

THE
WORKS

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

OF THE

• ENGLISH POETS, •

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F. S. A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

J. BEAUMONT,
G. AND F. FLETCHER,
F. BEAUMONT,
BROWNE, Wm 1591-1695
DAVENANT, 1600-68
HABINGTON, 1605-60

SUCKLING, 1600-42
CARTWRIGHT, Wm 1612-43
CRASHAW, 1612-40
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BROME, 1612-40
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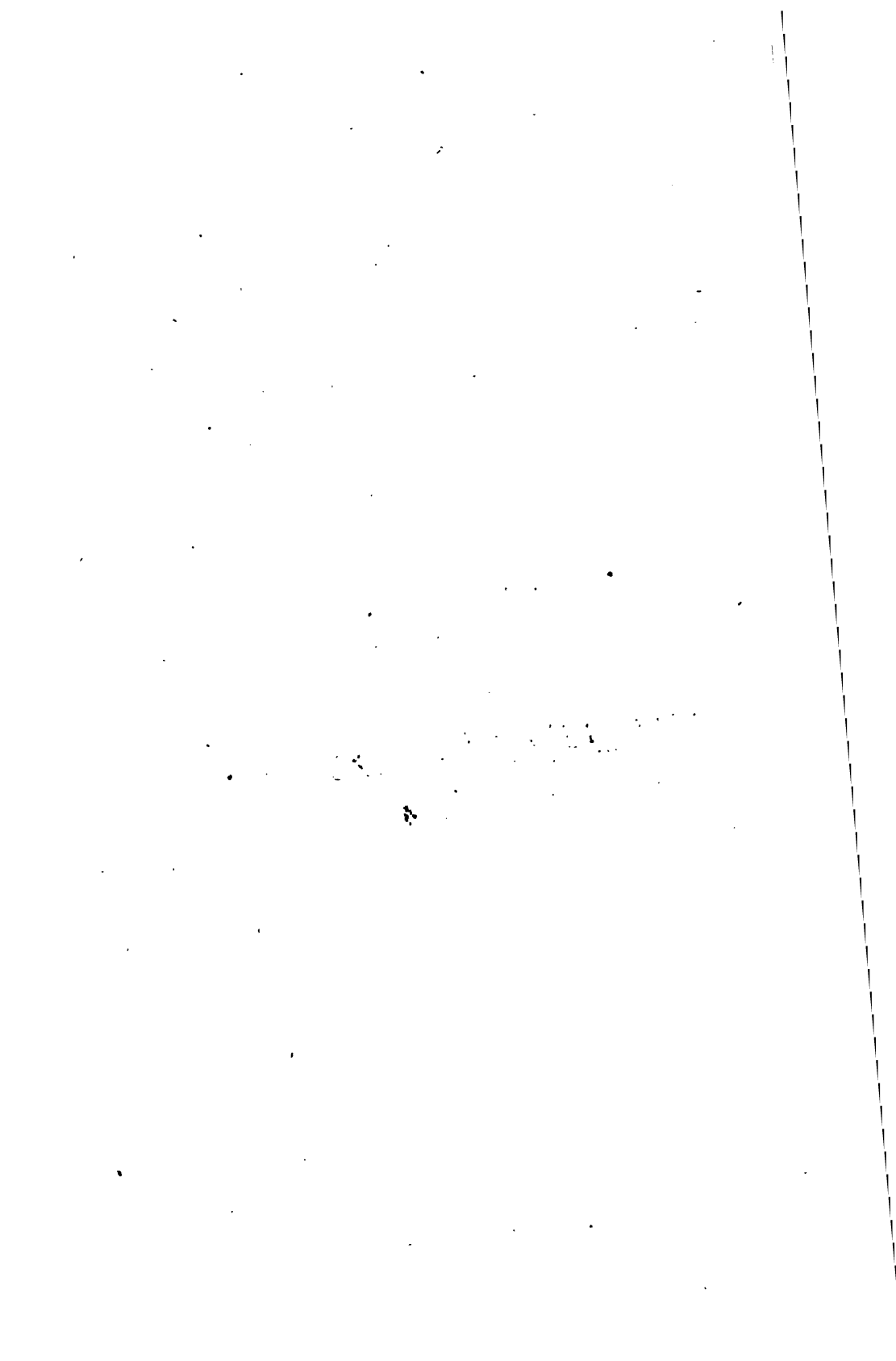
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THE
POEMS
OF
RICHARD CRASHAW.



THE

LIFE OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

RICHARD CRASHAW was the son of the rev. William Crashaw, a divine of some note in his day, and preacher at the Temple church, London. He published several volumes on points controverted between the Roman catholics and protestants, either original or translated; and in 1608, a translation of the Life of Galeacius Caracciolo, marquis of Vico, an Italian nobleman who was converted by the celebrated reformer, Peter Martyr, and forsook all that rank, family and wealth could yield, for the quiet enjoyment of the reformed religion. Mr. Crashaw also translated a supposed poem of St. Bernard's, entitled "The Complaint, or Dialogue between the Soule and the Bodie of a damned man, 1616," and in the same year published a "Manual for true Catholics, or a handfull, or rather a heartfull of holy Meditations and Prayers". All these show him to have been a zealous protestant, but, like his son, somewhat tinctured with a love of mystic poetry and personification.

Our poet was born in London, but in what year is uncertain. In his infancy, sir Henry Yelverton and sir Randolph Crew undertook the charge of his education, and afterwards procured him to be placed in the Charterhouse on the foundation, where he improved in an extraordinary degree under Brooks, a very celebrated master. He was thence admitted of Pembroke Hall, March, 1632, and took his bachelor's degree in the same college, in 1634. He then removed to Peterhouse, of which he was a fellow in 1637, and took his master's degree in 1638². In 1634, he published a volume of Latin poems, mostly of the devotional kind, dedicated to Benjamin Lany, master of Pembroke Hall. This contained the well-known line, which has sometimes been ascribed to Dryden and others, on the miracle of turning water into wine:

Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

The modest water saw its God, and blushed.

¹ *Cens. Lit.* vol. 19, p. 105.

² *Cole's MSS.* Athens in *Brit. Mus.* and *Mr. Reed's MSS.* notes to his copy of Crashaw, which I purchased at his sale. Some of *Reed's* dates appear to have been communicated by his friend *Dr. Farmer.* C.

In 1641, Mr. Wood informs us, he took degrees at Oxford. At what time he was admitted into holy orders is uncertain, but he soon became a popular preacher, full of energy and enthusiasm. In 1644, when the parliamentary army expelled those members of the university who refused to take the covenant, Crashaw was among the number; and being unable to contemplate, with resignation or indifference, the ruins of the church-establishment, went over to France, where his sufferings and their peculiar influence on his mind prepared him to embrace the Roman catholic religion. Before he left England, he appears to have practised many of the austerities of a mistaken piety, and the poems entitled *Steps to the Temple* were so called in allusion to his passing his time almost constantly in St. Mary's church, Cambridge. "There," says the author of the preface to his poems, "he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels: there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God; where like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night, than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these poems, *Steps for happy Souls to climb Heaven by*." The same writer informs us that he understood Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian and Spanish, and was skilled in poetry, music, drawing, painting and engraving, which last he represents as "recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul."

It is certain, however, that soon after his arrival in France, he embraced the religion of the country with a sincerity, which may be respected while it is pitied, but which has rather uncharitably been imputed to motives of interest. He seems to have thought, with Dr. Johnson, that "to be of no church was dangerous," and the church of England he had witnessed in ruins. If in this Crashaw did what was wrong, he did what was not uncommon in his time, and what perhaps may account for the otherwise extraordinary leaning of some eminent and pious men to the catholic religion of the continent, when that, and our own church, seemed in equal danger a few years ago.

In 1646, the poet Cowley found Crashaw in France in great distress, and introduced him to the patronage of Charles the First's queen, who gave him letters of recommendation to Italy. There he became secretary to one of the cardinals at Rome, and was made canon in the church of Loretto, where he died of a fever, soon after this last promotion, about the year 1650. Cowley's very elegant and affectionate lines may be seen in the works of that poet. Mr. Hayley remarks, that "fine as they are, Cowley has sometimes fallen into the principal defect of the poet whom he is praising. He now and then speaks of sacred things with a vulgar and ludicrous familiarity of language, by which (to use a happy expression of Dr. Johnson's), 'readers far short of sanctity, may be offended in the present age, when devotion, perhaps not more fervent, is more delicate.' Let us add, that if the poetical character of Crashaw seem not to answer this glowing panegyrick; yet in his higher character of *saint*, he appears to have had the purest title to this affectionate eulogy³."

It appears by a passage in Selden's *Table Talk*, that Crashaw had at one time an intention of writing against the stage, and that Selden succeeded in diverting him

³ Life of Crashaw, in the *Biog. Britannica*, contributed by Mr. Hayley. C.

from his purpose. He had not, however, to regret that the stage outlived the church.

Crashaw's poems were first published in 1646, under the title of, 1. Steps to the Temple. 2. The Delights of the Muses. 3. Sacred Poems presented to the Countess of Denbigh. But Mr. Hayley is of opinion that this third class only was published at that time, and that the two others were added to the subsequent editions of 1648-1649, that printed at Paris in 1652⁴, and another in 1670. So many republications within a short period, and that period not very favourable to poetry, sufficiently mark the estimation in which this devotional enthusiast was held, notwithstanding his having relinquished the church in which he had been educated.

His poems prove him to have been of the school which produced Herbert and Quarles. Herbert was his model, and Granger attributes the anonymous poems, at the end of Herbert's volume, to Crashaw, but however partial Crashaw might be to Herbert, it is impossible he could have been the author of these anonymous poems, which did not appear until after his death, and were written by a clergyman of the church of England known to Walton, who subjoins some commendatory lines dated 1654⁵.

In 1788, the late Mr. Peregrine Phillips published a selection from Crashaw's poems, with an address, in which he attacks Pope, for having availed himself of the beauties of Crashaw, while he endeavoured to injure his fame. Against this accusation, Mr. Hayley has amply vindicated Pope. That he has borrowed from him is undeniable, and not unacknowledged by himself, but that it should be his intention to injure the fame of a writer whose writings were unknown unless to poetical antiquaries, and that in a confidential letter to a friend whom he advised to read the poems as well as his opinion of them, is an absurdity scarcely worthy of refutation.

A part of Pope's observations on Crashaw's poetry deserves a place here, not as being in all respects applicable to that writer, but as forming an excellent character of a class of minor poets of the seventeenth century, some of which have preceded, and many will follow in the present collection. It was written by Pope in a letter to his friend Cromwell; and more just notions of poetical distinctions than he now entertained in his twenty-second year, will probably not be found expressed or realized in any of his subsequent performances.

" I take this poet (Crashaw) to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness, than to establish a reputation: so that nothing regular or just can be expected of him. All that regards design, form, fable (which is the soul of poetry) all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts (which is the body)

⁴ This, I find, is not strictly true. By a letter from Mr. Park, in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 63. p. 1166, it appears that this is a volume of religious poems, with vignettes executed by Crashaw himself: Mr. Park thinks they are included in the edition of 1670. But it must be remarked that the date of this book is two years beyond the death of the author. C.

⁵ See more on this subject in Zouch's excellent edition of Walton's Lives, Art. Herbert. C.

will probably be wanting: only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry) may be found in these verses. This is indeed the case of most other poetical writers of miscellanies: nor can it well be otherwise, since no man can be a true poet, who writes for diversion only. These authors should be considered as versifiers and witty men, rather than as poets: and under this head only will fall the thoughts, the expression, and the numbers. These are only the pleasing part of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to express myself like a painter) their colouring entertains the sight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inspected too narrowly."

Pope enumerates among Crashaw's best pieces, the paraphrase on Psalm XXIII, the verses on Lessius, Epitaph on Mr. Ashton, Wishes to his supposed Mistress, and the Dies Irae. Dr. Warton recommends the translation from Moschus and another from Catullus, and amply acknowledges the obligations of Pope and Roscommon to Crashaw. Mr. Hayley, after specifying some of Pope's imitations of our author, conjectures that the Elegies on St. Alexis suggested to him the idea of his Eloisa, but, adds this excellent Biographer, "if Pope borrowed any thing from Crashaw in this article, it was only as the Sun borrows from the Earth, when drawing from thence a mere vapour, he makes it the delight of every eye, by giving it all the tender and gorgeous colouring of Heaven."

Some of Crashaw's translations are esteemed superior to his original poetry, and that of the *Sospetto d'Herode*, from Marino, is executed with Miltonic grace and spirit. It has been regretted that he translated only the first book of a poem by which Milton condescended to profit in his immortal Epic. The whole was, however, afterwards translated and published in 1675, by a writer whose initials only are known, T. R.⁶

Of modern critics, Mr. Headley and Mr. Ellis have selected recommendatory specimens from Crashaw. In Mr. Headley's opinion, "he has originality in many parts, and as a translator is entitled to the highest applause." Mr. Ellis, with his accustomed judgment and moderation, pronounces that, "his translations have considerable merit, but that his original poetry is full of conceit. His Latin poems were first printed in 1634, and have been much admired, though liable to the same objections as his English."—Some of these are included in the present collection, but a fuller account, with specimens, was given some years ago by Mr. Nichols, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.⁷

⁶ An anonymous correspondent sent an account of this translation, with specimens, to *Mr. Maty's Review*, vol. 7. 251. C.

⁷ Vol. 63. p. 1001. C.

POEMS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

THE WEEPER.

His sister springs,
Parents of silver-forded rills!
Ever bubbling things!
Thawing chrystal! snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair eyes sweet Magdalen.
Heavens thy fair eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling stars,
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
Promise the Earth to countershine
What ever makes Heaven's fore-head fine.

But we're deceived all,
Stars they're indeed too true,
For they but seem to fall
As Heaven's other spangles do;
It is not for our Earth and us,
To shine in things so precious.

Upwards thou dost weep,
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream,
Where the milky rivers meet,
Thine crawls above and is the cream.
Heaven of such fair floods as this,
Heaven the chrystal ocean is.

Every morn from hence,
A brisk cherub something sips,
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips.
Then to his music and his song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast,
Angels with their bottles come;

And draw from these full eyes of thine,
Their master's water, their own wine.

The dew no more will weep,
The primros's pale cheek to deck,
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzel'd in the lily's neck.
Much rather would it tramble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold, which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich,
As the drops distill'd from thee.
Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty,
(For she is a queen)
Then is she drest by none but thee.
Then, and only then she wears
Her richest pearls, I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are,
For the Sun that dies,
Sits sorrow with a face so fair,
No where but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Sadness, all the while
She sits in such a throne as this,
Can do nought but smile,
Nor believes she sadness is:
Gladness itself would be more glad
To be made so sweetly sad.

There is no need at all
That the balsam-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall,
His med'cinable tears; for now
Nature hath learn'd 't extract a dew,
More sovereign and sweet from you.

Yet let the poor drops weep,
Weeping is the case of woe,
Softly let them creep
Sad that they are vanquish'd so,
They, though to others no relief,
May balsam be for their own grief.
Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmurs though,
Might he flow from thee,
Content and quiet would he go ;
Richer far does he esteem
Thy silver, than his golden stream.

Well does the May that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess,
The April in thine eyes,
Mutual sweetness they express.
No April e'er lent softer showers,
Nor May returned fairer flowers.
Thus dost thou melt the year
Into a weeping motion,
Each minute waiteth here ;
Takes his tear and gets him gone ;
By thine eyes' tinct enobled thus
Time lays him up : he's precious.

Time as by thee he passes,
Makes thy ever-watry eyes
His hour-glasses ;
By them his steps he rectifies.
The sands he us'd no longer please,
For his own sands he'll use thy seas.
Does thy song lull the air ?
Thy tears' just cadence still keeps time.
Does thy sweet breath'd prayer
Up in clouds of incense climb ?
Still at each sigh, that is each stop,
A bead, that is a tear, doth drop.

Does the night arise ?
Still thy tears do fall, and fall.
Does night lose her eyes ?
Still the fountain weeps for all.
Let night or day do what they will,
Thou hast thy task, thou weepest still.

Not, so long she liv'd,
Will thy tomb report of thee,
But, so long she griev'd,
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by days, by months, by years
Measure their ages, thou by tears.

Say, wat'ry brothers,
Ye simpering sons of those fair eyes,
Your fertile mothers,
What hath our world that can entice
You to be born ? what is't can borrow
You from her eyes, swollen wombs of sorrow.

Whither away so fast ?
O whither ? for the sluttish Earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth.
Whither haste ye then ? O say,
Why ye trip so fast away ?

We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head.
No such thing ; we go to meet
A worthier object, our Lord's feet.

THE TEAR.

WHAT bright soft thing is this ?
Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes' expence ?
A moist spark it is,
A wat'ry diamond ; from whence
The very term, I think, was found.
The water of a diamond.

O 'tis not a tear,
'Tis a star about to drop
From thine eye its sphere ;
The Sun will stoop and take it up.
Proud will his sister be to wear
This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

O 'tis a tear,
Too true a tear ; for no sad cyne,
How sad so e're,
Rain so true a tear as thine ;
Each drop leaving a place so dear,
Weeps for it self, is its own tear.

Such a pearl as this is,
(Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast)
The rose-bud's sweet lip kisses ;
And such the rose its self, when vext
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in too warm a bed.

Such the maiden gem
By the wanton spring put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes on the wat'ry Sun :
This wat'ry blossom of thy eyes,
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so ?
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head
In the dust ? O no :
The dust shall never be thy bed.
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuff'd with down of angel's wing.

Thus carried up on high,
(For to Heaven thou must go)
Sweetly shalt thou lie,
And in soft slumbers bathe thy nose ;
Till the singing orbs awake thee,
And one of their bright choros make thee.

There thy self shalt be
An eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whither th' hadst rather there have show
An eye of Heaven ; or still shine here,
In th' heaven of Mary's eye, a tear.

DIVINE EPIGRAMS.

ON THE WATER OF OUR LORD'S BAPTISM.

EACH blest drop on each blest limb,
Is wash't it self, in washing him ;
'Tis a gem while it stays here ;
While it falls hence 'tis a tear.

ACT. 8.

ON THE BAPTIZED ETHIOPIAN.

Let it not longer be a forlorn hope
To wash an Ethiope :

He's wash'd, his gloomy skin a peaceful shade
For his white soul is made:
And now, I doubt not, the eternal dove,
A black-fac'd house will love.

ON THE MIRACLE OF MULTIPLIED LOAVES.

SEE here an easy feast that knows no wound,
That under hunger's teeth will needs be found;
A subtle harvest of unbounded bread:
What would ye more? here food itself is fed.

UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR LORD.

HERE, where our Lord once laid his head,
Now the grave lies buried.

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

TWO mites, two drops, (yet all her house and land)
Falls from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave,
The other cast away, she only gave.

LUKE 15.

ON THE PRODIGAL.

TELL me, bright boy, tell me, my golden lad,
Whither away so frolick? why so glad?
What all thy wealth in council? all thy state?
Are huaks so deer? truth, 'tis a mighty rate.

ON THE STILL SURVIVING MARKS OF OUR SAVIOUR'S WOUNDS.

WHAT-ever story of their cruelty,
Or nail, or thorn, or spear have writ in thee,
Are in another sense
Still legible;
Sweet is the difference:
Once I did spell
Every red letter
A wound of thine,
Now, (what is better)
Balsam for mine.

ACT. 5.

THE SICK IMPLORE ST. PETER'S SHADOW.

UNDER thy shadow may I lurk a while,
Death's busy search I'll easily beguile:
Thy shadow Peter, must show me the Sun,
My light's thy shadow's shadow, or 'tis done.

MAR. 7.

THE DEAF HEALED, AND THE PEOPLE ENJOYED SILENCE.

CHRIST bids the dumb tongue speak, it speaks; he
He charges to be quiet, it runs round, [sound
If in the first he us'd his finger's touch: [much.
His hand's whole strength here, could not be too

MAT. 28.

COME SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY.

SHOW me himself, himself (bright sir) O show
Which way my poor tears to himself may go,
Were it enough to show the place, and say, [lay."
"Look, Mary, here, see, where thy Lord once
Then could I show these arms of mine, and say,
"Look, Mary, here, see, where thy Lord once
lay."

TO PORTIUS WASHING HIS HANDS.

THEY hands are wash'd, but O the water's spilt,
That labour'd to have wash'd thy guilt:
The flood, if any be that can suffice,
Must have its fountain in thine eyes.

TO THE INFANT MARTYRS.

GO, smiling souls, your new-built cages break,
In Heav'n you'll learn to sing ere here to speak,
Nor let the milky founts that bath your thirst,
Be your delay;
The place that calls you hence, is, at the worst,
Milk all the way.

ON THE MIRACLE OF LOAVES.

NOW Lord, or never, they'll beleave on thee.
Thou to their teeth hast prov'd thy Deity.

MARK 4.

WHY ARE YE AFRAID, O YE OF LITTLE FAITH?

As if the storm meant him;
Or 'cause Heaven's face is dim,
His needs a cloud:
Was ever froward wind
That could be so unkind,
Or wave so proud?
The wind had need be angry, and the water black,
That to the mighty Neptune's self dare threaten
wrack.

There is no storm but this
Of your own cowardice:
That braves you out;
You are the storm that mocks
Your selves; you are the rocks
Of your own doubt:
Besides this fear of danger, there's no danger here,
And he that here fears danger, does deserve his fear.

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S BASHFULNESS.

THAT on her lap she casts her humble eye,
'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.
The fair star is well fix'd, for where, O where
Could she have fix'd it on a fairer sphere? [lies,
'Tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n she sees, Heav'n's God there
She can see Heaven, and ne'er lift up her eyes:
This new guest to her eyes new laws hath given,
'Twas once look up, 'tis now look down to Heaven.

UPON LAZARUS HIS TEARS.

RICH LAZARUS! richer in those gems, thy tears,
Than Dives in the robes he wears:
He scorns them now, but O they'll suit full well
With th' purple he must wear in Hell.

TWO WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

TWO went to pray? O rather say,
One went to brag, th' other to pray:

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not lead his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

UPON THE ASS THAT BORE OUR SAVIOUR.
HATH only anger an omnipotence
In eloquence?

Within the lips of love and joy doth dwell
 No miracle?
 Why else had Balsam's ass a tongue to chide
 His master's pride?
 And thou (heaven-burthen'd beast) hast ne'er a
 word
 To praise thy Lord?
 That he should find a tongue and vocal thunder,
 Was a great wonder.
 But O me-thinks 'tis a far greater one
 That thou find'st none.

MATT. 8.

I AM NOT WORTHY THAT THOU SHOULD'ST COME
 UNDER MY ROOF.

TRY God was making haste into thy roof,
 Thy humble faith and fear keeps him aloof:
 He'll be thy guest, because he may not be,
 He'll come—into thy house? no, into thee.

UPON THE POWDER-DAY.

How fit our well-rank'd feasts do follow,
 All mischief comes after All-hallow.

I AM THE DOOR.

AND now thou'rt set wide ope, the spear's sad art,
 Lo! hath unlock'd thee at the very heart:
 He to himself (I fear the worst)
 And his own hope
 Hath shut those doors of Heaven, that durst
 Thus set them ope.

