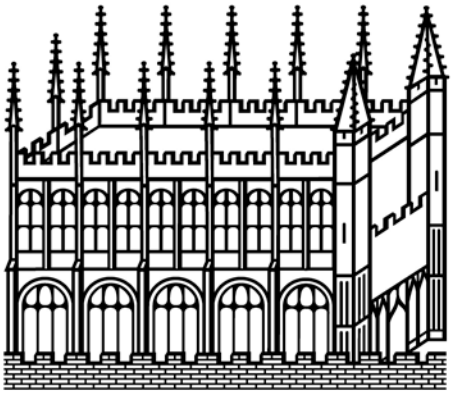

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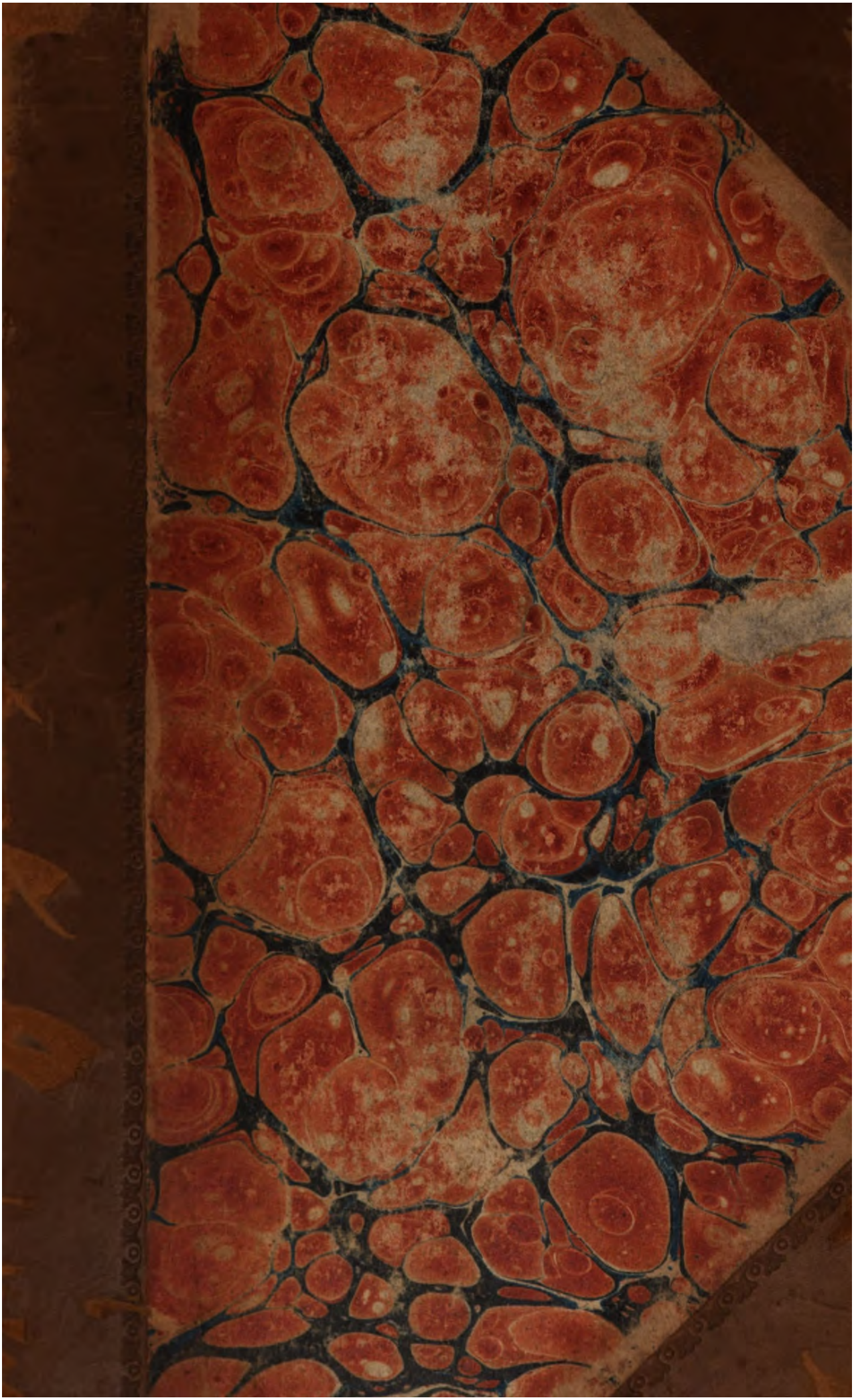

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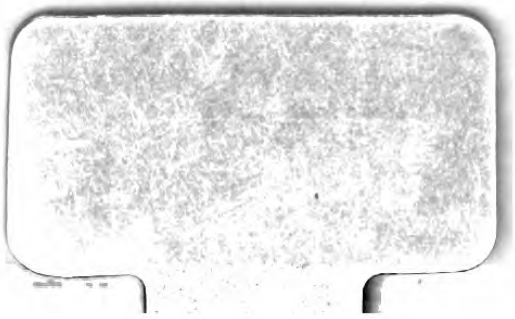

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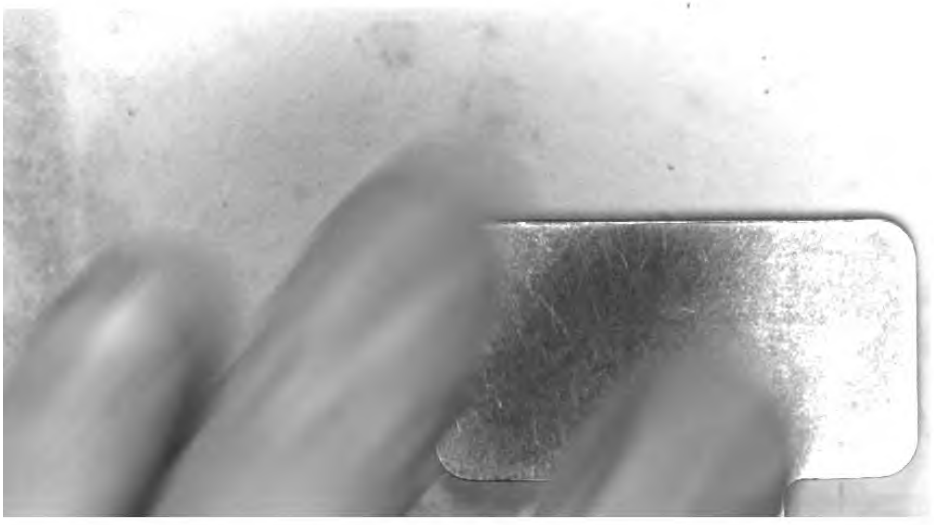

# THE POEMS

OF

# WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

OF HAWTHORNDEN:

WITH LIFE,

BY

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

---

"— My dear Drummond, to whom much I owe
For his much Love, and proud was I to know
His Poesie." DRAYTON.

---

LONDON:
COCHRANE AND M'CRONE,
11, WATERLOO PLACE.
1833.

54.

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# PREFACE.

UNTIL very lately, materials for a Life of the Poet Drummond were singularly scanty; but since the interesting facts which Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh has laid before the antiquaries of that city, from manuscripts in their keeping, a Life of some interest ought to be expected—I can call mine no more than an attempt.

His Poems are numerous: some are written on subjects of temporary interest, many are unsuitable to the taste of the present day, and others have less of inspiration than could be desired: I have made a selection of such as I reckon most worthy of being widely known.

Since the Life has gone to press, I have been favoured with much fresh information concerning the antiquity of the family of Drummond, by my friend

Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, who unites extensive knowledge with elegant taste, and is in all points and matters an accomplished antiquary. By these papers it appears that Sir John Drummond the Poet's Father, who married Susannah Fowler, sister to Sir William Fowler, Secretary of State to Anne, Queen of Great Britain, had by her "a son and two daughters;" not four sons and three daughters, as is stated in the note at page 2.

P. C.

*London, July*, 1833.

# THE LIFE

OF

# DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN:

BORN 1585: DIED 1649.

---

THERE are two kinds of poetry, the natural and the artificial: both have numerous followers, and each their warm admirers and devotees: from these come other classes, partaking of the nature of both, viz.: those bred in the natural, but encumbered with the artificial; and those bred in the artificial, but relieved and beautified by the natural. Of the latter is the poet whose life and works I am now about to delineate.

William Drummond, poet and historian, son of Sir John Drummond, Usher and Knight of the Black Rod to James the Sixth,* and Susannah Fowler his

---

* The poet's father was born in 1553, and was ap-

wife, was born the thirteenth day of December, 1585, at Hawthornden House, on the Eske, within seven miles of Edinburgh.* The Drummonds of Hawthornden were descended from those of Carnuck, afterwards Earls and Dukes of Perth: the family had given a queen to Scotland, Anabella Drummond, the beautiful and accomplished consort of Robert the Third, and the mother of the poet-king, James the First of Scotland.†

Young Drummond was sent to Edinburgh to be educated: how long he remained there is not known; all I can discover is, that he took the degree of Master of Arts, 27th July, 1605.‡ From thence he went to London.§ Intended for the legal profession, he

---

pointed Gentleman Usher to James the Sixth in 1590: on James's accession to the throne of England, he was one of three hundred gentlemen dubbed knights in the royal garden of Whitehall, 23rd July, 1603.—(Nichols' Progresses, vol. i, p. 208.)

* The poet was the eldest of four sons and three daughters.—(Maitland Edition 1832.)

† Maurice Drummond, a native of Hungary, is said to have accompanied Edgar Atheling and his two sisters to Scotland in the year 1068.

‡ Archæologia Scotica.

§ From dates on some of Drummond's books in the College Library, we find he was at London in 1606; at

was, at the age of twenty-one, sent by his father to study civil law at Bruges in France, where he attended the classes of Peter Vignal, Frederick Morell, and others.* He visited Paris, but seems not to have studied there.

After a residence of nearly four years abroad, he returned to Scotland (1609), and remained at Hawthornden. Whether he had any taste or inclination for the Law, I must leave my readers to determine; for the writers to whom I am indebted in compiling this memoir take different courses, and contradict one another. The first I shall quote is, a memoir prefixed to an edition of his Poems published in 1790. "In 1606, he was sent by his father to study civil law at Bourges in France; but having no taste for the profession of a lawyer, he returned to Hawthornden." Cibber, or rather Shiels, must have been this writer's authority, who says, "Drummond had a sovereign contempt for the Law."† The other which I shall

---

Bruges in 1607 and 1608; at Paris in the same years; at Edinburgh in 1609; and again in London in 1609.—(Archæologia Scotica.)

* Among the miscellaneous contents of the seventh and eighth volumes of Drummond's Mss., in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, there are notes of the various Lectures.

† Cibber's Lives, vol. i.

cite I cannot consider a weighty authority.* "Dry as the science of right and wrong is commonly, though perhaps erroneously reputed to be, it appears not to have been without its charms to Drummond, who studied it with assiduity, and not only took copious notes of the Lectures, but wrote observations of his own upon them."

From the two former accounts it appears that Drummond had no taste for the profession he had once chosen; and from the last, that he was enthusiastic about it: such are the mazes and labyrinths which biographers sometimes make, presenting to the future writer an intricate and perplexing path, and inducing him to enter upon his task with unwillingness.

Soon after his return his father died;† and having thus come into possession of an independent inheritance, he gave up all thoughts of the Law, and resolved to enjoy happiness in a life of dignified quiet on his own peaceable domain, and cultivate acquaintance with the Muses; the light of whose inspirations was now dawning within him.

Than the present there could not have been a better

---

* Lives of Eminent Scotsmen, part ii.

† Aged fifty-seven, and was buried in the Chapel at Holyrood House.—(Douglas's Baronage.)

period for his appearance; a poet was wanted to throw off the northern barbaric but poetic mantle, and put on the more elegant apparel of the south.

Let us look at the poetry of Scotland previous to the appearance of Drummond.

Before King James the First, Scotland had produced no poets very worthy of the name; chroniclers in verse were the minstrels of the land, who gained their livelihood by wandering from court to hall, reciting the actions of the living and the dead, true or fabulous;—the Bruce of Barbour, and the Wallace of Blind Harry, are the chief of their productions. The poet being thus tied down to the events of real life, or to popular belief, seldom indulged in any of those lofty flights of poetry necessary for verse of the first stamp; his productions therefore cannot rank with those of the highest order.

"King James is the author of our first serious and purely imaginative poem, 'the King's Quair;' and our earliest truly comic, and humorous, and homely poem, 'Peblis to the Play.'"* He is more; he is the chief of the Scottish rustic poets, the forerunner of Ramsay and Burns: though somewhat difficult to be understood, his natural beauties and glowing pictures are easily seen through the dim antiquity of his language.

---

* Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, vol. i, p. 24.

His verse and ideas are more like those of Drummond than of any other poet preceding him; and he has much of that natural simplicity, outward beauty, and lively imagination, which distinguished the poet of Hawthornden.

"James has given some of the sweetest examples of musical versification, and such vivid sketches of silent nature, as were unequalled at the period he wrote."* He speaks of himself in the following verse.

> The longè dayès and the nightès eke
> I would bewail my fortune in this wise
> For which, again distress comfort to seek,
> My custom was, on mornès for to rise
> Early as day: O happy exercise!
> By thee come I to joy out of tormènt
> But now to purpose of my first intent.

The Fables of Robert Henryson, who flourished a little after James, are to the common reader less difficult to be understood than the works of any Scottish poet, till the time of Drummond: the lines flow easily and lightly, and the thoughts are simple but expressive.

> Esope a taill putis in memorie
> How that a Dog, becaus that he wes pure,

---

* Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, vol. i, p. 27.

Callit a Scheip unto the Consistory,
A certane breid of him for to recure.
A frawdfull Wolf was juge that tyme, and bare
Auctoritie and jurisdictioun;
And on the Scheip sent farth a strait summoun.
&c. &c. &c. &c.

William Dunbar is the next deserving of notice; of whom Lyndsay says,

Who language had at lerge,
As may be seen into his golden terge:

his chief productions are 'the Thistle and the Rose,' and 'the Golden Terge.' Hear how Warton speaks of him:*

"Dunbar's 'Thistle and Rose' is opened with the following stanzas, which are remarkable for their descriptive and picturesque beauties."

Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had with her silver showris
Tane lief at nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that mudder is of flowris,
Had made the birdis to begin thair houris
Amang the tender odouris reid and quhyt,
Quohis harmony to heir it was delyt.

---

* Warton's History of English Poetry, volume iii, page 9. edit. 1824.

The next is Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld:

In our *inglis* rhetorick the rose,

as Lyndsay pleasingly says. "Another of the distinguished luminaries that marked the restoration of letters in Scotland at the commencement of the sixteenth century, not only by a general eminence in elegant erudition, but by a cultivation of the vernacular poetry of his country."* His chief work is a translation of Virgil's Æneid; a specimen of which Warton gives, and thus remarks on: "The poetical beauties of this specimen will be relished by every reader who is fond of lively touches of fancy and rural imagery."

"With Gawain Douglas and Dunbar," Mr. Cunningham correctly observes, "we are almost tempted to imagine that the northern tongue, instead of advancing in correctness and purity, had relapsed into obsolete ruggedness and uncouth barbarism."† The 'Description of May' by the former has its admirers.

Dionea, nycht hird, and wache of day,
The sternes chasit of the hevin away;
Dame Cynthia doun rolling in the seye,
And Venus loist the bewte of hir eye,

---

* Warton, vol. iii, p. iii.

† Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, vol. i, p. 13.

Fleand eschamet within Cyllenius' cave;
Mars unbedrew for all his grundin glave.

The last I shall notice is Sir David Lyndsay: with him the old poetry of Scotland terminated; that fine mixture of rude expressive words, easy verse, and vigorous ideas: his chief works are 'the Dreme,' and 'the Monarchie.'

I met dame Flora in dule weid disagysit,
Quhilk into May was dulce and delectabill,
With stalwart stormis hir sweitnes wes supprysit;
Her hevinly hewis war turnit into sabill,
Quhilkis umquhile war to luffaris amiabill.
Fled from the frost the tender flowris I saw,
Under dame Nature's mantile lurkyng law.

Such was the state of verse in Scotland when Drummond appeared.

Than Hawthornden no place could be found more likely to awaken the feeling of poetry; the house stands on the top of a rocky and precipitous bank, looking down on the river and caverned woods. The place almost remains the same since the time

That Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;

the wild romantic glen, cypress groves, and picturesque mansion, are little or nothing altered.*

* Hawthornden was not, as Mr. Chambers asserts in his

The first known effusion of Drummond's muse was, 'the Tears on the Death of Mœliades, or the Death of Prince Henry, eldest son of James the First.' Mœliades is a name which that prince assumed in all his challenges of a martial sort, as the anagram of 'Miles a Deo.' The verses were written in 1613, and gained the author great popularity. Drummond says, "Jonson's censure of my verses was, that they were all good, especiallie my epitaph on the Prince."

The following lines have all the tenderness and sweetness of the truest poetry; they make Drummond something more than what Mr. Campbell calls him, "*a smooth sonneteer.*"*

Ah! thou hast left to live; and in the time
When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy pleasant prime,
So falls by northern blast a virgin rose
At half that doth her bashful bosom close.
So a sweet flower languishing decays,
That late did blush, when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays.

There is still extant a list, in the poet's hand-writing, of the books which he had read from 1606 to

---

'Picture of Scotland' (vol. ii, p. 114), *rebuilt* by Drummond, but was only *restored*, in 1638.

* Specimens of the Poets, vol. iii, p. 343.

Let Mr. Campbell recollect the following fine sonnet

1614: the following extract will show the Author's taste and bent of mind.

Bookes red be me, anno 1606.

| | |
|---|---|
| Knox, Chronicles | Loues Labors Lost |
| S. P. S. Arcadia | Draton's Oule |
| Certaine matters concerning Scotland | Loues Martir |
| | The Passionat Pilgrim |
| Euphues his England | The Metamorphosis of Ovid in English |
| Orlando Furioso, comedie | |
| Constant Calipolis | The Rape of Lucrece |

---

of Wordsworth's: he must not permit his critical powers to surmount his poetical.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown'd,
Mindless of its just honours;—with this Key
Shakspeare unlock'd his heart; the melody
Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this Pipe did Tasso sound;
Camöens soothed with it an Exile's grief;
The Sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle Leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd
His visionary brow: a glow-worm Lamp,
It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from Faery land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few.

Romeo and Julieta, tragedie *
A Midsommer's Night Dreame. &c. &c. &c.

Bookes red be me, anno 1607.

Instituta Justiniani
Aminte de Torquato Tasso in Frenche
P. Bembi Ætna
Juvenilia Mariti
&c. &c. &c.

In the list of 1608, there are no books bearing English titles.

1609.

Bartas
Raolais
Hierusalem de Tasso in English
Daniel's Workes
No Body, comedy
Sir Giles Gooscape, comedie
A Mad World, comedie
Sir Ph. Sid. Arcadia.

In 1610, Spenser's Fayrie Queene.

In 1611 are the following books of the Bible: Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job.

Bookes red be me, anno 1612.

The Prophecie of Isaias
The Art of English Poesie
Bacon, Booke of Learning to the King
Ben Jhonson's Epigrams
Drayton's Heroicall Epistles
Barons Warres
&c. &c. &c.

---

* This upsets all Mr. Gifford's notions, who questions, "whether Drummond ever read a play of our great poet." Life of Ben Jonson, p. cxxviii.

Anno 1613.

| | |
|---|---|
| S. W. A. Doomsday | Ben Jhonson's Epigrames |
| Jhone Done's Lyriques | Daniel's Epigrames |
| Bartas Works | Il Dante |

&c. &c. &c.

Anno 1614.

| | |
|---|---|
| S. P. Complaint | Pastor Fido |
| S. T. Overb. Wyfe | Boscan |

&c. &c. &c

These lists are followed by others of books in his possession, arranged under their respective heads.

Drummond, though widely known now as a poet, had not yet printed in a collected form any of his verses. A volume, under the title of 'Poems, amorous, funerall, divine, pastorall, in sonnets, songs, sextains, madrigals, by W. D. the Author of the Teares on the Death of Mœliades,' now made its appearance in Edinburgh. It contains some of those exquisite sonnets which rank him so high as a poet.

The exact date of his first publication is unknown: the copy before me is stated in the title to be the second edition; no copy of the first is known to exist. The following letter, which seems to have been addressed to Miss Mary Cunningham of Barnes, probably relates to the first:—

"Heere you have the Poemes, the first fruits your beautye and many many good parts did bring forth in

mee. Though they be not much worth, yet (I hope) yee will, for your owne deare selfs sake, daigne them some fauour, for whom onlye they were done, and whom onlye I wish should see them. Keep them, that hereafter, when Tyme, (that changeth eurye thing) shall make withere those faire roses of your youth, among the other toyes of your cabinet, they may serue you for a memoriall of what once was, being so much better than little pictures, as they are like to be more lasting; and in them, with your outward beautyes, are the excellent vertues of your rare mind, limed (limned) though I must confess, as Painters doe Angeles, and the celestiall world, which represent them no wayes as they are, but in mortall sha(pes) and shadowes.

"W. DRUMMOND."

On his recovery from a dangerous fit of illness, he wrote 'the Cypresse Grove,' "a piece of excellent prose, both for the fineness of the style and the sublimity and piety of the sentiments." The principal aim of the Author is to represent the vanity and instability of human affairs; to teach us a due contempt of the world; and give us a view of eternal happiness: in this he has succeeded to an eminent degree; his illness must have impressed him with the idea of it, and made him write more feelingly and warmly: the style is flowery and over-poetical for prose. Report has said, this piece was composed in one of the caves of the lofty precipice on which the house of

Hawthornden stands, and which is to this day called the Cypresse Grove.

In 1617 he wrote his 'Forth Feasting;' a congratulatory poem to King James on his revisiting Scotland. The title stands thus: 'The wandring Muses; or the River of Forth feasting: it being a Panegyrick to the High and Mighty Prince James, King of Great Brittaine, France and Ireland.' It opens in this way:

What blustring noise now interrupts my sleeps?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps,
And seem to call me from my watry court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are convey'd hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud rumours do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
And full of wonder overlook the land?
Whence come these glitt'ring throngs, these meteors bright,
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise,
What load-star eastward draweth thus all eyes?
Am I awake? or have some dreams conspired
To mock my sense with what I most desired?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?

Then find I true what long I wish'd in vain;
My much-beloved prince is come again.

* * * * * *

Jonson admired 'the Forth Feasting' so much that he wished he had been the author of it.

We now come to the most interesting part of Drummond's life, viz. Ben Jonson's visit to Hawthornden.

In the year 1618, the latter set off from London on foot, for Scotland, principally with the intention of visiting Hawthornden, where he stayed during the last three weeks of his journey.*

Drummond expected the visit, for he had before corresponded and was on familiar terms with the great dramatist. The meeting was friendly, and their talk turned upon most of the literary and great characters of the day. These conversations were all noted down by Drummond: he thought the more that was known of such a man the better; and very likely wished future ages to bear in mind, that the illustrious Ben made a pedestrian journey to Scotland for the sole purpose of visiting the author of 'the Teares on the Death of Mœliades.' In consequence of these conversations, says Mr. Campbell, "Jonson's memory has been damned for brutality, and Drummond's for

---

* In old accounts it is stated he stayed some months.

perfidy :" they have certainly brought down showers of abuse on the author's head. How much better would it have been for Drummond had he allowed Ben's witty sayings, and peculiar points, to remain unwritten: could he have known what the world would think hereafter, it would doubtless have been so. They were noted down with no bad intentions; Drummond was too honest a man for that; and as for their being exaggerated, it is incredible: nor could the writing of them have been premeditated, as Mr. Gifford asserts.

The conversations are characteristic, and seem faithfully reported; the writer never had any intention of printing them. He that kept a little book for witty sayings, jests, anecdotes, and all other curious things, was sure to put down Jonson's big talk and captious criticism. Drummond would laugh heartily at Ben; and Ben, seeing that he was amused, and every hour getting a little more than what was needful, his true stories must have wandered into highly coloured ones; " He hath consumed a whole night," says Drummond, " in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination."

Gifford, in his Life of Ben Jonson, insults the memory of Drummond as often as he introduces his name. He distrusts and disbelieves every thing; and

quotes all that can be quoted (of course as correct) to the good-heartedness of Ben. He sums up his belief in the poet of Hawthornden in these contemptuous and malignant words:—

"Such an authority must be wholly distrusted: no one ought to believe what such a friend of Jonson's could say." The following is his coloured version of the visit:*

"Jonson reserved the last of his visits for Mr. William Drummond, the poet of Hawthornden, with whom he passed the greater part of the month of April, 1619.

"It is not known at what period, or in what manner, Jonson's acquaintance with Drummond began; but the ardour with which he cherished his friendship is almost unexampled; he seems upon every occasion to labour for language to express his grateful sense of it; and very depraved must have been the mind that could witness such effusions of tenderness with a determination to watch the softest moment and betray the confidence of his guest. For this perfidious purpose no one ever offered greater qualities than Jonson: he wore his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at: a bird of prey, therefore, like Drummond, had a noble quarry before him, and he could strike at it without stooping."

---

* Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i, p. cxvi.

Such language is uncivil to the living, as well as unjust to the dead; it refutes itself, and therefore requires no particular refutation from me.

Mr. Gifford proceeds to say:—"Drummond's object was not correctness; he only sought to injure the man whom he had decoyed under his roof, and therefore gave his remarks in a rude and naked deformity."

The following passage in the anecdotes is the cause of this malignant railing:—

"He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to losse a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especiallie after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reigne in him; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well bot what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.

"For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds, often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason; a generall disease in many poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but, above all, he excelleth in a translation."

Let us examine Gifford's accusation.

What does he mean by *decoying?* Jonson came voluntarily; at least he [Mr. Gifford] could not prove otherwise; and neither history nor tradition authorises the expression. What object could a gentleman, like him of Hawthornden, have in luring the poet to his roof? and what good could it do to misrepresent him?

Gifford charges him with giving the remarks "in a rude and naked deformity;" did he wish he had smoothed, and pruned, and trimmed, rendering them thereby mild and gentle? He might have complained that they are not now entire; but that is not the fault of Drummond. Let the blame (if there is any) be laid at the right quarter.

A writer in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,* alluding to Drummond's summary of the character of Jonson, says, "such is the face and front of Drummond's mighty offence;" only a mighty offence to Mr. Gifford, and to no one else.

Jonson, as I have said, stayed three weeks at Hawthornden; from thence he returned to London: a correspondence was carried on between the poets, as Jonson intended publishing his Tour; part of it was

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* Vol. ii, p. 497, on the attacks of Mr. Gifford: a warm but calm answer; in which Drummond is brought off the field free, and almost unhurt.

written, but burnt at his death amongst several other papers. The following is addressed

" To my worthy, honoured and beloved friend,
Mr. W. Drummond.

" Most loving and beloved sir, against which titles I should most knowingly offend, if I made you not some account of myself, to come even with your friendship. I am arrived safely, with a most catholic welcome from his Majesty. He professed (thank God) some joy to see me; and is pleased to hear of the purpose of my book, to which I most earnestly solicit you for your promise of the inscriptions at Pinky; some things concerning the Loch of Lomond; touching the government of Edinburgh; to urge Mr. James Scot, and what else you can procure for me with all speed: though these requests be full of trouble, I hope they shall neither burthen nor weary such a friendship, whose commands to me I will ever interpret a pleasure. News we have none here, but what is making against the Queen's funeral, whereof I have somewhat in hand which shall look upon you with the next. Salute the beloved Fentons, the Nisbets, the Scots, the Levingstons, and all the honest and honoured names with you, especially Mr. James Wroth, his wife, your sister, &c. And if you forget yourself, you believe not in your most true friend and lover,

" Ben Jonson.

" London, May 10, 1619."

The answer to this does not appear; but a second

letter, which Drummond sent in consequence of another application from Jonson, begins thus:—

"Worthy Friend,

"The uncertainty of your abode was the cause of my silence. I have adventured this task upon hopes that a man so famous cannot be in any place, either of the city or the court, where he shall not be found out. In my last, I sent you a description of Loch Lomond, with a map of Inch-merionach; which may, by your book, be made most famous, &c.

"July 1, 1619."

At the end of this year Drummond addressed another letter to Jonson.

"Sir,

"Here you have that Epigram which you desired, with another of the like argument. If there be any other thing in this country which my power can reach, command it; *there is nothing I wish more than to be in the catalogue of them that love you*, &c. &c."

At Edinburgh, in 1623, was published 'the Flowers of Sion, or Spiritual Poems,' with a reprint of 'the Cypress Grove.' They could not do otherwise than raise Drummond's poetical fame. Cibber speaks highly of them: "Though the numbers in which these poems are wrote are not now very fashionable, yet the harmony is excellent; and during the reigns of

King James and Charles the First, we have met with no poet who seems to have had a better ear, or felt more intimately the passion he describes. 'The Flowers of Sion' were republished, with additions, in 1630."

Now it was that Drummond became enamoured of a young lady already alluded to, a daughter of Cunningham of Barnes: he was fortunate in his addresses; she consented. The day was fixed for their nuptials, and all was ready.

> Ah me! and am I now the man, whose muse
> In happier times was wont to laugh at love;
> And those who suffer'd that blind boy t' abuse
> The noble gifts were given them from above?
> What metamorphose strange is this I prove?
> Myself I scarce now find myself to be,
> And think no fable Circe's tyrannie,
> And all the tales are told of changed Jove.
> * * * * * * *
> but what is that to me
> Who ever think and never think on ought,
> *But that bright cherubim which thralls my thought.*

Alas! that beauty, of whom he oft had sung, was not destined to be his; for when the day of marriage arrived, the bride was seized with a fever, which put a period to her life, and all the hopes of an ardent lover. She who could occupy all his thoughts when

alive, must necessarily fill them more when dead: all his strains bear evidence of his loss, as these passages will shew :—

Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

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Sweet Spring, thou com'st; but ah! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wer't before;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone, nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.

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Trees happier far than I,
Which have the grace to heave your heads so high,
And overlook these plains,
Grow till your branches kiss that lofty sky,
Which her sweet self contains.
There make her know my endless love and pains,
And how these tears which from mine eyes do fall
Help'd you to rise so tall.
Tell her, as once I for her sake loved breath,
So for her sake I now court ling'ring death.

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Ah! Handkerchief, sad present of my dear,
Gift miserable, which doth now remain
The only guerdon of my helpless pain;
When I thee got, thou shew'dst my state too clear,
I never since have ceased to complain;
I since the badge of grief did ever wear;
Joy in my face durst never since appear;
Care was the food which did me entertain:
But since that thou art mine, O do not grieve
That I this tribute pay thee, for mine eine,
And that I (this short time I am to live)
Launder thy silken figures in this brine;
No, I must yet ev'n beg of thee the grace,
That in my grave thou deign to shroud my face.

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Each thing I find hath sense except my dear.

I have nought left to wish; my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.

The death of his intended wife, his biographers say, filled Drummond's mind with melancholy; and in order to divert himself from such thoughts, he was in a manner compelled to go again beyond seas, where he spent eight years in visiting the principal cities of

Germany, France, and Italy. "In this," says Mr. Laing,* "there is evidently a mistake of dates, as his second visit to the Continent must have been at a later period of his life, and his residence abroad for a much shorter space than eight years. He was in Scotland when King James visited his native kingdom. In 1619 he received Ben Jonson at Hawthornden, and he was also in this country in 1620, 1621, and 1623, as appears from the dates of his letters. Neither could his travels abroad have continued for any longer period after 1626, the time when he presented a considerable number of books to the College of Edinburgh,† but may possibly have been some time after 1628."

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* Archæologia Scotica.

† The volumes here alluded to were presented by Drummond to the College of Edinburgh in 1626, or, according to Mr. Gifford, in 1627; who, speaking of them, says: "About the year 1627 Drummond gave a noble present of books and Mss. to the College of Edinburgh; so say the editors of his works, folio, 1711; or I should have termed it, generally speaking, a collection of rubbish not worth the hire of the cart that took it away. Of this rare present a catalogue was published, in which the books are carefully arranged under the names of their respective authors. Under the name of 'William Shak-

From performing the part of a traveller, Drummond returned to act that of a courtier. In 1633, when Charles the First visited Scotland, our poet assisted John Adamson, principal of the College of Edinburgh, and a committee of the "gravest and most understanding citizens and clerkes," in devising the pageants which graced the arrival of his majesty in the Scottish capital. These were printed at the time in a volume entitled 'the Entertainment of Charles, King of Great Britaine,' &c. 15 June, 1633. No authors have ever been named for this piece, but it is most likely that it was either by Drummond or the Earl of Stirling.*

Drummond's long absence from home had probably caused Hawthornden-house to fall into disrepair; for on his return he did not go and live there, but resided with his brother-in-law, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet.

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speare' appears—what does the reader think?—'Love's Labour Lost.'"

The edition of 1711 here mentioned is now a very scarce book; it is supposed to have been edited by Alexander Ruddiman the grammarian: an imperfect copy of the conversations appeared in it for the first time; they are now almost made perfect from a copy in Sir Robert Sibbald's handwriting.

* Archæologia Scotica.

About this time it was that he wrote to the Countess of Lothian, saying, "My musical operations have given place to more laborious and serious affairs."* Here he threw aside his favourite lute, and commenced writing 'the Lives of the James' of Scotland,' which remained unpublished during the author's lifetime. The first edition is in folio; and was "printed by Henry Hills, for Richard Tomlins and myself, and are to be sold at their houses near Pye Corner, MDCLV.;" six years after the author's death. Prefixed is a short introduction, written by a Mr. Hall of Gray's Inn.†

This work has brought no increase of fame to Drummond: the style is too ornate, flowery, and laboured; in truth and in matter it has been far excelled.‡ The work, nevertheless, has met with its warm admirers, one of whom was Horace Walpole; in whose copy of the book the following is noted in his own hand-writing: "Drummond of Hawthornden,

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* Works, p. 135.

† From a date on the first scroll of the History of James the First, it appears that Drummond commenced his labours in March, 1633.—(Archæologia Scotica.)

‡ Mr. Campbell says the work abounds in false eloquence and slavish principles.—(Specimens of the Poets, vol. iii, p. 342.)

one of the best modern historians, and no mean imitator of Livy."

The History seems to have cost its author some pains and consideration. In the Society's Mss. there are several copies of the same lives, in Drummond's own hand, and the hands of others: the finest works are not the easiest dashed off, they are often the offspring of care and study. It was reprinted in 8vo in 1681, with the 'Cypress Grove' attached, as in the folio.

In 1633 Drummond dreamt again, and not in vain, of the connubial state. Happening accidentally to become acquainted with Elizabeth Logan, granddaughter of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig,* he was so struck with the resemblance which she bore to the

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* (From a note in Laing's Extracts, Archæolog. Scotica.) She is usually said to have been the grandchild of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig. Father R. Augustine Hay, in his Ms. Collections in the Advocates' Library, gives a different account of her immediate descent. "Att forty-five years of adge," says Hay, speaking of Drummond, "he married unexpectedly Elizabeth Logan, a minister's daughter of Edliston; which church is within a quarter of a mile of Darnhill, principal dwelling-house to Blackbarrony. Her mother was a shepherd's daughter: the family of Hawthornden pretends that she was a daughter of Coltfield, and grandchild of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig; but no sutch matter."—(Tome ii, p. 105.)

departed object of his affections, that he fell in love with and married her. He was then in his forty-fifth year. He took his wife to Hawthornden, and honoured the house with the following inscription :—

"Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden, Joannis Equitis aurati filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit."

While engaged on his History, the great civil war between Charles First and his Parliament commenced, which was at last to hurl the king from his throne, and deliver him to the headsman's stroke. That Drummond was affected by the state which his royal master was in, no one can doubt, when they consider his loyalty and relationship to the Crown: though strongly attached to the royal cause, he did not take to helmet and sword, but lifted the pen in its defence. During this time he wrote several tracts against the measures of the Covenanters, and those engaged in the opposition of Charles. In a piece called 'Irene,' he harangues the king, nobility, gentry, clergy, and commoners, about their mutual mistakes, jealousies, and fears; and lays before them the dismal consequences of a civil war, from indisputable arguments and the histories of past times.* This piece the great

* Cibber's Lives, vol. i, p. 308.

Montrose "wrote to him, desiring him to print it, as the best means to quiet the minds of the distracted populace." *

The malevolence of his pieces appear not to have been great; neither did his arguments cause any great excitement: the revolutionary party remained content with forcing him to furnish "part of a man," to fight against the cause which his writings recommended. Speaking of this, he says:—

> Of all these forces raised against our king,
> 'Tis my strange hap not one whole man to bring;
> From divers parishes yet divers men,
> But all in halfs and quarters: great king, then,
> In halfs and quarters if they come 'gainst thee,
> In halfs and quarters send them back to me.

In these lines there is some wit, but little satire.

This was not the only piece which Drummond wrote for the cause, as will appear. "There were a

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* Edition 1711. p. vi.

In vol. vi. of the Drummond Mss. there are three copies of 'Irene,' and part of a fourth, all in Drummond's hand-writing; it is entitled 'Irene; a Remonstrance for Concord and Amitie amongst his Maiesties subjectes; written after his Declaration, given at Oatlands the 9th of September, 1638, and published at Edinburgh 22nd September, 1638.'—(Archæologia Scotica.)

great many particular papers wrote against the chief ringleaders of the rebellion, which, after his death, in those very severe times, *were thought fit to be destroyed*, for fear of doing harm to his friends and family."*

Drummond, like Horace, appears to have had all a poet's fears: though he never seems to have been in any danger from the victorious Covenanters, yet, to secure himself from his enemies, he accepted a protection from a man the glory and reproach of Scotland, "James, Marquis of Montrose, his Majesty's Lieutenant-General for that kingdom."

"These are to will and command all officers and souldiers employed in this present expedition, (for repressing of this treasonable and most unnatural rebellion, so perversely hatched against his Majesty's sacred person and authority,) that none of them trouble and molest Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden his said lands; with houses, biggings, yards, parts, pendicles, and pertinents thereof; or his men tenants, cottars, servants, and indwellers thereupon; and their wives, bairns, and families,—in their bodies, goods, or gear, directly nor indirectly; as they and every one of them will answer on the contrary at their highest peril. Given at our Leaguer of Bothwell, the 18th of August, 1645.

"MONTROSE."

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* Edition 1711. p. vii.

With it was also another letter, in which he highly commends the poet's learning and loyalty.

Drummond happening in the summer of the year 1645 to travel northward, he arrived in the dusk of the evening at Forfar, where he intended to pass the night. The inhabitants of Forfar were at that time a race of strict Presbyterians, and held all poets and rhymers of every degree in utter contempt. They had heard of Drummond's approach to the town, and resolved to shew no respect, or even to notice him. Upon his arrival there, he found every door shut against him, including the inns and public houses of resort. Bit to the heart with vexation, and pursued by the cries of an anti-poetical people, he found it necessary to go onwards to Kirriemuir, "a bad road, rendered additionally painful by the darkness." The Kirriemuirians had received the intelligence of the poet's welcome at Forfar; and, as a little broil was carrying on betwixt the rival towns, they determined to shew him every respect. Next morning, on taking leave, he gratified them by presenting a distich in allusion to their quarrels; which is neither good nor indifferent.

The Kirriemuirians met the Forfarians at the Muirmoss,
The Kirriemuirians beat the Forfarians back to the cross;
Sutors ye are, and sutors ye'll be—
Fye upon Forfar! Kirriemuir bears the gree.

The year 1649, which put an end to the hardships and misfortunes of Charles the First, is also marked as the year in which Drummond died: grief for the loss of his master, and the upset of all his hopes, is said to have shortened his days. He died on the 4th December, 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and his remains were interred in the church of Lasswade near Hawthornden.

