

THE
POEMS
OF
WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE
LIFE OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS elegant and ingenious poet, a descendant of the ancient family of the Drummonds of Carnock, and the son of sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, was born, probably at Hawthornden, his father's seat in Scotland, on the thirteenth of December, 1585. He received his school education at Edinburgh, and afterwards studied at the university of that city, where he took the degree of master of arts. At the age of twenty-one he went to France, in compliance with his father's views, and attended lectures on the civil law, a subject on which he left sufficient documents to prove that his judgment and proficiency were uncommon. The president Lockhart, to whom these manuscripts were communicated, declared, that if Mr. Drummond had followed the practice of the law, "he might have made the best figure of any lawyer in his time."

After a residence abroad of nearly four years, he returned to Scotland in 1610, in which year his father died. Instead, however, of prosecuting the study of the law as was expected, he thought himself sufficiently rich in the possession of his paternal estate, and devoted his time to the perusal of the ancient classics, and the cultivation of his poetical genius. Whether he had composed or communicated any pieces to his friends before this period, is uncertain. It was after a recovery from a dangerous illness that he wrote a prose rhapsody, entitled *Cypress Grove*, and about the same time his *Flowers of Zion*, or *Spiritual Poems*, which with the *Cypress Grove* were printed at Edinburgh in 1623, 4to. A part of his *Sonnets*, it is said, were published as early as 1616.

During his residence at Hawthornden, he courted a young lady of the name of *Cunningham*, with whom he was about to have been united when she was snatched from him by a violent fever. To dissipate his grief, which every object and every thought in this retirement contributed to revive, he travelled on the continent for about eight years, visiting Germany, France and Italy, which at that time comprised all that was interesting in polished society and study to a man of curiosity and taste. During this time he invigorated his memory and imagination, by studying the various models of original poetry, and collected a valuable set of Greek and Latin authors, with some of which he enriched the college library of Edinburgh, and others were repositied at Hawthornden. The books and manuscripts which he gave to Edinburgh were arranged in a catalogue printed in 1627.

and introduced by a Latin preface from his pen, on the advantage and honour of libraries, which at that time were considered rather as accidental collections than necessary institutions.

On his return to Scotland he found the nation distracted by political and religious disputes which combined with the same causes in England to bring on a civil war. But why these should oblige him, immediately on his return, to quit his paternal seat, we know not. The author of his life, prefixed to the folio edition of his works in 1711, merely informs us, that having found his native country in a state of anarchy and confusion, he retired to the seat of his brother-in-law, sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, a man of letters, and probably of congenial sentiments on public affairs. During his stay with this gentleman he wrote his History of the Five James's, Kings of Scotland, a work so inconsistent with liberal notions of civil policy as to have added very little to his reputation, although when first published, a few years after his death, and when political opinions ran in extremes, it was probably not without its admirers.

It is uncertain at what time he was enabled to enjoy his retirement at Hawthornden, but it appears that he was there in his forty-fifth year when he married Elizabeth Logan, (grand-daughter of sir Robert Logan, of the house of Restelrig,) in whom he fancied a resemblance to his first mistress. About two years before this event, he repaired his house, and placed the following inscription on it, *Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden, Ioannis Equiti aurati filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit.* 1638.

During the civil war his attachment to the king and church induced him to write many pieces in support of the establishment, which involved him with the revolutionary party, who not only called him to a severe account, but compelled him to furnish his quota of men and arms to fight against the cause which he espoused. It is said that "his estate lying in three different counties, he had not occasion to send one whole man, but halves and quarters and such-like fractions; upon which he wrote *extempore* the following verses to his majesty;

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

Or,

In legs and arms, send thou them back to me.

His grief for the murder of his royal master is said to have been so great as to shorten his days. He died on the 4th of December 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was interred in his own aisle, in the church of Leswade, near to his house of Hawthornden. He left two sons and a daughter, William who was knighted in Charles II's reign; Robert; and Elizabeth, who was married to Dr. Henderson, a physician of Edinburgh.

His character has descended to us without blemish. Unambitious of riches or honours, he appears to have projected the life of a retired scholar, from which he was diverted only by the commotions that robbed his country of its tranquillity. He was highly accomplished in ancient and modern languages, and in the amusements which became a man of his rank. Among his intimate friends, and learned contemporaries, he seems to have

been mostly connected with the earl of Stirling, and the celebrated English poets, Drayton and Ben Jonson. The latter, as already noticed in his life, paid him a visit at Hawthornden, and communicated to him without reserve, many particulars of his life and opinions, which Drummond committed to writing, with a sketch of Jonson's character and habits which has not been thought very liberal. This charge of illiberality, however, is considerably lessened when we reflect that Drummond appears to have had no intention of publishing what he had collected from Jonson, and that the manuscript did not appear until many years after he was beyond all censure or praise.

An edition of Drummond's poems was printed at London, 1656 octavo, with a preface by Phillips, which is here retained. The Edinburgh edition in folio, 1711, includes the whole of his works both in verse and prose, his poetical papers, familiar letters and the History of the Jameses; with an account of his life which, however unsatisfactory, is all that can now be relied on¹. A recent edition of his poems was printed at London in 1791, but somewhat differently arranged from that of 1656. A more correct arrangement is still wanting, if his numerous admirers shall succeed in procuring that attention of which he has been hitherto deprived.

As a poet he ranks among the first reformers of versification, and in elegance, harmony, and delicacy of feeling is so superior to his contemporaries that the neglect with which he has been treated would appear unaccountable, if we did not consider that it is but of late the public attention has been drawn to the more ancient English poets. Mr. Headly, however, Mr. Neve the ingenious author of *Cursory Remarks* on some of the ancient English poets, Dr. Warton, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. Park and other critics of unquestionable taste have lately expatiated on his merit with so much zeal and ability, that he is no longer in danger of being overlooked, unless by those superficial readers who are content with what is new and fashionable, and profess to be amateurs of an art of which they know neither the history nor the principles.

"He inherited," says his last encomiast, "a native poetic genius, but vitiated by the false taste which prevailed in his age,—a fondness for the conceits of the Italian poets, Petrarch and Marino, and their imitators among the French, Ronsard, Bellai, and Du Bartas. Yet many of his sonnets contain simple and natural thoughts clothed in great beauty of expression. His poem entitled *Forth Feasting*, which attracted the envy as well as the praise of Ben Jonson, is superior, in harmony of numbers, to any of the compositions of the contemporary poets of England; and is, in its subject, one of the most elegant panegyrics that ever were addressed by a poet to a prince. In prose writing, the merits of Drummond are as unequal as they are in poetry. When an imitator, he is arid, turgid, affected and unnatural; as in his *History of the Five Jameses*, which, though adicious in the arrangement of the matter, and abounding in excellent political and moral sentiments, is barbarous and uncouth in its style, from an affectation of imitating partly the manner of Livy, and partly that of Tacitus. Thus, there is a perpetual departure from ordinary construction, and frequently a violation of the English idiom. In others of his prose compositions, where he followed his own taste, as in the *Irene* and *Cypress-trove*, and particularly in the former, there is a remarkable purity and ease of expression, and often a very high tone of eloquence. The *Irene*, written in 1638, is a persuasive to civil union, and the accommodation of those fatal differences between the king

¹ Mr. G. Chalmers is of opinion that the learned Ruddiman assisted in preparing this edition. Chalmers's *Life of Ruddiman*, p. 53. C.

and the people, then verging to a crisis: it is a model of a popular address; and allowing for its pushing too far the doctrine of passive obedience, bears equal evidence of the political sagacity, copious historical information, and great moral worth and benevolence of its author." As the neglect of one age is sometimes repaid by the extravagant commendations of another, perhaps this temperate, judicious and elegant character of Drummond copied from Lord Woodhouselee's *Life of Kaimes*, will be found more consistent with the spirit of true criticism than some of those impassioned sketches in which judgment has less share.

There is one poem, now added to his other works, of a very different kind. It is entitled *Polemo-Middinia*, or the *Battle of the Dughill*, a rare example of burlesque, and the first macaronic poem by a native of Great Britain. A copy of it was published by bishop Gibson, when a young man, at Oxford in 1691, 4to. with Latin notes²; but the text, probably from Mr. Gibson's being unacquainted with the Scotch language, is less correct than that of any copy that has fallen in the way of the present editor, who has therefore preferred the elegant edition printed by Messrs. Foulis of Glasgow in 1768. The humour of this piece is so remote from the characteristics of his polished mind and serious muse, that it may be regarded as a very singular curiosity. It appears to me to be the fragment of a larger poem which the author wrote for the amusement of his friends, but was not anxious to preserve. Mr. Gilchrist conjectures that it was written when Drummond was on a visit, to his brother-in-law at Scotstarvet, and that it alludes to some rustic dispute well known at the time.

² See a curious paper on this edition, by Mr. Gilchrist, in the *Censura Literaria*, vol. iii. p. 388. c.

PHILLIPS'S PREFACE

TO THE
EDITION OF 1656.

TO THE READER.

INGENUOUS 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 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 thinke 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 hath 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 rays. 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 make him in the number of the best writers, and compare him even with Thuanus himselfe. Neither is he lesse happy in his verse than prose: for here are all those graces met together that conduce any thing 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 dranke nectar that sparkled with a more sprightly lustre. Should I dwell any longer (ingenuous reader) upon the commendation of his incomparable author, I should injure thee, by forestalling the freedome of thy owne judgement, and him, by attempting a vain designe, since there is nothing can so well set him forth as his own works; besides the losse of time, which is but trifled away so long as thou art detained from perusing the poems themselves.

E. PHILLIPS.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE FIRST PART.

SONNETS.

I. SONNET.

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,
And on this blushing book my death to read.

II. SONNET.

Know that all beneath the Moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
A time's great periods shall return to nought ;
But fairest states have fatal nights and days.
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 ;
But there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
Know frail beauty's like the purple flow'r,
Whose bloom ere morn oft birth and death affords ;
But love a jarring is of mind's records,
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.

III. SONNET.

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 every 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.

IV. SONNET.

As me, and I am now the man whose Muse
In happier times was wont to laugh at Love,
And those who suffer'd that blind boy's abuse,
The noble gifts were given them from above.
What metamorphose strange is this I prove ?
Myself now scarce I find myself to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
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 aught
But that bright cherubin which thralls my thought ?

V. SONNET.

How that vast Heaven entitled 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
 Bade me leave all, and only think on thee. [eye

VI. SONNET.

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;
 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.

VII. SONNET.

Vaunt not, fair Heavens, of your two glorious lights,
 Which though most bright, yet see not when they
 And shining, cannot show their beams divine [shine,
 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.

VIII. SONNET.

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 Phoebe spake for purest azure dyes;
 But Joye 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 [seen.
 There plac'd to make all love which have them

IX. SONNET.

Now while the Night her sable veil hath spread,
 And silently her resty coach doth roll,
 Rousing 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 describes,
 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 Porteus' 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.

X. SONNET.

SLEAZ, 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're 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 show,
 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 bequest,
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

XI. SONNET.

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 Phoebe dazzles with his too much light;
 Bright queen of the First Heaven, if in thy shine
 By turning oft, and Heaven's eternal might,
 Thou hadst not yet that once sweet fire of thine,
 Endemion, forgot, and lovers' plight:
 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.

XII. SONNET.

LAMP of Heaven's crystal hall that brings the hour,
 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 enamele, Apelles of the flowers:
 Ab from those wat'ry plains 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.

XIII. SONG.

It was the time when to our northern pole
 The brightest lamp of Heaven begins to roll,
 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 Zephyr's 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. [nourish,
 The streams the trees, the trees their leaves still
 That place grave Winter finds not without flourish.
 If living eyes Elysian fields could see,
 His little Arden might Elysium be.
 If did Diana there herself repose,
 And Mars the Acidalian queen enclose.
 The nymphs oft here their baskets bring with flow'rs,
 And anadema 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
 To grave their loves, disdain, and jealousies;
 Which Phillis, when thereby her flocks she feedeth,
 With pity now, anon with laughter readeth.
 Near to this place where Sun in midst of day
 A highest top of Heaven his coach did stay,
 And (as advising) on his career glanced
 All along that morn he had advanced
 His panting steeds along those fields of light,
 Lost princely looking from that glorious height:
 When most the grasshoppers are heard in meadows,
 And loftiest pines or small, or have no shadows:
 'Twas 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
 Fresh bloom'd sycamores, floor wrought with flow'rs,
 More sweet and rich than those in princes' bow'rs.
 Ere Adon blush'd, and Cithra, all amazed,
 Look'd pale, with him who in the fountain gazed;
 He amarantus smil'd, and that sweet boy
 'Whom sometime was the god of Delos' joy:
 He brave carnation, speckled pink here shin'd,
 He violet her fainting head declin'd
 Meath a sleepy chasbow, all of gold
 He marigold her leaves did here unfold.
 Now while that, ravish'd with delight and wonder,
 All in a trance I lay those arches under,
 He season, silence, place, began 't' entice,
 Yes' 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 followed with a troop of golden slumbers,
 Thrust from my quiet brain all base ennumbers,
 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
 Of choristers, more sweet than lute or voice, [noise
 (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 worth
 Three naked nymphs more white than snow forth
 Came.

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 wore of crimson silk,
 The goddesses were such that by Scamander
 Appeared to the Pyrrigian 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 show white anons throughout her liquid azure.

Look how Prometheus' man when heavenly fire
 First gave him breath, day's brandon did admire,
 And wonder'd at this world's amphitheatre:
 So gaz'd I on those new guests of the water.
 All three were fair, yet one excell'd as far
 The rest as Phoebus 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'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 Pheidias master,
 Most smooth, most white, a piece of alabaster.
 Two foaming billows flow'd upon her breast,
 Which did their top with coral red increase:
 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 decry
 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 food! if so ye might abide,
 Yet ever glory of this moment's pride,
 Adjure your rillets 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,
 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 Danae'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 glisten.
 Fair yokes of ermines, whose colours pass
 The whitest snows on aged Grampus' face,
 More swift than Venus' birds this chariot guided
 To the astonish'd bank, where as it bided:
 But long it did not bide, when poor those streams
 (Ab me!) it made, transporting those rich gems,
 And by that burden lighter, swiftly driv'd
 Till as methought it at a tow'r arriv'd:
 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, raised 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 mousing,
 And thicken e'en the air with piteous groaning.
 This hold to brave the skies the Destinies fram'd,
 And then the fort of Chastity is nam'd.
 The queen of the third Heaven once, so appeal 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 random,
 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
 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 enlarg'd,
 And ease mine eyes with briny tribute charg'd,
 Over a brook I laid my pining face:
 But then the brook, as giv'nd at my disgrace,
 A face me show'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. [her
 More would I say; when fear made sleep to leave
 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 unto my troubled brain was painted,
 Awak'd I found that time and place presented.

XIV. SONNET.

AN 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 do 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 doth 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 renoun'd live from the worldly throng,
 And when Heaven lists, recal this borrow'd throng.
 Men but like visions are, time all doth chase,
 He lives who dies to win a lasting name.

XV. SONNET.

THAT learned Grecian 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,
Not toid' 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?

XVI. SONNET.

Noa 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, [Seine,
Sorgue, Rhone, Loire, Garron, nor proud-banked
Peneus, Phasis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
Nor she whose nymphs excel her loved Adon,
Fair Tamesis, nor Ister large, nor Rhine,
Ephrates, 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 phenix stays.

XVII. SONNET.

To bear my complaints, 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
Among leaves, which whisper'd what they could not
say;
The caves, the rocks, the hills, the sylrans' 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.

XVIII. SONNET.

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

XIX. SONNET.

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.

XX. SONNET.

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 Phoebus 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.

XXI. MADRIGAL.

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.

XXII. SONNET.

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.

XXIII. SONNET.

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 cross a wretch brought on thy face,
 Fram'd for mishap, the anchorite of love;
 And bid them (that no more *Ætoss* may burn)
 To *Erimanth'* or *Rhodope* me turn.

