ; Such be my Poesie.

## 3.

Such be my Poesie, that Number may  
 In Clear exprefions, all my Thoughts display ;  
     Such Rapture fill my Thought,  
     As I may vtter nought,  
 Beneath the dignitie of a free Muse ;  
 And gvided by my Genius, Chuse  
     Obiects fublime ; adoring God, the high  
 Author of Truth ; Such be my Poesie.

## O D E X X I I I .

## I.

POORE bird ! I doe not envie thee ;  
     Pleaf'd in the gentle Melodie  
     Of thy owne Song.  
 Let crabbéd winter Silence all

The wingéd Qvire ; he never shall  
 Chaîne vp thy Tongve :  
 Poore Innocent !  
 When I would please my selfe, I looke on thee ;  
 And gvefs some sparkes of that Felicitie,  
 That Selfe-Content.

2.

When the bleake Face of winter Spreads  
 The Earth, and violates the Meads  
 Of all their Pride ;  
 When Saples Trees and Flowers are fled,  
 Backe to their Causes, and lye dead  
 To all beside ;  
 I see thee Sett,  
 Bidding defiance to the bitter Ayre,  
 Vpon a wither'd Spray ; by cold made bare,  
 And drooping yet.

3.

There, full in notes, to ravish all  
 My Earth, I wonder what to call  
 My dullnes ; when  
 I heare thee, prettye Creature, bring  
 Thy better odes of Praise, and Sing,  
 To pufle men :  
 Poore pious Elfe !  
 I am instructed by thy harmonie,

---

To fmg the Time's vncertaintie,  
Safe in my Selfe.

4.

Poore Redbreſt, caroll out thy Laye,  
And teach vs mortalls what to faye.  
Here ceaſe the Qvire  
Of ayerie Choristers ; noe more  
Mingle your notes ; but catch a Store  
From her Sweet Lire ;  
You are but weake,  
Meere ſummer Chanters ; you have neither wing  
Nor voice, in winter. Prettie Redbreſt, Sing,  
What I would ſpeake.

## ODE XXIV.

I.

**I**T is Enough to me,  
If I her Face may ſee ;  
Let others boaſt her Favours, and pretend  
Huge Interests ; whilst I  
Adore her Modestie ;  
Which Tongves cannot deprave, nor Swords defend.

2.

For could She fall,  
To what we call

---

---

Censure ; how weake and vulgar were her Fame !  
Not Ignorance would hold  
Till his long Tale were told ;  
Though scarce he has ever heard her Name.

3.

If wee might read  
Her truly Charactred :  
It were enough, Error to vindicate,  
To warme the Stupid wretch,  
(Who onlie lives to stretch  
His frozen nerves) with Rapture, 'bove his Fate.

4.

But while I bring  
My verse to Sing  
Her Glories, I am strucke with wonder, more ;  
And all the Formes I see,  
But Emptie Shadowes bee,  
Of that Perfection which I adore.

5.

Be filent then,  
All Tongves of Men,  
To Celebrate the Sex ; for if you fall  
To other Faces, you  
Wander, and but purfue  
Inferior obiects, weake and partiall.



## O D E X X V.

1.

**M**Y Dear Pudora, though the greedie Flame  
 Has Swallowed all the Inke  
 Which I (the weake Adorer of thy name)  
 Once lavisht out ; yet thinke  
     A fecond Store,  
 Tooke from thy Graces, may to better Light  
 Celebrate thee ; I am not ban'rupt Qvite ;  
     And were I poore  
 To the Extreame of Ignorance, that Fire  
 Still liveing in your Eyes, would Heat inspire.

2.

Doe not, oh doe not, (Goddess of my Muse)  
     Thinke I have lost that Zeale  
 My former Qvill profest ; nor thinke I chuse  
     Of lower Things to tell ;  
     Forbid it, all  
 My better Fate ! noe, rather may I pine  
 In my owne Ioy,—my verse,—if my designe  
     Did ever fall  
 Vnto another object ; but I still  
 Steer'd by your Eyes ; Starrs to direct my Qvill.

3.

Nor blame some loofer Sheets, if (when I lackt  
     Your Light) my verse might Stray

From the precise Path, which your Steps had track't ;  
 I cannot, dare not Say ;  
 But I have gone  
 Sometimes aside ; yet take, in lieu of All  
 My follies, this Acknowledgment ; 'tis small  
 The wrong I ha' done ;  
 Pardon, where I Nicotiana Sung ;  
 And I dare say, I never did you wrong.

4.

For though, in Silvia, I my selfe might please ;  
 'Twas but at once to bring,  
 Under that name, a double Species ;  
 And where I loudest Sing,  
 With all my Praise,  
 To honour Her, I but derive a Sparke  
 From your more radiant Flame, which is the marke  
 Of all my Bayes ;  
 But Shee, revolted like her Selfe, can claime  
 Nothing in all my Poesie but Name.

5.

This may Suffice ; Great Rectres of my Thought,  
 Daigne once againe to smile  
 On my Endeavours ; and I will not doubt  
 To vindicate our Ile  
 From all the blast  
 Of Envie or Detraction ; I will raise  
 Huge Monuments of wonder, manye-ways ;

Which shall outlast  
 The rage of Time, and stand the Boast of Fame ;  
 My verse Eternized, in Pudora's name.

ODE XXVI.

I.

HOW am I lost ! though some are pleas'd to say  
 My mossy Chops estrange  
 All former Knowledge ; and my Brother may,  
 At distance interchange  
 Discourse, as to a man he nere had knowne ;  
 It cannot be, persuade  
 Your Selves ; for when you made  
 Me take a Glafs, I knew my Face my owne.

2.

The verie Same I had three years agoe ;  
 My Eye, my Lip, and nose,  
 Little, and great, as then ; my high-slick't Brow,  
 Not bald, as you suppose ;  
 For though I have made riddance of that Haire,  
 Which full enough did grow,  
 Cropt in a Zealous bow,  
 Above each Eare ; these but small changes are.

3.

For wer't my worke, I need not farre goe feeke  
 The Face I had last yeare ;

The growing Frindge but swept from either Cheeke,  
 And I as fresh appeare,  
 As at nineteene ; my Perru'ke is as neat  
 An Equipage as might  
 Become a wooer, light  
 In thoughts as in his Drefse ; but I forget ;

4.

Or rather I neglect this Trim of Art ;  
 And have a Care foe fmall  
 To what I am in any outward part,  
 I scarce know one of All ;  
 'Tis not that Forme I looke at. Could I find  
 My inward Man, compleat  
 In his Dimensions ! let  
 Mee glorie Truth, the better part's behind.

## ODE XXVII.

I.

SOE should you have my Picture, would it change  
 And varie to the Time ;  
 But when I fee  
 Art permanent and Nature fade, how Strange  
 Would it appear to me !  
 And twitt my Slime  
 As weake Materialls, to the Painter's fluffe.  
 There youthfull Still, in my Selfe bald or rough,  
 With Age and Time enough.

2.

'Twould trouble me, when I, with frosted hairs,  
 Should looke at what I was,  
 And fee my felfe  
 Sangvine and fresh, my Eyes there quicke and Cleare ;  
 And I, a Sordid Elfe.  
 What a sweet Glasse  
 Were this to make me mad ! and love againe  
 My youthfull Follies, and but change the Straine ;  
 Doating, for Light and vaine.

3.

Noe, would you see me better, you who prefse  
 To have my Picture tooke,  
 Beyond all Art ;  
 I leave it here, my felfe ; it will exprefse  
 More then the formall looke  
 Or outward part.  
 A better draught I leave you ; doe not Strike  
 My Feature to the Cunning of Vandyke ;  
 This, this is farre more like.

4.

Here looke vpon Me, as I am in Truth ;  
 Let everie Leafe present  
 Some feverall part ;  
 And draw 'em into forme, to the iust growth  
 Of my intendement ;  
 To pufle Art,

---

In her loud boast, and something leave behind  
Vnto my Freinds ; that whosoe lookes, may find  
Th<sup>e</sup> Effigies of my Mind.

5.

And though, perhaps, the Colours are but poore,  
And some defects appeare  
To the strict Eye ;  
You will not Censure want of Cunning more,  
To pourtray Truth, if I  
Have bristlie haire,  
Or my head bald, or beard in Cop'ses grow ;  
Will Art foe trim me, that they must not show ?  
Who then my Face could know ?

6.

Had I bene more exact, I had bene lefse ;  
And though I might have put  
More varnish on ;  
It had bene Time ill spent, and might exprefse  
More fine proportion ;  
But, without doubt,  
Lefse to the Life ; and I would now appeare  
In my Iust Symmetrie : though plaine, yet Cleare ;  
Soe, may you see me here.

## ODE XXVIII.

I.

WHAT a Strange Thing is Man !  
How weake in his Designe,  
His Wisedome ! For I can  
See others now in mine ;  
How Dull ! how lost !  
To what he Studied most.

2.

Wee cannot looke vpon  
Our inwarde selves, but find  
Man generall ; for one  
Is all and everie Mind,  
In fome Degree ;  
Seeing our Selves, wee others see.

3.

The same our Common Cares ;  
Our Passions are alike ;  
Our causeles Hopes and Fears  
At the same objects strike ;  
And all our Store  
Of Follies, less or more.

4.

Our Frailties, our desires,  
Our Policies, our Plots,

Are fed from Common Fires :  
     Not wisedome, in her knots,  
     But cunning hands,  
 May, by his owne, loofe others' bands.

5.

This Image. which wee reare  
     Vnto our Selves, is not  
 Soe radiant and Clear  
     As wee suppose ; the lot  
     Is free to All :  
 And diverse things, by the fame name, we call.

## O D E XXIX.

1.

THIS Dullnes is improper to the Day ;  
 And I am Sad, not in a common way ;  
     My Fancie, Darke as night,  
     And fixéd ; all the Light  
     Of Reason fled ;  
     And I am dead  
     Vnto my felfe ; I feeke  
     A Thousand waies to breake  
 The Cloud which doth involve me, and invade  
 With a strange Mist, the little light I had.

2.

I cannot speake what I would strive to fay,  
 And what I most would doe, I most delay ;



I doe not know my Thought ;  
 Or rather I thinke nought  
     Which can be knowne ;  
     I'me not my owne  
 Disposer to the poore  
     Follies of everie howre ;  
 And common Things I can noe more intend,  
 Then grave Designes ; but from all purpose bend.

3.

How am I Stupid? How below my thought?  
 Am I to Sottishnes and nothing brought?  
     I doe not breath as once,  
     But clof<sup>e</sup>d in Ignorance  
         I feeme to dwell,  
         As in a Shell ;  
     Where my clofe-breathing tires  
     My Lungs, in oft respire ;  
 And fainting, all my Spirrits loofe their vse :  
 Why am I choack'd? why am I stifled thus?

## O D E X X X.

I.

THE Sprightlie Larke, vpon yond Easterne Hill,  
     His early vowes  
 Has pay<sup>e</sup>d ; and fummons vp my Lazy Qvill,  
     Againe to roufe,

And in Cleare notes, like her owne Harmonie,  
 Salute the Day ;  
 But I, Dull Sinner, Stay,  
 And her third Himne perform'd : How dull am I !

## 2.

The golden beames of bright Apollo long  
 Has warm'd the Earth,  
 And got his morning draught. I have a Tongve,  
 And noe such Dearth  
 Of ffancie, to be meerlie silent, when  
 All Creatures bring  
 Somewhat for offering ;  
 Why should I sleepe ? or not enlarge my Pen ?

## 3.

It were but foe, had still the Power of Ice  
 In Ebon walls,  
 It Pris'ner kept ; I will awake, arife,  
 When Vertue calls.  
 Shame were it to prefer a Pillow, soft  
 With Ease and Sin ;  
 To her resplendent Shine :  
 I better Feathers take, and mount aloft.

## 4

Emu'lous of the Larke, in her vprise,  
 And in her Song,

---

I quitt this dunghill Earth ; let it fuffice,  
     If I, among  
 The other Creatures, a small Tribute bring ;  
     One verse or note,  
     Though from a harsher throte :  
 The poore wren Cherups what the Larke doth Sing.

## 5.

In a Consort of Praife all Creatures ioyne ;  
     The Squallid owle  
 Twitters a midnight note ; though not foe fine,  
     Yet with a Soule  
 As gratefull as the nightingale's cleare Song ;  
     The vniverse  
     Doth the great Himne reherse ;  
 I only bear my part the rest among.

## 6.

Then, with fresh Pineons drest, I will afsay  
     My part to raife ;  
 And celebrate his Name, who to this Day,  
     Hath many waies  
 Preferved me. Oh, God ! I have a Qvill,  
     Muddled and lame,  
     To magnifie thy Name ;  
 Asham'd, I lay it by, I've done foe much foe ill.

## ODE XXXI.

I.

**W**ELCOME, my Lampe ! awhile,  
 I may enioy thy oyle,  
 Without Disturbance ; and allay  
 The foule distempers of the Day,  
 With sober recreations of the night ;  
 All Eyes are clos<sup>e</sup>d, of Ignorance and Spight ;  
     For it is late ;  
     My watch doth prate  
 Of twelve or one. Deare Muses, wee may yet  
 Solace an howre. For ever may he gett  
     The name of Sluggard, who doth grutch  
     A midnight hower for witt, too much.  
     For me, I would allow  
     All time, one Day to you.

2.

Yet rather let vs keepe  
 Our howers, and mocke at Sleepe.  
 For fafest, when the Sun is downe,  
 From noife and Croud wee are our owne ;  
 Nor yet auspicious Phebus can produce  
 Effects more glorious from the lab'ring Mufe,  
     Then Luna pale ;  
     Noe idle tale  
 Of giddie wits perplex her ferious howers ;  
 Noe loud day-noises, when the Cittie doores

Are all lockt vp ; but onlie fuch  
 As ever have a Key too much.  
 Shee takes her wing. But stay,  
 The Cocke has fummon'd Day.

## O D E X X X I I.

I.

ARE onlie Poets mad ?  
 'Tis an vnluckie trade ;  
 Our moderne, and the old Democritus,  
 Saw all the world were Lunatickes with vs ;  
 And if I (partiall) may  
 The present Age survey ;  
 I am afraide  
 Wee are not onlie, or not the most mad.

2.

See to the Politicke  
 Is not Hee partly Sicke ?  
 Are his Designes vnmixt with Drofse and Loame ?  
 Has he not some respects he brought from home ?  
 Are all his Counsells weigh'd ?  
 His Actions ballancéd  
 Within the right  
 Skale of cleare Iudgment, and not one found light ?

3.

See all the world vnfram'd,  
 Strangelie difioynted, lam'd ;

And Common Men, (who have noe proiect to  
 Advance their Fortunes,) run a-madding too ;  
     Sneake in their follies ; pry  
     At Madnes, Misterie ;  
     And wee may See  
 The infection spread to All, in some degree.

## 4

Not least, where often most  
 Sound Faculties they boast :  
 This faw, of old, much-seeing Lucian ;  
 And 'tis but now the fame ; for everie Man  
     Is bound to his owne heart ;  
     Not blanching any part  
     Of his owne Sence ;  
 And strives to gvild all Follie with pretence.

## 5.

The learning of the time  
 Is ficke ; and the Sublime  
 Notions of Men are funke ; our Industrye  
 Not meerlie simple) has its Subtletye ;  
     All Men have in their waies  
     Distraction ; Pride and Praife,  
     Makes the world Mad ;  
 The Poet sings, the Polititian's Sad.

## ODE XXXIII.

I.

OH, doe not breath too loud ; though greife fometimes  
 In rude Exprefions, and difordred Rhimes  
 Appeare ;  
 It is not fafe to figh, too loud, when wee  
 Deplore, fuch tender Cafes ; Poefie  
 Must here  
 Curbe her free Qvill, and couch a big intent  
 In the darke folds of a faign'd Argument.

2.

But Danger onlie gvilt attends ; I bring  
 White Thoughts, and never learned how to fing  
 Of more  
 Then Truth and Iuftice in each Line might feale ;  
 Vnbyafséd with Spleene, or too much Zeale.  
 How poore  
 Should I my felfe account ! Had I bene fwaied,  
 By thefe fraile Pafsions, this or that t' have faid !

3.

Then may I boldly vtter my free Thought ;  
 And to the Age, poure all my Bosome out.  
 I will  
 Noe longer Swell and pinch my throbbing brest,  
 With ffears and Fancies, to my owne vnrest.  
 Poor Qvill !

Yet thou art free, and Iust to all my Care ;  
I am befreinded Still to have thee neare.

4.

And though, perhaps, I privilie exprefe  
The fumme of all my Thoughts, when nothing lefse  
Is read ;  
I write what I intend, and rather Chufe  
Such Intricacies ; though not foe abstrufe  
As need  
An Index to informe me what the Ayme  
Was, when I laied the plott or raifed the frame.

#### ODE XXXIV.

**I**T is not worth your Care :  
My better Poems, which the greedie Flame  
Devour'd ; 'tis true, they might have kept my name  
More glorious and faire  
Vnto Posteritie, then I can hope  
From thefe remaining Trifles ; and perhaps  
Have giv'n a Light to thofe who can but grope  
The way, and Stumble ; or surpris'd in Trapps  
Of Cunning, fall to Ruine. This, and more,  
They might have done ;  
But I am one,  
Who value nothing of my private Store.  
Who knowes, but they determin'd were, to fall  
Part of a greater Ruine ? and vnfit



To give such Light to future Times as shall  
 Brand our owne Age in witt, for want of witt ?  
 I doe not yet despaire,  
 When silver-wingéd Peace againe shall Shine,  
 To raise a Poesie in everie Line,  
 As high, as full, as faire.

## ODE XXXV.

I.

**P**OOOR Clod of Earth, Despise  
 Thy Slime, and yet be wise.  
 Thou art vnable to attaine  
 That Pitch,  
 And knowing it, not to refraine  
 Were madnes ; yet defist ;  
 Though with a greedy fist  
 And Itch,  
 Thou covet it. Leave of to clime  
 That Hill which will vpbraid thy Time.

2.

Though fir'd with glorie ; all  
 Motives of Honour call  
 Thee vp to this sublime Endeavour ;  
 Yet know  
 The golden Anadem is never

---

Designéd for thy head.  
A Thousand, thousand, led  
As thou,  
With felfe-furmifes, yet appeare  
Examples, others to deterre.

3.  
And though the Goale were won  
Thou dost propofe, vndone  
Were yet the greater worke : it is  
Beyond  
Thy manage, were it taught ; to this  
My feeble Lampe, as much  
Might fire Heaven's greatest Brouch ;  
And find  
Perpetuall Fuell, to Adorne  
Th' Horizon better than the Morne.

4.  
Away, presumptuous wretch !  
'Tis fet beyond thy reach.  
With humble Admiration fall,  
And kifse  
Thy mother Earth ; farewell to all  
Thy follies bid ; and fee  
Its fiate, and thy degree ;  
Soe mifse  
Thy certaine ruine. Soe the Sun  
Wee fee best, in reflection.

5.

Invert thy Eyes and see  
 Its State, and thy degree ;  
 Where many formes appeare, and all  
     The hid  
 Causes in Nature rife or fall,  
     To what wee apprehend,  
     Which is not true ; vnbend  
     That thred  
 Of Fancie, knit before ; and See,  
 Truth onlie meets Humilitie.

## ODE XXXVI.

1.

**H**UGE weight of Earth and Sin,  
 Which clogs my lab'ring Thoughts in their vprise ;  
     I am not wise  
 Enough, to breake my Chaine, or cast my Skin,  
     With prudent Adders. Could I flip  
     From my old Slime, how would I skip !  
 In my new Robes of Innocence, and veiwe  
 Things in their Causes, absolute and true.

2.

Then, in a scornfull heat  
 And brave Disdaine, enfranchis'd would I flye,  
     To kisse that Skye,  
 Wee now admire ; and find a fixéd Seat

---

Above the lower Region ; where  
Th' attractive Earth, I need not feare ;  
But move without my Load, and, at one Step,  
As eas'ly mount the orbe as downward leape.

## 3.

There could I see and scorne  
The busie toyle of Mankind in their waies :  
    Their Nights and Dayes  
How fruitles to the End ; as were they borne  
    To satisfie their Lust and Pride,  
    To their owne Sence diversified ;  
And added nothing to the gen'rall frame,  
But a meer thing, put in, to have a name.

## 4.

How everie other Thing  
Applies its part, and has a Motion !  
    Which (though vnknowne)  
Doubtles, it doth aright performe ; and bring  
    Its little to maintaine the whole :  
    Man onlie, who should have a Soule  
More noble and refin'd, by Nature made  
Surveiour of the worke, doth nothing Adde.

## 5.

Diverted from the charge,  
Entrusted to him meerly, as beyond,  
    In face and mind,

•

The other Creatures ; with a Thought as large  
 As all the orbes, and wider too ;  
 Truth (whose vast Circle none can know)  
 Was onlie bigger ; and the Light of Truth,  
 Met full and radiant here, from North to South.

## 6.

Thus once ; but now, alas,  
 The most despis'd object of the world ;  
     From all this hurl'd ;  
 A Slave to Pafsion and his owne disgrace ;  
     Baited by Follie, and Surpris'd  
 In the great Snare, which Hee devis'd,  
 Of pleafant vanitie ; and all the boast  
 Hee had of Dignitie and worth is lost.

## 7.

Poor Sand of Earth ! how lost  
 To thy owne ruine, art thou, in thy will ;  
     And plotting Still  
 Further destruction ! as though all were lost  
     Of thy Creation, in thy Selfe ;  
 Now made a wracke, vpon the Shelfe  
 Of Ignorance. Hop'st there thy felfe to Save  
 From vtter Death, and the devouring wave ?

## ODE XXXVII.

**L**OOKE above, and see thy wonder ;  
 Downward looke, and see it vnder ;  
 Vpon thy Right hand, see it shine ;  
 And meet thy Left, in the same Line ;  
 Survey the Earth, and found the deepe ;  
 From those that flye, to those that Creepe,  
 In everie Creature : and behold,  
 From the base Mirtle, to the old  
 Maiesticke oke ; veiwe everie plant,  
 Herbe, root, or flower ; none wonder want.  
 Consider Springs, and as you passe,  
 Meet wonder in the smallest grasse.  
 Let ev'n Dust and Atomes rise,  
 To strike new wonder in thy Eyes.  
 Observe the rapid orbcs, and see  
 A Cloud beyond Discoverie.  
 See all about thee, and display  
 Thy vnderstanding to the ray  
 Of this combinéd Flame. This tongve  
 Of vniversall praise has fung  
 To a Deafe Eare. All objects stand  
 To teach, but wee not vnderstand.  
 Are these obscure ? or too remote ?  
 Beyond thy notion, or thy note ?  
 Looke at thy selfe, and wonder more ;  
 Nature contracted in her Store.

## ODE XXXVIII.

I.

RAPT by my better Genius, beyond  
 The power of Earth ; I fitt,  
 And see all humane follye in its kind.  
 Not what wee fancie witt,  
 But has its blemish there ; or Arrogance,  
 Or selfe-opinion,  
 Or Impudence, or Flatterie, or Chance,  
 Or blind Affection,  
 Support the maine. These fet away,  
 What common Things wee doe or Say.

2.

Poor crawling Emmetts ! in what busie toyle  
 Wee slip away our Time ?  
 Our glorious Daylight and our midnight oyle  
 Spent to enlarge our Crime.  
 What a prodigious Spectacle I veiwe !  
 When I from hence looke downe  
 Vpon the Common Earth, which once I knew,  
 And made my proper owne !  
 With as much Zeale, as were my Fate  
 Chain'd to the whirle of her Estate.

3.

Now got above the mist of flesh and blood,  
 I am inform'd aright,

In all the Misterie of Bad and Good :  
 A never-fadeing Light  
 Surrounds me, that to Iudge I cannot erre.  
 What have I rashly faid ?  
 Arrogant foole ! my Taper went out here,  
 And left me halfe-dismai'd,  
 To thinke how it a Tipe might be  
 Of the great Light put out in Mee.

## O D E X X X I X .

## I.

NEVER to be at Eafe, never to rest ;  
 What brest  
 Is strong enough? What braine, if it were double,  
 Could beare vnmov'd, the afsaults of foe much trouble ?  
 Tost on the wave of Chance,  
 I loofe my better Selfe ;  
 Where Ignorance  
 Cast vp a Shelfe,  
 To ruine all my vertue ; I forgot  
 My manhood, and the Treafure which I putt  
 A Sure  
 And constant rescue from all hands impure.

## 2.

Taught by Example, and the precepts which  
 From rich



Antiquitie I gather<sup>d</sup> ; I was made  
 Fortune-prooffe in her malice ; not afraide  
     To cope with Danger, in  
     All Formes She could put on.  
         But lost within  
         Opinion,  
 I was surpris<sup>d</sup> ; and ere I could collect  
 Dispers<sup>d</sup> Notions, by an indirect  
     Strange way,  
 Pafsion prevail<sup>d</sup> ; I knew not what to Say.

## 3.

Fortified in my Reason, once I thought  
     (But nought  
 Availes our owne Surmises) that the power  
 Of fortune could not Storme me. Ah ! noe more  
     Let woman's Son be proud  
     In his owne brest or braine.  
         For foe I flood  
         To entertaine  
 All hazard vnappall'd ; and had within  
 As great a Force, as full a Magazin,  
     As might  
 Have flatter<sup>d</sup> you to the Same oversight.

\* \* \* \*

Man is not Strong at all ; nor wife, nor Fitt,  
 His owne to manage with his proper witt ;  
 Then least, when borne by Selfe-opinion,  
 Hee Stops the Light, and wanders in his owne

---

Darke Principles and notions ; hee attains  
Nearest Perfection, who his owne restrains.

## O D E X L.

I.

I CANNOT dwell in Sorrow, neither please  
My Selve with Shadowes. Though I live at Ease,  
I cannot laugh away  
The trouble of the Day ;  
Nor yet foe much opprefs my Spright,  
In Tears to linger out the Night.  
I cannot make my Case  
Discourse for everie place ;  
Nor meerlie rest,  
In my owne brest,  
Silent. I am not proud in Miserie  
Nor Sordid in my Hope's vncertaintie.

2.

I cannot breake into an Extasie  
Of Passion, Danted with my Miferie ;  
Nor make my owne Cares more  
Then Some have bene before.  
My Sufferings are noe greater then  
The feelings of a Thousand Men,  
Perhaps as Innocent ;  
Why then should I lament

---

The pettie losse  
 Of goods or Drowse ?  
 Shall these, which are but casuall, subiect all  
 My better Treasures to their Rise or Fall ?

3.

I cannot fall foe low ; though I sometimes  
 May looke into the glasse of these Sad Times ;  
 And 'mongst those Shadowes, See  
 One that refembles me ;  
 Naked, and nere to ruine, in  
 His Fortune. Yet I cannot Sin  
 Soe much to Providence,  
 As for the pangve of Sence,  
 Exclaime and rave,  
 Or wish the Grave  
 Might end him, with his Sorrowes, or invent  
 Fears to him, for a further punishment.

4.

I cannot fafelie looke at my owne Sore,  
 Nor fearch too deepe, lest I should make it more.  
 Soe, the vnknowing Leech  
 Tortures the bleeding wretch  
 Vnder his Cure. I am not blind  
 To my owne Danger ; neither find  
 Soe great a Burthen in  
 This miserie of mine ;

But I may Stand,  
 And vnderstand  
 It as the Common Lot, by my owne Share ;  
 Soe prevent Fortune, ere She be aware.

## O D E X L I.

## I.

I DOE not glorie in my Fate.  
 Nor prise it at an vnder rate.  
 I doe not boast  
 Anything I pofseffe. I am not tyed  
 Against my Iudgement, vnto any Syde ;  
 Nor am I lost  
 Soe much to reason, that I chufe  
 Supported Error, and refuse  
 Neglected Truth ;  
 Contented to abide  
 Her votarie, against the vulgar mouth.

## 2.

Let the full Pens of vanitie Contend  
 In what they please ;  
 And gaine the Ende  
 Of their owne seeking, humane Praise ;  
 Lost, with the Breath wherein it straiies.  
 I cannot fall  
 To flatter Pride and Follie in her Eafe ;

But speake my knowledge, though it should displease  
 The common-Hall  
 Of Ignorance ; and if I meet  
 Death, I have found my winding Sheet.

3.

I am a Man ; in everie Step  
 Of Life I tread, and cannot leape  
 Above that name ;  
 Nor can I grovell, in a bruitish way,  
 Lost to my nature. This is all. I fay  
 I am that Same  
 Vnsteddye thing wee call a man ;  
 Limited in my Selfe ; and can  
 Neither deface  
 Nor yet array  
 That Image ; 'Tis my Glorie, my Disgrace.

## O D E X L I I .

I.

G O E, make a Rape on Fancie ; and bring downe  
 All formes disperséd in that Region,  
 Vnto our Common Light ;  
 Then, with a cunning Hand, collect the Parts,  
 And make a Bodie, to astonish Arts.  
 Draw your owne Face aright ;  
 Give common Man his Symmetrie, in all

Dimensions of the mind ;  
 This were a worke to bind  
 The indèbted world, a Slave perpetuall.

## 2.

But what thin Shadowes flitt within the Braine ?  
 What obscure notions move to entertaine  
     Men in their owne Conceite ?  
 Wee looke at Pafsions through the Subtill glafse  
 Of Selfe-conceit ; and follow them, in chafe,  
     With the loud noise of witt.  
 Wee run our Selves aground vpon that Shelve  
     Our Reason bids vs Shun :  
     How foone is man vndone,  
 Who carries his owne Ruine in Himselfe !

## 3.

I cannot reach nor Span my Selfe within  
 My owne Dimensions. I have often bin  
     Busie to draw my owne  
 To my owne Power ; and with all Diligence  
 The dispers'd Fragments of Intelligence  
     I gladlie would have knowne ;  
 And vf'd, as in my Power, the Facultie  
     Of everie Sence. The Reach  
     Of Reason I would fetch  
 Into the Circle of Capacitie.

4.

I would have feen my Selfe, as in a Sheath,  
 Within my Selfe ; and, as my owne, bequeath  
     Each part to proper ufe ;  
 My conquer'd Reason, to submit her Power.  
 My Sence, corrected in Exterior  
     Obiects, alone, to chuse  
 What I propofe ; then doe not aske, what part  
     I would have gvide the rest ;  
     I would have everie brest  
 Capable of the rule of his owne Heart.

5.

Thus could wee Draw our Selves, the worke were done ;  
 Knowledge were perfected, and truth were won.  
     Then all our toyle had End,  
 Our Parts reduc'd Each to his Station ;  
 And wee might live, in re-Creation.  
     But who fhall yet afcend  
 That great Scientiall orbe, and bring away  
     The wreath of victorie ?  
     What humane Industrie  
 Knowes how to Doe ? What witt knowes what to Say ?