Drummond left two sons, William and Robert; the former of whom was knighted in Charles the Second's time; and one daughter, Elizabeth, married to a Dr. Henderson of Edinburgh: his wife survived him some time. The will, dated at Edinburgh, September 1, 1643, states:—

"Efter my death I leive executrix to my movabills my eldest lawfull daughter Elizabeth Dromond: I leive tutrix to my eldest sone William, and to the rest of hir children, Elizabeth Logan my wyfe, so long as shee continowes in her widowheid, and remaneth unmaried; and *ad res agendas*, I conjoyne with hir my weil-beloved kindsman and friend, John Stirling of Barney, Commissioner of Weigtoune, and Mr. Richard Maitland: and if God sall remove him from these transitorie cairis, I leive in his place his brother, Mr. James Maitland; and give it sall hapin the said Elizabeth Logane to marie or depairt this lyfe in the nonag of hir children, then I leive the tutelage and educatione of my childrene to the Richt Honorabill, &c. Lord Dromond, George Prestoun, Laird of

Craigmiller William Dromond, Laird of Riccartoun, and Johne Stirling of Birnay, Commissioner of Wightoune, &c."

In this will Drummond says "£1000 to be given to my second sone Robert, and ane uther £1000 to my third sone James." Further, he adds, "500 merkis, with my movabills, will make up a portion for my eldest daughter;" and "my bodie to be buried within twenty-four hours efter my departour."

There are three pictures of Drummond in the possession of Sir Francis Walker Drummond of Hawthornden. And if we can put faith in pictures, his face was long, coarse, and thought-worn; and this is the more visible from the open neck and Elizabethan collar: there is a decided melancholy about his looks. His head is that of Jonson's in miniature—as manly, but more graceful.

Of his personal character, all writers, save Gifford, speak highly; he was a tender father, a kind husband, and one who would not willingly give offence; a man of pleasing habits, alluring conversations, and strict piety. In addition, he was a methodical man, somewhat given to sallies of wit and humorous sayings. Kept books, in which he noted down the verses of other men as well as his own: had his

letters too in order; preserved whatever struck him as clever in the remarks of his companions or correspondents, or pleased him in the compositions of his own pen.*

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* Athenæum, July 21, 1832.

These papers were arranged into volumes, or more properly bundles, and preserved in Hawthornden House, from the day of the poet's death, till the year 1782, when Bishop Drummond put them into the hands of the late Earl of Buchan for the purpose of having them placed in the safe keeping of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Whatever the Earl of Buchan undertook to do, he generally accomplished with no little stir and outcry: accordingly, we find, that though his lordship failed to make himself acquainted with the contents of the sacred packets, thirteen in all, he did not fail to have entered in the minutes of the Society, the munificence of Bishop Drummond and the courtesy of the Earl of Buchan, who presided on the occasion. The Secretary of the Society in those days was James Cummyng, of whom David Herd, a brother antiquary, has recorded, that he undertook every thing and performed nothing: in the spirit of this character, the Secretary did nothing, or something worse; the manuscripts were neglected for forty years and odd, and were forgotten perhaps by many, when the taste and enthusiasm of David Laing drew them from their dread abode.*—Athenæum, Review of Archæol. Scot.

* Through whom they were bound into 15 vols., and will now remain safe for ever.

He maintained a friendly correspondence with Jonson and Drayton, and was the bosom friend of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling; a poet of note in his day.

The following letter to Drayton, by Drummond, will give no bad idea of the poet's pleasing mode of flattery, and peculiar style of correspondence.

### To M. Drt.

"Your great learning first bred in mee admiration—then loue; which, if not alwhere and allwayes I professe, testifie, I were not only an euill esteemer of you, but also of letters and all learning and poesie; which now, being in the age of it, beginneth to flourish again by you. When first I looked on your Heroicall Epistles, I was rapt from my selfe, and could not containe myselfe from blazing that of you, which both your worth, merit, and my loue deserued, required; although whatever I can say of you, is farre under your ingine and vertue. So farre as I can remember of our vulgare Poesie, none hath done better, or can doe more, hath done better and more, and from none can we exspect more. So have I persuaded myselfe, nor doth my opinion deceaue me. All that you have done delighte mee: your learning, judgment, oration, &c. &c. &c.

"Your workes make you euer present to mee—than which there is not anay booke I am more familiar with—not anay by which I estime my selfe more happy, by

familiaritie contracted with the author, &c. &c." (Vid. Laing's Extracts from the Drummond Mss.)

The following extract of a letter from Drummond to Alexander, on the death of Drayton, will be the last which will be quoted concerning the author of 'Polyolbion.'

"The death of M. D., your great freind, hath beene very greeuous to all those which loue the Muses here; chieflie that hee should haue left this world before he had perfected the Northern part of his 'Polyolbion:' that it brake off that noble worke, of the Northern part of the 'Polyolbion' which had beene no little honour to our country. All we can doe to him is to honour his memorye." (*Laing's Extracts.*)

Drummond is the first and best example of a Scottish poet departing from the dialect of his country, and rising into pure and classic English. There are examples indeed in 'the King's Quair,' and in other poems: but the language is antiquated, and to us odd; whereas that of Drummond is at this day as pure and elegant as the diction of Milton, or Pope. In flow and harmony he is equalled, but certainly not surpassed; in sentiment and expression he is excelled by Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Spenser. He appears not however to have formed his verse on the style of any of these great poets: look at

his sonnets, and say, what poet of the year 1600 has written ought so neat, so graceful, and so harmonious; Milton's are of a later day. If he deviated into a pure and classic strain, he was followed for a long while by none of his countrymen. Between the days of Sir David Lyndsay and Allan Ramsay, or more properly Thomson, Scotland produced no poet, save Drummond, who could be named with the mighty ones who adorned England: the strains of those songsters were humble and uncouth, and, with the exception of some songs and ballads, scarcely merit the name of poetry. This only increases our admiration of Drummond. He seems to have anticipated the result of the union of the crowns—the gradual blending of his native tongue with the more popular one of England; for though the songs of Burns, and the romances of Scott, will keep the dialect or language from perishing; it will be to some future generation what the language of Chaucer is to ours.

With all his purity of language, and poetic grace, Drummond has never been a popular poet, in the ordinary meaning of the word. He has however enjoyed the reputation which learning and genius bestow: he has been imitated by some, quoted or alluded to by others, and his name is now perhaps as high as it was, when, in the words of Collins,

Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade.

This acknowledgment of his worth by the poetic genius of the land, while it shews that little of the material of popularity mingles with his strains, serves to prove that he is a true poet, and has only not succeeded in giving the ore of his genius a current stamp. I look upon him as one of the forerunners of Thomson and others, who rivalled the great poets of England, not only in elevation of thought which pertains to nature, but in purity of language which is acquired by education; for the writers of Scotland are familiar from their cradle with a language which differs, in many essential things, from the language in which they clothe their thoughts as poets and historians.

There is a certain smoothness or harmony in Drummond's lines, which, for some time, Pope and Dryden alone excelled, but which is now (in this more refined age) equalled or surpassed by Campbell and Rogers. Milton admired, and imitated him; but was not essentially obliged to him, as some would wish to infer; more than mere epithets of Drummond's may be recognised in Milton, though Mr. Campbell says otherwise.* The great author of 'the Pleasures of Hope' seems not to have relished Drummond's

* Specimens of British Poets.

works; or else he might have said something civil about his genius.

Dr. Johnson says of Pope, "he has a few double rhymes, but always I think unsuccessfully, except once in 'the Rape of the Lock.'

> The meeting points, the fatal lock dissever
> From the fair head for ever and for ever.*

Drummond has one equally good:

> Whose falling streams the quiet caverns wound,
> And make the echoes shrill resound that sound:

Again:

> Such airs and nothing else did wound mine ear,
> No soul but would become all ear to hear.

Phillips, the nephew of Milton, published an edition of Drummond's Poems in 1656, with praises lavished both in prose and verse. I insert the former here—it is not without merit.

"TO THE READER.

"Ingenious Reader,

"To say that these Poems are the effects of a genius the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish nation produced, although it be a commendation not to be rejected, (for it is well known that that country hath afforded many rare and admirable wits,) yet it is not the highest that may be given him; for should I affirm that

* This is the couplet Johnson intended, says Mrs. Piozzi, for I asked him. (Piozziana.)

neither Tasso nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English poets, can challenge to themselves any advantages above him, it could not be judged any attribute superiour to what he deserves; nor shall I think it any arrogance to maintain, that among all the severall fancies, that in these times have exercised the most nice and curious judgements, there hath not come forth any thing that deserves to be welcomed into the world with greater estimation and applause. And though he had not had the fortune to be so generally famed abroad as many others, perhaps of lesse esteeme, yet this is a consideration that cannot at all diminish, but rather advance his credit; for by breaking forth of obscurity he will attract the higher admiration, and, like the sun emerging from a cloud, appeare at length with so much the more forcible rayes. Had there been nothing extant of him but his History of Scotland, consider but the language, how florid and ornate it is, consider the order, and the prudent conduct of his story, and you will ranke him in the number of the best writers, and compare him even with Thuanus himselfe. Neither is he less happy in his verse than prose: for here are all those graces met together that conduce anything toward the making-up of a compleat and perfect poet—a decent and becoming majesty, a brave and admirable height, and a wit so flowing, that Jove himselfe never drank nectar that sparkled with a more sprightly lustre. Should I dwell any longer (ingenious reader) upon the commendation of this incomparable author, I should injure thee by forestalling the freedome of thy owne judgement and him, by attempting a vain de-

sign, since there is nothing can so well set him forth as his own works; besides the losse of time which is but trifled away as long as thou art detained from perusing the poems themselves.

"E. P."

In an early part of this narrative I inserted passages from several popular Scottish Poets who preceded Drummond. I shall now transcribe some lines from the poems of English Poets who succeeded him.

DENHAM ON THE DEATH OF COWLEY.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolved,
Which our dark nation long involved:
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires.

* * * * * * *

But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old Mother Wit and Nature gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have.

In Spenser and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happier share.

* * * * * * * *

Of this Johnson says, the numbers are musical, and the thoughts are just.

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O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.*

---

WALLER TO VANDYKE.

Rare *Artisan*, whose pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves:
From thy shop of beauty, we
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedless lover does not know,
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed fresh again.
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hopes of grace.

---

* Cooper's Hill.

Nor scorn, nor cruelty does find,
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despair
From the reviving brand of care.

* * * * * * * *

In Waller's verses to Cromwell, the line

Neither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,

is lame; after some of his flowing others. Again:

What may be thought impossible to do,
*By us embraced by the sea and you:*

the last line wants harmony.

The reader will now be able to judge for himself: these lines on Prince Henry are the outpourings of Drummond's heart.

DRUMMOND.

TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MŒLIADES.

O Heavens! then is it true that thou art gone,
And left this woful isle her loss to moan;

* * * * * * * *

Forc'd by hard fates, do heavens neglect our cries?
Are stars set only to act tragedies?
Then let them do their worst, since thou art gone,
Raise whom thou list to thrones, enthron'd dethrone.

* * * * * * * *

Ah! thou hast left to live; and in the time
When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy pleasant prime;
So falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
At half that doth her bashful bosom close;

So a sweet flower languishing decays,
That late did blush when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays.

* * * * * * * *

In gloomy gowns the stars this loss deplore,
The sea with murmuring mountains beats the shore,
Black darkness reels o'er all, in thousand show'rs
The weeping air on earth her sorrow pours,
That, in a palsy, quakes to see so soon
Her lover set, and night burst forth ere noon.
If heaven, alas! ordain'd thee young to die,
Why was't not where thou might'st thy valour try;
And to the wondering world at least set forth
Some little spark of thy expected worth?
Mœliades, O! that by Ister's streams,
'Mong sounding trumpets, fiery twinkling gleams
Of warm vermilion swords, and cannon's roar,
Balls thick as rain pour'd on the Caspian shore,
'Mongst broken spears, 'mongst ringing helms and shields,
Huge heaps of slaughter'd bodies 'long the fields,
In Turkish blood made red like Mars's star,
Thou endedst had thy life, and Christian war;
Or as brave Bourbon, thou hadst made old Rome,
Queen of the world, thy triumph, and thy tomb!
So heaven's fair face to th' unborn world, which reads,
A book had been of thy illustrious deeds:
So to their nephews, aged sires had told
The high exploits perform'd by thee of old;
Towns ras'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd bands,
Fierce tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd by thy hands:

And in rich arras virgins fair had wrought
The bays and trophies to thy country brought:
While some new Homer, imping wings to Fame,
Deaf Nilus' dwellers had made hear thy name.

* * * * * * * *

### From Songs and Sonnets.

All three were fair, yet one excell'd as far
The rest as Phœbus doth the Cyprian star,
Or diamonds, small gems, or gems do other,
Or pearls that shining shell is call'd their mother.
Her hair, more bright than are the morning's beams,
Hung in a golden shower above the streams,
And dangling sought her forehead for to cover,
Which seen did straight a sky of milk discover,
With two fair brows, Love's bows, which never bend
But that a golden arrow forth they send;
Beneath the which two burning planets glancing
Flash'd flames of love, for Love there still is dancing.
Her either cheek resembled blushing morn,
Or roses' gules in field of lilies borne;
'Twixt which an ivory wall so fair is raised,
That it is but abased when it is praised.
Her lips, like rows of coral soft, did swell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excel:
The Tyrian fish looks pale, pale look the roses,
The rubies pale, when mouth sweet cherry closes.
Her chin like silver Phœbe did appear
Dark in the midst to make the rest more clear:
Her neck seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias' master,
Most smooth, most white, a piece of alabaster.

Two foaming billows flow'd upon her breast,
Which did their tops with coral red increst:
There all about as brooks them sport at leisure,
With circling branches veins did swell in azure:
Within those crooks are only found those isles
Which "fortunate" the dreaming old world stiles.
The rest the streams did hide, but as a lily
Sunk in a crystal's fair transparent belly.

* * * * * * * *

POPE, PASTORALS.—II. TO DR. GARTH.

A shepherd' boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naïads wept in every wat'ry bower,
And Love consented in a silent shower:

* * * * * * * *

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

DRYDEN.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;

Without, unspotted—innocent within;
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin:
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

* * * * * * * *

## DRUMMOND.

### Song.

* * * * * * * *

Methought from all the neighbouring woods a noise
Of choristers, more sweet than lute or voice,
(For those harmonious sounds to Jove are given
By the swift touches of the nine-string'd heaven;
Such airs, and nothing else,) did wound mine ear.
No soul but would become all ear to hear:
And whilst I list'ning lay, O lovely wonder!
I saw a pleasant myrtle cleave asunder;
A myrtle great with birth, from whose rent womb
Three naked nymphs, more white than snow, forth come.
For nymphs they seem'd; about their heavenly faces
In wares of gold, floated their curling tresses;
About their arms, their arms more white than milk,
They blushing armlets wore of crimson silk.
The goddesses were such that, by Scamander,
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander:
Aglaia and her sisters such, perchance,
Be when about some sacred spring they dance.

But scarce the grove their naked beauties graced,
And on the verdure had each other traced,
When to the flood they ran; the flood, in robes
Of curling crystal, their breasts' ivory globes
Did all about encircle; yet took pleasure
To shew white snows throughout her liquid azure.
Look how Prometheus' man, when heavenly fire
First gave him breath, days Brandon did admire,
And wonder'd at this world's amph'theatre:
So gazed I on those new guests of the water.

* * * * * * * *

A place there is, where a delicious fountain
Springs from the swelling breast of a proud mountain;
Whose falling streams the quiet cavern wound,
And make the echoes shrill resound that sound.
The laurel there the shining channel graces,
The palm her love with long-stretch'd arm embraces;
The poplar spreads her branches to the sky,
And hides from sight that azure canopy.
The streams, the trees—the trees their leaves still nourish,
That place grave winter finds not without flourish.

* * * * * * * *

END OF THE LIFE.

# SELECTIONS

FROM

# THE POEMS OF DRUMMOND.

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THESE SELECTIONS CONTAIN THE WHOLE OF DRUMMOND'S POEMS WORTH PRESERVING.

# TEARS

ON THE

# DEATH OF MŒLIADES.

---

O Heavens! then is it true that thou art gone,
And left this woful isle her loss to moan—
Mœliades, bright day-star of the West,
A comet blazing terror to the East;
And neither that thy spirit so heavenly wise,
Nor body (though of earth) more pure than skies,
Nor royal stem, nor thy sweet tender age,
Of cruel destinies[2] could quench the rage?

---

[1] Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James the First. Mœliades is the name which that prince assumed in all his challenges of a martial sort; as the anagram of "Miles a Deo." Vide the Life.—P. C.

[2] "Cruel destinies,"—"adamantine fates," in the early editions.

O fading hopes! O short-while lasting joy
Of earth-born man, that one hour can destroy!
Than even of virtue's spoils Death trophies rears,
As if he gloried most in many tears.
Forc'd by hard fates,[1] do heavens neglect our cries?
Are stars set only to act tragedies?[2]
Then let them do their worst, since thou art gone,
Raise whom thou list to thrones, enthron'd dethrone;
Stain princely bow'rs with blood, and even to Gange,
In cypress sad, glad Hymen's torches change.
Ah! thou hast left to live; and in the time
When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy pleasant prime:
So falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
At half that doth her bashful bosom close;
So a sweet flower languishing decays,
That late did blush when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays.[3]
So Phœbus, mounting the meridian's height,
Chok'd by pale Phœbe, faints unto our sight;
Astonish'd nature sullen stands to see
The life of all this all so chang'd to be;
In gloomy gowns the stars this loss deplore,[4]
The sea with murmuring mountains beats the shore;

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[1] "Hard fates"—"grim destinies."

[2] For, "Are stars set only to act tragedies?"—"Stars seem set only," &c.

[3] Vide Pope's Essay on Criticism, Part 2.

"Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies."

[4] "This loss"—"about."

Black darkness reels o'er all, in thousand show'rs
The weeping air on earth her sorrow pours,
That, in a palsy, quakes to see so soon
Her lover set, and night burst forth ere noon.
If heaven, alas! ordain'd thee young to die,
Why was't not where thou might'st thy valour try;[1]
And to the wond'ring[2] world at least set forth
Some little spark of thy expected worth?
Mœliades, O! that by Ister's streams,
'Mong sounding trumpets, fiery twinkling gleams[3]
Of warm vermilion[4] swords, and cannons' roar,
Balls thick as rain pour'd on[5] the Caspian shore,
'Mongst broken spears, 'mongst ringing helms and shields,
Huge heaps of slaughter'd bodies 'long the fields,[6]
In Turkish blood made red like Mars's star,
Thou endedst had thy life, and Christian war;
Or, as brave Bourbon, thou hadst made old Rome,
Queen of the world, thy triumph, and thy tomb![7]

---

[1] "Why was't not where thou might'st thy valour try;"—"Why was it not where thou thy might didst try."

[2] For "wond'ring"—"hopeful."

[3] For "'Mong sounding trumpets, fiery twinkling gleams"—
"Amongst shrill sounding trumpets, flaming gleams."

[4] For "vermilion"—"encrimson'd."

[5] For "on"—"by."

[6] For "'Mongst broken spears," &c.—
"Amongst crush'd lances, ringing helms, and shields,
Dismember'd bodies ravishing the fields."

[7] For "thy triumph and thy tomb!"—"thy triumphs, place, and tomb!"

So heaven's fair face, to th' unborn world, which reads,[1]
A book had been of thy[2] illustrious deeds:
So to their nephews, aged sires had told
The high exploits perform'd by thee of old;
Towns ras'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd bands,
Fierce tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd by thy hands:
And in rich[3] arras virgins fair had wrought
The bays and trophies to thy country brought:
While some new Homer, imping wings[4] to Fame,
Deaf Nilus' dwellers had made hear thy name.
That thou didst not attain these[5] honour's spheres,
Through want of worth it was not, but of years.[6]
A youth more brave, pale Troy with trembling walls
Did never see, nor she whose name appalls
Both Titan's golden bow'rs, in[7] bloody fights,
Must'ring on Mars his field, such Mars-like knights.
The heavens had brought thee to the highest height
Of wit and courage, shewing all their might,
When they thee fram'd. Ah me! that what is brave
On earth, they as their own so soon should crave!
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

---

[1] For "th' unborn world, which reads,"—"the unborne, which reades."

[2] For "thy"—"thine."

[3] For "rich"—"dear."

[4] For "wings"—"pens."

[5] For "these"—"those."

[6] For "Through want of," &c.—"It was not want of worth, O no! but years."

[7] For "in"—"for."

When Forth, thy nurse, Forth, where thou first didst pass
Thy tender days, (who smiled oft on her glass,
To see thee gaze,) meand'ring with her streams,
Heard thou hadst left this round, from Phœbus' beams
She sought to fly; but, forced to return
By neighbouring brooks, she set[1] herself to mourn:
And as she rush'd her Cyclades among,
She seem'd to 'plain that heaven had done her wrong.
With a hoarse plaint, Clyde down her steepy rocks,
And Tweed through her green mountains clad with flocks,
Did wound the ocean murmuring thy death;
The ocean it[2] roar'd about the earth,
And to the Mauritanian Atlas told,
Who shrunk through grief, and down his white hairs roll'd
Huge streams of tears, which[3] changed were to floods,
Wherewith[4] he drown'd the neighbour plains and woods.
The lesser brooks, as they did bubbling go,
Did keep a consort to the[5] public woe.
The shepherds left their flocks with downcast eyes,
'Sdaining to look up to the angry skies;[6]
Some brake[7] their pipes, and some in sweet-sad lays
Made senseless things amazed at thy praise.

---

[1] For "set"—"gave." [2] For "it"—"that."

[3] For "which"—"that."

[4] For "Wherewith"—"With which."

[5] For "to the"—"unto."

[6] For "'Sdaining," &c.—"Disdaining to look up to angry skys."

[7] For "brake"—"broke."

His reed Alexis hung upon a tree,
And with his tears made Doven great to be.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.
  Chaste maids which haunt fair Aganippe's well,
And you in Tempe's sacred shade who dwell,
Let fall your harps, cease tunes of joy to sing,
Dishevelled make all Parnassus ring
With anthems sad; thy musick Phœbus turn
To doleful plaints, whilst joy itself doth mourn.
Dead is thy darling who adorn'd thy bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet lays,
And to a trumpet raise thy[1] amorous style,
That floating Delos envy might this isle.
You, Acidalian archers, break your bows,
Your torches quench, with tears blot beauty's snows,
And bid your weeping mother yet again
A second Adon's death, nay, Mars his plain.[2]
His eyes once were your darts; nay, even his name,
Wherever heard, did every heart inflame.
Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims;
But ah! (poor lovers) death did them betray,
And, not suspected, made their hopes his prey!
Tagus bewails his loss in[3] golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.

---

[1] For "thy"—"thine."
[2] For "Mars his plain"—"Marses' plain."
[3] For "in"—"with."

Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.
Eye-pleasing[1] meads, whose painted[2] plain forth brings
White, golden, azure flow'rs, which once were kings,
To[3] mourning black their shining colours dye,
Bow down their heads, while sighing zephyrs fly.
Queen of the fields, whose blush makes blush the morn,
Sweet rose, a prince's death in purple mourn;
O hyacinths, for aye your AI keep still,
Nay, with more marks of woe your leaves now fill:
And you, O flow'r, of Helen's tears that's born,
Into those liquid pearls again you turn:
Your green locks, forests, cut; to weeping myrrhs,
To deadly cypress, and ink-dropping firs,
Your palms and myrtles change; from shadows dark
Wing'd syrens wail, and you sad echoes mark
The lamentable accents of their moan,
And 'plain that brave Mœliades is gone.
Stay, sky, thy turning course, and now become
A stately arch, unto the earth his tomb:
And over it still wat'ry Iris keep,[4]
And sad Electra's sisters, who still weep:
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

---

[1] "Eye-pleasing"—"delicious."
[2] "Painted"—"check'red."
[3] "To"—"in."
[4] "And over it," &c.—"Ouer which ay the wat'rie Iris keepe."

Dear ghost, forgive these our untimely tears,
By which our loving mind, though weak, appears:
Our loss, not thine, (when we complain,) we weep,
For thee the glistering walls of heaven do keep,
Beyond the planet's wheels, 'bove highest source
Of spheres, that turns the lower in his course:
Where sun doth never set, nor ugly night
Ever appears in mourning garments dight:
Where Boreas' stormy trumpet doth not sound,
Nor clouds, in lightnings bursting, minds astound.
From cares, cold climates far, and hot desire,
Where time's exil'd,[1] and ages ne'er expire;
'Mongst purest spirits environed with beams,
Thou think'st all things below to be but dreams;
And joy'st to look down to the azur'd bars
Of heaven powder'd with[2] troops of streaming stars;
And in their turning temples to behold,
In silver robe the moon, the sun in gold;
Like youug eye-speaking lovers in a dance,
With majesty by turns retire, advance:
Thou wonder'st earth to see hang like a ball,
Clos'd in the mighty[3] cloister of this all;
And that poor men should prove so madly fond,
To toss themselves for a small spot[4] of ground:
Nay, that they ev'n dare brave the powers above,
From this base stage of change that cannot move.

---

[1] "Where time's," &c.—"Where time is banish'd."
[2] "Powder'd with"—"indented all with."
[3] "Mighty"—"ghastly." [4] "Spot"—"foot."

All worldly pomp and pride thou seest arise,
Like smoke that's scatter'd in the empty skies.
Other hills and forests, other sumptuous tow'rs,
Amaz'd thou find'st excelling our poor bow'rs;
Courts void of flattery, of malice minds,
Pleasure which lasts, not such as reason blinds.
Thou sweeter songs dost hear, and carollings,[1]
Whilst heavens do dance, and choir of angels sings,
Than muddy minds could feign; even our annoy
(If it approach that place) is chang'd to joy.
Rest, blessed soul,[2] rest satiate with the sight
Of him whose beams (though dazzling) do delight;[3]
Life of all lives, cause of each other cause;
The sphere and centre where the mind doth pause;
Narcissus of himself, himself the well,
Lover, and beauty, that doth all excel.
Rest, happy soul,[4] and wonder in that glass,
Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
While shall be, is, or was, do pass away,
And nought remain, but an eternal day.
For ever rest; thy praise Fame will enrol
In golden annals, while about the pole
The slow Boötes turns, or sun doth rise,
With scarlet scarf to cheer the mourning skies.

---

[1] "Thou," &c.—"Far sweeter songs thou hear'st, and carollings."

[2] "Soul"—"spright."

[3] "(Though dazzling) do delight"—"both dazzle and delight."

[4] "Soul"—"ghost."

The virgins to thy tomb will garlands bear
Of flow'rs, and with each flow'r let fall a tear.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

## Epitaph.

A passing glance, a lightning 'long the skies,
Which, ushering thunder, dies straight to our sight;
A spark that doth from jarring mixtures rise,
Thus drown'd is in th' huge depths of day and night:
Is this small trifle, life, held in such price
Of blinded wights, who ne'er judge aught aright?
Of Parthian shaft so swift is not the flight,
As life, that wastes itself, and living dies.
Ah! what is human greatness, valour, wit?
What fading beauty, riches, honour, praise?
To what doth serve in golden thrones to sit,
Thrall earth's vast round, triumphal arches raise?
That all's a dream, learn in this prince's fall,
In whom, save death, nought mortal was at all.

## Second Epitaph.

Stay, passenger, see where enclosed lies
The paragon of princes, fairest frame,
Time, nature, place, could shew to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame:
At least that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds (hard like the destinies):
For as to his brave spirit, and glorious name,

The one the world, the other fills the skies.
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose,
Sad violet, and that sweet flow'r that bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde,
You saw where earth's perfections were confin'd

---

OF jet,
Or porphyry,
Or that white stone
Paros affords alone,
Or these in azure dye,
Which seem to scorn the sky;
Here Memphis' wonders do not set,
Nor Artemisia's huge frame,
That keeps so long her lover's name,
Make no great marble Atlas stoop with gold,
To please the vulgar eye shall it behold.
The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their tears
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.

THE

# WANDERING MUSES:

OR, THE

# RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING:

BEING

A PANEGYRICK

TO THE

## HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE JAMES,

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND IRELAND.

---

*** In the first edition the title stands thus:—

"Forth Feasting: a Panegyricke to the King's Most Excellent Majestie.—Printed by Andrew Hart in 1607."

TO

## HIS SACRED MAJESTY.[1]

If in this storm of joy and pompous throng,
This nymph, great King, doth come to thee so near,
That thy harmonious ears her accents hear,
Give pardon to her hoarse and lowly song.
Fain would she trophies to thy virtues rear:
But for this stately task she is not strong,
And her defects her high attempts do wrong:
Yet as she could she makes thy worth appear.
So in a map is shewn this flow'ry place;
So wrought in arras by a virgin's hand,
With heaven and blazing stars doth Atlas stand;
So drawn by charcoal is Narcissus' face:
She like the morn may be to some bright sun,
The day to perfect that's by her begun.

---

[1] This sonnet is not printed with the Original Edition of "Forth Feasting," but was added when the Poem was republished by Adamson, in the "Muses' Welcome at Edinburgh," in 1617—folio. (D. Laing.)

THE

# RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

WHAT blust'ring noise now interrupts my sleeps?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps?
And seem to call me from my wat'ry court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are convey'd hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud rumours do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tip-toes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glitt'ring throngs, these meteors bright,
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
What load-star eastward draweth thus all eyes?
Am I awake? or have some dreams conspir'd
To mock my sense with what I most desir'd?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what long I wish'd in vain;
My much-beloved prince is come again.
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun doth roll:

So after tempest to sea-tossed wights,
Fair Helen's brothers shew their clearing lights:
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
The feather'd sylvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;
Nile marvels, Serap's priests entranced rave,
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.
  Let mother Earth now deck'd with flow'rs be seen,
And sweet-breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows green:
Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson show'r,
Such as on India's shores they use to pour:
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn,
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never Hours the web of Day out-weave,
May never Night rise from her sable cave!
Swell proud, my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:
For murmurs hoarse sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp.
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair:
Some swiftest-footed, get them hence, and pray
Our floods and lakes come keep this holiday;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising, or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Grampus' mists, or Ochel's snows:
Stone-rolling Tay, Tine tortoise-like that flows,

The pearly Don, the Deas, the fertile Spay,
Wild Neverne, which doth see our longest day;
Nesse smoaking sulphur, Leave with mountains crown'd,
Strange Loumond for his floating isles renown'd;
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Aire,
The snaky Dun, the Ore with rushy hair,
The crystal-streaming Nid, loud-bellowing Clyde,
Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall divide;
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams,
The Eskes, the Solway, where they lose their names;
To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests:
And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival;
This day shall by our currents be renown'd;
Our hills about shall still this day resound:
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.
To virgins, flow'rs, to sun-burnt earth, the rain,
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.[1]
That day, dear prince, which robb'd us of thy sight
(Day? No, but darkness and a dusky night)

---

[1] Vide Pope's Third Pastoral:—

No bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain;
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Did fill our breasts with sighs, our eyes with tears,
Turn minutes to sad months, sad months to years:
Trees left to flourish, meadows to bear flow'rs,
Brooks hid their heads within their sedgy bow'rs;
Fair Ceres curs'd our trees with barren frost,
As if again she had her daughter lost:
The Muses left our groves, and for sweet songs
Sate sadly silent, or did weep their wrongs:
You know it, meads; you murmuring woods it know,
Hills, dales, and caves, copartners of their woe;
And you it know, my streams, which from their eine
Oft on your glass receiv'd their pearly brine:
O Naiads dear! said they, Napæas fair!
O nymphs of trees! nymphs which on hills repair;
Gone are those maiden glories, gone that state,
Which made all eyes admire our bliss of late.
As looks the heaven when never star appears,
But slow and weary shroud them in their spheres,
While Tithon's wife embosom'd by him lies,
And world doth languish in a mournful guise:
As looks a garden of its beauty spoil'd,
As woods in winter by rough Boreas foil'd,
As portraits ras'd of colours us'd to be;
So look'd these abject bounds depriv'd of thee.
While as my rills enjoy'd thy royal gleams,
They did not envy Tiber's haughty streams,
Nor wealthy Tagus with his golden ore,
Nor clear Hydaspes which on pearls doth roar,
Nor golden Gange that sees the sun new born,
Nor Achelous with his flow'ry horn,

Nor floods which near Elysian fields do fall:
For why? Thy sight did serve to them for all.
No place there is so desert, so alone,
Even from the Frozen to the Torrid Zone;
From flaming Hecla to great Quincey's lake,
Which thy abode could not most happy make:
All those perfections which by bounteous Heaven
To divers worlds in divers times were given,
The starry senate pour'd at once on thee,
That thou exemplar might'st to others be.
Thy life was kept till the Three Sisters spun
Their threads of gold, and then it was begun.
With chequer'd clouds when skies do look most fair,
And no disorder'd blasts disturb the air;
When lilies do them deck in azure gowns,
And new-born roses blush with golden crowns;
To prove how calm we under thee should live,
What halcyonean days thy reign should give;
And to two flow'ry diadems, thy right,
The heavens thee made a partner of the light.
Scarce wast thou born, when join'd in friendly bands
Two mortal foes with other clasped hands;
With Virtue Fortune strove, which most should grace
Thy place for thee, thee for so high a place:
One vow'd thy sacred breast not to forsake,
The other, on thee not to turn her back;
And that thou more her love's effects might'st feel,
For thee she left her globe, and broke her wheel.
When years thee vigour gave, O then, how clear
Did smother'd sparkles in bright flames appear!

Amongst the woods to force the flying hart,
To pierce the mountain-wolf with feather'd dart:
See falcons climb the clouds, the fox ensnare,
Outrun the wind-outrunning Dædale hare;
To breathe thy fiery steed on every plain,
And in meand'ring gyres him bring again;
The prese thee making place, and vulgar things,
In admiration's air, on glory's wings:
O! Thou far from the common pitch didst rise,
With thy designs to dazzle Envy's eyes:
Thou sought'st to know this all's eternal source,
Of ever-turning heavens the restless course;
Their fixed lamps, their lights, which wand'ring run,
Whence moon her silver hath, his gold the sun;
If fate there be or no, if planets can,
By fierce aspects, force the free will of man:
The light aspiring fire, the liquid air,
The flaming dragons, comets with red hair,
Heaven's tilting lances, artillery, and bow,
Loud-sounding trumpets, darts of hail and snow,
The roaring element, with people dumb,
The earth with what conceiv'd is in her womb,
What on her moves, were set unto thy sight,
Till thou didst find their causes, essence, might:
But unto nought thou so thy mind didst strain,
As to be read in man, and learn to reign;
To know the weight and Atlas of a crown,
To spare the humble, proud ones tumble down.
When from those piercing cares which thrones invest,
As thorns the rose, thou wearied would'st thee rest

With lute in hand, full of celestial fire,
To the Pierian groves thou didst retire:
There, garlanded with all Urania's flow'rs,
In sweeter lays than builded Thebes's tow'rs;
Or them which charm'd the dolphins in the main,
Or which did call Eurydice again;
Thou sung'st away the hours, till from their sphere
Stars seem'd to shoot, thy melody to hear.
The god with golden hair, the sister maids,
Did leave their Helicon and Tempe's shades,
To see thine isle; here lost their native tongue,
And in thy world-divided language sung.
Who of thine after-age can count the deeds,
With all that Fame in Time's huge annals reads;
How by example, more than any law,
This people fierce thou didst to goodness draw;
How while the neighbour worlds, toss'd by the Fates,
So many Phaetons had in their states,
Which turn'd to heedless flames their burnish'd thrones,
Thou, as enspher'd, kept'st temperate thy zones;
In Afric shores, the sands that ebb and flow,
The shady leaves on Arden's trees that grow,
He sure may count, with all the waves that meet
To wash the Mauritanian Atlas' feet.
Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a king by birth,
Thy worth deserves the richest crown on earth.
Search this half-sphere, and the Antarctic ground,
Where are such wit and bounty to be found?
As into silent night, when near the Bear
The Virgin Huntress shines at full most clear,

And strives to match her brother's golden light,
The host of stars doth vanish in her sight;
Arcturus dies; cool'd is the Lion's ire,
Po burns no more with Phaetontal fire;
Orion faints to see his arms grow black,
And that his flaming sword he now doth lack:
So Europe's lights, all bright in their degree,
Lost all their lustre, parallel'd with thee.
By just descent thou from more kings dost shine
Than many can name men in all their line:
What most they toil to find, and finding hold,
Thou scornest, orient gems, and flatt'ring gold;
Esteeming treasure surer in men's breasts,
Than when immur'd with marble, clos'd in chests:
No stormy passions do disturb thy mind,
No mists of greatness ever could thee blind:
Who yet hath been so meek? Thou life didst give
To them who did repine to see thee live:
What prince by goodness hath such kingdoms gain'd?
Who hath so long his people's peace maintain'd?
Their swords are turn'd to scythes, to coulters spears,
Some giant post their antique armour bears:
Now, where the wounded knight his life did bleed,
The wanton swain sits piping on a reed;
And where the cannon did Jove's thunder scorn,
The gaudy huntsman winds his shrill-tun'd horn:
Her green locks Ceres doth to yellow dye;
The pilgrim safely in the shade doth lie;
Both Pan and Pales careless keep their flocks;
Seas have no dangers, save the winds and rocks:

Thou art this Isle's palladium; neither can
(Whiles thou dost live!) it be o'erthrown by man.
Let others boast of blood and spoils of foes,
Fierce rapines, murders, Iliads of woes;
Of hated pomp, and trophies reared fair,
Gore-spangled ensigns streaming in the air;
Count how they make the Scythian them adore,
The Gaditan, and soldier of Aurore:
Unhappy boasting! to enlarge their bounds,
That charge themselves with cares, their friends with wounds;
Who have no law to their ambitious will,
But, man-plagues! born are human blood to spill:
Thou a true victor art, sent from above
What others strain by force to gain by love;
World-wand'ring Fame this praise to thee imparts,
To be the only monarch of all hearts.
They many fear, who are of many fear'd,
And kingdoms got by wrongs, by wrongs are tear'd;
Such thrones as blood doth raise, blood throweth down;
No guard so sure as love unto a crown.
Eye of our western world! Mars-daunting king!
With whose renown the earth's seven climates ring,
Thy deeds not only claim these diadems,
To which Thame, Liffy, Tay, subject their streams:
But to thy virtues rare, and gifts, is due
All that the planet of the year doth view;
Sure, if the world above did want a prince,
The world above to it would take thee hence.

That Murder, Rapine, Lust, are fled to hell,
And in their rooms with us the Graces dwell;
That honour more than riches men respect,
That worthiness than gold doth more effect;
That Piety unmasked shews her face,
That Innocency keeps with power her place;
That long-exil'd Astrea leaves the heaven,
And turneth right her sword, her weights holds even;
That the Saturnian world is come again,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
That daily peace, love, truth, delights increase,
And discord, hate, fraud, with incumbers, cease;
That men use strength, not to shed others' blood,
But use their strength, now to do others good;
That fury is enchain'd, disarmed wrath,
That, save by Nature's hand, there is no death;
That late grim foes, like brothers, other love,
That vultures prey not on the harmless dove;
That wolves with lambs do friendship entertain,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
That towns increase, that ruin'd temples rise,
That their wind-moving vanes do kiss the skies;
That ignorance and sloth hence run away,
That bury'd arts now rouse them to the day;
That Hyperion far beyond his bed
Doth see our lions ramp, our roses spread;
That Iber courts us, Tiber not us charms,
That Rhein with hence-brought beams his bosom warms;
That ill doth fear, and good doth us maintain,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.

