

THE

# LIVES OF GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

---

As a few dates are all that are now recoverable of the personal character of these two poets, and as there is a strong resemblance in the genius of their poetry, it seems unnecessary to make a separate article of each.

Their father, Giles Fletcher, L.L.D. was a native of Kent, educated at Eton, and in 1565 elected scholar of King's College, Cambridge, where in 1569 he took the degree of bachelor of arts, master of arts in 1573, and doctor of laws in 1581. According to Anthony Wood he became an excellent poet; but he is better known for his skill in political negotiation, which induced queen Elizabeth to employ him as her commissioner into Scotland, Germany, and the Low Countries. In 1588, the memorable year of the Armada, he was sent to Muscovy on affairs respecting the English trade with Russia, and after overcoming the difficulties started by a barbarous court and a capricious Czar, he concluded a treaty of commerce highly advantageous to the interests of his countrymen.

Soon after his return, he was made secretary to the city of London, and one of the masters of the Court of Requests. In 1597 he was constituted treasurer of St. Paul's, London. Before this he had drawn up the result of his observations, when in Russia, respecting the government, laws, and manners of that country. But as this work contained facts too plain and disreputable to a power with which a friendly treaty had just been concluded, the publication was suppressed for the present. It was, however, printed at a considerably distant period (1643), and afterwards incorporated in Hakluyt's voyages. He wrote also a Discourse concerning the Tartars, the subject of which was to prove that they are the Israelites, or Ten Tribes, which being captivated by Salmanasser, were transplanted into Media. This opinion was afterwards adopted by Whiston, who printed the discourse in the first volume of his various Memoirs.

Dr. Fletcher died in the parish of St. Catherine Colman, Fenchurch-street, and was probably buried in that church<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Eng. Brit. Vol. VI. Part I. unpublished and almost unique, the impression having been destroyed by the fire which lately consumed the valuable literary stock of Messrs. Nichols and Son. C.

He left two sons, Giles and Phineas. The eldest, Giles, born, according to Mr Ellis's conjecture, in 1588, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge<sup>2</sup>, where he took the degree of bachelor of divinity, and died at his living of Alderton, in Suffolk, in 1623. His widow married afterwards the rev. — Ramsay, minister of Rougham, in Norfolk<sup>3</sup>. Winstanley and Jacob, who in this case have robbed one another, instead of better authorities, divide the two brothers into three, and assign Giles's poem of Christ's Victory to two authors.

Phineas was educated at Eton, and admitted a scholar of King's college, Cambridge, in 1600, where, in 1604, he took his bachelor's degree and his master's in 1608. After going into the church, he was presented, in 1621, to the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, by Sir Henry Willoughby, bart. and according to Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk, he held this living twenty-nine years. Mr. Ellis conjectures that he was born in 1584, and died about 1650.

Besides the poems now reprinted, he was the author of a dramatic piece, entitled *Sicelides*, which was performed at King's College, Cambridge, and printed in 1631. A manuscript copy is in the British Museum. The editor of the *Biographia Dramatica* informs us that "it was intended originally to be performed before king James the First on the thirteenth of March, 1614; but his majesty leaving the university sooner, it was not then represented. The serious parts of it are mostly written in rhyme, with choruses between the acts. Some of the incidents are borrowed from Ovid, and some from the *Orlando Furioso*."

He published also, at Cambridge, in 1632, some account of the lives of the founders and other learned men of that university, under the title of *De Literati antiquæ Britannicæ, præsertim qui doctrina claruerunt, quique collegia Cantabrigiæ fundarunt*.

Such are the very scanty notices which we have been able to collect respecting these learned, ingenious, and amiable brothers; but we are now arrived at that period of national confusion which left neither leisure nor inclination to study polite literature or reward the sons of genius.

The only production we have of Giles Fletcher is entitled *Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death*, Cambridge 4to. 1610, in four parts, and written in stanzas of eight lines. It was reprinted in 1632, again in 1640 and in 1783, along with Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island*: but many unwarrantable liberties have been taken in modernizing the language of this last edition. Mr. Headley, who has bestowed more attention than any modern critic on the works of the Fletchers, pronounces the *Christ's Victory* to be a rich and picturesque poem and on a much happier subject than the *Purple Island*, yet unenlivened by personification

<sup>2</sup> In the dedication of his poem to Dr. Nevyle, master of Trinity College, speaking of that college he says, "In which, being placed by your favour only, most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself, being not able to do more, I could do no less than acknowledge that debt which I shall never be able to pay." C.

<sup>3</sup> Lloyd's State Worthies, Vol. I. P. 552. Whitworth's edit. C.

He has also very ingeniously pointed out some resemblances which prove that Milton owed considerable obligations to the Fletchers<sup>4</sup>.

The works of Phineas Fletcher, including the *Purple Island*, or the *Isle of Man*; the *Piscatory Eclogues* and *Miscellanies*, were published at Cambridge in 1633, 4to. The only part that has been correctly reprinted is the *Piscatory Eclogues*, published at Edinburgh in 1771, by an anonymous editor, the most of whose judicious notes, preface &c. are here retained.

There are few of the old poets whom Mr. Healey seems more anxious to revive than Phineas Fletcher and he has examined his claims to lasting fame with much acuteness, yet perhaps not without somewhat of that peculiar prejudice which seems to pervade many of the critical essays of this truly ingenious and amiable young man. Having at a very early period of life commenced the perusal of the ancient English poets, his enthusiasm carried him back to their times, their habits and their language. From pardoning their quaintnesses, he proceeded to admire them, and has in some instances placed among the most striking proofs of invention, many of those antitheses and conceits which modern refinement does not easily tolerate. Still his taste and judgment are so generally predominant, that it would be presumption in the present editor, or perhaps in one of superior authority, to substitute any remarks of his own in room of the following animated and elegant character of Fletcher's poetry.

“Were the celebrated Mr. Pott compelled to read a lecture upon the anatomy of the human frame at large, in a regular set of stanzas, it is much to be questioned whether he could make himself understood, by the most apprehensive author, without the advantage of professional knowledge. Fletcher seems to have undertaken a nearly similar task, as the five first cantos of the *Purple Island*, are almost entirely taken up with an explanation of the title; in the course of which, the reader forgets the poet, and is sickened with the anatomist. Such minute attention to this part of the subject was a material error in judgment: for which, however, ample amends is made in what follows. Nor is Fletcher wholly undeserving of praise for the intelligibility with which he has struggled through his difficulties, for his uncommon command of words, and facility of metre. After describing the body, he proceeds to personify the passions and intellectual faculties. Here fatigued attention is not merely relieved, but fascinated and enraptured: and notwithstanding his figures, in many instances, are too arbitrary and fantastic in their habiliments, often disproportioned and overdone, sometimes lost in a superfluity of glaring colours, and the several characters, in general, by no means sufficiently kept apart; yet, amid such a profusion of images, many are distinguished by a boldness of outline, a majesty of manner, a brilliancy of colouring, a distinctness and propriety of attribute, and an air of life, that we look for in vain in modern productions, and that rival, if not surpass, what we meet with of the kind even in Spenser, from whom our author caught his inspiration. After exerting his creative powers on this department of his subject, the virtues and better qualities of the heart, under their leader *Electa*, or *Intellect*, are attacked by the vices: a battle ensues, and the latter are vanquished, after a vigorous opposition, through the interference of an angel, who appears at the prayers of *Electa*. The poet here abruptly takes an opportunity of paying a fulsome and unpardonable com-

<sup>4</sup> Supplement, vol. II. p. 182, &c. C.

pliment to James the first (stanza 55. canto 12) on that account perhaps the most palatable passage in the book. From Fletcher's dedication of this his poem, with the Piscatory Eclogues and Miscellanies to his friend Edmund Benlowes, it seems that they were written very early, as he calls them 'raw essays of my very unripe year and almost childhood.' It is to his honour that Milton read and imitated him, every attentive reader of both poets must soon discover. He is eminently entitled a very high rank among our old English classics.—Quarles in his verses prefixed the Purple Island hints that he had a poem on a similar subject in agitation, but was prevented from pursuing it by finding it had got into other hands. In a map to one of his Emblems are these names of places, London, Finchfield, Roxwell and *Hilga* edit. 1669."

That Mr. Headley is not blind to the defects of his favourite will farther appear from his remarks on Orpheus and Euridice in the Purple Island.

"These lines of Fletcher are a paraphrase, or rather translation from Boethius. The whole description is forcible: some of the circumstances perhaps are heightened too much: but it is the fault of this writer to indulge himself in every aggravation that poetry allows, and to stretch his prerogative of 'quidlibet audendi' to the utmost."

In the supplement to his second volume, Mr. Headley has demonstrated at considerable length how much Fletcher owed to Spenser, and Milton to Fletcher. For this he has offered the apology due to the high characters of those poets, and although we have been accustomed to see such researches carried too far, yet it must be owned that there is a certain degree to which they must be carried before the praise of invention can be justly bestowed. How far poets may borrow from one another without injury to their fame, is a question yet undetermined.

After, however, every deduction of this kind that can be made, the Fletchers will still remain in possession of a degree of invention, imagination, spirit and sublimity, which we seldom meet with among the poets of the seventeenth century before we arrive at Milton.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPPUL AND REVEREND

*MR. DOCTOR NEVILE,*

DEAN OF CANTERBURY, AND THE MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE.

---

RIGHT WORTHY AND REVEREND SIR,

AS I have always thought the place wherein I live, after Heaven, principally to be desired; both because I most want, and it most abounds with wisdom, which is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all: so I cannot but next unto God, for ever acknowledge myself most bound unto the hand of God, (I mean yourself,) that reached down, as it were, out of Heaven, unto me, a benefit of that nature and price, than which I could wish none (only Heaven itself excepted) either more fruitful and contenting for the time that is now present, or more comfortable and encouraging for the time that is already past, or more hopeful and promising for the time that is yet to come.

For as in all men's judgments (that have any judgment) Europe is worthily deemed the queen of the world, that garland both of learning and pure religion being now become her crown, and blossoming upon her head, that hath long since lain withered in Greece and Palestine: so my opinion of this island hath always been, that it is the very face and beauty of all Europe; in which both true religion is faithfully professed without superstition, and (if on Earth) true learning sweetly flourishes without ostentation. And what are the two eyes of this land, but the two universities? which cannot but prosper in the time of such a prince, that is, a prince of learning, as well as of people. And truly I should forget myself, if I should not call Cambridge the right eye: and I think (king Henry VIII. being the uniter, Edward III. the founder, and yourself the repairer of this college wherein I live) none will blame me, if I esteem the same, since your polishing of it, the fairest sight in Cambridge; in which being placed by your only favour,

most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself being not able to do more, I could do no less than acknowledge that debt which I shall never be able to pay, and with old Silenus in the poet (upon whom the boys—injiciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis, making his garland his fetters) finding myself bound unto you by so many benefits, that were given by yourself for ornaments, but are to me as so many golden chains to hold me fast in a kind of desired bondage, seek (as he doth) my freedom with song: the matter whereof is as worthy the sweetest singer as myself, the miserable singer, unworthy so divine a subject; but the same favour that before rewarded no desert, knows now as well how to pardon all faults; that which indulgence, when I regard myself, I can wish no more; when I remember you, I can hope no less.

So commending these few broken lines unto yours, and yourself into the hands of the best physician, Jesus Christ; with whom the most ill-affected man, in the midst of his sickness, is in good health; and without whom the most lusty body, in his greatest jollity, is but a languishing carcass: I humbly take my leave, ending with the same wish that your devoted observer and my approved friend doth in his verses presently sequent, that your passage to Heaven may be slow to us that shall want you here, but to yourself that cannot want us there, most secure and certain.

Your worship's

in all duty and service,

G. FLETCHER.

---

---

THOMAS NEVYLE  
MOST HEAVENLY.

---

---

As when the Captain of the heavenly host,  
Or else that glorious army doth appear;  
In waters drown'd, with surging billows toss'd,  
We know they are not, where we see they are;  
We see them in the deep, we see them move,  
We know they fixed are in Heaven above:  
So did the Son of righteousness come down  
Clouded in flesh, and seem'd in the deep:  
So do the many waters seem to drown  
The stars his saints, and they on Earth to keep,  
And yet this Sun from Heaven never fell,  
And yet these earthly stars in Heaven dwell.  
What if their souls be into prison cast  
In earthly bodies? yet they long for Heaven.

What if this worldly sea they have not past?  
Yet fain they would be brought into their haven,  
They are not here, and yet we here them see,  
For every man is there, where he would be.  
Long may you wish, and yet long wish in vain,  
Hence to depart, and yet that wish obtain.  
Long may you here in Heaven on Earth remain,  
And yet a Heaven in Heaven hereafter gain.  
Go you to Heaven, but yet, O make no haste!  
Go slowly, slowly, but yet go at last.  
But when the nightingale so near doth sit,  
Silence the titmouse better may befit.

FR. NETHERSOLE.

## TO THE READER.

---

There are but few of many that can rightly judge of poetry, and yet there are many of those few that carry so left-handed an opinion of it, as some of them think it half sacrilege for profane poetry to deal with divine and heavenly matters; as though David were to be sentenced by them, for uttering his grave matter upon the harp; others, something more violent in their censure, but sure less reasonable (as though poetry corrupted all good wits, when indeed bad wits corrupt poetry), banish it, with Plato, out of all well-ordered commonwealths. Both these I will strive rather to satisfy, than refute.

And of the first I would gladly know, whether they suppose it fitter, that the sacred songs in the scripture of those heroical saints, Moses, Deborah, Jeremiah, Mary, Simeon, David, Solomon, (the wisest schoolman, and wittiest poet) should be ejected from the canon for want of gravity, or rather this error erased out of their minds, for want of truth. But, it may be, they will give the Spirit of God leave to breathe through what pipe it please, and will confess, because they must needs, that all the songs dittied by him, must needs be, as their fountain is, most holy; but their common clamour is, "Who may compare with God?" True; and yet as none may compare without presumption, so all may imitate, and not without commendation; which made Nazianzen, one of the stars of the Greek church, that now shines as bright in Heaven, as he did then on Earth, write so many divine poems of the Genealogy, Miracles, Passion of Christ, called by him his *Χερὸς πάλων*.—Which, when Basil, the prince of the fathers, and his chamberfellow, had seen, his opinion of them was, that he could have devised nothing either more fruitful to others, because it kindly wooed them to religion; or more honourable to himself, 'Οὐδὲ γὰρ μασσαριώτης ἐστὶ τοῦ τοῦ ἀγγέλων χοροῦ ἐν τῷ γῆ μίμησιν because, by imitating the singing angels in Heaven, himself became, though before his time, an earthly angel. What should I speak of Juvenecus, Prosper, and the wise Prudentius? the last of which living in Hierome's time, twelve hundred years ago, brought forth in his declining age, so many, and so religious poems, strally charging his soul, not to let pass so much as one either night or day without some divine song: *Hymnis continuet dies, nec nox ulla tacet, quin Dominum canat*. And as sedulous Prudentius, so prudent Sedulius was famous in this poetical divinity, the coetam of Bernard, who sang the history of Christ with as much devotion in himself, as admiration to others; all which were followed by the choicest wits of Christendom: Nonsius translating all St. John's gospel into Greek verse, Sanazar, the late living image, and happy imitator of Virgil, bestowing ten years upon a song, only to celebrate that one day when Christ was born unto us on Earth, and we (a happy change) unto God in Heaven: thrice honoured Bartas, and our (I know no other name more glorious than his own) Mr. Edmund Spenser (two blessed souls) not thinking ten years enough, laying out their whole lives upon this one study. Nay, I may justly say that the princely father of our country (though in my conscience God hath made him of all the learned princes that ever were, the most religious, and of all the religious princes, the most learned; that so, by the one he might oppose him against the pope, the pest of all religion; and by the other, against Bellarmine, the abuser of all good learning) is yet so far enamoured with this celestial muse, that it shall never repent me—*calamo trivisse labellum*, whensoever I shall remember *Hac eade ut sciet quid non faciebat Amyntas?* To name no more in such plenty, where I may find how to begin, sooner then to end, St. Paul by the example of Christ, that went singing to mount Olivet, with his disciples, after his last supper, exciteth the Christians, to solace themselves with hymns, and psalms, and spiritual songs; and therefore, by their leaves, be it an error for poets to be divines, I had



rather err with the scripture, than be rectified by them: I had rather adore the steps of Nazianzen, Prudentius, Sedulius, than follow their steps to be misguided: I had rather be the devout admirer of Nominus, Burtas, my sacred sovereign, and others, the miracles of our latter age, than the false sectary of these, that have nothing at all to follow, but their own naked opinions. To conclude, I had rather with my Lord, and his most divine apostle, sing (though I sing sorrowfully) the love of Heaven and Earth, than praise God (as they do) with the worthy gift of silence, and sitting still, or think I disprais'd him with this poetical discourse. It seems they have either not read, or clean forgot, that it is the duty of the Muses (if we may believe Pindar and Hesiod) to set always under the throne of Jupiter, ejus et laudes, et beneficia *apostrophas*, which made a very worthy German writer conclude it, Certò statuinus, proprium atque peculiare poetarum munus esse, Christi gloriam illustrare, being good reason that the heavenly infusion of such poetry should end in his glory, that had beginning from his goodness, fit orator, nascitur poeta.

For the second sort therefore, that eliminate poets out of their city gates, as though they were now grown so bad, as they could neither grow worse, nor better, though it be somewhat hard for those to be the only men should want cities, that were the only causers of the building of them; and somewhat inhumane to thrust them into the woods, to live among the beasts, who were the first that called men out of the woods, from their beastly, and wild life; yet since they will needs shoulder them out for the only firebrands to inflame lust (the fault of earthly men, not heavenly poetry) I would gladly learn, what kind of professions these men would be entreated to entertain, that so deride and disaffect poesy: would they admit of philosophers, that after they have burnt out the whole candle of their life in the circular study of sciences, cry out at length, "Se nihil prosum scire?" or should musicians be welcome to them, that Dant sine mente sonum—bring delight with them indeed, could they as well express with their instruments a voice, as they can a sound? or would they most approve of soldiers that defend the life of their countrymen, either by the death of themselves, or their enemies? If philosophers please them, who is it that knows not, that all the lights of example, to clear their precepts, are borrowed by philosophers from poets? that without Homer's examples, Aristotle would be as blind as Homer? If they retain musicians, who ever doubted, but that poets infused the very soul into the inarticulate sounds of music? that without Pindar and Horace, the lyrics had been silenced for ever? If they must needs entertain soldiers, who can but confess, that poets restore again that life to soldiers, which they before lost for the safety of their country? that without Virgil, Æneas had never been so much as heard of? How then can they for shame deny commonwealths to them, who were the first authors of them? how can they deny the blind philosopher that teaches them, his light? the empty musician that delights them, his soul? the dying soldier that defends their life, immortality, after his own death? Let philosophy, let ethics, let all the arts bestow upon us this gift, that we be not thought dead men, whilst we remain among the living, it is only poetry that can make us be thought living men, when we lie among the dead; and therefore I think it unequal, to thrust them out of our cities, that call us out of our graves; to think so hardly of them, that make us to be so well thought of; to deny them to live a while among us, that make us live for ever among our posterity.

So being now weary in persuading those that hate, I commend myself to those that love such poets, as Plato speaks of, that sing divine and heroical matters. 'Ου γαρ ἔστιν εἰς αὐτὰ λίγυρις, ἀλλ' ἰ Θυε, ἀπὸς ἑστὶ ἰ λίγυρις, recommending these my idle hours, not idly spent, to good scholars, and good Christians, that have overcome their ignorance with reason, and their reason with religion.



# POEMS

OF

## GILES FLETCHER.

### CHRIST'S VICTORY IN HEAVEN.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

The argument propounded in general. Our redemption by Christ, ver. 1, 2. The author's invocation for the better handling of it, ver. 3, 4. Man's redemption, from the cause. Mercy dwelling in Heaven, and pleading for men now guilty, with Justice described by her qualities, ver. 5—10. Her retinue, ver. 12. Her subject, ver. 15. Her accusation of man's sin, ver. 17. And 1st, of Adam's first sin, ver. 18, 19. Then of his posterity's, in all kind of idolatry, ver. 20—24. How hopeful any patronage of it, ver. 25—27. All the creatures having dis-leagu'd themselves with him for his extreme unthankfulness, ver. 28—33. So that being destitute of all hope and remedy, he can look for nothing but a fearful sentence, ver. 35—40. The effect of Justice her speech: the inflammation of the heavenly powers appeas'd by Mercy, who is described by her cheerfulness to defend man, ver. 40—42. Our inability to describe her, ver. 43, 44. Her beauty, resembled by the creatures, which are all frail shadows of her essential perfection, ver. 45, 46. Her attendants, ver. 46, 47. Her persuasive power, ver. 48—50. Her kind offices to man, ver. 51, 52. Her garments wrought by her own hands, wherewith she clothes herself, composed of all the creatures, ver. 53. The earth, ver. 54. Sea, ver. 55, 56. Air, ver. 57, 58. The celestial bodies, ver. 59, 60. The third Heaven, ver. 61, 62. Her objects, ver. 63. Repentance, ver. 64—66. Faith, ver. 67—69. Her deprecative speech for man: in which she translates the principal fault unto the devil; and repeating Justice her aggravation of men's sin, mitigates it; 1st, By a contrary inference: 2d, By intercessing herself in the cause, and Christ, ver. 70—75. That is as sufficient to satisfy, as man was impotent, ver. 76, 77. Whom she celebrates from the time of his nativity, ver. 78. From the effects of it in himself, ver. 79, 80.

Egypt, ver. 81. The angels and men, ver. 82, 83. The effect of Mercy's speech, ver. 84. A transition to Christ's second victory, ver. 85.

THE birth of Him that no beginning knew,  
Yet gives beginning to all that are born,  
And how the Infinite far greater grew,  
By growing less, and how the rising morn,  
That shot from Heav'n, and back to Heav'n return,  
The obsequies of him that could not die,  
And death of life, end of eternity,  
How worthily he died, that died unworthily;  
How God and man did both embrace each other,  
Met in one person, Heaven and Earth did kiss,  
And how a virgin did become a mother,  
And bare that Son, who the world's Father is,  
And maker of his mother, and how bliss  
Descended from the bosom of the High,  
To clothè himself in naked misery, [autly,  
Sailing at length to Heav'n, in Earth, triumph-  
Is the first flame, wherewith my whiter Muse  
Doth burn in heavenly lore, such love to tell.  
O thou that didst this holy fire infuse, [Hell,  
And taught'st at this breast; but late the grave of  
Wherein a blind and dead heart liv'd, to swell  
With better thoughts, send down those lights  
that lend  
Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end  
The love, that never was, nor ever can be penn'd.  
Ye sacred writings, in whose antique leaves  
The memories of Heaven entreasur'd lie,  
Say, what might be the cause that Mercy heaves  
The dust of sin above th' industrious sky,  
And lets it not to dust and ashes fly?  
Could Justice be of sin so over-woo'd,  
Or so great ill be cause of so great good, [blood?  
That bloody man to save, man's Saviour shed his  
Or did the lips of Mercy drop soft speech  
For trait'rous man, when at th' Eternal's throne  
Incens'd Nemesis did Heav'n beseech  
With thund'ring voice, that justice might be shown  
Against the rebels that from God were flown?  
O say, say how could Mercy plead for those  
That, scarcely made, against their Maker rose?  
Will any slay his friend, that he may spare his foes?

There is a place beyond that flaming hill  
From whence the stars their thin appearance shed,  
A place, beyond all place, where never ill,  
Nor impure thought was ever harboured;  
But saintly heroes are for ever su'd

To keep an everlasting Sabbath's rest;  
Still wishing that, of what th' are still possess'd;  
Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joys best.

Here, when the ruin of that beauteous frame,  
Whose golden building shin'd with every star  
Of excellence, deform'd with age became;  
Mercy, rememb'ring peace in midst of war,  
Lift up the music of her voice, to bar

Eternal fate; lest it should quite erase [grace,  
That from the world, which was the first world's  
And all again into their (nothing) chaos chase.

For what had all this all, which man in one  
Did not unite? the earth, air, water, fire,  
Life, sense, and spirit, nay, the pow'rful throne  
Of the divinest essence did retire,  
And his own image into clay inspire:

So that this creature well might called be  
Of the great world the small epitomy,  
Of the dead world the live and quick anatomy.

But Justice had no sooner Mercy seen  
Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow,  
But up she starts, and throws herself between;  
As when a vapour from a moory slough,  
Meeting with fresh Eös, that but now

Open'd the world which all in darkness lay,  
Doth Heav'n's bright face of his rays disarray,  
And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard:  
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;  
But as the eagle, that hath oft compar'd  
Her eye with Heav'n's, and more brightly shin'd  
Her laming sight: for she the same could wind  
Into the solid heart, and with her ears,

The silence of the thought loud speaking bears,  
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept  
Within her breast, but a still apathy  
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,  
Securely, without tempest; no sad cry  
Awakes her pity, but wrong'd poverty,

Sending his eyes to Heav'n swimming in tears,  
With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,  
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she  
bears.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,  
And round about her mighty thunders sound:  
Impatient of himself lies pining by  
Pale Sickness, with her kercher'd head up wound,  
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round.

But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,  
The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,  
And airy mountains shake, and frighted shadows  
howl.

Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War,  
Want, and the want of knowledge how to use  
Abundance, Age, and Fear, that runs afar  
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues  
His winged steps; for who would not refuse

Grief's company, a dull, and raw-bon'd spright,  
That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest  
sight,

Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight?

Before this cursed throng goes Ignorance,  
That needs will lead the way he cannot see:  
And, after all, Death doth his flag advance,  
And in the midst, Strife still would roguing be,  
Whose ragged flesh and clothes did well agree:  
And round about, amazed Horror flies,  
And over all, Shame veils his guilty eyes, [lies-  
And underneath, Hell's hungry throat still yawning

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,  
She lean'd her bosom, more than stony hard,  
There slept th' impartial judge, and strict restorer  
Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward,  
There hung the score of all our debts, the card  
Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were  
painted:

Was never heart of mortal so untainted,  
But when that scroll was read, with thousand ter-  
rors fainted.

Witness the thunder that mount Sinai heard,  
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame.  
And wand'ring Israel, with the sight afear'd,  
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,  
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.

On this dead Justice, she, the living law,  
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,  
All Heav'n, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

"Dread Lord of spirits, well thou didst devise  
To fling the world's rude dungbill, and the dross  
Of the old chaos, farthest from the skies,  
And thine own seat, that here the child of loss,  
Of all the lower heav'n, the curse, and cross,  
That wretch, beast, captive, monster man, might  
spend,

(Proud of the mire, in which his soul is pen'd)  
Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

"His body dust: where grew such cause of pride?  
His soul, thy image: what could he envy?)  
Himself most happy, if he so would bide:  
Now grown most wretched, who can remedy?  
He slew himself, himself the enemy.

That his own soul would her own murder wreak,  
If I were silent, Heav'n and Earth would speak;  
And if all fail'd, these stones would into clamours  
break.

"How many darts made furrows in his side,  
When she, that out of his own side was made,  
Gave feathers to their flight? where was the pride  
Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade?  
When, running from thy voice into the shade,  
He fled thy sight, himself of light berear'd;  
And for his shield a heavy armour wear'd,  
With which, vain man, he thought God's eyes to  
have deceiv'd?

"And well he might delude those eyes that see,  
And judge by colours; for who ever saw  
A man of leaves, a reasonable tree?  
But those that from this stock their life did draw,  
Soon made their father godly, and by law  
Proclaimed trees almighty: gods of wood,  
Of stocks, and stones, with crowns of laurel  
stood, [blood.

Templed, and fed by fathers with their children's  
"The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,  
And, like the stars of Heav'n in midst of night,  
Black Egypt, as her mirrors, doth behold,  
Are but the dens where idol-snakes delight  
Again to cover Satan from their sight:

Yet these are all their gods, to whom they vie  
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly,  
Fit gods, indeed, for such men to be served by.

"The fire, the wind, the sea, the Sun, and Moon,  
The fitting air, and the swift-winged hours,  
And all the watchmen, that so nimbly run,  
And sentinel about the walled towers  
Of the world's city, in their heavenly bowers.

And, lest their pleasant gods should want delight,  
Neptune spues out the lady Aphrodite, [light.  
And but in Heav'n proud Juno's peacocks scorn to

"The senseless earth, the serpent, dog, and cat,  
And worse than all these, man, and worst of men  
Usurping Jove, and swelling Bacchus fat,  
And drunk with the vine's purple blood, and then  
The fiend himself they conjure from his den,

Because he only yet remain'd to be  
Worse than the worst of men, they flee from  
thee, [knee.

And wear his altar-stones out with their pliant

"All that speaks (and all he speaks are lies)  
Are oracles; 'tis he (that wounded all)  
Cares all their wounds; he (that put out their eyes)  
That gives them light; he (that death first did call  
into the world) that with his orisal,

Inspirits earth: he Heav'n's all-seeing eye,  
He Earth's great prophet, he, whom rest doth fly,  
That on salt billows doth, as pillows, sleeping lie.

"But let him in his cabin restless rest,  
The danger of dark flames, and freezing fire,  
Justice in Heav'n against man makes request  
To God, and of his angels doth require  
Sin's punishment: if what I did desire,

Or who, or against whom, or why, or where,  
Of, or before whom ignorant I were,  
Then should my speech their sands of sins to moun-  
tains rear.

"Were not the Heav'n's pure, in whose courts I sue,  
The judge, to whom I sue, just to requite him,  
The cause for sin, the punishment most due,  
Justice herself, the plaintiff to endorse him,  
The angels holy, before whom I cite him,  
He against whom, wicked, unjust, impure;  
Then might he sinful live, and die secure,  
Or trial might escape, or trial might endure.

"The judge might partial be, and over-pray'd,  
The place appeal'd from, in whose courts he sues,  
The fault excus'd, or punishment delay'd,  
The parties self-accus'd, that did accuse,  
Angels for pardon might their prayers use:

But now no star can shine, no hope be got.  
Most wretched creature, if he knew his lot, [not.  
And yet more wretched far, because he knows it

"What should I tell how barren Earth has grown,  
All for to starve her children? didst not thou  
Water with heav'nly show'rs her womb unsovn,  
And drop down clods of snow'n? didst not thou  
Thine easy ear unto the ploughman's vow? [bow  
Long might he look, and look, and long in vain  
Might load his harvest in an empty wain, [grain.  
And beat the woods, to find the poor oak's hungry

"The swelling sea seethes in his angry waves, [rish;  
And smites the earth that dares the traitors nou-  
Yet oft his thunder their light cork outbraves,  
Mowing the mountains, on whose temples flourish  
Whole woods of garlands; and, their pride to  
cherish,

Plough through the sea's green fields, and nets  
display

To catch the flying winds, and steal away, [prey.  
Coa'ning the greedy sea, pris'ning their nimble

"How often have I seen the waving pine,  
Tom'd on a wat'ry mountain, knock his head  
At Heav'n's too patient gates, and with salt brine  
Quench the Moon's burning horns; and safely fled  
From Heaven's revenge, her passengers, all dead  
With stiff astonishment, tumble to Hell?  
How oft the sea all earth would overswell,  
Did not thy sandy girdle bind the mighty well?

"Would not the air be fill'd with streams of death,  
To poison the quick rivers of their blood?  
Did not thy winds fan, with their panting breath,  
The fitting region? would not th' hasty flood  
Empty itself into the sea's wide wood:

Didst not thou lead it wand'ring from his way,  
To give men drink, and make his waters stray,  
To fresh the flow'ry meadows, through whose  
fields they play?

"Who makes the sources of the silver fountains  
From the flint's mouth, and rocky vallies slide,  
Thick'ning the airy bowels of the mountains?  
Who hath the wild herds of the forest ty'd  
In their cold dens, making them hungry bide  
Till man to rest be laid? can beastly he,  
That should have most sense, only senseless be,  
And all things else, beside himself, so awful see?

"Were he not wilder than the savage beast,  
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than rocks,  
Colder than fountains from their springs reostat,  
Lighter than air, blinder than senseless stocks,  
More changing than the river's curling locks:

If reason would not, sense would soon reprove  
him,  
And unto shame, if not to sorrow move him,  
To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks, hard  
stones out-love him.

"Under the weight of sin the earth did fall,  
And swallow'd Dathan, and the raging wind,  
And stormy sea, and gaping whale, did call  
For Jonas: and the air did bullets find,  
And shot from Heav'n a stony show'r to grind:  
The five proud kings, that for their idols fought,  
The Sun itself stood still to fight it out,  
And fire from Heav'n flew down, when sin to Heav'n's  
did shout.

"Should any to himself for safety fly?  
The way to save himself, if any were,  
Were to fly from himself: should he rely  
Upon the promise of his wife? but there  
What can he see, but that he most may fear,  
A Siren, sweet to death? upon his friends?  
Who that he needs, or that he hath not lends?  
Or wooing aid himself aid to another sends?

"His strength? but dost his pleasure? cause of pain  
His hope? false courtier: youth or beauty? brittle:  
Entreaty? fond: repentance? late and vain:  
Just recompence? the world were all too little:  
Thy love? he hath no title to a title:  
Hell's force? in vain her furies Hell shall gather:  
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?  
His child, if good, shall judge; if bad, shall curse  
his father.

" His life ? that brings him to his end, and leaves  
His end ? that leaves him to begin his wo: [him:  
His goods ? what good in that, that so deceives him ?  
His gods of wood ? their feet, alas ! are slow  
To go to help, that must be help'd to go :  
Honour, great worth ? ah ! little worth they be  
Unto their owners: wit ? that makes him see  
He wanted wit, that thought he had it, wanting  
these.

" The sea to drink him quick ? that casts his dead :  
Angels to spare ? they punish: night to hide ?  
The world shall burn in light: the Heav'ns to spread  
Their wings to save him ? Heav'n itself shall slide,  
And roll away like melting stars that glide

Along their oily threads: his mind pursues him :  
His house to shroud, or hills to fall, and bruise  
him ?

As serjeants both attach, and witnesses accuse him.  
" What need I urge what they must needs confess ?  
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust ;  
I crave no more, and thou can'st give no less,  
Thou death to dead men, justice to unjust ;  
Shame to most shameful, and most shameless dust :

But if thy mercy needs will spare her friends,  
Let mercy there begin, where justice ends.  
" His cruel mercy, that the wrong from right defends."

She ended, and the heav'nly hierarchies,  
Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded were ;  
Like to an army that alarm cries,  
And every one shakes his ydreaded spear,  
And the Almighty's self, as he would tear

The Earth, and her firm basis quite in sunder,  
Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty thunder :  
Heav'n stole itself from Earth by clouds that moist-  
en'd under.

As when the cheerful Sun, clamping wide,  
Glads all the world with his uprising ray,  
And woos the widow'd Earth afresh to pride,  
And paints her bosom with the flow'ry May,  
His silent sister steals him quite away,  
Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortal eyes,  
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,  
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies :

But soon as he again dishadowed is,  
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,  
As though another day were newly his,  
The coz'ned birds busily take their flight,  
And wonder at the shortness of the night :  
So Mercy once again herself displays  
Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays  
Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a  
thousand days.

How may a worm, that crawls along the dust,  
Clamber the azure mountains, thrown so high,  
And fetch from thence thy fair idea just,  
That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,  
Cloth'd with such light, as blinds the angels' eye ?  
How may weak mortal ever hope to fill  
His nasmooth tongue, and his deprostrate style ?  
O, raise thou from his corpse thy now entomb'd  
exile !

One touch would rouse me from my sluggish herse,  
One word would call me to my wished home,  
One look would polish my afflicted verse, [I come,  
One thought would steal my soul from her thick  
And force it wand'ring up to Heav'n to come,

There to importune, and to beg apace  
One happy favour of thy sacred grace, [fac  
To see (what though it lose her eyes ?) to see th

If any ask why roses please the sight ?  
Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bow'r :  
If any ask why lilies are so white ?  
Because their blossoms in thy hand do flow'r :  
Or why sweet plants so grateful odours show'r ?  
It is because thy breath so like they be :  
Or why the orient Sun so bright we see ? [thee  
What reason can we give, but from thine eyes, as

Ros'd all in lively crimson are thy cheeks,  
Where beauties indefourishing abide,  
And, as to pass his fellow either seeks,  
Seems both to blush at one another's pride :  
And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beside,  
Ten thousand Graces sit, and when they move  
To Earth their amorous belgards from above,  
They fly from Heav'n, and on their wings convey  
thy love.

And of discolour'd plumes their wings are made,  
And with so wond'rous art the quills are wrought  
That whensoever they cut the airy glade,  
The wind into their hollow pipes is caught :  
As seems, the spheres with them they down hav  
Like to the seven-fold reed of Arcady, [brought  
Which Pan of Syrinx made, when she did fly  
To Ladon sands, and at his sighs sung merrily.

As melting honey dropping from the comb,  
So still the words, that spring between thy lips,  
Thy lips, where smiling sweetness keeps her home  
And heav'nly eloquence pure manna sips.  
He that his pen but in that fountain dips,  
How nimbly will the golden phrases fly,  
And shed forth streams of choicest rhetoric,  
Wailing celestial torrents out of poetry ?

Like as the thirsty land, in summer's heat,  
Calls to the clouds, and gapes at every show'r,  
As though her hungry cliffs all heav'n would eat ;  
Which if high God unto her bosom pour,  
Though much refresh'd, yet more she could devour  
So hang the greedy ears of angels sweet,  
And every breath a thousand Cupids meet,  
Some flying in, some out, and all about her fleet.

Upon her breast Delight doth softly sleep,  
And of Eternal Joy is brought abed ;  
Those snowy mountlets, thorough which do creep  
The milky rivers, that are only bred  
In silver cisterns, and themselves do shed  
To weary travellers, in heat of day,  
To quench their fiery thirst, and to allay  
With dropping nectar floods, the fury of their way

If any wander, thou dost call him back :  
If any be not forward, thou incit'st him :  
Thou dost expect, if any should grow slack :  
If any seem but willing, thou invit'st him :  
Or if he do offend thee, thou acquitt'st him :  
Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him that flies  
Healing the sick, and quick'ning him that dies  
Thou art the lame man's friendly staff, the blind  
man's eyes.

So fair thou art, that all would thee behold ;  
But none can thee behold, thou art so fair :  
Pardon, O pardon then thy vassal bold,  
That with poor shadows strives thee to compare,  
And match the things which he knows matchless art

O thou vile mirror of celestial grace,  
How can frail colours pourtray out thy face,  
Or paint in flesh thy beauty, in such semblance base?

Her upper garment was a silken lawn,  
With needle-work richly embroidered;  
Which she herself with her own hand had drawn,  
And all the world therein had pourtrayed,  
With threads so fresh and lively coloured,  
That seem'd the world she new created there;  
And the mistaken eye would rashly swear  
The silken trees did grow, and the beasts living were.

Low at her feet the Earth was cast alone  
(As though to kiss her foot it did aspire,  
And gave itself for her to tread upon)  
With so unlike and different attire,  
That every one that saw it, did admire  
What it might be, was of so various hue;  
For to itself it oft so diverse grew, [new]  
That still it seem'd the same, and still it seem'd a

And here and there few men she scattered,  
(That in their thought the world esteem but small,  
And themselves great) but she with one fine thread  
So short, and small, and slender wove them all,  
That like a sort of busy ants that crawl  
About some mole-hill, so they wandered;  
And round about the waving sea was shed:  
But for the silver sands, small pearls were sprinkled.

So curiously the underwork did creep,  
And curling circlets so well shadowed lay,  
That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep;  
But those that near the margin pearl did play,  
Hoarsely enwaved were with hasty sway;  
As though they meant to rock the gentle ear,  
And hush the former that enslumber'd were:  
And here a dangerous rock the flying ships did fear.

High in the airy element there hung  
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain  
(As though his purer waves from Heaven sprung)  
To crawl on Earth, as doth the sluggish main:  
But it the Earth would water with his rain, [would,  
That ebb'd, and flow'd, as wind, and season  
And oft the Sun would cleave the limber mould  
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks, a darker cloud,  
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,  
And beat itself into a hollow shade;  
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,  
A thousand colours did the bow enchain,  
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd  
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,  
And Iris paint her locks with beams, so lively  
feign'd.

About her head a cypress heav'n she wore,  
Spread like a veil, upheld with silver wire,  
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,  
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:  
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,  
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,  
That on his curd'd wave swift Argus wore,  
And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

Yet strange it was, so many stars to see  
Without a sun, to give their tapers light:  
Yet strange it was not that it so should be:  
For, where the Sun centres himself by right,  
Her face, and locks did flame, that at the sight,

The heav'nly veil, that else should nimbly move,  
Forgot his sight, and all incess'd with love,  
With wonder, and amazement, did her beauty  
prove.

Over her hung a canopy of state,  
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,  
But of a substance, though not animate,  
Yet of a heav'nly and spiritual mould,  
That only eyes of spirits might behold:  
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,  
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound:  
And little angels, holding hands, danc'd all around.

Seem'd those little spirits, through nimbles bold,  
The stately canopy bore on their wings;  
But them itself, as pendants did uphold,  
Besides the crowns of many famous kings:  
Among the rest, there David ever sings: [lays  
And now, with years grown young, renews his  
Unto his golden harp, and ditties plays, [praise.  
Psalming aloud in well-tun'd songs his Maker's

Thou self-idea of all joys to come,  
Whose love is such, would make the rudest speak,  
Whose love is such, would make the wisest dumb;  
O when wilt thou thy too long silence break,  
And overcome the strong to save the weak!  
If thou no weapons hast, thine eyes will wound  
Th' Almighty's self, that now stick on the  
ground, [impend.

As though some blessed object there did them  
Ah, miserable object of disgrace,  
What happiness is in thy misery!  
I both must pity, and envy thy case;  
For she, that is the glory of the sky,  
Leaves Heaven blind to fix on thee her eye:  
Yet her (though Mercy's self esteems not small)  
The world despis'd, they her Repentance call,  
And she herself despises, and the world, and all.  
Deeply, alas! expasioned she stood,  
To see a flaming brand toss'd up from Hell,  
Boiling her heart in her own lustful blood,  
That oft for torment she would loudly yell,  
Now she would sighing sit, and now she fell  
Crouching upon the ground, in sackcloth trust:  
Early and late she pray'd; and fast she must;  
And all her hair hung full of ashes, and of dust.

Of all most hated, yet hated most of all  
Of her own self she was; disconsolate  
(As though her flesh did but infuncular  
Her buried ghost) she in an harbour sat  
Of thorny briar, weeping her cursed state:  
And her before a hasty river fled,  
Which her blind eyes with faithful penance fed,  
And all about, the grass with tears hung down his  
head.

Her eyes, though blind abroad, at home kept fast,  
Inwards they turn'd, and look'd into her head,  
At which she often started, as aghast,  
To see so fearful spectacles of dread;  
And with one hand her breast she martyred,  
Wounding her heart, the same to mortify,  
The other a fair damsel held her by:  
Which if but once let go, she sunk immediately.  
But Faith was quick, and nimble as the Heav'n,  
As if of love and life she all had been:  
And though of present sight her sense were reav'd,  
Yet she could see the things could not be seen.  
Beyond the stars, as nothing were between,

She fix'd her sight, disdain'd things below :  
Into the sea she could a mountain throw, [flow.  
And make the Sun to stand, and waters backwards

Such when as Mercy her beheld from high;  
In a dark valley, drown'd with her own tears,  
One of her Graces she sent hastily,  
Smiling Eyrone, that a garland wears  
Of guil'd olive on her fairer hairs,

To crown the fainting son's true sacrifice :  
Whom when as sad Repentance coming spies,  
The holy desperado wip'd her swollen eyes.

But Mercy felt a kind remorse to run  
Through her soft veins, and therefore hying fast  
To give an end to silence, thus began :

" Aye honour'd father, if no joy thou hast  
But to reward desert, reward at last

The devil's voice, spoke with a serpent's tongue,  
Fit to hiss out the words so deadly stung, [sing.  
And let him die, death's bitter charms so sweetly

" He was the father of that hopeless season,  
That, to serve other gods, forgot their own.  
The reason was, thou wast above their reason.  
They would have other gods, rather than none,  
A beastly serpent, or a senseless stone :

And these, as Justice hates, so I deplore.  
But the up-plough'd heart, all rent and tore,  
Though wounded by itself, I gladly would restore.

" He was but dust ; why fear'd he not to fall ?  
And being fall'n, how can he hope to live ?  
Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all ?  
Could he not take away as well as give ?  
Should man deprave, and should not God deprive ?

Was it not all the world's deceiving spirit,  
(That, bladder'd up with pride of his own merit,  
Fell in his rise) that him of Heav'n did disinher't ?

" He was but dust : how could he stand before him ?  
And being fall'n, why should he fear to die ?  
Cannot the hand that made him first restore him ?  
Deprav'd of sin, should he deprived lie  
Of grace ? can he not find infirmity, [saking,  
That gave him strength ? unworthy the for-  
He is, who ever weighs, without mistaking,  
Or maker of the man, or manner of his making.

" Who shall thy temple incense any more ;  
Or to thy altar crown the sacrifice ;  
Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd floor ?  
Or what should prayer deck with herbs, and spice,  
Her vials, breathing orisons of price ?

If all must pay that which all cannot pay,  
O first begin with me, and Mercy slay, [stray.  
And thy thrice honour'd Son, that now beneath doth

" But if or he, or I may live, and speak,  
And Heav'n can joy to see a sinner weep ;  
Oh ! let not Justice' iron sceptre break  
A heart already broke, that low doth creep,  
And with proud humbles her feet's dust doth sweep.

Must all go by desert ? is nothing free ?  
Ah ! if but those that only worthy be, [see.  
None should that thee ever see, none should thee ever

" What hath man done, that man shall not undo,  
Since God to him is grown so near a-kin ?  
Did his foe slay him ? he shall slay his foe ;  
Flesh be lost all ? he all again shall win :  
Is he his master ? he shall master us :

Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try :  
The only way to conquer, was to fly ;  
But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's  
self shall die.

" He is a path, if any be misled ;  
He is a robe, if any naked be ;  
If any chauce to hunger, he is bread ;  
If any be a bondman, he is free ;  
If any be but weak, how strong is he ?  
To dead men life he is, to sick men health :  
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth ;  
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

" Who can forget, never to be forgot,  
The time, that all the world in slumber lies :  
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot  
To Earth, and Heav'n awak'd all his eyes,  
To see another Sun at midnight rise  
On Earth ? was never sight of peril faul'd :  
For God before, man like himself did frame,  
But God himself now like a mortal man became.

" A child he was, and had not learn'd to speak,  
That with his word the world before did make :  
His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,  
That with one hand the vaults of Heav'n could shake.

See how small room my infant Lord doth take,  
Whom all the world is not enough to hold.

Who of his years, or of his age hath told ?  
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

" And yet but newly he was infanted,  
And yet already he was sought to die ;  
Yet scarcely born, already banished ;  
Not able yet to go, and forc'd to fly :  
But scarcely fled away, when by and by,  
The tyrant's sword with blood is all defil'd,  
And Rachel, for her sons with fury wild,  
Cries, ' O thou cruel king, and O my sweetest child !'

" Egypt his nurse became, where Nile's springs,  
Who straight, to entertain the rising Sun,  
The hasty harvest in his bosom brings ;  
But now for drought the fields were all undone,  
And now with waters all is overrun : [saw,  
So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd their  
When once they felt the Sun so near them glow,  
That Nile's Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

" The angels enroll'd loud their song of peace,  
The curs'd oracles were strucken dumb,  
To see their Shepherd, the poor shepherds press,  
To see their King, the kingly sophists cease,  
And them to guide unto his Master's house,  
A star comes dancing up the orient,  
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,  
Where gold, to make their pride a crown, they  
all present.

" Young John, glad child, before he could be born,  
Leapt in the womb, his joy to prophesy :  
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,  
Proclaims her Saviour to posterity :  
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.

Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace !  
It is the fire of Heav'n thou dost embrace ;  
Sing Simeon, sing, sing Simeon, sing space."

With that the mighty thunder dropt away  
From God's unwary arm, pow milder grown,  
And melted into tears ; as if to pray  
For pardon, and for pity, it had known,  
That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown



There too the armies angelic dew'd  
Their former rage, and all to Mercy bow'd,  
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly  
strow'd.

"Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver baskets,  
Painted with every choicest flow'r that grows,  
That I may soon unfow'r your fragrant baskets,  
To strow the fields with odours where he goes,  
Let whatsoe'er he treads on be a rose."

So down she let her eyelids fall, to shiue  
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine, [wine.  
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with

## CHRIST'S TRIUMPH ON EARTH.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Christ brought into the place of combat, the wilderness, among the wild beasts, Mark i. 18, ver. 1. Described by his proper attributes, the mercy of God, ver. 2, 3; whom the creatures cannot but adore, ver. 4, 5. By his unity with the Godhead, ver. 6. His proper place, ver. 7. The beauty of his body, Cant. v. 11. Psal. xlv. 2. Gen. xlix. 18. Cant. v. 10. and Isai. liii. 2. ver. 8—13. By preparing himself to the combat with his adversary, that seemed what he was not, ver. 14, 15. Some devout essence, ver. 18—19. (Closely tempting him to despair of God's providence, and provide for himself) ver. 20. But was what he seemeth not, Satan, and would fain have led him, 1st, To desperation; character'd by his place, countenance, apparel, horrible apparitions, &c. ver. 21—30. 2d, To Presumption; character'd by her place, attendants, &c. ver. 31—36; and by her temptation, 37; to vain glory, ver. 38; poetically described from the place where her court stood; a garden, ver. 39—49; from her court, and courtiers, ver. 50; pleasure in drinking, ver. 51; in luxury, ver. 52. 2d, Avarice, ver. 53—55. 3d, Ambitious honour, ver. 56; from her throne, and from her temptation, ver. 57—59. The effect of this victory in Satan, ver. 60; the angels, ver. 61; the creatures, ver. 62.

Thus, all alone, she spy'd, alas, the while!  
In shady darkness, a poor deolate,  
That now had measur'd many a weary mile,  
Through a waste desert, whither heav'nly fate,  
And his own will, him brought: he praying sat,  
And him to prey, as he to pray began,  
The citizens of the wild forest ran, [man.  
And all with open throat would swallow whole the  
Soon did the lady to her Graces cry,  
And on their wings herself did nimbly strow.  
After her coach a thousand Loves did fly,  
So down into the wilderness they throw:  
Where she, and all her train, that with her flow  
Thorough the airy wave, with sails so gay,  
Sinking into his breast that weary lay, [away.  
Made shipwreck of themselves, and vanish'd quite

Seemed that man had them devour'd all,  
Whom to devour the beasts did make pretence;  
But him their salvage thirst did nought appeal,  
Though weapons none he had for his defence:  
What arms for innocence, but innocence?  
For when they saw their Lord's bright organization  
Shine in his face, soon did they disavow,  
And some unto him kneel, and some about him  
dance.

Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood,  
And he himself fell down in congies low;  
Bidding him welcome to his wasteful wood.  
Sometime he kiss the grass where he did go,  
And, as to wash his feet he well did know,  
With fawning tongue he lick away the dust,  
And every one would nearest to him thrust,  
And every one, with new, forgot his former lust.

Unmindful of himself, to mind his Lord,  
The lamb stood gazing by the tyger's side,  
As though between them they had made accord,  
And on the lion's back the goat did ride,  
Forgetful of the roughness of the hide.  
If he stood still, their eyes upon him baited,  
If walkt, they all in order on him wait'd,  
And when he slept, they as his watch themselves  
conceited.

Wonder doth call me up to see: O no,  
I cannot see, and therefore sink in wonder,  
The man that shines as bright as God, not so,  
For God he is himself, that close lies under  
That man, so close, that no time can discover  
That band; yet not so close, but from him break  
Such beams, as mortal eyes are all too weak  
Such sight to see, or it, if they should see, to speak.

Upon a grassy hillock he was laid,  
With woody primroses bespeckled:  
O'er his head the wanton shadows played  
Of a wild olive, that her boughs so spread,  
As with her leaves she seem'd to crown his head,  
And her green arms t' embrace the Prince of  
Peace:

The Sun so near, needs must the winter cease,  
The Sun so near, another spring seem'd to increase.  
His hair was black, and in small curls did twine,  
As though it were the shadow of some light,  
And underneath his face, as day, did shine;  
But sure the day shined not half so bright,  
Nor the Sun's shadow made so dark a night.  
Under his lovely locks her head to shroud,  
Did make Humility herself grow proud:  
Hither, to light their lamps, did all the Graces  
crowd.

One of ten thousand souls I am, and more,  
That of his eyes, and their sweet wounds, complain;  
Sweet are the wounds of Love, never so sore,  
Ah, might he often slay me so again!  
He never lives, that thus is never slain.  
What boots it watch? Those eyes, for all my art,  
Mine own eyes looking on, have stole my heart:  
In them Love bends his bow, and dips his burning  
dart.

As when the Sun, caught in an adverse cloud,  
Flies cross the world, and there anew begets  
The watry picture of his beauty proud,  
Throws all abroad his sparkling spanglets,  
And the whole world in dire amazement sets,

To see two days abroad at once, and all  
Doubt whether now he rise, or now will fall:  
So flam'd the godly flesh, proud of his heav'nly  
thrall.

His cheeks, as snowy apples sopt in wine,  
Had their red roses quench't with lilies white,  
And like to garden strawberries did shine,  
Washt in a bowl of milk, or rose-buds bright,  
Unbosoming their breasts against the light. [made  
Here love-sick souls did eat, there drank, and  
Sweet smelling posies, that could never fade,  
But worldly eyes him thought more like some living  
shade.

For laughter never look'd upon his brow;  
Though in his face all smiling joys did bide:  
No sicken banners did about him flow,  
Fools made their fetters ensigus of their pride:  
He was best cloth'd when naked was his side.

A Lamb he was, and woollen fleece he bore,  
Wore with one thread, his feet low sandals wore;  
But bared were his legs, so wen: the times of yore.

As two white marble pillars that uphold  
God's holy place where he in glory sets,  
And rise with goodly grace and courage bold,  
To bear his temple on their ample jets,  
Vein'd every where with azure rivulets,  
Whom all the people, on some holy morn,  
With boughs and flowry garlands do adorn:  
Of such, though fairer far, this temple was upborn.

Twice had Diana bent her golden bow,  
And shot from Heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse  
The sluggish salvages, that den below,  
And all the day in lazy covert drowse,  
Since him the silent wilderness did house:

The Heav'n his roof, and arbour harbour was,  
The ground his bed, and his moist pillow grass:  
But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers none did  
pass.

At length an aged sire far off he saw  
Come slowly footing, every step he guest  
One of his feet he from the grave did draw.  
Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,  
And all the way he went, he ever blest

With benedictions, and prayers store,  
But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more,  
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

A good old hermit he might seem to be;  
That for devotion had the world forsaken,  
And now was travelling some saint to see,  
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,  
Where all his former sins he might awaken,  
And them might wash away with dropping brine,  
And alms, and fasts, and church's discipline;  
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy  
shrine.

But when he nearer came, he lowt'd low  
With prone obeisance, and with curtesy kind,  
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw;  
What needs him now another saint to find?  
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,

That to this Saint a thousand souls convey  
Each hour: O happy pilgrims, thither stray!  
What caren they for beasts, or for the weary way?  
Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,  
Like pleasing anthems modelled in time;  
For well that aged sire could tip his tongue  
With golden foil of eloquence, and lime,  
And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.

"Ay me," quoth he, "how many years have  
been,  
Since these old eyes the Sun of Heav'n have seen!  
Certes the Son of Heav'n they now behold, I ween.

"Ah! mote my humble cell so blessed be  
As Heav'n to welcome in his lowly roof,  
And be the temple for thy duty!  
Lo, how my cottage worships thee aloof,  
That under ground hath hid his head, in proof  
It doth adore thee with the ceciling low,  
Here honey, milk, and chestnuts, wild do grow,  
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

"But oh!" he said, and therewith sigh'd full deep,  
"The Heav'n's alas! too envious are grown,  
Because our fields thy presence from them keep;  
For stones do grow where corn was lately sown:"  
(So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone)  
"But thou with corn canst make this stone to ean.  
What needen we the angry Heav'n's to fear?  
Let them envy us still, so we enjoy thee here."

Thus on they wandred; but these holy weeds  
A monstrous serpent, and no man, did cover.  
So under greenest herbs the adder feeds;  
And round about that stinking corps did hover  
The dismal prince of gloomy night, and over  
His ever-damned head the shadows err'd  
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard,  
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

He was the son of blackest Achernon,  
Where many frozen souls do chatt'ring lie,  
And ru'd the burning waves of Phlegethon,  
Where many more in flaming sulphur fry.  
At once compell'd to live, and forc'd to die,  
Where nothing can be heard for the loud cry  
Of "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "Out, alas! that I  
Or once again might live, or once at length might  
die!"

Ere long they came near to a baleful bower,  
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,  
That gaping stood all corners to devour,  
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
That still for carrion carcases doth crave.

The ground no herbs, but venomous, did bear,  
Nor ragged trees did leave; but every where  
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hang'd  
were.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat,  
Elonging joyful day with her sad note,  
And through the shady air the fluttering bat  
Did wave her leather sails, and blindly float,  
While with her wings the fatal screech owl smote  
Th' unblest house: there on a craggy stone  
Celeno hung, and made his direful moan,  
And all about the murdered ghosts did shriek and  
groan.

Like cloudy moonshine in some shadowy grove,  
Such was the light in which Despair did dwell;  
But he himself with night for darkness strove.  
His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell  
About his face; through which, as brands of Hell,  
Sunken in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,  
That made him deadly look, their glimpse did  
show

Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throw,

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pin'd  
 And as he musing lay, to stony fright [fast;  
 A thousand wild chimeras would him cast:  
 As when a fearful dream in midst of night,  
 Skips to the brain, and phantasies to the sight  
 Some winged fury, straight the hasty foot,  
 Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root:  
 The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes  
 without boot.

Now he would dream that he from Heaven fell,  
 And then would snatch the air, afraid to fall;  
 And now he thought he sinking was to Hell,  
 And then would grasp the earth, and now his stall  
 Him seemed Hell, and then he out would crawl:  
 And ever, as he crept, would squint aside,  
 Lest him, perhaps, some fury had capied,  
 And then, alas! he should in chains for ever bide.

Therefore he softly shrunk, and stole away,  
 He ever durst to draw his breath for fear,  
 Till to the door he came, and there he lay  
 Panting for breath, as though he dying were;  
 And still he thought he felt their crapes tear  
 Him by the heels back to his ugly den:  
 Out fain he would have leapt abroad, but then  
 The Heav'n, as Hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty  
 men.

Within the gloomy hole of this pale wight  
 The serpent woo'd him with his charms to inn,  
 There he might bait the day, and rest the night:  
 But under that same bait a fearful grin  
 Was ready to entangle him in sin,  
 But he upon ambrosia daily fed,  
 That grew in Eden, thus he answered:  
 So both a way were caught, and to the temple fled.

Well knew our Saviour this the serpent was,  
 And the old serpent knew our Saviour well;  
 Never did any this in falsehood pass,  
 Never did any him in truth excel!  
 With him we fly to Heav'n, from Heav'n we fell  
 With him: but now they both together met  
 Upon the sacred pinnacles, that threaten,  
 With their aspiring tops, Astræa's starry seat.

Here did Presumption her pavilion spread  
 Over the temple, the bright stars among,  
 (Ah, that her foot should trample on the head  
 Of that most reverend place!) and a lewd throng  
 Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song  
 Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace,  
 And every one her dearly did embrace,  
 And she herself enamour'd was of her own face.

A painted face, belied with vermeyl store,  
 Which light Eueÿpis every day did trim,  
 That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,  
 Not fixed on the rock, but on the brim  
 Of the wide air, she let it loosely swirl!  
 Her other hand a sprinkle carried,  
 And ever when her lady wavered,  
 Court holy-water all upon her sprinkled.

Poor fool! she thought herself in wondrous pride  
 With God, as if in Paradise she were:  
 But, were she not in a fool's paradise,  
 She might have seen more reason to despair:  
 But him she, like some ghostly fiend, did fear.  
 And therefore as that wretch how'd out his cell  
 Under the bowels, in the heart of Hell, [dwell.  
 So above the Moon, amid the stars, would

Her tent with sunny clouds was ciel'd aloft,  
 And so exceeding shone with a false light,  
 That Heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,  
 Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;  
 But clouds withouten Heav'n it was aright:  
 And as her house was built, so did her brain  
 Build castles in the air, with idle pain,  
 But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship, in which no balance lies,  
 Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,  
 Fairly along with wind and water flies,  
 And painted masts with silken sails embraces,  
 That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,  
 To laugh a while at her so proud array;  
 Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,  
 And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day:

But all so soon as Heav'n his brows doth bend,  
 She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,  
 The empty bark the raging billows send  
 Up to th' Olympic waves, and Argus seems  
 Again to ride upon our lower streams:  
 Right so Presumption did herself behave,  
 Tossed about with every stormy wave, [brava  
 And in white lawn she went, most like an angel

Gently, our Saviour she began to shrive,  
 Whether he were the Son of God, or no;  
 For any other she disdain'd to wife:  
 And if he were, she bid him fearless throw  
 Himself to ground; and therewithal did show  
 A flight of little angels, that did wait  
 Upon their glittering wings, to latch him straight;  
 And longed on their backs to feel his glorious  
 weight.

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,  
 Herself she tumbled headlong to the floor:  
 But him the angels on their feathers caught,  
 And to an airy mountain nimbly bore,  
 Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky shore,  
 Restless Olympus seem'd to rest upon  
 With all his swimming globes: so both are gone,  
 The Dragon with the Lamb. Ah, unmeet paragon!

All suddenly the hill his snow devours,  
 In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew;  
 As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,  
 Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw:  
 That all about perfumed spirits flew.

For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,  
 In all the world, or please the appetite,  
 Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,  
 Though many streams his banks besilvered,  
 Though Xanthus with his golden sands be bare:  
 Nor Hybla, though his thyme depastured,  
 As fast again with honey blossomed:  
 No Rhodope, no Tempe's flow'ry plain:  
 Adonis' garden was to this but vain,  
 Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise did rain.

For in all these some one thing most did grow,  
 But in this one grew all things else beside;  
 For sweet Variety herself did throw  
 To every bank, here all the ground she hide  
 In lily white, there pinks emblazed white,  
 And damask all the earth; and here she shed  
 Blue violets, and there came roses red:  
 And every sight the yielding sense as captive led.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,  
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,  
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;  
The azure fields of Heav'n were 'sembled right  
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:  
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,  
That hung upon their azure leaves, did show  
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening  
blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,  
On which the tower of Vain-delight was built.  
White and red roses for her face were plac'd,  
And for her tresses marigolds were spitt:  
Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt,  
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd:  
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,  
And with green fillets in their pretty curls them  
bound.

What should I here depict her tily hand,  
Her veils of violets, her ermine breast,  
Which there in orient colours living stand:  
Or how her gown with wilken leaves is drest,  
Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughly crest,  
A wall of prin bid in his bushes bears,  
Shaking at every wind their leavy spears,  
While she supinely sleeps ne to be wak'd fears?

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,  
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,  
Seem'd to wonder at his bloody helm,  
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,  
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine,  
For well he knew such fruit be never bore:  
But her weak arms embraced him the more,  
And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

Under the shadow of these drunken elms  
A fountain rose, where Pangloretta uses  
(When her some food of fancy overwhelms,  
And one of all her favourites she chooses)  
To bath herself, whom she in lust abuses,  
And from his wanton body sucks his soul,  
Which, drown'd in pleasure in that shallow bowl,  
And swimming in delight, doth amorously roll.

The font of silver was, and so his showers  
In silver fell, only the gilded bowls  
(Like to a furnace, that the mineral powers)  
Seem'd to have mol't it in their shining holes:  
And on the water, like to burning coals,  
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:  
But when Panglory here did list to play,  
Rose-water then it ran, and milk it rain'd, they say:  
The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three  
boys

Three gaping mermaids with their ewers did feed,  
Whose breasts let fall the streams, with sleepy noise,  
To lions' mouths, from whence it leapt with speed,  
And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed,  
The naked boys unto the water's fall,  
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,  
When Zephyr breath'd into their wat'ry interail.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,  
A herd of charmed beasts a-ground were spread,  
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,  
And them in willing bondage fettered:  
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,  
And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer okt,  
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,  
Ue'd manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his Jemans bow'r,  
(Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize)  
Our first destroyer led our Saviour,  
There in the lower room, in solemn wise,  
They danc'd a round, and pour'd their sacrifice  
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,  
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,  
Chanted wild orgials, in honour of the feast.

Others within their arbores swilling sat,  
(For all the room about was arbores)  
With laughing Bacchus, that was grown so fat,  
That stand he could not, but was carried,  
And every evening freshly watered,  
To quench his fiery cheeks, and all about  
Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied  
out  
Fraggons of wine, to set on fire that spring rout.

This their inham'd souls esteem'd their wealth,  
To crown the boosing can from day to night,  
And sick to drink themselves with drinking head-ach,  
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.  
Hence to a loft, carv'd all in ivory white,

They came, where whiter ladies naked went,  
Melted in pleasure and soft languishment,  
And sunk in beds of roses, amorous glances sent.

Fly, fly, thou holy Child, that wanton roam,  
And thou, my chaster Muse, those harlots shoo,  
And with him to a higher story come,  
Where mounts of gold and floods of silver run,  
The while the owners, with their wealth undone,  
Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine,  
Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of mine,  
Glutting their famish'd souls with the deceitful  
shine.

Ah! who was he such precious berils found?  
How strongly Nature did her treasures hide,  
And threw upon them mountains of thick ground,  
To dark their dry lustre! but quaint Pride  
Hath taught her sons to wound their mother's side,  
And'gaze the depth, to search for flaring shells,  
In whose bright bosom spiny Bacchus swells,  
That neither Heaven nor Earth henceforth in safety  
dwells.

O sacred hunger of the greedy eye,  
Whose need hath end, but no end covetise,  
Empty in fulness, rich in poverty,  
That having all things, nothing can suffice,  
How thou befanciest the men most wise!  
The poor man would be rich, the rich man great,  
The great man king, the king in God's own seat  
Entomb'd, with mortal arm dares games, and  
thunder threat.

Therefore above the rest Ambition sate,  
His court with glitterant pearl was all-inwall'd,  
And round about the wall, in chairs of state,  
And most majestic splendour, were install'd  
A hundred kings; whose temples were impall'd  
In golden diadems, set here and there  
With diamonds, and gemmed every where,  
And of their golden virges none disceitred were.

High over all, Panglory's blazing throne,  
In her bright tarret, all of crystal wrought,  
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of Heaven, shone:  
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,  
Self-arobing columns to uphold were taught:  
In which her image still reflected was  
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass,  
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the serpens did sway,  
 And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;  
 Only a garland of rose-buds did play  
 About her locks, and in her hand she bore  
 A hollow globe of glass, that long before  
 She full of supplems had bladdered,  
 And all the world therein depicted:  
 Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such wat'ry orbicles young boys do blow  
 From their soapy shells, and much admire  
 The swimming world, which tenderly they row  
 With easy breath till it be waded higher:  
 But if they chance but roughly once aspire,  
 The painted bubble instantly doth fall.  
 Here when she came, she 'gan for music call,  
 And sang this wooing song, to welcome him withal:

" Love is the blossom where there blows  
 Every thing that lives or grows:  
 Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,  
 And the Sun doth burn in love:  
 Love the strong and weak doth yoke,  
 And makes the ivy climb the oak;  
 Under whose shadows lions wild,  
 Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild:  
 Love no med'cine can appease,  
 He burns the fishes in the seas;  
 Not all the skill his wounds can stench,  
 Not all the sea his fire can quench:  
 Love did make the bloody spear  
 Once a heavy coat to wear,  
 While in his leaves there shrouded lay  
 Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:  
 And of all love's joyful flame,  
 I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me,  
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

" See, see the flowers that below,  
 Now as fresh as morning-blow,  
 And of all, the virgin rose,  
 That as bright Aurora shows:  
 How they all unleaved die,  
 Losing their virginity;  
 Like unto a summer-shade,  
 But now born, and now they fade.  
 Every thing doth pass away,  
 There is danger in delay:  
 Come, come gather then the rose,  
 Gather it, or it you lose.  
 All the sand of Tagus' shore  
 Into my bosom casts his ore:  
 All the valleys' swimming corn  
 To my house is yearly borne:  
 Every grape of every vine  
 Is gladly bruise'd to make me wine,  
 While ten thousand kings, as proud,  
 To carry up my train have bow'd,  
 And a world of ladies send me  
 In my chambers to attend me.  
 All the stars in Heav'n that shine,  
 And ten thousand more, are mine:  
 Only bend thy knee to me,  
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be."

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind  
 Her guileful bait to have embosomed:  
 But he her charms dispersed into wind,  
 And her of insolence admonished,  
 And all her optic-glasses shattered.

So with her sire to Hell she took her flight,  
 (The starting air flew from the damned upright)  
 Where deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themselves  
 in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,  
 A heavenly yelley of light angels flew,  
 And from his Father him a banquet brought,  
 Through the fine element; for well they knew,  
 After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:  
 And, as he fed, the holy quires combine  
 To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;  
 All thought to pass, and each was past all thought  
 divine.

The birds sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,  
 Attempt'd to the lays angelical;  
 And to the birds the winds attune their noise;  
 And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,  
 And echo back again reviv'd all;  
 That the whole valley rung with victory.  
 But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly:  
 See how the night comes stealing from the moun-  
 tains high.

## CHRIST'S TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Christ's triumph over death on the cross, expressed, 1st, In general by his joy to undergo it: singing before he went to the garden, ver. 1, 2, 3. Mat. 26. 30; by his grief in the undergoing it, ver. 4—6; by the obscure fables of the Gentiles typing it, ver. 7, 8; by the cause of it in him, his love, ver. 9; by the effect it should have in us, ver. 10—12. by the instrument, the cursed tree, ver. 15. 2d, Expressed in particular; 1st, by his fore-pain in the garden, ver. 14—25; by his passion itself, amplified, 1st, From the general causes, ver. 26, 27; parts, and effects of it, ver. 28, 29. 2d, From the particular causes, ver. 30, 31; parts, and effects of it in Heaven, ver. 32—36; in the heavenly spirits, ver. 37; in the creatures subcelestial, ver. 38; in the wicked Jews, ver. 39; in Judas, ver. 40—51; in the blessed saints, Joseph, &c. ver. 52—67.