## ODE XLIII.

I.

**W**ALKE noe more in thofe Sweet Shades,  
 Where Roses canopie your Heads ;

And the fragrant violet spreads,  
 A purple Tapistrie ;  
 Where all the Qvire had wont to Sing  
 Their earlie notes ; and everie thing  
 Was pleafure to entrance a King,  
 Beyond his Destinie.  
 Ah ! now noe more,  
 Frequent those Shades, you knew or lov'd before.

## 2.

Goe to the horrid vale of Care,  
 And tread the Maze of your owne Feare ;  
 There grow noe Bayes nor mirtles there,  
 But the Sad dismall Yeigh.  
 Day birds are banishéd this grove,  
 The monstrous Batt alone doth rove ;  
 And the dire Screich-owle, percht above  
 Your over-clouded Brow ;  
 Shall make you Sad  
 Beyond the Cause of Sorrow which you had.

## 3.

There, horrid Croakings found ; and fad  
 Accents of Leath,—vntimelie made,—  
 Rend humane Eares ; oh ! Dismall Shade,  
 Why am I curst to Chuse  
 In thy Sad Alleyes to weare out  
 My Youth ? in all my Ioyes forgot.  
 To thy unhappie walkes I brought



A more vnhappie Mufe ;  
 But a Muse fitt  
 To ioyne with thy Inhabitants, and Sitt

4.

Vpon the Bankes of thy Sad Poole,  
 Where Frogs and loathsome Toads doe houle ;  
 Where all their Spaune, with yellings foule,  
 Fill the corrupted Ayre.  
 To these, my Accents well may Suite ;  
 My harsher grones will strike 'em mute ;  
 And teach 'em to draw ruder out,  
 Deeper, and worfe by farre ;  
 For they are free  
 Of that ranke venome which imposthumes Mee.

5.

With thefe, then, will I ioyne my verse ;  
 And everie Accent vnto theirs  
 Shall double grones. Let me reherse  
 Noe more the tunéd Lay,  
 To liveing waters ; bid Farewell  
 To all the Silver birds, which dwell  
 Vpon their Streams : and never tell  
 Of my owne Devia.  
 Farewell to all  
 Wee Ioy, or Peace, or Light, or Pleafure call.

## ODE XLIV.

Away !

Fond man, thy braine is Sicke, thy Qvill doth stray ;  
 There is noe Cause of Discontent,  
 Soe farre should move thee to lament.  
 Distrefséd Fancie doth obscure  
 Thy Reason, in the Calenture  
 Of Pafsion.  
 Erect thy vnderstanding to  
 The Cause imagin'd of thy woe ;  
 Which is noe cause, but a pretence ;  
 Which Reason Sicke, vnto the Sence  
 Doth Fashion.  
 In Sober numbers, sing away  
 Thy Sorrowes ; or at lest allay  
 The Apprehension of thy Ill.  
 Take, take againe, thy modest Qvill ;  
 And yet retaine the Libertie thy Muse  
 Would Chuse.

## ODE XLV.

I.

**E**ACH Day another Man, another mind ;  
 And wee our Selves forget.  
 Chang'd in opinion, all wee left behind  
 Is lost. What once was witt

---

To our owne tast,  
 Wee relish not ; but in each newer find  
 More Ioy ; and gladlie hast  
 Through Follie's Zodiacke, from the first to th' Last.

2.  
 Wearie in everie Action, wee pursue,  
 Ere wee can perfect anye ;  
 Sicke of the old, vnfatisfyed with new,  
 And greedie after manye ;  
 Never at Ease,  
 To our owne Thoughts ; and what wee ought t' eschew,  
 With Scorne and Bitternes,  
 Wee hug, our Glorie ; and grow fat in these.

3.  
 Glad in all present madnes ; and can looke  
 Noe further then the Time  
 Enjoyed to the purpose. Let the booke  
 Of Conscience babble Crime  
 To the gray haire,  
 Whose blood is cold, and Sinnewes palfey-strooke ;  
 Let him grow Dead with Feare,  
 And langvish minutes till he meet the Beere.

4.  
 But wee are yonge ; and though wee doe not Love  
 To hear our Follies read ;

---

Wee yet Act what wee please, and freely move  
 In everie Step wee tread ;  
 Wee will not See  
 Backe, to Committed on<sup>s</sup> ; nor yet reprove  
 Our owne Debilitie ;  
 In the purfuit of a fresh vanitie.

## 5.

Though I confes, when I with Iudgment scan  
 My Actions, and pervse  
 My Selfe, in all the frailtyes of a Man ;  
 I doe not much refuse  
 To fee the past  
 Errors of youth, and Iudge 'em, as I can ;  
 Some please, and some distast,  
 Some I am proud of, Some away I cast.

## 6.

Though, in a rigid Sence, I must confesse  
 All humane Actions are  
 Madnes and Follie ; yet this foolishnes  
 Has made me to appeare,  
 To my owne Eyes,  
 My owne full Image ; where without all drefse  
 Of ornamentall Lyes,  
 I am not blind to my Deformityes.

## ODE XLVI.

1.

I GROVELL Still, and cannot gaine  
 The orbe I flutter at in vaine.  
 My Thought is narrow, and my Language weake,  
 To give my Smaller Comprehensions plaine.  
 Something it is, I faine would speake,  
 But as my Fancies rise, they breake.

2.

Wrapt in my native weed of Sin,  
 I cannot cast ; but searck within  
 The folds, and would a better raiment find ;  
 Starved in the old Mantle, now worne thin ;  
 This beggar's Coat deiects my mind,  
 In all Attempts I have design<sup>d</sup>.

3.

Raggs doe not fitt a Court ; nor can  
 Man, in this Motley, meerlie man,  
 Stand in the privie Chamber of his heart ;  
 Where Knowledge keeps the doore ; and Truth doth raigne,  
 Emprefse of all ; and everie part  
 Bound to noe Rule, nor forme of Art.

4.

When I (encouragéd by Some  
 Waiters at large) would nearer come,

To wonder at the Glorie of her State ;  
 I sneak'd, abash'd, into another Roome ;  
 And like Court-gazers, I can prate  
 Of something seen, but know not what.

## 5.

Thus, Silly man ! I am content  
 To get a Sight, although I went,  
 Never, beyond the Threshold of her Court ;  
 Enough, I thought I saw her, in her Tent ;  
 And gvest the greatnefs of her Port,  
 By what some others did report.

## 6.

But who can tell aright her State ?  
 Forbid to humane Eyes. Of late  
 I heard one of her nearest Servants Say,  
 These bold Intruders fate without the Gate,  
 Ignorant gazers, and did Stay  
 For Almes, there given, everie Day.

## 7.

Then, with the rest, why may not I,  
 Talke of gay Sights and braverie,  
 To make the world esteeme me wise and brave ?  
 But I am Conscious, and well-pleaf'd to see  
 The greatest Priviledge I have,  
 An equall Man, an Earth-borne Slave.

## ODE XLVII.

I.

BE not too Zealous. I, ere this, have feene  
 A Pangve as hot, a votarie as keene,  
 Dye in its height of Flame ;  
 Where everie word has beene  
 A Panegericke ; all Addressses came  
 To Celebrate the Glorie of one name.

2.

A Qvill, inspiréd with noe vulgar heat,  
 Made great in Numbers ; in his ayme more great ;  
 Supported in his choice ;  
 And honoréd to meete  
 Acceptance, in a Patron ; now in noyfe  
 Of the litigious Rout, has lost his voice.

3.

His Zeale is now noe more. His frequent vowes  
 Are all forgott. The honour of his browes,  
 His Laurel, witheréd ;  
 His Qvill, perfidious,  
 Dabbles in common Cisternes ; ruinéd  
 To his first vertue, calls backe what he fed.

4.

And runs a-madding, with the vulgar Crew,  
 Retracting his old Principles, for new

And vndetermin'd things.  
 Poor man ! I fett to veiwe  
 Thy common frailties, in his waverings.  
 Be calme ! for Pafsion tires, on her owne wings,

5.

And falls in Dirt ; a Spectacle of Scorne  
 To other men. Be constant ; but not borne  
 With a blind violence,  
 To stand noe more then turne,  
 To the Suggestions of imperfect Sence :  
 Who builds on Sands, has noe fafe residence.

## ODE XLVIII.

I.

SOE am I slav'd by Time,  
 I modulate my Rhime,  
 To the soft Liricke ; though I rather Chuse,  
 Had I the ancient Libertie, my Mufe  
 Has seen and knowne ;  
 To breath in bigger notes, and raife a Stile  
 To the Heroicke Number ; but my Qvill  
 Is not my owne.

2.

I once had to produce  
 A wittnes, that my Mufe



---

Was noble in her Choice, and had a wing  
 Worthy the Subject ; but, alas ! I bring  
     This to my Shame,  
 My Poems are noe more, noe more to boast ;  
 For in the heape of Ruine they were lost,  
     Lost, to my name.

3.

Let me confesse a Truth ;  
 The honour of my Youth  
 Was in those leaves ; and if I had a Pride,  
 It was in them, more then in All beside.  
     And I may Say  
 (Retaining modestie) they were not in  
 The Common Ranke ; few of this Age have bin  
     Soe pure as they.

4.

I would not be my owne  
 Herald ; but this is knowne  
 To many of cleare Iudgment, who have bene  
 Pafsionate in the losse. Pardon the keene  
     And tender Zeale  
 Of an indulgent Father ; if it rife  
 To Frensie, blame not water in my Eyes :  
     It fuits me well.

5.

Abortives doe not lacke  
 Their Tears ; and dismall blacke

Attends the Funerall ; and may not I,  
 Oblig'd, in a Paternall Pietie,  
     To my best Child,  
 Vtter a Truth vntax'd ? Noe matter tho'  
 Ignorance blatter Follie, it shall goe  
     As it was Stil'd.

6.

Sleepe in thy Ashes ; live,  
 Beyond all I could give ;  
 Live in thy Fate, and everie Eye shall pay  
 Its Tribute to thy vrne, and fadlie Say,  
     Here is interr'd  
 A Father's Ioy ; who cannot want a Teare  
 From anie Eye, who fees this Sepulchre  
     Which Ruin rear'd.

7.

This Storie of thy Fate,  
 Thefe Tears shall vindicate ;  
 And yet I doubt not but againe to bring  
 Numbers of weight, and mightie Epicks Sing ;  
     When Time shall raise  
 Industrious Qvills to meritt. I, till then,  
 Weare out my Time, with an vnsteddye Pen,  
     A thousand waies.

8.

My better Hopes here fixe,  
 That I shall intermixe,

One Day, when Peace againe our Feilds shall tread,  
Something of worth, for all the world to read.

How farre the reach  
Of Poesie, enfranchis'd in her Ayme,  
May (iustlie warranted by vertue) claime !  
What high things teach !

9.

Till when, my numméd Feet,  
In ragged Sockes, forget  
Those statelie meafures ; and contented, I  
Draw Slender Odes, to the varietie,  
Of Chance and Time.  
With these I please my selfe, and sing away  
My weight of Cares, to linger out the Day,  
In Liricke Rhime.

#### ODE XLIX.

I.

I AM not limited to a precise  
Number, in what I write ;  
Nor curbe my owne delight  
Of Freedome, to be thought more formall wife.  
Nor doe I meerlie Strive  
To change ; but take the next  
Which falls to Sence. The Live  
Formes of an honest text  
Seekes little to Illustrate its intent,  
And wrests in Nothing from the Argument.

## 2.

Though in these Scattered Fancies I can boast  
 Noe proper Treatise ; for  
 I catch at everie hower,  
 And onlie glance at things ; I am not lost  
 To Studies of more weight ;  
 But Shadow out, by these,  
 What I would chuse to write,  
 Were I secure in Ease.  
 And often touch the String I would Applye,  
 Would Time allow, to its full Harmonye.

## 3.

I cannot Subiect my Designe to Rhime ;  
 That is, I cannot fall  
 Meerlie to Rhime, and all  
 My notions hang to any certaine Chime ;  
 But to the nearest Sence  
 I take a Number fitt,  
 And hardlie, for pretence  
 Of finer, loofe my witt ;  
 For who that has his Pafsions subdu'd,  
 Can bind his Reason to that Servitude ?

## 4.

Man (Lord of Langvage, great Distingvisher  
 Of Forme, to what is fitt)  
 Looseth, if he submitt  
 To Custome, his Prerogative ; may cleare

All Scruple, and dispose  
 Of them, by Edict, to  
 What ever heele propose.  
 They loose their title, who  
 Necessite a Forme, or dwell in words ;  
 Soe are they vassalls made, who were borne Lords.

## 5.

Some (who pretend to witt), (Some, I have knowne)  
 Imagine all the height  
 Of witt in the Concept  
 Of formall Trifles ; these are often Showne  
 To common Eyes ; who, for  
 It puffsles them, admire,  
 And get a Copie ; more  
 To footh, then to Desire  
 Anything tasting witt. These frequent are,  
 In this witt-venting Age, where none want Share.

## 6.

How some racke all their Faculties, and Squeeze  
 The Iuice of all their Braine !  
 In a fastidious Straine  
 Of words, to puffle men ; and can but please  
 Them selves, with a thin Ayre.  
 What trifle can wee name,  
 Soe barren, or foe bare ?  
 Be it an Anagram,  
 To stifle all the Life of common witt ;  
 But bufies some Men to be proud in it ?

7.

Of these, not three I ever saw has hit  
 Within the roade of Sence.  
 Nay give 'em their pretence,  
 The Latitude they aske. How below witt  
 They Stand, I dare not Say ;  
 Lest I be challengéd  
 Vncapable, that way.  
 For I am foe indeed ;  
 And 'tis a Qualitie I not admitt  
 Within the Region of a noble witt.

## O D E L.

1.

O H ! Doe not warrant Sin in your Applause.  
 Indeed, I saw your Heart ;  
 And you abhorréd the Face on't. Her witt was  
 Beyond a woman's part ;  
 You hardlie had an Art  
 To keepe backe blushes, Conscious in her Cause.

2.

Eye ! doe not Say you love that Spirrit in  
 The Sex ; your heart saies noe ;  
 You cannot valu't as a Common Sin ;  
 It is a monster ; though  
 You would a vizard throw  
 Vpon such Gestures, as more Masculine.

## 3.

What Man but hates a woman bold and proud?  
 The vertues which beseeme  
 That Sex, and makes the few good, that are good;  
 Are Silence, Disesteeme  
 Of their owne witt, in them;  
 And Modestie, where All is vnderstoode.

## 4.

Such Petulancies as you would Contend  
 Are pittfull; more then  
 Prais-meriting (alas!) and you discend  
 Below your Iudgement, when  
 You did applaud it. Men  
 Sometimes praife ill, where reproofe will not mend.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! Doe not Flatter Her, to her owne Sence;  
 Custome will make her Errors Impudence.

## O D E L I .

## I.

**T**HE Coopéd Lion has broke through his Grate,  
 And forages abroad;  
 Whilst frighted villagers of Danger prate,  
 In their amazement woode.  
 Consider, what  
 Annoyance may succeed; Hee thirsts for Blood.

2.

Soe doth the Ruffian, (fetteréd in the Brow  
Of awfull modestie)  
Pursue his Lusts, when women but allow  
Familiaritie.  
You hardly know  
What Mischeife followes, in his Libertie.

3.

Make Short his Fetters, by your powerfull Eye,  
And keepe him yet a Slave ;  
Chain<sup>e</sup>d by (your Beautie's Honour) Modestie ;  
Your Tirrannie is Brave ;  
Ladies, I doe not fee  
How he can iniure you without your Leave.

4.

For Modestie keeps still, inviolate,  
The Honour of a Name ;  
And who dare prefe vpon that prettye State  
Which Innocence doth frame ?  
Noe Tongve dares prate  
To wrong your Honour or traduce your Fame.

5.

Forgett the Fashion of the Times, and Chuse  
Waies proper to your Sex ;  
Avoid those franticke Habits which abuse



Your Creditts, and perplex  
 You in the vse ;  
 For Fame, will stranglie Glofse vpon the Text.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And 'tis too much Presumption of your Shame  
 That you are falne, to be Iudg<sup>d</sup> in Fame.

## O D E L I I.

I.

I LL fuits that froward Scorne  
 Your Sexe ; I am not tyed  
 To woman, in a Forme,  
 Or a Face mortified ;  
 Though I confesse  
 Some things are ornament, Some nothing lefse.

2.

Your Silence doe not Change  
 By vowel, to the worse ;  
 Be free, butt doe not range  
 In the frequented Course,  
 Of Appetite ;  
 And rather trust your vertue then your Witt.

3.

Something within you knowes  
 How to informe you best ;

Conforme your outward browes,  
 Vnto your inward Brest ;  
 And then appeare,  
 To informe Men, beyond all Character.

## ODE LIII.

I.

**B**E not Deceiv'd ; I know it by my owne :  
 Great Bodies are great Burdens, and incline  
 More to the Earth ; participating in  
 A larger Measure, what proportion  
 Soever please your Sence ;  
 Bignes extenuates  
 Its proper Faculties, with weights ;  
 And Smaller Bodies have more Excellence.

2.

Like to the Servile Drudge, some noble man,  
 Has plac'd in a great Castle ; and you come  
 To see the Building, and find everie Roome  
 Vseles to Him ; an end is All he can  
 Manage ; or some remote  
 Parlour his Familye  
 May comprehend ; whilest others lye  
 Vnswept till the States come, and wast and rott.

## 3.

Soe am I, in my Selfe ; whilst I admire  
 Lefse Bodies, where a man is fett foe near  
 In all his Parts, contracted, as it were,  
 To a Conveniencie ; and the Entire  
 House he keeps warme and Full,  
 With his owne proper Store ;  
 Each office, Hee, with Ease, lookes ore ;  
 And lives to vse it All ; in noe Roome Dull.

## 4.

Reallie, (it may be my owne Disgrace,  
 But) I am Confident, wee bigger men  
 Have Faculties lefse knitt, lefse able, then  
 Weaker Appearances. I doe not praise  
 Meer Littlenes, nor from  
 All Larger derogate ;  
 But by my owne I fee, and say't,  
 I could Lye warmer in a lefser Roome.

## O D E L I V.

## I.

SOE fitts the trembling Needle round about  
 The Compasse, till it fall  
 Into its lovéd North ; foe clings vnto't,  
 And will not move at all ;  
 Then with a Mutuall Force these Lovers meet,

In a Magneticke Chaine.  
 Strange Simpathie ! and though wee doe not see't,  
   'Tis in our Selves as plaine.  
       Nor let vs wonder why,  
       The Attractive Power should fixe  
 The Iron to its point ; foe may wee vex  
       Our Selves perpetuallye.  
 Rather see everie Creature pointing forth  
 Its proper object, as this meets the North.

## 2.

'Tis seene by everie Eye, in Common things,  
   How apt and Eagerlie  
 They ioyne themselves ; Everie occasion brings  
   Prooffe to this Propertie.  
 'Tis not alone the Adamant can boast  
   This strange Affinitie ;  
 Not Flowers, nor Trees, nor Birds, nor Beasts are lost ;  
   But Each, respectivelie,  
       Have hidden Flames, and move  
       By a strange innate Cause,  
 To its cheife End ; infensible what draws  
       Soe neare a tye of Love ;  
 But loofe all Choice, and their Cheife Sence devour  
 In the strange force of this magneticke Power.

## 3.

Thefe secret workings in all Bodies are ;  
   And All, at once, are mett

In Man, whose motion, more irregular  
 To all the points doth flitt ;  
 Yet as Affection's objects still propose,  
 Hee bends vnto the Point ;  
 And though he varie much, and oft, in those,  
 Some Qvalitie of Constraint,  
 Vrges him to incline,  
 Hee knowes not how, nor why ;  
 But Hee must bend to that darke Simpathie,  
 Which, yet vnseen, doth shine  
 Vpon his Heart ; and pafsionat'lie move  
 Him to behold, or Seeke, desire, or Love.

## O D E L V.

## I.

SLIP on, Sad Infants, of a groneing Time,  
 Till all your Sand be Spent ;  
 Poor Minutes ! flye,  
 And yet be innocent ;  
 Or man will Apprehend you to his Crime,  
 And filthilye,  
 Abuse you, to the lust of his intent.

## 2.

Or might your carefull Mother rather ioy  
 In an Abortive brood ;  
 Then have you live

Gviltie of Tears and Blood  
 In your first Light ; and live but to destroy  
     What you should give ;  
 Order, in all the Creature, as it Stood.

3.

Rather pull in your fearfull Heads, and shrinke,  
     Nameles, backe to her wombe,  
     Then breath this Light ;  
     Let Chaos be a Tombe  
 To close you, yet vnknowne ; let Motion winke ;  
     And all the bright  
 Glories of Day run backe from whence they come.

4.

Ah man, unhappie man ! the Infant Day  
     Peep's with a blubber'd Eye,  
     To looke vpon  
     The Night's dire Tragedie ;  
 Sad for our Sins. The Night, in Darke difmay,  
     Puts mourning on  
 For our Day Crimes ; more Sensible then wee.

5.

How many Tears for vs fall everie night !  
     Besides those of the Day.  
     If Pittye faile,

Terror might vs Affray ;  
 Correcting winds, and Thunder's horrid Light.  
 But these availe  
 Not man to Stop, one foot, in his owne way.

ODE LVI.

1.

'TIS not to make a Partie, or to ioyne  
 With any Side, that I am what I am.  
 All Faction I abhorre, all Sects disclaime ;  
 And meerly Love of Truth, vnto the Shyne  
 Of Reason, which I have,  
 Gvides me ; for had I fought to other Ends,  
 I could have bene as popular, as brave,  
 And had as many freinds,  
 To suppart all I vndertooke, as they,  
 Who move beyond me now, and more display.

2.

For Hee who fetts a valew on his Heart,  
 May what he lists Atcheive ; I am as free  
 To either Side, or Anie, as I fee  
 Truth to the Skale incline. I have noe part  
 Beyond the Naturall  
 Free vfe of Reason ; and I cannot bend

To any blast of Time ; nor Stoop, nor fall  
 To a finister End ;  
 But must encounter where my Reason gvides,  
 The Puissance of Any, Either Side.

## 3.

And I am fixt, but yet not rooted in  
 Opinion, to the hazard of a haire.  
 I am not limited to anie Square,  
 But free to any better ; I have bin,  
 Perhaps, not ever thus ;  
 And am as Apt, if a Cleare Motive draw  
 My Reason, yet to Change. I'me free to chuse,  
 And doe not care a Straw  
 How others Censure ; for I must incline  
 To Truth, as my Faith gvides, in her best Shine.

## 4.

And as I stand, all Reason I yet know  
 Warrants the Path I tread in ; all I heare  
 In controverted Causes, makes it cleare ;  
 For 'tis not Force of Argument can bow  
 Mee to another forme ;  
 But a cleare Evidence of Truth, which must  
 Shoot liveing raies, to quicken and informe  
 The Soule ; and wee may trust  
 Her secreet workings. If wee loofe this mind,  
 She doth not faile to worke ; but wee are blind.



## 5.

How cleare I stand to Truth ! and doe not breath  
 To any purpose, if I let her goe ;  
 Had I ben Mercenarie, there was no  
 Second respect, but stood to tempt my faith.  
 I might have fitt vpon  
 The wheele of Action, high and Eminent.  
 I am not meerlie Dull ; I could have done,  
 By a fawe President,  
 As well as other Men ; and had I made  
 But that my End, it had bene noe ill trade.

## 6.

Had Politicke respects invited mee,  
 You cannot thinke I would have gon this way.  
 I am derided ; and you will not say,  
 I can grow wealthy. Scorne and Povertie  
 Attends each Step I tread ;  
 Yet am I fixt. I doe not value Life,  
 Nor name, nor Fortune ; neither am I led  
 By a Demonstrative  
 Rule in the Cafe ; nor willinglie admitt  
 Humane Devices, Subtletye of witt.

## 7.

Though further be it from me to Affect  
 That obstinacie, which I must confesse,  
 Is not in nature void ; that frowardnes  
 Many asume, meerlye to contradict

I am not in the List,  
 Truth be my wittnes ; but I looke on things  
 With a cleare Eye, a Iudgment not pofsest ;  
 For preiudice ftill brings  
 A Moat for Either ; but I doe my part,  
 To all I am ; with a Clear single Heart.

## 8.

If Single Love of Truth, if Innocence,  
 If to neglect opinion, not to Strive  
 For popular Applaufe ; if to beleive,  
 From principles which in themfelves convince,  
 Be to be factious ; if  
 To labour for an inward Peace, and Sitt  
 A fad Spectator of the common greife ;  
 If to renounce my witt,  
 And looke on Quiet meerlie, be a Crime !  
 I am not wife Enough to observe the Time.

## ODE LVII.

## I.

'TIS noe new thing, but a worne Maxime in  
 The Schoole of Politickes ;  
 A Subtle opposition ; wee have feene  
 Many of thefe ftate trickes.  
 Oh ! 'tis the way to rife !  
 And wee contemne all morall obstacles :

Give me but Power, I looke at nothing else ;  
 I'me iust, and wife :  
 Let the dull honest Christian labour in  
 His Tracke of vertue ; 'tis a Noble Sin.

## 2.

Stay, whither am I gone? the Time's abuse  
 Wee never made our Theame ;  
 The Misteries in State concerne not vs.  
 Alas, I did but dreame.  
 Mee, Innocence and Truth  
 Gvide in cleare Paths, without all preiudice  
 Or rancour. Fancie erring ! how it flyes !  
 And takes a growth,  
 To a strange height. I should have ravill'd out  
 A loome of this, had I not lookt into't.

## 3.

Alas ! our Sober numbers never knew  
 To taxe men in their Crimes ;  
 Our Mufe (vnapt to Censure) ever flew  
 A pitch below the Times.  
 Wee are vncapable  
 To found a Misterie, or dive into  
 The ocean for a Pearle ; a Peeble, too,  
 Suits vs as well.  
 These, yeild the common feilds : these wee may gather  
 Without offence ; and these, would I chuse rather.

## 4.

Let me be free, though in a meane Estate ;  
And live to vse my owne,  
Vnenvied in my Fortune ; rather waite,  
Then meet a Ioy too foone ;  
Direct and true in all  
My purpofes ; Safe in the brazen tower  
Of my owne brest ; let Fortune laugh or loure,  
I cannot fall.  
Iealous of my owne Pafsions, free to Truth,  
And Sway<sup>e</sup>d by nothing, or to fleight, or Sooth.

## 5.

But pleas<sup>d</sup> in my retire, my Selfe furvay,  
And Studie my owne Heart ;  
Turne over a new leafe for everie Day,  
And many things impart,  
Which Common Sence and Eyes  
Oft fee not. 'Tis a Speculation  
More pleafant then all else I yet have knowne ;  
And Hee that tryes  
With a Discerning Light, shall weare the Spoyles  
Of a Selfe-Conquest, fitt to crowne his Toyles.

## 6.

Then kicke the world, and all Selfe-Interest ;  
Reiect all Hopes and Fears ;  
Abandon humane witt ; and doe not rest

In the thin Characters,  
 Of weake and emptie words.  
 Beare vp and resigne all, to re-afsume  
 A greater Libertie. Oh ! Let me come !  
 My will accords  
 To gaine that freedome ; I will loofe Each part  
 Of Man, to fee my Selfe, in my owne Heart.

## ODE LVIII.

POORE Man ! I am as Dull as dull can be ;  
 Dull in my Selfe, with Sin ;  
 For Sin is heaui. I am darke within,  
 And cannot fee  
 My felfe. Poor Man ! a Cloud has Spred vpon  
 My Soule, and I am lost ; I am vndone.  
 Huge vapour flyes  
 Betwixt me and my felfe ; all Light is gon.  
 I am a Chaos growne :  
 Rise ! Sun of Glorie, yet at length arise !  
 \* \*  
 Dispell thefe Mists, that I, at once, may See  
 My felfe, in my owne Heart ; and All, in Thee.

## ODE LIX.

I.

NOT though wee keepe a Soft  
 Low number ; fcorne to read our verse.

Strong Pineons flye aloft,  
 And haughtie Qvills high Things rehearse.  
 Mee better fuits to Creepe,  
 Then with Icarian winge,  
 Contrive a scornéd Ruine. To the Cheape  
 Ayre of opinion will I never Singe.  
 I cannot weepe,  
 Nor Laugh to Pleafe ; I can doe noe fuch Thinge.

## 2.

Shall I foe farre Submitt  
 My Reason, perhaps to one lefse ?  
 Or prostitute my witt,  
 To a more Customarie Drefse ?  
 I am not borne a Slave ;  
 If Fortune worse contrive,  
 Nature intended better. Yet I have  
 Somewhat She cannot take, She did not give.  
 There am I brave :  
 A Monarch free, though I in fetters Live.

## 3.

Ah ! but I must resigne ;  
 For I am not my owne, to Say,  
 Or Doe. Nothing of mine  
 But I fubmitt, to the worne way  
 Of Custome ; I will write  
 Full Panegerickes to



6.

But thus I trifle out,  
In weake Surmises, all my Inke ;  
And loofe my better thought,  
Whilest I of Time, or customes thinke.  
My Numbers not Enthrall<sup>d</sup>,  
I will noe longer Span,  
By that vncertaine Measure ; I have fail'd  
And let some better Liricke, if he can,  
Prove it Entail<sup>d</sup>,  
From Theban Lire, and Sweet Dircean Swan.

Goe from me now, for many Daies ; perchance  
Ere I expect, my Qvill and I may meet  
On fafer Termes, with Honour to advance  
Raptures of wonder, to the Royall Seat.  
Goe from me far, till then ; which if my Song  
Erre not with Time, shall not be absent Long.

Deare Mufes, wee must part ; yet let me give  
A verse to Time, in charge of my Desire.  
Noe hand, if I am Dead, and these shall live,  
Iniure a Line, or word, I you require.  
Enioy with Freedome, all your owne conceit,  
Let mine not be infring'd, but Equall Great :



---

For Poets sometimes Fancies bring,  
 When Readers nothing can discern ;  
 And they, perhaps, may find something  
 Shall sett him, in his owne, to learne.  
 And, happilie, a hidden Flame  
 Of Honour rests, which never came  
 Within the Reach of Either ; yet more true  
 Then both, to Iudgement. Neither I nor You  
 Must Iudge our owne.

Adieu.

The Ende.

## A Postscript.

*THESE Poems are the onlie remaining Testimonie of some  
 howers which the Author gave vp to the muses ; many  
 others from the same Pen, of more consideration, are lost.  
 Hee invites noe man to the expence of his monie or Time,  
 vpon these Fragments ; which were intended not to the publike  
 Eye, but his owne retired Fancies, to make Light that burthen  
 which some grone vnder ; and had not the request of an  
 endeared Freind prevailed, they had not Exceeded his inten-  
 tion ; nor the world (perhaps) in anie Sence pittied Him.*

Iuly 17, 1647.