O virtue's pattern! glory of our times!
Sent of past days to expiate the crimes;
Great king, but better far than thou art great,
Whom state not honours, but who honours state;
By wonder borne, by wonder first install'd,
By wonder after to new kingdoms call'd;
Young, kept by wonder from home-bred alarms,
Old, sav'd by wonder from pale traitors' harms;
To be for this thy reign, which wonders brings,
A king of wonder, wonder unto kings.
If Pict, Dane, Norman, thy smooth yoke had seen,
Pict, Dane, and Norman, had thy subjects been:
If Brutus knew the bliss thy rule doth give,
Ev'n Brutus joy would under thee to live:
For thou thy people dost so dearly love,
That they a father, more than prince, thee prove.
O days to be desir'd! age happy thrice!
If you your heaven-sent good could duly prize;
But we, half-palsy-sick, think never right
Of what we hold, till it be from our sight;
Prize only summer's sweet and musked breath,
When armed winters threaten us with death;
In pallid sickness do esteem of health,
And by sad poverty discern of wealth:
I see an age, when after some few years,
And revolutions of the slow-pac'd spheres,
These days shall be 'bove other far esteem'd,
And like Augustus' palmy reign be deem'd.
The names of Arthur, fabulous Paladines,
Grav'n in Time's surly brow in wrinkled lines;

Of Henries, Edwards, famous for their fights,
Their neighbour conquests, orders new of knights,
Shall, by this prince's name, be past as far
As meteors are by the Idalian star.
If gray-hair'd Proteus' songs the truth not miss,
(And gray-hair'd Proteus oft a prophet is,)
There is a land, hence distant many miles,
Out-reaching fiction and Atlantic isles;
Which (homelings) from this little world we name,
That shall emblazon with strange rites his fame;
Shall rear him statues all of purest gold,
Such as men gave unto the gods of old;
Name by him temples, palaces, and towns,
With some great river, which their fields renowns.
This is that king, who should make right each wrong,
Of whom the bards and mystic sibyls sung;
The man long promis'd, by whose glorious reign
This Isle should yet her ancient name regain,
And more of Fortunate deserve the style,
Than those where heavens with double summers smile.
Run on, great Prince! thy course in glory's way,
The end the life, the evening crowns the day;
Heap worth on worth, and strongly soar above
Those heights, which made the world thee first to love;
Surmount thyself, and make thine actions past
Be but as gleams or lightnings of thy last;
Let them exceed those of thy younger time,
As far as autumn doth the flow'ry prime.

Through this thy empire range, like world's bright eye,
That once each year surveys all earth and sky;
Now glances on the slow and resty Bears,
Then turns to dry the weeping Auster's tears;
Hurries to both the poles, and moveth even
In the infigur'd circle of the heaven.
O! long, long haunt these bounds, which by thy sight
Have now regain'd their former heat and light.
Here grow green woods, here silver brooks do glide,
Here meadows stretch them out with painted pride;
Embroid'ring all the banks, here hills aspire
To crown their heads with the ethereal fire;
Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls,
Which never friends did slight, nor sword made thralls:
Each circling flood to Thetis tribute pays,
Men here, in health, outlive old Nestor's days:
Grim Saturn yet amongst our rocks remains,
Bound in our caves, with many metal'd chains:
Bulls haunt our shades, like Leda's lover, white,
Which yet might breed Pasiphae delight;
Our flocks fair fleeces bear, with which, for sport,
Endymion of old the moon did court;
High-palmed harts amidst our forests run,
And, not impell'd, the deep-mouth'd hounds do shun;
The rough-foot hare safe in our bushes shrouds,
And long-wing'd hawks do perch amidst our clouds.
The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring,
Blue, golden, purple flow'rs shall to thee bring;
Pomona's fruits the Panisks, Thetis' gyrles
Thy Thule's amber, with the ocean pearls

The Tritons, herdsmen of the glassy field,
Shall give thee what far-distant shores can yield;
The Serean fleeces, Erythrean gems,
Waste Plata's silver, gold of Peru streams,
Antarctic parrots, Æthiopian plumes,
Sabæan odours, myrrh, and sweet perfumes:
And I myself, wrapt in a watchet gown
Of reeds and lilies, on mine head a crown,
Shall incense to thee burn, green altars raise,
And yearly sing due Pæans to thy praise.
Ah! why should Isis only see thee shine?
Is not thy Forth, as well as Isis, thine?
Though Isis vaunt she hath more wealth in store,
Let it suffice thy Forth doth love thee more:
Though she for beauty may compare with Seine,
For swans and sea-nymphs with imperial Rheine;
Yet, for the title may be claim'd in thee,
Nor she, nor all the world, can match with me.
Now, when, by honour drawn, thou shalt away
To her, already jealous of thy stay;
When in her amorous arms she doth thee fold,
And dries thy dewy hairs with hers of gold,
Much asking of thy fare, much of thy sport,
Much of thine absence, long, howe'er so short,
And chides, perhaps, thy coming to the North,
Loath not to think on thy much-loving Forth:
Oh! love these bounds, where, of thy royal stem,
More than an hundred wore a diadem.
So ever gold and bays thy brows adorn,
So never time may see thy race out-worn;

So of thine own still may'st thou be desir'd,
Of strangers fear'd, redoubted, and admir'd;
So memory thee praise, so precious hours
May character thy name in starry flow'rs;
So may thy high exploits at last make even
With earth thy empire, glory with the heaven!

# SPEECHES

TO THE

## HIGH AND EXCELLENT PRINCE CHARLES,

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND IRELAND,

AT HIS ENTERING HIS CITY OF EDINBURGH.

*Delivered from the Pageant, the 15th of June, 1633.*

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*** The title stands thus in the edition of 1633:

"The Entertainment of the High and Mighty Monarch Charles, King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, into his auncient and royall City of Edinbvrgh, the fifteenth of Iune, 1633. — Printed at Edinbvrgh by John Wreettoun, 1633."

# AN INTENDED SPEECH

## AT THE WEST GATE.

---

SIR,

IF Nature could suffer rocks to move, and abandon their natural places, this Town, founded on the strength of rocks, (now, by the all-cheering rays of your Majesty's presence, taking not only motion, but life,) had, with her castle, temples, and houses, moved toward you, and besought you to acknowledge her yours, and her inhabitants your most humble and affectionate subjects; and to believe, how many souls are within her circuits, so many lives are devoted to your sacred person and crown. And here, Sir, she offers, by me, to the altar of your glory, whole hecatombs of most happy desires, praying all things may prove prosperous unto you; that every virtue and heroic grace, which make a prince eminent, may, with a long and blessed government, attend you; your kingdoms flourishing abroad with bays, at home with olives; presenting you, Sir, (who are the strong key of this little world of Great Britain,) with these keys, which cast up the gates of her affection, and design you power to open all the springs of the hearts of these her most loyal

citizens. Yet this is almost not necessary; for as the rose at the far appearing of the morning sun displayeth and spreadeth her purples, so at the very report of your happy return to this your native country, their hearts (as might be apparent, if they could have shined through their breasts) were with joy and fair hopes made spacious; nor did they ever, in all parts, feel a more comfortable heat, than the glory of your presence at this time darteth upon them.

The old forget their age, and look fresh and young at the sight of so gracious a prince: the young bear a part in your welcome, desiring many years of life, that they may serve you long: all have more joys than tongues; for, as the words of other nations far go beyond and surpass the affection of their hearts; so in this nation, the affection of their hearts is far above all they can express by words. Deign then, Sir, from the highest of majesty, to look down on their lowness, and embrace it; accept the homage of their humble minds, accept their grateful zeal; and, for deeds, accept that great good-will which they have ever carried to the high deserts of your ancestors, and shall ever, to your own, and your royal race, whilst these rocks shall be overshadowed with buildings, these buildings inhabited by men, and while men shall be endued either with counsel or courage, or enjoy any piece of reason, sense, or life.

THE

# SPEECH OF CALEDONIA,

## REPRESENTING THE KINGDOM.

---

THE Heavens have heard our vows, our just desires
Obtained are; no higher now aspires
Our wishing thought, since to his native clime,
The flower of princes, honour of his time,
Encheering all our dales, hills, forests, streams,
(As Phœbus doth the summer with his beams)
Is come, and radiant to us, in his train,
The golden age and virtues brings again!
Prince so much longed for! how thou becalm'st
Minds' easeless anguish, every care embalm'st
With the sweet odours of thy presence! Now,
In swelling tides, joys every where do flow
By thine approach; and that the world may see
What unthought wonders do attend on thee,
This kingdom's angel I, who since that day
That ruthless Fate thy parent reft away,
And made a star, appear'd not any where
To gratulate thy coming, come am here.

Hail; princes' phœnix, monarch of all hearts,
Sovereign of love and justice, who imparts
More than thou canst receive! To thee this crown
Is due by birth: but more, it is thine own
By just desert; and ere another brow
Than thine should reach the same, my floods should flow
With hot vermilion gore, and every plain
Level the hills with carcases of slain,
This isle become a Red Sea. Now how sweet
Is it to me, when love and laws thus meet
To girt thy temples with this diadem,
My nurselings' sacred fear, and dearest gem,
Nor Roman, Saxon, Pict, by sad alarms
Could thus acquire and keep; the heavens in arms
From us repel all perils; nor by wars
Aught here was won, save gaping wounds and scars:
Our Lion's climacteric now is past,
And crown'd with bays he rampeth free at last.
  Here are no Serean fleeces, Peru gold,
Aurora's gems, nor wares by Tyrians sold;
Towns swell not here with Babylonian walls,
Nor Nero's sky-resembling gold-ceil'd halls;
Nor Memphis' spires, nor Quinzaye's arched frames,
Captiving seas, and giving lands their names:
Faith, milk-white Faith! of old belov'd so well,
Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell
With her pure sisters, Truth, Simplicity;
Here banish'd Honour bears them company:
A Mars-adoring brood is here, their wealth,
Sound minds, and bodies of as sound a health;

Walls here are men, who fence their cities more
Than Neptune, when he doth in mountains roar,
Doth guard this isle, or all those forts and tow'rs
Amphion's harp rais'd about Thebes's bow'rs.
Heaven's arch is oft their roof, the pleasant shed
Of oak and plain oft serves them for a bed.
To suffer want, soft pleasure to despise,
Run over panting mountains crown'd with ice,
Rivers o'ercome, the wastest lakes appall,
(Being to themselves, oars, steerers, ship and all)
Is their renown: a brave all-daring race,
Courageous, prudent, doth this climate grace;
Yet the firm base on which their glory stands,
In peace, true hearts; in wars, is valiant hands,
Which here, great King! they offer up to thee,
Thy worth respecting as thy pedigree:
Though it be much to come of princely stem,
More is it to deserve a diadem.

Vouchsafe, blest people, ravish'd here with me,
To think my thoughts, and see what I do see.
A prince all-gracious, affable, divine,
Meek, wise, just, valiant, whose radiant shine
Of virtues, like the stars about the Pole
Gilding the night, enlight'neth every soul,
Your sceptre sways; a prince, born in this age
To guard the innocent from tyrants' rage;
To make peace prosper, justice to reflow'r,
In desert hamlet, as in lordly bow'r;
A prince that, though of none he stands in awe,
Yet first subjects himself to his own law;

Who joys in good, and still, as right directs,
His greatness measures by his good effects;
His people's pedestal, who rising high,
To grace this throne, makes Scotland's name to fly
On halcyon's wings (her glory which restores)
Beyond the ocean to Columbus' shores:
God's sacred picture in this man adore,
Honour his valour, zeal, his piety more;
High value what you hold, him deep engrave
In your heart's heart, from whom all good ye have:
For as moon's splendour from her brother springs,
The people's welfare streameth from their kings.
Since your love's object doth immortal prove,
O! love this prince with an eternal love.

Pray that those crowns his ancestors did wear,
His temples long, more orient, may bear;
That good he reach by sweetness of his sway,
That ev'n his shadow may the bad affray;
That Heaven on him what he desires bestow,
That still the glory of his greatness grow;
That your begun felicities may last,
That no Orion do with storms them blast;
That victory his brave exploits attend,
East, west, or south, where he his force shall bend,
Till his great deeds all former deeds surmount,
And quell the Nimrod of the Hellespont;
That when his well-spent care all care becalms,
He may in peace sleep in a shade of palms;
And rearing up fair trophies, that Heaven may
Extend his life to world's extremest day.

THE

# SPEECHES

AT THE

# HOROSCOPAL PAGEANT,

BY THE PLANETS.

---

## ENDYMION.[1]

**ROUS'D from the Latmian cave, where many years**
**That empress of the lowest of the spheres,**
**Who cheers the night, did keep me hid, apart**
**From mortal wights, to ease her love-sick heart,**
**As young as when she did me first inclose,**
**As fresh in beauty as the morning rose,**
**Endymion, that whilom kept my flocks**
**Upon Ionia's flow'ry hills and rocks,**

---

[1] "Endymion was apparelled like a shepheard in a long coat of crimson velvet comming over his knee; he had a wreath of flowers upon his head, his haire was curled, and long; in his hand he bare a sheep-hooke, on his legs were buskins of gilt leather."

And sweet lays warbling to my Cynthia's beams,
Out-sang the cygnets [1] of Meander's streams:
To whom, for guerdon, she heaven's secret bars
Made open, taught the paths and pow'rs of stars:
By this dear Lady's strict commandement,
To celebrate this day I here am sent.
But whether is this heaven, which stars do crown,
Or are heaven's flaming splendours here come down
To beautify this nether world with me?
Such state and glory did e'er shepherd see?
My wits my sense mistrust, and stay amaz'd;
No eye on fairer objects ever gaz'd.
Sure this is heaven; for ev'ry wand'ring star,
Forsaking those great orbs where whirl'd they are,
All dismal, sad aspects abandoning,
Are here met to salute some gracious king.
Nor is it strange if they heaven's height neglect;
Undoubted worth produceth like effect.
Then this it is, thy presence, royal youth,
Hath brought them here within an azimuth,
To tell by me, their herald, coming things,
And what each Fate to her stern distaff sings:
Heaven's volume to unclasp, vast pages spread,
Mysterious golden cyphers clear to read.
Hear then the augur of thy future days,
And what the starry senate of thee says;
For, what is firm decreed in heaven above,
In vain on earth strive mortals to improve.

---

[1] "Cygnets"—"swannets."

SATURN.

To fair hopes to give reins now is it time,
And soar as high as just desires may climb;
O halcyonian, clear, and happy day!
From sorry wights let sorrow fly away,
And vex Antarctic climes; great Britain's woes
Vanish, for joy now in her zenith glows.
The old Leucadian scythe-bearing sire,
Though cold, for thee feels flames of sweet desire;
And many lustres at a perfect height
Shall keep thy sceptre's majesty as bright,
And strong in power and glory, every way,
As when thy peerless parent did it sway;
Ne'er turning wrinkled in Time's endless length,
But one in her first beauty, youthful strength,
Like thy rare mind, which stedfast as the Pole
Still fixed stands, however spheres do roll.
More to enhance with favours this thy reign,
His age of gold he shall restore again;
Love, Justice, Honour, Innocence renew,
Men's sprights with white simplicity indue;
Make all to live in plenty's ceaseless store
With equal shares, none wishing to have more.
No more shall cold the ploughmen's hopes beguile,
Skies shall on earth with lovely glances smile;
Which shall, untill'd, each flower and herb bring forth,
And lands to gardens turn, of equal worth;
Life (long) shall not be thrall'd to mortal dates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

JOVE.

DELIGHT of Heaven! sole honour of the Earth!
Jove (courting thine ascendant) at thy birth
Proclaimed thee a King, and made it true,
That to thy worth great monarchies are due:
He gave thee what was good, and what was great,
What did belong to love, and what to state;
Rare gifts, whose ardours burn the hearts of all;
Like tinder, when flint atoms on it fall.
The Tramontane, which thy fair course directs,
Thy counsels shall approve by their effects;
Justice, kept low by giants, wrongs, and jars,
Thou shalt relieve, and crown with glistering stars;
Whom nought, save law of force, could keep in awe,
Thou shalt turn clients to the force of law;
Thou arms shalt brandish for thine own defence,
Wrongs to repel, and guard weak innocence,
Which to thy last effort thou shalt uphold,
As oak the ivy which it doth enfold.
All overcome, at last thyself o'ercome,
Thou shalt make Passion yield to Reason's doom:
For smiles of Fortune shall not raise thy mind,
Nor shall disasters make it e'er declin'd:
True Honour shall reside within thy court,
Sobriety and Truth there still resort;
Keep promis'd faith, thou shalt all treacheries
Detest, and fawning parasites despise;
Thou, others to make rich, shalt not make poor
Thyself, but give, that thou may'st still give more:

Thou shalt no paranymph raise to high place,
For frizzled locks, quaint pace, or painted face:
On gorgeous raiments, womanizing toys,
The works of worms, and what a moth destroys,
The maze of fools, thou shalt no treasure spend,
Thy charge to immortality shall tend;
Raise palaces, and temples vaulted high;
Rivers o'er-arch; of hospitality
And sciences the ruin'd inns restore;
With walls and ports encircle Neptune's shore;
To new-found worlds thy fleets make hold their course,
And find of Canada the unknown source;
People those lands which pass Arabian fields
In fragrant woods, and musk which zephyr yields.
Thou, fear'd of none, shalt not thy people fear;
Thy people's love thy greatness shall up-rear:
Still rigour shall not shine, and mercy lower;
What love can do, thou shalt not do by power;
New and vast taxes thou shalt not extort,
Load heavy those thy bounty should support.
Thou shalt not strike the hinge nor master-beam
Of thine estate; but errors in the same,
By harmless justice, graciously reform.
Delighting more in calm than roaring storm,
Thou shalt govern in peace, as did thy sire;
Keep, save thine own, and kingdoms new acquire
Beyond Alcides' pillars, and those bounds
Where Alexander gain'd the eastern crowns,
Till thou the greatest be among the Greats:
Thus Heavens ordain, so have decreed the Fates.

MARS.

SON of the Lion! thou of loathsome bands
Shalt free the earth, and whate'er thee withstands
Thy noble paws shall tear; the God of Thrace
Shall be thy second; and before thy face,
To Truth and Justice whilst thou trophies rears,
Armies shall fall dismay'd with panic fears.
As when Aurora in sky's azure lists
Makes shadows vanish, doth disperse the mists,
And in a twinkling with her opal light
Night's horrors checketh, putting stars to flight:
More to inflame thee to this noble task,
To thee he here resigns his sword and casque.
A wall of flying castles, armed pines,
Shall bridge thy sea; like heaven with steel that shines
To aid Earth's tenants by foul yokes opprest,
And fill with fears the great King of the West;
To thee already Victory displays
Her garlands twin'd with olive, oak, and bays;
Thy triumphs finish shall all old debates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

---

SUN.

WEALTH, wisdom, glory, pleasure, stoutest hearts,
Religion, laws, Hyperion imparts
To thy just reign, which shall far, far surpass
Of emperors, kings, the best that ever was:

Look how he dims the stars; thy glories' rays
So darken shall the lustre of these days:
For in fair Virtue's zodiac thou shalt run,
And in the heaven of worthies be the sun.
Nor more contemn'd shall hapless Learning lie;
The maids of Pindus shall be raised high;
For bay and ivy which their brows enroll'd,
Thou shalt 'em deck with gems and shining gold;
Thou open shalt Parnassus' crystal gates;
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

---

VENUS.

THE Acidalian Queen amidst thy bays
Shall twine her myrtles, grant thee pleasant days;
She did make clear thy house, and, with her light,
Of churlish stars put back the dismal spight;
The hymenean bed fair brood shall grace,
Which on the earth continue shall their race;
While Flora's treasure shall the meads endear;
While sweet Pomona rose-cheek'd fruits shall bear;
While Phœbus' beams her brother's emulates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

---

MERCURY.

GREAT Atlas' nephew shall the works of peace,
The springs of plenty, tillage, trade, increase;

And arts, in time's gulphs lost, again restore
To their perfection; nay, find many more,
More perfect artists: Cyclops in their forge
Shall mould those brazen Typhons, which disgorge
From their hard bowels metal, flame, and smoke,
Muffling the air up in a sable cloke.
Geryons, harpies, dragons, sphinges strange
Wheel, where in spacious gires the fume doth range;
The sea shrinks at the blow, shake doth the ground,
The world's vast chambers doth the sound rebound;
The Stygian porter leaveth off to bark;
Black Jove, appall'd, doth shroud him in the dark;
Many a Typhis, in adventures toss'd,
By new-found skill shall many a maiden coast
With thy sail-winged Argoses find out,
Which, like the sun, shall run the earth about;
And far beyond his paths score wavy ways,
To Cathay's lands by Hyperborean seas;
He shall endue thee, both in peace and war,
With wisdom, which than strength is better far;
Wealth, honour, arms, and arts shall grace thy states:
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

---

## The Moon.

O how the fair Queen with the golden maids,
The sun of night, thy happy fortunes aids!
Though turban'd princes for a badge her wear,
To them she wains, to thee would full appear;

Her handmaid Thetis daily walks the round
About thy Delos, that no force it wound;
Then when thou left'st it, and abroad didst stray,
Dear pilgrim, she did strew with flowers thy way;
And, turning foreign force and counsel vain,
Thy guard and guide return'd thee home again;
To thee she kingdoms, years, bliss did divine,
Quailing Medusa's grim snakes with her shine.
Beneath thy reign Discord (fell mischief's forge,
The bane of people, state and kingdom's scourge),
Pale Envy (with the cockatrice's eye,
Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith die),
Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,
Beyond the Garamants shall pack them hence,
With every monster that thy glory hates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

---

## ENDYMION.

THAT heretofore to thy heroic mind
Hopes did not answer as they were design'd,
O do not think it strange: times were not come,
And these fair stars had not pronounc'd their doom.
The Destinies did on that day attend,
When to this northern region thou shouldst lend
Thy cheerful presence, and, charged with renown,
Set on thy brows the Caledonian crown.
Thy virtues now thy just desire shall grace,
Stern chance shall change, and to desert give place.

Let this be known to all the Fates, admit
To their grave counsel, and to every wit
That courts Heaven's inside: this let Sibyls know,
And those mad Corybants who dance and glow
On Dindimus' high tops with frantic fire:
Let this be known to all Apollo's choir,
And People: let it not be hid from you,
What mountains' noise and floods proclaim as true:
Wherever Fame abroad his praise shall ring,
All shall observe, and serve this blessed King.

The End of King CHARLES's Entertainment at Edinburgh, 1633.

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THE

## SONG OF THE MUSES AT PARNASSUS.

AT length we see those eyes,
Which cheer both earth and skies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy beauties heighten, richest robes put on,
And let young joys to all thy parts arise.

Here, could thy Prince still stay,
Each month should turn to May;
We need nor star, nor sun,
Save him, to lengthen days, and joys begun:
Sorrow and Night to far climes haste away

Now majesty and love
Combin'd are from above;
Prince never sceptre sway'd,
Lov'd subjects more, of subjects more obey'd,
Which may endure whilst heaven's great orbs do move.

Joys, did you always last,
Life's spark you soon would waste;
Grief follows sweet delight,
As day is shadowed by sable night,
Yet shall remembrance keep you still, when past.

---

## Epigram.

Illustrious top bough of heroic stem,
Whose head is crown'd with glory's anadem,
My shallow muse, not daring to draw near
Bright Phœbus' burning flames in his career;
Yet knowing surely that Apollo shines
Upon the dunghill, as in golden times;
And knowing this, the bounty of best kings
To mark the giver, not the gifted things,
Doth boldly venture, in this pompous throng,
To greet thy greatness with a welcome song:
And with the pye doth *Ave Cæsar* sing,
While graver wits doe greater offerings bring.

# PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE

# DEATH OF S. A. A.

# PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE

# DEATH OF S. A. A.[1]

---

In sweetest prime and blooming of his age,
Dear Alcon, ravish'd from this mortal stage,
The shepherds mourn'd, as they him lov'd before.
Among the rout, him Idmon did deplore;
Idmon, who, whether sun in east did rise,
Or dive in west, pour'd torrents from his eyes
Of liquid crystal; under hawthorn shade,
At last to trees and flocks this plaint he made:

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[1] S. A. A. was Sir Anthony Alexander, Lord Stirling's eldest son. This poem is always erroneously entitled, 'An Elegie on the death of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling.' The title in the edition of 1638 stands thus: "To the exequies of the honourable Sir Antonye Alexander, Knight, &c. A Pastorall Elegie. Edinburgh, printed in King James his college, by George Anderson, 1638." The only copy of this edition Mr. David Laing ever met with is in the College Library; but unfortunately it has only two leaves, (the title and last leaf,) out of four.

Alcon! delight of Heaven, desire of Earth,
Offspring of Phœbus, and the Muses' birth,
The Graces' darling, Adon of our plains,
Flame of the fairest nymphs the earth sustains!
What pow'r of thee hath us bereft? what Fate,
By thy untimely fall, would ruinate
Our hopes? O Death! what treasure in one hour
Hast thou dispersed! how dost thou devour
What we on earth hold dearest! All things good,
Too envious Heavens, how blast ye in the bud!
The corn the greedy reapers cut not down
Before the fields with golden ears it crown;
Nor doth the verdant fruits the gardener pull;
But thou art cropt before thy years were full.
With thee, sweet youth! the glories of our fields
Vanish away, and what contentments yields.
The lakes their silver look, the woods their shades,
The springs their crystal want, their verdure meads,
The years their early seasons, cheerful days;
Hills gloomy stand, now desolate of rays:
Their amorous whispers zephyrs not us bring,
Nor do air's choristers salute the spring:
The freezing winds our gardens do deflow'r.
Ah Destinies, and you whom skies embow'r,
To his fair spoils his spright again yet give,
And, like another phœnix, make him live!
The herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their stems,
And make with crimson blush our anadems:
The sun, when in the west he doth decline,
Heaven's brightest tapers at his funerals shine;

His face, when wash'd in the Atlantic seas,
Revives, and cheers the welkin with new rays:
Why should not he, since of more pure a frame,
Return to us again, and be the same?
But, wretch! what wish I? To the winds I send
These plaints and pray'rs: Destinies cannot lend
Thee more of time, nor Heavens consent will thus
Thou leave their starry world to dwell with us;
Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their spheres
Without these lamentations and tears.
Thou wast all virtue, courtesy, and worth;
And, as sun's light is in the moon set forth,
World's supreme excellence in thee did shine:
Nor, though eclipsed now, shalt thou decline;
But in our memories live, while dolphins streams
Shall haunt, while eaglets stare on Titan's beams,
Whilst swans upon their crystal tombs shall sing,
Whilst violets with purple paint the spring.
A gentler shepherd flocks did never feed
On Albion's hills, nor sing to oaten reed.
While what she found in thee my muse would blaze,
Grief doth distract her, and cut short thy praise.
How oft have we, environ'd by the throng
Of tedious swains, the cooler shades among,
Contemn'd Earth's glow-worm Greatness, and the chace
Of Fortune scorn'd, deeming it disgrace
To court inconstancy! How oft have we
Some Chloris' name grav'n in each virgin tree;
And, finding favours fading, the next day
What we had carv'd we did deface away.

Woful remembrance! Nor time nor place
Of thy abodement shadows any trace;
But there to me thou shin'st: late glad desires,
And ye once roses, how are ye turn'd briars!
Contentments passed, and of pleasures chief,
Now are ye frightful horrors, hells of grief!
When from thy native soil Love had thee driven,
(Thy safe return prefigurating) a heaven
Of flattering hopes did in my fancy move;
Then little dreaming it should atoms prove.
These groves preserve will I, these loved woods,
These orchards rich with fruits, with fish these floods;
My Alcon will return, and once again
His chosen exiles he will entertain;
The populous city holds him, amongst harms
Of some fierce Cyclops, Circe's stronger charms.
These banks, said I, he visit will, and streams;
These silent shades, ne'er kiss'd by courting beams.
Far, far off I will meet him, and I first
Shall him approaching know, and first be blest
With his aspect; I first shall hear his voice,
Him find the same he parted, and rejoice
To learn his passed perils; know the sports
Of foreign shepherds, fawns, and fairy courts.
No pleasure like the fields; an happy state
The swains enjoy, secure from what they hate:
Free of proud cares they innocently spend
The day, nor do black thoughts their ease offend;
Wise Nature's darlings, they live in the world
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurl'd.

These hillocks Phœbus loves, Ceres these plains,
These shades the Sylvans; and here Pales strains
Milk in the pails; the maids which haunt the springs
Dance on these pastures; here Amyntas sings:
Hesperian gardens, Tempe's shades, are here,
Or what the Eastern Inde and West hold dear.
Come then, dear youth! the wood-nymphs twine thee boughs
With rose and lily to impale thy brows.
Thus ignorant I mus'd, not conscious yet
Of what by Death was done, and ruthless Fate:
Amidst these trances Fame thy loss doth sound,
And through my ears gives to my heart a wound.
With stretch'd-out arms I sought thee to embrace,
But clasp'd, amaz'd, a coffin in thy place;
A coffin of our joys which had the trust,
Which told that thou wert come, but chang'd to dust!
Scarce, ev'n when felt, could I believe this wrack,
Nor that thy time and glory Heavens would break.
Now, since I cannot see my Alcon's face,
And find nor vows nor prayers to have place
With guilty stars, this mountain shall become
To me a sacred altar, and a tomb
To famous Alcon. Here, as days, months, years
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will tears;
Here spend my remnant time, exil'd from mirth,
Till Death at last turn monarch of my earth.
Shepherds on Forth, and you by Doven rocks,
Which use to sing and sport, and keep your flocks,

Pay tribute here of tears; ye never had
To aggravate your moans a cause more sad;
And to their sorrows hither bring your mands,
Charg'd with sweetest flowers, and with pure hands,
Fair nymphs, the blushing hyacinth and rose
Spread on the place his relics doth inclose;
Weave garlands to his memory, and put
Over his hearse a verse in cypress cut:
"Virtue did die, goodness but heaven did give,
"After the noble Alcon left to live:
"Friendship an earthquake suffer'd; losing him
"Love's brightest constellation turned dim."

# FLOWERS OF SION:

OR,

# SPIRITUAL POEMS.

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*** These Poems were first published in 1630, by John Hart; to which was "adjoined" *The Cypress Grave.*

# FLOWERS OF SION:

OR,

# SPIRITUAL POEMS.[1]

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## THE INSTABILITY OF MORTAL GLORY.

TRIUMPHANT arches, statues crown'd with bays,
Proud obelisks, tombs of the vastest frame,
Colosses, brazen Atlases of fame,
And temples builded to vain deities' praise;
States which unsatiate minds in blood do raise,
From southern pole unto the arctic team,
And even what we write to keep our name,
Like spiders' cauls, are made the sport of days:
All only constant is in constant change;
What done is, is undone, and when undone,
Into some other figure doth it range;
Thus rolls the restless world beneath the moon:
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Aspire, and steps, not reach'd by nature, trace.

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[1] Vide "Urania, or Spiritual Poems. Printed by John Hart in 1630."

### HUMAN FRAILTY.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name;
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

---

### THE PERMANENCIE OF LIFE.

LIFE a right shadow is;
For if it long appear,
Then is it spent, and death's long night draws near;
Shadows are moving, light,
And is there aught so moving as is this?
When it is most in sight,
It steals away, and none knows how or where,
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

### NO TRUST IN TYME.

Look how the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Just so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shews what it hath been.
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

---

### WORLD'S JOYS ARE TOYS.

The weary mariner so fast not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to attain;
Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
So fast to fold to save his bleating train,
As I (wing'd with contempt and just disdain)
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and Envy's eyes:
To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
While sense's light mind's perspective kept blind;

Now like imagin'd landscape in the air,
And weeping rainbows her best joys I find:
Or if aught here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life and silent grave.

---

## THE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

Of this fair volume which we "world" do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending every where,
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same:
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

---

## THE MISERABLE ESTATE OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE INCARNATION OF GOD.

The grief was common, common were the cries,
Tears, sobs, and groans of that afflicted train,

Which of God's chosen did the sum contain,
And earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were skies:
All good had left the world, each vice did reign
In the most monstrous sorts hell could devise,
And all degrees and each estate did stain,
Nor further had to go whom to surprise;
The world beneath, the prince of darkness lay,
And in each temple had himself install'd,
Was sacrific'd unto, by prayers call'd,
Responses gave, which, fools, they did obey;
When, pitying man, God of a virgin's womb
Was born, and those false deities struck dumb.

---

## THE ANGELS, FOR THE NATIVITIE OF OUR LORD.

Run, shepherds, run, where Bethlem blest appears;
We bring the best of news, be not dismay'd,
A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
Amidst the rolling heaven this earth who stay'd:
In a poor cottage inn'd, a virgin maid
A weakling did him bear who all upbears;
There he in clothes is wrapp'd, in manger laid,
To whom too narrow swadlings are our spheres.
Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize his birth;
This is that night, no day, grown great with bliss,
In which the power of Satan broken is;
In heaven be glory; peace unto the earth:

Thus singing through the air the angels swam,
And all the stars re-echoed the same.

---

### FOR THE NATIVITIE OF OUR LORD.

O THAN the fairest day, thrice fairer night,
Night to best days, in which a sun doth rise,
Of which the golden eye which clears the skies
Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light;
And blessed ye, in silly pastors' sight,
Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies
That heaven-sent youngling, holy-maid-born wight,
Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies:
Blest cottage, that hath flow'rs in winter spread;
Though wither'd blessed grass, that hath the grace
To deck and be a carpet to that place.
Thus singing to the sounds of oaten reed,
Before the babe the shepherds bow'd their knees,
And springs ran nectar, honey dropp'd from trees.

---

### FOR THE BAPTISTE.

THE last and greatest herald of heaven's king,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the desarts wild;
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild.

His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd:
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exil'd.
There burst he forth. All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these desarts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn.

Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the Echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, Repent, repent.

---

### FOR THE MAGDALENE.

THESE eyes, dear Lord, once tapers of desire,
Frail scouts betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own heart, then others set on fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep;
These locks of blushing deeds, the gilt attire,
Waves curling, wreckful shelves to shadow deep,
Rings, wedding souls to sin's lethargic sleep,
To touch thy sacred feet do now aspire.
In seas of care behold a sinking bark,
By winds of sharp remorse unto thee driven:
O let me not be ruin's aim'd-at mark;
My faults confess'd, Lord, say they are forgiven.
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian fair,
His tear-wet feet still drying with her hair.

### FOR THE PRODIGALL.

I CHANGED countries new delights to find,
But, ah! for pleasure I did find new pain;
Enchanting pleasure so did reason blind,
That father's love and words I scorn'd as vain.
For tables rich, for bed, for following train
Of careful servants to observe my mind;
These herds I keep my fellows are assign'd,
My bed's a rock, and herbs my life sustain.
Now while I famine feel, fear worser harms,
Father and Lord, I turn; thy love, yet great,
My faults will pardon, pity mine estate.

This, where an aged oak had spread its arms,
Thought the lost child, while as the herds he led,
And pin'd with hunger on wild acorns fed.

---

### FOR THE PASSION.

IF that the world doth in amaze remain,
To hear in what a sad, deploring mood,
The pelican pours from her breast her blood,
To bring to life her younglings back again;
How should we wonder at that sovereign good,
Who from that serpent's sting that had us slain,
To save our lives, shed his life's purple flood,
And turn'd to endless joy our endless pain!

Ungrateful soul, that, charm'd with false delight,
Hast long, long wander'd in sin's flow'ry path,
And didst not think at all, or thought'st not right
On this thy Pelican's great love and death.
Here pause, and let (though earth it scorn) heaven see
Thee pour forth tears to him pour'd blood for thee.

---

## AN HYMNE OF THE PASSION.

If in the east when you do there behold
Forth from his crystal bed the sun to rise,
With rosy robes and crown of flaming gold;
If gazing on that empress of the skies
That takes so many forms, and those fair brands
Which blaze in heaven's high vault, night's watchful eyes;
If seeing how the sea's tumultuous bands
Of bellowing billows have their course confin'd;
How unsustain'd the earth still stedfast stands;
Poor mortal wights, you e'er found in your mind
A thought that some great king did sit above,
Who had such laws and rites to them assign'd;
A king who fix'd the poles, made spheres to move,
All wisdom, pureness, excellency, might,
All goodness, greatness, justice, beauty, love;—
With fear and wonder hither turn your sight,

See, see, alas! him now, not in that state
Thought could forecast him into reason's light.
Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make great,
Bemoan this cruel death and ruthful case,
If ever plaints just woe could aggravate:
From sin and hell to save us human race,
See this great king nail'd to an abject tree,
An object of reproach and sad disgrace.
O unheard pity! love in strange degree!
He his own life doth give, his blood doth shed,
For wormlings base such worthiness to see.
Poor wights! behold his visage pale as lead,
His head bow'd to his breast, locks sadly rent,
Like a cropp'd rose, that languishing doth fade.
Weak nature, weep! astonish'd world, lament!
Lament, you winds! you heaven, that all contains!
And thou, my soul, let nought thy griefs relent
Those hands, those sacred hands, which hold the reins
Of this great all, and kept from mutual wars
The elements, bare rent for thee their veins:
Those feet, which once must tread on golden stars,
For thee with nails would be pierc'd through and torn;
For thee, heaven's king, from heaven himself debars:
This great heart-quaking dolour wail and mourn,
Ye that long since him saw by might of faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.
Not to behold his great Creator's death,
The sun from sinful eyes hath veil'd his light,
And faintly journies up heaven's sapphire path;
And cutting from her prows her tresses bright

The moon doth keep her Lord's sad obsequies,
Impearling with her tears her robe of night;
All staggering and lazy lour the skies;
The earth and elemental stages quake;
The long-since dead from bursted graves arise.
And can things, wanting sense, yet sorrow take,
And bear a part with him who all them wrought,
And man (though born with cries) shall pity lack?
Think what had been your state, had he not brought
To these sharp pangs himself, and priz'd so high
Your souls, that with his life them life he bought!
What woes do you attend, if still ye lie
Plung'd in your wonted ordures! Wretched brood!
Shall for your sake again God ever die?
O leave deluding shows, embrace true good,
He on you calls, forego sin's shameful trade;
With prayers now seek heaven, and not with blood.
Let not the lambs more from their dams be had,
Nor altars blush for sin; live every thing;
That long time long'd-for sacrifice is made.
All that is from you crav'd by this great king
Is to believe: a pure heart incense is.
What gift, alas! can we him meaner bring?
Haste, sin-sick souls! this season do not miss,
Now while remorseless time doth grant you space,
And God invites you to your only bliss:
He who you calls will not deny you grace,
But low-deep bury faults, so ye repent;
His arms, lo! stretched are, you to embrace.
When days are done, and life's small spark is spent,

So you accept what freely here is given,
Like brood of angels deathless, all-content,
Ye shall for ever live with him in heaven.

---

### TO THE ANGELS, FOR THE PASSION.

Come forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing bands,
Fair citizens of that immortal town ;
Come see that king which all this all commands,
Now, overcharg'd with love, die for his own :
Look on those nails which pierce his feet and hands ;
What a sharp diadem his brows doth crown !
Behold his pallid face, his heavy frown,
And what a throng of thieves him mocking stands !
Come forth ye empyrean troops, come forth,
Preserve this sacred blood that earth adorns,
Gather those liquid roses off his thorns ;
O ! to be lost they be of too much worth :
For streams, juice, balm, they are, which quench, kills,
charms,
Of God, death, hell, the wrath, the life, the harms.

---

### FAITH ABOVE REASON.

Soul, whom hell did once inthral,
He, he for thine offence
Did suffer death, who could not die at all.
O sovereign excellence !

O life of all that lives!
Eternal bounty which each good thing gives!
How could Death mount so high?
No wit this point can reach,
Faith only doth us teach,
He died for us at all who could not die.

---

### UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR LORD.

Life, to give life, deprived is of life,
And Death display'd hath ensign against death;
So violent the rigour was of Death,
That nought could daunt it but the Life of life:
No power had power to thrall Life's pow'rs to death,
But willingly Life down hath laid his life.
Love gave the wound which wrought this work of Death;
His bow and shafts were of the tree of life.
Now quakes the author of eternal death,
To find that they whom late he reft of life,
Shall fill his room above the lists of death;
Now all rejoice in death who hope for life.
Dead Jesus lives, who Death hath kill'd by death;
No tomb his tomb is, but new source of life.