XXIV. SONNET.

Is cross 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.

XXV. SONNET.

All other beauties howso'er they shine
 In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,
 Or cheeks more fair than fairest eglantine,
 Or hands like hers 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.
 Whose sees those eyes, their force that doth not prove;
 Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
 And finds not *Venus'* son entrep'h'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.

XXVI. SEXTAIN.

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 sends sighs, when *Phoebus* brings the light.

Why was I made a partner of the light,
 Who, cross 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 clear 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 to night shall dim my sight.

XXVII. SONNET.

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 born;
 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.

XXVIII. SONNET.

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 tangle, weep, and you, dull basses, show
 Your master's sorrow in a doleful strain;
 Let never joyful hand upon you go,
 Nor concert keep but when you do complain.
 Fly *Phoebus'* 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.

XXIX. SONNET.

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.

XXX. SONNET.

Kind soft, fair Forth, and make a crystal plain,
But 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
Or if that ye your hearts cannot restrain [pace;
From sending sighs, feeling a lover's case,
High, 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.

XXXI. SONNET.

Faust not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
For temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
For 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,
For voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told:
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Hark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Fade all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes;
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Hail once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

XXXII. SONNET.

My 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,
At scarce thus think I, when love hath controll'd
If the best reasons reason could invent.
I thought 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,
Laugh my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

XXXIII. SONNET.

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare show 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 complain'st,
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,"

XXXIV. SONNET.

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
And bound my bias, do not, alas! disdain [aspire,
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 rest of breath,
And Dædal's son who nam'd the Samiau streams:
Their hap I not envy; my praise shall be,
That the most fair that lives mov'd me to die.

XXXV. SONNET.

THE Hyperborean hills, Ceraunus' 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 lul'd asleep, where he enrag'd doth blow;
Thou didst not drink the floods which here do flow,
But tears, or those by icy Tanais' 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 hast in losing such a love.

XXXVI. SONG.

PACUS, 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 sing,
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 pearl 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 show 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,
Hissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phoebus in his chair
Besaffroning 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!

XXXVII. SONNET.

Who hath not seen into her amfrou 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 persuaded, now forceth love.

XXXVIII. SONNET.

See Cytherea's birds, that milk-white pair
On yonder leafy myrtle-tree which grows,
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, [fair,
Love's lessons thou might'st learn; and learn, sweet
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!

XXXIX. SONNET.

THE Sun is fair when he with crimson crown,
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed;
Fair is Thaumastias in her crystal gown,
When clouds engem'd show azure, green, and red.
To western worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from Heaven's windows each star shows 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.

XL. MADRIGAL.

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 born,
I saw, but fainting saw my paramour.
The Graces naked danc'd about the place,
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 singers bind,
That she might read my case,
I wish'd to be a hyacinth in her hand.

XLI. SONNET.

TRICK 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 stilled 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.
Diadain in her sweet heart can have no place,
And though come there, must straight retire again:
Henceforth, Respect, farewell! I've heard it told,
Who lives in love can never be too bold.

XLII. SONNET.

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 tempt,
Stay in one mansion fix'd to cause me mourn.

XLIII. SONNET.

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,
> let not Love thee to his laws subdue;
Look on the woeful shipwreck of my youth,
And let my ruins thee for beacon serve,
> shun this rock Capborean 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.

XLIV. MADRIGAL

'o the delightful green
Of you, fair radiant eine,
Set each black yield beneath the starry arch,
Eyes, burnish'd Heavens of love,
Snooper lamps of Jove, [parch,
Gave all those hearts which with your flames you
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.

XLV. SONNET.

FAYERS, 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 Idean 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.
Lead 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 bitterest tears which eyes can pour,
When shed for her, can be no longer sour.

XLVI. SONNET.

AS whose fair flowers no autumn makes decay,
Whose hue celestial, earthly hues doth stain,
No a pleasant odoriferous plain
Did walk alone to brave the pride of May.
And whilst through flow'ry lists she made her way,
Had proudly smil'd her sight to entertain,
So, unawares where Love did hid remain
He spied, and sought to make of him her prey:
Or which of golden locks a fairest hair
He 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
th in thy eyes I daily am confin'd?" [bind

XLVII. MADRIGAL

SWEET rose, whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell?
And whence this form and gracing grace is you?
In fair Proetana'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.

XLVIII. MADRIGAL

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 Phoebus keeps his sister's sphere?
Or doth some Phaeton
Inflame 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.

XLIX. SONNET.

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 peace,
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 resort
I would not change with princes' stateliest courts.

L. SONNET.

AS! who can see those fruits of Paradise,
Celestial 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 bathi 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.

LI. SONNET.

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 show;
 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?

LII. MADRIGAL.

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, [stars,
 Clear long-heaven's sable vault, and you, bright
 Your golden locks long view in earth's pure streams;
 Let Phoebus never rise
 To dim your watchful eyes.
 Prolong, alas, prolong my short delight;
 And if ye can, make an eternal night.

LIII. SONNET.

WITH grief in heart, and tears in swelling eyes,
 When I to her had given a sad farewell,
 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 stupifies,
 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.

LIV. SEXTAIN.

STRY 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 moun-
 tain,
 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 needest 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 moun-
 tain
 Are wont to dance, showing your beauty's treasure
 To goat-feet sylvas, and the wood'ring Sun,
 When as you gather flow'rs about this fountain,
 Bid her farewell who placed here her pleasure,
 And sing her praises to the stars and Moon.

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

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.

LV. SONNET.

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 wood'ring eyes thou wert a paradise,
 Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
 A gulf thou art, whence clouds of sighs arise:
 But unto none so noisome as to me,
 Who hourly sees my murder'd joys in thee.

LVL SONNET.

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 farewell 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.

LVII. SONNET.

Or 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.

LVIII. SONNET.

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 binds his
bows:

How are ye hither come? Tell me, O hair!
Dear amulet, 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.

LIX. SONNET.

Ass 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.

LX. SONNET.

ALLEN, 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 sat she by these musk'd 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 pass'd pleasures double but new woe?

LXI. SONNET.

Place me where angry Titan burns the Moor,
And thirsty Africk fiery monsters brings,
Or where the new-born phoenix spreads her wings,
And troops of wond'ring birds her flight adore:
Place me by Gange or Inde's enamel'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.

LXII. MADRIGAL.

The ivory, coral, gold,
Of breast, of lip, of hair,
So lively Sleep doth show 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!

LXIII. SONNET.

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.

THE SECOND PART.

I. SONNET.

O 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 Music 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.

II. SONNET.

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, staid amaz'd them to admire:
 That living snow, those crimson roses bright,
 Those pearls, those rubies which inflam'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 whor'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.

III. SONNET.

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 frutt 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 disdain'd 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 (ferocious 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.

IV. SONNET.

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 bequest
 My all-appalled mind so do affray,
 That I those envy which 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.

V. SONNET.

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 anathemas,
 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, [wide:
 Tears, plaints, sighs, mourning weeds, graves gaping
 I have nought left to wish; my hopes are dead,
 And all with her beneath a marble laid.

VI. SONNET.

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.

VII. SONNET.

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 sour.
 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.

VIII. SONNET.

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?

IX. MADRIGAL.

Thou 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 beight,
 That only is because it is so light.
 But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
 For when 't is most admired, 'in a thought,
 Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

X. SONNET.

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 rest 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.

VOL. V.

XL SONNET.

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 show'd'st 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 ease,
 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.

XII. MADRIGAL.

Taxes, 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.

XIII. SONG.

Sad Damour being come
 To that for-ever lamentable tomb,
 Which those eternal powers that all controul,
 Unto his living soul
 A melancholy prison hath 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, [staid,
 When grief had given him leave, and sighs them
 Thus, with a sad alas, at last he said:

" Who would have thought to me
 The place were thou didst lie could grievous be?
 And that (dear body) long thee having sought,
 (O me!) who would have thought
 These 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 ruthless stone them bears;
 Mine eyes for nothing serve, but thee to weep,
 And let that course them keep;
 Although thou never wouldst them comfort show,
 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 eye,
 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?

U u

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
Show'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 sons, which burnt as many hearts,
As he the eastern parts;
Bright suns, which, forc'd to leave these hemispheres,
Blighted set into a sea of tears.
Ah! Death, who shall thee see,
Since the most mighty are o'rethrown by thee?
Thou spar'st the crow, the nightingale dost kill,
And triumph'st at thy will:
But give thou cannot such another blow,
Because Earth cannot such another show.

" 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 disarray'd, 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 bowns,
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."

XIV. MADRIGAL.

Tux 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 eyes,
Cried " Ah! and can death enter paradise?"

XV. SONNET.

O! it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face;
O! it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists begin'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.

XVI. MADRIGAL.

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?
 How'st thou in funeral pomp her grave to grace?
 How 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?
 Ah, ah, alas! because those matchless eyes,
 Which shone so fair, below thou dost not find,
 How'st thou to make all others' eyes look blind?

XVII. SONNET:

ONCE 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,
 At to amaze was sent, and home repair;
 He love which to that beauty I did bear,
 Made pure of mortal spots which did it stain,
 And endless, which even death cannot impair,
 Place on him who will it not disdain.
 O shining eyes, no locks of curling gold,
 O blushing roses on a virgin face,
 O outward show, no, nor no inward grace,
 All power have my thoughts henceforth to hold:
 Ove here on Earth huge storms of care doth toss,
 And plac'd above exempted is from loss.

XVIII. SONG.

Autumn was, and on our hemisphere
 In Ericine began bright to appear,
 Right westward did her gemmy world decline,
 And hide her lights, that greater light might shine:
 The crested bird had given alarm twice
 To lazy mortals to unlock their eyes,
 The owl had left to plain, and from each thorn
 The wing'd musicians did salute the morn,
 Who (while she dress'd her locks in Ganges' streams)
 Had open wide the crystal port of dreams:
 When I, whose eyes no drowsy night could close,
 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.
 As if as dead, but scarce charm'd were my cares,
 And slaked scarce my sighs, scarce dried my tears,
 I saw scarce the ugly figures of the day
 And with his sable pencil put away,
 Had left me in a still and calm mood,
 When by my bed methought a virgin stood,
 A virgin in the blooming of her prime,
 Much rare beauty measur'd be by time.
 Her head a garland wore of opals bright,
 And her flow'd a gown like purest light;
 Her amber locks gave umbrage to her face,
 Where modesty high majesty did grace;
 Her eyes such beams sent forth, that but with pain
 Her weaker sight their sparklings could sustain.
 Feign'd deity which haunts the woods
 Like to her, nor syren of the floods:
 'Tis she the golden planet of the year,
 Whom 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, "estrange'd from
 Paint shadows to thyself of false annoy; [Joy,
 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, [stay,
 With those which are to come: shall Heavens them
 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 unwatched 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 serpentine 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 sublimary lists.
 But what if she for whom thou spread'st those groans,
 And wastes thy life's dear torch in ruthless moans,
 She for whose sake thou bat'st the joyful light,
 Courts solitary shades and irksome night, [space
 Doth live? Ah! (if thou canst) through tears, a
 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 whose 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 enpheres
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 abysme
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 scaly flocks:
That other elements are to be found,
Than is the water and this ball of ground.
But think that man from this abysme 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 splendours 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 goal 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 reason
Like to a blasted rose, ere night falls down:
And though it something were, think how this realm
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 possess'd
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 these 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 the pause, and with a mild aspect
Did towards me those lamping twines 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.

I.

TRUMPING chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Key-threat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,
Looks heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine unto the world set forth:
Hates 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:
Therefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Lies up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

II.

Too long I followed have my fond desire,
And too long panted on the ocean streams,
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are blames.
When I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
Found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
I sought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I'll think,
Or only thou canst grant what I do crave:
By nail my pen shall be; thy blood mine ink;
By winding-sheet my paper; study, grave:
And till my soul forth of this body flee,
O hope I'll have, but only only thee.

III.

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, to indue the planets seven,
And Jove to make so mild, and Mars so bold;
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
To all their jars that sweet accords are given;
To ord, to thy wisdom's nought, nought to thy might:
That thou should'st, thy glory laid aside,
Come basely in mortality to bide,
And die for those deserv'd an endless night:
Wonder is so far above our wit,
That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

IV.

Woe hapless hap had I for to be born
These unhappy times, and dying days
This now dotting world, when good decays,
Whose virtue'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.

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.

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, [prove,
Which makes Heaven's joy, on Earth, the gazer
And her bright eyes (the orbs which beauty move)
As Phoebus dazzle in his glorious race.
What pencil paint, what colour to the sight
So sweet a shape can show? 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.

ON THAT SAME DRAWN WITH A PENCIL.

SONNET.

WHEN with brave art the surious 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 show how in our hemisphere,
Like him she shines, nay that effects more true
Of power, 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 Clitia'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 her gave.

MADRIGAL

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

AN ELEGY

UPON THE VICTORIOUS KING OF SWEDEN, GUSTAVUS
ADOLPHUS.

LIKE a cold fatal sweat which ushers death,
My thoughts hang on me; and by labouring breath,
Stopt up with sighs, my fancy big with woes
Feels two twin mountains struggle in her throws,
Of boundless sorrow th' one, th' other of sin;
For less let no man call it, to begin
Where honour ends in great Gustavus' flame,
That still burnt out and wasted to a name,
Does barely live with us; and when the stuff
Which fed it fails, the taper turns to snuff:
With this poor snuff, this airy shadow, we
Of fame and honour must contented be,
Since from the vain grasp of our wishes fled
Their glorious substances, now he is dead.
Speak it again, and louder, louder yet,
Else whilst we hear the sound, we shall forget
What it delivers; let hoarse Rumour cry
Till she so many echoes multiply,
That may like numerous witnesses confute
Our unbelieving souls, that would dispute
And doubt this truth for ever, this one way
Is left our incredulity to sway,
T' awaken our deaf sense, and make our ears
As open and dilated as our tears;,
That we may feel the blow, and feeling grieve
At what we would not fain, but must believe,
And in that horrid faith behold the world
From her proud beight of expectation hurl'd;
Stooping with him, as if she strove to have
No lower centre now, than Sweden's grave.

O! could not all the purchas'd victories
Like to thy fame thy flesh immortalize?
Were not thy virtue nor thy valour charms
To guard thy body from those outward harms
Which could not reach thy soul? Could not thy spirit
Lead something which thy frailty could inherit,
From thy diviner part, that death nor heat,
Nor envy's bullets e'er could penetrate?
Could not thy early trophies in stern fight
Turn from the Pole, the Daue, the Muscovite?
Which were thy triumphs, seeds as pledges sown,
That, when thy honour's harvest was ripe grown,
With full plum'd wing thou falcon-like could fly,
And cuff the eagle in the German sky,
Forcing his iron beak, and feathers feel
They were not proof 'gainst thy victorious steel.
Could not all these protect thee, or prevail
To fright that coward Death, who oft grew pale
To look thee and thy battles in the face?
Alas! they could not; Destiny gives place

To none: nor is it seen that princes' lives
Can saved be by their prerogatives:
No more was thine; who, clos'd in thy cold lead,
Dost from thyself a mournful lecture read
Of man's short-dated glory. Learn, you kings,
You are, like him, but penetrable things;
Though you from demi-gods derive your birth,
You are at best but honourable earth:
And howe'er sifted from that coarser bran
Which doth compound, and knead the common man,
Nothing immortal, or from earth refin'd
About you, but your office and your mind.
Hear then, break your false glasses, which prevent
You greater than your Maker ever meant.
Make truth your mirror now, since you find all
That flatter you, confuted by his fall.

Yet since it was decreed thy life's bright sun
Must be eclips'd ere thy full course was run,
Be proud thou didst in thy black obsequies
With greater glory set than others rise:
For in thy death, as life, thou holdest one
Most just and regular proportion.
Look how the circles drawn by compass meet
Indivisibly, joined head to feet;
And by continued points which them unite
Grow at once circular, and infinite:
So did thy fate and honour both contend
To match thy brave beginning with thine end.
Therefore thou hadst, instead of passing-bells,
The drums and cannons' thunder for thy knells;
And in the field thou didst triumphing die,
Closing thy eyelids with a victory;
That so by thousands that there lost their breath,
King-like thou might'st be waited on in death.