FURTHER POEMS.





To Mr. Ogilby :

*Vpon his Accurate Translation  
of incomparable Virgil.*

**B**EE it without offence, that I may give  
My humble Verse, with Virgil's name to live ;  
My verfe, which but in Northerne Groves yet fung,  
(Cold as the Climate) falters on the Tongve.  
Those who enrichéd are with brighter flame,  
May Sing a louder Note ; I have noe Name,  
Nor facultie in Numbers, but what Sad  
Thoughts now may vrge, within a private Shade.

Yet, may I fay, I was not borne foe dull,  
Nor foe Disloyall am ; Soe without Soule ;  
But if my hand be calléd, by this Prince  
Of Poets, 'Tis my Witt's Allegiance.  
For be Hee Rebel ever to the Chaire  
Of Sacred Mufes, who can see appeare  
His Maister, (long an Exulate) come in,  
To claime his proper Right, and doth not bring  
His Hand t' afsist, and Seat Him in his owne.  
All Language is but witt's Dominion ;

---

And Virgil doth as gloriously advance  
To Brittain's now, as to the Romans once. 20  
This to the Conduct of learn'd Ogilby  
Wee must Ascribe, who fix'd him happily

In his prædestin'd Chaire. Now Troians All,  
Wee know Æneas, and Him Father call.

If I have err'd, S<sup>r</sup>; 'tis but to admire  
Virgil, as radiant in this Attire  
As in his Romane garbe; and (might I give  
Freely my owne) I thinke Hee did not Live  
Happie in English Letters, whose Swift fate  
Call'd, ere This Poet had attain'd This State. 30

G. Daniel.

June 29th,  
1.6.4.9.



## The Author ;

*Scriptorum chorus omnis, amat nemus, et fugit vrbe's.*

**T**HUS calmly did the Antique Poets frame  
Felicite, and gloried in the name  
Of Grove-frequenters ; thus old Orpheus fate  
By fatall Hebrus, when his suddaine fate  
(Convai'd by franticke women) did Surprize  
Him, in the flight of Sacred Extasies.  
How much vnsafe is Solitude ! what Ioye  
Has Groves or Cities ? but Each Equallye  
Capable in Idea. Not the Lire  
Which Phebus strung (Phebus was Orpheus' Sire,) 10  
And gave it him, nor his owne verse, nor voice—  
Sweet as his Mother's—(for noe other choice  
Might ever equall't,) could at all deterre  
These possesst Beldams, from the Massacre.  
That voice which taught disperfed Trees to move  
Into an orderlie and well-pitch'd Grove ;  
Stopt headie Currents, and made them run fweet ;  
Gave centred Rocks a Life, & mountains feet ;  
Not voice, nor Harpe, which brought againe to Life  
From Hell, Euridice, his ravisht wife ; 20

---

And did foe Charme Hell's treeple-headed Hound,  
 Hee could not vse one tongve or tooth, to wound,  
 Or wonder, at our Poet ; what nor Hell  
 Nor Furies durst Attempt, (I Shame to tell,  
 Women must Act ; but Women none durst doe  
 A crime foe impious, foe vnequall too ;  
 But Lust & wine in women can produce  
 Such monsters onlie ; be it their excuse.  
 The water (yet proud) Sings, (if Fame not Lye,) 30  
 And runs to him, a Constant Elegie.  
 Such was the fate of Orpheus.—Calme my verse  
 And fofter Numbers Spin, whilst I rehearse  
 Titirus fitting vnder Beechie Shade,  
 Pleafing his Fancie, in the Ioy he made.  
 For foe he made it his ; as what might want  
 There to delight or please, his verse did plant.  
 Here, oft (more pleaf'd then in Augustus Shine)  
 Hee did enioy himfelfe, and here vntwine  
 The Clewe he twisted there : thus Hee in groves.  
 Next, fee in-imitable Colin, moves 40  
 Our Admiracion ; Hee, poore Swaine, in bare  
 And thin-Set Shades did Sing ; whil'st (ah) noe care  
 Was had of all his Numbers ; numbers which  
 Had they bene fung of old, who knowes how rich  
 A Fame had Crown'd him ? Had he livéd when  
 Phillip's Great Son (that prodigie of men)  
 Spread like Aurora in the Easterne light ;  
 Hee had not wifh'd a Homer for to write

His Storie ; but ev'n Peleus' Son had fate  
 A step below in Fame as well as Fate. 50  
 But Hee, poor Man ! in an vngratefull Age  
 Neglected liv'd ; still borne downe by the Rage  
 Of Ignorance. For 'tis an Easier Thing  
 To make Trees Leape, and Stones felfe-burthens bring  
 (As once Amphion to the walls of Thæbes,)  
 Then Stop the giddie Clamouring of Plebs ;  
 Hee poorlie Dyéd, (but vertue cannot Dye)  
 And scarce had got a Bed, in Death to lye ;  
 Had not a noble Heroe made a Roome,  
 Hee'd bene an Epitaph without a Tombe. 60  
 For that Hee could not want, whilst verse or witt  
 Could move a wing, they'd bene oblig'd to it ;  
 Or Say, the bankrupt Age could none Afford :  
 Hee left a Stocke sufficient, on Record.

Let me, then, vnder my owne Shades content,  
 Admire their Flights. Hee who lives Innocent  
 Is wise Enough. Where Innocence and Witt  
 Combine, what wonders in that brest are mett ?  
 The Trumpet's Clangor, nor the ratling drum,  
 Noises of warre, nor the more troublesome 70  
 Rage of the Souldier, nor the Golden Spundge,  
 Where Harpies licke the Iuice, nor all the plundge  
 Of Apprehension ; shakes or enters on  
 The temper of that true Complexion.  
 Vertue is ever Safe, and wee may See



---

Loyaltie prizéd, and deprefs'd Maiestie  
 Enthronéd, as glorious as wee whilome have.  
 These, wee may see ; if not, the well-met grave  
 Will fiew vs more. Hee who considers that  
 A Losse, is ignorant to value Fate. 80

Bring out the Engine quicklie, to vndoe  
 The Partie ; triumph in the overthrow  
 Of Truth and Iustice. You the seamles Coat  
 Have torne ; and dipt the Fleece without a Spott,  
 In Cisternes of Profanefse. Ring the Bells !  
 Y'have done, y'have done the worke. Hee happie dwells,  
 Who more remote may looke vpon the Age  
 As his owne Mirror, and applye the Rage  
 Of Tumults to his Pafsions ; Rebels all  
 To monarch Reason. These things when I call 90  
 Vnto my private, then I easilie See  
 Monarchs are Men ; each Man's one Monarchie.

Phlegme, my Complexion, here has plungéd me in  
 A Quick-sand, to disorder the Designe  
 Of my first Thoughts ; and all what I have faid  
 Is but a Ramble, from a Running head :  
 Perhaps a Rheugme. For 'tis vnnaturall  
 In the most Sangvine, nere to run at All.  
 Who knowes Witt, knowes somewhat of Madnes Still  
 (Distempers not, but) tempers the best Qvill. 100  
 Man in his little world, is more, by much,

---

Then the great world ; who knowes Him, knowes him Such ;  
A Composition of the same mixt Stuffe,  
Which who can temper but is Wise Enough.

I.6.4.7.



I : ~~~~ nobis placeant, ante omnia Silva.

[Portrait of the Author.]

*W*EE are deceiv'd, and Fancie is not fitt  
To frame a happines, nor humane witt  
To Iudge at all. You looke vpon Mee now  
Retir'd and Calme, and thinke (perhaps) I doe  
Enioy all you Imagine; that I, here,  
Nothing of Earth doe hope, & much lesse feare:  
That Noise and Busines doe not press vpon  
My thoughts; but thus compos'd, I'me All my own;  
That I Philosophise, or Something higher,  
Which Wise men Envie, and which fooles admire;  
And Scorne, or Pitty, Equall Natures, who  
Run the tumultuous Gire of humane woe.

*I must be free; that Shade has nought of Coole,  
Nor the Ayre pleasure, to a greiv'd Soule;  
The purling Streame, w<sup>ch</sup>: you imagine may  
Wash my Feet, cannot wash my Cares away;  
My mantle is not weather-prooffe; yet farre  
Safer than my owne Resolutions are.  
All the varietie of this Retire  
Is nothing to vnsatisfy'd Desire.  
Something wee would arrive at; but wee All  
Trifle in Dust to Dotage; and but call  
Things by the Name our Fancie makes appeare;  
Which if it be Soe, I am HAPPYE here.*

ἹΟΔΥΛΟΓΙΑ ;

OR,

# Several Ecloges :

The first revived ;  
from some Papers formerlie written, 1.6.3.8.

The rest,  
Written by the same Author ;  
. 1 . 6 . 4 . 8 .



—————*nec Debia 'tantum*  
*Regi-vorus Abus nunc, (fama, et flumine Maior)*  
*Me tenet invitè ;—non mutant Litora, Musas ;*  
*Litera, Litoribus ; Verba, numerentur arenis.*

Apud Brantingham :

NOTE.

In the centre of the preceding title-page is a rude drawing of circles, &c., containing respectively these words :

*Vigesio nono Maij:*

*Natus 1617.*

*Scripsi 1633.*

*Nunc sum 1648.*

and at the base :

*Vndecimo die Decembri.*

On this and other Sketches and the Portraits, see our Introduction.  
A. B. G.



## An Ecloge

Spoken by *Amintas* and *Strephon*.

—*nec erubuit Silvas, habitare Thalia.*

AMINTAS.



AND why, my *Strephon*, are thy Thoughts foe wed  
To the dull Country? whose free Lustie-hed  
Might challenge higher place to raise thy Name;  
Leave it, for shame; and wanton on the Thame.

STREPHON.

'Tis well, *Amintas*; wherein were I more  
Or good, or happie, then I was before?  
I doe admire your *Thames*; but let my mind  
And bodie to the Countrie be confin'd.  
Here safelie can I fitt vnder a Hill,  
Tending my flocke, and take my Pipe, at will;      10  
My Pipe, which pleases me, and gives to none  
Matter of grudge or Emulation.

AMINTAS.

Alas! that matters not; what thing can be  
(If it deserve foe much) from *Envie* free?

Envie (Selfe-poifon) hurts the brest from whence  
 It doth proceed ; Wee gaine fresh Courage thence.  
 What best, but Envy strikes it? Envy brings  
 Her Bodie,—Toade ; but Eagle, Eye and Wings ;  
 Aymes at the highest, fixeth on the Sun :  
 Give me a Verse, for Emulation.

20

STREPHON.

'Tis true ; but yet it better pleafeth Mee  
 To fing in Shades, from Spight and Envy free ;  
 Not that I feare the Monfter ; I despife  
 Her Spurious Bratts, Slander and Calumnies ;  
 But (my Amintas) I desire to rest  
 Private at Home, in a poor Qviet blest.

AMINTAS.

Ah, doe not fay foe ; thou art then ingrate  
 Not more to Nature then thou art to fate.  
 Why should not what Heaven gives (a gift devine ;  
 And given to vse) in a full glorie shine ?  
 See to the City once againe, and trye  
 (If a meere doltishnes not bleare thy Eye,)  
 What odds !—Oh, heaven ! let me be patient,  
 In all things but this Madnes—if Content  
 Be in abundant Pleafures ; if the Springe  
 Want Sweet in Yours, to what our Autumnes bring ;  
 If to All this, and All wee can Adde more,  
 (If there may be Addition to that Store  
 Which Nature, prodigall, hath here layed out,)

30

---

You put your Iudgment ; let me never doubt, 40  
 You can forfake the Citye to Converfe  
 With Earth and Iuments.—

STREPHON.

—Be not yet too feirce,  
 My deare Amintas ; though I doe admire  
 To what you say, the Cittie, perhaps higher  
 Then you have meant to ; yet, I must be free  
 To my owne private ; for, felicitie  
 Wee bound to our Conceptions ; this you call  
 Pleafure or Happines ; which I doe fall  
 To see our owne securitie ; I more 50  
 Value my want then what you 'count your Store ;  
 For I am rich, not you ; though Gemms or Coyne  
 I doe not boast ; I need 'em not ; all mine  
 A narrow Roome contains—

AMINTAS.

—Narrow, indeed ;  
 I almost blush to feare my freind should reade  
 Some punie Stoicism's ; dear Strephon, give  
 Thy nobler Nature wing to flye ; and Live  
 To that Intention. Wee converfe with Men,  
 Which fetts new Edge on witt ; the richest Pen 60  
 Of fancie here finds Inke ; the glorious Names  
 Of Ionson, Beaumont, Fletcher, live with Thames,  
 And shall outlive his waters. Had they crept  
 In mudled remote Streams, their worth had slept ;



And those great Fancies which all men Admire  
 Had flowen, but in the Smoake of their owne fire.  
 'Tis Fame gives Life ; Iudgment gives Life to Fame ;  
 Iudgment moves here ; then be noe longer Shame  
 Vnto thy Genius ; wast noe more thy witt  
 With Hinds, whose palats cannot relish it.

70

## STREPHON.

Had I what you are pleaf'd to fay ; could I  
 Flatter my Selfe into a facultie  
 I love but have not ; could I truelie boast  
 A flame attendant to those names I most  
 Admire ; I should not feeke beyond the Sphere,  
 I move in now. Are there noe Iudges here ?  
 'Tis true, wee doe not stretch Hyperboles  
 To Crowne our Names, but give a modest praise.  
 Modest is Iust ; and if noe praise it gaine,  
 Wee rest contented well, to Entertaine  
 Our Selves with our owne Thoughts. Who writes to please  
 Or get a Name, flies lowe ; yet some of these,  
 Wee see how forc'd, are thrust vpon the Stage  
 Of your great Theatre, where witts engage.  
 Write what I will or where, 'tis but my owne,  
 Perhaps my Shame, not worthy to be knowne ;  
 If more it merit, Fame and Time are Iust ;  
 Soe some are dead, Alive ; Some Live in Dust.  
 Must only names live with the nobler Streames ?  
 Are wee All tyed to the ingrofsing Thames ?

80

90

Swans Sing in shallow waters. Avon, Trent,  
 And Medway have bene heard. One Eminent  
 To cope with its devourer, and, perchance,  
 Poor Devia, fameles now, may yet Advance  
 Something to memorie, and create some new  
 Glorie vnto her Current ; knowne by fewe.  
 Soe to his native Mincius, Maro vowed  
 His Qvill, though by Imperiall Tiber wooed.

AMINTAS.

Too much to blame ; yet rather I'le perfwade,  
 Then chide from Error. Reason may invade 100  
 Where Pafsion moves not. Doe you thinke the low  
 Water which flides into the more fam'd Po,  
 Or Po it Selfe, had bene enough to reare  
 That verfe which pleaf'd the greateft Cæfar's Eare ?  
 That verfe which Tiber claimes, more glorious  
 Then Po, constellated ERIDANUS.  
 Verfes are Insects, which the common Sun  
 Makes craule or flutter ; but to move and run  
 On fteddie feet, needs a particular  
 Influence : for fuch, our feverall Poems are ; 110  
 Like nobler Creatures, from the Imperiall Eye  
 Witt takes a growth, and getts full wings to flye ;  
 Whilst grosfer heads bring forth their dunghill brood,  
 Vnform'd, to dye againe, in Earth and mud.  
 I wonder, Strephon, you, (who have a Mind  
 Able to manage all you have design'd ;

Who know Great Things, and may arrive at more  
 Then narrow Soules can fathome :) thus should Soare.  
 With Kites and lazie Puttocks ; when wee know  
 You have a wing of Strength, might toure into 120  
 The purest Region fancie breaths, and Scorene  
 These Shamble-feecking birds. Wee can but mourne,  
 Perswade, and pittye you. A man may speake  
 Stronge Reason to himfelfe, which seemes but weake  
 Where it should worke ; and fometimes it may fall,  
 Where wee intend not wee move most of All.  
 If what I spoke have moved ! if, what I meant  
 (For freinds, may often see a freind's intent,)  
 Were Love and Zeale, (to have my Strephon live  
 Worthy himfelfe, and his Endeavours give 130  
 A Sacrifise to Honour, or his Name  
 Stand to all Time, in an vnblemisht Fame,)  
 Hee will not blame Mee ; let me read Consent  
 To my perswasion, and thy owne Content.

## STREPHON.

Doe you ioyne these as one ? which I can never,  
 But like the Poles, at vtmost distance Sever.  
 If you perfwade to see the Court, the Towne ;  
 Feast me with nothing, garnisht with my owne  
 Content ; you say A word, and perhaps All  
 Your Selfe has found yet. Oh ! why should I fall 140  
 From the bright Region where I move and Live,  
 To any lower flight ? Court-glafses give

Falſe Light, and take the fooliſh bird (that dares  
 At painted Shadowes,) often vnawares.  
 The nobler Larke flyes high, himſelfe to veiwe  
 In the Ceſtiall Mirror, where all true  
 Reflections are. Amintas, 'twere as good  
 From fier, heat to fever, Life from blood,  
 As ioy to mee, from what my ſelfe propoſe ;  
 A private Countrie Life. I blame not thoſe 150  
 Who (more Ambitious) Citties doe frequent ;  
 Bee it their Ioy ; it were my puniſhment.  
 I rather here with Silvia chuſe to fitt,  
 And Sing of harmles Love and Sober witt ;  
 Of Innocence, of Truth, of Peace, or what  
 Calme fancie moves ; then chatter to the rate  
 Of my Lord's bountie ; wildlie ramping downe  
 Hideous Chimara's, to affright the moone.  
 Did not, of old, Great Orpheus and the reſt  
 Of Citie-builders love the Countrie beſt ? 160  
 Soe through all Times ; what is't they All admire ?  
 A mind and bodie found, in faſe retire.  
 'Tis true, there is noe ioy but to the Mind ;  
 You, yours in Citties ; I, mine here doe find.

## AMINTAS.

You are too bent, and I but pittie can  
 The Loſe of fuch a Mind, of fuch a Man ;  
 When happie Names ſhall fill the mouth of fame,  
 Noe breath ſhall move to thee ; but in thy name

Dye, like a thing vnborne ; thy verse may creepe  
 To Chimneyes, or watch-women till they sleepe ; 170  
 Or pleafe, when drinkings' done, the Countrie Squire ;  
 Who least can Iudge, though happilie Admire.  
 This be thy fate, though farre below thy verfe,  
 Meriting better Author, better Ears.  
 I could be Angry, but our freindship fhall  
 Not breake vpon the Circumstantiall  
 Ayre of opinion. Cast yet backe an Eye  
 Vnto the Cities full varietie ;  
 I pittie thy retire, and doubly greive,  
 That thou wilt here, and I must from thee Live. 180  
 I cannot move, fetteréd in the Eye  
 Of bright Vrbana's powerfull Maiestie.  
 Vrbana, She whose glories may envite  
 Monarchs to wooe, and everie mufe to write.

## STREPHON.

Such Splendor might Astonish my weake Sence ;  
 My Silvia pleases me ; her Innocence  
 Is all her praise. Alas ! She singlie fitts  
 Vpon some humble Hillocke, and there fitts  
 Grafse to her Strephon's browes ; and, to make fine,  
 Puts in a Dasie or an Eglantine ; 190  
 A Sprig of Mirtle, or, perhaps, a Rose,  
 On festivalls ; for wee observe still those :  
 Though daies with you are Equall. These, though poore,  
 Are high enough for him who feeks noe more.

My deare Amintas, doe not thinke the bright  
 Zenith of London carries onely Light.  
 Let Yorkshire have some ray from the great flame,  
 Which warms you there. What doe wee want to name,  
 That you abound with, needfull? Perhaps more  
 And better wee might bring, accounted poore. 200

## AMINTAS.

Noe longer, Strephon : I have heard too much,  
 And blame thee, partiall, to Compare or touch  
 Our Southerne Ayre with Yorkshire clouds. What heat,  
 But moves from vs to you? How weather-beat  
 Your meadowes are ! Your feilds halfe bare appeare ;  
 Your fruit-trees scarcelye bloome, when ours ripe here ;  
 Noe winter chills our Earth, when you lye bound  
 Vnder the frozen Circle, or elfe drown'd  
 In Swelling waters ; such as might perswade  
 A Second Deluge, 'gainst the promise made. 210

## STREPHON.

Well, 'tis enough ; yet looke vpon our feilds,  
 As faire as yours ; indeed our Season yeilds  
 To you somewhat in Time ; our loadned trees  
 Beare equall Burthens ; but noe more of these ;  
 These, the full hand of Providence has spread  
 Largelye to all the Ile. Yet, if I did  
 Waver in Choice, and tooke the whole Survey  
 Of North and South, noe Countrie everie way  
 More pleases me ; and I am glad you fall

To allow the Countrie pleafant is at all. 220  
 Amintas, 'tis ; (if humane nature can  
 Arrive at what may make a happie man)  
 The Summe of All ; to enioy, without feare,  
 What heaven layes out to blefe vs every yeare ;  
 In fuch abundance, fuch varietie,  
 That were wee Blind to it, the Motts would fee  
 To praife the giver ; were wee mute, the Stones  
 Would fing to him ; and All the Hills at once  
 Leape like yonge Kidds. What need wee witt or Skill,  
 When thefe informe our brains, and leade our Qvill, 230  
 Beyond all Conversation? *Men and Bookes*  
*But trouble Him who at the Creature lookes.*

## AMINTAS.

'Tis a new doctrine, and perhaps may found  
 Well to your Selfe ; but fhall wee then be bound  
 To frustrate Providence? Who made man fitt,  
 Communicative ; not like owles, to fitt  
 And pore out day-light, in a filent Mufe ;  
 They fee the Creature, and their organs vfe  
 To praife this maker ; and they know the end  
 Of Nature, in themfelves ; and may extend 240  
 Further then our Philosophie allowes,  
 In Contemplation ; for, Alas ! who knowes?  
 The Age is full of new ; and to contend,  
 In this, what boot, when Strephon is my freind?  
 And being fix'd, I will not now dehort  
 Thy fetled Mind ; but must be forrie for't.

Mayest thou enioy thy Thoughts ; fecure and free,  
 Silvia ; and if noe trouble, thinke of mee.  
 Soe freinds may Live together, whilst I beare  
 Thy memorie, and Mufes equall Deare. 250

STREPHON.

Dearest Amintas, be thou happie in  
 Vrbana<sup>e</sup>s Love, whilst Silvia is mine ;  
 And when Vrbana shines in all her State,  
 Prize not my Silvia at an vnder-rate  
 Oh doe not thinke but She may be as faire,  
 In nature's bounties, with vnborrowed haire ;  
 As wife, as happie, in an innocent Heart,  
 As thine with all the Complements of Art.  
 Wee, in our Selves, are Happie ; Fate shall be  
 Emulous of our Ioy ; and when you see, 260  
 From the scorch't South, our pleasures ; then yow'l say  
 Noe Life to this, noe Paire foe blest as They.

AMINTAS.

May it be foe ; whilst in Vrbana<sup>e</sup>s Lap  
 I sing of thee ; and let no hower escape  
 To gratulate thy Ioye ; which to my owne  
 I shall prefer. Farewell : let me be knowne  
 Worthy thy Verse ; and sometimes daigne a Line  
 To thy Amintas : Farewell.—

STREPHON.

What of mine  
 Is worthy to record a Freind foe Deare ? 270



Soe much himfelfe, yet to his Freind foe neare.  
 Wee will not be devided ; once again,  
 Let me hope, oft weele meet ; and entertaine  
 Our Selves with what wee fancy, to the full  
 Of all our Thought. Farewell : if I be dull  
 'Tis to leave thee. To thy Vrbana goe,  
 Whilst I, with Silvia, my Time bestow.  
 Maiest thou be happie ever ; may what all  
 Good wifhes tend to, in thy bofome fall :  
 At thy loved London, may thy Ashes lye ;  
 In Yorkeshire may I Live, in Yorkeshire Dye.

280

## THE SONGE.

*Happie the Life of Sheapheard Swaine,  
 Who lives in All contented ;  
 With his lov'd Phere, a vertuous Dame,  
 From Scorne and Pride exempted.*

*She spinns him rufset for his weare,  
 Whilst Hee, on downes is finging ;  
 'Neath Mirtle Shade, by River cleare,  
 The Eccho sweetlie ringing.*

*Here, Cutt his Dog, vpon a Hill,  
 Brings in the Sheepe that Straye ;  
 And with his Eye or hand, at will,  
 The Curre doth him obeye.*

*The Muses are his constant freinds,  
And Hee, doth sweetlie vse them,  
To his Delight, noe second End ;  
His thoughts dare not abuse them.*

*Thus all the Day, he spends his Time,  
Amongst his Equall Swains ;  
Where Consort Sweet, they keep in Rhime,  
And intermingle Strains.*

*At Even-tide, he homeward wends,  
And finds a loveing Wife ;  
Most-equall-loveing-happie Freinds ;  
Which crowns the Shepheard's Life.*

*Happie in All, poore Shepherds are ;  
At home, they Quiet sleepe ;  
Abroad, they know nor Court nor Care ;  
But Love and tend their Sheepe.*

*Thus doe they Live, thus doe they dye,  
Belov'd of all their Peers ;  
Who pay their last rites, Elegie,  
In their vnfaigned Tears.*

*Their Corps are Covered with green Peats,  
The place full sett with flowers ;  
And then have Shepherds equall Seats,  
With Kings and Emperours.*

**The End.**



## An Eclogue :

Spoken by *Mælibeus* and *Dorilus*.

*Pastorem pingves*

*Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere Carmen.*

MELIBEUS.

THE North lookes grisly blacke ; our Ewes new-Shorne,  
 Hast to the Covert of yond' thick-set Thorne ;  
 Presage of Storme : goe wee, while angrie clouds  
 Threaten our flocks, into the well-made Shrouds  
 Of the neare Grove. Lambs, fooner wise then wee,  
 Have got the Hedge, and now stand Weather-free.

DORILUS.

Poore Innocents ! who take noe further Care  
 Then to prevent distemperatures of Ayre ;  
 Happie beyond our Envie ; I have oft,  
 Deare Melibæus, in a ferious thought,  
 Bene pleaf'd to fee our flocks, how gladlie they  
 Live in their Nature, pleaf'd (as wee may fay)  
 With Providence ; and les son to vs men,  
 In their faint bleatings, precepts, which the pen

Of Schooles is not foe cleare in. I can fee  
 More resignation, more humilitie,  
 In this poore Lambe, and practise by Him, farre  
 Beyond the highest Lectures that I heare.

MELIBEUS.

Ah Dorilus ! 'tis Soe : our retchles Swains  
 Are idle All, and have Lethargicke Brains ; 20  
 Nature inverted, Starts to fee the Change ;  
 And man the onlie Ideot, in a Strange  
 Posture of Dreaming. Whether tends this dull  
 Stupiditie vnto ? May wee not pull  
 The Syllie-Hoe (which binds vp our best Eye  
 From its deare obiect of Tranquillitye)  
 Away ? but tarrie Infants, in the wombe  
 Of Ignorance, till it become our Tombe ?

DORILUS.

Men are but Children ever ; what wee know,  
 Or what wee fay wee know, wee doe not Soe ; 30  
 Wee may intend at Something, and arrive  
 In Ken of the faire Port at which wee drive ;  
 But there the Sands immure vs. If wee seeke  
 By force to tugge her in, wee either leake,  
 (Fraile vefsels can noe more) or hemm'd about,  
 Wee're lost ; not to get in, nor can get out.

MELIBEUS.

Wee seeke Destruction with a willing hast,  
 And boast to be vndone. How madlie fast

---

Wee run into Selfe-ruine ! All our Pride  
 Is to out-foole our Selves ! Some few are tyed 40  
 To the dull precepts of Antiquitie ;  
 I call 'em dull, as dull to them who see  
 Not to the force, but trifle in the word ;  
 Which to the height they tend to but afford,  
 A Glimpse of Light. Hee in a mist doth stray  
 To Knowledge, who by words would find his way.  
 Yet Somewhat must be Spoke ; and much is said,  
 By which the riper Intellect is made  
 Able to know its obiect by the Sight ;  
 This but to few, though All pretend to Light. 50  
 And bad men, in our bold Age, now dare boast  
 New knowledges to vs ; and bring the lost  
 Exploded errors of all former Ages,  
 Iustified, to the world, in their full Pages.  
 Now, nothing from the peafant Groome is heard,  
 But Subtle Doubts, & Selfe-fprung doctrines rear'd.  
 Who has not heard lewd Blotos in a fitt,  
 Defame All wee thinke Truth ? And make it witt  
 To laugh things Sacred into all Contempt ;  
 Not ev<sup>n</sup> Divinitie itselſe exempt. 60  
 Vnheard of Arrogance, to question All  
 Wee move by, from our Earth's originall.  
 The ranke Impieties of mortalls rise  
 From burning Entrails, fulphurous Blasphemies ;  
 And to convince themselves they ever beare  
 Their Hell with them, which they seem not to feare.

Oh ! the Anxietie of fuch a Soule !  
 Beleive it, Dorilus, the Furies houle  
 Still in that Bosome ; all imagin'd fears  
 And reall feinds, vnto that Eye appears ; 70  
 And though Hee (blushles false) feeme to perswade  
 Nothing of Heaven or Hell, his Thoughts invade ;  
 Hee dare doe All, or neglect, as he List,  
 Pietie or Profanenefs ; and perfist  
 Incorrigeble ; Laugh at all beside,  
 The follie of the world ; and his owne pride,  
 Is Reason ; Reason, God ; Or what wee call  
 Divinitie ; and Hee to Himfelfe is All.  
 I tremble to repeat it ; yet I've knowne  
 Him Stupid in his fears, and oft, alone, 80  
 Afrighted Start, and Stare, and broken Speake  
 To the darke Goblins his owne fancies make ;  
 Yet still impenitent, had rather dye  
 Rack'd by his fears and foule impietie,  
 Then feeme to retract any of his will ;  
 Obstinate Miscreant to his Error still.  
 Thefe, the Contagion, not of families,  
 But Commonwealths, and humane Policies ;  
 What Thought abhors not ? Hammers to beat downe  
 All bonds of Peace, of Love, Religion. 90

DORILUS.

Thefe, Melibæus, now foe frequent are,  
 Hee fitts a Dizzard to the world that dare

Not impious be, and with a faucy taunt  
 Affront Divinitie ; as 't wer a want  
 Of witt or Courage, not to be profane.  
 Man should dare anything ; Shall the inane  
 Terrors of Death and Hell, the forged dreame  
 Of Heaven, be made a bridle vnto them ?  
 I cannot, dare not, Speake, what even this Eare,  
 From fuch foule Mouths, has gvilty bene to heare. 100  
 Sence pleafing fallacies ! But wherefore should  
 Wee wander in thefe waies ? Vnles wee could  
 Reduce them stray'd ; a Thing in vaine to trye :  
 Leave we to fpeake what None can remedie.