---

### AN HYMNE OF THE RESURRECTION.

Rise from those fragrant climes, thee now embrace;
Unto this world of ours O haste thy race,

Fair sun, and though contrary ways all year
Thou hold thy course, now with the highest share,
Join thy blue wheels to hasten time that low'rs,
And lazy minutes turn to perfect hours;
The Night and Death too long a league have made,
To stow the world in horror's ugly shade.
Shake from thy locks a day with saffron rays
So fair, that it outshine all other days;
And yet do not presume, great Eye of Light,
To be that which this day must make so bright.
See an Eternal Sun hastes to arise;
Not from the eastern blushing seas or skies,
Or any stranger worlds heaven's concaves have,
But from the darkness of an hollow grave.
And this is that all-powerful Sun above,
That crown'd thy brows with rays, first made thee move.
Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bow'rs
Proclaim this day; this the angelick pow'rs
Have done for you: but now an opal hue
Bepaints heaven's crystal to the longing view:
Earth's late-hid colours shine, light doth adorn
The world, and, weeping joy, forth comes the Morn;
And with her, as from a lethargic trance
The breath return'd, that bodies doth advance,
Which two sad nights in rock lay coffin'd dead,
And with an iron guard environed:
Life out of death, light out of darkness springs,
From a base gaol forth comes the King of Kings;
What late was mortal, thrall'd to every woe
That lackeys life, or upon sense doth grow,

Immortal is, of an eternal stamp,
Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp.
So from a black eclipse out-peers the sun :
Such (when her course of days have on her run,
In a far forest in the pearly east,
And she herself hath burnt, and spicy nest,)
The lovely bird, with youthful pens and comb,
Doth soar from out her cradle and her tomb:
So a small seed that in the earth lies hid,
And dies, reviving bursts her cloddy side,
Adorn'd with yellow locks anew is born,
And doth become a mother great with corn ;
Of grains brings hundreds with it, which when old
Enrich the furrows, which do float with gold.
Hail, holy Victor! greatest Victor, hail!
That hell doth ransack, against death prevail:
O! how thou long'd-for com'st! With joyful cries,
The all-triumphing palatines of skies
Salute thy rising; earth would joys no more
Bear, if thou rising didst them not restore.
A silly tomb should not his flesh enclose,
Who did heaven's trembling terrasses dispose;
No monument should such a jewel hold,
No rock, though ruby, diamond, and gold.
Thou didst lament and pity human race,
Bestowing on us of thy free-given grace
More than we forfeited and losed first,
In Eden rebels when we were accurst.
Then earth our portion was, earth's joys but given,
Earth, and earth's bliss, thou hast exchang'd with heaven.

O! what a height of good upon us streams
From the great splendour of thy bounty's beams!
When we deserv'd shame, horror, flames of wrath,
Thou bled'st our wounds, and suffer didst our death:
But Father's justice pleas'd, Hell, Death, o'ercome,
In triumph now thou risest from thy tomb,
With glories, which past sorrows countervail;
Hail, holy Victor! greatest Victor, hail!
Hence, humble sense, and hence ye guides of sense!
We now reach heaven; your weak intelligence
And searching pow'rs were in a flash made dim,
To learn from all eternity, that him
The Father bred, then that he here did come
(His bearer's parent) in a virgin's womb:
But then when sold, betray'd, crown'd, scourg'd with thorn,
Nail'd to a tree, all breathless, bloodless, torn,
Entomb'd, him risen from a grave to find,
Confounds your cunning, turns, like moles, you blind.
Death, thou that heretofore still barren wast,
Nay, didst each other birth eat up and waste,
Imperious, hateful, pitiless, unjust,
Unpartial equaller of all with dust,
Stern executioner of heavenly doom,
Made fruitful, now Life's mother art become;
A sweet relief of cares the soul molest;
An harbinger to glory, peace and rest:
Put off thy mourning weeds, yield all thy gall
To daily sinning life, proud of thy fall;

Assemble all thy captives, haste to rise,
And every corse, in earthquakes where it lies,
Sound from each flow'ry grave and rocky gaol:
Hail, holy Victor! greatest Victor, hail!
The world, that wanning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our joys, thy victory,
To a young prime essays to turn again,
And as ere soil'd with sin yet to remain;
Her chilling agues she begins to miss;
All bliss returning with the Lord of bliss.
With greater light, heaven's temples opened shine;
Morns smiling rise, evens blushing do decline,
Clouds dappled glister, boist'rous winds are calm,
Soft zephyrs do the fields with sighs embalm,
In silent calms the sea hath hush'd his roars,
And with enamour'd curls doth kiss the shores;
All-bearing Earth, like a new-married queen,
Her beauties heightens, in a gown of green
Perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with flow'rs,
In colours various, figures, smelling, pow'rs;
Trees wanton in the groves with leavy locks,
Here hills enamell'd stand, the vales, the rocks,
Ring peals of joy, here floods and prattling brooks,
(Stars' liquid mirrors) with serpenting crooks,
And whispering murmurs, sound unto the main,
The golden age returned is again.
The honey people leave their golden bow'rs,
And innocently prey on budding flow'rs;
In gloomy shades perch'd on the tender sprays,
The painted singers fill the air with lays:

Seas, floods, earth, air, all diversely do sound,
Yet all their diverse notes hath but one ground,
Re-echo'd here down from heaven's azure vail;
Hail, holy Victor! greatest Victor, hail!
O day, on which Death's adamantine chain
The Lord did break, did ransack Satan's reign,
And in triumphing pomp his trophies rear'd,
Be thou blest ever, henceforth still endear'd
With name of his own day, the law to grace,
Types to their substance yield, to thee give place
The old new-moons, with all festival days;
And, what above the rest deserveth praise,
The reverend sabbath: What could else they be
Than golden heralds, telling what by thee
We should enjoy? Shades past, now shine thou clear,
And henceforth be thou empress of the year,
This glory of thy sister's sex to win,
From work on thee, as other days from sin,
That mankind shall forbear, in every place
The prince of planets warmeth in his race,
And far beyond his paths in frozen climes:
And may thou be so blest to out-date times,
That when heaven's choir shall blaze in accents loud
The many mercies of their sovereign good,
How he on thee did sin, death, hell destroy,
It may be still the burthen of their joy.

## MAN'S KNOWLEDGE, IGNORANCE IN THE MYSTERIES OF GOD.

BENEATH a sable veil, and shadows deep
Of inaccessible and dimming light,
In silence ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great Mind his secrets hid doth keep:
Through those thick mists when any mortal wight
Aspires, with halting pace, and eyes that weep
To pry, and in his mysteries to creep,
With thunders he and lightnings blasts their sight.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysmes, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide,
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark,
To guide me in life's night, thy light me shew;
The more I search of thee the less I know.

---

## CONTEMPLATION OF INVISIBLE EXCELLENCIES ABOVE, BY THE VISIBLE BELOW.

IF with such passing beauty, choice delights,
The Architect of this great round did frame
This palace visible, short lists of fame,
And silly mansion but of dying wights;
How many wonders, what amazing lights
Must that triumphing seat of glory claim,
That doth transcend all this all's vasty heights,
Of whose bright sun, ours here is but a beam!

O blest abode! O happy dwelling-place!
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign;
Blest people, which do see true Beauty's face,
With whose far shadows scarce he earth doth deign:
All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Match'd with your endless bliss and happy life.

---

## THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love which is here a care,
That wit and will doth mar,
Uncertain truce, and a most certain war;
A shrill tempestuous wind,
Which doth disturb the mind,
And like wild waves all our designs commove;
Among those powers above,
Which see their maker's face,
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest,
Eternal joy, which nothing can molest.

---

## EARTH, AND ALL ON IT CHANGEABLE.

That space where curled waves do now divide
From the great continent our happy isle,
Was sometime land; and now where ships do glide,
Once with laborious art the plough did toil:

Once those fair bounds stretch'd out so far and wide,
Where towns, no shires enwall'd, endear each mile,
Were all ignoble sea and marish vile,
Where Proteus' flocks danc'd measures to the tide:
So age transforming all, still forward runs;
No wonder though the earth doth change her face,
New manners, pleasures new, turn with new suns,
Locks now like gold grow to an hoary grace;
Nay, mind's rare shape doth change; that lies despis'd,
Which was so dear of late, and highly priz'd.

---

### THE WORLD A GAME.

This world a hunting is—
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce, is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are,
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care;
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chace,
Old Age with stealing pace
Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

---

### THE COURT OF TRUE HONOUR.

Why, worldlings, do ye trust frail honour's dreams,
And lean to gilded glories which decay?
Why do ye toil to registrate your names
On icy pillars, which soon melt away?

True honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-shining lamp dives in the sea,
But an eternal sun spreads lasting beams;
There it attendeth you, where spotless bands
Of sp'rits stand gazing on their sovereign bliss,
Where years not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
But who once noble, ever noble is.
Look home, lest he your weaken'd wit make thrall,
Who Eden's foolish gard'ner erst made fall.

---

## AGAINST HYPOCRISY.

As are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which use to grow
Near that strange lake where God pour'd from the sky
Huge show'rs of flames, worse flames to overthrow:
Such are their works that with a glaring show
Of humble holiness in virtue's dye
Would colour mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.
Bad is that angel that erst fell from heaven;
But not so bad as he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a trait'rous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven.
Each sin some colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocrisy Almighty God doth scorn.

## CHANGE SHOULD BREED CHANGE.

NEW doth the sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flow'rs forth comes the infant year;
My soul, time posts away,
And thou, yet in that frost
Which flow'r and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay:
For shame! thy powers awake,
Look to that heaven which never night makes black,
And there at that immortal sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flow'rs, which fear not rage of days.

---

## THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARIE LIFE.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!

O how more sweet is zephyrs' wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

---

## TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bow'rs
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

---

### CONTENT AND RESOLUTE.

As when it happeneth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who both by sword and flame himself instals,
And shameless it in tears and blood doth drown;
Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
But that some statue, pillar of renown,
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls:
So after all the spoil, disgrace and wreck,
That time, the world, and death, could bring combin'd,
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind:
From this so high transcendent rapture springs,
That I, all else defac'd, not envy kings.

---

### THE BLESSEDNESS OF FAITHFUL SOULS BY DEATH.

Let us each day inure ourselves to die,
If this, and not our fears, be truly death,
Above the circles both of hope and faith
With fair immortal pinions to fly;
If this be death, our best part to untie,
By ruining the gaol, from lust and wrath,
And every drowsy languor here beneath,
To be made deniz'd citizen of sky;

To have more knowledge than all books contain,
All pleasures even surmounting wishing pow'r,
The fellowship of God's immortal train,
And these that time nor force shall e'er devour:
If this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life, can with death's ugliness compare?

---

## AN HYMN OF TRUE HAPPYNESS.

Amidst the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs' flow'rs unclose,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.
Upon her head she wear
Of amaranths a crown;
Her left hand palms, her right a torch did bear;
Unveil'd skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hung down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.
The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn enspher'd:
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.

World-wand'ring sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life, ere known amiss,
In glitt'ring griefs is spent,
Come learn, said she, what is your choicest bliss:
From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares;
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall when time's swift glass is run endure.
Not happy is that life
Which you as happy hold,
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charg'd on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserv'd by force, and still observ'd by wit.
Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Inde,
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The phœnix' plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed.
Frail beauty to abuse,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse;
Never to hear of noise
But what the ear delights,
Sweet musick's charms, or charming flatterer's voice.

Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid nature's depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring.
Nor that your fame should range,
And after-worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.
All these have not the pow'r
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When Death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurks or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.
No, but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing him to be by him possest:
When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise, and to him pray:
To heed each action so
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring:

Not to be blown with pride,
Nor mov'd at glory's breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your harm:
To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleas'd with that which virtue fair acquires;
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill:
Never on neighbour's goods,
With cockatrice's eye
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell;
Nor to be beauty's thrall;
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcendent all;
A love, which while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
To that increated sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
That, if sense saw her gleams,
All lookers-on would pine and die for love.
Who such a life doth live
You happy even may call,
Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give;
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humanes, earth, enjoying angels, heaven.

Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field;
Vast are desires not limited by grace:
Life a weak taper is;
Then while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.
This when the nymph had said,
She div'd within the flood,
Whose face with smiling curls long after staid;
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang, This was true happiness.

---

AN

## HYMNE OF THE FAIREST FAIRE.

AN HYMN OF THE NATURE, ATRIBUTES, AND WORKES OF GOD.

I FEEL my bosom glow with wontless fires,
Rais'd from the vulgar press my mind aspires,
Wing'd with high thoughts, unto his praise to climb,
From deep eternity, who call'd forth time;
That Essence which, not mov'd, makes each thing move,
Uncreate beauty all-creating love:
But by so great an object, radiant light,
My heart appall'd, enfeebled rests my sight,
Thick clouds benight my labouring engine,
And at my high attempts my wits repine.

If thou in me this sacred heat hast wrought,
My knowledge sharpen, sarcels lend my thought:
Grant me, Time's Father, world-containing King,
A pow'r of thee in pow'rful lays to sing;
That as thy beauty in earth lives, heaven shines,
It dawning may or shadow in my lines.
  As far beyond the starry walls of heaven,
As is the loftiest of the planets seven,
Sequester'd from this earth in purest light,
Out-shining ours, as ours doth sable night,
Thou All-sufficient, Omnipotent,
Thou Ever Glorious, Most Excellent,
God various in names, in essence one,
High art installed on a golden throne,
Out-stretching heaven's wide bespangled vault,
Transcending all the circles of our thought;
With diamantine sceptre in thy hand,
There thou giv'st laws, and dost this world command,
This world of concords rais'd unlikely sweet,
Which like a ball lies prostrate at thy feet.
  If so we may well say (and what we say
Here wrapp'd in flesh, led by dim Reason's ray,
To shew, by earthly beauties which we see,
That spiritual excellence that shines in thee,
Good Lord forgive,) not far from thy right side,
With curled locks Youth ever doth abide;
Rose-cheeked Youth, who garlanded with flow'rs,
Still blooming, ceaselessly unto thee pours
Immortal nectar in a cup of gold,
That by no darts of ages thou grow old;

And as ends and beginnings thee not claim,
Successionless that thou be still the same.
  Near to thy other side resistless Might,
From head to foot in burnish'd armour dight,
That rings about him, with a waving brand,
And watchful eye, great centinel doth stand;
That neither time nor force in aught impair
Thy workmanship, nor harm thine empire fair;
Soon to give death to all again that would
Stern Discord raise, which thou destroy'd of old;
Discord, that foe to order, nurse of war,
By which the noblest things demolish'd are:
But, caitiff! she no treason doth devise,
When Might to nought doth bring her enterprize:
Thy all-upholding Might her malice reins,
And her to hell throws, bound in iron chains.
  With locks in waves of gold, that ebb and flow
On ivory neck, in robes more white than snow,
Truth stedfastly before thee holds a glass,
Indent with gems, where shineth all that was,
That is, or shall be, here ere aught was wrought.
Thou knew all that thy pow'r with time forth brought,
And more, things numberless which thou couldst make,
That actually shall never being take;
Here thou behold'st thyself, and, strange! dost prove
At once the beauty, lover, and the love.
  With faces two, like sisters, sweetly fair,
Whose blossoms no rough autumn can impair,
Stands Providence, and doth her looks disperse
Through every corner of this universe;

Thy Providence, at once which general things
And singular doth rule, as empires kings;
Without whose care this world lost would remain,
As ship without a master in the main,
As chariot alone, as bodies prove
Depriv'd of souls, whereby they be, live, move.
But who are they which shine thy throne so near,
With sacred countenance and look severe?
This in one hand a pond'rous sword doth hold,
Her left stays charg'd with balances of gold;
That, with brows girt with bays, sweet-smiling face,
Doth bear a brandon with a babish grace:
Two milk-white wings him easily do move;
O! she thy Justice is, and this thy Love!
By this thou brought'st this engine great to light;
By that it fram'd in number, measure, weight,
That destine doth reward to ill and good:
But sway of Justice is by Love withstood,
Which did it not relent, and mildly stay,
This world ere now had found its funeral day.
What bands, encluster'd, near to these abide,
Which into vast infinity them hide!
Infinity that neither doth admit
Place, time, nor number to encroach on it.
Here bounty sparkleth, here doth beauty shine,
Simplicity, more white than gelsomine,
Mercy with open wings, aye-varied bliss,
Glory, and joy, that bliss's darling is.
Ineffable, all-pow'rful God, all free,
Thou only liv'st, and each thing lives by thee;

No joy, no, nor perfection to thee came
By the contriving of this world's great frame:
Ere sun, moon, stars, began their restless race,
Ere painted was with light heaven's pure face,
Ere air had clouds, ere clouds wept down their show'rs,
Ere sea embraced earth, ere earth bare flow'rs,
Thou happy liv'dst; world nought to thee supply'd,
All in thyself, thyself thou satisfy'd:
Of good no slender shadow doth appear,
No age-worn track, which shin'd in thee not clear,
Perfection's sum, prime cause of every cause,
Midst, end, beginning where all good doth pause:
Hence of thy substance, differing in nought,
Thou in eternity thy Son forth brought;
The only birth of thy unchanging mind,
Thine image, pattern-like that ever shin'd;
Light out of light, begotten not by will,
But nature, all and that same essence still
Which thou thyself, for thou dost nought possess
Which he hath not, in aught nor is he less
Than thee his great begetter; of this light,
Eternal, double-kindled was thy spright
Eternally, who is with thee the same,
All-holy Gift, Ambassador, Knot, Flame:
Most sacred Triad, O most holy One!
Unprocreate Father, ever procreate Son,
Ghost breath'd from both, you were, are still, shall be,
(Most blessed) Three in One, and One in Three,
Incomprehensible by reachless height,
And unperceived by excessive light.

So in our souls three and yet one are still,
The understanding, memory, and will;
So (though unlike) the planet of the days,
So soon as he was made, begat his rays,
Which are his offspring, and from both was hurl'd
The rosy light which consolates the world,
And none forewent another: so the spring,
The well-head, and the stream which they forth bring,
Are but one self-same essence, nor in aught
Do differ, save in order; and our thought
No chime of time discerns in them to fall,
But three distinctly 'bide one essence all.
But these express not thee: who can declare
Thy being? Men and angels dazzled are.
Who would this Eden force with wit or sense,
A cherubin shall find to bar him thence.
  Great Architect, Lord of this universe,
That light is blinded would thy greatness pierce.
Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter glass,
The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrenees' clifts where sun doth never shine,
When he some craggy hills hath overwent,
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,
Till mounting some tall mountain, he do find
More heights before him than he left behind:
With halting pace so while I would me raise
To the unbounded limits of thy praise,
Some part of way I thought to have o'er-run,
But now I see how scarce I have begun;

With wonders new my spirits range possest,
And wandering wayless in a maze them rest.
  In these vast fields of light, ethereal plains,
Thou art attended by immortal trains
Of intellectual pow'rs, which thou brought'st forth
To praise thy goodness, and admire thy worth,
In numbers passing other creatures far,
Since creatures most noble manyest are,
Which do in knowledge us not less outrun
Than moon in light doth stars, or moon the sun;
Unlike, in orders rang'd and many a band,
(If beauty in disparity doth stand)
Archangels, angels, cherubs, seraphines,
And what with name of thrones amongst them shines,
Large-ruling princes, dominations, pow'rs,
All-acting virtues of those flaming tow'rs:
These freed of umbrage, these of labour free,
Rest ravished with still beholding thee;
Inflam'd with beams which sparkle from thy face,
They can no more desire, far less embrace.
  Low under them, with slow and staggering pace
Thy handmaid Nature thy great steps doth trace,
The source of second cause's golden chain
That links this frame as thou it doth ordain.
Nature gaz'd on with such a curious eye,
That earthlings oft her deem'd a deity.
By Nature led, those bodies fair and great,
Which faint not in their course, nor change their state,
Unintermix'd, which no disorder prove,
Though aye and contrary they always move,

The organs of thy providence divine,
Books ever open, signs that clearly shine;
Time's purpled maskers then do them advance,
As by sweet musick in a measur'd dance;
Stars, host of heaven, ye firmaments, bright flow'rs,
Clear lamps which overhang this stage of ours,
Ye turn not there to deck the weeds of night,
Nor, pageant-like, to please the vulgar sight:
Great causes, sure ye must bring great effects;
But who can descant right your grave aspects?
He only who you made decypher can
Your notes; heaven's eyes, ye blind the eyes of man.
Amidst these sapphire far-extending heights,
The never-twinkling, ever-wand'ring lights
Their fixed motions keep; one dry and cold,
Deep-leaden colour'd, slowly there is roll'd,
With rule and line for time's steps meting even,
In twice three lustres he but turns his heaven.
With temperate qualities and countenance fair,
Still mildly smiling, sweetly debonnaire,
Another cheers the world, and way doth make
In twice six autumns through the zodiack.
But hot and dry with flaming locks and brows
Enrag'd, this in his red pavilion glows:
Together running with like speed, if space,
Two equally in hands atchieve their race;
With blushing face this oft doth bring the day,
And ushers oft to stately stars the way;
That various in virtue, changing, light,
With his small flame impearls the vail of night.

Prince of this court, the sun in triumph rides,
With the year snake-like in herself that glides,
Time's dispensator, fair life-giving source,
Through skies twelve posts as he doth run his course;
Heart of this all, of what is known to sense,
The likest to his Maker's excellence;
In whose diurnal motion doth appear
A shadow, no true portrait of the year.
The moon moves lowest, silver sun of night,
Dispersing through the world her borrow'd light;
Who in three forms her head abroad doth range,
And only constant is in constant change.
Sad queen of silence, I ne'er see thy face
To wax, or wane, or shine with a full grace,
But straight, amaz'd, on man I think, each day
His state who changeth, or if he find stay,
It is in doleful anguish, cares, and pains,
And of his labours death is all the gains.
Immortal Monarch, can so fond a thought
Lodge in my breast, as to trust thou first brought
Here in earth's shady cloister, wretched man,
To suck the air of woe, to spend life's span
'Midst sighs and plaints, a stranger unto mirth,
To give himself his death rebucking birth?
By sense and wit of creatures made king,
By sense and wit to live their underling?
And what is worst, have eaglets' eyes to see
His own disgrace, and know an high degree
Of bliss, the place, if he might thereto climb,
And not live thralled to imperious time?

Or, dotard! shall I so from reason swerve,
To dim those lights, which to our use do serve,
For thou dost not them need, more nobly fram'd
Than us, that know their course, and have them nam'd?
No, I ne'er think but we did them surpass
As far as they do asterisms of glass.
When thou us made, by treason high defil'd,
Thrust from our first estate, we live exil'd,
Wand'ring this earth, which is of Death the lot,
Where he doth use the power which he hath got,
Indifferent umpire unto clowns and kings,
The supreme monarch of all mortal things.
When first this flow'ry orb was to us given,
It but a place disvalu'd was to heaven:
These creatures which now our sovereigns are,
And as to rebels do denounce us war,
Then were our vassals; no tumultuous storm,
No thunders, earthquakes, did her form deform;
The seas in tumbling mountains did not roar,
But like moist crystal whisper'd on the shore;
No snake did trace her meads, nor ambush'd low'r
In azure curls beneath the sweet spring flow'r;
The nightshade, henbane, napel, aconite,
Her bowels then not bear, with death to smite
Her guiltless brood: thy messengers of grace,
As their high rounds, did haunt this lower place.
O joy of joys! with our first parents thou
To commune then didst deign, as friends do now:
Against thee we rebell'd, and justly thus
Each creature rebelled against us;

Earth, reft of what did chief in her excel,
To all became a gaol, to most a hell:
In time's full term, until thy Son was given,
Who man with thee, earth reconcil'd with Heaven.
Whole and entire, all in thyself thou art;
All-where diffus'd, yet of this all no part:
For infinite, in making this fair frame,
Great without quantity, in all thou came;
And filling all, how can thy state admit,
Or place or substance to be void of it?
Were worlds as many as the rays which stream
From day's bright lamp, or madding wits do dream,
They would not reel in aught, nor wand'ring stray,
But draw to thee, who could their centres stay;
Were but one hour this world disjoin'd from thee,
It in one hour to nought reduc'd should be.
For it thy shadow is; and can they last,
If sever'd from the substances them cast?
O! only bless'd, and Author of all bliss!
No, Bliss itself, that all-where wished is;
Efficient, exemplary, final Good,
Of thine own self but only understood:
Light is thy curtain: thou art Light of light;
An ever-waking eye still shining bright.
In-looking all, exempt of passive pow'r,
And change, in change since Death's pale shade doth low'r:
All times to thee are one; that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the sun,
To thee are present, who dost always see
In present act, what past is, or to be.

Day-livers, we rememberance do lose
Of ages worn, so miseries us toss,
(Blind and lethargick of thy heavenly grace,
Which sin in our first parents did deface;
And even while embrions curst by justest doom)
That we neglect what gone is, or to come;
But thou in thy great archives scrolled hast,
In parts and whole, whatever yet hath past,
Since first the marble wheels of time were roll'd,
As ever living, never waxing old,
Still is the same thy day and yesterday,
An undivided now, a constant aye.
O! King, whose greatness none can comprehend,
Whose boundless goodness doth to all extend;
Light of all beauty, Ocean without ground,
That standing, flowest; giving, dost abound;
Rich Palace, and In-dweller, ever blest,
Never not working, ever yet in rest:
What wit cannot conceive, words say of thee,
Here where we as but in a mirror see,
Shadows of shadows, atoms of thy might,
Still owly-eyed when staring on thy light;
Grant, that, released from this earthly jail,
And freed from clouds, which here our knowledge veil,
In heaven's high temples where thy praises ring,
In sweeter notes I may hear angels sing.

### A PRAYER FOR MANKIND.

GREAT God, whom we with humbled thoughts adore,
Eternal, infinite, almighty King,
Whose dwellings heaven transcend, whose throne before
Archangels serve, and seraphim do sing;
Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ring eyes
We do behold within this various round;
Who makes the rocks to rock, to stand the skies;
At whose command clouds peals of thunder sound:
Ah! spare us worms, weigh not how we, alas!
Evil to ourselves, against thy laws rebel;
Wash off those spots, which still in conscience' glass,
Though we be loath to look, we see too well.
Deserv'd revenge, Oh! do not, do not take:
If thou revenge, who shall abide thy blow?
Pass shall this world, this world which thou didst make,
Which should not perish till thy trumpet blow.
What soul is found whose parent's crime not stains?
Or what with its own sins defil'd is not?
Though Justice rigour threaten, yet her reins
Let Mercy guide, and never be forgot.
  Less are our faults, far, far than is thy love:
O! what can better seem thy grace divine,
Than they, who plagues deserve, thy bounty prove?
And where thou show'r may'st vengeance, there to shine
Then look and pity; pitying, forgive
Us guilty slaves, or servants now in thrall;
Slaves, if, alas! thou look how we do live,
Or doing ill, or doing nought at all;

Of an ungrateful mind the foul effect.
But if thy gifts, which largely heretofore
Thou hast upon us pour'd, thou dost respect,
We are thy servants, nay, than servants more,
Thy children; yes, and children dearly bought:
But what strange chance us of this lot bereaves?
Poor, worthless wights, how lowly are we brought!
Whom grace once children made, sin hath made slaves.
Sin hath made slaves, but let those bands grace break,
That in our wrongs thy mercies may appear:
Thy wisdom not so mean is, pow'r so weak,
But thousand ways they can make worlds thee fear.
O wisdom boundless! O miraculous grace!
Grace, wisdom, which make wink dim Reason's eye!
And could heaven's King bring from his placeless place,
On this ignoble stage of care to die;
To die our death, and with the sacred stream
Of blood and water gushing from his side,
To make us clean of that contagious blame,
First on us brought by our first parent's pride!
Thus thy great love and pity, heavenly King!
Love, pity, which so well our loss prevent,
Of evil itself, lo! could all goodness bring,
And sad beginning cheer with glad event.
O love and pity! ill known of these times!
O love and pity! careful of our need!
O bounties! which our horrid acts and crimes,
Grown numberless, contend near to exceed.
Make this excessive ardour of thy love
So warm our coldness, so our lives renew,

That we from sin, sin may from us remove,
Wisdom our will, faith may our wit subdue.
Let thy pure love burn up all worldly lust,
Hell's candid poison killing our best part,
Which makes us joy in toys, adore frail dust
Instead of thee, in temple of our heart.
Grant, when at last our souls these bodies leave,
Their loathsome shops of sin and mansions blind,
And doom before thy royal seat receive,
They may a Saviour, not a judge, thee find.

# SONGS, SONNETS,

## SEXTAINS, MADRIGALS, AND EPIGRAMS.

# SONGS, SONNETS, SEXTAINS, MADRIGALS, AND EPIGRAMS.

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## SONNET I.

In my first prime, when childish humours fed
My wanton wit, ere I did know the bliss
Lies in a loving eye, or amorous kiss,
Or with what sighs a lover warms his bed;
By the sweet Thespian sisters' error led,
I had more mind to read, than lov'd to write,
And so to praise a perfect red and white;
But (God wot) knew not what was in my head.
Love smil'd to see me take so great delight,
To turn those antiques of the age of gold,
And that I might more mysteries behold,
He set so fair a volume to my sight,
That I Ephemerides laid aside,
Glad on this blushing book my death to read.[1]

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[1] In the edition of 1616, this Sonnet stands thus:

"In my first yeeres, and prime yet not at hight,
When sweet conceits my wits did entertaine,

## SONNET II.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In Time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flow'r,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas, I both must write and love.

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Ere beautie's force I knew or false delight,
Or to what oare shee did her captiues chaine,
Led by a sacred troupe of Phœbus' traine,
I first beganne to reade, then loue to write,
And so to praise a perfect red and white,
But, God wot, wist not what was in my braine:
Loue smylde to see in what an awfull guise
I turned those antiques of the age of gold,
And, that I might moe mysteries behold,
Hee set so faire a volume to mine eyes,
That I, (quires clos'd, which dead, dead sighs but breath,)
Ioye on this liuing booke to reade my death."

## SONNET III.

Ye who so curiously do paint your thoughts,
Enlight'ning ev'ry line in such a guise,
That they seem rather to have fall'n from skies,
Than of a human hand by mortal draughts:
In one part Sorrow so tormented lies,
As if his life at ev'ry sigh would part;
Love here blindfolded stands with bow and dart,
There Hope looks pale, Despair with flaming eyes:
Of my rude pencil look not for such art,
My wit I find too little to devise
So high conceptions to express my smart;
And some say love is feign'd that's too, too wise.
These troubled words and lines confus'd you find
Are like unto their model, my sick mind.

## SONNET IV.

Ah me, and am I now the man, whose muse
In happier times was wont to laugh at love,
And those who suffer'd that blind boy t'abuse
The noble gifts were given them from above?
What metamorphose strange is this I prove?
Myself I now scarce find myself to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyrannie,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove:
Virtue hath taught with her philosophy
My mind unto a better course to move:
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove
Affection's power; but what is that to me,

Who ever think, and never think on ought,
But that bright cherubim which thralls my thought?[1]

## SONNET V.

How that vast heaven intitled First is roll'd,
If any glancing towers beyond it be,
And people living in eternity,
Or Essence pure that doth this All uphold:
What motion have those fixed sparks of gold,
The wand'ring carbuncles which shine from high,
By sprites, or bodies cross-ways in the sky,
If they be turn'd, and mortal things behold:
How sun posts heaven about, how night's pale queen
With borrow'd beams looks on this hanging round;
What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen
In air's large fields of light, and seas profound—
Did hold my wand'ring thoughts; when thy sweet eye
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee.

## SONNET VI.

Fair is my yoke, though grievous be my pains,
Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply smart,
My bit is gold, though shorten'd be the reins,
My bondage brave, though I may not depart;

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[1] This Sonnet has much beauty in sentiment and rhythm. Lines 9 and 10 have a Miltonic dignity of stoical resolve, and, had Drummond followed Milton, would have subjected him to the charge of imitation.—MS. note by the antiquary Park. [A Posthumous Sonnet. Ed.]

Although I burn, the fire which doth impart
Those flames, so sweet reviving force contains,
That like Arabia's bird my wasted heart,
Made quick by death, more lively still remains.
I joy, though oft my waking eyes spend tears,
I never want delight, even when I groan,
Best 'companied when most I am alone,
A heaven of hopes I have midst hells of fears:
Thus every way contentment strange I find,
But most in her rare beauty, my rare mind.

## SONNET VII.

VAUNT not, fair heavens, of your two glorious lights,
Which, though most bright, yet see not when they shine,
And shining, cannot show their beams divine
Both in one place, but part by days and nights.
Earth vaunt not of those treasures ye enshrine,
Held only dear, because hid from our sights,
Your pure and burnish'd gold, your diamonds fine,
Snow-passing ivory that the eye delights.
Nor seas, of those dear wares are in you found
Vaunt not, rich pearl, red coral, which do stir
A fond desire in fools to plunge your ground;
These all more fair are to be had in her:
Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns, gold,
Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair are to behold.[1]

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[1] Mr. Neve, in his cursory remarks, has pointed out this Sonnet as bearing much resemblance to Sir H. Wotton's Ode on the Queen of Bohemia. PARK.

## SONNET VIII.

When Nature now had wonderfully wrought
All Auristella's parts, except her eyes,
To make those twins two lamps in beauty's skies,
She counsel of her starry senate sought.
Mars and Apollo first did her advise,
To wrap in colour black those comets bright,
That Love him so might soberly disguise,
And unperceived wound at every sight.
Chaste Phœbe spake for purest azure dyes;
But Jove and Venus green about the light,
To frame thought best, as bringing most delight,
That to pin'd hearts hope might for aye arise:
Nature, all said, a paradise of green
There plac'd, to make all love which have them seen.

## SONNET IX.

Now while the Night her sable veil hath spread,
And silently her resty coach doth roll,
Rouzing with her from Thetis' azure bed,
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole;
While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad,
The Latmian shepherd in a trance descries,
And looking pale from height of all the skies,
She dyes her beauties in a blushing red;
While sleep, in triumph, closed hath all eyes,
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,
And Proteus' monstrous people in the deep,
The winds and waves, hush'd up, to rest entice;

I wake, I turn, I weep oppress'd with pain,
Perplex'd in the meanders of my brain.

## SONNET X.

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to shew,
With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss *the image of my death.* [1]

## SONNET XI.

Fair Moon, who with thy cold and silver shine
Mak'st sweet the horror of the dreadful night,
Delighting the weak eye with smiles divine,
Which Phœbus dazzles with his too much light;
Bright queen of the first heaven, if in thy shrine
By turning oft, and Heaven's eternal might,
Thou hast not yet that once sweet fire of thine,
Endemion, forgot, and lovers' plight;

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[1] Somnus est mortis imago. Cicero.

If cause like thine may pity breed in thee,
And pity somewhat else to it obtain,
Since thou hast power of dreams as well as he
That holds the golden rod and moral chain;
Now while she sleeps, in doleful guise her show
These tears, and the black map of all my woe.

## SONNET XII.

Lamp of heaven's crystal hall that brings the hours,
Eye-dazzler, who makes the ugly night
At thy approach fly to her slumb'ry bowers,
And fills the world with wonder and delight;
Life of all lives, death-giver by thy flight
To the south pole from these six signs of ours,
Goldsmith of all the stars, with silver bright
Who moon enamels, Apelles of the flowers:
Ah from those wat'ry plains of thy golden head
Raise up, and bring the so long ling'ring morn;
A grave, nay hell, I find become this bed,
This bed so grievously where I am torn:
But wo is me though thou now brought the day,
Day shall but serve more sorrows to display.

## SONG XIII. [1]

It was the time when to our northern pole
The brightest lamp of heaven begins to roll,

[1] This Poem, observes Mr. Leigh Hunt, (in his learned and elegant preface to his Poetical Works,) "is written after the French rhyming fashion, the only one (as far as I am aware) in the language."—Preface to Hunt's Works, 1832, p. xxv.

When Earth more wanton in new robes appeareth,
And scorning skies her flowers in rainbows beareth,
On which the air moist diamonds doth bequeath,
Which quake to feel the kissing Zephyrs breath ;
When birds from shady groves their love forth warble,
And sea-like heaven looks like smoothest marble,
When I in simple course, free from all cares,
Far from the muddy world's enslaving snares,
By Ora's flow'ry banks alone did wander;
Ora, that sports her like to old Meander,
A flood more worthy fame and lasting praise
Than that so high which Phaeton's fall did raise;
By whose pure moving glass the milk-white lilies
Do dress their tresses and the daffodilies ;
Where Ora with a wood is crown'd about,
And (seems) forgets the way how to come out,
A place there is, where a delicious fountain
Springs from the swelling breast of a proud mountain,
Whose falling streams the quiet caverns wound,
And make the echoes shrill resound that sound.
The laurel there the shining channel graces,
The palm her love with long-stretch'd arms embraces,
The poplar spreads her branches to the sky,
And hides from sight that azure canopy.
The streams the trees, the trees their leaves still nourish,
That place grave Winter finds not without flourish.
If living eyes Elysian fields could see,
This little Arden might Elysium be.
Oft did Diana there herself repose,
And Mars the Acidalian queen enclose.

The nymphs oft here their baskets bring with flow'rs,
And anadems weave for their paramours;
The satyrs in those shades are heard to languish,
And make the shepherds partners of their anguish,
The shepherds who in barks of tender trees
Do grave their loves, disdains, and jealousies;
Which Phillis, when thereby her flocks she feedeth,
With pity now, anon with laughter readeth.
Near to this place when Sun in midst of day
In highest top of heaven his coach did stay,
And (as advising) on his career glanced
As all along, that morn he had advanced,
His panting steeds along those fields of light,
Most princely looking from that glorious height:
When most the grasshoppers are heard in meadows,
And loftiest pines or small, or have no shadows:
It was my hap, O woful hap! to bide
Where thickest shades me from all rays did hide,
In a fair arbour, 'twas some sylvan's chamber,
Whose ceiling spread was with the locks of amber
Of new bloom'd sycamores, floor wrought with flow'rs,
More sweet and rich than those in princes' bow'rs.
Here Adon blush'd, and Clitia all amazed
Look'd pale, with him who in the fountain gazed;
The amaranthus smil'd, and that sweet boy
Which sometime was the god of Delos' joy:
The brave carnation, speckled pink here shin'd,
The violet her fainting head declin'd
Beneath a sleepy chasbow, all of gold
The marigold her leaves did here unfold.

Now while that, ravish'd with delight and wonder,
Half in a trance I lay those arches under,
The season, silence, place, began t' entice,
Eyes' drowsy lids to bring night on their skies,
Which softly having stolen themselves together
(Like evening clouds) me plac'd I wot not whither.
As cowards leave the fort which they should keep,
My senses one by one gave place to Sleep,
Who follow'd with a troop of golden slumbers,
Thrust from my quiet brain all base encumbers,
And thrice me touching with his rod of gold,
A heaven of visions in my temples roll'd,
To countervail those pleasures were bereft me,
Thus in his silent prison clos'd he left me.
Methought through all the neighbour woods a noise
Of choristers, more sweet than lute or voice,
(For those harmonious sounds to Jove are given
By the swift touches of the nine-string'd heaven,
Such airs, and nothing else) did wound mine ear,
No soul but would become all ear to hear:
And whilst I list'ning lay, O lovely wonder!
I saw a pleasant myrtle cleave asunder;
A myrtle great with birth, from whose rent womb
Three naked nymphs more white than snow forth come.
For nymphs they seem'd; about their heavenly faces
In waves of gold floated their curling tresses;

About their arms, their arms more white than milk,
They blushing *armlets*[1] wore of crimson silk.
The goddesses were such that by Scamander
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander:
Aglaia and her sisters such perchance
Be when about some sacred spring they dance.
But scarce the grove their naked beauties graced,
And on the verdure had each other traced,
When to the flood they ran, the flood in robes
Of curling crystal their breasts' ivory globes
Did all about encircle, yet took pleasure
To shew white snows throughout her liquid azure.
Look how Prometheus' man, when heavenly fire
First gave him breath, days *Brandon*[2] did admire,
And wonder'd at this world's amph'theatre:
So gaz'd I on those new guests of the water.
All three were fair, yet one excell'd as far
The rest as Phœbus doth the Cyprian star,
Or diamonds, small gems, or gems do other,
Or pearls that shining shell is call'd their mother.
Her hair, more bright than are the morning's beams,
Hung in a golden shower above the streams,
And dangling sought her forehead for to cover,
Which seen did straight a sky of milk discover,

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[1] Armlets appear to have been bracelets. Vide Donne. Sherburne. PARK.

[2] *Brandon*, firebrand, seems figuratively put for the sun. PARK.