Liv'd Plutarch now, and would of Caesar tell,
He could make none but thee his parallel,
Whose tide of glory, swelling to the brim,
Needs borrow no addition from him:
When did great Julius in any clime
Achieve so much, and in so short a time?
Or if he did, yet shalt thou in that land
Single for him, and unexampled stand.
When o'er the Germans first his eagle tow'r'd,
What saw the legions which on them he pour'd,
But massy bodies made their swords to try,
Subjects, not for his fight, but slavery?
In that so vast expanded piece of ground
(Now Sweden's theatre and scorn) he found
Nothing worth Caesar's valour, or his fear,
No conqu'ring army, nor a Tilly there,
Whose strength, nor wiles, nor practice in the war
Might the fierce torrent of his triumphs bar;
But that thy winged sword twice made him yield,
Both from his trenches beat, and from the field.
Besides, the Roman thought he had done much,
Did he the banks of Rhenus only touch:
But though his march was bounded by the Rhine,
Not Oder nor the Danube thee confine.
And but thy frailty did thy fame prevent,
Thou hadst thy conquest stretch'd to such extent
Thou might'st Vienna reach, and after Spain;
From Mulda to the Baltic ocean.

But Death hath spann'd thee, nor must we dream
What here thou hadst to finish thy design;
Or who shall thee succeed as champion
For liberty, and for religion.
Thy task is done: as in a watch the spring,
Wound to the height, relaxes with the string;
So thy steel nerves of conquest, from their steep
Ascent declin'd, lie slackt in thy last sleep.

lest then, triumphant soul, for ever rest,
 and, like the phoenix in her spicy nest,
 embalm'd with thine own merit, upward fly,
 borne in a cloud of perfume to the sky;
 Whilst, as in deathless urns, each noble mind
 treasures thine ashes which are left behind.
 And if perhaps no Cassiopeian spark
 Which in the north did thy first rising mark)
 mine o'er thy hearse, the breath of our just praise
 hall to the firmament thy virtues raise;
 There fix and kindle them into a star,
 whose influence may crown thy glorious war.

TEARS

ON

THE DEATH OF MŒLIADES¹.

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 terrour to the east;
 and neither that thy spirit so heavenly wise,
 for body (though of earth) more pure than skies,
 for royal stem, nor thy sweet tender age,
 Of cruel destinies could quench the rage?
 O fading hopes! O short-wile lasting joy
 Of earth-born man, that one hour can destroy!
 When even of Virtue's spoils Death trophies rears,
 as if he gloried most in many tears.
 'orc'd by hard fates, do Heavens neglect our cries?
 are stars set only to act tragedies?
 When let them do their worst, since thou art gone,
 laise whom thou list to thrones, enthron'd dethrone;
 tain princely bow'rs with blood, and even to Gange,
 n 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:
 o falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
 it half that doth her bashful bosom close;
 o a sweet flower languishing decays,
 that late did blush when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays;
 o Phœbus mounting the meridian's height,
 look'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;
 n gloomy gowns the stars this loss deplore,
 he sea with murmuring mountains beats the shore,
 black darkness reels o'er all, in thousand show'rs
 he weeping air on earth her sorrow pours,
 hat, 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 wond'ring 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 cannons' roar,
 Balls thick as rain pour'd on the Caspian shore,
 'Moegst 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 endest 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
 A book had been of thy illustrious deeds: [reads,
 So to their nephews, aged sires had told
 The high exploits perform'd by thee of old;
 Towns rais'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.
 That thou didst not attain these honour's spheres,
 Through want of worth it was not, but of years.
 A youth more brave, pale Troy with trembling walls
 Did never see, nor she whose name appals
 Both Titan's golden bow'rs, in 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, showing all their might
 When they thee fram'd. Ah mel 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.

[pass
 When Forth, thy nurse, Forth where thou first didst
 Thy tender days, (who smil'd oft on her glass,
 To see thee gaze) meand'ring with her streams,
 Heard thou hadst left this round, from Phœbus'
 She sought to fly, but forced to return [beams
 By neighbouring brooks, she set herself to mourn;
 And as she rush'd her Cyclades among, [wroong
 She seem'd to plain that Heaven had done her
 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 roar'd about the earth,
 And to the Mauritanian Atlas told, [roll'd
 Who shrunk through grief, and down his white hairs
 Hugestreams of tears, which changed were to floods,
 Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour plains and
 The lesser brooks, as they did bubbling go, [woods.
 Did keep a consort to the public woe.
 The shepherds left their flocks with downcast eyes,
 'Sdaining to look up to the angry skies:
 Some brake their pipes, and some in sweet-sad lays
 Made senseless things amazed at thy praise.
 His reed Alexis hung upon a tree,
 And with his tears made Doreen 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 music 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 amorous syle,
 That floating Delos envy might this isle.

¹ The name which in these verses is given unto
 prince Henry, is that which he himself, in the
 challenges of his martial sports and masquerades,
 was wont to use; Mœliades, prince of the isles,
 which in anagram maketh a word most worthy of
 such a knight as he was, a knight (if time had suf-
 fered his actions to answer the world's expectation,)
 wily worthy of such a world, *Milis à Deo*.

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.
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 golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore. [brings

Eye-pleasing meads, whose painted plain forth
White, golden, azure flow'rs, which once were kings,
To 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 Al 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 these 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,
And sad Electra's sisters, who still weep:
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

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 glistening 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, and ages ne'er expire;
'Mong purest spirits environed with beams,
Thou think'st all things below t' have been but
dreams;

And joy'st to look down to the azur'd bars
Of Heaven, powder'd with troops of streaming stars;
And in their turning temples to behold,
In silver robe the Moon, the Sun in gold;
Like young 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 cloister of this all;
And that poor men should prove so madly fond,
To toss themselves for a small spot of ground:
Nay, that they ev'n dare brave the powers above,
From this base stage of change that cannot move.
All worldly pomp and pride thou seest arise
Like smoke, that 's scatter'd in the empty skies.
Other high hills and forests, other 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,
Whilst Heavens do dance, and choirs of angels sing,
Than muddy minds could feign; even our amoy
(If it approach that place) is chang'd to joy.

Rest, blessed soul, rest satiate with the sight
Of him whose beams (though dazzling) do delight;
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, 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 nothing be, 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.
The virgins on 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.

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, Phoebus, Love, have raised of their tears
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth
appears.

EPITAPH.

STAY, passenger, see where enclosed lies
The paragon of princes, fairest frame,
Time, nature, place, could show 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 tenour 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.

ANOTHER.

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,
 To thrill 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.

A TRANSLATION

OF

SIR JOHN SCOT'S VERSES,

BEGINNING, QUOD VITE SECTABOR ITER?

WHAT course of life should wretched mortals take?
 In books hard questions large contention make.
 Care dwells in houses, labour in the field;
 Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yield.
 In foreign lands thou never canst be blest:
 If rich, thou art in fear; if poor, distress'd.
 In wedlock frequent discontentments swell;
 Unmarried persons as in deserts dwell.
 How many troubles are with children born!
 Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
 Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void;
 Grey hairs are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
 Who would not one of these two offers try,
 Not to be born; or, being born, to die?

MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMS.

THE STATUE OF MEDUSA.

Of that Medusa strange,
 Who those that did her see in rocks did change,
 To 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.

'AIR Paphos' wanton queen
 Not drawn in white and red)
 Is truly here, as when in Vulcan's bed
 He 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:
 'E 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.

NARCISSUS.

Looks cannot quench my flames, ah! in this well
 Burn, not drown, for what I cannot tell.

DAMETA'S DREAM.

DAMETA dream'd he saw his wife at sport,
 And found that sight was through the horny port.

CHERRIES.

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.

While 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 Phoebus' rays,
 And charmed with the music of the spheres,
 When quills could more 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?

ON HIS LADY BEHOLDING HERSELF IN A MARBLE.

World, wonder not, that I
 Keep in my breast engraven
 That angel's face hath me of rest bereaven.
 See, dead and senseless things cannot deny
 To lodge so dear a guest:
 Ev'n this hard marble stone
 Receives the same, and loves, but cannot groan.

TO SLEEP.

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 think for ever will remain,
 If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again.

A PLEASANT DECEIT.

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.

WHEN first the cannon from her gaping throat
Against the Heaven her roaring sulphur shot,
Joye waken'd with the noise, did ask with wonder,
What mortal might 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.

THAIS' MATAMORPHOSIS.

INTRO Briareus huge
Thais wish'd she might change
Her man, and pray'd him not there at to grudge,
Nor fondly think it strange;
"For if," said she, "I might the parts dispose,
I wish you not a hundred arms nor hands,
But hundred things like those
With which Priapus in our garden stands."

THE QUALITY OF A KISS.

THE kiss with so much strife
Which I late got, sweet heart,
Was it a sign of death, or was it life?
Of 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?

HIS LADY'S DOG.

WHEN her dear bosom clips
That little cur which fawns to touch her lips,
Or when it is his hap
To lie lapp'd in her lap,
O it grows noon with me;
With hotter-pointed beams
I burn, than those are which the Sun furth streams,
When piercing lightning his rays call'd may be;
And as I muse how I to those extremes
Am brought, I find no cause, except that she,
In love's bright zodiack having trac'd each room,
To the hot dog-star now at last is come.

AN ALMANACK.

THIS strange eclipse one says
Strange wonders doth foretel;
But you whose wives excel,
And love to count their praise,
Shut all your gates, your hedges plant with thorns,
The Sun did threat the world this time with horns.

THE SILK-WORM OF LOVE.

A DECADE 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 oppress,
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.

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.

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.

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 lived anew.
But Death, who nothing spares, and nothing fears,
As he doth kings, kill'd it, O grief! O tears!

LILLA'S PRAYER.

"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."

ARME LIN'S EPITAPH.

NEAR to this eglantine
Enclosed lies the milk-white Armeline;
Once Cloris' 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 arms,
And oft her bed and bosom did he warm;
Now when unkind fates did him destroy,
Blest dog, he had the grace,
That Cloris for him wet with tears her face.

EPITAPH.

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 my prove an honest devil.

A TRANSLATION.

FRANCE 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.

EPITAPH.

THEN Death thee hath beguil'd,
Alecto's first born child;
Then thou who thrall'd all laws,
Now against worms cannot maintain thy cause:
Yet worms (more just than thou) now do no wrong,
Since all do wonder they thee spar'd so long;
For though from life thou didst but lately pass,
Twelve springs are gone since thou corrupted was.
Come, citizens, erect to Death an altar,
Who keeps you from axe, fuel, timber, halter.

A JEST.

In a most holy church, a holy man,
Unto a holy saint with visage wan,
And eyes like fountains, mumbled forth a prayer,
And with strange words and sighs made black the air.
And having long so stay'd, and long long pray'd,
A thousand crosses on himself he laid;
And with some sacred beads hung on his arm,
His eyes, his mouth, his temples, breast did charm.
Thus not content (strange worship hath no end)
To kiss the earth at last he did pretend,
And bowing down besought with humble grace,
An aged woman neat to give some place:
She turn'd, and turning up her hole beneath,
Said, "Sir, kiss here, for it is all but earth."

PROTEUS OF MARBLE.

This is no work of stone, [none,
Though it seems breathless, cold, and sense hath
But that false god which keeps
The monstrous people of the raging deeps:
Now that he doth not change his shape this while,
It is thus constant more you to beguile.

PAMPHILUS.

SOME ladies wed, some love, and some adore them,
I like their wanton sport, then care not for them.

APELLES ENAMOUR'D OF CAMPASPE, ALEXANDER'S MISTRESS.

Poor painter while I sought
To counterfeit by art
The fairest frame which Nature ever wrought,
And having limn'd each part,
Except her matchless eyes:
Scarce on those suns I gaz'd,
As lightning falls from skies,
When straight my hand grew weak, my mind amaz'd,
And ere that pencil half them had express'd,
Love had them drawn, no, grav'd them in my breast.

CAMPASPE.

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.

CORNUCOPIA.

IF for one only horn,
Which Nature to him gave,
So famous is the noble unicorn;
What praise should that man have,
Whose head a lady brave
Doth with a goodly pair at once adorn?

LOVE SUFFERS NO PARASOL.

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 me from 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.

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.

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' endure you when you shine?

ALCON'S KISS.

WHAT others at their ear,
 Two pearls, Camilla at her nose did wear,
 Which Alcon, who nought saw,
 (For Love is blind) robb'd with a pretty kiss;
 But having known his miss,
 And felt what ore he from that mine did draw,
 When she to come again did him desire,
 He fled, and said, foul water quenched fire.

THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

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

LAURA TO PETRARCH.

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

THE ROSE.

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

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

NEAR to a crystal spring,
 With thirst and heat oppress,
 Narcissa fair doth rest, [bring,
 Trees, pleasant trees, which those green plains forth
 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.

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.

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.

WAY, 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.

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.

ERRS she will not that I
 Show to the world my joy,
 Thou, who oft mine annoy
 Hast heard, dear food, tell Thetis, if thou can,
 That not a happier man
 Doth breath 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.

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

PHRÆNE.

ÆOLIAN 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
Her teeth of brightest pearl, her lips where sweet-
ness lies:

But those so praise themselves, being to all eyes set
That, Muses, ye need not to say sought of their worth;
Then her white swelling paps essay for to make
known,

But her white swelling paps through smallest veil
Yet she hath something else, more worthy than the
rest,

Not seen; going of that which lies beneath her breast,
And mounts like fair Parnasse, where Pegase well
doth run—

Here Phræne stay'd my Muse ere she had well begun.

KISSES DESIRED.

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.

DEAR life, while I do touch
These coral ports of bliss,
Which still themselves do kiss,
And sweetly me invite to do as much,
I panting in my lips,
My heart my life doth leave,
To sense my senses have,
And inward powers do find a strange eclipse:
This death so heavenly well
Tooth so me please, that I
Would never longer seek in sense to dwell,
That even thus I only could but die.

PHOEBE.

For to be alone, and all the night to wander,
Said can prove chaste, then chaste is Phoebe with-
out slander.

ANSWER.

Oh, still to be alone, all night in Heaven to wander,
Could make the wanton chaste, then she's chaste
without slander.

THE CRUELTY OF RORA.

Writter 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 rhind 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.

HARK, happy lovers, hark,
This first and last of joys,
This sweet'ner of annoy,
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.

KALA'S COMPLAINT.

KALA, old Mopsus' wife,
Kala with fairest face,
For whom the neighbour swains oft were at strife,
As she to milk her snowy flock did tend,
Sigh'd with a heavy grace,
And said, "What wretch like me doth lead her life?
I see not how my task shall have an end:
All day I draw these streaming dugs in fold,
All night my empty husband's soft and cold."

PHILLIS.

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.

A WISH.

To forge to mighty Jove
The thunderbolts above,
Nor on this round below
Rich Midas' skill to know,
And make all gold I touch,
Do I desire; it is for me too much:
Of all the arts practis'd beneath the sky,
I would but Phillis' lapidary be.

NISA.

NISA, Palemon's wife, him weeping told
He kept not grammar rules, now being old;
For why, quoth she, position false make ye,
Putting a short thing where a long should be,

A LOVER'S HEAVEN.

Those stars, nay suns, which turn
So stately in their spheres,
And dazzling do not burn,
The beauty of the morn'
Which on these cheeks appears,
The harmony which to that voice is given,
Makes me think you are Heaven.
If Heaven you be, O! that by powerful charms
I Atlas were, infolded in your arms!

EPITAPH.

This dear, though not respected earth doth hold
One, for his worth, whose tomb should be of gold.

BEAUTY'S IDEA.