## MELIBEUS.

Leave wee't to Him who made and can restore  
 All Hearts ; Him, th' only Maker, to Adore.  
 That obiect only worthy our desires,  
 To whom noe Thought can reach ; nor the Enquires  
 Of humane Industrie can ever gaine ;  
 Leave it to Him. It fitts the humble Swaine 110  
 Better to fee himfelfe, or Sing his owne  
 Notion of things, or ravill out th' vnknowne  
 Series of naturall Caufes ; and be free  
 With fellow-Creatures. Here, can nothing be  
 Obstructive to our faith ; and if wee mifse,  
 'Tis but in Iudgment, which no Error is.

## DORILUS.

That, wee can scarce Allow ; though it may hitt,  
 Perhaps, with fome new Meta-phificke witt.

Philosophie and Reason have their Sphoere,  
 Though in a lower orbe, and Truth is there. 120  
 A firme and fetled Being doth not move  
 Or floate with humane fancies, as they rove ;  
 Some thing is Truth ; and though the diverse head  
 Of man, from One, has manie seeming made ;  
 Wee may not grant ; for then, might everie braine  
 Boast its validitie, though nere foe vaine ;  
 And thofe strange Pseudo-doxal fancies be  
 Which Maladolon gives Philosophie.  
 Thinke not, by this, I to old principles  
 Am meerly tyed, and blow away what elfe, 130  
 By latter Qvills, has worthilie bene taught.  
 Where pregnant proofes and Reasons have bene brought,  
 To vindicate their Teachings, there I'me free,  
 And at my owne Election left to be ;  
 Though 'twere a Thesis by the Stagerite  
 Left as inviolable. If I might  
 Put in my humble Iudgment, to the high  
 Flyings of others in Philosophie ;  
 And give my Approbation, (though alas  
 I know foe little, yet all Praise will pafs). 140  
 Lately, a noble Shepheard made appeare  
 Philosophie, in Garments fitt to weare ;  
 Which I admire, and truelie must allow  
 It weight and Current ; though, perhaps, I know,  
 The Schooles, and Some who would Schoole-learning vant,  
 Explode it, falfe, defective, Arrogant.  
 Truly, with thofe Heads fhall I never ioyne ;



But kisse that honoréd Hand, in everie Line  
 Of his elaborate Treatise, and confesse  
 Hee has taught more to me, then I could gvese 150  
 By all I knew before——

MELIBEUS.

that learned Knight  
 Has left a worke of price, worthy the Spight  
 Of such an Ignorance as vnderooke  
 To cavill it, and the most worthy Booke  
 Now extant ; where, me thinks, I read againe  
 Man from his Principles, to perfect Man.  
 But let such Impudence difcover what  
 Malice would doe, if 'twere within his fate ;  
 A Qvill foe low, foe yet vndipt, to cope 160  
 With these well-mention'd worthy. What mad Hope  
 Could foe encourage Him ! Ill may his Inke  
 Run, to revile him. I dare hardlie thinke  
 Madnes it selfe could hope to merit fame  
 From such light Pasquills ; if not with the name  
 Of his great opposites Hee thought to find  
 Some foon-caught Reader, for their Sakes, foe kind.

DORILUS.

You can be bitter ; as indeed, I blame  
 Not much your Zeale to vindicate the name  
 Of honour, from the Envious breath of those 170  
 Who detract Truth, and run with Saucie Nose  
 To everie neighbour feast ; and gather All

The Quelq-chose or the Scraps, which are let fall  
 Perhaps to that End. Give the Curre a bit  
 Or bone, to stay his Canine Appetite.  
 But, Melibæus, Some, who would appeare  
 Sober and Solid, iudge that Booke, I heare,  
 And pafse it, in a Character, which founds  
 Frightfull to Sence ; and weaker Iudgment wounds.

## MELIBEUS.

Some, who put on grave Browes, have shallow Brains ; 180  
 Whose face, their Stocke of wifedome still maintains.  
 These are Austere, and put a fullen brow  
 Of Censure to all freedome they not know ;  
 Seeme startled (they confin'd) at fuller ayres,  
 Which from Enlargéd Minds exprefion bears :  
 Where, to name Providence, were to denie  
 Our faith, and raife some heathen Deitie.  
 Though higher Soules, full with Cœlestiall fruits,  
 See God and know Him by his Attributes.  
 Love, Peace, Truth, Light, and Fire ; (exprefions, which 190  
 Hee daigns ;) to them, founds nothing but an itch  
 And levitie in words ; weake Soules may feare ;  
 And 'tis a vertue, in them, to forbear.  
 Though, doubtles, Some minds may expatiate  
 With as much Innocence, to all the height  
 Their Notions are made Capable : they, free  
 In their owne Thoughts, may vse this Libertie.  
 For still shall Man be foole ? or foe much Slave  
 To words ? whose worth or weight, (if ought they have)

Hee gives ; and may not Hee vse to his owne                    200  
 Idea, the most apt exprefsion?  
 Some words are flat and low, and halt to bring  
 Forth great intentions ; want the relifhing  
 Which fluent Qvills and full Thoughts ever give ;  
 Somewhat beyond the words, which makes 'em Live.

## DORILUS.

And in that Hee is Happie ; all his Sence  
 Soe poinant is, foe vnstrain'd his Eloquence,  
 Hee steales vpon the Soule, and appts the Mind  
 To all the Proiect which he has design'd ;  
 His words are foe Himfelfe ; so everie man                    210  
 That will but speake Himfelfe ; as nothing can  
 Be clearer to an Eye not meerlie led  
 By its owne Meteors. Let the swiming Head  
 Floate in a Sea of Phlegme, whilst Knowledge towers,  
 With wings vncurb'd, to ioyne with its great Source ;  
 There lives a flame combin'd, never to fall,  
 Made one, whence first it had originall.  
 How diversly the mind of Man may frame  
 Its owne Beatitude, vnder the Name  
 Of Knowledge ! Each, within himfelfe possest,                    220  
 Hee has the ray, still liveing in his brest.  
 And fure Each has Enough to his owne End ;  
 What Providence did equallie intend,  
 Nature, ill organized, may faile to spread ;  
 Or parts, by Accident enfeebled,  
 May hinder it, to the exterior Sence :

But in its Light, its Seat of Excellence,  
 The Soule is cleare and perfect ; when wee shall  
 Move Intellects meere in-organicall.

MELIBEUS.

What Strange wild Paradoxes, humane Witt 230  
 Oft teem's with ! and dare boldlie vtter it,  
 Strong Reason ! Doe you thinke that all Soules be  
 Equall in their first Cause ? or Equallie  
 Move to the End ? Are vefsels of one Size,  
 Or in proportion ? or in dignities ?  
 And but the interposure of our flesh,  
 Doth difference, to make it more or lesse,  
 Active or cleare ? Pardon, if I dissent,  
 Or if I say 'tis not yet evident,  
 This Same-proportion ; though the Arteries, 240  
 And organized flesh may faculties  
 Perhaps obstruct ; or sometimes mure the way,  
 Where Reafon should make Sallye. But you fay  
 All minds are forméd Equall, and that All  
 Shall equall move, One with th' originall.  
 I doe beleive and know the flesh a weight ;  
 And duller organs hinder the great flight  
 Our vnderstanding tends to, that Wee now  
 Not apprehend the least, what wee shall know.  
 And ev'n that Mind which wee see drench't in mire, 250  
 Shall looke at Glorie, freed from its attire  
 Of Earth ; but with a differencéd Light  
 To thofe, who liveing faw that flame more bright.

Elfe, to the Ideot better portion falls  
 Then to the wife ; and what all Wifedome calls  
 A Blefsing, is not foe ; but foe much worfe ;  
 A Torture, a Disease, perhaps a Curse.

## DORILUS.

I cannot yet retract : my Reason must  
 Vse her owne wing, in this, rather then trust  
 The borrowed feathers from another's braine ;                   260  
 And what I have said once, must speake againe.  
 Soules equall are, and Equallye doe move,  
 In Glorie, to the height of Knowledge, Love.  
 This, if it be a Paradox to you,  
 I blame not ; to my Iudgment it founds true ;  
 And truelie, could wee speake our owne thoughts cleare,  
 Or make full-form'd Conceptions appeare  
 To others in the Light to vs they Stand,  
 Wee should not differ ; for wee vnderstand  
 Things now by halfes, and hardlie see the End                   270  
 Propos'd, or whether the Discourses tend ;  
 Things in their Causes hid, and fet beyond  
 The vtmost fathome of the extended Mind ;  
 Noe wonder if in words they darke appeare,  
 Hard to Another's Intellect and Eare.  
 For, what wee know and See, what Sence perfwades  
 Is not well ever told ; how lefse, the Shades  
 Of our Imaginations fett to veiwe ?  
 How least, of faith ? which noe man ever knew,  
 Or could display, beyond the fixed Light                   280

Resident in him ; to informe his Spright.  
 The brightest Notions which our Reason heav's  
 From Fancie's hindge, imperfectlie wee leave  
 To the then forme of words ; the beautie rests  
 Still hid, perhaps ; but what, to our owne breasts  
 Was borne within vs, pleafes still the mind ;  
 Though hearers nought of Satisfaction find.  
 But, Melibæus, fee, the Storme is ore,  
 Our flocks now fall to feeding, as before ;  
 Ceafe wee of this, till further time ; and keepe 290  
 Committed trust ; Love wee, and tend our Sheepe.

## MELIBEUS.

The great Cloud breaks, and Titan, with his ray  
 Obliquelie glanc'd, seems to revive the day ;  
 A merrie wind whistles through all the Grove,  
 And clears the Ayre ; the welkin Smiles above ;  
 Our glad flocks Spread the Hill ; the Lambs, made bold  
 In warmer Ayre, forget the Storme and Cold.

## DORILUS.

Then goe wee to the Hill, and lead 'em out  
 To fresher Herbage, ere the evening Shutt :  
 The Sun declines, to lave his fierie Carr 300  
 In westerne Seas, and roufe the Evening Starr.  
 Shepheard, applie thy Pipe, whilst Sober Layes  
 Begvile our Steps, in thefe oft-trodden waies.

## THE SONGE.

*Welcome to Shepherds, Shades of night ;  
As welcome as the more-prais'd Light ;  
And thou pale Taper, whose weake ray  
Calme thoughts delight in, more then day ;  
Now Sober fancie takes her flight,  
Welcome to Shepherds, Shades of night.*

*Drye braines burne out the glorious Day,  
In weake and emptie fumes away ;  
But high and Contemplative Soules  
Can find a Light beneath the Poles ;  
And with firme feathers rise to see  
That Light which makes the Sun to bee.*

*Day is not cleare nor Night obscure,  
But to the Mind, bright or impure ;  
They raise but Shadowes of distrust  
To guilty thoughts of fears vniust ;  
Innocence safely treads her way,  
In blackest night as brightest Day.*

The End.

## An Ecloge :

Spoken by *Halon* and *Eudæmon*.

Tibb : 2 lib : *At madidus Baccho sua festa Palilia pastor*  
Eleg : 5 : 100. li. *Concinet.*

HALON.

THE rageing wolfe, which made our flocks his Prey,  
Hath bled his Last ; Eudæmon, yesterday  
Five iolly Swains, with dogs to that End bred,  
Hunted him ore the Hills, with eager Speed ;  
Though Long, at last he fell ; noe longer wee  
Need feare our foldes should broke or frighted bee.

EUDEMON.

Ill fitts that word the mouth of any Swaine ;  
Are wee secure because the wolfe is Slaine ?  
There may be moe ; or were there none but Hee,  
What Spell have wee from foxes to be free ?  
Are not our Lambs to Badgers yet a prey,  
Perhaps were we but Absent halfe a day ?  
Noe, Halon, were these all remov'd, the Swaine  
That loves his flocke doth still his care retaine.

10

HALON.

'Tis an vnneccessarie precept, wee  
Derive from worne Leavs of Antiquitie ;



---

But wifer Shepherds now have better Taught ;  
 Danger remov<sup>d</sup>, why should wee care for Naught ?  
 Wee loofe our Selves in a perpetuall Toyle,  
 And are made Slaves to what's not worth the while. 20

EUDEMON,

Fye, Halon, doe not fay foe ; if you knew  
 The value of your Chardge, or had the true  
 Vsing of flockes, which everie Shepheard ought ;  
 It were a Care, ev<sup>n</sup> worthy all your Thought.  
 But (ah) the Libertie of this leud Age  
 Spreads as a deluge, even to engage  
 All in the Gulph ; and newer pleasures now  
 Shepherds enthrall, which Shepherds did not know.  
 The Simple Merrie-make of older Swains  
 Was Innocent, and rurall Entertains 30  
 Had noe ill-meanings. Halon, I have bene  
 In either Age, and both their Customes feene.

HALON.

Eudæmon, noe ; your Age of lefse then mine  
 May fpeake, for time ; and may my best Ramme pine,  
 If ere I knew it otherwife then now,  
 Good frolicke Sportings vs<sup>d</sup> ; alas, I know  
 Our carefull Sires would tell a Time of old,  
 When all was good ; fuch as Eudæmon would  
 Now fancie to himfelfe ; but, Swaine, I know  
 Thow think'st the times were ever as they're now. 40

EUDEMON.

Indeed ! I thinke our fancies doe gvild ore,

Somewhat, the face of Ages gon before ;  
 But certaine, Halon, better then wee now  
 Live in to fee, your felfe and I did know.

HALON.

To me, 'twas ever thus ; but I not came  
 To talke of Times or Customes ; they're the Same.  
 My errand was my first ; tomorrow fhall  
 A day of Mirth be kept. Eudæmon, All  
 Expect your Companie ; the rest did make  
 Mee now their Mefsenger, to come and Speake. 50

EUDEMON.

Though, Halon, noe man then my Selfe, more Ioyes  
 At others Happines, or in this prize,  
 The luckie Swains brought home ; I must refufe  
 To meet, to-morrow : Carrie my Excufe.

HALON.

Excufe you ! now I doubt ther's fomthing more  
 Troubles Eudæmon, then I thought before.  
 Are wee not All Concern'd? You must appeare ;  
 You will be thought on stranglie, if not there.

EUDEMON.

Noe : they will pardon it.—

HALON.

Noe pardon can 60  
 Fall vnto fuch a Crime. Eudæmon, man,  
 Whither away ! How art thou dully Lost  
 From thy once Selfe, and what thou lovedst most?

Not meet ! Wee must be merry ; Cups shall Crowne  
 Our Ioyes, and make the Conquest full our owne.  
 'Tis not a Life, our Dayes wee but vntwine ;  
 Save Time a Labour, and our Genius pine  
 In Silent Musings, to noe good, which wee  
 Our Selves intend, or other Men can See.  
 Societie ! the Best of All, our Boast ; 70  
 Without which, Life it Selfe were not ill-Lost.  
 What need I more perswade ? To Him who once  
 Could bring a Thousand motives to advance  
 Designes of Drinking ; which, forsooth wee Name  
 Modestlie, meetings. Fye vpon this Shame !

## EUDEMON.

Why, Halon, thou art almost rapt to thinke  
 Of this great meeting. Let them goe to drinke,  
 Whose Last night's Surfet call fresh Cups, t' allay  
 The Stomacke-Stretchings of the former Day ;  
 I am resolv'd : for, Halon, I have feene 80  
 Enough of Madnes ; and too often bene  
 A franticke Actor in the foolish rites  
 Of bloat-fac'd Bacchus ; now noe more delights  
 But Tortures to my Thought ; to see how deepe  
 My better part was shrunke into the heape  
 Of follie and forgetfullnes.—

## HALON.

—And now  
 A Satire feirce ! How long ? I prithee, how

---

Many, or dayes or howres ? For weekes ! who can  
 (That has a Throat,) one Single weeke abstaine ? 90  
 How long hast thou pin'd in this dolefull plight  
 Of Sobernes ? Or how long shall wee see't  
 Continue ? Dearest, tell me, some fond vow !  
 And limited, I warrent ! Faith say how.

EUDCEMON.

Noe vow it is, nor yet a vulgar Tye,  
 Made ore a Pofset, for the Maladie  
 Of many Cups ; nor a Conversion, made  
 From Crop-Sicke Qvalms or Giddines of Head ;  
 But a well-made Resolve ; which Dayes nor Howers,  
 (But Time alone when Hee my Selfe devours) 100  
 Shall ever forfeit. Prithee, Halon, tell  
 The ioy thou takest (for thou lovest Drinking well)  
 In the strange Swilling of vnumbred Cups ?  
 By whole-Sale Flaggons, or retailing Supps !  
 What is the End to which your proiects drive ?  
 To make you Longer, Merrier, Better Live ?  
 For one or All of these I cannot see  
 (Soe fordid now doth it appeare to me,)  
 What any man can Say ; I have forgot  
 What 't was my Selfe would Say, when I, a Sott, 110  
 Durst vindicate my ill-spent howers ; or please  
 My fancy in such franticke mirths as these.

HALON.

Holla, Eudcemon ! Yet I hope to see

Your reconversion for Cup-Libertie ;  
 Which I prefer as Conscience ; and had rather  
 Then feale vp Lips, they'd Sowe my Soule together.  
 I recke not what they make of forme or faith ;  
 Nor would I be a Martir, vnles death  
 Were to be drunke ; in that, let Law be free,  
 And make Religion what they list, for mee.

120

## EUDCEMON.

Indeed, such expectations, such desires  
 May fitlie suite ; how happie are the fires  
 Which Sober Fancie kindles in y<sup>e</sup> Mind !  
 How strange these Fumes appeare ! of wine and wind !

## HALON.

Yet, let my little Reason,—for in troth  
 I doe not boast of much ; I should be loath  
 To vse it, if I had, as words, ill Spent  
 T' enforce this All-convincing Argument :  
 Let me, (I say) perswade a little ; once  
 Pledge a full Glasse ; suppose it may advance  
 The Health of him wee honour ; to denie  
 Such a Request were want of Loyaltie ;  
 To morrow, This the widest Goblet swells ;  
 Such as refuse it, meerlie Infidells,  
 Can hardlie hope Salvation ; not vnlesse  
 They fill three bigger, and their Zeale exprefse  
 To Mirabella ; or, with bended knee,  
 Swoope of a vefsel bigger then all three.

130

To our bright Hopes, the rising Shepherd's Starre,  
 What Loyall Heart can drinking these forbear? 140  
 And here the frolicke seems but to begin ;  
 Our Mistresses are call'd, and they come in ;  
 Number the letters in her name, by Boules ;  
 Old Martial lives againe ; Wee have our rules,  
 And keepe a due Decorum ; firéd thus,  
 Each Brain becomes his proper Pegasus.

## EUDÆMON.

Poor Halon, how I pittie thee ; and then,  
 Your reeling God is Chariot-drawne, by Men  
 Transform'd to Tigers, and to Panthers ; bruit,  
 As ounce, or Pard' ; and well the Chariot Suit. 150  
 The Women in the house, (for women must  
 Still close the Draught ; wine ever ends in Lust,)  
 Like yauling Mœnades, their Ioo's fend  
 To the full-fraught, lest drinking there should End.  
 There my once fung Nicotiana keeps  
 Still the hearth warme, till panch-swolne Bromius sleeps ;  
 And her Health-giveing odours madlie wasts,  
 To scalded palats, who have lost their tasts.  
 Iocosa there, the light-heel'd giddie Dame,  
 Must be another, or your mirth were Lame. 160  
 Poore drenched, drowned Soules ; hardly to hope  
 That Eye (drinke-cloféd still) can ever ope.  
 Have you said All, Halon ? or you intend  
 Another Panegyricke ? I attend ;

For Since I was my selfe, I dare let out  
My Ears to any thinge, yet keepe my Thought.

## HALON.

Eudæmon, you mistake ; the frantick rites  
Of Bacchus were foe kept, in the dull nights  
Of Ignorance ; but drinking now, improv'd,  
Is growne an Art : and orgies, which behoov'd 170  
A Thing foe necesarie, added are ;  
The old Abolisht and the new made cleare.  
Fitt Ceremonies vfed, of Cap & knee,  
That drinking now devotion seems to be ;  
Whilst (a new rite) Nicotiana's bound,  
From purgéd Censers, to throw incense round ;  
Spreading her roabes, like many-folded Skyes,  
Whilst all men busie are to sacrifize  
Vnto the Ivie-crown'd ; and wishes breath  
Vpon his Altars, to bring Life or Death ; 180  
Courage and Witt, inspir'd by hidden means,  
From his bright Flame, the Head and Heart attains.  
Nothing foe difficult, or foe abstruse  
Can be to Man, but easie is to vs ;  
And all the Subtle Knotts, which crabbéd Heads  
Have twist, fall loofe before vs into threds ;  
The Heavens make all things hard to thirsty Soules,  
And only wine, encroaching Care controules.

## EUDÆMON.

Soe the mad Roman, who to make more fine  
His Platan Trees, drencht them in Shewers of wine ; 190

Or as the late-past Summer, whose exceſſe  
 Of wett ruin'd thoſe fruits calme deawes refresh ;  
 You foake your foules, and by too large a flood,  
 Thiſtles and weeds grow, where the corne had Stood.  
 I will not ſay but wine may ſometimes adde  
 Vnto the Genius of a Sober Head,  
 In Cups not lavifh, by the well-made vſe  
 Of Creatures, to that End, beſtowed on vs ;  
 Yet would you ſay? for I dare ſafely heare  
 All you can Adde of frenzy to this Eare ; 200  
 Vnmoved, I fitt happie now, to fee  
 My freedome to my fore-paſt vanitie ;  
 Now, now I move ; as whilome, in the bud  
 Of Innocence ; and glide vpon the Flood  
 Of Life, with Pleaſure ; noe rude Stormes affright  
 My new-rigg'd veſſel ; noe diſtemper'd night  
 Now tears my brains ; noe morning penitence  
 Belches the folly of my laſt offence ;  
 But when the morning Spreads her dewey wings,  
 My Larke dare riſe, to pay her offerings ; 210  
 For now I live, to vſe my ſelfe, and find  
 My Conſtitution to Health inclin'd ;  
 A conſtant Temper dwells within my blood,  
 And I am all my owne, beyond the woo'd  
 Temptations you can bring ; I now, poſſeſt  
 With calme Thoughts, boldly open all my breſt :  
 What hinders Sober man to ſpeake his heart ?  
 And even the Secrets of his Soule, impart ?  
 But drunkards, certaine none dare impious be ;



They fatt themselves in their impietie, 220  
 And dare with horrid Arrogance pronounce  
 The glorie of their Sin ; not wicked once,  
 But leudlie boasting it from time to time,  
 Make ev<sup>n</sup> their Many, one-continued Crime.  
 I have bene gviltye, and he lives not free,  
 Who fold to his owne Lust and Infamie,  
 Dare goe a little further ; ev<sup>n</sup> from thence  
 Cups come to Custome ; Custome, Impudence.  
 Let me abhorre the Stupor of this Sin ;  
 Which were enough, if nothing else came in, 230  
 To make it hated to a Soule that loves  
 Its owne felicitie, a mind that moves,  
 Worthy of its Creation, in the Light  
 Of Sober Reason, not bruit Appetite.

## HALON.

These two, to me are one, or interchang'd,  
 Either is other ; by the fancie rang'd  
 To the proportion and worth they feeme  
 To carry, in our varied esteeme.  
 What you in me call Appetite, Desire,  
 Is all my Reason ; I see nothing higher ; 240  
 That I submit to as my gviding Light,  
 And call it Reason, you call Appetite.  
 Whether shall wee appeale ? the Iudgment binds  
 But from the Selfe-Tribunall of our Minds.

## EUDEMOMON.

Such Taverne-teachings pleafe the wine-sprung mind

And giddie fancie roves about, to find  
 Excuses and evasions, to secure  
 Our dearling faults, though never foe impure.  
 What profuse wast and profane wishes rend  
 Immortall Ears ! and sober minds offend 250  
 In lavish Cups ! noe memorie retaining  
 Of what wee are ; or ought of man remaining ;  
 The Soule surpris'd in all its faculties ;  
 Iudgment is Error ; Witt, Velleities ;  
 The vnderstanding, nothing but a Thin  
 Shadow of what wee once were happie in ;  
 All the prærogative which Nature gave  
 Is swallowed in a Hogshead, now the grave  
 Of that immortall fire, which might be knowne  
 A Light to all the world, if kept our owne. 260

## HALON.

Eudæmon, still you measure by the Square  
 Of your owne fancie, and in Small-beer ayre  
 Flutter with feeble wings ; for who will thinke  
 You can be witty, that have left to drinke ?  
 Bacchus, the great inspirer of our Soules  
 Has thus decreed All Water-Drinkers fooles.  
 'Tis wine, the Ioy of Life, the Strength of witt,  
 The fire of fancie, Edge of all Concept ;  
 And Hypocrene it Selfe is but a Tale  
 To countenance dull Soules who drinke not Ale ; 270  
 Our Brittish Bacchus ; the true fountaine which  
 The Muses Love, and makes the fancie rich,

The Horse-hoofe never raif'd ; but humane heeles  
 Make spring, when full-Swolne grapes their burthen feele ;  
 Here will I sip, and to the Sacred Hest  
 Of Bacchus, offer with a gratefull brest,  
 The Tribute due ; for All I have or know,  
 Or can desire, from his bright fountains flow.

## EUDÆMON.

Dulnes it felfe might now aſhaméd fitt,  
 To vtter fuch a follie ; and is witt 280  
 Then drawne from Spiggots ? or the Sacred flame  
 Of Rapture, fet a Candle, to the Steame  
 Of drinke-waſht tables. Let me rather pine  
 Witles and water-drinking, then love wine,  
 To make me feeme what I know I am leſt,  
 A Witt. Oh, heaven ! how happie doe I reſt,  
 Free from the Clamour or Applauſe of fuch,  
 Who cannot praife Witt, and yet praife too much.  
 What things paſſe there for Witt ! Scurrilitie  
 Runs there ; the Mirth and Ieſt, Impietie ; 290  
 Such heats I envie not. My water ſtill  
 Affords me Health, and gives a readie Qvill  
 To vtter my free thoughts ; though meanly clad,  
 My Genius ſuits ; to which wine cannot Adde.

## HALON.

Eudæmon, theſe faint pleaſures cannot fire,  
 My Sangvine inclinations to deſire  
 The happines you ſpeake on. I almoſt  
 Miſknow my felfe, to ſee how thou art loſt.

May not a Beard appeare but still to preach ?  
 I Apprehend it now, thou hopest to hatch 300  
 The goodlie Egge of Temperance, within  
 The full growne feathers of thy Cheekes and Chin ;  
 And it may prove a Chicke worth all thy Care.  
 Keepe thy selfe warme with holines and Haire ;  
 I know a fitter raiment to my backe ;  
 The Misterie of all-Sufficing Sacke.

## EUDEMON.

Soe please thy follie-drenchéd Soule, to fitt  
 In drinke still warme, and never-wanting witt ;  
 Nurse there a Sacke-sprung Basiliske, to flay  
 The foole which foster'd it, another day ; 310  
 Then, all too late, the Ideot sees, his owne  
 Glorie, his Shame ; his Ioy, destruction.  
 But trulie, Halon, if a Serious heart  
 Be worthy to advife, in time depart  
 From the bewitching Sottishnes of Sin.  
 That Follie, of the rest, if words might win  
 I could perswade ; or if example might  
 Informe another, I have done thee right.

## HALON.

Dost hope I may be recreant to my first  
 Dear principle of Drinking ? I was nurst, 320  
 I thinke, begot, with wine ; on Nisa bred,  
 And with the noble Bacchus fosteréd ;  
 Shall I then be Apostata to all  
 My Education ? Or the naturall

Instincts still pressing? 'Tis a good dull way  
 The posture you are in ; but never may  
 I live to tread it. 'Twas an ill begun  
 Discourse of ours ; for neither yet has won  
 Vpon the other ; though I am afraid  
 Were not tomorrow next, thy words have made 330  
 Some fond Impression. Deare Eudæmon, see,  
 The Sun growes low ; let not my coming be  
 Meerlie in vaine ; to morrow you will meet ;  
 And then thy Power, oh Bacchus ! Let me see 't.

EUDEMON.

Say to the Swains, Eudæmon is become  
 Himselfe againe ; and means to stay at home ;  
 Not Envie to the glorie of the preye,  
 But stricter Resolutions make him Stay ;  
 For Hee, who such full meetings doth frequent ;  
 Though he be free, can scarce be Innocent. 340

HALON.

Morall Philosophie ! Come, let vs goe  
 Homeward apace ; the night begins to grow  
 Vpon that Hill, and spreads an Eager arme  
 To involve vs all, by necessarie Charme.  
 Yet let vs not walke Silent ; give your Song,  
 Eudæmon now, (or else you doe me wrong)  
 To vindicate your absence ; whilst I bring  
 My verse to Bacchus ; and his praises sing.

EUDEMON.

Halon, if that be all, I dare excuse

Retirement, with a warrantable Mufe ; 350  
 Then lead wee out our flocks, and homeward wend,  
 Whilst the refracted West some Lights yet lend.

**Cudæmon's Songe.**

I.

*Goe to the Cristall Streame and quench thy thirst,  
 Poor Shepheard, goe ;  
 And tast of Nature's bounties, which at first  
 She intended Soe ;  
 This with noe raging fires,  
 Intemperate Desires,  
 Our brains doth fill ;  
 But calme and chast, as it is cold,  
 Our fancies rise, in manifold  
 Idea's Still ;  
 And nothing wants to fitt a willing Qvill.*

2.

*Witt is Enough, where wee have witt to see  
 Our selves aright ;  
 And live a part of Nature's Harmonie,  
 Is true delight.  
 To value nought beyond  
 A free and quiet mind ;  
 And make that ours,  
 Is all wee happie call, or good ;  
 A Ioy some few have vnderstood,*

*Whose abler powers  
Could maister flesh ; a Ioy noe Time devours.*

3.

*For Time is not within the Sphere of Peace,  
And Peace wee seeke ;  
But fondlie shape a Coate the moone to please ;  
So everie weeke  
Our obiect is a new  
Something wee never knew,  
But ayme at ever.  
Only retired thoughts may See  
The rayes of such felicitie ;  
And by the giver  
Of All Peace, make his owne, if Hee persever.*

### **Halon's Songe.**

I.

*Dull Shepherds, who in water, Seeke  
To wash your Shallow brains ;  
Your fancyes, Phlegmaticke and weake,  
Run coldly in their Strains.  
Pittifull Poets ! such as bring  
Their verses from the mountaine spring,  
And with false muses cozen  
Themselves into a trance,  
Of selfe-fought ignorance ;  
Poor fooles, alas, your Helicon is frozen.*

2.