With two fair brows, Love's bows, which never bend
But that a golden arrow forth they send;
Beneath the which two burning planets glancing
Flash'd flames of love, for Love there still is dancing.
Her either cheek resembled blushing morn,
Or roses gules in field of lilies borne;
'Twixt which an ivory wall so fair is raised,
That it is but abased when it's praised.
Her lips like rows of coral soft did swell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excel:
The Tyrian fish looks pale, pale look the roses,
The rubies pale, when mouth sweet cherry closes.
Her chin like silver Phœbe did appear
Dark in the midst to make the rest more clear:
Her neck seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias' master,
Most smooth, most white, a piece of alabaster.
Two foaming billows flow'd upon her breast,
Which did their tops with coral red increst:
There all about as brooks them sport at leisure,
With circling branches veins did swell in azure:
Within those crooks are only found those isles
Which "fortunate" the dreaming old world stiles.
The rest the streams did hide, but as a lily
Sunk in a crystal's fair transparent belly.
I who yet human weakness did not know,
(For yet I had not felt that archer's bow,
Nor could I think that from the coldest water
The winged youngling burning flames could scatter,)
On every part my vagabonding sight
Did cast, and drown mine eyes in sweet delight.

O wondrous thing (said I) that beauty's nam'd!
Now I perceive I heretofore have dream'd,
And never found in all my flying days
Joy unto this, which only merits praise.
My pleasures have been pains, my comforts crosses;
My treasure poverty, my gains but losses.
O precious sight! which none doth else descry
Except the burning sun, and quivering I.
And yet, O dear-bought sight! O would for ever
I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never!
O happy flood! if so ye might abide,
Yet ever glory of this moment's pride,
Adjure your *rillets*[1] all for to behold her,
And in their crystal arms to come and fold her:
And since ye may not long this bliss embrace,
Draw thousand portraits of her on your face,
Portraits which in my heart be more apparent,
If like to yours my breast but were transparent.
O that I were, while she doth in you play,
A dolphin to transport her to the sea!
To none of all those gods I would her render,
From Thule to Inde though I should with her wander.
Oh! what is this? the more I fix mine eye,
Mine eye the more new wonders doth espy,
The more I spy, the more in uncouth fashion
My soul is ravish'd in a pleasant passion.
But look not eyes—As more I would have said,
A sound of rattling wheels me all dismay'd,

[1] Rivulets or riv'lets.

And with the sound forth from the trembling bushes,
With storm-like course a sumptuous chariot rushes,
A chariot all of gold, the wheels were gold,
The nails, and axle gold on which it roll'd:
The upmost part a scarlet veil did cover,
More rich than Danaë's lap spread with her lover.
In midst of it, in a triumphant chair,
A lady sate miraculously fair,
Whose pensive countenance, and looks of honour,
Do more allure the mind that thinketh on her,
Than the most wanton face, and amorous eyes,
That Amathus or flow'ry Paphos sees;
A crew of virgins made a ring about her,
The diamond she, they seem the gold without her.
Such Thetis is, when to the billows' roar
With mermaids nice she danceth on the shore:
So in a sable night, the sun's bright sister
Among the lesser twinkling lights doth glister.
Fair yokes of ermilines, whose colours pass
The whitest snows on aged Grampius' face,
More swift than Venus' birds this chariot guided
To the astonish'd bank, whereat it bided:
But long it did not bide, when poor those streams
(Ah me!) it made, transporting those rich gems,
And by that burthen lighter, swiftly drived
Till (as methought) it at a tow'r arrived:
Upon a rock of crystal shining clear
With diamonds wrought this castle did appear,
Whose rising spires of gold so high them reared,
That, Atlas-like, it seem'd the heaven they beared.

Amidst which heights on arches did arise
(Arches which gilt flames brandish to the skies)
Of sparkling topazes, proud, gorgeous, ample,
(Like to a little heaven) a sacred temple.
The walls no windows have, nay all the wall
Is but one window, night there doth not fall
More when the sun to western worlds declineth,
Than in our zenith when at noon he shineth.
Two flaming hills the passage strait defend
Which to this radiant building doth ascend,
Upon whose arching tops on a pilaster
A port stands open, rais'd in love's disaster;
For none that narrow bridge and gate can pass,
Who have their faces seen in Venus' glass.
If those within but to come forth do venture,
That stately place again they never enter.
The precinct's strengthen'd with a ditch of fears,
In which doth swell a lake of inky years
Of madding lovers, who abide their moaning,
And thicken e'en the air with piteous groaning.
This hold to brave the skies the Dest'nies fram'd,
And then the fort of chastity is nam'd.
The queen of the third heaven once, to appal it,
The god of Thrace here brought, who could not thrall it;
For which he vow'd ne'er arms more to put on,
And on Riphean hills was heard to groan.
Here Psyche's lover hurls his darts at randon,
Which all for nought him serve, as doth his brandon.
What grievous agony did invade my mind,
When in that place my hope I saw confin'd,

Where with high tow'ring thoughts I only reach'd her!
Which did burn up their wings when they approach'd her.
Methought I sat me by a cypress shade,
And night and day the hyacinth there read;
And that bewailing nightingales did borrow
Plaints of my plaint, and sorrows of my sorrow.
My food was wormwood, mine own tears my drink,
My rest, on death and sad mishaps to think.
And for such thoughts to have my heart enlarged,
And ease mine eyes with briny tribute charged,
Over a brook I laid my pining face;
But then the brook, as griev'd at my disgrace,
A face me shew'd so pin'd, sad, overclouded,
That at the sight afraid mine eyes them shrouded.
This is thy guerdon, Love, this is the game,
In end which to thy servants doth remain.
More would I say; when fear made sleep to leave me,
And of those fatal shadows did bereave me;
But ah, alas! instead to dream of love,
And woes, I now them in effect did prove:
For what into my troubled brain was painted,
Awak'd I found that time and place presented.

## SONNET XIV.

Ah burning thoughts, now let me take some rest,
And your tumultuous broils awhile appease:
Is't not enough, stars, fortune, love molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease?

Let hope (though false) yet lodge within my breast,
My high attempt (though dangerous) yet praise:
What though I trace not right Heaven's steepy ways,
It doth suffice my fall shall make me blest.
I do not doat on days, I fear not death,
So that my life be good, I wish't not long;
Let me renown'd live from the vulgar throng,
And when Heaven lists, recal this borrow'd breath.
Men but like visions are, time all doth claim,
He lives who dies to win a lasting name.

## SONNET XV.

That learned Grecian [1] who did so excel
In knowledge passing sense, that he is nam'd
Of all the after world Divine, doth tell
That all the time when first our souls are fram'd,
Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that Eternal Light,
And others see, know, love, in heaven's great height,
Nor toil'd with aught 'gainst reason to rebel.
It is most true, for straight at the first sight
My mind me told that in some other place
It elsewhere saw th' idea of that face,
And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight.
What wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
Since I her lov'd ere on this earth she came?

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[1] Plato.

## SONNET XVI.

Nor Arne, nor Mincius, nor stately Tiber,
Sebethus, nor the flood into whose streams
He fell who burnt the world with borrow'd beams,
Gold-rolling Tagus, Munda, famous Iber,
Sorgue, Rhone, Loire, Garron, nor proud-banked Seine,
Peneus, Phasis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
Nor she whose nymphs excel her loved Adon,
Fair Tamesis, nor Ister large, nor Rhine,
Euphrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Gange,
Pearly Hydaspes, serpent-like Meander,
The flood which robbed Hero of Leander,
Nile that so far his hidden head doth range,
Have ever had so rare a cause of praise,
As Ora where this northern phœnix stays.

## SONNET XVII.

To hear my plaints, fair river crystalline,
Thou in a silent slumber seem'st to stay;
Delicious flowers, lily and columbine,
Ye bow your heads when I my woes display;
Forests, in you the myrtle, palm, and bay,
Have had compassion, list'ning to my groans;
The winds with sighs have solemniz'd my moans
'Mong leaves, which whisper'd what they could not say;
The caves, the rocks, the hills, the sylvans' thrones,
(As if even pity did in them appear)
Have at my sorrow rent their ruthless stones:
Each thing I find hath sense except my dear,

Who doth not think I love, or will not know
My grief, perchance delighting in my woe.

## SONNET XVIII.

Sweet brook, in whose clear crystal I my eyes
Have oft seen great in labour of their tears;
Enamell'd bank, whose shining gravel bears
These sad characters of my miseries;
High woods, whose mountain-tops menace the spheres,
Wild citizens, Amphions of the trees,
You glooomy groves at hottest noons which freeze,
Elysian shades which Phœbus never clears;
Vast solitary mountains, pleasant plains,
Embroider'd meads that ocean-ways you reach;
Hills, dales, springs, all whom my sad cry constrains
To take part of my plaints, and learn woe's speech,
Will that remorseless fair e'er pity show?
Of grace now answer if ye aught know: No.

## SONNET XIX.

With flaming horns the Bull now brings the year,
Melt do the mountains, rolling floods of snow,
The silver rivers in smooth channels flow,
The late bare woods green anadems do wear;
The nightingale, forgetting winter's woe,
Calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear;
Spread are those flow'rs which names of princes bear,
Some red, some azure, white, and golden grow.
Here lows a heifer, there bewailing strays
A harmless lamb, not far a stag rebounds;

The shepherds sing to grazing flocks sweet lays,
And all about the echoing air resounds.
Hills, dales, woods, floods, ev'ry thing doth change,
But she in rigour, I in love am strange.

## SONNET XX.

THAT I so slenderly set forth my mind,
Writing I know not what in ragged rhymes,
O'ercharg'd with brass in these so golden times,
When others tow'r so high, I'm left behind:
I crave not Phœbus leave his sacred cell,
To bind my brows with fresh Aonian bays;
But leav't to those who tuning sweetest lays
By Tempe sit, or Aganippe's well;
Nor yet to Venus' tree do I aspire,
Since she for whom I might affect that praise,
My best attempts with cruel words gainsays,
And I seek not that others me admire.
Of weeping myrrh the crown is which I crave,
With a sad cypress to adorn my grave.

## MADRIGAL XXI.

WHEN as she smiles I find
More light before mine eyes,
Than when the sun from Inde
Brings to our world a flow'ry paradise:
But when she gently weeps,
And pours forth pearly showers,
On cheeks fair blushing flowers,
A sweet melancholy my senses keeps;

Both feed so my disease,
So much both do me please,
That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burn,
Love to behold her smile, or pity mourn.

## SONNET XXII.

My tears may well Numidian lions tame,
And pity breed into the hardest heart
That ever Pyrrha did to maid impart,
When she them first of blushing rocks did frame.
Ah, eyes which only serve to 'wail my smart,
How long will you my inward woes proclaim?
May't not suffice you bear a weeping part
All night, at day but you must do the same?
Cease, idle sighs, to spend your storms in vain,
And these sweet silent thickets to molest;
Contain you in the prison of my breast,
You do not ease but aggravate my pain;
Or if burst forth you must, that tempest move
In sight of her whom I so dearly love.

## SONNET XXIII.

You restless seas appease your roaring waves,
And you who raise huge mountains in that plain,
Air's trumpeters, your hideous sounds contain,
And listen to the plaints my grief doth cause.
Eternal lights! though adamantine laws
Of destinies to move still you ordain,
Turn hither all your eyes, your axles pause,
And wonder at the torments I sustain,

Sad earth, if thou, made dull by my disgrace,
Be not as senseless, ask those powers above
Why they so crost a wretch brought on thy face,
Fram'd for mishap, the anchorite of love;
And bid them (that no more Ætnas may burn)
To Erimanth' or Rhodope me turn.

## SONNET XXIV.

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my sp'rit with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrows' death is but new sorrows' birth;
If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long since past, like that's to be,
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

## SONNET XXV.

All other beauties howsoe'er they shine
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,
Or cheeks more fair than fairest eglantine,
Or hands like her's that comes the sun before:
Match'd with that heavenly hue, and shape divine,
With those dear stars which my weak thoughts adore,

Look but as shadows, or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine.
Who sees those eyes, their force that doth not prove;
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' son entrench'd therein,
Or hath not sense, or knows not what is love.
To see thee had Narcissus had the grace,
He would have died with wond'ring on thy face.

## SEXTAIN XXVI.

THE heaven doth not contain so many stars,
Nor levell'd lie so many leaves in woods,
When Autumn and cold Boreas sound their wars;
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my torn mind hath torments all the night,
And heart spends sighs, when Phœbus brings the light.

Why was I made a partner of the light,
Who crost in birth, by bad aspect of stars,
Have never since had happy day or night?
Why was not I a liver in the woods,
Or citizen of Thetis' crystal floods,
But fram'd a man for Love and Fortune's wars?

I look each day when death should end the wars,
Uncivil wars 'twixt sense and reason's light:
My pains I count to mountains, meads, and floods,
And of my sorrow partners make the stars;
All desolate I haunt the fearful woods,
When I should give myself to rest at night.

With watchful eyes I ne'er behold the night,
Mother of peace, (but ah to me of wars,)
And Cynthia queen-like shining through the woods,
But straight those lamps come in my thought whose light
My judgment dazzled, passing brightest stars,
And then my eyes in-isle themselves with floods.

Turn to the springs again first shall the floods,
Clear shall the sun the sad and gloomy night,
To dance about the pole cease shall the stars,
The elements renew their ancient wars
Shall first, and be depriv'd of place and light,
Ere I find rest in city, fields, or woods.

End these my days, ye inmates of the woods;
Take this my life, ye deep and raging floods;
Sun, never rise to chear me with thy light;
Horror and darkness, keep a lasting night;
Consume me, care, with thy intestine wars;
And stay your influence o'er me, ye bright stars.

In vain the stars, th' inhabitants o' th' woods,
Care, horror, wars I call, and raging floods,
For all have sworn no night shall dim my sight.

## SONNET XXVII.

O SACRED blush-empurpling cheeks, pure skies
With crimson wings which spread thee like the morn;
O bashful look sent from those shining eyes,
Which though slid down on earth doth heaven adorn;

O tongue, in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn;
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood before her words were borne;
And you her words; words? no, but golden chains
Which did inslave my ears, ensnare my soul,
Wise image of her mind, mind that contains
A power all power of senses to controul:
So sweetly you from love dissuade do me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

## SONNET XXVIII.

Sound hoarse, sad lute, true witness of my woe,
And strive no more to ease self-chosen pain
With soul-enchanting sounds; your accents strain
Unto those tears incessantly which flow.
Sad treble, weep; and you dull basses, shew
Your master's sorrow in a doleful strain;
Let never joyful hand upon you go,
Nor concert keep but when you do complain.
Fly Phœbus' rays, abhor the irksome light;
Woods' solitary shades for thee are best,
Or the black horrors of the blackest night,
When all the world save thou and I do rest:
Then sound, sad lute, and bear a mourning part;
Thou hell canst move, though not a woman's heart.

## SONNET XXIX.

In vain I haunt the cold and silver springs,
To quench the fever burning in my veins,

In vain (love's pilgrim) mountains, dales, and plains
I over-run, vain help long absence brings.
In vain, my friends, your counsel me constrains
To fly, and place my thoughts on other things;
Ah, like the bird that fir'd hath her wings,
The more I move the greater are my pains.
Desire, (alas!) desire, a Zeuxis new,
From th' orient borrowing gold, from western skies
Heavenly cinnabar sets before my eyes
In every place, her hair, sweet look, and hue:
That, fly, run, rest I, all doth prove but vain;
My life lies in those eyes which have me slain.

## SONNET XXX.

SLIDE soft, fair Forth, and make a crystal plain;
Cut your white locks, and on your foamy face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The boat that earth's perfections doth contain.
Winds, wonder; and, through wond'ring, hold your pace;
Or if that ye your hearts cannot restrain
From sending sighs, feeling a lover's case,
Sigh, and in her fair hair yourselves enchain.
Or take these sighs which absence makes arise
From my oppressed breast, and fill the sails,
Or some sweet breath new brought from paradise:
The floods do smile, love o'er the winds prevails,
And yet huge waves arise; the cause is this,
The ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.

## SONNET XXXI.

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd;
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure rays behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told:
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes:
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flow'rs
Shall once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

## SONNET XXXII.

IN Mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
And lively see how my best days are spent,
What clouds of care above my head are roll'd,
What coming ill, which I cannot prevent;
My course begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what reason oft hath told;
But scarce thus think I, when love hath controll'd
All the best reasons reason could invent.
Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine,
That only death shall be my last relief:
Yet when I think upon that face divine,

Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
Maugre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

## SONNET XXXIII.

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare shew her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long long sing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamour'd smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I love, I love.

## SONNET XXXIV.

O CRUEL beauty, sweetness inhumane,
That night and day contends with my desire,
And seeks my hope to kill, not quench my fire,
By death, not balm to ease my pleasant pain!
Though ye my thoughts tread down which would aspire,
And bound my bliss, do not, alas! disdain
That I your matchless worth and grace admire,
And for their cause these torments sharp sustain.
Let great Empedocles vaunt of his death
Found in the midst of those Sicilian flames,

And Phaeton that Heaven him reft of breath,
And Dædal's son who nam'd the Samian streams:
Their haps I not envy; my praise shall be,
That the most fair that lives mov'd me to die.

## SONNET XXXV.

The Hyperborean hills, Cëraunus' snow
Or Arimaspus (cruel) first thee bred;
The Caspian tigers with their milk thee fed,
And Fauns did human blood on thee bestow.
Fierce Orithyas' lover in thy bed
Thee lull'd asleep, where he enrag'd doth blow;
Thou didst not drink the floods which here do flow,
But tears, or those by icy Tanaïs' head.
Sith thou disdains my love, neglects my grief,
Laughs at my groans, and still affects my death:
Of thee nor Heaven I'll seek no more relief,
Nor longer entertain this loathsome breath;
But yield unto my stars, that thou may'st prove
What loss thou hadst in losing such a love.

## SONNET XXXVI.

Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,
That she thy career may with roses spread,
The nightingales thy coming each where[1] sing,

[1] "Each where," for every where.

Make an eternal spring.
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead.
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pëarl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And Fates my hopes betray)
Which (purely white) deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear, and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But shew thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, suns which shine as clear
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay,
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.

The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair,
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flow'rs are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue:
Here is the pleasant place,
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

## SONNET XXXVII.

Who hath not seen into her saffron bed
The morning's goddess mildly her repose,
Or her of whose pure blood first sprang the rose
Lull'd in a slumber by a myrtle shade?
Who hath not seen that sleeping white and red
Makes Phœbe look so pale, which she did close
In that Ionian hill, to ease her woes.
Which only lives by her dear kisses fed?
Come but and see my lady sweetly sleep,
The sighing rubies of those heavenly lips,
The Cupids which breasts golden apples keep,
Those eyes which shine in midst of their eclipse:
And he them all shall see, perhaps and prove
She waking but persuades, now forceth love.

## SONNET XXXVIII.

SEE Cytherea's birds, that milk-white pair
On yonder leafy myrtle-tree which groan,
And waken with their kisses in the air
Th' enamour'd zephyrs murmuring one by one;
If thou but sense hadst like Pygmalion's stone,
Or hadst not seen Medusa's snaky hair,
Love's lessons thou might'st learn; and learn, sweet fair,
To summer's heat ere that thy spring be grown.
And if those kissing lovers seem but cold,
Look how that elm this ivy doth embrace,
And binds and clasps with many a wanton fold,
And, courting sleep, o'ershadows all the place;
Nay, seems to say, Dear tree, we shall not part,
In sign whereof, lo, in each leaf a heart!

## SONNET XXXIX.[1]

THE sun is fair when he with crimson crown,
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed;

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[1] There is a poetical climax in this Sonnet, of which Milton would seem to have availed himself in that exquisite address of Eve to Adam. (PARK.)

[Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower;
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth

Fair is Thaumantias in her crystal gown,
When clouds engemm'd shew azure, green, and red;
To western worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from heaven's windows each star shews her head,
Earth's silent daughter, Night, is fair though brown;
Fair is the moon, though in love's livery clad:
The spring is fair when it doth paint April,
Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods are fair;
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair,
And apple's-queen when rose-cheek'd she doth smile.
That heaven, and earth, and seas are fair, is true;
Yet true, that all not please so much as you.

## MADRIGAL XL.

Like the Idalian queen
Her hair about her eyne,
And neck, on breasts ripe apples to be seen,
At first glance of the morn
In Cyprus' gardens gathering those fair flowers
Which of her blood were borne,
I saw, but fainting saw my paramours.
The Graces naked danc'd about the place,

---

After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild, the silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon;
And there the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, &c. &c.

Paradise Lost, Book iv., line 641 to 650.]

The winds and trees amaz'd
With silence on her gaz'd,
The flowers did smile like those upon her face;
And as their aspin stalks those fingers bind,
That she might read my case,
I wish'd to be a hyacinth in her hand.

## SONNET XLI.

THEN is she gone? O fool and coward I!
O good occasion lost, ne'er to be found!
What fatal chains have my dull senses bound,
When best they might, that did not fortune try?
Here is the fainting grass where she did lie,
With roses here she stellified the ground;
She fix'd her eyes on this yet smiling pond,
Nor time, nor place seem'd aught for to deny.
Too long, too long, Respect, I do embrace
Your counsel full of threats and sharp disdain.
Disdain in her sweet heart can have no place,
And though come there, must straight retire again:
Henceforth, Respect, farewel! I've heard it told,
Who lives in love can never be too bold.

## SONNET XLII.

WHAT cruel star into this world me brought?
What gloomy day did dawn to give me light?
What unkind hand to nurse me (orphan) sought,
And would not leave me in eternal night?

What thing so dear as I hath essence bought?
The elements dry, humid, heavy, light,
The smallest living things which Nature wrought
Be freed of woe if they have small delight.
Ah! only I abandon'd to despair,
Nail'd to my torments in pale Horror's shade,
Like wand'ring clouds see all my comforts fled,
And ill on ill with hours my life impair:
The Heavens and Fortune, which were wont to turn,
Stay in one mansion fix'd to cause me mourn.

## SONNET XLIII.

Dear eye, which deign'st on this sad monument
The sable scroll of my mishaps to view,
Though it with mourning Muses' tears be spent,
And darkly drawn, which is not feign'd, but true;
If thou not dazzled with a heavenly hue,
And comely feature, didst not yet lament,
But happy lives unto thyself content,
O let not Love thee to his laws subdue:
Look on the woeful shipwreck of my youth,
And let my ruins thee for beacon serve,
To shun this rock Capharean of untruth,
And serve no God which doth his churchmen starve:
His kingdom's but of plaints, his guerdon tears;
What he gives more, is jealousies and fears.

## MADRIGAL XLIV.

To the delightful green
Of you, fair radiant eine,

Let each black yield beneath the starry arch.
Eyes burnish'd heavens of love,
Sinople lamps of Jove,
Save all those hearts which with your flames you parch
Two burning suns you prove;
All other eyes, compar'd with you, dear lights,
Are hells, or if not hells, yet dumpish nights.
The heavens (if we their glass
The sea believe) are green, not perfect blue;
They all make fair whatever fair yet was,
And they are fair because they look like you.

## SONNET XLV.

Nymphs, sister nymphs which haunt this crystal brook,
And happy in these floating bowers abide,
Where trembling roofs of trees from sun you hide,
Which make Idæan woods in every crook;
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide,
Or pearly letters seek in sandy book,
Or count your loves when Thetis was a bride,
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.
Read in mine eyes my agonizing cares,
And what ye read, recount to her again:
Fair nymphs, say all these streams are but my tears;
And, if she ask you how they sweet remain,
Tell, that the bitt'rest tears which eyes can pour,
When shed for her, can be no longer sour.

## SONNET XLVI.

SHE whose fair flowers no autumn makes decay,
Whose hue cœlestial, earthly hues doth stain,
Into a pleasant odoriferous plain
Did walk alone to brave the pride of May.
And whilst through flow'ry lists she made her way,
That proudly smil'd her sight to entertain,
Lo, unawares where Love did hid remain
She spied, and sought to make of him her prey:
For which of golden locks a fairest hair
To bind the boy she took, but he afraid
At her approach sprang swiftly in the air,
And, mounting far from reach, look'd back and said,
  Why shouldst thou (sweet) me seek in chains to bind,
  Sith in thy eyes I daily am confin'd?

## MADRIGAL XLVII.

SWEET Rose, whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell?
And whence this form and gracing grace in you?
In fair Pæstana's fields perhaps you grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon slew;
Or hath the queen of love you dyed of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red?
  No, none of those, but cause more high you bliss'd,
  My lady's breast you bore, her lips you kiss'd.

## MADRIGAL XLVIII.

On this cold world of ours,
Flow'r of the seasons, season of the flow'rs,
Sun of the sun, sweet Spring,
Such hot and burning days why dost thou bring?
Is it because those high eternal pow'rs
Flash down that fire this world environing?
Or that now Phœbus keeps his sister's sphere?
Or doth some Phaeton
Enflame the sea and air?
Or rather, is't not usher of the year,
Or that last day among the flow'rs alone
Unmask'd thou saw'st my fair?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd she did thee burn,
And to thy brother Summer doth thee turn?

## SONNET XLIX.

Dear wood, and you sweet solitary place,
Where I estranged from the vulgar live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace:
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.

Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stateliest courts.

## SONNET L.

Ah! who can see those fruits of paradise,
Cœlestial cherries which so sweetly swell,
That sweetness' self confin'd there seems to dwell,
And all those sweetest parts about despise?
Ah! who can see, and feel no flame surprise
His harden'd heart? For me, alas, too well
I know their force, and how they do excel:
Now through desire I burn, and now I freeze;
I die (dear life) unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flow'rs,
Or there be silver drops in Iris' show'rs,
Or stars there be in all-embracing heaven:
And if displeas'd ye of the match complain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

## SONNET LI.

Is't not enough (ah me!) me thus to see
Like some heaven-banish'd ghost still wailing go,
A shadow which your rays do only shew;
To vex me more, unless ye bid me die,
What could ye worse allot unto your foe?
But die will I, so ye will not deny
That grace to me which mortal foes ev'n try,
To choose what sort of death shall end my woe.

Once did I find, that whiles you did me kiss,
Ye gave my panting soul so sweet a touch,
That half I swoon'd in midst of all my bliss;
I do but crave my death's wound may be such:
For though by grief I die not and annoy,
Is't not enough to die through too much joy?

## MADRIGAL LII.

UNHAPPY light,
Do not approach to bring the woeful day,
When I must bid for aye
Farewel to her, and live in endless plight.
Fair moon with gentle beams,
The sight who never mars,
Clear long-heaven's sable vault, and you bright stars,
Your golden locks long view in earth's pure streams;
Let Phœbus never rise
To dim your watchful eyes.
Prolong, alas, prolong my short delight;
And if ye can, make an eternal night.

## SONNET LIII.

WITH grief in heart, and tears in swelling eyes,
When I to her had given a sad farewel,
Close sealed with a kiss, and dew which fell
On my else moisten'd face from beauty's skies;
So strange amazement did my mind surprise,
That at each pace I fainting turn'd again,
Like one whom a torpedo stupefies,
Not feeling honour's bit, nor reason's rein:

But when fierce stars to part me did constrain,
With back-cast looks, I both envy'd and bless'd
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Until my eyes that flying object miss'd:
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair,
When eagle's talons bore him through the air.

## SEXTAIN LIV.

SITH gone is my delight and only pleasure,
The last of all my hopes, the cheerful sun
That clear'd my life's dark sphere, nature's sweet treasure,
More dear to me than all beneath the moon;
What resteth now, but that upon this mountain
I weep, till Heaven transform me to a fountain?

Fresh, fair, delicious, crystal, pearly fountain,
On whose smooth face to look she oft took pleasure,
Tell me (so may thy streams long cheer this mountain,
So serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee sun,
So may with wat'ry beams thee kiss the moon!)
Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a treasure?

While she here gaz'd on thee, rich Tagus' treasure
Thou neededst not envy, nor yet the fountain,
In which that hunter saw the naked moon;
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and pleasure,
And I remain, like marigold, of sun
Depriv'd, that dies by shadow of some mountain.

Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on this mountain
Are wont to dance, shewing your beauty's treasure
To goat-feet sylvans, and the wond'ring sun,
When as you gather flow'rs about this fountain,
Bid her farewel who placed here her pleasure,
And sing her praises to the stars and moon.

Among the lesser lights as is the moon,
Blushing through muffling clouds on Latmos' mountain;
Or when she views her silver locks for pleasure
In Thetis' streams, proud of so gay a treasure:
Such was my fair, when she sate by this fountain
With other nymphs, to shun the amorous sun.

As is our earth in absence of the sun,
Or when of sun deprived is the moon;
As is without a verdant shade a fountain,
Or, wanting grass, a mead, a vale, a mountain;
Such is my state, bereft of my dear treasure,
To know whose only worth, was all my pleasure.

Ne'er think of pleasure, heart; eyes, shun the sun;
Tears be your treasure, which the wand'ring moon
Shall see you shed by mountain, vale, and fountain.

## SONNET LV.

WINDOW some time which served for a sphere
To that dear planet of my heart, whose light
Made often blush the glorious queen of night,
While she in thee more beauteous did appear;

What mourning weeds, alas, dost thou now wear?
How loathsome to my eyes is thy sad sight!
How poorly look'st thou, with what heavy cheer,
Since sets that sun which made thee shine so bright?
Unhappy now thee close; for, as of late
To wond'ring eyes thou wert a paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulph thou art, whence clouds of sighs arise:
But unto none so noisome as to me,
Who hourly sees my murder'd joys in thee.

## SONNET LVI.

How many times night's silent queen her face
Hath hid, how oft with stars in silver mask,
In heaven's great hall, she hath begun her task,
And cheer'd the waking eye in lower place;
How oft the sun hath made, by heaven's swift race,
The happy lover to forsake the breast
Of his dear lady, wishing in the west
His golden coach to run had larger space;
I ever count and tell, since I, alas!
Did bid farewel to my heart's dearest guest;
The miles I number, and in mind I chase,
The floods and mountains hold me from my rest.
But wo is me, long count and count may I,
Ere I see her whose absence makes me die.

## SONNET LVII.

Of death some tell, some of the cruel pain
Which that bad craftsman in his work did try,

When (a new monster) flames once did constrain
A human corpse to yield a bellowing cry.
Some tell of those in burning beds who lie,
Because they durst in the Phlegrean plain
The mighty Ruler of the skies defy,
And siege those crystal tow'rs which all contain.
Another counts of Phlegethon's hot floods,
The souls which drink Ixion's endless smart,
And his who feeds a vulture with his heart.
One tells of spectres in enchanted woods:
Of all those pains th' extremest who would prove,
Let him be absent and but burn in love.

## SONNET LVIII.

Hair, precious hair, which Midas' hand did strain,
Part of the wreath of gold that crowns those brows
Which winter's whitest white in whiteness stain,
And lily by Eridan's bank that grows:
Hair (fatal present!) which first caus'd my woes,
When loose ye hang like Danae's golden rain,
Sweet nets which sweetly do all hearts enchain,
Strings, deadly strings, with which Love bends his bows:
How are ye hither come? Tell me, O hair!
Dear armelet, for what thus were ye given?
I know, a badge of bondage I you wear,
Yet, hair, for you O that I were a heaven!
Like Berenice's locks, that ye might shine
(But brighter far) about this arm of mine.

## SONNET LIX.

ARE these the flow'ry banks? is this the mead
Where she was wont to pass the pleasant hours?
Was't here her eyes exhal'd mine eyes' salt show'rs,
And on her lap did lay my wearied head?
Is this the goodly elm did us o'erspread,
Whose tender rind, cut forth in curious flow'rs
By that white hand, contains those flames of ours?
Is this the murmuring spring us musick made?
Deflourish'd mead, where is your heavenly hue?
And bank, that Arras did you late adorn?
How look'st thou, elm all wither'd and forlorn!
Only, sweet Spring, nought alter'd seems in you.
But while here chang'd each other thing appears,
To salt your streams take of mine eyes these tears.

## SONNET LX.

ALEXIS, here she stay'd, among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did all alone repair;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines:
Here sate she by these musked eglantines;
The happy flow'rs seem yet the print to bear;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend an ear.
She here me first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
Here first I got a pledge of promis'd grace:

But ah! what serves 't t' have been made happy so,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe?

## SONNET LXI.

PLACE me where angry Titan burns the Moor,
And thirsty Africk fiery monsters brings,
Or where the new-born phœnix spreads her wings,
And troops of wond'ring birds her flight adore:
Place me by Gange or Inde's enamell'd shore,
Where smiling heavens on earth cause double springs;
Place me where Neptune's choir of syrens sings,
Or where made hoarse through cold he leaves to roar:
Place me where Fortune doth her darlings crown,
A wonder or a spark in Envy's eye;
Or you, outrageous Fates, upon me frown,
Till Pity wailing see disaster'd me;
Affection's print my mind so deep doth prove,
I may forget myself—but not my love.

## MADRIGAL LXII.

THE ivory, coral, gold,
Of breast, of lip, of hair,
So lively Sleep doth shew to inward sight,
That 'wake I think I hold
No shadow, but my fair:
Myself so to deceive
With long-shut eyes I shun the irksome light.
Such pleasure here I have

Delighting in false gleams,
If Death Sleep's brother be,
And souls bereft of sense have so sweet dreams,
How could I wish thus still to dream and die!

## SONNET LXIII.

Fame, who with golden wings abroad doth range
Where Phœbus leaves the night or brings the day;
Fame, in one place who restless dost not stay
Till thou hast flow'd from Atlas unto Gange:
Fame, enemy to Time, that still doth change,
And in his changing course would make decay
What here below he findeth in his way,
Even making virtue to herself look strange:
Daughter of heaven! now all thy trumpets sound,
Raise up thy head unto the highest sky,
With wonder blaze the gifts in her are found;
And when she from this mortal globe shall fly,
In thy wide mouth keep long, keep long her name;
So thou by her, she by thee live shall Fame.

# SONGS, SONNETS, &c.

(THE SECOND PART OF THE FIRST EDITION.)

## SONNET LXIV.

**Of mortal glory O soon darken'd ray!**
**O winged joys of man, more swift than wind!**
**O fond desires, which in our fancies stray!**
**O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind!**
**Lo, in a flash that light is gone away,**
**Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,**
**And with that sun, from whence it came, combin'd,**
**Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.**
**Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears;**
**Let widow'd Musick only roar and groan;**
**Poor Virtue, get thee wings and mount the spheres,**
**For dwelling-place on earth for thee is none:**
**Death hath thy temple raz'd, Love's empire foil'd,**
**The world of honour, worth, and sweetness spoil'd.**

## SONNET LXV.

THOSE eyes, those sparkling sapphires of delight,
Which thousand thousand hearts did set on fire,
Of which that eye of heaven which brings the light
Oft jealous, staye amaz'd them to admire:
That living snow, those crimson roses bright,
Those pearls, those rubies which enflam'd desire,
Those locks of gold, that purple fair of Tyre,
Are wrapt (ah me!) up in eternal night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of, wretched world,
Sith she who caused all thy bliss is gone?
Thy ever-burning lamps, rounds ever whorl'd,
Cannot unto thee model such a one:
Or if they would such beauty bring on earth,
They should be forc'd again to give her birth.

## SONNET LXVI.

O FATE, conjur'd to pour your worst on me!
O rigorous rigour which doth all confound!
With cruel hands ye have cut down the tree,
And fruit with leaves have scatter'd on the ground.
A little space of earth my love doth bound;
That beauty which did raise it to the sky,
Turn'd in disdained dust, now low doth lie,
Deaf to my plaints, and senseless of my wound.
Ah! did I live for this? Ah! did I love?
And was't for this (fierce powers) she did excel,
That ere she well the sweets of life did prove,
She should (too dear a guest) with darkness dwell?

Weak influence of Heaven! what fair is wrought,
Falls in the prime, and passeth like a thought.

## SONNET LXVII.

O WOFUL life! Life? No, but living death,
Frail boat of crystal in a rocky sea,
A gem expos'd to fortune's stormy breath,
Which, kept with pain, with terror doth decay:
The false delights, true woes thou dost bequeath
My all-appalled mind so do affray,
That I those envy who are laid in earth,
And pity those who run thy dreadful way.
When did mine eyes behold one cheerful morn?
When had my tossed soul one night of rest?
When did not angry stars my designs scorn?
O! now I find what is for mortals best:
Even, since our voyage shameful is, and short,
Soon to strike sail, and perish in the port.

## SONNET LXVIII.

DISSOLVE, my eyes, your globes in briny streams,
And with a cloud of sorrow dim your sight,
The sun's bright sun is set, of late whose beams
Gave lustre to your day, day to your night.
My voice, now cleave the earth with anathems,
Roar forth a challenge in the world's despite,
Till that disguised grief is her delight,
That life a slumber is of fearful dreams;

And, woful mind, abhor to think of joy;
My senses all from comforts all you hide,
Accept no object but of black annoy,
Tears, plaints, sighs, mourning weeds, graves gaping wide:
I have nought left to wish; my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.

## SONNET LXIX.

Sweet soul, which in the April of thy years,
For to enrich the heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now, with flaming rays of glory crown'd,
Most blest abides above the sphere of spheres;
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all up-bears,
If ruth and pity there-above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto these tears:
Do not disdain (dear ghost) this sacrifice;
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
My off'rings take, let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I'll raise:
And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles and these flow'rs be seen.

## SONNET LXX.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

## SONNET LXXI.

What doth it serve to see the sun's bright face,
And skies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
Or the moon in a fierce chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seems to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here?

## MADRIGAL LXXII.

This life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air,

By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it every where,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometimes seem of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

## SONNET LXXIII.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
For which be silent as in woods before:
  Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
  Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

## SONNET LXXIV.

Ah! handkerchief, sad present of my dear,
Gift miserable, which doth now remain

The only guerdon of my helpless pain;
When I thee got thou shew'dst my state too clear.
I never since have ceased to complain;
I since the badge of grief did ever wear;
Joy in my face durst never since appear;
Care was the food which did me entertain.
But since that thou art mine, O do not grieve,
That I this tribute pay thee for mine eine,
And that I (this short time I am to live)
Launder thy silken figures in this brine;
No, I must yet ev'n beg of thee the grace,
That in my grave thou deign to shroud my face.

## MADRIGAL LXXV.

Trees happier far than I,
Which have the grace to heave your heads so high,
And overlook those plains;
Grow till your branches kiss that lofty sky
Which her sweet self contains.
There make her know my endless love, and pains,
And how these tears which from mine eyes do fall,
Help'd you to rise so tall:
Tell her, as once I for her sake lov'd breath,
So for her sake I now court ling'ring death.

## SONG LXXVI.

Sad Damon being come
To that for-ever lamentable tomb,
Which those eternal powers that all controul,
Unto his living soul

A melancholy prison had prescrib'd;
Of colour, heat, and motion depriv'd,
In arms weak, fainting, cold,
A marble, he the marble did infold:
And having warm it made with many a show'r
Which dimmed eyes did pour,
When grief had given him leave, and sighs them stay'd,
Thus with a sad alas at last he said:
  Who would have thought to me
The place where thou didst lie could grievous be?
And that (dear body) long thee having sought,
(O me!) who would have thought
Thee once to find it should my soul confound,
And give my heart than death a deeper wound?
Thou didst disdain my tears,
But grieve not that this ruthful stone them bears;
Mine eyes for nothing serve, but thee to weep,
And let that course them keep;
Although thou never wouldst them comfort shew,
Do not repine, they have part of thy woe.
  Ah wretch! too late I find
How virtue's glorious titles prove but wind;
For if that virtue could release from death,
Thou yet enjoy'd hadst breath:
For if she ere appear'd to mortal eine,
It was in thy fair shape that she was seen.
But O! if I was made
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead?
Why do outrageous Fates, which dimm'd thy sight,
Let me see hateful light?