Who would perfection's fair idea see,
On pretty Cloris 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,
Strait waist, the mouth strait, and her virgin pride.
Thick are her lips, thighs, with banks swelling there,
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 Cloris is, mine hope and only joy.

LALUS' DEATH.

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.

FLOWERS OF SION:

OR,

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

Triumphant arches, statues crown'd with bays,
Proud obelisks, tombs of the vastest frame,
Brazen Colosses, 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.

A ood that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April show'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.

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 ought 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.

Look as 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 shows 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.

The weary mariner so far 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.

Or 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,

And 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.

His 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.

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 appears;
There he in clothes is wrapp'd, in manger laid,
To whom too narrow swaddles are our spheræ.
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.

On the fairest day, thrice fairer night,
Bright 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,
Wild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies
That heaven-sent youngling, holy-maid-born wight,
Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies:
Nest 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.

The last and greatest herald of Heaven's king,
Hurt with rough skins, hies to the deserts 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;
Arch'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 deserts 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."

"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.

"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 worse 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.

Is 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. [see
Here pause, and let (though Earth it scorn) Heaven
These pour forth tears to him pour'd blood for thee.

Is 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 watch-
ful eyes;
If seeing how the sea's tumultuous bands
Of bowing billows have their course confin'd;
How unsustain'd the Earth still steadfast 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 ruthless 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; [bars:]

For thee Heaven's king from Heaven himself de-
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 brows 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.

Comr forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing hands,
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.

Soul, whom Hell did once intral,
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.

Live, to give life, deprived is of life,
And Death display'd bath 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.

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 honour'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 world's Heaven's concaves have,
But from the darkness of an hollow grave.

And this is that all-powerful Sun above [move.
 That crown'd thy brows with rays, first made thee
 Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bow'rs
 Proclaim this day; this the angelic pow'rs
 Have done for you: but now an opal hue
 Leapt into 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
 Her 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 jail forth comes the King of kings;
 That late was mortal, thrall'd to every woe
 That lackeys life, or upon sense doth grow,
 Immortal us, of an eternal stamp,
 Or brighter beaming than the morning lamp.
 From a black eclipse out-peers the Sun:
 As 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,
 Both soar from out her cradle and her tomb:
 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;
 If 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.
 How thou long'd for com'at! With joyful cries,
 We all-triumphing palatines of skies
 Lute thy rising; Earth would joys no more
 Bear, if thou rising didst them not restore.
 Silly tomb should not his flesh enclose,
 Who did Heaven's trembling terraces dispose;
 A monument should such a jewel hold,
 Of rock, though ruby, diamond, and gold.
 Thou didst lament and pity human race,
 Stealing on us of thy free-given grace,
 More than we forfeited and lost first,
 Eden rebels when we were accurst.
 When Earth our portion was, Earth's joys but given,
 Death, and Earth's bliss, thou hast exchange'd with
 Heaven.

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,
 Or bleed at our wounds, and suffer didst our death:
 Thy Father's justice pleas'd, Hell, Death, o'ercome,
 Triumph now thou risest from thy tomb,
 Thy glories, which past sorrows countervail;
 Hail, holy victor! greatest victor, hail!
 Hence, humble sense, and hence ye guides of
 sense!

How now reach Heaven; your weak intelligence
 In searching pow'rs were in a flash made dim,
 Learn from all eternity, that him
 Thy Father bred, then that he here did come
 As bearer's parent in a virgin's womb: [thorn,
 When then sold, betray'd, crown'd, scourg'd with
 Rod to a tree, all breathless, bloodless, torn,
 Ouzb'd, him risen from a grave to find,
 Sounds your cunning, turns, like moles, you blind.
 That, thou that heretofore still barren wast,
 Didst each other birth eat up and waste,
 Serious, hateful, pitiless, unjust,
 Martial equaler of all with dust,
 OL. V.

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 course, in earthquakes where it lies,
 Sound from each flowry grave and rocky jail:
 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, boisterous 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 serpentine crooks,
 And whispering murmurs, sound unto the main,
 The golden age return'd 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.

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 abysses, 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 show;
The more I search of thee the less I know.

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 beights,
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.

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.

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 de-
spis'd
Which was so dear of late, and highly priz'd.

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 chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

Wax, wordlings, do ye trust frail honour's dream,
And lean to gilded glories which decay?
Why do ye toil to registerate 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.

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 bath it to adorns,
Hypocrisy Almighty God doth scorn.

Naw 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 might make
black,
And there at that immortal Sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flow'rs, which fear not rage of days.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O! how more sweet is birds' harmonious morn,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a princel
throned,
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 un-
fold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

Swart 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
Attri'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driv'n
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 sirs of spheres, yea, and to angels' lays.

us when it happeneth that some lovely town
Into 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,
In spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
But that some statue, pillar of renown,
Yet lurks unmain'd within her weeping walls:
O after all the spoil, disgrace and wreck, [bin'd,
That time, the world, and death, could bring com-
munist 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.

er us each day inure ourselves to die,
That this, and not our fears, be truly death,
Above the circles both of hope and faith
With fair immortal pinions to fly;
That this be death, our best part to untie
By ruining the jail) from lust and wrath,
And every drowy languor here beneath,
So be made deniz'd citizen of sky;
So have more knowledge than all books contain,
All pleasures even surmounting wishing pow'r,
Be fellowship of God's immortal train,
And these that time nor force shall e'er devour:
That this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life, can with death's ugliness compare?

Ammer the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Orphan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flow'rs uncloze,
And Sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.

Upon her head she wear
Of amaranths a crown;
On her left hand palms, her right a torch did bear;
Unveil'd skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hung down,
Her 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 enshber'd:
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
And left to king, 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'd Inde,
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The phoenix' 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 music'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 possess:

" 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 increas'd 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 ever 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 divid' 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

HYMN ON THE FAIREST FAIR.

I FEEL my bosom glow with wondrous 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
Uncreate beauty, all-creating love : [move,
But by so great an object, radiant light,
My heart apall'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, carrels 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 excelent,
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, [man,
There thou giv'st laws, and dost this world con-
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 show, 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 ought 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, caittiff ! she no treason doth devise,
When Might to nought doth bring her enterprise:
Thy all-upholding Might her malice rears.
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 ought was wrought.
Thou knew all that thy pow'r with time forth brought
And more, things numberless which thou couldst
That actually shall never being take ; [make
Here thou behold'st thyself, and, strange ! dost see
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 had 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 around
With sacred countenance and look severe ?
This in one hand a ponderous sword doth hold,
Her left stays charg'd with balances of gold ;
That, with brows girt with bays, sweet-smiling
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 destiny 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'ful 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 doest nought possess
Which he hath not, in aught nor is he less

Thou 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 !
Inprocereate Father, ever procrea'e Son, [be,
Thou'st breath'd from both, you were, are still, shall
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,
As soon as he was made, begat his rays,
Which are his offspring, and from both was hur'd
The rosy light which consoles 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
Do 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,
Oberubin shall find to bar him thence.

Great Architect, Lord of this universe,
Th'at light is blinded would thy greatness pierce.
Th'at as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter glass,
Or airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
Or yrenea's elifs where Sun doth never shine,
Then 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 possess,
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 most in number noblest creatures 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 hand-maid Nature thy great steps doth trace,
The source of second causes' 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, these bodies fair and great,
Which faint not in their course, nor change their
Unintermix'd, which no disorder prove, [state,
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 music 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-leadan colour'd, slowly there is roll'd,
With rule and line for Time's steps meeting 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 zodiac.
But hot and dry with flaming locks and brows
Earag'd, this in his red pavilion glows :
Together running with like speed, if space,
Two equally in hands achieve 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 imperials the veil of night.
Prince of this court, the Sun in triumph rides,
With the year make-like in herself that glides,
Time's dispensator, fair life-giving source,
Through sky's 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 rebuking 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 thrall'd 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 empire 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 rebel'd, and justly thus
Each creature rebelled against us;
Earth, rest of what did chief in her excel,
To all became a jail, 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 remembrance do lose
Of ages worn, so miseries us toss,
(Blind and lethargic of thy heavenly grace,
Which sin in our first parents did deface;
And even while embryos curs'd by justest doom)
That we neglect what gone is, or to come;
But thou in thy great archives scrolld 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 owely-eyed when staring on thy light;
Grant, that, released from this earthly jail, [red.
And freed from clouds, which here our knowledge
In Heaven's high temples where thy praises ring,
In sweeter notes I may hear angels sing.

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 wand'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'st may'st vengeance, there to
 Then look and pity; pitying, forgive [shine!
 Us guilty slaves, or servants now in thrall;
 Save 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. [break,

in hath made slaves, but let those bands grace
 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
 in this ignoble stage of care to die; [place,
 O die our death, and with the sacred stream
 Of blood and water gushing from his side,
 O 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,
 rown numberless, contend near to exceed.
 Like this excessive ardour of thy love
 O warm our coldness, so our lives renew,
 that we from sin, sin may from us remove,
 wisdom our will, faith may our wit subdue.
 O let thy pure love burn up all worldly lust,
 O let all 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,
 thy saviour more than judge they these may find.

THE

WANDERING MUSES:

OR,

THE RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

SINGING A PANEGYRIC TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE
 JAMES, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE AND IRE-
 LAND.

TO

HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

in this storm of joy and pompous throng,
 his 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 shown 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.

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 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 tip-toes stand,
 And, full of wonder, overlook the land? [bright,
 Whence come these glitt'ring throngs, these meteors
 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-belov'd 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 show 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 mows:
 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 smoking sulphur, Leave with mountains
crown'd,

Strange Lomound for his floating isles renown'd;
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Aire,
The staky Dun, the Ore with rusby 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; hid 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.
That day, dear prince, which robb'd us of thy sight
(Day? No, but darkness and a dusky night)
Did fill our breasts with sighs, our eyes with tears,
Turn'd 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 cine
Oft on your glass receiv'd their pearly hue:
"O Naiads dear!" said they, "Napeas 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 Joth 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 halcyon days thy reign should give;
And to thy 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 Fortunes' love, 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 fa'cons climb the clouds, the fox ensnare,
Out-run the wind-out-running Dædale hare;
To breathe thy fiery steed on every plain,
And in meand'ring gyres him bring again;
The press 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 Heaven's restless course;
Their fixed lamps, their lights, which wand'ring run,
Whence Moon her silver bath, 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 throes invest,
As thorns the rose, thou, wearied, would'st at 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 buikled Thebes' 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 thee thou didst to goodness draw;
How while the neighbour worlds, toss'd by the Fates,
So many Phætons had in their states, [threw
Which turr'd to heedless flames their burnish'd
Thou, as enpher'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,

thought crown'd thou wert not, nor a king by birth,
 Thy worth deserves the richest crown on Earth.
 learch 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,
 'T' burns no more with Phaetontal fire;
 Orion faints to see his arms grow black,
 And that his flaming sword he now doth lack:
 To Europe's lights, all bright in their degree,
 None 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 gandy huntsman winds his shrill-tun'd horn:
 For 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:
 'Tis 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,
 Jove-spangled ensigns streaming in the air;
 Count how they make the Scythian them adore,
 The Gaditan, and seldier of Aurora:
 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-waund'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;
 To 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, Litty, 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,
 'Tis he 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;
 but honour more than riches men respect,
 but worthiness than gold doth more effect;

That Piety unmasked shows 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 encumbers, 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, [warms;
 That Rhein with hence-brought beams his bosom
 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 born, 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 grey-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 renouns.

This is that king, who should make right each wrong,
Of whom the bards and mystic Sybils 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, [smile.
Than those where heavens with double summers

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 the last;
Let them exceed those of thy younger time,
As far as autumn doth the flow'ry prime. [eye,
Through this thy empire range, like world's bright
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 infur'd circle of the Heaven. [sight

O! long, long haunt these bounds, which by thy
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-palm'd harts amidst our forests run,
And, not impal'd, the deep-mouth'd bounds 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 Panicks, Thetis' gyrls
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, Ethiopian plumes,
Sabaean 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 sitars raise,
And yearly sing due Pans 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, how'er so short,

And chides, perhaps, thy coming to the North,
Loath not to think on thy much-loving Forth:
O! 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, redoubt'd, 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 Pageants the 15th of June, 1655.

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 acknow-
ledge 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, pray-
ing all things may prove prosperous unto you; that
every virtue and heroic grace, which make a prince
eminent, may, with a long and blessed govern-
ment, 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 na-
tive 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
beat, 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 affec-

ion 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 engaged 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,
Incheering all our dales, hills, forests, streams,
As Phoebus doth the summer with his beams)
s come, and radiant to us, in his train,
The golden age and virtues brings again!
Prince so much longed for! how thou becalm'st
Winds ceaseless 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
That 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' phoenix, 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 [flow
Than thine should reach the same, my floods should
With hot vermilion gore, and every plain
Level the hills with carcasses 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;
Fowns 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:
& 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' 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 appal,
(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 pious 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

SONG OF THE MUSES AT PARNASSUS.

At length we see those eyes,
Which cheer both Earth and skies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy beauties heighten, richer 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.

THE SPEECHES

AT THE HOROSCOPAL PAGEANT,

BY THE PLANETS.

ENDYMION.

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 enclose,
 As fresh in beauty as the morning rose,
 Endymion, that whilom kept my flocks
 Upon Ionia's flow'ry hills and rocks,
 And sweet lays warbling to my Cynthia's beams,
 Out-sang the cygnets 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 commandment
 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.
 Sere 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.
 Now is it strange if they Heaven's height neglect;
 It of undoubted worth is the effect:
 Then this it is, thy presence, royal youth,
 Hath brought them here within an azinuth,
 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.

SATURN.

To fair hopes to give reins now it is 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 Lacedaean scythe-bearing sire,
 Though cold, for thee feels flames of sweet de-
 sire;
 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 enchain with favours this thy reign,
 His age of gold he shall restore again;
 Love, justice, honour, innocence renew,
 Men's sprights with white simplicity induce;
 Make all to leave in plenty's ceaseless store
 With equal shares, none wishing to have more.
 No more shall cold the ploughmen's hopes be-
 guile,
 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's 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 overcomes, 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 paranyph 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 tead;
 Raise palaces, and temples vaulted high;
 Rivers o'erarch; 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 safe 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 great:
 Thus Heavens ordain, so have decreed the Fates.

MARS.

Sow of the lion! thou of loathsome bands
 Shalt free the Earth, and whate'er thee with-
 stands

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 diamay'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 his 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 oppress,
 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.
 No 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 Parassus' crystal gates;
 Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the fates.

VENUS.

The Acidalia 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 Hymeneau 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 Phosbus' beams her brother's emulats:
 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 toms'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 Hyperhorean seas;
 He shall endge thee, both in peace and war,
 With wisdom, which than strength is better far;
 Wealth, honour, arms, and arts shall gracethy states:
 Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

THE MOON.

O sow 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 hand-maid 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 bates:
 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 on this northern region thou shouldst lend
 Thy cheerful presence, and, charg'd 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 Sybils 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.

PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

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:
 "Alcon! delight of Heaven, desire of Earth,
 Off-spring of Phoebus, 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 dispers'd! 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;
 And, like another phenix, make him live! [stomach,
 The herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their
 And make with crimson blush our anemids:
 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 sea,
 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 thy 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
 Of Fortune scorned, deeming it disgrace [chance
 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 car'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, bells 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 hur'd.
 These hillocks Phoebus loves, Ceres these plains,
 These shades the Sylvans; and here Pales strains
 Milk in the pails; the maids which haunt the spring
 Dance on these pastures; here Arminas sings:
 Hesperian gardens, Tempe's shades, are here,
 Or what the eastern Inde and west hold dear.
 Come then, dear youth! the wood-nymphs trim
 thee houghs

With rose and fly 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, [dust!
 Which told that thou wert come, but chang'd to
 Scarcely, 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 my 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 hands,
 Charged with sweetest flow'rs, and with pure hands;
 Fair nymphs, the blushing hyacinth and rose
 Spread on the place his relics doth enclose;
 Weave garlands to his memory, and put
 Over his hearse a verse in cypress cut,
 Virtue did die, goodness but harm did give,
 After the noble Alcon ceas'd to live:
 Friendship an earthquake suffer'd; losing him
 Love's brightest constellation turned dim.