MATT. 10.

THE BLIND CURED BY THE WORD OF OUR SAVIOUR.
 THOU speak'st the word (thy word's a law)
 Thou speak'st, and straight the blind man saw.
 To speak and make the blind man see,
 "Was never man Lord spake like thee."

To speak thus, was to speak (say I)
 Not to his ear, but to his eye.

MATTHEW 27.

AND HE ANSWERED THEM NOTHING.

O MIGHTY nothing! unto thee,
 Nothing, we owe all things that be,
 God spake once when he all things made,
 He sav'd all when he nothing said.
 The world was made of nothing then;
 'Tis made by nothing now again.

TO OUR LORD, UPON THE WATER MADE WIFE.
 THOU water turn'st to wine (fair friend of life)
 Thy foe, to cross the sweet arts of thy reign,
 Distils from thence the tears of wrath and strife,
 And so turns wine to water back again.

MATTHEW 22.

NEITHER DURST ANY MAN FROM THAT DAY ASK HIM
 ANY MORE QUESTIONS.

MIDST all the dark and knotty snares,
 Black wit or malice can or dares,
 Thy glorious wisdom breaks the nets,
 And treads with uncontrolled steps,
 Thy quell'd foes are not only now
 Thy triumphs, but thy trophies too:

They both at once thy conquests be,
 And thy conquests' memory.
 Stony amazement makes them stand
 Waiting on thy victorious hand,
 Like statues fixed to the fame
 Of thy renown, and their own shame:
 As if they only meant to breath,
 To be the life of their own death.
 'Twas time to hold their peace when they
 Had ne'er another word to say:
 Yet is their silence unto thee
 The full sound of thy victory:
 Their silence speaks aloud, and is
 Thy well pronounc'd panegyris.
 While they speak nothing, they speak all
 Their share, in thy memorial.
 While they speak nothing, they proclaim
 Thee, with the shrillest trump of fame.
 To hold their peace is all the ways
 These wretches have to speak thy praise.

UPON OUR SAVIOUR'S TOMB WHEREIN NEVER MAN WAS
 LAID.

How life and death in thee
 Agree?
 Thou hadst a virgin womb
 And tomb.
 A Joseph did betroth
 Them both.

IT IS BETTER TO GO INTO HEAVEN WITH ONE EYE, &c.
 ONE eye? a thousand rather, and a thousand more,
 To fix those full-fac'd glories, O he's poor
 Of eyes that has but Angus' store. [thee,
 Yet if thou'lt fill one poor eye, with thy heaven and
 O grant (sweet goodness) that one eye may be
 All, and every whit of me.

LUKE 11.

UPON THE DUMB DEVIL CAST OUT, AND THE SLANDER-
 OUS JEWS PUT TO SILENCE.

TWO devils at one blow thou hast laid flat,
 A speaking devil this, a dumb one that;
 Was't thy full victories' fairer increase, [peace?
 That th' one spake, or that th' other held his

LUKE 10.

AND A CERTAIN PRIEST COMING THAT WAY LOOKED ON
 HIM AND PASSED BY.

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

LUKE 11.

BLESSED BE THE PAPA WHICH THOU HAST SUCKER.
 SUPPOSE he had been tabled at thy teats,
 Thy hunger feels not what he eat's:
 He'll have his teat ere long (a bloody one).
 The mother then must suck the son.

TO PONTIUS WASHING HIS BLOODSTAINED HANDS,
 Is murder no sin? or a sin so cheap,
 That thou need'st help

rape upon? Till thy adult'rous touch
 Taught her these sullied cheeks, this blubber'd
 he was a nymph, the meadows knew none such,
 Of honest parentage, of unstain'd race,
 The daughter of a fair and well-fam'd fountain
 As ever silver tipp'd the side of shady mountain.
 See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appears

Nothing but tears;

Each drop's a tear that weeps for her own waste;
 Hark how at every touch she does complain her.
 Hark how she bids her frighted drops make haste;
 And with sad murmurs, chides the hands that
 stain her.

Leave, leave, for shame, or else (good judge) decree
 What water shall wash this, when this bath washed
 thee.

MATTHEW 23.

WE BUILD THE SEPULCHRES OF THE PROPHETS.

How trim'st a prophet's tomb, and dost bequeath
 The life thou took'st from him unto his death.
 Pain man! the stones that on his tomb do lie,
 Keep but the score of them that made him die.

UPON THE INFANT MARTYRS.

To see both blended in one flood,
 The mother's milk, the children's blood,
 Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather
 Loaves hence, or lillies rather.

JOHN 16.

VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU, YE SHALL WEEP AND
 LAMENT.

WELCOME my grief, my joy; how dear's
 To me my legacy of tears!
 'I'll weep, and weep, and will therefore
 Weep, 'cause I can weep no more:
 Thou, thou (dear Lord) even thou alone,
 Giv'st joy, even when thou givest none.

JOHN 15

UPON OUR LORD'S LAST COMFORTABLE DISCOURSE WITH
 HIS DISCIPLES.

ALL Hybla's honey, all that sweetness can
 Flows in thy song (O fair, O dying swan!)
 'Tis the joy I take in't small or none;
 'Tis too sweet to be a long-liv'd one.

LUKE 16.

DIVES ASKING A DROP.

A DROP, one drop, how sweetly one fair drop
 Would tremble on my pearl-tipt finger's top?
 If wealth is gone, O go it where it will,
 Spare this one jewel; I'll be Dives still.

MARK 12.

(Give to Cæsar—
 (And to God—)

ALL we have is God's, and yet
 Cæsar challenges a debt,
 For hath God a thinner share,
 Whatever Cæsar's payments are;
 All is God's; and yet 'tis true,
 All we have is Cæsar's too;
 All is Cæsar's; and what odds
 So long as Cæsar's self is God's?

BUT NOW THEY HAVE SEEN AND HATED.
 SEEN? and yet hated thee? they did not see,
 They saw thee not, that saw and hated thee:
 No, no, they saw thee not, O life, O love,
 Who saw aught in thee that their hate could move?

UPON THE CROWN OF THORNS TAKEN FROM OUR
 BLESSED LORD'S HEAD ALL BLOODY.

Know'st thou this soldier? 'Tis a much chang'd
 plant, which yet Thy self did'st set,
 'Tis chang'd indeed, did Autumn e'er such beauties
 bring To shame his spring?
 O! who so hard an husbandman cou'd ever find
 A soil so kind?
 Is not the soil a kind one (think ye) that returns
 Roses for thorns?

SHE BEGAN TO WASH HIS FEET WITH TEARS AND WIPED
 THEM WITH THE HAIRS OF HER HEAD.

HER eyes' flood licks his feet's fair stain,
 Her hair's flame licks up that again.
 This flame thus quenched bath brighter beams:
 This flood thus stained fairer streams.

ON ST. PETER CUTTING OFF MALCHUS HIS EAR.

WELL Peter dost thou wield thy active sword,
 Well for thy self (I mean) not for thy Lord.
 To strike at ears, is to take heed there be
 No witness, Peter, of thy perjury.

JOHN 3.

BUT MEN LOVED DARKNESS RATHER THAN LIGHT.

The world's light shines, shine as it will,
 The world will love its darkness still;
 I doubt though, when the world's in Hell,
 It will not love its darkness half so well.

ACT. 21.

I AM READY NOT ONLY TO BE BOUND BUT TO DYE.
 COME Death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my
 care,
 At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears,
 Save those of fear, no other bands fear I;
 Nor other death than this; the fear to die.

ON ST. PETER CASTING AWAY HIS NETS AT OUR SA-
 VIOUR'S CALL.

THOU hast the art on't, Peter, and canst tell
 To cast thy nets on all occasions well. (stay,
 When Christ calls, and thy nets would have thee
 To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

OUR LORD IN HIS CIRCUMCISION TO HIS FATHER.

To thee these first fruits of my growing death,
 (For what else is my life?) lo, I bequeath.
 Taste this, and as thou lik'st this lesser flood
 Expect a sea, my heart shall make it good.
 Thy wrath that wades here now, e'er long shall swim,
 The flood-gate shall be set wide ope for him.
 Then let him drink, and drink, and do his worst,
 To drown the wantonness of his wild thirst.
 Now's but the nonage of my pains, my fears
 Are yet both in their hopes, not come to years.
 The day of my dark woes is yet but morn,
 My tears but tender, and my death new-born.
 Yet may these unflieg'd griefs give fate some guess,
 These cradle torments have their towardness.

These purple buds of blooming death may be,
Ere the full stature of a fatal tree.
And till my riper woes to age are come,
This knife may be the spear's prelude.

ON THE WOUNDS OF OUR CRUCIFIED LORD. ✓

O trust wafeul wounds of thine!
Are they mouths? or are they eyes?
Be they mouths, or be they eyn,
Each bleeding part some one supplies.

Lo! a mouth, whose full-bloom'd lips
At too dear a rate are roses.
Lo! a blood-shot eye! that weeps
And many a cruel tear discloses.

O thou, that on this foot hast laid
Many a kiss, and many a tear,
Now thou shalt have all repaid,
Whate'er thy charges were.

This foot hath got a mouth and lips,
To pay the sweet sum of thy kisses:
To pay thy tears, an eye that weeps,
Instead of tears, such gems as this is.

The difference onely this appears,
(Nor can the change offend)
The debt is paid in ruby-tears,
Which thou in pearls didst lend.

ON OUR CRUCIFIED LORD NAKED AND BLOODY.

Ta' have left thee naked Lord, O that they had;
This garment too I would they had deny'd.
Thee with thyself they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe of thy side.
O never could be found garments too good
For thee to wear, but these, of thine own blood.

EASTER-DAY.

Rise, heir of fresh eternity,
From thy virgin-tomb: [thee,
Rise, mighty man of wonders, and thy world with
Thy tomb, the universal east,
Nature's new womb,
Thy tomb, fair immortality's perfum'd nest.

Of all the glories make noon gay
This is the morn. [day.
This rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of
In joy's white annals live this hour,
When life was born,

No cloud scowl on his radiant lids, no tempest lowre.
Life, by this light's nativity
All creatures have.
Death only by this day's just doom is forc'd to die,
Nor is death forc't; for may he lie
Thron'd in thy grave;
Death will on this condition be content to die.

ON THE BLEEDING WOUNDS OF OUR CRUCIFIED LORD.

Jesus, no more, it is full tide;
From thy hands and from thy feet,
From thy head, and from thy side,
All thy purple rivers meet.

Thy restless feet, they cannot go,
For us and our eternal good
As they are went, what t'ough?
They swim, alas, in their own flood.

Thy hand to give, thou canst not lift;
Yet will thy hand still giving be;
It gives, but O itself's the gift,
It drops though bound, though bound 'tis free.

But O thy side! thy deep digg'd side
That bath a double Nilus going,
Nor ever was the Pharian tide
Half so fruitful, half so flowing.

What need thy fair head bear a part
In tears, as if thine eyes had none?
What need they help to drown thine heart,
That strives in torrents of its own?

Water'd by the showers they bring,
The thorns that thy blest brows enclose
(A cruel and a costly spring)
Conceive proud hopes of proving roses.

Not a hair but pays his river
To this Red Sea of thy blood,
Their little channels can deliver
Something to the general flood.

But while I speak, whither are run
All the rivers nam'd before?
I counted wrong; there is but one,
But O that one is one all o'er.

Rain-swoll rivers may rise proud
Threatning all to overflow,
But when indeed all's overflow'd
They themselves are drowned too.

This thy blood's deluge (a dire chance
Dear Lord to thee) to us is found
A deluge of deliverance,
A deluge lost we should be drown'd.

Ne'er wast thou in a sense so sadly true,
The well of living waters, Lord, till now.

SAMSON TO HIS DALILAH.

COULD not once blinding me, cruel, suffice?
When first I look't on thee, I lost mine eyes.

PSALM 23.

HAPPY me! O happy sheep!
Whom my God vouchsafes to keep,
Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these ways of bliss;
On whose pastures cheerful Spring,
All the year doth sit and sing,
And rejoicing, smiles to see
Their green backs wear his livery:
Pleasure sings my soul to rest,
Plenty wears me at her breast,
Whose sweet temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
At my feet the blubb'ring mountain
Weeping, melts into a fountain,
Whose soft silver-sweating streams
Make high noon forget his beams:

When my wayward breath is flying,
 He calls home my soul from dying,
 Strokes and tames my rabid grief,
 And does woo me into life:
 When my simple weakness strays,
 Tangled in forbidden ways)
 He (my Shepherd) is my guide,
 He's before me, on my side,
 And behind me, he beguiles
 Craft in all her knotty wiles:
 He expounds the giddy wonder
 Of my weary steps, and under
 Spreads a path clear as the day,
 Where no churlish rub says nay
 To my joy-conducted feet,
 Whilst they gladly go to meet
 Grace and peace, to meet new lays
 Fun'd to my great Shepherd's praise.
 Come now, all ye terrors, sally,
 Muster forth into the valley,
 Where triumphant darkness hovers
 With a sable wing, that covers
 brooding horror. Come, thou Death,
 Let the damps of thy dull breath
 Overshadow even the shade,
 And make darkness self afraid;
 Where my feet, even there shall find
 Nay for a resolved mind.
 Kill my Shepherd, still my God
 Thou art with me, still thy rod,
 And thy staff, whose influence
 Gives direction, gives defence.
 Let the whisper of thy word
 Crown'd abundance spreads my board:
 While I feast, my foes do feed
 Their rank malice, not their need,
 So that with the self-same bread
 They are starv'd, and I am fed.
 How my head in ointment swims!
 How my cup o'er-looks her brims!
 So, even so still may I move
 By the line of thy dear love;
 Kill may thy sweet mercy spread
 A shady arm above my head,
 About my paths, so shall I find
 The fair centre of my mind
 Thy temple, and those lovely walls
 Bright ever with a beam that falls
 Fresh from the pure glance of thine eye,
 Fighting to eternity.
 Where I'll dwell for ever, there
 Will I find a purer air.
 So feed my life with, there I'll sup
 Calm and nectar in my cup,
 And thence my ripe soul will I breathe
 Warm into the arms of death.

PSALM 137.

By the proud banks of great Euphrates flood,
 There we sate, and there we wept:
 Our harps that now no music understood,
 Nodding on the willows slept,
 While unhappy captiv'd we
 Lovely Sion thought on thee.
 They, they that snatcht us from our country's breast
 Would have a song carv'd to their ears
 In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest!)
 When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears:
 VOL. VI.

"Come," they cry'd, "come sing and play
 One of Sion's songs to day."

Sing? play? to whom (ah) shall we sing or play
 If not Jerusalem to thee?
 Ah thee Jerusalem? ah sooner may
 This hand forget the mastery
 Of music's dainty touch, than I
 The music of thy memory.

Which when I lose, O may at once my tongue
 Lose this same busy speaking art
 Unparch'd, her vocal arteries unstrung,
 No more acquainted with my heart,
 On my dry palate's roof to rust
 A wither'd leaf, an idle guest.

No, no, thy good, Sion, alone must crown
 The head of all my hope-nurst joys.
 But Edom, cruel thou! thou cryd'st, "Down, down
 Sink Sion, down and never rise,"
 Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,
 And haste to dash her into dust.

Dost laugh? proud Babel's daughter! do, laugh on,
 Till thy ruin teach thee tears,
 Even such as these, laugh, till a venging throng
 Of woes too late doe rouse thy fears.
 Laugh, till thy children's bleeding bones
 Weep precious tears upon the stones.

QUERUM VIDISTIS PASTORES, &c.

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY,

SUNG BY THE SHEPHERDS.

CHORUS.

COME, we shepherds, who have seen
 Day's king deposed by night's queen,
 Come, lift we up our lofty song,
 To wake the Sun that sleeps too long.

He, in this our general joy,
 Slept, and dreamt of no such thing;
 While we found out the fair-ey'd boy,
 And kiss'd the cradle of our King;
 Tell him he rises now too late,
 To show us aught worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
 Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight,
 Than he himself e'er saw before,
 Which to be seen needs not his light;
 Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been,
 Tell him, Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.

TITYRUS.

Gloomy night, embrac'd the place
 Where the noble infant lay:
 The babe look'd up, and show'd his face,
 In spite of darkness it was day.
 It was thy day, sweet, and did rise,
 Not from the East, but from thy eyes.

THYRSIS.

Winter chid the world, and sent
 The angry North to wage his wars:
 The North forgot his fierce intent,
 And left perfumes instead of scars:
 By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
 Where he meant frosts, he scattered flowers.

BOTH.

We saw thee in thy balmy-nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day ;
We saw thine eyes break from the East,
And chase the trembling shades away :
We saw thee (and we blest the sight)
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

TITYRUS.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow,
To furnish the fair infant's bed.
"Forbear," said I, "be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold."

THYRSIS.

I saw th' officious angels bring
The down that their soft breasts did strow,
For well they now can spare their wings,
When Heaven itself lies here below,
"Fair youth," said I, "be not too rough,
Your down though soft 's not soft enough.

TITYRUS.

The babe no sooner 'gan to seek,
Where to lay his lovely head,
But straight his eyes advis'd his cheek,
'Twixt mother's breasts to go to bed.
"Sweet choice," said I, "no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow."

ALL.

Welcome to our wood'ring sight
Eternity shut in a span !
Summer in winter ! day in night !

CHORUS.

Heaven in Earth ! and God in man !
Great little one, whose glor'ous birth,
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to Earth.

Welcome, though not to gold, nor silk,
To more than Cesar's birth-right is.
Two sister-seas of virgin's milk,
With many a rarely-temper'd kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in thy weeping eye,
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie.
She 'gainst those mother-diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome, (though not to those gay flies
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes)
But to poor shepherds. Simple things,
That use no varnish, no oil'd arts,
But lift clean hands full of clear hearts.

Yet when young April's husband showers,
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,
To kiss thy feet and crown thy head.
To thee (dread Lamb) whose love must keep
The shepherds, while they feed their sheep,

To thee, meek Majesty, soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves,

At last, in fire of thy fair eyes,
We'll burn our own best sacrifice.

SOSPETTO D' HERODE.

LIBRO PRIMO.

ARGOMENTO.

Casting the times with their strong signs,
Death's master his own death divines ;
Strugling for help, his best hope is,
Herod's suspicion may heal his ;
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake,
The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake,
Who fears (in vain) that he whose birth
Means Heav'n, should meddle with his earth.

Muse, now the servant of soft loves no more,
Hate is thy theme, and Herod, whose unblest
Hand (O what dures not jealous greatness ?) tore
A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' breast,
The blooms of martyrdom. O be a door
Of language to my infant lips, ye best
Of confessors: whose throats, answering his words,
Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke softer
words.

Great Anthony ! Spain's well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of emperors and kings,
The beauties of whose dawn what eye can bide,
Which with the Sun himself weighs equal wings,
Map of heroic worth ! whom far and wide
To the believing world fame boldly sings :
Dign thou to wear this humble wreath that bows,
To be the sacred honour of thy brows.

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright bow'ns
Other than what their own blest beauties bring,
They were the smiling sons of those sweet bow'ns,
That drank the dew of life, whose deathless spring
Nor Syrian flame, nor Borean frost deflow'ns:
From whence heav'n-labouring bees with busy wing
Suck hidden sweets, which well digested prove
Immortal honey for the hive of loves.

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth
Holds high the rein of fair Parthenope,
That neither Rome, nor Athens can bring forth
A name in noble deeds rival to thee ! (Earth
Thy fame's full noise makes proud the patient
Far more than matter for my Muse and me.
The Tyrrhene seas and shores sound all the song
And in their murmurs keep thy mighty name.

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There where one centre reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart pants ; there placed
Mischief's old master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks : these loathsome string
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

The judge of torments, and the king of tears :
He fills a burnish'd throne of quenchless fire :
And for his old fair robes of light, he wears
A gloomy mantle of dark flames, the tire
That crowns his hated head on high appears ;
Where sev'n tall hores (his empire's pride) aspire

And to make up Hell's majesty, each horn
Serp'n crested hydras horribly adorn.

In eyes the sullen dens of death and night,
Tattle the dull air with a dismal red:
Each his fell glances as the fatal light
Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead.
From his black nostrils, and blue lips, in spight
Of Hell's own stink, a worse stench is spread.

His breath Hell's lightning is: and each deep
groan
Disdains to think that Heav'n thunders alone.

In flaming eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath;
Those unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never-dying life, of a long death.
In this sad house of slow destruction
(his shop of flames) he fries himself, beneath
A mass of woes, his teeth for torment gnash,
While his steel sides sound with his tail's stroag
lash.

Three rigorous virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptered king:
With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a
sting:

Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
About their shady brows in wanton rings.

Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he
reigns,

His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

Is disdainful wretch! how hath one bold sin cost
See all the beauties of thy once bright eyes?
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and crost
All glories that did gild thee in thy rise?
Oud morning of a perverse day! how lost
Of thou unto thy self, thou too self-wise
Narcissus? foolish Phaeton? who for all
Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'd'st but a flaming fall.

From death's sad shades to the life-breathing air,
His mortal enemy to mankind's good,
His his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautiful in human blood.
Here Jordan melts his chrystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,
There does he fix his eyes: and there detect
New matter, to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
Of the contending sons of Heav'n on fire:
In his deep thought he revolves the dark
Orbil's divining leaves: he does inquire
To th' old prophecies, trembling to mark
How many present prodigies conspire,
To crown their past predictions, both he lays
Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw
A poor Galilan virgin sent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal flow'rs to her fair hand present.
He saw th' old Hebrew's womb neglect the law
Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
His birth, by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour
Of th' icy North, from frost-bound Atlas' hands
His adamantine fetters fall: green vigour
Adding the Scythian rocks and Libian sands.

He saw a vernal smile, sweetly disfigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands
Of fair Engaddi honey-sweating fountains:
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the
mountains.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
The Heav'n rebuked shades made haste away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not; mad with spight
He mark how the poor shepherds ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth
Was the great business both of Heav'n and Earth.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich increase,
Make proud the ruby portals of the East.
He saw the temple sacred to sweet peace,
Adore her prince's birth, flat on her breast.
He saw the falling idols, all confess
A coming deity. He saw the nest
Of poisonous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,
Touch'd with the world's true antidote to burst.

He saw Heav'n blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gaz'd
The golden eyes of night: whose beam made
bright

The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor ask'd leave of the Sun) by day as night.
By whom (as Heav'n's illustrious hand-maid) rais'd
Three kings (or what is more) three wise men
Westward to find the world's true Orient. [went

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
Symptoms so deadly, unto death and him;
Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb.
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings:
Which like two bosom'd sails embrace the dim
Air, with a dismal shade, but all in vain,
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

While thus Heav'n's highest counsels, by the low
Foot-steps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He lost his troubled eyes, embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell.
With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrow'd brow,
And gave a gastly shriek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of
night,
The while his twisted tail he gnaw'd for spight.