So down the silver streams of Eridan,  
 On either side bank't with a lily wall,  
 Whiter than both, rides the triumphant swan,  
 And sings his dirge, and prophecies his fall,  
 Diving into his watry funeral!

But Eridan to Cedron must submit  
 His flowery shore; nor can he envy it,  
 If, when Apollo sings, his swans do silent sit.

That heav'nly voice I more delight to hear,  
 Than gentle airs to breathe, or swelling waves  
 Against the sounding rocks their bosoms tear,  
 Or whistling reeds, that ritty Jordan leaves,  
 And with their verdur his white head embraces,  
 To chide the winds, or hiving bees, that fly  
 About the laughing blossoms of fallow,  
 Rocking asleep the idle grooms that lazy ly.

And yet how can I hear thee singing go,  
When men, incens'd with hate, thy death forest?   
Or else, why do I hear thee sighing so,  
When thou, inflam'd with love, their life dost get!  
That love and hate, and sighs and songs are met?  
But thus, and only thus, thy love did crave,  
To send thee singing for us to thy grave,  
While we sought thee to kill, and thou sought'st  
us to save.

When I remember Christ our burden bears,  
I look for glory, but find misery;  
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears;  
I look that we should live, and find him die;  
I look for angels' songs, and hear him cry:  
Thus what I look, I cannot find so well;  
Or rather, what I find I cannot tell,  
These banks so narrow are, those streams so highly  
swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin,  
Suffers for us, and our joy springs in this;  
Suffers to death, here is his manhood seen;  
Suffers to rise, and here his Godhead is,  
For man, that could not by himself have rise,  
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise,  
And God, that could not die, in manhood dies,  
That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

Go, giddy brains, whose wits are thought so fresh,  
Pluck all the flow'rs that Nature forth doth throw;  
Go, stick them on the cheeks of wanton flesh:  
Poor idol (forc'd at once to fall and grow)  
Of fading roses, and of melting snow:  
Your songs exceed your matter, this of mine,  
The matter which it sings shall make divine;  
As stars dull puddles gild, in which their beauties  
shine.

Who doth not see drown'd in Deucalion's name  
(When earth his men, and sea had lost his shore)  
Old Noah? and in Nisus' lock the fame  
Of Samson yet alive? and long before  
In Phaethon's, mine own fall I deplore;  
But he that conquer'd Hell, to fetch again  
His virgin widow, by a serpent slain,  
Another Orpheus was then dreaming poets feign.

That taught the stones to melt for passion,  
And dormant sea, to hear him, silent lie;  
And at his voice, the wat'ry nation  
To flock, as if they deem'd it cheap to buy  
With their own deaths his sacred harmony:  
The while the waves stood still to hear his song,  
And steady shore wav'd with the reeling throng  
Of thirsty souls, that hung upon his fluent tongue.

What better friendship, than to cover shame?  
What greater love, than for a friend to die?  
Yet this is better to asselt the blame,  
And this is greater for an enemy:  
But more than this, to die not suddenly,  
Not with some common death, or easy pain,  
But slowly, and with torments to be slain:  
O depth without a depth, far better seen than  
say'n.

And yet the Son is humbled for the slave,  
And yet the slave is proud before the Son:  
Yet the Creator for his creature gave  
Himself, and yet the creature hastes to run  
From his Creator, and self-good depth shun:

And yet the Prince, and God himself doth cry  
To man, his traitour, pardon not to fly;  
Yet man is God, and traitour doth his Prince defy.

Who is it sees not that he nothing is,  
But he that nothing sees? what weaker breast,  
Since Adam's armour fail'd, dares warrant his?  
That made by God of all his creatures best,  
Straight made himself the worst of all the rest.  
"If any strength we have, it is to ill,  
But all the good is God's, both pow'r and will:"  
The dead man cannot rise, though he himself may  
kill.

But let the thorny school these punctuals  
Of wills, all good, or bad, or neuter diss;  
Such joy we gained by our parentals,  
That good, or bad, whether I cannot wish,  
To call it a mishap, or happy miss,  
That fell from Eden, and to Heav'n did rise:  
[Albe the mitred card'nal more did prize  
His part in Paris, than his part in Paradise.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,  
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute;  
A tree is now the instrument of life,  
Though all that trunk, and this fair body suit:  
Ah cursed tree, and yet O blessed fruit!  
That death to him, this life to us doth give:  
Strange is the cure, when things past cure re-  
vive,  
And the Physician dies, to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the arbour of delight,  
Yet in his honey flow'rs our poison blew;  
Sad Gethseman the bow'r of baleful night,  
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,  
Yet all our honey in that poison grew:  
So we from sweetest flow'rs could suck our bane,  
And Christ from bitter venom could again  
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,  
A man is now the author of our rise:  
A garden was the place we perish'd all,  
A garden is the place he pays our price:  
And the old serpent with a new device,  
Hath found a way himselfe for to beguile:  
So he that all men tangled in his wile,  
Is now by one man caught, beguil'd with his own  
guile.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade  
Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground  
Sparkled in ice, only the Lord, that made  
All for himself, himself dissolved found,  
Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound:  
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and God, and man  
forlore,  
Thrice begging help of those, whose sins he bore,  
And thrice denied of those, not to deny had swore.

Yet had he been alone of God forsaken,  
Or had his body been embroil'd alone  
In fierce assault; he might, perhaps have taken  
Some joy in soul, when all joy else was gone,  
But that with God, and God to Heav'n is flown;  
And Hell itself out from her grave doth rise,  
Black as the starless night, and with them flies,  
Yet blacker than they both, the son of blasphemies.

As when the planets, with unkind aspect,  
Call from her caves the meagre pestilence ;  
The sacred vapour, eager to infect,  
Obeys the voice of the sad influence,  
And vomits up a thousand noisome scents,  
The well of life, flaming his golden food  
With the sick air, fevers the boiling blood,  
And poisons all the body with contagious food.

The bold physician, too incautious,  
By those he cures himself is murdered :  
Kindness infects, pity is dangerous,  
And the poor infant, yet not fully bred,  
There where he should be born lies buried :  
So the dark prince, from his infernal cell,  
Casts up his grisly torturers of Hell, [spell.  
And whets them to revenge with this insulting

" See how the world smiles in eternal peace,  
While we, the harmless brats, and rusty throng  
Of night, our snakes in curls do prank and dress :  
Why sleep our drowsy scorpions so long ?  
Where is our wonted virtue to do wrong ?  
Are we ourselves ? or are we graces grown ?  
The sons of Hell, or Heav'n ? was never known  
Our whips so over-moss'd, and brands so deadly  
blown.

" O long desired, never hop'd-for hour,  
When our tormentor shall our torments feel !  
Arm, arm yourselves, sad dires of my pow'r,  
And make our judge for pardon to us kneel :  
Slice, launch, dig, tear him with your whips of  
steel,  
Myself in honour of so noble prize, [cries  
Will pour you reeking blood, shed with the  
Of hasty heirs, who their own fathers sacrifice."

With that a flood of poison, black as Hell,  
Out from his filthy gorge the beast did spue,  
That all about his blessed body fell,  
And thousand flaming serpents hissing flew  
About his soul, from hellish sulphur threw,  
And every one brandish'd his fiery tongue,  
And worming all about his soul they clung ;  
But he their stings tore out, and to the ground  
them flung.

So have I seen a rock's heroic breast,  
Against proud Neptune, that his ruin threats,  
When all his waves he hath to battle prest,  
And with a thousand swelling billows beats  
The stubborn stone, and foams, and chaffs and  
frets

To heave him from his root, unmoved stand ;  
And more in heaps the barking surges band,  
The more in pieces beat, fly weeping to the strand.

So may we oft a vent'rous father see,  
To please his wanton son, his only joy,  
Coast all about, to catch the roving hee,  
And stung himself, his busy hands employ  
To save the honey for the gamesome boy :  
Or from the snake her ranc'rous teeth erase,  
Making his child the toothless serpent chace,  
Or with his little hands her tim'rous gorge em-  
brace.

Thus Christ himself to watch and sorrow gives,  
While, dew'd in easy sleep, dead Peter lies :  
Thus man in his own grave securely lives,  
While Christ alive, with thousand horrors dies,  
Yet more for theirs, than his own pardon cries :

No sins he had, yet all our sins he bare,  
So much doth God for others' evils care,  
And yet so careless men for their own evils are.

See drowsy Peter, see where Judas wakes,  
Where Judas kisses him whom Peter flies :  
O kias more deadly than the sting of snakes !  
False love more hurtful than true injuries !  
Aye me ! how dearly God his servant buys ?  
For God his man at his own blood doth hold,  
And man his God for thirty-pence hath sold.  
So tin for silver goes, and dunghill-dross for gold.

Yet was it not enough for Sin to choose  
A servant, to betray his Lord to them ;  
But that a subject must his king accuse,  
But that a Pagan must his God condemn,  
But that a Father must his Son condemn,  
But that the Son must his own death desire,  
That prince, and people, servant, and the sire,  
Gentile, and Jew, and he against himself conspire ?

Was this the oil, to make thy saints adore thee,  
The frothy spittle of the rascal throng ?  
Are these the virges, that are borne before thee,  
Base whips of cord, and knotted all along ?  
Is this thy golden sceptre, against wrong,  
A reedy cane ? is that the crown adorns  
Thy shining locks, a crown of spiny thorns ?  
Are these the angels' hymns, the priests' blasphemous  
scorns ?

Who ever saw honour before asham'd ;  
Afflicted majesty, debased height,  
Innocence guilty, honesty defam'd ;  
Liberty bound, health sick, the Sun in night ?  
But since such wrong was offer'd unto right,  
Our night is day, our sickness health is grown,  
Our shame is veil'd, this now remains alone  
For us, since he 'was ours, that we be not our  
own.

Night was ordain'd for rest, and not for pain ;  
But they, to pain their Lord, their rest contemn,  
Good laws to save, what bad men would have  
slain,

And not bad judges, with one breath, by them  
The innocent to pardon, and condemn :  
Death for revenge of murderers, not decay  
Of guiltless blood, but now all headlong sway  
Man's murderer to save, man's Saviour to slay.

Frail multitude ! whose giddy law is list,  
And best applause is windy flattering,  
Most like the breath of which it doth consist,  
No sooner blown, but as soon vanishing,  
As much desir'd, as little profiting,  
That makes the men that have it oft as light,  
As those that give it, which the proud invite,  
And fear ; the bad man's friend, the good man's  
hypocrite.

It was but now their sounding clamours sung,  
" Blessed is he that comes from the Most High,"  
And all the mountains with " Hosannah " rung ;  
And now, " Away with him, away," they cry,  
Add nothing can be heard but " Crucify !"  
It was but now, the crown itself they save,  
And golden name of king unto him gave ;  
And now, no king, but only Caesar, they will have.

It was but now they gathered blooming May,  
And of his arms disrob'd the branching tree,  
To strow with boughs and blossoms all thy way;  
And now the branchless trunk a cross for thee,  
And May, dismay'd, thy coronet must be:

It was but now they were so kind to throw  
Their own best garments, where thy feet should  
go; (they show.

And now thyself they strip, and bleeding wounds  
See where the Author of all life is dying:  
O fearful day! he dead, what hope of living?  
See where the hopes of all our lives are buying:  
O cheerful day! they bought, what fear of griev-  
ing?

Love, love for hate, and death for life is giving:  
Lo, how his arms are stretch'd abroad to grace  
thee,  
And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee:  
Why stay'st thou then, my soul! O fly, fly,  
thither haste thee.

His radiant head with shameful thorns they tear,  
His tender back with bloody whips they rent,  
His side and heart they furrow with a spear,  
His hands and feet with riving nails they tear,  
And, as to discentral his soul they meant,  
They jolly at his grief, and make their game,  
His naked body to expose to shame,  
That all might come to see, and all might see that  
came.

Whereat the Heav'n put out his guilty eye,  
That durst behold so execrable sight,  
And sabled all in black the shady sky,  
And the pale stars, struck with un wonted fright,  
Quenched their everlasting lamps in night:  
And at his birth, as all the stars Heav'n had  
Were not enow, but a new star was made;  
So now, both new, and old, and all away did fade.

The amazed angels shook their flow'ry wings,  
Ready to lighten vengeance from God's throne;  
One down his eyes upon the manhood flings,  
Another gazes on the Godhead, none  
But sorely thought his wife were not his own.  
Some flew to look if it were very he;  
But when God's arm unarmed they did see,  
Alas, they saw it was, they would it could not be.

The sadden air hung all in cheerless black,  
Through which the gentle winds soft sighing flew,  
And Jordan into such huge sorrow brake,  
(As if his holy stream no measure knew)  
That all his narrow banks he overthrew;  
The trembling earth with burrow inly shook,  
And stubborn stones, such grief unns'd to brook,  
Did burst, and ghosts awaking from their graves  
'gan look.

The wise philosopher cried, all aghast,  
"The God of nature surely languished;"  
The sad Centurion cried out as fast,  
"The Son of God, the Son of God was dead;"  
The headlong Jew hung down his pensive head,  
And homewards far'd; and ever, as he went,  
He smote his breast, half desperately bent;  
The very woods and beasts did seem his death la-  
ment.

The graceless traitour round about did look,  
(He look'd not long, the devil quickly met him)  
To find a halter, which he found, and took,  
Only a gibbet now he needs must set him;  
So on a wither'd tree he fairly set him;

And help'd him sit the rope, and in his thought  
A thousand furies, with their whips, he brought;  
So there he stands, ready to Hell to make his vault.

For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,  
That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,  
A guilty conscience, barking after blood,  
Pursued eagerly, nay, never stay'd,  
Till the betrayer's self it had betray'd.  
Oft chang'd he place, in hope away to wind;  
But change of place could never change his  
mind:  
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to find.

There is but two ways for this soul to have,  
When parting from the body, forth it purges;  
To rise to Heav'n, or fall into the grave,  
Where whips of scorpions, with the stinging  
scourges,  
Feed on the howling ghosts, and fiery surges  
Of brimstone roll about the cave of night,  
Where flames do burn, and yet no spark of light,  
And fire both fries, and freezes the blaspheming  
spright.

There lies the captive soul, eye-sighing sore,  
Reck'ning a thousand years since her first bands;  
Yet stays not there, but adds a thousand more,  
And at another thousand never stands,  
But tells to them the stars, and heaps the sands:  
And now the stars are told, and sands are run,  
And all those thousand thousand myriads done,  
And yet but now, alas! but now all is begun?

With that a flaming brand a fury catch'd,  
And shook, and toss'd it round in his wild thought,  
So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatch'd,  
With every star of hope; and as he sought  
(With present fear, and future grief distraught)  
To fly from his own heart, and aid implore  
Of him, the more he gives, that hath the more,  
Whose storehouse is the Heav'n's, too little for his  
store.

"Stay wretch on Earth," cried Satan, "restless  
rest:  
Know'st thou not justice lives in Heav'n? or can  
The worst of creatures live among the best:  
Among the blessed angels cursed man?  
Will Judas now become a Christian? [mind?  
Whither will hope's long wings transport thy  
Or canst thou not thyself a sinner find?  
Or cruel to thyself, wouldst thou have mercy  
kind?"

"He gave thee life; why should thou seek to slay  
him?  
He lent thee wealth; to feed thy avarice?  
He call'd thee friend; what, that thou shouldst  
betray him?  
He kiss'd thee, though he knew his life the price;  
He wash'd thy feet: shouldst thou his sacrifice?  
He gave thee bread, and wine, his body, blood,  
And at thy heart to enter in he stood;  
But when I enter'd in, and all my spaky brood."

As when wild Pentheson grown mad with fear,  
Whole troops of hellish hags about him spies,  
Two bloody mns-stalking the dusky sphere,  
And twofold Furies runs rolling in his eyes:  
Or through the seven-staring Crotes flies,



With eyes flung back upon his mother's ghost,  
That, with infernal serpents all embow'd,  
And torches quench'd in blood, doth her stern son  
accost.

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms  
Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,  
That now, unable to endure their storms,  
"Fly, fly," he cries, "thyself, whate'er thou art,  
Hell, Hell already burns in every part."

So down into his torturers, arms he fell,  
That ready stood his funerals to yell,  
And in a cloud of night to wait him quick to Hell.

Yet oft he snatch'd, and started as he hung:  
So when the seas half casumber'd lie,  
The headlong body, ready to be flung  
By the deluding fancy from some high  
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,  
And claps the yielding pillow, half asleep,  
And, as from Heav'n it tumbled to the deep,  
Feels a cold sweat through every trembling mem-  
ber creep.

There let him hang embowelled in blood,  
Where never any gentle shepherd feed  
His blessed flocks, nor ever heav'nly food  
Fall on the cursed ground, nor wholesome seed,  
That may the least delight or pleasure breed:

Let never spring visit his habitation,  
But nettles, kix, and all the weedy nation,  
With empty elders grow, sad signs of desolation.

There let the dragon keep his habitation,  
And stinking carcases be thrown avault,  
Fauns, sylfens, and deformed satyrs dance,  
Wild cats, wolves, toads, and screech-owls direly  
There ever let some restless spirit haunt, [chant;

With hollow sound, and flashing chains to scar  
The passenger, and eyes like to the star,  
That sparkle in the crest of angry Mars afar.

But let the blessed dew for ever show'r  
Upon that ground, in whose fair fields I spy  
The bloody ensign of our Saviour's  
Strange conquest where the conqueror must die,  
And he proclaim, that wins the victory:

But he, that living, had no house to owe it,  
Now had no grave, but Joseph must bestow it:  
O ran ye saints apace, and with sweet flowers be-  
strow it.

And ye glad spirits, that now sainted sit  
On your celestial thrones, in beauty drest,  
Though I your tears recount, O let it not  
With after sorrow wound your tender breast,  
Or with new grief unquiet your soft rest:

Enough is me your plaints to sound again,  
That never could enough myself complain.  
Sing then, O sing aloud thou Arimathean swain.

But long he stood, in his faint arms upholding  
The fairest spot Heav'n ever forfeited,  
With such a silent passion grief unfolding,  
That, had the sheet but on himself been spread  
He for the corpse might have been buried:

And with him stood the happy thief that stole  
By night his own salvation, and a shal  
Of Maries drowned, round about him, set in dole.

At length (kissing his lips before his spines,  
As if from thence he fetch'd his spirit's ghost)  
To Mary thus with tears his silence breaks:  
"Ah, woful soul! what joy in all our coast,  
When him we hold, we have already lost?"

Once didst thou lose thy son, but foundst again;  
Now find'st thy Son, but find'st him lost and slain.  
Ah me! though he could death, how can'st thou  
life sustain?

"Where'er, dear Lord, thy shadow hovereth,  
Blessing the place, wherein it deigns abide;  
Look how the Earth dark horror covereth,  
Clothing in mournful black her naked side,  
Willing her shadow up to Heav'n to glide,  
To see, and if it meet thee wand'ring there,  
That so, and if herself must miss thee here,  
At least her shadow may her duty to thee bear.

"See how the Sun in daytime clouds his face,  
And lagging Vesper, loosing his late team,  
Forgets in Heaven to run his nightly race:  
But, sleeping on bright Ceta's top, doth dream  
The world a chaos is, no joyful beam [moan,  
Looks from his starry bower, the Heav'ns do  
And trees drop tears, lest we should grieve alone,  
The winds have learn'd to sigh, and waters hoarsely  
groan."

"And you sweet flow'rs, that in this garden grow,  
Whose happy states a thousand souls envy,  
Did you your own felicities but know,  
Yourselves unpluck'd would to his funeral his, —  
You never could in better season die:  
O that I might into your places slide!  
The gates of Heav'n stands gaping in his side.  
There in my soul should steal, and all her faults  
should hide.

"Are these the eyes that made all others blind?  
Ah! why are they themselves now blamish'd?  
Is this the face, in which all beauty shin'd?  
What blast hath thus his flowers debellish'd?  
Are these the feet, that on the wat'ry head  
Of the unfaithful ocean passage found?  
Why go they now so lowly under ground,  
Wash'd with our worthless tears, and their own  
precious wound?"

"One hem but of the garments that he wore,  
Could medicine whole countries of their pain:  
One touch of this pale hand could life restore,  
One word of these cold lips revive the slain:  
Well the blind man thy Godhead might maintain,  
What thought the sullen Pharisees repin'd?  
He that should both compare, at length would  
find  
The blind man only saw, the seers all were blind.

"Why should they think thee worthy to be slain?  
Was it because thou gav'st their blind men eyes?  
Or that thou mad'st their lame to walk again?  
Or for thou heal'd'st their sick men's maladies?  
Or mad'st their dumb to speak, and dead to rise!  
O could all these but any grace have won,  
What would they not to save thy life have done?  
The dumb man would have spoke, and lame man  
would have run.

"Let me, O let me near some fountain lie,  
That through the rock heaves up his sandy head,  
Or let me dwell upon some mountain high,  
Whose hollow root, and baser parts are spread  
On fretting waters, in his bowels bred,  
That I their streams, and they my tears may feed:  
Or clothed in some hermit's ragged weed,  
Spend all my days in weeping for this cursed deed.

"The life, the which I once did love, I leave;  
The love, in which I once did live, I lothe;  
I hate the light, that did my light bereave;  
But love, and life, I do despise you both.  
O that one grave might both our ashes clothe!  
A love, a life, a light I now obtain,  
Able to make my age grow young again,  
Able to save the sick, and to revive the slain.

"Thus spend we tears that never can be spent,  
On him, that sorrow now no more shall see;  
Thus send we sighs, that never can be sent,  
To him that died to live, and would not be,  
To be there where he would: here bury we  
This heav'nly earth; here let it softly sleep,  
The fairest Shepherd of the fairest sheep."  
So all the body kiss'd, and homewards went to  
weep.

So home their bodies went to seek repose;  
But at the grave they left their souls behind:  
O who the force of love celestial knows!  
That can the chains of Nature's self unbind,  
Sending the body home without the mind.  
Ah, blessed virgin! what high angel's art  
Can ever count thy tears, or sing thy smart,  
When every nail, that pierc'd his hand, did pierce  
thy heart?

So Philomel, perch'd on an espin sprig,  
Weeps all the night her lost virginity,  
And sings her sad tale to the merry twig,  
That dances at such joyful misery,  
Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eye:  
But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,  
For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,  
Expresses in her song grief not to be express'd.

So when the lark (poor bird!) afar espy'd  
Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to save  
She strives in vain) slain by the fatal scythe,  
Which from the meadow her green locks doth  
shave,  
That their warm nest is now become their grave;  
The woeful mother up to Heav'n springs,  
And all about her plaintive notes she sings,  
And their untimely fate most pitifully sings.

### CHRIST'S TRIUMPH AFTER DEATH.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Christ's triumph after death, 1st, In his resurrection, manifested by its effects in the creatures, ver. 1—7.; in himself, ver. 8—12. 2d. In his ascension into Heaven, whose joys are described, ver. 13—16.; 1st, By the access of all good, the blessed society of the saints, angels, &c. ver. 17—19. The sweet quiet and peace enjoyed under God, ver. 20.; shadowed by the peace we enjoy under our sovereign, ver. 21—26. The beauty of the place, ver. 27.; the carity (as the school calls it) of the saints' bodies, ver. 28—31.; the impletion of the appetite, ver. 32, 33.; the joy of the senecs, &c. ver. 34. 2d, By the amotion of all evil, ver. 35, 36.; by the access of all good again,

ver. 37. in the glory of the holy city, ver. 38.; in the beatifical vision of God, ver. 39.

But now the second morning from her bow'r  
Began to glisten in her beams, and now  
The roses of the day began to bow'r  
In th' eastern garden; for Heav'n's smiling brow  
Half insolent for joy begun to show;  
The early Sun came lively dancing out,  
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,  
That Heav'n and Earth might seem in triumph  
both to shout.

Th' england'd spring, forgetful now to weep,  
Began t' enblazon from her leavy bed:  
The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep,  
And every bush lay deeply purpured  
With violets, the wood's late wintry head  
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,  
And his bald trees put on their green attire,  
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds com-  
spire.

And now the taller sons (whom Titan warms)  
Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,  
Daudled the morning's childhood in their arms,  
And, if they chanc'd to slip the prouder pines,  
The under corylets did catch the shines,  
To gild their leaves; saw never happy year  
Such joyfal triumph and triumphant cheer,  
As though the aged world anew created were.

Say, Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire;  
And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red?  
Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,  
And some new-found-out bridegroom mean'st to  
Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparelled, [wed:  
So never let the spiteful canker waste you,  
So never let the Heav'n's with lightning blast you,  
Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste-  
you?

Answer me, Jordan, why thy crooked tide  
So often wanders from his nearest way,  
As though some other way thy stream would slide,  
And fain salute the place where something lay.  
And you sweet birds, that, shaded from the ray,  
Sit caroling, and piping grief away,  
The while the lambs to hear you dance and play,  
Tell me, sweet birds, what is it you so fain would  
say?

And thou fair spouse of Earth, that every year  
Gett'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,  
How chance thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more  
near?  
Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight hast spy'd,  
That in one place for joy thou can'st not hide;  
And you, dead swallows, that so lively now  
Through the fleet air your winged passage row,  
How could new life into your frozen ashes flow?

Ye primroses, and purple violets,  
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leavy bed,  
And woo men's hands to rent you from your sets,  
As though you would somewhere be carried,  
With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?  
But ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,  
You all would to your Saviour's triumphs go.  
There would ye all await, and humble homage-  
do.

There should the Earth herself with garlands new  
And lovely flow'rs embellish'd adore:  
Such roses never in her garland grew,  
Such lilies never in her breast she wore,  
Like beauty never yet did shine before:

There should the Sun another Sun behold,  
From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,  
That kindle Heav'n and Earth with beauties manifold.

There might the violet, and primrose sweet,  
Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,  
Arising from their beds of incense, meet;  
There should the swallow see new life embrace  
Dead ashes, and the grave unheal his face,

To let the living from his bowels creep,  
Unable longer his own dead to keep:  
There Heav'n and Earth should see their Lord awake  
from sleep.

Their Lord, before by others judg'd to die,  
Now judge of all himself; before forsaken  
Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,  
Now by the saints into their armies taken;  
Before for an unworthy man mistaken,

Now worthy to be God confess'd; before  
With blasphemies by all the basest torn,  
Now worshipp'd by angels, that him low adore.

Whose garment was before indipt in blood,  
But now, imbricht'ned into heav'nly flame,  
The Sun itself outglitters, though he should  
Climb to the top of the celestial frame,  
And force the stars go hide themselves for shame:

Before, that under earth was buried,  
But now above the Heav'n's is carried,  
And there forever by the angels heried.

So fairest Phosphor, the bright morning star,  
But newly wash'd in the green element,  
Before the drowsy night is half aware,  
Shooting his flaming locks with dew besprent,  
Springs lively up into the orient, [chases  
And the bright drove, fleec'd all in gold, he  
To drink, that on the Olympic mountain grazes,  
The while the minor planets forfeit all their faces.

So long he wand'ring in our lower sphere,  
That Heav'n began his cloudy stars despise,  
Half envious, to see on Earth appear  
A greater light than flam'd in his own skies:  
At length it burst for spite, and out there flies  
A globe of winged angels, swift as thought,  
That on their spotted feathers lively caught  
The sparkling earth, and to their azure fields it  
brought.

The rest, that yet amazed stood below,  
With eyes cast up, as greedy to be fed, [throw:  
And bands upheld, themselves to ground did  
So when the Trojan boy was ravish'd,  
As through th' Italian woods they say he fled,  
His aged guardian stood all dismay'd,  
Some lest he should have fallen back afraid,  
And some their hasty vows, and timely prayers  
said.

"Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates,  
And let the Prince of Glory enter in:  
At whose brave volley of siderial states,  
The Sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen;  
When, leaping first from Earth, he did begin

To climb his angels' wings, then open hang  
Your crystal doors;" so all the chorus sang  
Of heav'nly birds, as to the stars they nimbly  
sprang.

Hark how the floods clap their applauding hands,  
The pleasant valleys singing for delight,  
And wanton mountains dance about the lands,  
The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,  
Set all their flow'rs a smiling at the sight; [sound  
The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the  
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd  
The flaming Lamb, breaking through Heav'n hath  
passage found.

Out leap the antique patriarchs all in haste,  
To see the pow'rs of Hell in triumph lead,  
And with small stars a garland interchaust  
Of olive-leaves they bore to crown his head,  
That was before with thorns degloried:

After them flew the prophets, brightly stoll'd  
In shining-lawn, and wimpl'd manifold, [gold.  
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in cords of

To which the saints victorious carols sung,  
Ten thousand saints at once, that with the sound  
The hollow vaults of Heav'n for triumph rung:  
The cherubims their clamours did confound  
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around:

Down from their thrones the dominations flow  
And at his feet their crowns and scepters throw  
And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

Nor can the martyrs' wounds them stay behind,  
But out they rush among the heav'nly crowd,  
Seeking their Heav'n out of their Heav'n to find,  
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,  
That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud,

And all the virgin souls in pure array,  
Came dancing forth and making joyous play;  
So him they led along into the courts of day.

So him they led into the courts of day,  
Where never war, nor wounds abide him more,  
But in that house eternal peace doth play,  
Acquitting the souls, that new bosoms [score,  
Their way to Heav'n through their own blood did  
But now, estranged from all misery,  
As far as Heav'n and Earth discoasted lie,  
Swelt in quiet waves of immortality.

And if great things by smaller may be guest,  
So, in the mid'st of Neptune's angry tide,  
Our Britain island, like the weedy nest  
Of true halcyon, on the waves doth ride,  
And softly failing, scorns the water's pride:  
While all the rest, drown'd on the continent,  
And tost in bloody waves, their wounds lament,  
And stand, to see our peace, as struck with won-  
derment.

The ship of France religious waves do toss,  
And Greece itself is now grown barbarous;  
Spain's children hardly dare the ocean cross,  
And Belge's field lies waste, and ruinous;  
That unto those, the heav'n's are envious,  
And unto them, themselves are strangers grown,  
And unto these, the seas are faithless known,  
And unto her, alas! her own is not her own.

Here only shut we Janus' iron gates,  
And call the welcome Muses to our springs,  
And are but pilgrims from our heav'nly states,  
The while the trusty Earth sure plenty brings,  
And ships through Neptune safely spread their  
wings.

Go blessed island, wander where thou please,  
Unto thy God, or men, Heav'n, lands, or seas:  
Thou canst not lose thy way, thy king with all  
hath peace.

Dear prince, thy subjects' joy, hope of their heirs,  
Picture of Peace, or breathing image rather,  
The certain argument of all our pray'rs,  
Thy Harrier, and thy country's lovely father,  
Let Peace in endless joys forever bathe her

Within thy sacred breast, that at my birth  
Brought'st her with thee from Heav'n, to dwell  
on Earth,

Making our Earth a Heav'n, and paradise of mirth.

Let not my liege misdeem these humble lays,  
As lick't with soft and supple blandishment,  
Or spoken to disparage his praise;

For though pale Cynthia, near her brother's tent,  
Soon disappears in the white firmament,  
And gives him back the beams, before were his;

Yet when he verges, or is hardly ris,  
She the vive image of her absent brother is.

Nor let the Prince of Peace his beadsman blame,  
That with the steward dares his Lord compare,  
And heav'nly peace with earthly quiet shame:

So pines to lowly plants compared are,  
And lightning Phœbus to a little star:  
And well I wot, my rhyme, albe unsmooth,  
Ne says but what it means, ne means but sooth,  
Ne harms the good, ne good to harmful person  
doth.

Gaze but upon the house where man embow'rs:  
With flow'rs and rushes paved is his way,  
Where all the creatures are his servitors,

The winds do sweep his chambers every day,  
And clouds do wash his rooms, the ceiling gay,

Starred with, the gilded knobs embayve:  
If such a house God to another gave,  
How shine those glittering courts, he for himself  
will have?

And if a sullen cloud, as sad as night,  
In which the Sun may seem embodied,  
Depur'd of all his dross, we see so white,  
Burning in melted gold his watery head,  
Or round with ivory edges silvered;

What lustre super-excellent will he  
Lighten on those that shall his sunshine see  
In that all glorious court, in which all glories be?

If but one sun with his diffusive fires, [light,  
Can paint the stars, and the whole world with  
And joy and life into each heart inspires,  
And every saint shall shine in Heav'n, as bright  
As both the Sun in his transcendent might,

(As faith may well believe what truth once  
says)

What shall so many suns' united rays,  
But dazzle all the eyes, that view Heav'n we  
praise?

Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance,  
And bloody armour with late laughter warm,  
And looking down on his weak militants,  
Behold his saints, mid'st of their hot alarm,  
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm,  
And in this lower field' displacing wide,

Through windy thoughts, that would their sails  
misguide,  
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

Here may the band, that now in triumph alimost,  
And that (before they were invested thus)  
In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds,  
Pitch round about in order glorious,  
Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,  
All their eternal day in songs employing,  
Joying their end, without end of their joying,  
While their Almighty Prince destruction is de-  
stroying.

Full, yet without satiety, of that  
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,  
Where never sun did rise, nor ever set,  
But one eternal day, and endless light  
Gives time to those, whose time is infinite,  
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,  
Beholding him, whom never eye could see,  
And magnifying him, that cannot greater be.

How can such joy as this want words to speak?  
And yet what words can speak such joy as this?  
Far from the world, that might their quiet break,  
Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,  
Pour'd out in pleasure, on their beds of bliss,  
And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold  
Their eyes on him, whose graces manifold  
The more they do behold, the more they would  
behold.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,  
Their brain sweet incense with fine breath ac-  
cloys,

That on God's sweating altar burning lies;  
Their hungry ears feed on the heav'nly noise,  
That angels sing, to tell their untold joys;  
Their understanding naked truth, their wills  
The all, and self sufficient goodness fill, [fill.  
That nothing here is wanting, but the want of

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,  
No bloodless malady empales their face,  
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,  
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,  
No poverty themselves, and theirs disgrace,  
No fear of death the joy of life devours,  
No unchaste sleep their precious time defowers,  
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged  
hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,  
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain;  
The infant wonders how he came so old,  
And old man how he came so young again;  
Still resting, though from sleep they still restrain,  
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;  
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know;  
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

For things that pass are past, and in this field  
The inefficient spring no winter fears;  
The trees together fruit and blossom yield,  
Th' unfading lily leaves of silver bears,  
And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears:  
And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,  
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below;  
Three rivers here of milk, and wine, and honey  
flow.

About the holy city rolls a flood  
Of molten chrysal, like a sea of glass,  
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood,  
Of living diamonds the building was,  
That all things else, besides itself, did pass

Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,  
And little pearls, for dust, it seem'd to have,  
On which soft-streaming manna, like pure snow,  
did wave.

In mid't of this city celestial,  
Where the eternal temple should have rose,  
Light'ned th' idea beaifical:  
End, and beginning of each thing that grows,  
Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows,  
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear;  
Yet sees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear,  
That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is every where.

Changer of all things, yet immutable;  
Before, and after all, the first, and last:  
That moving all is yet immovable;  
Great without quantity, in whose forecast,  
Things past are present, things to come are past;  
Swift without motion, to whose open eye  
The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie;  
At once absent, and present to them, far, and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;  
No sweet consent; or well-tim'd harmony;  
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite;  
Or flow'ry odour, mixt with spicery;  
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily:  
And yet it is a kind of inward feast;  
A harmony, that sounds within the breast;  
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth  
rest.

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume;  
A light unseen, yet shines in ev'ry place;  
A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume  
No winds can scatter; an entire embrace,  
That no satiety can e'er unlace:  
Ingrac'd into so high a favour, there  
The saints, with their beau-peers, whole worlds  
outwear; [hear.

And things unseen do see, and things unheard do  
Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,  
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains;  
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,  
Spending your endless evening that remains,  
Amongst those white flocks, and celestial trains,  
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes; and  
frame

That heav'nly music of so wond'rous fame,  
Psalming aloud the holy honours of his name!

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song;  
Were every verse as smooth as smoothest glass;  
And every member turned to a tongue;  
And every tongue were made of sounding brass;  
Yet all that skill, and all this strength, alas!  
Should it presume t' adorn (were misadvis'd)  
The place, where David bath new songs devis'd,  
As in his burning throne he sits emparadis'd.

Most happy prince, whose eyes those stars behold,  
Treading ours under feet, now may'st thou pour  
That overflowing skill, wherewith of old  
Thou wou'st to smooth rough speech; now may'st  
thou show'r

Fresh streams of praise upon that holy bow'r,

Which well we Heav'n call, not that t'rolls,  
But that it is the Heaven of our souls:  
Most happy prince, whose sight so heav'nly sight  
beholds!

Ah foolish shepherds! who were wont t' esteem  
Your God all rough, and shaggy-hair'd to be!  
And yet far wiser shepherds than ye deem,  
For who so poor (though who so rich) as he,  
When sojourning with us in low degree,  
He wash'd his flocks in Jordan's spotless tide;  
And that his dear remembrance might abide,  
Did to us come, and with us liv'd, and for us died.

But now such lively colours did enbeam  
His sparkling forehead; and such shining rays  
Kindled his flaming locks, that down did stream  
In curls along his neck, where sweetly plays  
(Singing his wounds of love in sacred lays)  
His dearest Spouse, Spouse of the dearest Lover,  
Knitting a thousand knots over and over,  
And dying still for love, but yet her still recover.

Fairest of Fairs, that at his eyes doth dress  
Her glorious face; those eyes, from whence are  
Attractions infinite; where to express [shed  
His love, High God! all Heav'n as captive leads,  
And all the banners of his graces dispreads,  
And in those windows doth his arms englaze,  
And on those eyes, the angels, all do gaze,  
And from those eyes, the lights of Heav'n obtain  
their blaze.

But let the Kentish lad\*, that lately taught  
His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,  
Young Thyrsillis; and for his music brought  
The willing spheres from Heav'n, to lead around  
The dancing nymphs and swains, that sung, and  
crown'd

Eclecta's Hymen with ten thousand flow'rs  
Of choicest praise; and hung her heav'nly  
bow'rs [moors  
With saffron garlands, dress'd for nuptial para-

Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast  
Of fair Eclecta, and her spousal bed,  
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast:  
But my green Muse, hiding her younger head,  
Under old Camus' flaggy banks, that spread  
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day  
With their own wat'ry shadows wanton play:  
Dares not those high amours, and love-sick songs  
assay.

Impotent words, weak lines, that strive in vain:  
In vain, alas, to tell so heav'nly sight!  
To heav'nly sight, as none can greater feign,  
Feign what he can, that seems of greatest might:  
Could any yet compare with Infinite?  
Infinite sure those joys; my words but light;  
Light is the palace where she dwells.—O then,  
how bright!

\* The author of the Purple Island.

## TO THE LEARNED AUTHOR,

SON AND BROTHER TO TWO JUDICIOUS POETS, HIM-  
SELF THE THIRD, NOT SECOND TO EITHER.

GRAVE father of this Muse, thou deem'st too light  
To wear thy name, 'cause of thy youthful brain  
It seems a sportful child; resembling right

Thy witty childhood, not thy graver strain,  
Which now esteems these works of fancy vain:  
Let not thy child, thee living, orphan be;  
Who, when thou'rt dead, will give a life to thee.

How many barren wits would gladly own,  
How few o' th' pregnantest own such another!  
Thou father art, yet blushest to be known;

And though 't may call the best of Muses mother,  
Yet thy severer judgment would it smother.  
O judge not thou, let readers judge thy book:  
Such cates should rather please the guest, than cook.

O! but thou fear'st 'twill stain the reverend gown  
Thou wearest now; nay then fear not to show it:  
For were't a stain, 'twere Nature's, not thine own:  
For thou art poet-born; who know thee know it:  
Thy brother, sire, thy very name's a poet.  
Thy very name will make these poems take,  
These very poems else thy name will make.

W. BENLOWES.

TO THE INGENIOUS COMPOSER OF THIS PASTORAL,

## THE SPENSER OF THIS AGE.

vow (sweet stranger) if my lazy quill  
Had not been disobedient to fulfil  
My quick desires, this glory, which is thine,  
Had but the Muses pleased, had been mine.  
My genius jump't with thine; the very same  
Was our foundation: in thè very frame  
Thy genius jump't with mine; it got the start  
In nothing, but priority and art.  
If (my ingenious rival) these dull times [rhymes,  
Should want the present strength to prize thy

The time-instructed children of the next  
Shall fill thy margin, and admire the text:  
Whose well-read lines will teach them how to be  
The happy knowers of themselves, and thee.

FRAN. QUARLES.

MAN's body's like a house: his greater bones  
Are the main timber; and the lesser ones  
Are smaller splints: his ribs are laths, daub'd o'er,  
Plaster'd with flesh and blood: his mouth's the  
door,

His throat's the narrow entry; and his heart  
Is the great chamber, full of curious art:  
His midriff is a large partition wall  
'Twixt the great chamber and the spacious hall:  
His stomach is the kitchen, where the meat  
Is often but half sod, for want of heat:  
His spleen's a vessel nature does allot  
To take the acum that rises from the pot:  
His lungs are like the bellows that regulate  
In ev'ry office, quick'ning ev'ry fire:  
His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented  
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented:  
His bowels are the sink, whose part's to drain  
All noisome filth, and keep the kitchen clean:  
His eyes are crystal windows, clear and bright;  
Let in the object, and let out the sight.  
And as the timber is, or great, or small,  
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall:  
Yet is the likeliest building sometimes known  
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown  
Of times by tempests, by the full-month'd blasts  
Of Heav'n: sometimes by fire; sometimes it wastes  
Through unadvis'd neglect: put case, the staff  
Were ruin-proof, by nature strong enough  
To conquer time and age; put case, it should  
Ne'er know an end, alas! our leases would.  
What hast thou then, proud flesh and blood, to  
boast?

Thy days are evil, at best; but few, at most:  
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;  
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest.

FRAN. QUARLES.

# POEMS

OF

## PHINEAS FLETCHER.

### THE PURPLE ISLAND;

OR, THE ISLE OF MAN.

#### CANTO I.

THE warmer Sun the golden Bull outran,  
And with the Twins made haste to inn and play:  
Scat'ring ten thousand flow'rs, he new began  
To paint the world, and piece the length'ning day:  
(The world more aged by new youth's accruing)  
Ah, wretched man! this wicked world pursuing,  
Which still grows worse by age, and older by re-  
newing.

The shepherd-boys, who with the Muses dwell,  
Met in the plain their May-lords new to choose,  
(For two they yearly choose) to order well  
Their rural sports, and year that next ensues:  
Now were they sat, where by the orchard walls  
The learned Chame with stealing water crawls,  
And lowly down before that royal temple falls.

Among the root they take two gentle swains,  
Whose sprouting youth did now but greenly bud:  
Well could they pipe and sing, but yet their strains  
Were only known unto the silent wood:  
Their nearest blood from self-same fountains  
flow.

Their souls self-same in nearer love did grow:  
Seem'd two join'd in one, or one disjoin'd in two.

Now when the shepherd lads, with common voice,  
Their first consent had firmly ratify'd,  
A gentle boy thus 'gan to waver their choice:  
"Thrice!" said he, "tho' yet thy Muse untry'd  
Hath only learn'd in private shades to feign  
Soft sighs of love unto a looser strain,  
Or thy poor Theigon's wrong in mournful verse to  
plain:

"Yet since the shepherd swains do all consent  
To make thee lord of them, and of their art;  
And that choice lad (to give a full content)  
Hath join'd with thee in office as in heart:

Wake, wake thy long, thy too long, sleeping  
Muse,  
And thank them with a song, as is the use:  
Such honour, thus conferr'd, thou may'st not well  
refuse.

"Sing what thou list, be it of Cupid's spite,  
(Ah, lovely spite, and spiteful loveliness!)  
Or Gemma's grief, if sadder be thy spite:  
Begin, thou loved swain, with good success."  
"Ah!" said the bashful boy, "such wanton  
A better mind and sacred vow destroys, [toys,  
Since in a higher love I settled all my joys.

"New light, new love, new love new life hath bred;  
A life that lives by love, and loves by light:  
A love to him, to whom all loves are wed;  
A light, to whom the Sun is darkest night:  
Eye's light, heart's love, soul's only life he is:  
Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are his:  
He eye, light, heart, love, soul; he all my joy and  
bliss.

"But if you deign my ruder pipe to hear,  
(Rude pipe, unus'd, untun'd, unworthy hearing)  
These infantine beginnings gently bear,  
Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.  
But you, O Muses! by soft Chamus sitting,  
Your dainty songs unto his murmurs fitting,  
Which bears the under-song unto your cheerful  
dittying.

"Tell me, ye Muses, what our father-ages  
Have left succeeding times to play upon:  
What now remains unthought on by those sages,  
Where a new Muse may try her pinion?  
What lightning heroes, like great Peleus' heir,  
(Darting his beams thro' our hard frozen air)  
May stir up gentle heat, and virtue's wane repair?

"Who knows not Jason? or bold Tiphys' hand,  
That durst unite what Nature's self would part?  
He makes isles continent, and all one land;  
O'er seas, as earth, he march'd with dangerous art:  
He rides the white-mouth'd waves, and scorn-  
eth all  
Those thousand deaths wide gaping for his fall:  
He death defies, escap'd with a tbin, low, wooden wall.

“ Who has not often read Troy's twice sung Glee,  
And at the second time twice better sung ?  
Who has not heard th' Arcadian shepherd's quires,  
Which now have gladly chang'd their native  
tongue ;  
And, sitting by slow Mincius, sport their lily,  
With sweeter voice and never-equal'd skill,  
Chanting their amorous lays unto a Roman quill ?”

“ And thou, choice wit, Love's scholar, and Love's  
master,  
Art known to all, where Love himself is known :  
Whether thou did'st Ulysses hie him faster,  
Or dost thy fault and dlistant exile moan ;  
Who has not seen upon the mourning stage,  
Dire Atreus' feast, and wrong'd Medea's rage,  
Marching in tragic state, and buskin'd equipage ?”

“ And now of late th' Italian fisher swain<sup>1</sup>  
Sits on the shore, to watch his trembling line,  
There teaches rocks and prouder seas to plain  
By Nesis fair, and fairer Mergiline :  
While his thin net, upon his oars twin'd,  
With wanton strife catches the Sun and wind ;  
Which still do slip away, and still remain behind.”

“ And that French Muse's<sup>2</sup> eagle eye and wing,  
Hath soar'd to Heaven, and there hath learn'd  
the art  
To frame angelic strains, and canzons sing :  
Too high and deep for every shallow heart.  
Ah, blessed soul ! in those celestial rays,  
Which gave thee light, these lower works to  
blaze,  
Thou sitt'st imparadis'd, and chant'st eternal lays.”

“ Thrice happy wits, which in your springing May,  
(Waru'd with the Sun of well deserved favours)  
Disclose your buds, and your fair blooms display,  
Perfume the air with your rich fragrant savours !  
Nor may, nor ever shall, those honour'd flow'rs  
Be spoil'd by summer's heat, or winter's show'rs,  
But last, when bating time shall gnaw the proudest  
tow'rs.”

“ Happy, thrice happy times, in silver age !  
When generous plants advanc'd their lofty crest ;  
When Honour stoop'd to be learn'd Wisdom's page ;  
When baser weeds starv'd in their frozen nest ;  
When th' highest flying Muse still highest  
climbs ;  
And virtue's rise, keeps down all rising crimes :  
Happy, thrice happy age ! happy, thrice happy  
times !

“ But wretched we, to whom these iron days,  
(Hard days !) afford nor matter, nor reward !  
Sings Maro ? Men deride high Maro's lays,  
Their hearts with lead, with steel their sense is  
barr'd :  
Sing Linus, or his father, as he uses,  
Our Midas' ears their well tun'd verse refuses.  
What cares an ass for arts ? he brays at sacred  
Muses.”

“ But if fond Bavins vent his clouted song,  
Or Mævius chant his thoughts in brothel charm ;  
The witless vulgar, in a num'rous throng,  
Like summer flies about their dunghill swarm :

<sup>1</sup> Sannazar.<sup>2</sup> Barts.

They sneer, they grin.—‘ Like to his like will  
move.’  
Yet never let them greater mischief prove  
That this, ‘ Who hates not one, may be the other  
love.’”

“ Witness our Colin<sup>3</sup> ; whom tho' all the Graces  
And all the Muses nurs'd ; whose well taught  
Parnassus' self and Glorian embraces, [song  
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherd's throng ;  
Yet all his hopes were cross'd, all suits deny'd ;  
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilify'd :  
Poorly, poor man, he liv'd : poorly, poor man, he  
d.ed.”

“ And had not that great Hatt (whose honour'd  
head,  
Ah ! lies full low) pity'd thy woful plight ;  
There had'st thou lain unwept, unburied,  
Ugless'd, nor grac'd with any common rite :  
Yet shalt thou live when thy great foe shall  
sink, [stink  
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall  
And time his blacker name shall blurre with black-  
est ink.”

“ O let th' Iambic Muse revenge that wrong,  
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead :  
Let thy abused honour cry as long  
As there be quills to write, or eyes to read :  
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,  
‘ Oh, may that man that hath the Muses  
scorn'd,  
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd.’”

“ Oft therefore have I chid my tender Muse ;  
Oft thy chill breast beats off her flutt'ring wing :  
Yet when new Spring her gentle rays infuse,  
All storms are laid, again to chirp and sing :  
At length soft fires, dispers'd in every vein,  
Yield open passage to the throbbing train,  
And swelling numbers' tide rolls like the surging  
main.”

“ So where fair Thames, and crooked Isis' son,  
Pays tribute to his king, the mantling stream,  
Encounter'd by the tides, (now rushing on  
With equal force) of's way doth doubtful seem,  
At length the full grown sea and water's king :  
Chid the bold waves with hollow murmuring :  
Back by the streams to shroud them in their mother  
spring.”

“ Yet thou, sweet numerous Muse, why should'st  
thou droop,  
That every vulgar ear thy music scorns ?  
Nor can they rise, nor thou so low canst stoop ;  
No seed of Heav'n takes root in mud or thorn.  
When owls or crows, imping their saggy wing  
With thy stol'n plumes, their notes through  
th' air do sing ; [strain to sing.  
Oh shame ! they howl and croak, whilst fond they  
“ Enough for thee in Heav'n to build thy nest ;  
(Far be dull thoughts of winning dunghill praise)  
Enough, if kings enthroned thee in their breast,  
And crown their golden crowns with higher bays :  
Enough that those who wear the crown of kings,  
(Great Israel's princes) strike thy sweetest  
strings : [heav'nly wings.  
Heaven's dove, when high'st he flies, flies with thy

<sup>3</sup> Spenser.



"Let others trust the seas, dare death and Hell,  
Search either Ind', vaunt of their scars and  
wounds:

Let others their dear breath (nay, silence) sell  
To fools, and (swol'n, not rich) stretch out their  
bonds, [dead ;  
By spoiling those that live, and wronging  
That they may drink in pearl, and couch  
their head [bed.  
In soft, but sleepless down; in rich, but restless

"O, let them in their gold quaff dropsies down!  
O, let them surfeits feast in silver bright!  
Whist sugar hires the taste the brain to drown,  
And bribes of sauce corrupt false appetite,  
His master's rest, health, heart, life, soul, to  
sell;

Thus plenty, fulness, sickness, ring their knell.  
Death weds, and beds them; first in grave, and  
then in Hell.

"But, ah! let me, under some Kentish hill,  
Near rolling Medway, 'mong my shepherd peers,  
With fearless merry-make, and piping still,  
Securely pass my few and slow-pac'd years:  
While yet the great Augustus of our nation  
Shouts up old Janus in this long cessation,  
Strengthening our pleasing ease, and gives us sure  
vacation.

"There may I, master of a little flock,  
Feed my poor lambs, and often change their fare:  
My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,  
And nurse my little ones with pleasing care;  
Whose love, and look, shall speak their father  
plain. [gain;  
Health be my feast, Heaven hope, content my  
So in my little house my less' heart shall reign.

'The beech shall yield a cool, safe canopy,  
While down I sit, and chant to th' echoing wood:  
Ah, singing might I live, and singing die!  
So by fair Thames, or silver Medway's flood,  
Thedying swan, when years her temples pierce,  
In music's strains breathes out her life and  
verse, [hearse.  
And, chanting her own dirge, tides on her wat'ry

"What shall I then need seek a patron out;  
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,  
To fence my song against the vulgar rout:  
Or shine upon me with her geminines?  
What care I, if they praise my slender song?  
Or reck I, if they do me right or wrong?  
A shepherd's bliss, nor stands, nor falls, to ev'ry  
tongue.

"Great Prince of Shepherds, than thy Heav'n's  
more high,  
Low as our Earth, here serving, ruling there;  
Who taught'st our death to live, thy life to die;  
Who, when we broke thy bonds, our bonds  
would'st bear; [Hell ;  
Who reigned'st in thy Heaven, yet felt'st our  
Who (God) bought'st man, whom man (though  
God) did sell, [would'st dwell.  
Who in our flesh, our graves, and worse, our hearts,

"Great Prince of Shepherds, thou who late did'st  
deign  
To lodge thyself within this wretched breast,  
(Not wretched breast, such guest to entertain,  
Yet, oh! most happy lodge in such a guest!)

Thou First and Last, inspire thy sacred skill;  
Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artless  
quill;

So shall I first begin, so last shall end thy will.

"Hark then, ah, hark! you gentle shepherd crew;  
An isle I fain would sing, an island fair,  
A place too seldom view'd, yet still in view;  
Near as ourselves, yet farthest from our care;  
Which we by leaving find, by seeking lost;  
A foreign home, a strange, tho' native coast;  
Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most.

"Coeval with the world in her nativity,  
Which tho' it now hath pass'd thro' many ages,  
And still retain'd a natural proclivity  
To ruin, compass'd with a thousand rages  
Of foe-men's spite, which still this island tosses,  
Yet ever grows more prosp'rous by her crosses,  
By with'ring, springing fresh, and rich by often  
losses.

"Vain men, too fondly wise, who plough the seas,  
With dang'rous pains another carth to find;  
Adding new worlds to th' old, and scorning ease,  
The earth's vast limits daily more unbind!  
The aged world, though now it falling shows,  
And hastes to set, yet still in dying grows:  
Whole lives are spent to win, what one death's  
hour must lose.

"How like's the world unto a tragic stage!  
Where ev'ry changing scene the actors change;  
Some, subject, crouch and fawn; some reign and  
rage: [strange,  
And new strange plots bring scenes as new and  
Till most are slain; the rest their parts have  
done: [groan,  
So here, some laugh and play, some weep and  
Till all put off their robes; and stage and actors  
gone.

"Yet this fair isle, scited so nearly near,  
That from our sides, nor place, nor time, may  
sev'r; [clear,  
Though to yourselves yourselves are not more  
Yet with strange carelessness you travel nev'r:  
Thus while yourselves and native home for-  
getting, [sweating,  
You search for distant worlds, with needless  
You never find yourselves; so lose ye more by  
getting.

"When that Great Pow'r, that All far more than  
all,  
(When now his time fore-set was fully come)  
Brought into act this indigested ball,  
Which in himself, till then, had only room;  
He labour'd not, nor suffer'd pain, or ill;  
But bid each kind their several places fill:  
He bid, and they obey'd, their action was his will.

"First stopt the light, and spread his cheerful rays  
Through all the chaos; darkness heading fell,  
Frighten'd with sudden beams, and new-born days;  
And plung'd her ugly head in deepest Hell:  
Not that he meant to help his feeble sight  
To frame the rest; he made the day of night:  
All else but darkness; he the true, the only light.

"Fire, water, earth, and air, (that fiercely strove)  
His sov'reign hand in strong alliance ty'd,  
Binding their deadly hate in constant love:  
So that Great Wisdom temper'd all their pride,

(Commanding strife and love should never cease) [peace,  
That by their peaceful fight, and fighting  
The world might die to live, and lessen to increase.

"Thusearth's cold arm, cold water friendly holds,  
But with his dry the other's wet defies:  
Warm air, with mutual love, hot fire unfolds,  
As moist, his drought abhors, dry earth allies  
With fire, but heats with cold new wars pre-  
pare: [turns air;  
Yet earth drencht water proves, which boil'd  
Hot air makes fire: condens'd, all change, and  
home repair.

"Now when the first we k's life was almost spent;  
And this world built, and richly furnished;  
To store Heaven's courts, and steer Earth's reg-  
iment,  
He cast to frame an isle, the heart and head  
Of all his works, compos'd with curious art;  
Which like an index briefly should impart  
The sum of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

"That Trine-one with himself in council sits,  
And purple dust takes from the new-born earth;  
Part circular, and part triang'lar fits;  
Ends it largely at the unborn birth;  
Deputes his favourite viceroy; doth invest  
With aptness thereto, as seem'd him best;  
And lov'd it more than all, and more than all it  
bleas'd.

"Then plac'd it in the calm pacific seas, [it;  
And bid nor waves, nor troublous winds, offend  
Then peopled it with subjects apt to please  
So wise a Prince, made able to defend it  
Against all outward force, or inward spite;  
Him framing, like himself, all shining bright;  
A little living Sun, son of the living Light.

"Nor made he this like other isles; but gave it  
Vigour, sense, reason, and a perfect motion,  
To move itself whither itself would have it,  
And know what falls within the verge of notion:  
No time might change it, but as ages went,  
So still return'd; still spending, never spent:  
More rising in their fall, more rich in detriment.

"So once the cradle <sup>4</sup> of that double light,  
Whereof one rules the night, the other day,  
(Till sad Latona flying Juno's spite,  
Her double burthen there did safely lay)  
Not rooted yet, in every sea was roving,  
With every wave, and every wind removing;  
But since, to those fair twins hath left her ever  
moving.

"Look as a scholar, who doth closely gather  
Many large volumes in a narrow place;  
So that great Wisdom, all this all together,  
Confin'd unto this island's little space;  
And being one, soon into two he fram'd it;  
And now made two, to one again reclaim'd it:  
The little Isle of Man, or Purple Island, nam'd it.

"Thrice happy was the world's first infancy;  
Nor knowing yet, nor curious, ill to know:  
Joy without grief, love without jealousy:  
None felt hard labour, or the sweating plough:

The willing earth brought tribute to her king:  
Bacchus unborn lay hidden in the cling  
Of big swoll'n grapes; their drink was every silver  
spring.

"Of all the winds there was no difference:  
None knew mild Zephyrs from cold Eurus'  
Nor Orithya's lover's violence [mouth;  
Distinguish'd from the ever-dropping south:  
But either gentle west winds reign'd alone,  
Or else no wind, or harmful wind was none:  
But one wind was in all, and all the winds in one.

"None knew the sea: oh, blessed ignorance!  
None nam'd the stars, the north car's constant  
race,  
Taurus' bright horns, or Fishes' happy chance:  
Austria yet chang'd not her name or place;  
Her ev'n pois'd balance Heav'n yet never try'd:  
None sought new coasts, nor foreign lands de-  
siry'd; [dy'd.  
But in their own they liv'd, and in their own they

"But, ah! what liveth long in happiness?  
Grief, of an heavy nature, steady lies,  
And cannot be remov'd for weightiness;  
But joy, of lighter presence, easly flies,  
And seldom comes, and soon away will go:  
Some secret pow'r here all things orders so,  
That for a sunshine day, follows an age of woe.

"Witness this glorious isle; which, not content  
To be confin'd in bounds of happiness,  
Would try what'er is in the continent;  
And seek out ill, and search for wretchedness.  
Ah, fond to seek what then was in thy will!  
That needs no curious search; 'tis next us still.  
'Tis grief to know of grief, and ill to know of ill.

"That old sly Serpent, (sly, but spiteful more)  
Vex'd with the glory of this happy isle,  
Allures it subtly from the peaceful shore,  
And with fair painted lies, and colour'd guile,  
Drench'd in 'dead seas'; whose dark streams,  
full of fright,  
Empty their sulphur waves in endless night;  
Where thousand deaths, and hells, torment the  
damm'd sprite.

"So when a fisher swain by chance hath spy'd  
A big-grown pike pursue the leascr fry,  
He sits a wily labyrinth beside,  
And with fair baits allures his nimble eye;  
Which he invading with outstretched fin,  
All suddenly is compass'd with the gin,  
Where there is no way out, but easy passage in.

"That deathful lake hath these three properties:  
No turning path, or issue thence is found:  
The captive never dead, yet ever dies;  
It endless sinks, yet never comes to ground:  
Hell's self is pictur'd in that brimstone wave;  
For what retiring from that hellish grave?  
Or who can end in death, where deaths no ending  
have?

"For ever had this isle in that foul ditch  
With careless grief and endless error stray'd,  
Boiling in sulphur and hot-bubbling pitch;  
Had not the king, whose laws he (fool!) betray'd,

<sup>4</sup> Delos.<sup>6</sup> Mare mortuum.

Unsmil'd that chain, then firm that lake secur'd ;

For which ten thousand tortures he endur'd :  
So hard was this lost isle, so hard to be recur'd.

" O thou deep well of life, wide stream of love,  
(More deep, more wide, than widest, deepest seas)  
Who dying, death to endless death didst prove,  
To work this wilful rebel island's case ;  
Thy love no time began, no time decays ;  
But still increaseth with decreasing days :  
Where then may we begin, where may we end, thy  
praise ?

" My callow wing, that newly left the nest,  
How can it make so high a tow'ring flight ?  
O depth without a depth ! in humble breast,  
With praises I admire so wondrous height :  
But thou, my sister Muse<sup>6</sup>, may'st well go  
high'r, [tire :  
And end thy flight ; ne'er may thy pinions  
Thereto may he his grace and gentle heat aspire :

" Then let me end my easier taken story,  
And sing this island's new recover'd seat :  
But see, the eye of noon, its brightest glory,  
Teaching great men, is ne'er so little, great :  
Our panting flocks retire into the glade ;  
They crouch, and close to th' earth their horns  
have laid : [shade."  
Vain we our scorched heads in that thick beech's

<sup>6</sup> A book called Christ's Victory and Triumph.

## CANTO II.

DECLINING Phœbus, as he larger grows,  
(Taxing proud folly) gentler waxeth still ;  
Never less fierce, than when he greatest shows :  
When Thisil on a gentle rising hill  
(Where all his flock he round might feeding  
view)  
Sits down, and, circled with a lovely crew  
Of nymphs and shepherd-boys, thus 'gan his song  
renew.

" Now was this isle pull'd from that horrid main,  
Which bears the fearful looks and name of Death ;  
And settled new with blood and dreadful pain  
By Him who twice had giv'n (once forfeit) breath :  
A baser state than what was first assign'd ;  
Wherein (to curb the too-aspiring mind)  
The better things were lost, the worst were left  
behind :

" That glorious image of himself was raz'd ;  
Ah ! scarce the place of that best part we find :  
And that bright sun-like knowledge much defac'd ;  
Only some twinkling stars remain behind :  
Then mortal made ; yet as one fainting dies,  
Two other in its place succeeding rise ;  
And drooping stock, with branches fresh immortalize.

" So that lone bird, in fruitful Arabia,  
When now her strength and waning life decays,  
Upon some airy rock, or mountain high,  
In spicy bed (fir'd by near Phœbus' rays)

Herself, and all her crooked age consumes :  
Straight from the ashes, and those rich perfumes,

A new-born phoenix flies, and widow'd place ro-

" It grounded lies upon a sure foundation<sup>1</sup>,  
Compact and hard ; whose matter, cold and dry,  
To marble turns in strongest congelation ;  
Fram'd of fat earth, which fires together tie,  
Through all the isle, and every part extent,  
To give just form to ev'ry regiment ;  
Imparting to each part due strength and 'stablishment.

" Whose looser ends are glew'd with brother  
Of nature like, and of a near relation ; [earth<sup>2</sup>,  
Of self-same parents both, at self-same birth ;  
That oft itself stands for a good foundation<sup>3</sup> :  
Both these a third<sup>4</sup> doth solder fast and bind :  
Softer than both, yet of the self-same kind ;  
All instruments of motion in one league combin'd.

" Upon this base<sup>5</sup> a curious work is rais'd,  
Like undivided brick, entire and one,  
Though soft, yet lasting, with just balance paid ;  
Distributed with due proportion : [seen,  
And that the rougher frame might lurk un-  
All fair is hung with coverings slight and thin ;  
Which partly hide it all, yet all is partly seen :

" As when a virgin her snow-circled breast  
Displaying hides, and hiding sweet displays ;  
The greater segments cover'd, and the rest  
The vail transparent willingly displays : [light ;  
Thus takes and gives, thus lends and borrows  
Lest eyes should surfeit with too greedy sight,  
Transparent lawns with-hold more to increase de-  
light.

" Nor is there any part in all this land,  
But is a little isle : for thousand brooks<sup>6</sup>  
In azure channels glide on silver sand ;  
Their serpent windings, and deceiving crooks,  
Circling about, and wat'ring all the plain,  
Empty themselves into th' all-drinking main ;  
And creeping forward slide, but never turn again.

<sup>1</sup> The foundation of the body is the bones. Bones are a similar part of the body, most dry or cold ; made by the virtue generative through heat of the thicker portion of seed, which is most earthy and fat, for the establishment and figure of the whole.

<sup>2</sup> A cartilage, or gristle, is of a middle nature, betwixt bones and ligaments, or sinews, made of the same matter, and in the same manner, as bones, for a variety and safety in motion.

<sup>3</sup> Some of these (even as bones) sustain and uphold some parts.

<sup>4</sup> Both these are knit with ligaments : a ligament, or sinew, is of a nature between gristles and nerves, framed of a tough and clammy portion of the seed, for hitting and holding the bones together, and fitting them for motion.

<sup>5</sup> Upon the bones, as the foundation, is built the flesh. Flesh is a similar part of the body, soft, ruddy, made of blood, and differently dried, covered with the common membrane of skin.

<sup>6</sup> The whole body is, as it were, watered with great plenty of rivers, veins, arteries, and nerves.

" Three diff'rent streams, from fountains different,  
Neither in nature nor in shape agreeing,  
(Yet each with other frie'dly ever went)

Give to this isle his fruitfulness and being;  
The first in single channels<sup>7</sup>, sky-like blue,  
With lukewarm waters dy'd in porphyr hue,  
Sprinkle this crimson isle with purple-colour'd dew.

" The next<sup>8</sup>, though from the same springs first  
it rise,

Yet passing through another greater fountain,  
Doth lose his former name and qualities:  
Through many a dale it flows, and many a  
mountain:  
More fiery light, and needful more than all;  
And therefore fenced with a double wall:  
All froths his yellow streams, with many a sudden  
fall.

" The last<sup>9</sup>, in all things diff'ring from the other,  
Fall from an hill, and close together go,  
Embracing as they run; each with his brother  
Guarded with double trenches sure they flow:  
The coldest spring, yet nature, best they have;  
And like the lacteal stones which Heaven pave,  
Slide down to ev'ry part with their thick milky  
wave.

" These with a thousand streams<sup>10</sup> through th'  
island roving,  
Bring tribute in: the first gives nourishment;  
Next life, last sense, and arbitrary moving:  
For when the prince hath now his mandate sent,  
The nimble posts quick down the river run,  
And end their journey, though but now begun:  
But now the mandate came, and now the mandate's  
done.

" The whole isle, parted in three regiments<sup>11</sup>,  
By three metropolis's jointly sway'd;  
Or'dring in peace and war their governments,  
With loving concord, and with mutual aid:

<sup>7</sup> A vein is a vessel, long, round, hollow, ris:ng from the liver, appointed to contain, concoct, and distribute the blood: it bath but one tunicle, and that thin; and the colour of this blood is purple.

<sup>8</sup> An artery is a vessel, long, round, hollow, formed for conveyance of that more sprightly blood, which is elaborate in the heart.—This blood is frothy, yellowish, full of spirits, therefore compassed with a double tunicle, that it might not exhale or sweat out by reason of the thinness.

<sup>9</sup> A nerve is a spermatical part rising from the brain and the pith of the back-bone: the outside skin, the inside full of pith; carrying the animal spirits for sense and motion, and therefore doubly skinned, as the brain; none of them single, but run in couples.

<sup>10</sup> The veins convey the nourishment from the liver; the arteries, life and heat from the heart; the nerves, sense and motion from the brain: will commands the nerve brings, and the part executes the mandate, all almost in an instant.

<sup>11</sup> The whole body may be parted into three regions: the lowest, or belly; the middle, or breast; the highest, or head. In the lowest the liver is sovereign, whose regiment is the widest, but meanest. In the middle, the heart reigns, most necessary. The brain obtains the highest place, and is, as the least in compass, so the greatest in dignity.

The lowest hath the worst, but largest see;  
The middle less, of greater dignity:  
The highest least, but holds the greatest sovereignty.

" Deep in a vale doth that first province lie,  
With many a city grac'd, and fairly town'd;  
And for a fence from foreign enmity, [round;  
With five strong builded walls<sup>12</sup> encompass'd  
Which my rude pencil will in limning stain:  
A work, more curious than which poets feign  
Neptune and Phœbus built, and pulled down again.

" The first of these, is that round spreading fence<sup>13</sup>,  
Which, like a sea, girts th' isle in ev'ry part;  
Of fairest building, quick, and nimble sense,  
Of common matter fram'd with special art;  
Of middle temper, outwardest of all,  
To warn of ev'ry chance that may befall:  
The same a fence and spy; a watchman and a wall.

" His native beauty is a lily white<sup>14</sup>;  
Which still some other colour'd stream infecteth,  
Lest, like itself, with divers stainings light,  
The inward disposition it detecteth:  
If white, it argues wet; if purple, fire;  
If black, a heavy cheer, and fix'd desire;  
Youthful and blithe, if suited in a rosy tirc.

" It cover'd stands with silken flourishing<sup>15</sup>,  
Which, as it oft decays, renews again,  
The other's sense and beauty perfecting;  
Which else would feel, but with unusual pain:  
Whose pleasing sweetness and resplendent  
shine, [eye  
Soft'ning the wanton touch, and wand'ring  
Doth oft the prince himself with witch'ries under-  
determine.

" The second<sup>16</sup> rampier of a softer matter,  
Cast up by the purple river's overflowing;  
Whose airy wave, and swelling waters, fatter  
For want of heat congeal'd, and thicker growing,

<sup>12</sup> The parts of the lower region, are either the contained or containing: the containing either common or proper; the common are the skin, the fleshy panicle, and the fat; the proper are the muscles of the belly-piece, or the inner rim of the belly.

<sup>13</sup> The skin is a membrane of all the rest the most large and thick, formed of the mixture of seed and blood; the covering and ornament of parts that are under it: the temper moderate, the proper organ of outward touching (say physicians.)