MISCELLANIES.

A PASTORAL SONG.

PHILLIS AND DAWON.

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 eye.

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 annoy, 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.

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, main'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 't is, 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.

Down 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 tom'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'n's! hinder, stop this fate; or grant a time
 When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

A REPLY.

Who so 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 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,
 Thy punishment find equal to each crime.

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.

TO A SWALLOW

BUILDING NEAR THE STATUE OF MEDEA.

FOND PROgne, chattering wretch,
That is Medea! there
Wilt thou thy younglings hatch?
Will she keep thine, her own who could not spare?
Learn from her frantic face
To seek some sifter place.
What other may'st thou hope for, what desire,
Save Stygian spells, wounds, poison, iron, fire?

VENUS ARMED.

To practice new alarms
In Jove's great court above,
The wanton queen of love
Of sleeping Mars put on the horrid arms;
Where gazing in a glass
To see what thing she was,
To mock and scoff the blue-eyed maid did move;
Who said, "Sweet queen, thus should you have
been dight
When Vulcan took you napping with your knight."

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

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 lever must thou kill again!"

TO AN OWL.

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.

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 waiting 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.

In woods and desert 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'n's did place
Of sweet on your fair face,
Whilst therewith I am fed,
Rest careless (bear of love) of bellish smart,
And how those eyes afflict and wound my heart.

FIVE SONNETS FOR GALATEA.

I.

STARBUCK, in vain thou bring'st thy rhymes 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 shade;
Or, if that passion bath 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.

II.

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 show,
That straight in wanton lines abroad is blas'd;
Their names doth soar on our fame's overthrow;
Mark'd is our lightness, whilst their wits are gain'd.
In silent thoughts who can no secret cover,
He may, say we, but not well, be a lover.

III.

For who with curious numbers, sweetest art,
 Frame Dedal nets our beauty to surprise,
 Railing strange castles builded in the skies,
 And tales of Cupid's bow and Cupid's dart;
 Well, howsoever ye act your feigned smart,
 Molesting quiet ears with tragic cries,
 When you accuse our chastity's best part,
 Name'd cruelty, ye seem not half too wise;
 For, 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:
 For cruel nymphs your lines do fame afford,
 Not many pitiful, nor one poor word.

IV.

Is 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;
 Is 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 hut griefs we find;
 Is 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.

V.

Who 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?
 Al! 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,
 Both in decadens 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 past away:
 So is 't with love: unless you love me still,
 Do not think I'll yield unto your will!

SONNET.

Lang's charming sleep, son of the sable night,
 Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
 Destroy my languish ere the day be light,
 With dark forgetting of my care's return;
 And let the day be long enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth;
 Let wat'ry eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the troubles of the night's untruth.
 Ease, dreams, fond image of my fond desires!
 Be model forth the passions of to-morrow;
 Let never rising Sun approve your tears,
 Be add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
 Will let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

VOL. V.

TO THAUMANTIA, SINGING.

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.

Is thou wouldst see threads purer than the gold,
 Where love his wealth doth show,
 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.

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.

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.

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?

Y y

IDMON TO VENUS.

Ye, 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 PLAIN.

In midst of silent night,
When men, birds, beasts, do rest,
With love and fear possess,
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.

HIS FIREBRAND.

LEAVE, page, that slender torch,
And in this gloomy night
Let only shine the light
Of Love's hot brandon, which my heart doth scorch:
A sigh, or blast of wind,
My tears, or drops of rain,
May that at once make blind;
Whilst this like *Etna* burning shall remain.

DAPHNIS VOW.

WHEN Sun doth bring the day
From the Hesperian sea,
Or Moon her coach doth roll
Above the northern pole,
When serpents cannot hiss,
And lovers shall not kiss,
Then may it be, but in no time till then,
That Daphnis can forget his Orienne.

THE
STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

BREAK not my sweet repose,
Thou, whom free will, or chance, brings to this place,
Let lids these comets close,
O do not seek to see their shining grace:
For when mine eyes thou seest, they thine will blind,
And thou shalt part, but leave thy heart behind.

ANTHEA'S GIFT.

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.

Come, let us live, and love,
And kiss, Thaumantia mine;
I shall the elm be, he 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 bedies far more bright,
Let them not vaunt they match us in delight.

A LOVER'S DAY AND NIGHT.

BRIGHT meteor of day,
For me in *Thetis*' bow'rs for ever stay;
Night, to this flow'ry globe
Ne'er show for me thy star-embroidered 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.

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

CLORUS TO A GROVE.

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

A COUPEET ENCOMIASTIC.

Love, ¹Cypris, ²Phœbus, will feed, ³deck, and crown,
Thy heart, ¹brows, ²verse, with flames, with ³flow'rs,
renown.

ANOTHER.

Thy Muse not-able, full, if *in*stead, *rhymes*
Make thee the postaster of *our* times.

UPON A BAY TREE

NOT LONG SINCE, GROWING IN THE RUINS OF
VIRGIL'S TOMB.

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, ay' rice, time, your tombs throw down,
With maiden laurels Nature will them crown.

FLORA'S FLOWER.

Venus doth love the rose;
Apollo those dear flow'rs
Which were his paramours;
The queen of sable skies
The subtle lunaries:
But Flora likes none of those;
For fair to her no flow'r seems save the lily;
And why? Because one letter turns it P——.

MELAMPUS'S EPITAPH.

Alas that a dog could have
The good Melampus had:
Ay, he had more than what in beasts we crave,
For he could play the brave;
And often, like a Thraso stern, go mad:
And if ye had not seen, but heard him bark,
Ye would have sworn he was your parish clerk.

THE HAPPINESS OF A FLEA.

How happier is that flea,
Which in thy breast doth play,
Than that pied butterfly
Which courts the flame, and in the same doth die!
At hath a light delight,
Or fool! contented only with a sight;
When this doth sport, and swell with dearest food,
And, if he die, he knight-like dies in blood.

OF THE SAME.

A flea! then thou didst die;
By so fair a hand,
And thus to die was destiny to command:
And didst die, yet didst try
The world's last delight,
To vault on virgin plains, her kisses and bite:
And didst, yet hast thy tomb
Between those paps, O dear and stately room;
I happier far, more blest,
Than phoenix burning in his spicy nest.

LINA'S VIRGINITY.

Who Lina weddeth, shall most happy be;
For he a maid shall find,
Though maiden none be she,
A girl or boy beneath her waist confin'd:
And though bright Ceres' locks be never shorn,
He shall be sure this year to lack no corn.

LOVE NAKED.

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.

Wretched 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 doth me entomb;
Which if thou dost mistrust,
Of this hard rock but ope the flinty womb,
And here thou shalt find marble, and no dust.

CHANGE OF LOVE.

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 relief'd of pain.
For sighs I singing go,
I burn not as before—no, no, no, no!

WILD BEAUTY.

If all but ice thou be,
How dost thou thus me burn?
Or how at fire which thou dost raise in me,
Sith ice, thyself in streams dost thou not turn?
But rather, plautiful case!
Of ice art marble made, to my disgrace.
O miracle of love, not heard till now!
Cold ice doth burn, and hard by fire doth grow.

CONSTANT LOVE.

Time makes great states decay,
Time doth May's pomp disgrace,
Time draws deep furrows in the fairest face,
Time wisdom, force, renown, doth take away;

Time doth consume the years,
Time changes works in Heaven's eternal spheres;
Yet this fierce tyrant, which doth all devour,
To lessen love in me shall have no pow'r.

TO CHLORIS.

SEE, Chloris, bow the clouds
Tilt in the azure lists;
And now with Stygian mists
Each horned hill his giant forehead shrouds.
Jove thund'reth in the air;
The air, grown great with rain
Now seems to bring Deucalion's days again:
I see thee quake: come, let us home repair;
Come, hide thee in mine arms,
If not for love, yet to shun greater harms.

THYRSIS IN DISPRAISE OF BEAUTY.

THAT which so much the dotting world doth prize,
Fond ladies' only care, and sole delight,
Soon-fading beauty, which of hues doth rise,
Is but an abject let of Nature's might;
Most woful wretch, whom shining hair and eyes
Lead to Love's dungeon, traitor'd by a sight,
Most woful! for he might with greater ease
Hell's portals enter and pale Death appease.

As in delicious meads beneath the flow'rs,
And the most wholesome herbs that May can show,
In crystal curls the speckled serpent low'rs;
As in the apple, which most fair doth grow,
The rotten worm is clos'd, which it devours;
As in gilt cups, with Gnoesian wine which flow,
Oft poison pompously doth hide its sour;
So lewdness, falsehood, mischief them advance,
Clad with the pleasant rays of beauty's glance.

Good thence is chas'd where beauty doth appear;
Mild lowliness, with pity, from it fly;
Where beauty reigns, as in their proper sphere,
Ingratitude, disdain, pride, all decry;
The flow'r and fruit, which virtue's tree should bear,
With her bad shadow beauty maketh die:
Beauty a monster is, a monster hurl'd
From angry Heaven, to scourge this lower world.

As fruits which are unripe, and sour of taste,
To be confect'd more fit than sweet we prove;
For sweet, in spite of care, themselves will waste,
When they long kept the appetite do move:
So, in the sweetness of his nectar, Love
The foul confects, and seasons of his feast:
Sour is far better, which we sweet may make,
Than sweet, which sweeter sweetness will not take.

Foul may my lady be; and may her nose,
A Tenerif, give umbrage to her chin;
May her gay mouth, which she no time may close,
So wide be, that the Moon may turn therein:
May eyes and teeth be made conform to those;
Eyes set by chance and white, teeth black and thin:
May all that seen is, and is hid from sight,
Like unto these rare parts be framed right.

I shall not fear thus, though she stray alone,
That others her pursue, optice, admire;
And, though she sometime counterfeit a groan,
I shall not think her heart feels uncouth fire;
I shall not style her ruthless to my moan,
Nor proud, disdainful, wayward to desire:
Her thoughts with mine will hold an equal ease,
I shall be hers, and she shall all be mine.

EURYMEDON'S PRAISE OF MIRA.

GRACE of the mountains, glory of our plains!
Rare miracle of nature, and of love!
Sweet Atlas, who all beauty's Heavens sustains,
No, beauty's Heaven, where all her wonders move;
The Sun, from east to west who all doth see,
On this low globe sees nothing like to thee.

One phenix only liv'd ere thou wast born,
And Earth but did one queen of love admire,
Three Graces only did the world adorn,
But thrice three Muses sung to Phoebus' lyre;
Two phenixes be now, love's queens are two,
Four Graces, Muses ten, all made by you.

For those perfections which the bounteous Heavens
To divers worlds in divers times assign'd,
With thousands more, to thee at once were given,
Thy body fair, more fair they made the mind:
And, that thy like no age should more behold,
When thou wast fram'd, they after break the mould.

Sweet are the blushes on thy face which shine,
Sweet are the flames which sparkle from thine eyes,
Sweet are his torments who for thee doth pine,
Most sweet his death for thee who sweetly dies;
For, if he die, he dies not by annoy,
But too much sweetness and abundant joy.

What are my slender lays to show thy worth!
How can base words a thing so high make known?
So wooden globes bright stars to us set forth,
So in a crystal is Sun's beauty shown:
More of thy praises if my Muse should write,
More love and pity must the same indite.

THAUMANTIA.

AT THE DEPARTURE OF IDMON.

Fare Dian, from the height
Of Heaven's first orb who cheer'st this lower place,
Hide now from me thy light;
And, pitying my case,
Spread with a scarf of clouds thy blushing face.

Come with your doleful songs,
Night's sable birds, which plain when others sleep;
Come, solemnize my wrongs,
And concert to me keep,
Sith Heaven, Earth, Hell, are set to cause me weep.

This grief yet I could bear,
If now by absence I were only pin'd;
But, ah! worse evil I fear;
Men absent prove unkind,
And change, unconstant like the Moon, their mind.

If thought had so much pow'r
Of thy departure, that it could me slay;
How will that ugly hour
My feeble sense dismay,
"Farewel, sweet heart," when I shall hear thee say!

Dear life! sith thou must go,
 Take all my joy and comfort hence with thee;
 And leave with me thy woe,
 Which, until I thee see,
 For time, nor place, nor change shall take from me.

ERYCINE

AT THE DEPARTURE OF ALEXIS.

' And wilt thou then, Alexis mine, depart,
 And leave these flow'ry meads and crystal streams,
 These hills as green as great with gold and gems,
 Which court thee with rich treasure in each part:
 Shall nothing hold thee? not my loyal heart,
 That bursts to lose the comforts of thy beams?
 Nor yet this pipe, which wildest satyrs tames?
 Nor lambskins wailing, nor old Dorus' smart?
 O ruthless shepherd! forests strange among
 What canst thou else but fearful dangers find?
 But, ah! not thou, but honour, doth me wrong;
 O cruel honour! tyrant of the mind."
 This said sad Erycine, and all the flowers
 Misperced as she went with eyes' salt showers.

COMPARISON

OF HIS THOUGHTS TO PEARLS.

When opening shells in seas, on heavenly dew
 A shining oyster lusciously doth feed;
 And then the birth of that ethereal seed
 Shows, when conceiv'd, if skies look dark or blue:
 So do my thoughts, celestial twins! of you,
 At whose aspect they first begin and breed,
 When they came forth to light, demonstrate true
 If ye then smil'd, or low'd in mourning weed.
 Pearls then are orient fram'd, and fair in form,
 Of Heavens in their conceptions do look clear;
 But if they thunder or do threat a storm,
 They sadly dark and cloudy do appear:
 Light so my thoughts, and so my notes do change;
 Sweet, if ye smile, and hoarse, if ye look strange.

ALL CHANGETH.

'Tis angry winds not eye
 Do cuff the roaring deep;
 And, though Heavens often weep,
 Yet do they smile for joy when comes dismay;
 Frosts do not ever kill the pleasant flow'rs;
 And love hath sweets when gone are all the sour.
 This said a shepherd, closing in his arms
 His dear, who blush'd to feel love's new alarms.

SILENUS TO KING MIDAS.

'Tis greatest gift that from their lofty thrones
 The all-governing pow'rs to man can give,
 Is, that he never breathe; or, breathing once,
 A suckling end his days, and leave to live;
 For then he neither knows the woe nor joy
 Of life, nor fears the Stygian lake's annoy.

TO HIS AMOROUS THOUGHT.

Sweeter wanton thought, who art of beauty born,
 And who on beauty feed'st, and sweet desire,
 Like taper fly, still circling, and still turn
 About that flame, that all so much admire,
 That heavenly fair which doth out-blush the morn,
 Those ivory hands, those threads of golden wire,
 Thou still surroundest, yet dar'st not aspire;
 Sure thou dost well that place not to come near,
 Nor see the majesty of that fair court;
 For if thou saw'st what wonders there resort,
 The pure intelligence that moves that sphere,
 Like souls ascending to those joys above,
 Back never wouldst thou turn, nor thence remove.
 What can we hope for more; what more enjoy?
 Since fairest things thus soonest have their end,
 And as on bodies shadows do attend,
 Soon all our bliss is follow'd with annoy:
 Yet she's not dead, she lives where she did love;
 Her memory on Earth, her soul above.

PHILLIS

ON THE DEATH OF HER SPARROW.