*Wee, in a better Age, have found  
 The true Pierian Spring ;  
 Which all the Muses circle round,  
 And there delight to Sing.  
 Here the plumpe God doth smiling fitt,  
 The Light of Ioy, the Life of witt,  
 And all true flame infuses ;  
 Had I but now, one boule,  
 To rince my thirsty Soule,  
 Ide rise in notes to ravish all the Muses.*

3.

*Dear fountaine, Sacke, whose liveing Streame  
 Sad Spirrits doth revive ;  
 Health to the Sicke, Strength to the Lame,  
 Doth in an instant give ;  
 Can Ideots with witt inspire,  
 And carrie witt three Stories higher  
 Then what it ever aymed !  
 This be the liveing Well  
 To make all fancye Swell,  
 The Source of Witt, weele have noe other named.*

**The End.**





## An Ecloge :

Spoken by *Damon* and *Amintas*.

*Non canimus Surdis, respondent omnia Silva.*

DAMON.

A MINTAS ! (who our northerne feilds makest proud ;  
 Whose Eye, then Phœbus more prevents that cloud,  
 Now, from the Southeast threatning,) ah, how long ?  
 How many Summers since thy glorious Songe  
 Our Ayre enricht ! growne foggie, since the time  
 Strephon contending, in an humble Rhime,  
 His Silvia praif'd, to thy Vrbana's Eyes.  
 Deare Shepheard, now, (if our Societies  
 Seeme not vnworthy thee ) that pipe afsaye,  
 Which has made Short ev<sup>e</sup>n the Longest Daye. 10

AMINTAS.

Damon, that Pipe is broke, and Numbers now  
 Amintas can noe more ; my Braine and Brow  
 Is but one Cloud ; if, Damon, I may heare  
 Thy better Notes, I lend a willing Eare.

DAMON.

My deare Amintas, Say what may it be,  
 (If a freind may partake) that troubles thee ?

Are thy flockes faint ? or doth Alexis faile  
 In freindships to thee ? or (more Sad then All)  
 Is thy Vrbana false ? a feare I durst  
 Scarce feare ! but Love is Apt to feare the worst. 20  
 Say, Shepheard, to thy freind, what Torture may  
 Soe scorch thy Soule, to wash thy Eyes away.

## AMINTAS.

If, Damon, my weake Spirrits may not beare  
 Soe great a Burthen, doe not blame a Teare ;  
 Your feare, alas, is but too safe, too Iust ;  
 Vrbana is,—is false, and strangelie Lost  
 To her first vowes ; a prostitute or more,  
 To the Grand Paillard, proud to be his whore.  
 This but a part, though, ah ! too much by this ;  
 The rest I cannot Speake ; for, Damon, 'tis 30  
 Soe beyond wonder, such a Prodigie,  
 It starts a Horror, everie Thought in Mee.

## DAMON.

May it not Adde Affliction, to lay out  
 All thy mishap, my deare Amintas doe't ;  
 Whilist I, with open Ears, thy Sorrowes gather  
 Into my brest ; wee better fuit together ;  
 Let me (at lest in this) thy Rivall prove ;  
 'Tis fitt, hee Share thy greife, whom thou dost Love.

## AMINTAS.

The Storie's Long and Sad, but may Appeare  
 Perhaps, not tedious to a tender Eare : 40

You, Damon, are concern'd ; your Loyaltie  
 Makes you a partner in the miserie ;  
 And the strict tye of freindship 'twixt vs two  
 Emboldens me to vtter what I know.  
 Thus then it is ; our folds and flocks, whileere  
 To Pan made Sacred ; and his Steward here,  
 Next vnder Him wee honour ; and noe knee  
 But vnto him did bend in fealtie ;  
 His Ivorie Hooke ; (made glorious by his Hand) 50  
 More then a Scepter, shinéd ore the Lande ;  
 And wee inferiour Swains were taught to bring  
 Our Tribute-Lambes, and our fleece-offering  
 To this Great Shepherd ; part of the increase  
 Which Hee preserv'd foe many yeare in Peace ;  
 This was : but, Damon ! now, wee may noe more  
 Performe or paye the Duties vs'd to fore.

DAMON.

Is Pietie a Sin ? or Loyaltie  
 Now made a Crime ? vnridde it to mee ;  
 For since I can remember, I was taught  
 To honour the Great Shepheard ; and have brought 60  
 My frequent Tributes, with a willing Hand ;  
 Who now foe bold, dare his iust rights withstand ?

AMINTAS.

Ah Damon ! latelie to another, Hee  
 Imparted Somewhat of his Roialtie ;  
 A Cozen of the Blood, of Sex vnfitt  
 For Soveraigntie ; yet Hee allow'd her Sitt

Next to his Throne ; vnheeding what, too Late  
 Hee now repents ; her ill-bestowéd State.  
 For when She now, by favour of his Eye,  
 Seem'd to the world a part of maiestie ; 70  
 The giddie Heads who still delight in Change,  
 Fixe vpon Her the Light, and put a Strange  
 Glorie vpon Her ; yet, it was but Ayre  
 And her owne Pride, made her appeare so faire ;  
 For all the Nobler Shepherds were afraid  
 Her Rule might ruine what the other made ;  
 Still our Great Shepherd, to him selfe Secure,  
 Is pleas'd with new Addressses made vnto Her :  
 From everie corner of this Iland flye  
 Papers, to establish her yonge Maiestie ; 80  
 Hee, all the while remifse, is well content  
 To see how she can manage Government ;  
 Lull'd by her Sugred Sayings and the oft  
 Repeated vowes, which (ah) She never thought ;  
 Hee from his owne Hand gives his Ivorie hooke,  
 Which even His Father and Himselfe had tooke  
 Of Pan, with Solemne vow ; and now begins  
 Proud Zephirina to augment her Sins ;  
 For what She only wifht, and durst not Act,  
 Power gives her Right, and Iustifyes the fact : 90  
 Now, by himselfe forsaken, many Swains  
 Leave him (alas) whom kind Shee entertains ;  
 Still her power Spreads ; the Axe is now put downe  
 Vnto the Roote ; the ruine falls,—a Crowne :  
 Now those who were freinds, or in favour high,

To the Great Sheapherd, fall ; for Royaltie  
 Admitts noe Rivall ; and Supreme Estate  
 Nothing Approves but what it did Create.  
 What need I tell, Philarchus lost his Head ?  
 Or Mirabella, strangelié banishéd ?  
 Or how Penandro, now her Minion growne,  
 Must not by him be call'd in Qvestion  
 For highest Crimes? To offer it, were more  
 Then Regicide it Selfe had bene before ;  
 And even those few which did attend Him then,  
 Rebels denounc't ; Himselfe the worst of Men ;  
 That now (alas !) he's forc'd (Soe powerles left)  
 In this remoter Countrie, thus to Shift.

100

DAMON.

Oh the Sad Day ! Amintas, wee have seene  
 The former Glories of a King and Qveene ;  
 Then Zephirina hardly had a Name ;  
 At most, below any pretence of Claime ;  
 Alas ! what Safetie can our feilds Afforde  
 To Him, they must acknowledge yet their Lord ?  
 Hee thinlie fenc'd with Loyall Hearts, may Stand,  
 But they (alas) want Armes to the strong Hand  
 Of Zephirina now. Our Townes are weake,  
 Our Numbers few, and farre away to feeke.  
 This Sought in Time, might have some Refuge bene,  
 When His owne Troopes were full amongst vs feene ;  
 When noe Power visible could animate  
 Aspiring Treasons ; now it is too late ;

110

120

Stafford  
 Windebank

Now Matho, with an Iron yoake, has prest  
 Our Loyall Shoulders ; now, Hee stands pofsest  
 Of that strong Towne, which by a King once rear'd,  
 May be another's Ruine to be fear'd :  
 What can his Hopes Suggest vnto Him here ?  
 Wee All are Cowed, even Stupifyed with feare.

AMINTAS.

Soe is the Nation all ; or rather lost,  
 In his neglect. They Careles are, almost, 130  
 And let the Threat'ning Billow over-run  
 Their fortunes, willing foe to be vndone ;  
 A retchlesnes has now Seiz'd everie Mind,  
 Or a strange Tumor, newer things to find :  
 For never greater Disproportion dwell'd  
 Amongst Minds ; All are Sunke, or overswell'd.  
 Hither our Maister, confident of Some  
 Yet Loyall Hearts, encourag'd was to come ;  
 Far from the Reach of Zephirina's power,  
 Which everie day encreases more, and more ; 140  
 Her late imperious Summons She hath sent,  
 And if it fayle, by force She will Attempt  
 His Sacred Person ; 'tis alreadie done.  
 Her 'Complices in this Sedition,  
 Bring in their willing Armes, their Purses ope,  
 T' exasperate her Rage, and vrge a Hope  
 Of her Establishment. Leavies are made,  
 And Voluntarie Troopes goe to Her Ayde ;

That now her forces in the feild Appeare  
 A formidable Armie ; and Wee heare 150  
 Cornigerus, the Generall of the rout,  
 Must bring that Proiect speedilye about.

DAMON.

Alas ! what Counsels may our Maister have  
 To avoyd this Torrent, and his Honour save ?  
 Our Numbers are too weake, our wealth exhaust,  
 To Cope with fuch a numerous and vast  
 Army, as they are made to vs by fame ;  
 Amintas, Say ! what Succours can Hee frame ?

AMINTAS.

'Tis (ah) but Small yet all Hee can pursue ;  
 Necessitated thus, Hee, with the fewe 160  
 Willing to ferve him, Westward now intend ;  
 Where they perswade Hee will have many a freind ;  
 However, he resolves at once to run  
 The hazard of his Life, with Lofse of Crowne.  
 There, his Imperiall Standard will he place,  
 (If yet it be foe powerfull as it was,)  
 To call in everie Heart, and everie Hand,  
 T' afsist his Right, and her rude force withstand :  
 This, his last Refuge, a wan hope, to bring  
 Himselfe to former Glories of a Kinge. 170

DAMON.

I doe not See what Succours can be brought,  
 Worthy of his Necessities or Thought ;

For Zephirina everie Countie awes  
 With Edicts Strange, and never heard of Lawes ;  
 Her Ministers, throughout the Kingdome spred,  
 Are Active to advance her late-rai'd Head ;  
 All Mouths are full of Her ; and everie Tongve  
 In her Name's Priviledge, can not speake wrong ;  
 When our Great Maister but a By-word Stands,  
 And Groomes dare make a Iest of his Commands. 180  
 But Say, Amintas, for the Evening calls,  
 How comes thy bright Vrbana, to be false ?

## AMINTAS.

That, as a part of Sorrow, to the rest  
 Then may I adde, and poure out all my brest ;  
 When Zephirina, in her obscure Cell  
 Livéd erewhile, Vrbana lov'd her well ;  
 And though She cunning kept it from my Eare,  
 She wish'd her ever, what wee All now see her ;  
 And her Ambitions did foment to all  
 Strange vndertakings ; that I doe not Call 190  
 'Em worse, for worst they are. Noe fooner was  
 This Zephirina in the Royall place,  
 But false Vrbana, all her vowes made Light ;  
 Her many former vowes, which Shee had plight,  
 And with new Oaths feal'd, for the fingle Sway  
 Of this Vsurper ioynes ; and everie day  
 Adds to her rule. Vrbana Sweeps the round  
 Of all her Streets, for Ruffians to be found ;  
 And all the Dregs of Men, by numerous Polls,



Swarme in, to fill vp Zephirina<sup>e</sup>s Rolls ; 200  
 These Polymorphus leads in, to afsist  
 The new-rais'd Tirranie of What they List ;  
 And thus Vrbana, (not to her owne Lust  
 But Zephirina<sup>e</sup>s Baud,) has quitt her Trust.  
 What shall I more ? What you imagine more,  
 Vrbana is of wicked. Thus the Sore  
 You now have feen, which wounds Amintas' brest :  
 What elfe remains can never be exprest.

DAMON.

Though further Wee remov<sup>e</sup>d, not lefse concern'd  
 As fome have taught ; a Dictate never learn'd 210  
 By loyall Minds ; who know noe Limit to  
 Their Zeale, or a proportion to their vow ;  
 My brest is full as thine, with the fame fire,  
 And what I can not vtter, I admire ;  
 With Horror wounded, a darke Extacie  
 Runs through my Soule, in everie facultie.

AMINTAS.

Ah, Damon ! though wee bleed, yet thinke, how more  
 The Arrow wounds our Maister. Wee are poore ;  
 And though our Indyduall Selves may feeme  
 Near in our Eyes, wee are of noe Esteeme ; 220  
 Poore Shepherds may be ruin'd everie Day,  
 Without a Noyse, and noe Man left to Say  
 'Twas pittye ; for their narrow Motions are  
 But in the Sphære of a Particular.  
 Princes are fet a Step beyond their fates ;

---

They never suffer Single ; forméd States,  
 The Structures of well-fetled Polities,  
 And changéd Government ; their Exequies  
 Are ever made ; and not the meanest Hee  
 But falls a Part in ruin'd Monarchie. 230

DAMON.

What may wee doe ? the Shepheard is not free  
 To Sing his Thoughts, vnder the Tirranie  
 Of this expected Rage ; our humble verse  
 Now carries Danger to still Iealous Ears ;  
 Wee must retract what wee have fung before,  
 And Numbers raife (which Muses all abhorre)  
 To Celebrate the Glories of a late  
 Vsurdéd Power, and most deforméd State.  
 Sing let me never, Phœbus, if I raife  
 To thriving Treasons any note of Praise. 240

AMINTAS.

Noe matter, Swaine, Apollo's Harpe vnstrunge,  
 Was seene the other Day, and careles hung  
 Vpon the Willowes. Pan, his Syrinx made  
 A pipe, has throwne away, and left the Trade.  
 The Muses Silent, everie Swain strucke mute,  
 And Verses now fall, like vntimely fruite ;  
 For what is left to Sing ? Our Glorie's gon,  
 Our Loves are Lost, or not worth thinking on.

DAMON.

More happines have wee : (though Miserie  
 Surround vs All) yet in our Loves wee're free ; 250

And Shepherds' humble Loves wee not the least  
Of happines determine, if not Best.

AMINTAS.

Had Such bene mine, Soe had I happie liv<sup>e</sup>d,  
My flocks still kept their fold, and I had greiv<sup>e</sup>d  
Noe Strumpet's loosenes ; then my Pipe had Still  
Bene pleafant ; now, a worne and wearied Qvill :  
Damon, noe more, for longer Shadowes fall  
From Western Hills, and Shepherds homeward call.

### THE SONGE.

I.

*Vnshorne Apollo, throw away  
That wreath thy Trefses crowning ;  
Thy Daphne withers from a Bay  
To some poore Shrub ; not owning  
Her former verdure ; Wee now bring  
A Chaplet of our gathering.*

2.

*The Bramble and the wood-bine (liv<sup>e</sup>d  
Not halfe a day,) are twisted,  
Some nettles mixt ; as who beleived  
Thy Glorie still existed ;  
Or, to make finer, wee will trim  
With Marigolds, thy Anadem.*

3.

*For Ioy is Dead, and Glorie faint ;  
Witt's banishéd our feilds ;  
Say, Great Protector ! if wee may n't  
Give as the Season yeilds ?  
Or, wouldst thou still Bay-crownéd Sitt ?  
Restore vs Ours ; weele give thee it.*

The End.





## An Ecloge :

Spoken by *Hilas* and *Strephon*.

*Quis, talia fando ?  
temperet a lachrimis ?*

HILAS.

I F, Strephon, yet our Sorrowes doe not prefe  
Too deepe ; applye that Pipe, which has, ere this,  
Enricht y<sup>e</sup> proudest Groves, & taught delight  
To dullest Soules ; that Power which vanquisht quite  
The coy cold brest of Cœlia ; did surprize  
Fixt Galatea, to whose brow all Eyes  
Pay'd their iust Homage ; to all Pafsions cold,  
Rapt by thy verse, Shee could noe longer hold ;  
That Power may yet availe ; not Stones & Trees  
May only be enliv'néd ; Destinies  
Are not inexorable to the cleare  
Proportion of our Thoughts, when they appeare  
In well-weighd Numbers ; yet, if not too late,  
Repeale the Doome of a Dire Threat'ning fate.

10

STREPHON.

Too late will fall our best Endeavours now ;  
'Twas but when easie Peace made Smooth y<sup>e</sup> Brow,  
And soft Pipes might be heard ; that Love and Witt

Gave Verse a Charter, foe too infinite.  
 The Dreams of Fancie lull'd our idle Brains  
 And form'd a privilidge, which but remains 20  
 A meteor now, t' Astonish weaker Eyes ;  
 But wifer Heads admit noe prodigies.  
 Let rather Silence feize all Tongves, then bring  
 One Accent not to gratulate the King,  
 The Lord of All wee are ; whose Equall Rule  
 Made Mufes pleafant to the noble Soule ;  
 And did inspire Each brest, informe each braine,  
 With flame, in wonders of his happie Raigne ;  
 But now, the Time is Come All wee can Say,  
 Sounds like the Horrors of Departed Day. 30

## HILAS.

Then, in this Night of Sorrow, let vs bring  
 Our Grones to the Disasters of the King ;  
 Sigh out a Storie to y<sup>e</sup> pious Ears  
 Of Men, who when wee're dead, may read this verse.  
 The high-soul'd **Cupathus** dare now disclose  
 A Storie iust to Truth, in (his owne woes,)  
 His Maister's many Sorrowes ; y<sup>e</sup> Swolne rage  
 Of this Rebellion, and affront the Age  
 With a cleare Pen ; a hand by Truth led on,  
 White as her Brow ; vnswai'd by Pafsion ; 40  
 For 'tis a Crime noe Time fhall put away  
 To place Affection where fole Truth should Sway ;  
 T' insert our Interests, or wand'ring be  
 In Selfe-borne Hoti'es, from the Historie.

STREPHON.

Ah, Hilas, but that Qvill ! what Hand but must  
 Erre in the Storie? manie Things of Trust,  
 Some byafséd by Pafsions, wee relate ;  
 Some wee inforce, Some wee extenuate ;  
 Too fensibly fevere or too remifse,  
 Wee fhall but wander ; be the Glorie His.

50

HILAS.

Leave wee the lofty Elme & spreading Plane,  
 This crooked Alder better fits our Straine ;  
 Here, in the Nettles, ftung more by our owne  
 Still-feeding Sorrowes, wee may greive and grone.  
 Say, Strephon, fince our Maifter went, what may  
 Conduce to bring on this vnhappie Day ?

STREPHON.

Dire, as y<sup>e</sup> Smiting Haile to new-ean'd Lambs,  
 Or Summer Shewers vnto their late-thorne Dams,  
 This Scourge has followed vs ; Thunder alone  
 Not strikes the Cædar ; Shrubs are overthrowne  
 In this ftange Clap ; Brambles & Thistles are  
 In the Concufion not exempt their Share.  
 Ill, therefore, did Antiquity difcourse  
 Security, to this all-fwallowing force ;  
 Though, to y<sup>e</sup> Pine, a thousand Shrubs may be  
 Vn-valued, yet they fall, as well as Hee.  
 Nor may wee fafely fay, when winds impent,  
 Make Pelion tremble to Astonishment,  
 The minor Hills are free ; their little wombes

60

Feele the fame Collicke, pinch't in narrower rooms ; 70  
 But who observes the Dazye's rife or fall ?  
 The Royall Tulip stands y<sup>e</sup> Care of all ;  
 And Everie Eye markes its progresive threds,  
 To give an Estimation as it spreads ;  
 When Hyacinths and common Lillyes spring,  
 To Dye againe, as were there noe fuch Thing.

HILAS.

This Banke our Couch, wee may difcus the fad  
 Event of Things. The Glories wee once had  
 Are witheréd : our Ioy, Anxietie ;  
 Our empty Stalls now fpeake our Povertie. 80  
 Who boasts of heards or flocks ? y<sup>e</sup> mazors which  
 Our pious Sires left, not to make vs rich,  
 But to remember them ; thefe Legacies  
 Were counted Sacred ; I, my Selfe, have twice  
 Recover'd y<sup>e</sup> carved Boale my grand fire left,  
 At a great price ; yet now againe bereft.

STREPHON.

Trifles ill fitt our verfe, though our verfe be  
 It felfe a Trifle, to the Dignitie  
 Of what wee would report. Our humble Qvill  
 Our owne mishaps may vtter ; but what Stile 90  
 Carries a Buskin deep enough to Sing  
 Royall Distrefses and lament a King ?  
 Call **Suckling** from his Ashes, reinspir'd  
 With an Elizian Trance ; foe fitly fir'd  
 To Sing a Royall orgie. There Soules move



Without their Pafsions, how to feare or Love ;  
 Enraptur'd with divine Beatitude,  
 Beyond our Earth. Hee, while he liv'd, pursu'd  
 Thofe noble flights, as might become the name  
 Of Maiestye ; made greater in his flame. 100  
 Now, might he rife, earth-freed ! His only Qvill  
 May write of this ; Panacean Asphodil  
 And fresh Nepenthe (yet a while fet by  
 The fecond Course vnto mortalitie)  
 Can but infufe what wee in fancie gleane  
 From barren mountains, horse-raif'd Hyppocrene.  
 Oh ! he might Speake, or Ionson's numerous Soule  
 (Now great as Pindar's) might thefe Gests enroll ;  
 But then, alas, the greife is where it lay ;  
 They fing too high ; wee know not what they Say ; 110  
 For earth is dull, and may not comprehend  
 Thofe heights of wonder which they elfe have pen'd :  
 How should wee ftupid be ? how meerlie mud,  
 Below our generation ? when the flood  
 Of devine fury, might enscale our Ears  
 T' astonishment ! For verfe there, is not verfe ;  
 'Tis more then all our fancy can attaine ;  
 A meafur'd Idiome, to make cleare and plaine  
 What here, in confuf'd Notions, wee descrye,  
 By iarring Accents ; a iuft Harmonye. 120  
 I am but where I was, lost in my Selfe  
 With thought of Somewhat ; I have found y<sup>e</sup> Shelfe  
 Still fatall to my over-haughty Qvill ;  
 The Syrtes of my Thought confounds my will.

Noe, Hilas, wee, though happily as great  
 In Loyaltie, for numbers have no feat ;  
 Farre from the Sun, & him whose rayes shoote more  
 True Life to numbers then all Phœbus power ;  
 Let vs of lower things report. Who knowes  
 Our late-made Laureate, (constant to his vowes) 130  
 Has done what wee intend ? to which our notes  
 Would found more harsh then plash-full marish throats ;  
 Or Cleveland, full in fancy (whose Sole praife  
 Is but his fault) to these great flights might raise  
 A wing, for every eye to fixe vpon,  
 And breath a Note worthy Attention.  
 For mighty Epicks are not worthilye  
 By all attempted ; & may rather I  
 Suffer to creepe, then striving how to flye,  
 Fall in the rife, to greatest infamye ; 140  
 For every thing is happie in its first  
 Existence given ; & only but accurst  
 As from its Nature it may turne or slide,  
 Whether above, below, too strict, or wide.  
 All minds have their dimensions, as all things :  
 Some belly-fweep the Earth, & some, have wings  
 To cut the purer Ayre ; Some, midly move,  
 Scorne what's below, & envie what's above,  
 Though ignorant in both ; & did wee know  
 Perhaps it were but as I thinke it now, 150  
 Each in his Station blest ; & something may  
 Disturbe each in the progresse of his way.  
 Let me not fill you therefore with my owne

Strange fancies, which exceed proportion,  
 To what I apprehend. If a Slow Muse  
 May Sing her owne, 'tis well ; if not, excuse  
 My wanderings ; Let stronger pineons trye  
 A flight into the Sphere of Maiestie !  
 Me, peace-furrounded, mirtles may secure ;  
 But thistles now my burning Browes immure. 160  
 Let, let those healthfull Temples w<sup>ch</sup> maintaine  
 Daphne still verdant, high thoughts entertaine ;  
 And gaine y<sup>e</sup> Glorie of a great purfuite.  
 Wee envie not, because wee can't doo't ;  
 But what our Admirations may Adde,  
 To their Endeavours, shall be truly paid.

## HILAS.

May Still his Ears be Adder-stung, who not  
 Attends thy Song ; where man is not forgot ;  
 For he has gain'd enough who hears thy verfe ;  
 Not felfe, not man, but All things to rehearse. 170  
 This, willingly I heare, and who foe well  
 Can Sing his owne, I must expect can tell  
 Worthily, what may Adde vnto the Glorye  
 Of our dread Maister, in his dismall Storye.

## STREPHON.

Thus, then, may Pietie enforce vs make  
 Exprefions, where noe Tongve can rightly speake ;  
 Soe may the Ant, by her fhort Steps, contrive  
 To scale the Summit of Mount Tenerif,  
 And perch within y<sup>e</sup> Clouds ; as our verfe fend

---

One Accent fitt to what wee Apprehend. 180  
 How many Times deluded by our owne  
 Weake hopes, though careles how to bring 'em on,  
 Have wee expected, with too confident  
 A Challenge, the King's re-establishment,  
 From probable coniectures? When his low  
 And vnprovided Army made them bow  
 At Keinton; vndisturb'd he did posses  
 Himfelfe of Oxford, with a faire encrease  
 Of many Noble Triumphs; Towns & forts  
 Surrendred daylie, to enlarge his Courts; 190  
 Great Battles fought, where, though noe victorie  
 Can be reported, yet Equallitye  
 Stands not against a Scepter. Rebell Powers,  
 Till All be vanquisht, are noe conquerours.  
 But the Convincing Right, which Princes bring,  
 Secures them victors, in not suffering.  
 Brought from a King to nothing, Hee, of Late,  
 From Nothing had attain'd his former State;  
 And Rebell mouths, (who speake noe truth, vnles  
 Evicted 'bove their Rage) did then confesse 200  
 Him master of y<sup>e</sup> feild, and seem t' encline,  
 (Enforc'd beyond their power) to a designe  
 (Which plausible enough) did more invade  
 Then Armes could doe; They sev'rall Treaties made:  
 This must subvert; for Princes, in their course  
 Of Victories when staied, run backe, of force.  
 Here once to vndertake & not proceed,  
 Is to retire. In Pleurisies to bleed

---

Gives a Recoverie ; but let it rise  
 One very little, & the partye Dyes. 210  
 Still our great Maister, willing to compofe  
 Thefe fatall Iarres, accepts what they propofe,  
 As farre as flood with honour or his oath,  
 Beyond his Interest. Oh the strange growth  
 Of Treafons ! Like to Adders, hid in Brakes,  
 Are feeble wormes ; new-clad, destroying Snakes ;  
 They lurke, and they appeare, act, or contrive  
 To bring on the designe at which they drive ;  
 And ever, in compliance, they renew  
 Their Scales & Strength ; enabled to fubdue 220  
 Th' vnwarie opposite ; recovered in  
 Thefe Slye advantages, againe begin  
 They to appear themselves, & then contemne  
 What they propof'd, or what Hee offer'd them.  
 Now, ftrong in Armes, they strangely iustifye  
 Their Actings Lawfull ; and from Loyaltie  
 (Their first-borne plea) they now put in their owne  
 Interests, without Qualification.  
 Thus thriving Treafons fill are Insolent ;  
 Rebellion treads beyond a President ; 230  
 And State-Subverting Magicke has a feate  
 Beyond all Rule was ever fpoken yet.  
 The Florentine prescribes to duller fooles ;  
 But Stronger flow from all relaxéd Soules.  
 What may I adde ? Where force could not prevaile,  
 Phillip's ne'r-failing Batterie must afsaile ;  
 Honour made merchandice ; & Loyaltie

Was fet to price ; these Bag-Granadoes flie  
 Still to Advantage Garrisons' Revolt ;  
 And their feild Armies march, without a Halt. 240  
 The King, this while growne weake ; his party all  
 Distracted, from their first and generall  
 Engagemment of obedience ; now pursue  
 Their private Ends ; Honour & profitt drew  
 Some in to serve ; Ambition, Place, & Power  
 Made others Loyall ; till (alas, noe more  
 Wee now see left Him ; then the Stragling few  
 Which into severall Garrisons he drew ;  
 For nothing else is left, & ev'n the cheife  
 Strictly befeig'd, expecting noe releife, 250  
 Must yeild of force ; where (ah), (why must I say  
 What I abhorre ?) his sacred Person may  
 Be captivated theirs. Not may, but must,  
 Inevitably fall, to their vniust  
 Tirrannous wills. What then will be too small  
 For them to doe, when they have gotten All ?  
 Ah, Hilas ! I am full ; my pafsions breake  
 Vpon my Reason, that I cannot Speake.

## HILAS.

'Tis Lamentable Sad ; and doth display  
 A certaine Ruine in Phœnomena. 260  
 Some men Sad fates attend ; & to be borne  
 A Prince is not secure ; the certaine turne  
 Of Destinie's darke wheele involveth All ;  
 And Scepters, to præordred Ends must fall.

But Strephon, yesterday Amintas told  
 The King's escape from Oxford, as a bold  
 And certaine Truth ; how Hee, with other two  
 Whom he might trust, came out ; Himselfe in low  
 Condition, as a Servant did attende,  
 To secure better what Hee did intende ; 270  
 And now before befeiged Newarke, Hee  
 Is with the Scotts ; in what Capacitie,  
 Hee did not Say ; but vpon overture  
 Formerly made, he hopes to be Secure ;  
 And to engage that Nation, who has bene  
 The Greatest Cloud his Glories yet has feene.  
 From this, Some expect wonders ; others hott  
 Boyle out proverbiall fears—A Scott's a Scott.  
 What may be y<sup>e</sup> event, Time will produce ;  
 And wee all gape to heare y<sup>e</sup> next daye's newes. 280

## STREPHON.

Wee can expect from thence but little good ;  
 A nation branded faithles, who have stood  
 Opposite ever to his rule ; they first  
 Blew vp the Embers which wee now fee burst  
 A flame too great to quench. Yet ere I stray  
 Too farre, t' asperfe that Nation ; by the way  
 Let me exempt Montrose's glorious hand,  
 The Loyall Gourbons, & brave Craford's band ;  
 Mac-donnel's Puitsance, which still maintain'd 290  
 The Royall Cause ; and All who (never stain'd)  
 Have suffer'd for their master ; humbly low  
 As I can fall, to thefe my felfe I bow ;

Who have recall'd my enrag'd Qvill, which might  
 Have printed deepe to Time ; for to recite  
 The frauds in Cambel, or the periuries  
 Of Hamiltons, the Lesley's Subtleties,  
 Might move a better temper ; though noe doubt  
 Some of these Names not suffer in the Blot  
 Their Cheifs have spread vpon their families ;  
 May they, the gverdon of their Loyalties 300  
 Have from a better Pen ; and now, the King  
 Is pleas'd to refuge there ; may ev'n these bring  
 The long-spred Calumnye of a loud fame,  
 A Sin on those who shall traduce their name ;  
 Yet let vs feare, and I doe feare, he not  
 Shall be a lyar made, who has that thought.