Yet on the other side fain would he start
Above his fears, and think it cannot be:
He studies scripture, strives to sound the heart,
And feel the pulse of every prophecy,
He knows (but knows not how, or by what art)
The Heav'n expecting ages hope to see
A mighty babe, whose pure, unspotted birth
From a chaste virgin womb should bless the
Earth.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,
And reason (for what's his faith to him?) devour,
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
Yet keep inviolate her virgin flow'r;
How God's eternal son should be man's brother,
Poetish his proudest intellectual pow'r;
How a pure spirit should incarnate be,
And life it self wear Death's frail livery.

That the great angel-blinding light should shrink
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye;

That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,
As pris'n'er in a few poor rags to lie;
That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heav'n's fair family;
That a vile manger his low bed should prove,
Who in a throne of stars thunders above;

That he whom the Sun serves should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he, the old
Eternal Word, should be a child, and weep:
That he who made the fire should fear the cold:
That Heav'n's high Majesty his court should keep.
In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd:
That Glory's self should serve our griefs and fears:
And free Eternity submit to years:

And further, that the law's eternal giver,
Should bleed in his own law's obediences:
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himself, the forfeit of his slaves' offence.
That the unblemish'd lamb, blessed for ever,
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense:
These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
Intangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,
His gloomy bosom's darkest character,
Was in his shady forehead seen express.
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,
Is what in sign of joy among the blest
The face's lightning, or a smile, is here.
Those stings of care that his strong heart oppress,
A desperate, "Oh me," drew from his deep breast.

"Oh me!" (thus bellow'd he) "Oh me! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
And serves my purer sight, only to beat
Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?
Prown I; and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance?
Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
Auspicious still, in spite of Hell and me?"

"He has my Heaven (what would he more?) whose
bright
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear:
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here,
To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,
To draw a long liv'd death, where all my cheer
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

"Dark, dusky man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure ray:
And should we pow'rs of Heav'n, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I, and clomb the North,
Where never wing of Angel yet made way.
What though I mis'd my blow? yet I strook high,
And to dare something is some victory.

"Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile human nature, means he not 't invest
(O my despight!) with his divines glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright arms of Heav'n rebuk these
Mock me, and dazle my dark mysteries? [eyes]

"Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that guild the morn in charge were given?

The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heav'n?
Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine
Oppress the common-people of the skies. [eyes]

"Ah wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes,
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows?
While the reflection of thy forepast joys,
Renders thee double to thy present woes;
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grow.
If Hell must mourn, Heav'n sure shall sympathise;
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

"And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
My self? my strength too with my innocence?
Come, try who dares, Heav'n, Earth, what e'er
doest boast
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence:
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths:
Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight."

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause,
His foul hags rais'd their heads, and clapp'd their
hands;
And all the powers of Hell in full applause [brands
Flourish'd their snakes and toss'd their flaming
"We" (said the horrid sisters) "wait thy law,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands,
Be it thy part, Hell's mighty lord, to lay
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

"What thy Alecto, what these hands can do,
Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of Heav'n,
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,
To these thy sooty kingdoms thou art driven:
Let Heav'n's lord chide above louder than thou
In language of his thunder, thou art even
With him below: here thou art lord alone
Boundless and absolute: Hell is thine own.

"If usual wit and strength will do no good,
Vertues of stones, nor herbs: use stronger charms,
Anger, and love, best hooks of human blood:
If all fail, we'll put on our proudest arms,
And pouring on Heav'n's face the sea's huge flood,
Quench his curld fires, we'll wake with our alarms
Ruin, where e'er she sleeps at Nature's feet;
And crush the world till his wide corners meet."

Reply'd the proud king, "O my crown's defence!
Stay of whose strong hopes, you, of whose brave
The frighted stars took faint experience, [worth
When 'gainst the thunder's mouth we march'd
forth:
Still you are prodigal of your love's expense
In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and
Earth:
I thank you all, but one must single out,
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt."

Fourth of the curse'd knot of hags is she,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,
And still assist the execution:
But chiefly there does she delight to be,
Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on:

And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
To hold them down, and look that none seeth
o'er.

Thrice how'd the caves of night, and thrice the
sound,

Thund'ring upon the banks of those black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound;
At last her list'ning ears the noise o'ertakes,
She lifts her sooty lamps, and looking round
A gen'ral hiss, from the whole tire of snakes
Rebounding, through Hell's inmost caverns came,
In answer to her formidable name.

Amongst all the palaces in Hell's command,
No one so merciless as this of hers.
The adamantine doors for ever stand
Impenetrable, both to prayers and tears,
The walls inexorable steel, no hand
Of time or teeth of hungry ruin fears.
Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains,
Of ragged limbs, torn skulls, and dash'd out
brains.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,
Whose ever-brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood:
About her Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughter
sweat,

Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.
There rude impetuous rage does storm, and fret:
And there, as master of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial Death,
With endless business almost out of breath.

For hangings and for curtains, all along
The walls, (abominable ornaments!)
Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung;
Hell-executioners of foul intents,
Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,
Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments
Of Sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire stains
Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains.

The tables furnish'd with a cursed feast,
Which harpies, with lean Famine, feed upon,
Unfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,
A humane Erisichon too makes one,
Pantalus, Atræus, Progne, here are guests;
Wolvisch Lycaon here a place hath won.
The cup they drink in is Medusa's scull, [full].
Which mixt with gall and blood they quaff brim

The foul queen's most abhorred maids of honour,
Medæa, Jezabel, many a meagre witch,
With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her;
But her best huswives are the Parcae, which
Still work for her, and have their wages from her;
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.
Her cruel clothes of costly threads they weave,
Which short-cut lives of murdered infants leave.

The house is hers'd about with a black wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed tree:
Each flower's a pregnant poison, try'd and good:
Each herb a plague: the winds' sighs timed be
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaures, Cyclopes, with a dark drove
Of dragons, hydras, sphinxes, fill the grove.

Here Diomed's horses, Phœneus' dogs appear,
With the fierce lions of Therodamas;

Busiris has his bloody altar here,
Here Sylla his severest prison has;
The Lestriginians here their table rear;
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brass;
Here cruel Sciron boasts his bloody rocks,
And hateful Scithis his so feared oaks.

What ever schemes of blood, fantastic frames
Of death Mezentius, or Geryon drew;
Phalaris, Oëhus, Ezelinus, names
Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too,
Here are they all, here all the swords or flames
Assyrian tyrants, or Egyptian knew.
Such was the house, so furnish'd was the hall,
Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king,
The horrid sum of his intentions tell;
But she (swift as the momentary wing
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell:
She rose, and with her to our world did bring
Pale proof of her fell presence, th' air too well
With a chang'd countenance witness'd the fight
And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight;
The fields' fair eyes saw her, and saw no more
But shut their flowry lids for ever; night
And winter strow her way; yea, such a sore
Is she to Nature, that a general fright,
An universal palsie spreading o'er
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
Had not her thick snakes bid them from the
Sun.

Now had the night's companion from her den,
Where all the busie day she close doth lie,
With her soft wing, wip'd from the brows of men
Day's sweat, and by a gentle tyranny,
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all breasts in a Lethean band.

When the Erynnis her black pineons spread,
And came to Bethlem where the cruel king
Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed
His breast a while from Care's unquiet sting.
Such as at Thebes' dire feast she show'd her head,
Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,
Such to the frighted palace now she comes,
And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

By proud usurping Herod now was born
The sceptre, which of old great David sway'd.
Whose right by David's lineage so long worn,
Himself a stranger to, his own had made;
And from the head of Judah's house quite torn
The crown, for which upon their necks he laid
A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vain,
And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.

Up through the spacious palace passed she,
To where the king's proudly-reposed head
(If any can be soft to tyranny
And self-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
She thinks not fit such her face should see,
As it is seen by Hell; and seen with dread:
To change her face's style she doth devise,
And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

Her self a while she lays aside, and makes
Ready to personate a mortal part.

Joseph the king's dead brother's shape she takes,
What he by nature was, is she by art.
She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand
slakes

His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,
Life's forge: feign'd is her voice, and false too be
Her words, "Sleep'st thou, fond man? sleep'st
thou?" said she.

"So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is prest
With many a merciless o'er-mastring wave;
For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds contest,
Which of them deep'st shall dig her watry grave.
Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest
In death-like slumbers; while thy dangers crave
A waking eye and hand? look up and see
The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

"Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal stem
(That old dry stock) a despair'd branch is sprung
A most strange babe! who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected stable lies, among
Beasts and base straw: already is the stream
Quite turn'd: th' ingratul rebels this their young
Master (with voice free as the trump of Fame)
Their new king, and thy successor proclaim.

"What busy motions, what wild engines stand
On tiptoe in their giddy brains? th' have fire
Already in their bosoms; and their hand
Already reaches at a sword: they hire
Poisons to speed thee; yet through all the land
What one comes to reveal what they conspire?
Go now, make much of these; wage still their
wars, [scars.
And bring home on thy breast more thankless

"Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
That thy firm hand for ever might sustain
A well-poss'd sceptre? does it now seem good
Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vain?
'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood
In arms, when lesser cause was to complain:
And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep,
Can'st thou be careless now, now can'st thou
sleep?"

"Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake
Of thy great self, hath stol'n king Herod from thee?
O call thy self home to thy self, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon
thee:

Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
Thy self into a shape that may become thee.
Be Herod, and thou shalt not miss from me
Immortal stings to thy great thoughts, and thee."

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
For a beseeching bracelet she had ty'd,
(A special worm it was as ever kiss'd
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd
To the king's heart; the snake no sooner hiss'd,
But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd,
Dire flames diffuse themselves through every
vein,

This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amain.

He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears:
His sweat-bedew'd bed had now betray'd him,
To a vast field of thorns, ten thousand spears
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him:
So mighty were th' amazing characters
With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd
him,

He his own fancy-framed foes defies:
In rage, "My arms, give me my arms," he cries.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire
The breath of artificial lungs embraces,
The caldron-prison'd waters straight conspire,
And beat the hot brass with rebellious waves?
He murmurs and rebukes their bold desire;
Th' impatient liquor, frois, and foams, and raves;
Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame,
Whence all his high spirits, and hot courage came.

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swoln breast,
Not to be slak'd but by a sea of blood.
His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,
Which on false tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood.
The worm of jealous envy and unrest,
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light,
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing night.

A thousand prophecies that talk strange things,
Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast;
And now of late came tributary kings,
Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' East,
More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings,
With which his feverous cares their cold illness'd
And now his dream (Hell's firebrand) still more
bright, [sight.
Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the

No sooner therefore shall the morning see
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day)
But all his counsellors must summon'd be,
To meet their troubled lord: without delay
Heralds and messengers immediately
Are sent about, who posting every way
To th' heads and officers of every band;
Declare who sends, and what is his command.

Why art thou troubled Herod? what vain fear
Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move?
Heav'n's King, who doffs himself weak flesh to wear,
Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love:
Nor would he this thy fear'd crown from thee tear,
But give thee a better with himself above.

Poor jealousie! why should he wish to prey
Upon thy crown, who gives his own away.

Make to thy reason man; and mock thy doubts,
Look how below thy fears thy causes are;
Thou art a soldier Herod; send thy scouts;
See how he's furnish'd for so fear'd a war.
What armour does he wear? a few thin clouts.
His trumpets? tender cries. His men to dare
So much? rude shepherds. What his steeds!
alas

Poor beasts! a slow ox, and a simple ass

Il fine del libro primo.

A

ON

A PRAYER BOOK SENT TO MRS. M. E.

Lo! here a little volume, but great book,

(Fear it not, sweet,

It is no hypocrite)

Much larger in it self, than in its look.

It is in one rich handful, Heaven, and all

Heaven's royal hosts incamp'd, thus small;

To prove that true schools use to tell

A thousand angels in one point can dwell

t is love's great artillery,
Which here contracts it self, and comes to lie
Close couch'd in your white bosom, and from thence
As from a snowy fortress of defence
Against the ghostly foe to take your part:
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

t is the armory of light,
Set constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts.

Only be sure,
The hands be pure,
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Close of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise.

Here is a friend shall fight for you.
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let prayer alone to play his part.

But O! the heart
That studies this high art,
Must be a sure house-keeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,
Mercy will come e'er long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings,
Flowers of never fading graces;
To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for him, who is alone
The Spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when he comes,
Shall find the wand'ring heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode,
To gad abroad:

Amongst the gay mates of the god of lies
To take her pleasures, and to play
And keep the Devil's holy day;
To dance in the sun-shine of some smiling
But beguiling

Spear of sweet and sugared lies,
Some slippery pair,
Of false, perhaps as fair,
Plattering but forswearing eyes.

Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start,
And stepping in before,
Will take possession of the sacred store
Of hidden sweets and holy joys,
Words which are not heard with ears,
(These tumultuous shops of noise)
Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul it self more feels than hears.

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes,
Spiritual and soul piercing glances:
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire;
And melts it down in sweet desire:
Yet doth not stay
To ask the windows leave to pass that way.

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul! dear and divine annihilations!
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarified delights.

An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing,
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of Spirits with them will bring;
For which it is no shame,
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Of all this hidden store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more;
If, when he come,
He find the heart from home,
Doubtless he will unload
Himself some otherwhere,
And pour abroad
His precious sweets
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!
O happy and thrice happy she,
Dear silver-breasted dove,
Who e'er she be,
Whose early love
With winged vows
Makes haste to meet her morning spouse:
And close with his immortal kisses,
Happy soul, who never misses,
To improve that precious hour:
And every day
Seize her sweet prey;
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping with a balmy show'r
A delicious dew of spices.

O! let that happy soul hold fast
Her heavenly armful, she shall taste
At once ten thousand paradises,
She shall have power
To rife and deflower
The rich and roscel spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a swelling bosom there she meets,
Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures.
Happy soul, she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many Heavens at once it is,
To have a God become her lover.

ON MR. G. HERBERT'S BOOK,

ENTITLED, THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS, SENT TO
A GENTLEWOMAN.

Know, you fair, on what you look?
Divinest love lies in this book:
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you've an angel by the wings.
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh.
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well perfumed prayer.
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will send you:
To take acquaintance of the sphere,
And all the smooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though Herbert's name do owe
These devotions, fairest; know
That while I lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOUR OF THE ADMIRABLE
SAINT TERESA,

FOUNDRESS OF THE REFORMATION OF THE DISCALCED
CARMELITES, BOTH MEN AND WOMEN; A WOMAN
FOR ANGELICAL HEIGHT OF SPECULATION, FOR
MASCULINE COURAGE OF PERFORMANCE, MORE
THAN A WOMAN; WHO, YET A CHILD, OBTAIN
MATURITY, AND DURST PLOT A MARTYRDOM.

Love, thou art absolute, sole lord
Of life and death!—To prove the word,
We need to go to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, stout and tall,
Ripe and full grown, that could reach down
With strong arms their triumphant crown:
Such as could, with lusty breath,
Speak loud unto the face of Death
Their great lord's glorious name; to none
Of those whose large breasts built a throne
For Love, their lord, glorious and great;
We'll see him take a private seat,
And make his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce had she learnt to lisp a name
Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath,
Which spent can buy so brave a death.

She never undertook to know,
What Death with Love should have to do.
Nor hath she e'er yet understood,
Why, to show love, she should shed blood;
Yet though she cannot tell you why
She can love, and she can die.

Scarce had she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove,
How much less strong is Death than Love.

Be Love but there, let poor six years
Be pos'd with the maturest fears
Man trembles at, we straight shall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind.
'Tis love, not years, or limbs, that can
Make the martyr or the man.

Love toucht her heart, and lo it beats
High, and burns with such brave heats:
Such thirst to die, as dare drink up
A thousand cold deaths in one cup:
Good reason, for she breathes all fire,
Her weak breast heaves with strong desire,
Of what she may with fruitless wishes
Seek for, amongst her mother's kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
She'll travel to a martyrdom.
No home for her confesses she,
But where she may a martyr be.
She'll to the Moors, and trade with them,
For this unvalued diadem;
She offers them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't in change for death:
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live
In him, or if they this deny,
For him, she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them down,
Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewel then all the world, adieu,
Teresa is no more for you:
Farewel all pleasures, sports, and joys,
Never till now esteemed toys:
Farewel, whatever dear may be,
Mother's arms, or father's knee:
Farewel house, and farewel home;
She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Sweet not so fast, lo thy fair spouse,
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows
Calls thee back, and bids thee come,
T' embrace a milder martyrdom.

Blest pow'rs forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife.
Or some base hand have power to raise
Thy breast's chaste cabinet; and uncase
A soul kept there so sweet; O no,
Wise Heaven will never have it so:
Thou art love's victim, and must die
A death more mystical and high:
Into love's hand thou shalt let fall,
A still surviving funeral.

He is the dart must make the death,
Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed breath;
A dart thrice dipt in that rich flame,
Which writes thy spouse's radiant name:
Upon the roof of Heaven, where ay,
It shines, and with a sovereign ray,
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls, which in that name's sweet graces

Find everlasting smiles: so rare,
So spiritual, pure and fair,
Must be the immortal instrument,
Upon whose choice point shall be spent
A life so lov'd, and that there be
Fit executioners for thee.
The fairest, and the first-born loves of fire,
Blest seraphims shall leave their quire,
And turn love's soldiers upon thee,
To exercise their archery.

O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain?
Of intolerable joys?
Of a death in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain!
And lives and dies, and knows not why
To live, but that he still may die.

How kindly will thy gentle heart,
Kisse the sweetly — killing dart:
And close in his embraces keep,
Those delicious wounds that weep
Balsam, to heal themselves with thus;
When these thy deaths so numerous,
Shall all at once die into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion:
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hot a fire, and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last,
In a dissolving sigh, and then,
O what! ask not the tongues of men!

Angels cannot tell: suffice,
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys,
And hold them fast for ever there,
So soon as thou shalt first appear

The Moon of maiden stars; thy white
Mistress attended by such bright
Souls as thy shining self shall come,
And in her first ranks make thee room.
Where 'mongst her snowy family,
Immortal welcomes wait on thee.
O what delight when she shall stand,
And teach thy lips Heaven, with her hand,
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes
Hear up thy consecrated kisses!
What joy shall seize thy soul when she,
Bending her blessed eyes on thee,
Those second smiles of Heaven, shall dart
Her mild rays through thy melting heart:

Angels thy old friends there shall greet thee,
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
 All thy good works which went before
 And waited for thee at the door
 Shall own thee there: and all in one
 Weave a constellation
 Of crowns, with which the king thy spouse,
 Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
 And thy pains set bright upon thee:
 All thy sorrows here shall shine,
 And thy sufferings be divine.
 'Fears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
 And wrongs repent to diadems.
 Even thy deaths shall live, and new
 Dress the soul, which late they slew.
 Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars,
 As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ,
 Love's noble history, with wit
 Taught thee by none but him, while here
 They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
 Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame
 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
 Shall flourish on thy brows; and be
 Both fire to us, and flame to thee:
 Whose light shall live bright, in thy face
 By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see
 Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
 Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows:
 'The virgin births with which thy spouse
 Made fruitful thy fair soul; go now
 And with them all about thee, bow
 To him, "Put on" (he'll say) "put on,
 My rosy love, that thy rich zone,
 Sparkling with the sacred flames,
 Of thousand souls whose happy names,
 Heaven keeps upon thy score, thy bright
 Life brought them first to kiss the light."
 That kindled them to stars." And so
 Thou with the Lamb thy lord shall 't go,
 And where so'er he sets his white
 Steps, walk with him those ways of light.
 Which who in death would live to see,
 Must learn in life to dye like thee.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE PRECEDENT HYMN,
 AS HAVING BEEN WRIT WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS YET A
 PROTESTANT.

Thus have I back again to thy bright name,
 Fair sea of holy fires, transfus'd the flame

I took from reading thee, 'tis to thy wrong
 I know that in my weak and worthless song
 Thou here art set to shine, where thy full day
 Scarce dawns, O pardon, if I dare to say
 Thine own dear books are guilty, for from thence
 I learnt to know that love is eloquence:
 That heavenly maxim gave me heart to try
 If what to other tongues is tun'd so high
 Thy praise might not speak English too. Forbid
 (By all thy mysteries that there lie hid;)
 Forbid it mighty Love, let no fond hate
 Of names and words so far prejudicate;
 Souls are not Spaniards too, one friendly flood
 Of baptism, blends them all into one blood.
 Christ's faith makes but one body of all souls,
 And loves that body's soul; no law controuls
 Our free traffic for Heaven, we may maintain
 Peace sure with piety, though it dwell in Spain.
 What soul so'er in any language can
 Speak Heav'n like hers, is my soul's country-man.
 O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heaven she speaks,
 'Tis Heaven that lies in ambush there, and breaks
 From thence into the wond'ring reader's breast,
 Who finds his warm heart hatch into a nest
 Of little eagles and young loves, whose high
 Flight scorn the lazy dust, and things that die.
 There are enow whose draughts as deep as Hell
 Drink up all Spain in sack, let my soul swell
 With thee, strong wine of love! let others swim
 In puddles, we will pledge this seraphim
 Bowls full of richer blood than blush of grape
 Was ever guilty of. Change we our shape,
 My soul; some drink from men to beasts; O then,
 Drink we till we prove more, not less than men:
 And turn not beasts, but angels. Let the king,
 Me ever into these his cellars bring;
 Where flows such wine as we can have of none
 But him who trode the wine-press all alone:
 Wine of youth's life, and the sweet deaths of love,
 Wine of immortal mixture, which can prove
 Its tincture from the rosy nectar, wine
 That can exalt weak earth, and so refine
 Our dust, that in one draught, mortality
 May drink it self up, and forget to die.

ON A TREATISE OF CHARITY.

Rise then, immortal maid! Religion rise!
 Put on thy self in thine own looks: 't our eyes
 Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have made
 thee,
 Such as (ere our dark sins to dust betray'd thee)
 Heav'n set thee down new drest; when thy bright
 birth
 Shot thee like lightning to th' astonish'd Ea
 From th' dawn of thy fair eye-lids wipe away
 Dull mists and melancholy clouds: take day
 And thine own beams about thee: bring the best
 Of whatso'er perfum'd thy eastern nest.
 Girt all thy glories to thee: then sit down,
 Open this book, fair queen, and take thy crown.
 These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee
 Thy holiest, humblest, handmaid, Charity;
 She'll dress thee like thy self, set thee on high
 Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each
 Lo, where I see thy off'rings wake, and rise [eye.
 From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice
 Which they themselves were; each one putting on
 A majesty that may beseech thy throne.

The holy youth of Heav'n whose golden rings,
Girt round thy awful altars, with bright wings
Fanning thy fair locks (which the world believes
As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves
Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go
If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho.

— Be it enacted then

By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,
God's services no longer shall put on
A sluttishness, for pure religion :
No longer shall our churches' frighted stones
Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones
Of dead devotion ; nor faint marbles weep
In their sad ruins ; nor religion keep
A melancholly mansion in those cold
Urns. Like God's sanctuaries they look'd of old ;
Now seem they temples consecrate to none,
Or to a new god Desolation.
No more the hypocrite shall th' upright be,
Because he's stiff, and will confess no knee :
While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou
(Disdainful dust and ashes) bend thy brow ;
Nor on God's altar cast two scorching eyes.
Bak'd in hot scorn, for a burnt sacrifice:
But (for a lamb) thy tame and tender heart
New struck by love, still trembling on his dart ;
Or (for two turtle doves) it shall suffice
To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes.
This shall from henceforth be the masculine theme
Pulpits and pens shall sweat in ; to redeem
Vertue to action, that life-feeding flame
That keeps religion warm : not swell a name
Of faith, a mountain word, made up of air,
With those dear spoils that want to dress the fair
And fruitful Charity's full breasts (of old)
Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
What can the poor hope from us, when we be
Uncharitable ev'n to Charity ?