<sup>14</sup> The native colour of the skin is white, but (as Hippocrates) changed into the same colour which is brought by the humour predominant. Where melancholy abounds, it is swarthy; where phlegm, it is white and pale; where cholera reigns, it is red and fiery; but in sanguine, of a rosy colour.

<sup>15</sup> The skin is covered with the cuticle, or flourishing of the skin; it is the mean of touching, without which we feel, but with pain. It polisheth the skin, which many times is changed, and (as it is with snakes) put off, and a new and more amiable brought in.

<sup>16</sup> The fat cometh from the airy portion of the blood; which when it flows to the membranes, by their weak heat (which physicians account and call cold) grows thick and close.

The wand'ring beat<sup>17</sup> (which quiet ne'er sub-  
sisteth)

Sends back again to what confine it listeth ;  
And outward enemies, by yielding, most resisteth.

" The third more inward<sup>18</sup>, firmer than the best,  
May seem at first, but thinly built, and slight ;  
But yet of more defence than all the rest ;  
Of thick and stubborn substance strongly dight.  
These three (three common fences round in-  
this regiment, and all the other isle ; [pile]  
And saving inward friends, their outward foes be-  
guile.

" Beside these three, two<sup>19</sup> more appropriate  
guards, [ment :  
With constant watch compass this govern-  
The first eight companies in several wards,  
(To each his station in this regiment)  
On each side four continual watch observe,  
And under one great captain jointly serve ;  
Two fore-right stand, two cross, and four obliquely  
swerve.

" The other<sup>20</sup> fram'd of common matter, all  
This lower region girts with strong defence ;  
More long than round, with double-built wall,  
Though single often seems to slighter sense ;  
With many gates, whose strangest properties  
Protect this coast from all conspiracies ;  
Admitting welcome friends, excluding enemies.

" Between this fence's double-walled sides<sup>21</sup>,  
Four slender brooks run creeping o'er the lea ;  
The first is call'd the nurse, and rising slides  
From this low region's metropolie :  
Two from th' heart-city bend their silent pace ;  
The last from urine lake with waters base,  
In the allantoid sea empties his flowing race.

" Down in a vale<sup>22</sup>, where these two parted walls  
Differ from each with wide distending space,

" The fat increaseth inward heat, by keeping  
it from outward parts ; and defends the parts sub-  
ject to it from bruises.

<sup>17</sup> The fleshy panicle, is a membrane very thick,  
sinewy, woven in with little veins.

<sup>18</sup> The proper parts in folding this lower region,  
are two ; the first, the muscles of the belly-piece,  
which are eight ; four side-long, two right, and two  
across.

<sup>19</sup> Peritoneum (called the rim of the belly) is  
a thin membrane, taking his name from com-  
passing the bowels ; round, but longer : every  
where double, yet so thin that it seems but single.  
It hath many holes, that the veins, arteries, and  
other needful vessels might have passage both in  
and out.

<sup>20</sup> The double tunicle of the rim, is plainly  
parted into a large space, that with a double wall  
it might fence the bladder, where the vessels of  
the navel are contained. These are four, first the  
nurse, which is a vein nourishing the infant in the  
womb : second, two arteries, in which the infant  
breathes ; the fourth, the ourachos, a pipe whereby  
(while the child is in the womb) the urine is car-  
ried into the allantoid, or rather amnion, which is  
a membrane receiving the sweat and urine.

<sup>21</sup> The passages carrying the urine from the  
kidneys to the bladder. Some affirm that in the  
passage stands a curious lid or cover.

Into a lake the urine-river falls,  
Which at the nephros hill begins his race :  
Crooking his banks he often runs astray,  
Lest his ill streams might backward find a  
way :

Thereto some say, was built a curious framed bay-

" The urine lake<sup>23</sup> drinking his colour'd brook,  
By little swells, and fills his stretching sides :  
But when the stream the brink's genius overlook,  
A sturly groom empties the swelling tides ;  
Sphinter some call ; who if he loosed be,  
Or stiff with cold, out flows the senseless sea,  
And, rushing unawares, covers the drowned lea.

" From thence with blinder passage<sup>24</sup> (flying  
name)

These noisome streams a secret pipe conveys ;  
Which though we term the hidden parts of shame,  
Yet for the skill deserve no better praise [part,  
Than they, to which we honour'd names im-  
O, powerful Wisdom ! with what wond'rous  
art [vilest part  
Mad'st thou the best, who thus hast fram'd the

" Six goodly cities<sup>25</sup>, built with suburbs round,  
Do fair adorn this lower region ;  
The first Koilia<sup>26</sup>, whose extremest bound  
On this side's border'd by the Splenion,  
On that by sovereign Hepar's large commands,  
The merry Diazome above it stands, [bands,  
To both these join'd in league, and never failing

" The form (as when with breath our bagpipes  
rise<sup>27</sup>, [more ;  
And swell) round-wise, and long, yet long-wise  
Fram'd to the most capacious figure's guise ;  
For 'tis the island's garner : here its store  
Lies treasure'd up, which well prepar'd, it sends  
By secret path, that to the arch-city bends ;  
Which, making it more fit, to all the isle dependa.

" But hence at foot of rocky Cephal's hills,  
This city's steward<sup>28</sup> dwells in vaulted stone ;  
And twice a day Koilia's storchouse fills  
With certain rent and due provision :  
Aloft he fitly dwells in arched cave,  
Which to describe I better time shall have,  
When that fair mount I sing, and his white curdy  
wave.

<sup>21</sup> The bladder endeth in a neck of flesh, and is  
girded with a muscle which is called sphincter :  
which holds in the urine, lest it flow away without  
our permission. If this be loosened, or cold, the  
urine goes away from us, of itself, without any  
feeling.

<sup>22</sup> Hence the urine is conveyed through the ordi-  
nary passages, and cast out.

<sup>23</sup> Besides the bladder there are six special parts  
contained in this lower region ; the liver, the  
stomach, with the guts ; the gall, the spleen, or  
milt ; the kidneys and parts for generation.

<sup>24</sup> The stomach (or Koilia) is the first in order,  
though not in dignity.

<sup>25</sup> Koilia, or the stomach, is long and round  
like a bagpipe, made to receive and concoct the  
meat, and to perfect the chyle, or white juice  
which riseth from the meat concocted.

<sup>26</sup> Gustus, the taste, is the caterer, or steward  
to the stomach, which has its place in Cephal,  
that is, the head.

At that cave's mouth, twice sixteen porters stand<sup>39</sup>,  
 Receivers of the customary rent;  
 On each side four (the foremost of the band)  
 Whose office to divide what in is sent;  
 Straight other four break it in pieces small;  
 And at each hand twice five, which grinding  
 Fit it for convoy, and this city's arsenal. [all,

"From thence a groom<sup>30</sup> of wondrous volubility  
 Delivers all unto near officers,  
 Of nature like himself, and like agility;  
 At each side four, that are the governors  
 To see the victuals shipp'd at fittest tide:  
 Which straight from thence with prosperous  
 channel slide,  
 And in Koilia's port with nimble oars glide.

"The haven<sup>31</sup> fram'd with wondrous sense and art,  
 Opens itself to all that entrance seek;  
 Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,  
 With thousand wrinkles shuts the ready creek:  
 But when the rent is slack, it rages rife,  
 And mut'nies in itself with civil strife: [knife.  
 Thereto a little groom<sup>32</sup> eggs it with sharpest

"Below dwells<sup>33</sup> in this city's market-place,  
 The island's common cook, concoction;  
 Common to all, therefore in middle space  
 Is quarter'd fit in just proportion;  
 Whence never from his labour he retires,  
 No rest he asks, or better change requires:  
 Both night and day he works, ne'er sleeps, nor  
 sleep desires.

"That heat<sup>34</sup>, which in his furnace ever fumeth,  
 Is nothing like to our hot parching fire;  
 Which all consuming, self at length consumeth;  
 But moist'ning flames, a gentle heat inspire;  
 Which sure some inborn neighbour to him  
 lendeth;  
 And oft the bord'ring coast fit fuel sendeth,  
 And oft the rising fume, which down again de-  
 scendeth:

"Like to a pot, where under hovering  
 Divided flames, the iron sides entwining,  
 Above is stopp'd with close laid covering,  
 Exhaling fumes to narrow straights confining:

<sup>39</sup> In either chap, are sixteen teeth, four cutters, two dog-teeth, or breakers, and ten grinders.

<sup>30</sup> The tongue with great agility delivers up the meat (well chewed) to the instruments of swallowing: eight muscles serving to this purpose, which instantly send the meat through the œsophagus or meat-pipe into the stomach.

<sup>31</sup> The upper mouth of the stomach hath little veins, or circular strings, to shut in the meat, and keep it from returning.

<sup>32</sup> Vas breve, or the short vessel, which, sending in a melancholy humour, sharpens the appetite.

<sup>33</sup> In the bottom of the stomach (which is placed in the middle of the belly) is concoction perfected.

<sup>34</sup> The concoction of meats in the stomach is perfected as by an innate property and special virtue; so also by the outward heat of parts adjoining, for it is on every side compassed with hotter parts, which, as fire to a cauldron, helps to seethe, and concoct; and the hot steams within it do not a little further digestion.

So doubling heat, his duty doubly speedeth:  
 Such is the fire concoction's vessel needeth,  
 Who daily all the isle with fit provision feedeth.

"There many a groom, the busy cook attends  
 In under offices, and several place:  
 This gathers up the scum, and thence it sends  
 To be cast out; another, liquor's base;  
 Another garbage, which the kitchen cloyes;  
 And divers filth, whose scent the place annoys,  
 By divers secret ways in under sinks conveys.

"Therefore a second port<sup>35</sup> is sidelong fram'd,  
 To let out what unsavory there remains;  
 There sits a needful groom, the porter nam'd,  
 Which soon the full grown kitchen cleanly drains,  
 By divers pipes with hundred turnings giring,  
 Lest that the food too speedily retiring,  
 Shou'd wet the appetite, still cloy'd, and still desir-  
 ing:

"So Erisichon, once fir'd (as men say)  
 With hungry rage, fed never, ever feeding;  
 Ten thousand dishes sever'd in ev'ry day,  
 Yet in ten thousand thousand dishes needing;  
 In vain his daughter hundred shapes assum'd:  
 A whole camp's meat he in his gorge inhum'd:  
 And all consum'd, his hunger yet was unconsum'd.

"Such would the state of this whole island be,  
 If those pipes windings (passage quick delaying)  
 Should not refrain too much edacity,  
 With longer stay fierce appetite allaying.  
 These pipes<sup>36</sup> are seven-fold longer than the  
 isle,  
 Yet all are folded in a little pile,  
 Whereof three noble are, and thin; and three thick,  
 and vile.

"The first<sup>37</sup> is narrow'st, and down-right doth  
 look, [tire;  
 Lest that his charge discharg'd, might back re-  
 And by the way takes in a bitter brook,  
 That when the channel's stop't with stifling mire,  
 Through th' idle pipe, with piercing waters  
 soaking; [ing,  
 His tender sides with sharpest stream provok-  
 Thrusts out the muddy parts, and rids the miry  
 choking.

<sup>35</sup> The lower orifice, or mouth of the stomach, is not placed at the very bottom, but at the side, and is called the Janitor (or porter) as sending out the food now concocted, through the entrails, which are knotty and full of windings, lest the meat too suddenly passing through the body, should make it too subject to appetite and greediness.

<sup>36</sup> It is approved, that the entrails, dried and blown, are seven times longer than the body, they are all one entire body; yet their differing substance hath distinguished them into the thin and thick: the thin have the more noble office.

<sup>37</sup> The first is straight, without any winding, that the chyle may not return; and most narrow, that it might not find too hasty a passage. It takes in a little passage from the gall, which there purges his cholera, to provoke the entrails (when they are slow) to cast out the excrements. This is called Duodenum (or twelve fingers) from his length.

"The second<sup>30</sup> lean and lank, still pill'd, and har-  
By mighty bord'ers oft his barns invading: [ried  
Away his food, and new-inn'd store is carried;

Therefore an angry colour, never fading,  
Purple his cheek: the third<sup>31</sup> for length ex-  
ceeds, [leads:

And down his stream in hundred turnings  
These three most noble are, adorned with silken  
threads.

"The foremost<sup>32</sup> of the base half blind appears;  
And where his broad way in an isthmus ends,  
There he examines all his passengers,

And those who ought not 'scape, he backward  
sets: [ing,

The second<sup>33</sup> Eto's court, where tempests rag-  
Sbut close within a cave the winds engaging,  
With earthquakes shakes the island, thunders sad  
presaging.

"The last<sup>34</sup> downright falls to port Esquiline,  
More straight above, beneath still broader grow-  
ing,

Soon as the gate opes by the king's assign,  
Empties itself, far thence the filth out-throwing:  
This gate endow'd with many properties,

Yet for his office, sight, and naming, flies:  
Therefore between two hills in darkest valley lies.

"To that arch-city<sup>35</sup> of this government,  
The three first pipes the ready feast convoy:

The other three in baser office spent,  
Fling out the dregs, which else the kitchen cloy.

In every one<sup>36</sup> the Hepar keeps his spies,  
Who if ought good, with evil blended lies;  
Thence bring it back again to Hepar's treasures.

"Two several covers fence these twice three pipes:  
The first from over swimming<sup>37</sup> takes his name,  
Like cobweb-lawn woven with hundred stripes:

The second<sup>38</sup> strengthen'd with a double frame,

<sup>30</sup> The second, is called the lank, or hungry gut,  
as being more empty than the rest; for the liver  
being near, it sucks out his juice, or cream; it is  
known from the rest by the red colour.

<sup>31</sup> The third is called Iliou (or winding) from  
his many folds and turnings, is of all the longest.

<sup>32</sup> The first, of the baser sort, is called blind,  
at whose end is an appendant, where if any of the  
thinner chyle do chance to escape, it is stopped, and  
by the veins of the midriff sucked out.

<sup>33</sup> The second is Colon (or the tormentor) be-  
cause of the wind there staying, and vexing the  
body.

<sup>34</sup> The last, called Rectum (or straight) hath  
no windings, short, larger towards the end, that  
the excrement may more easily be ejected, and  
retained also upon occasion.

<sup>35</sup> The thin entrails serve for the carrying and  
the thorough concocting the chyle; the thicker  
for the gathering, and containing the excrements.

<sup>36</sup> They are all sprinkled with numberless little  
veins, that no part of the chyle might escape, till  
all be brought to the liver.

<sup>37</sup> Epiploon (or over-swimmer) descends below  
the navel, and ascends above the highest entrails;  
of skiny substance, all inter'aced with fat.

<sup>38</sup> The Mesenterium (or midst amongst the en-  
trails) whence it takes the name, ties and knits  
the entrails together: it hath a double tunicle.

From foreign enmity the pipes maintains:  
Close by the Pancreas,<sup>47</sup> stands, who ne'er  
complains;

Though press'd by all his neighbours, he their  
state sustains.

"Next Hepar, chief of all these lower parts,  
One of the three, yet of the three the least.  
But see the Sun, like to undaunted hearts,  
Enlarges in his fall his ample breast.

Now hie we home; the pearly dew ere long  
Will wet the mothers and their tender young,  
To morrow with the day we may renew our song."<sup>49</sup>

<sup>47</sup> Pancreas (or all flesh) for so it seems, is laid  
as a pillow under the stomach, and sustains the  
veins, that are dispread from the gate vein.

## CANTO III.

THE morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,  
(Vext at the ling'ring shades that long had left  
her,

In Tithon's freezing arms) the light discloses;  
And chasing night, of rule and heav'n bereft her:  
The Sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,  
And like aspiring tyrants, temporises;  
Never to be endur'd, but when he falls, or rises.

Thirsl from withy prison, as he uses,  
Lets out his flock, and on an hill stood heeding,  
Which bites the grass, and which his meat refuses;  
So his glad eyes, fed with their greedy feeding,  
Straight flock a shoal of nymphs, and shep-  
herd-swains, [plains;  
While all their lambs rang'd on the flow'ry  
Then thus the boy began, crown'd with their cir-  
cling trains.

"You gentle shepherds, and you snowy sires,  
That sit around, my rugged rhymes attending;  
How may I hope to quit your strong desires,  
In verse uncom'd, such wonders comprehending?  
Too well I know my rudeness, all unfit  
To frame this curious isle, whose framing  
yet  
Was never thoroughly known to any human wit.

"Thou shepherd-god, who only know'st it right,  
And hid'st that art from all the world beside;  
Shed in my misty breast thy sparkling light,  
And in this fog, my erring footsteps guide: [it.  
Thou who first mad'st, and never wilt forsake  
Else how shall my weak hand dare undertake  
it, [it.  
When thou thyself ask'st counsel of thyself to make

"Next to Koilia, on the right side stands,  
Fairly dispread in large dominion,  
The arch city Hepar', stretching her commands,  
To all within this lower region;  
Fenc'd with sure bars, and strongest situation;  
So never fearing foreigners' invasion:  
Hence are the walls', slight, thin; built but for  
sight and fashion.

<sup>1</sup> Of all this lower region, the Hepar, or liver,  
is the principal. The situation strong and safe,  
walled in by the ribs.

<sup>2</sup> It is covered with one single tunicle, and that  
very thin and slight.

" To th' heart, and to th' head city surely tied<sup>3</sup>  
 With firmest league, and mutual reference:  
 His liegers there, theirs ever here abide,  
 To take up strife and casual difference:  
 Built all alike<sup>4</sup>, seeming like rubis sheen,  
 Of some peculiar matter; such I ween,  
 As over all the world, may no where else be seen.

Much like a mount<sup>5</sup>, it easily ascendeth;  
 The upper parts all smooth as slippery glass:  
 But on the lower many a crag dependeth;  
 Like to the hangings of some rocky mass:  
 Here first the purple fountain<sup>6</sup> making vent,  
 By thousand rivers through the isle dispent,  
 Gives every part fit growth, and daily nourishment.

" In this fair town<sup>7</sup> the isle's great steward dwells:  
 His porphyry house glitters in purple dye,  
 In purple clad himself: from hence he deals  
 His store, to all the isle's necessity:  
 And though the rent he daily, duly pay,  
 Yet doth his flowing substance ne'er decay;  
 All day he rent receives, returns it all the day.

" And like that golden star, which cuts his way  
 Through Saturn's ice, and Mars his fiery ball;  
 Temp'ring their strife with his more kindly ray:  
 So 'twixt the Splenion's frost, and th' angry gall,  
 The jovial Hepar sits; with great expence  
 Cheering the isle by his sweet influence;  
 So slakes their envious rage, and endless difference.

" Within, some say, Love<sup>8</sup> hath his habitation,  
 Not Cupid's self, but Cupid's better brother;  
 For Cupid's self dwells with a lower nation,  
 But this, moresure, much chaster than the other;  
 By whose command, we either love our kind,  
 Or with most perfect love affect the mind;  
 With such a diamond knot, he often souls can bind.

" Two purple streams<sup>9</sup>, here raise their boiling  
 heads; [sing.  
 The first, and least, in th' hollow cavern breed-

<sup>3</sup> The liver is tied to the heart by arteries, to the head by nerves, and to both by veins, dispersed to both.

<sup>4</sup> The liver consists of no ordinary fish, but of a kind proper to itself.

<sup>5</sup> The liver's upper part rises, and swells gently; is very smooth and even; the lower in the outside like to an hollow rock, rugged and craggy.

<sup>6</sup> From it rise all the springs of blood which runs in the veins.

<sup>7</sup> The steward of the whole isle, is here fitly placed, because as all (that is brought in) is here fitted and disposed, so from hence returned and dispensed.

<sup>8</sup> Here Plato disposed the seat of love. And certainly though lust (which some perversely call love) be elsewhere seated, yet that affection whereby we wish, and do well to others, may seem to be better fitted in the liver, than in the heart, (where most do place it) because this moderate heat appears more apt for this affection; and fires of the heart where (as a salamander) anger lives, seems not so fit to entertain it.

<sup>9</sup> Hence rise the two great rivers of blood, of which all the rest are lesser streams; the first is Porta, or the gate vein issuing from the hollow part, and is shed toward the stomach, spleen, guts, and the epiploon. The second is Cava, the hollow vein, spreading his river over all the body.

His wave: on divers neighbour grounds dispreads:  
 The next fair river all the rest exceeding,  
 Topping the hill, breaks forth in fierce evasion,  
 And sheds abroad his Nile-like inundation;  
 So gives to all the isle their food and vegetation;

" Yet these from other streams much different;  
 For others, as they longer, broader grow;  
 These as they run in narrow banks inport;  
 Are then at least, when in the main they flow:  
 Much like a tree, which all his roots so guides,  
 That all the trunk in his full body hides;  
 Which straight, his stem to thousand branches  
 subdivides.

" Yet lest these streams<sup>10</sup> might hap to be infected,  
 With other liquors in the well abounding;  
 Before their flowing channels are detected,  
 Some lesser delfts, the fountains bottom sounding,  
 Suck out the baser streams, the springs annoy-  
 ing,  
 An hundred pipes unto that end employing;  
 Thence run to fitter place, their noisome load con-  
 voying.

" Such is fair Hepar<sup>11</sup>, which with great dissen-  
 Of all the rest plea's most-antiquity; [sion  
 But yet th' heart-city with no less contention,  
 And justest challenge, claims priority:  
 But sure the Hepar was the elder bore;  
 For that small river call'd the nurse, of yore,  
 La'd both's foundation, yet Hepar built afore.

" Three pois'nous liquors from this purple well  
 Rise with the native streams<sup>12</sup>; the first like fire  
 All flaming hot, red, furious, and fell;  
 The spring of dire debate, and civil ire;  
 Which, wer't not surely held with strong re-  
 tention, [sension.  
 Would stir domestic strife, and fierce conten-  
 tion,  
 And waste the weary isle with never ceas'd dis-

" Therefore close by, a little conduit stands,  
 Choledochus<sup>13</sup>, that drags this poison thence,

<sup>10</sup> The chyle, or juice of meats, concocted in the stomach, could not all be turned into sweet blood, by reason of the divers kinds of humours in it; therefore there are three kinds of excremental liquors sucked away by little vessels, and carried to their appointed places; one too light and fiery; another too earthy, and heavy; a third wheyish and watery.

<sup>11</sup> Famous is the controversy between the peripatetics and physicians; one holding the heart the other the liver to be first. That the liver is first in time, and making, is manifest; because the nurse (the vein that feeds the infant yet in the womb) cumpies itself upon the liver.

<sup>12</sup> The first excrement drawn from the liver to the gall, is choleric, bitter, like flame in colour; which, were it not removed, and kept in due place, would fill all the body with bitterness and gnawing.

<sup>13</sup> Choledochus, or the gall, is of a membranous substance, having but one, yet that a strong tunicle. It hath two passages, one drawing the humour from the liver, another conveying the overplus into the first gut, and so emptying the gall; and this fence hath a double gate, to keep the liquor from returning.



And safely locks it up in prison bands ;  
Thence gently drains it through a narrow fence ;  
A needful fence, attended with a guard,  
That watches in the straits, all closely  
barr'd, [prison ward.  
Lest some might back escape, and break the

" The next ill stream <sup>14</sup> the wholesome source of  
feeding,

All dreary, black, and frightful, hence convey'd  
By divers drains, unto the Spleen tending,  
The Splenion o'er against the Hepar laid,  
Built long, and square : some say that laugh-  
ter here

Keeps residence ; but laughter fits not there,  
Where darkness ever dwells, and melancholy fear.

" And should these ways <sup>15</sup>, stopt by ill accident,  
To th' Hepar's streams turn back their muddy  
humours,

The cloudy isle with hellish dreariment [mours :  
Would soon be fill'd, and thousand fearful ru-  
Fear hides him here, lock'd deep in earthy cell :  
Dark, doleful, deadly-dull, a little hell ;  
Where with him fright, despair, and thousand hor-  
rours dwell.

" If this black town in over growth increases <sup>16</sup>  
With too much strength his neighbours over-  
bearing :

The Hepar daily, and whole isle decreases,  
Like ghastly shade, or ashie ghost appearing :  
But when it pines, th' isle thrives ; its curse,  
his blessing ;

So when a tyrant raves <sup>17</sup>, his subjects pressing,  
His gaining is their loss, his treasure their dis-  
tressing.

" The third bad water <sup>18</sup>, bubbling from this foun-  
tain,

Is wheyish cold, which with good liquors ment,  
Is drawn into the double Nephro's mountain ;  
Which suckt the best for growth and nourishment :  
The worst as through a little pap <sup>19</sup> distilling  
To divers pipes, the pale cold humour swilling,  
Runs down to th' urine lake, his banks thrice daily  
filling.

<sup>14</sup> The second ill humour is earthy and heavy,  
which is drawn from the liver, by little vessels  
unto the spleen ; the native seat of melaucholy,  
here some have placed laughter : but the spleen  
seems rather the seat of malice and heaviness.

<sup>15</sup> If the spleen should fail in this office, the  
whole body would be filled with melancholy fan-  
cies, and vain terrours.

<sup>16</sup> Where the spleen flourishes, all the body de-  
cays, and withers ; and where the spleen is kept  
down, the body flourishes. Hence Stratonicus  
merrily said, that in Crete dead men walked, be-  
cause they were so splenetic, and pale coloured.

<sup>17</sup> Trajan compar'd the spleen to his exchequer,  
because, as his coffers being full drained his sub-  
ject's purses ; so the full spleen makes the body  
spleen.

<sup>18</sup> The watry humour with some good blood  
(which is spent for the nourishment of those parts)  
is drawn by the kidneys.

<sup>19</sup> The ureters receives the waters separated  
from blood, as distilled from the little fleshy sub-  
stances in the kidneys, like to teats.

" These mountains <sup>20</sup> differ but in situation,  
In form and matter like ; the left is higher,  
Lest even height might slack their operation :  
Both like the Moon (which now wants half the  
fire)

Yet into two obtuser angles bend'd,  
Both strongly with a double wall defended :  
And both have walls of mud before those walls  
extended.

" The sixth and last town in this region, [wide,  
With largest stretch'd precincts, and compass  
Is that, where Venus and her wanton son  
(Her wanton Cupid) will in youth reside ;  
For though his arrows, and his golden bow,  
On other hills he frankly does bestow,  
Yet here he hides the fire, with which each heart  
doth glow.

" For that great Providence, their course foreseeing  
Too easily led into the sea of death ;  
After this first, gave them a second being,  
Which in their offspring newly flourisheth :  
He, therefore, made the fire of generation,  
To burn in Venus' courts without cessation ;  
Out of whose ashes comes another island nation.

" For from the first a fellow isle he fram'd,  
(For what alone can live, or fruitful be ?)  
Aren the first, the second Thelu nam'd ;  
Weaker the last, yet fairer much to see :  
Alike in all the rest, here disagree'ng,  
Where Venus and her wanton have their being ;  
For nothing is produc'd of two, in all agreeing.

" But though some few in these hid parts would see  
Their Maker's glory, and their justest shame ;  
Yet for the most would turn to luxury,  
And what they should lament, would make their  
game : [scry'd ;  
Fly then those parts, which best are unde-  
Forbear, my maiden song, to blazon wide,  
What th' isle, and nature's self, doth ever strive to  
hide.

" These two fair isles distinct in their creation,  
Yet one extracted from the other's side,  
Are oft made one by love's firm combination ;  
And from this unity are multiply'd :  
Strange it may seem, such their condition,  
That they are more dispread by union :  
And two are twenty made, by being made in one.

" For from these two in love's delight agreeing,  
Another little isle is soon proceeding ;  
At first of unlike frame and matter being,  
In Venus' temple takes its form and breeding ;  
Till at full time the tedious prison flying  
It breaks all lets, its ready way denying ;  
And shakes the trembling isle with often painful  
dying.

" So by the Bosphorus' straits, in Euxine seas,  
Not far from old Byzantium, closely stand  
Two neighbour islands, call'd Symplegades,  
Which sometime seem but one combined land :  
For often meeting on the wat'ry plain,  
And parting oft, tost by the boist'rous main,  
They now are join'd in one, and now disjoin'd  
again.

<sup>20</sup> The kidneys are both alike ; the left some-  
what higher : both have a double skin, and both  
compass'd with fat.

" Here oft, not lost, but sweeter chastity,  
Coupled sometimes, and sometimes single,  
dwells;  
Now link'd with love, to quench lust's tyranny;  
Now Phoenix-like, alone in narrow cells:  
Such Phoenix one, but one at once may be;  
In Albion's hills, thee <sup>21</sup>, Basilissa, thee,  
Such only have I seen, such shall I never see.

" What nymph was this, said fairest Rosaleen,  
Whom thou admirest thus above so many?  
She, while she was, ah! was the shepherd's  
queen;

Sure such a shepherd's queen, was never any:  
But, ah! no joy her dying heart contented,  
Since she a dear Deer's side unwilling rented;  
Whose death she all too late, too much repented.

" Ah, royal maid! why should'st thou thus lament  
thee?

Thy little fault, was but too much believing:  
It is too much, so much thou should'st repent  
thee;

His joyous soul at rest deserves no grieving.  
These words (vain words!) fond comforters did  
lend her; [bend her  
But, ah! no words, no prayers, might ever  
To give an end to grief; till endless grief did end  
her.

" But how should I those sorrows dare display?  
Or how limme forth her virtues' wonderment!  
She was, ay me, she was, the sweetest May,  
That ever flow'r'd in Albion's regiment:

Few eyes fall'n lights adore: yet fame shall  
keep  
Her name awake, when others silent sleep;  
While men have ears to hear, eyes to look back,  
and weep.

" And though the curs (which whelpt and nurs'd  
in Spain,

Learn of fell Geryon to snarl and brawl)  
Have vow'd and strove her virgin tomb to strain;  
And grin, and foam, and rage, and yelp, and  
bawl: [light

Yet shall our Cynthia's high triumphing  
Deride their howling throats, and toothless  
spite: [in endless night.  
And sail through Heav'n, whilst they sink down

" So is this island's lower region:  
Yet ah! much better is it sure than so,  
But my poor reeds, like my condition,  
(Low is the shepherd's state, my song as low)  
Mar what they make.—But now in yonder  
shade [made:  
Rest me, while suns have longer shadows  
See how, our panting flocks run to the cooler glade."

<sup>21</sup> Queen Elizabeth.

#### CANTO IV.

THE shepherds in the shade their hunger feasted,  
With simple cates, such as the country yields;  
And while from scorching beams secure they  
rested.

The nymphs, dispers'd along the woody fields,

Pull'd from their stalks the blushing straw-  
berries, [eyes;  
Which lurk close shrouded from high-looking  
Shewing that sweetness, oft both low, and hidden  
lies.

But when the day had his meridian run  
Between his highest throne and low declining:  
Thirral again his forced task begun,  
His wonted audience his sides entwining,  
" The middle province next this lower stands,  
Where th' isle's heart-city spreads his large  
commands, [friendly bands.  
Leagu'd to the neighbour towns with sure and

" Such as that star, which sets his glorious chair  
In midst of Heaven, and to dead darkness, here  
Gives light, and life; such is this city fair:  
Their ends, place, office, state, so nearly near,  
That those wise ancients, from their nature's  
sight, [aright,  
And likeness, turn'd their names, and call'd  
The Sun, the great world's heart, the heart the  
less world's light.

" This middle coast <sup>1</sup>, to all the isle dispends  
All heat, and life: hence it another guard  
(Beside these common to the first) defends:  
Built whole of massy stone, cold, dry, and hard,  
Which stretching round about his circling  
arms,  
Warrants these parts from all exterior harms;  
Repelling angry force, securing all alarms.

" But in the front <sup>2</sup> two fair twin-bulwarks rise;  
In th' Arren built for strength and ornament;  
In Thelu of more use, and larger size;  
For hence the young isle draws his nourishment:  
Here lurking Cupid hides his bended bow;  
Here milky springs in sugar'd rivers flow;  
Which first gave th' infant isle to be, and then to  
grow.

" For when the lesser island (still increasing  
In Venus' temple) to some greatness swells <sup>3</sup>,  
Now larger rooms, and bigger spaces seizing,  
It stops the Hepar rivers: backward reels  
The stream, and to these hills bears up his  
sight, [might)  
And in these founts (by some strange hidden  
Dies his fair rosy waves into a lily white.

" So where fair Medway down the Kentish dales,  
To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,  
Lading her banks into wide Thamis falls;  
" The big-grown main with foamy billows swelling,  
Stops there the sudden stream: her studdy  
race  
Staggers a while, at length flows back space;  
And to the parent fount returns its fearful pace.

<sup>1</sup> The heart is the seat of heat and life; therefore wall'd about with the ribs, for more safety.

<sup>2</sup> The breasts, or paps, are given to men for strength and ornament; to women for milk and nursery also.

<sup>3</sup> When the infant grows big, the blood vessels are so oppressed, that partly through the readiness of the passage, but especially by the providence of God, the blood turns back to the breast; and there, by an innate, but wonderful faculty, is turned into milk.

"These two fair mounts<sup>4</sup> are like two hemispheres,  
 Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities;  
 Whose tops too little purple hillocks rear,  
 Much like the poles in Heaven's axeltrees:  
 And round about two circling altars give  
 In blushing red, the rest in snowy tire,  
 Like Thracian Hæmus looks, which ne'er feels  
 Phœbus' fire.

"That mighty hand, in these dissected wreaths,  
 (Where moves our Sun) his throne's fair picture  
 gives;  
 The pattern breathless, but the picture breathes;  
 His highest heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives:  
 Nor scorns that lofty One, this low to dwell:  
 Here his best stars be sets, and glorious cell;  
 And fills with saintly spirits, so turns to Heav'n  
 from Hell.

"About this region round in compass stands  
 A guard, both for defence, and respiration,  
 Of sixty-four<sup>5</sup>, parted in several bands;  
 Half to let out the smoky exhalation;  
 The other half to draw in fresher winds:  
 Beside both these, a third of both their kinds,  
 That lets both out, and in; which no enforcement  
 binds.

"This third the merry Diazome<sup>6</sup> we call,  
 A border-city these two coasts removing:  
 Which like a balk with his cross-built wall,  
 Disparts the terms of anger, and of loving:  
 Keeps from th' heart-city fuming kitchen  
 fires,  
 And to his neighbour's gentle winds inspires;  
 Loose<sup>7</sup> when he sucks in air, contract when he  
 expires.

"The Diazome<sup>8</sup> of sev'ral matters fram'd:  
 The first, moist, soft; harder the next, and  
 drier:  
 His fashion like the fish a rain nam'd;  
 Fenc'd with two walls, one low, the other  
 higher;  
 By eight streams water'd; two from Hepar  
 low,  
 And from th' heart-town as many higher go;  
 But two twice told, down from the Cephal moun-  
 tain flow.

<sup>4</sup> The breasts are in figure hemispherical; whose  
 tops are crowned with the teats, about which are  
 reddish circles, called (Areolæ, or) little altars.

<sup>5</sup> In the Thorax, or breast, are sixty-five muscles  
 for respiration, or breathing, which are either free  
 or forced: the instruments of forced breathing are  
 sixty-four, whereof thirty-two distend, and as  
 many contract it.

<sup>6</sup> The instrument of the free breathing is the  
 Diazome or Diaphragma, which we call the  
 Midriff, as a wall, parting the heart and liver:  
 Pisto affirms it a partition between the seats of de-  
 sire and anger: Aristotle, a bar to keep the noi-  
 some odour of the stomach from the heart.

<sup>7</sup> The Midriff dilates itself when it draws in, and  
 contracts itself when it puffs out the air.

<sup>8</sup> The Midriff consists consists of two circles, one  
 skinny, the other fleshy; it hath two tunicles, as  
 many veins and arteries, and four nerves.

"Here sportful<sup>9</sup> laughter dwells, here, ever sitting,  
 Defies all lumpish griefs, and wrinkled care;  
 And twenty merry-mates mirth causes fitting,  
 And smiles, which laughter's sons, yet infants  
 are.

But if this town be fir'd with burnings nigh,  
 With self-same flames high Cephal's towers  
 fry;  
 Such is their feeling love, and loving sympathy.

"This coast stands girt with a peculiar<sup>10</sup> wall,  
 The whole precinct, and every part defending:  
 The chiefest<sup>11</sup> city, and imperial,  
 Is fair Kerdia, far his bounds extending:  
 Which full to know, were knowledge infinite:  
 How then should my rude pen this wonder  
 write, [aright?  
 Which thou, who only mad'st it, only know'st

"In middle of this middle regiment  
 Kerdia seated lies, the centre deem'd  
 Of this whole isle, and of this government:  
 If not the chiefest this, yet needfull'st seem'd,  
 Therefore obtain'd an equal distant seat,  
 More fitly hence to shed his life and heat,  
 And with his yellow streams the fruitful island wet.

Flank'd<sup>12</sup> with two several walls (for more de-  
 fence);

Betwixt them ever flows a wheyish moat;  
 In some soft waves, and circling profusion,  
 This city, like an isle, might safely float:  
 In motion still (a motion fixt, not roving)  
 Most like to Heav'n, in his most constant  
 moving: [loving.  
 Hence most here plant the seat of sure and active

"Built of a substance like smooth porphyry;  
 His matter hid<sup>13</sup>, and, like itself unknown:  
 Two rivers of his own; another by,  
 That from the Hepar rises, like a crown,  
 Infolds the narrow part; for that great All  
 That his works glory made pyramical,  
 Then crown'd with triple wreath, and cloth'd in  
 scarlet pall.

"The city's self in two<sup>14</sup> partitions rest,  
 That on the right, this on the other side:

<sup>9</sup> Here most men have placed the seat of laughter;  
 it hath much sympathy with the brain, so that if  
 the Midriff be inflamed, present madness ensues it.

<sup>10</sup> Within the Pleura or skin, which clotheth the  
 ribs on the inside, compasses this middle region.

<sup>11</sup> The chiefest part of this middle region is the  
 heart, placed in the midst of this province, and of  
 the whole body: fitly was it placed in the midst of  
 all, as being of all the most needful.

<sup>12</sup> The heart is immured, partly by a membrane  
 going round about it (thence receiving his name),  
 and a peculiar tunicle, partly with an humour,  
 like whey or urine; as well to cool the heart, as  
 to lighten the body.

<sup>13</sup> The flesh of the heart is proper, and peculiar  
 to itself; not like other muscles, of a figure  
 pyramical. The point of the heart is (as with a  
 diadem) girt with two arteries, and a vein, called  
 the crowns.

<sup>14</sup> Though the heart be an entire body, yet it is  
 severed into two partitions, the right and left; of  
 which, the left is more excellent and noble.

The right <sup>14</sup> (made tributary to the left)  
 Brings in his pension at his certain tide,  
 A pension of liquors strangely wrought;  
 Which first by Hepar's streams are hither  
 brought,  
 Add here distill'd with art, beyond or words, or  
 thought.

"The grosser <sup>15</sup> waves of these life-streams (which  
 here  
 With much, yet much less labour is prepar'd)  
 A doubtful channel doth to Pneumon bear:  
 But to the left those labour'd extracts shar'd  
 As through <sup>16</sup> a wall, with hidden passage  
 slide;  
 Where many secret gates (gates hardly spy'd)  
 With safe convoy, give passage to the other side.

"At each band of the left, two streets <sup>17</sup> stand by,  
 Of several stuff, and several working fram'd,  
 With hundred crooks, and deep wrought cavity:  
 Both like the ears in form, and so are nam'd,  
 I th' right-hand street, the tribute liquor sit-  
 teth:  
 The left, forc'd air into his concave getteth;  
 Which subtle wrought, and thin, for future work-  
 men fitteth.

"The city's left <sup>18</sup> side (by some hid direction)  
 Of this thin air, and of that right side's rent,  
 (Compound together) makes a strange confection;  
 And in one vessel both together meint,  
 Stills them with equal, never quenched firing:  
 Then in small streams (through all the isle  
 wiring)  
 Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.

"In this heart-city, four main streams appear <sup>19</sup>;  
 One from the Hepar, where the tribute landeth,  
 Largely pours out his purple river here;  
 At whose wide mouth, a band of Tritons  
 standeth,  
 (Three Tritons stand) who with their three-  
 fork'd mace,  
 Drive on, and speed the river's flowing race;  
 But strongly stop the wave, if once it back repass.

<sup>14</sup> The right receives into his hollowness, the  
 blood flowing from the liver, and concocts it.

<sup>15</sup> This right side sends down to the lungs that  
 part of the blood which is less labour'd, and thicker;  
 but the thinner part, it sweats through a fleshy  
 partition into the left side.

<sup>16</sup> This fleshy partition covers the right side from  
 the left; at first it seems thick, but if it be well  
 viewed, we shall see it full of many pores or  
 passages.

<sup>17</sup> Two skinny additions (from their likeness  
 called the ears) receive, the one the thicker blood,  
 that called the right; the other, called the left,  
 takes in the air sent by the lungs.

<sup>18</sup> The left side of the heart takes in the air and  
 blood; and concocting them both in his hollow  
 bosom, sends them out by the great artery into the  
 whole body.

<sup>19</sup> In the heart are four great vessels; the first  
 is the hollow vein, bringing in blood from the  
 liver; at whose mouth stand three little folding  
 doors, with three forks, giving passage, but no re-  
 turn to the blood.

"The second <sup>21</sup> is that doubtful channel, lending  
 Some of this tribute to the Pneumon nigh;  
 Whose springs by careful guards are watch'd, th'  
 se ding

From thence the waters, all regress deny.  
 The third <sup>22</sup> unlike to this, from Pneumon  
 flowing,  
 And is due air—tribute here bestowing,  
 Is kept by gates, and bars, which stop all back-  
 ward going.

"The last <sup>23</sup> full spring, out of this left side rises  
 Where three fair nymphs, like Cyathia's self  
 appearing,  
 Draw down the stream which all the isle suffices;  
 But stop backwards, some ill revolture fearing.  
 This river still itself to less dividing,  
 At length with thousand little brooks runs  
 sliding [guiding  
 His fellow course along with Hepar channels

"Within this city is the palace <sup>24</sup> fram'd,  
 Where life, and life's companion, heat, abideth;  
 And their attendants, passions untam'd:  
 (Oft very Hell, in this straight room resideth)  
 And did not neighbouring hills, cold airs in-  
 spiring,  
 Allay their rage and mutinous conspiring,  
 Heat, all (itself and all) would burn with quench-  
 less firing.

"Yet that great Light, by whom all Heaven shines  
 With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his lofty skies,  
 And to this lowly seat himself condescends.  
 Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to rise:  
 Cease Earth, ah! cease, proud Babel Earth,  
 to swell:  
 Heav'n blasts high tow'rs, stoops to a low  
 roof'd cell;  
 First Heav'n must dwell in man, then man in  
 Heav'n shall dwell.

"Close to Kerdia, Pneumon <sup>25</sup> takes his seat,  
 Built of a lighter frame and spongy mould:  
 Hence rise fresh airs, to fan Kerdia's heat, [cold:  
 Tempt'ring those burning fumes with moderate  
 itself of larger size, distended wide,  
 In divers streets, and outways multiply'd:  
 Yet in one corporation all are jointly ty'd.

<sup>21</sup> The second vessel is called the artery vein;  
 which rising from the right side of the heart,  
 carries down the blood here prepared to the lungs,  
 for their nourishment: here also is the like three  
 folding door, made like half cles, giving passage  
 from the heart, but not backward.

<sup>22</sup> The third is called the veiny artery, rising  
 from the left side, which hath two folds three-  
 forked.

<sup>23</sup> The fourth is the great artery: this hath also  
 a flood-gate, and made of three semi-circular  
 membranes, to give out load to the vital spirits,  
 and stop their regress.

<sup>24</sup> The heart is the fountain of life and heat to  
 the whole body, and the seat of the passions.

<sup>25</sup> The Pneumon, or lungs, is nearest the heart;  
 whose flesh is light and spongy, and very large.  
 It is the instrument of breathing and speaking,  
 divided into many parcels, yet all united into one  
 body.

Wily is cloth'd with hangings<sup>26</sup> thin and light,  
Lest too much weight might hinder motion:  
In chiefest use, to frame the voice aright;  
(The voice which publishes each hidden notion)  
And for that end a long pipe<sup>27</sup> down descends  
(Which here itself in many lesser spends)  
[and], bow at the foot of Cephal mount it ends.

This pipe was built for th' air's safe purveyance,  
To fit each several voice with perfect sound:  
Therefore of divers matter the conveyance  
Is nicely fram'd; the first in circles round,  
In hundred circles bended, hard and dry,  
(For watry softness is sound's enemy)  
Set altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

The second's drith and hardness somewhat less,  
But smooth, and pliable, made for extending,  
Fills up the distant circle's emptiness;  
All in one body jointly comprehending:  
The last<sup>28</sup> most soft, which where the circle's  
scanted,  
Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted,  
And baring under parts, which next to this are  
painted.

Upon the top there stands the pipe's safe<sup>29</sup> co-  
. Male for the voice's better modulation: [vering,  
More it fourteen careful warders hov'ring,  
Which shut and open it at all occasion:  
The cov'r in four parts itself dividing,  
Of substance hard, fit for the voice's guiding;  
One still unmov'd (in Thelu double oft) residing.

Case<sup>30</sup> by this pipe, runs that great channel  
down, [clay  
Which from high Cephal's mount, twice every  
Days to Kolias due provision: [the way,  
Straight at whose mouth<sup>31</sup> a flood-gate stops  
Made like an ivy leaf, broad, angle fashion;  
Of matter hard, fitting his operation, [tion.  
For swallowing, soon to fall, and rise for inspira-

But see, the smoke mounting in village nigh,  
With folded wreaths, steals through the quiet  
air;  
And mix'd with dusky shades, in eastern sky,  
Begins the night, and warns us home repair:

The lungs are covered with a light, and very  
thin tunicle, lest it might be an hindrance to the  
motion.

The wind-pipe, which is framed partly of car-  
tilage, or gristly matter, because the voice is per-  
formed with hard and smooth things (these cartilages  
are compassed like a ring) and partly of skin,  
which tie the gristles together

And because the rings of the gristles do not  
wholly meet, this space is made up by muscles,  
that so the meat-pipe adjoining, might not be  
pulled or hurt.

The larynx, or covering of the wind-pipe, is  
a gristly substance, parted into four gristles; of  
which the first is ever unmoved, and in women  
often double.

Adjoining to it, is the oesophagus, or meat-  
pipe, conveying meats and drinks to the stomach.

At whose end is the epiglottis or cover of the  
throat; the principal instrument of tuning, and  
of tuning the voice; and therefore gristly, that it  
might sooner fall when we swallow, and rise when  
we breathe.

Bright Vesper now hath chang'd his name,  
and place, [faces  
And twinkles in the Heav'n with doubtful  
Home then, my full fed lambs; the night comes,  
home aspect."

## CANTO V.

By this the old night's head (grown hoary gray)  
Foretold that her approaching end was near,  
And gladsome birth of young succeeding day  
Lent a new glory to our hemisphere;  
The early swains salute the infant ray,  
Then drove the dams to feed, the lambs to  
play: [ing lay.  
And Thirial with night's death revives his mourn-

"The highest region, in this little isle,  
Is both the island's, and Creator's glory:  
Ah! then, my creeping muse, and rugged style,  
How dare you pencil out this wondrous story?  
(Oh Thou! that mad'st this goodly regiment  
So heav'nly fair, of basest element,  
Make thisinglorious verse thy glory's instrument.

"So shall my flagging Muse to Heav'n aspire,  
Where with thyself, thy fellow-shepherd sits;  
And warm her pinions at that heav'nly fire;  
But, ah! such height no earthly shepherd fits:  
Content we here low in this humble vale,  
On slender reeds to sing a slender tale:  
A little boat will need as little sail and gale.

"The third precinct, the best and chief of all,  
Though least in compass, and of narrow space,  
Was therefore fram'd like Heav'n spherical,  
Of largest figure, and of loveliest grace:  
Though shap'd at first, the least<sup>1</sup> of all the  
three;  
Yet highest set in place, as in degree;  
And over all the rest bore rule and sovereignty.

"So of three parts, fair Europe is the least,  
In which this earthly ball was first divided;  
Yet stronger far, and nobler than the rest,  
Where victory, and learned arts resided;  
And by the Greek and Roman monarchy  
Sway'd both the rest, now prest by slavery  
Of Moscow, and the Lig-swain Turkish tyranny.

"Here all the senses<sup>2</sup> dwell, and all the arts;  
Here learned Muses by their silver spring;  
The city<sup>3</sup> sever'd in two divers parts,  
Within the walls, and suburbs neighbouring:  
The suburbs girt but with the common fence,  
Founded with wondrous skill, and great ex-  
pence; [dence.  
And therefore beauty here, keeps her chief resi-

"And sure for ornament, and buildings rare,  
Lovely aspect, and ravishing delight,

<sup>1</sup> The head, of these three regions is the least,  
but noblest in frame and office, most like to  
Heaven, as well in site, being highest in this little  
world, as also, in figure, being round.

<sup>2</sup> The brain is the seat of the mind and senses.

<sup>3</sup> The head is divided into the city and suburbs;  
the brain within the wall of the skull, and the face  
without.

Not all the isle or world, with this can pair ;  
 But in the Thelu is the fairer sight :  
 These suburbs many call the island's face ;  
 Whose charming beauty, and bewitching grace,  
 Oftimes the prince himself in thralls in fetters base.

" For as this isle is a short summary  
 Of all that in this all is wide dispread ;  
 So th' island's face is the isle's epitome,  
 Where ev'n the prince's thoughts are often read :  
 For when that ALL had finish'd every kind,  
 And all his works would in less volume bind,  
 Fair on the face he wrote the index of the mind.

" Fair are the suburbs ; yet to clearer sight,  
 The city's self more fair and excellent ;  
 A thick-grown wood, not pierc'd with any light,  
 Yields it some fence, but greater ornament :  
 The divers colour'd trees and fresh array  
 Much grace the town, but most the Thelu gay :  
 Yet all in winter turn to snow, and soon decay.

" Like to some stately work, whose quaint devices,  
 And glitt'ring turrets with brave cunning dight,  
 The gazer's eye still more and more entices,  
 Of th' inner rooms to get a fuller sight ; [heart,  
 Whose beauty much more wins h<sup>e</sup> ravish'd :  
 That now he only thinks the outward part,  
 To be a worthy cov'ring of so fair an art.

" Four sev'ral <sup>4</sup> walls, beside the common guard,  
 For more defence the city round embrace :  
 The first thick, soft : the second, dry and hard ;  
 As when soft earth before hard stone we place :  
 The second all that city round enlaces,  
 And, like a rock with thicker sides, embraces ;  
 For here the prince, his court, and standing palace  
 places.

" The other <sup>5</sup> two, of matter thin and light ;  
 And yet the first much harder than the other ;  
 Both cherish all the city : therefore right,  
 They call that th' hard, and this the tender mother.  
 The first <sup>6</sup> with divers crooks, and turnings  
 Cutting the town in four quaternities ;  
 But both join to resist invading enemies.

" Next these, the buildings yield themselves to  
 sight ;  
 The outward <sup>7</sup> soft, and pale, like ashes look ;  
 The inward parts more hard, and curdy white :  
 Their matter both, from th' isle's first matter  
 took ;  
 Nor cold, nor hot : heats, needful sleeps infest,  
 Cold numbs the workmen ; middle tempers  
 best ; [tinely rest.  
 When kindly warmth speeds work, and cool gives

<sup>4</sup> Beside the common tunicles of the whole body,  
 the brain is covered, first with the bone of the  
 skull ; secondly, with the pericranium, or skin,  
 covering the skull ; and thirdly, with two inward  
 skins.

<sup>5</sup> These two are called the hard and tender  
 mother.

<sup>6</sup> The whole substance of the brain is divided  
 into four parts, by divers folds of the inward  
 skin.

<sup>7</sup> The outside of the brain is softer, and of ashy  
 colour ; the inward part white and harder, framed  
 of seed.

" Within the centre <sup>8</sup> (as a market-place) [spread ;  
 Two caverns stand, made like the Moon half  
 Of special use, for in their hollow space  
 All odours to their judge themselves present :  
 Here first are born the spirits animal,  
 Whose matter, almost immaterial,  
 Resembles Heaven's matter quintessential.

" Hard by an hundred <sup>9</sup> nimble workmen stand,  
 These noble spirits readily preparing ;  
 Lab'ring to make them thin, and fit to hand,  
 With never ended work, and sleepless caring :  
 Hereby two little hillocks jointly rise,  
 Where sit two judges clad in seemly guise,  
 That cite all odours here, as to their just assize.

" Next these a wall <sup>10</sup>, built all of sapphires, shin  
 As fair, more precious ; hence it takes his name  
 By which the third <sup>11</sup> cave lies, his sides combin  
 To th' other two, and from them hath his frame  
 (A meeting of those former cavities)  
 Vaulted by three fair arches safe it lies <sup>12</sup>,  
 And no oppression fears, or falling tyrannies.

" By this third <sup>13</sup> cave, the humid city drains  
 Base noisome streams, the milky streets an-  
 noying ;  
 And through a wide mouth'd tunnel duly strains,  
 Unto a bibbing substance down conveying ;  
 Which these foul dropping humours largel  
 swills,  
 Fill all his swelling sponge be greedy fills.  
 And then through other sinks, by little, soft  
 distils :

" Between <sup>14</sup> this and the fourth cave lies a vale,  
 (The fourth ; the first in worth, in rank the last  
 Where two round hills shut in this pleasing dale,  
 Through which the spirits thither safe are past  
 Those here rest'd, their full perfection hav  
 And therefore close by this fourth <sup>15</sup> wondrous  
 cave,

Rises that silver well, scatt'ring his milky way.

" Not that bright spring, where fair Hermaphrod  
 Grew into one with wanton Salmasis ;

<sup>8</sup> Almost in the midst of the brain, are tw  
 hollow places, like half moons, of much use f  
 preparing the spirits, emptying rheum, receiv  
 odours, &c.

<sup>9</sup> Here is a knot of veins and arteries weaved t  
 gether ; by which the animal spirits are co  
 cocted, thinned, and fitted for service ; and clo  
 by, are two little bunches, like teats, the instr  
 ments of smelling.

<sup>10</sup> Next is that Spectum Lucidum, or brig  
 wall, severing these hollow caverns.

<sup>11</sup> The third cavity is nothing else but a meet  
 of the two former.

<sup>12</sup> It lies under Corpus Cameratum, or th  
 chamber substance, which with three arches, bea  
 up the whole weight of the brain.

<sup>13</sup> By the third cavity are two passages, and  
 the end of the first is the (infundibulum or) tunne  
 under which is (glans pituitaria, or) rheum kerre  
 as a sponge sucking the rheum, and distilling the  
 into the palate.

<sup>14</sup> The other passage reaches to the fourth cavit  
 which yields a safe way for the spirits.

<sup>15</sup> The fourth cavity is most noble, where all th  
 spirits are perfected. By it is the pith, or ma  
 row, the fountain of these spirits.

Nor that where *Biblis* dropt, too fondly light,  
Her tears and self, may dare compare with this;  
Which here beginning<sup>14</sup>, down a lake descends,  
Whose rocky channel these fair streams descend,  
Till it the precious wave through all the isle  
dispendis.

"Many fair rivers<sup>17</sup> take their heads from either,  
(Both from the lake, and from the milky well)  
Which still in loving channels run together,  
Each to his mate, a neighbour parallel:  
Thus widely spread with friendly combination,  
They fling about their wondrous operation,  
And give to every part both motion and sensation.

"This silver lake<sup>18</sup>, first from th' head-city  
springing,  
To that bright fount four little channels sends;  
Through which it thither plenteous water bringing,  
Straight all again to every place dispendis:  
Such is th' head city, such the prince's hall;  
Such, and much more, which strangely liberal,  
Though sense it never had, yet gives all sense to all.

"Of other stuff the suburbs have their framing;  
May seem soft marble, spotted red and white:  
First<sup>19</sup> stands an arch, pale *Cynthia's* brightness  
shaming,  
The city's fore-front, cast in silver bright:  
At whose proud base, are built two watching  
towers, [pow'rs,  
Whence hate and love skirmish with equal  
When smiling gladness shines, and sudden sorrow  
show'rs.

"Here<sup>20</sup> sits retir'd the silent reverence;  
And when the prince, incens'd with anger's fire,  
Thunders aloud, he darts his lightning hence:  
Here dusky reddish clouds foretel his ire;  
Of nothing can this isle more boast aright:  
A twin-born sun, a double seeing light;  
With much delight they see; are seen with much  
delight.

"That Thracian shepherd<sup>21</sup> call'd them nature's  
glass;  
Yet than a glass, in this much worthier being:  
Blind glasses represent some near set face,  
But this a living glass, both seen and seeing:  
Like Heav'n<sup>22</sup> in moving, like in heav'nly  
siring:  
Sweet heat and light, no burning flame in-  
Yet, ah! too oft we find, they scorch with hot  
desiring.

<sup>14</sup> This pith, or marrow, springing in the brain,  
flows down through the back bone.

<sup>17</sup> All the nerves imparting all sense and motion  
to the whole body, have their root partly from the  
brain, and partly from the back bone.

<sup>18</sup> The pith of the back bone, springing from the  
brain, whence, by four passages, it is conveyed  
into the back; and there all four join in one, and  
again are thence divided into divers others.

<sup>19</sup> The first part of the face is the forehead, at  
whose base are the eyes.

<sup>20</sup> The eyes are the index of the mind, discover-  
ing every affection.

<sup>21</sup> Orpheus, called the looking glass of nature.

<sup>22</sup> Plato affirmed them lighted up with heavenly  
fire, not burning but shining.

"They, mounted high, sit on a lofty hill;  
(For they the prince's best intelligence,  
And quickly warn of future good, or ill)  
Here stands the palace of the noblest sense:  
Here *Visus*<sup>23</sup> keeps, whose court, than crystal  
smoother, [brother;  
And clearer seems; he, though a younger  
Yet far more noble is, far fairer than the other.

"Six bands<sup>24</sup> are set to stir the moving tow'r:  
The first the proud band call'd, that lifts it  
high'r;  
The next the humble band, that shoves it low'r;  
The bibbing third, draws it together nigh'r;  
The fourth disdainful, oft away is moving:  
The other two, helping the compass roving,  
Are called the circling trains and wanton bands of  
loving.

"Above, two compass groves<sup>25</sup> (love's bended  
bows) [place:  
Which fence the tow'rs from floods of higher  
Before, a wall<sup>26</sup>, deluding rushing foes,  
That shuts and opens in a moment's space:  
The low part fix'd, the higher quick de-  
scending; [tending,  
Upon whose tops, spearmen their pikes in-  
Watch there both night and day, the castle's port  
defending.

"Three divers lakes<sup>27</sup> within these bulwarks lie,  
The noblest parts, and instruments of sight:  
The first, receiving forms of bodies nigh,  
Conveys them to the next, and breaks the light,  
Daunting his rash, and forcible invasion;  
And with a clear and whitish inundation,  
Restrains the nimble spirits from their too quick  
evasion.

"In midst of both is plac'd the crystal<sup>28</sup> pond;  
Whose living water thick, and brightly shining,  
Like sapphires, or the sparkling diamond,  
His inward beams with outward light combining,  
Alt'ring itself to every shape's aspect;  
The divers forms doth further still direct,  
Till by the nimble post they're brought to th'  
intellect.

"The third<sup>29</sup>, like molten glass, all clear and  
white,  
Both round embrace the noble crystalline.

<sup>23</sup> *Visus*, or the sight, is the most noble above  
all the senses.

<sup>24</sup> There are six muscles moving the eye, thus  
termed by anatomists.

<sup>25</sup> Above the eye-brows, keeping off the sweat,  
that it fall not into the eyes.

<sup>26</sup> The eye-lids shutting the eye are two; the  
lower ever unmoved in man; and hairs keeping off  
dust, flies, &c.

<sup>27</sup> There are three humours in the eye: the first  
the watery, breaking the too vehement light, and  
stopping the spirits from going out too fast.

<sup>28</sup> The second is the crystalline, and most noble,  
scated and compassed between the other two, and  
being altered by the entering shapes, is the chief  
instrument of sight.

<sup>29</sup> The third, from the likeness, is called the  
glassy humour.

Six inward walls<sup>30</sup> fence in this tow'r of sight :  
The first, most thick, doth all the frame en-  
shrine,  
And girts the castle with a close embrace,  
Save in the midst, is left a circle's space,  
Where light, and hundred shapes, flock out and  
in apace.

"The second"<sup>31</sup> not so massy as the oth'r,  
Yet thicker than the rest, and tougher fram'd,  
Takes his beginning from that harder moth'r ;  
The outward part like horn, and thence is nam'd ;  
Through whose translucent sides much light  
is borne  
Into the tow'r, and much kept out by th' horn ;  
Makes it a pleasant light, much like the ruddy  
morn.

"The third"<sup>32</sup> of softer mold, is like a grape,  
Which all entwines with his encircling side :  
In midst, a window lets in every shape ;  
Which with a thought is narrow made, or wide :  
His inmost side more black than starless night ;  
But outward part (how like an hypocrite !)  
As painted Iris looks, with various colours dight.

"The fourth"<sup>33</sup> of finest work, more slight and thin,  
Than, or Arachne (which in silken twine  
With Pallas strove) or Pallas' self could spin :  
This round enwraps the fountain crystalline.  
The next<sup>34</sup> is made out of that milky spring,  
That from the Cephel mount his waves doth  
fling,  
Like to a curious net his substance scattering.

"His substance as the head-spring perfect white ;  
Here thousand nimble spies are round dispread :  
The forms caught in this net, are brought to sight,  
And to his eye are lively pourtrayed.  
The last<sup>35</sup> the glassy wall that round encasing  
The moat of glass, is nam'd from that enlacing,  
The white and glassy wells parts with his strict  
embracing.

"Thus then is fram'd the noble Visus' bow'r ;  
Th' outward light by the first wall's circle send-  
ing  
His beams and hundred forms into the tow'r,  
The wall of horn, and that black gate transcend-  
Is light'ned by the brightest crystalline, [ing,  
And fully view'd in that white netty shine  
From thence with speedy haste is posted to the  
mind.

<sup>30</sup> There are six tunicle's belonging to the eye ;  
the first, called the conjunctive, solid, thick, com-  
passing the whole eye, but only the black window.

<sup>31</sup> The second is cornea or horny tunicle, trans-  
parent, and made of the hard mother.

<sup>32</sup> The third is uvea, or grapy, made of the  
tender mother, thin and pervious by a little and  
round window ; it is diversely coloured without,  
but exceedingly black within.

<sup>33</sup> The fourth is more thin than any cobweb, and  
thence so called, immediately compassing the  
crystalline humour.

<sup>34</sup> The fifth, reticularis ; is a netty tunicle,  
framed of the substance of the brain : this  
diffuseth the vital spirits, and perceives the  
alteration of the crystalline ; and here is the mean  
of sight.

<sup>35</sup> The sixth is called the glassy tunicle, clasping  
in the glassy humour.

"Much as an one-eyed room, hung all with night,  
(Only that side, which adverse to his eye  
Gives but one narrow passage to the light,  
Is spread with some white shining tapestry)  
An hundred shapes that through fit ayers  
stray,  
Shove boldly in, crowding that narrow way,  
And on that bright-fac'd wall obscurely dancing  
play.

"Two pair"<sup>36</sup> of rivers from the head-spring flow,  
To these two tow'rs, the first in their mid-race  
(The spies conveying) twisted jointly go,  
Strengthening each other with a firm embrace.  
The other pair<sup>37</sup>, these walking tow'rs are  
moving :

At first but one, then in two channels roving :  
And therefore both agree in standing or removing.

"Auditus"<sup>38</sup>, second of the pentarchy,  
Is next, not all so noble as his brother ;  
Yet of more need, and more commodity :  
His seat is plac'd somewhat below the other :  
Of each side of the mount a double cave ;  
Both which a goodly portal doth embrace,  
And winding entrance, like Mæander's erring wave.

"The portal"<sup>39</sup> hard and dry, all hung around  
With silken, thin, carnation tapestry ;  
Whose open gate drags in each voice and sound,  
That through the shaken air passes by :  
The entrance winding, lest some violence  
Might fright the judge with sudden influence,  
Or some unwelcome guest might vex the busy sense.

"This cave's"<sup>40</sup> first part, fram'd with a steep  
(For in four parts 'tis fitly severed) [ascent  
Makes th' entrance hard, but easy the descent :  
Where stands a braced drum, whose sounding  
head  
(Obliquely plac'd) struck by the circling air,  
Gives instant warning of each sound's repair,  
Which soon is thence convey'd into the judgment  
chair.

"The drum"<sup>41</sup> is made of substance hard and thin :  
Which if some falling moisture chance to wet,  
The loudest sound is hardly heard within :  
But if it once grows thick, with stubborn let,  
It bars all passage to the inner room ;  
No sounding voice unto his seat may come :  
The lazy sense still sleeps, unsummon'd with his  
drum.

<sup>36</sup> The eye hath two nerves, the optic or seeing  
nerve, and moving. The optic separate in their  
root, in the midst of their progress meet, and  
strengthen one the other.

<sup>37</sup> The moving, rising from the same stem, are  
at length severed, therefore as one move, so moves  
the other.

<sup>38</sup> Hearing is the second sense, less noble than  
the eye, more needful.

<sup>39</sup> The outward ear is of a gristly matter,  
covered with the common tunicle ; it is framed  
with many crooks, lest the air should enter too  
forcibly.

<sup>40</sup> The inward ear consists of four passages ; the  
first is steepy, lest any thing should creep in.

<sup>41</sup> If the drum be wet with falling of rheum  
we are hard of hearing ; but if it grows thick, we  
are irrecoverably deaf.



" This drum " divides the first and second part,  
In which three hearing instruments reside ;  
Three instruments compact by woodrous art,  
With slender string knit to th' drum's inner-side ;  
Their native temper being hard and dry,  
Fitting the sound with their firm quality,  
Continue still the same in age and infancy.

" The first an hammer " call'd, whose out-grown  
sides  
Lie on the drum ; but with his swelling end,  
Fix'd in the hollow stithe, there fast abides :  
The stithe's short foot, doth on the drum depend,  
His longer in the stirrup surely plac'd :  
The stirrup's sharp side by the stithe em-  
brace'd ;  
But his broad base ty'd to a little window fast.

" Two little windows " ever open lie,  
The sound unto the cave's third part conveying ;  
And slender pipe, whose narrow cavity  
Doth purge the inborn air, that idle staying,  
Would else corrupt, and still supplies the  
spending : [ing,  
The cave's third part in twenty by-ways bend-  
le call'd the labyrinth, in hundred crooks ascend-  
ing.

" Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,  
Which crafty Dædal with a cunning hand  
Built to emponed the Cretan prince's shame :  
Such was that Woodstock cave, where Rosa-  
Fair Rosamond, sed jealous Ellenore, [mond,  
Whom late a shepherd taught to weep so sore,  
That woods and hardest rocks her harder fate de-  
plore.

" The third part with his narrow rocky straits  
Perfects the sound, and gives more sharp ac-  
centing ;  
Then sends it to the fourth " ; where ready waits  
A nimble post, who ne'er his haste relenting,  
Wings to the judgment seat with speedy  
flight ; [night,  
There the equal judge attending day and  
Receives the ent'ring sounds, and dooms each  
voice aright.

" As when a stone troubling the quiet waters,  
Prints in the angry stream a wrinkle round,  
Which soon another and another scatters,  
Till all the lake with circles now is crown'd :  
All so the air, struck with some violence nigh,  
Begot a world of circles in the sky ;  
All which infected move with sounding quality.

" The drum parteth the first and second passage.  
To it are joined three little bones, the instruments  
of hearing ; which never grow, or decrease, in  
childhood or age ; they are all in the second  
passage.

" The first of these bones is called the hammer,  
the second the stithe, the third the stirrup : all  
taking their names from their likeness, all tied to  
the drum, by a little string.

" These are two small passages, admitting the  
sounds into the head, and cleansing the air.

" The last passage is called the Cochlea (small,  
or periwinkle) where the nerves of hearing plainly  
appear.

" These at Auditus' palace soon arriving,  
Enter the gate, and strike the warning drum ;  
To those, three instruments fit motion giving,  
Which every voice discern ; then that third  
roou [it thence ;  
Sharpens each sound, and quick conveys  
Till by the flying post 'tis hurry'd hence,  
And in an instant brought unto the judging sense.

" This sense is made the master of request,  
Prefers petitions to the prince's ear ;  
Admits what best he likes, shuts out the rest ;  
And sometimes cannot, sometimes will not hear :  
Of times he lets in anger-stirring lies,  
Of melts the prince with oily flatteries.  
Ill mought he thrive, that loves his master's ene-  
mies !

" 'Twill Visus' double court a tower stands,  
Plac'd in the suburbs' centre ; whose high top,  
And lofty raised ridge the rest commands :  
Low at his foot a double-door stands ope,  
Admitting passage to the air's ascending ;  
And divers odours to the city sending, [ing.  
Revives the heavy town, his lib'ral sweets depend-

" This vaulted tower's half built of massy stone,  
The other half of stuff less hard and dry,  
Fit for distending, or compression,  
The outward wall may seem all porphyry.  
Olfactus " dwells within his lofty fort ;  
But in the city is his chief resort, [court.  
Where 'twixt two little hills he keeps his judging

" By these two great caves are plac'd these little  
hills " ;  
Most like the nipples of a virgin's breast ;  
By which the air that th' hollow tower fills,  
Into the city passeth : with the rest  
The odours pressing in, are here all stay'd ;  
Till by the sense impartially weigh'd,  
Unto the common judge they are with speed con-  
vey'd :

" At each side of that tow'r, stand two fair plains,  
More fair than that which in rich Thebes  
Was once frequented by the Muse's trains :  
Here ever sits sweet blushing modesty ;  
Here in two colours beauty shining bright,  
Dressing her white with red, her red with  
white, [wand'ring-sight.  
With pleasing chain enthral, and binds loose

" Below a cave, roof'd with an heav'n-like plaster,  
And under strew'd with purple tapestry,  
Where Gustus " dwells, the isle's and prince's  
Koilla's steward, one of the pentarchy ; [taster,  
Whom Tactus " (so some say) got of his  
mother :  
For by their nearest likeness one to th' other,  
Tactus may eas'ly seem his father, and his brother.

" The sense of smelling.

" These are two little bunches like paps or teats  
spoken of in the xvth stanza of this canto.

" Gustus, or the taste, is in the palate, which  
in the Greek is called the heaven.

" Taste is a kind of touch, nor can it exist but  
by touching.