HILAS.

'Tis but too probable their Ends may be  
 Their Interest. But, Strephon, certainly  
 Some Invitations, with afsurance, must  
 Make the King give his Person to their trust, 310  
 Though they be false as Hell? And how a man  
 Of his high Reason, (once deceiv'd) ere can  
 Againe be brought to trust 'em, I not see ;  
 Being insnar'd by former periurie,  
 To this now falling ruine ; may it not  
 Be his too much Affection to the Scott  
 Enieopards him ? But rather from a ground  
 In Iudgment he may trust 'em ! Had he found  
 Former performances, and not a Stale  
 Made of things Sacred to their owne availe, 320



Something might move ; at lest, wee more remote  
(This granted) feare, what cannot be forgot.

STREPHON.

This Great King ! this Good Man ! For he was both,  
Till Treason cropt the one, to give a growth  
More vifible to his more valued fruite ;  
And this Hee is, even in their Repute.  
This Good King Saw a Sphere beyond our Sence,  
His Iudgment is almost Intelligence ;  
And what wee, groveling, may furmife, he reads  
Distinctly Acted. Why he thus proceeds 330  
Let not vs question. In a wracke wee trust  
A Sayle-yard, or a Planke of broken Chest,  
To carrie vs. When ere wee put to Sea,  
We'd know how kauk'd & trim'd y<sup>e</sup> Ship may be.  
Extremity, one hazard, must afsay,  
And fate determines but the better way.  
But, Hilas ! ere aware, the Sun declines,  
And longer Shadowes make yond Poplars, Pines ;  
Home let vs hast, & what remains reherse  
To our Sad Pipes, in an alternate verse. 340

### THE SONGE.

HILAS.

*'Tis Sad,  
What wee must Sing ;  
A Storie made  
To pufle verse ;*

*For (ah) what number can rehearse  
The Sorrowes of the King?*

STREPHON.

*Oh, Sing noe more,  
But throw away your oaten Reeds.  
What voice or Quill  
Can reach this note? the Thistle feeds  
Where Roses sprung before,  
And Lillyes grac'd y<sup>e</sup> Hill.*

HILAS.

*Then farewell Softer Layes!  
This Sullen Straine  
Is musicall, and worthy praise.  
When wee complaine,  
Wee may be loud;  
And Greife disord' red is not rude.*

STREPHON.

*Let Love & Witt  
Polish smooth Accents, & affect a Cleare  
Current in Numbers; Sorrow here  
Is all our Muse; & what may fitt  
So deepe a Pafsion, wee now bring,  
Tears, Grones, & Sighes, attendants to the King.*

CHORUS.

*Then breake our Pipes, while wee forgett All verse,  
And make it out in Sighs, in grones, and Tears.*

**The End.**

*Befwick, Sept 24, 1651.*

*For my Deare Br. T. D.*

*My deare Brother,*

*What I may trust to the hazard of Passage, (from soe late a difficultie) I now send by the earliest convenience, w<sup>ch</sup> w<sup>h</sup> all my endeavors will appeare but Fate Gratitude, wanting means to enable it a Perfect Bodie, as I would intend it; nevertheles though I want Colours to give it more resemblance of Life, you may iudge Draughts sometimes in Cole-Works, to hit the Naturalitie of Lines Studied by finer Pencills; And though the Tabl<sup>e</sup>, Brother, (halfe pounc't to our hands) may save some Paines (w<sup>ch</sup> the Blanke of Acquaintance must labour to) it rarely appeares wrought up to the Stature of Freindship, w<sup>ch</sup> if I erre not (and to my owne apprehensions I cannot) is the same Brave-Peice we call (in Blood) Love & Tendernes; Let mee be thus vnderstood to yo<sup>u</sup>, for my Thoughts want noe Apparell, where they become themselves best Naked; Some glimpse perhaps of our lamented lost Condition, not Nature, but Shame, necessitated Clothes, and now we fashion them to the guilt of our Errors; but in truth a mind vnyoak'd (that is) free from the Nursinge of imposed habits, neither needs the Teat of Eloquence to foster it, nor the gay Rays of Ceremonie to keep it warme, but with an easie alacritie, may find its owne Food, and a better Fodder, from the free hand of Nature; This is in cōmon Acception downright (but I rather chuse to say vpright) Man; in neither Sence shall you mistake mee.*

*your most Affectionate Brother,*

*G. D<sup>i</sup>.*

# Eclesiasticus :

OR,

The Wifedome of Iefus, the  
fon of Syrach ;  
Paraphrafed.

*A te Principium, tibi desinet, accipe iussis  
Carmina cœpta tuis, atque hanc sine tempore Circum  
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere Lauros.*

XI Ianij : Anno Domini M.DCC.XXXIX.

By G: D:





## Ecclesiasticus.

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### *The Induction to the worke.*



LOE, this the Muse who variously did sing  
And soar'd at Randome, with an Idle wing ;  
Told younger yeares the Passions of Love,  
In broken Accents, as sick thoughts did prove ;  
First the disdain, then sung the Solemne rites  
To Himen's triumph,—nuptiall delights.  
Who now (transform'd) put on a Satyr's brow,  
And touch't the vices which the Times did know.  
Sometimes, with better Thoughts, has sung a storie,  
In holy Rapture, of Cœlestiall glory ;  
Of worldly vanities, brought somewhat lower,  
Has sung the beauties of devine Pudore ;  
His second Love, the Darling of his soule,  
Charging the waters Neighbouring as they roule,  
To found her Name vnto the After-times,  
Least she might be forgotten in weake rimes ;  
Rimes far vnworthy to record her Name,  
But they shall Live, & she survive to Fame.

10

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Hath wept the Funeralls of Buckingham,  
 And Herbert's Death, with some of lower Name,                   20  
 Recorded vertuous ; & hath paid a verfe  
 To Iohnson's vrne, & wept vpon his Herfe ;  
 Ioynd with the Muses, Strongly to defend  
 The force of Numbers ; w<sup>th</sup> a felect freind,  
 Worthy Amintas, in an easie strife ;  
 This for the Citty, That a Country Life.  
 Lastly, (as Tribute) to Great Brittaines King,  
 Did as his vertues, foe his Glories sing ;  
 With his faire Queene, our hopes, their happie Ioyes ;  
 In English Rofes, and the French De-Liz.                         30  
 Now fixeth here : and as a Pilgrim fent  
 A holy voyage, w<sup>h</sup> devout intent  
 I tread these Steps ; & ere I fall to write  
 Am Ceif'd w<sup>h</sup> admiration and delight ;  
 I am afraid of shadowes in the Land,  
 Where I a Pilgrim and a stranger stand ;  
 I looke to this, & fee, on th' other fide,  
 A diuerse way ; alas, I want a Gvide !  
 The Morneing calls mee early from my Rest,  
 I see the sun, I fix vpon the East ;                                 40  
 Yonder I thinke to goe to ; but ere I,  
 A while haue gone, I am led diuersly ;  
 I wander with the sun, at Night return,  
 (With fruitles Labour) where I was at Morne.  
 O Lead mee, Lord ! in this foe anxious Maze,  
 Revert my feet into the perfect waies ;  
 And be my Conduct in a Land Remote,

Where men are Monsters, People know mee not ;  
 To the sweet Hills, the Hills of Solima',  
 Where the bright morneing doth her wings display ;      50  
 Soe to the Holy Cittie, which doth now  
 (Ingratefull Citie) lye like ruines low ;  
 To thy belovéd Sion, where of Old  
 Thy Prophets have their Revelations told ;  
 Where Ithai's son did to thy Musique frame  
 Loud songs of Praife, to Celebrate thy Name ;  
 Vnto the doore of that fal'n Temple which  
 His son erected, beautiféd with rich  
 And curious workmanship ; where that wise King,  
 (Wife in the Misterie of every Thing ;      60  
 Who had tried all the waies to give content  
 Follye could prompt, or wisedome could Invent,)  
 Re-call'd Himselfe. O what, what haue I done ?  
 What new thing is there to the King vnknowne ?  
 What Mundane thing ? What ? but the King did trie,  
 Yet all is vanitie, meere vanitie.  
 Where Syrach's son, (a second Solomon  
 For teaching vertue & Instruction)  
 Did vtter these. Oh, thither bring mee once,  
 That I, with Ioy, may kisse the sacred stones,      70  
 That I may know to Render in our tongue  
 The Lesons which he to the Hebrewes sung ;  
 Vnfold darke sayings, Hidden things recall  
 Vnto our Light, from the Originall.  
 Ah ! deare, I faint : can only this vnfolue,  
 The sentences which wisedome doth involve ?



Noe other way must I needs Syon see?  
 Lord, thou art Sion; thou art all to Mee!  
 Thou art all Language, every tongue is thine;  
 Shed in my Soule thy Rayes; a Heart Divine 80  
 Into my fancye, foe apt euerie word,  
 It may be vfeull, and with Truth accord.  
 Let my Imperfect Accents Strike the Eares  
 Of Men who scorne the Harmony of verse;  
 Let them confes that verse may Comprehend  
 Fullnes of Matter; and not, Madly Blind,  
 Persist in Error; that there cannot be  
 Those heights of Wisedome seene in Poesie;  
 Not that I seeke a Glory in the Thing;  
 Far be it from Mee, but that I may bring 90  
 More honour to thy Name. Oh, let mee Call  
 It noe more Mine, I would Resigne it all;  
 May I not thinke it, as the Thing I did  
 But as a Stranger, foe fall to & read;  
 Not looke vpon it w<sup>th</sup> the Partiall Eye  
 Of blind Affection or Proprietie;  
 Quash my Affections, & Subdue my thought,  
 That I may value all my owne as nought.  
 Be it enough, 'tis done to Glorifie  
 Thy Name, & reinforme Posteritie 100  
 The way to Goodnes; I can aske noe more,  
 But lay an humble offering at the doore.  
 Seale I my vowes then, and depart in Peace;  
 For though I vtter more, I might Speak les.



## Ecclēsiasticus :

OR

*The wifedome of Iefus the Son of Sirach.*

Cap. i.

**G**OD only wife, Wife Ever ; and shall be  
Full in his Wifedome, to Eternitie.

Who can account with nice Arithmeticke  
The Sands which floore the Sea ? or who can feeke,  
With curious Inquisition, eyther what  
Drops fall in showers ? or give the world a Date ?  
Or what more subtile Art can rightly give  
The height of Heaven ? or more then vainly strive  
To Specifie the Earth ? how must it be  
Or in the breadth, or the Profunditie ? 10  
The wifedome of the Lord who can attaine,  
W<sup>ch</sup> hath beene Ever, and shall Ever shine ?  
When nothing was, then Wifedome only was,  
And only there where yet she is in place.  
The Spring of Wifedome and the fource of All  
Is in the word of God Mifteriall ;  
And the Eternall Pandicts which he writt,  
Stand as the Gate or Entrance vnto it.  
Who knowes the Root of wifedome ? Or who can  
Catch at the Raies of Knowledge ? Or what Man 20

Can apprehend the Sacred Mifteries  
 Of Wifedome? Or but where the Entrance is?  
 There is One Wife, and there is only one,  
 Ev'n the Moft High, who fitts vpon the Throne,  
 The Almighty King of Power ; He is the Lord,  
 Who did create her by his mighty word.  
 Hee, only Hee, hath feene her ; and furvayed  
 Her true dimenfions, and her Light displaied  
 In all his worke. How much reflendent She !  
 How lucent in all flefh ! and graciously,  
 In an abundant Meafure, he doth flore  
 All fuch as love him, and his Name Adore !

30

The feare of God is glory and Content,  
 Filling a Soule with Sacred Ravifhment ;  
 It is a Crowne of Honour, & doth give  
 Felicitye & Ioy to Attend Long Life.  
 Thrice happie Hee, and more than happy thrice,  
 Who feares the Lord ; him will not he defpife,  
 But Bles, and favour, when the time fhall come,  
 With a mild Sentence, and a gracious Doome.

40

The Love of God doth dignifie a Name  
 With Wifedome, to a never-dying Fame.  
 The Iuft are feafonéd with a Holie feare  
 Of God, ev'n in the wombe ; which, as it were,  
 Gives them Admittance to the Notion  
 Of Mifteries in Knowledge ; it is on  
 Selected Woemen ; and is ever knowne,  
 With the Iuft Man to Admiration.

The Feare of God is holy knowledge ; which

Shall not preserve but Iustifie as much ; 50  
 Adds comfort to the Heart, and maketh whole  
 A contrite Spirit, & a wounded Soule :  
 Prosperitie, his Life shall ever Bless ;  
 And when he dyes, he shall depart in Peace.

The Feare of God is full fruition  
 Of Wisedome, and it is in that alone ;  
 She fills the house with Ioy, and she doth Bless  
 The Garners with a full & large increase ;  
 Which both are gifts of Heaven. It is the Crowne  
 Of Wisedome, and a true Perfection, 60  
 To feare the Lord ; it giueth health and Peace.  
 Hee numbred hath and seene her, what she is ;  
 She showers downe knowledge, and doth apt the Mind  
 For vnderstanding, in the fullest kind ;  
 Honour attends her Steps : and Honour must  
 (Soc Heaven is pleaséd) gratifie the Iust.

The root of Wisedome is to feare the Lord,  
 And her Spred branches shall long Life afford ;  
 Wisedome gives perfect knowledge, and doth bring  
 Right vnderstanding ; truly seasoning 70  
 And purgeing minds from Error's filthy blot ;  
 Thus is she Faire, but Sinners love her not.

Where a true feare of God is, there shall Sin  
 Vanish away, nor ever enter in ;  
 When she is present, Wrath and Anger shall  
 Noe more be seene, but glide away and fall ;  
 For 't cannot Stand with Anger to be wise,  
 And Death Attends where wrath doth Tyrranize.

---

But loe, the patient Man endures a Time  
 And the Reward of Ioy shall fall to Him ; 80  
 His Lips are Sealed to Anger, and his Name  
 Shall stand vnspotted in an Ample Fame.  
 In Wifedome, hidden secrets and darke things  
 Are seene and knowne ; but yet the Sinner brings  
 Opprobious taunts t' obscure (if it might be)  
 Her Light, and hates th' Immortal Dietye.  
 If Wifdome thou desire, and seeke her waies,  
 Observe the Law ; he is not Wife that Straies ;  
 Keepe the Cōmandments, and she shall be,  
 In a full Measure, giv'n by God to thee ; 90  
 For to feare God is full fruition  
 Of Wifedome ; Him whose pleasure is alone  
 In faith and Meekeness : Be not then to Him  
 Rebellious, nor obstinate in Crime ;  
 Nor come vnto Him with a double Heart,  
 Who knowes thy Zeale, a vaine fantastick Art ;  
 Dissemble not with God, nor feigne a Zeale  
 To Him, from whom thou canst not ought conceale ;  
 Thence may come Scandall to the world, and then,  
 As th' art despis'd by God, th' art scorn'd by Men. 100  
 Doe not alledge thy merit, nor Exalt  
 Thy selfe to God, least for that only fault  
 Thy Soule fall to dishonour, and Hee, wroth,  
 Discover secret Sins, which thy owne Sloth  
 Or arrogance forgotten had ; and thou  
 Refuseing Mercy, fall in Iustice now,  
 A Spectacle of Scorne and Miferye ;  
 Neglecting God, and loveing vanitie.

## Chap. ii.

**I**F thou would'st ferve the God of Heaven (my Son)

Love Righteoufnes ; with refolution

Prepare thy felfe t' endure the ftrong Afsaults  
Of flye Temptation ; fcorne the poore Revolts  
Of humane frailtye ; Let thy Pafsions be  
Subdu'd and Conquer'd by thy Conftancy.

Be ftill attent to wifedome, and when ere  
Sorrowes afsaile thee, Hope in God, with Feare ;  
Expect from Him, and patiently attend,

10

That thou mayeft be rewarded at thy End ;  
Abide what happen fhall, with Fortitude,  
And though Afflictions Change & be renew'd,  
Let not thy Soule be troubled ; for as 't is  
To Gold and Silver, in hot furnaces,  
An exact way of tryall, and doth render  
The Mettall pure, giveing it worth and Splendor ;  
Soe Man is tryed and valu'd, as he can  
Refift the Batteries of Affliction ;  
Adverfitie the Manners doth refine,  
And Adds to Vertue an Immortall Shine.

20

Be conftant in the God of Heau'n, confide,  
Hee will afsift thee, and thy footfteps gvide :  
Continue firme in thy Refolues of feare,  
And let it Shine vpon thy Silver Haire.  
You that Feare him, wait, and expect with Ioy,  
For Mercy ; neither waver, left you dye :  
Truft in him, you that feare him, and you may

Expect a blefsing, which he vowes to pay.  
 Oh, yo<sup>u</sup> that trust in him, let your defires  
 Be purged in the bright & holy fires 30  
 Of Innocence and Vertue, and your Eyes  
 Fixt on his Mercye and Eternall Ioyes ;  
 And you that Feare him, Love him ; which fhall give  
 Ioy to the Heart, in fullnes, whil'ft you live.

Looke backe to former Ages, and then ftay,  
 T' examine well, and feriously Survey  
 If thou was ever one, Iuft and vpright,  
 Of Life vnblemish't, and of humble Spright,  
 Zealous to God-ward ; If ere fuch a One :  
 Know Death at all, or faw Confufion : 40  
 Whom, whom, hath he forfaken, that but hath  
 Trufted in him ? Or on whom ha's this wrath  
 Of Heav'n falne, if he to God haue beene  
 Devout in foule, in hands vnspotted, Cleene ?  
 For God is gracious, and doth looke vpon  
 The offence of Mankind with Compafsion ;  
 Preferveth Sinners in Temptation ;  
 Is a Support and true Salvation.

Woe vnto Them, they many woes fhall find,  
 Who haue a Devious and a froward Mind ; 50  
 To thofe of Lying Lips and bloodie Hands,  
 And to the Sinner that 'twixt two waies ftands.

Woe to the Reprobate ! whose timerous foule  
 Vpon the Waves of Doubts and Pafsions roule ;  
 Hee not beleiveth, therefore fhall he be,  
 (Renouncing Heav'n) vext with Impietye.

Woe vnto you, perverſe in Manners, and  
 You of a bitter Soule, who tott'ring ſtand,  
 In a darke Slippery way ; what will yo<sup>u</sup> doe,  
 When God in Juſtice comes to viſit you ? 60

They will not be repugnant, nor Diſſent,  
 Who feare the Lord, from his Commandement ;  
 And ſuch as him Adore, Sin cannot move  
 Them, in the Waies of Ioy, of Peace, of Love.  
 Thoſe that feare him will bend their faculties  
 To doe the things are pleaſing in his Eies ;  
 And thoſe that Love him, and in Truth abide,  
 Shall ſtand before him and be Juſtified.  
 They that feare him, will, with Sobrietye 70  
 Prepare their hearts, and in Humilitye  
 New veſt their Soules ; before him they will be  
 Conſtant in faith with true Integritye ;  
 And wait his pleaſure ; Saying, if wee ſhall  
 For Sin be impenitent, we doe not fall  
 Into the Hands of Men, but God ſhall ſee,  
 And wee muſt fall to his Severitie ;  
 Yet as he is in Juſtice, ſoe he can  
 Have mercy, and be gracious to Man.

Chap. iii.

**T**HE Juſt are full in wiſedome, and doe move  
 With Sober ſteps of Dutie and of Love.  
 Children, Submit your Wills t' Antiquitie,  
 And let your Actions ſhow Conformitie  
 To the Inſtructions which your fathers have



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Declar'd to you, that soe you may be safe ;  
 For it is that which God expects to see,  
 That by their Children Fathers honored be ;  
 And to their Mothers humble ; for to him  
 That gives the Father Reverence shall Sin                   10  
 Not be imputed ; neither shall he fall  
 To vice, but see felicitye in All ;  
 And he y<sup>t</sup> feares his Mother, waits her Pleasure,  
 Shall have a blessing in an Ample Measure ;  
 As he his Father honored, soe shall  
 His Children with Ioy vnto him fall,  
 And when he Prayes, it shall not be in vaine ;  
 Hee shall be heard, and heard, he shall obtaine.  
 Who honoreth his Father, in his waies,  
 Shall see felicitie and length of daies ;                   20  
 His mother shall be blest in him, and see  
 Ioy Crowne her Daies, and Prosperitie.  
 He that feares God, will give a Reverence  
 To Parents, and a true Obedience ;  
 Nor Doe, nor Say, t' offend them ; nor in thought  
 Grudge at their pleasure, or repine at ought :  
 Soe shall the dew of Heaven fall on thy haies,  
 And Bless with ioy and Plenty all thy yeares ;  
 For 'tis the Father's blessing that shall be  
 Vpon the House, to all Posteritie ;                   30  
 Shall give it strength, and Life ; Strength to Endure,  
 And Life to flourish in the Successour ;  
 Thus to the Iust. But where the fatall curse  
 Of the Dead Mother hangs, it shall goe worfe ;

The Walls shall Drop to Duft, and he shall be  
 Scorn'd in himfelfe ; Curft in his Progenie.  
 Make not a laughter of thy Father's Shame,  
 For it can be noe honour to thy Name ;  
 Being that the Son has glory in the Thing  
 His Father did of honour ; and the Sting  
 Of Shame and Infamie fhall his foule vex,  
 Whofe Mother had not vertues to her Sex. 40

When feeble Limnes fhall fpeake thy Father old,  
 Be pious to his Moods ; Let not the Cold  
 Blood in his fhallow veines againft thee burne ;  
 Let not the caufe of Anger on thee turne ;  
 And if the Imperfections of Old Age  
 Shall be in him, (as tefty Pafsion, Rage,  
 Weake Memory, or Dullnes, incident  
 To venerable Eld,) be thou content, 50  
 Nor fcorne his weakenes ; tho' in ftrength thou be,  
 He was as thou art, thou maieft be as Hee ;  
 He is thy Father ; and his praiera have  
 Obtain'd a Blesing for thee, which Shall Save  
 Thy Soule from Damage ; and thy Mother's crime  
 Shall not be laied to thee, at any Time ;  
 And when Affliction is, God from on Hye,  
 Shall fee, and Save thy Soule, from Ieopardie.  
 As doth the Ice melt, 'fore the Sun's keene raye,  
 Soe fhall thy Sins vanifh and fall away. 60  
 But Hee that leaves his Father, 'tis a Crime  
 Shame fhall Attend, and Death follow him ;

And the Iust Anger of a Mother fhall  
Bring down a curfe, which heavily muft fall.

My fon, fly Arrogance, and doe not boaft  
Thy Actions worthy, leaft the worth be loft ;  
But leave its estimation to the vote  
Of a cleare ffame, which cannot be forgott.  
Let thy Humilitie, in all things be  
The more, the more thou art in dignitie ;  
Many Renown'd and Noble wee may veiw,  
But fecrets are reveal'd to th' humbler few ;  
For Great the Power of God is, and his Feare  
Is precious to thofe that humble are.

70

Be not inquisitive, nor too high wife,  
Nor feeke to Difcerne things beyond thy Eyes ;  
But what thou art Capable, what God has bid,  
That thinke vpon, with Reverence and Heed.  
Prye not into his fecrets ; 'tis a nice  
And foolifh Itch, to Curiofities,  
To difpute Mifteries and things forbid ;  
Which, for they are not needfull, they are hid.

80

In an abundant knowledge be not vain ;  
For many things may be beyond thy Braine  
And reach of frailtie ; Many have fal'n thus,  
Into a Laberinth contiguous  
Of Doubts and fears, and have Perifhéd.  
With hafty steps, by their owne Error led.  
Without thy Eyes, though Heaven's Glorie be  
At full displaid, yet it is darke to thee ;  
Therefore be wife, in Modest Silence, and

90

Speake not of what thou dost not vnderstand ;  
 A Stubborne Heart shall know he has done ill,  
 And the nice Scepticke, his owne feares shall kill.  
 A Double Heart seekes to a Double way,  
 And finding neither, wanders still astray ;  
 And the perverse and obstinate shall be  
 His owne destruction, prest with Miserie.  
 The wicked Man takes pleafure in his Crime,  
 And adds continually to ruine him.

100

The scornefull Proud shall find as proud a Scorne,  
 And Die forgot, as had he not beene borne ;  
 For Sin is deepe in him, and he shall be,  
 Or never Nam'd, or Nam'd with Infamie.

The wife Man shall be seene in Miferies,  
 And neare Attent to Sacred Knowledges ;  
 A Wife Man will not sin ; foe shall he be  
 Bleft in his Actions with Prosperitie.

Soe water quenceth fire as Almes well done,  
 Take away Sin, as if there had beene none ;  
 And hee that Sees the Heart, and knowes it, will  
 Reward the Act, as it is good or ill ;  
 That in the day of Tribulation, hee  
 Shall find a Harbour of Securitie.

110

Chap. iv.

DOE not extort from Povertie, nor stay  
 The Needie, with a frivolous delay ;  
 Vex not a Soule perplexéd, with thy Taunts,  
 Nor make a scorne of any Man in wants.

Doe not exasperate a greivéd mind,  
 Nor Mocke Necesitie in any kind ;  
 Scorne not the praier of one in Miferie,  
 Nor turne away thy face from Povertie ;  
 Let not thy Anger at the needy burne,  
 Least thy owne fury to a curfe returne 10  
 Vpon thy felfe ; for if he iustly shall  
 Pronounce a curfe, fent from the very Gall  
 Of a greiv'd Spirit, certainly his praier  
 Shall have acces to the Creator's Eare.  
 Contemne not Povertie, and let thy will  
 Submit to a more venerable Skill ;  
 Honour the Magistrate, and let him claime  
 Respect from thee who has a Noble Name ;  
 Be patient to the nedy-man's complaint,  
 And pay thy Debt with freindly Complement ; 20  
 Protect the Innocent from the Strong Clawes  
 Of Black Opprefion and Subverted Lawes ;  
 Iudge not at all ; but Iudge with found advice,  
 And let not Trifles move thy sentence twice ;  
 Relieve the Orphan ; Pitty Widdowes' Teares,  
 Redrefs her wrongs, Support her, in her Feares ;  
 Soe God shall be thy Father : he will be  
 More tender then thy Mother over thee.  
 Wifedome Inspireth Life, and fills the Mind  
 With holy Rapture, and doth goe beyond 30  
 Error's foule mist, to the abundant Raies  
 Of Knowledge, where she doth prescribe her waies :  
 Hee that loves wifedome, loveth Life as much ;

And hee that loveth Life shall never touch  
 Death's difmall threshold, but be in full ioy ;  
 Who keepeth her, envy shall not destroy  
 The glory of his Name, but he shall be  
 Consideréd and blest abundantlye.  
 They that esteeme her shall not serve in vaine,  
 But God shall be the gverdon of their paine ; 40  
 They shall be fervants to the Lord aboue ;  
 For such as love her, them he vowes to love.  
 The wife shall Live, and Nations shall Submit  
 To what he thinketh Iust, and Iudgeth fitt :  
 Hee shall inhabite in the Tents of Ioy,  
 And in his Seed be blest abundantlye ;  
 For she will lead him by Ambiguous waies,  
 And through the corners of a Difmall Place,  
 Where feare lurkes privilye, and doth afsay,  
 With a strict discipline and every way, 50  
 To prove his Soule ; which being now found true,  
 She brings him to the direct Path, to shew  
 Him now deepe Mifteries and holy things ;  
 And to attaine true Knowledge, she gives wings  
 Of perfect vnderstanding : but if Hee  
 (Carried by Humor, Will, & Vanitie,)  
 Wander in the darke waies of Doubt and Error,  
 She leaves him to his Shame and Soule's Terror.  
 Lavish not out thy dayes nor let Sin Court  
 Thy easie Soule ; (she dyes, without support 60  
 From thy owne Will) erect a Cheerfull face,

To Witnes Truth, though in the Doubtfull Cafe  
 Of thy own Life ; for 'tis a greater Shame  
 To Spurne at God, and Reprobate thy Name  
 To his Eternall Truth, then to be thought  
 Worthlefs by Men : the Shame of ffearc has brought  
 Sin to attend ; the other though he died,—  
 A word, to Men,—he fhall be Iuftified.

Let thy owne Confcience gvide thee, 'bove the ftiong  
 And quaint perfwafions of another's tongue ; 70  
 Let not his Art betray thee, left it be  
 Perhaps a trap to take thee privilye,  
 And point out thy Ruine ; foe thou fall  
 A prey to turrany, a Scorne to All.

Give thy advice, and let it be in time,  
 To prevent, or recall a Man from Crime ;  
 Doe not withhold thy wifedome, when 't may be,  
 For others vfe, or honour vnto thee ;  
 Wifedome is feene in words, and Actions crowne  
 A perfect wifedome, in a full renowne ; 80  
 Dare not at all, a Truth to contradict,  
 But Blufh to fee and know thy owne defect.

Gladly Confefse thy Sins ; and doe not Strive  
 Againft the Current of the Streame to ftrove ;  
 Hate a foole's Government, and be not tooke,  
 (Soe fooles are taken) by a lofty looke ;  
 Love Truth with fervency, and let thy blood  
 Be fhed for Iuftice ; in a Caufe foe good,  
 God is Accounteable, and vowes to be  
 To thy foes vengeance, Honour vnto thee. 90

Let not thy Tongue demonstrate thy owne worth,  
 But doe the thing for others to set forth ;  
 Infult not vpon Weaknes ; doe not seeke  
 To Tyrranife vpon the humble Necke  
 Of Seruitude ; Seeke not a Glorie in  
 Soe poore a Conquest ; let thy Bountye shine  
 In all thy Actions, and the iust Equallitye  
 Of thy desires shall Crowne thy Liberallitye.

Chap. v.

**T**RUST not in Riches, with a vaine Ostent  
 Of Fullnes, for 'twill not be prevalent  
 In the Sad Day ; let thy Affections be  
 Refrain'd by Reason, Curb'd by Pietye.