ON THE GLORIOUS ASSUMPTION OF
THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HARK she is call'd, the parting hour is come,
Take thy farewell poor world, Heaven must go home.
A piece of heavenly light purer and brighter
Than the chaste stars, whose choice lamps come to
light her,

While through the christal orbs, clearer than they,
She climbs and makes a far more milky way ;
She's call'd again, bark how th' immortal dove
Sighs to his silver mate : " Rise up, my love,
Rise up my fair, my spotless one,
The winter's past, the rain is gone :
The spring is come, the flowers appear,
No sweets, since thou art wanting here.

" Come away, my love,
Come away, my dove,
Cast off delay :
The court of Heav'n is come,
To wait upon thee home ;
Come away, come away."

She's call'd again, and will she go ;
When Heaven bids come, who can say no ?
Heav'n calls her, and she must away,
Heaven will not, and she cannot stay.
Go then, go (glorious) on the golden wings
Of the bright youth of Heav'n, that sings

Under so sweet a burden : go,
Since thy great Son will have it so :
And while thou goest, our song and we
Will, as we may, reach after thee.
Hail, holy queen of humble hearts,
We in thy praise will have our parts ;
And though thy dearest looks must now be light
To none but the blest Heavens, whose bright
Beholders lost in sweet delight
Feed for ever their fair sight
With those divinest eyes, which we
And our dark world no more shall see.
Though our poor joys are parted so,
Yet shall our lips never let go
Thy gracious name, but to the last,
Our loving song shall hold it fast.

Thy sacred name shall be
Thy self to us, and we
With holy cares will keep it by us,
We to the last
Will hold it fast,
And no assumption shall deny us.
All the sweetest showers
Of our fairest flowers
Will we strow upon it :
Though our sweetness cannot make
It sweeter, they may take
Themselves new sweetness from it.

Maria, men and angels sing,
Maria, mother of our king.
Live, rarest princess ! and may the bright
Crown of a most incomparable light
Embrace thy radiant brows ! O may the best
Of everlasting joys bathe thy white breast !
Live, our chaste love, the holy mirth
Of Heaven, and humble pride of Earth !
Live, crown of women, queen of men :
Live, mistress of our song, and when
Our weak desires have done their best,
Sweet angels come, and sing the rest.

AN HYMN,

ON THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD.

Rise, thou best and brightest morning,
Rosy with a double red ;
With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,
And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride of laces,
The crimson curtains of thy bed ;
Gild thee not with so sweet graces,
Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair-cheek'd flowers that fill thee,
None so fair thy bosom strows,
As this modest maiden lilly
Our sins have sham'd into a rose.

Bid the golden god, the Sun,
Burnish'd in his glorious beams,
Put all his red eyed rubies on,
These rubies shall put out his eyes.

Let him make poor the purple East,
Rob the rich store her cabinets keep,
The pure birth of each sparkling nest,
That flaming in their fair bed sleep.

Let him embrace his own bright tresses
With a new morning made of gems;
And wear in them his wealthy dresses,
Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may,
To make himself rich in his rise,
All will be darkness, to the day
That breaks from one of these fair eyes.

And soon the sweet truth shall appear,
Dear babe, ere many days be done:
The Moon shall come to meet thee here,
And leave the long adored Sun.

Thy nobler beauty shall bereave him,
Of all his eastern paramours:
His Persian lovers all shall leave him,
And swear faith to thy sweeter powers.

Nor while they leave him shall they lose the Sun,
But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.

ON HOPE.

BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER, BETWEEN

A. COWLEY AND R. CRASHAW.

COWLEY.

Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss.
Whom ill and good doth equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound.
Vain shadow! that doth vanish quite
Both at full noon, and perfect night.
The Fates have not a possibility
Of blessing thee.

If things then from their ends we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

CRASHAW.

Dear Hope! Earth's dowry, and Heaven's debt,
The entity of things that are not yet.
Subtlest, but surest being! thou by whom
Our nothing hath a definition.

Fair cloud of fire, both shade and light,
Our life in death, our day in night.
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee.

From thee their thin dilemma with blunt horn
Shrinks, like the sick Moon at the wholesome morrow.

COWLEY.

Hope, thou bold taster of delight,
Who, instead of doing so, devour'st it quite.
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before.

The joys which we entire should wed,
Come deflow'd virgins to our bed:
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
So mighty custom's paid to thee.

For joy, like wine, kept close, doth better taste:
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

CRASHAW.

Thou art loves legacy under lock
Of faith: the steward of our growing stock.
Our crown-lands lie above, yet each meal brings
A seemly portion for the sons of kings.

Nor will the virgin-joys we wed
Come less unbroken to our bed,

Because that from the bridal cheek of bliss,
Thou thus steal'st down a distant kiss; [head,
Hope's chaste kiss wrongs no more. joy's maiden-
Than spousal rites prejudge the marriage-bed.

COWLEY.

Hope, Fortune's cheating lottery,
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be.
Fond archer, Hope, who tak'st thine aim so far,
That still, or short, or wide, thine arrows are.
Thine empty cloud the eye it self deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives:
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears.
When thy false beams o'er reason's light prevail,
By ignes fatui, not north stars, we sail.

CRASHAW.

Fair Hope! our earlier Heaven, by thee
Young Time is taster to Eternity. [sower;
The generous wine with age grows strong, not
Nor need we kill thy fruit to smell thy flower.
Thy golden head never hangs down,
Till in the lap of Love's full noon
It falls and dies: Oh no, it melts away
As doth the dawn into the day:
As lumps of sugar lose themselves, and twine
Their subtle essence with the soul of wine.

COWLEY.

Brother of Fear! more gayly clad,
The merrier fool o'th' two, yet quite as mad,
Sire of Repentance! shield of fond Desire,
That blows the chymic's, and the lover's fire,
Still leading them insensibly on,
With the strange witchcraft of anon:
By thee the one doth changing Nature through
Her endless labyrinths pursue,
And th' other chases woman, while she goes
More ways, and turns, than hunted Nature knows.

CRASHAW.

Fortune, alas! above the world's law wars:
Hope kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring stars.
Her keel cuts not the waves, where our winds stir,
And Fate's whole lottery is one blank to her.
Her shafts and she fly far above,
And forrage in the fields of light, and love.
Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee

We are not where, or what we be,
But what, and where we would: thus art thou
Our absent presence, and our future now.

CRASHAW.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair Desire!
Fear's antidote! a wise, and well stay'd fire,
Temper'd 'twixt cold despair and torrid joy:
Queen regent in young Love's minority.
Though the vext chymic vainly chases
His fugitive gold through all her faces,
And love's more fierce, more fruitless fires assay
One face more fugitive than all they,
True Hope's a glorious huntress, and her chase
The God of Nature in the field of grace.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES:

OR,

OTHER POEMS WRITTEN ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agas. Mart.

MUSICK'S DUEL¹.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak; there sat
A sweet lute's master: in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Closed in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their Muse, their Syren, harmless Syren she)
There stood she listening and did entertain
The music's soft report; and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceiv'd his rival, and her art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet prelude
Of closer strains, and ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charg'd with a flying touch; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes; to let him know
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring cheerfulness; and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm and with a long drawn dash
Blends all together, then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, every where
Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt,
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat:
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles; he amaz'd
That from so small a channel should be rais'd
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art
The tating strings (each breathing in his part)
Most kindly do fall out, the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call

Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woe
Men's hearts into their hands; this lesson too
She gives him back, her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick soba, whose thund'ring volleys float,
And roul themselves over her lubric throat,
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
Music's best seed-plot; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre;
Whose silver-roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swell their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Preferr soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their mattens sing:
(Most divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their
nest;

Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prating fly.
She opens the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train;
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs; she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
Her little soul is ravish'd; and so pour'd
Into loose ecstasies, that she is plac'd
Above her self, a music's enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face; "Yet once again
(Mistress) I come; now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy;"
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings:
The sweet lip'd sisters musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheres and make Heaven's self look
higher;
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries,
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,

¹ From Strada. See also Phillips' Pastorals. R.

Following these little rills, he sinks into
 A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup:
 The humorous strings expound his learned touch
 By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle
 In shrill-tongu'd accents, striving to be single;
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,
 Gives life to some new grace: thus doth h' invoke
 Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus,
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
 The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
 Heav'd on the surges of swoll'n rapsodies,
 Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
 Whose trembling murmurs melting in wilde airs,
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell
 In music's ravish'd soul he dare not tell,
 But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their master's blest soul (snatcht out at his ears
 By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres
 Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high
 In th' empyreum of pure harmony.
 At length, (after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety attending on
 His fingers' fairest revolution,
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
 A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this,
 And she, although her breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note;
 Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
 To measure all those wild diversities,
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
 Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone;
 She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies;
 She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
 Falling upon his lute; O fit to have,
 (That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

UPON THE DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN.

FAITHLESS and fond mortality,
 Who will ever credit thee?
 Fond and faithless thing! that thus,
 In our best hopes, beguilest us.
 What a reckoning hast thou made
 Of the hopes in him we laid?
 For life by volumes lengthened,
 A line or two, to speak him dead.
 For the laurel in his verse,
 The sullen cypress o'er his herse.
 For a silver-crowned head,
 A dirty pillow in death's bed.
 For so dear, so deep a trust,
 Sad requital, thus much dust!
 Now though the blow that snatch'd him hence,
 Stopp'd the mouth of Bloquence,
 Though she be dumb e'er since his death,
 Not us'd to speak but in his breath;
 Yet if at least she not denies
 The sad language of our eyes,

We are contented: for than this
 Language none more fluent is.
 Nothing speaks our grief so well
 As to speak nothing: come, then, tell
 Thy mind in tears, who e'er thou be,
 That ow'st a name to misery:
 Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
 And there be words not made with lungs;
 Sententious showers, O let them fall!
 Their cadence is rhetorical.
 Here's a theme will drink th' expense
 Of all thy watry eloquence;
 Weep, then, onely be express
 Thus much, "He's dead!" and weep the rest.

UPON THE DEATH OF MR. HERRYS.

A PLANT of noble stem, forward and fair,
 As ever whisper'd to the morning air, [pride,
 Thriv'd in these happy grounds, the Earth's just
 Whose rising glories made such haste to hide
 His head in clouds, as if in him alone
 Impatient Nature had taught motion
 To start from time, and cheerfully to fly
 Before, and seize upon maturity:
 Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose sweet shade
 The Sun himself oft wish'd to sit, and made
 The morning Muses perch like birds, and sing
 Among his branches, yea, and vow'd to bring
 His own delicious Phoenix from the blest
 Arabia, there to build her virgin nest,
 To hatch her self in 'mongst his leaves: the day
 Fresh from the rosy East rejoyc'd to play.
 To them she gave the first and fairest beam
 That waited on her birth, she gav'd to them
 The purest pearls, that wept her evening death,
 The balmy Zephyrus got so sweet a breath
 By often kissing them, and now begun
 Glad time to ripen expectation:
 The timerous maiden-blossoms on each bough,
 Peep'd forth from their first blushes: so that now
 A thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each bud,
 And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood
 Fix'd in delight, as if already there
 Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden year
 His crown expected, when (O Fate! O Time!
 That seldom lett'st a blushing youthful prime
 Hide his hot beams in shade of silver-age;
 So rare is hoary vertue) the dire rage
 Of a mad storm these bloomy joys all tore,
 Ravish'd the maiden blossoms, and down bore
 The trunk; yet in this ground his precious root
 Still lives, which when weak time shall be pour'd
 Into eternity, and circular joys [out
 Dance in an endless round, again shall rise
 The fair son of an ever-youthful spring,
 To be a shade for angels while they sing.
 Mean while, who e'er thou art that passest here,
 O do thou water it with one kind tear!

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST DESIRED
MR. HERRYS.

DEATH, what dost? O hold thy blow!
 What thou dost, thou dost not know.
 Death, thou must not here be cruel,
 This is Nature's choicest jewel.

This is he, in whose rare frame
 Nature labour'd for a name,
 And meant to leave his precious feature,
 The pattern of a perfect creature.
 Joy of goodness, love of art,
 Vertue wears him next her heart :
 Him the Muses love to follow,
 Him they call their Vice-Apollo.
 Apollo, golden though thou be,
 Th' art not fairer than is he.
 Nor more lovely list'st thy head,
 Blushing from thine eastern bed,
 The glories of thy youth ne'er knew
 Brighter hopes than he can shew ;
 Why then should it e'er be seen,
 That his should fade while thine is green ?
 And wilt thou (O cruel boast !)
 Put poor Nature to such cost ?
 O 'twill undo our common mother,
 To be at charge of such another.
 What ! think we to no other end,
 Gracious Heavens do use to send
 Earth her best perfection,
 But to vanish and be gone ?
 Therefore only give to day,
 To morrow to be snatch'd away ?
 I've seen indeed the hopeful bud
 Of a ruddy rose, that stood
 Blushing to behold the ray
 Of the new saluted day,
 (His tender top not fully spread)
 The sweet dash of a shower now shed,
 Invited him no more to hide
 Within himself the purple pride
 Of his forward flower, when, lo !
 While he sweetly 'gan to show
 His swelling glories, Auster spied him,
 Cruel Auster thither hy'd him,
 And with the rush of one rude blast,
 Sham'd not spitefully to waste
 All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
 And lay them trembling at his feet.
 I've seen the morning's lovely ray
 Hover o'er the new-born day,
 With rosy wings so richly bright,
 As if he scorn'd to think of night,
 When a ruddy storm, whose scowl
 Made Heaven's radiant face look foul ;
 Call'd for an untimely night,
 To blot the newly blossom'd light.
 But were the rose's blush so rare,
 Were the morning's smile so fair,
 As is he, nor cloud nor wind
 But would be courteous, would be kind.
 Spare him, Death ! O spare him then,
 Spare the sweetest among men !
 Let not Pity, with her tears,
 Keep such distance from thine ears ;
 But O ! thou wilt not, can'st not spare,
 Haste hath never time to hear ;
 Therefore if he needs must go,
 And the Fates will have it so,
 Softly may he be possess'd
 Of his monumental rest.
 Safe, thou dark home of the dead,
 Safe, O ! hide his loved head.
 For pity's sake, O hide him quite
 From his mother Nature's sight !
 Lest, for the grief his loss may move,
 All her births abortive prove.

ANOTHER.

If ever Pity were acquainted
 With stern Death, if e'er he fainted,
 Or forgot the cruell vigour
 Of an adamantine rigour,
 Here, O here we should have known it,
 Here, or no where, he'd have shown it.
 For he whose precious memory
 Baths in tears of every eye :
 He to whom our sorrow brings
 All the streams of all her springs,
 Was so rich in grace and nature,
 In all the gifts that bless a creature,
 The fresh hopes of his lovely youth
 Flourish'd in so fair a growth.
 So sweet the temple was, that shrin'd
 The sacred sweetness of his mind.
 That could the Fates know to relent,
 Could they know what mercy meant ;
 Or had ever learn'd to bear
 The soft tincture of a tear :
 Tears would now have flow'd so deep,
 As might have taught Grief how to weep : —
 Now all their steely operation
 Would quite have lost the cruel fashion ;
 Sickness would have gladly been
 Sick himself to have sav'd him :
 And his fever wish'd to prove
 Burning only in his love ;
 Him when Wrath it self had seen,
 Wrath its self had lost his spleen ;
 Grim Destruction, here amaz'd, —
 Instead of striking, would have gaz'd ;
 Even the iron-pointed pen,
 That notes the tragic dooms of men,
 Wet with tears still'd from the eyes
 Of the flinty Destinies,
 Would have learn'd a softer style,
 And have been ashamed to spoil
 His live's sweet story, by the haste
 Of a cruel stop ill plac'd
 In the dark volume of our fate,
 Whence each leaf of life hath date,
 Where, in sad particulars,
 The total sum of man appears ;
 And the short clause of mortal breath —
 Bound in the period of death —
 In all the book, if any where
 Such a term as this, " Spare here,"
 Could have been found, 'twould have been read,
 Writ in white letters o'er his head :
 Or close up his name annex'd,
 The fair gloss of a fairer text.
 In brief, if any one were free,
 He was that one, and only he.
 But he, alas ! even he is dead —
 And our hopes' fair harvest spread
 In the dust ! Pity, now spend
 All the tears that grief can lend :
 Sad Mortality may hide,
 In his ashes, all her pride,
 With this inscription o'er his head :
 " All hope of never dying here lies dead."

HIS EPITAPH.

PASSENGER, who e'er thou art,
 Stay a while, and let thy heart
 Take acquaintance of this stone,
 Before thou passest further on :

his stone will tell thee, that beneath
entomb'd the crime of Death ;
he ripe endowments of whose mind
aft his years so much behind,
had numbring of his virtues' praise,
eath lost the reckoning of his days ;
nd believing what they told,
nagin'd him exceeding old :
a him perfection did set forth
he strength of her united worth ;
him, his wisdom's pregnant growth
fade so reverend, even in youth,
that in the centre of his breast
Sweet as is the phoenix' nest)
Every reconciled grace
had their general meeting place ;
n him goodness joy'd to see
earning learn humility :

he splendour of his birth and blood
Was but the gloss of his own good ;
The flourish of his sober youth
Was the pride of naked truth :
n composure of his face
iv'd a fair, but manly grace ;
his mouth was rhetoric's best mold,
his tongue the touchstone of her gold ;
What word so e'er his breath kept warm,
Was no word now, but a charm :
For all persuasive graces thence
Suck'd their sweetest influence ;
His virtue that within had root,
Could not choose but shine without ;
And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his ways,
Circled round in his own rays :
That to his sweetness all men's eyes
Were vow'd love's flaming sacrifice.

him while fresh and fragrant Time
Cherish'd in his golden prime ;
Ere Hebe's hand had overlaid
His smooth cheeks with a downy shade ;
The rush of Death's unruly wave
Swept him off into his grave.

Enough now, (if thou can'st) pass on,
For now (alas !) not in this stone
'Passenger, who e'er thou art)
is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

AN EPIFAPH UPON HUSBAND AND WIFE,

WHO LIED AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER.

To these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force
Twixt soul and body a divorce :
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both liv'd but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep ;
Peace, the lovers are asleep !
They (sweet turtles) foiled lie,
In the last knot that love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Fill this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morn'g dawn ;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light,
Whose day shall never die in night.

AN EPITAPH UPON DOCTOR BROOK.

A BROOK whose stream so great, so good,
Was lov'd, was honour'd, as a flood,
Whose banks the Muses dwelt upon,
More than their own Helicon,
Here at length hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground :
Mean while his loved banks, now dry,
The Muses with their tears supply.

UPON MR. STANINOUGH'S DEATH.

DEAR relics of a dislodg'd soul, whose lack
Makes many a mourning paper put on black ;
O stay a while, ere thou draw in thy head,
And wind thy self up close in thy cold bed !
Stay but a little while, until I call
A summons, worthy of thy funeral. [powers,
Come then, youth, beauty, and blood, all ye soft
Whose silken flatteries swell a few fond hours
Into a false eternity ; come, man,
(Hyperbolized nothing !) know thy span ;
Take thine own measure here, down, down, and bow
Before thy self in thy idea, thou
Huge emptiness, contract thy bulk, and shrink
All thy wild circle to a point ! O sink
Lower, and lower yet ; till thy small size
Call Heaven to look on thee with narrow eyes :
Lesser and lesser yet, till thou begin
To show a face fit to confess thy kin,
Thy neighbour-hood to nothing ! here put on
Thy self in this unfeign'd reflection ;
Here, gallant ladies, this impartial glass
(Tho' all your painting) shows you your own face.
These death-seal'd lips are they dare give the lie
To the proud hopes of poor mortality.
These curtain'd windows, this self-prison'd eye,
Out-stares the lids of large-look'd tyranny :
This posture is the brave one ; this that lies
Thus low, stands up (me thinks) thus, and defies
The world—All daring dust and ashes, only you
Of all interpreters read Nature true.

UPON THE DUKE OF YORK'S BIRTH.

A PANEGYRICK.

BRITAIN, the mighty Ocean's lovely bride,
Now stretch thy self (fair isle) and grow, spread wide
Thy bosom, and make room ; thou art oppress
With thine own glories : and art strangely blest
Beyond thy self : for, lo ! the gods, the gods
Come fast upon thee, and those glorious odds
Swell thy full glories to a pitch so high,
As sits above thy best capacity.

Are they not odds ? and glorious ? that to thee
Those mighty genii throng, which well might be
Each one an age's labour, that thy days
Are guid'd with the union of those rays,
Whose each divided beam would be a sun,
To glad the sphere of any nation.
O ! if for these thou mean'st to find a seat,
Th' hast need, O Britain ! to be truly great.
And so thou art, their presence makes thee so,
They are thy greatness : gods, where e'er they go,
Bring their Heaven with them, their great foot-
An everlasting smile upon the face [steps place

Of the glad Earth they tread on, while with thee
Those beams that amplify mortality,
And teach it to expatiate, and swell
To majesty and fulness deign to dwell;
Thou by thy self may'st sit, (blest isle) and see
How thy great mother, Nature, doats on thee:
Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,
And seem'd to make an isle, but made a world.

Great Charles! thou sweet dawn of a glorious
Centre of those thy grandsires, shall I say, [day,
Henry and James, or Mars and Phœbus rather?
If this were Wisdom's god, that War's stern father,
'Tis but the same is said, Henry and James
Are Mars and Phœbus under divers names.
O thou full mixture of those mighty souls,
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the poles
Of peace and war; and thou for whose manly brow
Both laurels twine into one wreath, and woo
To be thy garland; see, (sweet prince) O see
Thou, and the lovely hopes that smile in thee,
Are ta'en out, and transcrib'd by thy great mother.
See, see thy real shadow, see thy brother,
Thy little self in less, read in these eyes
The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.
From the same snowy alabaster rock
These hands and thine were hewn, these cherries
The coral of thy lips. Thou art of all [mock
This well-wrought copy the fair principal.

Justly, great Nature, may'st thou brag and tell
How ev'n th' hast drawn this faithful parallel,
And match'd thy master-peece! O then, go on!
Make such another sweet comparison.
See'st thou that Mary there? O teach her mother
To show her to her self in such another:
Fellow this wonder too, nor let her shine
Alone, light such another star, and twine
Their rosy beams, so that the morn for one
Venus may have a constellation.

So have I seen (to dress their mistress May)
Two silken sister flowers consult, and lay
Their bashful cheeks together, newly they
Peep'd from their buds, show'd like the garden's eyes
Scarce wak'd: like was the crimson of their joys,
Like were the pearls they wept, so like, that one
Seem'd but the other's kind reflection. [the day?

