

THE
POEMS
OF
WILLIAM HABINGTON.

LIFE OF WILLIAM HABINGTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE admission of Habington's poems into this collection has been suggested by many modern critics, and will unquestionably be sanctioned by every man of taste and feeling. He was, beyond most of his contemporaries, an honour to the fraternity of poets. It is easier, however, to revive the memory of his poems, than of his personal history. Wood's account of his family is not unsatisfactory, but he says little of our poet, although that little is commendatory. A few particulars are now added from Nash's History of Worcestershire and other authorities, but not enough to gratify our curiosity respecting one who was not only an excellent poet, but a virtuous and amiable man.

His family were Roman catholics. His *great-grand-father* was Richard Habington, or Abington, of Brockhampton, in Herefordshire. His *grand-father*, John, second son of this Richard Habington, and cofferer to queen Elizabeth, was born in 1515, and died in 1581. He bought the manor of Hindlip, in Worcestershire, and rebuilt the mansion about the year 1572. His *father*, Thomas Habington, was born at Thorpe, in Surrey, 1560, studied at Oxford, and afterwards travelled to Rheims and Paris. On his return he involved himself with the party who laboured to release Mary queen of Scots, and was afterwards imprisoned on a suspicion of being concerned in Babington's conspiracy. During this imprisonment, which lasted six years, he employed his time in study. Having been at length released, and his life saved, as is supposed, on account of his being queen Elizabeth's godson, he retired to Hindlip, and married Mary, eldest daughter of Edward Parker, lord Morley, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of sir William Stanley, lord Monteaule.

On the detection of the gun-powder plot, he again fell under the displeasure of government, by concealing some of the agents in that affair in his house¹, and was condemned to die, but pardoned by the intercession of his brother-in law, lord Morley,

¹Of this he appears to have been unjustly accused. According to Nash's description of the house, it was, however, well adapted for the concealment of suspected persons. See Archæologia, vol. XV. p. 137, and Nash's Worcestershire. C.

who discovered the plot by the famous letter of warning, which Mrs. Habington is reported to have written². The condition of his pardon was, that he should never stir out of Worcestershire. With this he appears to have complied, and devoted his time, among other pursuits, to the history and antiquities of that county, of which he left three folio volumes of parochial antiquities, two of miscellaneous collections, and one relating to the cathedral. These received additions from his son and from Dr. Thomas, of whom bishop Lyttelton purchased them, and presented them to the Society of Antiquaries. They have since formed the foundation of Dr. Nash's elaborate history³. Wood says he had a hand in the history of Edward IV. published afterwards under the name of his son, the poet, whom he survived, dying in 1647, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

William Habington, his eldest son, was born at Hindlip, November 5, 1605⁴, and was educated in the Jesuits' College at St. Omer's, and afterwards at Paris, with a view to induce him to take the habit of the order, which he declined. On his return from the continent, he resided principally with his father, who became his preceptor, and evidently sent him into the world a man of elegant accomplishments and virtues. Although allied to some noble families, and occasionally mixing in the gaieties of high life, his natural disposition inclined him to the purer pleasures of rural life. He was probably very early a poet and a lover, and in both successful. He married Lucy, daughter of William Herbert, first lord Powis, by Eleanor, daughter of Henry Percy, eighth earl of Northumberland by Katherine, daughter and co heir of John Neville, lord Latimer. It is to this lady that we are indebted for his poems, most of which were written in allusion to his courtship and marriage. She was the Castara who animated his imagination with tenderness and elegance, and purified it from the grosser *opprobria* of the amatory poets. His poems, as was not unusual in that age, were written occasionally, and dispersed confidentially. In 1635, they appear to have been first collected into a volume, which Oldys calls the second edition⁵, under the title of *Castara*. Another edition was published in 1640, which is by far the most perfect and correct. The reader to whom an analysis may be necessary, will find a very judicious one in the last volume of the *Censura Literaria*.

His other works are, the *Queen of Arragon*, a Tragi-comedy, which was acted at Court and at Blackfriars, and printed in 1640. It has since been reprinted among Dodsley's *Old Plays*. The author having communicated the manuscript to Philip, earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain of the household to king Charles I, he caused it to be acted, and afterwards published, against the author's consent. It was revived, with the revival of the stage, at the Restoration, about the year 1666, when a new prologue and epilogue were furnished by the author of *Hudibras*⁶.

Our author wrote also *Observations upon History*, Lond. 1641. 8vo. consisting of

² Gen. Mag. vol. LXXVII. p. 30. *Archæologia, ubi supra.* C.

³ Gough's *Topography*, vol. II. p. 385, who has erroneously represented his daughter as "married to lord Monteagle." C.

⁴ Either on the fourth or fifth of November. *Dodd's Catholic Church Hist.* vol. II. p. 423. C.

⁵ MSS. notes on Langbaine in *Brit. Mus. art. Babington.* C.