They without me made Death thee surprise,
Tyrants (no doubt) that they might kill me twice.
O grief! And could one day
Have force such excellence to take away?
Could a swift-flying moment, ah! deface
Those matchless gifts, that grace,
Which art and nature had in thee combin'd
To make thy body paragon thy mind?
Hath all pass'd like a cloud,
And doth eternal silence now them shroud?
Is that, so much admir'd, now nought but dust,
Of which a stone hath trust?
O change! O cruel change! Thou to our sight
Shew'st the Fates' rigour equal to their might!
When thou from earth didst pass,
Sweet nymph, perfection's mirror broken was,
And this of late so glorious world of ours,
Like the meadows without flowers,
Or ring of a rich gem which blind appear'd,
Or starless night, or Cynthia nothing clear'd.
Love when he saw thee die
Entomb'd him in the lid of either eye,
And left his torch within thy sacred urn,
There for a lamp to burn:
Worth, honour, pleasure, with thy life expir'd,
Death, since grown sweet, begins to be desir'd.
Whilst thou to us wert given,
The earth her Venus had as well as heaven:
Nay, and her suns, which burnt as many hearts,
As he the eastern parts;

Bright suns which, forc'd to leave these hemispheres,
Benighted set into a sea of tears.
Ah! Death, who shall thee flee,
Since the most mighty are o'erthrown by thee?
Thou spar'st the crow, and nightingale dost kill,
And triumph'st at thy will:
But give thou cannot such another blow,
Because earth cannot such another shew.
O bitter sweets of love!
How better is't at all you not to prove,
Than when we do your pleasures most possess
To find them thus made less!
O! that the cause which doth consume our joy
Would the remembrance of it too destroy!
What doth this life bestow,
But flow'rs on thorns which grow?
Which though they sometimes blandish soft delight,
Yet afterwards us smite:
And if the rising sun them fair doth see,
That planet setting doth behold them die.
This world is made a hell,
Depriv'd of all that in it did excel.
O Pan! O Pan! winter is fall'n in May,
Turn'd is to night our day.
Forsake thy pipe, a sceptre take to thee,
Thy locks disgarland, thou black Jove shalt be.
The flocks do leave the meads,
And, loathing three-leav'd grass, hold up their heads;
The streams not glide now with a gentle roar,
Nor birds sing as before;

Hills stand with clouds like mourners veil'd in black,
And owls upon our roofs foretel our wreck.
That zephyr every year
So soon was heard to sigh in forests here,
It was for her that, wrapt in gowns of green,
Meads were so early seen:
That in the saddest months oft sang the mearls,
It was for her: for her trees dropt forth pearls.
That proud and stately courts
Did envy these our shades and calm resorts,
It was for her: and she is gone, O woe!
Woods cut again do grow,
Bud doth the rose, and daisy, winter done,
But we once dead do no more see the sun.
Whose name shall now make ring
The echoes? of whom shall the nymphets sing?
Whose heavenly voice, whose soul-invading strains,
Shall fill with joy the plains?
What hair, what eyes, can make the morn in east
Weep that a fairer riseth in the west?
Fair sun post still away,
No musick here is left thy course to stay.
Sweet Hybla swarms, with wormwood fill your bow'rs,
Gone is the flower of flow'rs:
Blush no more rose, nor lily pale remain,
Dead is that beauty which yours late did stain.
Ah me! to wail my plight
Why have not I as many eyes as night;
Or as that shepherd which Jove's love did keep,
That I still, still may weep?

But though I had, my tears unto my cross
Were not yet equal, nor grief to my loss.
Yet of you briny show'rs
Which I here pour, may spring as many flow'rs,
As come of those which fell from Helen's eyes:
And when ye do arise,
May every leaf in sable letters bear
The doleful cause for which ye spring up here.

## MADRIGAL LXXVII.

THE beauty and the life
Of life's and beauty's fairest paragon,
O tears! O grief! hung at a feeble thread
To which pale Atropos had set her knife.
The soul with many a groan
Had left each outward part,
And now did take his last leave of the heart;
Nought else did want save death for to be dead:
When the sad company about her bed
Seeing death invade her lips, her cheeks, her eye,
Cried ah! and can death enter Paradise?

## SONNET LXXVIII.

O! It is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou shew'st thy golden face;
O! it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists beginn'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place;

And I dead from this world am past away,
Or if I seem (a shadow) yet to stay,
It is a while but to bewail my case.
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield;
My knowledge represents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.
So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

## MADRIGAL LXXIX.

Dear night, the ease of care,
Untroubled seat of peace,
Time's eldest child, which oft the blind do see,
On this our hemisphere
What makes thee now so sadly dark to be?
Com'st thou in funeral pomp her grave to grace?
Or do those stars which should thy horror clear,
In Jove's high hall advise,
In what part of the skies,
With them, or Cynthia she shall appear?
Or, ah, alas! because those matchless eyes,
Which shone so fair, below thou dost not find,
Striv'st thou to make all others' eyes look blind?

## SONNET LXXX.

Since it hath pleas'd that first and supreme Fair
To take that beauty to himself again,
Which in this world of sense not to remain,
But to amaze was sent, and home repair;

The love which to that beauty I did bear,
Made pure of mortal spots which did it stain,
And endless, which even death cannot impair,
I place on him who will it not disdain.
No shining eyes, no locks of curling gold,
No blushing roses on a virgin face,
No outward show, no, nor no inward grace,
Shall power have my thoughts henceforth to hold :
Love here on earth huge storms of care doth toss,
But plac'd above exempted is from loss.

## SONG LXXXI.

It autumn was, and on our hemisphere
Fair Ericine began bright to appear,
Night westward did her gemmy world decline,
And hide her lights, that greater light might shine :
The crested bird had given alarum twice
To lazy mortals to unlock their eyes ;
The owl had left to plain, and from each throne
The wing'd musicians did salute the Morn,
Who (while she dress'd her locks in Ganges' streams)
Set open wide the crystal port of dreams :
When I, whose eyes no drowsy night could close,
In Sleep's soft arms did quietly repose,
And, for that heavens to die did me deny,
Death's image kissed, and as dead did lie.
I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my cares,
And slaked scarce my sighs, scarce dried my tears,
Sleep scarce the ugly figures of the day
Had with his sable pencil put away,

And left me in a still and calmy mood,
When by my bed methought a virgin stood,
A virgin in the blooming of her prime,
If such rare beauty measur'd be by time.
Her head a garland wore of opals bright,
About her flow'd a gown like purest light;
Pure amber locks gave umbrage to her face,
Where modesty high majesty did grace;
Her eyes such beams sent forth, that but with pain
My weaker sight their sparklings could sustain.
No feigned deity which haunts the woods
Is like to her, nor syren of the floods:
Such is the golden planet of the year,
When blushing in the east he doth appear.
Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did pass,
Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.
How long wilt thou, (said she,) estrang'd from joy,
Paint shadows to thyself of false annoy;
How long thy mind with horrid shapes affright,
And in imaginary evils delight;
Esteem that loss which (well when view'd) is gain,
Or if a loss, yet not a loss to plain?
O leave thy plaintful soul more to molest,
And think that woe when shortest then is best.
If she for whom thou thus dost deaf the sky
Be dead, what then? was she not born to die?
Was she not mortal born? If thou dost grieve
That times should be in which she should not live,
Ere e'er she was weep that day's wheel was roll'd,
Weep that she liv'd not in the age of gold.

For that she was not then thou may'st deplore,
As well as that she now can be no more.
If only she had died, thou sure hadst cause
To blame the Fates, and their too iron laws.
But look how many millions her advance,
What numbers with her enter in this dance,
With those which are to come: shall Heavens them stay,
And th' universe dissolve thee to obey?
As birth, death, which so much thee doth appal,
A piece is of the life of this great All.
Strong cities die, die do high palmy reigns,
And fondling thou thus to be us'd complains!
If she be dead, then she of loathsome days
Hath pass'd the line whose length but loss bewrays,
Then she hath left this filthy stage of care,
Where pleasure seldom, woe doth still repair.
For all the pleasures which it doth contain
Not countervail the smallest minute's pain.
And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
This little vapour, this poor spark of fire,
Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath
But some few years which birth draws out to death?
Which if thou parallel with lustres run,
Or those whose courses are but now begun,
In days' great numbers they shall less appear,
Than with the sea when matched is a tear.
But why should'st thou here longer wish to be?
One year doth serve all Nature's pomp to see.
Nay, even one day, and night: this moon, that sun,
Those lesser fires about this round which run,

Be but the same which under Saturn's reign
Did the serpenting seasons interchain.
How oft doth life grow less by living long!
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For age, which all abhor, yet would embrace,
Doth make the mind as wrinkled as the face.
Then leave laments, and think thou didst not live,
Laws to that first eternal Cause to give;
But to obey those laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven,
Which cannot err, whatever foggy mists
Do blind men in these sublunary lists.
But what if she for whom thou spend'st those groans,
And wastes thy life's dear torch in ruthful moans,
She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyful light,
Courts solitary shades and irksome night,
Doth live? Ah! (if thou canst) through tears, a space,
Lift thy dimm'd lights, and look upon this face;
Look if those eyes which, fool! thou didst adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.
Look if those roses death could aught impair,
Those roses which thou once saidst were so fair;
And if these locks have lost aught of that gold,
Which once they had when thou them didst behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be till thou be like me made.
Alas! while we are wrapt in gowns of earth,
And, blind, here suck the air of woe beneath;
Each thing in sense's balances we weigh,
And but with toil and pain the truth descry.

Above this vast and admirable frame,
This temple visible, which world we name,
Within those walls so many lamps do burn,
So many arches with cross motions turn,
Where th' elemental brothers nurse their strife,
And by intestine wars maintain their life;
There is a world, a world of perfect bliss,
Pure, immaterial, as brighter far from this,
As that high circle which the rest enspheres
Is from this dull, ignoble vale of tears:
A world where all is found, that here is found,
But further discrepant than heaven and ground:
It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,
With creatures peopled, and adorn'd with flow'rs;
It hath a sea, like sapphire girdle cast,
Which decks of the harmonious shores the waste;
It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
Moon, sun, and stars, heavens wonderfully fair:
Flow'rs never there do fade, trees grow not old,
No creature dieth there through heat or cold;
Sea there not tossed is, nor air made black,
Fire doth not greedy feed on others' wrack:
There heavens be not constrain'd about to range,
For this world hath no need of any change:
Minutes mount not to hours, nor hours to days,
Days make no months, but ever-blooming Mays.
Here I remain, and hitherward do tend
All who their span of days in virtue spend:
Whatever pleasant this low place contains,
Is but a glance of what above remains.

Those who (perchance) think there can nothing be
Beyond this wide expansion which they see,
And that nought else mounts stars' circumference,
For that nought else is subject to their sense,
Feel such a case, as one whom some abisme
In the deep ocean kept had all his time:
Who, born and nourish'd there, cannot believe
That elsewhere aught without those waves can live:
Cannot believe that there be temples, tow'rs,
Which go beyond his caves and dampish bow'rs:
Or there be other people, manners, laws,
Than what he finds within the churlish waves:
That sweeter flow'rs do spring than grow on rocks,
Or beasts there are excel the skalie flocks:
That other elements are to be found,
Than is the water and this ball of ground.
But think that man from this abisme being brought,
Did see what curious Nature here hath wrought,
Did view the meads, the tall and shady woods,
And mark'd the hills, and the clear rolling floods;
And all the beasts which Nature forth doth bring,
The feather'd troops that fly and sweetly sing:
Observ'd the palaces, and cities fair,
Men's fashion of life, the fire, the air,
The brightness of the sun that dims his sight,
The moon, and splendors of the painted night:
What sudden rapture would his mind surprise!
How would he his late-dear resort despise!
How would he muse how foolish he had been,
To think all nothing but what there was seen!

Why do we get this high and vast desire,
Unto immortal things still to aspire?
Why doth our mind extend it beyond time,
And to that highest happiness even climb?
For we are more than what to sense we seem,
And more than dust us worldlings do esteem;
We be not made for earth though here we come,
More than the embryo for the mother's womb:
It weeps to be made free, and we complain
To leave this loathsome gaol of care and pain.
But thou who vulgar footsteps dost not trace,
Learn to rouse up thy mind to view this place,
And what earth-creeping mortals most affect,
If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect:
Seek not vain shadows, which when once obtain'd
Are better lost than with such travel gain'd.
Think that on earth what worldlings greatness call,
Is but a glorious title to live thrall:
That sceptres, diadems, and chairs of state,
Not in themselves, but to small minds are great:
That those who loftiest mount do hardest light,
And deepest falls be from the highest height:
That fame an echo is, and all renown
Like to a blasted rose, ere night falls down:
And though it something were, think how this round
Is but a little point which doth it bound.
O leave that love which reacheth but to dust,
And in that love eternal only trust,
And beauty, which when once it is possest
Can only fill the soul, and make it blest.

Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears,
Sighs, plaints, remorse, here have no place, nor tears:
False joys, vain hopes, here be not, hate nor wrath,
What ends all love here most augments it, Death.
If such force had the dim glance of an eye,
Which but some few days afterwards did die,
That it could make thee leave all other things,
And like a taper-fly there burn thy wings;
And if a voice, of late which could but wail,
Such power had, as through ears thy soul to steal;
If once thou on that poorly fair couldst gaze,
What flames of love would this within thee raise?
In what a musing maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that choir celestial sing?
The fairest shapes on which thy love did seize,
Which erst did breed delight, then would displease;
But discords hoarse were earth's enticing sounds,
All music but a noise, which sense confounds.
This great and burning glass which clears all eyes,
And musters with such glory in the skies;
That silver star, which with her purer light
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleasing night;
Those golden letters which so brightly shine
In heaven's great volume gorgeously divine;
All wonders in the sea, the earth, the air,
Be but dark pictures of that sov'reign fair,
And tongues, which still thus cry into your ear
(Could ye amidst world's cataracts them hear):
From fading things, fond men, lift your desire,
And in our beauty, his us made admire:

If we seem fair, O think how fair is He,
Of whose great fairness, shadows, steps we be.
No shadow can compare unto the face,
No step with that dear foot which did it trace;
Your souls immortal are, then place them hence,
And do not drown them in the mist of sense:
Do not, O do not by false pleasure's might
Deprive them of that true and sole delight.
That happiness ye seek is not below,
Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe.
  Here did she pause, and with a mild aspect
Did towards me those lamping twins direct.
The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
To answer make, thrice fault'ring tongue it stay'd.
And while upon that face I fed my sight,
Methought she vanish'd up to Titan's light;
Who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,
Seem'd to have brought the golden world again.

## URANIA, OR SPIRITUAL POEMS.

### LXXXII.

Triumphing chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine unto the world set forth:
States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise,
From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange,
Gigantic frames held wonders rarely strange,
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.

Nothing is constant but in constant change,
What 's done still is undone, and when undone
Into some other fashion doth it range ;
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon :
Wherefore my mind above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

## LXXXIII.

Too long I followed have my fond desire,
And too long painted on the ocean streams,
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are blames.
Ah when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I'll think,
For only thou canst grant what I do crave :
Thy nail my pen shall be ; thy blood mine ink ;
Thy winding-sheet my paper ; study, grave :
And till my soul forth of this body fly,
No hope I'll have, but only only thee.

## LXXXIV.

To spread the azure canopy of heaven,
And spangle it all with sparks of burning gold,
To place this ponderous globe of earth so even,
That it should all, and nought should it uphold ;

With motions strange t' indue the planets seven,
And Jove to make so mild, and Mars so bold;
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their jars that sweet accords are given;—
Lord, to thy wisdom's nought, nought to thy might:
But that thou should'st, thy glory laid aside,
Come basely in mortality to bide,
And die for those deserv'd an endless night;
A wonder is so far above our wit,
That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

## LXXXV.

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days
Of this now doting world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a scorn!
When such are only priz'd by wretched ways
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn!
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live, orphan-like, forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold yet was not known? and those black arts
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining earth's stately stage?
To have been then, O heaven! 't had been my bliss,
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF PERTH.

SONNET LXXXVI.

THE goddess that in Amathus doth reign
With silver trammels, and sapphire-colour'd eyes,
When naked from her mother's crystal plain,
She first appear'd unto the wond'ring skies;
Or when the golden apple to obtain,
Her blushing snow amazed Ida's trees,
Did never look in half so fair a guise,
As she here drawn all other ages stain.
O God, what beauties to inflame the soul,
And hold the hardest hearts in chains of gold!
Fair locks, sweet face, love's stately capitol,
Pure neck, which doth that heavenly frame uphold!
If Virtue would to mortal eyes appear,
To ravish sense, she would your beauty wear.

SONNET LXXXVII.

IF heaven, the stars, and nature did her grace
With all perfections found the moon above,
And what excelleth in this lower place,
Found place in her to breed a world of love:
If angels' gleams shine on her fairest face,
Which makes heaven's joy on earth the gazer prove,
And her bright eyes (the orbs which beauty move)
As Phœbus dazzle in his glorious race;
What pencil paint, what colour to the sight
So sweet a shape can shew? The blushing Morn

The red must lend, the Milky-way the white,
And Night, the stars which her rich crown adorn;
To draw her right then, and make all agree,
The heaven the table, Zeuxis Jove must be.

## MADRIGAL LXXXVIII.

My thoughts hold mortal strife,
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries,
Peace to my soul to bring,
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize:
But he grim grinning king,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deckt with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

# MADRIGALS

AND

# EPIGRAMS.

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### THE STATUE OF MEDUSA.—LXXXIX.

Of that Medusa strange,
Who those that did her see in rocks did change,
No image carv'd is this;
Medusa's self it is:
For while at heat of day
To quench her thirst she by this spring did stay,
Her hideous head beholding in this glass,
Her senses fail'd, and thus transform'd she was.

### THE PORTRAIT OF MARS AND VENUS.—XC.

Fair Paphos' wanton queen
(Not drawn in white and red)
Is truly here, as when in Vulcan's bed
She was of all heaven's laughing senate seen.
Gaze on her hair, and eine,
Her brows, the bows of Love,
Her back with lilies spread:
Ye also might perceive her turn and move,

But that she neither so will do, nor dare,
For fear to wake the angry god of war.

### CHERRIES.—XCI.

My wanton, weep no more
The losing of your cherries;
Those, and far sweeter berries,
Your sister, in good store,
Hath in her lips and face;
Be glad, kiss her with me, and hold your peace.

### ICARUS.—XCII.

Whilst with audacious wings
I cleav'd those airy ways,
And fill'd (a monster new) with dread and fears,
The feather'd people and their eagle kings:
Dazzled with Phœbus' rays,
And charm'd with the musick of the spheres,
When quills could move no more, and force did fail,
Though down I fell from heaven's high azure bounds;
Yet doth renown my losses countervail,
For still the shore my brave attempt resounds.
A sea, an element doth bear my name;
What mortal's tomb's so great in place or fame?

### TO SLEEP.—XCIII.

How comes it, Sleep, that thou
Even kisses me affords
Of her, dear her, so far who's absent now?
How did I hear those words,
Which rocks might move, and move the pines to bow?
Ah me! before half day
Why didst thou steal away?
Return, I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again.

### A PLEASANT DECEIT.—XCIV.

Over a crystal source
Iolas laid his face,
Of purling streams to see the restless course.
But scarce he had o'ershadowed the place,
When in the water he a child espies,
So like himself in stature, face, and eyes,
That glad he rose, and cried,
Dear mates approach, see whom I have descried,
The boy of whom strange stories shepherds tell,
Oft called Hylas, dwelleth in this well.

### THE CANNON.—XCV.

When first the cannon from her gaping throat
Against the heaven her roaring sulphur shot,

Jove, waken'd with the noise, did ask with wonder,
What mortal wight had stol'n from him his thunder:
His crystal tow'rs he fear'd, but fire and air
So high did stay the ball from mounting there.

### THE QUALITY OF A KISS.—XCVI.

THE kiss with so much strife
Which I late got, sweet heart,
Was it a sign of death, or was it life?
Or life it could not be,
For I by it did sigh my soul in thee:
Nor was it death, death doth no joy impart.
Thou silent stand'st, ah! what didst thou bequeath,
A dying life to me, or living death?

## MADRIGAL.

### THE SILK-WORM OF LOVE.—XCVII.

A DÆDALE of my death
Now I resemble that sly worm on earth,
Which prone to its own harm doth take no rest:
For day and night opprest,
I feed on fading leaves
Of hope, which me deceives,
And thousand webs do warp within my breast:
And thus in end unto myself I weave
A fast-shut prison, or a closer grave.

### DEEP IMPRESSION OF LOVE, TO HIS MISTRESS.—XCVIII.

WHOM a mad dog doth bite,
He doth in water still
That mad dog's image see:
Love, mad, perhaps, when he my heart did smite,
More to dissemble his ill,
Transform'd himself to thee:
For thou art present ever since to me.
No spring there is, no flood, nor other place
Where I, alas! not see thy heavenly face.

### A CHAIN OF GOLD.—XCIX.

ARE not those locks of gold
Sufficient chains the wildest hearts to hold?
Is not that ivory hand
A diamantine band,
Most sure to keep the most untamed mind,
But ye must others find?
O yes! why is that golden one then worn?
Thus free in chains, perhaps, love's chains to scorn.

### ON THE DEATH OF A LINNET.—C.

IF cruel Death had ears,
Or could be pleas'd by songs,
This wing'd musician had liv'd many years,
And Nisa mine had never wept these wrongs:

For when it first took breath,
The heavens their notes did unto it bequeath:
And if that Samian's sentences be true,
Amphion in this body liv'd anew.
But Death, who nothing spares, and nothing hears,
As he doth kings, kill'd it, O grief! O tears!

### LILLA'S PRAYER.—CI.

Love, if thou wilt once more
That I to thee return,
Sweet god! make me not burn
For quivering age, that doth spent days deplore.
Nor do thou wound my heart
For some inconstant boy
Who joys to love, yet makes of love a toy.
But, ah! if I must prove thy golden dart,
Of grace, O let me find
A sweet young lover with an aged mind.
Thus Lilla pray'd, and Idas did reply,
(Who heard) Dear, have thy wish, for such am I.

### ARMELIN'S EPITAPH.—CII.

Near to this eglantine
Enclosed lies the milk-white Armeline;
Once Chloris' only joy,
Now only her annoy;
Who envied was of the most happy swains
That keep their flocks in mountains, dales, or plains:

For oft she bore the wanton in her arm,
And oft her bed and bosom did he warm;
Now when unkinder Fates did him destroy,
Blest dog, he had the grace,
That Chloris for him wet with tears her face.

### EPITAPH.—CIII.

THE bawd of justice, he who laws controll'd,
And made them fawn and frown as he got gold,
That Proteus of our state, whose heart and mouth
Were farther distant than is north from south,
That cormorant who made himself so gross
On people's ruin, and the prince's loss,
Is gone to hell; and though he here did evil,
He there perchance may prove an honest devil.

### A TRANSLATION.—CIV.

FIERCE robbers were of old
Exil'd the champaign ground,
From hamlets chas'd, in cities kill'd, or bound,
And only woods, caves, mountains, did them hold:
But now, when all is sold,
Woods, mountains, caves, to good men be refuge,
And do the guiltless lodge,
And clad in purple gowns
The greatest thieves command within the towns.

### CAMPASPE.—CV.

On stars shall I exclaim,
Which thus my fortune change,
Or shall I else revenge
Upon myself this shame,
Inconstant monarch, or shall I thee blame
Who lets Apelles prove
The sweet delights of Alexander's love?
No, stars, myself, and thee, I all forgive,
And joy that thus I live;
Of thee, blind king, my beauty was despis'd,
Thou didst not know it, now being known 'tis priz'd.

### LOVE SUFFERS NO PARASOL.—CVI.

Those eyes, dear eyes, be spheres
Where two bright suns are roll'd,
That fair hand to behold,
Of whitest snow appears:
Then while ye coyly stand
To hide from me those eyes,
Sweet, I would you advise
To choose some other fan than that white hand:
For if ye do, for truth most true this know,
Those suns ere long must needs consume warm snow.

### UNPLEASANT MUSICK.—CVII.

In fields Ribaldo stray'd,
May's tapestry to see,
And hearing on a tree
A cuckow sing, sigh'd to himself, and said,
Lo! how, alas! even birds sit mocking me!

### SLEEPING BEAUTY.—CVIII.

O SIGHT, too dearly bought!
She sleeps, and though those eyes,
Which lighten Cupid's skies,
Be clos'd, yet such a grace
Environeth that place,
That I, through wonder, to grow faint am brought:
Suns, if eclips'd you have such power divine,
What power have I t' endure you when you shine?

### THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.—CIX.

PASSENGER, vex not thy mind,
To make me mine eyes unfold;
For if thou shouldest them behold,
Thine, perhaps, they will make blind.

### LAURA TO PETRARCH.—CX.

I RATHER love a youth, and childish rhyme,
Than thee, whose verse and head are wise through time.

### THE ROSE.—CXI.

Flow'r, which of Adon's blood
Sprang, when of that clear flood,
Which Venus wept, another white was borne,
The sweet Cynarean youth thou lively shews;
But this sharp-pointed thorn,
So proud about thy crimson fold that grows,
What doth it represent?
Boar's teeth, perhaps, his milk-white flank which rent.
O shew, in one of unesteemed worth,
That both the kill'd and killer setteth forth!

### A LOVER'S PRAYER.—CXII.

Near to a crystal spring,
With thirst and heat opprest,
Narcissa fair doth rest,
Trees, pleasant trees, which those green plains forth bring,
Now interlace your trembling tops above,
And make a canopy unto my love;
So in heaven's highest house, when sun appears,
Aurora may you cherish with her tears.

### IOLAS' EPITAPH.—CXIII.

Here dear Iolas lies,
Who whilst he liv'd in beauty did surpass

That boy, whose heavenly eyes
Brought Cypris from above,
Or him to death who look'd in wat'ry glass,
Even judge the god of love.
And if the nymph, once held of him so dear,
Dorine the fair, would here but shed one tear,
Thou should'st, in nature's scorn,
A purple flow'r see of this marble born.

### THE TROJAN HORSE.—CXIV.

A HORSE I am, who bit,
Rein, rod, spur, do not fear;
When I my riders bear,
Within my womb, not on my back they sit.
No streams I drink, nor care for grass or corn;
Art me a monster wrought,
All nature's works to scorn;
A mother I was without mother born,
In end all arm'd my father I forth brought:
What thousand ships and champions of renown
Could not do free, captiv'd I raz'd Troy's town.

### FOR DORUS.—CXV.

WHY, Nais, stand ye nice,
Like to a well-wrought stone,
When Dorus would you kiss?
Deny him not that bliss,

He's but a child (old men be children twice,)
And even a toothless one:
And when his lips yours touch in that delight,
Ye need not fear he will those cherries bite.

### LOVE VAGABONDING.—CXVI.

Sweet nymphs, if as ye stray
Ye find the froth-born goddess of the sea,
All blubber'd, pale, undone,
Who seeks her giddy son,
That little god of love,
Whose golden shafts your chastest bosoms prove;
Who leaving all the heavens hath run away;
If aught to him that finds him she'll impart,
Tell her he nightly lodgeth in my heart.

### TO A RIVER.—CXVII.

Sith she will not that I
Shew to the world my joy,
Thou, who oft mine annoy
Hast heard, dear flood, tell Thetis if thou can
That not a happier man
Doth breathe beneath the sky.
More sweet, more white, more fair,
Lips, hands, and amber hair,
Tell none did ever touch;
A smaller, daintier waist

Tell never was embrac'd ;
But peace, since she forbids thee tell too much.

### LIDA.—CXVIII.

SUCH Lida is, that who her sees,
Through envy, or through love, straight dies.

### PHRÆNE.—CXIX.

AONIAN sisters, help my Phræne's praise to tell,
Phræne, heart of my heart, with whom the Graces dwell ;
For I surcharged am so sore that I not know
What first to praise of her, her breast, or neck of snow,
Her cheeks with roses spread, or her two sun-like eyes,
Her teeth of brightest pearl, her lips where sweetness lies :
But those so praise themselves, being to all eyes set forth,
That, Muses, ye need not to say aught of their worth.

### KISSES DESIRED.—CXX.

THOUGH I with strange desire
To kiss those rosy lips am set on fire,
Yet will I cease to crave
Sweet kisses in such store,
As he who long before
In thousands them from Lesbia did receive :
Sweetheart, but once me kiss,
And I by that sweet bliss

Even swear to cease you to importune more;
Poor one no number is;
Another word of me ye shall not hear
After one kiss, but still one kiss, my dear.

### DESIRED DEATH.—CXXI.

Dear life, while I do touch
These coral ports of bliss,
Which still themselves do kiss,
And sweetly me invite to do as much,
All panting in my lips,
My heart my life doth leave,
No sense my senses have,
And inward powers do find a strange eclipse:
This death so heavenly well
Doth so me please, that I
Would never longer seek in sense to dwell,
If that even thus I only could but die.

### THE CRUELTY OF RORA.—CXXII.

Whilst sighing forth his wrongs,
In sweet, though doleful songs,
Alexis sought to charm his Rora's ears;
The hills were heard to moan,
To sigh each spring appear'd,
Trees, hardest trees, through rine distill'd their tears,
And soft grew every stone:
But tears, nor sighs, nor songs could Rora move,
For she rejoiced at his plaint and love.

### A KISS.—CXXIII.

HARK, happy lovers, hark,
This first and last of joys,
This sweet'ner of annoys,
This nectar of the gods,
You call a kiss, is with itself at odds;
And half so sweet is not
In equal measure got,
At light of sun, as it is in the dark:
Hark, happy lovers, hark.

### PHILLIS.—CXXIV.

IN petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eine,
Phillis, beneath an oak,
Sat milking her fair flock:
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture (rare delight)
Her hand seem'd milk, in milk it was so white.

### BEAUTY'S IDEA.—CXXV.

WHO would perfection's fair idea see,
On pretty Chloris let him look with me;
White is her hair, her teeth white, white her skin,
Black be her eyes, her eye-brows Cupid's inn:
Her locks, her body, hands do long appear,
But teeth short, short her womb, and either ear,

The space 'twixt shoulders; eyes are wide, brow wide,
Her nose is small, small fingers, and her hair:
Her sugar'd mouth, her cheeks, her nails be red,
Little her foot, breast little, and her head.
Such Venus was, such was that flame of Troy,
Such Chloris is, mine hope, and only joy.

### LALUS' DEATH.—CXXVI.

AMIDST the waves profound,
Far, far from all relief,
The honest fisher Lalus, ah! is drown'd,
Shut in this little skiff;
The boards of which did serve him for a bier,
So that when he to the black world came near,
Of him no silver greedy Charon got;
For he in his own boat
Did pass that flood, by which the gods do swear.

## A PASTORAL SONG.

### PHILLIS AND DAMON.—CXXVII.

PHIL. SHEPHERD, dost thou love me well?
DAM. Better than weak words can tell.
PHIL. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. O how strange these words I find!
Yet to satisfy my mind,

Shepherd, without mocking me,
Have I any love from thee?
Like to what, good shepherd, say?

DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.

PHIL. Better answer had it been,
To say thou lov'st me as thine eyne.

DAM. Wo is me! these I love not,
For by them love entrance got,
At that time they did behold
Thy sweet face and locks of gold.

PHIL. Like to what, dear shepherd, say?

DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.

PHIL. Once, dear shepherd, speak more plain,
And I shall not ask again;
Say, to end this gentle strife,
Dost thou love me as thy life?

DAM. No, for it is turn'd a slave
To sad annoys, and what I have
Of life by love's stronger force
Is 'reft, and I'm but a dead corse.

PHIL. Like to what, good shepherd, say?

DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.

PHIL. Learn I pray this, like to thee,
And say, I love as I do me.

DAM. Alas! I do not love myself,
For I'm split on beauty's shelf.

PHIL. Like to what, good shepherd, say?

DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.

CXXVIII.

ALL good hath left this age, all tracks of shame:
Mercy is banished, and Pity dead;
Justice, from whence it came, to heav'n is fled;
Religion, maim'd, is thought an idle name.
Faith to Distrust and Malice hath giv'n place;
Envy, with poison'd teeth, hath Friendship torn;
Renowned Knowledge is a despis'd scorn;
Now evil 'tis, all evil not t' embrace.
There is no life, save under servile bands;
To make Desert a vassal to their crimes,
Ambition with Avarice joins hands:
O ever shameful, O most shameless times!
  Save that sun's light we see, of good here tell,
  This earth we court so much were very hell.

CXXIX.

DOTH then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the justice which on earth we find?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
Are these your influences, Pow'rs above?
Those souls which Vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove;
And they who thee, poor idol Virtue! love,
Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.
Ah! if a Providence doth sway this All,
Why should best minds groan under most distress?

Or why should Pride Humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress?
Heav'ns! hinder, stop this fate; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

### A REPLY.—CXXX.

Who do in good delight,
That sov'reign justice ever doth reward;
And though sometime it smite,
Yet it doth them regard:
For ev'n amidst their grief
They find a strong relief,
And death itself can work them no despite.
Again, in evil who do joy,
And do in it grow old,
In midst of mirth are charg'd with sin's annoy,
Which is in conscience scroll'd;
And when their life's frail thread is cut by time,
They punishment find equal to each crime.

### CXXXI.

Look how in May the rose,
At sulphur's azure fumes,
In a short space her crimson blush doth lose,
And, all amaz'd, a pallid white assumes.
So time our best consumes,
Makes youth and beauty pass,
And what was pride turns horror in our glass.

### THE BOAR'S HEAD.—CXXXII.

AMIDST a pleasant green
Which sun did seldom see,
Where play'd Anchises with the Cyprian Queen,
The head of a wild boar hung on a tree:
And, driven by Zephyrs' breath,
Did fall, and wound the lovely youth beneath;
On whom yet scarce appears
So much of blood as Venus' eyes shed tears.
But, ever as she wept, her anthem was,
Change, cruel change, alas!
My Adon, whilst thou liv'd, was by thee slain;
Now dead, this lover must thou kill again?

### TO AN OWL.—CXXXIII.

ASCALAPHUS, tell me,
So may night's curtain long time cover thee,
So ivy ever may
From irksome light keep thy chamber and bed;
And, in moon's liv'ry clad,
So may'st thou scorn the choristers of day—
When plaining thou dost stay
Near to the sacred window of my dear,
Dost ever thou her hear
To wake, and steal swift hours from drowsy sleep?
And, when she wakes, doth e'er a stolen sigh creep

Into thy listening ear?
If that deaf god doth yet her careless keep,
In louder notes my grief with thine express,
Till by thy shrieks she think on my distress.

### DAPHNIS.—CXXXIV.

Now Daphnis' arms did grow
In slender branches; and her braided hair,
Which like gold waves did flow,
In leafy twigs was stretched in the air;
The grace of either foot
Transform'd was to a root;
A tender bark enwraps her body fair.
He who did cause her ill
Sore wailing stood, and from his blubber'd eyne
Did show'rs of tears upon the rind distil,
Which, water'd thus, did bud and turn more green.
O deep despair! O heart-appalling grief!
When that doth woe increase should bring relief.

### THE BEAR OF LOVE.—CXXXV.

In woods and desart bounds
A beast abroad doth roam;
So loving sweetness and the honey-comb,
It doth despise the arms of bees and wounds:
I, by like pleasure led,
To prove what heav'ns did place

Of sweet on your fair face,
Whilst therewith I am fed,
Rest careless (bear of love) of hellish smart,
And how those eyes afflict and wound my heart.

## FIVE SONNETS FOR GALATEA.

### CXXXVI.

STREPHON, in vain thou bring'st thy rhimes and songs,
Deck'd with grave Pindar's old and wither'd flow'rs;
In vain thou count'st the fair Europa's wrongs,
And her whom Jove deceiv'd in golden show'rs.
Thou hast slept never under myrtle's shed;
Or, if that passion hath thy soul oppress'd,
It is but for some Grecian mistress dead,
Of such old sighs thou dost discharge thy breast;
How can true love with fables hold a place?
Thou who with fables dost set forth thy love,
Thy love a pretty fable needs must prove:
Thou suest for grace, in scorn more to disgrace.
I cannot think thou wert charm'd by my looks,
O no! thou learn'st thy love in lovers' books.

### CXXXVII.

No more with candid words infect mine ears;
Tell me no more how that you pine in anguish;
When sound you sleep, no more say that you languish;
No more in sweet despite say you spend tears.

Who hath such hollow eyes as not to see,
How those that are hair-brain'd boast of Apollo,
And bold give out the Muses do them follow,
Though in Love's library, yet no lovers be.
If we, poor souls! least favour but them shew,
That straight in wanton lines abroad is blaz'd;
Their names doth soar on our fame's overthrow;
Mark'd is our lightness, whilst their wits are prais'd.
In silent thoughts who can no secret cover,
He may, say we, but not well, be a lover.

CXXXVIII.

Ye who with curious numbers, sweetest art,
Frame Dædal nets our beauty to surprise,
Telling strange castles builded in the skies,
And tales of Cupid's bow and Cupid's dart;
Well, howsoe'er ye act your feigned smart,
Molesting quiet ears with tragic cries,
When you accuse our chastity's best part,
Nam'd cruelty, ye seem not half too wise;
Yea, ye yourselves it deem most worthy praise,
Beauty's best guard; that dragon, which doth keep
Hesperian fruit, the spur in you does raise,
That Delian wit that otherways may sleep,
To cruel nymphs your lines do fame afford,
Oft many pitiful, not one poor word.

CXXXIX.

If it be love, to wake out all the night,
And watchful eyes drive out in dewy moans,

And, when the sun brings to the world his light,
To waste the day in tears and bitter groans;
If it be love, to dim weak reason's beam
With clouds of strange desire, and make the mind
In hellish agonies a heav'n to dream,
Still seeking comforts where but griefs we find;
If it be love, to stain with wanton thought
A spotless chastity, and make it try
More furious flames than his whose cunning wrought
That brazen bull, where he intomb'd did fry;
Then sure is love the causer of such woes,
Be ye our lovers, or our mortal foes.

CXL.

And would you then shake off Love's golden chain,
With which it is best freedom to be bound?
And, cruel! do you seek to heal the wound
Of love, which hath such sweet and pleasant pain?
All that is subject unto Nature's reign
In skies above, or on this lower round,
When it its long and far-sought end hath found,
Doth in decadence fall and slack remain.
Behold the Moon, how gay her face doth grow
Till she kiss all the Sun, then doth decay!
See how the seas tumultuously do flow
Till they embrace lov'd banks, then post away;
So is't with love; unless you love me still,
O do not think I'll yield unto your will.

### TO THAUMANTIA, SINGING.—CXLI.

Is it not too, too much
Thou late didst to me prove
A basilisk of love,
And didst my wits bewitch?
Unless, to cause more harm,
Made syren too thou with thy voice me charm?
Ah! though thou so my reason didst controul,
That to thy looks I could not prove a mole,
Yet do me not that wrong,
As not to let me turn asp to thy song.

### UPON A GLASS.—CXLII.

If thou wouldst see threads purer than the gold,
Where love his wealth doth shew,
But take this glass, and thy fair hair behold.
If whiteness thou wouldst see more white than snow,
And read on wonder's book,
Take but this glass, and on thy forehead look.
Wouldst thou in winter see a crimson rose,
Whose thorns do hurt each heart,
Look but in glass how thy sweet lips do close.
Wouldst thou see planets which all good impart,
Or meteors divine,
But take this glass, and gaze upon thine eyne.
No—planets, rose, snow, gold, cannot compare
With you, dear eyes, lips, brows, and amber hair!

### OF A BEE.—CXLIII.

As an audacious knight,
Come with some foe to fight,
His sword doth brandish, makes his armour ring;
So this proud bee, at home perhaps a king,
Did buzzing fly about,
And, tyrant, after thy fair lip did sting.
O champion strange as stout!
Who hast by nature found
Sharp arms, and trumpet shrill, to sound and wound.

### OF THE SAME.—CXLIV.

O DO not kill that bee
That thus hath wounded thee!
Sweet, it was no despite,
But hue did him deceive:
For when thy lips did close,
He deemed them a rose.
What wouldst thou further crave?
He wanting wit, and blinded with delight,
Would fain have kiss'd, but mad with joy did bite.

### OF A KISS.—CXLV.

AH! of that cruel bee
Thy lips have suck'd too much;
For when they mine did touch,
I found that both they hurt and sweeten'd me:

This by the sting they have,
And that they of the honey do receive:
Dear kiss! else by what art
Couldst thou at once both please and wound my heart?