But stay, what glimpse was that? Why blush'd
Why the started air trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in rays that scorn
Acquaintance with the Sun? What second morn
At mid-day opens a presence which Heaven's eye
Stands off and points at? Is't some deity,
Stept from her throne of stars, deigns to be seen?
Is it some deity? or is't our queen?
'Tis she, 'tis she! her awful beauties chase
The day's abashed glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own sunshine! O thou bright
Mistress of wonders! Cynthia's is the night,
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day
(Nor does the Sun deny 't) our Cynthia.
Illustrious sweetness! in thy faithful womb,
That nest of heroes, all our hopes find room;
Thou art the mother phoenix, and thy breast
Chaste as that virgin honour of the East,
But much more fruitful is; nor does, as she,
Deny to mighty love a deity;
Then let the eastern world brag and be proud
Of one coy phoenix, while we have a brood,
A brood of phoenixes, and still the mother:
And may we long; long may'st thou live, t' increase
The house and family of phoenixes.

Nor may the light, that gives their eye-lids light,
E'er prove the dismal morning of thy night:
Ne'er, may a birth of thine be bought so dear,
To make his costly cradle of thy bier.
O may'st thou thus make all the year thine own,
And see such names of joy sit white upon
The brow of every month; and when that's done,
Mayest in a son of his find every son
Repeated, and that son still in another,
And so in each child often prove a mother.
Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean
Upon thy royal elm, (fair vine!) and when
The Heavens will stay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell sweet in some eternal story.
Pardon (bright excellence!) an untun'd string,
That in thy ears thus keeps a murmuring;
O! speak a lowly Muse's pardon; speak
Her pardon or her sentence; only break
Thy silence; speak; and she shall take from thee
Numbers, and sweetness, and an influence,
Confessing thee; or (if too long I stay)
O speak thou, and my pipe hath nought to say:
For see Apollo all this while stands mute,
Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.
But gods are gracious: and their altars make
Precious their offerings that their altars take;
Give them this rural wreath, fire from thine eyes.
This rural wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

Vpon Ford's Two Tragedies.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE AND THE BROKEN HEART.

Thou cheat'st us, Ford, mak'st one seem two by art.
What is Love's sacrifice, but the Broken Heart?

ON A FOUL MORNING,

BEING THEM TO TAKE A JOUENRY.

WHERE art thou, Sol, while thus the blindfold day
Stagers out of the East, loses her way,
Stumbling on night? Rouse thee, illustrious youth,
And let no dull mists choke the light's fair growth.
Point here thy beams, O glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks!
Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appear
Full glory, flaming in her own free sphere.
Gladness shall clothe the Earth, we will ensile
The face of things, an universal smile:
Say to the sullen Morn, thou com'st to court her;
And wilt demand proud Zephirus to sport her;
With wanton gales; his balmy breath shall lick
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek;
Which rarified, and in a gentle rain
On those delicious banks distill'd again,
Shall rise in a sweet harvest, which discloses
To every blushing bed of new-born roses.
He'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,
And frisk in curl'd meanders: he will throw
A fragrant breath, suck'd from the spicy nest
O' th' precious phoenix, warm upon her breast:
He, with a dainty and soft hand, will trim
And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
In silken volumes; whereas'er she'll tread,
Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.
Rise, then, (fair blew-ey'd maid) rise, and dis-
Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover. [cover

See how he runs! with what a hasty flight
 Into thy bosom, bath'd with liquid light!
 Fly, fly, prophane fogs! far hence fly away!
 Taint not the pure streams of the springing day.
 With your dull influence, it is for you
 To sit and scowl upon Night's heavy brow;
 Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin Morn,
 Where nought but smiles and ruddy joys are worn:
 Fly, then, and do not think with her to stay;
 Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to day.

UPON THE FAIR

ETHIOPIAN SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN.

Lo! here the fair Charicia! in whom strove
 So false a fortune, and so true a love.
 Now, after all her toils by sea and land,
 O may she but arrive at your white hand!
 Her hopes are crown'd, only she fears that then
 She shall appear true Ethiopian.

ON MARRIAGE.

I WOULD be married, but I'd have no wife,
 I would be married to a single life.

TO THE MORNING.

SATISFACTION FOR SLEEP.

WHAT succour can I hope the Muse will send
 Whose drowsiness hath wrong'd the Muse's friend?
 What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,
 Unless the Muse sing my apology?
 O in that morning of my shame! when I
 Lay folded up in Sleep's captivity;
 How at the sight didst thou draw back thine eyes
 Into thy modest veil? How didst thou rise
 Twice dy'd in thine own blushes, and didst run
 To draw the curtains, and awake the Sun?
 Who, rousing his illustrious tresses, came,
 And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
 His head in thy fair bosom, and still hides
 Me from his patronage: I pray, he chides:
 And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take
 My own Apollo, try if I can make
 His Lethe be my Helicon: and see
 If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on me.
 Hence 'tis my humble fancy finds no wings,
 No nimble rapture starts to Heaven, and brings
 Enthusiastic flames, such as can give
 Marrow to my plump genius, make it live
 Drest in the glorious madness of a Muse,
 Whose feet can walk the milky way, and choose
 Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warm
 The grave, and hold up an exalted arm
 To lift me from my lazy urn, and climb
 Upon the stopped shoulders of old Time;
 And trace eternity—But all is dead,
 All these delicious hopes are buried
 In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,
 Where mercy cannot find them: but, O thou
 Bright lady of the morn! pity doth lie
 To warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die:
 Give me mercy, then, and when he next shall rise,
 Meet the angry god, invade his eyes,

And stroke his radiant cheeks! one timely kiss
 Will kill his anger, and revive my bliss.
 So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,
 Thrice will I pay three tears, to show how true
 My grief is; so my wakeful lay shall knock
 At th' oriental gates, and duely mock
 The early lark's shrill orisons, to be
 An anthem at the Day's nativity.
 And the same rosy-finger'd hand of thine,
 That shuts Night's dying eyes, shall open mine.

But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I
 Was ever known to be thy votary.
 No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
 Nor will I offer any more to thee
 My self a melting sacrifice: I'm born
 Again a fresh child of the buxom Morn.
 Heir of the Sun's first beams, why threat'st thou so?
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? Go,
 Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful Woe,
 Sickness and Sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know
 Thy downy finger; dwell upon their eyes,
 Shut in their tears; shut out their miseries.

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.

LOVE, brave Vertue's younger brother,
 Erst hath made my heart a mother;
 She consults the conscious spheres,
 To calculate her young son's years.
 She asks, if sad or saving pow'rs
 Gave omen to his infant hours;
 She asks each star that then stood by,
 If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah! my heart, is that the way?
 Are these the beams that rule thy day?
 Thou know'st a face, in whose each look
 Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book,
 On whose fair revolutions wait
 The obsequious motions of Love's fate.
 Ah! my heart, her eyes and she
 Have taught thee new astrology.
 How e'er Love's native hours were set,
 What ever stary synod met,
 'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
 If poor Love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays putting on
 Points of death bid Love begone,
 (Though the Heavens in council sate,
 To crown an uncontrolled fate,
 Though their best aspects twin'd upon
 The kindest constellation,
 Cast amorous glances on his birth,
 And whisper'd the confederate Earth
 To pave his paths with all the good
 That warms the bed of youth and blood)
 Love has no plea against her eye,
 Beauty frowns, and Love must dye.

But if her milder influence move,
 And gild the hopes of humble Love:
 Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
 Lay black on Love's nativity;
 Though every diamond in Jove's crown
 Fixt his forehead to a frown)
 Her eye a strong appeal can give,
 Beauty smiles, and Love shall live.

O! if Love shall live, O! where,
 But in her eye, or in her ear,
 In her breast, or in her breath,
 Shall I hide poor Love from death?
 For in the life aught else can give,
 Love shall die, although he live.

Or if Love shall die, O! where,
 But in her eye, or in her ear,
 In her breath, or in her breast,
 Shall I build his funeral nest?
 While Love shall thus entomb'd lie,
 Love shall live, although he die.

OUT OF VIRGIL,

IN THE PRAISE OF THE SPRING.

ALL trees, all leafy groves, confess the Spring
 Their gentlest friend: then, then the lands begin
 To swell with forward pride, and seed desire
 To generation: Heaven's almighty sire
 Melts on the bosom of his love, and pours
 Himself into her lap in fruitful showers,
 And by a soft insinuation, mixt
 With Earth's large mass, doth cherish and assist
 Her weak conceptions: no lone shade, but rings
 With chatting birds' delicious murmurings.
 Then Venus' mild instinct (at set times) yields
 The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields
 (Quick with warm Zephyr's lively breath) lay forth
 Their pregnant bosoms in a fragrant birth.
 Each body's plump and juicy, all things full
 Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will
 Trust his beloved bosom to the Sun,
 (Grown lusty now): no vice so weak and young
 That fears the foul-mouth'd Auster, or those storms
 That the south-west wind hurries in his arms,
 But hastes her forward blossoms, and lays out,
 Freely lays out her leaves; nor do I doubt
 But when the world first out of Chaos sprang,
 So smil'd the days, and so the tenour ran
 Of their felicity. A spring was there,
 An everlasting spring the jolly year
 Led round in his great circle: no wind's breath
 As then did smell of winter, or of death; [when
 When life's sweet light first shone on beasts, and
 From their hard mother Earth sprang hardy men;
 When beasts took up their lodging in the wood,
 Stars in their higher chambers: never cou'd
 The tender growth of things endure the sense
 Of such a change, but that the Heav'n's indulgence
 Kindly supplies sick Nature, and doth mold
 A sweetly-temper'd mean, nor hot nor cold.

WITH A PICTURE SENT TO A FRIEND.

I PAINT so ill, my piece had need to be
 Painted again by some good poesy,
 I write so ill, my slender line is scarce
 So much as th' picture of a well-lymn'd verse:
 Yet may the love I send be true, though I
 Send not true picture nor true poesy:
 Both which away, I should not need to fear,
 My love, or feign'd, or painted, should appear.

IN PRAISE OF PHYSIC,

HIS RULE OF HEALTH.

Go, now, with some daring drug,
 Bait the disease, and while they tug,
 Thou, to maintain their cruel strife,
 Spend the dear treasure of thy life:
 Go, take physic, doat upon
 Some big-nam'd composition,
 The oraculous doctor's mystic bills,
 Certain hard words made into pills;
 And what at length shalt get by these?
 Only a costlier disease.

Go, poor man, think what shall be
 Remedy against thy remedy.
 That which makes us have no need
 Of physic, that's physic indeed.

Hark hither, reader, would'st thou see
 Nature her own physician be;
 Would'st see a man, all his own wealth,
 His own physic, his own health?
 A man whose sober soul can tell
 How to wear her garments well?
 Her garments that upon her sit,
 As garments should do, close and fit?
 A well-cloth'd soul that's not oppress'd,
 Nor chok'd with what she should be dress'd?
 A soul sheath'd in a chrystal shrine,
 Through which all her bright features shine?
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,
 A thin aereal veil is drawn
 O'er Beauty's face, seeming to hide,
 More sweetly shows the blushing bride.
 A soul, whose intellectual beams
 No mists do mask, no lazy steams?
 A happy soul, that all the way
 To Heaven hath a summer's day?
 Would'st thou see a man, whose well-warm'd blood
 Bathes him in a genuine flood?
 A man, whose tuned humours be
 A set of rarest harmony?
 Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguild
 Age, would'st see December smile?
 Would'st see a nest of roses grow
 In a bed of reverend snow?
 Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
 Winter's self into a spring?
 In sum, would'st see a man that can
 Live to be old, and still a man?

THE BEGINNING OF HELIODORUS.

The smiling morn had newly wak'd the day,
 And tipt the mountains in a tender ray:
 When on a hill (whose high imperious brow
 Looks down, and sees the humble Nile below
 Lick his proud feet, and haste into the seas
 Thro' the great mouth that's nam'd from Hercules)
 A band of men, rough as the arms they wore,
 Look'd round, first to the sea, then to the shore.
 The shore, that show'd them what the sea deserv'd
 Hope of a prey. There, to the main land ty'd,
 A ship they saw, no men she had: yet prest
 Appear'd with other lading, for her breast
 Deep in the groaning waters wallow'd
 Up to the third ring; o'er the shore was spread

Death's purple triumph; on the blushing ground
 Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd
 In their own blood's dear deluge, some new dead,
 Lame panting in their yet warm ruins bled:
 While their affrighted souls, now wing'd for flight,
 Sent them the last flash of her glimmering light,
 Those yet fresh streams, which crawled every
 where, [there:
 How'd, that stern War had newly bath'd him
 For did the face of this disaster show
 Marks of a fight alone, but feasting too,
 A miserable and a monstrous feast,
 Where hungry War had made himself a guest;
 And, coming late, had eat up guests and all,
 Who prov'd the feast to their own funeral, &c.

OUT OF THE GREEK.

CUPID'S CRIES.

LOVE is lost, nor can his mother
 Her little fugitive discover:
 He seeks, she sighs, but no where spies him;
 Love is lost; and thus she cries him:
 "O yes! if any happy eye
 This roving wanton shall descry:
 Let the finder surely know
 Mine is the wag; 'tis I that owe
 The winged wand'rer, and that none
 May think his labour vainly gone,
 The glad descrier shall not miss
 To taste the nectar of a kiss
 From Venus' lips; but as for him
 That brings him to me, he shall swim
 In ripper joys; more shall be his
 Venus assures him) than a kiss:
 But lest your eye discerning slide,
 These marks may be your judgment's guide:
 His skin as with a fiery blushing
 High-colour'd is; his eyes still flushing
 With nimble flames; and though his mind
 Be ne'er so curst, his tongue is kind:
 For never were his words in aught
 Found the pure issue of his thought.
 The working bees' soft melting gold,
 That which their waxen mines unfold,
 Flow not so sweet as do the tones
 Of his tun'd accents; but if once
 His anger kindle, presently
 It boils out into cruelty,
 And fraud: he makes poor mortals' hurts
 The objects of his cruel sports;
 With dainty curls his froward face
 Is crown'd about; but O! what place,
 What farthest nook of lowest Hell,
 Feels not the strength, the reaching spell,
 Of his small hand? Yet not so small
 As 'tis powerful therewithal.
 Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,
 And like a saucy bird he hovers
 With wanton wing, now here, now there,
 Bout men and women; nor will spare,
 Till at length he perching rest,
 In the closet of their breast.
 His weapon is a little bow,
 Yet such a one as (Jove knows how)
 Ne'er suffer'd yet his little arrow
 Of Heav'n's high'st arches to fall narrow.

The gold that on his quiver smiles,
 Deceives men's fears with flattering wiles:
 But O! (too well my wounds can tell)
 With bitter shafts 'tis sauced too well.
 He is all cruel, cruel all;
 His torch imperious, though but small,
 Makes the Sun (of flames the sire)
 Worse than sun-burnt in his fire.
 Wheresoe'er you chance to find him,
 Seize him, bring him, (but first bind him.)
 Pity not him, but fear thy self,
 Though thou see the crafty elf,
 Tell down his silver drops unto thee,
 They're counterfeit, and will undo thee.
 With baited smiles if he display
 His fawning cheeks, look not that way;
 If he offer sugar'd kisses,
 Start, and say, 'The serpent hisses:'
 Draw him, drag him, though he pray,
 Woo, entreat, and crying say,
 'Pr'ythee, sweet, now let me go,
 Here's my quiver, shafts, and bow,
 I'll give thee all, take all,' take heed,
 Lest his kindness make thee bleed.
 What e'er it be Love offers, still presume
 That tho' it shines, 'tis fire, and will consume."

HIGH mounted on an ant, Nannus the tall
 Was thrown, alas! and got a deadly fall:
 Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
 All torn: with much ado yet ere he dies,
 He strains these words: "Base Envy, do laugh on,
 Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaethon."

UPON VENUS

PUTTING ON MARS HIS ARMS.

WHAT! Mars his sword? fair Cythera, say,
 Why art thou arm'd so desperately to day?
 Mars thou hast beaten naked, and O! then
 What needst thou put on arms against poor men?

UPON THE SAME.

PALLAS saw Venus arm'd, and straight she cry'd,
 "Come, if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be try'd."
 "Why, fool!" says Venus, "thus provok'st thou
 me, [thee?"
 That being nak'd, thou know'st could conquer

UPON

BISHOP ANDREWS HIS PICTURE BEFORE
 HIS SERMONS.

THIS reverend shadow cast that setting Sun,
 Whose glorious course thro' our horizon run,
 Left the dim face of this dull hemisphere,
 All one great eye, all drown'd in one great tear;
 Whose fair illustrious soul led his free thought
 Thro' learning's universe, and (vainly) sought
 Room for her spacious self, until at length
 She found the way home with an holy strength,
 Snatch'd her self hence to Heaven: fill'd a bright
 place
 'Mongst those immortal fires, and on the face

Of her great Maker fix'd her flaming eye,
There still to read true pure divinity.
And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrink
Into this less appearance : if you think
'Tis but a dead face, Art doth here bequeath ;
Look on the following leaves, and see him breath.

OUT OF MARTIAL.

Four teeth thou had'st, that, rank'd in goodly state,
Kept thy mouth's gate.

The first blast of thy cough left two alone,
The second, none.

This last cough, Ælia, cough'd out all thy fear,
Thou'st left the third cough now no business here.

OUT OF ITALIAN.

A SONG.

To thy lover,
Dear, discover
That sweet blush of thine, that shameth
(When those roses
It discloses)

All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free air,
Flow thy hair ;

That no more summer's best dresses
Be beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

O deliver
Love his quiver,
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow ;
Feather'd with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not
(That we die not)
Those dear lips, whose door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearls, and sister roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather.
Earth and Heaven,
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee,
Winds cling to thee,
Might a word once fly from out thee ;
Storm and thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee.

But if Nature's
Common creatures,
So dear glories dare not borrow :
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty
To my loving, ling'ring sorrow.

When to end me
Death shall send me
All his terrors to affright me ;
Thine eyes' graces
Guild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight me.

When my dying
Life is flying ;
Those sweet airs that often slew me
Shall revive me,
Or reprove me,
And to many deaths renew me.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

Love now no fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it.
Your eyes the light hath rest him ;
The heat commanding in my heart doth sit.
O ! that poor Love be not for ever spoiled,
Let my heat to your light be reconciled.

So shall these flames, whose worth
Now all obscured lies,
(Drest in those beams) start forth
And dance before your eyes.

Or else partake my flames,
(I care not whether)
And so in mutual names,
O Love ! burn both together.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

Would any one the true cause find
How Love came nak'd, a boy, and blind ?
'Tis this : listening one day too long
To th' syrens in my mistress' song,
The ecstasy of a delight
So much o'er-mastring all his might,
To that one sense, made all else thrall,
And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart and all

ON THE
FRONTISPIECE OF ISAACSON'S CHRONO-
LOGY EXPLAINED.

If with distinctive eye and mind you look
Upon the front, you see more than one book.
Creation is God's book, wherein he writ
Each creature, as a letter filling it.
History is Creation's book, which shows
To what effects the series of it goes.
Chronology's the book of History, and bears
The just account of days, of months, and years.
But Resurrection in a later press,
And New Edition is the sum of these :
The language of these books had all been one,
Had not th' aspiring tow'r of Babylon
Confus'd the tongues, and in a distance hurl'd
As far the speech, as men, o' th' new fill'd world.
Set then your eyes in method, and behold
Time's emblem, Saturn ; who, when store of gold
Coin'd the first age, devour'd that birth he fear'd ;
Till History, Time's eldest child, appear'd ;
And, phoenix-like, in spite of Saturn's rage,
Forc'd from her ashes, heirs in every age.

From th' rising Sun, obtaining by just suit
 Spring's engender, and an Autumn's fruit.
 Who in those volumes, at her motion pen'd,
 Into Creation's Alpha doth extend,
 gain ascend, and view Chronology,
 by optic skill pulling far History
 learer; whose hand the piercing eagle's eye
 strengthens to bring remotest objects nigh.
 Under whose feet, you see the setting Sun,
 from the dark gnomon, o'er her volumes run,
 brown'd in eternal night, never to rise;
 till Resurrection show it to the eyes
 of earth-worn men; and her shrill trumpet's sound
 affright the bones of mortals from the ground:
 the columns both are crown'd with either sphere,
 to show Chronology and History bear
 to other culmen than the double art,
 Astronomy, Geography impart.

OR THUS.

As hoary Time's vast bowels be the grave
 to what his bowels' birth and being gave:
 yet Nature die, and (phœnix-like) from death
 revived Nature take a second breath:
 from Time's right hand sit fair History;
 from the seed of empty ruin, she
 can raise so fair an harvest: let her be
 so far distant, yet Chronology
 Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can
 out-stare the broad-beam'd day's meridian)
 will have a perspicil to find her out,
 and, thro' the night of error and dark doubt,
 discern the dawn of Truth's eternal ray,
 as when the rosy morn buds into day.

Now that Time's empire might be amply fill'd,
 Sabel's bold artists strive (below) to build
 a temple; on whose fruitful fall
 history rears her pyramids more tall
 than were th' Egyptian (by the life, these give,
 the Egyptian pyramids themselves must live:)
 on these she lifts the world; and on their base
 shows the two terms and limits of Time's race:
 that, the Creation is; the Judgement this;
 that, the world's morning; this her midnight is.

AN EPITAPH UPON MR. ASHTON,

A CONFORMABLE CITIZEN.

THE modest front of this small floor,
 Believe me, reader, can say more
 than many a braver marble can,
 'Here lies a truly honest man.'
 One whose conscience was a thing,
 that troubled neither church nor king.
 One of those few that in this town
 honour all preachers, hear their own
 sermons he heard, yet not so many
 as left no time to practise any.
 He heard them reverently, and then
 his practice preach'd them o'er agen.
 His parlour-sermons rather were
 those to the eye, than to the ear.
 His prayers took their price and strength
 not from the loudness, nor the length.
 He was a Protestant at home,
 not only in despite of Rome.
 He lov'd his father, yet his zeal
 fore not off his mother's veil.
 To th' church he did allow her dress,
 true beauty to true holiness.

Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
 Her hand to bring him to his end:
 When Age and Death call'd for the score,
 No surfeits were to reckon for;
 Death tore not (therefore) but sans strife
 Gently untwiv'd his thread of life.
 What remains, then, but that thou
 Write these lines, reader, in thy brow,
 And by his fair example's light,
 Burn in thy imitation bright.
 So while these lines can but bequeath
 A life perhaps unto his death,
 His better epitaph shall be,
 His life still kept alive in thee.

OUT OF CATULLUS.

COME, and let us live, my dear,
 Let us love, and never fear
 What the sourest fathers say:
 Brightest Sol, that dies to day,
 Lives again as blithe to morrow;
 But if we, dark sons of sorrow
 Set; O! then how long a night
 Shuts the eyes of our short light!
 Then let amorous kisses dwell
 On our lips, begin and tell
 A thousand and a hundred score,
 An hundred and a thousand more,
 Till another thousand smother
 That, and that wipe of another.
 Thus, at last, when we have numbred
 Many a thousand, many a hundred;
 We'll confound the reckoning quite,
 And lose our selves in wild delight:
 While our joys so multiply,
 As shall mock the envious eye.