"Tactus"<sup>10</sup> the last, but yet the eldest brother;  
 (Whose office meanest, yet of all the race  
 The first and last, more needful than the other)  
 Hath his abode in nouc, yet every place:  
 Through all the isle distended is his dwelling,  
 He rules the streams that from the Cephal  
 swelling, [dealing.  
 Run all along the isle, both sense and motion

"With Gustus, Lingua dwells, his prattling wife,  
 Endow'd with strange and adverse qualities:  
 The nurse of hate and love, of peace and strife;  
 Mother of fairest truth, and foulest lies;  
 Or best, or worst; no mean; made all of fire,  
 Which sometimes Hell, and sometimes Hea-  
 v'n's inspire, [d'ring liar.  
 By whom oft truth self speaks, oft that first mur-

"The idle Sun stood still at her command,  
 Breathing his fiery steeds in Gibeon:  
 And pale-fac'd Cynthia at her word made stand,  
 Resting her couch in vales of Ajalon.  
 Her voice oft open breaks the stubborn skies,  
 And holds th' Almighty's hands with suppli-  
 ant cries:  
 Her voice tears open Hell with horrid blasphemics.

"Therefore that great Creator, well foreseeing  
 To what a monster she would soon be changing,  
 (Though lovely once, perfect and glorious being)  
 Curb'd with her iron bit<sup>11</sup>, and held from  
 ranging, [chaining,  
 And with strong bonds her looser steps en-  
 bridled her course, too many words refraining:  
 And doubled all his guards, bold liberty restraining.

"For close within he sets twice sixteen guarders<sup>12</sup>,  
 Whose harden'd temper could not soon be mov'd:  
 Without the gate he plac'd two other warders  
 To shut and open the door, as it behov'd:  
 But such strange force hath her enchanting  
 art,  
 That she hath made her keepers of her part,  
 And they to all her sights all furtherance impart.

"Thus (with their help) by her the sacred Muses  
 Refresh the prince, dull'd with much business;  
 By her the prince, unto his prince oft uses,  
 Is heav'nly throne, from Hell to find access.  
 She Heav'n to Earth in music often brings,  
 And Earth to Heav'n:—but, oh! how sweet  
 she sings, [strings  
 When, in rich Grace's key, she tunes poor Nature's

"Thus Orpheus won his lost Euridice; [bear,  
 Whom some deaf snake, that could no music  
 Or some blind newt, that could no beauty see,  
 Thinking to kiss, kill'd with his forked spear:  
 He, when his plaints on Earth were vainly  
 Down to Averna's river boldly went, [spent,  
 And charm'd the meagre ghosts with mournful  
 blandishment.

<sup>10</sup> Tactus, or the sense of touching.

<sup>11</sup> The tongue is held with a ligament, ordinarily called the bridle.

<sup>12</sup> The tongue is guarded with thirty-two teeth, and with the lips; all which do not a little help the speech, and sweeten the voice.

"There what his mother, fair Calliope,  
 From Phœbus' harp and Muses' spring had  
 brought him;  
 What sharpest grief for his Euridice, [him,  
 And love, redoubling grief, had newly taught  
 He lavish'd out, and with his potent spell  
 Bent all the rig'rous pow'rs of stubborn Hell:  
 He first brought pity down with rigid ghosts to  
 dwell.

"Th' amazed shades came flocking round about,  
 Nor car'd they now to pass the Stygian ford;  
 All Hell came running there (an hideous rout)  
 And dropp'd a silent tear for ev'ry word:  
 The aged ferry man shov'd out his boat;  
 But that without his help did thither float.  
 And having ta'en him in, came dancing on the  
 moat.

"The hungry Tantal might have fill'd him now,  
 And with large draughts swill'd in the standing  
 pool:  
 The fruit hung list'ning on the wond'ring bough,  
 Forgetting Hell's command; but he (ah, fool!)  
 Forgot his starved taste, his ears to fill:  
 Ixion's turning wheel unmov'd stood still:  
 But he was rapt as much with pow'ful music's  
 skill.

"Tir'd Sisypus sat on his resting stone,  
 And hop'd at length his labour done for ever;  
 The vulture feeding on his pleasing moan,  
 Glutt'd with music, scorn'd grown Tityus' liver.  
 The Furies hung their snaky whips away,  
 And melt in tears at his enchanting lay;  
 No shrieks now were heard; all Hell kept holiday.

"That treble dog, whose voice ne'er quiet fears  
 All that in endless night's sad kingdom dwell,  
 Stood pricking up his thrice two list'ning ears,  
 With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell;  
 And softly whispering pity'd much his wrongs;  
 And now first silent at those dainty songs,  
 Oft wis'd himself more ears, and fewer mouths  
 and tongues.

"At length return'd with his Euridice;  
 But with this law, not to return his eyes,  
 Till he was past the laws of Tartary:  
 (Alas! who gives love laws in miseries?  
 Love is love's law; love but to love is ty'd)  
 Now when the dawns of neighbour day he  
 spy'd, [died.  
 Ah, wretch!—Euridice he saw,—and lost,—and

"All so who strives from grave of hellish night,  
 To bring his dead soul to the joyful sky;  
 If when he comes in view of heav'nly light,  
 He turns again to Hell his yielding eye,  
 And longs to see what he had left; his sore  
 Grows desp'rate, deeper, deadlier than afore,  
 His helps and hopes much less, his crime and judg-  
 ment more.

"But why do I enlarge my tedious song,  
 And tire my flagging Muse with weary fight?  
 Ah! much I fear, I hold you much too long.  
 The outward parts be plain to every sight:  
 But to describe the people of this isle,  
 And that great prince, these records are all too  
 vile. [style.  
 Some higher verse may fit, and some more lofty

" See, Phlegon, drenched in the hissing main,  
 Allays his thirst, and cools the flaming car;  
 Vesper fair Cynthia ushers, and her train:  
 See, th' apish Earth hath lighted many a star,  
 Sparkling in dewy globes—all home invite:  
 Home, then, my socks, home, shepherds,  
 home, 'tis night: [light.]  
 My song with day is done; my Muse is set with

By this the gentle boys had framed well  
 A myrtle garland mix'd with conqu'ring bay,  
 From whose fit march issu'd a pleasing smell,  
 And all enamell'd it with roses gay;  
 With which, they crown'd their honour'd  
 Thirsil's head;  
 Ah, blessed shepherd swain! ah, happy meed!  
 While all his fellows chant on slender pipes of reed.

## CANTO VI.

THE Hours had now unlock'd the gate of day,  
 When fair Aurora leaves her frosty bed,  
 Hasting with youthful Cephelus to play,  
 Unmask'd her face, and rosy beauties spread;  
 Titbonns' silver age was much despis'd,  
 Ah! who in love that cruel law desis'd,  
 That old love's little worth, and new too highly  
 priz'd.

The gentle shepherds on an hillock plac'd,  
 (Whose shady head a beechy garland crown'd)  
 View'd all their flocks that on the pastures graz'd:  
 Then down they sit, while Thenot 'gan the  
 round;  
 Thenot! was never fairer boy among  
 The gentle lads, that in the Muses' throng  
 By Camus' yellow streams, learn tune their pipe  
 and song.

" See, Thirsil, see the shepherd's expectations;  
 Why then, ah! why sitt'st thou so silent there?  
 We long to know that island's happy nation;  
 Oh, do not leave thy isle unpeopled here.  
 Tell us who brought, and whence these co-  
 lonies?  
 Who is their king, what foes, and what allies;  
 What laws maintain their peace; what wars, and  
 victories?"

" Thenot, my dear! that simple fisher-swain,  
 Whose little boat in some small river strays;  
 Yet foodly lanches in the swelling main,  
 Soon, yet too late, repents his foolish plays:  
 How dare I then forsake my well-set bounds,  
 Whose new-cut pipe as yet but harshly sounds;  
 A narrow compass beat my ungrow'n Muse  
 empow'ds.

" Two shepherds most I love, with just adoring,  
 That Mantuan swain, who chang'd his slender  
 reed,  
 To trumpet's martial voice, and war's loud roaring,  
 From Corydon to Turnus' daring deed;  
 And next our home-bred Coliu sweetest firing;  
 Their steps not following close, but far ad-  
 miring:  
 To lackey one of these, is all my pride's aspiring.

" Then you, my peers, whose quiet expectation  
 Seemeth my backward tale would fain invite;  
 Deign gently, hear this Purple Island's nation,  
 A people never seen, yet still in sight;  
 Our daily guests and natives, yet unknown:  
 Our servants born, but now commanders  
 grown; [own.]  
 Our friends, and enemies; aliens,—yet still our

" Not like those heroes, who in better times  
 This happy island first inhabited  
 In joy and peace;—when no rebellious crimes  
 That godlike nation yet dispeopled: [light,  
 Those claim'd their birth from that eternal  
 Held th' isle; and rul'd it in their father's  
 right;  
 And in their faces bore their parent's image bright.

" For when the isle that main would fond forsake,  
 In which at first it found a happy place,  
 And deep was plung'd in that dead hellish lake;  
 Back to their father flew this heav'nly race,  
 And left the isle forlorn and desolate;  
 That now with fear, and wishes all too late,  
 Sought in that blackest wave to hide his blacker  
 fate.

" How shall a worm, on dust that crawls and feeds,  
 Climb to th' empyreal court, where these states  
 reign,  
 And there take view of what Heav'n's self exceeds?  
 The sun-less stars, these lights the Sun disdain:  
 Their beams divine, and beauties do excel  
 What here on Earth, in air, or Heav'n do  
 dwell:  
 Such never eye yet saw, such never tongue can tell.

" Soon as these saints the treach'rous isle forsook,  
 Rush'd in a false, foul, fiend-like company,  
 And every fort, and every castle took,  
 All to this rabble yield the sov'reignty:  
 The goodly temples which those heroes plac'd,  
 By this foul rout were utterly defac'd,  
 And all their fences strong, and all their bulwarks  
 raz'd.

" So where the neatest badger most abides,  
 Deep in the earth she frames her pretty cell,  
 And into halls and closets divides:  
 But when the stinking fox with loathsome smell  
 Infects her pleasant cave, the cleanly beast  
 So hates her inmate and rank smelling guest,  
 That far away she flies, and leaves her loathed  
 nest.

" But when those graces (at their father's throne)  
 Arriv'd in Heav'n's high court to justice plain'd,  
 How they were wrong'd and forced from their own,  
 And what foul people in their dwellings reign'd;  
 How th' Earth much wax'd in ill, much wan'd  
 in good;  
 So full ripe vice; how blasted virtue's bud:  
 Begging such vicious weeds might sink in vengeful  
 food:

" Forth stepp'd the just Dicaea full of rage  
 (The first born daughter of th' Almighty King);  
 Ah, sacred maid! thy kindled ire assuage;  
 Who dare abide thy dreadful thundering?  
 Soon as her voice, but father only, spake,  
 The faultless Heav'ns, like leaves in autumn,  
 shake; [quake]  
 And all that glorious throng, with horrid palsies

" Heard you not late<sup>1</sup>, with what loud trumpets  
sound,

Her breath awak'd her father's sleeping ire ?  
The heav'nly armics flam'd, Earth shook, Heav'n  
frown'd, [fire !  
And Heav'n's dread king call'd for his three-fork'd  
Hark ! how the pow'rful words strike through  
the ear :

The frighten'd sense shoots up the staring hair,  
And shakes the trembling soul with fright and  
shudd'ring fear.

" So have I seen the earth, strong winds detaining  
In prison close ; they scorn to be under  
Her dull sub'jection, and her pow'r disdainin',  
With horrid strugglings tear their bonds in  
sunder. [their stay,

Meanwhile the wounded earth, ' that fore'd  
With terrour reels, the hills run far away ;  
And frighted world fears Hell breaks out upon  
the day.

" But see, how 'twixt her sister and her sire,  
Soft hearted Mercy sweetly interposing,  
Settles her panting breast against his fire,  
Pleading for grace, and chains of death unloos-  
ing :

Hark ! from her lips the melting honey flows ;  
The striking Thunderer recalls his blows,  
And every armed soldier down his weapon throws.

" So when the day, wrapp'd in a cloudy night,  
Puts out the Sun, anon the rattling hail  
On Earth pours down his shot with fell despite ;  
His powder spent, the Sun puts off his veil,  
And fair his flaming beauties now unsteeps ;  
The ploughman from his bushes gladly peeps ;  
And hidden traveller out of his covert creeps.

" Ah, fairest maid ! best essence of thy father,  
Equal unto thy never-cqual'd sire ;  
How in low verse shall thy poor shepherd gather,  
What all the world can ne'er enough admire ?  
When thy sweet eyes sparkle in cheerful light,  
The brightest day grows pale as leaden night,  
And Heav'n's bright burning eye loses his blinded  
sight.

" Who then those sugared strains can understand,  
Which calm'd thy father, and our desp'rate  
fears ;  
And charm'd the nimble light'ning in his hand,  
That all unawares it dropt in melting tears ?  
Then thou dear swain<sup>2</sup>, thy heav'nly loud  
unfraught ;  
For she herself hath thro' her speech's taught,  
So near her Heav'n they be, so far from human  
thought.

" But let my lighter skiff return again  
Unto that little isle which late it left,  
Nor dare to enter in that boundless main,  
Or tell the nation from this island left ;  
But sig' that civil strife and home dissension  
'Twixt two strong factions with like fierce  
contention, [mention.  
Where never peace is heard nor ever peace is

<sup>1</sup> See that sweet poem, entitled Christ's Victory and Triumph, part 1. stanza 18.

<sup>2</sup> A book entitled Christ's Victory and Triumph, &c.

" For that foul rout, which from the Stygian brook,  
(Where first they dwell in midst of death and  
night)

By force the left and empty island took, [right :  
Claim hence full conquest, and possession's  
But that fair band which Mercy sent anew,  
The ashes of that first heroic crew,  
From their forefathers claim their right, and  
island's due.

In their fair look their parents' grace appears,  
Yet their renowned sires were much more glo-  
rious,  
For what decays not with decaying years ?  
All night, and all the day, with toil laborious,  
(In loss and conquest angry) fresh they fight :  
Nor can the other cease or day or night,  
While th' isle is doubly rent with endless war and  
fright.

" As when the Britain, and Iberian fleet,  
With resolute and fearless expectation,  
On trembling seas with equal fury meet,  
The shore resounds with diverse acclamation ;  
Till now at length Spain's fiery Dons 'gin  
shrink ; [si k :  
Down with their ships, hope, life, and courage  
Courage, life, hope, and ships, the gaping surges  
drink.

" But who, alas ! shall teach my ruder breast  
The names and deeds of these heroic kings ;  
Or downy Muse, which now but left the nest,  
Mount from her bush to Heav'n with new born  
wings ?

Thou sacred maid ! which from fair Palestine,  
Through all the world hast spread thy bright-  
est shine, [cen.  
Kindle thy shepherd-swain with thy light flaming

" Sacred Theopio ! which in Sinai's grove  
First took'st thy being and immortal breath,  
And vaunt'st thy offspring from the highest Jove,  
Yet deign'st to dwell with mortals here beneath,  
With vilest earth, and men more vile resid-  
ing ;

Come, holy virgin, in my bosom sliding ;  
With thy glad angel light my blindfold footsteps  
guiding.

" And thou, dread spirit ! which at first didst  
spread  
On those dark waters thy all-opening light ;  
Thou who of late (of thy great bounty head  
This nest of hellish fogs, and Stygian night,  
With thy bright orient Sun hast fair renew'd,  
And with unwonted day hast it endu'd ;  
Which late, both day, and thee, and most itself  
eschew'd.

Dread spirit ! do thou those sev'ral bands unfold ;  
Both which thou sent'st, a needful supplement  
To this lost isle, and which with courage bold,  
Hourly assail thy rightful regiment ; [under.  
And with strong hand oppress and keep them  
Raise now my humble vein to lofty thunder,  
That Heav'n and Earth may sound, resound thy  
praise with wonder.

" The island's prince, of frame more than celestial,  
Is rightly call'd th' all-seeing Intellect ;  
All glorious bright, such nothing is terrestrial ;  
Whose sun-like face, and most divine aspect,  
No human sight may ever hope descry :  
For when himself on's self reflects his eye,  
Dull and amaz'd he stands at so bright majesty,

" Look as the Sun, whose ray and searching light  
Here, there, and every where itself displays,  
No nook or corner flies his piercing sight ;  
Yet on himself when he reflects his rays,  
Soon back he flings the too bold vent'ring  
gleam ; [stream ;  
Down to the Earth the flames all broken  
Such is this famous prince, such his unpierced  
beam.

" His strangest body is not bodily,  
But matter without matter ; never fill'd,  
Nor filling ; though within his compass high,  
All Heav'n and Earth, and all in both are held ;  
Yet thousand thousand Heavens he could con-  
And still as empty as at first remain : [tain,  
And when he takes in most, readiest to take again.

" Though travelling all places, changing none :  
Bid him soar up to Heav'n, and thence down  
throwing,  
The centre search, and Dis' dark realm ; he's gone.  
Returns, arrives, before thou saw'st him going :  
And while his weary kingdom safely sleeps,  
All restless night he watch and warding keeps :  
Never his careful head on resting pillow steep.

" In ev'ry quarter of this blessed isle  
Himself both present is, and president ;  
Nor once retires, (ah, happy realm the while,  
That by no officer's lewd lavishment,  
With greedy lust and wrong, consumed art !)  
He all in all, and all in ev'ry part, [part.  
Doth share to each his due, and equal dole im-

" He knows nor death, nor years, nor feeble age ;  
But as his time, his strength and vigour grows :  
And when his kingdom, by intestine rage,  
Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes ;  
And batter'd scone now flat and even lies ;  
Sooner than thought to that great Judge he  
flies,

Who weighs him just reward of good, or injuries.

" For he the Judge's viceroy here is plac'd ;  
Where, if he live, as knowing he may die,  
He never dies, but with fresh pleasures grac'd,  
Bathes his crown'd head in soft eternity :  
Where thousand joys and pleasures ever new,  
And blessings thicker than the morning dew,  
With endless sweets rain down on that immortal  
crew.

" There golden stars set in the crystal snow ;  
There dainty joys laugh at white-headed caring,  
There day no night, delight no end shall know ;  
Sweets without surfeit, fulness without sparing ;  
And by its spending, growing happiness :  
There God himself in glory's lavishness  
Diffus'd in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

" But if he here neglect his Master's law,  
And with those traitors 'gainst his Lord rebels,  
Down to the deeps ten thousand fends him draw ;  
Deeps where night, death, despair, and horror,  
dwells,  
And in worst ills, still worse expecting, fears :  
Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears :  
And still increasing grief and torment never wears.

" Pray'rs there are idle, death is woo'd in vain ;  
In midst of death, poor wretches long to die :  
Night without day, or rest, still doubling pain ;  
Woes spending still, yet still their end less nigh :

The soul there restless, helpless, hopeless lies,  
The body frying roars, and roaring fries :  
There's life that never lives, there's death that  
never dies.

" Hence, while unsettled here he fighting reigns,  
Shut in a tow'r where thousand enemies  
Assault the fort ; with wary care and pains  
He guards all entrance, and by divers spies  
Searcheth into his foes' and friends' de-  
signs : [minds :  
For most he fears his subjects' wavering  
This tower then only falls, when treason under-  
mines.

" Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,  
Disguis'd in worthless robes and poor attire,  
Try we to view his glory's wonderment,  
And get a sight of what we so admire :  
For when away from this sad place he flies,  
And in the skies abides, more bright than  
skies ;  
Too glorious is his sight for our dim mortal eyes.

" So curl'd-head Thetis, water's feared queen,  
But bound in cauls of sand, yields not to sight ;  
And planets' glorious king may best be seen,  
When some thin cloud dims his too piercing  
light,  
And neither none, nor all his face discloses ;  
For when his bright eye full our eye opposes,  
None gains his glorious sight, but his own sight he  
loses.

" Within the castle sit eight counsellors,  
That help him in this tent to govern well ;  
Each in his room a sev'ral office bears :  
Three of his inmost private council deal  
In great affairs : five of less dignity  
Have outward courts, and in all actions pry,  
But still refer the doom to courts more fit and  
high.

" Those five fair brethren which I sung of late,  
For their just number called the pentarchy<sup>3</sup> ;  
The other three, three pillars of the state :  
The first<sup>4</sup> in midst of that high tow'r doth lie,  
(The chiefest mansion of this glorious king)  
The judge and arbiter of every thing,  
Which those five brethren's post into his office  
bring.

" Of middle years, and seemly personage,  
Father of laws, the rule of wrong and right ;  
Fountain of judgment, therefore wondrous sage,  
Discreet, and wise, of quick and nimble sight :  
Not those sev'n sages might him parallel ;  
Nor he whom Pythian maid did whilome tell  
To be the wisest man, that then on Earth did  
dwell.

" As Neptune's cistern sucks in tribute tides,  
Yet never full, which every channel brings,  
And thirsty drinks, and drinking, thirsty bides ;  
For, by some hidden way, back to the springs  
It sends the streams in erring conduits spread,  
Which, with a circling duty, still are led ;  
So ever feeding them, is by them ever fed :

<sup>3</sup> The five senses.

<sup>4</sup> The common sense.

" Ev'n so the first of these three counsellors  
Gives to the fire the pow'r of all decrying;  
Which back to him with mutual duty bears  
All their informings, and the causes trying:  
For thro' straightways the nimble post ascends  
Unto his hall; there up his message sends,  
Which to the next, well scann'd, he straightway  
recommends.

" The next that in the castle's front is plac'd,  
Phantastes<sup>1</sup> bright, his years are fresh and  
green;

His visage old, his face too much defac'd  
With ashes pale; his eyes deep sunken been  
With often thoughts, and never slack'd in-  
tention:

Yet he the fount of speedy apprehension,  
Father of wit, the well of arts, and quick invention.

" But in his private thoughts and busy brain  
Thousand thin forms and idle fancies sit;  
The three-shap'd Sphinx, and direful Harry's train,  
Which in the world had never being yet;  
Of dreams of fire, and water; loose delight,  
And oft arrested by some ghastly spright,  
Nor can he think, nor speak, nor move, for great  
affright.

" Phantastes from the first all shapes deriving,  
In new habiliments can quickly dight;  
Of all material and gross parts depriving,  
Fits them unto the noble prince's sight;

Which, soon as he hath view'd with search-  
ing eye,  
He straight commits them to his treasury,  
Which old Eumnestes keeps, father of memory.

" Eumnestes old, who in his living screen  
(His mindful breast) the rolls and records bears  
Of all the deeds, and men, which he hath seen,  
And keeps lock'd up in faithful registers:  
Well he recalls Nimrod's first tyranny,  
And Babel's pride, daring the lofty sky;  
Well he recalls the Earth's twice growing infancy.

" Therefore his body weak, his eyes half blind,  
But mind more fresh and strong; (ah, better  
fate!)

And as his carcase, so his house declin'd;  
Yet were the walls of firm and able state:  
Only on him a nimble page attends,  
Who, when for ought the aged grandsire sends,  
With swift, yet backward steps, his helping aid-  
ance lends.

" But let my song pass from these worthy sages  
Unto all the island's highest sovereign<sup>6</sup>;  
And those hard wits which all the year he wages:  
For these three late a gentle shepherd swain  
Most sweetly sung, as he before had seen  
In Alma's house: his memory, yet green,  
Lives in his well tun'd songs; whose leaves im-  
mortal been.

" Nor can I guess, whether his Muse divine,  
Or gives to those, or takes from them his grace;  
Therefore Eumnestes in his lasting shrine  
Hath justly him enroll'd in second place;

Next to our Mantuan poet doth he rest;  
There shall our Colin live for ever blest,  
Spite of those thousand spites, which living him  
oppress'd.

" The prince his time in double office spends:  
For first those forms and fancies he admits,  
Which to his court busy Phantastes sends,  
And for the easier discerning fits:  
For shedding round about his sparkling light,  
He clears their dusky shades and cloudy night,  
Producing, like himself, their shapes all shining  
bright.

" As when the Sun restores the glitt'ring day,  
The world, late cloth'd in night's black livery,  
Doth now a thousand colours fair display,  
And paints itself in choice variety;  
Which late one colour hid, the eye deceiving,  
All so this prince those shapes obscure re-  
ceiving,  
Which his suffused light makes ready to conceiv-

" This first, is call'd the active faculty,  
Which to an higher pow'r the object leaves:  
That takes it in itself, and cunningly,  
Changing itself, the object soon perceives:  
For straight itself in self-same shape adorning,  
Becomes the same with quick and strange  
transforming;  
So is all things itself, to all itself conforming.

" Thus when the eye through Visus' jetty ports  
Lets in the wand'ring shapes, the crystal strange  
Quickly itself to ev'ry sort consorts,  
So is what'er it sees by wondrous change:  
Thrice happy then, when on that mirror'<sup>7</sup>  
bright

He ever fastens his unmoved sight, [light  
So is what there he views, divine, full, glorious

" Soon as the prince these forms hath clearly seen,  
Parting the false from true, the wrong from  
right,

He straight presents them to his beauteous queen,  
Whose courts are lower, yet of equal might;  
Voletta<sup>8</sup> fair, who with him lives and reigns,  
Whom neither man, nor fiend, nor God con-  
strains:  
Oft good, oft ill, oft both, yet ever free remains.

" Not that great sovereign of the fairy land,  
Whom late our Colin hath eternalized;  
(Though Graces decking her with plenteous hand,  
Themselves of grace have all unfurnished;  
Tho' in her breast she virtue's temple bare,  
The fairest temple of a guest so fair)  
Not that great Glorian's self with this might e'er  
compare.

" Her radiant beauty, dazzling mortal eye,  
Strikes blind the daring sense; her sparkling  
Her husband's self now cannot well decry: [face  
With such strange brightness, such immortal  
grace,

Hath that great parent in her cradle made,  
That Cynthia's silver cheek would quickly  
fade, [shade  
And light itself, to her, would seem a painted

<sup>1</sup> The fancy.

<sup>6</sup> The understanding.

<sup>7</sup> 2 Cor. iii. 18.

<sup>8</sup> The will.

" But, ah ! entic'd by her own worth and pride,  
She stain'd her beauty with most loathsome spot ;  
Her lord's fixt law and sponse's light deny'd,  
So fill'd her spouse and self with leprous blot :  
And now all dark is their first morning ray :  
What verse might then their former light  
display, [day ?

When yet their darkest night outshines the brightest

" On her a royal damsel still attends,  
And faithful counsellor, Synteresis' :  
For though Voletta ever good intends,  
Yet by fair ills she oft deceived is,  
By ills so fairly dress'd with cunning slight,  
That Virtue's self they well may seem to fight,  
But that bright Virtue's self oft seems not half so  
bright.

" Therefore Synteresis, of nimble sight,  
Oft helps her doubtful hand and erring eye ;  
Else mought she ever, stumbling in this night,  
Fall down as deep as deepest Tartary.

Nay, thence a sad fair maid, Repentance,  
rears,

And in her arms her fainting lady bears,  
Washing her often stains with ever-falling tears.

" Therto she adds a water sovereign,  
Of wondrous force, and skilful composition :  
For first she pricks the heart in tender vein ;  
Then from those precious drops, and deep con-  
trition,

With lips' confession, and with pickled cries,  
Still'd in a broken spirit, sad vapours rise,  
Exhal'd by sacred fires, and drop through melting  
eyes.

" These cordial drops, these spirit-healing balms,  
Cure all her sinful bruises, clear her eyes ;  
Unlock her ears ; recover fainting qualms :

And now grown fresh and strong, she makes her  
rise,  
And glass of unmask'd sin she bright displays,  
Whereby she sees, loaths, mends her former  
ways ; [rays.  
So soon repairs her light, trebling her new-born

" But, ah ! why do we (simple as we been)  
With curious labour, dim and veiled sight,  
Pry in the nature of this king and quern,  
Groping in darkness for so clear a light ?  
A light, which once could not be thought or  
told,

But now with blackest clouds is thick enroll'd,  
Press'd down in captive chains, and pent in earthly  
mould.

" Rather lament we this their wretched fate,  
(Ah, wretched fate, and fatal wretchedness !)  
Unlike those former days, and first estate,  
When he espous'd, with melting happiness,  
To fair Voletta, both their lights conspiring,  
He saw what'er was fit for her requiring,  
And she to his clear sight would temper her de-  
siring.

" When both, replenish'd with celestial light,  
All coming evils could foresee and fly ;  
When both with clearest eye, and perfect sight,  
Could every nature's difference descry :

Whose pictures now they scarcely see with  
pain,  
Obscure and dark, like to those shadows vain,  
Which thin and empty glide along Avernus' plain.

" The flow'rs that, frighten'd with sharp winter's  
dread,

Retire into their mother Tellus' womb,  
Yet in the spring, in troops new mustered,  
Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb :  
The early violet will fresh arise,  
And spreading his flow'r'd purple to the skies ;  
Boldly the little elf the winter's spite defies.

" The hedge, green satin pink'd and cut, arrays ;  
The heliotrope unto cloth of gold aspires ;  
In hundred colour'd silks the tulip plays ;  
Th' imperial flow'r his neck with pearl attires ;  
The lily high her silver program rears ;  
The pansy her wrought velvet garment bears ;  
The red rose, scarlet, and the provence, damask,  
wears.

" How falls it, then, that such an heav'nly light,  
As this great king's, should sink so wondrous low,  
That scarce he can suspect his former height ?  
Can one eclipse so dark his shining brow,  
And steal away his beauty glittering fair ?  
One only blot, so great a light to impair,  
That never could be hope his waning to repair ?

" Ah ! never could he hope once to repair  
So great a wane, should not that new-born Sun  
Adopt him both his brother and his heir ;  
Who through base life, and death, and Hell,  
would run,

To seat him in his lost now surer cell.  
That he may mount to Heav'n ; he sunk to  
Hell ; [he fell ?  
That he might live, he died ; that he might rise,

" A perfect virgin breeds, and bears a son,  
Th' immortal father of his mortal mother ;  
Earth, Heav'n, flesh, spirit, man, God, are met in  
one ; [ther,  
His younger brother's child, his children's bro-  
Eternity, who yet was born, and died ;  
His own creator, Earth's doom, Heav'n's pride ;  
Who th' Deity, infesht, and man's flesh deified.

" Thou uncreated Sun, Heav'n's glory bright !  
Whom we with hearts and knees, low bent,  
adore ;  
At rising, perfect, and now falling light ;  
Ah, what reward, what thanks, shall we restore !  
Thou wretched wast, that we might happy be :  
O, all the good we hope, and all we see !  
That we thee know and love, comes from thy love  
and thee.

" Receive, which we can only back return,  
(Yet that we may return thou first must give),  
A heart, which fain would smoke, which fain would  
burn

In praise ; for thee, to thee, would only live :  
And thou (who satt'st in night to give us day)  
Light and enshrine us with thy glorious ray,  
That we may back reflect, and borrow'd light repay

" So we beholding, with immortal eye,  
The glorious picture of thy heav'nly face,  
In his first beauty and true majesty,  
May shake from our dull souls these fetters base :

And mounting up to that bright crystal sphere,  
 Whence thou strik'st all the world with shud-  
 d'ring fear, [dear,  
 May not be held by Earth, nor hold vile Earth so

"Then should thy shepherd (poorest shepherd) sing  
 A thousand cantos in thy heav'nly praise,  
 And rouse his flagging Muse, and flutt'ring wing,  
 To chant thy wonders in immortal lays;  
 (Which once thou wrought'st, when Nilus'  
 slimy shore,  
 Or Jordan's banks, thy mighty hand adore)  
 Thy judgments and thy mercies; but thy mercies  
 more.

"But see, the stealing night with softly pace,  
 To fly the western Sun, creeps up the coast;  
 Cold Hesper' gins unmask his evening face,  
 And calls the winking stars from drowsy rest:  
 Home, then, my lambs; the falling drops  
 eschew:  
 Tomorrow shall ye feast in pastures new,  
 And with the rising Sun banquet on pearled dew."

## CANTO VII.

The rising Morn lifts up his orient head,  
 And spangled Heav'n in golden robes invests;  
 Thrill upstarting from his fearless bed,  
 Where useless nights he safe and quiet rests,  
 Unhous'd his bleating flock, and quickly thence  
 Hasting to his expecting audience, [cense.  
 Thus with sad verse began their grieved minds in-

"Fond man, that looks on Earth for happiness,  
 And here long seeks what here is never found!  
 For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,  
 With many forfeits and conditions bound;  
 Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due:  
 'Tho' now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,  
 Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

"Why should'st thou here look for perpetual good,  
 At ev'ry loss against Heav'n's face repining?  
 Do but behold where glorious cities stood,  
 With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;  
 There now the hart, fearless of greyhound,  
 And loving pelican in safety breeds; [feeds,  
 There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty  
 steads.

"Where is th' Assyrian lion's golden hide,  
 That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?  
 Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride  
 The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?  
 Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,  
 Thro' all the world with nimble pinions far'd,  
 And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms  
 shar'd.

"Hardly the place of such antiquity,  
 Or note of these great monarchies we find:  
 Only a fading verbal memory,  
 And empty name in writ, is left behind:  
 But when this second life and glory fades,  
 And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,  
 A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

"That monstrous beast, which, nurs'd in Tiber's fest,  
 Did all the world with hideous shape affray;  
 That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,  
 And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:  
 His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,  
 And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands;  
 Back'd, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked  
 stands.

"And that black vulture<sup>1</sup>, which with deathful  
 wing  
 O'ershadows half the Earth, whose diurnal sight  
 Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,  
 Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:  
 Who then shall look for happiness beneath?  
 Where each new day proclaims chance, change,  
 and death;  
 And life itself's as fit as is the air we breathe.

"Ne mought this prince escape, though he as far  
 All these excels in worth and heav'nly grace,  
 As brightest Phoebus does the dimmest star:  
 The deepest falls are from the highest place.  
 There lies he now, bruise'd with so sore a fall,  
 To his base bonds, and loathsome prison thrall,  
 Whom thousand foes besiege, fence'd with a frail  
 yielding wall.

"Tell me, oh, tell me then, thou holy Muse!  
 Sacred Thespis! what the cause may be  
 Of such despite; so many foemen use  
 To persecute unpitied misery!  
 Or if these canker'd foes, as most men say,  
 So mighty be, that gird this wall of clay;  
 What makes it hold so long, and threaten'd ruin  
 stay?

"When that great Lord his standing court would  
 build,  
 The outward walls with gems and glorious lights;  
 But inward rooms with nobler courtiers fill'd;  
 Pure, living flames, swift, mighty, blessed  
 sprights:  
 But some his royal service (fools!) disdain;  
 Sodown were flung—(oft bliss is double pain):  
 In Heav'n they scorn'd to serve, so now in Hell they  
 reign.

"There turn'd to serpents, swol'n with pride and  
 bate;  
 Their prince a dragon fell, who burst with spike,  
 To see this king's and queen's yet happy state,  
 Tempts them to lust and pride; prevails by  
 slight:  
 To make them wise, and gods, he undertakes.  
 Thus while the snake they hear, they turn to  
 snakes; [snakes.  
 To make them gods he boasts, but beasts and devils

"But that great Lion<sup>2</sup>, who in Judah's plains  
 The awful beasts holds down in due subjection;  
 The dragon's craft and base-got spoil disdain,  
 And folds this captive prince in his protection;  
 Breaks open the jail, and brings the pris'ners  
 thence<sup>3</sup>:  
 Yet plac'd them in this castle's weak defence,  
 Where they might trust and seek an higher Pro-  
 vidence.

<sup>1</sup> The Turk.<sup>2</sup> Revelations, v. 5.<sup>3</sup> Luke, iv. 18.



Now spread round about this little hold,  
With armies infinite, encamped lie  
Th' enraged dragon, and his serpents bold:  
And knowing well his time grows short and nigh,  
He swells with venom'd gore<sup>4</sup>, and pois'nous  
heat;  
His tail unrolled, Heav'n itself doth beat,  
And sweeps the mighty stars from their transcen-  
dent seat.

"With him goes Carn<sup>5</sup>, curs'd dam of sin,  
Foul, filthy dam, of fouler progeny;  
Yet seems (skin-deep) most fair by witching gin  
To weaker sight; but to a purged eye  
Looks like (nay, worse than) Hell's infernal  
bags:

Her empty breasts hang like lank hollow bags:  
And Iris' ulcer'd skin is patch'd with leprous rags.

"Therefore her loathsome shape in steel array'd;  
All rust within, the outside polish'd bright;  
And on her shield a mermaid sung and play'd,  
Whose human beauties lure the wand'ring sight;  
But slimy scales hid in their waters lie:  
She chants, she smiles, so draws the ear, the  
eye, [gaze, and die.]

And whom she wins, she kills:—the word, 'Hear,

"And after march her fruitful serpent fry,  
Whom she of divers lechers divers bore;  
Marshall'd in several ranks their colours fly:  
Four to Anagnus<sup>6</sup>, four this painted whore  
To loathsome Aschie brought forth to light;  
Twice four got Adicus, a hateful wight:  
But strol'n Acrates two, born in one bed and night.

"Macchus<sup>7</sup> the first, of blushless bold aspect;  
Yet with him Doubt and Fear still trembling go:  
Oh look'd he back, as if he did suspect  
Th' approach of some unwhish'd, unwelcome foe:  
Behind, fell Jealousy his steps observ'd,  
And sure Revenge, with dart that never swerv'd:  
Ten thousand griefs and plagues be felt, but more  
deserv'd.

"His armour black as Hell, or starless night,  
And in his shield he lively portray'd bare  
Mars, fast impound in arms of Venus' light,  
And ty'd as fast in Vulcan's subtil snare:  
She feign'd to blush for shame, now all too  
late;  
But his red colour seem'd to sparkle hate:  
'Sweet are stol'n waters,' round about the marge  
he wrate.

"Porceius<sup>8</sup> next him pac'd, a meagre wight;  
Whose lead'n eyes sunk deep in swimming head,  
And joyless look, like some pale ashy spright,  
Seem'd as he now were dying, or now dead:  
And with him Wastefulness, that all expended,  
And Want, that still in theft and prison ended,  
A hundred foul diseases close at's back attended.

<sup>4</sup> Revelations, xii. 4.

<sup>5</sup> The flesh.

<sup>6</sup> The fruit of the flesh are described, Gal. v. 19, 20, 21. and may be ranked into four companies; 1st, of unchastity; 2d, of irreligion; 3d, of unrighteousness; 4th, of intemperance.

<sup>7</sup> Adultery, Gal. v. 19.

<sup>8</sup> Fornication.

"His shining helm might seem a sparkling flame,  
Yet sooth, nought was it but a foolish fire;  
And all his arms were of that burning frame,  
That flesh and bones were gnawn with bot desire,  
About his wrist his blazing shield did fry,  
With swelt'ring hearts in flames of luxury:  
His word, 'In fire I live, in fire I burn, and die.'

"With him Acharus<sup>9</sup>, in Tuscan dress;  
A thing that neither man will own, nor beast:  
Upon a boy he lean'd in wanton wise,  
On whose fair limbs his eyes still greedy feast;  
He sports, he toys, kisses his shining face:  
Behind, reproach and thousand devils pace!  
Before, hold impudence, that cannot change her  
grace.

"His armour seem'd to laugh with idle boys,  
Which all about their wanton sportings play'd;  
Als would himself keep out their childish toys,  
And like a boy lend them unmanly aid:  
In his broad target the bird her wings spread,  
Which trussing wafts the Trojan Ganymede:  
And round was writ, 'Like with his like is coupled.'

"Asclges<sup>10</sup> follow'd next, the boldest boy  
That ever play'd in Venus' wanton court:  
He little cares who notes his lavish joy;  
Broad were his jests, wild his uncivil sport;  
His fashion too, too fond, and loosely light:  
A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight;  
Like to a woman's hair, well shew'd a woman's  
spright.

"Lust in strange nests this cuckoo egg conceiv'd;  
Which nurs'd with surfeits, dress'd with fond  
disguises,  
In fancy's school his breeding first receiv'd:  
So this brave spark to wilder flame arises;  
And now to court preferr'd, high bloods he  
fires, [desires;  
There blows up pride, vain mirth, and loose  
And heav'nly souls (oh grief!) with hellish flame  
inspires.

"There oft to rivals lends the gentle Dor,  
Oft takes (his mistress by) the bitter bob:  
There learns her each day's change of Gules,  
Verd, Or,  
(His sampler); if she pouts, her slave must sob:  
Her face his sphere, her hair his circling sky;  
Her love his Heav'n, her sight eternity:  
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'll  
die.

"Upon his arm a tinsel scarf he wore,  
Forsooth his madam's favour, spangled fair:  
Light as himself, a fan his helmet bore, [hair:  
With ribbons dress'd, beg'd from his mistress'  
On's shield a winged boy all naked shin'd;  
His folded eyes, willing and wilful blind:  
The word was wrought with gold, 'Such is a lover's  
mind.'

"These four, Anagnus and foul Caro's sons,  
Who led a different and disorder'd rout;  
Fancy, a lad that all in feathers wons,  
And loose Desire, and Danger link'd with Doubt;

<sup>9</sup> Sodomy, Rom. i. 26, 27. Lev. xx. 15, 16.

<sup>10</sup> Lasciviousness.

And thousand wanton thoughts still budding  
But lazy Ease usher'd the idle crew; [new:  
And lame Disease shuts up their troops with tor-  
ments due.

"Next band, by Asebie, was boldly led,  
And his four sons begot in Stygian night:  
First Idololatros<sup>11</sup>, whose monstrous head  
Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight  
Like blazing stars; the rest all different:  
For to his shape some part each creature lent;  
But to the great Creator all adversely bent.

"Upon his breast a bloody cross he scor'd, [died  
Which oft he worshipp'd; but the Christ that  
Thereon, he seldom but in paint ador'd;  
Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lusts, fiends,  
deifed:  
He makes mere pageants of the saving rock<sup>12</sup>,  
Puppet-like trimming his almighty stock:  
Which then, his god, or he, which is the verier  
block?

"Of giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,  
Wherewith he whilome all the world oppress'd:  
And yet the greater part (his vassals being)  
Slumb'ring in ignorance, securely rest:  
A golden calf (himself more beast) he bore,  
Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs  
adore, [in ore.  
'Idols are laymen's books' he round all wrote.

"Next Pharmakeus<sup>13</sup>, of gashly, wild aspect;  
Whom Hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey:  
Full easly would he know each past effect,  
And things to come with double guess foresay,  
By slain beasts' entrails, and fowls' marked  
flight:  
Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,  
And charn'd the Sun and Moon, and chang'd the  
day and night.

"So when the south (dipping his sablest wings  
In humid ocean) sweeps with's dropping beard  
Th' air, earth, and seas; his lips' loud thunderings  
And flashing eyes make all the world afraid:  
Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are  
The Sun but now is rising, now is set; [met;  
And finds west-shades in east, and seas in airs  
wet.

"By birth and hand, he juggling fortunes tells;  
Oft brings from shades his grandsire's damned  
ghost;  
Of stolen goods forces out by wicked spells:  
His frightful shield with thousand fiends embost,  
Which seem'd without a circle's ring to play:  
In midst himself dampens the smiling day,  
And prints sad characters, which none may write,  
or say.

"The third Hæreticus<sup>14</sup>, a wrangling carl,  
Who in the way to Heav'n would wilful err;  
And oft convicted, still would snatch and snarl:  
His crambe oft repeats;—all tongue, no ear;

<sup>11</sup> Idolatry, either by worshipping the true God  
by false worship, as by images, against the second  
commandment: or giving away his worship to any  
thing that is not God, against the first.

<sup>12</sup> Psalm lxi. 7.

<sup>13</sup> Witchcraft, and curious arts.

<sup>14</sup> Heresy.

Him Obstnacy, Pride, and Scorn attende  
On's shield, with Truth Error disguis'd cu-  
tended:

His motto this 'Rather thus err, than be amended

"Last march'd Hypocrisy, false form of grace,  
That vaunts the show of all, has truth of none  
A rotten heart he masks with painted face;  
Among the beasts, a mule, 'mong bees a drone  
'Mongst stars, a meteor:—all the world a  
glects him;  
Nor good, nor bad, nor Heav'n, nor Earth  
affects him: [rejects him  
The Earth for glaring forms, for bare forms Heav

"His wanton heart he veils with dewy eyes,  
So oft the world, and oft himself deceives:  
His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue believes  
In's path (as snails) silver, but slime, he leave  
He Babel's glory is, but Sion's taint;  
Religion's blot, but irreligion's paint:  
A saint abroad, at home a fiend; and worst, a sain

"So tallow lights live glitt'ring, stinking die;  
Their gleams aggrate the sight, steams wound  
the smell:  
So Sodom apples please the raviash'd eye,  
But sulphur taste proclaim the roots in Hell,  
So airy flames to heav'nly seem ally'd,  
But when their oil is spent, they swiftly glide,  
And into gelly'd mire melt all their gilded pride.

"So rushes green, smooth, full, are spongy  
light;  
So their ragg'd stones in velvet peaches grown  
So rotten sticks seem stars in cheating night;  
So quagmires false, their mire with em'ralsds  
Such is Hypocrisy's deceitful frame; [crown  
A stinking light, a sulphur fruit, false flame  
Smooth rush, hard peach, sere wood, false mire,  
voice, a name.

"Such were his arms, false gold, true alchymy;  
Glitt'ring with glassy stones, and fine deceit:  
His sword a flatt'ring steel, which gull'd the eye,  
And pierc'd the heart with pride and self-con-  
ceit:

On's shield a tomb, where death had dress'd  
his bed [head  
With curious art, and crown'd his loathsome  
With gold, and gems:—his word, 'More gorgeous  
when dead.'

"Before them went their nurse, bold Ignorance;  
A loathsome monster, light, sight 'mendment  
scorning:  
Born deaf and blind, fitter to lead the dance  
To such a rout; her silver heels adorning,  
(Her dotage index) much she bragg'd, yet  
feign'd;  
For by false tallies many years she gain'd.  
Wise youth is honour'd age;—fond age's with  
dotage stain'd.

"Her failing legs with erring footsteps reel'd;  
(Lame guide to bliss!) her daughters on each  
side [field;  
Much pain'd themselves, her stumbling feet to  
Both like their mother, dull, and beetle ey'd:  
The first was Errour false, who multiplies  
Her num'rous race in endless progenies:  
For but one truth there is, ten thousand thousand  
lies.

" Her blood o'er-spread her round with sin and  
With envy, malice, mischiefs infinite; [blood,  
Which she to see herself, amaz'd stood,  
So often got with child and big with spite:  
Her offspring fly about, and spread their seed;  
Straight hate, pride, schism, wars, and sedi-  
tions breed, [weed,  
Get up, grow ripe.—How soon prospers the vicious

" The other owl-ey'd Superstition,  
Deform'd, distorted, blind in shining light;  
Yet styles herself holy Devotion,  
And so is call'd, and seems in shady night:  
Fearful as is the hare, or hunted hind;  
Her face, and breast, she oft with crosses  
sign'd: [mind,  
No custom would she break, or change her settled

" If hare, or snake, her way, herself she crosses,  
And stops her maze'd steps; sad fears affright her  
When falling salt points out some fatal losses,  
Till Bacchus' grapes with holy sprinkle quite her:  
Her only bible is an Erra Pater;  
Her antidote are hallow'd wax and water:  
P' th' dark, all lights are spr'its, all noises, chains  
that clatter.

" With them march'd sunk (in deep security)  
Profaneness, to be fear'd, for never fearing;  
And by him, new oaths coining, Blasphemy, [ing;  
Who names not God, but in a curse, or swear-  
And thousand other sends in diverse fashion,  
Dispos'd in several ward, and certain station:  
Under, Hell widely yaw'n'd; and over, flew Dam-  
nation.

" Next Adicus his sons.—first Ecthos sly<sup>14</sup>,  
Whose prick'd up ears kept open house for lies;  
And sleering eyes still watch, and wait to spy  
When to return still-living injuries:  
Fair weather smil'd upon his painted face,  
And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and  
place, [rancour base.  
Then pours down show'rs of rage, and streams of

" So when a sable cloud, with swelling sail [air  
Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent  
(While fierce winds sleep in Æol's rocky jail),  
With spangled beams embroider'd, glitters fair;  
But soon 'gins low'r: straight clatt'ring hail is  
bred, [head,  
Scatt'ring cold shot; light hides his golden  
And with untimely winter, earth's o'er-silvered.

" His arms well suit his mind, where smiling skies  
Breed thund'ring tempests: on his lofty crest  
Asleep the spotted panther couching lies,  
And by sweet scents, and skin so quaintly drest,  
Draws on her prey: upon his shield he bears  
The dreadful monster which great Nilus fears;  
(The weeping crocodile) his word, 'I kill with  
tears.'

" With him Dissemblance went, his paramour,  
Whose painted face might hardly be detected;  
Arms of offence he sold or never wore,  
Lest thence his close designs might be suspected;  
But clasping close his foe, as loth to part,  
He steals his dagger with false smiling art,  
And sheaths the trait'rous steel in his own master's  
heart.

<sup>14</sup> Hatred.

" Two Jewish captains, close themselves embracing  
In love's sweet twines, his target broad display'd;  
One th' other's beard with his left hand embracing,  
But in his right a shining sword he away'd,  
With unawares through th' other's ribs he  
smites,  
There lay the wretch without all burial rites:  
His word, 'Heepest wounds, that in his fawning  
bites.'

" Eris the next<sup>16</sup>, of sex unfit for war;  
Her arms were bitter words from flaming tongue,  
Which never quit, wrangle, fight, and jar;  
Ne would she weigh report with right, or wrong:  
What once she held, that would she ever hold,  
And (non-obstantes) force with courage bold,  
The last word must she have, or never leave to  
scold.

" She is the trumpet to this angry train,  
And whets their fury with loud railing spite:  
But when no open foes did more remain,  
Against themselves, themselves she would incite.  
Her clacking mill, driv'n by her flowing gall,  
Could never stand, but chide, rail, bark, and  
bawl: [them all.  
Her shield no word could find, her tongue engros'd

" Zelos<sup>17</sup> the third, whose spiteful emulation  
Could not endure a fellow in excelling;  
Yet slow in any virtue's imitation,  
At easy rate that fair possession selling;  
Still as he went he hidden sparkles blew,  
Till to a mighty flame they sadden grew, [drew.  
And like fierce lightning all in quick destruction

" Upon his shield lay that Tirinthian swain,  
Swell'ring in fiery gore, and pois'nous flame,  
His wife's sad gift venom'd with bloody stain:  
Well could he bulls, snakes, Hell, all monsters  
tame; [alone;  
Well could he Heav'n support, and prop  
But by fell jealousy soon overthrown,  
Without a foe, or sword: his motto, 'First, or  
none.'

" Thumos<sup>18</sup> the fourth, a dire revengeful swain;  
Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of  
fire;  
Wrath in his heart, hate, rage, and fury reign!  
Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire;  
But when dead paleness in his cheek took  
seizure, [sure  
And all the blood in 's boiling heart did treat  
Then in his wild revenge, kept he nor mean nor  
measure.

" Look, as when waters, wall'd with brazen wreath,  
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common  
The angry seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe, [foe;  
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious  
grow;  
Nor can be held; but forc'd with fires below,  
Tossing their waves, break out, and all o'er-  
flow: [brow.  
So boil'd his rising blood, and dash'd his angry

" For in his face, red heat, and ashy cold;  
Strove which should paint revenge in proper  
colours:

<sup>16</sup> Variance.<sup>17</sup> Emulation.<sup>18</sup> Wrath.

That, like consuming fire, most dreadful roll'd;  
This, liker death, threatens all deadly do-  
lours;

His trembling hand a dagger still embrac'd,  
Which in his friend he rashly oft encas'd:  
His shield's device, fresh blood with foulest stain  
defac'd.

"Next him Erithius<sup>19</sup>, most unquiet swain,  
That all in law, and fond contention spent;  
Not one was found in all this num'rous train,  
With whom in any thing he would consent:  
His will his law, he weigh'd not wrong or  
right;

Much scorn'd to bear, much more forgive a  
spite: [hight.  
Patience, he, th' asses' load, and coward's virtue

"His weapons all were fram'd of shining gold,  
Wherewith he subtly fought close under hand:  
Thus would he right from right by force withhold,  
Nor suits, nor friends, nor laws his slights with-  
stand;

Ah, pow'ful weapon! how dost thou bewitch  
Great, but base minds, and spott'st with leprous  
itch,

That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich!

"Upon his belt (fasten'd with leather laces)  
Black boxes hung, sheaths of his paper swords,  
Fill'd up with writs, subpoenas, trial-cases;  
This trespass'd him in cattle, that in words:

Fit his device, and well his shield became,  
A salamander drawn in lively frame: [flame.  
His word was this, 'I live, I breathe, I feed on

"Next after him march'd proud Dichostasis<sup>20</sup>,  
That wont but in the factious court to dwell;  
But now to shepherd-swains close linked is;  
And taught them (fools!) to change their hum-  
ble cell;

And lowly weed, for courts, and purple gay,  
To sit aloft, and states, and princes sway:  
A hook, no sceptre needs our erring sheep to stay.

"A mitre trebly crown'd th' impostor wore;  
For Heav'n, Earth, Hell, he claims with lofty  
pride:

Not in his lips, but hands, two keys he bore,  
Heav'n's doors and Hell's to shut, and open  
wide:

But late his keys are marr'd, or broken quite:  
For Hell he cannot shut, but opens light;  
Nor Heav'n can ope, but shut; nor buys, but sells  
by slight.

"Two heads, oft three, he in one body had,  
Nor with the body, nor themselves agreeing:  
What this commanded, th' other soon forbad;  
As different in rule, as nature being:

The body to them both, and neither prone,  
Was like a double-hearted dealer grown;  
Endeavouring to please both parties, pleasing  
none.

"As when the pow'ful wind, and adverse tide,  
Strive which should most command the subject  
main;

The scornful waves swelling with angry pride  
Yielding to neither, all their force disdain:

Mean time the shaking vessel doubtful plays,  
And on the stagg'ring billow trembling stays,  
And wou'd obey them both, and none of both  
obeys.

"A subtle craftsman fram'd him seemly arms,  
Forg'd in the shop of wrangling Sophistry;  
And wrought with curious arts, and mighty  
charms,

Temper'd with lies, and false philosophy:  
Millions of heedless souls thus had he slain.  
His sev'n-fold targe a field of gules did stain:  
In which two swords he bore: his word, 'Divide  
and reign.'

"Envy the next, Envy with squinted eyes;  
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health:  
Best lives he then, when any better dies;  
Is never poor, but in another's wealth:

On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his  
ill; [will:  
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful  
ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

"Each eye through divers optica slyly leers,  
Which both his sight, and object's self bely;  
So greatest virtue as a moat appears,  
And molehill faults to mountains multiply.

When needs he must, yet faintly then he  
praises; [he raises:  
Somewhat the deed, much more the means  
So marreth what he makes, and praising most,  
dispraises.

"Upon his shield that cruel herd groom play'd,  
Fit instrument of Juno's jealous spite;  
His hundred eyes stood fix'd on the maid;  
He pip'd, she sigh'd: his word, 'Her day,  
'my night.'

His missile weapon was a lying tongue,  
Which he far off like swiftest lightning flung:  
That all the world with noise, and foul blaspheming  
rung.

"Last of this rout the savage Phonos<sup>21</sup> went,  
Whom his dire mother nurs'd with human blood;  
And when more age and strength more fierceness  
lent,

She taught him in a dark and desert wood  
With force and guile poor passengers to slay,  
And on their flesh his barking stomach stay,  
And with their wretched blood his fiery thirst allay.

"So when the never settled Scythian  
Removes his dwelling in an empty wain:  
When now the Sun hath half his journey ran,  
His horse he bloods, and pricks a trembling vein,  
So from the wound queaches his thirsty heat;  
Yet worse, this fiend makes his own flesh his  
meat.

Monster! the rav'nous bear his kind will never eat.

"Ten thousand furies on his steps awaited,  
Some sear'd his harden'd soul with Stygian  
brand: [baited,

Some with black terrors his faint conscience  
That wide he star'd, and starch'd hair did stand:  
The first born man still in his mind he bore,  
Foully array'd in guiltless brother's gore,  
Which for revenge to Heav'n, from Earth did loudly  
roar.

<sup>19</sup> Strife.<sup>20</sup> Sedition, or Schism.<sup>21</sup> Murder.

" His arms offensive all, to spill, not spare ;  
Swords, pistols, poisons, instruments of Hell :  
A shield he wore (not that the wretch did care  
To save his flesh, oft he him-self would quell)  
For show, not use : on it a viper swilling  
The dam's spilt gore ; his empty bowels filling  
With flesh that gave him life : his word, ' I live  
by killing."

" And last his brutish sons, Acrates sent,  
Whom Caro bore both in one birth and bed,  
Methos the first, whose paunch his feet outwent,  
As if it usher'd his unsettled head ;  
His soul quite souced lay in grapy blood,  
In all his parts the idle dropsy stood ;  
Which though already drown'd, still thirsted for  
the food.

" This th' g, nor man, nor beast, turns all his wealth  
In drink ; his days, his years, in liquor drenching ;  
So quaffs he sickness down, by quaffing health ;  
Firing his cheeks with quenching ; strangely  
quenching  
His eyes with firing ; dull and faint they roll'd :  
But nimble lips known things and hid unfold ;  
Belchings, oft sips, large spits point the long tale he  
told.

" His armour green might seem a fruitful vine ;  
The clusters prison'd in the close set leaves,  
Yet oft between the bloody grape did shine ;  
And peeping forth, his jailor's spite deceives :  
Among the boughs did swilling Bacchus ride,  
Whom wild grown Meads bore, and ev'ry  
stride, [cry'd.

" Bacche, lo Bacche' loud with madding voice they

" On's shield, the goatish satyrs dance around,  
(Their heads much lighter than their nimble heels)  
Sleaz old in wine (as ever) drown'd, [reels :  
Close'd with the ring, in midst (though sitting)  
Under his arm a bag-pipe swol'n be held,  
(Yet wine-swol'n cheeks the windy bag out-  
swell'd) [yield.]

" Loudly pipes : his word, ' But fall, no mirth I  
" lament sink, how with so general stain [sic !  
" Thy spu'd out puddles, court, town, fields en-  
" joy me ! the shepherds selves thee entertain,  
" And to thy Curtian gulf do sacrifice :

" All drink to spew, and spew again to drink.  
Soar swill-tnb sin, of all the rest the sink,  
How canst thou thus bewitch with thy abhorred stink ?

" The eye thou wrong'st with vomit's reeking  
streams, [wine ;  
The ear with belching ; touch thou drown'd in  
The taste thou surfeit'st ; smell with spewing streams  
Thou woundest : fob ! thou loathsome putrid  
swine ; [slake ;  
Still thou increasest thirst, when thirst thou  
The mind and will thou (wit's bane) captive  
tak'st ;  
Senseless thy bogeish filth, and sense thou sense-  
less makest.

" Thy fellow sins, and all the rest of vices,  
With seeming good are fairly cloth'd to sight ;  
Their feigned sweet the bear-ey'd will entices,  
Co'ring the dazzled sense with borrow'd light :  
Thee, neith'er true, nor yet false good commends ;  
Profit, nor pleasure on thy steps attends :  
Dully begins thy sin, which still with madness ends.

" Drunkenness.

" With Methos, Gluttony, his guttling bro't'r,  
Twin parallels, drawn from the self-same line ;  
So foully like was either to the o't'r,  
And both most like a monstrous paunched swine :  
His life was either a continued feast,  
Whose surfeits upon surfeits him oppress'd ;  
Or heavy sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

" Mean time his soul, weigh'd down with muddy  
chains,  
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands !  
But dull'd in vap'rous fogs, all careless reigns,  
Or rather serves strong appetite's commands :  
That when he now was gorg'd with cramm'd-  
down store,  
And porter wanting room had shut the door,  
The glutton sigh'd, that he could gormandise no  
more.

" His crane-like neck was long unlac'd ; his breast,  
This gouty limbs, like to a circle, round,  
As broad as long ; and for his spear in rest  
Oft with his staff he beats the yielding ground ;  
Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,  
Else would they ill so huge a burden steer ;  
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he  
wear.

" Only a target light, upon his arm  
He careless bore, on which old Gryll was drawn,  
Transform'd into a hog with cunning charm ;  
In head and paunch, and soul itself a brawn,  
Half drown'd within ; without, yet still did  
hunt

" In his deep trough for swill, as he was wont ;  
Cas'd all in loathsome mire : no word ; Gryll could  
but grunt.

" Him serv'd sweet seeming lusts self pleasing lies,  
But bitter death flow'd from those sweets of sin ;  
And at the rear of these in secret guise

" Crept Thievery and Detraction, near akin :  
No twins more like : they seem'd almost the  
same ; [name :  
One stole the goods, the other the good  
The latter lives in scorn, the former dies in shame.

" Their boon companions in their jovial feasting  
Were new-shap'd oaths, and damning perjuries ;  
Their oates, fit for their taste, profane jesting ;  
Sauc'd with the salt of Hell, dire blasphemies.  
But till th' ambitious Sun, yet still aspiring,  
Always his flaming gold with gentler firing,  
We'll rest our weary song, in that thick grove  
retiring."

## CANTO VIII.

The Sun began to slack his bended bow,  
And more obliquely dart his milder ray ;  
When cooler airs gently 'gan to blow, [day ;  
And fan the fields, parch'd with the scorching  
The shepherds to their wonted seats repair ;  
Thirill, refresh'd with this soft br'athing air,  
Thus 'gan renew his task, and broken song repair.

" What watchful care must fence that weary state,  
Which deadly foes begirt with cruel siege ;  
And frailest wall of glass, and trait'rous gate  
Strive which should first yield up their woeful  
liege ?

By enemies assail'd, by friends betray'd ;  
When others hurt, himself refuses aid :  
By weakness' self his strength is foil'd and overlay'd.

"How comes it then, that in so near decay  
We deadly sleep in deep security,  
When every hour is ready to betray  
Our lives to that still watching enemy?  
Wakes then, thy soul, that deadly slumbereth:  
For when thy foe hath seiz'd thy captive  
breath,  
Too late to wish past life, too late to wish for death.

"Caro the vanguard with the Dragon led,  
Cosmos<sup>1</sup> the battle guides, with loud alarms;  
Cosmos the first son to the Dragon red,  
Shining in seeming gold, and glitt'ring arms;  
Well might he seem a strong and gentle  
knight,  
As e'er was clad in steel and armour bright;  
But was a recreant base, a fool, false cheating  
spright.

"And as himself, such were his arms; appearing  
Bright burnish'd gold, indeed base alchymy,  
Dim beetle eyes, and greedy worldlings bearing;  
His shield was dress'd in night's sad livery,  
Where man-like apes a glow-worm compass  
round,  
Glad that in wintry night they fire had found:  
Busy they puff and blow: the word 'Mistake the  
ground.'

"Mistake points all his darts; his sun shines bright,  
(Mistaken) light appears, sad lightning prove:  
His clouds (mistook) seem lightnings, turn'd to  
light;  
His love true hatred is, his hatred love;  
His shop, a pedlar's pack of apish fashion;  
His honours, pleasures, joys, are all vexation:  
His wages, glorious care, sweet surfeits, woo'd  
damnation.

"His lib'ral favours, complimentary arts;  
His high advancements, Alpine slip'ry straits;  
His smiling glances, death's most pleasing darts;  
And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits:  
Indeed he nothing is, yet all appears.  
Hapless earth's happy fools, that know no  
tears. [of fears.]

'Who bathes in worldly joys, swims in a world  
'Pure Essence! who hast made a stone deary  
'Twixt nature's hid, and check that metal's pride  
That dares aspire to gold's high sov'reignty;  
Ah, leave some touchstone: erring eyes to guide,  
And judge dissemblance! see by what devices,  
Sin with fair gloss our mole-ey'd sight entices,  
That vices virtues seem to most; and virtues  
vices.

"Strip thou their meretricious seemliness,  
And tinfold glitt'ring, bare to ev'ry sight,  
That we may loath their inward ugliness;  
Or else unclod the soul, whose shady light  
Adds a fair lustre to false earthly bliss:  
Thine and their beauty differs but in this;  
Theirs what it is not, seems; thine seems not what  
it is.

"Next to the captain, coward Deilos<sup>2</sup> far'd,  
Him right before he as his shield projected,  
And following troops to back him as his guard;  
Yet both his shield and guard (faint heart) sus-  
pected:

And sending often back his doubtful eye,  
By fearing, taught unthought of treachery;  
So made him enemies, by fearing enmity.

"Still did he look for some ensuing cross,  
Fearing such hap as never man befel:  
No mean he knows, but dreads each little loss  
(With tyranny of fear distraught) as Hell.  
His sense he dare not trust (nor eyes, nor  
ears);  
And when no other cause of fright appears,  
Himself he much suspects, and fears his causeless  
fears.

"Harness'd with massy steel, for fence, not sight;  
His sword unscemly long he ready drew:  
At sudden shine of his own armour bright,  
He started oft, and star'd with ghastly hue:  
He shrieks at ev'ry danger that appears,  
Shaming the knightly arms he goodly bears:  
His word: 'Safer, that all, than he that nothing  
fears.'

"With him went Doubt, stagg'ring with steps  
unsure;  
That every way, and neither way inclin'd;  
And fond Distrust, whom nothing could secure:  
Suspicion lean, as if he never din'd:  
He keeps intelligence by thousand spies;  
Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes:  
So waking, still he sleeps, and sleeping, wakeful  
lies.

"Fond Deilos all; Tolmetes<sup>3</sup> nothing fears;  
Just frights he laughs, all terrors counteth base:  
And when of danger or sad news he hears,  
He meets the thund'ring fortune face to face:  
Yet oft in words he spends his boist'rous  
threats:  
That his hot blood driv'n from the native seat  
Leaves his faint<sup>4</sup> coward heart empty of lively  
heat.

"Himself (weak help!) was all his confidence;  
He scorns low ebbs, but swims in highest rises:  
His limbs with arms or shield he would not  
fence,  
Such coward fashion (fool!) he much despises  
Ev'n for his single sword the world seems  
scant; [daunt]  
For hundred worlds his conqu'ring arm could  
Much would he boldly do; but much more bold  
vaunt.

"With him went self-admiring Arrogance;  
And Brag; his deeds without an helper praising  
Blind Carelessness before would leant the dance;  
Fear stole behind, those vaunts in balance  
paysing, [lence]  
Which far their deeds outweigh'd; their va-  
<sup>2</sup>Fore danger spent with lavish disfluence,  
Was none, or weak, in time of greatest exigence.

"As when a fiery courser ready bent,  
Puts forth himself at first with swiftest pace;  
Till with too sudden flash his spirits spent,  
Already fails now in the middle race:

<sup>1</sup> Over-boldness, or fool-hardiness.

<sup>4</sup> The philosopher rightly calls such *lepidus*  
Ethic. 3, cap. 7, not only fool-hardy, but fair  
hardy.

<sup>2</sup> The world, or Mammon. <sup>3</sup> Fearfulness.

His hanging crest far from his wonted pride,  
No longer now obeys his angry guide;  
Rivers of sweat and blood flow from his gored side.

"Thus ran the rash Tolmetes, never viewing  
The fearful fiends that duly him attended;  
Destruction close his steps in post pursuing;  
And certain ruin's heavy weights depended  
Over his cursed head; and smooth-fac'd Guile,  
That with him oft would loosely play and  
smile; [wide]  
Till in his snare he lock'd his feet with treach'rous

"Next march'd Asotus<sup>3</sup>, careless spending swain;  
Who with a fork went spreading all around,  
Which his old sire with sweating toil and pain,  
Long time was raking from his raked ground:  
In giving he observ'd nor form nor matter,  
But best reward he got<sup>4</sup>, that best could  
flatter. [but scatter].  
Thus what he thought to give, he did not give,

"Before array'd in sumptuous bravery,  
Deck'd court-like in the choice, and newest  
But all behind like drudging slavery, [guise];  
With ragged patches, rent, and bared thighs,  
His shameful parts, that shun the hated light,  
Were naked left; (ah, foul unonest sight!)  
Yet neither could he see, nor feel his wretched plight.

"His shield presents to life, death's latest rites,  
A sad black hearse borne up with sable swains;  
Which many idle grooms with hundred lights  
(Tapers, lamps, torches) usher through the  
plains [brow],  
To endless darkness; while the Sun's bright  
With fiery beams, quenches his smoking tow,  
And wastes their idle cost: the word, 'Not need,  
but show.'

"A vagrant rout (a shoal of tattling daws)  
Strew him with vain spent pray'rs and idle lays;  
And Flatt'ry to his sin close curtains draws,  
Clawing his itching ear with tickling praise.  
Behind fond Pity much his fall lamented,  
And Misery that former waste repented:  
The usurer for his goods, jail for his bones indented.

"His steward was his kinsman, vain expence,  
Who proudly strove in matters light, to show  
Heroic mind in braggart affluence;  
So lost his treasure getting nought in lieu  
But ostentation of a foolish pride, [wide];  
While women fond, and boys stood gaping  
But wise men all his waste, and needless cost deride.

"Next Pleonectes<sup>5</sup> went, his gold admiring,  
His servant's drudge, slave to his basest slave;  
Never enough, and still too much desiring:  
His gold his god, yet in an iron grave  
Himself protects his god from noisome rust-  
ing; [lustig];  
Much fears to keep, much more to lose his  
Himself and golden god, and every god mistrusting.

"Age on his hairs the winter snow had spread;  
That silver badge his near end plainly proves:  
Yet as to earth<sup>6</sup> he nearer bows his head,  
So loves it more; for 'Like his like still loves'

Deep from the ground he digs his sweetest  
gain,  
And deep into the earth digs back with pain;  
From Hell his gold he brings; and hears in Hell  
again.

"His clothes all patch'd with more than honest  
thrift, [ing]:  
And clouted shoes were nail'd for fear of wast-  
Fasting he prais'd, but sparing was his drift;  
And when he eats, his food is worse than fasting:  
Thus starves in store, thus doth in plenty pine;  
Thus wallowing on his god, his heap of mine,  
He feeds his famish'd soul with that deceiving  
shine.

"O, hungry metal! false deceitful ray,  
Well laid'st thou dark, press'd in th' earth's hid-  
den womb;  
Yet through our mother's entrails cutting way,  
We drag thy buried corpse from hellish tomb;  
The merchant from his wife and home departs,  
Nor at the swelling ocean ever starts;  
While death and life a wall of thin planks only  
parts.