Boast not thy strength or Power, in the Progresse  
 Of ill-spent Dayes, to live in wickednesse,  
 Secure or irresponfable. Noe ! know  
 God will have vengeance, though he suffer now.  
 Say not I Live, and ravill out my daies  
 In Libertie ; I trye the many waies  
 Of Sin, to Death, and yet I cannot see,  
 In this, nor that, but I'me as blest as Hee  
 That followes vertue and observes the law :  
 (Thus vtter fooles) but though thy Maker draw  
 Awhile his Anger back, at last he shall  
 Showre downe his wrath, to crush thee in the fall.  
 Expect the wage of Sin for what is done,  
 And let thy care prevent Addition.  
 Say not, the Mercy of our God is great,



He can forgive My Sins, and expiate 20  
 My Manifold transgressions. Oh ! beware  
 Of such presumption, for they equall are  
 In him, Mercy and Wrath ; and Sinners must  
 Fall in his Fury ; for he will be Iust.  
 Præfix noe time to Goodnes ; let the Day  
 Of Reformation hang in noe delay ;  
 For he will come in thy securitye,  
 And Iudge the Soule in its Impuritie.  
 Trust not in wicked Riches ; they shall be,  
 When the Day cometh, of noe vse to thee. 30  
 Be fixt, and swerve not to a doubtfull way ;  
 For foe the finner doth himselfe betray.  
 Let thy Resolves be firme in holy waies  
 Of Knowledg, loveing Righteousness and Peace ;  
 Heare, and submit to what the learned say,  
 In holy Misteries, that thy heart May  
 Have satisfaction ; rectifie thy word,  
 Strictly to say what may with truth accord.  
 Be prompt and Sedulous, good things to heare,  
 Thy Life vnspotted, and thy Manners cleare. 40  
 Satisfye Questions, if thou vnderstand,  
 If Ignorant, let Reason countermand  
 Silence to thy desires, lest thou maiest fall  
 In thy owne Errour,—made a scorne to all.  
 Honour & shame attends on what wee say,  
 And oft the Tongue brings to a sad Decay.  
 Make not thy Name a scandall to thy Mouth,  
 Of a darke flame ; for Levitic, love Truth,

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And wait not for another's Preiudice,  
 To thy advantage ; for fuch evill is 50  
 Never vnpunish't ; hee shall fall to shame,  
 The Subtle Teacher, and his spotted Name  
 Survive with Infamie, and be a scorne  
 To those that are, and those that are not borne.  
     Be Circumspect and Iust, let nothing fway  
     Thee, more or lesse on this or th' other way  
     Beyond Integritie ; to great & small  
     Alike Enclin'd, severely Iust to All.

Chap. vi.

WHERE once thou wast a freind, let nothing move  
     Thee to desist, or turne away thy Love ;  
 For shame attends fuch falsehood ; it shall be  
 A foule reproach to all Posteritye.  
     Glory not in the strength of thy owne Mind,  
 Least as a Bull of feirce and savage Kind,  
 Thy Soule fall on thee, and eate vp thy prime,  
 Destroy thy fruit ; and thou, in little time,  
 Be as a wither'd stocke or saples tree ;  
 For foe the wicked perish,—foolishlie ; 10  
 Trusting his owne strength, a scorne to his foes,  
 To himfelfe Horror, and Eternall woes.  
     A Good word gaineth freinds and keepeth peace,  
 And words well-ordered in discourfe, doe please ;  
 Be freind to All, but one thy bosome-freind,  
 Familiar to thy thoughts, as thy owne Mind ;  
 But rashly credit not ; first try him sure,

By circumstance ; ffor some noe more endure  
 Then they have vse ; and when thy needs shall fall,  
 Leave thee to want, Shame, Miserie, & All ; 20  
 And some are feeming friends, who privilie  
 Betraies thy secrets to thy Enimie ;  
 Plots thy destruction, and in thy disgrace,  
 Will blufhles tell thy Follies to thy face.

Another, for his Belly, is thy freind,  
 And on thy Smileing fortunes doth attend ;  
 Is what thou art, and takes a Libertie  
 Over thy fervants, as himfelfe shall See ;  
 But if the bright Sun of thy Plenty be  
 Choak'd in the fogs of want and Miserie, 30  
 His vowes are Cancell'd ; he noe longer can  
 Attend on want, or ferve a needy man.

Converfe not with thy Foes, beware thy freind :  
 For many feeme who nothing doe intend ;  
 A prouéd freind is firme at all afsaies,  
 Of precious worth, and Iuft in all his waies  
 Beyond all paritie ; vnto his faith  
 Iewels want luftre, Treasure wanteth weight.  
 A faithfull freind is a prefervative  
 'Gainft Fate or Envy ; and the Lord shall give 40  
 To thofe that feare him, himfelfe for a freind :  
 Such Love, Chance changeth not, nor shall death end.  
 Attend Instruction from thy tender yeares,  
 Soe maieft thou find in it thy froftie haire ;  
 Attend with diligence ; with greater Eafe,  
 She foe is gotten, and w<sup>th</sup> more encrease ;

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How is she bitter to the ignorant,  
 Nor can he keepe her that doth iudgment want.  
 Shee only proves him, as the stone doth Gold,  
 And he flings her away he cannot hold ; 50  
 For many, many, have the Ayerie Name  
 Of Wifedome, in a full and swelling fame ;  
 But few, and very few, (if any one,)  
 Have seene her Beauties and her secrets knowne.  
 With those that know her she shall be of price,  
 And stand an object to Eternall Eyes.  
 Attend, (my Son) my discipline receive,  
 And listen to the Counsell which I give ;  
 Submit thy wild affections to her thrall,  
 And let thy head-strong will to counsell fall ; 60  
 Be patient to sustaine her, not despise  
 Her yoke, nor quit thee from Captivities ;  
 Let thy heart Ioy to meet her, and her waies  
 Be the example how to gvide thy Daies ;  
 Be diligent to seeke her, she shall be  
 Reveal'd and open'd what she is, to thee ;  
 And when thou hast her, swerve not from her waies,  
 For at the last, she will adde many Ioyes ;  
 And then her fetters will be a defence,  
 And in her Chaines, thou shalt have Excellence ; 70  
 For in her, there is precious Ornament,  
 Her bands are Easie Laws, with the Ostent,  
 Of a rich Dye ; in her, thou art arraied  
 As in a Robe which honour hath displaied ;

She will bring health, and dignifie thy Name,  
And Crowne thee with a Ioyfull Diadem.

My Son, if willing, thou shalt have advice,  
And if thou seeke Knowledge thou shalt be wise ;  
Attend and treasure vp what thou shalt heare,  
Wisedome is best attained by the Eare ;  
Converse with Learned Men, and doe not thou  
Dissent from what Antiquitie doth know ;  
Let thy discourse be holy, and thy Heart  
Glad to receiue what Knowledge doth impart ;  
Haſt to a Man of Knowledge, and frequent  
Often his doores ; let thy thoughts be intent  
Vpon God's Law ; foe shall thy Heart be bleſt,  
And thy desires with Wisedome full Poſſeſt.

80

Chap. vii.

**F**LY Sin, and live ſecure ; performe thy part,  
Sin not remains, but with a willing heart ;  
Let not thy good fall to the pregnant Slime  
Of wickednes, leaſt thou reape ſeven times ;  
Covet not too high Dignities, nor bring  
Important fuits, to beg it of the King ;  
Adde not to Merit, nor Extenuate  
Thy Crime to heav'n, fondly to vindicate  
Thy conſcious Soule ; for God doth know & ſee  
Thy heart, thy ſin, thy ſin of Secreſie.  
Boaſt not thy wiſedome to a Royall Eare,  
Nor ſeeke to ſitt in Iudgment, leaſt thou Erre ;  
Sway'd or by faction ; or the fullen frowne

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Of fome great Man deterre thee from thy owne  
 Integritie. Let not the vulgar be  
 Thy malice, nor admit Communitie,  
 But at a diftance. Let not double Crime  
 Defile thy Soule ; for in one there is fhame.  
 Say not I'll repeat my offence to heauen,  
 With my oblations, and what I have given, 20  
 God will accept. Be fervent in thy praier,  
 Frequent in Almes, and full in pious care.  
 Deride not Miferie ; for God doth fee,  
 And he can exalt him, and ruine thee.  
 Let not thy brother fuffer in a Lye,  
 To ftaine thy foule, and raife him Infamie :  
 Forbear to Lye at all, not in a thing  
 Indifferent ; falshood can never bring  
 Ioy to thy Soule, or honour to thy Name,  
 But growes to Couftome, ends to thy owne fhame. 30  
 Vfe Modestie in fpeech, let not the vaine  
 Oftent of words fwell thee to vrge againe  
 Thy once repeated praier ; doe not defpife  
 An honeft labour, nor with haughtie Eyes  
 Difdaine a Ruffick lownefse. Doe not vant  
 Thy felfe familiar and Converfant  
 With the wild Crew ; nor Glory in thy witt,  
 To thinke how rarely thou haft compafs'd it.  
 Let not the Memory of a darling Sin  
 Pleafe thy gray haires, nor let wifhes in ; 40

But thinke, oh thinke, there once will be a time  
When thou must satisfie for all thy crime.

Be of an humble foule ; for to the proud,  
Fire, and the gall of Conscience is allow'd.  
Value thy freind 'bove all, and let the gold  
Of Ophir, for thy Brother's love be Cold.

Cleave to the vertuous Woeman ; she is given  
Thee as a portion, by the hand of Heaven :  
Her vertue is full Dower, and Modestie  
Adornes her more than wealth or Dignitye. 50  
Let a good fervant have a due respect  
Of Love from thee ; let not fupine neglect  
Creepe in to his defervings ; let him find  
Thy Care & bountie, as he was inclin'd  
To doe thy pleafure ; now grant his desire,  
And satisfie the Labourer with hire.

If thou haft Cattle, tend them with a care,  
Keepe or forgoe, as to thy vse they are.  
If blest with fons let not the blefsing die,  
Give them Instruction from their Infancye ; 60  
Let them know rule : if Daughters, let them be  
In thy owne keep, admit noe libertie :  
Be strict, and curbe them w<sup>th</sup> an austere brow,  
Nor let them ever thy Indulgence know.  
Marry thy Daughter, by difcreet advice ;  
For it a Matter much Important is,  
Redundant to thy glorie & her good.  
Let him be wife, and of vntainted blood,  
Whom thy choice makes a fon. If (happy thou)

To thy foule's Ioy, & thy owne wifh, haue now 70  
 A Wife ; be fixt there, let not lewdnes fmile  
 To tempt thy frailty, & thy foule beguile.

Honour thy father w<sup>th</sup> a pious feare,  
 And pay thy dutie to a mother's care ;  
 But thinke from them thou wert, & but for Them,  
 Where hadft thou beene, in being or in Name ?  
 What can requite ? what's thy obedience ?  
 Thy Love, feare, Honour ? a poore recompence.

Feare God in Soule, & let his preifts from thee 80  
 Have honour due vnto their Dignitie ;

Love thy Creator, with thy Strength, thy Life,  
 And let thy eare be to the Iuft man's greife ;  
 With all thy Soule fear God, & venerate  
 His owne anointed, & his Consecrate,  
 His holy Preifts ; give them their Due, thy Debts,  
 Thy firft-borne fruits, Purgings, & to Expiate  
 Thy Sin with Sacrifice. To God be thefe,  
 Erected hands, pure heart, with humbled knees ;  
 Thefe be the Offerings, the facrifice,  
 And firft-fruits of value in his Eyes. 90

Give to the poore, foe God the ftate will blefs ;  
 And in their Praier, thou fhalt expire in Peace.

Charitie is of worth in all men's eyes ;  
 And let the Dead not want for Obfequies ;  
 Comfort the Sad ; Mourne with a troubled Mind ;  
 Vifit the Sicke ; thy gverdon thou fhalt find ;  
 In all thy vndertakings, weigh the End,  
 Soe fhalt thou neuer vnto Death Offend.



## Chap. viii.

**N**EUER contend with power, leaft hee, too ftrong,  
 Opprefs thee ; weaknes cannot fuffer long ;  
 Differ not with the Rich, whofe treafure can  
 Compose or rule the Law, 'gainft any Man ;  
 For Golden Sizzors clip Aftra's wings,  
 And hath fubverted ev'n the hearts of Kings.

Be not in ftrife, nor have at all to doe  
 With Men who vtter much, and little know.  
 Converfe not with the foole, left it may be  
 To thy difhonour in Pofteritie.

10

Defpife not him who now reformes his waies,  
 Nor Speake it to his Shame, what is his praife.  
 Mock not at Eld, w<sup>th</sup> Scurrill taunts & vaine,  
 'Tis that which wee can but hope to Attaine.  
 Let not thy foe's Death thee Exhilarate,  
 For to all Mortall, 'tis an Equall Fate.  
 Attend the Iudgments of Antiquitie ;  
 And prize her wifedome as the Nurferie  
 Of Knowledge how to rectifie thy waies  
 In vnderftanding, and to live with Praife.  
 Goe not from what they teach, for 'tis to them  
 Tradition, which from their Fathers came ;  
 They fhall give knowledge in the fullest kind,  
 And thou, their fayings in thy need fhalt find.

20

Rebuke a Sinner, doe not Arrogate  
 His Crime ; Sin vrg'd, not Seldome bringeth hate ;  
 Stand vp to accufe noe Man, Left he may  
 Returne it Backe, in fomewhat thou fhalt fay.

Lend not to Men in State or Dignitie  
 Above thy felfe ; or if thou gloriouslye 30  
 Wilt foe court greatnes, let thy fecond thought  
 Repent thy follye, and esteeme it nought.  
 Be bond but to thy power ; for if thou say,  
 I will be bond, make full account to pay.  
 Differ not with the Iudge in point of Law ;  
 For to himfelfe the Honour he will draw.  
 Admit with rash Men noe Societie ;  
 Rashnes prefumeth on Sobrietie,  
 To give offence ; for he knowes only Will ;  
 And through his folly, thou art fure of ill. 40  
 Contend not with the furious, neither be  
 Vrg'd by his Scorne, to admit privacie ;  
 For blood he valews not, & thou fhall fall  
 To his good Arme, haveing noe help at all.  
 Advife not with the foole, he will betray  
 Thy Secrets, in what ever thou fhalt fay.  
 Let not a Stranger privacies attend ;  
 Hee fees & knowes, but thou not knowft his end.  
 Make not the Vulgar privy to thy Mind ;  
 (For Popularitie is Still inclin'd 50  
 To freedome) foe, thy fecrets are betraide,  
 And thou a Scandall to the world art made.

Chap. ix.

**H**ARBOUR noe Iealous feares againft thy Wife,  
 Nor give to her fufpition, by thy Life.  
 Let not a Woeman too much Captivate

---

Thy life, lest she betray thee to the hate  
 Of enemies. Avoid the Company  
 Of blufhles Woemen, lest thou fall and Die.  
 Let not a voice, nor exact Motion  
 Betray thee to thy owne Confusion.  
 Detract not from a Virgin's Modestie,  
 To fixe vpon her with a fervent Eye. 10  
 Fall not a Prey to wantons, nor be tooke  
 By a lasciuious Iest, or winning looke ;  
 Lest it, perhaps, redound to thy Shame, \*  
 And leave a blott vpon thy house & Name.  
 Walke not to looke on Beauties, nor enquire  
 After faire Woemen, to provoke desire ;  
 Reverse thy burning Eye from the desir'd  
 Obiect of Beautie, though to be admir'd ;  
 For many have fall'n foe ; 'tis by thy Eye,  
 The fire is kindled to vnchastity. 20  
 A finfull Woeman shall be trod as dung,  
 And have a bitter Scorne from every tongue ;  
 Many have fal'n to Sin, in a Strange looke,  
 Fixt on her Eyes, taken with what she spoke.  
     Allow not freedome with another's Spoufe,  
 Vse not with too much frequency her house ;  
 Let, Let, the curbe of Modestie restraine  
 Her bed to thee, though in an Entertaine,  
 Intended Civill ; and the needles stay  
 Of Banquetting admit not ; lest there may 30  
 In vaine protractions, such occasions be  
 As may entice thy will and ruine thee.

Leave not a provéd freind ; for an Ignote  
Comes but at hazard, feldome proves in ought  
Like him who was ; but as in Wine new-preft,  
Time proves it good, and then wee drinke it beft.

Ayme not at Honours, nor in thought Aspire,  
To be as yon'd full Man ; he fhall expire  
But ev'n as thou, Charg'd with a greater debt ;  
And what he is, nor you nor he knowes yet.

40

Affect not wickēdnes, as Sinners doe,  
But thinke, thy Account needs muft greater grow.  
Keepe from the Man of Blood ; foe fhalt thou be  
Safe from the feare of Death or Iniurie ;  
But if thou happen foe, give noe offence  
To stir his fury ; thinke, without defence,  
Thou art Surround in danger ; every Side  
Snares to entrap thee ; & thou doft bestride  
Horror in every space ; thou maieft fall downe  
To certaine Ruine, ignorant how foone.

50

Be ware thy Neighbour's malice, and enquire  
Counsell of Wife men ; quicken thy defire  
To have converfe with Men who can afford  
Sacred Inſtructions, how to ferve the Lord.  
Let Juſt Men be thy Gueſts, let thy Ioy  
Be only in the feare of the Moſt High.  
Artiſts are priſ'd and praiſ'd by what they doe ;  
And the Wife Prince, in his owne word ſhall know  
The Gen'rall ſuffrage. Wife Men valued are  
Not for fine words, but for the Sence they beare.

60

A Man of many words doth breed debate,  
And hee that bolts at all, the World shall Hate.

Chap. x.

**A**N vnwife King the People shall Lament,  
But where there is a goodly government,  
Where vpright Men fit in Authoritie,  
Then, shall the Cittie see Prosperitie.  
God doth difpofe of Rule, and in his Eyes  
How defpicable are Iniquities ;  
And though he fuffer now, at his good time,  
The Rulers shall be Iuft, & free from Crime.  
The fate of Man is in th' all-gvidinge hand,  
He makes the learned in his honour ftand. 10  
Forgive thy Neighbour's trespafs, and let not  
Thy thoughts be bufie in a wicked Plott.

Pride before God and to an Equall Man,  
Is in both Sin; hate all, in Each as One.  
Crownes are difpos'd, and often have tranflation  
From this to that, from that to th' other Nation ;  
Becaufe of wrongs, Iniuflice, wrested lawes,  
Opprefions, Tyrannies, or fome fuch caufe.

Nothing lefs worthy, in the higheft eyes,  
Then Man, befotted on his avarice. 20  
Why art thou proud? oh ! thou of humane birth !  
Thou art but Afhes, or at the beft, but Earth ;  
There is not, cannot be, a viler thing,  
Then to love Money ; fuch a Man would bring

His Soule to Mercate ; for his Life, his Name  
Are gone, in being Slave to his owne shame.

Tyrrany raigns not long : as the difeafe  
Pufles the Doctor, difficult to Eafe,  
Hee tries a desperate Cure in fuch a need ;  
Soe, hee, to-Day a King, to-Morrow, Dead ; 30  
Why (Duft), then, art thou Proud ? when Man doth fall,  
Hee falls to Serpents, Beasts, to Wormes ; and All  
The beginning of Man's Pride is to decline  
ffrom God, and make a Ieft of things devine ;  
Pride is the fount, but rifes at the streame,  
And ftill growes higher, till in the Extreame  
It overflowes, &, like a Torrent's vent,  
Doth ruine fuch as ftand to try the Event.  
Smear'd in the foulnes of his Sin, the advice  
Of wicked Men fhall perifh in a trice. 40

God hath caft downe the thrones of Maieftie  
And haughty Kings, t' advance humilitye ;  
The Proud of Nations he doth Contemne,  
And gives the lowly to inhabite them ;  
He hath fubverted where the Heathen lurke,  
And vtterly demolifhed their worke ;  
They wither in his fight and fall away,  
Nor fhall their Memorye any longer ftay.  
The Proud Man's foule fhall perifh, only he  
Of humble Soule fhall fhine in Dignitie. 50  
In Men Pride was not ever, neither hath  
The weaker Sex beene ftill accite to Wrath.

Children that feare God fhall haue honour in  
Their Daies ; & fuch fhall fuffer in their Sin,  
As doe reiect his Lawes ; for as the place  
Conferreth Honour, foe doth ever Grace.

Crownes flourish in the feare of God, Decline  
Where Pride and Tyranny doe madly Ioyne.  
His feare is Glory to the Greateft Name,  
Not lefs then to a Man of Obfcure fame. 60  
Shall Povertie obfcure an able Mind ?  
Or 'caufe another's wealthy, fhall he find  
Honour and praife of Wifedome ? he, a foole ?  
This can not stand to an Indifferent Soule.

The King, the Iudge, and the Gown'd Magiftrate,  
Are honourable, but there's none more Greate  
Then he that fears God, Vnto Seruitude.  
Free-men, attend, if Gracious & Endued  
With Knowledge. Hee who knowes will not difdaine  
Councell ; but fooles noe honour can attaine. 70  
Necefsity admits of noe delay,  
Be refolute, though in a cumbrous way.  
Better the Drudge, who in his Plenty flood,  
Then the Gay man that wanteth for his food.  
Let thy humility adorne thy Browes,  
And thinke thy felfe noe better then thou knowes.  
Who will account him iuft that wrongs him felfe ?  
Or honour him who thrufts his Soule on Shelve  
Of Preiudice ? The Poore, 'caufe he is wife  
Is honor'd ; & the rich, Men will defpife, 80  
For what he has. How more then worthy hee

Whofe honour Shineth in his Povertie,  
 When he fhall be of State ! & how much more  
 Shall he be Abiect, when he is but Poore,  
 Whofe wealth was all his vertue ! Then his Name  
 Dyes with his ftory, perifheth as it came.

Chap. xi.

**W**ISEDOME exalts the humble, gives him place  
 With Men of Honour. For the outward face  
 Let not a Man be praiféd, nor defpife  
 A Man deforméd ; for he may be wife ;  
 For loe, the Bee, a defpicable thing,  
 Almost the leaft of Creatures haveing wing,  
 Yet in her fruit moft faithfull. Bee not thou  
 Proud of gay Rags, nor beare a haughty Brow,  
 When th' art in Place of honour ; for alone  
 The workes of God are Glorious and vnknowne. 10  
 Tirants haue fal'n, & to pofsefs the Throne,  
 Hee, from obfcuritie, hath chofen One.  
 Great Men have fal'n to Shame, & he of Note  
 Hath beene deliver'd to a Stranger's vote.  
 Rashly blame noe man ; but with mature heed,  
 Iudge and reforme it. Be not blindly led  
 To give thy vote ere the caufe be full told ;  
 And patiently heare both, nor hott, nor Cold ;  
 Intrude not for a faction, or to raife  
 Vnheard of Doubts. What boots a finfull praife ? 20  
 Intend not diverfe things. Shun bufines  
 Almost at all ; at leaft, hate the Excefse ;



For if thou profit, all thy gaines not gott,  
 Thou art corrupted, or at least foe thought ;  
 Thou shalt not keepe thy Reputation free,  
 In Eyther way, to follow or to flee.

Those come of God, Attend vpon his breath :  
 Prosperous or aduerse fortunes, Life or Death ;  
 Riches & Povertie ; Wifedome is his,  
 And the right vse of Sacred Knowledges. 30  
 Love & good-Workes of him are precedent,  
 Error & Darknes Sinners circumvent ;  
 And they that Magnifie their follies done  
 Wax Gray in Sin, past all recurement gone.  
 The Iust inherite blefsings, which shall be  
 Vpon thy house, to all Posteritye.  
 Some Man is rich by his owne Miserie,  
 And that's the wages he shall ever see ;  
 In that he wanteth it his owne acquitt,  
 Nor thinketh further ; ffond Man ! whither is't 40  
 Sin drives thy Soule ? Behold the Time is nere,  
 That thou must leave it All ; thou knowest not where,  
 Nor lefs, to whom. Feare God, & entertaine  
 Thy Age in a good Worke, nor have a vaine  
 Inquisitive Eye to others ; what they Doe  
 'Tis not at all to thee ; but Iustly goe  
 In thy owne way. By the full hand of Heaven  
 Wealth to the needy suddainly is given.  
 The Iust shall prosper and shall live in Peace,  
 With an abundant Store & large encrease. 50

Be not then you too wife, in [vanitye]  
 With heaven to say, what either shall it be,  
 Profit or Pleasure? what shall I expect,  
 Another day, gverdon to my respect?  
 I swim in Pleasure, I have wealth at will,  
 'Tis not in ffate, that I can suffer ill.

Ah, ffoole! collect thy selfe, & thinke there may  
 Darke Clouds of want invelope the bright Day.  
 Be not deiect in Miserie, for know  
 God can give succour, & can give it now. 60  
 In greateft need, the small time of an houre,  
 To Man, if but his fortunes seeme to lowre,  
 Is tedious; he falls beneath the Load,  
 But 'tis the End that Crown's the Labour Good.

Iudge noe Man happie till he be declin'd,  
 Then see and Iudge as he hath left behind;  
 In them he shall suruiue. Be Hospitable  
 But not to All; some Man is sociable  
 To get advantage on thee; in his breath  
 Rise many vapours, Noxious to the Death. 70  
 As secure Innocence, not dreading harme,  
 The Silly Partridge run's into the Charme  
 The fouler fett; or as the Hind is ta'ne  
 In the strong Toyle, foe waits the sinfull Man  
 To see thy fall; and laies his Machine at  
 Thy fame; and from thy worth doth derogate,  
 With feirce invectives. Sparkes ingender fire  
 And Shame encreaseth, tho' raif'd by a Lyar;  
 And he still aggravates. O, Son! beware

And Shun the Wicked Man, who fetts a fnare 80  
 How to surprife thee ; if too intimate  
 Thou with an Alien be, repent it late ;  
 In his Seditions, in thy owne vnrest  
 And greife, to See him of thy ftate Pofseft.

Chap. xii.

**I**N Almes respect to whom, that a reward  
 May waite thy Charity. Be ftill prepar'd  
 To Succour the Iuft Man ; this fhall accrue  
 To treble recompence, & find it's due ;  
 Though not perhaps from him, it fhall be giv'n,  
 (Heaven being engaged) by the hand of Heav'n.

What can of good come to the Waiward Man,  
 Practif'd in Mifcheife ? or what evill can  
 Be abfent in Oppreffion ? Let thy hand  
 Be stretcht to afsift vertue ; but withstand 10  
 The vrgencyes of Sinners. Help the Meeke ;  
 And let the impious want of what they feeke.  
 Draw back thy willing hand, fraught w<sup>th</sup> an Almes,  
 Withold thy Charitie ; (loft in the Calmes  
 Of Secure Innocence, thou fafely rideing ;  
 The guft of Sin, may Stir a Surly tiding,  
 In Seas pacificke) he will lye in waite,  
 For thy destruction ; Quiet thy love with hate.

Give to the Good (fuch Almes are never vaine)  
 But let the Wicked afke, & not obtaine. 20  
 In the bright day of Plenty, every Man  
 Will be a freind ; 'tis difficult to Scan

---

Who truly are foe ; but in the darke Cloud,  
 Of Adverse fortunes' when as wants doe shrow'd  
 Men in the Mists of Povertie, 'twill be  
 Apparent Who's a freind, who Enemie.  
 For when a Man in Plenty is, then those  
 Maligne & grudge his fortune who are foes ;  
 And in the Day, the black & Dismall Day,  
 Of Want and Miserie, hardly freinds will stay. 30  
     Be circumspect & Cautele to thy foe ;  
 For like as Iron rusteth, Ev'n foe  
 His Soule is tainted, though he carry faire  
 In all deportments ; yet (My Son) beware ;  
 Be not too free to him, leaft he supplant  
 Thy Iust designs ; let not him, Arrogant,  
 Sit on thy Right Hand, as pre-eminence ;  
 And he, foe bladder'd, doe not spare offence,  
 To thy preiudice, & vsurpe what's thine ;  
 And thou (too late) recall these words of mine, 40  
 Into thy Memory ; & thy vext Soule  
 Find torture in thy rashnes. For what foole  
 Soe tender pitties, if the Charmer be  
 Stung by a Serpent ? or the temer'tie  
 Of Such as, willing, will afsault the Wild  
 Of furious Bruits, Although he should be kill'd ?  
 Ev'n such a one is he, who doth attend  
 The Sinner in his waies ; & shall he find  
 A Pittie more ? Sinners fouth thee in Sin,  
 But they fall off, if ever thou begin 50  
 To shrink the leaft. As Honey, or more sweet

And melting, Are the words of fraud & Spight,  
But inwardly as Gall : his Eyes shall be  
Stor'd w<sup>th</sup> false tears, in remorse of thee ;  
But if he find (what cannot Malice find !)  
His opportunity to goe beyond  
Thy honest reach, ought to thy prejudice ;  
Then, then, he falls, & blood will not Suffice.  
Happ'ly in adverse fortunes, he will be  
Pretending help, but plotting treacherie ;  
Then, in derision, will he shake his head,  
And Clap his hands, Applauding what he did ;  
Whisper to thy dishonour, & his face  
form'd to revile thee, in thy owne disgrace.

60





## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

### VOL. II.

#### *Title-page.*

'Me tantum dicere Mea | Nunc iuuat. | Faulty as verse: Mëa—the syllabical quantity-marks here and elsewhere, are *literatim* from the M.S.; '*Carmen Protrepticon*'=a stimulating song, to the Reader; l. 5, '*Censure*'=judgment—blame came much later as a sense of the word.

#### *To the Reader, p. 2.*

L. 1, '*Affront*'=put to shame—in the modern sense. Cf Vol. I. p. 139, l. 274, where it is used more accurately—as shewn in relative note.

#### *Ode i. p. 3.*

This and other of these Odes recall the spirit of Horace's self-assertions and confidence of after-fame.

#### *Ode ii. pp. 3-5.*

St. 3, l. 3, '*Souce*'=steep or dip if =souse: if 'souce' as in Halliwell and Wright s. v.= 'to lay in some tart thing.'

#### *Ode iii. pp. 6-10.*

St. 1, l. 4, '*affect*'=choose; l. 5, '*Happilie*'=haply; *ib.* '*far-der fett*'=farther fetched; st. 2, l. 2, '*Course*'=coarse; l. 3, '*Larum*'=alarm, noise; st. 4, '*Shine.*' This is a frequent word with our Poet. So late as Dryden it continued in use, and Ruskin and other art-critics have revived it.

"To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day:

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or *shine.*"

(Horace, Ode xxix.—Dryden.)

st. 6, l. 3, '*Then*'=than, and so *frequentier*—forgetfulness of this will puzzle the reader.

*Ode iv.* pp. 10-11.

St. 1, l. 7, 'nummed.' So p. 102; st. 1, l. 6, 'intend' = meant—to draw or sketch.

*Ode v.* pp. 12-13.

Cf. Horace, lib. iii. Ode 1 and Ode xvi.—favourites with our earlier and later English poets; st. 1, l. 7, 'Swelling boules.' Cf. Vol. I. p. 18, l. 267, and relative note.

*Ode vii.* pp. 15-18.

St. 3, l. 4, 'Monster.' One suspects Oliver Cromwell was intended; but whether of design or accidentally the wording is obscure, and some abstraction may have been meant, *e. g.* Superstition, or Pharisaism, or Puritanism; st. 6, l. 4, 'Gire' = circle. Cf. p. 134, l. 12, "run the tumultuous *Gire* of human Woe"; st. 8, l. 3, 'triumpt' = triumphed—a forgotten incident, but evidently one that suggests a person rather than an impersonation, and yet again st. 9 seems too wide for appropriation to any individual: st. 10, l. 4, 'a small Infant Child' = the 'Holy Child' Jesus—but what can the reference be? st. 15, l. 2, 'retchles' = reckless—in Article xvii. "wretchlessness of unclean living." Cf. p. 151, l. 19, 'retchles swaines.' See our Introduction on this striking but difficult Ode.