WISHES,

TO HIS (SUPPOSED) MISTRESS.

Who e'er she be,
 That not impossible she,
 That shall command my heart and me;
 Where e'er she lye,
 Lock'd up from mortal eye,
 In shady leaves of destiny:
 Till that ripe birth
 Of studied Fate stand forth,
 And teach her fair steps to our Earth;
 Till that divine
 Ideas take a shrine
 Of chrysal flesh, through which to shine:
 Meet you her, my wishes,
 Bespeak her to my blisses,
 And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.
 I wish her beauty,
 That owes not all its duty
 To gaudy tire, or glistening shoe-tie.
 Something more than
 Taffata or tissue can,
 Or rampant feather, or rich fan.
 More than the spoil
 Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
 Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest.

A face made up
Out of no other shop,
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A cheek where youth,
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write, what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose :
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks that oppress
Their richest tyes, but dresse
And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out-faces
That sun-shine by their own sweet graces.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems, that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush. be its own tear.

A well-tam'd heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on Love's bow ;
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joys, that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and flight,
As the coy bride's, when night
First does the longing lover right.

Tears, quickly fled,
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying maidenhead.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spight
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind, are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by th' absence of the day.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend."

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose pow'rs
Can crown old Winter's head with flow'rs.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bow'rs,
'Bove all, nothing within that low'rs.

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame
Have Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and poesy :
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish——no more.

Now if Time knows
That her whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows ;

Her whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise ;

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see :
I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here,
Lo ! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it.

Such worth as this is,
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions ; but her story.

IN PICTURAM REVERENDISSIMI EPISCOPI,

D. ANDREWS.

Hæc charta monstrat, fama quem monstrat magis,
Sed & ipsa nec dum fama quem monstrat satis,
Ille, ille totam solus implevit tubam,
Tot ora solus domuit & famam quoque
Fecit modestam : mentis ignem pater
Agiliq; radio lucis æternæ vigil,
Per alta rerum pondera indomito vagns
Cucurrit animo, quippe naturam ferox
Exhausit ipsam mille fatus artibus,
Et mille linguis ipse se in gentes procul
Variavit omnes, fuitq; toti simul
Cognatus orbi, sic sacrum & solidum jubar
Saturumq; celo pectus ad patrios libens
Porrexit ignes : hac eum (lector) vides
Hæc (ecce) charta O utinam & audires quoque.

EPITAPHIUM IN DOMINUM HERASIMUM.

Serta te paulum (viator) ubi longum sisti
Necessæ erit, huc nempe properare te scias
quocumque properas.

Mors prætium erit
Et lachrymæ,
Si jacere hic scias
Gulielmum

Splendide Herrisiorum familia
Splendorem maximum :

Quem cum talem vixisse intellexeris,
Et vixisse tantum ;
Discas licet

In quantas spes possit
Assurgere mortalitas,
De quantis cæcæ.

Quem { Infantem, Essexia — } vidit
{ Juvenem, Catabrigia }
Senem, ah infelix utraque
Quod non vidit.

Qui
Collegii Christi Alumnus
Aulæ Pembrokianæ socius,

Utrique, ingens amoris certamen fuit,
Donec

Dulciss. Lites elusit Deus,
Eumque cælestis Collegii,
Cujus semper alumnus fuit
socium fecit ;

Qui & ipse Collegium fuit,
In quo

Musæ omnes & Gratia,
Nullibi magis sorores,
Sub prævide religione,
In tenacissimum sodalitium coaluere.

Quem { Oratoria Oratorem }
{ Poetica Poetam } Agnovere.
{ Vtraque Philosophum }
{ Christianam Omnes }

Qui { Fide Mundum }
{ Spe Cælum } Superavit.
{ Charitate Proximum }
{ Humilitate Seipsum }

Cujus

Sub verna fronte senilis ænivas,
Sub morum facilitate, æveritas virtutis ;
Sub plurima indole, pauci anni ;
Sub majore modestia, maxima indoles
adeo se occuluerunt
ut vitam ejus

Fulchram dixeris & pudicam dissimulationem :

Imo vero & mortem,
Ecce enim in ipso funere
Dissimulare se passus est,

Sub tantillo marmore tantum hospitem,
Eo nimirum majore monumento
quo minore tumulo.

Eo ipso die occubuit quo Ecclesia
Anglicana ad vespas legit,
Raptus est ne malitia mutaret intellectum ejus ;
Scilicet Id : Octobris, Anno S. 1631.

PRINCIPI RECENS NATÆ OMEN MATERNÆ INDOLIS.

CRÆSCÆ, O dulcibus imputanda divis,
O cræscæ, & propra, puella princeps,

In matris propra venire partes.
Et cum par breve fulminum minorum,
Illinc Carolus, & Jacobus inde,
In patris faciles subire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris ;
Cum terror sacer, Angliciq; magnum
Marmor nominis increpabit omnes.
Late Bæspores, Ottomanicasque
Non picto quatit tremore lunas ;
Te tunc altera nec timenda pæci,
Poescent prælia. Tu potens pudici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
Late dulcia fata dissipabis.
O cum sos tener ille, qui recenti
Pressus sidere jam sub ora ludit,
Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
Evolvet latus aureum per ignes ;
Quiq; imbellis adhuc, adultus olim ;
Puris expatiabitur genarum
Campis imperiosior Cupido ;
O quam certa superbiore penna
Ibunt spicula, melleæque mortes,
Exultantibus hinc et inde turmis,
Quoquo jusseris, impigre volabunt !
O quot corda calentium deorum
De te vulnera delicata discent !
O quot pectora principum magistris
Fient molle negotium sagittis !
Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,
Cui matris sinus atque utrumque sidus
Magnorum patet officina amorum ?
Hinc sumas licet, O puella princeps,
Quantacumque opus est tibi pharetra.
Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
Matris lumine, Gratiæque centum,
Et centum Veneres : adhuc manebunt
Centum mille Cupidines ; manebunt
Ter centum Veneresque Gratiæque
Puro fonte superstites per ævum.

IN SERENISSIMÆ REGINÆ PARTUM HYEMALÆ.

SERTA puer : (quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus ?)
Texe mihi facili pollice sarta, puer.
Quid tu nescio quos nasras mihi, stultus, Decembres
Quid mihi cum nivibus ? da mihi sarta, puer.
Nix ? & hyems ? non est nostras quid tale per oras ;
Non est : vel si sit, non tamen esse potest.
Ver agitur : quæcumque truncem dat larva Decem-
brem,
Quid fera cunque fremant frigora, ver agitur.
Nonne vides quali se palmite regia vitis
Prodit, & in sacris quæ sedet uva jugis ?
Tam lætis quæ bruma solet ridere racemis ?
Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas ?
O Maria ! O divum soboles, genitrixque Deorum !
Siccine nostra tuas tempora ludus erunt ?
Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumæ
Sydera, nil madidos sola morare notos ?
Siccine sub media poterunt tua surgere bruma,
Atq; auas solum lilia nosse nives ?
Ergo vel invitis nivibus, fremdentibus Austris,
Nostra novis poterunt regna tumere rosas ?
O bona turbastris anni, quæ limite noto
Tempora sub signis non sinis ire suis !
O pia prædatrix hyemis, quæ tristia mundi
Murmura tam dulci sub ditione tenes !
Perge precor nostris vim pulchram ferre Calendis
Perge precor menses sic numerare tuos.

Perge intempestiva atque importuna videri;
 Inque uteri titulos sic rape cuncta tui.
 Sit nobis sit sæpe hyemes sic cernere nostras
 Exhæredatas floribus ire tuis.
 Sæpe sit has vernas hyemes Majoraq; Decembres,
 Has per te roseas sæpe videre nives.
 Altera gens varium per sydera computet annum,
 Atq; suos ducant per vaga signa dies.
 Nos deceat nimis tantum permittere nimbis?
 Temporatam tetricas ferre Britannia vices?
 Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum:
 In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuas.
 Sit tuus ille uterus nostri bonus arbiter anni:
 Tempus & in titulos transeat omne tuas.
 Namque alia indueret tam dulcia nomina mensis?
 Aut qua tam posset candidus ire toga?
 Hanc laurum Junus sibi vertice vellet utroque;
 Hanc sibi vel tota Chloride Majus emet.
 Tota suam (vere expulso) republica florum
 Reginam cuperent te, sobolemve tuam.
 O bona sors anni, cum cuncti ex ordine menses
 Hic mihi Carolides, hic Marianus erit!

AD REGINAM.

Er vero jam tempus erat tibi, maxima mater,
 Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem:
 Tempus erat, ne qua tibi basia blanda vacarent;
 Sarcina ne collo sit minus apta tuo.
 Scilicet ille tuus, timor & spes ille suorum,
 Quo primum es felix pignore facta parens,
 Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur & enses,
 Jam patris magis est, jam magis ille suus.
 Indolis O stimulus! vix dum illi transiit infans;
 Jamque sibi impatiens arripit ille virum.
 Improbis ille suis adeo negat ire sub annis:
 Jam nondum puer est, major & est puer.
 Si quis in auleis pictas animatus in iras
 Stat leo, quem docta cuspe ludit acus,
 Hostis (io!) est; neq; enim ille alium dignabitur
 hostem;
 Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus.
 Tunc hasta gravis adversum furit; hasta bacillum
 Mox falsum vero vulnere pectus hiat. [est:
 Stat leo, ceu stupeat tali bene fixus ab hoste;
 Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
 Tam torvum, tam dulce micant: nescire fatetur
 Mars ne sub his oculis esset, an esset Amor.
 Quippe illic Mars est, sed qui bene possit amari;
 Est & Amor certe, sed metuendus Amor:
 Talis Amor, talis Mars est ibi cernere; qualis
 Seu puer hic esset, sive vir ille deus.
 Hic tibi jam scitus succedit in oscula fratris,
 Res (ecce!) in lusus non operosa tuos.
 Basia jam veniant tua quancunque caterva;
 Jam quocunque tuus murmure ludat amor.
 En! Tibi materies tenera & tractabilis hic est:
 Hic ad blanditias est tibi cæra sargis.
 Salve infans, tot basiolis, molle argumentum,
 Maternis labiis dulce negotiolium,
 O salve! Nam te nato, puer auree, natus
 Et Carolo & Mariæ tertius est oculus.

IN FACIEM AUGUSTISS. REGIS A MORBILLIS
INTEGRAM.

MUSA redi; vocat alma parens Academia: Noster
 Ea redit, ore suo noster Apollo redit.

Vultus adhuc suus, & vultu sua purpura tantum
 Vivit, & admixtas pergit amare nives.
 Tunc illas violare genas? tunc illa profanis,
 Morbe ferox, tentas ire per ora notis?
 Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, vanissime? Nostra
 Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere suas.
 Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur;
 Ipsa sedet radiis O bene tuta suis:
 Quippe illic deus est, cœlumque & sanctius astrum;
 Quippe sub his totus ridet Apollo genis.
 Quod facie rex tutus erat, quod cætera tactus:
 Hinc hominem rex est factus, & inde deum.

REX REDUX.

ILLE redit, redit. Hoc populi bona murmura
 volvunt;
 Publicus hoc (audin'?) plausus ad astra refert:
 Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum;
 Omnibus hinc una est lætitiæ facies,
 Rex noster, lux nostra redit; redeuntis ad ora
 Arridet totis Anglia læta genis;
 Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis;
 Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.
 Forte roges tanto quas digna pericula plausu
 Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quosve metus:
 Anne perrerati male fida volumina ponti
 Ausa illum terris pene negare suis:
 Hospitis an nimii dursus sibi conscia tellus
 Vix bene speratum reddat libera caput.
 Nil horum; nec enim male fida volumina ponti
 Aut sacrum tellus vidit libera caput.
 Verus amor tamen hæc sibi falsa pericula fingit:
 (Falsa peric'la solet fingere verus amor)
 At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret:
 (Vera peric'la solet temnere verus amor)
 Illi falsa timens, sibi vera pericula temnens,
 Non solum est fidus, sed quoque fortis amor.
 Interea nostri satis ille est causa triumphi:
 Et satis (ah!) nostri causa doloris erat.
 Causa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licet esset;
 Anglia quod saltem discere posset, Abest.
 Et satis est nostri Carolus nunc causa triumphi:
 Dicere quod saltem possumus, Ille redit.

AD PRINCIPEM NONDUM NATUM.

NASCERE nunc; O nunc! quid enim, puer alme,
 moraris?
 Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.
 Ergone tot tardos (O lente!) morabere menses?
 Rex redit, ipse veni, & dic bone, Gratus ades.
 Nam quid Ave nostrum? quid nostri verba
 Vagitu melius dixeris ista tuo. [triumphi]
 At maneat tamen: & nobis nova causa triumphi
 Sic demum fueris; nec nova causa tamen:
 Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova nascitur infans,
 Reverta toties Carolus ipse redit.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO,

TE DECET HYMNUS.

SACRED POEMS,

COLLECTED, CORRECTED, AUGMENTED, MOST HUMBLY
PRESENTED, TO MY LADY,

THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH.

By her most devoted servant,

RICHARD CRASHAW.

In hearty acknowledgment of his immortal obligation to her goodness and charity.

CRASHAWE,

THE ANAGRAM

HE WAS CAR.

Was Car then Crashaw, or was Crashaw Car,
Since both within one name combined are?
Yes, Car's Crashaw, he Car; 'tis love alone
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one,
So Crashaw's still the same: so much desired
By strongest wits; so honour'd, so admired;
Car was but he that enter'd as a friend
With whom he shar'd his thoughts, and did commend

[other:
(While yet he liv'd) this work; they lov'd each
Sweet Crashaw was his friend; he Crashaw's brother:
So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent
That what his riches pen'd, poor Car should print;
Nor fears he check, praising that happy one
Who was belov'd by all, disprais'd by none.
To wit, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all;
Nor would he give, nor take offence; befall
What might, he would possess himself; and live
As dead (devoid of interest) t' all might give
Disease t' his well composed mind; forestall'd
With heavenly riches; which had wholly call'd
His thoughts from Earth, to live above in th' air,
A very bird of paradise. No care
Had he of earthly trash. What might suffice
To fit his soul to heavenly exercise,
Sufficed him; and may we guess his heart
By what his lips bring forth, his only part
Is God and godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none
But that to whom one God is all; all's one.
What he might eat or wear he took no thought,
His needful food he rather found than sought.
He seeks no downs; no sheets, his bed's still made;
If he can find a chair or stool, he's laid;
When day peeps in, he quits his restless rest;
And still, poor soul, before he's up he's drest.
Thus dying did he live, yet liv'd to die
In th' virgin's lap, to whom he did apply

His virgin thoughts and words, and thence was styl'd
By foes, the chaplain of the virgin mild,
While yet he liv'd without: his modesty
Imparted this to some, and they to me.
Live happy then, dear soul; enjoy thy rest
Eternally by pains thou purchasedst,
While Car must live in care, who was thy friend;
Nor cares be how he live, so in the end
He may enjoy his dearest Lord and thee;
And sit and sing more skilful songs eternally.

THOMAS CAR.

TO THE NOBLEST AND BEST OF LADIES,
THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH.PERSUADING HER TO RESOLUTION IN RELIGION, AND
TO RENDER HER SELF WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY
INTO THE COMMUNION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WHAT Heaven-entreated heart is this?
Stands trembling at the gate of bliss;
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open it and enter,
Whose definition is a doubt
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out.
Say, lingering fair! why comes the birth
Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
Plead your pretences (O you strong
In weakness) why you choose so long
In labour of your self to lie,
Nor daring quite to live nor die:
Ah linger not, lov'd soul! a slow
And late consent was a long no,
Who grants at last, long time try'd
And did his best to have deny'd,
What magic bolts, what mystic bars
Maintain the will in these strange wars!
What fatal, what fantastic bands,
Keep the free heart from its own hands!
So when the year takes cold, we see
Poor waters their own prisoners be,
Fetter'd, and lock'd up fast they lie
In a sad self-captivity, [plore
Th' astonish nymphs their floods' strange fate de-
To see themselves their own severer shore.
Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,
And fetch the heart from its strong hold;
Almighty Love! end this long war,
And of a meteor make a star.
O fix this fair indefinite,
And amongst thy shafts of sovereign light
Choose out that sure decisive dart
Which has the key of this close heart,
Knows all the corners of 't, and can control
The self-shut cabinet of an unsearcht soul.
O let it be at last, love's hour;
Raise this tall trophy of thy pow'r;
Come once the conquering way; not to confute
But kill this rebel-word, irresolute,
That so, in spite of all this peevish strength
Of weakness, she may write "Resolv'd at length."
Unfold at length, unfold fair flow'r,
And use the season of Love's show'r,
Meet his well-meaning wounds, wise heart!
And haste to drink the wholesome dart;

That healing shaft, which Heav'n till now
 Has in Love's quiver hid for you.
 O dart of Love! arrow of light!
 O happy you, if it hit right;
 It must not fall in vain, it must
 Not mark the dry regardless dust.
 Fair one, it is your fate; and brings
 Eternal words upon its wings.
 Meet it with wide-spread arms; and see
 It's seat your soul's just centre be.
 Disband dull fears; give faith the day,
 To save your life, kill your delay;
 It is Love's siege, and sure to be
 Your triumph, though his victory.
 'Tis cowardice that keeps this field,
 And want of courage not to yield.
 Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
 The fort at last, and let life in.
 Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove
 Death's prey, before the prize of Love.
 This fort of your fair self, if 't be not won,
 He is repuls'd indeed, but you're undone.

TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME,

THE NAME OF JESUS.

A HYMN.

I sing the name which none can say
 But touch'd with an interior ray;
 The name of our new peace; our good:
 Our bliss, and supernatural blood:
 The name of all our lives and loves.
 Hearken, and help, ye holy doves,
 The high-born brood of day, you bright
 Candidates of blissful light,
 The heirs elect of love; whose names belong
 Unto the everlasting life of song;
 All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
 Of this unbounded name build your warm nest.
 Awake, my glory, soul, (if such thou be,
 And that fair word at all refer to thee)

Awake and sing,
 And be all wing;

Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see,
 What of thy parent Heav'n yet speaks in thee.

O thou art poor
 Of noble pow'rs, I see,

And full of nothing else but empty me,
 Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
 Than this great morning's mighty business.

One little world or two
 (Alas) will never do;
 We must have store.

Go, soul, out of thy self, and seek for more,
 Go and request

Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
 Of Heav'n's, the self-involving set of spheres,
 (Which dull mortality more feels than hears).

Then rouse the nest
 Of nimble art, and traverse round
 The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
 And beat a summons in the same

All-sovereign name,

To warn each several kind

And shape of sweetness, be they such
 As sigh with supple wind,
 Or answer artful touch,

That they convene and come away
 To wait at the love-crowned doors of that
 Illustrious day.

Shall we dare this, my soul? we'll do't and bring
 No other note for't, but the name we sing.

Wake, lute and harp,
 And every sweet-lipp'd thing
 That talks with tuneful string,

Start into life, and leap with me
 Into a hasty fit-tun'd harmony.

Nor must you think it much
 To obey my bolder touch;

I have authority in Love's name to take you,
 And to the work of love this morning wake you;

Wake; in the name
 Of him who never sleeps, all things that are,
 Or, what's the same,

Are musical;
 Answer my call
 And come along;

Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
 Come, ye soft ministers of sweet and mirth,
 Bring all your household-stuff of Heav'n on Earth;
 O you, my soul's most certain wings,
 Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,

Bring all the store [no mea.

Of sweets you have; and murmur that you have
 Come, ne'er to part,
 Nature and art!

Come, and come strong,

To the conspiracy of our spacious song.

Bring all the pow'rs of praise

Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise;
 Bring all your lutes and harps of Heav'n and Earth;
 What e'er cooperates to the common mirth,

Vessels of vocal joys,

Or you, more noble architects of intellectual noise,
 Cymbals of Heav'n, or human spheres,
 Solicitors of souls or ears;

And when you are come, with all

That you can bring or we can call;

O may you fix

For ever here, and mix

Your selves into the long

And everlasting series of a deathless song;

Mix all your many worlds, above,
 And loose them into one of love.

Cheer thee, my heart!

For thou too hast thy part

And place in the great throng

Of this unbounded all-embracing song.

Pow'rs of my soul, be proud!

And speak loud

To all the dear-bought nations this redeeming name,
 And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim
 New similes to Nature.

May it be no wrong

Blest Heav'n's, to you, and you superior song,

That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,

A while dare borrow

The name of your delights and our desires,

And fit it to so far inferior lyres.

Our murmurs have their music too,
 Ye mighty orbs, as well as you,

Nor yields the noblest nest

Of warbling Seraphim to the ears of love,

A choicer lesson than the joyful breast

Of a poor panting turtle-dove.

And we, low worms, have leave to do

The same bright business (ye third Heav'n's) with [you.

gentle spirits, do not complain;
 We will have care
 To keep it fair,
 and send it back to you again.
 Come, lovely name! appear from forth the bright
 Regions of peaceful light;
 Look from thine own illustrious home,
 'air king of names, and come:
 Leave all thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,
 and give thy self a while the gracious guest
 Of humble souls, that seek to find

The hidden sweets
 Which man's heart meets
 When thou art master of the mind.
 Come, lovely name; life of our hope!
 Lo we hold our hearts wide open!
 Unlock thy cabinet of day
 Dearest sweet, and come away.

Lo how the thirsty lands
 Gasp for thy golden showers! with long stretch'd
 Lo how the labouring Earth [hands.
 That hopes to be
 All Heaven by thee,
 Leaps at thy birth.

Th' attending world, to wait thy rise,
 First turn'd to eyes;
 And then, not knowing what to do,
 Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
 Come, royal name; and pay th' expense
 Of all this precious patience.

O come away,
 And kill the death of this delay.
 O see so many worlds of barren years
 Melted and measur'd out in seas of tears.
 O see the weary lids of wakeful hope
 Love's eastern windows) all wide open

With curtains drawn,
 To catch the day-break of thy dawn.
 O dawn, at last, long-look'd for day!
 Take thine own wings and come away.
 Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes among
 The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
 Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.

O they are wise,
 And know what sweets are suck'd from out it.

It is the hive
 By which they thrive,
 Where all their board of honey lies.
 Lo where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
 soft back; and brings a bosom big with loves.
 Welcome to our dark world, thou
 Womb of day!

Unfold thy fair conceptions; and display
 The birth of our bright joys.