"Who was it first, that from thy deepest cell,  
With so much costly toil and painful sweat,  
Durst rob thy palace borg'ring next to Hell?  
Well may'st thou come from that infernal seat,  
Thou all the world with hell-black deeds dost  
fill. [ill!]

Fond men, that with such pain do woo your  
Needless to send for grief, for he is next, us still.

"His arms were light and cheap, as made to save  
His purse, not limbs; the money, not the man:  
Rather he dies, than spends: his helmet brave,  
An old brass pot; breast-plate, a dripping-pan:  
His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shi-ld,  
Whose smoky plain a chalked impress fill'd;  
A bag sure seal'd: his word, 'Much better sav'd  
than spill'd.'

"By Pleonectes, shameless Sparing went,  
Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day;  
Yet with a thund'ring voice claims tardy rent;  
Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay:  
His cares to lessen cost with cunning base;  
But when he's forc'd beyond his bounded  
space,  
Load would he cry, and howl, while others  
laugh apace.

"Long after went Pusillus<sup>7</sup>, weakest heart;  
Able to serve, and able to command,  
But thought himself unfit for either part;  
And now full loth, amidst the warlike band,  
Was bither drawn by force from quiet cell:  
Looseness his Heav'n, and bus'ness was his Hell.  
'A weak distrustful heart is virtue's aguish spell.'

"His goodly arms, eaten with shameful rust,  
Bewray'd their master's ease, and want of using;  
Such was his mind, tainted with idle must;  
His goodly gifts with little use abusing:  
Upon his shield was drawn that noble swain,  
That loth to change his love and quiet reign,  
For glorious warlike deeds, did crafty madness  
feign.

<sup>3</sup> Prodigality.  
<sup>4</sup> Covetousness.

<sup>5</sup> Arist. Eth. 4.  
<sup>6</sup> Arist. Eth.

<sup>7</sup> Feeble-mindedness.

"Inely the workman fram'd the toilsome plough  
 Drawn with an ox and ass, unequal pair ;  
 While he with busy hand his salt did sow,  
 And at the furrow's end, his dearest heir [still  
 Did helpless lie ; and Greek lords watching,  
 Observ'd his hand, guided with careful will :  
 About was wrote, 'Who nothing doth, doth nothing ill.'

"By him went Idleness, his loved friend,  
 And Shame with both ; with all, rag'd Poverty :  
 Behind sure Punishment did close attend,  
 Waiting a while fit opportunity ;  
 And taking count of hours mispent in vain,  
 And graces lent without returning gain, [pain  
 Pour'd on his guilty corse, late grief, and helpless

"This dull cold earth with standing water froze ;  
 At ease he lies to coin pretence for ease ;  
 His soul like Ahaz' dial, while it goes  
 Not forward, posteth backward ten degrees :  
 In's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to seal ;  
 He never sweats, but in his bed, or meal :  
 He'd rather steal than work, and beg than strive  
 to steal.

"All opposite, though he his brother were,  
 Was Chaunces<sup>10</sup>, that too high himself esteem'd :  
 All things he undertook, nor could he fear  
 His power too weak, or boasted strength mis-  
 deem'd ; [blown :  
 With his own praise, like windy bladder  
 His eyes too little, or too much his own :  
 For known to all men weak<sup>11</sup>, was to himself  
 unknown.

"Fondly himself with praising he disprais'd,  
 Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath ;  
 So rag'd himself, what he himself had rais'd :  
 On's shield a boy threatens high Phœbus' death,  
 Aiming his arrow at his purest light ;  
 But soon the thin reed, fir'd with lightning  
 bright, [right,  
 Fell idly on the strand : his word, 'Yet high, and

"Next brave Philotimus<sup>12</sup> in post did ride :  
 Like rising ladders was his climbing mind ;  
 His high-flown thoughts had wings of courtly pride,  
 Which by foul rise to greatest height inclin'd ;  
 His heart aspiring swell'd until it burst :  
 But when he gain'd the top, with spite  
 accurst,  
 Down would he fling the steps by which he clam-  
 ber'd first.

"His head's a shop furnish'd with looms of state :  
 His brain the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,  
 With which, in spite of Heav'n, he weaves his  
 fate ;  
 Honour his web : thus works he day and night,  
 Till Fates cut off his thread ; so heapeth sins,  
 And plagues, nor once enjoys the place he  
 wins ; [begins.  
 But where his old race ends, there his new race

"Ah, silly man, who dream'st that honour stands  
 in ruling others, not thyself !—in iron bands  
 Serve thee, and thou thy slaves :—in iron bands  
 Thy servile spirit prest with wild passions raves.

<sup>10</sup> Arrogancy.

<sup>11</sup> The arrogant are more stupid. Arist. Eth. 4.

<sup>12</sup> Ambition.

Wouldst thou live honour'd, dip ambition's  
 wing ;

To reason's yoke thy furious passions bring-  
 'Thrice noble is the man, who of himself is king.'

"Upon his shield was fram'd that vent'rous lad,  
 That durst assay the Sun's bright flaming team,  
 Spite of his feeble hands the horns mad,  
 Flung down on burning Earth the scorching  
 beam ;

So made the flame in which himself was fir'd ;  
 The world the bonfire was, where he exp'r'd :  
 His motto written thus, 'Yet had what he desir'd.'

"But Atimus<sup>13</sup>, a careless, idle swain,  
 Though Glory offer'd him her sweet embrace,  
 And fair Occasion, with little pain,  
 Reach'd him her ivory hand ; yet (lozel base !)  
 Rather his way and her fair self inclin'd ;  
 Well did he thence prove his degen'rous mind :  
 Base were his resty thoughts ; base was his dang-  
 erous bill kind.

"And now by force dragg'd from the monkish cell,  
 Where teeth he only us'd, nor hands, nor brains,  
 But in smooth streams swam down through ease to  
 Hell ;

His work to eat, drink, sleep and purge his reins  
 He left his heart behind him with his feast :  
 His target with a flying dart was dress'd,  
 Posting unto his mark ; the word, 'I move to rest.'

"Next Colax<sup>14</sup>, all his words with sugar spices ;  
 His servile tongue, base slave to greatness' nam'd,  
 Runs nimble descant on the plainest vices ;  
 He lets his tongue to sin, takes rent of shame ;  
 He, temp'ring lies, porter to th' ear resides ;  
 Like Indian applic'r which with painted sides,  
 More dangerous within his lurking poison hides.

"So Echo, to the voice her voice conforming,  
 From hollow breast for one will two repay ;  
 So like the rock it holds, itself transforming,  
 That subtil fish hunts for her headless prey :  
 So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits  
 Allure the hungry bird ; so fisher waits  
 To bait himself with fish, his hook and fish with  
 baits.

"His art is but to hide, not heal a sore ;  
 To nourish pride, to strangle conscience ;  
 To drain the rich, his own dry pits to store ;  
 To spoil the precious soul, to please vile sense !  
 A carrion-crow he is, a gaping grave,  
 The rich coat's moth, the court's base, trench-  
 er's slave,  
 Sin's and Hell's winning bawd, the Devil's factr-  
 ing knave.

"A mist he casts before his patron's sight,  
 That blackest vices never once appear ;  
 But greater than it is seems virtue's light ;  
 His lord's displeasure is his only fear :  
 His clawing lies, tickling the senses frail  
 To death, make open way where force would  
 fail,

'Less hurts the lion's paw, than foxes' softest tail.'

"His arms with hundred tongues were powder'd  
 gay,  
 (The mint of lies) gilt, fil'd, the sense to please ;

<sup>13</sup> Essence of mine.

<sup>14</sup> Flattery.



His sword, which in his mouth close sheathed lay,  
 Sharper than death, and fram'd to kill with ease.  
 Ah, cursed weapon, life with pleasure spilling!  
 The Sardin herb, with many branches filling  
 His shield, was his device: the word, 'I please in  
 killing.'

"Base slave! how crawl'st thou from thy dunghill  
 nest,  
 Where thou wast hatch'd by shame and beggary,  
 And perchest in the learn'd and noble breast?  
 Nobles of thee their courtship learn; of thee  
 Arts learn new art their learning to adorn:  
 (Ah, wretched minds!) he is not nobly born,  
 Nor learn'd, that doth not thy ignoble learning  
 scorn.

"Close to him Pleasing went, with painted face,  
 And Honour, by some hidden cunning made;  
 Not Honour's self, but Honour's semblance base,  
 For soon it vanish'd like an empty shade:  
 Behind, his parents duly him attend;  
 With them he forced in his age to spend:  
 Shame his beginning was, and shame must be his  
 end.

"Next follow'd Dyaculus<sup>13</sup>, a froward wight;  
 His lips all swol'n and eye brows ever bent;  
 With sooty locks, swart looks, and scouling sight;  
 His face a tell-tale to his foul intent:  
 He nothing lik'd, or prais'd; but reprehended  
 What every one beside himself commended.  
 Humours of tongues impostum'd, purg'd with  
 shame, are mended.

"His mouth a pois'nous quiver, where he hides  
 Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue,  
 With squibs, carps, jests, unto their object guides;  
 Nor fears he gods on Earth, or Heav'n to wrong;  
 Upon his shield was fairly drawn to sight,  
 A raging dog, foaming out wrath and spite;  
 The word to his device, 'Impartial all I bite.'

"Geloios<sup>14</sup> next ensu'd, a merry Greek,  
 Whose life was laughter vain, and mirth mis-  
 plac'd;  
 His speeches broad, to shame the modest cheek;  
 No car'd he whom, or when, or how disgrac'd;  
 Salt, round about he flung upon the sand:  
 If in his way his friend or father stand,  
 His father and his friend he spreads with careless  
 hand.

"His foul jests, steep'd and drown'd in laughter  
 vain (madness:  
 And rotten speech (ah!) was not mirth, but  
 His armour crackling thorns all flaming stain  
 With golden fires (emblem of foppish gladness):  
 Upon his shield two laughing fools you see,  
 (In number be the third, first in degree)  
 At which himself would laugh, and fear; his  
 word, 'We three.'

"And after Agrios<sup>15</sup>, a sullen swain;  
 All mirth that in himself and others hated;  
 Dull, dead, and leaden, was his cheerless vein;  
 His weary sense he never recreated;

<sup>13</sup> Morosity. <sup>14</sup> Mad laughter, Eccles. ii. 2.

<sup>15</sup> Rascality, or ferity.

And now he march'd as if he somewhat  
 dream'd:  
 All honest joy, but mad'ness he esteem'd;  
 Refreshing's idleness, but sport, he folly deem'd.

"In's arms, his mind the workman fit express'd,  
 Which all with quenched lamps, but smoking,  
 yet  
 And foully stinking, were full quaintly dress'd  
 To blind, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat:  
 Upon his shield an heap of fenny mire,  
 In flags and turfs (with suns yet never drier)  
 Did smothering lie, not burn: his word, 'Smoke  
 without fire.'

"Last Impudence, whose never-changing face  
 Knew but one colour; with some brass-brew'd  
 lie,  
 And laughing loud she drowns her just disgrace:  
 About her all the fiends in armies fly:  
 Her feather'd beaver sidelong cock'd, in-guise  
 Of roaring boys; set look, with fixed eye  
 Out-looks all shame-fac'd forms, all modesty de-  
 sies.

"And as her thoughts, so arms all black as Hell,  
 Her brazen shield two s ble dogs adorn,  
 Who each at other stare, and snarl, and swell:  
 Beneath the word was set, 'All change I scorn.'  
 But if I all this rout in foul array  
 Should muster up, and place in battle ray,  
 Too long yourselves and stocks my tedious song  
 would stay.

"The aged day grows dim, and homeward calls:  
 The parting Sun (man's state describing well)  
 Falls when he rises, rises when he falls:  
 So we by falling rose, by rising fell.  
 The shady cloud of night 'gins softly creep,  
 And all our world with sable tincture steep:  
 Home now ye shepherd-swains; home now my lov-  
 ed sheep."

## CANTO IX.

THE bridegroom Sun, who late the Earth had  
 spous'd,  
 Leaves his star-chamber; early in the east  
 He shook his sparkling locks, head lively rous'd,  
 While Morn his couch with blushing roses dress'd;  
 His shines the Earth soon latcht to gild her  
 flow'rs: (bow'rs,  
 Phosphor his gold-fleec'd drove folds in their  
 Which all the night had gras'd about th' Olympic  
 tow'rs.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,  
 With sweet salutes awakes the drowsy light;  
 The Earth she left, and up to Heav'n is fled;  
 There chants her Maker's praises out of sight.  
 Earth seems a molehill, men but ants to be;  
 Teaching proud men, that soar to high de-  
 gree, [and see.

The further up they climb, the less they seem  
 The shepherd's met, and Thomalin began;  
 Young Thomalin, whose notes and silver string  
 Silence the rising lark, and falling swan:

"Come Thiriel, end thy lay, and cheerly sing;  
 Hear'st how the larks give welcome to the day,  
 Temp'ring their sweetest notes unto thy lay;  
 Up then, thou loved swain; why dost thou longer  
 stay!"

" Well'st thou, friend, the lark before mine eyes,  
 Much easier to hear than imitate;  
 Her wings lift up her notes to lofty skies;  
 But me a leaden sleep, and earthly state,  
 Down to the centre ties with captive string;  
 Well might I follow here her note and wing;  
 Singing she lofty mounts, ah! mounting should  
 I sing.

" Oh, thou dread king of that heroic band!  
 Which by thy pow'r beats back these bellish  
 sprites,  
 Rescuing this state from death and base command:  
 Tell me, dread king! what are those warlike  
 knights? [strength's increase,  
 What force? what arms? where lies their  
 That though so few in number, never cease  
 To keep this sieged town, 'gainst numbers num-  
 berless?

" The first commanders in this holy train,  
 Leaders to all the rest, an ancient pair;  
 Long since sure link'd in wedlock's sweetest chain;  
 His name Spirito, she Urania<sup>1</sup> fair:  
 Fair had she been, and full of heav'nly grace,  
 And he in youth a mighty warrior was,  
 Both now more fair, and strong, which prov'd  
 their heav'nly race.

" His arms, with flaming tongues all sparkled  
 bright,  
 Bright flaming tongues, in divers sections parted;  
 His piercing sword, edg'd with their fiery light,  
 'Twixt bones and marrow, soul and spirit dis-  
 parted.  
 Upon his shield was drawn a glorious dove,  
 'Gainst whom the proudest eagle dares not  
 moxe;  
 Glitt'ring in beams: his word, 'Conqu'ring by  
 peace and love.'

" But she, Amazon-like, in azure arms,  
 Silver'd with stars, and gilt with sunny rays;  
 Her mighty spouse in sight, and fierce alarms,  
 Attempts, and equals in these bloody frays;  
 And on her shield an heav'nly globe (dis-  
 playing  
 The constellations, lower bodica swaying,  
 Sway'd by the higher) she bore: her word, 'I rule  
 obeying.'

" About them swarm'd their fruitful progeny;  
 An heav'nly offspring of an heav'nly bed;  
 Well might you in their looks his stoutness see,  
 With her sweet graces lovely tempered.  
 Fit youths they seem'd to play in prince's  
 hall, [nish'd all],  
 (But ah! long since they thence were ban-  
 Or shine in glitt'ring arms, when need fierce war  
 doth call.

" The first in order (nor in worth the last)  
 Is Knowledge, drawn from peace, and Muse's  
 spring,  
 Where shaded in fair Sinai's groves, his taste  
 He feasts with words, and works of heav'nly  
 king;  
 But now to bloody field is fully bent:  
 Yet still he seem'd to study as he went;  
 His arms cut all in books; strong shield slight pa-  
 pers lent.

<sup>1</sup> Heaven.

" His glitt'ring armour shin'd like burning day,  
 Garnish'd with golden suns, and radiant flow'rs  
 Which turn their bending heads to Phoebus' ray,  
 And when he falls, shut up their leafy bow'rs;  
 Upon his shield the silver Moon did bend  
 Her horned bow, and round her arrows spend:  
 His word in silver wrote, 'I borrow what I lend.'

" All that he saw, all that he heard, were books,  
 In which he read, and learn'd his Maker's will;  
 Most on his word, but much on Heav'n he looks,  
 And thence admires with praise the workman's  
 skill.

Close to him, went still-musing Contempla-  
 That made good use of ills by meditation;  
 So to him ill itself was good, by strange mutation.

" And Care, who never from his sides would part,  
 Of Knowledge of the ways and means inquiring,  
 To practise what he learn'd from holy art;  
 And oft with tears, and oft with sighs desiring  
 Aid from that sovereign guide, whose ways  
 so steep, [not keep;  
 Though fain he would, yet weak, he could  
 But when he could not go, yet forward would he  
 creep.

" Next Tapinus<sup>2</sup>, whose sweet, though lowly  
 All other higher than himself esteem'd; [grace,  
 He in himself priz'd things as mean and base,  
 Which yet in others great and glorious seem'd;  
 All ill due debt, good undeserv'd he thought;  
 His heart a low-roof'd house, but sweetly  
 wrought, [dearly bought.  
 Where God himself would dwell, though he it

" Honour he shuns, yet is the way unto him;  
 As Hell, he hates advancement won with bribes;  
 But public place, and charge are forc'd to woo him;  
 He goes to grace, ill to desert ascribes:  
 Him (as his Lord) contents a lowly room,  
 Whose first house was the blessed virgin's  
 womb, [tomb.  
 The next a cratch, the third a cross, the fourth a

" So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found;  
 So precious gold in deepest centre dwells;  
 So sweetest violets trail on lowly ground;  
 So richest pearls lie clos'd in vilest shells:  
 So lowest dales we let at highest rates;  
 So creeping strawberries yield daintiest cakes,  
 The highest highly loves the low, the lofty hates.

" Upon his shield was drawn that shepherd lad,  
 Who with a sling threw down faint Israel's fears;  
 And in his hand his spoils, and trophies glad,  
 The monster's sword and head, he bravely bears;  
 Plain in his lovely face you might behold  
 A blushing meekness met with courage hold:  
 'Little, not little worth,' was fairly wrote in gold.

" With him his kinsman both in birth and name,  
 Obedience, taught by many bitter show'rs  
 In humble bonds his passions proud to tame,  
 And low submit unto the higher pow'rs:  
 But yet no servile yoke his forehead brands,  
 For ty'd in such an holy service bands,  
 In this Obedience rules, and serving thus com-  
 mands.

" By them went Fido<sup>3</sup>, marshal of the field;  
 Weak was his mother when she gave him day;

<sup>2</sup> Humility.<sup>3</sup> Faith.

And he at first a sick and weakly child,  
As e'er with tears welcom'd the sunny ray;  
Yet when more years afford more growth  
and might,  
A champion stout he was, and puissant knight,  
As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright.

"So may we see a little lionet,  
When newly whelp'd, a weak and tender thing,  
Despis'd by ev'ry beast; but waxen great,  
When fuller times, full strength and courage  
bring; [dore,  
The beasts all crouching low, their king a-  
And dare not see what they contemn'd before;  
The trembling forest quakes at his affrighting roar.

"Mountains he flings in seas with mighty hand;  
Stops and turns back the Sun's impetuous course;  
Nature breaks Nature's laws at his command;  
No force of Hell or Heav'n with stands his force;  
Events to come yet many ages hence,  
He present makes, by wondrous prescience;  
Proving the senses blind, by being blind to sense.

"His sky-like arms, dy'd all in blue and white,  
And set with golden stars that flamed wide;  
His shield invisible to mortal sight,  
Yet he upon it easily describ'd  
The lively semblance of his dying Lord,  
Whose bleeding side with wicked steel was  
gor'd; [afford.  
Which to his fainting spirits new courage would

"Strange was the force of that enchanted shield,  
Which highest powers to it from Heav'n impart:  
None who could bear it well, and rightly wield;  
It sav'd from sword, and spear, and poison'd  
dart:  
Well might he slip, but yet not wholly fall;  
No final loss his courage might appal;  
Growing more sound by wounds, and rising by  
his fall.

"So some have feign'd that Tellus' giant son,  
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mo-  
ther;  
Another rose as soon as one was done,  
And twenty lost, yet still remain'd another;  
For when he fell, and kiss'd the barren heath,  
His parent straight inspir'd successive breath;  
And though herself was dead, yet ransom'd him  
from death.

"With him his nurse, went careful Acoë<sup>4</sup>;  
Whose hands first from his mother's womb did  
take him,  
And ever since have foster'd tenderly:  
She never might, she never would forsake him;  
And he her lov'd again with mutual hand;  
For by her needful help he oft did stand,  
When else he soon would fail, and fall in foemen's  
hand.

"With both, sweet Meditation ever pac'd,  
His nurse's daughter, and his foster sister;  
Dear as his soul, he in his soul her plac'd, [her;  
And oft embrac'd, and oft by stealth he kiss'd  
For she had taught him by her silent talk  
To tread the safe, and dang'rous ways to balk;  
And brought his God with him, him with his God  
to walk.

"Behind him Penitence did sadly go,  
Whose cloudy dropping eyes were ever raining;  
Her swelling tears, which, e'en in ebbing flow,  
Furrow her cheek, the sinful puddles draining:  
Much seem'd she in her pensive thought mo-  
lested, [fested;  
And much the mocking world her soul in-  
More she the hateful world, and most herself de-  
tested.

"She was the object of lewd men's disgrace,  
The squint-ey'd wrie-mouth'd scoff of carnal  
hearts;  
Yet smiling Heav'n delights to kiss her face,  
And with his blood God bathes her painful  
smarts:  
Affliction's iron flail her soul had thrash'd;  
Sharp circumcision's knife her heart had  
slash'd; [mash'd.  
Yet was it angels wine, which in her eyes was

"With her a troop of mournful grooms abiding  
Help with their sullen blacks their mistress' woe;  
Amendment still (but his own faults) chiding, [go:  
And Penance arm'd with smarting whips did  
Then sad Remorse came sighing all the way;  
Lust Satisfaction, giving all away: [repay.  
Much surely did he owe, much more he would

"Next went Elpinus<sup>5</sup>, clad in sky-like blue;  
And through his arms few stars did seem to peep,  
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,  
That rock'd in clouds they softly seem to  
sleep:  
His rugged shield was like a rocky mould,  
On which an anchor bit with surest hold,  
'I hold by being held,' was written round in gold.

"Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face,  
As was his broth'r Fido's;—fear seem'd dwell  
Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,  
And went, and came, that sure all was not  
well:

Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain  
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:  
Pollicita<sup>6</sup> she light, which ne'er could lie or feign.

"Next to Elpinus march'd his brother Love;  
Not that GREAT LOVE which cloth'd his Godhead  
bright  
With rags of flesh, and now again above  
Hath dress'd his flesh in Heav'n's eternal light:  
Much less the brut of that false Cyprian dame,  
Begot by froth, and fire, in bed of shame,  
And now burns idle hearts swelt'ring in lustful  
flame.

"But this from Heav'n brings his immortal race,  
And nurs'd by Gratitude, whose careful arms  
Long held, and hold him still in kind embrace:  
But train'd to daily wars, and fierce alarms,  
He grew to wond'rous strength and beauty  
rare: [springs are.  
Next that God Love, from whom his off-  
No match in Earth or Heav'n may with this Love  
compare.

"His page, who from his side might never move,  
Remembrance, on him waits; in books reciting  
The famous passions of that highest love,  
His burning zeal to greater flames exciting:

<sup>4</sup> Hearing.<sup>5</sup> Hope.<sup>6</sup> Promise.

Deep would he sigh, and stem compassion'd sore,  
And oft with tears his backward heart deplore,  
That loving all he could, he lov'd that love no  
more.

"Yet sure he truly lov'd, and honour'd dear  
That glorious Name; for when, or where he  
spy'd  
Wrong'd or in hellish speech blasphem'd did hear,  
Boldly the rash blasphemer he defy'd,  
And forc'd him eat the words he foully spake.  
But if for Him, he grief or death did take,  
That grief he counted joy, and death, life for his  
sake."

"His gl'ring arms, dress'd all with fiery hearts  
Seem'd burn in chaste desire, and heav'nly flame:  
And on his shield kind Jonathan inparts  
To his soul's friend, his robes, and princely name,  
And kingly throne, which mortals so adore:  
And round about was writ in golden ore,  
'We'll might he give him all, that gave his life  
before.'

"These led the vanguard; and an hundred more  
Fill'd up the empty ranks with order'd train:  
But first in middleward did justly go  
In goodly arms a fresh and lovely swain,  
Vaunting himself Love's twin, but yonger  
brother:  
Well might it be, for e'en their very mother,  
With pleasing error oft mistook the one for  
th' other.

"As when fair Paris gave that golden ball,  
A thousand doubts ran in his stag'ring breast:  
All lik'd him well, fain would he give it all:  
Each better seems, and still the last seems best:  
Doubts ever new his reaching hand deferr'd;  
The more he looks, the more his judgment  
err'd; [prefer'd.  
So she first this, then that, then none, then both

"Like them, their armour seem'd full near of kin:  
In this they only differ; th' elder bent  
His higher soul to Heav'n; the younger twin  
'Mong mortals here his love and kindness spent;  
Teaching (strange alchymy) to ge' a living  
By selling land, and to grow rich by giving;  
By emptying, filling bags, so Heav'n by Earth at-  
chieving.

"About him troop the poor with num'rous trains,  
Whom he with tender care, and large expence,  
With kindest words, and succour entertains;  
Ne looks for thanks, or thinks of recompence:  
His wardrobe serves to clothe the naked side,  
And shameful parts of bared bodies hide;  
If other clothes he lack'd, his own he would divide.

"To rogues, his gate was shut; but open lay  
Kindly the weary traveller inviting;  
Oft therefore angels hid in mortal clay,  
And God himself in his free roofs delighting,  
Lowly to visit him would not disdain,  
And in his narrow cabin oft remain;  
Whom Heav'n, and Earth, and all the world can-  
not contain.

"His table still was fill'd with wholesome meat,  
Not to provoke, but quiet appetite;  
And round about the hungry freely eat,  
With plenteous cates cheering their feeble spirits:

Their earnest vows open Heav'n's wide door;  
That not in vain sweet plenty evermore [store.  
With gracious eye looks down upon his blessed

"Behind attend him in an uncouth wise,  
A troop with little caps, and shaved head;  
Such whilome was enfranchis'd bondmen's guise,  
Now freed from cruel masters' servile dread:  
These had he lately bought from captive  
chain;  
Hence they his triumph sing with joyful strains,  
And on his head due praise, and thousand bless-  
ings rain.

"He was a father to the fatherless,  
To widows he supply'd an husband's care;  
Nor would he heap up woe to their distress,  
Or by a guardian's name their state impair;  
But rescue them from strong oppressor's  
might; [apite.  
Nor doth he weigh the great man's heavy  
'Who fears the highest Judge, needs fear no mortal  
wight.'

"Once ev'ry week he on his progress went,  
The sick to visit, and those meagre swains,  
Which all their weary life in darkness spent,  
Clogg'd with cold iron, press'd with heavy  
chains: [spend it,  
He hoards not wealth for his loose heir to  
But with a willing hand doth well expend it."  
'Good then is only good when to our God we lend it."

"And when the dead by cruel tyrant's spite,  
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beasts expos'd,  
His yearful heart pitying that wretched sight,  
In seemly graves their weary flesh enclos'd,  
And strew'd with dainty flow'rs the lowly  
hearse;  
Then all alone the last words did rehearse,  
Bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse.

"So once that royal maid ' fierce Thebes beguil'd,  
Though wilful 'reon proudly did forbid her;  
Her brother from his home and tomb exil'd,  
(While willing night in darkness safely hid her)  
She lowly laid in earth's all-covering shade:  
Her dainty hands (not us'd to such a trade)  
She with a mattock toils, and with a weary spade.

"Yet feels she neither sweat, nor irksome pain,  
Till now his grave was fully finished;  
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,  
To wash the guilt painted in bloody red:  
And falling down upon his gored side,  
With hundred varied 'plaints she often cry'd,  
'Oh, had I died for thee, or with thee might have  
died!'

"Ay me! my ever wrong'd, and banish'd brother,  
How can I fitly thy hard fate deplore,  
Or in my breast so just complaining smother?  
To thy sad chance what can be added more?  
Exile thy home, thy home a tomb thee gave:  
Oh, no! such little room thou must not have.  
But for thy banish'd bones, I (wretch) must steal  
a grave'

"But whither, woful maid, have thy complaints  
With fellow-passion drawn my feeling moan?"

'Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, contrary to  
the edict of Creon, buries Polyneices.

But thus this Love deals with those murder'd saints;  
Weeps with the sad, and sighs with those that  
groan [play  
But now in that beech grove we'll safely  
And in those shadows mock the boiling ray;  
Which yet increases more with the decreasing  
day."

## CANTO X.

The shepherds to the woody mount withdrew,  
Where hillock seats, shades yield a canopy;  
Whose tops with violets dy'd all in blue,  
Might seem to make a little azure sky;  
And that round hill, which their weak heads  
maintain'd,  
A lesser Atlas seem'd, whose neck sustain'd  
The weight of all the Heav'n's, which sore his  
shoulders pain'd.

And here and there sweet primrose scattered,  
Spangling the blue, fit constellations make:  
Some broadly flaming their fair colours spread;  
Some other wink'd, as yet but half awake:  
Fit were they plac'd, and set in order due:  
Nature seem'd work by art, so lively true  
A little Heav'n on Earth in narrow space she drew.

Upon this earthly Heav'n the shepherds play,  
The time beguiling, and the parching light;  
Till the declining Sun, and elder day.  
Abate their flaming heat, and youthful might:  
The sheep had left the shades, to mind their  
Then all returning to their former seat, [uncat;  
Thirsil again began his weary song repeat.

"Great pow'r of Love! with what commanding fire  
Dost thou inflame the world's wild regiment,  
And kindly heat in every heart inspire!  
Nothing is free from thy sweet government;  
Fish burn in seas; beasts, birds thy weapons  
prove;  
By thee dead elements and heav'n's move;  
Which void of sense it-self, yet are not void of love.

But those twin Loves, which from thy seas of light,  
To us on Earth derive their lesser streams,  
Though in their force they shew thy wond'rous  
might,

On thee reflecting back their glorious beams;  
Yet here encounter'd with so mighty foe,  
Had need both arm'd and surely guarded go:  
But most thy help they need; do not thy help  
foreslow.

"Next to the younger Love, Irenus<sup>1</sup> went,  
Whose frosty head proclaim'd his winter age:  
His spring in many battles had he spent;  
But now all weapons chang'd for counsel sage.  
His heavy sword (the witness of his might)  
Upon a loped tree he idly pigat; [night.  
There hid in quiet sheath, sleeps it in endless

Patience his shield had lent to ward his breast,  
Whose golden plain three olive branches dress:  
The word in letters large was fair express'd,  
'Thrice happy author of a happy peace.'

<sup>1</sup> Peaceableness.

Rich plenty yields him pow'r, pow'r stores  
his will, [fill:  
Will ends in works, good works his treasures  
Earth's slave<sup>2</sup>, Heav'n's heir he is—as God, pays  
good for ill.

"By him Andreas<sup>3</sup> pac'd, of middle age,  
His mind as far from rashness, as from fears;  
Hating base thoughts, as much as desp'ate rage:  
The world's loud thund'rings he unshaken hears:  
Nor will he death, or life, or seek or fly,  
Ready for both.—He is as cowardly  
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die.

"Worst was his civil war, where deadly fought  
He with himself, till passion yields or dies:  
All heart and hand, no tongue; not grim, but  
stout:  
His flame had counsel in't; his fury, eyes;  
His rage well-temper'd is; no fear can daunt  
His reason; but cold blood is valiant;  
Well may he strength in death; but never courage  
want.

"But like a mighty rock, whose unmov'd sides  
The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,  
And 'gainst his head the boist'rous north wind  
rides; [and rave;  
Both fight, and storm, and swell, and roar,  
Hoars: surger drum, loud blasts their trump-  
pets strain:  
Th' heroic cliff laughs at their frustrate pain;  
Waves scatter'd, drop in tears, winds broken,  
whining plain.

"Such was this knight's undaunted constancy;  
No mischief wakens his resolved mind;  
None fiercer to a stubborn enemy;  
But to the yielding none more sweetly kind.  
His shield an even ballast ship embraces,  
Which dances light, while Neptune wildly  
raves; [nor waves.  
His word was this, 'I fear but Heav'n, nor winds,

"And next Macrothumus<sup>4</sup>, whose quiet face  
No cloud of passion ever shadowed;  
Nor could hot anger reason's rule displace,  
Purpling the scarlet cheek with fiery red;  
Nor could revenge, clad in a deadly white,  
With hidden malice eat his vexed sprite:  
For ill, he good repay'd, and love exchang'd for  
spite.

"Was never yet a more undaunted spirit;  
Yet most him deem'd a base and tim'rous swain;  
But he well weighing his own strength and merit,  
The greatest wrong could wisely entertain.  
Nothing resisted his commanding spear:  
Yielding itself to him a winning were:  
And though he dy'd, yet dead, he rose a con-  
queror.

"His nat'ral force beyond all nature stretched;  
Most strong he is, because he will be weak;  
And happy most, because he can be wretched.  
Then whole and sound, when he himself doth  
brak;  
Rejoicing most when most he is tormented:  
In greatest discontents he rests contented:  
By conquering himself, all conquests be prevented.

<sup>2</sup> Matt. v. 9.<sup>3</sup> Fortitude.<sup>4</sup> Long-suffering.

" His rocky arms of massy adamant,  
Safely could back rebut the hardest blade ;  
His skin itself could any weapon daunt,  
Of such strange mould and temper was he made :  
Upon his shield a palm-tree still increas'd,  
Though many weights his rising arms depress'd : [oppress'd.]

His word was, ' Rising most, by being most

" Next him Androphilus<sup>1</sup>, whose sweetest mind  
'Twixt mildness temper'd, and low courtesy,  
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kind :  
Churlish despite ne'er look'd from his calm eye,  
Much less commanded in his gentle heart :  
To baser men fair looks he would impart ;  
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimental art.

" His enemies knew not how to discommend him ;  
All others dearly lov'd ; fell ranc'rous Spite,  
And vile Detraction fain would reprehend him ;  
And oft in vain his name they closely bite,  
As popular, and flatterer accusing :  
But he such slavish office much refusing,  
Can eas'ly quit his name from their false tongues abusing.

" His arms were fram'd into a glitt'ring night,  
Whose sable gown with stars all spangled wide,  
Affords the weary traveller cheerful light,  
And to his home his erring footsteps guide ;  
Upon his ancient shield the workmen fine  
Had drawn the Sun, whose eye did ne'er repine  
To look on good and ill : his word, ' To all I shine.'

" Fair Virtue, where stay'st thou in poor exile,  
Leaving the court from whence thou tookst thy name ?

While in thy place is stept disdain'd vile,  
And flattery, base son of need and shame ;  
And with them surlily scorn, and hateful pride ;  
Whose artificial face false colours dy'd,  
Which more display her shame, than loathsome foulness hide.

" Late, there thou livedst with a gentle swain,  
(As gentle swain as ever lived there)  
Who lodg'd thee in his heart and all thy train,  
Where hundred other graces quartered were :  
But he, alas ! untimely dead and gone,  
Leaves us to rue his death, and thee to moan,  
That few were ever such, and now those few are none.

" By him the stont Encrates<sup>2</sup> boldly went,  
Assail'd oft by mighty enemies,  
Which all on him alone their spite mispent ;  
For he whole armies single bold defies ; [prevail ;  
With him nor might, nor cunning slights  
All force on him they try, all forces fail ;  
Yet still assail him fresh, yet vainly still assail.

" His body full of vigour, full of health ;  
His table feeds not lust, but strength and need :  
Full stor'd with plenty, not by heaping wealth,  
But topping rank desires, which vain exceed :

On's shield an band from Heav'n an orchard  
dressing, [ing ;  
Pruning superfluous boughs the trees oppress-  
So adding fruit : his word, ' By lessening increas-  
ing.'

" His settled mind was written in his face :  
For on his forehead cheerful gravity  
False joys and apish vanities doth chase :  
And watchful care did wake in either eye.  
His heritage he would not lavish sell, [Hell :  
Nor yet his treasure bide by neighbouring  
But well he ever spent, what he had gotten well.

" A lovely pair of twins clos'd either side :  
Not those in Heav'n, the flow'ry Gemini's,  
Are half so lovely bright ; the one his bride,  
Agneia<sup>3</sup> chaste was join'd in Hymen's ties,  
And love, as pure as Heav'n's conjunction :  
Thus she was his, and he her flesh and bone :  
So were they two in sight ; in truth entirely one.

" Upon her arch'd brow, unarmed Love  
Triumphing sat in peaceful victory ;  
And in her eyes thousand chaste graces move,  
Checking vain thoughts with awful majesty :  
'Ten thousand more her fairer breast contains ;  
Where quiet meekness every ill restrains,  
And humbly subject spirit by willing service reigns.

" Her sky-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,  
And brightly seem'd to flame with burning  
hearts :  
The scalding ray with his reflected streams  
Fire to their flames, but heav'nly fire imparts :  
Upon her shield a pair of turtles shone ;  
A loving pair, still coupled, ne'er alone ;  
Her word, ' Though one when two, yet either two,  
or none.'

" With her, her sister went, a warlike maid,  
Parthenia<sup>4</sup>, all in steel, and gilded arms ;  
In her's a spear, a mighty spear she sway'd,  
With which in bloody fields, and fierce alarms,  
The boldest champion she down would bear,  
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,  
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

" Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,  
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew ;  
And on her shield the 'lone bird might be seen,  
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new :  
Itself unto itself was only mate ;  
Ever the same, but new in newer date :  
And underneath was writ, ' Such is chaste single  
state.

" Thus hid in arms, she seem'd a goodly knight,  
And fit for any warlike exercise ;  
But when she list lay down her armour bright,  
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise :  
The fairest maid she was, that ever yet  
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,  
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

" Choice nymph ! the crown of chaste Diana's  
train,  
Thou beauty's lily, set in heav'nly earth ;  
Thy fair's unpattern'd, all perfection stain :  
Sure Heav'n with curious pencil at thy birth

<sup>1</sup> Gentleness, or courtesy.

<sup>2</sup> Temperance.

<sup>3</sup> Chastity in the married.

<sup>4</sup> Chastity in the single.

In thy rare face her own full picture drew ;  
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,  
Hyperboles in others, are but half thy due.

" Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,  
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying ;  
And in the midst himself 'till proudly sits,  
Himself in awful majesty arraying :  
Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,  
And ready shafts : deadly those weapons show :  
Yet sweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly  
blow.

" And at the foot of this celestial frame,  
Two radiant stars, than stars yet better being,  
Ezra'd with living fire, and seeing flame ;  
Yet with Heav'n's stars in this too near agreeing :  
They timely warmth, themselves not warm,  
inspire ;  
These kindle thousand hearts with hot desire,  
And burning all they see, feel in themselves no fire.

" Ye matchless stars (yet each the other's match)  
Heav'n's richest diamonds, set in amel white,  
From whose bright spheres all grace the graces  
catch,  
And will not move but by your loadstars bright ;  
How have you stol'n, and stor'd your armoury  
With Love's and Death's strong shafts, and  
from your sky [armies fly ?  
Pour down thick show'rs of darts to force whole

" Above those Suns, two rainbows high aspire,  
Not in light shews, but sadder liveries drest ;  
Fair Iris seem'd to mourn in sable 'tire ;  
Yet thus more sweet the greedy eye they feast :  
And but that wondrous face it well allow'd,  
Wondrous it seem'd, that two fair rainbows  
show'd [cloud.  
Above their sparkling Suns, without or rain or

" A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,  
And in the midst was set a circling rose ;  
Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek  
New liveries, and fresher colours choose  
To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire ;  
But all in vain : for who can hope 't aspire  
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire ?

" Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight  
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row :  
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,  
Soon heav'nly notes from those division flow,  
And with rare music charm the ravish'd ears,  
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest  
fears : [spheres.

The spheres so only sing, so only charm the

" Her dainty breasts, like to an April rose  
From green silk fillets yet not all unbound,  
Began their little rising heads disclose,  
And fairly spread their silver circlets round :  
From those two bulwarks love doth safely  
fight ;

Which swelling easily, may seem to sight  
To be enwomb'd both of pleasure and delight.

" Yet all these stars which deck this beaut'ous  
sky,

'By force of th' inward sun both shine and move :  
Thron'd in her heart sits love's high majesty ;  
In highest majesty the highest love.

As when a taper shines in glassy frame,  
The sparkling crystal burns in glitt'ring flame,  
So does that brightest love brighten this lovely  
dame.

" Thus, and much fairer, fair Parthenia,  
Glitt'ring in arms, herself presents to sight ;  
As when th' Amazon queen, Hippolyta,  
With Theseus enter'd lists in single fight,  
With equal arms her mighty foe opposing ;  
Till now her bared head her face disclosing,  
Conquer'd the conqueror, and won the fight by  
losing.

" A thousand knights woo'd her with busy pain,  
To thousands she her virgin-grant deny'd ;  
Although her dear sought love to entertain,  
They all their wit, and all their strength ap-  
ply'd :  
Yet in her heart, Love close his sceptre sway'd,  
That to an Heavenly Spouse her thoughts  
betray'd, [maid.  
Where she a maiden wife might live, and wifely

" Upon her steps a virgin page attend'd,  
Fair Erythre, whose often blushing face  
Sweetly her in-burn shame-fac'd thoughts com-  
mended ; [grace,  
The face's change prov'd th' heart's unchanged  
Which she a shrine to purity devotes :  
So when clear ivory, vermeil sitty blots,  
By stains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its spots.

" Her golden hair, her silver forehead high,  
Her teeth of solid, eyes of liquid pearl ;  
But neck and breast no man might bare descry,  
So sweetly modest was this bashful girl :  
But that sweet paradise, ah ! could we see,  
On these white mountlets daintier apples be,  
Than those we bought so dear on Eden's tempting  
tree.

" These noble knights this threaten'd fort defend ;  
These, and a thousand moe heroic swains,  
That to this 'stressed state their service lend,  
To free from force, and save from captive chains.  
But now too late the battle to recite ;  
For Hesperus Heav'n's tapers 'gins to light,  
And warns each star to wait upon their mistress  
Night."

Modesty.

## CANTO XI.

THE early morn lets out the peeping day,  
And strew'd his paths with golden marigolds :  
THE Moon grows wan, and stars fly all away,  
Whom Lucifer locks up in wanted folds  
Till light is quenched, and Heav'n in seas  
hath hung [throng,  
The headlong day :—to th' hill the shepherds  
And Thirill now began to end his task and song.

" Who now, alas ! shall teach my humble rein,  
That never yet durst peep from covert glade,  
But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,  
And vent her griefs to silent myrtle's shade ?  
Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill  
For trumpet 'arms, or humble verses fill  
With graceful majesty, and lofty rising skill ?

" Ah, thou dread Spirit! shed thy holy fire,  
Thy holy flame, into my frozen heart;  
Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire,  
And swell in bigger notes, and higher art:  
Teach my low Muse thy fierce alarms to ring,  
And raise my soft strain to high thundering:  
Tune thou my lofty song; thy battles must I sing.

" Such as thou wert within the sacred breast  
Of that thrice famous poet, shepherd, king;  
And taught'st his heart to frame his cantos best  
Of all that e'er thy glorious works did sing:  
Or as those holy fishers, once amongs  
Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted  
tongues; [conqu'ring songs.  
And brought'st down Heav'n to Earth in those all-

" These mighty heroes, fill'd with justest rage  
To be in narrow walls so closely pent,  
Sitt'ring in arms and goodly equipage,  
Stood at the castle's gate, now ready bent  
To sally out, and meet the enemy:  
A hot disdain sparkled in every eye,  
Breathing out hateful war, and deadly enmity.

" Thither repairs the careful Intellect  
With his fair spouse Voletta, heav'nly fair:  
With both, their daughter; whose divine aspect,  
Though now sad damps of sorrow much impair,  
Yet through those clouds did shine so glorious  
bright,  
That every eye did homage to the sight,  
Yielding their captive hearts to that commanding  
light.

" But who may hope to paint such majesty,  
Or shadow well such beauty, such a face;  
Such beautiful face, unseen to mortal eye?  
Whose pow'rful looks, and more than mortal  
grace, [throne,  
Love's self hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly  
With amorous sighs, and many a lovely moan,  
(Whom all the world would woo) woo'd her his  
only one.

" Far be that boldness from thy humble swain,  
Fairest Ectecta, to describe thy beauty,  
And with unable skill thy glory stain,  
Which ever he admires with humble duty:  
But who to view such blaze of beauty longs,  
Go he to Sinai, th' holy groves amongs;  
Where that wise shepherd chants her in his song  
of songs.

" The island's king, with sober countenance,  
Aggrates the knights who thus his right defended;  
And with grave speech, and comely amenance,  
Himself, his state, his spouse, to them com-  
mended:  
His lovely child, that by him pensive stands,  
He last delivers to their valiant hands;  
And her to thank the knights, her champions, he  
commands.

" The godlike maid awhile all silent stood,  
And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes;  
While modest thoughts shot up the flaming blood,  
Which fir'd her scarlet cheek with rosy dyes;  
But soon to quench the heat, that lordly  
reigns,  
From her fair eye, a show'r of crystal rains,  
Which with his silver streams o'er-runs the beau-  
tiful plains.

" As when the Sun, in midst of summer's heat,  
Draws up thin vapours with his potent ray,  
Forcing dull waters from their native seat;  
At length dim clouds shadow the burning day:  
Till coldest air, soon melted into show'rs,  
Upon the Earth his welcome anger pours,  
And Heav'n's clear forehead now wipes off her  
former low'rs.

" At length, a little lifting up her eyes,  
A renting sigh way for her sorrow brake,  
Which from her heart gan in her face to rise:  
And first in th' eye, then in the lip, thus spake:  
' Ah, gentle knights, how may a simple  
maid,  
With justest grief, and wrong so ill appay'd,  
Give due reward for such your pains, and friendly  
aid?

" But if my princely spouse do not delay  
His timely presence in my greatest need,  
He will for me your friendly love repay,  
And well requite this your so gentle deed;  
Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail:  
His word's himself; himself he cannot fail-  
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must  
prevail.'

" By this the long-shut gate was open laid;  
Soon out they rush in order well arrang'd:  
And fast'ning in their eyes that heav'nly maid,  
How oft for fear her fairest colour chang'd!  
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and  
state,  
Comparing with her present wretched fate,  
Pity whets just revenge, and love's fire kindles  
hate.

" Long at the gate the thoughtful Intellect  
Stay'd with his fearful queen, and daughter fair;  
But when the knights were past their dim aspect,  
They follow them with vows and many a pray'r,  
At last they climb up to the castle's height;  
From which they view'd the deeds of ev'ry  
knight,  
And mark'd the doubtful end of this intestine fight.

" As when a youth, bound for the Belgic war,  
Takes leave of friends upon the Keatish shore;  
Now are they parted, and he sail'd so far  
They see not now, and now are seen no more:  
Yet far off viewing the white trembling sails,  
The tender mother soon plucks off her veils,  
And shaking them aloft, upon her son she bails.

" Mean time these champions march in fit array,  
Till both the armies now were come in sight:  
Awhile each other boldly viewing stay,  
With short delays whetting fierce rage and spite.  
Sound now, ye trumpets, sound alarms loud;  
Hark, how their clamours whet their anger  
proud!  
See, yonder are they met in midst of dusty cloud!

" So oft the South with civil enmity  
Musters his wat'ry forces 'gainst the West;  
The rolling clouds come tumbling up the sky,  
In dark folds wrapping up their angry guest:  
At length the flame breaks from th' imprison-  
ing cold  
With horrid noise, tearing the limber mold:  
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours  
roll'd.



" First did that warlike maid herself advance ;  
 An' riding from amidst her company,  
 About her helmet wad her mighty lance,  
 Daring to fight the proudest enemy :  
 Pomeis soon his ready spear address,  
 And kicking with his heel his hasty beast,  
 Bent his sharp-headed lance against her dainty  
 breast.

" In vain the broken staff sought entrance there,  
 Where Love himself oft entrance sought in vain :  
 But much unlike the martial virgin's spear,  
 Which low dismounts her foe on dusty plain,  
 Breaching with bloody point his breast before ;  
 Down from the wound trickled the bubbling  
 gore, [door.  
 And bid pale Death come in at that red gaping

" There lies he cover'd now in lowly dust,  
 And foully wallowing in clutter'd blood,  
 Breathing together out ; is life and lust, [blood :  
 Which from his breast swam in the steaming  
 In maids his joy, now by a maid defy'd,  
 His life he lost, and all his former pride :  
 With women would he live, now by a woman died.

" Aelges, struck with such a heavy sight,  
 Greedy to 'venge his brother's sad decay,  
 Spurr'd forth his flying steel with fell desight,  
 And met the virgin in the middle way,  
 His spear against her head he fiercely threw,  
 Which to that face performing homage due,  
 Kissing her helmet, thence in thousand shivers flew.

" The wanton boy had dreamt, that latest night,  
 That he had learnt the liquid air dispart,  
 And swim along the Heav'ns with pious light :  
 Now that fair maid taught him this nimble art ;  
 For from his saddle far away she sent,  
 Flying along the empty element, [went.  
 That hardly yet he knew whether his course was

" The rest, that saw with fear the ill success  
 Of single fight, durst not like fortune try ;  
 But round beset her with their num'rous press :  
 Before, beside, behind, their on her fly,  
 And every part with coward odds assail ;  
 But she, redoubling her rokes as thick as hail,  
 Drove far their flying troops, and thresh'd with  
 iron hail.

" As when a gentle greyhound set around  
 With little curs, which dare his way molest,  
 Snapping behind ; soon as the angry hound,  
 Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,  
 And shaking in his fangs hath well nigh slain ;  
 The rest, fear'd with his crying, run amain,  
 And standing all aloof, whine, howl, and bark in  
 vain.

" The subtil Dragon, that from far did view  
 The waste and spoil made by this maiden knight,  
 Fell to his wonted guile ; for well he knew  
 All force was vain against such wondrous might ;  
 A crafty swain, well taught to cunning harms,  
 Call'd False Delight, he chaung'd with hellish  
 charms, [and arms.  
 That True Delight he seem'd, the self-same shape

" The watchfull'at sight no difference could descry,  
 The same his face, his voice, his gait the same ;  
 Thereto his words he feign'd ; and coming nigh  
 The maid, that fierce pursues her martial game,

He whets her wrath with many a guileful word,  
 Till she, less careful, did fit time afford ;  
 Then up with both his hands he lifts his baleful  
 sword.

" You pow'rful Heav'ns ! and thou, their Governor !  
 With what eyes can you view this doleful sight ?  
 How can you see your fairest conqueror  
 So nigh her end by so umanly fight ?  
 The dreadful weapon thro' the air doth glide ;  
 But sure you turn'd the harmful edge aside,  
 Else must she there have fall'n, and by that traitor  
 died.

" Yet in her side deep was the wound impight ;  
 Her flowing life the shining armour stains :  
 From that wide spring long rivers took their flight,  
 With purple streams drowning the silver plains ;  
 Her cheerful colour now grows wan and pale,  
 Which oft she strives with courage to recal,  
 And rouse her fainting head, which down as oft  
 would fall.

" All so a lily press'd with heavy rain,  
 Which fills her cup with show'rs up to the brinks :  
 The weary stalk no longer can sustain  
 The head, but low beneath the burden sinks :  
 Or as a virgin rose her leaves displays,  
 Whom too hot scorching beams quite dis-  
 arrays ; [cays.  
 Down flags her double ruff, and all her sweet de-

" Th' undaunted maid, feeling her feet deny  
 Their wonted duty, to a tree retir'd ;  
 Whom all the rout pursue with deadly cry,  
 As when a hunted stag, now well nigh tir'd,  
 Shor'd by an oak, 'gins with his head to play ;  
 The fearful hounds dare not his horns assay,  
 But, running round about, with yelping voices bay.

" And now, perceiv'ng all her strength was spent,  
 Lifting to list'n'ng Heaven her trembling eyes ;  
 Thus whisper'ng soft, her soul to Heaven she sent :  
 ' Thou chastest Love ! that rul'st the wand'ring  
 skies,  
 More pure than purest Heavens by thee mov'd ;  
 If thine own love in me thou sure hast prov'd,  
 If ever thou, myself, my vows, my love hast lov'd,

" Let not this temple of thy spotless love  
 Be with foul hand, and beastly rage, defil'd :  
 But when my spirit shall his camp remove,  
 And to his home return, too long exil'd ;  
 Do thou protect it from the rav'nous spoil  
 Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourly toil  
 Thy humble votary with loathsome sport to foil.'

" With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes,  
 To dew the fading roses of her cheek ;  
 That much high Love seem'd passion'd with those  
 cries ; [break :  
 Much more those streams his heart and patience  
 Straight he the charge gives to a winged swain,  
 Quickly to step down to that bloody plain,  
 And aid her weary arms, and rightful cause main-  
 tain.

" Soon stoops the speedy herald through the air,  
 Where chaste Agneia and Encrates fought :  
 ' See, see ! he cries, ' where your Parthena fair,  
 The flow'r of all your army, hemm'd about'

With thousand enemies, now fainting stands,  
Ready to fall into their murd'ring hands ;  
Hie ye, oh, hie ye fast ! the highest Love com-  
mands !

" They casting round about their angry eye,  
The wounded virgin almost sinking spy'd ;  
They prick their steeds, which straight like light-  
ning fly :

Their brother Continnence runs by their side :  
Fair Continnence, that truly long before,  
As his heart's liege, this lady did adore :  
And now his faithful love kindled his hate the  
more.

" Encrates and his spouse with flashing sword  
Assail the scatter'd troops, that headlong fly ;  
While Continnence a precious liquor pour'd  
Into the wound, and supplied tenderly :  
Then binding up the gaping orifice,  
Reviv'd the spirits, that now she 'gan to rise,  
And with new life confront her heartless enemies.

" So have I often seen a purple flow'r,  
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping  
head,  
But soon refreshed with a welcome show'r,  
Begins again her lively beauties spread,  
And with new pride her silken leaves display ;  
And while the Sun doth now more gently play,  
Lay out her swelling bosom to the smiling day.

" Now rush they all into the flying trains,  
Blood fires their blood, and slaughter kindles  
fight :

The wretched vulgar on the purple plains  
Fall down as thick, as when a rustic wight  
From laden oaks the plenteous acorns pours ;  
Or when the blubb'ring air that sadly lowers,  
And melts his sullen brow, and weeps sweet April  
show'rs.

" The greedy Dragon that aloof did spy  
So ill success of this renewed fray ;  
More vex'd with loss of certain victory,  
Depriv'd of so assur'd and wished prey,  
Gnashed his iron teeth for grief and spite :  
The burning sparks leap from his flaming  
sight, [d'ring night.  
And forth his smoking jaws streams out a smoul-

" Straight thither sends he in a fresh supply,  
The swelling band that drunken Methos led ;  
And all the rout his brother Gluttony  
Commands, in lawless bands disorder'd :  
So now they bold restore their broken fight,  
And fiercely turn again from shameful flight :  
While both with former loss sharpen their raging  
spite.

" Freshly these knights assault these fresher bands,  
And with new battle all their strength renew :  
Down fell Geloios by Encrates' bands ;  
Agneia, Mœchus, and Anagnus slew ;  
And spying Methos fenc'd in 's iron vine,  
Pierc'd his swoln paunch : — there lies the  
grunting swine,  
And spues his liquid soul out in his purple wine.

" As when a greedy lion, long unfed,  
Breaks in at length into the harmless folds ;  
(So hungry rage commands) with fearful dread  
He drags the silly beasts : nothing controuls

The victory proud ; he spoils, devours, and  
tears ;  
In vain the keeper calls his shepherd peers :  
Mean while the simple flock gaze on with silent  
fears.

" Such was the slaughter these three champions  
made ;

But most Encrates, whose unconquer'd hands  
Sent thousand foes down to th' infernal shade,  
With useless limbs strewing the bloody sands :  
Oft were they succour'd fresh with new sup-  
plies,

But fell as oft : the Dragon, grown more wise.  
By former loss, began another way devise.

" Soon to their aid the Cyprian band he sent,  
For easy skirmish clad in armour light :  
Their golden bows in hand stood ready bent,  
And painted quivers, furnish'd well for fight,  
Stuck full of shafts, whose heads foul poison  
stains :

Which, dipp'd in Phlegethon by bellish swains,  
Bring thousand painful deaths, and thousand dead-  
ly pains.

" Thereto of substance strange, so thin, and slight,  
And wrought by subtil hand so cunningly,  
That hardly were discern'd by weaker sight ;  
Sooner the heart did feel, than eye could see :  
Fair off they stood, and flung their darts around,  
Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground ;  
So safely others hurt, and never wounded wound.

" Much were the knights encumber'd with these  
foes ;

For well they saw, and felt their enemies :  
But when they back would turn the borrow'd blows,  
The light-foot troop away more swiftly flies  
Than do their winged arrows thro' the wind :  
And in their course oft would they turn behind,  
And with their glancing darts the hot pursuers  
blind.

" As when by Russian Volgha's frozen banks,  
The false-back Tartars, fear with cunning feign,  
And posting fast away in flying ranks, [rain  
Oft backward turn, and from their bows down  
Whole storms of darts ; so do they flying fight ;  
And what by force they lose, they win by  
flight : [flight.  
Conquer'd by standing out, and conquerors by

" Such was the craft of this false Cyprian crew :  
Yet oft they seem'd to slack their fearful pace,  
And yield themselves to foes that fast pursue !  
So would they deeper wound in nearer space :  
In such a fight, he wins that fastest flies.  
Fly, fly, chaste knights, such subtil enemies :  
The vanquish'd cannot live, and conqueror surely  
dies.

" The knights, oppress'd with wounds and travel  
past,  
Began retire, and now were near to fainting :  
With that a winged post him speeded fast,  
The general with these heavy news acquainting :  
He soon refresh'd their hearts that 'gan to tire.  
But, let our weary Muse awhile respire ;  
Shade we our scorched heads from Phoebus' parch-  
ing fire."

## CANTO XII

THE shepherds, guarded from the sparkling heat  
Of blazing air, upon the flow'ry banks  
(Where various flow'rs damask the fragrant seat,  
And all the grove perfume) in wonted ranks  
Securely sit them down, and sweetly play:  
At length, thus Thirsis ends his broken lay,  
Lest that the stealing night his later song might  
stay.

"Thrice, oh, thrice happy shepherd's life and state!  
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!  
His cottage low, and safely humble gate,  
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and  
fawns:  
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:  
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;  
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

"No Serian worms he knows, that with their  
thread  
Draw out their silken lives:—nor silken pride!  
His lambs' warm fleece will fill his little need,  
Not in that proud Sclonian tincture dy'd:  
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;  
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:  
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

"Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,  
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprising;  
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,  
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.  
In country plays is all the strife he uses;  
Or sing, or dance, unto the rural Muses;  
And but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

"His certain life, that never can deceive him,  
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:  
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him  
With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent:  
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas  
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease;  
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God  
can please.

"His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,  
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:  
His little son into his bosom creeps,  
The lively picture of his father's face:  
Never his humble house or state torment him;  
Less he could like, if less his God had sent  
him; [content him.  
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb,

"The world's great Light his lowly state hath  
bleas'd,  
And left his Heav'n to be a shepherd base:  
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe address'd:  
Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones, ran apace,  
And serpents flew, to hear his softest strains:  
He fed his flock, where rolling Jordan reigns;  
There took our rage, gave us his robes, and bore  
our pains.

"Then thou, high Light! whom shepherds low  
adore,  
Teach me, oh! do thou teach thy humble swain  
To raise my creeping song from earthly floor!  
Fill thou my empty breast with lofty strain;

That singing of thy wars and dreadful fight,  
My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring  
might; [fight.  
And 'twixt the golden stars cut out her tow'ring

"The mighty General, mov'd with the news  
Of those four famous knights so near decay,  
With basty speed the conqu'ring foe pursues;  
At last he spies where they were led away,  
Forc'd to obey the victor's proud commands:  
Soon did he rush into the middle bands,  
And cut the slavish cords from their captiv'd hands.

"And for the knights were faint, he quickly sent  
To Penitence, whom Phœbus taught his art;  
Which she had cak'd with long experiment:  
For many a soul and many a wounded heart  
Had she restor'd, and brought to life again:  
The broken spirit, with grief and horror slain,  
That oft reviv'd, yet died as oft with smarting pain.

"For she in sev'ral baths their wounds did steep;  
The first of rue, which purg'd the foul infection,  
And cur'd the deepest wound, by wounding deep:  
Then would she make another strange confec-  
tion,  
And mix it with nepenthe sovereign; [pain:  
Wherewith she quickly swag'd the rankling  
Thus she the knights recur'd, and wash'd them from  
sinful stain.

"Mean time the fight now fiercer grows than ever:  
(For all his troops the Dragon hither drew)  
The two Twin-Loves whom no place mought dis-  
sever;  
And Knowledge with his train begins anew  
To strike fresh summons up, and hot alarms:  
In midst great Ido, clad in sun-like arms,  
With his unmatched force repairs all former harms.

"So when the Sun shines in bright Taurus' head,  
Returning tempests all with winter fill;  
And still successive storms fresh muster'd,  
The timely year in his first springings kill:  
And oft it breathes a while, then straight  
again  
Doubly pours out his spite in smoking rain:  
The country's vows and hopes swim on the  
drowned plain.

"The lovely twins ride 'gainst the Cyprian bands,  
Chasing their troops, now with no feigned flight:  
Their broken shafts lie scattered on the sands,  
Themselves for fear quite vanish'd out of sight:  
Against these conquerors Hypocersy,  
And Cosmo's hated bands, with Ecthos sly,  
And all that rout do march, and bold the twins  
defy.

"Elpinus, mighty enemies assail;  
But Doubt of all the other most infested;  
That oft his fainting courage 'gan to fail,  
More by his craft than odds of force molested:  
For oft the treachour chang'd his weapon  
light,  
And sudden alter'd his first kind of fight;  
And oft himself and shape transform'd with cun-  
ning slight.

"So that great river, with Alcides striving  
In Cœneus' court for the Ætolian maid,  
To divers shapes his fluent limbs contriving,  
From manly form in serpent's frame he stay'd,

Sweeping with speckled breast the dusty land;  
Then like a bull with horns did armed stand:  
His hanging dewlapp trail'd along the golden sand.

"Such shapes and changing fashions much dismay'd him,  
That of he stagger'd with unwonted fright;  
And but his brother Fido oft did aid him,  
There had he fell in unacquainted fight:  
But he would still his wavering strength maintain, [plain;  
And chace that monster through the sandy  
Which from him fled apace, but oft return'd again.

"Yet him more strong and cunning foes withstand,  
Whom he with greater skill and strength defy'd:  
Foul Ignorance, with all her owl-ey'd band;  
Oft starting Fear, Distrust ne'er satisfy'd,  
And fond Suspect, and thousand other foes,  
Whom far he drives with his unequal blows;  
And with his flaming sword their fainting army mows.

"As when blood-guilty Earth for vengeance cries,  
(If greatest things with less we may compare)  
The mighty Thunderer through the air flies,  
While snatching whirlwinds open ways prepare:  
Dark clouds spread out their sable curtains  
o'er him; [him:  
And angels on their flaming wings up bore  
Meantime the guilty Heav'n's for fear fly fast before him.

"There while he on the wind's proud pinions rides,  
Down with his fire some lofty mount he throws,  
And fills the low vale with his ruined sides;  
Or on some church his three-fork'd dart bestows;  
(Which yet his sacred worship foul mistakes)  
Down falls the spire, the body fearful quakes;  
Nor sure to fall, or stand, with doubtful trembling shakes.

"With Fido, Knowledge went, who order'd right  
His mighty bands; so now his scatter'd troops  
Make head again, filling their broken fight:  
While with new change the Dragon's army droops,  
And from the following victor's headlong run  
Yet still the Dragon frustrates what is done;  
And easily makes them lose what they so hardly won.

"Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew  
That all the field with foggy mist enwraps:  
As when Tiphæus from his paunch doth spew  
Black smothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder claps;  
The pitchy vapours choke the shining ray,  
And bring dull night upon the smiling day:  
The wavering *Ætna* shakes and fain would run away.

"Yet could his bat-ey'd legions easily see  
In this dark chaos: they the seed of night;  
But these not so, who night and darkness flee;  
For they the sons of day, and joy in light:  
But Knowledge soon began a way devise,  
To bring again the day, and clear their eyes:  
So open'd Fido's shield, and golden vail unties.

"Of one pure diamond, celestial fair,  
That heav'nly shield by cunning hand was made;  
Whose light divine, spread through the misty air,  
To brightest morn would turn the western shade  
And lightsome day beget before his time;  
Pratt'd in Heaven, without all earthly crime,  
Dipp'd in the fiery Sun, which burnt the baser slime.

"As when from fenny moors the lumpish clouds  
With rising steams damp the bright morning's face;  
At length the piercing Sun his team unshrouds,  
And with his arrows the idle fog doth chases  
The broken mist lies melted all in tears:  
So this bright shield the stinking darkness tears, [fears:  
And giving back the day, dissolves their former

"Which when afar the fiery Dragon spies,  
His slights deluded with so little pain;  
To his last refuge now at length he flies;  
Long time his pois'nous gorge he seem'd to strain; [spew  
At length, with loathly sight, he up doth  
From stinking paunch a most deformed crew;  
That Heaven itself did fly from their most ugly view.

"The first that crept from his detested maw,  
Was Hamartia's foul deformed wight;  
More foul, deform'd, the Sun yet never saw;  
Therefore she hates the all-betraying light:  
A woman seem'd she in her upper part:  
To which she could such lying gloss impart,  
That thousands she had slain with her deceiving art.

"The rest (though hid) in serpent's form array'd,  
With iron scales, like to a plaited mail:  
Over her back her knotty tail display'd,  
Along the empty air did lofty sail;  
The end was pointed with a double sting,  
Which with such dreaded might she went to sting, [heav'nly King:  
That nought could help the wound, but blood of

"Of that first woman, her the Dragon got,  
(The foulest bastard of so fair a mother)  
Whom when she saw so fill'd with monstrous spot,  
She cast her hidden shame and birth to smother;  
But she well nigh her mother's self had slain;  
And all that dare her kindly entertain:  
So some parts of her dam, more of her sire remain.

"Her viperous locks hung loose about her ears:  
Yet with a monstrous snake she them restrains,  
Which like a border on her head she wears:  
About her neck hang down long adder chains,  
In thousand knots, and wreaths infolded round,  
Which in her anger lightly she unbound,  
And darting far away would sure and deadly wound.

"Yet fair and lovely seems to fools' dim eyes;  
But Hell more lovely, Pluto's self more fair  
Appears, when her true form true light discloses:  
Her loathsome face, blanched skin, and snaky hair;

Her shapeless shape, dead life, her carrion  
smell ;

The devil's dung, the child, and dam of Hell,  
Is chaffer fit for fools, their precious souls to sell.

" The second in this rank was black Despair,  
Bred in the dark womb of eternal Night ;  
His looks fast nail'd to Sin ; long sooty hair  
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide staring  
His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head ; [fright :  
Light, Heav'n, and Earth, himself, and all  
things fled : [lead.

A breathing corpse he seem'd, wrapt up in living

" His body all was fram'd of earthly paste,  
And heavy mould ; yet Earth could not content  
him :

Heav'n fast he flies, and Heav'n fled him as fast ;  
Though kin to Hell, yet Hell did much torment  
him ;

His very soul was nought but ghastly fright ;  
With him went many a fiend, and ugly  
sprite, [spite.  
Armed with ropes and knives, all instruments of

" Instead of feathers on his dangling crest  
A luckless raven spread her blackest wings ;  
And to her croaking throat gave never rest,  
But deathful verses and sad dirges sings ;  
His bellish arms were all with fiends embos'd,  
Who damned souls with endless torments  
roast, [ghost.  
And thousand ways devise to vex the tortur'd

" Two weapons, sharp as death he ever bore,  
Strict Judgment, which from far he deadly  
sm at his side, a two-edg'd sword he wore, [darts ;  
With which he soon appals the stoutest hearts ;  
Upon his shield Alecto with a wreath  
Of snaky whips the damn'd souls tortureth :  
And round about was wrote, ' Reward of sin is  
death.'

" The last two brethren were far different,  
Only in common name of death agreeing ;  
The first arm'd with a scythe still mowing went ;  
Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never seeing ;  
Born deaf, and blind ; nothing might stop  
his way : [stay.  
No pray'rs, no vows his keenest scythe could  
Nor beauty's self, his spite, nor virtue's self allay.

" No state, no age, no sex may hope to move him ;  
Down falls the young, and old, the boy and maid :  
Nor beggar can entreat, nor king reprove him ;  
All are his slaves in's cloth of flesh array'd :  
The bride he snatches from the bridegroom's  
arms,  
And horror brings in midst of love's alarms :  
Too well we know his pow'r by long experienc'd  
harms.

" A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place.  
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead :  
Some more, some less, fear his all frightening face ;  
But most, who sleep in downy pleasure's bed :  
But who in life have daily learn'd to die,  
And dead to this, live to a life more high ;  
Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumb'ring quiet  
lie.

" The second far more foul in every part,  
Burnt with blue fire, and bubbling sulphur  
streams ;

Which creeping round about him fill'd with smart  
His cursed limbs, that direly he blasphemeth ;  
Most strange it seems, that burn'ng thus for  
ever, [sever :  
No rest, no time, no place these flames may  
Yet death in thousand deaths without death dieth  
never.

" Soon as these bellish monsters came in sight,  
The Sun his eye in jetty vapours down'd,  
Scar'd at such hell-hounds' view ; Heaven's 'mazed  
Sets in an early evening ; Earth astound, [light  
Bids dogs with howls give warning : at which  
sound

The fearful air starts, seas break their bound,  
And frighted fled away ; no sands might them  
impound.

" The palest troop first like asps shaken fare,  
Till now their heart congeal'd in icy blood,  
Candied the ghastly face :—locks stand and stare :  
Thus charm'd, in ranks of stone they marshall'd  
stood :

Their useless swords fell idly on the plain,  
And now the triumph sounds in lofty strain :  
So conquering Dragon binds the knights with  
slavish chain.

" As when proud Phineus in his brother's feast  
Fill'd all with tumult and intestine broil ;  
Wise Perseus with such multitudes oppress'd,  
Before him bore the snaky Gorgon's spoil :  
The vulgar rode stood all in marble chang'd,  
And in vain ranks, in rocky order rang'd ;  
Were now more quiet guests, from former rage  
estrang'd.