Ah! if ye ask, my friends, why this salt show'r
 My blubber'd eyes upon this paper pour?
 Gone is my sparrow! he whom I did train,
 And turn'd so toward, by a cat is slain:
 No more with trembling wings shall he attend
 His watchful mistress. Would my life could end!
 No more shall I him hear chirp pretty lays;
 Have I not cause to loath my tedious days?
 A Dedalus he was to catch a fly;
 Nor wrath nor rancour men in him could spy.
 To touch or wrong his tail if any dar'd,
 He pinch'd their fingers, and against them war'd:
 Then might that crest be seen shake up and down,
 Which fixed was unto his little crown;
 Like Hector's, Troy's strong bulwark, when in ire
 He rag'd to set the Grecian fleet on fire.
 But ah, alas! a cat this prey espies,
 Then with a leap did thus our joys surpris.
 Undoubtedly this bird was kill'd by treason,
 Or otherwise had of that fiend had reason.
 Thus was Achilles by weak Paris slain,
 And stout Camilla fell by Aruns vain;
 So that false horse, which Pallas rais'd 'gainst Troy,
 King Priam and that city did destroy.
 Thou, now whose heart is big with this frail glory,
 Shalt not live long to tell thy honour's story.
 If any knowledge resteth after death
 In ghosts of birds, when they have left to breathe,
 My darling's ghost shall know in lower place
 The vengeance falling on the cattish race.
 For never cat nor catling I shall find,
 But mew shall they in Pluto's palace blind.
 Ye, who with gaudy wings, and bodies light,
 Do dirt the air, turn hitherwards your flight;
 To my sad tears comply these notes of yours,
 Unto his idol bring an harv'st of flow'rs;
 Let him accept from us, as most divine
 Sabæan incense, milk, food; sweetest wine;
 And on a stone let us these words engrave:
 " Pilgrim the body of a sparrow brave
 In a fierce glutt'nous cat's womb clos'd remains,
 Whose ghost now graceth the Elysian plains."

ON THE

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF PERTH.

SONNET.

WHEN with brave art the curious painter drew
This heavenly shape, the band why made he bear,
With golden veins, that flow'r of purple hue,
Which follows on the planet of the year?
Was it to show how in our hemisphere
Like him she shines? nay, that effects more true
Of pow'r and wooder 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 gave,
For cypress tree this mourning flow'r he gave.

MADRIGAL.

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.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

THE Scottish kirk the English church do name;
The English church the Scots a kirk do call;
Kirk and not church, church and not kirk, O shame!
Your kappa turn in chi, or perish all.
Assemblies meet, post bishops to the court:
If these two nations fight, 'tis strangers' sport.

II.

AGAINST the king, sir, now why would you fight?
Forsooth, because he dubb'd me not a knight.
And ye, my lords, why arm ye 'gainst king Charles?
Because of lords he would not make us earls.
Earls, why do ye lead forth these warlike bands?
Because we will not quit the church's lands.
Most holy churchmen, what is your intent?
The king our stipends largely did augment.
Commons to tumult thus why are you driven?
Priests us persuade it is the way to Heaven.
Are these just cause of war; good people, grant?
Ho! Plunder! thou ne'er swore our covenant.

Give me a thousand covenants; I'll subscribe
Them all, and more, if more ye can contrive
Of rage and malice; and let every one
Black treason bear, not bare rebellion.
I'll not be mock'd, hiss'd, plunder'd, banish'd hence,
For more years standing for a **** prince.
His castles are all taken, and his crown,
His sword, and sceptre, ensigns of renown,
With that lieutenant Fame did so extol;
And captives carried to the capital.

I'll not die martyr for a mortal thing;
'Tis 'nough to be confessor for a king.
Will this you give contentment, honest men?
I've written *rebels*—pox upon the pen!

III.

THE king a negative voice most justly hath,
Since the kirk hath found out a negative faith.

IV.

IN parliament one voted for the king;
The crowd did murmur he might for it smart;
His voice again being heard, was no such thing;
For that which was mistaken was a fart.

V.

BOLD Scots, at Barnockburn ye kill'd your king,
Then did in parliament approve the fact;
And would ye Charles to such a nonplus bring,
To authorize rebellion by an act?
Well what ye crave who knows but granted may be!
But, if he do 't, cause swaddle him for a baby.

VI.

A REPLY.

SWADDLED is the baby, and almost two years
(His swaddling time) did neither cry nor stir;
But star'd, smil'd, did lie still, void of all fears,
And sleep'd, though barked at by every cur:
Yea, had not wak'd, if Lealy, that hoarse nurse,
Had not him hardly rock'd—old wives him curse!

VII.

TAX king nor band nor host had him to follow,
Of all his subjects; they were given to thee,
Lealy. Who is the greatest? By Apollo, [he
The emperor thou; some Palegrave scarce seems
Couldst thou pull lords, as we do bishops, down,
Small distance were between thee and a crown.

VIII.

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

IX.

THE STATUE OF ALCIDES.

FLORA, upon a time,
Naked Alcides' statue did behold;
And with delight admired each am'rous limb;
Only one fault, she said, could be of 't told:
For, by right symmetry,
The craftsman had him wrong'd;
To such tall joints a taller club belong'd—
The club hung by his thigh.
To which the statuary did reply:
"Fair nymph, in ancient days, your *** by far
Were not so hugely vast as now they are."

X.

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;
 'o pulpits some, to camp the rest apply.

XI.

A SPEECH

AT THE KING'S ENTRY INTO THE TOWN OF LINGLITHOOW;
 PRONOUNCED BY MR. JAMES WISEMAN, SCHOOLMASTER
 THERE, INCLOSED IN A PLASTER MADE IN THE FIGURE
 OF A LION.

PRICE, royal sir, here I do you beseech,
 Who art a lion, to hear a lion's speech.
 A miracle; for, since the days of Esop,
 No lion till these times his voice dar'd raise up
 To such a majesty: then, king of men,
 The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den;
 Who, though he now enclosed be in plaster,
 When he was free, was Lithgow's wise schoolmaster.

XII.

A COUNTRY maid Amazon-like did ride,
 To sit more sure, with leg on either side:
 Her mother who her spied, said that ere long
 She should just penance suffer for that wrong;
 For when time should on her more years bestow,
 That horse's hair between her thighs would grow.
 Scarce winter twice was come, as was her told,
 When she found all to fringle there with gold;
 Which first made her afraid, then turn'd her sick,
 And forc'd her keep her bed almost a week.
 At last her mother calls, who scarce for laughter
 Could hear the pleasant story of her daughter;
 But, that this phrensy should no more her vex,
 She swore thus bearded were their weaker sex;
 Which when denied, "Think not," said she, "I scorn;
 Behold the place, poor fool, where thou wast born."
 The girl that seeing cried, now void of pain,
 'Ah! mother, you have ridden on the mane!"

XIII.

God's judgments seldom use to cease, unless
 The sins which them procur'd men do confess.
 Our cries are Baa's priests, our fasting vain;
 Our pray'rs not heard, nor answer'd us again:
 'Ill perjury, wrong, rebellion, be confess,
 Think not on peace, nor to be freed of pest.

XIV.

As king gives yearly to his senate gold;
 Who can deny but justice then is sold?

XV.

Isax Rixus lies, a novice in the laws,
 Who 'plains he came to Hell without a cause.

THE CHARACTER

OF AN ANTI-COVENANTER, OR MALIGNANT.

Would you know these royal knaves,
 Of freemen 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 are 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-spiced 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 subscribe.

That monies should men's daughters marry,
 They ou 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 crochets 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 detested 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 hast 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 'mougt 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.

I. SEEING.

From such a face, whose excellence
May captivate my sovereign's sense,
And make him (Phœbus like) his throne,
Resign to some young Phœton,
Whose skillless and unstay'd 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 charioteer ;
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.

II. HEARING.

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 sooth my sovereign's ear ;
His frowns more than his Maker's fearing,
Bless my sovereign and his hearing.

III. TASTING.

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.

IV. FEELING.

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.

V. SMELLING.

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's still preserve him. Next I crave,
Thou wilt be pleas'd, great God ! to save
My sov'reign from a Ganymede,
Whose whorish breath bath 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.

THE ABSTRACT.

SEEING.

AND now, just God, I humbly pray,
That thou wilt take the slime away

bat keeps my sovereign's eyes from seeing
be things that will be our undoing.

HEARING.

NEVER let him hear, good God, the sounds
as well of men as of his hounds.

TASTE.

NEVER him a taste, and truly too;
of what his subjects undergo.

FEELING AND SMELLING.

NEVER him a feeling of their woes,
and then no doubt his royal nose
Will quickly smell the rascals forth,
Those black deeds have eclips'd his worth:
They found, and scourged for their offences,
Heavens bless my sovereign and his senses.

EPIITAPHS.

ON A DRUNKARD.

NEVER amaranths nor roses do bequeath
Unto this hearse, but tamarisks 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.

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,
Prac'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 shown, then hidden, are lov'd best,
This Margaret 'shrin'd in this marble chest.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

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'n's, but to show 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,
With fairest things thus soonest have their end;
And, as on bodies shadows do attend,
With 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 EPIITAPH.

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

VERSES ON THE LATE WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE doubtful fears of change so fright my mind,
Though raised to the highest joy in love,
As in this slippery state more grief I find
Than they who never such a bliss did prove;
But fed with ling'ring hopes of future gain,
Dream not what 'tis to doubt a loser's pain.

Desire a safer harbour is than fear,
And not to rise less danger than to fall;
The want of jewels we far better bear,
Than, so possess'd, at once to lose them all:
Unsatisfied hopes time may repair,
When ruin'd faith must finish in despair.

Alas! ye look but up the hill on me,
Which shows to you a fair and smooth ascent;
The precipice behind ye cannot see,
On which high fortunes are too prone to beat:
If there I slip, what former joy or bliss
Can heal the bruise of such a fall as this?

E. P.

A REPLY.

WHO love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
Where fairer virtues fairest beauties grace;
Then in himself such store of worth doth find,
That he deserves to find so good a place;
To chilling fears how can he be set forth
Whose fears condemn his own, doubt others' worth?

Desire, as flames of zeal, fear, horrors meets,
They rise who fall of falling never prov'd.
Who is so dainty, satiate with sweets,
To murmur when the banquet is remov'd?
The fairest hopes time in the bud destroys,
When sweet are memories of ruin'd joys.

It is no hill, but Heaven where you remain;
And whom desert advanced hath so high
To reach the gerdon of his burning pain,
Must not repine to fall, and falling die:
His hopes are crown'd. What years of tedious breath
Can them compare with such a happy death?

UPON THE DEATH OF JOHN EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

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 destin'd by sword to fall,
 And trophies of their country's spoils to rear;
 Strange laws the ag'd and prudent to appeal,
 And forc'd sad yokes of tyranny to bear;
 And for no great nor virtuous minds a room—
 Disdaining life, thou shroud'st into thy tomb.

When misdevotion every where shall take place,
 And lofty oratory, 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 Phoebus 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.

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.

ON THE DEATH OF A NOBLEMAN IN SCOTLAND,

BURIED AT AITHEN.

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

Mourn this thy nursing'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 swales;
 The good man's refuge, of the bad the fright,
 Unparall'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 shin'd lias here."

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.

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.

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

What good in parts on many shair'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 wou
 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 carls,
 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.

TO THE

OBSEQUES OF THE BLESSED PRINCE JAMES,
 KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Lay 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 ;
 Yet 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 ;
 'Tis but to blaze thy glories stays behind
 'Tis th' world, which late was golden by thy breath,
 In iron turn'd, and horrid by thy death.

Open wight, who dream'st of greatness ; glory, state ;
 And worlds of pleasures, honours, dost devise ;
 Awake, learn how that here thou art not great
 For glorious : by this monument turn wise.

See 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,
 For morning's blush more radiant ever shin'd ;
 Ah ! too, too like to morn and roe at last !
 It holds her who in wit's ascendant far
 Ten 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.

Air 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,
 O ! how much worth a little dust doth bound.

Far from these banks exiled be all joys,
 Contentments, pleasures, music (care's relief) !
 Tears, sighs, complaints, horrors, frightments, sad annoy,
 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 ;
 Iain, Echo, thy Narcissus from our rocks.

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

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

'Tis flow'r of virgins, in her prime of years,
 Whose 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 !

Air hopes now vanish'd are. She would have grac'd
 A prince's marriage-bed ! but, lo ! in Heaven
 Her best paramours to her were to be given !
 She liv'd an angel, now is with them pleas'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.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

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 lantborn, 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.

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.

Written 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.

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.

Vases 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 virtue's 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 thou 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 farewells and tears.

ROSE.

TROUEN 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.

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.

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 sound,
Though time her life, no time her love could bound.

TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

THOUGH I have twice been at the doors of Death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
This but a lightning is, trace ta'en to breathe,
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred cares, 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 Eek:—may roses shade the place."

DIVINE POEMS.

A TRANSLATION.

AN, silly soul! what wilt thou say
When he, whom Earth and Heaven obey,
Comes man to judge in the last day?

When he a reason asks, why grace
And goodness thou wouldst not embrace,
But steps of vanity didst trace!

That day of terror, vengeance, ire,
Now to prevent thou shouldst desire,
And to thy God in haste retire.

With wat'ry eyes, and sigh-swoll'n heart,
O beg, beg in his love a part,
Whilst conscience with remorse doth smart.

That dreaded day of wrath and shame
In flames shall turn this world's huge frame,
As sacred prophets do proclaim.

O! with what grief shall earthlings groan
When that great judge, set on his throne,
Examines strictly every one!

Shrill-sounding trumpets through the air
Shall from dark sepulchres each where
Force wretched mortals to appear.

Nature and Death amaz'd remain
To find their dead arise again,
And process with their judge maintain.

Display'd then open books shall lie,
Which all those secret crimes descry
For which the guilty world must die.

The Judge enthron'd, whom bribes not gain,
The closest crimes appear shall plain,
And none unpunished remain.

O! who then pity shall poor me?
Or who mine advocate shall be?
When scarce the justest pass shall free.

All wholly holy, dreadful King,
Who freely life to thine dost bring,
Of mercy save me, mercy's spring!

Then, sweet Jesu, call to mind
How of thy pains I was the end,
And favour let me that day find.

In search of me thou, full of pain,
Didst sweat blood, death on cross sustain:
Let not these sufferings be in vain.

Thou supreme Judge, most just and wise,
Purge me from guilt, which on me lies,
Before that day of thine assize.

Charg'd with remorse, lo! here I groan,
Sin makes my face a blush take on;
Ah! spare me, prostrate at thy throne.

Who Mary Magdalen didst spare,
And lend't the thief on cross thine ear,
Show me fair hopes I should not fear.

My prayers imperfect are and weak,
But worthy of thy grace them make,
And save me from Hell's burning lake.

In that great day, at thy right hand,
Grant I amongst thy sheep may stand,
Requester'd from the goatish band.

When that the reprobates are all
To everlasting flames made thrall,
> to thy chosen, Lord, me call!

That I one of thy company,
With those whom thou dost justify,
May live blest in eternity.

SONNETS.

Too long I follow'd have my food
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.
Oh! 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,
I 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 furth of this body flee,
To hope I'll have but only, only thee.

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' endine 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;
And, 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;
I wonder is, so far above our wit,
That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

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, forloru!
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.

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

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 setst 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.

"Basso portals of the sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold;
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold;
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

"Scarf'd in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air;
Straight doth the Moon him shroud
With her resplendent hair:
The next encrystal'd light
Submits to him its beams;
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

"He towers those golden bounds
He did to Sun bequeath;
The higher wand'ring rounds
Are found his feet beneath:
The milky-way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend,
Above each turning sphere
That, rob'd in glory, Heaven's King may ascend.

"O Well-spring of this all!
Thy Father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live!
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of Heaven,
All truth, love, beauty, good,
To thee, to thee, be praises ever given.

"What was dismarshall'd late
In this thy noble frame,
And lost the prime estate,
Hath re-obtain'd the same,
Is now most perfect seen;
Streams, which diverted were
(And, troubled, stray'd unclear)
From their first source, by thee home turned are.

"By thee, that blemish old
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exil'd from thence,
Now put away is far;
With sword, in ireful guise,
No oherub more shall bar
Poor man the entrance into Paradise.

" By thee, those spirits pure,
First children of the light,
Now fixed stand, and sure,
In their eternal right;
Now human companies
Renew their ruin'd wall;
Fall'n man, as thou mak'st rise,
Thou giv'st to angels, that they shall not fall.