*Ode viii.* pp. 18-19.

St. 2, l. 1, 'travell' = travail.

*Ode ix.* p. 20-3.

St. 3, l. 3, 'Revert' = look back; st. 4, l. 3, 'Haile' = salutation; st. 5, l. 7, 'Rheme' = ream.

*Ode x.* pp. 23-4.

St. 2, l. 2, 'Sinnew-bound' = powerless, incapable of movement. So 'hide-bound'; st. 3, l. 3, 'mure' = wall. Cf. p. 159, l. 242, used as a verb, 'mure the way'; l. 10, 'Welkin' = curved sky. So German *wolke*.

*Ode xi.* pp. 25-8.

St. 2, l. 3, 'Hermogenes'—put for any good singer, as in Horace Sat. i. 3, 129:—

To SAT

“At quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque  
Optimus est modulator.”

It is just possible that it was a nick-name for some one of the party in the House of Commons: st. 4, l. 5, ‘*wage*’=wager—the sentiment is from Herbert: st. 6, l. 5, ‘*lye by*’=[that] lye by. The Reader will come on many such elliptical forms. Why the ‘novice’ should ‘*breake* the pipes’ must be left unexplained: st. 9, l. 1, ‘*Sober*’=grave—and *frequenter*; l. 4, ‘*Mirtle bare*’—after Virgil, Ecl. iv. 2, ‘*humilesque myricæ.*’ Cf. p. 27, l. 4, and p. 81, l. 8.

*Ode xii.* pp. 28-31.

St. 4, l. 4, ‘*humble Hay*’—by stress of rhyme for ‘grass.’ Cf. p. 144, ll. 188-9, “there fitts Grasse to her Strephon’s browes.” In Horace hay (‘*fænum*’) was used in a bad sense—impossible here.

*Ode xiii.* pp. 31-5.

St. 1, l. 2, ‘*Rector’s*’=Ruler’s; st. 2, ll. 1-3, ‘*Raven . . Stagge*’—Medea in Ovid (Met. vii. 273-4).

“*Vivacisque iecur cervi, quibus insuper addit  
Ora caputque novem cornicis sæcula passæ.*”

Virgil also—Ecl. vii. 30, applies the same epithet to the stag, ‘*vivacis cervi*’; l. 8, ‘*Heliotrope*’=sunflower or turnsoles: but let the ‘curious reader’ consult “Notes and Queries,” s. v.; st. 7, l. 6, ‘*Clue*’=clew—ball of silk thread as used in ‘threading’ the labyrinth of the legend. I have myself found it useful under-ground in Egypt and elsewhere; st. 8, l. 8, ‘*Zanie*’=fool; st. 10, l. 7, ‘*Olimpicke wall*’—the allusion doubtless is to the war of the Titans: Virgil, Georg. i. 278-9.

*Ode xiv.* pp. 35-8.

St. 5, l. 9, ‘*Phasiant*’=pheasant. Cf. Vol. I. p. 37, st. 5, l. 9, and relative note.

*Ode xv.* pp. 38-41.

St. 2, l. 5, ‘*Stupendious*’=stupendous—contemporary spelling.

*Ode xvi.* pp. 42-4.

Various terms in Falconry are used in this and the next Ode;



st. 2, l. 8, '*Scowers*'=scours, *i. e.* ranges about; st. 4, l. 1, '*slug*'=sluggard.

*Ode xvii.* pp. 44-6.

St. 2, l. 3, '*flitt*'=move about—hence Scotice to remove from one home to another, and the noun '*flitting*'; l. 4, '*make a bayte*'—a hawk is said to '*bait*' when she claps her wings, or stoops at her prey (Bailey s. v.); l. 10, '*Iesses*'=short straps of leather or silk, which were used to tie a hawk's legs; l. 13, '*grate*'=grating; l. 14, '*mewed*'=shut up, as hawks in their coop: st. 3, l. 8, '*lime*'=daub; l. 9, '*muite*'=dung of birds, especially hawks; l. 13, '*Clog*'=block fastened to legs to hinder flight.

*Ode xviii.* pp. 47-9.

This is a thoroughly Horatian Ode in its sentiment; st. 3, l. 2, '*prevent*'=anticipate; st. 11, l. 2, '*Noe Day noe Line*'—adaptation, with a difference, of '*Nulla dies sine linea*'; st. 14, l. 2, '*A-bed at Ten.*' Cf. Horace, Satires, B. i. vi.—which was evidently much read by Daniel; st. 16, l. 16, '*Long Barnabie*'=St. Barnabas Day, 11th June, called '*Barnaby-Bright.*'

*Ode xix.* pp. 50-1.

St. 2, l. 2, '*high pris'd Tulip*'=high-priced—doubtless during the Tulip-mania in Holland.

*Ode xx.* pp. 51-3.

St. 6, l. 3, '*Emmett in a Cloud*'=a needle in a bottle of hay—something you cannot find with your '*dimme eyes*'; l. 6, '*Ant or Toade*'—very '*dimme eyes*' indeed so to mistake.

*Ode xxi.* pp. 53-5.

St. 5, l. 4, '*Leech*'=physician.

*Ode xxii.* pp. 55-6.

St. 1, l. 4, '*blushings hides*'=collective plural. So before, "all imagin'd fears And reall feinds unto that eye appears." Daniel throughout has these Northern dialectical forms, one characteristic of which is the formation of the plural present indicative in '*es*' as the Midland in '*en*,' and the South in '*eth*.'

So too p. 102, st. 1, ll. 8-9, 'formes . . . seekes . . . Wrests,' &c., p. 129, ll. 7-8, joye has Groves,' &c.

*Ode xxiii.* pp. 56-8.

St. 2, l. 2, 'violates'—noticeable use of the word; st. 4, l. 8, 'summer Chanters.' Cf. Horace, Odes, lib. 1. Ode xxxv. 'diffugiunt cadis.' So 'summer friends' in Herbert, and elsewhere.

*Ode xxv.* pp. 60-62.

St. 1, l. 1, 'Pudora'—a name of his own forming=Puditia or Modesty: st. 3, l. 9, 'I Nicotiana Sung.' See Vol. 1. pp. 51-3, st. 4, l. 9, 'revolted.' See 'Love Platonicke,' Vol. 1. pp. 110 and onward; st. 5, l. 1, 'Rectres'—another coinage of the Author=ruler.

*Ode xxvi.* pp. 61-3.

St. 1, l. 2, 'Chops'—whiskered cheeks? st. 2, l. 3, 'high-slickt'—high-sleeked or smoothed; l. 7, 'Zealous bow'—qu. Puritan fashion?

*Ode xxvii.* pp. 63-5.

This and preceding refer to the Portraits inserted in the MS.—on which see our Introduction: st. 3, query—; after tooke (in l. 2) and , after Art (in l. 3)? st. 5, l. 7, 'beard in Cop'ses grow'—very bushy.

*Ode xxviii.* pp. 66-7.

St. 2. Cf. Proverbs xxvii. 19.

*Ode xxix.* pp. 67-8.

St. 2, l. 9, 'intend'—stretch to or attend.

*Ode xxx.* pp. 68-70.

St. 2, l. 3, 'And got his morning draught'—from the Sea and from the 'dewy' earth; st. 5, l. 2, 'Squallid'—squalidus, *i. e.* foul (a mistake). Or the reference may be after Daniel's manner, to the secondary sense of squalidus—the 'squalid' garments worn by persons in mourning, and hence=mournful. The epithet 'funebri' was applied to these birds; p. 91, l. 15, 'the dire screech-owl'; l. 3, 'Titters'—the 'tu-whit, tu-whoo.' We generally use the word of smaller birds and their note, *e. g.* the swallow, as in Gray's Elegy, 'The swallow twittering,' &c.

*Ode xxxi.* pp. 71-2.

St. 2, ll. 11-12=the licentious.

*Ode xxxii.* pp. 71-3.

St. 5, l. 4—a (dropped before 'Not.')

*Ode xxxiv.* pp. 75-6.

Line 13, '*determin'd*'=predestined. Cf. p. 128, l. 23.

*Ode xxxv.* pp. 76-8.

St. 2, l. 5, '*Anadem*'=diadem or crown. Lucretius B. iv. 1123, speaks of '*anademata, mitrae,*' and a few lines after of '*coronae, sarta*'—the former swallowing up the lover's fortune; the latter as accompaniments of the feast. Anadema and diadema were both originally bands worn round the head, before crowns were invented for royalty; st. 3, 5, '*manage*'=management—qu. from the riding-school, and so properly '*horsemanship*'? l. 7, '*Brouch*'=planet or star—but whence the word?

*Ode xxxvi.* pp. 78-80.

St. 1, l. 5, '*prudent Adders*'—Georg. iii. 437, '*Quam positus novus exariis nitidusque juvena Volvitur,*' &c.; st. 2, l. 6, '*attractive*'—pre-Newtonian, and so according to the old belief of the earth being the centre of the universe.

*Ode xxxvii.* p. 81.

Last line, '*Nature,*' &c.=the Microcosm, man—as quaintly celebrated by John Davies of Hereford in his long poem so headed (see our collective edition of his Works in the Chertsey Worthies' Library.)

*Ode xxxix.* pp. 83-85.

St. 1, l. 8, '*Shelfe*'—as before. Cf. also p. 89, st. 2, l. 7—it is a favourite word and rhyme with our Poet.

*Ode xl.* pp. 85-7.

St. 3, l. 8, '*pangve*'—*sic* and elsewhere=pang; st. 4, l. 12, '*prevent*'=anticipate.

*Ode xliii.* pp. 90-2.

St. 4, l. 2, '*Frogs and Toads doe houle*'—an unusual use of the

word no doubt; yet both in the marshes of the United States (Connecticut and Massachusetts) and in Palestine and Turkey I have listened to the multitudinous sleep-destroying 'barking' of frogs (if not toads) until it seemed the very 'barking' of starveling dogs. I perfectly appreciate accordingly even the stronger word 'yellings' in l. 3.

*Ode xlv.* p. 93.

Line 6, '*Calenture*'=hot fever.

*Ode xlvi.* pp. 96.

St. 2, l. 1, '*weed*'=dress, as before; st. 3, l. 3, '*Stand in the privie Chamber of his heart.*' See our Introduction on this; st. 5, l. 5, '*Port*'=bearing.

*Ode xlvii.* pp. 98-9.

This seems another personal Ode; but it is hard to say who is meant; st. 1, l. 2, '*Pangue*'=pang, as before. As it is used for the throes of birth, had it come to mean—the production of the brain, viz. a poem, &c.

*Ode xlviii.* pp. 98-9.

St. 2-4. Who could this be prior to 1645? st. 5, l. 1, '*Abortives*'=still-born infants; st. 5, l. 7, '*blatter*'—from the Latin *blaterare*.

*Ode xlix.* pp. 102-5.

St. 4, l. 9, '*Necessite*'=necessitate—the full form needed for meter's sake, &c.; st. 7, l. 4, '*below witt*'—our Poet is as severe on the Anagram as was Dr. Samuel Johnson on the 'pun.' See D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, ii. 253 (edition 1849). There is a special work on the Anagram by Wheatley.

*Ode l.* pp. 105-6.

St. 3, l. 4, '*Silence.*' Cf. Sophocles *Ajax*.

*Ode li.* pp. 106-8.

St. 1, l. 4, '*woode*'=wud or mad; st. 2, l. 1, '*Ruffian.*' The sense of the Italian *ruffiano* is here preserved. It has deteriorated into 'rough'—quite a different class of offenders; st. 5, l.

3, 'Habits'=customs, fashions, *not*=dresses. Who can be intended by the 'Cooped Lion' of this Ode? (st. 1, l. 1.)

*Ode lii.* pp. 108-9.

St. 1, ll. 3-4=woman in a Forme 'mortified' or a Face mortified; st. 2, l. 2, 'by vowel'=not so much as 'by a vowel' speak or change silence into speech—an odd expression.

*Ode liii.* pp. 109-10.

St. 2, l. 8, 'the States come'=the great, the rulers.

*Ode lv.* pp. 112-14.

St. 4, l. 2, 'blubber'd Eye'=swollen with weeping—applied to the face usually. See Halliwell and Wright and Richardson, s. v.

*Ode lvii.* pp. 117-120.

St. 4, l. 6, 'brazen tower'—no doubt from Horace's "turris ahenea," with perhaps another reminiscence from the "marus aheneus."

*Ode lix.* pp. 120-3.

St. 1, l. 6, 'Icarian wing'—See Ovid, *Met.* viii. 183-230; st. 3, l. 7, 'make white.' The present age, *e. g.* Froude and Carlyle—is fond of white-washing unwholesome characters—an old trade it would seem; st. 4, ll. 7-8, 'wise men make Chance a Deitie'—so Juvenal, "Nos, te Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam cæloque locamus," Sat. x. ll. 365-6; st. 6, l. 10, 'Dircean Swan'—Horace, Odes, lib. iv. Ode ii. to Iulus Antonius, l. 25, 'Multa Dircæum'=Pindar.

*Closing lines,* pp. 123-4.

Line 4, 'Royall Seat'=prophetic hope of a Restoration—and then of his own immortality; last line, 'Equall great'—Either =greet *i. e.* greet me as an equal to yourself, (and 'conceit' the rhyme-word suggests it) or an adjective=let my 'conceit' be equall (equally) great in your opinion as your own, and therefore let it not be infringed.

*To Mr. Ogilby,* pp. 127-8.

See Vol. I. pp. 21-25, and relative note and our Introduction; l. 15, 'Exulate'=exile.

*The Author*, pp. 129-133.

*Motto*—Scriptorum, &c. From Horace, Epist. lib. ii. 2, 77. The Author's , (comma) after 'omnis' and that in 'vrbe's' are retained as examples of the singular punctuation of his MS.—the latter not apostrophe, but indicative of pronunciation as throughout when an 'e' or other vowel is meant to be elided; l. 4, 'Hebrus.' See the whole story of Orpheus and Hebrus in Virgil (Georg. iv. 453-527) from which our Poet has introduced many touches; as also from Ovid, Met. x. 80, and xi. 1-66; ll. 29-30, Ovid, Met. xi. 50-3; l. 33, 'Titirus'—Virgil, Ecl. i. 1; l. 40, 'Colin'=Spenser. See Vol. I. p. 28, l. 56, and relative Note, and our Introduction for this alleged abject poverty; l. 56, 'Plebs'=mob; l. 59, 'Had not a noble Heroe,' &c., viz. Earl of Essex; l. 71, 'Golden Spundge'=unknown reference; l. 83, 'seamles Coat.' See St. John xix. v. 23; l. 84, 'the Fleece'=The Lamb (of God); l. 93, 'Phlegme, my Complexion'=temperament; l. 99, 'Who knowes Witt, knowes somewhat of Mad-ness Still.' See Introduction on this long anticipation of Dryden and others.

*Portrait*, &c., p. 134.

*Motto*. In full thus [Pallas quas condidit arces Ipsa colat] nobis placeant ante omnia Silvæ—Virgil, Eg. ii. 62. Note the MS. mis-writes 'Silva' for 'Silvæ,' and erroneously puts comma (,) after placeant; l. 12, 'Gire'=circle.

## ΠΟΛΥΛΟΓΙΑ, &amp;c., pp. 135-206.

Title-page—II in error for Π=talkativeness. *Motto*, 'Regi-vorus,' &c., 'sed' or some such word is required for the metre; 'Abus'=Humber. See Drayton's Polyolbion for the Legend, Song viii. 'Their general Humber drown'd in that great arm of Sea, by his great name renowned,' and note for the origin from a British word Habren or Aber, a river's mouth. So Camden. Abus is the name in Ptolemy; l. 4, insert 'et' after 'Verba' to complete the metre. See Introduction on 'Devia,' &c.

*An Ecloge*, pp. 137-148.

*Motto*—'nec,' &c., Virgil, Ecl. vi. 2; heading, 'Amintas.' See

our Introduction on this interlocutor; l. 4, 'Thame'=Thames; l. 41, 'Iuments'=cattle or flocks (jumenta); l. 91, 'Swans sing in shallow waters'—a reference to Ovid, *Met.* ii. 377-9, and again *Heroides* vii. 1, 2 (Dido to Æneas); *ib.* 'Avon'=Shakespeare, Drayton, and Samuel Daniel; *ib.* 'Trent'=Who? l. 92, 'Medway'=Sidney? ll. 101-4. See Virgil, *Georgic* iv. 371-3; l. 106, *constellated Eridanus.* Claudian *de Sexto Cons. Hom. Paneg.* 175, 'stelliger Eridanus.' Cf. Giles Fletcher s. v.; l. 119, 'Puttocks'=kites—distinguished from kites ordinary as "long-winded kites" (Bailey); l. 143, 'foolish bird'=captured by a looking-glass trap or snare; l. 158, 'Chimara's'—usually spelled with "æ"; l. 189, 'Grass,' &c. See note p. 28, st. 4, l. 4; l. 193, 'daies with you are Equall'—in reference to the abolition of Saints' Days by the Puritans. Let those who traduce the Puritans study Isaiah xxix. 13, and parallels; l. 210, 'the promise'=Genesis ix. 13; l. 226, 'Motts'=midges? l. 232, 'Creature'=creation—king created; l. 244, 'boot'=remedy.

*The Song*, pp. 148-9.

St. 1, 'Phere'=fere, companion, as wife, &c.; st. 3, 'Cutt his Dog'=from cut-tail; last st., l. 1, 'peats'=sods or turf.

*An Ecloge*, pp. 150.

Motto. Fill in 'Tityre'—from Virgil, *Ecl.* vi. 4, 5; l. 5, 'Lambs sooner wise than wee.' Dean Ramsey tells a capital story of the late Lord Cockburn which illustrates this. It runs as follows:—"He [Lord Cockburn, proprietor of Bonaly] was sitting on the hill-side with the shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, 'John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill.' The shepherd answered, "Ah, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye would have had more sense." (c. ii.); l. 19, 'retchles'=careless, as before; l. 25, 'Syllie-Hoe'=silly-hew, a child's caul. Durham (Halliwell and Wright, s. v.); l. 33, 'immure'=en-wall or imprison; l. 57, 'Blotos'—Halliwell gives 'Blother'=to chatter idly—Scotice 'blether'; l. 93, 'Dizzard'=foolish fellow; l. 128, 'Maladolon'—satirical for Malus-Dolus? l. 141,

'*a noble shepheard*'—probably Sir Thomas Browne or his antagonist, Sir Kenelem Digby; l. 173, '*Qvelq-chose*'=kickshaws, dish in French cookery; l. 242, '*mure*'—here a verb=obstruct, wall up; ll. 281-2, the use of the word '*hindge*' here is curious =that on which the Fancy turns, and which thus enables Reason to '*heave*'=raise up a definite notion which is at the moment clothed in such words as come first to hand; l. 295, '*welkin*'=curved sky, as before; l. 296, '*Spread the Hill*'=spread or disperse [over] the hill; l. 300, '*declines*'=descends or sets.

*An Ecloge*, pp. 163-177.

L. 9, '*moe*'=more; l. 11, '*Badgers*'—this killing of lambs by the 'Badger' is a 'Vulgar Error.' Pennant will not admit that it is a carnivorous animal, but Buffon asserts that it seizes young rabbits, &c., for feeding its young. Its food certainly consists chiefly of roots and fruits, and occasionally of frogs, worms, &c. (Ree's Cyclop. s. v.); l. 26, '*engage*'=involve, draw in; ll. 29-3, '*Merrie-make*' and '*Entertain*,' a frequent form of noun in Daniel; l. 66, '*Tis not a life*,' &c.=without drinking life cannot be called life, true living—is a mere unwinding of day after day; l. 67, '*pine*'=starve=used actively: as a neuter verb it is in living use; l. 88, '*Satire*'=Satyr; l. 98, '*Crop-Sicke*'=surfeit from over-eating or drinking. See Richardson s. v.; l. 137, '*Mirabella*'=the wonderful fair one, *i. e.* lady-love; l. 144, '*Old Martial lives again*.' See his Epigrams i. 72, and the same custom is also referred to in viii. 51, 21: ix. 95, 3, 4: xi. 37, 7, 8: and in the Greek Anthologia vii; ll. 149-150, *tigers, panthers, ounces*, &c.,—attendants on Bacchus, perhaps indications of his worship having come from the East, as is alleged; l. 153, '*yauling*'=howling—so in Pasquil's "Palinodia," page 146, st. 1, l. 4, "whose yauling throats will ne'er let him sleep"; *ib.* '*Mænades*'=frantic ones: attendant woman, Bacchantes; *ib.* '*Io's*'=the cry of joy and welcome to Bacchus, 'Io, Io'; l. 155, '*Nicotiana*.' See Vol. I. pp. 51-3; l. 156, '*Bromius*'=one of Bacchus' names; l. 175, '*Nicotiana locosa*'=Pipe and Jest; l. 165, '*since I was myself*'=recovered my senses, my true self; l. 181, '*hard to thirsty souls*.' See



Horace "*siccus*"—Sat. lib. ii. 2, 14; l. 190, '*mad Roman*'= Hortensius. See Macrobius Saturnalia ii. 9, (ed. 1597) by Pontanus: iii. 13 (modern edns.): in Martial ix. 61, 16, a Plane tree planted by Julius Cæsar at Corduba is celebrated, which also was nourished with wine. See also Pliny Nat. Hist. xii. 1. s. 4, and Anthologia Græca 1, 59 (ed. Jacobs ii. p. 213); ll. 196-7, "Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum," Hor. Epist. i. 5, 19: l. 215, '*woo'd*'=wud or mad; l. 246, '*wine-sprung*'=drunken? l. 249, '*dearling*'=pet; l. 265, '*witty*'=wise; l. 272, '*Our Brittish Bacchus, the true fountaine*'—a grotesque confusion of metaphor, for how could 'Bacchus' be a 'fountaine'? or '*ale*' a 'Bacchus,' whether 'Brittish' or other? l. 270, '*Hypocrene*' and the '*horse-hoof*'=fable of Pegasus; l. 282, '*Spiggots*'=pin or peg, or 'bung'; l. 283, '*set a-candle*'=set a-light—on fire; ll. 300, 305, '*Beard*'—'*Holiness*' and '*Haire*'—curious reference to the fashions of the day; l. 322, '*Nisa*'=the mountain where Bacchus is said to have been born; ll. 344-5, '*necessarie charme*'=(1) one without which we could not live, (2) one that we cannot resist.

*Eudæmon's Songe*, pp. 177-8.

St. 3, l. 3, '*moone to please*'—emblem of change; st. 3, l. 11, '*persever*'—note the pronunciation and rhyme with 'giver'—as contemporaneously and earlier.

*Halon's Songe*, pp. 178-9.

St. 1, l. 10, '*Helicon is frozen*'—again regarded as a stream or fountain.

*An Ecloge*, pp. 180-190.

Motto, '*Non*,' &c.=Virgil, Ecl. x. 8. See Introduction on this very noticeable poem, into which historical names and allusions are freely worked; l. 28, '*Grand Paillard*'=wanton, rake, if not worse=John Pym, who was talked of as a loose-liver as in relation to Lady Carlisle. See Introduction, as *supra*: so too on l. 65, '*Cozen . . . of Sex vnfitt*'=Zephirina, *i. e.* Parliament, as before—possibly feminine because Parliament can produce no act without the King giving it form, so that it might be

spoken of as the Mother of laws of which the King is the Father; l. 88, '*Zephirina*'=Parliament; l. 99, '*Philarchus*'=Stratford? l. 100, '*Mirabella*'=the queen-mother of France, mother to king of France, queens of England and Spain—who took refuge in England in 1640, and was urged to leave it "strangely banished." See Hume c. liv. (vi. 390 edn. 1823); l. 101, '*Penandro*.' See Vol. I. p. 47, l. 33, and note—here=the "Five Members," or one of them; l. 123, '*Matho*'=Hotham; l. 125, '*Strong Towne*'=Kingston-on-Hull—founded by Edward I.; l. 134, '*retchlesnes*'=carelessness; l. 152, '*Cornigerus*'=Earl of Essex—so named doubtless from the question raised about the paternity of the child born of his second marriage, if not from the circumstances of the first. This enables us to date more exactly the composition of this Eclogue, viz. before the end of 1644, and probably before the end of 1643. This puts Cromwell as 'Usurper,' &c., out of the question; l. 161, '*necessitated*' and again p. 206, l. 19; and so corrects 'necessite' before; ll. 161-2, '*Hee with the fewe . . . . . intend*'=He and the few, &c.; *ib.* '*Westward*'=Gloucester; l. 197, '*Vsurper*'=Parliament. See Introduction on this; ll. 200-3, see Hume for the "London Militia"; l. 202, '*Polymorphus*'=many-formed, *i. e.* some one potent in the city. Query—Lord Mayor Pennington? l. 215, '*admire*'=wonder at; l. 229, '*Exequies*'=part of the funeral ceremony of the monarch, ruined with him.

*The Songe*, pp. 190-1.

St. 1, '*Unshorne Apollo*'=imberbis=not shorn; st. 2, l. 6, '*Anadem*'=chaplet of flowers.

*An Ecloge*, pp. 192-204.

Motto, '*Fando*,' &c.=Virgil, *Æneid* ii. 6 and 8, the 7th line omitted; l. 35, '*Eupathus*.' See our Introduction, and so on '*Cælia*' and '*Galatea*'; l. 38, '*affront*'=meet or stand face to face. Cf. Vol. I. p. 139, l. 274, and note; l. 44, '*Hoti'es*'=το ὄτι *fact* opposed to το διότι *cause*=facts born out of our own self-consciousness; l. 57, '*new-ean'd*'=new-yeaned or born; l. 67, '*impent*'=pent, elongated; l. 81, '*mazors*'=cups; l. 93,

'*Suckling*'=Sir John Suckling—died May 7, 1641; l. 95, '*orgie*.' See Vol. I. p. 63, l. 14 and note; l. 102, '*Panacean*'=a panacea; l. 107, '*numerous*'=rhythmical; l. 108, '*Gests*'=deeds, as the *Gesta Romanorum*; l. 115, '*enscale*'=cover with scales; but what sense here? l. 124, '*Syrtes*.' See Vol. I. p. 13, l. 108 and note; l. 130, '*late-made Laureate*.' See Introduction on this; l. 132, '*plash-full marish throats*.' 'Plash' is a large puddle: doubtless 'frogs' of the 'marsh' are meant=our notes mere croakings; l. 133, '*Cleveland*.' See Vol. I. p. 31, l. 136 and note; l. 146, '*belly-sweep*'=crawl, grovel; l. 164, '*can't*.' Should have been written 'cannot'; l. 167, '*adder-stung*'=deaf, "stoppeth her ears"; l. 157, '*Keinton*'=Edgehill, which was near to Keinton; l. 207, '*Non progredi et regredi*'—a common saying—where? l. 233, '*The Florentine*'=Machiavel; l. 236, '*Phillip's ne'r-failing Batterie*,' viz. a donkey-load of gold; l. 252, '*besieged*.' See l. 273, '*Newwarke*'=May, 1646; l. 289, '*Montrose*'=James Graham, first Marquis of Montrose—died May 21st, 1650; l. 290, '*Gourdons*'=Gordons—the princely house of Lennox and Richmond; *ib.* '*Craford*'=Crawford, of the house of Lindsay; l. 291, '*Macdonnel*'=Macdonald (Royalists)? l. 296, '*printed*,' &c.=made immortal? l. 297, '*Cambel*'=Campbell, *i. e.* Argyle; l. 298, '*Hamiltons*'=the dukes of, &c.; *ib.* '*Lesley*'=the Scotch Parliamentarian general; l. 321, '*Stale*'=decoy.

*Letter*, p. 206.

L. 8, '*halfe-pounc't*'='pounced'—as letters were before the invention of blotting-paper.

*Ecclesiasticus*, pp. 207-8.

*Sic*, not *Ecclesiasticus* (in the MS. throughout); motto, from Virgil, *Ecl.* viii. 11-13—for '*tempore*' of course read '*tempora*'; the date '*Ianij*'=Januarii—and so elsewhere in the MS., *not* Junii; l. 12, '*Pudore*'=the Pudora of p. 60, l. 1; l. 19, '*Funeralls of Buckingham*'—died August 23rd, 1628; l. 30, '*French De-Liz*'=fleur de luce; l. 46, '*Revert*'=turn back? l. 47, '*conduct*'=conductor; l. 49, '*Solima*'=Jerusalem or Zion;

l. 55, '*Ishai's son*'=Jesse's son (Hebrew); l. 96, '*Propertie*'=property.

*Chap. i.* pp. 213-16.

L. 86, '*Dietye*'=deity.

*Chap. iv.* pp. 233-7.

L. 40, '*paine*'=painstaking; l. 47, '*Ambiguous*'=doubtful; l. 93, '*Insult*'=boast or triumph.

*Chap. v.* pp. 227-29.

L. 1, '*Ostent*'=ostentation, as before; l. 2, '*prevalent*'=prevailing—accurate use of the word, not as now-a-days.

*Chap. vi.* pp. 229-32.

L. 21, '*some are . . . . Betraies*'—a collective plural in 'es'; l. 59, '*thrall*'=control.

*Chap. vii.* pp. 232-35.

L. 19, '*repeat*'=utter; l. 38, '*compass'd*'=guided it as a vessel by the compass; l. 86, '*Purgings*'=prunings (of trees?) or firewood?

*Chap. viii.* pp. 236-7.

L. 5, '*Astrea's wings*'=Justice; l. 13, '*Eld*'=old age; l. 26, '*Arrogate*'=assume, make ultra demands.

*Chap. ix.* pp. 237.

L. 31, '*Ignote*'=unknown; l. 45, '*surround*'=surrounded; l. 60, '*bolts at all*'=shoots at all, aims at all with words.

*Chap. x.* pp. 240-3.

L. 25, '*Mercate*'=market; l. 52, '*accite*'=call.

*Chap. xi.* pp. 243-6.

L. 34, '*recurement*'=recovery; l. 39, '*acquist*'=acquisition; l. 64, '*'tis the End*'="Finis coronat opus"; l. 65, '*Iudge*,' &c.=deceased. Story of Solon and Cræsus.

*Chap. xii.* pp. 246-8.

L. 31, '*Cautele*'=cautious—from *cautela*=caution; l. 38, '*bladderered*'=puffed up; l. 39, '*prejudice*,' here 'prejudice,' but in l.

57, 'prejudice;' l. 49, 'south'=sooth or calm, make smooth, flatter; l. 64, 'formed'=shaped.

A. B. G.

END OF VOL. II.