" The fair Eclecta, who with grief had stood,  
Viewing th' oft changes of this doubtful fight,  
Saw now the field swim in her champion's blood,  
And from her heart, rent with deep passion,  
sigh'd ;

Limning true sorrow in sad silent art.  
Light grief floats on the tongue ; but heavy  
smart  
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.

" What Dædal art such griefs can truly shew,  
Broke heart, deep sighs, thick sobs, and burn-  
ing prayers,

Baptising ever limb in weeping dew ?  
Whose swollen eyes, pickled up in briny tears,  
Crystalline rocks ; coral, the lid appears ;  
Compass'd about with tides of grief and fears :  
Where grief stores fear with sighs, and fear stores  
grief with tears.

" At length sad sorrow, mounted on the wings  
Of loud breath'd sighs, his leaden weight ap-  
And vents itself in softest whisperings, [pears ;  
Follow'd with deadly groans, usher'd by tears :  
While her fair hands, and watry shining eyes  
Were upward bent upon the mourning skies,  
Which seem'd with cloudy brow her grief to  
sympathize.

" Long while the silent passion, wanting vent,  
Made flowing tears, her words, and eyes, her  
tongue ;  
Till faith, experience, hope, assistance lent  
To shut both flood-gates up with patience strong :

The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some  
comforts borrow  
From firmest truth; then glimps'd the hope-  
ful morrow: [sorrow.  
So spring some dawns of joy, so sets the night of

" Ah dearest Lord! my heart's sole Sovereign,  
Who sitt'st high mounted on thy burning throne,  
Hark from thy Heav'n's, where thou dost safely  
reign,

Cloth'd with the golden Sun, and silver Moon:  
Cast down awhile thy sweet and gracious eye,  
And low avail that flaming Majesty,  
Deigning thy gentle sight on our sad misery.

" To thee, dear Lord! I lift this wat'ry eye,  
This eye which thou so oft in love<sup>2</sup> hast prais'd;  
This eye with which thou<sup>3</sup> wounded oft wouldst  
die; [rais'd:

To thee, dear Lord! these suppliant hands are  
These to be lilies thou hast often told me;  
Which if but once again may ever hold thee,  
Will never let thee loose, will never more unfold  
thee.

" Seest how thy foes despicable, trophies rear,  
Too confident in thy prolong'd delays;  
Come then, oh quickly come, my dearest dear!  
When shall I see thee crown'd with conqu'ring  
bays, [clay?  
And all thy foes trod down and spread as  
When shall I see thy face, and glory's ray?  
Too long thou stay'st my love; come love, no  
longer stay.

" Hast thou forgot thy former word and love,  
Or lock'd thy sweetness up in fierce disdain?  
In vain didst thou those thousand mischiefs prove?  
Are all those griefs, thy birth, life, death, in  
vain?

Oh! no,—of ill thou only dost repent thee,  
And in thy dainty mercies most content thee:  
Then why, with stay so long, so long dost thou  
torment me?

" Reviving cordial of my dying sprite,  
The best elixir for soul's drooping pain;  
Ah! now unshade thy face, uncloud thy sight;  
See, ev'ry way's a trap, each path's a train:  
Hell's troops my sole beleaguer; bow thine  
ears; [and fears:  
And hear my cries pierce through my groans  
Sweet Spouse! see not my sins, but through my  
plaints and tears.

" Let frailty, favour; sorrow, succour move;  
Anchor my life in thy calm streams of blood:  
Be thou my rock, though I poor changeling rove,  
Tost up and down in waves of worldly flood:  
Whilst I in vale of tears at anchor ride,  
Where winds of earthly thoughts my sails  
misguide;  
Harbour my fleshly bark safe in thy wounded side.

" Take, take my contrite heart, thy sacrifice,  
Wash'd in her eyes that swims and sinks in woes:  
See, see, as seas with winds high working rise,  
So storm, so rage, so gape thy boasting foes!

Dear Spouse! unless thy right hand even  
steers; [fears;  
Oh! if thou anchor not these threat'ning  
Thy ark will sail as deep in blood, as now in tears.<sup>4</sup>

" With that a thund'ring noise seem'd shake the  
skys,  
As when with iron wheels through stony plain  
A thousand chariots to the battle fly;  
Or when with boist'rous rage the swelling main,  
Puft up by mighty winds, does hoarsely roar;  
And beating with his waves the trembling  
shore, [part door-  
His sandy girdle scorns, and breaks Earth's ram-

" And straight an angel<sup>4</sup> full of heav'nly might,  
(Three sev'ral crowns circled his royal head)  
From northern coast heaving his blazing light,  
Through all the Earth his glorious beams dis-  
spread,  
And open lays the Beast's and Dragon's shame;  
For to this end, th' Almighty did him frame,  
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous  
name.

" A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,  
Frighting the guilty Earth with thund'ring knell;  
And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,  
' Babel, great Babel lies as low as Hell:  
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,  
Her Heav'n exalted tow'rs in dust are drown'd:  
Babel, proud Babel's fall'n, and lies as low as  
ground.'

" The broken Heav'n's dispart with fearful noise,  
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light:  
Straight shrilling trumpets with loud sounding  
voice  
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight;  
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,  
And soon perceiv'd that day must be his last;  
Which strook his frighten'd heart, and all his  
troops aghast.

" Yet full of malice, and of stubborn pride,  
Though oft had strove, and had been foil'd as  
Boldly his death and certain fate defy'd: [oft,  
And mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,  
With boundless spite he long'd to try again  
A second loss, and new death;—glad and fain  
To shew his pois'nous hate, though ever shew'd in  
vain.

" So up he arose upon his stretched sails  
Fearless expecting his approaching death;  
So up he arose, that th' air starts and fails,  
And over-pressed, sinks his load beneath:  
So up he arose, as does a thunder-cloud,  
Which all the Earth with shadows black cloth  
shroud:  
So up he arose, and through the weary air he row'd.

" Now his Almighty Foe far off he spies;  
Whose sun-like arms daz'd the eclipsed day,  
Confounding with their beams less glitt'ring skies,  
Firing the air with more than heav'nly ray;  
Like thousand suns in one;—such is their  
A subject only for immortal sprite; [light,  
Which never can be seen, but by immortal sight.

<sup>2</sup> Canto i. 15.

<sup>3</sup> Canto iv. 9.

<sup>4</sup> Our late most learned sovereign in his Remon-  
strance and Complaint on the Apocalypse.

" His threat'ning eyes shine like that dreadful  
flame, [hand :  
With which the Thunderer arms his angry  
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous name,  
Which neither Earth nor Heav'n could under-  
stand ;

A hundred crowns, like tow'rs, beset around  
His conq'ring head : well may they there  
abound, [richly crown'd.  
When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are

" His armour all was dy'd in purple blood :  
(In purple blood of thousand rebel kings)  
In vain their stubborn pow'rs his arm withstood ;  
Their proud necks chain'd, he now in triumph  
brings, [traitors words :  
And breaks their spears, and cracks their  
Upon whose arms and thigh in golden words  
Was fairly writ, ' The King of kings, and Lord of  
lords.'

" His snow-white steed was born of heav'nly kind,  
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills ;  
More strong and speedy than his parent wind :  
And (which his foes with fear and horror fill)  
Out from his mouth a two-edg'd sword he  
darts : [parts,

Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow  
And with his keenest point unbreast the naked  
hearts.

" The Dragon wounded with his flaming brand  
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie :  
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand  
Him, whose appearance is his victory.  
So now he's bound in adamantine chain :  
He roars, he roars, he yells for high disdain :  
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'en.

" Thence by a mighty swain he soon was led  
Unto a thousand thousand torturers :  
His tail, whose folds were wont the stars to shed,  
Now stretch'd at length, close to his belly clings :  
Soon as the pit he sees, he back retires,  
And battle new, but all in vain, resumes ;  
So there he deeply lies, flaming in icy fires.

" As when Alcides from forc'd Hell had drawn  
The three-head dog, and master'd all his pride ;  
Basely the fiend did on his victor fawn,  
With serpent tail clapping his hollow side :  
At length arriv'd upon the brink of light,  
He shuts the day out of his dillard sight,  
And swelling all in vain, renews unhappy fight.

" Soon at this sight the knights revive again,  
As fresh as when the flowers from winter tomb  
(When now the Sun brings back his nearer wain)  
Peep out again from their fresh mother's womb :  
The primrose lighted new, her flame displays,  
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery  
rays ! [plays.  
And all the world renew their mirth and sportive

" The prince, who saw his long imprisonment  
Now end in never ending liberty :  
To meet the Victor from his castle went,  
And falling down, clasping his royal knee,  
Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise :  
But him the heav'nly Saviour soon doth raise,  
And bids him spend in joy his never-spending days.

" The fair Electa, that with widow'd brow  
Her absent Lord long mourn'd in sad array,

Now silken cloth'd<sup>3</sup> like frozen snow,  
Whose silver spanglets sparkle 'gainst the day :  
This shining robe her Lord himself had  
wrought, [sought,  
While he her love with hundred presents  
And it with many a wound, and many a torment  
bought !

" And thus array'd, her heav'nly beauties shin'd  
(Drawing their beams from this most glorious  
face)

Like to a precious jasper<sup>4</sup>, pure refin'd,  
Which with a crystal mixt, much mends his  
grace :  
The golden stars a garland fair did frame  
To crown her locks ; the Sun lay hid for shame,  
And yielded all his beams to her more glorious  
flame.

Ah ! who that flame can tell ? Ah ! who can see ?  
Enough is me with silence to admire ;  
While bolder joy, and humble majesty  
In either cheek had kindled graceful fire :  
Long silent stood she, while her former fears  
And griefs ran all away in sliding tears ;  
That like a watry sun her gladsome face appears.

" At length when joys had left her closer heart,  
To seat themselves upon her thankful tongue :  
First in her eyes they sudden flashes dart,  
Then forth i' th' music of her voice they throng :  
' My hope, my love, my joy, my life, my bliss,  
(Whom to enjoy is Heav'n, but Hell to miss)  
What are the world's false joys, what Heaven's true  
joys to this ?

" ' Ah, dearest Lord ! does my rapt soul behold  
Am I awake ? and sure I do not dream ? [thee ?  
Do these thrice blessed arms again infold thee ?  
Too much delight makes true things feigned  
seem.

Thee, thee I see ; thou, thou thus folded art :  
For deep thy stamp is printed on my heart,  
And thousand ne'er felt joys stream in each melt-  
ing part.'

" Thus with glad sorrow did she sweetly plain her  
Upon his neck a welcome load depending ;  
While he, with equal joy did entertain her,  
Herself, her champions, highly all commending :  
So all in triumph to his palace went ;  
Whose work in narrow words may not be  
pent : [tent.  
For boundless thought is less than is that glorious

" There sweet delights, which know nor end nor  
measure ;  
No chance is there, nor eating times succeeding ;  
No wasteful spending can impair their treasure ;  
Pleasure full grown, yet ev' freshly breeding ;  
Fulness of sweets excludes not more receiving :  
The soul still big of joy, yet still conceiving :  
Beyond slow tongue's report, beyond quick  
thought's perceiving.

" There are they gone ; there will they ever bide ;  
Swimming in waves of joys, and heav'nly loves ;  
He still a bridegroom, she a gladsome bride ;  
Their hearts in love, like spheres still constant  
moving ;

<sup>3</sup> Rev. xix. 8.

<sup>4</sup> Rev. xxi. 11.

No change, no grief, no age can them befall :  
Their bridal bed is in that heavenly hall,  
Where all days are but one, and only one is all.

" And as in state they thus in triumph ride,  
The boys and damsels their just praises chant ;  
The boys the bridegroom sing, the maids the  
bride,

While all the hills glad Hymens loudly vaunt :  
Heav'n's winged shoals, greeting this glorious  
spring,  
Attune their higher notes, and Hymens sing :  
Each thought to pass, and each did pass thought's  
loftiest wing.

" Upon his lightning brow Love proudly sitting  
Flames out in pow'r, shines out in majesty ;  
There all his lofty spoils and trophies fitting ;  
Displays the marks of highest Deity !  
There full of strength in lordly arms he stands,  
And every heart, and every soul commands :  
No heart, no soul, his strength and lordly force  
withstands.

" Upon her forehead thousand cheerful Graces,  
Seated on thrones of spotless ivory ;  
There gentle love his armed hand unbraces ;  
His bow unbent disclaims all tyranny ;  
There by his play a thousand souls beguiles,  
Persuading more by simple modest smiles,  
Than ever he could force by arms, or crafty wiles.

" Upon her cheek doth Beauty's self implant  
The freshest garden of her choicest flow'rs ;  
On which, if Envy might but glance ascant,  
Her eyes would swell, and burst, and melt in  
show'rs :  
Thrice fairer both than ever fairest ey'd ;  
Heav'n never such a bridegroom yet decri'd ;  
Nor ever Earth so fair, so undefin'd a bride.

" Full of his Father shines his glorious face,  
As far the Sun surpassing in his light,  
As doth the Sun the Earth, with flaming blaze :  
Sweet influence streams from his quick'ning sight :  
His beams from nought did all this all dis-  
play ;  
And when to less than nought they fell away,  
He soon restor'd again by his new orient ray.

" All Heav'n shines forth in her sweet face's frame :  
Her seeing stars (which we miscall bright eyes)  
More bright than is the morning's brightest flame,  
More fruitful than the May-time Geminiæ :  
These, back restore the timely summer's fire ;  
Those, springing thoughts in winter hearts  
inspire,  
Inspiring dead souls, and quick'ning warm desires.

" These two fair Suns in heav'nly spheres are plac'd,  
Where is the centre, joy triumphing sits :  
Thus in all high perfections fully grac'd,  
Her mid-day bliss no future night admits :  
But in the mirrors of her Spouse's eyes  
Her fairest self she dresses ; there where lies  
All sweets, a glorious beauty to emparadise.

" His locks like raven's plumes, or shining jet,  
Fall down in curls sloop his ivory neck ;  
Within their circlets hundred Graces set, [deck'd  
And with love-knots their comely hangings  
His mighty shoulders, like that giant swain,  
All Heav'n and Earth, and all in both sustain ;  
Yet knows no weariness, nor feels oppressing pain.

" Her amber hair like to the sunny ray,  
With gold enamels fair the silver white ;  
There heav'nly Loves their pretty sportings play,  
Firing their darts in that wide flaming light :  
Her dainty neck, spread with that silver  
mold,  
Where double beauty doth itself unfold,  
In th' own fair silver shines, and fairer borrow'd  
gold.

" His breast a rock of purest alabaster, [teft  
Where loves self-sailing shipwreck'd often sit  
Her's a twin-rock, unknown, but to th' ship-master  
Which harbours him alone, all other splitteth.  
Where better could her love than here have  
nested ? [feasted  
Or he his thoughts than here more sweetly  
Then both their love and thoughts in each are ever  
rested.

" Run now, you shepherd swains: ah! run you  
thither, [way  
Where this fair bridegroom leads the blessed  
And haste, you lovely maids, haste you together.  
With this sweet bride, while yet the sunshine  
day [moun call  
Guides your blind steps ; while yet loud sum-  
That every wood and hill resounds withal,  
Come, Hymen, Hymen, come, dress in thy golden  
pall.

" The sounding echo back the music flung,  
While heav'nly spheres unto the voices play'd.  
But see! the day is ended with my song,  
And sporting bathes with that fair ocean maid :  
Scoop now thy wing, my Muse, now stoop  
thee low : [now  
Hence may'st thou freely play, and rest thee  
While here I hang my pipe upon the willow  
bough."

So up they rose, while all the shepherds throng  
With their loud pipes a country triumph blew,  
And led their Thrival home with joyful song :  
Mean time the lovely nymphs with garlands  
new, [bound  
His locks in bay and honour'd palm-tree  
With lillies set, and hyacinths around,  
And lord of all the year and their May sportings  
crown'd.

## PISCATORY ECLOGUES.

### INTRODUCTION.

#### OF PASTORAL AND PISCATORY ECLOGUE.

[PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1771.]

It is common, and indeed natural, with most people who are either averse to thinking for themselves, or are diffident of the rectitude of their own opinions, to adopt implicitly, and retain with zeal, the opinions of those who have acquired a character in the world for ingenuity or penetration. The name of Piscatory Eclogue is perhaps unfavourable, from the severe treatment which



Mr. Addison has been pleased to bestow on what was the first attempt in this particular species of composition, viz. the *Eclogues of Sannazarus*, which (with all deference to the opinion of so able a critic) whoever shall peruse, will, it is believed, be convinced that they hardly deserve such usage. Perhaps the truth was, that Mr. Addison, before Sannazarus came in his way, had laid down what he esteemed the essential requisites of pastoral, and was afterwards, in his review of the pastoral writers, necessarily obliged to praise or condemn according to these rules.—However, it were extremely easy to show that several of his requisites are so far from being essentially necessary, that many of the most esteemed pastorals can by no means be reduced to, or measured by their standard.

The pastoral state, according to his rules, is a state of the most perfect simplicity, innocence, and ease; in short, a golden age.—It is not to be denied, that in order to paint the pleasures of a pastoral life, we must bestow a tint of simplicity, and easy contentment; at the same time, nothing can be more fantastical than to depart entirely from nature, and describe a manner of life, which neither ever did, nor could possibly exist. An affectation of this kind in the writers of pastoral, is the reason why we are justly displeas'd with most of the modern pastorals, as well as with many of the ancient. But the compositions in this way of writing, which are universally admired, will be found to have departed far from this rule. The most esteemed *Eclogues of Virgil* admit often of polished, and even of refined sentiments: and it is with justice that we admire these, since it is well known, that the earliest ages, and the greatest simplicity of manners have produced compositions rich in sentiments the most exalted, as well as most beautiful. Many of Spenser's pastorals are so intolerably rude, (or simple, if one chooses to call them so), that they only excite ridicule: some there are extremely beautiful, but they are these only where he has kept nature in view, and forbore an over-affectation of simplicity.

Another rule of pastoral, according to this writer, and which indeed has a necessary dependence on his first requisite, is, that the smallest hint of misfortune or calamity should be entirely banished from such a state of ease and innocence. He will allow only a few slight anxieties, such as what a shepherd may feel on having his foot pricked with a thorn, breaking his crook, or losing a favourite lamb; because, says he, we must think that life extremely happy, where these are the greatest misfortunes.—But besides the disgusting sentiment of improbability which this system conveys, we must always judge according to our own feelings; and instead of sympathising with the unhappy shepherd who laments such piteous calamities, we must undoubtedly laugh at him.—The complaints of Virgil's *Melibæus* will affect every reader, because they are real, and come home to every man's concerns.

So much has been said on these, which Mr. Addison calls the requisites to pastoral, because it is presumed he has on them founded his criticisms upon the *Eclogues of Sannazarus*. It is on these principles that he censures both Tasso and Guarini, in the *Aminta* and *Pastor fido*; and had he seen a composition, the produce of the northern

part of our island, and allowed a master-piece of the pastoral kind<sup>1</sup>, it had probably been measured by the same standard, and, in that case, as certainly condemned.

The word Pastoral implies, that the characters are shepherds: *Eclogue* signifies, a select poem of any kind; but is generally applied to compositions of the like nature with pastorals; and so far as they have some characterising marks in common, they may be judged of by a common standard; but an allowance must always be made for the sentiments which are peculiar to the several characters. Thus we have seen *Town Eclogues* as well as *Pastoral Eclogues*, to both of which it would be ridiculous to apply the same standard of simplicity, &c.; each have their different merits, and are capable of their peculiar beauties.—*Piscatory Eclogue* forms a third species, and cannot be measured by the standard of either of the former. One rule is certain in all these compositions: Examine the characters, and according as they conform to nature, let the performance be judged.—While we set up a visionary standard, such as that of a perfect state of innocence and simplicity, we shall never find two persons who agree exactly in opinion of the same performance.

Were it necessary to say any thing in recommendation of *Piscatory Eclogue*, we might assert perhaps its advantages over *Pastoral*. The life of a fisherman admits often of scenes as delightful as those which the shepherd enjoys, and those scenes are much more varied. The nature of the occupation of the former gives rise to a greater variety of incidents, and those likewise more interesting, than that of the latter can furnish.—A subject often handled must become trite, and *Piscatory Eclogue* has the advantage over *Pastoral* in displaying a field less beaten and less frequented.—But Fletcher's *Eclogues* will speak for themselves, and sufficiently vindicate both the nature of the composition and their own peculiar merit.

These *Eclogues* have been but once printed, above 130 years ago, and they have met with a fate which I am sure they do not merit, being now almost unknown. I have illustrated them with notes, to explain some historical passages which would have otherwise been obscure; and likewise with some critical observations and similar passages from other poets, many of them old and but little known, with which I know some readers will not be displeas'd: at least, I am always pleas'd to meet with the like in other performances, and I believe others are so too.

---

## ECLOGUE I.

AMYNTAS.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

The poet, under the character of *Thelgon*, a fisher, paints his own father, and, in an allegory, describes his life. Having spent his youth

<sup>1</sup> The Gentle Shepherd, a Scots pastoral comedy, where the characters and scenery are simple and beautiful, though at the same time strictly natural.

in the country, he is solicited to court, where, though honourably employed by his sovereign, he seems to think his labours met not with the reward which they merited. This beautiful Eclogue begins with the most fanciful and picturesque description. The season and scene are laid down:—An invocation to the sea-nymphs:—Thelgon's childhood, and education among the fishers:—The dawning and improvement of his poetical genius:—His removal to court, and his employments in consequence of it:—The rise of his love for Amyntas, with whom he passionately expostulates. The Eclogue concludes with a most beautiful picture of the innocent pleasures of a fisher's life, by which he endeavours to allure Amyntas to reside with him.

## I.

It was the time faithful Halcyone<sup>1</sup>,  
Once more enjoying new-liv'd Ceyx<sup>2</sup> bed,  
Had left her young birds to the wavering sea,  
Bidding him calm his proud white-curl'd head,  
And change his mountains to a champion lea;  
The time when gentle Flora's lover<sup>3</sup> reigns,  
Soft creeping all along green Neptune's smoothest plains.

## II.

When haplesse Thelgon (a poore fisher-swaine)  
Came from his boat to tell the rocks his plaining:  
In rocks he found, and the high-swelling main,  
More sense, more pitie farre, more love remain-  
Than in the great Amyntas' fierce disdain: (ing,  
Was not his peer for song 'mong all the lads  
Whose shrilling pipe, or voice, the sea-born  
maiden glads.

## III.

About his head a rocky canoppye,  
And craggy hangings, round a shadow threw,  
Rebutting Phoebus' parching fervencie;  
Into his bosom Zephyr softly flew;  
Hard by his feet the sea came waving by; [sang;  
The while to seas and rocks (poor swaine!) he  
The while the seas and rocks answer'ing loud echoes  
rang<sup>4</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> The poet's art is admirable, that in the first line he fills the reader's mind with a tender impression, by recalling to his memory the well-known mournful story of Ceyx and Halcyone, (*Ovid. Met. b. xi. fab. 10.*), at the same time that he uses it to convey a fine idea of the serenity of the sea in spring.

<sup>2</sup> Zephyr.

<sup>3</sup> The scene here is finely imagined, and most beautifully described. The numbers too, especially the change and repetition of the words in the two last lines of the stanza, have a fine effect on a musical ear. Dryden, that great master of harmony in numbers, has often used this change in the same words with admirable effect.

The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,  
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;  
The fanning wind and purling streams continue her  
repose,

Cymon and Iphigenia.

## IV.

" You goodly nymphs, that in your marble cell  
In spending never spend your sportful dayes<sup>4</sup>,  
Or, when you list, in pearly boats of shell  
Glide on the dancing wave, that leaping playes  
About the wanton skiff; and you that dwell  
In Neptune's court, the ocean's plenteous  
throng, [song-  
Deign you to gently hear sad Thelgon's plaining

## V.

" When the raw blossom of my youth was yet<sup>5</sup>  
In my first childhood's green enclosure bound,  
Of Aquadune I learnt to fold my net,  
And spread the sail, and beat the river round,  
And withy labyrinths in straits to set,  
And guide my boat where Thame and Isis heire  
By lowy Eton slides, and Windsor proudly faire.

## VI.

" There, while our thinn nets dangling in the winde  
Hung on our oars' tops, I learnt to siog  
Among my peers, apt words to fitly binde  
In num'rous verse: witness thou crystal spring<sup>6</sup>  
Where all the lads were pebles wont to finde:  
And you, thick basles, that on Thamis' brink  
Did oft with dallying boughs his silver waters  
drink.

## VII.

" But when my tender youth 'gan fairly blow, [seas-  
I chang'd large Thames for Chamus' narrower  
There, as my years, so skill with years did grow;  
And now my pipe the better sort did please;  
So that with Limnus, and with Belgio,  
I durst to challenge all my fisher peers,  
That by learn'd Chamus' banks did spend their  
youthfull yeares<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> Vide Eclogue III. §. 3. note 1.

<sup>5</sup> In this description of the fisher's youth and education, there is a remarkable similarity to some passages in the 12th Eclogue of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*. He seems to have been an admirer, and frequently too an imitator of that great poet: but where he has borrowed his thoughts, there are none, I believe, who, upon a comparison, will deny that he has improved on them. The force and tenderness of sentiment, in many of Spenser's Eclogues, is often much impaired by an affected rusticity of expression, which, though some have imagined essential to pastoral, is entirely distinct from simplicity and feeling, and is indeed unfit to convey such sentiments. This Fletcher well knew, and without losing sight of the characters of his speakers, has never descended to vulgarity or affected obscurity.

<sup>6</sup> Extinctum nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnin  
Flebant: vos corulitestes, et fumina nymphis.  
Virg. Buc. Ecl. 5.

Our poet has here beautifully improved on the thought of Virgil, by the addition of two fine images which are not express in the Latin. The whole stanza is picturesque in the highest degree.

<sup>7</sup> The Chame or Cam is remarkable for its many beautiful windings. It is here called learned, from the university of Cambridge, which is situated on the river. The university was founded, as some say, in the year 141; but Sigilbert, a Christian

## VIII.

"And Janus 'self, that oft with me compar'd,  
With his oft losses raised my victory;  
That afterward in song he never dar'd  
Provokes my conqu'ring pipe; but enviously  
Deprave the songs, which first his songs had marr'd;  
And closely bite when now he durst not bark,  
Hating all others' light, because himself was dark.

## IX.

"And whether nature, joy'd with art, had wrought  
me,  
Or I too much believ'd the fisher's praise;  
Or whether Phoebus' self, or Muses, taught me,  
Too much inclin'd to verse, and musicke plays;  
So farre credulitie and youth had brought me,  
I sang and Telethosa's frustrate plainte,  
And rastic Daphnis' wrong, and magic's vain  
restrainte.

## X.

"And then appeard young Myrtilus, repining  
At general contempt of shepherd's life;  
And raised my rime, to sing of Richard's climbing<sup>a</sup>;  
And taught our Chame to end the old-bred strife,  
Mythicus' claim to Nicias resigning:  
The while his goodly nymphs with song delighted,  
My notes with choicest flowers, and garlands sweet,  
requited.

## XI.

"From thence a shepherd great, pleas'd with my  
Drew me to Basilissa's courtly place; [song,  
Fair Basilissa, fairest maid among  
The nymphs that white-cliffe Albion's forrests  
grace.  
Her errand drove my slender bark along  
The seas which wash the fruitful German's land,  
And swelling Rhene, whose wines run swiftly o'er  
the sand.

## XII.

"But after, bolden'd with my first successe,  
I durst essay the new-found paths, that led  
To slavish Mosco's dullard sluggishnesse;  
Whose slotheful Sunne all winter keeps his bed,  
But never sleeps in summer's wakefulnessse:  
Yet all for nought: another took the gain:  
Faitour, that reapt the pleasure of another's pain!

## XIII.

"And travelling along the northern plains,  
At her command I pass'd the bounding Twede,  
And liv'd a while with Caledonian swains:  
My life with fair Amyntas there I led:  
Amyntas fair, whom still my sore heart plains.  
Yet seem'd he then to love as he was lov'd;  
But (ah!) I fear, true love his high heart never  
prov'd.

king of the East-Saxons, is allowed to have been  
the first who established regular schools there.

Next Camus, reverend aire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inswrought with figures dim, and on the edge,  
Like to that sanguine flow'r, inscrib'd with woe.  
Milton's Lycidas.

<sup>a</sup> Probably the usurpation of Richard III. of  
England. The other names are fictitious, or per-  
haps they allude to stories told by other poets,  
which I have never met with.

<sup>1</sup> Q. Elisabeth.

## XIV.

"And now he haunts th' infamous woods and  
And on Napean nymphs doth wholly dote: [downs,  
What cares he for poore Thelgon's plaintful sounds?  
Thelgon, poore master of a poorer boat<sup>10</sup>.  
Janus is crept from his wont prison bounds,  
And sits the porter to his care and minde: [finde?  
What hope Amyntas' love a fisher swaine should

## XV.

"Yet once he said, (which I, then fool, believ'd),  
(The woods of it, and Damon, witness be;)  
When in fair Albion's fields he first arriv'd,  
'When I forget true Thelgon's love to me,  
The love which ne'er my certain hope deceiv'd;  
The wavering sea shall stand, and rocks remove:'  
He said, and I believ'd; so credulous is love.

## XVI.

"You steady rocks, why yet do you stand still?  
You fleeting waves, why do you never stand?  
Amyntas hath forgot his Thelgon's quill;  
His promise and his love are writ in sand:  
But rocks are firm though Neptune rage his fill;  
When thou, Amyntas, like the fire-drake  
rangest; [thou changest.  
The sea keeps on his course, when like the winde

## XVII.

"Yet as I swiftly said the other day,  
The settled rock seem'd from his seat remove,  
And standing waves seem'd doubtful of their way,  
And by their stop thy wavering reprove:  
Sure either this thou didst but mocking say,  
Or else the rock and sea had heard my plaining;  
But thou, ah me! art only constant in disdainning.

## XVIII.

"Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better were<sup>11</sup>  
To 'hide among the simple fisher-swaines;  
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here<sup>12</sup>;  
Nor is our simple pleasure mixt with pains:  
Our sports begin with the beginning yeare;

<sup>10</sup> Hoc est, hoc, miserum quod perdidit. Its Camæna,  
Ite procul, sprevit nostras Galatæa cyber-las:  
Scilicet exigue videor quod navita cymbæ,  
Quodque leveo hamos, nodosque retia tracto,  
Despicior—— Sannazar, Ec. 2.

<sup>11</sup> This, and the two following stanzas, for ele-  
gance and true pastoral simplicity will yield to  
few compositions, whether of the present age or  
of antiquity.

<sup>12</sup> Mr. Addison, in his criticism on pastoral  
poetry, will allow no greater misfortune or incon-  
venience to be described as incident to the state of  
simplicity which is there supposed, than left-  
handed oaks, shrieking ravens, or at most the loss  
of a lamb or goat. Fletcher, in this passage, will  
not fall under his censure, where he paints the  
owl and the night-crow as the most disagreeable  
objects attending the life of a shepherd or fisher.  
But this is too squeamish a piece of criticism.  
There is no occasion for removing ourselves so far  
from real nature. Virgil, who disdain'd all pe-  
dantic restraint, has not confin'd himself to a  
golden age for the scene of his pastorals. He has  
paint'd his shepherds driven from the peaceful en-  
joyment of their fields and flocks, and expos'd to  
insults from the soldiers and barbarians; and this  
serves to heighten the idea of pastoral innocence  
and simplicity, where such calamities are so power-  
fully affecting.

In calms, to pull the leaping fish to land;  
In roughs, to sing and dance along the golden sand.

XIX.

"I have a pipe which once thou lovest well,  
(Was never pipe that gave a better sound),  
Which oft to heare, fair Thetis from her cell,  
Thetis, the queen of seas, attended round  
With hundred nymphs, and many powers that dwell  
In th' ocean's rocky waits, came up to heare,  
And gave me gifts, which still for thee I've hoarded  
here.

XX.

"Here, with sweet bays, the lovely myrtills grow,  
Where th' ocean's fair-cheek'd maidens oft re-  
Here to my pipe they dance on a row: pair;  
No other swain may come to note their fair;  
Yet my Amyntas there with me shall go.  
Proteus himself pipes to his flock hereby<sup>11</sup>. [eye.  
Whom thou shalt heare, ne'er seen by any jealous

XXI.

"But ah! both me and shepherds he disdain,  
While I sit piping to the gadding winds;  
Better that to the boist'rous sea complain;  
Sooner fierce waves are mov'd, than his harde  
winds.  
I'll to some rock far from our common mains<sup>14</sup>,  
And in his bosom learn forget my smart, [heart,"  
And blot Amyntas' name from Thelgon's wretched

XXII.

So up he rose, and launch'd into the deep,  
Dividing with his oars the surging maine,  
Which, dropping, seem'd with teares his case to  
weep; [plain,  
The whistling winds joy'n'd with the seas to  
And o'er his boat in whines lamenting creep.  
Nought feared be fierce ocean's wat'ry ire,  
Who in his heart of grief and love felt equal fire.

<sup>11</sup> Proteus was Neptune's herdsman, and kept his sea-calves; he was jealous of being seen by the shepherds, who used to surprise and bind him, that he might sing to them, and tell them their fortunes.

<sup>14</sup> ———— *εν δού μιλίαι Ουραίου αιδώ*  
*Κυσιδάρι δι σπυρί, και εν λυκαί δι μ' ιδώντι*  
*Εξ μιλίαι εν γλυκο ταύτα πατα βροχθίου γυναικα.*  
THEOCRIT. Idyll. 3.

ECLOGUE II.

THIRSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dorus and Myrtilus sitting on the beach, while the weather is unfavorable for fishing, amuse themselves with a song. Myrtilus relates the cause of Thirsius's abandoning the employment of a fisher, and forsaking his native streams. The author's father's misfortunes are again touch'd on, in the character of Thelgon, conched under a beautiful allegory. Thirsius affected with the ungenerous fate of his friend, and resenting likewise his own namerited hardships, foresees for ever his country and his occupation. His parting with Thomalin, and the haunts and delights of his youth, are described

with all the force and tenderness of poetical expression.

DORUS, MYRTILUS, THOMALIN, THIRSIUS.

I.

DORUS.

MYRTIL, why idle sit we on the shore?  
Since stormy winds and waves intestine spits  
Impatient rage of sail or bending oare;  
Sit we, and sing, while winds and waters fight;  
And carol loud of love, and love's delight.

II.

MYRTILUS.

Dorus, ah rather stormy seas require,  
With sadder notes, the tempest's rage deplore:  
In calms let's sing of love and lover's fire.  
Tell me how Thirsius late our seas forswore,  
When forc'd he left our Chame, and desert shore.

III.

DORUS.

Now, as thou art a lad, repeat that lay;  
Myrtil, his songs more please my ravish'd care,  
Than rumbling brooks that with the pebbles play,  
Than murm'ring seas broke on the banks to heare,  
Or winds on rocks their whistling voices teare.

IV.

MYRTILUS.

Seest thou that rock, which hanging o'er the  
Looks proudly down? there as I under lay, [main  
Thirsius with Thomalin I heard complain;  
Thomalin, (who now goes sighing all the day),  
Who thus 'gan tempt his friend with Chamish boys  
to stay.

V.

THOMALIN.

Thirsius, what wicked chances, or luckless starre,  
From Chamus' streams removes thy boat and mind?  
Farre hence thy boat is bound, thy mind more  
farre; [fate?  
More sweet or fruitful streams where canst thou  
Where fisher-lads, or nymphs more fair or kind?  
The Muses selves sit with the silding Chame:  
Chame and the Muses selves do love thy name.  
Where thou art lov'd so dear, so much to hate is  
shame.

VI.

THIRSIUS.

The Muses me forsake, not I the Muses;  
Thomalin thou know'st how I them honour'd ever:  
Not I my Chame, but me proud Chame refuses;  
His froward spites my strong affection sever;  
Else from his banks could I have parted never:  
But like his swannes, when now their fate is nigh,  
Where singing sweet they liv'd there dead they lie,  
So would I gladly live, so would I gladly die.

VII.

His stubborn hands my net hath broken quite:  
My fish (the guerdon of my toil and pain)  
He causelesse seiz'd, and, with ungrateful spite,  
Restow'd upon a lease deserving swain:  
The cost and labour mine, his all the gain.

<sup>1</sup> Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,  
Nec percussa juvat fluctu tam littora, nec quæ  
Saxosa inter decurrunt flumina valles.

My boat lies broke, my oars are crackt and gone:  
Sought has he left me, but my pipe alone, [moan,  
Which with his sadder notes may help his master's

## VIII.

## THOMALIN.

Ungrateful Chame! how oft hath Thirsil crown'd  
With songs and garlands thy obscurer head!  
That now thy name thro' Albion loud doth sound.  
Ah, foolish Chame! who now in Thirsil's stead  
Shall chaunt thy praise, since Thelgon's lately  
    dead?  
He whom thou lov'st can neither sing nor play,  
His dusty pipe, scorn'd, broke, is cast away:  
Ah, foolish Chame! who now shall grace thy  
    holiday?

## IX.

## THIRSI.

Too fond my former hopes! I still expected  
With my desert his love should grow the more:  
Ill can he love, who Thelgon's love rejected;  
Thelgon, who more hath grac'd his gracelesse  
Than any swain that ever sang before. [shore,  
Yet Gripus he prefer'd, when Thelgon strove:  
I wish no other cause he ever prove;  
Who Thelgon causelesse hates, still may he  
    Gripus love<sup>1</sup>.

## X.

## THOMALIN.

Thirsil, bet that so long I know thee well,  
I now should think thou speak'st of hate or spite:  
Can such a wrong with Chame, or Muses dwell,  
That Thelgon's worth and love with hate they  
    quite?

## THIRSI.

Thomalin, judge thou; and thou that judgest  
    right,  
Great king of seas, that grasp'st the ocean, heare,  
Never thou thy Thelgon lov'd'st deare: [bear,  
Tho' thou forbear a while, yet long thou canst not

## XI.

When Thelgon here had spent his 'prentice  
    years,  
Soon had he learnt to sing as sweet a note  
As ever strook the churlish Chamus' cares:  
To him the river gives a costly boat,  
That on his waters he might safely float;  
The song's reward, which oft unto his shore  
He sweetly tuned: then arm'd with sail and oare,  
Dearly the gift he loved, but lov'd the giver more.

## XII.

Scarce of the boat he yet was full possest,  
When, with a mind more changing than his wave,  
Again bequeath'd it to a wand'ring guest,  
Whom then he only saw; to him he gave  
The sails and oars; in vain poor Thelgon strave,  
The boat is under sail, no boot to plain:  
Then baight him, the more to eke his pain,  
As if himself wey wrong'd, and did not wrong  
    the swain.

<sup>1</sup> It is probable the author here alludes to some office or employment which his father expected, as the reward of his services, and which was undeservedly bestowed on another, stigmatised under the name of Gripus, who had obtained it by flattery, and the low arts, to which Fletcher was a stranger. Vide infra stanza 14. and Eclog. i. stanza 12.—As a key to some allusions of this kind which

## XIII.

From thence he furrow'd may a churlish sea:  
The viny Rhene, and Volgha's self did pass<sup>2</sup>,  
Who sleds doth suffer on his wat'ry lea,  
And horses trampling on his icy face:  
Where Phœbus, prison'd in the frozen glasse,  
All winter cannot move his quenched light,  
Nor, in the heat, will drench his chariot bright:  
Thereby the tedious yeare is all one day and night.

## XIV.

Yet little thanke, and lesse reward, he got;  
He never learn'd to soothe the itching eare:  
One day (as chanc't) he spied that painted boat  
Which once was his: though his of right it were,  
He bought it now again, and bought it deare.  
But Chame to Gripus gave it once again,  
Gripus, the basest and most dung-hill swain,  
That ever drew a net, or fisht in fruitful main.

## XV.

Go now, ye fisher-boys, go learn to play,  
To play and sing along your Chamus' shore:  
Go watch and toil, go spend the night and day,  
While windes and waves, while stormes and  
    tempest roar;  
And for your trade consume your life and store:  
Lo your reward; thus will your Chamus use you:  
Why should you plain that lozel swains refuse you?  
Chamus good fishers hates, the Muses' selves abuse  
    you<sup>3</sup>.

## XVI.

## THOMALIN.

Ah, Thelgon! poorest, but the worthiest swain  
That ever grac'd unworthy poverty!  
However here thou liv'st in joylesse pain,  
Prest down with grief and patient misery;  
Yet shalt thou live when thy proud enemy  
Shall rot, with scorn and base contempt oppress.  
Sure now in joy thou safe and glad dost rest,  
Smil'st at those eager foes, which here thee so  
    molest.

## XVII.

## THIRSI.

Thomalin, mourn not for him; he's sweetly  
    sleeping<sup>4</sup>  
In Neptune's court, whom here he sought to  
    please;  
While humming rivers, by his cabin creeping,  
Rock soft his slumb'ring thoughts in quiet ease:  
Mourn for thyself, here windes do never cease;

occur in these eclogues, I find the following anecdote in a small duodecimo, entitled, *A Historical Dictionary of England and Wales*. Printed 1692: After enumerating some particulars of the life of Doctor Giles Fletcher, it is there added, "He was a man equally beloved of the Muses and Graces: In the end of his life having commenced doctor of divinity, and being slighted by his clownish parishioners, he fell into deep melancholy, and in a short time died."

<sup>2</sup> See Eclogue i. stanzas 11, 12. and the note thereon.

<sup>3</sup> The ingratitude of a sovereign to a faithful servant, is touched with great delicacy in this oblique complaint against Chamus and the Muses.

<sup>4</sup> There is something remarkable in this picture. The image of the poor fisherman, now at rest from all his troubles, and sweetly sleeping in the court of Neptune, carries with it something beauti-

Our dying life will better fit thy crying:  
He softly sleeps, and blest is quiet lying.  
Who ever living dies, he better lives by dying.

XVIII.

THOMALIN.

Can Thirsil than our Chame abandon ever?  
And never will our fishers see again?

THIRASIL.

Who 'gainst a raging stream doth vain endeavour  
To drive his boat, gets labour for his pain:  
When fates command to go, to lagge is vain.  
As late upon the shore I chanc'd to play,  
I heard a voice, like thunder, loudly say,  
"Thirsil, why idle liv'st? Thirsil, away, away!"

ful and affecting. The belief of the ancients, that the happiness of the deceased in Elysium consisted in the perfect enjoyment of those pleasures which had most delighted them in life, justifies the propriety of the painting. It may be well imagined, that the sweetest enjoyment of a poor and weary fisherman consisted in those few hours of sleep, when his batter'd cottage shelter'd him from the storms of the night; and that the height of his wishes was to enjoy undisturbed that repose, which was often rudely interrupted, but yet doubly sweetened by the severity of his occupation. "The humming rivers creeping by his cabin," is a beautiful and most natural idea, and, considering the character, is here introduced with peculiar propriety.

"Blessed are the righteous dead; from henceforth: for they shall rest from their labours——"  
Revel. c. xiv. v. 13.

This representation is still farther justified from the opinions of the poets concerning the parts of man's composition. From these it may be gathered, that they believed three essential parts, the body, the pure etherial spirit, and a subtile yet material vehicle, as it were a shade or picture of the body while in life. The body they saw reduced to ashes on the funeral pile; the spirit they believed, by its own nature, as soon as relieved from the body, returned directly to Heaven, the place of its original; and the shade descended to the infernal regions.—This doctrine is evident from many of the poets: Lucretius, in particular, is express on this point.

—Euse Acherusia templa,

Quo neque permancant animæ, neque corpora  
nostra

Sed quædam simulacra, modis pallentia miris.

LUCRET. l. 1.

It was therefore a natural effect of the belief of this doctrine, to imagine the shade, or representation of the soul and body, as being something of a material nature, to be employed in those actions or enjoyments below, which had been most common and best relished while the soul and body were united: and the supposition of sleep being a chief enjoyment in Elysium, is beautiful and consonant, considering that the spirit, or the active and intelligent part, had left the composition, and fled to Heaven. By the bye, Lucretius accounts for the appearance of ghosts and spectres in a pretty singular manner from this doctrine: He supposes, that at the time of the dissolution of the three constituent parts of

XIX.

Thou God of seas, thy voice I gladly heare;  
Thy voice (thy voice I know) I glad obey:  
Only, do thou my wand'ring wherry steer;  
And when it errs, (as it will easly stray),  
Upon the rock with hopeful anchor stay:  
Then will I swim where's either sea or shore,  
Where never swain or boat was seen afore: [oars.  
My trunk shall be my boat, mine arm shall be my

XX.

Thomalin, methinks I heare thy speaking eye  
Woo me my posting journey to delay:  
But let thy love yield to necessity:  
With thee, my friend, too gladly would I stay,  
And live, and die: were 'Thomalin away,  
(Though now I half unwilling leave his stream),  
However Chame doth Thirsil lightly deem,  
Yet would thy Thirsil lesse proud Chamus' scorn  
esteem.

XXI.

THOMALIN.

Who now with Thomalin shall sit and sing?  
Who left to play in lovely Myrtill's shade?  
Or tune sweet ditties to so sweet a string?  
Who now those wounds shall swage in covert glade,  
Sweet-bitter wounds which cruel love hath made?  
You fisher-boyes, and sea-maids' dainty crew,  
Farewell! for Thomalin will seek a new  
And more respectful stream: ungrateful Chame,  
adieu!

XXII.

THIRASIL.

Thomalin, forsake not thou the fisher-swains,  
Which hold thy stay and love at dearest rate:  
Here may'st thou live among their sportful  
Till better times afford thee better state: [trains,  
Then may'st thou follow well thy guiding fate,  
So live thou here with peace and quiet blest;  
So let thy love afford thee ease and rest;  
So let thy sweetest foe re-cure thy wounded breast.

XXIII.

But thou, proud Chame, which thus hast  
wrought me spite,  
Some greater river drown thy hated name!  
Let never myrtle on thy banks delight;  
But willows pale, the badge of spite and blame,  
Crown thy ungrateful shores with scorn and shame!  
Let dirt and mud thy lazy waters seize;  
Thy weeds still grow, thy waters still decrease:  
Nor let thy wretched love to Gripus ever cease!

man, the thin shapes or cases flying off to Elysium are sometimes seen on their way, and being material exhibit a lively image of the person while in life.

—Heu tua nobis

Pæne simul tecum solatia rapta Menalca! [herbis  
Quis caseret Nymphas? quis humum florentibus  
Spargeret? aut viridi fontis induceret umbra?

VIRG. Buc. Ecl. 9.

In these last stanzas of this beautiful eclogue, the tender concern of Thomalin for his friend's misfortunes, which prompts him likewise to forsake his native river, the generosity of Thirsil in requesting him to stay behind, the apostrophe to the river, and the parting of the two friends, are described in a masterly vein of poetry, and pathetic in the highest degree.

XXIV.

Farewel, ye streams, which once I loved deare;  
 Farewel, ye boys, which on your Chame do float;  
 Muses, farewell; if there be Muses here;  
 Farewel, my wets, farewell my little boat:  
 Come, sadder pipe; farewell, my merry note:  
 My Thomalin, with thee all sweeteasse dwell;  
 Think of thy Thirsil, with Thirsil loves thee well.  
 Thomalin, my dearest deare, my Thomalin,  
 farewell!

XXV.

DORUS.

Ah, haplesse boy, the fisher's joy and pride!  
 Ah, wo is us, we cannot help thy wo!  
 Our pity vain: ill may that swain betide  
 Whose undescrv'd spite bath wrong'd thee so.  
 Thirsil, with thee our joy and wishes go.

XXVI.

MYRTILUS.

Dorus, some greater power prevents thy curse:  
 So vile, so basely lives that hateful swain;  
 So base, so vile, that none can wish him worse.  
 But Thirsil much a better state doth gain;  
 For never will he find so thanklesse main.

\* It will be no injustice to our poet, if, while we read of Thomalin's taking leave of all the objects which were dearest to him, we have in our eye the sentiments of Theocritus's Daphnis, in his last adieu, and the thoughts of Virgil's Melibæus, in similar circumstances to Thomalin.

\* Ω λώας, ἃ θῆς, ἃ ἀν' ἡρα φαλαδίς ἔρχοι,  
 Χαιρῶ· ἃ βασιλὸς ἡμῶν ἰγὼ Δάφνης εὐχάσ' ἀν' ἕλας,  
 Οὐκ εἶ' ἀπὸ λυγρῶς, εἰς ἕλας· χαίρ' Ἀελίθια,  
 Καὶ ποταμῶν, τοὶ χεῖρ' καλὰν κατὰ Θύμβροδος ὄρου.  
 Δάφνη ἴγαν' ἃ δι' ἑσπέρ' ἃ τὰς βῆρας ἄδι' ἰομύουσι,  
 Δάφνης ἃ τὸς ταύρους καὶ πέρωνας ἄδι' ἠσπίδου.

THEOC. Idyll. 1.

En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines,  
 Pauperis ac tuguri congestum cespitem culmen  
 Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas?  
 Ite mexæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ:  
 Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro,  
 Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo.  
 Carmina nulla canam, non, me pascente, capellæ,  
 Florentem cythsum, et salices carpetis amaras.

Virg. Buc. Ecl. 1.

ECLOGUE III.

MYRTILUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Myrtilus, a young fisher, captivated with the love of Celia, is painted sitting on the banks of the river Medway, heedless of his occupation, while his thoughts are solely employed on his mistress. He complains to the sea-nymphs and seas; and, comparing them to the state of his own mind, endeavours by various means to soften the cruel object of his affections. This Eclogue is expressive of all that vicissitude of passions which the ardency of love can inspire.

I.

A FISHER-LAD, (no higher dares he look),  
 Myrtil, sat down by silver Medway's shore:<sup>1</sup>  
 His dangling nets, hung on the trembling oare,  
 Had leave to play, so had his idle hook,  
 While madding windes the madder ocean shook.  
 Of Chamus had he learnt to pipe and sing,  
 And frame low ditties to his humble string.

II.

There, as his boat late in the river stray'd,  
 A friendly fisher brought the boy to view  
 Celia the fair, whose lovely beauties drew  
 His heart from him into that heav'nly maid:  
 There all his wand'ring thoughts, there now they  
 All other faire, all other love defes, [staid.  
 In Celia he lives, for Celia dies.

III.

Nor durst the coward woo his high desiring,  
 (For low he was, lower himself accounts;  
 And she the highest height in worth surmounts);  
 But sits alone in hell, his heaven admiring<sup>2</sup>;  
 And thinks with sighs to fauce, but blows his fring.  
 Nor does he strive to cure his painful wound;  
 For till this sicknesse never was he sound.

IV.

His blubber'd face was temper'd to the day;  
 All sad he lookt, that sure all was not well;  
 Deep in his heart was hid an heavenly bell:  
 Thick clouds upon his wat'ry eye-brows lay,  
 Which melting shower, and show'ring never stay:  
 So, sitting down upon the sandy plain,  
 Thus 'gan he vent his grief and hidden pain.

V.

"You sea-born maids, that in the ocean reign,  
 (If in your courts is known love's matchlesse powre,  
 Kindling his fire in your cold wat'ry bowre;) <sup>3</sup>  
 Learn, by your own, to pity others' pain.  
 Tryphon, thou know'st a thousand herbs in vain,  
 But know'st not one to cure a love-sick heart<sup>3</sup>;  
 See here a wound, that farre outgoes thy art.

<sup>1</sup> The river Medway rises in what is called the Weald or woody part of Kent, and afterwards divides itself into many streams, five of which surround Tunbridge. It is a very beautiful and navigable river, and at Rochester is so large as to be the bed of the royal navy.

<sup>2</sup> The greatest fault, perhaps, that can be found in Fletcher's poetry, is that studied quaintness of expression which is too frequently to be met with. The formality of an antithesis, which was so much the fashion of the age in which he wrote, is entirely opposite to the language of passion. It is surprising to think how universally so depraved a taste should have then prevailed, and how powerful it must have been, when Shakespeare himself was often carried away with the torrent. And yet, with all this, we find that in old compositions, even these quaintnesses of expressions, which would disgust in compositions of the present time, have an effect which is sometimes not unpleasant, as they suggest to the mind the idea of a distant and less refined state of society, and of the progressive advancement of taste; reflections that always afford pleasure.

<sup>3</sup> —————Herbarum subjecta potentia nobis:  
 Hei mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.  
 Ovid. Met. Apoll. & Daph.

VI.  
 "Your stately seas (perhaps with love's fire)  
 glow,  
 And over-seeth their banks with springing-tide;  
 Must'ring their white plum'd waves with lordly  
 pride,  
 They soon retire, and lay their cur'd heads low;  
 So sinking in themselves they backward go:  
 But in my breast full seas of grief remain,  
 Which ever flow, and never ebbe again.

VII.  
 "How well, fair Thetis, in thy glasse I see,  
 As in a crystal, all my raging pains!  
 Late thy green fields slept in their even plains,  
 While smiling heav'ns spread round a canopye:  
 Now lost with blasts and civil enmitie,  
 While whistling windes blow trumpets to their  
 fight, [spite.  
 And roaring waves, as drummes, whet on their

VIII.  
 "Such cruel stormes my restless heart com-  
 late thousand joyes securely lodged there, (mand:  
 Ne fear'd I then to care, ne car'd to fear:  
 But pull'd the prison'd fishes to the land;  
 Or (spite of windes) pip'd on the golden sand:  
 But since love sway'd my breast, these seas' alarms  
 Are but dead pictures of my raging harms.

IX.  
 "Love stirs desire; desire, like stormy winde,  
 Blows up high-swelling waves of hope and fear:  
 Hope on his top my trembling heart doth bear  
 Up to my heaven, but straight my lofty minde,  
 By fear sunk in despair, deep drown'd I finde.  
 But ah! your tempests cannot last for ever;  
 But ah! my stormes (I fear) will leave me never.

X.  
 "Haplesse and fond! too fond, more haplesse  
 swain, [th'art lov'd:  
 Who lovest where th'art scorn'd, scorn'st where  
 Or learn to hate where thou hast hatred prov'd;  
 Or learn to love where thou art lov'd again:  
 Ah cease to love, or cease to woo thy pain!  
 Thy love thus scorn'd is hell; do not so earn it;  
 At least, learn by forgetting to unlearn it.

XI.  
 "Ah, fond and haplesse swain! but much more  
 fond,  
 How can'st unlearn, by learning to forget it;  
 When thought of what thou shouldst unlearn does  
 whet it;  
 And surer ties thy mind in captive bond?  
 Canst thou unlearn a ditty thou hast conn'd?  
 Canst thou forget a song by oft repeating?  
 Thus much more wilt thou learn by thy forgetting.

XII.  
 "Haplesse and fond! most fond, more haplesse  
 swain!  
 Seeing thy rooted love will leave thee never, [ever:  
 (She hates thy love), love thou her hate for  
 In vain thou hop'st; hope yet, though still in vain:  
 Joy in thy grief, and triumph in thy pain:  
 And though reward exceedeth thy aspiring,  
 Live in her love, and die in her admiring.

XIII.  
 "Fair, cruel maid! most cruel, fairer ever,  
 How hath foul rigoor stoln into thy heart?  
 And, on a comic stage, hath learnt thee art  
 To play a tyrant-tragical deceiver?  
 To promise marry, but perform it never?

To look more sweet, maskt in thy looks' disguise,  
 Than Mercy's self can look with Pity's eyes?

XIV.  
 "Who taught thy honied tongue the cunning  
 To melt the ravish'd eare with music's strains? [slight  
 And charm the sense with thousand pleasing pains?  
 And yet, like thunder roll'd in flames and night,  
 To break the riv'd heart with fear and fright?  
 How rules therein thy breast so quiet state,  
 Spite leagu'd with mercy, love with lovelesse hate."

XV.  
 "Ah no, fair Celia! in thy sun-like eye [fire,  
 Heaven sweetly smiles; those starres, soft loving  
 And living heat, not burning flames, inspire:  
 Love's self enlithon'd in thy brow's ivory,  
 And every grace in Heaven's livery.  
 My wants, not thine, me in despairing drown:  
 When Hell perfumes, no mar! if Heavens frown.

XVI.  
 "Those graceful tunes, issuing from glorious  
 spheres,  
 Ravish the ear and soul with strange delight,  
 And with sweet nectar fill the thirsty spits;  
 Thy honied tongue, charming the melted eares,  
 Stills stormy hearts, and quiets frights and fears:  
 My daring heart provokes thee; and no wonder  
 When Earth so high aspires, if Heaven thunder.

XVII.  
 "See, see, fair Celia, seas are calmly laid,  
 And end their boist'rous threats in quiet peace;  
 The waves their drummes, the windes their  
 trumpets cease:  
 But my sick love, (ah love but ill appay'd),  
 Never can hope his stormes may be allay'd;

\* The following stanzas, which contain some of  
 the like passionate sentiments, I am assured, were  
 never before published.

Fly forth, my sighs, which choke my reading  
 heart;  
 Leave this poor body—waft you to my fair:  
 Your glowing warmth to her cold breast impart,  
 And print therein a lover's tender care.  
 And, if you dare such matchless charms to brave,  
 Fly round her lips, and hover o'er her breast:  
 Kiss those red lips; and on the rolling wave  
 Of her smooth milky bosom trembling rest.  
 Fly, and entwine amid those locks of gold;  
 There loose the cords that keep my heart  
 confin'd:  
 Those golden nets the captive sense infold,  
 And with resistless magic's power can bind.  
 And, whilst ye flatter round that sacred head,  
 Breathe in her ear in softest notes of woe,  
 That with her favour all my joys are fled;  
 Her frowns have bid unceasing tears to flow.  
 Bid her that heart-confounding reason tell,  
 Why looks so sweet such cruel wiles disguise;  
 Why in a cherub's lips deceit should dwell,  
 Or murder'ng lightning flash from angel's eyes—  
 —Oh, dearer far than sight on Earth beside!  
 I feel, I feel my vital strength decay:—  
 Haste, haste to save;—be but thy mercy try'd;  
 Nor let me ling'ring waste my life away.

\* Ηαὐτὴ ἑαυτὴν πρὸς τὸν ἀγαπῶντα ἡ δὲ  
 ἄλλ' ἰσὶ τὴν αὐτὴν καταδάσκει—



Not giving to his rage no end or leisure,  
Still restless rests: love knows no mean nor  
measure.

## XVIII.

"Fond boy, she justly scorns thy proud desire,  
While thou with singing wouldst forget thy pain:  
Go strive to empty the still-flowing main:  
Go fuel seek to quench thy glowing fire:  
Ah, foolish boy! scorn is thy music's hire.  
Drown then these flames in seas: but ah! I fear  
To fire the main, and to want water there.

## XIX.

"There first thy heaven I saw, there felt my hell;  
The smooth calm seas rais'd storms of fierce desires;  
There cooling waters kindled burning fires,  
Nor can the ocean quench them; in thy cell,  
Full stor'd of pleasures, all my pleasures fell.  
Die then, fond lad: ah! well my death may  
please thee: [me."  
But love, thy love, not life, not death, must ease

## XX.

So down he swooning slinks, nor can remove,  
Till fisher-boys (fond fisher-boys) revive him,  
And back again his life and loving give him;  
But he such woful gift doth much reprove:  
Hopeless his life; for bupeless is his love.  
Go, then, most loving, but most doleful swain;  
Well may I pity; she must cure thy pain.

## ECLOGUE IV.

## CHROMIS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Theigon and Chromis lament the degeneracy of the times, when the name and employment of a fisher is become despicable and opprobrious. Under this allegory is couched a complaint of the corruption and shameful life of the clergy: Their neglect of their charges; their oppression of their inferiors; and their haughtiness and uncontrolled ambition, are severely touch'd upon. Theigon draws a parallel between these and the primitive heads of the church; and concludes, exhorting his friend, from the greatest of all examples, to persevere with constancy in his employment.

## THEIGON, CHROMIS.

## I.

## THEIGON.

CHROMIS, my joy, why drop thy rainie eyes?  
And saillen clouds hang on thy heavie brow?  
Seems that thy net is rent, and idle lies;  
Thy merry pipe hangs broken on a bough:  
But late thy time in hundred joyes thou spent'st;  
Now time spends thee, while thou in vain lament'st.

## II.

## CHROMIS.

Theigon, my pipe is whole, and nets are new;  
But nets and pipe contemn'd and idle lie:  
My little reed, that late so merry blew,  
Tunes sad notes to his master's misery.  
Time is my foe, and hates my rugged rhimes,  
And I as much hate both that hate and times.

## III.

## THEIGON.

What is it then that causeth thy unrest?  
Or wicked charms; or love's new-kindled fire?  
Ah! much I fear, love eats thy tender breast;  
Too well I know his never-quenched ire,  
Since I Amyntas lov'd, who me disdain'd;  
And loves in me naught but my grief and pains.

## IV.

## CHROMIS.

No lack of love did ever breed my smart;  
I onely learn'd to pity others' pain,  
And ward my breast from his deceiving art:  
But one I love, and he loves me again:  
In love this onely is my greatest sore,  
He loves so much, and I can love no more.

## V.

But when the fisher's trade, once highly priz'd,  
And justly honour'd in those better times,  
By every lozel-groom I see despis'd;  
No marvel if I hate my jocund rhimes,  
And hang my pipe upon a willow bough:  
Might I grieve ever, if I grieve not now.

## VI.

## THEIGON.

Ah, foolish boy! why should'st thou so lament  
To be like him whom thou dost like so well?  
The prince of fishers thousand torments rent.  
To Heaven, lad, thou art bound: the way by Hell,  
Would'st thou ador'd, and great, and merry be,  
When he was mock'd, debas'd, and dead for thee?

## VII.

Men's scorns should rather joy than sorrow move;  
For then thou highest art when thou art down.  
Their storms of hate should more blow up my love;  
Their laughers my applause, their mocks my  
crown.  
Sorrow for him, and shame let me betide,  
Who for me, wretch, in shame and sorrow died.

## VIII.

## CHROMIS.

Theigon, 'tis not myself for whom I plain;  
My private losse full easie could I bear,  
If private losse might help the public gain:  
But who can blame my grief, or chide my fear,  
Since now the fisher's trade and honour'd name  
Is made the common badge of scorn and shame?

## IX.

Little know they the fisher's toilsome pain,  
Whose labour with his age, still growing, spends  
His care and watchings (oft mispent in vain) [not;  
The early morn begins, dark evening ends not.  
Too foolish men, that think all labour stands  
In travel of the feet or tired hands!

## X.

Ah, wretched fishers! born to hate and strife;  
To others' good, but to your rape and spoil.  
This is the briefest summe of fisher's life,  
To sweat, to freeze, to watch, to fast, to toily  
Hated to love, to live despis'd, forlorn;  
A sorrow to himself, all others' scorn.

<sup>1</sup> See Eclogue L.

## XI.

## THELGON.

Too well I know the fisher's thankless pain ;  
 Yet bear it cheerfully, nor dare reprieve :  
 To grudge at losse is fond, (too fond and vain),  
 When highest causes justly it assigne.  
 Who bites the stone, and yet the dog condemnes,  
 Much worse is than the beast he so contemnes.

## XII.

Chromis, how many fishers dost thou know,  
 That rule their boats, and use their nets aright?  
 That neither winde, nor time, nor tide foreslow?  
 Such some have been; but, ah! by tempests' spite,  
 Their boats are lost; while we may sit and moan,  
 That few were such, and now those few are none.

## XIII.

## CHROMIS.

Ah, cruel spite, and spiteful crueltie,  
 That thus hath robb'd our joy and desert shore!  
 No more our seas shall hear your melody; [more:]  
 Your songs and thrilling pipes shall sound no  
 Silent our shores, our seas are vacant quite.  
 Ah, spiteful crueltie, and cruel spite!

## XIV.

## THELGON.

Instead of these, a crew of idle grooms,  
 Idle and bold, that never saw the seas,  
 Fearlesse succeed, and fill their empty rooms:  
 Some lazy live, bathing in wealth and ease:  
 Their floating boats with waves have leave to play,  
 Their rusty hooks all yeare keep holiday.

## XV.

Here stray their skiffes, themselves are never here;  
 Ne'er saw their boats: ill mought they fishers be:  
 Meantime some wanton boy the boat doth steer,  
 (Poor boat the while!) that cares as much as he:  
 Who in a brook a wherry cannot row,  
 Now backs the seas, before the seas he know.

## XVI.

## CHROMIS.

Ah, foolish lads! that think with waves to play,  
 And rule rough seas, which never knew com-  
 Fight in some river thy new skill essay, [mand!  
 Till time and practice teach thy weakly hand:  
 A thin, thin plank keeps in thy vital breath:  
 Death ready waits. Fond boyes, to play with death!

## XVII.

## THELGON.

Some, stretching in their boats, supinely sleep,  
 Seasons in vain recall'd, and windes neglecting:  
 Others their hooks and baits in poison steep,  
 Neptune himself with deathful drugges infecting:  
 The fish their life and death together drink,  
 And dead pollute the seas with venom'd stink.

## XVIII.

Some teach to work, but have no hands to row:  
 Some will be eyes, but have no light to see:  
 Some will be guides, but have no feet to go:  
 Some deaf, yet eares; some dumbe, yet tongues  
 will be: [all];  
 Dumbe, deaf, lame, blinde and maim'd; yet fishers  
 Fit for no use, but store an hospital.

<sup>2</sup> See Eclogne II.

<sup>3</sup> Poisonous and pernicious doctrines, which

## XIX.

Some greater, scorning now their narrow boaf,  
 In mighty hulks and ships (like courts) do  
 dwell;  
 Slaving the skiffes that in their seas do float;  
 Their silken sails with windes do proudly swell:  
 Their narrow bottomes stretch they large and wide,  
 And make full room for luxurie and pride<sup>4</sup>.

## XX.

<sup>5</sup>Self did I see a swain not long ago,  
 Whose lordly ship kept all the rest in aw:  
 About him thousand boats do waiting row;  
 His frowns are death, his word is firmest law;  
 While all the fisher-boyes their bonnets vail,  
 And farre adore their lord with strucken sail.

## XXI.

His eare is shut to simple fisher-swain;  
 For Gemma's self (a sea-nymph great and high)  
 Upon his boat attended long in vain:  
 What hope poore fisher-boy may come him  
 nigh?  
 His speech to her and presence he denied,  
 Had Neptune come, Neptune he had defied.

## XXII.

Where Tyber's swelling waves his banks o'erflow,  
 There princely fishers' dwell in courtly halls:  
 The trade they scorn, their hands forget to row;  
 Their trade, to plot their rising, others' falls:  
 Into their seas to draw the lesser brooks,  
 And fish for steeples high, with golden hooks.

while the people adopt, along with divine and necessary truths, they may be properly said to "drink their life and death together."

<sup>4</sup> This is not the first instance that we have of the poet's using the figure of a ship and seamen in an allegorical sense. Sir David Lindsay, who wrote in the reign of James V. of Scotland, (about a hundred years before our poet) in speaking of the clergy of his time, draws a picture which has a striking resemblance to this of Fletcher's, though in rougher measure.

—To Peter and Paul though they succeed,  
 I think they prove not that into their dead.

For Peter, Andrew, and John, were fishers fine,  
 Of men and women to the Christian faith:  
 But they have spread their net, with hook and line,  
 On rents, riches, on gold and other graith:  
 Such fishing to neglect they will be laith.  
 For why, they have fished over-thwart strands,  
 A great part truly of all temporal lands.  
 Christ did command Peter to feed his sheep;  
 And so he did them feed full tenderly;  
 Of that command they take but little keep,  
 But Christes sheep they spoil most piteously,  
 And with the wool they clothe them curiously:  
 Like greedy wolves they take of them their food:  
 They eate their flesh, and drink both milk and blood.  
 As who would make a steersman to a barge  
 Of one blind born, which can on danger see:  
 If that ship drown, forsooth I say for me,  
 Who gave the steersman such commission,  
 Should of the ship make restitution. &c.  
 Sir D. LINDSAY's Works, 3d B. of the Monarchy.

<sup>6</sup> The popes.

XXIII.

CHROMIS.

Thelgon, how can'st thou well that fisher blame,  
Who in his art so highly doth excel,  
That with himself can raise the fisher's name?  
Well may he thrive, that spends his art so well.  
Ah, little needs their honour to depress:  
Little it is; yet most would have it less.

XXIV.

THELTON.

Alas, poor boy! thy shallow-swimming sight  
Can never dive into their deepest art,  
Those silken shows so dimme thy dazzled sight.  
Couldst thou unmask their pomp, unbreast their  
heart,  
How would'st thou laugh at this rich beggerie!  
And learn to hate such happy miserie!

XXV.

Panting ambition spurs their tired breast;  
Hope chain'd to doubt, fear link'd to pride and  
threat,  
(Too ill yok'd pairs) give them no time to rest;  
Tyrants to lesser boats, slaves to the great.  
That man I rather pitie than adore,  
Who, fear'd by others much, fears others more.

XXVI.

Most cursed town, where but one tyrant reigns!  
(Though less his single rage on many spent;)  
But much more miserie that soul remains,  
When many tyrants in one heart are pent:  
When thus thou serv'st, the comfort thou can'nst  
have  
From greatness is, thou art a greater slave.

XXVII.

CHROMIS.

Ah, wretched swains, that live in fishers' trade;  
With inward griefs and outward wants distress'd;  
While every day doth more your sorrow lade;  
By others scorn'd, and by yourselves oppress'd!  
The great the greater serve, the lesser these:  
And all their art is how to rise and please.

XXVIII.

THELTON.

Those fisher-swains, from whom our trade doth  
flow,  
That by the King of seas their skill were taught,  
As they their boats on Jordan wave did row,  
And, catching fish, were by a fisher caught;  
(Ah, blessed chance!) much better was the trade,  
That being fishers, thus were fishes made.

XXIX.

Those happy swains, in outward shew unblest,  
Were scourg'd, were scorn'd; yet was this losse  
their gain:  
By land, by sea, in life, in death distress;  
But now with King of seas securely reign:  
For that short wo in this base earthly dwelling,  
Enjoying joy all excellence excelling.

XXX.

Then do not thou, my boy, cast down thy minde,  
But seek to please, with all thy busie care,  
The King of seas; so shalt thou surely finde  
Rest, quiet, joy, in all this troublous farc.  
Let not thy net, thy hook, thy singing cease:  
And pray these tempests may be turn'd to peace.

XXXI.

Oh, Prince of waters! Sovereigne of seas!  
Whom storms and calms, whom winds and waves  
obey;  
If ever that great fisher did thee please,  
Chide thou the winds, and furious waves allay:  
So on thy shores the fisher-boys shall sing  
Sweet songs of peace to our sweet peace's King.