O thou compacted
 Body of blessings, spirit of souls extracted!
 O dissipate thy spicy pow'rs
 (Cloud of condensed sweets) and break upon us
 In balmy showers;

O fill our senses, and take from us
 All force of so prophane a fallacy,
 To think aught sweet but that which smells of
 Fair, flowry name; in none but thee [thee.
 And thy nectareal fragraney,

Hourly there meets
 An universal synod of all sweets;
 By whom it is defined thus,
 That no perfume
 For ever shall presume
 To pass for oederiferous,

But such alone whose sacred pedigree
 Can prove it self some kin (sweet name) to thee.
 Sweet name, in thy each syllable
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell:
 A thousand hills of frankincense,
 Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,
 And ten thousand paradises,
 The soul that tastes thee takes from thee;
 How many unknown worlds there are
 Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
 How many thousand mercies there
 In Pity's soft lap lie a sleeping!
 Happy he who has the art

To awake them,
 And to take them
 Home, and lodge them in his heart.
 O that it were as it was wont to be!
 When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee,
 Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious
 To persecutions; and against the face [chase
 Of Death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
 And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
 On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
 And to the teeth of Hell stood up to teach thee;
 In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
 Where racks and torments striv'd in vain to reach
 Little, alas, thought they [thee.
 Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
 Their fury but made way
 For thee; and serv'd them in thy glorious ends.
 What did their weapons but with wider pores
 Enlarge thy flaming breasted lovers
 More freely to transpire
 That impatient fire

The heart that hides thee hardly covers?
 What did their weapons but set wide the doors
 For thee: fair purple doors, of love's devising;
 The ruby windows which enrich'd the East
 Of thy so oft repeated rising?
 Each wound of theirs was thy new morning;
 And reinthron'd thee in thy rosy nest,
 With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
 It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds
 Of wrath, and made the way through all these
 Welcome, dear, all-adored name! [wounds.

For sure there is no knee
 That knows not thee.
 Or if there be such sons of shame,
 Alas what will they do
 When stubborn rocks shall bow,
 And hills hang down their heav'n-saluting heads
 To seek for humble beds
 Of dust, where in the bashful shades of night
 Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
 And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread
 They that by love's mild dictate now [majesty?
 Will not adore the,
 Shall then with just confusion, bow
 And break before thee.

IN THE GLORIOUS EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD GOD,

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE THREE KINGS.

I. KING.

BRIGHT babe, whose awful beauties make
 The morn incur a sweet mistake;

2. For whom th' officious Heav'n's devise
To disinherit the Sun's rise,
3. Delicately to displace
The day, and plant it fairer in thy face ;
1. O thou born king of loves,
2. Of lights,
3. Of joys.
- CHO. Look up, sweet babe, look up and see
For love of thee
Thus far from home
The East is come
To seek her self in thy sweet eyes.
1. We, who strangely went astray,
Lost in a bright
Meridian night
2. A darkness made of too much day,
3. Beckon'd from far
By thy fair star,
Lo at last have found our way.
- CHO. To thee, thou day of night; thou East of
Lo we at last have found the way [West!
To thee, the world's great universal East ;
The general and indifferent day.
1. All-circling point, all-centring sphere,
The world's one, round, eternal year,
2. Whose full and all-unwrinkled face
Nor sinks nor swells with time or place ;
3. But every where, and every while,
Is one consistent solid smile ;
1. Not vex and tost
2. 'Twixt spring and frost,
3. Nor by alternate shreds of light
Sordidly shifting hands with shades and night.
- CHO. O little all, in thy embrace
The world lies warm, and likes his place ;
Nor does his full globe fail to be
Kiss'd on both his cheeks by thee:
Time is too narrow for thy year
Nor makes the whole world thy half sphere.
1. To thee, to thee
From him we flee.
2. From him, whom by a more illustrious lie,
The blindness of the world did call the eye ;
3. To him, who by these mortal clouds hast made
Thy self our Sun, though thine own shade.
1. Farewel, the world's false light ;
Farewel, the white
Egypt, a long farewel to thee
Bright idol, black idolatry.
The dire face of inferior darkness, kist
And courted in the pompous mask of a more
2. Farewel, farewel [specious mist.
The proud and misplac'd gates of Hell,
Perch'd in the morning's way,
And double-gilded as the doors of day ;
The deep hypocrisy of death and night
More desperately dark, because more bright.
3. Welcome, the world's sure way ;
Heav'n's wholesome ray.
- CHO. Welcome to us ; and we
(Sweet) to our selves, in thee.
1. The deathless heir of all thy father's day ;
2. Decently born,
Embosom'd in a much more rosy morn,
The blushes of thy all-unblemish'd mother.
3. No more that other
Aurora shall set ope
Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope
From mortal eyes
To meet religious welcomes at her rise.
- CHO. We (precious ones) in you have won
A gentler morn, a juster sun.
1. His superficial beams sun-burnt our skin ;
2. But left within
3. The night and winter still of death and sin.
CHO. Thy softer yet more certain darts
Spare our eyes, but pierce our hearts.
1. Therefore with his proud Persian spoils
2. We court thy more concerning smiles.
3. Therefore with his disgrace
We gild the humble cheek of this chaste place ;
CHO. And at thy feet pour forth his face.
1. The doating nations now no more
Shall any day but thine adore.
2. Nor (much less) shall they leave these eyes
For cheap Egyptian deities.
3. In whatsoever more sacred shape
Of ram, he-goat, or reverend ape,
Those beautiful ravishers oppress so sore
The too-hard-tempted nations :
1. Never more
By wanton heifer shall be worn
A garland, or a gilded horn.
2. The altar-stall'd ox, fat Osyris now
With his fair sister cow, [tame,
3. Shall kick the clouds no more ; but lean and
CHO. See his horn'd face, and die for shame,
And Mithra now shall be no name.
1. No longer shall the immodest lust
Of adulterous goddess dust
2. Fly in the 'ace of Heav'n ; as if it were
The poor world's fault that he is fair.
3. Nor with perverse loves and religious rapes
Revenge thy bounties in their beautiful shapes ;
And punish best things worst ; because they
stood
Guilty of being much for them too good.
1. Proud sons of death that durst compel
Heav'n it self to find them Hell ;
2. And by strange wit of madness wrest
From this world's East the other's West.
3. All idolizing worms, that thus could crowd
And urge their Sun into thy cloud ;
Forcing his sometimes eclips'd face to be
A long deliquium to the light of thee.
- CHO. Alas with how much heavier shade
The shamefac'd lamp hung down his head,
For that one eclipse he made,
Than all those he suffered !
1. For this he look'd so big, and every morn
With a red face confess this scorn ;
Or hiding his vex cheeks in a hir'd mist
Kept them from being so unkindly kist.
2. It was for this the day did rise
So oft with blubber'd eyes.
For this the evening wept ; and we ne'er knew
But call'd it dew,
3. This daily wrong
Silenc'd the morning songs, and damp't their song.
- CHO. Nor was't our deafness, but our sins, that
thus
Long made th' harmonious orbs all mute to us.
1. Time has a day in store
When this so proudly poor
And self-oppressed spark, that has so long
By the love-sick world been made
Not so much their sun as shade,
Weary of this glorious wrong,
From them and from himself shall flee
For shelter to the shadow of thy tree ;

- cno. Proud to have gain'd this precious loss
And chang'd his false crown for thy cross.
2. That dark day's clear doom shall define [shine ;
Whose is the master fire, which sun would
That sable judgment-seat shall by new laws
Decide and settle the great cause
Of controverted light,
cno. And Nature's wrongs rejoice to do thee right.
3. That forfeiture of noon to night shall pay
All the idolatrous thefts done by this night of day ;
And the great penitent press his own pale lips
With an elaborate love-eclipse,
To which the low world's laws
Shall lend no cause,
- cno. Save those domestic which he borrows
From our sins and his own sorrows.
1. Three sad hours' sackcloth then shall show to us
His penance, as our fault, conspicuous.
2. And he more needfully and nobly prove
The nation's terror now than erst their love :
3. Their hated loves chang'd into wholesome fears.
The shutting of his eye shall open theirs.
1. As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of day
Mis-led before they lost their way,
So shall they, by the seasonable fright
Of an unseasonable night,
Losing it once again, stumble on true light :
2. And as before his too-bright eye
Was their more blind idolatry,
So his officious blindness now shall be
Their black, but faithful perspective of thee.
3. His new prodigious night,
Their new and admirable light ;
The supernatural dawn of thy pure day,
While wondering they
(The happy converts now of him
Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)
Shall henceforth see
To kiss him only as their rod
Whom they so long courted as God,
- cno. And their best use of him they worshipp'd be
To learn, of him at least, to worship thee.
1. It was their weakness woo'd his beauty ;
But it shall be
Their wisdom now, as well as duty,
T' enjoy his blot ; and as a large black letter
Use it to spell thy beauties better ;
And make the night it self their torch to thee.
2. By the oblique ambush of this close night
Couch'd in that conscious shade
The right ey'd Areopagite
Shall with a vigorous guess invade
And catch thy quick reflex ; and sharply see
On this dark ground
To descant thee.
3. O price of the rich spirit ! with that fierce chase
Of this strong soul, shall he
Leap at thy lofty face,
And seize the swift flash, in rebound
From this obsequious cloud ;
Once call'd a Sun,
Till dearly thus, undone ;
- cno. Till thus triumphantly tam'd (O ye two
Twin-suns !) and taught now to negotiate you.
1. Thus shall that reverend child of light,
2. By being scholar first of that new night,
Come forth great master of the mystic day ;
3. And teach obscure mask'd a more close way,
By the frugal negative light
Of a most wise and well-abused night,

- To read more legible thine original ray,
cno. And make our darkness serve thy day ;
Maintaining 'twixt thy world and ours
A commerce of contrary pow'rs,
A mutual trade
'Twixt sun and shade,
By confederate black and white
Borrowing day and lending night.
1. Thus we, who when with all the noble pow'rs
That (at thy cost) are call'd, not vainly, ours ;
We vow to make brave way (prey ;
Upwards, and press on for the pure intelligential
2. At least to play
The amorous spies
And peep and proffer at thy sparkling throne ;
3. Instead of bringing in the blissful prize
And fasting on thine eyes,
Forfeit our own
And nothing gain
But more ambitious loss, at least of brain ;
- cno. Now by abased lids shall learn to be
Eagles ; and shut our eyes that we may see.

THE CLOSE.

- Therefore to thee and thine auspicious ray
(Dread sweet !) lo thus
At least by us,
The delegated eye of day [tribute pay.
Does first his sceptre, then himself in solemn
Thus he undresses
His sacred unshorn tresses ;
At thy adored feet, thus, he lays down
1. His gorgeous tire
Of flame and fire,
2. His glittering robe, 3. His sparkling crown,
1. His gold, 2. His mirrh, 3. His frankincence,
cno. To which he now has no pretence.
For being show'd by this day's light, how far
He is from Sun enough to make thy star,
His best ambition now, is but to be
Something a brighter shadow (sweet) of thee ;
Or on Heav'n's azure forehead high to stand
Thy golden index ; with a duteous hand
Pointing us home to our own Sun
The world's and his hyperion.

TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY,

ON TWELFTH-DAY.

MADAM,

- 'Mongst those long rows of crowns that gild your
race,
These royal sages sue for decent place.
The day-break of the nations ; their first ray,
When the dark world dawn'd into Christian day.
And smil'd i'th' babe's bright face, the purpling bud
And rosy dawn of the right royal blood ;
Fair first-fruits of the Lamb ; sure kings in this,
They took a kingdom while they gave a kiss :
But the world's homage, scarce in these well blown,
We read in you (rare queen) ripe and full grown.
For from this day's rich seed of diadems
Does rise a radiant crop of royal stems,
A golden harvest of crown'd heads, that meet
And crowd for kisses from the Lamb's white feet.
In this illustrious throng, your lofty flood
Swells high, fair confluence of all high-born blood !
With your bright head whose groves of sceptres bend
Their wealthy tops ; and for these feet contend.

So swore the Lamb's dread sire, and so we see't,
Crowds, and the heads they kiss, must court these
feet.

Fix here, fair majesty ! may your heart ne'er miss
To reap new crowns and kingdoms from that kiss ;
Nor may we miss the joy to meet in you
The aged honours of this day still new.
May the great time, in you, still greater be
While all the year is your Epiphany,
While your each day's devotion duly brings
Three kingdoms to supply this day's three kings.

THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSS :

FOR THE HOUR OF MATINS.

THE VERSICLE.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSORY.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.

RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

VER. O God, make speed to save me.

RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.

THE HYMN.

The wakeful matins haste to sing
The unknown sorrows of our King,
The Father's word and wisdom, made
Man, for man, by man's betray'd ;
The world's price set to sale, and by the bold
Merchants of death and sin, is bought and sold ;
Of his best friends (yea of himself) forsaken,
By his worst foes (because he would) besieg'd and
taken.

THE ANTIPHON.

All hail, fair tree,
Whose fruit we be.
What song shall raise
Thy seemly praise.

Who brought'st to light
Life out of death, day out of night.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo, we adore thee,
Dread Lamb ! and bow thus low before thee ;

THE RESPONSORY.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross,
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God !
interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death,
thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy
judgment, now and in the hour of my death.
And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy ;
to the living and dead, remission and rest : to thy
church, peace and concord ; to us sinners, life and
glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with
the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one
God, world without end. Amen.

FOR THE HOUR OF PRIME.

THE VERSICLE.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSORY.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.

RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

VER. O God, make speed to save me.

RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to, &c.

As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

The early prime blushes to say
She could not rise so soon, as they
Call'd Pilate up, to try if he
Could lend them any cruelty.

Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tongues
And loathsome spittle blot those beauteous eyes,
The blissful springs of joy, from whose all-cheering
ray [self drinks day.
The fair stars fill their wakeful fires, the Sun him-

THE ANTIPHON.

Victorious sign
That now dost shine,
Transcrib'd above
Into the land of light and love ;
O let us twine
Our roots with thine,
That we may rise
Upon thy wings and reach the skies.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
Dread Lamb ! and fall
Thus low before thee.

THE RESPONSORY.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God !
interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death,
thy cross and passion, between my soul and thy
judgment, now and in the hour of my death.
And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy ;
to the living and dead, remission and rest ; to thy
church, peace and concord ; to us sinners, life and
glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with
the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one
God, world without end. Amen.

THE THIRD.

THE VERSICLE.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSORY.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

VER. O God, make speed to save me.

RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.

VER. Glory be to, &c.

RES. As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

The third hour's deafen'd with the cry
Of "Crucify him, crucify."
So goes the vote (nor ask them why!)
"Live Barabbas! and let God die."
But there is wit in wrath, and they will try
A hail more cruel than their "crucify,"
For while in sport he wears a spiteful crown,
The serious show'rs along his decent face run sadly
down.

THE ANTIPHON.

Christ when he died
Deceiv'd the cross,
And on death's side
Threw all the loss.

The captive world awak'd and found
The prisoner loose, the jailor bound.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
Dread Lamb, and fall
Thus low before thee.

THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

THE PRAYER.

O MY Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God!
interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death,
thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy
judgment, now and in the hour of my death.
And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy;
to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy
church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life
and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest
with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost,
one God, world without end. Amen.

THE SIXTH.

THE VERSICLE.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,
RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
VER. O God, make speed to save me,
RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.
VER. Glory be to, &c.
RES. As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

Now is the noon of sorrow's night;
High in his patience as their spite.
Lo the faint Lamb, with weary limb
Bears that huge tree which must bear him.
That fatal plant so great of fame,
For fruit of sorrow and of shame,
Shall swell with both for him; and mix
All woes into one crucifix.
Is tortur'd thirst itself, too sweet a cup?
Gall, and more bitter mocks shall make it up.
Are nails blunt pens of superficial smart?
Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to search
the inmost heart.

THE ANTIPHON.

O dear and sweet dispute
'Twixt death's and love's far different fruit!
Different as far
As antidotes and poisons are.
By that first fatal tree
Both life and liberty
Were sold and slain;
By this they both look up, and live again.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross,
Thou hast sav'd the world from certain loss.

THE PRAYER.

O MY Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God!
interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death,
thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy
judgment, now and in the hour of my death.
And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy;
to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy
church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life
and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest
with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one
God, world without end. Amen.

THE NINTH.

THE VERSICLE.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.
VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,
RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
VER. O God, make speed to save me,
RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.
Glory be to, &c.
As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

The ninth with awful horror hark'ned to those
groans,
Which taught attention even to rocks and stones.
Hear, Father, hear! thy Lamb (at last) complains
Of some more painful thing than all his pains.
Then bows his all-obedient head, and dies,
His own love's, and our sin's great sacrifice.
The Sun saw that; and would have seen no more;
The centre shook, her useless veil th' inglorious
temple tore.

THE ANTIPHON.

O strange mysterious strife
Of open death and hidden life!
When on the cross my King did bleed,
Life seem'd to die, death died indeed.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
Dread Lamb! and fall
Thus low before thee.

THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God ! interpose I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death ; and vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy ; to the living and dead, remission and rest ; to thy church, peace and concord ; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

EVEN-SONG.

THE VERSICLE.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
 RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
 VER. O God, make speed to save me.
 RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.
 VER. Glory be to, &c.
 RES. As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

BUT there were rocks would not relent at this.
 Lo, for their own hearts they rend his.
 Their deadly hate lives still, and hath
 A wild reserve of wanton wrath ;
 Superfluous spear ! but there's a heart stands by
 Will look no wounds be lost, no death shall die,
 Gather now thy grief's ripe fruit, great mother-
 maid !
 Then sit thee down and sing thy ev'n-song in the sad
 tree's shade.

THE ANTIPHON.

O sad, sweet tree !
 Woful and joyful we
 Poth weep and sing in shade of thee,
 When the dear nails did lock
 And graft into thy gracious stock
 The hope, the health,
 The worth, the wealth,
 Of all the ransom'd world, thou hadst the power
 (In that propitious hour)
 To poise each precious limb,
 And prove how light the world was when it weigh'd
 Wide may'at thou spread [with him.
 Thine arms ; and with thy bright and blissful head
 O'erlook all Libanus. Thy lofty crown
 The king himself is ; thou his humble throne.
 Where yielding, and yet conquering he
 Prov'd a new path of patient victory.
 When wondring death by death was slain,
 And our captivity his captive ta'en.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
 Dread Lamb ! and bow thus low before thee ;

THE RESPONSOR.

Cause by the covenant of thy cross
 Thou hast sav'd the world from certain loss.

THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living, &c.

COMPLINE.

THE VERSICLE.

Lord by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
 RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
 VER. O God, make speed to save me.
 RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.
 VER. Glory be to, &c.
 RES. As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

THE compline hour comes last, to call
 Us to our own life's funeral.
 Ah heartless task ! yet hope takes head ;
 And lives in him that here lies dead.
 Run, Mary, run ! bring hither all the blest
 Arabia, for thy royal phenix' nest ;
 Pour on thy noblest sweets, which, when they touch
 This sweeter body, shall indeed be such.
 But must thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd grave,
 Who lead'st to all things all the life they have.
 O rather use this heart, thus far a fitter stone,
 'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is thine
 own. Amen.

THE ANTIPHON.

O save us then,
 Merciful King of men !
 Since thou wouldst needs be thus
 A Saviour, and at such a rate, for us ;
 Save us, O save us, Lord. [rower word,
 We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a nar-
 Thy blood bids us be bold.
 Thy wounds give us fair hold.
 Thy sorrows chide our shame.
 Thy cross, thy nature, and thy name
 Advance our claim,
 And cry with one accord,
 Save them, O save them, Lord.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
 Dread Lamb ! and bow thus low before thee.

THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross,
 Thou hast sav'd the world from certain loss.

THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of, &c.

THE RECOMMENDATION.

THESE hours, and that which hovers o'er my end,
 Into thy hands, and heart, Lord, I commend.

Take both to thine account, that I and mine
 In that hour and in these, may be all thine.

That as I dedicate my devoutest breath
 To make a kind of life for my Lord's death :

So from his living, and life-giving death,
 My dying life may draw a new, and never-fleeting
 breath.

VEXILLA REGIS.

THE HYMN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Look up, languishing soul! Lo where the fair
 Badge of thy faith calls beck thy care,
 And bids thee ne'er forget
 Thy life is one long debt
 Of love to him, who on this painful tree
 Paid back the flesh he took for thee.

Lo, how the streams of life from that full nest
 Of loves, thy Lord's too liberal breast,
 Flow in an amorous flood
 Of water wedding blood,
 With these he wash'd thy stain, transferr'd thy smart,
 And took it home to his own heart.

But though great love, greedy of such sad gain,
 Usurp'd the portion of thy pain,
 And from the nails and spear
 Turn'd the steel point of fear,
 Their use is chang'd, not lost; and now they move
 Not stings of wrath, but wounds of love.

Tall tree of life! thy truth makes good
 What was till now ne'er understood,
 Though the prophetic king
 Struck loud his faithful string.
 It was thy wood he meant should make the throne
 For a more than Solomon.

Large throne of love! royally spread
 With purple of too rich a red,
 Thy crime is too much duty;
 Thy burthen too much beauty;
 Glorious or grievous more? thus to make good
 Thy costly excellence with thy king's own blood.

Even balance of both worlds! our world of sin,
 And that of grace Heav'n weigh'd in him,
 Us with our price thou weigh'dst;
 Our price for us thou pay'dst;
 Soon as the right-hand scale rejoyn'd to prove
 How much death weigh'd more light than love.

Hail our alone hope! let thy fair head shoot
 Aloft; and fill the nations with thy noble fruit.
 The while our hearts and we
 Thus graft ourselves on thee;
 Grow thou and they; and be thy fair increase
 The sinner's pardon and the just man's peace.

Live, O for ever live and reign
 The Lamb whom his own love has slain!
 And let thy lost sheep live & inherit
 That kingdom, which this cross did merit. Amen.

CHARTAS NIMIA.

OR THE DEAR BARGAIN.

Lord, what is man? why should he cost thee
 So dear? what had his ruin lost thee?
 Lord, what is man? that thou hast over-bought
 So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I see, and can
 Make but a simple merchant man.
 'Twas for such sorry merchandise,
 Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what wer't to thee
 If there were no such worms as we?
 Heav'n ne'ertheless still Heav'n would be.
 Should mankind dwell
 In the deep Hell,
 What have his woes to do with thee?

Let him go weep
 O'er his own wounds;
 Seraphims will not sleep
 Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds.

Still would the youthful spirits sing,
 And still thy spacious palace ring.
 Still would those beauteous ministers of light
 Burn all as bright,

And bow their flaming heads before thee,
 Still thrones and dominations would adore thee,
 Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire
 Keep warm thy praise,
 Both nights and days,
 And teach thy lov'd name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then do its kind;
 And give it self for sport to the proud wind.
 Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares
 In the eternity of thy old cares?
 Why shouldst thou bow thy awful breast to see
 What mine own madresses have done with me!

Should not the king still keep his throne
 Because some desperate fool's undone?
 Or will the world's illustrious eyes
 Weep for every worm that dies;

Will the gallant Sun
 E'er the less glorious run?
 Will he hang down his golden head
 Or e'er the sooner seek his western bed,
 Because some foolish fly
 Grows wanton, and will die?

If I were lost in misery,
 What was it to thy Heav'n and thee?
 What was it to thy precious blood
 If my foul heart call'd for a flood?

What if my faithless soul and I
 Would needs fall in
 With guilt and sin,
 What did the Lamb that he should die?
 What did the Lamb that he should need,
 When the wolf sin, himself to bleed?

If my base lust
 Bargain'd with death and well-beseeming dust,
 Why should the white
 Lamb's bosom write
 The purple name
 Of my sin's shame?

Why should his unstain'd breast make good
 My blushes with his own heart-blood?

O my Saviour make me see
 How dearly thou hast paid for me

That lost again, my life may prove
 As then in death, so now in love.