### IDMON TO VENUS.—CXLVI.

If, Acidalia's queen,
Thou quench in me thy torch,
And with the same Thaumantia's heart shalt scorch,
Each year a myrtle tree
Here I do vow to consecrate to thee:
And, when the meads grow green,
I will of sweetest flowers
Weave thousand garlands to adorn thy bow'rs.

### A LOVER'S PLAINT.—CXLVII.

In midst of silent night,
When men, birds, beasts, do rest,
With love and fear possest,
To Heav'n, and Flore, I count my heavy plight.
Again, with roseate wings
When morn peeps forth, and Philomela sings,
Then, void of all relief,
Do I renew my grief:
Day follows night, night day, whilst still I prove
That Heaven is deaf, Flore careless of my love.

### ANTHEA'S GIFT.—CXLVIII.

This virgin lock of hair
To Idmon Anthea gives,

Idmon, for whom she lives,
Though oft she mix his hopes with cold despair:
This now; but, absent if he constant prove,
With gift more dear she vows to meet his love.

### TO THAUMANTIA.—CXLIX.

Come, let us live, and love,
And kiss, Thaumantia mine;
I shall the elm be, be to me the vine;
Come, let us teach new billing to the dove:
Nay, to augment our bliss,
Let souls e'en other kiss.
Let Love a workman be,
Undo, distemper, and his cunning prove,
Of kisses three make one, of one make three:
Though moon, sun, stars, be bodies far more bright,
Let them not vaunt they match us in delight.

### A LOVER'S DAY AND NIGHT.—CL.

Bright meteor of day,
For me in Thetis' bow'rs for ever stay;
Night, to this flow'ry globe
Ne'er shew for me thy star-embroider'd robe.
My night, my day, do not proceed from you,
But hang on Mira's brow:
For when she low'rs, and hides from me her eyes,
Midst clearest day I find black night arise;
When smiling she again those twins doth turn,
In midst of night I find noon's torch to burn.

### THE STATUE OF ADONIS.—CLI.

When Venus, 'longst that plain,
This Parian Adon saw,
She sigh'd, and said, What pow'r breaks Destine's law,
World-mourned boy, and makes thee live again?
Then with stretch'd arms she ran him to enfold.
But when she did behold
The boar whose snowy tusks did threaten death,
Fear closed up her breath.
Who can but grant then that these stones do live,
Sith this bred love, and that a wound did give?

### CHLORUS TO A GROVE.—CLII.

Old oak, and you thick grove,
I ever shall you love,
With these sweet-smelling briers:
For briers, oak, grove, ye crowned my desires,
When underneath your shade
I left my woe, and Flore her maidenhead.

### UPON A BAY TREE NOT LONG SINCE GROWING IN THE RUINS OF VIRGIL'S TOMB.—CLIII.

Those stones which once had trust
Of Maro's sacred dust,
Which now of their first beauty spoil'd are seen,
That they due praise not want,

Inglorious and remain,
A Delian tree (fair Nature's only plant)
Now courts, and shadows with her tresses green:
Sing Io Pæan, ye of Phœbus' train;
Though envy, av'rice, time, your tombs throw down,
With maiden laurels Nature will them crown.

## LOVE NAKED.—CLIV.

And would ye, lovers, know
Why Love doth naked go?
Fond, waggish, changeling lad!
Late whilst Thaumantia's voice
He wond'ring heard, it made him so rejoice,
That he o'erjoy'd ran mad:
And in a frantic fit threw clothes away,
And since from lip and lap hers cannot stray.

## NIOBE.—CLV.

Wretch'd Niobe I am;
Let wretches read my case,
Not such who with a tear ne'er wet their face.
Seven daughters of me came,
And sons as many, which one fatal day,
Orb'd mother! took away.
Thus reft by heavens unjust,
Grief turn'd me stone, stone too me doth entomb;
Which if thou dost mistrust,
[illegible] this hard rock but ope the flinty womb,
[illegible] here thou shalt find marble, and no dust.

### CHANGE OF LOVE.—CLVI.

ONCE did I weep and groan,
Drink tears, draw loathed breath,
And all for love of one
Who did affect my death:
But now, thanks to disdain!
I live reliev'd of pain.
For sighs I singing go,
I burn not as before—no, no, no, no!

### SONNET.—CLVII.

WHEN with brave art the curious painter drew
This heavenly shape, the hand why made he bear,
With golden veins, that flow'r of purple hue,
Which follows on the planet of the year?
Was it to shew how in our hemisphere
Like him she shines? nay, that effects more true
Of pow'r and wonder do in her appear,
While he but flow'rs, and she doth minds subdue?
Or would he else to virtue's glorious light
Her constant course make known? or is't that he
Doth parallel her bliss with Clitra's plight?
Right so; and thus he reading in her eye
Some lover's end, to grace what he did grave,
For cypress tree this mourning flow'r he gave.

### MADRIGAL.—CLVIII.

If light be not beguil'd,
And eyes right play their part,
This flow'r is not of art, but fairest nature's child ;
And though, when Titan 's from our world exil'd,
She doth not look, her leaves, his loss to moan,
To wonder earth finds now more suns than one.

### EPIGRAM.—CLIX.

When lately Pym descended into hell,
Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
What place that was, he called loud to tell ;
To whom a devil—This is the Lower House.

### THE STATUE OF ALCIDES.—CLX.

Flora, upon a time,
Naked Alcides' statue did behold ;
And with delight admir'd each am'rous limb ;
Only one fault, she said, could be of 't told.
For, by right symmetry,
The craftsman had him wrong'd ;

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Fair nymph, * * * *
* * * * * *

CLXI.

GREAT lies they tell, preach our church cannot err ;
Less lies, who say the king's not head of her ;
Great lies, who cry we may shed other's blood,
Less lies, who swear dumb bishops are not good ;
Great lies they vent, say we for God do fight,
Less lies, who guess the king does nothing right ;
Great lies and less lies all our aims descry ;
To pulpits some, to camp the rest apply.

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THE

## CHARACTER

OF AN

## ANTI-COVENANTER, OR MALIGNANT.

CLXII.

WOULD you know these royal knaves,
Of free men would turn us slaves ;
Who our union do defame
With rebellion's wicked name ?
Read these verses, and ye 'll spring 'em,
Then on gibbets straight cause hing 'em.

They complain of sin and folly ;
In these times so passing holy,
They their substance will not give,
Libertines that we may live.
Hold those subjects too, too wanton,
Under an old king dare canton.

Neglect they do our circ'lar tables,
Scorn our acts and laws as fables ;
Of our battles talk but meekly,
With four sermons pleas'd are weekly ;
Swear king Charles is neither papist,
Arminian, Lutheran, or atheist.

But that in his chamber pray'rs,
Which are pour'd 'midst sighs and tears,
To avert God's fearful wrath,
Threat'ning us with blood and death ;
Persuade they would the multitude,
This king too holy is and good.

They avouch we 'll weep and groan
When hundred kings we serve for one ;
That each shire but blood affords,
To serve th' ambition of young lords ;
Whose debts ere now had been redoubled,
If the state had not been troubled.

Slow they are our oath to swear,
Slower for it arms to bear:
They do concord, love, and peace,
Would our enemies embrace,
Turn men proselytes by the word,
Not by musket, pike, and sword.

They swear that for religion's sake
We may not massacre, burn, sack:
That the beginning of these pleas,
Sprang from the ill-sped A, B, C's.
For servants that it is not well
Against their masters to rebel.

That that devotion is but slight,
Doth force men first to swear, then fight.
That our confession is indeed
Not the Apostolic Creed;
Which of negations we contrive,
Which Turk and Jew may both subscrive.

That monies should men's daughters marry,
They on frantic war miscarry.
Whilst dear the soldiers they pay,
At last who will snatch all away.
And, as times turn worse and worse,
Catechise us by the purse.

That debts are paid with bold stern looks ;
That merchants pray on their 'compt books ;
That Justice dumb and sullen frowns,
To see in croslets hang'd her gowns ;
That preachers' ordinary theme
Is 'gainst monarchy to declaim.

That, since leagues we 'gan to swear,
Vice did ne'er so black appear ;
Oppression, bloodshed, ne'er more rife,
Foul jars between the man and wife ;
Religion so contemn'd was never,
Whilst all are raging in a fever.

They tell by devils, and some sad chance,
That that detestable league of France,
Which cost so many thousand lives,
And two kings, by religious knives,
Is amongst us, though few descry ;
Though they speak truth, yet say they lie.

He who says that night is night,
That cripple folk walk not upright,
That the owls into the spring
Do not nightingales out-sing,
That the seas we may not plough,
Ropes make of the rainy bow,
That the foxes keep not sheep,
That men waking do not sleep,

That all's not gold doth gold appear—
Believe him not, although he swear.

To such syrens stop your ear,
Their societies forbear.
Ye may be tossed like a wave,
Verity may you deceive;
Just fools they may make of you;
Then hate them worse than Turk or Jew.

Were it not a dangerous thing,
Should we again obey the king;
Lords lose should sovereignty,
Soldiers haste back to Germany;
Justice should in our towns remain,
Poor men possess their own again;
Brought out of hell that word of Plunder,
More terrible than devil, or thunder,
Should with the covenant fly away,
And charity amongst us stay;
Peace and plenty should us nourish,
True religion 'mongst us flourish?

When you find these lying fellows,
Take and flower with them the gallows.
On others you may too lay hold,
In purse or chest, if they have gold.
Who wise or rich are in this nation,
Malignants are by protestation.

## THE FIVE SENSES.

### 1. SEEING.—CLXIII.

From such a face, whose excellence
May captivate my sovereign's sense,
And make him (Phœbus like) his throne
Resign to some young Phaëton,
Whose skilless and unstayed hand
May prove the ruin of the land,
Unless great Jove, down from the sky,
Beholding earth's calamity,
Strike with his hand that cannot err
The proud usurping charioter;
And cure, though Phœbus grieve, our woe—
From such a face as can work so,
Wheresoever thou 'st a being,
Bless my Sovereign and his Seeing.

### 2. HEARING.—CLXIV.

From jests prophane and flattering tongues,
From bawdy tales and beastly songs,
From after-supper suits, that fear
A parliament or council's ear;
From Spanish treaties, that may wound
The country's peace, the gospel's sound;
From Job's false friends, that would entice
My sovereign from heaven's paradise;

From prophets such as Achab's were,
Whose flatterings soothe my sovereign's ear;
His frowns more than his Maker's fearing,
Bless my Sovereign and his Hearing.

### 3. TASTING.—CLXV.

From all fruit that is forbidden,
Such for which old Eve was chidden;
From bread of labours, sweat, and toil;
From the poor widow's meal and oil;
From blood of innocents oft wrangled
From their estates, and from that 's strangled;
From the candid poison'd baits
Of Jesuits, and their deceits;
Italian sallads, Romish drugs,
The milk of Babel's proud whore's dugs;
From wine, that can destroy the brain;
And from the dangerous figs of Spain;
At all banquets, and all feasting,
Bless my Sovereign and his Tasting.

### 4. FEELING.—CLXVI.

From prick of conscience, such a sting
As slays the soul, heav'n bless the king;
From such a bribe as may withdraw
His thoughts from equity or law;
From such a smooth and beardless chin
As may provoke or tempt to sin;

From such a hand, whose moist palm may
My sovereign lead out of the way;
From things polluted and unclean,
From all things beastly and obscene;
From that may set his soul a reeling,
Bless my Sovereign and his Feeling.

### 5. SMELLING.—CLXVII.

WHERE myrrh and frankincense are thrown,
The altar's built to gods unknown,
O let my sovereign never dwell;
Such damn'd perfumes are fit for hell.
Let no such scent his nostrils stain;
From smells that poison can the brain
Heav'n still preserve him. Next I crave,
Thou wilt be pleas'd, great God! to save
My sovereign from a Ganymede,
Whose whorish breath hath pow'r to lead
His Excellence which way it list—
O let such lips be never kiss'd!
From a breath so far excelling,
Bless my Sovereign and his Smelling.

### EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.—CLXVIII.

NOR amaranths nor roses do bequeath
Unto this hearse, but tamarists and wine;
For that same thirst, though dead, yet doth him pine,
Which made him so carouse while he drew breath.

### ON ONE NAMED MARGARET.—CLXIX.

In shells and gold pearls are not kept alone,
A Margaret here lies beneath a stone;
A Margaret that did excel in worth
All those rich gems the Indies both send forth;
Who, had she liv'd when good was lov'd of men,
Had made the Graces four, the Muses ten;
And forc'd those happy times her days that claim'd,
From her, to be the Age of Pearl still nam'd;
She was the richest jewel of her kind,
Grac'd with more lustre than she left behind,
All goodness, virtue, bounty; and could cheer
The saddest minds: now Nature knowing here
How things but shewn, then hidden, are lov'd best,
This Margaret 'shrin'd in this marble chest.

### ON A YOUNG LADY.—CLXX.

This beauty fair, which death in dust did turn,
And clos'd so soon within a coffin sad,
Did pass like lightning, like the thunder burn,
So little life, so much of worth it had.
Heav'ns, but to shew their might, here made it shine;
And, when admir'd, then in the world's disdain,
O tears! O grief! did call it back again,
Lest earth should vaunt she kept what was divine.
What can we hope for more, what more enjoy,
Sith fairest things thus soonest have their end;

And, as on bodies shadows do attend,
Sith all our bliss is follow'd with annoy?
She is not dead, she lives where she did love,
Her memory on earth, her soul above.

### ARETINUS'S EPITAPH.—CLXXI.

Here Aretine lies, most bitter gall,
Who whilst he liv'd spoke evil of all;
Only of God the arrant Scot
Nought said, but that he knew him not.

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### UPON THE DEATH OF

## JOHN, EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

### CLXXII.

Of those rare worthies who adorn'd our North,
And shone like constellations, thou alone
Remainedst last, great Maitland! charg'd with worth
Second in Virtue's theatre to none.
But finding all eccentric in our times,
Religion into superstition turn'd,
Justice silenc'd, exiled, or in-urn'd;
Truth, Faith, and Charity, reputed crimes;
The young men destinate by sword to fall,
And trophies of their country's spoils to rear;
Strange laws the ag'd and prudent to appal,
And forc'd sad yokes of tyranny to bear;

And for no great nor virtuous minds a room—
Disdaining life, thou shouldst into thy tomb.

### CLXXIII.

When misdevotion every where shall take place,
And lofty orators, in thund'ring terms,
Shall move you, people, to arise in arms,
And churches' hallow'd policy deface;
When you shall but one general sepulchre
(As Averroes did one general soul)
On high, on low, on good, on bad confer,
And your dull predecessors' rites controul—
Ah! spare this monument, great guests! it keeps
Three great Justiciars, whom true worth did raise;
The Muses' darlings, whose loss Phœbus weeps;
Best men's delight, the glory of their days.
More we would say, but fear, and stand in awe
To turn idolaters, and break your law.

### CLXXIV.

Do not repine, bless'd soul, that humble wits
Do make thy worth the matter of their verse:
No high-strain'd muse our times and sorrows fits;
And we do sigh, not sing, to crown thy hearse.
The wisest prince e'er manag'd Britain's state
Did not disdain, in numbers clear and brave,
The virtues of thy sire to celebrate,
And fix a rich memorial on his grave.

Thou didst deserve no less; and here in jet,
Gold, touch, brass, porphyry, or Parian stone,
That by a prince's hand no lines are set
For thee—the cause is, now this land hath none.
Such giant moods our parity forth brings,
We all will nothing be, or all be kings.

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ON THE DEATH OF

## A NOBLEMAN IN SCOTLAND,

BURIED AT AITHEN.

CLXXV.

AITHEN, thy pearly coronet let fall;
Clad in sad robes, upon thy temples set
The weeping cypress, or the sable jet.

Mourn this thy nurseling's loss, a loss which all
Apollo's choir bemoans, which many years
Cannot repair, nor influence of spheres.

Ah! when shalt thou find shepherd like to him,
Who made thy banks more famous by his worth,
Than all those gems thy rocks and streams send forth?

His splendour others glow-worm light did dim:
Sprung of an ancient and a virtuous race,
He virtue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to mildness thy half-barbarous swains;
The good man's refuge, of the bad the fright,
Unparallel'd in friendship, world's delight!

For hospitality along thy plains
Far-fam'd a patron; and a pattern fair
Of piety; the Muses' chief repair;

Most debonnaire, in courtesy supreme;
Lov'd of the mean, and honour'd by the great;
Ne'er dash'd by Fortune, nor cast down by Fate;
To present and to after times a theme.

Aithen, thy tears pour on this silent grave,
And drop them in thy alabaster cave,
And Niobe's imagery here become;
And, when thou hast distilled here a tomb,
Enchase in it thy pearls, and let it bear,
"Aithen's best gem and honour shrin'd lies here."

CLXXVI.

Fame, register of time,
Write in thy scroll that I,
Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesy,
Was cropped in my prime;
And ripe in worth, though green in years, did die.

CLXXVII.

Justice, Truth, Peace, and Hospitality,
Friendship, and Love, being resolv'd to die,

In these lewd times, have chosen here to have
With just, true, pious * * * their grave;
Them cherish'd he so much, so much did grace,
That they on earth would chuse none other place.

CLXXVIII.

When Death, to deck his trophies, stopt thy breath,
Rare ornament and glory of these parts!
All with moist eyes might say, and ruthful hearts,
That things immortal vassal'd were to death.

What good in parts on many shar'd we see,
From Nature, gracious Heaven, or Fortune flow;
To make a master-piece of worth below,
Heaven, Nature, Fortune gave in gross to thee.

In honour, bounty, rich—in valour, wit,
In courtesy; born of an ancient race;
With bays in war, with olives crown'd in peace;
Match'd great with offspring for great actions fit.

No rust of times, nor change, thy virtue wan
With times to change; when truth, faith, love, decay'd,
In this new age, like Fate thou fixed staid,
Of the first world an all-substantial man.

As erst this kingdom given was to thy sire,
The prince his daughter trusted to thy care,
And well the credit of a gem so rare
Thy loyalty and merit did require.

Years cannot wrong thy worth, that now appears
By others set as diamonds among pearls;
A queen's dear foster, father to three earls,
Enough on earth to triumph are o'er years.

Life a sea voyage is, death is the haven,
And freight with honour there thou hast arriv'd;
Which thousands seeking, have on rocks been driven:
That good adorns thy grave which with thee liv'd.

For a frail life, which here thou didst enjoy,
Thou now a lasting hast, freed of annoy.

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TO THE

## OBSEQUIES

OF THE

## BLESSED PRINCE JAMES,

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

CLXXIX.

Let holy David, Solomon the wise,
That king whose breast Egeria did inflame,
Augustus, Helen's son, great in all eyes,
Do homage low to thy mausolean frame;
And bow before thy laurel's anadem;

Let all those sacred swans, which to the skies
By never-dying lays have rais'd their name,
From north to south, where sun doth set and rise.
Religion, orphan'd, waileth o'er thy urn;
Justice weeps out her eyes, now truly blind;
To Niobes the remnant virtues turn;
Fame, but to blaze thy glories, stays behind
I' th' world, which late was golden by thy breath,
Is iron turn'd, and horrid by thy death.

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CLXXX.

FOND wight, who dream'st of greatness, glory, state;
And worlds of pleasures, honours, dost devise;
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great
Nor glorious: by this monument turn wise.

One it enshrineth sprung of ancient stem,
And (if that blood nobility can make)
From which some kings have not disdain'd to take
Their proud descent, a rare and matchless gem.

A beauty here it holds by full assurance,
Than which no blooming rose was more refin'd,
Nor morning's blush more radiant ever shin'd;
Ah! too, too like to morn and rose at last!

It holds her who in wit's ascendant far
Did years and sex transcend; to whom the heaven
More virtue than to all this age had given;
For virtue meteor turn'd, when she a star.

Fair mirth, sweet conversation, modesty,
And what those kings of numbers did conceive
By Muses nine, and Graces more than three,
Lie clos'd within the compass of this grave.

Thus death all earthly glories doth confound,
Lo! how much worth a little dust doth bound.

CLXXXI.

FAR from these banks exiled be all joys,
Contentments, pleasures, music (care's relief!)—
Tears, sighs, plaints, horrors, frightments, sad annoys,
Invest these mountains, fill all hearts with grief.

Here, nightingales and turtles, vent your moans;
Amphrisian shepherd, here come feed thy flock,
And read thy Hyacinth amidst our groans;
Plain, echo thy Narcissus from our rocks.

Lost have our meads their beauty, hills their gems,
Our brooks their crystal, groves their pleasant shade:
The fairest flow'r of all our anadems
Death cropped hath; the Lesbia chaste is dead!

Thus sigh'd the Tyne, then shrunk beneath his urn;
And meads, brooks, rivers, hills, about did mourn.

CLXXXII.

THE flow'r of virgins, in her prime of years,
By ruthless Destinies is ta'en away,
And rap'd from earth, poor earth! before this day
Which ne'er was rightly nam'd a vale of tears.

Beauty to heaven is fled, sweet modesty
No more appears; she whose harmonious sounds
Did ravish sense, and charm mind's deepest wounds,
Embalm'd with many a tear now low doth lie!

Fair hopes now vanish'd are. She would have grac'd
A prince's marriage-bed! but, lo! in heaven
Blest paramours to her were to be given!
She liv'd an angel, now is with them plac'd.

Virtue is but a name abstractly trimm'd,
Interpreting what she was in effect;
A shadow from her frame which did reflect,
A portrait by her excellences limm'd.

Thou whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,
And read'st, here lies a branch of Maitland's stem,
And Seyton's offspring; know that either name
Designs all worth yet reach'd by human thought.

Tombs elsewhere use life to their guests to give,
These ashes can frail monuments make live.

CLXXXIII.

LIKE to the garden's eye, the flow'r of flow'rs,
With purple pomp that dazzle doth the sight;
Or, as among the lesser gems of night,
The usher of the planet of the hours;
Sweet maid, thou shinedst on this world of ours,
Of all perfections having trac'd the height;
Thine outward frame was fair, fair inward pow'rs,
A sapphire lanthorn, and an incense light.
Hence the enamour'd heaven, as too, too good
On earth's all-thorny soil long to abide,
Transplanted to their fields so rare a bud,
Where from thy sun no cloud thee now can hide.
Earth moan'd her loss, and wish'd she had the grace
Not to have known, or known thee longer space.

CLXXXIV.

HARD laws of mortal life!
To which made thralls we come without consent,
Like tapers, lighted to be early spent,
Our griefs are always rife,
When joys but halting march, and swiftly fly,
Like shadows in the eye:
The shadow doth not yield unto the sun,
But joys and life do waste e'en when begun.

CLXXXV.

WITHIN the closure of this narrow grave
Lie all those graces a good wife could have:
But on this marble they shall not be read,
For then the living envy would the dead.

CLXXXVI.

THE daughter of a king of princely parts,
In beauty eminent, in virtues chief;
Loadstar of love, and loadstone of all hearts,
Her friends' and husband's only joy, now grief;
Is here pent up within a marble frame,
Whose parallel no times, no climates claim.

CLXXXVII.

VERSES frail records are to keep a name,
Or raise from dust men to a life of fame;
The sport and spoil of ignorance; but far
More frail the frames of touch and marble are,
Which envy, avarice, time, ere long confound,
Or misdevotion equals with the ground.
Virtue alone doth last, frees man from death;
And, though despis'd and scorned here beneath,
Stands grav'n in angels' diamantine rolls,
And blazed in the courts above the poles.
Thou wast fair virtues' temple; they did dwell,
And live ador'd in thee; nought did excel,
But what thou either didst possess or love,
The Graces' darling, and the maids of Jove;
Courted by Fame for bounties, which the Heaven
Gave thee in great; which, if in parcels given,
Too many such we happy sure might call;
How happy then wast thou, who enjoy'dst them all!

A whiter soul ne'er body did invest,
And now, sequester'd, cannot be but blest;
Enrob'd in glory, 'midst those hierarchies
Of that immortal people of the skies,
Bright saints and angels, there from cares made free,
Nought doth becloud thy sovereign good from thee.
Thou smil'st at earth's confusions and jars,
And how for Centaurs' children we wage wars:
Like honey flies, whose rage whole swarms consumes,
Till dust thrown on them makes them veil their plumes.
Thy friends to thee a monument would raise,
And limn thy virtues; but dull grief thy praise
Breaks in the entrance, and our task proves vain;
What duty writes, that woe blots out again:
Yet Love a pyramid of sighs thee rears,
And doth embalm thee with farewels and tears.

## ROSE.—CLXXXVIII.

THOUGH marble porphyry, and mourning touch,
May praise these spoils, yet can they not too much;
For beauty last, and * * * this stone doth close,
Once earth's delight, Heaven's care, a purest rose.
And, Reader, shouldst thou but let fall a tear
Upon it, other flow'rs shall here appear,
Sad violets and hyacinths, which grow
With marks of grief, a public loss to show.

CLXXXIX.

RELENTING eye, which deignest to this stone
To lend a look, behold here laid in one,
The living and the dead interr'd; for dead
The turtle in its mate is; and she fled
From earth, her * * * choos'd this place of grief
To bound * * thoughts, a small and sad relief.
His is this monument, for hers no art
Could frame; a pyramid rais'd of his heart.

CXC.

INSTEAD of epitaphs and airy praise,
This monument a lady chaste did raise
To her lord's living fame; and after death
Her body doth unto this place bequeath,
To rest with his, till God's shrill trumpet found;
Though time her life, no time her love could bound.

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## TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

### WITH THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

CXCI.

THOUGH I have twice been at the doors of death,
[illegible]d twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
[illegible]ut a lightning is, truce ta'en to breathe,
[illegible]-born sorrows augur fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred caves, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name ;

If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave :

Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk ;—may roses shade the place.

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## SONNET CXCII.

Too long I follow'd have my fond desire,
And too long painted on the ocean streams ;
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are blames.
Ah ! when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I 'll think ;
For only thou canst grant what I do crave ;
Thy nail my pen shall be ; thy blood, mine ink ;
Thy winding-sheet, my paper ; study, grave :

And, till my soul forth of this body flee,
No hope I'll have but only, only thee.

## SONNET CXCIII.

To spread the azure canopy of heaven,
And spangle it all with sparks of burning gold;
To place this pond'rous globe of earth so even,
That it should all, and nought should it uphold;
With motions strange t'endue the planets seven,
And Jove to make so mild, and Mars so bold;
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their jars that sweet accords are given;
Lord, to thy wisdom's nought, nought to thy might:
But that thou shouldst, thy glory laid aside,
Come basely in mortality to 'bide,
And die for those deserv'd an endless night;
A wonder is, so far above our wit,
That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

## SONNET CXCIV.

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days,
Of this now doting world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a scorn!
When such are only priz'd by wretched ways,
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn;
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live, orphan like, forlorn!

Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold was not yet known, and those black arts
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining earth's stately stage?
To have been then, O heaven! 't had been my bliss;
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

## SONNET CXCV.

ASTREA in this time
Now doth not live, but is fled up to heaven;
Or if she live, it is not without crime
That she doth use her power,
And she is no more virgin, but a whore;
Whore, prostitute for gold:
For she doth never hold her balance even;
And when her sword is roll'd,
The bad, injurious, false, she not o'erthrows,
But on the innocent lets fall her blows.

## SONNET CXCVI.

WHAT serves it to be good? Goodness by thee,
The holy-wise, is thought a fool to be;
For thee, the man to temperance inclin'd
Is held but of a base and abject mind;
The continent is thought, for thee, but cold:
Who yet was good, that ever died old?
The pitiful, who others fears to kill,
Is kill'd himself, and goodness doth him ill;

The meek and humble man who cannot brave,
By thee is to some giant's brood made slave.
Poor Goodness, thine thou to such wrongs set'st forth,
That, O! I fear me, thou art nothing worth.
And when I look to earth, and not to heaven,
Ere I were turned dove, I would be raven.

## SONNET CXCVII.

Let Fortune triumph now, and Io sing,
Sith I must fall beneath this load of care;
Let her what most I prize of ev'ry thing
Now wicked trophies in her temple rear.
She who high palmy empires doth not spare,
And tramples in the dust the proudest king;
Let her vaunt how my bliss she did impair,
To what low ebb she now my flow doth bring:
Let her count how (a new Ixion) me
She in her wheel did turn; how high or low
I never stood, but more to tortur'd be.
Weep soul, weep plaintful soul, thy sorrows know;
Weep, of thy tears till a black river swell,
Which may Cocytus be to this thy hell.

## SONNET CXCVIII.

O Night, clear night, O dark and gloomy day!
O woeful waking! O soul-pleasing sleep!
O sweet conceits which in my brains did creep!
Yet sour conceits which went so soon away.

A sleep I had more than poor words can say;
For, clos'd in arms, methought I did thee keep,
A sorry wretch plung'd in misfortunes deep.
Am I not wak'd, when light doth lyes bewray?
O that that night had ever still been black!
O that that day had never yet begun!
And you, mine eyes, would ye no time saw sun!
To have your sun in such a zodiac:
Lo, what is good of life is but a dream,
When sorrow is a never-ebbing stream.

## SONNET CXCIX.

So grievous is my pain, so painful life,
That oft I find me in the arms of death;
But, breath half gone, that tyrant called Death,
Who others kills, restoreth me to life:
For while I think how woe shall end with life,
And that I quiet peace shall 'joy by death,
That thought ev'n doth o'erpow'r the pains of death,
And call me home again to loathed life:
Thus doth mine evil transcend both life and death,
While no death is so bad as is my life,
Nor no life such which doth not end by death,
And Protean changes turn my death and life:
O happy those who in their birth find death,
Sith but to languish heaven affordeth life.

## SONNET CC.

I CURSE the night, yet do from day me hide,
The Pandionian birds I tire with moans;

The echoes even are wearied with my groans,
Since absence did me from my bliss divide.
Each dream, each toy, my reason doth affright;
And when remembrance reads the curious scroll
Of past contentments caused by her sight,
Then bitter anguish doth invade my soul,
While thus I live eclipsed of her light.
O me! what better am I than the mole?
Or those whose zenith is the only pole,
Whose hemisphere is hid with so long night?
Save that in earth he rests, they hope for sun;
I pine, and find mine endless night begun.

## MADRIGAL CCI.

Poor turtle, thou bemoans
The loss of thy dear love,
And I for mine send forth these smoaking groans.
Unhappy widow'd dove!
While all about do sing,
I at the root, thou on the branch above,
Even weary with our moans the gaudy spring;
Yet these our plaints we do not spend in vain,
Sith sighing zephyrs answer us again.

## SONNET CCII.

As, in a dusky and tempestuous night,
A star is wont to spread her locks of gold,
And while her pleasant rays abroad are roll'd,
Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her sight:

Fair soul, in this black age so shin'd thou bright,
And made all eyes with wonder thee behold;
Till ugly death, depriving us of light,
In his grim misty arms thee did enfold.
Who more shall vaunt true beauty here to see?
What hope doth more in any heart remain,
That such perfections shall his reason rein,
If beauty, with thee born, too died with thee?
World, 'plain no more of Love, nor count his harms;
With his pale trophies Death has hung his arms.

## MADRIGAL CCIII.

I FEAR not henceforth death,
Sith after this departure yet I breathe.
Let rocks, and seas, and wind,
Their highest treasons shew;
Let sky and earth combin'd
Strive (if they can) to end my life and woe;
Sith grief cannot, me nothing can o'erthrow;
Or, if that aught can cause my fatal lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

## MADRIGAL CCIV.

TRITONS, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid plain,
When as ye shall arrive
With tilting tides where silver Ora plays,
And to your king his wat'ry tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midst of all the coldest main.

## THE SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT.

ABOVE those boundless bounds, where stars do move,
The ceiling of the crystal round above,
And rainbow-sparkling arch of diamond clear,
Which crowns the azure of each undersphere,
In a rich mansion, radiant with light,
To which the sun is scarce a taper bright,
Which, though a body, yet so pure is fram'd,
That almost spiritual it may be nam'd,
Where bliss aboundeth, and a lasting May,
All pleasures heightening, flourisheth for aye,
The King of Ages dwells. About his throne,
Like to those beams day's golden lamp hath on,
Angelic splendours glance, more swift than aught
Reveal'd to sense, nay, than the winged thought,
His will to practise: here do seraphim
Burn with immortal love; there cherubim,
With other noble people of the light,
As eaglets in the sun, delight their sight;
Heaven's ancient denizens, pure active powers,
Which, freed of death, that cloister high embowers,
Ethereal princes, ever-conquering bands,
Blest subjects, acting what their king commands;
Sweet choristers, by whose melodious strains
Skies dance, and earth untir'd their brawl sustains.
Mixed among whose sacred legions dear,
The spotless souls of humanes do appear,

Divesting bodies which did cares divest,
And there live happy in eternal rest.
  Hither, surcharg'd with grief, fraught with annoy,
(Sad spectacle into that place of joy!)
Her hair disorder'd, dangling o'er her face,
Which had of pallid violets the grace;
The crimson mantle, wont her to adorn,
Cast loose about, and in large pieces torn;
Sighs breathing forth, and from her heavy eyne,
Along her cheeks distilling crystal brine,
Which downward to her ivory breast was driven,
And had bedew'd the milky-way of heaven,
Came Piety: at her left hand near by,
A wailing woman bare her company,
Whose tender babes her snowy neck did clip,
And now hang on her pap, now by her lip:
Flames glanc'd her head above, which once did glow,
But late look pale, a poor and ruthful show!
She, sobbing, shrunk the throne of God before,
And thus began her case to him deplore:
  Forlorn, wretch'd, desolate! to whom should I
My refuge have, below or in the sky,
But unto thee? See, all-beholding King,
That servant, no, that darling thou didst bring
On earth, lost man to save from hell's abime,
And raise unto those regions above time;
Who made thy name so truly be implor'd,
And by the reverend soul so long ador'd,
Her banish'd now see from these lower bounds;
Behold her garments' shreds, her body's wounds:

Look how her sister Charity there stands,
Proscrib'd on earth, all maim'd by wicked hands:
Miscreet there mounts to such an high degree,
That there now none is left that cares for me.
There dwells idolatry, there atheism reigns;
There man in dumb, yet roaring, sins him stains;
So foolish, that he puppets will adore
Of metal, stone, and birds, beasts, trees, before
He once will to Thy holy service bow,
And yield Thee homage. Ah, alas! yet now
To those black spirits which thou dost keep in chains
He vows obedience, and with shameful pains
Infernal horrors courts; case fond and strange!
To bane than bliss desiring more the change.
Thy Charity, of graces once the chief,
Did long time find in hospitals relief;
Which now lie level'd with the lowest ground,
Where sad memorials scarce are of them found.
Then (vagabonding) temples her receiv'd,
Where my poor cells afforded what she crav'd;
But now thy temples raz'd are, human blood
Those places stains, late where thy altars stood:
Times are so horrid, to implore thy name
That it is held now on the earth a blame.
Now doth the warrior, with his dart and sword,
Write laws in blood, and vent them for thy word:
Religion, faith pretending to make known,
All have, all faith, religion quite o'erthrown!
Men awless, lawless live; most woful case!
Men no more men, a God-contemning race.

Scarce had she said, when, from the nether world
(Like to a lightning through the welkin hurl'd,
That scores with flames the way, and every eye
With terror dazzles as it swimmeth by,)
Came Justice; to whom angels did make place,
And Truth her flying footsteps straight did trace.
Her sword was lost, the precious weights she bare
Their beam had torn, scales rudely bruised were:
From off her head was reft her golden crown;
In rags her veil was rent, and star-spangled gown;
Her tear-wet locks hang'd o'er her face, which made
Between her and the Mighty King a shade;
Just wrath had rais'd her colour (like the morn
Portending clouds moist embryos to be born),
Of which, she taking leave, with heart swoll'n great,
Thus strove to 'plain before the throne of state.

Is not the earth thy workmanship, great King?
Didst thou not all this All from nought once bring
To this rich beauty, which doth on it shine;
Bestowing on each creature of thine
Some shadow of thy bounty? Is not man
Thy vassal, plac'd to spend his life's short span
To do thee homage? And then didst not thou
A queen install me there, to whom should bow
Thy earth's in-dwellers, and to this effect
Put in my hand thy sword? O high neglect!
Now wretched earthlings, to thy great disgrace,
Perverted have my pow'r, and do deface
All reverent tracts of justice: now the earth
Is but a frame of shame, a funeral hearth,

Where every virtue hath consumed been,
And nought (no, not their dust) rests to be seen:
Long hath it me abhorr'd, long chased me;
Expell'd at last, here I have fled to Thee,
And forthwith rather would to hell repair,
Than earth, since justice execute is there.
All live on earth by spoil, the host his guest
Betrays; the man of her lies in his breast
Is not assur'd; the son the father's death
Attempts; and kindred kindred reave of breath
By lurking means, of such age few makes sick,
Since hell disgorg'd her baneful arsenic.
Whom murders, foul assassinates defile,
Most who the harmless innocents beguile,
Who most can ravage, rob, ransack, blaspheme,
Is held most virtuous, hath a worthy's name;
So on embolden'd malice they rely,
That, madding, thy great puissance they defy:
Erst man resembled thy portrait, soil'd by smoke
Now like thy creature hardly doth he look.
Old Nature here (she pointed where there stood
An aged lady in a heavy mood)
Doth break her staff, denying human race
To come of her, things born to her disgrace!
The dove the dove, the swan doth love the swan;
Nought so relentless unto man as man.
O! if thou mad'st this world, govern'st it all,
Deserved vengeance on the earth let fall:
The period of her standing perfect is;
Her hour-glass not a minute short doth miss.

The end, O Lord, is come; then let no more
Mischief still triumph, bad the good devour;
But of thy word since constant, true thou art,
Give good their guerdon, wicked due desert.
She said: throughout the shining palace went
A murmur soft, such as afar is sent
By musked zephyrs' sighs along the main;
Or when they curl some flow'ry lee and plain:
One was their thought, one their intention, will;
Nor could they err, Truth there residing still:
All, mov'd with zeal, as one with cries did pray,
Hasten, O Lord! O hasten the last day!
Look how a generous prince, when he doth hear
Some loving city, and to him most dear,
Which wont with gifts and shows him entertain
(And, as a father's, did obey his reign),
A rout of slaves and rascal foes to wrack,
Her buildings overthrow, her riches sack,
Feels vengeful flames within his bosom burn,
And a just rage all respects overturn:
So seeing earth, of angels once the inn,
Mansion of saints, deflower'd all by sin,
And quite confus'd, by wretches here beneath,
The world's great Sovereign moved was to wrath.
Thrice did he rouse himself, thrice from his face
Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly place.
The stars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake;
The earth, and earth-embracing sea, did shake:
Carmel and Hæmus felt it; Athos' tops
Affrighted shrunk; and near the Ethiops,

Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Apennine,
And lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine.
Then to the synod of the sp'rits he swore,
Man's care should end, and time should be no more:
By his own Self he swore of perfect worth,
Straight to perform his word sent angels forth.
  There lies an island, where the radiant sun,
When he doth to the northern tropics run,
Of six long moneths makes one tedious day;
And when through southern signs he holds his way,
Six moneths turneth in one loathsome night
(Night neither here is fair, nor day hot-bright,
But half white, and half more); where, sadly clear,
Still coldly glance the beams of either Bear—
The frosty Groen-land. On the lonely shore
The ocean in mountains hoarse doth roar,
And over-tumbling, tumbling over rocks,
Casts various rainbows, which in froth he chokes:
Gulphs all about are shrunk most strangely steep,
Than Nilus' cataracts more vast and deep.
To the wild land beneath to make a shade,
A mountain lifteth up his crested head:
His locks are icicles, his brows are snow;
Yet from his burning bowels deep below,
Comets, far-flaming pyramids, are driven,
And pitchy meteors, to the cope of heaven.
No summer here the lovely grass forth brings,
Nor trees, no, not the deadly cypress springs.
Cave-loving Echo, daughter of the Air,
By human voice was never waken'd here:

Instead of night's black bird, and plaintful owl,
Infernal furies here do yell and howl.
A mouth yawns in this height so black obscure
With vapours, that no eye it can endure:
Great Ætna's caverns never yet did make
Such sable damps, though they be hideous black;
Stern horrors here eternally do dwell,
And this gulf destine for a gate to hell:
Forth from this place of dread, earth to appal,
Three furies rushed at the angel's call.
One with long tresses doth her visage mask,
Her temples clouding in a horrid cask;
Her right hand swings a brandon in the air,
Which flames and terror hurleth every where;
Pond'rous with darts, her left doth bear a shield,
Where Gorgon's head looks grim in sable field:
Her eyes blaze fire and blood, each hair 'stills blood,
Blood thrills from either pap, and where she stood
Blood's liquid coral sprang her feet beneath;
Where she doth stretch her arm is blood and death.
Her Stygian head no sooner she uprears,
When earth of swords, helms, lances, straight appears
To be deliver'd; and from out her womb,
In flame-wing'd thunders, artillery doth come;
Floods' silver streams do take a blushing dye,
The plains with breathless bodies buried lie;
Rage, wrong, rape, sacrilege, do her attend,
Fear, discord, wrack, and woes which have no end:
Town is by town, and prince by prince withstood;
Earth turns an hideous shamble, a lake of blood.