## ECLOGUE V.

NICÆA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Algon, walking sorrowfully along the banks of the Trent, is met by Damon, who kindly enquires the cause of his affliction; but at the same time upbraids him, that, while all nature is gay and joyful, he alone should grieve. Algon describes his feelings, and Damon from thence discovers his passion for Nicæa. Algon complains of his fate, and Damon comforts him by teaching him how to win his mistress's affection. Nicæa herself is introduced, and yields at length to the suit of Algon, and intercession of Damon.

DAMON, ALGON, NICÆA.

I.

The well-known fisher-boy, that late his name,  
And place, and (ah, for pity!) mirth had  
chang'd;  
Which from the Muses' spring and churlish Chame  
Was fled, (his glory late, but now his shame;  
For he with spite the gentle boy estrang'd:)  
Now long the Trent<sup>1</sup> with his new fellows rang'd:  
There Damon (friendly Damon!) met the boy,  
Where lordly Trent kisses the Darwin coy,  
Bathing his liquid streams in lovers' melting joy.

II.

DAMON.

Algon, what lucklesse starre thy mirth hath blasted †  
My joy in thee, and thou in sorrow drown'd.  
The years, with winter storms all rent and wasted,  
Hath now fresh youth and gentler seasons tasted:  
The warmer Sun his bride hath newly gow'd,  
With fire arms clipping the wanton ground,  
And 'gets an Heaven on Earth: that primrose there,  
Which 'mongst those v'lets sheds his golden hair,  
Serns the Sunne's little sonne, fixt in his azure  
sphere.

III.

Seest how the dancing lambes on flow'rie banks  
Forget their food, to mind their sweeter play †  
Seest how they skip, and, in their wanton pranks,  
Bound o'er the hillocks set in sportful ranks?  
They skip, they vault, full little caren they  
To make their milkie mothers bleating stay.

<sup>1</sup> Trent is the third river of note in England: it rises by Mowcon-hill near Cheshire, and, after a long passage, loses itself in the great estuary of Humber. It is said to derive its name from thirty rivers which it receives in its course.

Seest how the salmon's water's colder nation  
Lately arriv'd from their sea navigation, [fashion?<sup>1</sup>  
How joy leaps in their heart; shew by their leaping

## IV.

What witch enchants thy minde with sullen  
madnesse? [plaining.  
When all things smile, thou only sitt'st com-

## ALGON.

Damon, I, only I, have cause of sadness:  
The more my wo, to weep in common gladnesse:  
When all eyes shine, mine only must be raining;  
No winter now, but in my breast, remaining:  
Yet feels this breast a summer's burning fever:  
And yet (alas!) my winter thaweth never:  
And yet (alas!) this fire eats and consumes me ever.

## V.

## DAMON.

Within our Darwin<sup>2</sup>, in her rockie cell,  
A nymph there lives, which thousand boyes bath  
All as she gliding rides in boats of shell, [harm'd;  
Darting her eyes, (where spite and beauty dwell:  
Ay me, that spite with beautie should be arm'd!)  
Her witching eye the boy and boat hath charm'd.  
No sooner drinks he down that pois'nous eye,  
But mourns and pines: (ah piteous crueltie!)  
With her he longs to live; for her he longs to die.

<sup>1</sup> The salmon, during the winter season, constantly frequents the sea, where the water is warmer, and not subject to be frozen, as the rivers are; but, upon the approach of spring, they steer up the rivers, where, in the warm weather, they deposit their spawn. Their power of surmounting the most surprising obstacles in their way, is as well known as it is curious. When a weir or a flood-gate comes in their way, they will not take their leap immediately, but remain still for a while in some pool, till they gather strength after the fatigue of swimming, and then coming below the flood-gate, they bend themselves in a circle, with their tail in their mouth, and, exerting their utmost force, spring upwards sometimes to the height of eight feet perpendicular.

This is described by Ausonius:

Nec te poniceo rutilantem viacere, Salmo,  
Transierim, latecujus vaga verbera caude  
Gurgite de medio summas referuntur in undas.

And our countryman, the ingenious Mr. Moses Browne, in his excellent Piscatory Eclogues, has given a very accurate and poetical representation of what I have here related, from which I shall transcribe a few lines.

What various tribes to Ocean's realms belong,  
He taught and number'd in his changing song:  
How, wand'ring from the main, the salmon-broods  
Their summer pleasures seek in fresher floods;  
With strength incredible, the scaly race  
O'er rocks and weires their upward passage trace:  
Bent head to tail, in an elastic ring,  
Safe o'er the steepest precipice they spring.  
In Tivy's stream; a rock of ancient fame,  
Still bears of salmon-leap th' according name.

Ecl. iv. l. 68.

<sup>2</sup> The Darwin, or Derwent, a large and beautiful river, takes its rise in the Peak-hills of Derbyshire, and, after a course of thirty miles, sometimes among huge rocks, and sometimes through beautiful meadows, falls into the Trent below Elwaston.

## VI.

## ALGON.

Damon, what Tryphon taught thine eye the art  
By these few signs to search so soon, so well,  
A wound deep hid, deep in my fester'd heart,  
Pierc'd by her eye, Love's and Death's pleasing  
dart?

Ah, she it is, an earthly Heav'n and Hell,  
Who thus hath charm'd my heart with sugred  
spell. [case

Ease thou my wound: but, ah! what hand can  
Or give a medicine that such wound may please;  
When she, my sole physician, is my soul's  
disease?

## VII.

## DAMON.

Poore boy! the wounds which spite and love im-  
There is no ward to fence, no herb to ease. [part,  
Heaven's circling folds lie open to his dart:  
Hell's Iethe's self cools not his burning smart:  
The fishes cold flame with this strong disease,  
And want their water in the midst of seas:  
All are his slaves, Hell, Earth, and Heaven above.  
Strive not i'th' net, in vain thy force to prove.  
Give, woo, sigh, weep, and pray: Love's only  
cur'd by love.

## VIII.

## ALGON.

If for thy love no other care there be, [and art,  
Love, thou art curelesse: gifts, pray'r's, vows,  
She scorns both you and me: nay, Love, even  
thee:

Thou sigh'st her prisoner, while she laughs as free.  
Whatever charms might move a gentle heart,  
I oft have tried, and show'd the earnest smart  
Which eats my breast: she laughs at all my pain:  
Art, pray'r's, vows, gifts, love, grief, she does  
disdain: [spent in vain.  
Grief, love, gifts, vows, pray'r's, art, ye all are

## IX.

## DAMON.

Algon, oft hast thou fish'd, but sped not straight;  
With hook and net thou beat'st the water round  
Oft-times the place thou changeest, oft the bait;  
And, catching nothing, still and still dost wait:  
Learn by thy trade to cure thee: time hath  
found

In desperate cures, a salve for ev'ry wound.  
The fish, long playing with the baited hook,  
At last is caught: thus many a nymph is took;  
Mocking the strokes of love, is with her striking  
strook.

## X.

## ALGON.

The marble's self is pierc'd with drops of rain:  
Fire softens steel, and hardest metals try:  
But she more hard than both: such her disdain,  
That seas of tears, Etnas of love are vain.  
In her strange heart (weep I, burn, pine, or die!);  
Still reigns a cold, coy, careless apathie.

The whole county of Derby (and the banks of this river in particular) are remarkable for the agreeable vicissitude of wild and cultivated scenes; and I have heard it well named the epitome of Great-Britain: for, in a few hours travelling, one may have a specimen by turns of all the different beauties of every county, from the richest and most cultivated to the wildest and most romantic.

The rock that bears her name, breeds that hard  
stone  
With goat's blood only soft'ned<sup>4</sup>; she with none:  
More precious she, and ah more hard than  
diamond.

XI.

That rock I think her mother: thence she took  
Her name and nature. Damon, Damon, see?  
See where she comes, arm'd with a line and hook:  
Tell me, perhaps thou think'st in that sweet look  
The white is beauty's native tapestry?  
'Tis crystalline, friend, ye'd in the frozen sea:  
The red is rubie; these two, joy'd in one,  
Make up that beauteous frame, the difference  
none  
But this, she is a precious, living, speaking stone.

XII.

DAMON.

No gemme so costly but with cost is bought:  
The hardest stone is cut and fram'd by art:  
A diamond hid in rocks is found, if sought:  
Be she a diamond, a diamond's wrought,  
Thy fear congeals, thy fainting steels her heart.  
I'll be thy captain, boy, and take thy part:  
Alcides' self would never combat two.  
Take courage, Algon; I will teach thee woo  
Cold beggars freeze our gifts: thy faint suit breeds  
her no.

<sup>4</sup> A stone called Nicaea, which has that fabulous property here remarked.

<sup>5</sup> The women here are described as fishing, not with the net, but with the line and hook, which is a manner of fishing less laborious and more pleasing. The practice of angling with the line and rod has been known in all ages, as appears from the oldest of the classical writers, and from many passages in scripture: Job, chap. xli. 1, 2.—Amos, chap. iv. 2.—Isaiah, chap. xix. 8. Some have supposed it to have been invented with other useful arts by Seth the son of Adam.

Theocritus, in his Eclogue of the Fishers, not only describes the manner of playing the bait, but also the materials for angling, as the line made of horse-hair, &c.—That angling was in use as an amusement in ancient days, appears from many authorities, particularly from the humorous story of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Anthony took particular pleasure in angling, and Cleopatra had he used often to amuse themselves with that recreation; but being one day attended with bad luck, and much concerned to appear before the queen without his usual address and good fortune, he gave orders to some of his fishermen to dive secretly under water, and to fasten to his hook some of the largest fishes which they had taken in their nets. His orders were punctually executed: Cleopatra expressed in appearance great surprise and admiration every time he drew up his line; but being well apprised of the artifice, she caused one of her own attendants to dive secretly under water, and to fasten to Anthony's hook a large dried fish of that kind which is brought from Pontus. When Anthony drew up his line, the whole company was highly diverted at the sight of the salt-fish, and laughed heartily at the triumvir's extraordinary good luck; but he putting on a serious air, and seeming not to relish the joke, the queen took him in her arms; "Leave,"

XIII.

Speak to her boy.

ALGON.

Love is more deaf than blind:

DAMON.

She must be woo'd.

said she, "good general, leave the angling line to us kings and queens of Pharos and Canopus; it becomes you to angle for cities, kingdoms, and princea."—Plutarch, Marc. Anton.

The amusement of angling is one of those which are most natural to man, as well as most delightful. We may account for our relish for this, as well as for some others of the like sports, from an original and instinctive principle in our nature. In the early ages of society, man has recourse to fishing, hunting, and fowling, for his sole subsistence: he is instructed by natural instinct in the means of rendering inferior animals subservient to his use; and Providence has bountifully ordained, that those actions which are necessary for our preservation, should constantly be attended with a sense of pleasure. It is not then to be wondered at, that we should take delight in that as an amusement, on which, in particular circumstances, we must depend for our support.

The innocence of angling, and the beautiful scene with which it is acquainted, have particularly recommended it to many men of genius, especially such as are fond of retirement and contemplation. Were I to enumerate these, I should mention a Wotton, a Waller, a Gay, and indeed innumerable others; some of whom, who have given proofs of a genius suited to a higher theme, have not disdained to employ their pen on the subject of angling. Of these I shall but mention one, who from eminence is stiled, the Father of Anglers; the amiable Mr. Isaac Walton. His book is indeed a treasure; and the test of his merit is, that it recommends itself to all readers, even to those who have not the least inclination to the art which it teaches. The delightful scenes which he so artlessly describes, the ingenious simplicity of his observations, and the candour and honesty of heart which shine in every page, have well entitled it to the rank of a classical performance. — Walton's Compleat Angler has gone through many editions, the best of which is that published in 1760, with critical and explanatory notes by Mr. Hawkins of Twickenham, whose sentiments and style are peculiarly adapted to those of the author whom he illustrates. Walton was likewise an excellent biographer, and wrote the lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Bishop Sanderson, Mr. George Herbert, and Mr. Richard Hooker, all of them his cotemporaries.

While upon the subject of the pleasures of angling, I will transcribe, as a specimen of the powers of a modern to imitate the older poets, a short passage which has many beauties.

Let us our steps direct where father-Thame

In silver windings draws his humid train,  
And pours, where-e'er he rolls his naval stream,  
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain:  
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,  
(Ah, why so long from Isis' banks away!)  
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand  
shepherds play?

ALCON.

Love's tongue is in the eyes.

DAMON.

Speech is love's dart.

ALCON.

Silence best speaks the mind.

DAMON.

Her eye invites.

ALCON.

Thence love and death I find.

DAMON.

Her smiles speak peace.

ALCON.

Stars breed in smiling skies.

DAMON.

Who silent loves?

ALCON.

Whom speech all hope denies.

DAMON.

Why should'st thou fear?

ALCON.

To love, fear's near a-kin.

DAMON.

Well, if my cunning fail not, by a gin, [and win.  
Spice of her scorn, thy fear, I'll make thee woo

XIV.

What, be! thou fairest maid, turn back thine oar,  
And gently deigne to help a fisher's smart.

NICEA.

Are thy lines broke? or are thy trammels tore?  
If thou desir'st my help, unhide the sore.

DAMON.

Ah, gentlest nymph! oft have I heard, thy art  
Can sov'raign herbs to ev'ry grief impart:  
So may'st thou live the fisher's song and joy,  
As thou wilt deigne to cure this sickly boy.  
Unworthy they of art, who of their art are coy!

Amid the pleasure of Arcadian scenes,

Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;

Nor falls of water, nor enamel'd greens,

Can soothe my anguish, or invite to rest.

You, dear laurels, you alone impart

Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:

The apple of mine eye! the life-blood of my heart!

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,

Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lye,

And from the water's crystal bosom steal

Upon the grassy bank the snay prey:

The perch, with purple speckled many fold;

The eel, in silver lab'riath self-inroll'd, [gold.

And carp, all burnish'd o'er with drops of scale

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues

And Nature's pencil gay diversify'd,

(For now the Sun hath lick'd away the dews),

Fair-flushing, and bedeck'd like virgin-bride!

Thither, for they invite us, we'll repair,

Collect and weave (what'er is sweet and fair)

A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Hymn to May, by W. Thompson.

William Thompson, an excellent modern poet, was a professed admirer of Phineas Fletcher's poetry, and in his preface to the beautiful hymn to May, from which the above stanzas are taken, he declares he intended that composition as an imitation of Fletcher and of Spenser.—His poems are printed at Oxford, 1757.

XV.

His inward grief in outward change appears;  
His cheeks with sudden fires bright-flaming glow;  
Which, quench'd, end all in ashes: storms of  
tearsBeslood his eyes, which soon forc'd smiling clears:  
Thick tides of passions ever ebbe and flow:  
And as his flesh still wastes, his griefs still grow.

NICEA.

Damon, the wounds deep-rankling in the mind  
What herbs could ever cure? what art could finde?  
Blinde are mine eyes to see wounds in the soul  
most blinde.

XVI.

ALCON.

Hard maid! 'tis worse to mock than make a  
wound: [seeWhy should'st thou then (fair cruel!) scorn to  
What thou by seeing mad'st? my sorrow's ground  
Was in thy eye, may by thine eye be found:  
How can thine eye most sharp in wounding be,  
In seeing dull? these two are one in thee,  
To see and wound by sight: thine eye the dart.  
Fair cruel maid, thou well hast learnt the art,  
With the same eye to see, to wound, to cure my  
heart.

XVII.

NICEA.

What cures thy wounded heart?

ALCON.

Thy heart so wounded.

NICEA.

Is't love to wound thy love?

ALCON.

Love's wounds are pleasing.

NICEA.

Why plain'st thou then?

ALCON.

Because thou art unwounded.

Thy wound my cure: on this my plaint is grounded.

NICEA.

Cures are diseases, when the wounds are easing:  
Why would'st thou have me please thee by dis-  
pleasing?

ALCON.

Scorn'd love is death; love's mutual wounds de-  
lighting:Happy thy love, my love to thine uniting. [ing.  
Love paying debts grows rich; required in requit-

XVIII.

DAMON.

What, lives alone Nicea? starves most chaste?  
Have their conjunctions, spears their mixt  
embraces,  
And mutual folds. Nothing can single last:  
But die in living, in increasing waste.

\*—Amante e il Cielo, amante

La terra, amante il mare.

Quella, che là sù miri inanzi a l'alba

Così leggiadra stella,

Arde d'amor anch'ella, ed essa che'nnamora

Innamorata splende:

E questa è forse l'ora

Che le furtive sue dolcezze, e'l sono

Del caro amante lessa,

Vedila pur come sfavilla e ride.

Pastor Fido di GUARINI, att. 1. sc. 1.

NICEA.

Their joying perfects them, but us defaces.

ALGON.

That's perfect which obtains his end: your  
Receive their end in love. She that's alone [graces  
Dies as she lives: no number is in one:  
Thus while she's but herself, she's not herself, she's  
more.

XIX.

NICEA.

Why blame'st thou then my stonie hard confection,  
Which nothing loves? thou single nothing art?.

ALGON.

Love perfects what it loves; thus thy affection,  
Married to mine, makes mines and thy perfection.

NICEA.

Well, then, to pass our Tryphon in his art,  
And in a moment cure a wounded heart;  
Fairest Darwin, whom I serve, approve  
Thy suit, and thou wilt not thy heart remove,  
F'll join my heart to thine, and answer thee in love.

XX.

The Sonne is set; adieu.

ALGON.

'Tis set to me;  
Thy parting is my ev'n, thy presence light.

NICEA.

Farewell.

ALGON.

Thou giv'st thy wish; it is in thee:  
Unless thou wilt, haplesse I cannot be.

DAMON.

Come, Algon, cheerly home; the thievish night  
Steals on the world, and robs our eyes of sight.  
The silver streams grow black: home let us coast:  
These of love's conquest may we safely boast:  
Someest in love he winnes, that oft in love hath lost.

This dialogue, between the lover and his  
mistress, is by far too pedantic and affected.  
Reasoning at any rate, in making love, is absurd  
and unnatural, as I imagine few mistresses have  
ever been convinced by argumentation into an  
affection for their lovers. Much more is this  
pointed and quibbling manner of arguing to be  
condemned, and all that can be alledged in the  
author's vindication is, that depraved taste, now  
happily exploded, but which prevailed universally  
at the time he wrote, and had not lost much  
ground even in the time of Cowley and Waller.

## ECLOGUE VI.

THOMALIN.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thomalin is painted lying oppress'd with grief on  
the banks of Chame. Thirsil his friend en-  
deavours to comfort him, and enquires the cause  
of his affliction. Thomalin describes to him his  
feelings, but is ignorant of the cause till Thirsil  
discovers that he is in love, and from his own  
experience enumerates the various disguises  
which love assumes to enter the heart. Thirsil

then endeavours to subdue his friend's passion,  
by showing the weakness of the causes which  
gave rise to it; in which he partly succeeds, by  
Thomalin's being willing to be cured of his  
disease.

THIRSI. THOMALIN.

I.

A FISHER - BOY, that never knew his peer  
In dainty songs, the gentle Thomalin,  
With folded arms, deep sighs, and heavy cheer,  
Where hundred nymphs, and hundred Muses  
inne,  
Sank down by Chamus' brinks; with him his deare<sup>1</sup>  
Deare Thirsil lay; oft-times would he begin  
To cure his grief, and better way advise;  
But still his words, when his sad friend he spies,  
Forsook his silent tongue, to speak his wative eyes.

II.

Under a sprouting vine they carelesse lie,  
Whose tender leaves bit with the eastern blast,  
But now were born, and now began to die;  
The latter, warned by the former's haste,  
Thinly for fear salute the envious skie:  
Thus as they sat, Thirsil, embracing fast  
His loved friend, feeling his panting heart  
To give no rest to his increasing smart,  
At length thus spake, while sighs words to his  
griefs impart.

III.

THIRSI.

Thomalin, I see thy Thirsil thou neglectest,  
Some greater love holds down thy heart in fear  
Thy Thirsil's love and counsel thou rejectest;  
Thy soul was wont to lodge within my care:  
But now that port no longer thou respectest;  
Yet hath it still been safely harbour'd there.  
My care is not acquainted with my tongue,  
That either tongue or care should do thee wrong:  
Why then should'st thou conceal thy hidden grief  
so long?

IV.

THOMALIN.

Thirsil, it is thy love that makes me hide  
My smother'd grief from thy known faithful care:  
May still my Thirsil safe and merry bide;  
Enough is me my hidden grief to bear:  
For while thy breast in Heav'n doth safely ride,  
My greater half with thee rides safely there.

THIRSI.

So thou art well; but still my better part,  
My Thomalin, sinks laden with his smart:  
Thus thou my finger cur'st, and wounds my bleed-  
ing heart.

V.

How oft hath Thomalin to Thirsil vow'd,  
That as his heart so be his love esteem'd?  
Where are those oaths? Where is that heart  
bestow'd [deem'd,  
Which hides it from that breast which dears it  
And to that heart room in his heart allow'd?  
That love was never love, but only seem'd.

<sup>1</sup> The Chame and Cambridge have been con-  
secrated to the Muses from a very early age.—  
See Ecl. i. v. 7. and the note.

Tell me, my Thomalin, what envious thief  
Thus robs thy joy: tell me, my liefest lief:  
Thou little lov'st me, friend, if more thou lov'st  
thy grief.

## VI.

## THOMALIN.

Thirsil, my joyous spring is blasted quite,  
And winter storms prevent the summer's ray:  
All as this vine, whose green the eastern spite  
Hath dy'd to black, his catching arms decay,  
And letting go their bold for want of might,  
Marl'd winter comes so soon, in first of May.

## THIRASIL.

Yet see, the leaves do freshly bud again:  
Thou drooping still dy'st in this heavie strain:  
Nor can I see or end or cause of all thy pain.

## VII.

## THOMALIN.

No marvel, Thirsil, if thou dost not know  
This grief which in my heart lies deeply drown'd:  
My heart itself, though well it feels this wo,  
Knows not the wo it feels: the worse my wound,  
Which, though I rankling finde, I cannot show.  
Thousand fond passions in my breast abound;  
Fear leagu'd to joy, hope, and despair, together;  
Sighs bound to smiles, my heart, though prone to  
either,  
While both it would obey, 'twixt both, obeyeth  
neither.

## VIII.

Of blushing flames leap up into my face,  
My guiltless cheek such purple flash admires:  
Of stealing tears slip from mine eyes apace,  
As if they meant to quench those causelesse fires.  
My good I hate, my hurt I glad embrace:  
My heart though griev'd, his grief as joy desires:  
I burn, yet know no fuel to my firing;  
My wishes know no want, yet still desiring;  
Hope knows not what to hope, yet still in hope  
aspiring<sup>1</sup>.

## IX.

## THIRASIL.

Too true my fears: alas no wicked sprite,  
No writhe'd witch, with spells of pow'rful  
charms,  
Or hellish herbs digg'd in as hellish night,  
Gives to thy heart these oft and fierce alarms:  
But love, too hateful love, with pleasing spite,  
And spiteful pleasure, thus hath bred thy harms;  
And seeks thy mirth with pleasure to destroy.  
'Tis love, my Thomalin, my liefest boy;  
'Tis love robs me of thee, and thee of all thy joy.

<sup>1</sup> Musseus's Leander is in a situation still more  
strange than our Thomalin, for, upon the sight of  
his mistress Hero, he is at one and the same time  
stupid, impudent, bashful and timorous.

Ελα δε μεν εως ελπιεις αναδιν, ερεμος, αυτος.

Musaei Hero & Leand.

<sup>2</sup> These have been the avowed feelings of lovers  
in all ages: let every man who knows himself  
such, compare them with his own.

Alecon' homines immutari ex amore, ut don  
tepuocae eundem esse? TERENT. EUB.

## X.

## THOMALIN.

Thirsil, I ken not what is hate or love,  
Thee well I love, and thou lov'st me as well;  
Yet joy, no torment, in this passion prove:  
But often have I heard the fishers tell,  
He's not inferior to the mighty Jove, [and Hell:  
Jove Heav'n rules, Love, Jove, Heav'n, Earth  
Tell me, my friend, if thou dost better know:  
Men say, he goes arm'd with his shafts and bow:  
Two darts, one swift as fire, as lead the other slow

## XI.

## THIRASIL.

Ah, heedlesse boy! Love is not such a lad  
As he is fancied by the idle swain;  
With bow and shafts and purple feathers clad;  
Such as Diana, with her buskin'd train  
Of armed nymphs, along the forests glade  
With golden quivers,) in Thessalian plain,  
In level race outstrips the jumping deer,  
With nimble feet; or with a mighty spear  
Flings down a bristled boare, or else a squalid beare

## XII.

Love's sooner felt than seen: his substance thinne  
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies:  
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtle ginne<sup>4</sup>;  
He therefore soonest winnes that fastest flies.  
Fly thence, my deare, fly fast, my Thomalina:  
Who him encounters oncc, for ever dies:  
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,  
Unhappie soul that thence his nectar sips,  
While down into his heart the sugred poison slips.

## XIII.

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare;  
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire:  
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair<sup>5</sup>:  
Oft in a soft smooth skin doth close retire:  
Oft in a smile, oft in a silent tear:  
And if all fail, yet Virtuo's self he'll hire:

<sup>4</sup> Mâ qual cosa è piu picciola d'amore  
Se in ogni breve spatio entra e s'asconde,  
In ogni breve spatio? hor sotto a l'ombra  
De le palpebre, hor tra minuti rivi  
D'un biondo crine, hor dentro le pozzette  
Che forman un dolce riso in bella guancia;  
E pur fa tanto grandi e si mortali  
E cosi immedicabili le piaghe.

AMINTA di TASSO, act. 2. sc. 1.

<sup>5</sup> Golden hair, or, as a humorous song calls it  
classical hair, is reckoned by Porta, and his  
physiognomists, a mark of a warm and amorous  
disposition. Many people are apt to be surprised  
with the encomiums which the poets in all ages  
have lavished on golden locks: the epithet is not  
become so familiar from being often applied to  
express beauty, that it naturally conveys to th  
ear an agreeable idea, and yet they find the ey  
disgusted whenever they meet with it in nature  
'These people are in a mistake. The golden hai  
which is celebrated by the poets is not that fier  
complexion of hair which we meet with frequentl  
in this country; nor has the one more resemblanc  
to the other than the colour of a burning coal t  
the golden beams of the Sun. Let them contem  
plate the pictures of Guido, of Titian, and th  
capital painters; and in their female figures the  
will admire the beauties of the golden hair. It



Himself's a dart, when nothing else can move.  
Who then the captive soul can well reprove,  
When Love and Virtue's self become the darts of  
Love?

## XIV.

## THOMALIN.

Sure love it is which breeds this burning fever:  
For late, (yet all too soon) on Venus' day,  
I chauc'd (oh, cursed chance! yet blessed ever!)  
As careless on the silent shores I stray,  
Five nymphs to see, five fairer saw I never,  
Upon the golden sand to dance and play:  
The rest among, yet far above the rest,  
Sweet Melite, by whom my wounded breast,  
Tho' rankling still in grief, yet joys in his unrest.

## XV.

There, to their sportings while I pipe and sing,  
Out from her eyes I felt a fire beam,  
And pleasing heat, (such as in first of spring  
From Sol, run'd in the Bull, do kindly stream;)  
To warm my heart, and with a gentle sting  
Blow up desire: yet little did I dream  
Such bitter fruits from such sweet roots could grow,  
Or from so gentle eye such spite could flow;  
For who could fire expect hid in a hill of snow?

## XVI.

But when those lips (those melting lips) I press'd,  
I lost my heart, which sure she stole away;  
For with a blush she soon her guilt confest,  
And sighs, which sweetest breath did soft convey,  
Betray'd her theft: from thence my flaming breast,  
Like thund'ring Ætne, burns both night and day:  
All day she present is, and, in the night,  
My wakeful fancy paints her full to sight:  
Absence her presence makes, darkness presents  
her light.

## XVII.

## THIRSI.

Thomalin, too well those bitter sweets I know,  
Since fair Nicæa bred my pleasing smart:  
But better times did better reason show, [art,  
And cur'd those burning wounds with heav'nly  
Those storms of looser fire are laid full low;  
And higher love safe anchors in my heart:  
So now a quiet calm does safely reign;  
And if my friend think not my counsel vain,  
Perhaps my art may cure, or much assuage, thy  
pain.

## XVIII.

## THOMALIN.

Thirsi, although this witching grief doth please  
My captive heart, and love doth more detest  
The cure and curer than the sweet disease;  
Yet if Thyrsil doth the cure request,  
This storm, which rocks my heart in slumb'ring  
Spite of itself shall yield to thy behest. [ease,

indeed a colour which, I believe, is not at all to be met with in our northern climates. In Italy, we are told, that this colour is in the highest estimation; and, even there, its being very uncommon contributes to increase its beauty. It is from that country, and its painters and poets, that our imitators have learned to cry up the beauties of the golden locks; but the epithet is ill suited, because in those climates it represents a picture which has nothing new or uncommon to recommend it, and is rather disagreeable than pleasing.

## THIRSI.

Then hark, how Tryphon's self did avenge my paining,  
While in a rock I sat, of love complaining;  
My wounds with herbs, my grief with counsel sage-  
restraining.

## XIX.

But tell me first, why should thy partial minde  
More Melite than all the rest approve?

## THOMALIN.

Thirsi, her beautie all the rest did blinde,  
That she alone seem'd worthy of my love.  
Delight upon her face, and sweetness shin'd:  
Her eyes do spark as starras, as starras do move:  
Like those twin fires which on our masts appear,  
And promise calms. Ah! that those flames so  
clear, [fear.  
To me alone should raise such storms of hope and

## XX.

## THIRSI.

If that which to thy mind doth worthiest seem,  
By thy well temper'd soul is most affected;  
Canst thou a face worthy thy love esteem?  
What in thy soul than love is more respected?  
Those eyes, which in their sphere thou, fond, dost  
Like living starras, with some disease infected, [deem  
Are dull as leaden dross: those beauteous rayes,  
So like a rose when she her breast displays,  
Are like a rose indeed; as sweet, as soon decay'd.

## XXI.

Art thou in love with words? her words are winde,  
As fleet as is their matter, fleetest air.  
Her beautie moves? Can colours move thy minde?  
Colours in scorn'd weeds more sweet and fair.  
Some pleasing qualitie thy thoughts doth hinder?  
Love then thyself. Perhaps her golden hair?  
False metal, which to silver soon descends!  
Is't pleasure then which so thy fancie bends?  
Poore pleasure, that in pain begins, in sorrow ends?

## XXII.

What! is't her company so much contents thee?  
How would she present stirre up stormy weather,  
When thus in absence present she torments thee?  
Lov'st thou not one, but all these join'd together?  
All's but a woman. Is't her love that rents thee?  
Light winde, light air; her love more light than  
If then due worth thy true affection moves, [either.  
Here is no worth. Who some old bag approves,  
And scorns a beauteous spouse, he rather dotes  
than loves.

\* The appearance of a light or fire on the top of the mast, is well known and familiar to sailors. The ancients, who understood not the principles of electricity, from which this phenomenon is accounted for, supposed it a mark either of the favour or displeasure of the gods; for, when only one fire was seen upon the mast, it was accounted an unlucky omen, and presaging a storm; when two appeared, it was esteemed favourable, and promising good weather. These lights had sometimes the names of Castor and Pollux, who were the sons of Jupiter by Leda, and were supposed to be transformed into stars. Concerning this belief of the ancients, see Pliny, lib. 2. cap 27. Hygin. lib. 27. Horace, lib. 1. od. 12. See also Magellan's Voyages, where they are mentioned by the names of St. Helen, St. Nicholas, and St. Clare.

! I have seen a very elegant epigram, of which

## XXIII.

Then let thy love mount from these baser things,  
 And to the highest love and worth aspire :  
 Love's born of fire, fitted with mounting wings,  
 That, at his highest, he might winde him higher ;  
 Base love, that to base earth so basely clings !  
 Look, as the beams of that celestial fire  
 Put out these earthly flames with purer ray ;  
 So shall that love this baser heat allay,  
 And quench these coals of earth with his more  
 heav'nly day.

## XXIV.

Raise then thy prostrate love with tow'ring thought,  
 And clog it not in chains, and prison here :  
 The God of fishers deare thy love hath bought :  
 Most deare he loves: for shame, love thou as  
 deare. [sought ;  
 Next, love thou there, where best thy love is  
 Myself, or else some other fitting peer.  
 Ah ! might thy love with me for ever dwell !  
 Why should'st thou hate thy Heav'n and love thy  
 Hell ?  
 She shall not more deserve, nor cannot love so well.

## XXV.

Thus Tryphon once did weane my fond affection ;  
 Then fits a salve unto th' infected place,  
 (A salve of sovereigne and strange confection)  
 Nepenthe, mix'd with rue and herb-de-grace :  
 So did he quickly heal this strong infection,  
 And to myself restor'd myself apace.  
 Yet did he not my love extinguish quite :  
 I love with sweeter love, and more delight :  
 But most I love that love, which to my love has  
 right.

## XXVI.

## THOMALIN.

Thrice happy thou that could'st ! my weaker minde  
 Can never learn to climbe so lofty flight.

## THRISIL.

If from this love thy will thou canst unbinde,  
 'To will is here to can : will gives thee might :  
 'Tis done if once thou wilt ; 'tis done, I finde.  
 Now let us loose : for see, the creeping night  
 Steals from those further waves upon the land.  
 To-morrow shall we feast ; then, hand in hand,  
 Free will we sing, and dance along the golden sand.

I know not the author, where this sentiment of the  
 short duration of the rose is prettily expressed :

Quam longa una dies, aetas tam longa rosarum,  
 Quas pubescentes juncta senecta premit.  
 Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit eois,  
 Hanc rediens sero vesperare vidit aenum.

## ECLOGUE VII.

## THE PRIZE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

At sunrise, a band of shepherds and shepherdesses  
 are seen advancing in order, and are joined by

<sup>1</sup> This eclogue is modelled after the third of  
 Virgil, and fifth or eighth of Theocritus, which  
 there have been few pastoral writers who have not  
 chosen to imitate in some of their eclogues: there

a troop of fishers and water-nymphs, who had  
 concerted to dispute with them the prize of  
 singing. Daphnis, the shepherds', and Thomalin,  
 the fishers' champion, advance in the middle  
 of the circle, before Thrisil, who is appointed  
 judge, and begin an alternate song, in which  
 after invoking their tutelary gods, they each  
 recite the history of their loves, and the praise  
 of their mistresses. After deciding the contro-  
 versy, Thrisil, the judge, gives an invitation to  
 all the shepherds and fishers, with their nymphs  
 and with him the day is spent in sporting and  
 festivity.

## THRISIL, DAPHNIS, THOMALIN.

## I.

AURORA from old Tithon's frosty bed  
 (Cold, win'try, wither'd Tithon) early creeps,  
 Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red,  
 Out of her window close she blushing peeps ;  
 Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steepes ;  
 Casting what sportless nights she ever led :  
 She dying lives, to think he's living dead.  
 Curs'd be, and curs'd is, that wretched sire  
 That yokes green youth with age, want with desire,  
 Who ties the Sonne to snow, or marries frost to fire<sup>2</sup>.

## II.

'The morn saluting, up I quickly rise,  
 And to the green I poste; for, on this day,  
 Shepherd and fisher-boys had set a prize,  
 Upon the shore to meet in gentle fray,  
 Which of the two should sing the choicest lay.  
 Daphnis, the shepherd-lad, whom Mira's eyes  
 Had kill'd; yet with such wounds he gladly  
 dies:

Thomalin, the fisher, in whose heart did reigne  
 Stella, whose love his life, and whose diadain  
 Seems worse than angry skies, or never-quiet main.

are, however, I believe, none who, upon compar-  
 ing this of our poet with the similar eclogues of  
 other authors, (nay, of these great models them-  
 selves) will deny him in this the superiority. There  
 is here a much greater variety of sentiment than  
 in the like eclogues of others. Even in Virgil and  
 Theocritus, the one shepherd but barely repeats  
 the sentiment of the other, only varying a little,  
 and adapting it to apply to his own circumstances.  
 One shepherd says, he intends to make a present  
 of pigeons to his mistresses; the other, instead of  
 pigeons, says he will give her apples. The con-  
 tention between the shepherds in Spenser's Ec-  
 logues has something extremely ludicrous and bur-  
 lesque, where the one shepherd is merely an echo  
 to the last words of the other, and the whole merit  
 lies in an awkward chime of words with little or no  
 meaning. — If this eclogue yields to any of the  
 same kind, it is to the ninth of Michael Drayton's  
 pastorals, which is full of picturesque description,  
 and the contest between the shepherds is there  
 finely managed.

<sup>2</sup> This description of the morning is most ele-  
 gant and beautiful; and the fine reflection, which  
 he so naturally introduces, is particularly ad-  
 mirable.

## III.

There soon I view the merry shepherd-swains  
 March three by three, clad all in youthful green;  
 And, while the sad recorder sweetly plains,<sup>3</sup>  
 Three lovely nymphs (each several row between,  
 More lovely nymphs could ne where else be seen,  
 Whose face's snow their snowy garments stains;)  
 With sweeter voices fit their pleasing strains.  
 Their flocks flock round about; the horned rammes  
 And ewes go silent by, while wanton lammes,  
 Dancing along the plains, forget their milky  
 dammes.

## IV.

Scarce were the shepherds set, but straight in  
 sight  
 The fisher-boys came driving up the stream;  
 Themselves in blue; and twenty sea-nymphs  
 bright,  
 In curious robes, that well the waves might seem;  
 All dark below, the top like frothy cream:  
 Their boats and masts with flow'rs and garlands  
 dight; [white:  
 And round the swannes guard them, with armies  
 Their skiffes by couples dance to sweetest sounds,  
 Which running cornets breathe to full plain  
 grounds, [rebounds.  
 That strikes the river's face, and thence more sweet

## V.

And now the nymphs and swains had took their  
 place; [pride;  
 First, those two boyes; Thomalin, the fishers'  
 Daphnis, the shepherds': nymphs their right  
 hand grace;  
 And choicest swains shut up the other side:  
 So sit they down, in order fit apply'd:  
 Thirsil betwixt them both, in middle space;  
 Thirsil, their judge, who now's a shepherd base,  
 But late a fisher-swain; till envious Chame  
 Had rent his nets, and sunk his boat with shame;  
 So robb'd the boyes of him, and him of all his  
 game.

## VI.

So, as they sit, thus Thirsil 'gins the lay:

## THIRASIL.

You lovely boyes, the woods' and ocean's pride,  
 Since I am judge of this sweet peaceful fray,  
 First tell us, where and when your loves you spy'd:  
 And when in long discourse you well are try'd,  
 Then in short verse, by turns, we'll gently play:  
 In love begin, in love we'll end the day.  
 Daphnis, thou first; to me you both are deare:  
 Ah! if I might, I would not judge, but heare:  
 Nought have I of a judge but an impartial care.

<sup>3</sup> The recorder is a wind-instrument of a soft and melancholy sound. Milton makes the infernal spirits march on

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood  
 Of flutes, and soft recorders;—

which, says he, had the effect

————— to mitigate and swage  
 With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,  
 From mortal or immortal minds.—

Paradise Lost, b. i. v. 550.

## VII.

## DAPHNIS.

Phœbus, if, as thy words, thy oaths are true,  
 Give me that verse which to the honour'd bay,  
 (That verse which by thy promise now is doe)  
 To honour'd Daphne, in a sweet tun'd lay,  
 (Daphne<sup>4</sup> thy chang'd, thy love unchanged eye;)  
 Thou sangest late, when she, now better staid,  
 More humane when a tree than when a maid,  
 Bending her head, thy love with gentle signe re-  
 paid.

## VIII.

What tongue, what thought, can paint my love's  
 perfection?  
 So sweet hath nature pourtray'd ev'ry part,  
 That art will prove that artist's imperfection,  
 Who when no eye dare view, dares limme her  
 Phœbus, in vain I call thy help to blaze [face:  
 More light than thine; a light that never fell:  
 Thou tell'st what's done in Heav'n, in Earth, and  
 Hell: [to tell.  
 Her worth thou may'st admire; there are no words

## IX.

She is like thee, or thou art like her rather:  
 Such as her hair, thy beams; thy single light,  
 As her twin-sunnes: that creature them, I gather,  
 Twice-heav'nly is, where two sunnes shine so  
 bright:  
 So thou, as she, confound'st the gazing sight:  
 Thy absence is my night: her absence, Hell.  
 Since then, in all, thyself she doth excel, [tell?  
 What is beyond thyself, how can'st thou hope to

## X.

First her I saw, when tir'd with hunting toil,  
 In shady grove, spent with the weary chase;  
 Her naked breast lay open to the spoil;  
 The crystal humour trickling down apace,<sup>5</sup>  
 Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast inlace:  
 The air (my rival aire) did coolly glide<sup>6</sup>  
 Through ev'ry part; such when my love I spy'd.  
 So soon I saw my love, so soon I lov'd and dy'd.

## XI.

Her face two colours paint: the first a flame;  
 (Yet she all cold) a flame in rosy die,  
 Which sweetly blushes like the morning's shame:  
 The second snow; such as on Alps doth lie;  
 And safely there the Sunne doth bold defy.  
 Yet this cold snow can kindle hot desire.  
 Thou miracle, mar! not if I admire [burn as fire.  
 How flame should coldly freeze, and snow should

## XII.

Her slender waste, her hand, that dainty breast,  
 Her cheek, her forehead, eye, and flaming hair;  
 And those hid beauties, which must sure be best,  
 In vain to speak, when words will more impair:  
 Of all the fairs, she is the fairest fair.

<sup>4</sup> Daphne, the daughter of the river Peneus, was beloved of Apollo; and, being pursued by him, invoked her father's assistance, and was transformed into a laurel or bay-tree.

<sup>5</sup> Whether this image is pleasing or otherwise, would perhaps admit of a little dispute.

<sup>6</sup> That the air has been a lover's rival, is known from the beautiful story of Cephalus and Procris.

Ovid, Met. b; 7.

Cease then, vain words; well may you show affection,  
But not her worth: the mind her sweet perfection  
Admires; how should it then give the lame tongue  
direction?

## XIII.

## THOMASIN.

Unless thy words be fleeing as thy wave,  
Proteus, that song into my breast inspires  
With which the seas, when loud they roar and rave,  
Thou softly charm'st; and winds' intestine ire,  
When 'gainst Heav'n, Earth, and seas, they did  
conspire,  
Thou quiet laid'st: Proteus, thy song to heare,  
Seas list'ning stand, and winds to whistle fear;  
The lively dolphins dance, and brisly seals give  
care.

## XIV.

Stella, my starlike love, my lovely starre:  
Her hair a lovely brown, her forehead high,  
And lovely fair; such her cheek's roses are:  
Lovely her lip, most lovely is her eye:  
And as in each of these all love doth lie,  
So thousand loves within her minde retiring,  
Kindle ten thousand loves with gentle firing.  
Ah! let me love my love, not live in love's admiring.

## XV.

At Proteus' feast, where many a goodly boye,  
And many a lovely lasse, did lately meet;  
There first I found, there first I lost my joy:  
Her face mine eye, her voice mine eare did greet:  
While eare and eye strove which should be most  
sweet,

That face, or voice: but when my lips at last  
Saluted hers, those senses strove as fast,  
Which most those lips did please; the eye, eare,  
touch, or taste.

## XVI.

The eye swears, never fairer lip was ey'd;  
The eare, with those sweet reliques delighted,  
Thinks them the sphaeres; the taste, that nearer  
try'd  
Their relish sweet, the soul to feast invited;  
The touch, with pressure soft more close united,  
Wish'd ever there to dwell; and never cloyed,  
While thus their joy too greedy they enjoyed,  
Enjoy'd not half their joy, by being overjoyed.

' Ariosto's fiction of the Moon's being the re-  
ceptacle of every thing that is lost on Earth, fur-  
nishes the poet with the following beautiful apos-  
trophe to his mistress, with which he introduces  
the 35th book of Orlando Furioso:

Chi salirà per me, Madonna, in cielo  
A riportarme il mio perduto ingegno?  
Che poi ch'uscì da bei vostri occhi il tela,  
Che'l cor mi fisse, ogni hor perdendo vegno;  
Ne di tanta jattura mi querelo,  
Pur che non cresca, ma stia a questo segno;  
Ch'io dubito, se più si va scemando,  
Di venir tal, qual'ho discritto Orlando,

Per rihaver l'ingegno mio mi è avviso,  
Che non bisogna, che per l'aria lo poggi  
Nel cerchio de la Luna, o in Paradiso,  
Che il mio non credo, che tant'alto allogi;  
Nei bei vostri occhi, è nel sereno viso,  
Nel sen d'avorio, e alabastrini poggi  
Se ne va errando; & io con queste labbia  
Lo cerco, se vi par, ch'io lo rihabbia.

## XVII.

Her hair all dark, more clear the white doth show,  
And, with its night, her face's morn commendeth  
Her eye-brow black, like to an ebony bow,  
Which sporting Love upon her forehead bends,  
And thence his never-missing arrow sends.  
But most I wonder how that jetty ray,  
Which those two blackest sunnes do fair display,  
Should shine so bright, and night should make so  
sweet a day.

## XVIII.

So is my love an Heav'n; her hair a night;  
Her shining forehead Dian's silver light;  
Her eyes the starres, their influence delight;  
Her voice the sphaeres; her cheek Aurora bright;  
Her breast the globes, where Heav'n's paths  
milkie-white [touch,  
Runnes 'twixt those hills; her hand, Arion's  
As much delights the eye, the eare as much.  
Such is my love; that but my love was never such.

## XIX.

## THIRSIUS.

The earth her robe, the sea her swelling tide,  
The trees their leaves, the Moon her divers face;  
The starres their courses, flow'rs their springing  
pride, [race.  
Dayes change their length, the Sunne his dayly  
Be constant when you love; Love loves not rang-  
ing: [ing.  
Change when you sing; Muses delight in chang-

It is hard to say, whether the above, or the fol-  
lowing translation, by sir John Harrington, is more  
admirable.

Fair mistress, who for me to Heaven shall flye,  
To bring again from thence my wand'ring wit?  
Which I still lose, since from that piercing eye  
The dart came forth that first my heart did hit:  
Nor of my loss at all complain would I,  
Might I but keep that which remaineth yet:  
But if it still decrease, within short space  
I doubt I shall be in Orlando's case.

Yet well I wot where to recover mine,  
Tho' not in Paradise, nor Cynthia's sphaere,  
Yet doubtless in a place no less divine,  
In that sweet face of yours, in that fair hair,  
That ruby lip, in those two star-like eyne,  
There is my wit—I know it wanders there;  
And with my lips, if ye would give me leave,  
I there would search, if thence would it receive.

And, now that we are on the subject of lips, I  
must mention William Warner, an old poet, and  
author of a work entitled Albion's England, who  
thus describes queen Eleanor's harsh treatment of  
Rosemond, in a fine sentiment:

With that she dasht her on the lippes,  
So dyed double red:  
Hard was the heart that gave the blow!  
Soft were those lippes that bled!

For a larger specimen of Warner's poetical abilities,  
the reader may consult the second volume of Mr.  
Percy's Collection of ancient Songs and Ballads,  
where he will find a pastoral, entitled Argenteile  
and Curan, which will well reward his trouble.

' Arion, a celebrated musician of antiquity, who  
saved his life by his skill in his art,

## XX.

## DAPHNIS.

Pan loves the pine-tree, Jove the oak approves,  
High populars Alcides' temples crown;  
Phœbus, though in a tree, still Daphne loves,  
And Hyacintha, though living now in ground:  
Shepherds, if you yourselves would victors see,  
Gard then this head with Phœbus' flow'r and tree\*.

## XXI.

## THOMALIN.

Alcinous pears, Pomona apples bore;  
Bacchus the vine, the olive Pallas chose;  
Venus loves myrtles, myrtles love the shore;  
Venus Adonis loves, who freshly blowes,  
Yet breathes no more; weave, lads, with myrtles  
And bay and hyacinth the garland loose. [roses,

## XXII.

## DAPHNIS.

Mira, thine eyes are those twin-heav'nly powers  
Which to the widow'd Earth new offspring bring;  
No marvel, then, if still thy face so flow'rs,  
And cheeks with beauteous blossoms freshly  
So is thy face a never-fading May; [spring:  
So is thine eye a never-falling day.

## XXIII.

## THOMALIN.

Stella, thine eyes are those twin-brothers fair,  
Which tempests slake, and promise quiet seas;  
No marvel, then, if thy brown shadie hair,  
Like night portend sweet rest and gentle ease:  
Thus is thine eye an ever-calming light;  
Thus is thy hair a lover's ne'er-speut night.

## XXIV.

## DAPHNIS.

If sleepy poppies yield to lilies white;  
If black to snowy lambes; if night to day;  
If western shades to fair Aurora's light;  
Stella must yield to Mira's shining ray.  
In day we sport, in day we shepherds toy; [Joy.  
The night for wolves; the light the shepherd's

## XXV.

## THOMALIN.

Who white-thorn equals with the violet?  
What workman rest compares with painful light?  
Who wears the glaring glass, and scorns the jet?  
Day yield to her that is both day and night.  
In night the fishers thrive, the workmen play;  
Love loves the night; night's lovers' holiday.

## XXVI.

## DAPHNIS.

Fly then the seas, fly farre the dang'rous shore:  
Mira, if thee the king of seas should spy,  
He'll think Medusa sweeter than before,  
With fairer hair, and doubly-fairer eye,  
Is chang'd again; and with thee ebbing low,  
In his deep courts again will never flow.

\* Pastores, edera crescentem ornato potam  
Arcades invidia rumpantur ut illia Codro.  
Aut si ultra placitum audarit, baccare frontem  
Cingite, ne vati nocent mala lingua futuro.

## XXVII.

## THOMALIN.

Stella, avoid both Phœbus' care and eye;  
His musick he will scorn, if thee he heare:  
Thee, Daphne, if thy face by chance he spie,  
Daphne, now fairer chang'd, he'll rashly sware;  
And, viewing thee, will later rise and fall;  
Or, viewing thee, will never rise at all.

## XXVIII.

## DAPHNIS.

Phœbus and Pan both strive my love to gain,  
And seek by gifts to winne my careless heart;  
Pan vows with lambes to fill the fruitful plain;  
Apollo offers skill and pleasing art:  
But, Stella, if thou grant my suit, a kiss;  
Phœbus and Pan their suit, my love, shall misse.

## XXIX.

## THOMALIN.

Proteus himself, and Glaucus, seek unto me,  
And twenty gifts to please my minde devise:  
Proteus with songs, Glaucus with fish, doth woo  
me,  
Both strive to winne, but I them both despise:  
For if my love my love will entertain,  
Proteus himself, and Glaucus, seek in vain.

## XXX.

## DAPHNIS.

Two twin, two spotted lambes, (my song's reward),  
With them a cup I got, where Jove assum'd  
New shapes, to mock his wife's too jealous guard;  
Full of Jove's fires it burns still unconsum'd:  
But, Mira, if thou gently deigne to shine,  
Thine be the cup, the spotted lambes be thine.

## XXXI.

## THOMALIN.

A pair of swannes are mine, and all their train;  
With them a cup, which Thetis' self bestow'd,  
As she of love did hear me sadly plain;  
A pearled cup, where nectar oft hath flow'd:  
But if my love will love the gift and giver,  
Thine be the cup, thine be the swannes for ever.

## XXXII.

## DAPHNIS.

Thrice happy swaines! thrice happy shepherd's  
fate!

## THOMALIN.

Ah, blessed life! ah, blessed fisher's state; [you.  
Your pipes assuage your love, your nets maintain

## DAPHNIS.

Your lambkins clothe you warm; your flocks sus-  
tain you.

You fear no stormy seas, nor tempests roaring.

## THOMALIN.

You sit not, rots or burning starres deploring:  
In calms, you fish; in roughs, use songs and  
dances.

## DAPHNIS.

More do you fear your love's sweet-bitter glances,  
Than certain fate, or fortune ever changing.

## THOMALIN.

Ah! that the life in seas so safely ranging,  
Should with love's weeping eye be sunk and  
drown'd!

DAPHNIS.

The shepherd's life Phœbus, a shepherd, crown'd ;  
His snowy socks by stately Peneus leading.

THOMALIN.

What herb was that, on which old Glaucus feeding  
Grows never old, but now the gods augmenteth ?

DAPHNIS.

Delia herself her rigour hard relenteth :  
To play with shepherd's boy she's not ashamed.

THOMALIN.

Venus, of frothy seas thou first wast framed ;  
The waves thy cradle: now love's queen art  
named.

XXXIII.

DAPHNIS.

Thou gentle boy, what prize may well reward thee ?  
So slender gift as this not half requites thee.  
May prosp'rous starres and quiet seas regard thee ;  
But most that pleasing starre that most delights  
thee :

May Proteus still, and Glaucus, dearest hold thee ;  
But most her influence, all safe infold thee :  
May she with gentle beams from her fair spheare  
behold thee.

XXXIV.

THOMALIN.

As whistling windes 'gainst rocks their voices tear-  
As rivers thro' the vallies softly gliding ; [ing ;  
As haven after cruel tempests fearing ;

Such, fairest boy, such is thy verses' aliding :  
Thine be the prize: may Pan and Phœbus grace  
thee ; [thee ;  
Most, whom thou most admir'st, may she embrace  
And flaming in thy love, with snowy arms enlase  
thee.

XXXV.

THIRSI.

You lovely boys, full well your art you guided ;  
That with your striving songs your strife is ended :  
So you yourselves the cause have well decided ;  
And by no judge can your award be mended.

Thep since the prize, for only one intended,  
You both refuse, we justly may reserve it,  
And as your offering in Love's temple serve it ;  
Since none of both deserve, when both so well de-  
serve it.

XXXVI.

Yet, for such songs should ever be rewarded ;  
Daphnis, take thou this hook of ivory clearest,  
Given me by Pan, when Pan my verse regarded ;  
This feares the wolf, when most the wolf thou  
fearest.

But thou, my Thomalin, my love, my dearest,  
Take thou this pipe, which oft proud storms re-  
strained ;

Which, spite of Chamus's spite, I still retained :  
Was never little pipe more soft, more sweetly  
plained.

XXXVII.

And you, fair troop, if Thirsiil you disdain not,  
Vouchsafe with me to take some short refection ;  
Excess, or daints, my lowly roof maintain not ;  
Peares, apples, plummegs ; no sugred made con-  
fection.

So up they rose, and, by Love's sweet direction,

Sea-nymphs with shepherds sort: sea-boys com-  
plain not, [not.  
That wood-nymphs with like love them entertain  
And all the day to songs and dances leading,  
Too swift it runnes, and spends too fast in spending.  
With day their sports began, with day they take  
their ending.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

## THE SPENCER OF THIS AGE.

DEAR FRIEND,

No more a stranger now : I lately past  
Thy curious building—call'd—but then my haste  
Deny'd me a full draught ; I did but taste.

Thy wine was rich and pleasing ; did appear  
No common grape ; my haste could not forbear  
A second sip ; I hung a garland there :

Past on my way ; I lash'd through thick and thin,  
Dispatch'd my business, and return'd again ;  
I call'd the second time ; unhors'd, went in :

View'd every room ; each room was beautify'd  
With new invention, carv'd on every side,  
To please the common and the curious ey'd :

View'd every office ; every office lay  
Like a rich magazine ; and did bewray  
Thy treasure, open'd with thy golden key :

View'd every orchard ; every orchard did  
Appear a paradise, whose fruits were hid  
(Per chance) with shadowing leaves, but none  
forbid :

View'd every plot ; spent some delightful hours  
In every garden, full of new-born flowers,  
Delicious banks, and delectable bowers.

Thus having stepp'd and travell'd every stair  
Within, and tasted every fruit that's rare  
Without, I made thy house my thorough-fare.

Then give me leave, rare Fletcher (as before  
I left a garland at thy gates) once more  
To hang this ivy at thy postern-door.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

## MISCELLANIES.

AN HYMN AT THE MARRIAGE OF MY MOST DEAR  
COUSINS, MR. W. AND M. R.

CHAMUS, that with thy yellow-sanded stream  
Slid'st softly down where thousand Muses dwell,  
Gracing their bow'rs, but thou more grac'd by  
them ;

Hark Chamus, from thy low built greeny cell ;  
Hark, how our Kentish woods with Hymen  
ring, [sing,

While all the nymphs, and all the shepherds  
Hymen, oh Hymen, here thy saffron garment  
bring.

With him a shoal of goodly shepherd-swains ;  
Yet be more goodly than the goodliest swain :  
With her a troop of fairest wood-nymphs trains ;  
Yet she more fair than fairest of the train :

And all in course their voice attempering,  
While the woods back their bounding echo  
sing, (sing.)  
Hymen, come holy Hymen; Hymen loud they

His high built forehead almost maiden fair.  
Hath made an hundred symphs her chance en-  
vyng:

Her more than silver skin, and golden hair,  
Cause of a thousand shepherds forced dying.  
Where better could her love than here have  
nested:

Or be his thoughts more daintily have feasted.  
Hymen, come Hymen; here thy saffron coat is  
vested.

His looks resembling humble majesty,  
Rightly his fairest mother's grace betteth:  
In her face blushing, fearful modesty,  
The queen of chastity and beauty, sitteth:  
There cheerfulness all sadness far exileth:  
Here love with bow unbent all gently smileth:  
Hymen come, Hymen come; no spot thy garment  
filleth.

Love's bow in his bent eye-brows bended lies,  
And in his eyes a thousand darts of loving:  
Her shining stars, which (fools) we oft call  
eyes,  
As quick as Heav'n itself in speedy moving;  
And this in both the only difference being,  
Other stars blind, these stars endued with  
seeing.

Hymen, come Hymen; all is for thy rites agreeing.

His breast a shelf of purest alabaster;  
Where Love's self sailing often shipwreckt  
sitteth:  
Her's a twin rock, unknown but to th' shipmaster;  
Which though him safe receives, all other split-  
teth: [unbeaten,  
Both Love's high-way, yet by Love's self  
Most like the milky path which crosses  
Heaven. [even.

Hymen, come Hymen; all their marriage joys are

And yet all these but as guilt covers be;  
Within, a book more fair we written find:  
For Nature, framing th' all's epitome,  
Set in the face the index of the mind.  
Their bodies are but temples, built for  
state,  
To shrine the graces in their silver plate:  
Come Hymen, Hymen come, these temples con-  
secrate.

Hymen, the tier of hearts already tied:  
Hymen, the end of lovers never ending;  
Hymen the cause of joys, joys never tried;  
Joys never to be spent, yet ever spending:  
Hymen, that sow'st with men the desert  
sands;  
Come, bring with thee, come bring thy sacred  
bands: [thou the hands.  
Hymen, come Hymen, th' hearts are join'd, join

Warrant of lovers, the true seal of loving,  
Sign'd with the face of joy; the holy knot,  
That binds two hearts, and holds from slippery  
moving;  
A gainful loss, a stain without a blot;

That mak'st one soul as two and two as one:  
Yoke lightning burdens; love's foundation:  
Hymen, come Hymen, now untie the maiden  
zone.

Thou that mad'st man a brief of all thou mad'st,  
A little living world, and mad'st him twain  
Dividing him whom first thou one creat'st,  
And by this bond mad'st one of two again,  
Bidding her cleave to him, and him to her,  
And leave their parents, when no parents  
were: [here,  
Hymen, send Hymen from thy sacred bosom

See where he goes! how all the troop he cheereth,  
Clad with a saffron coat, in's hand a light;  
In all his brow not one sad cloud appeareth:  
His coat all pure, his torch all burning bright.  
Now chant we Hymen, shepherds; Hymen  
sing;  
See where he goes, as fresh as is the spring.  
Hymen, oh Hymen, Hymen, all the valleys ring.

Oh happy pair, where nothing wants to either,  
Both having to content, and be contented;  
Fortune and nature being spare to neither!  
Ne'er may this bond of holy love be rented,  
But like two parallels, run a level race,  
In just proportion, and in even space.  
Hymen, thus Hymen will their spotless marriage  
grace.

Live each of other firmly lov'd, and loving;  
As far from hate, as self-ill jealousy:  
Moving like Heav'n still in the self-same moving;  
In motion ne'er forgetting constancy.  
Be all your days as this: no cause to plain:  
Free from satiety, or (but lovers') pain.  
Hymen, so Hymen still their present joys maintain.

TO MY BELOVED COUSIN, W. R. ESQUIRE.

CALEND. JANUAR.

Cousin, day birds are silenc't, and those fowl  
Yet only sing, which hate warm Phoebus' light;  
Th' unlucky parrot, and death-boding owl,  
Which ush'ring into Heav'n their mistress Night,  
Hallow their mates, triumphing o'er the quick  
spent night.

The wronged Philomel hath left to plain  
Tereus' constraint and cruel ravishment:  
Seems the poor bird hath lost her tongue again.  
Progne long since is gone to banishment;  
And the loud tuned thrush leaves all her merri-  
ment.

All so my frozen Muse, hid in my breast,  
To come into the open air refuses;  
And dragg'd at length from hence, doth oft protest  
This is no time for Phoebus' loving Muses;  
When the far distant Sun our frozen coast disuses.

Then till the Sun, which yet in fishes basks,  
Or watry urn, impounds his fainting bead,  
'Twixt Tanrus' horns his warmer beam unmask,  
And sooner rises, latter goes to bed;  
Calling back all the flowers, now to their mother  
Soil:

Till Philomel resumes her tongue again,  
 And Progne fierce returns from long exiling;  
 Till the shrill blackbird chants his merry vein;  
 And the day-birds the long liv'd Sun beguiling,  
 Renew their mirth, and the years pleasant smiling:

Here must I stay, in sullen study pent, [ing;  
 Among our Cambridge fens my time mispend-  
 But then revisit our long long'd for Kent.  
 Till then live happy, the time ever mending:  
 Happy the first o' th' year, thrice happy be the  
 ending.

TO MASTER W. C.

WILLY, my dear, that late by Haddam sitting,  
 By little Haddam, in whose private shades,  
 Unto thy fancy thousand pleasures fitting,  
 With dainty nymphs, in those retired glades  
 Didst spend thy time; (t me that too quickly  
 fades).

Ah! much I fear that those so pleasing toys  
 Have too much lull'd thy sense and mind in slum-  
 b'ring joys.

Now art thou come to nearer Maddingly,  
 Which with fresh sport and pleasure doth en-  
 thrall thee;

There new delights withdraw thy ear, thy eye;  
 Too much I fear lest some ill chance befall thee:  
 Hark how the Cambridge Muses thence recal  
 Willy our dear, Willy his time abuses: [thee;  
 But sure thou hast forgot our Chame and Cam-  
 bridge Muses.

Return now, Willy; now at length return thee:  
 Here thou and I, under the sprouting vine,  
 By yellow Chame, where no hot ray shall burr  
 thee,

Will sit and sing among the Muses' nine;  
 And, safely covered from the scalding shine,  
 We'll read that Mantuan shepherd's sweet com-  
 plaining, [daining.  
 Whom fair Alexis griev'd with his unjust dis-

And, when we list, to lower notes descend;  
 Hear Thirsi's moan, and Fusca's cruelty:  
 He cares not now his ragged flock to tend;  
 Fusca his care, but careless enemy:  
 Hope oft he sees shine in her humble eye,  
 But soon her angry words of hope deprives him:  
 So often dies with love, but love as oft revives  
 him.

TO MY EVER HONOURED COUSIN, W. R. ESQUIRE.

STRANGE power of home, with how strong-twisted  
 arms,  
 And Gordian-twined knot, dost thou enchain me  
 Never might fair Calisto's doubled charms,  
 Nor powerful Circe's whispering so detain me,  
 Though all her art she spent to entertain me;  
 Their presence could not force a weak desire;  
 But, oh! thy powerful absence breeds still grow-  
 ing fire.

By night thou try'st with strong imagination  
 To force my sense 'gainst reason to belie it;  
 Methinks I see the fast-imprinted fashion

Of every place, and now I fully eye it;  
 And though with fear, yet cannot well deny it,  
 Till the moru bell awakes me; then for spite  
 I shut mine eyes again, and wish back such a night:  
 But in the day my never-slack'd desire  
 Will cast to prove by welcome forgery,  
 That for my absence I am much the nigher;  
 Seeking to please with soothing flattery. [die  
 Love's wing is thought; and thought will soonest  
 Where it finds want; then as our love is dearer,  
 Absence yields presence, distance makes us nearer.

Ah! might I in some humble Kentish dale  
 For ever eas'ly spend my slow-pac'd hours:  
 Much should I scorn fair Exon's pleasant vale,  
 Or Windsor, Tempe's self, and proudest towers  
 There would I sit, safe from the stormy showers,  
 And laugh the troublous winds and angry sky!  
 Piping (ah!) might I live, and piping might I die.

And would my lucky fortune so much grace me,  
 As in low Cranebrooke or high Breachly's-hill,  
 Or in some cabin near thy dwelling place me,  
 There would I gladly sport and sing my fill,  
 And teach my tender Muse to raise her quill;  
 And that high Mantuan shepherd's self to dare;  
 If ought with that high Mantuan shepherd mought  
 compare.

There would I chant either thy Gemma's praise,  
 Or else my Fusca; fairest shepherdess!  
 Or when me list my slender pipe to raise,  
 Sing of Eliza's fixed mournfulness,  
 And much bewail such woful heaviness;  
 Whilst she a dear-lov'd hart (ah luckless!) slew,  
 Whose fall she all too late, too soon, too much,  
 did rue.

But seeing now I am not as I would,  
 But here, among th' unhonour'd willow's shade,  
 The muddy Chame doth me enforced hold;  
 Here I forswear my merry piping trade:  
 My little pipe, of seven reeds ymade,  
 (Ah pleasing pipe!) I'll hang upon this bough:  
 Thou Chame, and Chamish nymphs, bear witness  
 of my vow.

TO E. C. IN CAMBRIDGE, MY SON BY THE UNIVERSITY.

WHEN first my mind call'd itself in to think,  
 There fell a strife not easy for to end; [brink,  
 Which name should first crown the white paper's  
 An awing father, or an equal friend:  
 Fortune gives choice of either to my mind;  
 Both bonds to tie the soul, it never move;  
 That of commanding, this of easy love.

The lines of love, which from a father's heart  
 Are drawn down to the son; and from the son  
 Ascend to th' father, drawn from every part,  
 Each other cut, and from the first transition  
 Still further wander with more wide partition:  
 But friends, like parallels, run a level race,  
 In just proportion, and most even space.

Then since a double choice, double affection  
 Hath plac'd itself in my twice loving breast;  
 No title then can add to this perfection,  
 Nor better that, which is already best:  
 So naming one, I must imply the rest,  
 The same a father, and a friend; or rather,  
 Both one; a father friend, and a friend father.



No marvel then the difference of the place  
 Makes in my mind at all no difference :  
 For Love is not produc'd or penn'd in space,  
 Having i' th' soul his only residence.  
 Love's fire is thought; and thought is never  
 thence,  
 Where it feels want: then where a love is dear,  
 The mind in farthest distance is most near.

Me Kent holds fast with thousand sweet embraces;  
 (There mought I die with thee, there with thee  
 live ?)

All in the shades, the nymphs and naked Graces  
 Fresh joys and still succeeding pleasures give;  
 So much we sport, we have no time to grieve :  
 Here do we sit, and laugh white-headed caring ;  
 And know no sorrow simple pleasures marring.

A crown of wood-nymphs, spread i' th' grassy plain,  
 Sit round about, no niggards of their faces ;  
 Nor do they cloud their fair with black disdain ;  
 All to myself will they impart their graces :  
 Ah ! not such joys find I in other places :  
 To them I often pipe, and often sing,  
 Sweet notes to sweeter voices tempering.

And now but late I sang the Hymen toys  
 Of two fair lovers (fairer were there never)  
 That in one bed coupled their spousal joys ;  
 Fortune and Nature being scant to neither :  
 What other dare not wish, was full in either.

Thrice happy bed, thrice happy lovers firing,  
 Where present blessings have out-stript desiring !

And when me list to sadder tunes apply me,  
 Pasilia's dirge, and Eupathus complaining ;  
 And often while my pipe lies idle by me, [ing ;  
 Read Fusca's deep disdain, and Thirsi's plain-  
 Yet in that face is no room for disdaining ;  
 Where cheerful kindness smiles in either eye,  
 And beauty still kisses humility.

Then do not marvel Kentish strong delights,  
 Stealing the time, do here so long detain me :  
 Not powerful Circe with her Hecate rites,  
 Nor pleasing Lotos thus could entertain me,  
 As Kentish powerful pleasures here enchain me.  
 Meantime, the nymphs that in our Brenchly use,  
 Kindly salute your busy Cambridge Muse.

TO MY BELOVED THENOT, IN ANSWER OF HIS VERSE.

THENOT, my dear, how can a lofty hill  
 To lowly shepherds' thoughts be rightly fitting ?  
 An humble dale well fits with humble quill :  
 There may I safely sing, all fearless sitting,  
 My Fusca's eyes, my Fusca's beauty dittyng ;  
 My loved loneliness, and hid Muse enjoying :  
 Yet should'st thou come, and see our simple  
 toying, [joying.  
 Well would fair Thenot like our sweet retired  
 But if my Thenot love my humble vein,  
 (Too lowly vein) ne'er let him Colin call me ;  
 He, while he was, was (ah ! ) the choicest swain,  
 That ever grac'd a reed : what e'er befal me,  
 Or Myrtill, (so 'for Fusca fair did thral me,  
 Most was I known) or now poor Thirsi  
 name me,  
 Thirsi, for so my Fusca pleases frame me :  
 But never mounting Colin ; Colin's high style will  
 shame me.

Two shepherds I adore with humble love ;  
 Th' high-tow'ring swain, that by slow Mincious  
 waves

His well grown wings at first did lowly prove,  
 Where Corydon's sick love full sweetly raves ;  
 But after sung bold Turnus' daring braves :  
 And next our nearer Colin's sweetest strain ;  
 Most, where he most his Rosalind doth plain.  
 Well may I after look, but follow all in vain.

Why then speaks Thenot of the honour'd bay ?  
 Apollo's self, though fain, could not obtain her ;  
 She at his melting songs would scorn to stay,  
 Though all his art he spent to entertain her :  
 Wild beasts he tam'd, yet never could detain her.  
 Then sit we here within this willow glade :  
 Were for my Thenot I a garland made  
 With purple violets, and lovely myrtle shade.