" By thee, that prince of sin,
That doth with mischief swell,
Hath lost what he did win,
And shall endur'd dwell;
His spoils are made the prey,
His fanes are sack'd and torn,
His altars raz'd away,
And what ador'd was late, now lies a scorn.

" These mansions pure and clear,
Which are not made by hands,
Which once by him 'joy'd were,
And his, the in not stain'd, bands,
Now forfeit'd, disposses't,
And headlong from them thrown,
Shall Adam's heirs make blest,
By thee, their great Redeemer, made their own.

" O! Well-spring of this all!
Thy Father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live!
Whose work is but to will;
God's co-eternal son,
Great banisher of ill,
By none but thee could these great deeds be done.

" Now each ethereal gate
To him hath open'd been;
And Glory's King in state
His palace enters in:
Now come is this High Priest
In the most holy place,
Not without blood address,
With glory Heaven, the Earth to crown with grace.

" Stars, which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn,
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues them torn;
Their orb' crystals move
More active than before,
And exultate from above,
Their sovereign prince laud, glorify, adore.

" The choirs of happy souls,
Wak'd with that music sweet,
Whose decant care controuls;
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The spotless spirits of light
His trophies do extol,
And, arch'd in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

" O glory of the Heaven!
O sole delight of Earth!
To thee all power be given;
God's uncreated birth;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation, and our song."
From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

Moan oft that once Death whisper'd in mine ear,
" Grave what thou hear'st in diamond and gold;
I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
Who have in dust their far-stretch'd pride uproll'd.
All, all is mine beneath Moon's silver sphere;
And nought, save virtue, can my power withhold:
This, not believ'd, experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came next.
As bugbear then my visage I did show,
That of my horrors-thou right use might'st make,
And a more sacred path of living take:
Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow;
Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day, as if it were thy last."

THE SHADOW OF THE JUDGEMENT.

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 heightning, 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 seraphims
Burn with immortal love; there cherubims,
With other noble people of the light,
As eagles 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 humans 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 eye,
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 clasp,
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 rueful show!
She, sobbing, shrank the throned 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 sinner thou didst bring
On Earth; lost man to save from Hell's abode,
And raise unto these 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 sees from these lower bounds;
 Behold her garments' threads, her body's wounds:
 Look how her sister Charity there stands,
 Proscrib'd on Earth, all main'd by wicied hands:
 Mischief there mounts to such an high degree,
 That there now none is left that cares for me.
 There dwells idelstiy, there atheism reigns;
 There man in dumb, yet roaring, sins him stains;
 To 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
 For those black spirits which thou dost keep in chains
 He vows obedience, and with shameful pains
 Infernal horrors courts; ease fond and strange!
 To banish than bliss desiring more the change.
 Thy Charity, of graces once the chief
 Did long time find in hospitals relief;
 Which now lie levell'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 rais'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 quits o'erthrown!
 Men wisdom, lawless live; most woful case!
 Men no more men, a God-contamning race."
 Scarce had she said, when, from the nether world
 Like to a lightning through the welkin hurt'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;
 A rag her veil was rent, and star-spangl'd gown;
 Her tear-wet locks hang'd o'er her face, which made
 Between her and the Mighty King a shade;
 'Tis wrath had rais'd her colour; (like the morn
 Portending clouds moist embryos to be born)
 If 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 thee homage? And thou didst not thou
 A queen install me there, to whom should bow
 Thy Earth's indweller, and to this effect
 Put in my hand thy sword? O high neglect!
 How wretched overthrow, 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 heath,
 Where every virtue hath consumed been,
 And nought (no, not their dust) rests to be seen:
 Long hath it me abhor'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 best 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 fears of breath
 By lurking means, of such age few makes sick;
 Since Hell disgorg'd her baneful arsenic,
 Whom murders, foul assassinate 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,
 Deserv'd 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, had 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 musk'd zephyrs' sighs along the main;
 Or when they curl some flow'ry lee and plain:
 One was their thought, o'er 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 wort 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,
 Mansions 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 Hamaus felt it; Athos' tops
 Affrighted shrank; and near the Ethiops,
 Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Apennine,
 And lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine:
 Then to the synod of the spirits 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 months makes one tedious day;
 And when through southern signs he holds his way,
 Six months 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 Green-land. On the lonely shore
 The ocean in mountains hoarse doth roar,

And over-tumbling, tumbling over rocks,
 Cast 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 lifeth 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 painful 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 ;
 Pood'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, suar'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,
 Thou die thyself, 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 bag come out,
 With upcomb'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, blas'd with Phlegethonian fires.
 Relentless, she each state, sex, age, defies,
 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 slips ;

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 centre's centre with a mighty blow
 One bruise, 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 engulf ; 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 depth are valleys found ;
 Late where with foamy crests waves tilted waves,
 Now saby bottoms shine, and mossy caves.
 The mariner casts an amazed eye
 On his wing'd firm, 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 hur'd far beyond seas and hope,
 And settle on some hill or palace top ;
 Or, by triumphant surges over-driven,
 Show Earth their entrails, and their heels the Heaven.

Sky's cloudy tables some do paint, with fights
 Of armed squadrons, jostling steeds and knights,
 With shining crosses, judge, and asphire throne,
 Arraigned criminals to howl and groan, [shine
 And plaints sent forth are heard : new worlds seem
 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 amax'd is at such beams,
 The Mauritanian to see icy streams ;
 The shadow, which erewhile 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 ;
 Shrunken 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;
 Fet, frantic, muse to see Heaven's stately lights,
 Like drunkards, wayless reel amidst their heights.
 Such as do nations govern, and command
 Fasts 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,
 If care on Earth is this the furthest gains?
 No riches now can bribe our angry fate;
 No! to blast our pride the Heavens do threat:
 No dust now must our greatness buried lie,
 'Tis in it comfort with the world to die."
 Is more and more the warning signs increase,
 Wild dread deprives lost Adam's race of peace;
 From out their grand-dame Earth theyfain 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 this 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,
 And recluses, in lonely islands plac'd;
 Or did the mountains baunt, and forests wild, [mild;
 Which they than towns more harmless found and
 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," saythey, "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;

VOL. V.

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 eyes,
 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 spill hop'd for, come long wish'd for, Lord.

While thus they pray, the Heavens in flames ap'
 As if they shew fire's elemental splere; [pear.
 The Earth seems in the Sun, the wliken gone;
 Wonder all bushes; straight the air doth groan
 With trumpets, which thrice louder sounds do yield
 Than deafning thunders in the airy field.
 Created nature at the clangour 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 driver,
 And beaming glory shows 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 carcasses' quick members reel,
 And by their ruin blunt the reeking steel,
 Resembleth now the ever-living King?
 What face of Troy 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 shown, 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
 And cedars overtop the pine and fir: [myrrb,
 Near where the aged phenix, 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.

HYMNS.

L

Saviour of mankind! Man Emanuel!
 Who sinless died for sin, who vanquish'd Hell,
 The first fruits of the grave, whose life did give
 Light to our darkness, in whose death we live—
 O strengthen thou my faith, correct my will,
 That mine may thine obey: protect me still,

Z z

So that the latter death may not devour
My soul seal'd with thy seal; so in the hour
When thou, whose body sanctified thy tomb,
(Unjustly judg'd) a glorious judge shalt come,
To judge the world with justice; by that sign
I may be known and entertain'd for thine.

II.

Hus, whom the earth, the sea, and sky
Worship, adore, and magnify,
And doth this threefold engine steer,
Mary's pure closet now doth bear:

Whom Sun and Moon, and creatures all,
Serving at times, obey his call,
Pouring from Heaven his sacred grace,
P' th' virgin's bowels hath ta'en place.

Mother most blest by such a dower,
Whose Maker, Lord of highest power,
Who this wide world in hand contains,
In thy womb's ark himself restrains.

Blest by a message from Heaven brought,
Fertile with Holy Ghost full fraught,
Of nations the desired King,
Within thy sacred womb doth spring.

Lord, may thy glory still endure,
Who born wast of a virgin pure;
The Father's and the Sp'rit's love,
Which endless worlds may not remove.

III.

Jesu, our prayers with mildness hear,
Who art the crown which virgins decks,
Whom a pure maid did breed and bear,
The sole example of her sex.

Thou feeding there where lilies spring,
While round about the virgins dance,
Thy spouse dost to glory bring,
And them with high rewards advance.

The virgins follow in thy ways
Whithersoever thou dost go,
They trace thy steps with songs of praise,
And in sweet hymns thy glory show.

Cause thy protecting grace, we pray,
In all our senses to abound,
Keeping from them all harms which may
Our souls with foul corruption wound.

Praise, honour, strength, and glory great,
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete
While time lasts, and when time is done.

IV.

BENIGN Creator of the stars,
Eternal Light of faithful eyes,
Christ, whose redemption none debars,
Do not our humble prayers despise.

Who for the state of mankind griev'd,
That it by death destroy'd should be,
Hast the diseas'd world reliev'd,
And given the guilty remedy.

When th' evening of the world drew near,
Thou as a bridegroom deign'dst to come
Out of the wedding chamber dear,
Thy virgin mother's purest womb:

To the strong force of whose high reign
All knees are bow'd with gesture low,
Creatures which Heav'n on Earth contain
With reverence their subjection show.

O holy Lord! we thee desire,
Whom we expect to judge all faults,
Preserve us, as the times require,
From our deceitful foes' assaults.

Praise, honour, strength, and glory great,
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Whilst time lasts, and when time is done.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who bringing forth the light of days,
With the first work of splendour bright
The world didst to beginning raise;

Who morn with evening join'd in one
Commandedst should be call'd the day:
The foul confusion now is gone;
O hear us when with tears we pray:

Lest that the mind, with fears full fraught,
Should lose best life's eternal gains,
While it hath no immortal thought,
But is enwrapt in sinful chains.

O may it beat the inmost sky,
And the reward of life possess!
May we from hurtful actions fly,
And purge away all wickedness!

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like pow'r hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR MONDAY.

GREAT Maker of the Heavens wide,
Who, lest things mix'd should all confound,
The floods and waters didst divide,
And didst appoint the Heav'ns their bound;

Ordering where heav'nly things shall stay,
Where streams shall run on earthly soil,
That waters may the flames allay,
Lest they the globe of Earth should spoil.

Sweet Lord, into our minds infuse
The gift of everlasting grace,
That no old faults which we did use
May with new frauds our souls deface.

May our true faith obtain the light,
 And such clear beams our hearts possess,
 That it vain things may banish quite,
 And that no falsehood it oppress.
 Dear Father, grant what we entreat, &c.

HYMN FOR TUESDAY.

GREAT Maker of man's earthly realm,
 Who didst the ground from waters take
 Which did the troubled land o'erwhelm,
 And it immovable didst make ;

That there young plants might fitly spring,
 While it with golden flow'rs attir'd
 Might forth ripe fruit in plenty bring,
 And yield sweet fruit by all desir'd :

With fragrant greenness of thy grace,
 Our blasted souls of wounds release,
 That tears foul sins away may chase,
 And in the mind bad motions cease.

May it obey thy heav'nly voice,
 And never drawing near to ill,
 T' abound in goodness may rejoice,
 And may no mortal sin fulfil.

Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR WEDNESDAY.

O SOLY God of heav'nly frame,
 Who mak'st the pole's wide centre bright,
 And paint'st the same with shining flame,
 Adorning it with beauteous light ;

Who framing, on the fourth of days,
 The fiery chariot of the Sun,
 Appoint'st the Moon her changing rays,
 And orbs in which the planets run ;

That thou might'st by a certain bound
 Twixt night and day division make ;
 And that some sure sign might be found
 To show when months beginning take ;

Men's hearts with lightsome splendour bless,
 Wipe from their minds polluting spots,
 Dissolve the bond of guiltiness,
 Throw down the heaps of sinful blot.

Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR THURSDAY.

O OON, whose forces far extend,
 Who creatures which from waters spring
 Back to the flood dost partly send,
 And up to th' air dost partly bring ;

Some in the waters deeply div'd,
 Some playing in the Heav'ns above,
 That natures from one stock deriv'd
 May thus to several dwellings move :

Upon thy servants grace bestow,
 Whose souls thy bloody waters clear,
 That they no sinful falls may know,
 Nor heavy grief of death may bear ;

That sin no soul oppress may thrall,
 That none be lifted high with pride,
 That minds cast downwards do not fall,
 Nor raised up may backward slide.

Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR FRIDAY.

God, from whose work mankind did spring,
 Who all in rule dost only keep
 Bidding the dry land forth to bring
 All kind of beasts which on it creep ;

Who hast made subject to man's hand
 Great bodies of each mighty thing,
 That, taking life from thy command,
 They might in order serve their King ;

From us thy servants, Lord, expel
 Those errors which uncleanness breeds,
 Which either in our manners dwell,
 Or mix themselves among our deeds.

Give the rewards of joyful life ;
 The plenteous gifts of grace increase ;
 Dissolve the cruel bonds of strife ;
 Knit fast the happy league of peace.

Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR SATURDAY.

O TRINITY ! O blessed light !
 O Unity, most principal !
 The fiery Sun now leaves our sight ;
 Cause in our hearts thy beams to fall :

Let us with songs of praise divine
 At morn and evening thee implore ;
 And let our glory, bow'd to thine,
 Thee glorify for evermore.

To God the Father glory great,
 And glory to his only Son,
 And to the holy Paraclete,
 Both now, and still while ages run.

HYMN UPON THE NATIVITY.

CHRIST, whose redemption all doth free,
 Son of the Father, who alone,
 Before the world began to be,
 Didst spring from him by means unknown ;

Thou his clear brightness, thou his light,
 Thou everlasting hope of all,
 Observe the pray'rs which in thy night
 Thy servants through the world let fall.

O dearest Saviour, bear in mind,
 That of our body thou, a child,
 Didst whilom take the natural kind,
 Born of the Virgin undefil'd.

This much the present day makes known,
 Passing the circuit of the year,
 That thou from thy high Father's throne
 The world's sole safety didst appear.

The highest Heaven, the earth, and seas,
And all that is within them found,
Because be sent thee us to ease,
With mirthful songs his praise resound.

We also, who redeemed are
With thy pure blood from sinful state,
For this thy birth-day will prepare
New hymns this feast to celebrate.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Whom the unspotted Virgin bore;
And glory to thee, Father, be,
And th' Holy Ghost, for evermore.

HYMN UPON THE INNOCENTS.

HAIL you, sweet babes! that are the flow'rs,
Whom, when you life begin to taste,
The enemy of Christ devours,
As whirlwinds down the roses cast:

First sacrifice to Christ you went,
Of offer'd lambs a tender sort;
With palms and crowns, you innocent
Before the sacred altar sport,

UPON THE SUNDAYS IN LENT.

HYMN.

O MERCIFUL Creator, hear
Our pray'rs to thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a tear
In this most holy fast of Lent.

Thou mildest searcher of each heart,
Who know'st the weakness of our strength,
To us forgiving grace impart,
Since we return to thee at length.

Much have we sinned, to our shame;
But spare us, who our sins confess;
And, for the glory of thy name,
To our sick souls afford redress.

Grant that the flesh may be so pin'd
By means of outward abstinence,
As that the sober watchful mind
May fast from spots of all offence.

Grant this, O blessed Trinity!
Pure Unity, to this incline—
That the effects of fasts may be
A grateful recompense for thine.

ON THE ASCENSION DAY.

O JESU, who our souls dost save,
On whom our love and hopes depend;
God from whom all things being have,
Man when the world drew to an end;

What clemency thee vanquish'd so,
Upon thee our foul crimes to take,
And cruel death to undergo,
That thou from death us free might make?

Let thine own goodness to thee bend,
That thou our sins may'st put to flight;
Spare us—and, as our wishes tend,
O satisfy us with thy sight!