The next with eyes sunk hollow in her brains,
Lean face, snarl'd hair, with black and empty veins,
Her dry'd-up bones scarce cover'd with her skin,
Bewraying that strange structure built within ;
Thigh-bellyless, most ghastly to the sight,
A wasted skeleton resembleth right.
Where she doth roam in air faint do the birds,
Yawn do earth's ruthless brood and harmless herds,
The wood's wild foragers do howl and roar,
The humid swimmers die along the shore :
In towns, the living do the dead up-eat,
Then die themselves, alas ! and wanting meat ;
Mothers not spare the birth of their own wombs,
But turn those nests of life to fatal tombs.
Last did a saffron-colour'd hag come out,
With uncomb'd hair, brows banded all about
With dusky clouds, in ragged mantle clad,
Her breath with stinking fumes the air bespread ;
In either hand she held a whip, whose wires
Still'd poison, blaz'd with Phlegethontal fires.
Relentless, she each state, sex, age, defiles;
Earth streams with gores, burns with envenom'd boils ;
Where she repairs, towns do in deserts turn,
The living have no pause the dead to mourn ;
The friend, ah ! dares not lock the dying eyes
Of his belov'd ; the wife the husband flies ;
Men basilisks to men prove, and by breath,
Than lead or steel, bring worse and swifter death :
No cypress, obsequies, no tomb they have ;
The sad heaven mostly serves them for a grave.

These over earth tumultuously do run,
South, North, from rising to the setting sun;
They sometime part, yet, than the winds more fleet,
Forthwith together in one place they meet.
Great Quinzay, ye it know, Susania's pride,
And you where stately Tiber's streams do glide;
Memphis, Parthenope, ye too it know,
And where Euripus' seven-fold tide doth flow:
Ye know it, empresses, on Thames, Rhone, Seine;
And ye, fair queens, by Tagus, Danube, Rhine;
Though they do scour the earth, roam far and large,
Not thus content, the angels leave their charge:
We of her wreck these slender signs may name,
By greater they the judgment do proclaim.
This center's center with a mighty blow
One bruiseth, whose crack'd concaves louder low,
And rumble, than if all th' artillery
On earth discharg'd at once were in the sky;
Her surface shakes, her mountains in the main
Turn topsy-turvy, of heights making plain:
Towns them ingulph; and late where towers did stand
Now nought remaineth but a waste of sand:
With turning eddies seas sink under ground,
And in their floating depths are valleys found;
Late where with foamy crests waves tilted waves,
Now fishy bottoms shine, and mossy caves.
The mariner casts an amazed eye
On his wing'd firs, which bedded he finds lie,
Yet can he see no shore; but whilst he thinks,
What hideous crevice that huge current drinks,

The streams rush back again with storming tide,
And now his ships on crystal mountains glide,
Till they be hurl'd far beyond seas and hope,
And settle on some hill or palace top;
Or, by triumphant surges over-driven,
Shew earth their entrails, and their keels the heaven.
Sky's cloudy tables some do paint, with fights
Of armed squadrons, justling steeds and knights,
With shining crosses, judge, and sapphire throne,
Arraigned criminals to howl and groan,
And plaints sent forth are heard: new worlds seen shine
With other suns and moons, false stars decline,
And dive in seas; red comets warm the air,
And blaze, as other worlds were judged there.
Others the heavenly bodies do displace,
Make sun his sister's stranger steps to trace;
Beyond the course of spheres he drives his coach,
And near the cold Arcturus doth approach;
The Scythian amaz'd is at such beams,
The Mauritanian to see icy streams;
The shadow which ere while turn'd to the West,
Now wheels about, then reeleth to the East:
New stars above the eighth heaven sparkle clear,
Mars chops with Saturn, Jove claims Mars's sphere;
Shrunk nearer earth, all blacken'd now and brown,
In mask of weeping clouds appears the moon.
There are no seasons; Autumn, Summer, Spring,
All are stern Winter, and no birth forth bring:
Red turns the sky's blue curtain o'er this globe,
As to propine the Judge with purple robe.

At first, entranc'd, with sad and curious eyes,
Earth's pilgrims stare on those strange prodigies:
The star-gazer this round finds truly move
In parts and whole, yet by no skill can prove
The firmament's stay'd firmness. They which dream
An everlastingness in world's vast frame,
Think well some region where they dwell may wrack,
But that the whole nor time nor force can shake;
Yet, frantic, muse to see heaven's stately lights,
Like drunkards, wayless reel amidst their heights.
Such as do nations govern, and command
Vasts of the sea and emperies of land,
Repine to see their countries overthrown,
And find no foe their fury to make known:
Alas! they say, what boots our toils and pains?
Of care on earth is this the furthest gains?
No riches now can bribe our angry fate;
O no! to blast our pride the heavens do threat:
In dust now must our greatness buried lie,
Yet is it comfort with the world to die.
As more and more the warning signs increase,
Wild dread deprives lost Adam's race of peace;
From out their grand-dame earth they fain would fly,
But whither know not, heavens are far and high:
Each would bewail and mourn his own distress;
But public cries do private tears suppress:
Laments, plaints, shrieks of woe, disturb all ears,
And fear is equal to the pain it fears.
Amidst the mass of cruelty and slights,
This galley full of God-despising wights,

This jail of sin and shame, this filthy stage,
Where all act folly, misery, and rage;
Amidst those throngs of old prepar'd for hell,
Those numbers which no Archimede can tell,
A silly crew did lurk, a harmless rout,
Wand'ring the earth, which God had chosen out
To live with Him (few roses which did blow
Among those weeds earth's garden overgrow,
A dew of gold still'd on earth's sandy mine,
Small diamonds in world's rough rocks which shine),
By purple tyrants which pursu'd and chas'd,
Liv'd recluses, in lonely islands plac'd;
Or did the mountains haunt, and forests wild,
Which they than towns more harmless found and mild;
Where many an hymn they, to their Maker's praise,
Teach'd groves and rocks, which did resound their lays.
Nor sword, nor famine, nor plague-poisoning air,
Nor prodigies appearing every where,
Nor all the sad disorder of this All,
Could this small handful of the world appal;
But as the flow'r, which during winter's cold
Runs to the root, and lurks in sap uproll'd,
So soon as the great planet of the year
Begins the Twins' dear mansion to clear,
Lifts up its fragrant head, and to the field
A spring of beauty and delight doth yield:
So at those signs and apparitions strange,
Their thoughts, looks, gestures, did begin to change;
Joy makes their hands to clap, their hearts to dance,
In voice turns music, in their eyes doth glance.

What can, say they, these changes else portend,
Of this great frame, save the approaching end?
Past are the signs, all is perform'd of old,
Which the Almighty's heralds us foretold.
Heaven now no longer shall of God's great power
A turning temple be, but fixed tower;
Burn shall this mortal mass amidst the air,
Of Divine Justice turn'd a trophy fair;
Near is the last of days, whose light embalms
Past griefs, and all our stormy cares becalms.
O happy day! O cheerful, holy day!
Which night's sad sables shall not take away!
Farewel complaints, and ye yet doubtful thought
Crown now your hopes with comforts long time sought;
Wip'd from our eyes now shall be every tear,
Sighs stopt, since our salvation is so near.
What long we long'd for, God at last hath given,
Earth's chosen bands to join with those of heaven.
Now noble souls a guerdon just shall find,
And rest and glory be in one combin'd;
Now, more than in a mirror, by these eyne,
Even face to face, our Maker shall be seen.
O welcome wonder of the soul and sight!
O welcome object of all true delight!
Thy triumphs and return we did expect,
Of all past toils to reap the dear effect:
Since thou art just, perform thy holy word;
O come still hop'd for, come long wish'd for, Lord.
While thus they pray, the heavens in flames appear,
As if they shew fire's elemental sphere;

The earth seems in the sun, the welkin gone;
Wonder all hushes; straight the air doth groan
With trumpets, which thrice louder sounds do yield
Than deaf'ning thunders in the airy field.
Created nature at the clangor quakes;
Immur'd with flames, earth in a palsy shakes,
And from her womb the dust in several heaps
Takes life, and must'reth into human shapes:
Hell bursts, and the foul prisoners there bound
Come howling to the day, with serpents crown'd.
Millions of angels in the lofty height,
Clad in pure gold, and the electre bright,
Ushering the way still where the Judge should move,
In radiant rainbows vault the skies above;
Which quickly open, like a curtain driven,
And beaming glory shews the KING OF HEAVEN.
What Persian prince, Assyrian most renown'd,
What Scythian with conquering squadrons crown'd,
Ent'ring a breached city, where conspire
Fire to dry blood, and blood to quench out fire;
Where cutted carcases' quick members reel,
And by their ruin blunt the reeking steel,
Resembleth now the ever-living King?
What face of Tory which doth with yelling ring,
And Grecian flames transported in the air;
What dreadful spectacle of Carthage fair;
What picture of rich Corinth's tragic wrack,
Or of Numantia the hideous sack;
Or these together shewn, the image, face,
Can represent of earth, and plaintful case,

Which must lie smoking in the world's vast womb,
And to itself both fuel be and tomb?
  Near to that sweet and odoriferous clime,
Where the all-cheering emperor of time
Makes spring the cassia, nard, and fragrant balms,
And every hill, and Collin crowns with palms;
Where incense sweats, where weeps the precious myrrh,
And cedars overtop the pine and fir;
Near where the aged phœnix, tir'd of breath,
Doth build her nest, and takes new life in death;
A valley into wide and open fields
Far it extendeth * * * * *

*The rest is wanting.*

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*These Poems are for the first time published in an Edition of* DRUMMOND'S POEMS, *by permission of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh. (Taken from the Archæologia Scotica.)*

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## EDINBURGH.[1]

INSTALL'D on Hills, hir Head neare starrye bowres,
Shines EDINBURGH, proud of protecting powers.
Justice defendes her heart; Religion east
With temples; Mars with towres doth guard the west;
Fresh Nymphes and Ceres seruing, waite upon her,
And Thetis, tributarie, doth her honour.
The Sea doth Venice shake, Rome Tiber beates,
Whilst she bot scornes her vassall watteres threats.
For scepters no where standes a Towne more fitt,
Nor place where Toune, World's Queene, may fairer sitt.
Bot this thy praise is, aboue all, most braue,
No man did e'er diffame thee bot a slave.

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[1] This is a translation by Drummond of some Latin lines in praise of our Metropolis, by the celebrated Poet Dr. Arthur Johnstone, beginning *Collibus assurgens geminis.* The MS. copy,

## SONNETS.

### To the Honorable Author, S. J. Skene.[1]

All Lawes but cob-webbes are, but none such right
Had to this title as these Lawes of ours,
Ere that they were from their Cimmerian bowres
By thy ingenious labours brought to light.
Our Statutes sencelesse statues did remaine,
Till thou (a new Prometheus) gaue them breath,
Or like ag'd Æson's bodye courb'd to death,
When thou young bloud infus'd in euerye veine.
Thrice happye Ghosts! which after-worlds must wow,
That first tam'd barbarisme by your swords,

---

however, of the original differs wholly from the edition of the Author's Poems printed at Middleburgh in Zealand, 1642, p. 431.

In the first scroll copy of the translation, as well as of the original, the last two lines do not occur, but are supplied from a fair transcript, in which also lines 3 and 4 have been thus amplified.

Scepters and thrones her foot do guide at East,
Mars thundering castle guards her head at Wast,
Where kyths his glorie Phœbus palace stands.
Pallas oppos'd on work setts many hands.
All-ruling deities, Justice and Religion,
Their temples joine and keepe the middle region.

David Laing.

[1] This Sonnet was addressed to Sir John Skene of Curriehill, Clerk Register, on the publication, probably, of his translation of the "Regiam Majestatem."—D. L.

Then knew to keepe it fast in nets of words;
Hindring what men not suffer would to doe.
To Joue the making of the World is due,
But that it turnes not Chaos, is to you.

## Sonnet.

O Tymes! O Heauen, that still in motion art!
And by your course confounds us mortall wights!
O flying Dayes! O ouerglyding Nights,
Which passe more nimble than wind, or archer's dart!
Now I my selfe accuse, excuse your part,
For Hee who fixed your farr-off shining lights
You motion gaue, and did to mee impart
A mind to marke, and to preuent your slights.
Life's web yee still weaue out, still (Foole!) I stay,
Malgré my just resolues on mortall things.
Ah! as the bird surprised in subtile springs,
That beates with wing but cannot flye away;
So struggle I, and faine would change my case,
But this is not of nature, but of grace.

## Sonnet.

Rise to my soule, bright Sunne of Grace, O rise!
Make mee the vigour of thy beams to proue;
Dissolue the chilling frost which on mee lies,
That makes mee lesse than looke-warm in thy loue.

Grant mee a beamling of thy light aboue
To know my foot-steps, in these tymes, too-wise ;
O guyde my course! and let mee no more moue
On wings of sense, where wandring pleasure flyes.
I haue gone wrong and erred ; but ah, alas!
What can I else doe in this dungeon dark?
My foes strong are, and I a fragill glasse,—
Howres charged with cares consume my life's small sparke;
Yet, of thy goodnesse, if I grace obtaine,
My life shall be no losse, my death great gaine.

## SONNET.[1]

FIRST in the Orient raign'd the Assyrian Kings ;
To those the sacred Persian Prince succeeds ;
Then He by whom the World sore-wounded bleeds,
Earth's crowne to Greece with bloodie blade he brings ;
Then Greece to Rome the raines of State resignes :
Thus from the mightie Monarche of the Meeds,
To the West World successiuelie proceeds
That great and fatall period of all things ;
Whilst wearied now with broyles and long alarmes
Earth's Majestie her diademe layes downe

[1] This Sonnet evidently alludes to the Four "Monarchicke Tragedies," by Sir William Alexander Earl of Stirling, on the subject of Crœsus, Darius, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar ; and probably was intended to have been prefixed to the edition printed at London in 1616, and consequently addressed to King James.—D. L.

Before the feet of the vnconquerd Crowne,
And throws her selfe, Great Monarch! in thy armes.
Here shall shee staye, Fates haue ordained so,
Nor has she where, nor further, for to goe!

## Before a Poeme of Irene.[1]

Mourne not, faire Greece, the ruine of thy Kings,
Thy temples raz'd, thy forts with flames deuour'd,
Thy championes slaine, thy virgines pure deflowred,
Nor all those greifes which sterne Bellona brings!
But Mourne, fair Greece! Mourne that that Sacred Band
Which made thee once so famous by their Songs,
Forc't by outrageous Fate, haue left thy land,
And left thee scarce a voice to plaine thy wrongs!
Mourne that those Climates which to thee appeare
Beyond both Phœbus and his Sisteres wayes,
To saue thy deedes from Death must lend thee layes,
And such as from Musæus thou didst heare!
For now Irene hath attain'd such fame,
That Hero's Ghost doth weepe to heare her name.

---

[1] It would have been very gratifying to have been able to ascertain on what Poem this very beautiful Sonnet was written. For solemn grandeur, it may be compared with the best of Milton's sonnets; and the mention of the 'Sacred Band' may suggest to the Reader his fine words,

——————— And the repeated air
Of sad Electra's Poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.—D. L.

## SONNET.[1]

I FEARE to me such fortune be assign'd
As was to thee, who did so well deserue,
Braue HALKERTONE! even suffred here to sterue,
Amidst base-minded freinds, nor true, nor kind.
Why were the Fates and Furies thus combined
Such worths for such disasters to reserue?
Yet all those euills neuer made thee swerue
From what became a well resolued mind;
For swelling greatnesse neuer made thee smyle,
Despising greatnesse in extreames of want;
O happy thrice whom no distress could dant!
Yet thou exclaimed, O Time! O Age! O Isle!
Where flatterers, fooles, baudes, fidlers, are rewarded,
Whilst Vertue sterues vnpitied, vnregarded.

---

[1] There is little doubt, that the person to whose fate the Poet in anticipation compares his own was Sir Alexander Falconer of Halkertone, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, who was conspicuous for his loyalty to the House of Stuart, "both at the Parliament and in the field," during the times of the Civil War. He was raised to the dignity of the Peerage, by the title of Lord Halkertone, 20th December, 1647. After the death of Charles I., he was one of the Judges who were removed for 'malignancy;' but he survived all his troubles, and after the Restoration, June 1, 1661, was re-appointed to his judicial office, and died in 1671.—D. L.

## MADRIGALS.

### On the Image of Lucrece.[1]

Wise Hand, which wiselie wroght
That dying Dame, who first did banish Kings;
Thy light and shadow brings
In doubt, the wond'ring thought
If it a substance be, or faignet show,
That doth so liuelie smart?
The colours stroue for to have made her liue;
Wer not thy hart sayed No,
That fear'd, perchance, the wound so should her giue;
Yet in the fatall blow
Shee seemes to speake, nay speakes with Tarquin's hart;
But Death her stays, surprising her best part,
If Death her stayed not, killing her best part.

### Neroe's Image.

A cunning Hand it was
Of this harde rocke did frame
That monster of all ages, mankind's shame,
Fierce Nero's, hell's disgrace:
Of wit, sence, pitie void,
Did he not liuing, marble hard surpasse,

[1] Probably suggested by the painting of Tarquin and Lucretia, by Titian.—D. L.

His mother, master, countrie, all destroyed?
Not alt'ring his first case,—
A stone he was when set upon a throne,
And now a stone he is, although dethroned downe.

## Amphion of Marble.

This Amphion Phidias frame,
Though sencelesse it appeare,
Doth liue, and is the same
Did Thebes' towres vpreare;
And if his harpe be tuitche not to your eare,
No wonder, his harmonious sounds alone
Would you amaze, and change him selfe in stone.

## Of a Bee.

Ingenious was that Bee
In lip that wound which made,
And kind to others, though unkind to thee;
For by a just exchange
On that most liuelie red,
It giues to those reuenge
Whom that delicious, plump, and rosie part,
All pittilesse (perhaps) now wounds the hart.

## Of Chloris.

Forth from greene Thetis bowers
The Morne arose; her face

A wreath of rayes did grace,
Her haire rain'd pearles, her hand and lap dropt flowres.
Led by the pleasant sight
Of those so rich and odoriferous showres,
Each shepheard thither came, and nimphes bright:
Entranc'd they stood;—I did to Chloris turne,
And saw in her more grace than in the Morne.

## Chloris Enamoured.

Amintas, now at last
Thou art reuenged of all my rigour past;
The scorning of thee, softnesse of thy hart,
Thy longings, causefull teares,
Doe double griefe each day to mee impart.
I am not what I was,
And in my miseries I thyne doe glasse.
Ah! now in perfect yeares,
E'r reason could my comming harmes descrie,
Made Loue's fond taper flie.
I burne, mee thinkes, in sweet and fragrant flame.
Aske mee noe more: Tongue hide thy Mistres shame.

## Regrat.

In this World's raging sea,
Where many Sillas barke,
Where many Syrens are,
Saue, and not cast away,
Hee only saues his barge
With too much ware who doth it not o'recharge:

Or, when huge stormes arise,
And waues menace the skies,
Giues what he got with no deploring show,
And doth againe in seas his burthen throw.

## A Sigh.

Sigh! stollen from her sweet brest
What doth that marble hart,
Smartes it indeed, and feels not others smart?
Grieues it, yet thinkes that others grieued jeast?
Loue or despight, which forc't thee thence to part,
Sweet harbinger! say from what vncouth guest?
Sure thou from Loue must come,
Who sigh'd to see there drest his marble tombe.

## Stollen Pleasure.

My Sweet did sweetlie sleepe,
And on her rosie face
Stood teares of pearle, which Beauties selfe did weepe;
I, wondring at her grace,
Did all amaz'd remaine,
When Loue said, Foole, can lookes thy wishes crowne?
Time past comes not againe!
Then did I mee bow downe,
And kissing her faire brest, lips, cheekes, and eies,
Prou'd heere on Earth the joyes of Paradise.

## Of a Kisse.

Lips, double port of loue,
Of joy tell all the arte;

Tell all the sweetnesse lies
In earthlie paradise.
Sith happy now yee proue
What blisse a kisse
Of sweetest Nais can bring to the hart.
Tell how your former joyes
Haue beene but sad annoyes.
This, onlye this, doth ease a long felt smart,
This, onlye this, doth life to loue impart.
Endymion, I no more
Enuie thy happye state,
Nor his who had the fate
Rauisht to be and hugged on Ganges' shore:
Enuie nor yet doe I.
Adon, nor Joue's cup-bearer in the skie.
Deare crimson folds, more sweetnesse yee doe beare
Than Hybla Tops, or Gardenes of Madere:
Sweet, sweetning Midases, your force is such
That euerye thing turnes sweet which yee doe touch.

## A Locke of Gold Desired.

I never long for gold;
But since I did thy dangling haire behold,
Ah! then, then was it first
That I prou'd Midas' thrist;
And what both Inde and rich Pactolus hold
Can not my flames allay,
For onlye yee, faire Tresseresse, this may:
Would yee but giue a lock to help my want,
Of that which (prodigall) to winds yee grant.

### Persuasive Dissuading.

Show mee not lockes of gold,
Nor blushing roses of that virgine face,
Nor of thy well made legge and foot the grace;
Let me no more behold
Soule charming smyles, nor lightnings of thyne eye,
For they (Deare life!) but serue to make me dye.
Yes! show them all, and more, vnpine thy brest,
Let me see liuing snow
Where strawberries doe grow;
Show that delicious feild
Which lillies still doth yeeld,
Of Venus' babe the nest:
Smyle, blush, sigh, chide, vse thousand other charmes,
Mee kill, so that I fall betweene thyne armes.

---

Prometheus am I,
The Heauens my Ladye's eye,
From which I stealing Fire,
Find since a Vulture on my hart to tyre.

### Non Ultra—Of Anthea.[1]

When Idmon saw the eyne
Of Anthea his loue,

[1] The names Hylas and Phillis, and other variations, occur in another copy of this Madrigal.

Who yet, said he, such blazing starres hath seene,
Saue in the Heauens above?
Shee thus to heare her praise
Blusht, and more faire became.
For nought, said he, thy cheekes that morne do raise,
For my hart can not burne with greater flame.

## Fragment.[1]

Now Phœbus whept his horse with al his might,
Thinking to take Aurora in her flight;
But shee, who heares the trampling of his steeds,
Gins suiftlie gallop thruch heauen's rosie meeds.
The more he runs, the more he cums her neere;
The lesse her speed, sche finds the more her feare.
At last his coursiers, angry to be torne,
Her tooke; sche with a blush died al the morne.
Thetis, agast to spie her greens made red,
All drousie rose furth of her corral bed,
Thinking the Night's faire Queen suld thole sume harmes,
Sche saw poor Tithon's wyff in Phœbus' armes.

## Fragment.

It Autumne was, and cheereful Chantecleare
Had warn'd the World tuise that the Day drew neare;
The three parts of the Night almost war spent,
When I, poore wretch, with loue and fortune rent,

---

[1] These 'fragments' appear from the handwriting to have been juvenile productions.

Began my eies to close, and suetest Sleep
Charming my sence, al ouer me did creep,
But scars with Lethe drops and rod of gold
Had He me made a piece of breathing mold.

### On a Glasse sent to his best Beloved.

Oft ye me aske, whom my sweet faire can be?
Looke in this christal and ye sal her see;
At least some schade of her it wil impart,
For sche no trew glasse hath excep my hart.
Ah! that my brest war made of christal faire,
That sche might see her livelie portrait there.

### Sextain.

With elegies, sad songs, and murning layes,
Quhill Craig[1] his Kala wald to pitie move,
Poore braine-sicke Man! he spends his dearest dayes;
Such sillie rime can not make women love!
Morice, quho sight of neuer saw a booke,
With a rude stanza this faire Virgine tooke.

### Encomiastike Verses before a Book Entitled ——[2]

At ease I red your Worke, and am right sorrye
It came not forth before *Encomium Morie*,

---

[1] Probably Alexander Craig of Rose Craig, one of the Minor Scotish Poets of the earlier part of the 17th century. Both this Sextain and the preceding lines are juvenile productions.

[2] The word is partially erased in the Manuscript, but seems as if it had been 'Follies.' I cannot conjecture what book is the subject of these humorous satirical lines.

Or in the dayes when good King James the First
Carowsed the Horses Spring to quench his thirst;
I durst haue giuen my thombe and layed a wager
Thy Name had grac't the Chronicles of Jhon Major.
Had thou liu'd in the dayes of Great Augustus,
(Hence, vulgare dotards, hence, unlesse yee trust us,)
Thy Workes (with geese) had kept the Capitole,
And thou for euer beene a happy soule,
Thy Statue had beene raised neare Claudianus,
And thou in court liu'd equall with Sejanus.
Cornelius Tacitus is no such Poet,
Nor Liuie; I'll say more ere that I goe yet:
Let all that heere doe weare celestiall bonnetes,
Lyke thyne, they cannot write four-squared Sonnets,
Which shine like to that Mummye brought from Venice,
Or like the French King's relicks at Saint Denis.
It is a matter of regrate and pittye
Thou art not read into that famous citie
Of Constantine, for then the Turckes and Tartares
Had drunke with us, and like to ours worne gartares;
And the strange Muphetees and hard Mameluckes
Had cut their beardes, and got by hart thy bookes.
If any them detract, though hee were Xenaphon,
Thou shalt haue such reuenge as ere was tane of one
From this our Coast unto the wall of China,
Where maides wear narrow shoes: thou hast been a
Man for enuie, though such forsooth was Horace,
Yet thou no lesse dost write than hee, and soare ass
As farre in this our tongue as any Latines,
Though some do read their verse, that ware fine satines;

Rome's latest wonder, great Torquato Tasso,
Writing, to thee were a pecorious asse, hoe!
Now, to conclude, the Nine Castalian lasses
Their maidenheades thee sell for fannes and glasses.

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## EPITAPHS.

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### To the Memorie of his much loving and beloved Maister, M. J. R.[1]

No Wonder now, if Mistes beclowde our Day,
Sith late our Earth lakes her celestiall Ray;
And Phœbus murnes his Priest, and all his Quire,
In sables wrapt, weep out their sacred fire;
Farewell! of Latin Muses greatest praise,
Whether thou read grave proses, or did raise
Delight and wonder by a numbrous straine:
Farewell! Quintilian once more dead againe;

---

[1] Mr. John Ray was appointed Professor of Humanity in the College of Edinburgh in 1597, and continued for upwards of eight years, and consequently during the time that Drummond attended the University. Ray was removed to the High School in 1606, where he continued as Rector of the Grammar School till February 1630, and died probably about the year 1636.—D. L.

Of these Epitaphs, the verses upon Dalyell and Lindsay have been printed among Drummond's Poems, but the Inscriptions and names are not given.

With ancient Plautus, Martiall combined,
Maro, and Tullie, here in one enshrined.
Bright RAY of learning, which so cleare didst streame;
Farewell! Soule which so many soules did frame!
Many Olympiades about shall come,
Ere Earth like thee another can entombe!

## D. O. M. S.

WHAT was mortall of THOMAS DALYELL of Binnes lyeth here. Hee was descended of the auncient race of the Ls. of Dalyell, now deseruedly aduanced to be Earles of Carnewath. His integritie and worth made him an unremoued Justice of Peace; and .... yeeres Sherife in the Countie of Linlythgow. Hee lefte, successoures of his vertues and fortunes, a Sonne renowned by the warres, and a Daughter marryed to William Drummond of Reckertown. After 69 yeeres pilgrimage heere on Earth, hee was remoued to the repose of Heauen, the 10 of Februarye 1642.

JUSTICE, Truth, Peace, and Hospitalitie,
Freindship, and Love, being resolued to dye,
In these lewid tymes, haue chosen heere to haue
With just, true, pious, kynd DALYELL their graue;
Hee them cherish'd so long, so much did grace,
That they than this would choose no dearer place.

T. FILIUS MANIBUS CHARISSIMI PATRIS PARENTAUIT.

## EPITAPH.

If Monumentes were lasting, wee would raise
A fairer frame to thy desertes and praise!
But auarice, or misdeuotiones rage,
These tumbling down, or brought to nought by age,
Twice making man to dye : This Marble beares
An embleme of affection and our teares.

---

To the Memorie of the vertuous Gentlewoman Rachell Lindsay, Daughter of Sir Hierosme Lyndsay, Principall King of Armes, and Wyfe to Lieutenant Colonell Barnard Lindsay, who dyed the . . day of May, the yeare 1645, after shee had liued . . . . . yeeres.

The Daughter of a King, of princely partes,
In Beautie eminent, in vertues cheife,
Load-starre of loue, and load-stone of all hartes,
Her freindes and husbandes onlie joy, now griefe,
Enclosed lies within this narrow graue,
Whose paragone no tymes no climates haue.

Maritus Mœrens Posuit.

---

## To the Memorie of ———

As nought for splendour can with Sunne compare
For beautie, sweetnesse, modestie ingyne;
So Shee alone unparagon'd did shyne,
And Angelles did with her in graces share.

Though few heere were her dayes, a span her life,
Yet hath Shee long tyme liued, performing all
Those actiones which the oldest doe befall,
Pure, fruitfull, modest, Virgine, Mother, Wyfe.

For this, perhaps, the Fates her dayes did close,
Her deeming old; perfection doth not last,
When coarser thinges scarce course of tyme can waste;
Yeeres liues the worthlesse bramble, few dayes the rose.

Vnhappye Autumne, spoyler of the flowres,
Discheueler of meades and fragrant plaines;
Now shall those monethes which thy date containes,
No more from Hauens be namd, but eyes salt showres.

---

## To the Memorie of the worthie Ladye, the Ladye of Craigmillare.

This Marble needes no teares, let them be powr'd
For such whom Earth's dull bowelles haue emboured
In child-head or in youth, and lefte to liue
By some sad chance fierce Planets did contriue.
Eight lustres twice full reckened, did make thee
All this life's happenesse to know: and wee

Who saw thee in thy winter (as men flowres
Shrunke in their stemmes, or Ilium's faire towres
Hidde in their rubbidge), could not but admire,
The casket spoyled, the Jewel so intiere.
For, neither judgement, memorye, nor sence
In thee was blasted, till all fled from hence
To thy great Maker: Earth unto earth must,
Man in his best estate is but best dust;
Now euen though buryed, yet thou canst not dye,
But happye liuest in thy faire Progenie
To out-date Tyme, and neuer passe away,
Till Angelles raise thee from thy bed of claye,
And blist againe with these heere lou'd, thou meet,
Rest in Fame's temple and this winding sheet:
Content thou liu'd heere, happye though not great,
And dyëd with the Kingdome and the State.[1]

---

D. O. M. S.

WHAT was mortall of W. Ramsay lieth heere. Hee was the sonne of John Ramsay L. of Edington, Brother to the Right Honorable William, the first Earl of Dalhousye, a linage of all vertues in peace, and valour in warre, renowned by all tymes, and second to none: a youth ingenuous, of faire hopes, a

[1] This expressive line is repeated in another Epitaph which follows.

mild, sweet disposition, pleasant aspect, countenance. His Kinreds delight and joy, now their greatest displeasure and sorrow: hauing left this transitorye Stage of cares, when hee but scarce appeared vpon it, in his tender nonage.

So falles by Northern blast a Virgine rose,
At halfe that doth her bashfull bosome close;
So a sweet flowrish languishing decayes,
That late did blush when kist by Phœbus rayes.[1]

Though untymelie cropp'd, leaue to bemoan his fate, Hee dyed with our Monarchie and State.

His mother, from / out of that care and loue she caryed to him, to continue heere his memorie (some space) raised this Monument, Anno 1649, mense . . .

Immortale Decus Superis.

---

IN THE SAME SORT OF RIME.

O HAIRE, sweet haire, part of the tresse of gold
Of which Loue makes his nets, wher wretchet I
Like simple bird was taine, and while I die
Hopelesse I hope your faire knots sal me hold;
Yow to embrasse, kisse, and adore I'm bold,
Because ye schadow did that sacred face,
Staine to al mortals, which from starrie place
Hath jalous made these who in spheares ar rold:
To yow I'l tel my thochts and inward paines,

---

[1] Vide Tears on the Death of Mœliades, &c.

Since sche by cruel Heauens now absent is,
And cursed Fortune me from her detaines.
Alas! beare witnesse how my Reason is
  Made blind be Loue, while as his nets and chaines
  I beare about when I should seeke my blisse.

### In frier sort of Rime.

O haire, faire haire, some of the goldin threeds
Of which Loue weues the nets that passion breeds
Wher me like sillie bird he doth retaine,
And onlie Death can make me free againe;
Ah, I yow loue, embrasse, kisse, and adore,
For that ye schadow did that face before;
That face so ful of beautie, grace, and loue,
That it hath jalous made Heauen's quier aboue:
To yow I'l tel my secret thochts and grief,
Since sche, deare sche, can graunt me no reliefe.
While me from her, foul traitour, Absence binds,
Witnesse, sueet haire, with me, how Loue me blinds;
  For when I should seeke what his force restraines,
  I foolish beare about his nets and chaines.

### Paraphrasticalie Translated.

Haire, sweet haire, tuitchet by Midas' hand
In curling knots, of which Loue makes his nets,
Who when ye loosest hang me fastest band
To her, world's lilie among violets;
Deare fatall present, kissing I adore yow,
Because of late ye shade gaue to these roses,
That this earth's beautie in ther red encloses;

I saw while ye them hid thay did decore yow:
I'l plaine my woes to yow, I'l tel my thocht,
Alas! since I am absent from my juel,
By wayward Fortune and the heauens more cruel.
Witnesse be ye what Loue in me hath wrocht,
In steed to seeke th' end of my mortall paines,
I take delyt to wear his goldin chaines.

### In that same sort of Rime.

As the Yong Faune, when Winter's gone away,
Unto a sueter saison granting place,
More wanton growne by smyles of heauen's faire face,
Leauith the silent woods at breake of day,
And now on hils, and now by brookes doth pray
On tender flowres, secure and solitar,
Far from all cabans, and wher shephards are;
Wher his desir him guides his foote doth stray,
He fearith not the dart nor other armes,
Til he be schoot in to the noblest part
By cunning archer, who in dark bush lyes:
So innocent, not fearing comming harmes,
Wandering was I that day when your faire eies,
World-killing schafts, gaue death-wounds to my hart.

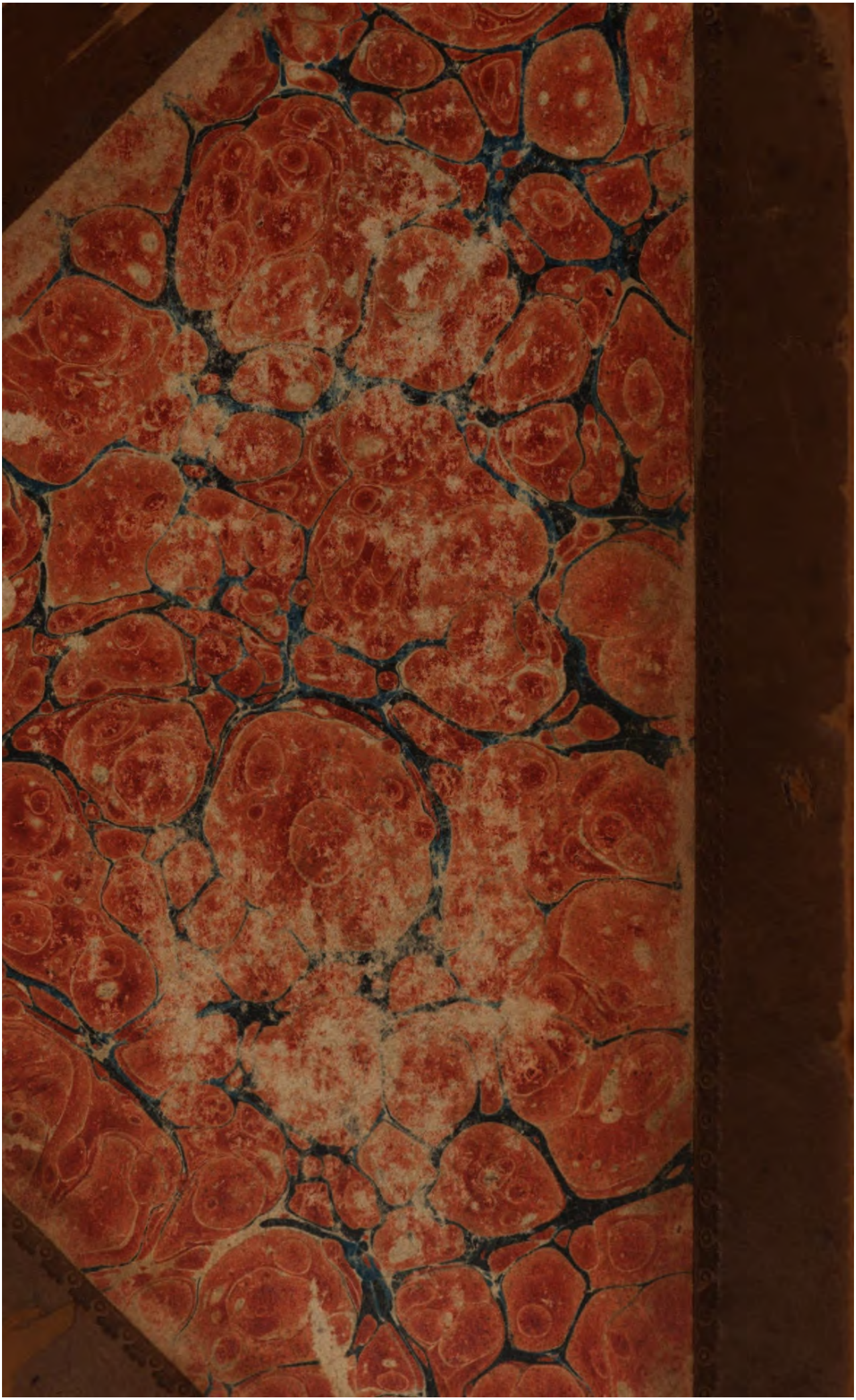
### In Rime more frie.

As the Yong Stag, when Winter hids his face,
Giuing vnto a better season place,
At breake of day comes furth, wanton and faire,
Leauing the quiet woods, his suet repaire,
Now on the hils, now by the riuer's sides,
He leaps, he runs, and wher his foote him guides,

Both sure and solitaire, prayes on suet flowrs,
Far fra al shephards and their helmish bours;
He doth not feare the net nor murdering dart,
Til that, poor beast, a schaft be in his hart,
Of one quho pitilesse in embush laye:
So innocent wandring that fatall daye
Was I, alas! when with a heauenlie eie,
Ye gaue the blowe wherof I needs must die.

### PARAPHRASTICALLIE TRANSLATED.

As the Yong Hart, when Sunne with goldin beames
Progressith in the first post of the skie,
Turning old Winter's snowie haire in streames,
Leauith the woods wher he was wont to lie,
Wher his desir him leads the hills among,
He runes, he feades, the cruking brookes along;
Emprison'd onlie with heauen's canopie,
Wanton he cares not ocht that dolour brings,
Hungry he spares not flowres with names of kings;
He thinkes al far, who can him fol espie,
Til bloudie bullet part his chefest part:
In my yong spring, alas! so wandred I,
When cruel sche sent out from jettie eie
The deadlie schaft of which I bleding smart.

THE END.

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