SANCTA MARIA DOLORUM,

OR THE MOTHER OF SORROW; A PATHETICAL DESCANT
UPON THE DEVOUT PLAIN SONG OF STABAT MATER
DOLOROSA.

In shades of death's sad tree
Stood doleful she,
Ah she! now by no other
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's mother.
Before her eyes
Her's and the whole world's joys,
Hanging all torn she sees; and in his woes
And pains, her pangs and throes.
Each wound of his, from every part,
Are, more at home in her own heart.

What kind of marble then
Is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such noble sorrow's company?
Sure even from you
(My flints) some drops are due,
To see so many unkind swords contest
So fast for one soft breast.
While with a faithful, mutual, flood
Her eyes bleed tears, his wounds weep blood.

O costly intercourse
Of deaths, and worse
Divided loves: while son and mother
Discourse alternate wounds to one another;
Quick deaths that grow
And gather, as they come and go:
His nails write swords in her; which soon her heart
Pays back, with more than their own smart;
Her swords, still growing with his pain,
Turn spears, and straight come home again;

She sees her Son, her God,
Bow with a load
Of borrow'd sins; and swim
In woes that were not made for him.
Ah, hard command
Of love! here must she stand
Charg'd to look on, and with a stedfast eye
See her life die:
Leaving her only so much breath
As serves to keep alive her death.

O mother turtle-dove!
Soft source of love,
That these dry lids might borrow
Something from thy full seas of sorrow!
O in that breast
Of thine (the noblest nest
Both of love's fires and floods) might I recline
This hard, cold heart of mine!
The chill lump would relent, and prove
Soft subject for the siege of love.

O teach those wounds to bleed
In me; me, so to read
This book of loves, thus writ
In lines of death, my life may copy it
With loyal cares.
O let me here claim shares;
Yield something in thy sad prerogative
(Great queen of griefs) and give
Me to my tears; who, though all stone,
Think much that thou should'st mourn alone.

Yea let my life and me
Fix here with thee,
And at the humble foot
Of this fair tree take our eternal root.
That so we may
At least be in love's way; [see
And in these chaste wars while the wing'd wounds
So fast 'twixt him and thee,
My breast may catch the kiss of some kind dart,
Though as at second hand, from either heart.

O you, your own best darts,
Dear doleful hearts!
Hail; and strike home and make me see
That wounded bosoms their own weapons be.
Come wounds! come darts!
Nail'd hands! and pierced hearts!
Come your whole selves, sorrow's great son and
For grudge a younger brother (mother,
Of griefs his portion, who (had all their due)
One single wound should not have left for you.

Shall I set there
So deep a share
(Dear wounds) and only now
In sorrows draw no dividend with you!
O be more wise,
If not more soft, mine eyes!
Flow, tardy founts! and into decent show'rs
Dissolve my days and hours.
And if thou yet (faint soul!) defer
To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her.

Rich queen, lend some relief,
At least an aim of grief,
To a heart who by sad right of sin
Could prove the whole sum (too sure) due to him.
By all those stings,
Of love, sweet bitter things,
Which these torn hands transcrib'd on thy true heart;
O teach mine too, the art
To study him so, till we mix
Wounds, and become one crucifix.

O let me suck the wine
So long of this chaste vine,
Till, drunk of the dear wounds, I be
A lost thing to the world, as it to me.
O faithful friend
Of me and of my end!
Fold up my life in love; and lay't beneath
My dear Lord's vital death. [breath
Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea! her precious
Pour'd out in prayers for thee; thy Lord's in death.

THE HYMN OF ST. THOMAS,

IN ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

With all the powers my poor heart hath
Of humble love and loyal faith,
Thus low (my hidden life!) I bow to thee
Whom too much love hath bow'd more low for me.
Down, down, proud sense! discourses die,
Keep close, my soul's inquiring eye!
Nor touch nor taste must look for more,
But each sit still in his own door.

Your ports are all superfluous here,
Save that which lets in faith, the ear.
Faith is my skill; faith can believe
As fast as love new laws can give.

Faith is my force; faith strength affords
To keep pace with those powerful words:
And words more sure, more sweet than they
Love could not think, truth could not say.

O let thy wretch find that relief
Thou didst afford the faithful thief!
Plead for me, love! alledge and show
That faith has farther, here, to go
And less to lean on; because then
Though hid as God, wounds writ thee man,
Thomas might touch; none but might see
At least the suffering side of thee;
And that too was thyself which thee did cover,
But here ev'n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet, consider then, that I
Though allow'd not hand nor eye
To reach at thy lov'd face; nor can
Taste thee God, or touch thee man;
Both yet believe and witness thee
My Lord too, and my God, as loud as he.

Help, Lord, my hope increase;
And fill my portion in thy peace.
Give love for life, nor let my days
Grow, but in new powers to name thy praise.

O dear memorial of that death -
Which lives still, and allows us breath!
Rich, royal food! bountiful bread!
Whose use denies us to the dead;
Whose vital gust alone can give
The same leave both to eat and live;
Live ever bread of loves, and be
My life, my soul, my surer self to me.

O soft self-wounding pelican!
Whose breast weeps balin for wounded man:
Ah, this way bend thy benign flood
To a bleeding heart that gasps for blood;
That blood, whose least drops sovereign be
To wash my worlds of sins from me.
Come, love! come, Lord! and that long day
For which I languish, come away.
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd source of thee.
When glory's sun faith's shade shall chase,
Then for thy veil give me thy face. Amen.

THE

HYMN FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM.

Rise, royal Zion! rise and sing
Thy soul's kind Shepherd, thy heart's King.
Stretch all thy powers, call if you can
Harps of Heav'n to hands of man,
His sovereign subject sits above
The best ambition of thy love.

Lo, the bread of life, this day's
Triumphant text, provokes thy praise,
The living and life-giving bread,
To the great twelve distributed,
When Life himself at point to die,
Of love, was his own legacy.

Come, love! and let us work a song
Loud and pleasant, sweet and long;
Let lips and hearts lift high the noise
Of so just and solemn joys,
Which on his white brows this bright day
Shall hence for ever bear away.

Lo, the new law of a new Lord,
With a new Lamb blesses the board.
The aged Pascha pleads not years,
But spies love's dawn, and disappears.
Types yield to truths; shades shrink away;
And their night dies into our day.

But lest that die too, we are bid,
Ever to do what he once did.
And by a mindful, mystic breath,
That we may live, revive his death;
With a well-blest bread and wine
Transum'd, and taught to turn divine.

The Heav'n-instructed house of faith
Here a holy dictate hath,
That they but lend their form and face,
Themselves with reverence leave their place,
Nature and name, to be made good
By a nobler bread, more needful food.

Where Nature's laws no leave will give,
Bold faith takes heart, and dares believe
In different species, name not things,
Himself to me my Saviour brings.
As meat in that, as drink in this;
But still in both one Christ he is.

The receiving mouth here makes
Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.
Let one, or one thousand be
Here dividers, single he
Bears home no less, all they no more,
Nor leave they both less than before.

Though in itself this sovereign feast
Be all the same to every guest,
Yet on the same (life-meaning) bread
The child of death eats himself dead.
Nor is't love's fault, but sin's dire skill,
That thus from life can death distil.

When the blest signs thou broke shalt see,
Hold but thy faith entire as he,
Who, howso'er clad, cannot come
Less than whole Christ in every crumb.
In broken forms a stable faith
Untouch'd her precious total hath.

Lo, the life-food of angels then
Row'd to the lowly mouths of men!
The children's bread, the bridegroom's wine,
Not to be cast to dogs or swine.

Lo, the full, final, sacrifice
On which all figures fix'd their eyes,
The ransom'd Isaac, and his ram;
The manna, and the paschal Lamb.

Jesu, Master, just and true!
Our food and faithful shepherd too!
O by thy self vouchsafe to keep,
As with thy self thou feed'st thy sheep.

O let that love, which thus makes thee
Mix with our low mortality,
Lift our lean souls, and set us up
Convictors of thine own full cup,
Cobblers of saints, that so all may
Drink the same wine, and the same way.
Nor change the pasture, but the place,
To feed of thee in thine own face. Amen.

THE HYMN.

DIES IRE DIES ILLA.

IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away.

O that fire! before whose face
Heav'n and Earth shall find no place:
O these eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with th' circling Sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of Nature, Hell and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come, we come," and all
The caves of night answer one call.

O that book! whose leaves so bright
Will set the world in severe light.
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye
None can indure; yet none can fly.

Ah, then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

But thou giv'st leave (dread Lord) that we
Take shelter from thyself in thee;
And with the wings of thine own dove
Fly to thy sceptre of soft love.

Dear, remember in that day
Who was the cause thou cam'st this way.
Thy sheep was stray'd: and thou would'st be
Even lost thy self in seeking me.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost?
And this lov'd soul, judg'd worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

Just mercy, then, thy rock'ning be
With my price, and not with me;
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercy, (my Judge) mercy, I cry,
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye,
The conscious colours of my sin
Are red without and pale within.

O let thine own soft bowels pay
Thy self; and so discharge that day.
If sin can sigh, love can forgive.
O say the word, my soul shall live.

Those mercies which thy Mary found,
Or who thy cross confess'd and crown'd,
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my pray'rs and tears combine,
Both worthless are; for they are mine.
But thou thy bounteous self still be;
And show thou art, by saving me.

O when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let "Come ye blessed" then call me.

When the dread Ite shall divide
Those limbs of death from thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit thy right hand.

O hear a suppliant heart; all crush'd
And crumbled into contrite dust.
My hope, my fear! my judge, my friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end.

THE HYMN.

O GLORIOSA DOMINA.

HAIL, most high, most humble one!
Above the world, below thy Son,
Whose blush the Moon beautifully mars
And stains the thimorous light of stars.
He that made all things had not done
Till he had made himself thy Son.
The whole world's host would be thy guest,
And board himself at thy rich breast:
O boundless hospitality!
The feast of all things feeds on thee.

The first Eve, mother of our fall,
E'r she bore any one, slew all.
Of her unkind gift might we have
The inheritance of a hasty grave;
Quick buried in the wanton tomb

Of one forbidden bit;
Had not a better fruit forbidden it.

Had not thy healthful womb
The world's new eastern window been,
And given us Heav'n again in giving him,
Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day,
Which renders all the stars she stole away.

Let then the aged world be wise, and all
Prove nobly, here, unnatural:
'Tis gratitude to forget that other,
And call the maiden Eve their mother.

Ye redeem'd nations far and near,
Applaud your happy selves in her,
(All you to whom this love belongs)
And keep't alive with lasting songs.

Let hearts and lips speak loud, and say,
"Hail, door of life, and source of day!
The door was shut, the fountain seal'd;
Yet light was seen and life reveal'd;
The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.

Glory to thee, great Virgin's Son
In bosom of thy Father's bliss.

The name to thee, sweet Spirit be done;
As ever shall be, was, and is, Amen."

THE FLAMING HEART,

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE SERAPHICAL
SAINT TERESA, AS SHE IS USUALLY REPRESENTED WITH
A SERAPHIM RESIDE HER.

WELL meaning readers! you that come as friends,
And catch the precious name this piece pretends;
Make not too much haste t'admire
That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire,
That is a seraphim, they say,
And this the great Teresa.

Readers, be rul'd by me, and make
Here a well-plac'd and wise mistake ;
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong to read it right ;
Lead him for her, and her for him ;
And call the saint the seraphim.

Painter, what did'st thou understand
To put her dart into his hand !
See, even the years and size of him
Shows this the mother seraphim.
This is the mistress flame ; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see.
> most poor-spirited of men !
Had thy cold pencil kiss'd her pen,
Thou could'st not so unkindly err
To show us this faint shade for her.
Why man, this speaks pure mortal frame,
And mocks with female frost love's manly flame.
One would suspect thou mean'st to paint
Some weak, inferior, woman saint.
But had thy pale-fac'd purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
Thou would'st on her have heap'd up all
That could be found seraphical ;
What e'er this youth of fire wears fair,
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Blowing cheek, and glistening wings,
All those fair and flagrant things,
But before all, that fiery dart
Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.

Do then as equal right requires :
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires,
Resume and rectify thy rude design ;
Address thy seraphim into mine ;
Redeem this injury of thy art ;
Give him the veil, give her the dart.

Give him the veil ; that he may cover
The red cheeks of a rival'd lover ;
Lash'm'd that our world, now, can show
Vests of new seraphims here below.

Give her the dart for it is she
Fair youth) shoots both thy shaft and thee.
Lay, all ye wise and well-pierc'd hearts
That live and die amidst her darts,
What is't your tasteful spirits do prove
In that rare life of her, and love ?
Lay, and bear witness, sends she not
A seraphim at every shot ?
What magazines of immortal arms there shine !
Heav'n's great artillery in each love-spun line.
Give then the dart to her, who gives the flame ;
Give him the veil, who gives the shame.

But if it be the frequent fate
Of worst faults to be fortunate ;
If all's prescription ; and proud wrong
Fears not to an humble song ;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suff'ring seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things,
The glowing cheeks, the glistening wings ;
The rosy hand, the radiant dart ;
Leave her alone the flaming heart.
Leave her that ; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft, but love's whole quiver.
For in love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's passives are his activ'st part ;
The wounded is the wounding heart.
> heart ! the equal poise of love's both parts,
Lig alike with wounds and darts,

Live in these conquering leaves ; live all the same ;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame ;
Live here, great heart ; and love, and die, and kill ;
And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where e'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on't ; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary ! show here thy art,
Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart ;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combin'd against this breast at once break in,
And take away from me my self and sin ;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires !
By all thy pow'r of lights and fires ;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;
By all thy lives and deaths of love ;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day ;
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire ;
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee his ;
By all the heav'n's thou hast in him
(Fair sister of the seraphim) ;
By all of him we have in thee ;
Leave nothing of my self in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

A SONG.

Lord, when the sense of thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I die in love's delicious fire.

O love, I am thy sacrifice,
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes,
Still shine on me, fair suns, that I
Still may behold, though still I die.

SECOND PART.

Though still I die, I live again,
Still longing to be still slain ;
So gainful is such loss of breath,
I die even in desire of death.
Still live in me this loving strife
Of living death and dying life.
For while thou sweetly slayest me,
Dead to my self, I live in thee.

TO MISTRESS M. R.

COUNSEL CONCERNING HER CHOICE.

DEAR, heav'n-designed soul !
Amongst the rest
Of suitors that besiege your maiden breast,
Why may not I
My fortune try,
And venture to speak one good word,
Not for my self, alas ! but for my dearer Lord ?
You've seen already in this lower sphere
Of froth and bubbles, what to look for here.
Say, gentle soul, what can you find
But painted shapes,
Peacocks and apes,

Illustrious fies,
Gilded dunghills, glorious lies,
Goodly surmises
And deep disguises,
Oaths of water, words of wind?
Truth bids me say, 'tis time you cease to trust
Your soul to any son of dust.
'Tis time you listen to a braver love,
Which from above
Calls you up higher,
And bids you come
And choose your room
Among his own fair sons of fire,
Where you among
The golden throng,
That watches at his palace doors,
May pass along
And follow those fair stars of yours;
Stars much too fair and pure to wait upon
The false smiles of a sublunary sun.
Sweet, let me prophesy, that at last 'twill prove
Your wary love

Lays up his purer and more precious vows,
And means them for a far more worthy spouse
Than this world of lies can give you:
Ev'n for him, with whom nor cost,
Nor love, nor labour can be lost;
Him who never will deceive you.
Let not my Lord, the mighty lover
Of souls, disdain that I discover
The hidden art
Of his high stratagem to win your heart;
It was his Heav'nly art
Kindly to cross you
In your mistaken love,
That, at the next remove,
Thence he might toss you,
And strike your troubled heart
Home to himself; to hide it in his breast,
The bright ambrosial nest
Of love, of life, and everlasting rest.
Happy mistake!
That thus shall wake
Your wise soul, never to be won
Now with a love below the Sun.
Your first choice fails, O when you choose agen,
May it not be among the sons of men.

ALEXIAS.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FORSAKEN WIFE OF SATYR
ALEXIAS.

THE FIRST ELEGY.

I, LATE the Roman youths' lov'd praise and pride,
Whom long none could obtain, though thousands
I, here am left (alas!) for mylost mate [try'd,
'T' embrace my tears, and kiss an unkind fate.
Sure in my early woes stars were at strife,
And try'd to make a widow e'er a wife.
Nor can I tell (and this new tears doth breed)
In what strange path my lord's fair footsteps bleed.
O knew I where he wander'd, I should see
Some solace in my sorrow's certainty;
I'd send my woes in words should weep for me.
(Who knows how pow'rful well-writ pray'rs would
Sending's too slow a word, myself would fly: [be)
Who knows my own heart's woes so well as I?
But how shall I steal hence? Alexis, thou,
Ah, thou thyself, alas, hast taught me how.
Love, thou, that leads the way, would lend the wings
To bear me harmless through the hardest things:

And where love leads the wing, and leads the way,
What dangers can there be dare say me nay?
If I be shipwreck'd, love shall teach to swim;
If drown'd, sweet is the death endur'd for him;
The noted sea shall change his name with me;
I 'mongst the blest stars a new name shall be;
And sure where lovers make their watry graves,
The weeping mariner will augment the waves.
For who so hard, but passing by that way
Will take acquaintance of my woes, and say,
"Here 't was the Roman maid found a hard fate
While through the world she sought her wand'ring
mate;

Here perish'd she, poor heart. Heav'n's, be my vows
As true to me, as she was to her spouse.
O live! so rare a love! live! and in thee
The too frail life of female constancy.
Farewell and shine, fair soul, shine there above
Firm in thy crown, as here fast in thy love.
There thy lost fugitive thou hast found at last;
Be happy; and for ever hold him fast."

THE SECOND ELEGY.

THOUGH all the joys I had fled hence with thee,
Unkind! yet are my tears still true to me.
I'm wedded o'er again since thou art gone,
Nor could'st thou, cruel, leave me quite alone.
Alexis's widow now is Sorrow's wife,
With him shall I weep out my watry life.
Welcome my sad sweet mate! now have I got
At last a constant love that leaves me not.
Firm he, as thou art false, nor need my cries
Thus vex the earth, and tear the skies.
For him, alas, ne'er shall I need to be
Troublesome to the world, thus, as for thee.
For thee I talk to trees; with silent groves
Expostulate my woes and much-wrong'd loves.
Hills and relentless rocks, or if there be
Things that in hardness more allude to thee,
To these I talk in tears, and tell my pain,
And answer too for them in tears again.
How oft have I wept out the weary Sun?
My watry hour-glass hath old Time out-run.
O, I am learned grown, poor love and I
Have studied over all astrology.
I'm perfect in Heav'n's state, with every star
My skillful grief is grown familiar.
Rise, fairest of those fires, that e'er thou be,
Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me;
Such as the sacred light that erst did bring
The eastern princes to their infant king:
O rise, pure lamp! and lend thy golden ray,
That wary love at last may find his way.

THE THIRD ELEGY.

RICH, churlish land! that hid'st so long in thee
My treasures, rich, alas, by robbing me.
Needs must my miseries owe that man a spite,
Who e'er he be was the first wand'ring knight.
O had he ne'er been at that cruel cost,
Nature's virginity had ne'er been lost;
Seas had not been rebuk'd by saucy oars
But lain lock'd up safe in their sacred shores;
Men had not spurn'd at mountains; nor made vast
With rocks; nor bold hauds struck the world's
strong bars;
Nor lost in too large bounds, our little Rome
Full sweetly with it self had dwelt at home.
My poor Alexis then, in peaceful life,
Had under some low roof lov'd his plain wife:

but now, ah me, from where he has no foes
 He flies; and into wilful exile goes.
 Cruel return or tell the reason why
 Thy dearest parents have deserv'd to die;
 And I, what is my crime I cannot tell,
 Unless it be a crime t' have lov'd too well.
 Of heats of holier love and high desire
 Make big thy fair breast with immortal fire,
 What needs my virgin lord fly thus from me,
 Who only wish his virgin wife to be?
 Witness, chaste Heav'n's! no happier vows I know,
 Than to a virgin grave untouch'd to go.
 Love's truest knot by Venus is not ty'd;
 Nor do embraces only make a bride.
 The queen of angels (and men chaste as you)
 Was maiden-wife, and maiden-mother too.
 Cecilia, glory of her name and blood,
 With happy gain her maiden vows made good.
 The lusty bridegroom made approach, "Young
 man
 Take heed," said she, "take heed Valerian;
 My bosom-guard, a spirit great and strong,
 Stands arm'd to shield me from all wanton wrong.
 My chastity is sacred; and my sleep
 Wakeful, her dear vows undefal'd to keep.
 Pallas bears arms, forsooth, and should there be
 No fortress built for true virginity?
 No gaping Gorgon this, none like the rest
 Of your learn'd lies: here you'll find no such jest.
 'Tis yours, O were my God, my Christ so too,
 'd know no name of love on earth but you."
 He yields, and straight baptiz'd, obtains the grace
 To gaze on the fair soldier's glorious face.
 Both mixt at last their blood in one rich bed
 Of rosy martyrdom, twice married.
 To burn our Hymen bright in such high flame;
 Thy torch, terrestrial love, has here no name.
 How sweet the mutual yoke of man and wife,
 When holy fires maintain love's heav'nly life!
 But I, (so help me Heav'n my hopes to see) [these
 When thousands sought my love, lov'd none but
 till, as their vain tears my firm vows did try,
 ' Alexis, he alone is mine." (said I)
 Half true, alas, half false, proves that poor line,
 Alexis is alone; but is not mine.

 DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE
 AND CONDITION OF LIFE.

(OUT OF BARCLAY.)

No roofs of gold o'er riotous tables shining,
 Whole days and suns devour'd with endless dining;
 No sails of Tyrian silk proud pavements sweep-
 ing;
 Nor ivory couches costlier slumbers keeping;
 False lights of flaring gems; tumultuous joys;
 Halls full of flattering men and friking boys;
 What'e'r false shows of short and slippery good
 Mix the mad sons of men in mutual blood.
 But walks and unshorn woods; and souls, just so
 Unforc'd and genuine, but net shady tho':
 Our lodgings hard and homely, as our fare,
 That chaste and cheap, as the few clothes we wear;
 Those coarse and negligent, as the natural locks
 Of these loose groves, rough as th' unpolish'd rocks.
 A hasty portion of prescribed sleep;
 Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,
 And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again;
 Still rolling a round sphere of still-returning pain.
 Hands full of hearty labours; pains that pay
 And prize themselves; do much, that more they may,
 And work for work, not wages; let to morrow's
 New drops wash off the sweat of this day's sorrows.
 A long and daily-dying life, which breaths
 A respiration of reviving deaths.
 But neither are there those ignoble stings
 That nip the bosom of the world's best things
 And lash earth-labouring souls;
 No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
 Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep:
 But reverend discipline, and religious fear,
 And soft obedience, find sweet biding here;
 Silence, and sacred rest; peace, and pure joys;
 Kind loves keep house, lie close, and make no noise,
 And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
 Beyond the kingdoms of contentful cells.
 The self-rememb'ring soul sweetly recovers
 Her kindred with the stars; not basely hovers
 Below; but meditates her immortal way
 Home to the original source of light and intellectual
 day.