May'st thou our joyful pleasures be,
Whom thou our expected gain;
And let our glory be in thee,
While any ages shall remain.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

CREATOR, Holy Ghost, descend;
Visit our minds with thy bright flame;
And thy celestial grace extend
To fill the hearts which thou didst frame:

Who Paraclete art said to be,
Gift which the highest God bestows;
Fountain of life, fire, charity,
Ointment whence ghostly blessing flows.

Thy sevenfold grace thou down dost send,
Of God's right hand thou finger art;
Thou, by the Father promised,
Unto our mouths dost speech impart.

In our dull senses kindle light;
Infuse thy love into our hearts;
Reforming with perpetual light
Th' infirmities of fleshly parts.

Far from our dwelling drive our foe,
And quickly peace unto us bring;
Be thou our guide, before to go,
That we may shun each hurtful thing.

Be pleased to instruct our mind,
To know the Father and the Son;
The Spirit, who them both doth bind,
Let us believe while ages run.

To God the Father glory great,
And to the Son, who from the dead
Arose, and to the Paraclete,
Beyond all time imagined.

ON THE
TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD,

THE SIXTH OF AUGUST.

A HYMN.

ALL you that seek Christ, let your sight
Up to the height directed be,
For there you may the sign most bright
Of everlasting glory see.

A radiant light we there behold,
Endless, unbounded, lofty, high;
Than Heaven or that rude heap more old
Wherein the world confus'd did lie.

The Gentiles this great prince embrace;
The Jews obey this king's command,
Promis'd to Abraham and his race
A blessing while the world shall stand.

y mouths of prophets free from lyes,
Who seal the witness which they bear,
His Father bidding testifies
That we should him believe and hear.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Who hast appear'd upon this day;
And glory to the Father be,
And to the Holy Ghost, for aye.

ON THE

EAST OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

'O thee, O Christ! thy Father's light,
Life, virtue, which our heart inspires,
In presence of thine angels bright,
We sing with voice and with desires:
Ourselves we mutually invite,
To melody with answering choirs.

With reverence we these soldiers praise,
Who near the heavenly throne abide;
And chiefly him whom God doth raise,
His strong celestial host to guide—
Michael, who by his power disarms
And beateth down the Devil's pride.

PETER,

AFTER THE DENIAL OF HIS MASTER.

LIKE to the solitary pelican,
The shady groves, I haunt, and deserts wild,
Amongst wood's burgesses; from sight of man,
From Earth's delight, from mine own self exil'd.
But that remorse, which with my fall began,
Relenteth not, nor is by change turn'd mild;
But rends my soul, and, like a famish'd child,
Renews its cries, though nurse does what she can.
Look how the shrieking bird that courts the night
In ruin'd wall doth lurk, and gloomy place:
Of Sun, of Moon, of stars, I shun the light,
Not knowing where to stay, what to embrace:
How to Heaven's lights should I lift these of mine,
Sith I denied him who made them shine!

ON THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE woful Mary, 'midst a blubber'd band
Of weeping virgins, near unto the tree
Where God death suffer'd, man from death to free,
Like to a plaintful nightingale did stand,
Which sees her younglings left before her eyes,
And hath nought else to guard them, save her cries:

Love thither had her brought, and misbelief
Of these sad news, which charg'd her mind to fears;
But now her eyes, more wretched than her tears,
Bear witness (ah, too true!) of feared grief:
Her doubts made certain did her hopes destroy,
Abandoning her soul to black annoy.

Long fixing downcast eyes on earth, at last
She longing them did raise (O torturing sight!)
To view what they did shun, their sole delight
Imbrud in his own blood, and naked plac'd
To sinful eyes; naked, save that black veil
Which Heaven him shrouded with, that did bewail.

It was not pity, pain, grief, did possess
The mother, but an agony more strange:
Cheeks' roses in pale lilies straight did change;
Her spirits, as if she bled his blood, turn'd less;
When she him saw, wee did all words deny,
And grief her only suffer'd sigh, O my!

"O my dear Lord and Son!" then she began;
"Immortal birth, though of a mortal born;
Eternal bounty, which doth Heav'n adorn;
Without a mother, God; a father, man!
Ah! what hast thou deserv'd? what hast thou
done,
Thus to be treat'd? Woe's me, my son, my son!

"Who bruise'd thy face, the glory of this all?
Who eyes engor'd, load-stars to paradise?
Who, as thou wert a trimmed sacrifice,
Did with that cruel crown thy brows impale?
Who raise'd thee, whom so oft the angels serv'd,
Between those thieves who that foul death deserv'd!

"Was it for this thou bred wast in my womb?
Mine arms a cradle serv'd thee to repose?
My milk thee fed, as morning dew the rose?
Did I thee keep till this sad time should come,
That wretched men should nail thee to a tree,
And I a witness of thy pangs must be?

"It is not long, the way's bestrew'd with flow'rs,
With abouts to echoing Heav'n's and mountains roll'd,
Since, as in triumph, I thee did behold
In royal pomp approach proud Sion's towers:
Lo, what a change! Who did thee then embrace,
Now at thee shake their heads, inconstant race!

"Eternal Father! from whose piercing eye
Hid nought is found that in this all is form'd,
Deign to vouchsafe a look unto this round,
This round, the stage of a sad tragedy:
Look but if thy dear pledge thou here canst know,
On an unhappy tree a shameful show!

"Ah! look if this be he, Almighty King,
Before Heav'n's spangled were with stars of gold,
Ere world a center had it to uphold,
Whom from eternity thou forth didst bring;
With virtue, form, and light who did adorn
Sky's radiant globes—see where he hangs a scorn!

"Did all my prayers tend to this? Is this
The promise that celestial herald made
At Nazareth, when full of joy he said,
I happy was, and from thee did me bless?
How am I blest? No, most unhappy I
Of all the mothers underneath the sky.

"How true and of choice oracles the choice
Was that blest Hebrew, whose dear eyes in peace
Mild death did close ere they saw this disgrace,
When he forespake with more than angel's voice;
The Son should (malice sign) be set apart,
Then that a sword should pierce the mother's heart!

"But whither dost thou go, life of my soul?
O stay a little till I die with thee!
And do I live thee languishing to see?
And cannot grief frail laws of life controul?
If grief prove weak, come, cruel squadrons, kill
The mother, spare the Son, he knows no ill:

" He knows no ill ; those pangs, base men, are
To me, and all the world, save him alone ; [due
But now he doth not hear my bitter moan ;
Too late I cry, too late I plaints renew :
Pale are his lips, down doth his head decline,
Dim turn those eyes once wont so bright to shine.

" The Heavens which in their mansions constant
move,
That they may not seem guilty of this crime,
Benedict have the golden eye of time. [prove,
Ungrateful Earth, canst thou such shame ap-
And seem unmov'd, this done upon thy face ?"
Earth trembled then, and she did hold her peace.

COMPLAINT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

But mother stood, with grief confounded,
Near the cross ; her tears abounded,
While her dear son hanged was,
Through whose soul her sighs forth went,
Sadly mourning and lamenting,
Sharpest points of swords did pass :

O how sad and how distress'd
Was the mother, ever-bless'd,
Who God's only Son forth brought !
She in grief and woes did languish,
Quaking to behold what anguish
To her noble Son was wrought.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is nam'd,
In Heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are fram'd ;
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She, deck'd in new attire from Heaven,
Her wedding chamber now descends,
Prepar'd in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls wherewith she is enclos'd,
And streets, are of pure gold compos'd.

The gates, adorn'd with pearls most bright,
The way to hidden glory show ;
And thither, by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus' merits, go
All these who are on Earth distress'd,
Because they have Christ's name profess'd.

These stones the workmen dress and beat,
Before they thoroughly polish'd are ;
Then each is in his proper seat
Establish'd by the builder's care,
In this fair frame to stand for ever,
So join'd that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be ;
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity ;
Whose boundless pow'r we still adore,
And sing their praise for evermore.

SONNETS AND MADRIGALS.

SONNET.

Let Fortune triumph now, and I 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.

O sweet, 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 seen !
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.

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.

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 hid with the mole?
 Whose hemisphere is hid with so long night?
 Save that in earth he rests, they hope for sun;
 Mine, and find mine endless night begun.

MADRIGAL.

POOR turtle, thou bemoans
 The loss of thy dear love,
 And I for mine send forth these smocking groans
 Unhappy widow'd dove!
 While all about do sing,
 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,
 With sighing zephyrs answer us again.

SONNET,

As, in a dusky and tempestuous night,
 A star is wont to spread her looks 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,
 Thy 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.

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

MADRIGAL.

Arrows, 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.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA

INTER VITARVM ET NEBERNAM.

Nymphae, quae colitis, highissima montis Fifaea,
 Seu vos Piteawema tenent, seu Crelia crosta,
 Sive Anstrae domus, ubi nat' Maddocus in undis,
 Codlineusque ingens, ubi Pleucca et Skotta pererrant
 Per costam, et scopulis Lobster monifotus in' adis
 Creepat, et in mediis ludit Whitenius undis:
 Et vos Skipperii, soliti qui per mare reddunt
 Valde procul lanchare foris, iterumque redire,
 Linquite skellatas botas, sippasque picatas,
 Whistlanquesque simul fechtam, memorate bloodream,
 Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
 Banda Deum, quoque Nympharum Cocklebelorum
 Maia ubi sheepfeda, atque ubi Solgoosifera Bassa
 Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus Edemum
 Postabat radis maddidis et shouribus atris,

Quo viso ad fechte noisam cecidere volucres
 Ad terram, occidere grues, plish plashque dederat
 Solgoose in pelago prope littora Bruntliana;
 Sea-sutor obstupuit, summique in margine saxi
 Scartavit praelustre caput, wingsque flapavit;
 Quodque magis, alte volitans Heronius ipse
 Ingeminans clig clag mediis shitavit in uddis.

Namque a principio Storum tellabimus omnem,
 Muckrellium ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
 Nebernae marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,
 "Ite hodie armati greppis, dryvate caballos
 Nebernae per crosta, atque ipsas ante fenestras.
 Quod si forte ipsa Neberna venerit extra,
 Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo."

Hic aderant Geordy Akinhedius, et little Johnus,
 Et Jamy Richæus, et stout Michel Hendersonus,
 Qui jolly tryppas ante alios dansare solebat,
 Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonaeas;
 Duncan Olyphantus, valde staltivatus, et ejus
 Filius eldestus jollyboyus, atque oldmoudus,
 Qui pleugham longo gaddo dryvare solebat;
 Et Rob Gib wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin,
 Et ploucky-fac'd Watty Strang, atque in-kneed Al-
 sinder Atken [nium,

Et Willy Dick heavy-artistus homo, pigerrimus om-
 Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
 Valde lethus pugnare, sed hunc Corngrevius heros
 Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
 Insuper hic aderant Tom. Taylor, et Hen. Wat-
 sonus,

Et Tomy Gilchristus, et fool Jocky Robinsonus
 Andrew Alshenderus, et Jamy Tomsonus, et unus
 Norland-bonus homo, valde valde Anticovenanter,
 Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter
 (Deil stick it ignoro nomen) slavry beardius homo
 Qui pottas digitavit, et assas jecerat extra.

Denique praere reliquis Geordeum affatur, et inquit,
 Georde mi formape, inter stoutissimus omnes,
 Huc ades et crook-saddelos, hemmasque, creillesque,
 Breobemmesque simul omnes bindato jumentis;
 Amblentemque meum naggum, fattumque mariti
 Cursorem, et reliquos trotantes sumito averos.
 In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
 Crosta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
 Nebernae, et aliquid siu ipsa contra loquatur,
 In sydis tu pone manus, et dicit fart jade.

Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
 Workmannoque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illi

Extemplo cartas bene fillavere gigantes :
Whistlavere viri, workhorsesque ordine svieros
Dravavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes, et sic turba horrida monstrat,
Haud aliter quam si cum multis Spinola troupis
Proudus ad Ostendam marchasset fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios Dux Piper Laius heros
Præcedens, magnamque gerens cumburdine pypam
Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare batellum.
Tunc Neberna furens yettam ipsa egressa, vidensque
Muck-cartas transire viam, valde angria facta
Non tulit affrontam tantam, verum, agrmine facto,
Convocat extemplo Barowmannos atque Ladsos,
Jackmannumque, Hiremannos, Pleughdrivsters atque
Pleughmannos,

Tum lantesque simul rekosos ex kitchine boyos,
Hunc qui dirtiferas tersit cum dishclouty dishes,
Hunc qui gruelias acivit bene lickere plettas,
Et saltpannifumos, et widebricatos fisheros,
Hellæosque etiam salteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri gimantes more Divelli,
Lifeghardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas,
Magream magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctam sweepare sooras, et sternere boddas,
Quosque novit spinnare, et longas ducere threedas;
Nansam, claves bene que keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque Elpen, longobardamque Anapellam,
Fellantemque simul Gyllam, gliedamque Katsam
Egrem indutam blacko caput sooty clouto;
Mammamque simul vetulam, que sciverat apte
Infantum teneras blande ocularier aras;
Quosque lanam cardare solet greasy-fingria Betty.

Tum demum hungrosos ventres Neberna gruelis
Farsit, et guttas rawsumibus implet amaris,
Postea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omniaibus haustam,
Staggravore omnes, grandesque ad sydera riftas
Barmifumi attollunt, et sic ad prælia marchant.
Nec mora, marchavit foras longo ordine turmas,
Ipsa prior Neberna suis stout facta ribaldis,
Rustæum manibus gestans furibunda gulæum:
Tandem Muckreilios vocat ad pell-mellia fluidos.
"Ite, ait, uglii Fellows, si quis modo posthac
Muckifer has nostras tentet crossare fenestras,
Juro quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapelium,
Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc
Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque video
Heartbloodum fluere in terram." Sic verba finivit.
Obstupuit Vitarra diu dirtifuida, sed inde
Couragium accipiens, Muckreilios ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem turnare coegit.

O qualem primo Securam gustasses in ipso
Battelli onerto! Pugnât Muckreilius Heros
Fortiter, et Muckam per posteriora cadentem
In creilibus shoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.

O quale hoc burly burly fuit, si forte vidisses
Pypantes aras, et flavo sanguine breeckas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas!

O qualis fry fary fuit, namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat,
Stout erat ambo quidem; valdeque hardhearta ca-
terva!

Tum vero e medio Muckdryvster prosilit unus
Gallantæus homo, et greppam manitur in ipsam
Nebernam, (quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes)
Dirtavitque totam peticotam gutture thicko,
Pearlinesque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæas,
Vasquinesamque rubram Mucksberda begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit
Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque pro-
fundum.

Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum;
Extemplo Gillea ferox invasit, et ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, et Tigrida facta
Bublentem grippans berdam, sic dixit ad illum:
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit Gilly whip-
pum,

Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gashbeardam besmeariavit;
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneezing valde operativum,
Pro præmio, Swingere, tao; tum denique scido
Ingentem Gilly wampbra dedit, validamque ne-
vellam,

Ingeminatque iterum, donec his fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis; sic Gylla triumphat.
Obstupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset; et O fy!
Ter quater exclamat, et ô quam fode noxavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungries homo,
Lausavitque supra atque infra, miserabile visu,
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cocurrit absens;
Non audens gimpere iterum, ne worse talisset.

Hæc Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy, fy! exclamat, poppe nunc victoria losta est.
Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti Monstregga cracasset.
Tum vero quackarunt hostes, flightamque repente
Sumperunt, retrospecti Jackmannos, et ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque baleti.

Quod si king Spanius, Philippos nomine, septem
Hiscæ consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare Sluisam, Sluisam dungsset in assam.
Aut si tot magnus Lodovicus forte dedisset
Ifigentes fartas ad moenia Moitabana,
Ipsam continuo townam dungsset in yerdam:

Exin Congrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Consiliumque meum si non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras scartabo facies, et vos worriabo:
Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stobbtas, greitans, lookansque grivate,
Barlafumel clamat, et dixit, O Deus! O God!
Quid multia? sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est.
Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoria.

END OF VOL. V.