UPON THE PICTURE OF ACHMAT THE TURKISH TYRANT.

SUCH Achmat is, the Turks' great emperor,  
 Third son to Mahomet, whose youthly spring  
 But now with blossom'd cheeks begins to flow'r ;  
 Out of his face you well may read a king :  
 Which who will thoroughly view, will eas'ly find  
 A perfect index to his haughty mind.

Within his breast, as in a palace, lie  
 Wakeful ambition leagu'd with hasty pride ;  
 Fierceness ally'd with Turkish majesty ;  
 Rests hate, in which his father living dy'd :  
 Deep in his heart such Turkish virtue lies,  
 And thus looks through the window of his eyes.

His pleasure (far from pleasure) is to see  
 His navy spread her wings unto the wind ;  
 Instead of gold, arms fill his treasury,  
 Which (numberless) fill not his greedy mind,  
 The sad Hungarian fears his tried might ;  
 And waning Persia trembles at his sight.

His greener youth, most with the heathen spent,  
 Gives Christian princes justest cause to fear  
 His riper age, whose childhood thus is bent.  
 A thousand trophies will he shortly rear,  
 Unless that God, who gave him first this rage,  
 Bind his proud head in humble vassalage.

TO MR. JO. TOMKINS.

THOMALIN, my lief, thy music strains to hear,  
 More raps my soul than when the swelling winds  
 On craggy rocks their whistling voices tear ;  
 Or when the sea, if stop his course he finds,  
 With broken murmurs thinks weak shores to fear,  
 Scorning such sandy cords his proud head binds  
 More than where rivers in the summer's ray,  
 Through covert glades cutting their shady way,  
 Run tumbling down the lawns, and with the  
 pebbles play.

Thy strains to hear, old Chamus from his cell  
 Comes guarded with an hundred nymphs around ;  
 An hundred nymphs, that in his rivers dwell,  
 About him flock, with water-lillies crown'd.  
 For thee the Muses leave their silver well,  
 And marvel where thou all their art hast found

There sitting, they admire thy dainty strains,  
And while thy sadder accent sweetly plains,  
Feel thousand sugar'd joys creep in their melting  
veins.

How oft have I, the Muses' bow'r frequenting,  
Misd' them at home, and found them all with  
thee!

Whether thou sing'st sad Eupathus' lamenting,  
Or tunest notes to sacred harmony,  
The ravish'd soul with thy sweet notes consenting,  
Scorning the Earth, in heav'nly ecstasy  
Transcends the stars, and with the angels' train  
Those courts surveys; and now come back again,  
Finds yet another Heaven in thy delightful strain.

Ah! could'st thou here thy humble mind content,  
Lowly with me to live in country cell,  
And learn suspect the court's proud blandishment,  
Here might we safe, here might we sweetly  
dwell.

Live Pallas in her tow'rs and marble tent;  
But, ah! the country bow'rs please me as  
well:

There with my Thomalin I safe would sing,  
And frame sweet ditties to thy sweeter string;  
There would we laugh at spite, and fortune's thun-  
dering.

No flattery, hate, or envy, lodgeth there;  
There no suspicion, wall'd in proved steel,  
Yet fearful of the arms herself doth wear:  
Pride is not there; no tyrant there we feel;  
No clamorous laws shall deaf thy music ear;  
They know no change, nor wanton fortune's  
wheel:

Thousand fresh sports grow in those dainty places;  
Light fawns and nymphs dance in the woody  
spaces,  
And little Love himself plays with the naked  
Graces.

But seeing fate my happy wish refuses,  
Let me alone enjoy my low estate.  
Of all the gifts that fair Parnassus uses,  
Only scorn'd poverty and fortune's hate  
Common I find to me, and to the Muses;  
But with the Muses welcome poorest fate.  
Safe in my humble cottage will I rest;  
And lifting up from my untainted breast  
A quiet spirit to Heaven, securely live and blest.

To thee I here bequeath the courtly joys,  
Seeing to court my Thomalin is bent:  
Take from thy Thirill these his idle toys;  
Here I will end my looser merriment:  
And when thou sing'st them to the wanton boys,  
Among the courtly lasses' blandishment,  
Think of thy Thirill's love that never spends;  
And softly say, his love still better mends:  
Ah! too unlike the love of court, or courtly  
friends!

Go, little pipe; for ever I must leave thee,  
My little, little pipe, but sweetest ever:  
Go, go, for I have vow'd to see thee never:  
Never, ah! never must I more receive thee:  
But he in better love will still persevere;  
Go, little pipe, for I must have a new.  
Farewell, ye Norfolk maids, and Ida crew;  
Thirill will play no more; for ever now adieu!

## TO THOMALIN.

THOMALIN, since Thirill nothing has to leave thee  
And leave thee must; pardon me, (gentle friend)  
If nothing but my love I only give thee;  
Yet see how great this nothing is, I send:  
For though this love of thine I sweetest prove,  
Nothing's more sweet than is this sweetest love.

The soldier nothing like his prey esteems;  
Nothing toss'd sailors equal with the shore:  
Nothing before his health the sick man deems;  
The pilgrim hugs his country; nothing more:  
The miser hoarding up his golden wares,  
This nothing with his precious wealth compares.

Our thoughts' ambition only nothing ends;  
Nothing fills up the golden-dropsied mind:  
The prodigal, that all so lavish spends,  
Yet nothing cannot; nothing stays behind:  
The king, that with his life a kingdom buys,  
Than life or crown doth nothing higher prize.

Who all enjoys, yet nothing now desires;  
Nothing is greater than the highest Jove:  
Who dwells in Heav'n, (then) nothing more re-  
quires; [love:  
Love, more than honey; nothing more sweet than  
Nothing is only better than the best;  
Nothing is sure: nothing is ever blest.

I love my health, my life, my books, my friends,  
Thee, (dearest Thomalin) nothing above thee:  
For when my books, friends, health, life, fainting  
ends,  
When thy love fails, yet nothing still will love me:  
When heav'n, and air, the earth, and floating  
mains  
Are gone, yet nothing still untouch'd remains.

Since then to other streams I must betake me,  
And spiteful Charm of all has quite bereft me;  
Since Muses' selves (false Muses) will forsake me,  
And but this nothing, nothing else is left me;  
Take thou my love, and keep it still in store:  
That given, nothing now remaineth more.

## AGAINST A RICH MAN DESPISING POVERTY.

If well thou view'st us with no squated eye,  
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate  
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;  
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:  
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I;  
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;  
Thou having more than much, yet seekest more:  
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;  
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor:  
Then this must follow of necessity;  
Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,  
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:  
But with my little I have much content;  
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:  
Then this in reason thou must needs confess,  
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,  
And to his audit liable is ever,  
To reckon, how, and where, and when he spent:  
Then thus thou brag'st, thou art a great receiver:  
Little my debt, when little is my store: [more.  
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the

But seeing God himself descended down  
To enrich the poor by his rich poverty;  
His meat, his house, his grave, were not his own,  
Yet all is his from all eternity:  
Let me be like my head, whom I adore:  
Be thou great, wealthy, I still base and poor.

## CONTINENTAL.

CONTINUAL burning, yet no fire or fuel,  
Chill icy frosts in midst of summer's frying,  
A hell most pleasing, and a heav'n most cruel,  
A death still living, and a life still dying,  
And whatsoever pains poor hearts can prove,  
I feel, and utter, in one word, I love.

Two fires, of love and grief, each upon either,  
And both upon one poor heart ever feeding:  
Chill cold despair, most cold, yet cooling neither,  
In midst of fires his icy frosts is breeding:  
So fires and frosts, to make a perfect hell,  
Meet in one breast, in one house friendly dwell.

Tir'd in this toilsome way (my deep affection)  
I ever forward run, and never ease me:  
I dare not swerve, her eye is my direction:  
A heavy grief, and weighty love oppress me, [me:  
Desire and hope, two spurs, that forth compell'd  
But awful fear, a bridle, still withheld me.

Twice have I plung'd, and flung, and strove to cast  
This double burden from my weary heart:  
Fast though I run, and stop, they sit as fast:  
Her looks my bait, which she doth sell'd impart:  
Then fainting, still some inn I wish and crave;  
Either her maiden bosom, or my grave.

## A TOW.

By hope and fear, by grief and joy oppress,  
With deadly hate, more deadly love infected;  
Without, within, in body, soul, distress;  
Little by all, least myself respected, [ed;  
But most, most there, where most I lov'd, neglect-  
Hated, and hating life, to death I call;  
Who scorns to take what is refus'd by all.

Whither, ah, whither then wilt thou betake thee,  
Despised wretch, of friends, of all forlorn, [thee?  
Since hope, and love, and life, and death forsake  
Poor soul, thy own tormenter, others' scorn!  
Whether, poor soul, ah, whither wilt thou turn?  
What inn, what host (scorn'd wretch) wilt thou  
now choose thee? [fuse thee.  
The common host, and inn, death, grave, re-

To thee, great Love, to thee I prostrate fall,  
That right'st in love the heart in false love swerved:  
On thee, true Love, on thee I weeping call;  
I, who am scorn'd, where with all truth I served,  
On thee, so wrong'd, where thou hast so deserved:

Disdain'd, where most I lov'd, to thee I plain me,  
Who truly lovest those, who (fools) disdain thee.

Thou never-erring way, in thee direct me; [me:  
Thou death of death, oh, in thy death engrave  
Thou hated Love, with thy firm love respect me;  
Thou freest servant, from this yoke unlave me:  
Glorious salvation, for thy glory save me.  
So neither love, nor hate, scorn, death, shall  
move me; [thee.  
But with thy love, great Love, I still shall love

## ON WOMEN'S LIGHTNESS.

Who sows the sand? or ploughs the easy shore?  
Or strives in nets to prison in the wind?  
Yet I, (fond I) more fond, and senseless more,  
Thought in sure love a woman's thoughts to bind.  
Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in love  
to tie  
One more inconstant than inconstancy!

Look as it is with some true April day, [flowers;  
Whose various weather stores the world with  
The Sun his glorious beams doth fair display,  
Then rains, and shines again, and straight it lowers,  
And twenty changes in one hour doth prove;  
So, and more changing is a woman's love.

Or as the hairs which deck their wanton heads,  
Which loosely fly, and play with every wind,  
And with each blast turn round their golden threads;  
Such as their hair, such is their looser mind:  
The difference this, their hair is often bound;  
But never bonds a woman might embound.

False is their flattering colour, false and fading;  
False is their flattering tongue; false every part,  
Their hair is forg'd, their silver foreheads shading;  
False are their eyes, but falsest is their heart:  
Then this in consequence must needs ensue;  
All must be false, when every part's untrue.

Fond then my thoughts, which thought a thing  
so vain!

Fond hopes, that anchor on so false a ground!  
Fond love, to love what could not love again!  
Fond heart, thus fir'd with love, in hope thus  
drown'd: [est I,  
Fond thoughts, fond heart, fond hope; but fond-  
To grasp the wind, and love inconstancy!

## A REPLY UPON THE FAIR M. S.

A DAUGHTY maid, that draws her double name  
From bitter sweetness, (with sweet bitterness)  
Did hate my skill and faulty verses blame,  
And to her loving friend did plain confess,  
That I my former credit foul did shame,  
And might no more a poet's name profess:  
The cause that with my verse she was offended,  
For women's levity I discommended.

Too true you said, that poet I was never,  
And I confess it (fair) if that content ye,  
That when I play'd, the poet less than ever;  
Not, for of such a verse I now repent me,  
(Poets to feign, and make fine lies endeavour)  
But I the truth, truth (ah!) too certain sent ye:

Then that I am no poet I deny not;  
For when their lightness I condemn, I lie not.

But if my verse had lied against my mind,  
And praised that which truth cannot approve,  
And falsely said, they were as fair as kind,  
As true as sweet, their faith could never move,  
But sure is link'd where constant love they find,  
That with sweet braving they vie truth and love;  
If thus I write, it cannot be deny'd  
But I a poet were, so foul I lied.

But give me leave to write as I have found:  
Like ruddy apples at their outside bright,  
Whose skin is fair, the core or heart unsound;  
Whose cherry-cheek the eye doth much delight,  
But inward rottenness the taste doth wound:  
Ah! were the taste so good as is the sight,  
To pluck such apples (lost with self same price)  
Would back restore us part of Paradise.

But truth hath said it, (truth who dare deny!)  
Men seldom are, more seldom women sure:  
But if (fair sweet) thy truth and constancy  
To better faith thy thoughts and mind procure,  
If thy firm truth could give firm truth the lie,  
If thy first love will first and last endure; [thee,  
Thou more than woman art, if time so proves  
And he more than a man, that loved loves thee.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE PREMISES TO THE LADY  
CULPEPPER.

Who with a bridle strives to curb the waves?  
Or in a cypress chest locks flaming fires?  
So when love anger'd in thy bosom raves,  
And grief with love a double flame inspires,  
By silence thou may'st add, but never less it:  
The way is by expressing to repress it.

Who then will blame affection not respected,  
To vent in grief the grief that so torments him?  
Passion will speak in passion, if neglected:  
Love that so soon will chide, as soon repents him;  
And therefore boyish love's too like a boy,  
With a toy pleas'd, displeas'd with a toy.

Have you not seen, when you have chid or sought,  
That lively picture of your lovely beauty,  
Your pretty child, at first to low or pout,  
But soon again reclaim'd to love and duty;  
Forgets the rod, and all her anger ends,  
Plays on your lap, or on your neck depends:

Too like that pretty child is childish love,  
That when in anger he is wrong'd, or beat,  
Will rave and chide, and every passion prove,  
But soon to smiles and fawns turns all his heat,  
And prays, and swears he never more will do it;  
Such one is love: alas, that women know it!

But if so just excuse will not content ye,  
But still you blame the words of angry love,  
Here I recant, and of those words repent me:  
In sign hereof I offer now to prove,  
That changing women's love is constant ever,  
And men, though ever firm, are constant never.

For men that to one fair their passions bind,  
Must ever change, as do those changing fairs;  
So as she alters, alters still their mind,  
And with their fading loves their love impairs:

Therefore, still moving, as the fair they loved,  
Most do they move, by being most unmoved.

But women, when their lovers change their graces,  
What first in them they lov'd, love now in others,  
Affecting still the same in divers places;  
So never change their love, but change their lovers:  
Therefore their mind is firm and constant prov'd,  
Seeing they ever love what first they lov'd.

Their love tied to some virtue, cannot stray,  
Shifting the outside oft, the inside never:  
But men (when now their loves dissolv'd to clay  
Indeed are nothing) still in love persevere:  
How then can such fond men be constant made,  
That nothing love, or but (a-nothing) shade?

What fool commends a stone for never moving?  
Or blames the speedy heav'ns for ever ranging?  
Cease then, fond men, to blaze your constant  
loving;  
Love's fiery, winged, light, and therefore changing:  
Fond man, that thinks such fire and air to fetter!  
All change; men for the worse, women for better.

TO MY ONLY CHOSEN VALENTINE AND WIFE.

ANAGRAM. { Maystress Elizabeth Vincent  
Is my breast's chaste Valentine. }

THINK not (fair love) that chance my hand directed  
To make my choice my chance; blind chance and  
hands  
Could never see what most my mind affected;  
But Heav'n (that ever with chaste true love stands)  
Lent eyes to see what most my heart respected:  
I then do not thou resist what Heav'n commands;  
But yield thee his, who must be ever thine;  
My heart thy altar is, my breast thy shrine;  
Thy name for ever is, My breast's chaste Valentine.

A TRANSLATION OF BORTHUIS, THE THIRD BOOK AND  
LAST VERSE.

HAPPY man, whose perfect sight  
Views the overflowing light!  
Happy man, that canst unbind  
Th' earth-bars pounding up the mind!  
Once his wife's quick fate lamenting  
Grpheus sat, his hair all renting,  
While the speedy woods came running,  
And rivers stood to hear his cunning;  
And the lion with the hart  
Join'd side to side to hear his art:  
Hares ran with the dogs along,  
Not from dogs, but to his song.  
But when all his verses turning  
Only fann'd his poor heart's burning,  
And his grief came but the faster,  
(His verse all easing, but his master)  
Of the higher powers complaining,  
Down he went to Hell disdainng:  
There his silver lutestrings hitting,  
And his potent verses fitting,  
All the sweets that e'er he took  
From his sacred mother's brook,  
What his double sorrow gives him,  
And love, that doubly double grieves him,

There he spends to move deaf Hell,  
 Charming devils with his spell,  
 And with sweetest asking leave  
 Does the lords of ghosts deceive.  
 The dog, whose never quiet yell  
 Affrights sad souls in night that dwell,  
 Pricks up now his thrice two ears;  
 To howl, or bark, or whine he fears:  
 Struck with dumb wonder at those songs,  
 He wish'd more ears, and fewer tongues.  
 Charon amaz'd his oar foreslows,  
 While the boat the sculler rows.  
 Tanta! might have eaten now  
 The fruit as still as is the bough;  
 But he (fool!) no hunger fearing,  
 Starv'd his taste, to feed his hearing.  
 Ixion, though his wheel stood still,  
 Still was rapt with music's skill.  
 At length the judge of souls with pity  
 Yields, as conquer'd with his ditty;  
 Let's give back his spouse's hoarse,  
 Purchas'd with so pleasing verse:  
 Yet this law shall bind our gift,  
 He turn not, till h'as Tartar left.  
 Who to laws can lovers draw?  
 Love is love is only law:  
 Now almost he left the night,  
 When he first turn'd back his sight;  
 And at once, while her he ey'd,  
 His love he saw, and lost, and dy'd.  
 So, who strives out of the night  
 To bring his soul to joy in light,  
 Yet again turns back his eye  
 To view Hell's deformity;  
 Though he seems enlighten'd more,  
 Yet is blacker than afore.

A TRANSLATION OF SOPHOCLES, BOOK SECOND, VERSE SEVENTH.

Who only honour seeks with prone affection,  
 And thinks that glory is his greatest bliss; [tion,  
 But let him view the Heav'n's wide-stretched scen-  
 In some map the Earth's short narrowness:  
 Well may he blush to see his name not able  
 To fill one quarter of so brief a table.

Why then should high-grown minds so much re-  
 joice  
 To draw their stubborn necks from man's subjec-  
 tion: [voice  
 For though loud fame stretch high her prattling  
 To blaze abroad their virtue's great perfection;  
 Though goodly titles of their house adorn them  
 With ancient heraldry, yet death doth scorn  
 them:

The high and base lie in the self same grave;  
 No difference there between a king and slave.

Where now are true Fabricius' bones remaining:  
 Who knows where Brutus, or rough Cato lives!  
 Only a weak report, their names sustaining,  
 In records old a slender knowledge gives:  
 Yet when we read the deeds of men inhumed,  
 Can we by that know them long since consumed?

Now therefore lie you buried and forgotten;  
 Nor can report frustrate encroaching death:  
 Or if you think when you are dead and rotten,  
 You live again by fame, and vulgar breath:

When with time's shadows this false glory wanes,  
 You die again; but this your glory gains.

UPON MY BROTHER MR. G. F. HIS BOOK INTITLED  
 CHRIST'S VICTORY AND TRIUMPH.

Fond lads, that spend so fast your posting time,  
 (Too posting time, that spends your time as fast)  
 To chant light toys, or frame some wanton rhyme,  
 Where idle boys may glut their lustful taste;  
 Or else with praise to clothe some fleshly alime  
 With virgin roses, and fair lilies chaste:

While itching bloods, and youthful cares adore  
 it; [abhor it.

But wiser men, and once yourselves will most

But thou, (most near, most dear) in this of thine  
 Fast prov'd the Muses not to Venus divine;  
 Such as thy matter, such thy Muse, bound:  
 Or thou such grace with Mercy's self hast found,  
 That she herself deigns in thy leaves to shine;  
 Or stol'n from Heav'n, thou brought'st this verse to

ground, [thunder,  
 Which frights the numbed soul with fearful  
 And soon with honeyed dews thaws it 'twixt joy  
 and wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem;  
 (The glass, through which an envious eye doth  
 gaze,

Can easily make a mole-hill mountain seem)  
 His praise dispraises; his dispraises praise;  
 Enough, if best men best thy labours deem,  
 And to the highest pitch thy merit raise;

While all the Muses to thy song decree  
 Victorious triumph, triumphant victory.

UPON

THE BISHOP OF EXON, DR. HALL, HIS MEDITATIONS.

Most wretched soul, that here carousing pleasure,  
 Hath all his Heav'n on Earth; and ne'er distressed  
 Enjoys these fond delights without all measure,  
 And freely living thus, is thus deceased!

Ah, greatest curse, so to be ever blessed!  
 For where to live is Heav'n, 'tis Hell to die.  
 Ah, wretch! that here begins Hell's misery!

Most blessed soul, that, lifted up with wings  
 Of faith and love, leaves this base habitation,  
 And scorning sluggish Earth, to Heav'n up springs;  
 On Earth, yet still in Heav'n's by meditation;  
 With the soul's eye foreseeing th' heavenly station:  
 Then 'gins his life, when he's of life bereaven.  
 Ah, blessed soul! that here begins his Heaven!

UPON

THE CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE BISHOP OF EXETER,  
 GIVEN TO THE LADY S. W. AT NEW-YEAR'S TIDE.

This little world's two little stars are eyes,  
 And be that all eyes framed, fram'd all others  
 Downward to fall, but these to climb the skies,  
 There to acquaint them with their starry brothers;  
 Planets fix'd in the head, (their sphere of sense)  
 Yet wand'ring still thro' Heav'n's circumference,  
 The intellect being their intelligence.

Dull then that heavy soul, which ever bent  
On Earth and earthly toys, his Heav'n neglects;  
Content with that which cannot give content:  
What thy foot scorning kicks, thy soul respects.  
Fond soul! thy eye will up to Heav'n erect  
thee;

Thou it direct'st, and must it now direct thee?  
Dull, heavy soul! thy scholar must correct thee.

Thrice happy soul, that guided by thine eyes,  
Art mounted up unto that starry nation;  
And leaving there thy sense, enterest the skies,  
Enshrin'd and fainted there by contemplation!

Heav'n thou enjoy'st on Earth, and now bereaven  
Of life, a new life to thy soul is given.

Thrice happy soul, that hast a double Heaven!

That sacred hand, which to this year hath brought  
you,

Perfect your years, and with your years, his graces;  
And when his will unto his will hath wrought you,  
Conduct your soul unto those happy places,

Where thousand joys, and pleasures ever new,  
And blessings thicker than the morning dew,  
With endless sweets, rain on that heav'nly crew.

THESE ASCLEPIADS OF MR. H. S. TRANSLATED AND  
ENLARGED.

Ne verbum mihi sit mortua litera,  
Nec Christi meritum gratia vanida;  
Sed verbum fatuo sola scientia,  
Et Christus misero sola redemptio,

UNWRITTEN Word, which never ear could hear;  
Unwritten Word, which never eye could see,  
Yet syllabled in flesh-spell'd character,  
That so to senses thou might'st subject be;  
Since thou in bread art stamp'd, in print art read,  
Let not thy print-stamp'd word to me be dead.

Thou all-contriving, all deserving Spirit,  
Made flesh to die, that so thou might'st be mine,  
That thou in us, and we in thee might merit,  
We thine, thou ours; thou human, we divine;  
Let not my dead life's merit, my dead heart  
Forfeit so dear a purchas'd death's desert.

Thou Sun of wisdom, knowledge infinite,  
Made folly to the wise, night to profane;  
Be I thy Moon, oh, let thy sacred light  
Increase to th' full, and never, never wane:  
Wise folly in me set, fond wisdom rise,  
Make me renounce my wisdom, to be wise.

Thou Life eternal, purest blessedness,  
Made mortal, wretched, sin itself, for me;  
Show me my death, my sin, my wretchedness,  
That I may flourish, shine, and live in thee:  
So I with praise shall sing thy life, death's story,  
O thou my merit, life, my wisdom, glory!

CERTAIN OF THE ROYAL PROPHET'S PSALMS  
METAPHRASED.

PSALM XLII.

Which agrees with the tune of Like the hermit  
poor.

Look as an hart with sweat and blood imbued,  
Chas'd and emboss'd, thimbs in the soil to be;  
So my poor soul, with eager foes pursued, [thee:  
Leeks, longs, O Lord, pines, pants, and faints, for

When, O my God! when shall I come in place  
To see thy light, and view thy glorious face?

I dine and sup with sighs, with groans and tears,  
While all thy foes mine ears with taunting load;  
"Who now thy cries, who now thy prayer hears?"  
Where is," say they, "where is thy boasted God?"  
My molten heart, deep plung'd in sad despair,  
Runs forth to thee in streams of tears and prayers.

With grief I think on those sweet now past days,  
When to thy house my troops with joy I led:  
We sang, we danc'd, we chanted sacred lays;  
No men so haste to wine, no bride to bed.

Why droop'st, my soul? why faint'st thou in my  
breast?

Wait still with praise; his presence is thy rest.

My famish'd soul, driv'n from thy sweetest word,  
(From Hermon hill, and Jordan's sweetest brook)  
To thee laments, sighs deep to thee, O Lord!  
To thee sends back her hungry, longing look:  
Floods of thy wrath breed floods of grief and  
fears; [tears.

And floods of grief breed floods of plaints and

His early light with morn these clouds shall clear,  
These dreary clouds, and storms of sad despair:  
Sure am I in the night his songs to hear,  
Sweet songs of joy, as well as ho my prayers.

I'll say, "My God, why slight'st thou my distress,  
While all my foes my weary soul oppress?"

My cruel foes both thee and me upraid;  
They cut my heart, they vaunt that bitter word,  
"Where is thy trust? where is thy hope?" they  
said;

"Where is thy God? where is thy boasted Lord?"  
Why droop'st, my soul? why faint'st thou in my  
breast?

Wait still with praise; his presence is thy rest.

PSALM XLIII.

Which may be sung as the Widow, or Mock Widow.

O LORD! before the morning  
Gives Heaven warning  
To let out the day,  
My wakeful eyes  
Look for thy rise,

And wait to let in thy joyful ray.

Lank hunger here peoples the desert cells,  
Here thirst fills up the empty wells:  
How longs my flesh for that bread without heaven!  
How thirsts my soul for that wine of Heaven!  
Such (oh!) to taste thy ravishing grace!  
Such in thy house to view thy glorious face!

Thy love, thy light, thy face's  
Bright-shining graces,  
(Whose unchanging ray  
Knows, nor morn's dawn  
Nor evening's wane)

How far surmount they life's winter day!  
My heart to thy glory tuncs all his strings;  
My tongue thy praises cheerly sings:  
And till I slumber, and death shall undress me,  
Thus will I sing, thus will I bless thee.  
"Fill me with love, oh! fill me with praise!  
So shall I vent due thanks in joyful lays."

When night all eyes hath quenched,  
 And thoughts lie drenched  
 In silence and rest ;  
 Then will I all  
 Thy ways recal,  
 And look on thy light in darkness best.  
 When my poor soul, wounded, had lost the field,  
 Thou wast my fort, thou wast my shield.  
 Safe in thy trenches I boldly will vaunt me,  
 There will I sing, there will I chant thee ;  
 There I'll triumph in thy banner of grace,  
 My conqu'ring arms shall be thy arms' embrace.

My foes from deeps descending,  
 In rage transcending,  
 Assaulting me sore,  
 Into their Hell,  
 Are headlong fell ;  
 There shall they lie, there howl, and roar :  
 There let deserv'd torments their spirits tear ;  
 Feel they worst ills, and worse yet fear :  
 But with his spouse thine anointed in pleasure  
 Shall reign, and joy past time or measure :  
 There new delights, new pleasures, still spring :  
 Haste there, oh ! haste, my soul, to dance and sing.

## PSALM CXXVII.

To the tune of that psalm.

If God build not the house, and lay  
 The ground-work sure ; if whoever build,  
 It cannot stand one stormy day :  
 If God be not the city's shield ;  
 If he be not their bars and wall,  
 In vain is watch-tower, men, and all.  
 Though then thou wak'st when others rest,  
 Though rising thou prevent'st the Sun ;  
 Though with lean Care thou daily feast,  
 Thy labour's lost, and thou undone :  
 But God his child will feed and keep,  
 And draw the curtains to his sleep.  
 Though th' hast a wife fit, young, and fair,  
 As heritage heirs to advance ;  
 Yet canst thou not command an heir ;  
 For heirs are God's inheritance :  
 He gives the seed, the bud, the bloom ;  
 He gives the harvest to the womb.  
 And look, as arrows, by strong arm  
 Is a strong bow drawn to the head,  
 Where they are meant, will surely harm,  
 And if they hit, wound deep and dead ;  
 Children of youth are even so ;  
 As harmful, deadly, to a foe.  
 That man shall live in bliss and peace,  
 Who fills his quiver with such shot :  
 Whose garners swell with such increase,  
 Terror and shame assail him not ;  
 And though his foes deep hatred bear,  
 Thus arm'd, he shall not need to fear.

## PSALM CXXXVII.

To be sung as, See the building.

WHEEL Perah's flowers  
 Perfume proud Babel's bowers,

And paint her wall ;  
 There we lay'd asteeeping,  
 Our eyes in endless weeping,  
 For Zion's fall.  
 Our feasts and songs we laid aside,  
 On forlorn willows  
 (By Perah's billows)  
 We hung our harpe, and mirth and joy defy'd,  
 That Zion's ruins should build foul Babel's pride.

Our conquerors vaunting  
 With bitter scoffs and taunting,  
 Thus proudly jest :  
 " Take down your harps, and string them,  
 Recal your songs, and sing them,  
 For Zion's feast."  
 Were our harps well tun'd in every string,  
 Our heart-strings broken,  
 Throats drown'd, and soaked  
 With tears and sighs, how can we praise and sing  
 The King of Heaven under an heathen king ?

In all my mourning,  
 Jerusalem, thy burning  
 If I forget ;  
 Forget thy running,  
 My hand, and all thy cunning,  
 To th' harp to set.  
 Let thy mouth, my tongue, be still thy grave ;  
 Lie there asleeping,  
 For Zion weeping :  
 Oh ! let mine eyes in tears thy office have ;  
 Nor rise, nor set, but in their briny wave.

Proud Edom's raging,  
 Their hate with blood assuaging,  
 And vengeful sword,  
 Their cursed joying  
 In Zion's walls destroying,  
 Remember, Lord ;  
 Forget not, Lord, their spiteful cry,  
 " Fire and deface it,  
 Destroy and rase it ;  
 Oh, let the name of Zion ever die !"  
 Thus did they roar, and us and thee defy.

So shall thy towers,  
 And all thy princely bowers,  
 Proud Babel, fall :  
 Him ever blessed,  
 Who th' oppressor hath oppressed,  
 Shall all men call :  
 Thrice blest, that turns thy mirth to groans ;  
 That burns to ashes  
 Thy towers, and dashes  
 Thy brats 'gainst rocks, to wash thy bloody stones  
 With thine own blood, and pave thee with thy  
 bones.

## PSALM I.

BLESSED, who walk'st not in the worldling's way ;  
 Blessed, who with foul sinners wilt not stand :  
 Blessed, who with proud mockers dar'st not stay ;  
 Nor sit thee down amongst that scornful band.  
 Thrice blessed man, who in that heavenly light  
 Walk'st, stand'st, and sitt'st, rejoicing day and  
 night.

Look as a thirsty palm full Jordan drinks,  
 (Whose leaf and fruit still live, when winter dies)  
 With conqu'ring branches crowns the river's brinks;  
 And summer's fires, and winter's frosts defies:  
 All so the soul, whom that clear light revives,  
 Still springs, buds, grows, and dying time sur-  
 vives.

But as the dust of chaff, cast in the air,  
 Sinks in the dirt, and turns to dung and mire;  
 So sinners, driv'n to Hell by fierce despair,  
 Shall fry in ice, and freeze in hellish fire:  
 For he, whose flaming eyes all actions turn,  
 Sees both; to light the one, the other burn.

## PSALM CXXX.

From the deeps of grief and fear,  
 O Lord! to thee my soul repairs:  
 From thy Heaven bow down thine ear;  
 Let thy mercy meet my prayers.  
 Oh! if thou mark'st  
 What's done amins,  
 What soul so pure,  
 Can see thy bliss?

But with thee sweet Mercy stands,  
 Sealing pardons, working fear:  
 Wait, my soul, wait on his hands;  
 Wait, mine eye, oh! wait, mine ear:  
 If he his eye  
 Or tongue affords,  
 Watch all his looks,  
 Catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,  
 And looks for light, and looks again;  
 When the night grows old and gray,  
 To be reliev'd he calls again:  
 So look, so wait,  
 So long mine eyes,  
 To see my Lord,  
 My Sun, arise,

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord:  
 For from his tongue sweet mercy flows:  
 Wait on his cross, wait on his word;  
 Upon that tree redemption grows:  
 He will redeem  
 His Israel  
 From sin and wrath,  
 From death and Hell.

## AN HYMN.

WAKE, O my soul! awake, and raise  
 Up every part to sing his praise,  
 Who from his sphere of glory fell,  
 To raise thee up from death and Hell:  
 See how his soul, vext for thy sin,  
 Weeps blood without, feels Hell within:  
 See where he hangs:  
 Hark how he cries:  
 Oh, bitter pangs!  
 Now, now, he dies,

Wake, O mine eyes! awake, and view  
 As two twin lights, whence Heavens drew

Their glorious beams, whose gracious sight  
 Fills you with joy, with life, and light;  
 See how with clouds of sorrow drown'd,  
 They wash with tears thy sinful wound:  
 See how with streams  
 Of spit th' are drench'd;  
 See how their beams  
 With death are quench'd.

Wake, O mine ear! awake, and hear  
 That powerful voice, which stills thy fear,  
 And brings from Heaven those joyful news,  
 Which Heaven commands, which Hell subdues:  
 Hark how his ears (Heav'n's mercy-seat)  
 Foul slanders with reproaches beat:  
 Hark how the knocks  
 Our ears resound;  
 Hark how they mock  
 His hearing wound.

Wake, O my heart! tune every string:  
 Wake, O my tongue! awake, and sing:  
 Think not a thought in all thy lays,  
 Speak not a word but of his praise:  
 Tell how his sweetest tongue they drown'd  
 With gall: think how his heart they wound:  
 That bloody spout,  
 Gagg'd for thy sin,  
 His life lets out,  
 Thy death lets in.

## AN HYMN.

Drop, drop, slow tears,  
 And bathe these beautiful feet,  
 Which brought from Heav'n  
 The news and Prince of Peace:  
 Cease not, wet eyes,  
 His mercies to entreat;  
 To cry for vengeance  
 Sin doth never cease:  
 In your deep floods  
 Drown all my faults and fears;  
 Nor let his eye  
 See sin, but through my tears.

## ON MY FRIEND'S PICTURE, WHO DIED IN TRAVEL.

THOUGH now to Heav'n thy travels are confin'd,  
 Thy wealth, friends, life, and country, all are lost;  
 Yet in this picture we thee living find;  
 And thou with lesser travel, lesser cost,  
 Hast found new life, friends, wealth, and better  
 coast:  
 So by thy death thou liv'st, by loss thou gain'st;  
 And in thy absence present still remain'st.

## UPON DR. PLEAYER.

Who lives with death, by death in death is lying;  
 But he who living dies, best lives by dying:  
 Who life to truth, who death to error gives,  
 In life may die, by death more surely lives.  
 My soul in Heaven breathes, in schools my fame:  
 Then on my tomb write nothing but my name.



UPON MY BROTHER'S BOOK, CALLED  
THE GROUNDS, LABOUR, AND REWARD OF FAITH.

This lamp fill'd up, and fir'd by that blest spirit,  
Spent his last oil in this pure heav'nly flame;  
Laying the grounds, walls, roof of faith: this frame  
With life he ends; and now doth there inherit  
What here he built, crown'd with his laurel merit:  
Whose palms and triumphs once he loudly rang.  
There now enjoys what here he sweetly sang.

This is his monument, on which he drew  
His spirit's image, that can never die; [eye;  
But breathes in these live words, and speaks to th'  
In these his winding-sheets he dead doth show  
To buried souls the way to live anew,  
And in his grave more powerfully now preacheth:  
Who will not learn, when that a dead man teacheth?

UPON MR. PERKINS, HIS PRINTED SERMONS.

PERKINS (our wonder) living, though long dead,  
In this white paper, as a winding-sheet;  
And in this vellum lies enveloped:  
Yet still he lives, guiding the erring feet,  
Speaking now to our eyes, though buried.  
If once so well, much better now he teacheth:  
Who will not hear, when a live-dead man  
preacheth.

ELIZA;

OR AN ELEGY UPON THE UNRIFE DECEASE OF

SIR ANTONY IRBY.

Composed at the request (and for a monument) of  
his surviving lady.

ANAGRAMA.

Antonius Irbeus  
An virtus obleus!  
Esto mei mortisque memon.  
Fanus virtuti fenus.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY KNIGHT,

SIR ANTONY IRBY.

SIR,

I AM altogether (I think) unknown to you, (as  
having never seen you since your infancy) neither  
do I now desire to be known by this trifle. But I  
cannot rule these few lines composed presently  
after your father's decease; they are broken from  
me, and will see more light than they deserve.  
I wish there were any thing in them worthy of  
your vacant hours: such as they are, yours they  
are by inheritance. As an urn, therefore, of your  
father's ashes (I beseech you) receive them, for  
his sake, and from him, who desires in some better  
employment to be

your servant,

Look as a stag, pierc'd with a fatal bow,  
(As by a wood he walks securely feeding)  
In covert thick conceals his deadly blow,  
And feeling death swim in his endless bleeding,  
(His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding)  
(His woods adieu, so sinks into his grave;  
Green brakes and primrose sweet his seemly hearse  
embrace:

So lay a gentle knight now full of death,  
With cloudy eyes his latest hour expecting;  
And by his side, sucking his fleeting breath,  
His weeping spouse Eliza, life neglecting,  
And all her beauteous fairs with grief infecting:  
Her cheek as pale as his, 'twere hard to scan,  
If death or sorrow's face did look more pale, or  
wan.

Close by, her sister, fair Alicia, sits;  
Fairest Alicia, to whose sweetest graces  
His tears and sighs a fellow passion fits:  
Upon her eye (his throne) love sorrow places;  
There comfort sadness, beauty grief embraces:  
Pity might seem a while that face to borrow.  
And thither now was come to comfort death and  
sorrow.

At length loud grief thus with a cheerful shriek  
(His trumpet) sounds a battle, joy defying;  
Spreading his colours in Eliza's cheek.  
And from her eyes (his watch-tower) far espying,  
With hope, delight, and joy, and comfort flying,  
Thus with her tongue their coward flight pursues,  
While sighs, shrieks, tears, give chase with never  
fainting crews:

"Thou traitour joy, that in prosperity  
So loudly vaunt'st! whither, ah, whither fliest?  
And thou that brag'st never from life to fly,  
False hope: ah! whither now so speedy fliest?  
In vain thy winged feet so fast thou pliest:  
Hope, thou art dead; and Joy, in hope relying,  
Bleeds in his hopeless wounds, and in his death  
lies dying."

But then Alicia (in whose cheerful eye  
Comfort with grief, hope with compassion, liv'd)  
Renews the fight: "If joy and comfort die,  
The fault is yours; so much (too much) you  
grieved,

That hope could never hope to be relieved.  
If all your hopes to one poor hope you bind,  
No marvel if one fled, not one remains behind.

"Fond hopes on life, so weak a thread, depending!  
Weak, as the thread such knots so weakly tying;  
But heav'nly joys are circular, ne'er ending,  
Sure as the rock on which they grow; and lying  
In Heav'n, increase by loss, live best by dying.  
Then let your hope on those sure joys depend,  
Which live and grow by death, and waste not when  
they spend."

Then she: "Great Lord, thy judgments righteous  
be,

To make good ill, when to our ill we use it:  
Good leads us to the greatest good, to thee;  
But we to other ends most fond abuse it;

A common fault, yet cannot that excuse be.  
We love thy gifts, and take them gladly even:  
We love them (ah, too much!) more than we love  
the giver."

So falling low upon her humbled knees,  
And all her heart within her eye expressing ;  
" 'Tis true, great Mercy, only miseries  
Teach us ourselves : and thee, oh ! if confessing  
Our faults to thee be all our faults releasing,  
But in thine ear, I never sought to hide them :  
Ah ! thou hast heard them oft, as oft as thou hast  
ey'd them.

" I know the heart knows more than tongue can  
tell ;  
But thou perceiv'st the heart his foulness telling :  
Yet knows the heart not half, so wide an Hell,  
Such seas of sin in such scant banks are swelling !  
Who sees all faults within his bosom dwelling ;  
Many my tenants are, and I not know them.  
Most dangerous the wounds thou feel'st, and canst  
not show them.

" Some hidden fault, my Father, and my God,  
Some fault I know not yet, nor yet amended,  
Hath forc't thee frown, and use thy smarting rod ;  
Some grievous fault thee grievously offended :  
But let thy wrath, (ah ! ) let it now be ended.  
Father, this childish plea (if once I know it)  
Let stay thy threat'ning hand, I never more will  
do it.

" If to my heart thou show this hidden sore,  
Spare me ; no more, no more I will offend thee,  
I dare not say I will, I would no more :  
Say thou I shall, and soon I will amend me.

Then smooth thy brow, and oow some comfort  
lend me ;  
Oh, let thy softest mercies rest contented :  
Though late, I most repent, that I so late repeated.

" Lay down thy rod, and stay thy smarting hand ;  
These raining eyes into thy bottle gather :  
Oh, see thy bleeding Son betwixt us stand ;  
Remember me a child, thyself a Father :  
Or, if thou may'st not stay, oh, punish rather  
The part offending, this rebellious heart !  
Why parlon'st thou the worse, and plagu'st my  
better part ?

" Was't not thy hand, that tied the sacred knot ?  
Was't not thy hand, that to my hand did give him ?  
Hast thou not made us one ? command'st thou not,  
None loose what thou hast bound ? If then thou  
reave him, [him !  
How, without me, by halves dost thou receive  
Tak't thou the head, and leav'st the heart be-  
hind ?

Ay me ! in me alone canst thou such monster find ?

" Oh, why dost thou so strong me weak assail ?  
Woman of all thy creatures is the weakest,  
And in her greatest strength did weakly fail ;  
Thou who the weak and bruised never breakest,  
Who never triumph in the yielding seekest ;  
Pity my weak estate, and leave me never :  
I ever yet was weak, and now more weak than  
ever."

With that her fainting spouse lifts up his head,  
And with some joy his inward griefs refraining,  
Thus with a feeble voice, yet cheerful, said :  
" Spend not in tears this little time remaining ;  
Thy grief doth add to mine, not ease my paining :  
My death is life ; such is the scourge of God :  
Ah ! if his rod be such, who would not kiss his  
rod ?

" My dear, (once all my joy, now all my care)  
To these my words (these my last words) apply  
thee !

Give me thy hand ; these my last greetings are :  
Show me thy face, I never more shall eye thee.  
Ah, would our boys, our lesser selves, were by  
thee !

Those my live pictures to the world I give :  
So single only die, in them twice-two I live.  
" You little souls, your sweetest times enjoy,  
And softly spend among your mother's kisses ;  
And with your pretty sports and hurtless joy,  
Supply your weeping mother's grievous misses :  
Ah ! while you may, enjoy your little blisses,  
While yet you nothing know : when back you  
view, [nothing know.  
Sweet will this knowledge seem, when yet you

" For when to riper times your years arrive,  
No more (ah ! then no more) may you go play  
you :  
Lanch'd in the deep far from the wished hive,  
Change of world's tempests through blind seas will  
sway you,

Till to the long-long'd haven they convey you :  
Thro' many a wave this brittle life must pass,  
And cut the churlish seas, shipt in a bark of glass-

" How many ships in quicksands swallow'd been !  
What gaping waves, whales, monsters, there ex-  
pect you !

How many rocks, much sooner felt than seen !  
Yet let no fear, no coward fright, affect you :  
He holds the stern, and he will safe direct you,  
Who to my sails thus long so gently blew,  
That now I touch the shore, before the seas I knew.

" I touch the shore, and see my rest preparing.  
Oh, blessed God ! how infinite a blessing  
Is in this thought, that thro' this troubled faring,  
Through all the faults this guilty age depressing  
I guiltless past, no helpless man oppressing ;  
And coming now to thee, lift to the skies  
Unbribed hands, cleans'd heart, and never tainted  
eyes !

" Life, life ! how many Scyllas dost thou hide  
In thy calm streams, which sooner kill than  
threaten ! [pride !  
Gold, honour, greatness, and their daughter,  
More quiet lives, and less with tempests beaten,  
Whose middle state content doth richly sweeten !  
He knows not strife, or bragging lawyers' brawls ;  
His love and wish live pleas'd within his private  
walls.

" The king he never sees, nor fears, nor prays ;  
Nor sits court promise and false hopes lamenting :  
Within that house he spends and ends his days,  
Where day he viewed first ; his heart's contenting,  
His wife, and babes ; nor sits new joys inventing :  
Unspotted there, and quiet, he remains ;  
And 'mong his dutious sons most lov'd and fear-  
less reigns.

" Thou God of Peace, with what a gentle tide  
Through this world's raging tempest hast thou  
brought me ?  
Thou, thou my open soul didst safely hide,  
When thousand crafty foes so nearly sought me ;  
Else had the endless pit too quickly caught me ;  
That endless pit, where it is easier never  
To fall, than being fall'n, to cease from falling ever.

" I never knew or want or luxury,  
Much less their followers ; or cares tormenting,  
Or ranging lust, or base-bred flattery :

I lov'd, and was belov'd with like consenting :

My hate was hers, her joy my sole contenting :

Thus long I liv'd, and yet have never prov'd

Whether I lov'd her more, or more by her was  
lov'd.

" Four babes (the fifth with thee I soon shall find)

With equal grace in soul and body fram'd :

And lest these goods might swell my bladder'd  
mind,

(Which last I name, but should not last be nam'd)

A sickness long my stubborn heart hath tam'd,

And taught me pleasing goods are not the best ;

But most unblest he lives, that lives here ever blest.

" Ah, life ! once virtue's spring, now sink of evil !

Thou change of pleasing pain, and painful pleasure ;

Thou brittle painted bubble, shop o' th' Devil ;

How dost thou bribe us with false gilded treasure,

That in thy joys we find no mean or measure !

How dost thou witch ! I know thou dost deceive  
me : [thee.

I know I should, I must, and yet I would not leave

" Ah, death ! once greatest ill, now only blessing,

Untroubled sleep, short travel, ever resting,

All sickness' cure, thou end of all distressing,

Thou one meal's fast, usher to endless feasting ;

Tho' hopeless griefs cry out, thy aid requesting,

Tho' thou art sweeten'd by a life most hateful,

How is't, that when thou com'st, thy coming is  
ungrateful ?

" Frail flesh, why would'st thou keep a hated guest,

And him refuse whom thou hast oft invited ?

Life thy tormenter, death thy sleep and rest.

And thou, (poor soul ! ) why at his sight art frighted,

Who clears thine eyes, and makes thee eagle-  
sighted ?

Mount now, my soul, and seat thee in thy throne :

Thou shalt be one with him, by whom thou first  
wast one.

" Why should'st thou love this star, this borrow'd  
light,

And not that Sun, at which thou oft hast guss'd,

But guess'd in vain ? which dares thy piercing sight,

Which never was, which cannot be expressed ?

Why lov'st thy load, and joy'st to be oppress'd ?

Seest thou those joys ? those thousand thousand  
graces ? [embraces.

Mount now, my soul, and leap to those outstretch'd

" Dear country, I must leave thee ; and in thee

No benefit, which most doth pierce and grieve me :

Yet, had not hasty death prevented me,

I would repay my life, and somewhat give thee :

My sons for that I leave ; and so I leave thee :

Thus Heav'n commands ; the lord outrides the  
page,

And is arriv'd before : death hath prevented age.

" My dearest Betty, my more loved heart,

I leave thee now ; with thee all earthly joying :

Heav'n knows, with thee alone I sadly part :

All other earthly sweets have had their cloying ;

Yet never full of thy sweet loves' enjoying,

Thy constant loves, next Heav'n, I did refer

them :

Had' not much grace prevail'd, 'fore Heav'n I should  
prefer them.

" I leave them, now the trumpet calls away ;  
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving ;  
Yet in my children here immortal stay :

In one I die, in many ones am living : [ing :

In them, and for them, stay thy too much griev-

Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see

Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

" And when with little hands they stroke thy face,

As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless ! ) playing,

And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace ;

The last from me : and then a little staying,

And in their face some part of me surveying,

In them give me a third, and with a tear

Show thy dear love to him, who lov'd thee ever  
dear.

" And now our falling house leans all on thee ;

This little nation to thy care commend them :

In thee it lies that hence they want not me ;

Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend

them ; [them :

And when green age permits, to goodness bend

A mother were you once, now both you are :

Then with this double style double your love and  
care.

" Turn their unweary steps into the way :

What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth ;

No bars will hold, when they have us'd to stray :

And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,

Point thou to Heav'n, and say, ' He there re-  
maineth :'

And if they live in grace, grow, and persever,

There shall they live with me : else shall they see  
me never.

" My God, oh ! in thy fear here let me live !

Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection ;

Thou gav'st them first, now back to thee I give ;

Direct them thou, and help her weak direction ;

That re-union by thy strong election,

Thou now in them, they then may live in thee ;

And seeing here thy will, may there thy glory  
see.

" Betty, let these last words long with thee dwell :

If yet a second Hymen do expert thee ;

Though well he love thee, once I lov'd as well :

Yet if his presence make thee less respect me,

Ah, do not in my children's good neglect me !

Let me this faithful hope departing have ;

More easy shall I die, and sleep in careless grave.

" Farewel, farewell ! I feel my long long rest,

And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing :

Night after day, sleep after labour's best ;

Port after storms, joy after long distressing :

So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing :

Both as a widow and a Christian grieve :

Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in Heav'n I live.

" Death, end of our joys, entrance into now,

I follow thee, I know I am thy debtor ;

Not unexpect thou com'st to claim thy due ;

Take here thine own, my soul's too heavy fetter ;

Not life, life's place I change, but for a better ;

Take thou my soul, that bought'st it : cease your  
tears :

Who sighing leaves the Earth, himself and Heaven  
fears."

Thus said, and while the body slumb'ring lay,  
 (As Thetis Ariadne's bed forsaking)  
 His quiet soul stole from her house of clay;  
 And glorious angels on their wings it taking,  
 Softer than lightning flew, for Heaven making;  
 There happy goes he, heav'nly fires admiring,  
 Whose motion is their bait, whose rest is restless  
 Jeering.

And now the courts of that thrice blessed King  
 It enters, and his presence sits enjoying;  
 While in itself it finds an endless spring  
 Of pleasures new, and never weary joying.  
 Ne'er spent in spending; feeding, never cloying:  
 Weak pen to write! for thought can never feign  
 them: [said them.]  
 The mind that all can hold, yet cannot half con-

There doth it blessed sit, and looking down,  
 Laughs at our busy care, and idle paining;  
 And sitting to itself that glorious crown, [reigning];  
 Sooms Earth, where even kings most serve by  
 Where men get wealth, and Hell; so lose by  
 gaining.  
 Ah, blessed soul! there sit thou still delighted,  
 Till we at length to him with thee shall be united.

But when at last his lady sad espies  
 His flesh of life, herself of him deprived,  
 Too full of grief, closing his quenched eyes,  
 As if in him, by him, for him she liv'd,  
 Fell dead with him; and once again revived,  
 Fell once again, pain weary of his paining,  
 And grief with too much grief felt now no grief  
 remaining.

Again reliev'd, all silent sat she long;  
 No word to name such grief durst first adventure:  
 Grief is but light that floats upon the tongue,  
 But weighty sorrow presses to the centre,  
 And never rests till th' heavy heart it enter;  
 And in life's house was married to life: [grief:]  
 Grief made life grievous seem, and life enlivens

And from their bed proceeds a numerous press,  
 First shrieks, then tears and sighs, the heart's  
 ground rent;  
 In vain poor Muse would'st thou such dole express;  
 For thou thyself lamenting her lamenting,  
 And with like grief transform'd to like torment-  
 ing,  
 With heavy pace bring'st forth thy lagging verse,  
 Which cloth'd with blackest lines attends the  
 mournful hers.

The cunning hand which that Greek princess drew  
 Ready in holy fires to be consum'd,  
 Pity and sorrow paints in divers hue; [fam'd];  
 One wept, he pray'd, this sigh'd, that chaf'd and  
 But not to limn her father's look presum'd:  
 For well he knew his skillful hand had fail'd:  
 Rest was his sorrow seen, when with a cloth 'twas  
 veil'd.

Look at a nightingale, whose callow young [taken  
 same boy hath mark'd, and now half nak'd hath  
 Which long she closely kept, and foster'd long,  
 But all in vain: she now poor bird forsaken  
 Flies up and down, but grief no place can slacken;  
 All day and night her loss she fresh doth rue,  
 And where she ends her plaints, there soon begins  
 anew:

Thus sat she desolate, so short a good,  
 Such gift so soon exacted sore complaining:  
 Sleep could not pass, but almost sunk i' th' flood;  
 So high her eye-banks swell'd with endless raining;  
 Sufficit of grief had bred all meats disdainings:  
 A thousand times, "My Antony," she cried,  
 "Irby" a thousand times; and in that name she  
 died.

Thus circling in her grief it never ends,  
 But moving round back to itself inclineth:  
 Both day and night alike in grief she spends:  
 Day shows her day is gone, no sun there shineth:  
 Black night her fellow mourner she defineth:  
 Light shows his want, and shades his picture  
 draw: [she saw.]  
 Him (nothing) best she sees, when nothing, now

Two blacker Muse, whose rude uncombed hairs  
 With fatal yew and cypress still are shaded;  
 Bring hither all thy sighs, hither thy tears:  
 As sweet a plant, as fair a flower is faded,  
 As ever in the Muses' garden bladed;  
 While th' owner (hapless owner) sits lamenting,  
 And but in discontent and grief, finds no content-  
 ing.

The sweet (now sad) Eliza weeping lies,  
 While fair Alicia's words in vain relieve her;  
 In vain these wells of grief she often dries:  
 What her so long, now doubled sorrows give her,  
 What both their loves (which doubly double  
 grieve her)  
 She careless spends without or end or measure;  
 Yet as it spends, it grows, poor grief can tell his  
 treasure.

All as a turtle on a bare d bough  
 (A widow turtle) joy and life despises,  
 Whose trusty mate (to pay his holy vow)  
 Some watchful eye late in his roost surprises,  
 And to his god for error sacrifices;  
 She joyless bird sits mourning all alone; [none:]  
 And being one when two, would now be two, or

So sat she, gentle lady, weeping sore,  
 Her desert self and now cold lord lamenting;  
 So sat she careless on the dusty floor,  
 As if her tears were all her soul's contenting;  
 So sat she, as when speechless griefs tormenting  
 Locks up the heart, the captive tongue enchain-  
 ing; [plaining.]  
 So sat she joyless down in worldless grief com-

Her cheerful eye (which once the crystal was,  
 Where love and beauty dress'd their fairest faces,  
 And fairer seem'd by looking in that glass)  
 Had now in tears drown'd all their former graces:  
 Her snow-white arms, whose warm and sweet  
 embraces  
 Could quicken death, their now-dead lord ensold,  
 And seem'd as cold and dead as was the flesh they  
 hold.

The roses in her cheek grow pale and wan;  
 As if his pale cheeks' livery they affected:  
 Her head, like fainting flowers oppress'd with rain,  
 On her left shoulder lean'd his weight neglected:  
 Her dark gold locks hung loosely unrespected;  
 As if those hairs, which he alone deserv'd,  
 With him had lost their use, and now for nothing  
 serv'd.

Her lady sister sat close by her side,  
 Alicia, in whose face love proudly lorded;  
 Where beauty's self and mildness sweet reside,  
 Where every grace her naked sight afforded,  
 And majesty with love sat well-accorded:  
 A little map of Heav'n, sweet influence giving;  
 More perfect yet in this, it was a Heaven living.

Yet now this Heav'n with melting clouds was  
 stain'd:

Her starry eyes with sister grief infected,  
 Might seem the Pleiades, so fast they rain'd:  
 And though her tongue to comfort she directed,  
 Sighs waiting on each word like grief detected;  
 That in her face you now might plainly see  
 Sorrow to sit for love, pity for majesty.

At length when now those storms she had allay'd,  
 A league with grief for some short time indenting;  
 She 'gan to speak, and "Sister" only said:  
 The sad Eliza soon her words preventing, [menting];  
 EL. In vain you think to ease my heart's tor-  
 Words, comforts, hope, all med'cine is in vain:  
 My heart most hates this cure, and solves his  
 pleasing pain.

AL. As vain to weep, since fate cannot relieve.  
 EL. Tears are most due, when there is no repriv-  
 ing. [grieve.

AL. When doom is past, weak hearts that fondly  
 EL. A helpless grief's sole joy is joyless grieving.  
 AL. To losses old new loss is no relieving:  
 You lose your tears. EL. When that I only fear  
 For ever now is lost, poor loss to lose a tear.

AL. Nature can teach, that who is born must die.  
 EL. And Nature teaches tears in grief's tormenting.  
 AL. Passions are slaves to reason's monarchy.  
 EL. Reason best shows her reason in lamenting.  
 AL. Religion blames impatient discontenting.  
 EL. Not passion, but excess religion branded;  
 Nor ever countermands what Nature's self com-  
 manded.

AL. That hand which gave him first into your hand,  
 To his own hand doth now again receive him:  
 Impious and fond, to grudge at his command,  
 Who once by death from death doth ever reave him!  
 He lives by leaving life, which soon would leave  
 him: [crying  
 Thus God and him you wrong by too much  
 Who living dy'd to life, much better lives by dying.

EL. Not him I 'plain; ill would it fit our loves,  
 In his best state to show my heart's repining;  
 To mourn at others' good, fond envy proves:  
 I know his soul is now more brightly shining  
 Than all the stars their light in one combining:  
 No, dearest soul; (so lifting up her eyes,  
 Which shoud' like wat'ry Sons quench'd in the  
 moister skies)

My dear, my dearest Irby, (at that name,  
 As at a well-known watch-word, forth there pressed  
 Whole floods of tears, and straight a sudden qualm  
 Seizing her heart, her tongue with weight oppress-  
 ed,  
 And lock'd her grief within her soul distressed;  
 There all in vain he close and hidden lies:  
 Silence is sorrow's speech; his tongue speaks in her  
 eyes;

Till grief new mounted on uneven wings [ing,  
 Of loud-breath'd sighs, his leaden weight up send-  
 Back to the tongue his heavy presence brings,  
 His usher tears, deep groans behind attending,  
 And in his utt'rance her breath most gladly spend-  
 ing,  
 As if he gone, his name were all her joying)  
 Irby I never grudg'd thee Heav'n, and Heav'n's en-  
 joying.

'Tis not thy happiness that breeds my smart,  
 It is my loss, and cause that made me lose thee;  
 Which hatching first this tempest in my heart,  
 Thus justly rages; he that lately chose thee  
 To live with him, where thou might'st safe re-  
 pose thee,  
 Hath found some cause out of my little caring,  
 By spoiling thine to spare, and spoil my life by  
 sparing.

Whither, ah whither shall I turn my head,  
 Since thou my God so sore my heart hast beaten?  
 Thy rods yet with my blood are warm and red:  
 Thy scourge my soul hath drunk, my flesh hath  
 eaten. [threaten?  
 Who helps, when thou my father so dost  
 Thou hid'st thy eyes, or if thou dost not hide  
 them, [them.  
 So dost thou frown, that best I hidden may abide.

I weeping grant, whatever may be dreaded,  
 All ill thou canst inflict, I have deserved;  
 Thy mercy I, I mercy only pleaded.  
 Most wretched men, if all that from thee swerved,  
 By merit only in just weight were served!  
 If nought thou giv'st, but what desert doth get  
 me, [thee.  
 Oh! give me nothing then; for nothing I entreat

Ah, wherefore are thy mercies infinite!  
 If thou dost heed them up, and never spend them?  
 Mercy's no mercy hid in envious night: [them,  
 The rich man's goods, while in his chest he penn'd  
 Were then no goods; much better to mispend  
 them. [threat me!  
 Why mak'st thou such a rod? so fierce doth  
 Thy frowns to me were rods; thy forehead would  
 have beat me.

Thou seiz'd'st my joy; ah! he is dead and gone,  
 That might have dress'd my wounds, when thus  
 they smarted:  
 To all my griefs I now am left alone;  
 Comfort's in vain to hopeless grief imparted:  
 Hope, comfort, joy, with him are all departed.  
 Comfort, hope, joy, life's flatterers, most I fly  
 you, [you.  
 And would not deign to name, but naming to defy

AL. Sister, too far your passions' violent heat  
 And griefs too headlong in your plaint convey you;  
 You feel your strides, but mark not who does beat;  
 'Tis he that takes away, who can repay you:  
 This grief to other rods doth open lay you:  
 He binds your grief to patience, not dejection.  
 Who bears the first not well, provokes a new cor-  
 rection.

EL. I know 'tis true; but sorrow's blubber'd eye  
 Fain would not see, and cannot well behold it:  
 My heart surround with grief is swoll'n so high,  
 It will not sink, till I alone unfold it; [hold it:  
 But grows more strong, the more you do with-

Leave me a while alone; grief's tide grows low,  
And ebb, when private tears the eye-banks over-  
flow.

She quickly rose, and ready now to go,  
"Remember measure in your griefs complaining;  
His last, his dying words command you so:"  
So left her, and Eliza sole remaining,  
Now every grief more boldly entertaining,  
They flock about her round, so one was gone,  
And twenty fresh arriv'd. Lone grief is least alone.

Thus as she sat with fix'd and settled eye,  
Thousand fond thoughts their wand'ring shapes  
depainted.

Now seem'd she mounted to the crystal sky,  
And one with him, and with him fellow-sainted;  
Straight pull'd from Heav'n: and then again she  
fainted: [brought,  
Thus while their numerous thoughts each fancy  
The mind all idle sat: much thinking lost her  
thought.

And fancy, finding now the dulled sight  
Idle with business, to her soul presented  
(While th' heavy mind obscur'd his shaded light)  
Her woful body from her head absented; [mented,  
And sudden starting, with that thought tor-  
A thing impossible too true she found: [sound.  
The head was gone, and yet the headless body

Nor yet awake she cries; "Ah! this is wrong,  
To part what Nature's hand so near hath tied;  
Stay, oh my head, and take thy trunk along:"  
But then her mind (recall'd) her error spied;  
And sigh'd to see how true the fancy lied,  
Which made the eye his instrument to see  
That true, which being true itself must nothing be.

"Vile trunk" (says she) "thy head is ever gone;  
Vile headless trunk, why art thou not engrav'd?  
One wast thou once with him, now art thou none,  
Or if thou art, or wert, how art thou saved?  
And livest still, when he to death is slav'd?  
But, (ab!) when well I think, I plainly see,  
That death to him was life, and life is death to me.

"Vile trunk, if yet he live, ah! then again  
Why seek'st thou not with him to be combin'd?  
But, oh! since he in Heav'n doth living reign,  
Death wret' to him in such knots to be twin'd;  
And life to me with him to be confin'd:  
So while I better think, I eas'ly see [to me.  
My life to him were death, his death were life

"Then die with him, vile trunk, and dying live;  
Or rather with him live, his life applying,  
Where thou shalt never die, nor ever grieve:  
But ah, though death thou feel'st within thee  
lying, [dying:  
Thou ne'er art dead, though still in sorrow  
Most wretched soul, which hast thy seat and  
being, [agreeing!  
Where life with death is one, and death with life

"He lives and joys; death life to him hath bred:  
Why is he living then in earth enwomb'd?  
But I, a walking corpse, in life am dead:  
'Tis I, my friends, 'tis I must be entomb'd;  
Whose joy with grief, whose life with death's  
benumbed?  
Thou, coffin, art not his, nor he is thine; [shrine.  
Mine art thou: thou the dead, and not the living's

"You few thin boards, how in so scant'd room  
So quiet such great enemies contain ye?  
All joy, all grief lies in this narrow tomb:  
You contraries, how thus in peace remain ye,  
That one small cabin so should entertain ye:  
But joy is dead, and here entomb'd doth lie,  
While grief is come to moan his dead lov'd enemy."

"How many virtues in this little space  
(This little little space) lie buried ever!  
In him they liv'd and with them every grace;  
In him they liv'd, and dy'd, and rise will never.  
Fond men! go now, in virtue's steps persevere;  
Go sweat, and toil; thus you inglorious lie:  
In this old frozen age virtue itself can die.

"Those petty northern stars do never fall,  
The unwash'd Bear the ocean wave despises;  
Ever unmov'd it moves, and ever shall:  
The Sun, which oft his head in night disguises,  
So often as he falls, so often rises;  
And stealing backward by some hidden way, [day.  
With self same light begins and ends the year and

"The flowers, which in the absence of the Sun  
Sleep in their winter-houses all disarm'd,  
And backward to their mother's womb do run;  
Soon as the Earth by Taurus' horns is warm'd,  
Muster their colour'd troops; and freshly arm'd,  
Spreading their braving colours to the skie,  
Winter and winter's spite, hold little elves, defy.

"But virtue's heav'nly and more glorious light,  
Though seeming ever sure, yet oft dismounteth;  
And sinking low, sleeps in eternal night,  
Nor ever more his broken sphere remounteth:  
Her sweetest flower, which other flowers sur-  
mounseth  
{ As far as roses nettles, soonest fadeth; [bladeth.  
Down falls her glorious leaf, and never more it

"And as that dainty flower, the maiden rose,  
Her swelling bosom to the Sun discloses;  
Soon as her lover hot and fiery grows,  
Straight all her sweets unto his heat exposes,  
Then soon disrob'd her sweet and beauty loses;  
While hurtful weeds, hemlocks, and nettles  
stinking [sinking-  
Soon from the earth ascend, late to their graves are

"All so the virtuous bond in blooming falls,  
While vice long flourishing late sees her ending:  
Virtue once dead no gentle spring recals;  
But vice springs of itself, and soon ascending,  
Long views the day, late to his night descending.  
Vain men, that in this life set up your rest,  
Which to the ill is long, and short unto the best!

"And as a dream, where th' idle fancy plays,  
One thinks that fortune high his head advances;  
Another spends in woe his weary days;  
A third seems sport in love, and courtly dances;  
A fourth to find some glitt'ring treasure chances;  
Soon as they wake, they see their thoughts were  
vain.

And either quite forget, or laugh their idle brain:

"Such is the world, and such life's quick-spent  
play; [ing;  
This base, and scorn'd; that great, in high esteem-  
This poor, and patched seems; that rich, and gay,  
This sick, that sound; yet all is but a seeming,  
So like, that waking oft we fear we're dreaming;  
And think we wake oft, when we dreaming play.  
Dreams are as living nights; life as a dreaming day.

"Go then, vain life; for I will trust no more [me :  
Thy flattering dreams; death, to thy resting take  
Thou sleep without all dreams, life's quiet shore,  
When wilt thou come? when wilt thou overtake  
me?"

Enough I now have liv'd; loth'd life forsake me:  
Thou, good men's endless light, thou ill men's  
feast;  
That at the best art bad, and worst art to the best."

Thus as in tears she drowns her swollen eyes,  
A sudden noise recalls them; backward bending  
Her weary head, there all in black she spies  
Six mournful bearers, the sad herse attending,  
Their feet and hands to that last duty lending:  
All silent stood she, trembling, pale, and wan;  
The first grief left his stage, anew his part began.

And now the coffin in their arms they take,  
While she with weight of grief sat still amazed;  
As do sear leaves in March, so did she quake,  
And with intented eyes upon them gazed:

But when from ground the doleful herse they  
raised,  
Down on the bier half dead she careless fell;  
While tears did talk apace, and sighs her sorrows  
tell.

At last, "Fond men," said she, "you are deceiv'd;  
It is not he, 'tis I must be interred:  
Not he, but I of life and soul bereav'd;  
He lives in Heav'n, among the saints referred:

This trunk, this headless body, must be buried."  
But while by force some hold her, up they rear  
him, [him.  
And weeping at her tears, away they softly bear

But then impatient grief all passion proves,  
She prays and weeps; with tears she doth entreat  
But when this only fellow-passion moves, [them,  
She storms and raves, and now as fast doth threat  
them; [them;

And as she only could, with words doth beat  
"Ah, cruel men! ah, men most cruel, stay!  
It is my heart, my life, my soul, you bear away!"

And now no sooner was he out of sight,  
As if she would make good what she had spoken,  
First from her heart's deep centre deep she sigh'd,  
Then (as if heart, and life, and soul, were broken)  
Down dead she fell; and once again awoken,

Fell once again; so to her bed they bore her:  
While friends' (no friends) hard love to life and  
grief restore her.

"Unfriendly friends," saith she, "why do ye strive  
To bar wish'd Death from his so just ingressions?  
Your pity kills me; 'tis my death to live,  
And life to die: it is as great oppression  
To force out death, as life from due possession.  
'Tis much more great: better that quickly spills  
A loth'd life, than he that with long torture kills."

And then, as if her guiltless bed offended:  
"Thou trait'rous bed, when first thou didst re-  
ceive me,  
Not single to thy rest I then ascended:  
Double I came, why should I single leave thee?  
Why of my better part dost thou bereave me?  
Two press'd thee first: why should but one de-  
part? [part!"  
Restore, thou trait'rous bed, restore that better

Thus while one grief another's place inherits,  
And one yet hardly spent, a new complain'd:  
Grief's leaden vapour dulls the heavy spirits,  
And sleep too long from so wish'd seat restrained,  
Now of her eyes un'wares possession gained;  
And that she might him better welcome give,  
Her lord he new presents, and makes him fresh  
to live.

She thinks he lives, and with her goes along;  
And oft she kiss'd his cheek, and oft embrac'd;  
And sweetly ask'd him where he staid so long,  
While he again her in his arms enlac'd;  
Till strong delight her dream and joy defac'd;  
But then she willing sleeps; sleep glad receives  
her; [ceives her.  
And she as glad of sleep, that with such shapes de-

Sleep, widow'd eyes, and cease so fierce lamenting;  
Sleep, griev'd heart, and now a little rest thee:  
Sleep, sighing words, stop all your discontenting;  
Sleep, beaten breast; no blows shall now molest  
thee:  
Sleep, happy lips; in mutual kisses nest ye:  
Sleep, weary Muse, and do not now disease her:  
Fancy, do thou with dreams and his sweet pre-  
sence please her.