⁶ The author of the *Lives of the poets*, under the name of Cibber, has printed the original and very poor prologue to this play, as a specimen of Habington's poetry. C.

some particular pieces of history in the reigns of Henry II. Richard I, &c. interspersed with political and moral reflections, similar to what he had introduced in his larger history. This was entitled *The History of Edward IV.* fol. 1640, which, as Wood asserts was both written and published at the desire of Charles I. He also insinuates that Habington "did run with the times, and was not unknown to Oliver the Usurper," but we have no evidence of any compliance with a system of political measures so diametrically opposite to those which, we may suppose, belonged to the education and principles of a Roman Catholic family. It is, indeed, grossly improbable that he should have complied with Cromwell who was as yet no usurper, and during the life of his royal master whose cause was not yet desperate. Of his latter days we have no farther account than that he died Nov. 13, 1645, and was buried at Hindlip in the family vault. He left a son, Thomas, who, dying without issue, bequeathed his estate to sir William Compton.

His poems are distinguished from those of most of his contemporaries, by delicacy of sentiment, tenderness, and a natural strain of pathetic reflection. His favourite subjects, virtuous love and conjugal attachment, are agreeably varied by strokes of fancy and energies of affection. Somewhat of the extravagance of the metaphysical poets is occasionally discernible, but with very little affectation of learning, and very little effort to draw his imagery from sources with which the Muses are not familiar. The virtuous tendency and chaste language of his poems form no inconsiderable part of their merit, and his preface assures us that his judgment was not inferior to his imagination.

THE AUTHOR.

THE press hath gathered into one, what fancie had scattered in many loose papers. To write this, love stole some houres from business, and my more serious study. For though poetry may challenge, if not priority, yet equality, with the best sciences, both for antiquity and worth; I never set so high a rate upon it, as to give my selfe entirely up to its devotion. It hath too much ayre, and (if without offence to our next transmarine neighbour) wantons too much according to the French garbe. And when it is wholly employed in the soft straines of love, his soule who entertaines it, loseth much of that strength which should confirme him man. The nerves of judgement are weakened most by its dalliance; and when woman (I meane onely as she is externally faire) is the supreme object of wit, we soone degenerate into effeminacy. For the religion of fancie declines into a mad superstition, when it adores that idoll which is not secure from age and sicknesse. Of such heathens, our times afford us a pittied multitude, who can give no nobler testimony of twenty yeares' employement, than some loose coppies of lust happily exprest. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praise, and honour with the sacred name of poets: to which, as I believe, they can never have any just claime, so shall I not dare by this essay to lay any title, since more sweate and oyle he must spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an attribute. Yet if the innocency of a chaste Muse shall bee more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the ballance of esteeme than a fame begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave them no hope of competition. For how unhappie soever I may be in the elocution, I am sure the theame is worthy enough. In all those flames in which I burnt, I never felt a wanton heate; nor was my invention ever sinister from the strait way of chastity. And when love builds upon that rocke, it may safely contemne the battery of the waves and threatnings of the wind. Since time, that makes a mockery of the firmest structures, shall it selfe be ruined, before that be demolisht. Thus was the foundation layd. And though my eye, in its survey, was satisfied, even to curiosity, yet did not my search rest there. The alabaster, ivory, porphir, jet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but a halfe pleasure, since they stood there onely to make sport for ruine. But when my soule grew acquainted with the owner of that mansion, I found that Oratory was dombe when it began to speake her, and wonder (which must necessarily seize the best at that time) a lethargie, that dulled too much the faculties of the minde, onely fit to busie themselves in discoursing her perfections: Wisdome, I encountered there, that could not spend it selfe since it affected silence, attentive onely to instructions, as if all her senses had bene contracted into hearing: Innocencie, so not vitiated by conversation with the world, that the subtile witted of her sex, would have tearm'd it ignorance: wit, which seated it selfe most in the apprehension, and if not inforc't by good manners, would scarce have gain'd the name of affability: Modesty, so timorous, that it represented a besieged city, standing watchfully upon her guard, strongest in the loyalty to her prince. In a word, all those vertues which should restore woman to her primitive state of beauty, fully adorned her. But I shall be censured, in labouring to come nigh the truth, guilty of an indiscreet rheroticke. However such I fancied her, for to say shee is, or was such, were to play the merchant, and boast too much the value of a jewell I possesse, but have no minde to part with. And though I appeare to strive against the streame of best wits, in erecting the selfe same altar, both to chastity and love; I will for once adventure to doe well, without a president. Nor if my rigid friend question superciliously the setting forth of these poems, will I excuse my selfe (though justly perhaps I might) that importunity prevailed, and cleere judgements advised. This onely I dare say, that if they are not strangled with envie of the present, they may happily live in the not dislike of future times. For then partiality cesseth, and vertue is without the idolatry of her clients, esteemed worthy honour. Nothing new is free from detraction, and when princes alter customes even heavie to the sub-

ject, best ordinances are interpreted innovations. Had I slept in the silence of my acquaintance, and effected no study beyond that which the chase or field allows, poetry had then beene no scandall upon me, and the love of learning no suspicion of ill husbandry. But what malice, begot in the country upon ignorance, or in the city upon criticisme, shall prepare against me, I am armed to endure. For as the face of vertue lookes faire without the adultery of art, so fame needes no ayde from rumour to strengthen her selfe. If these lines want that courtship, (I will not say flattery) which insinuates it selfe into the favour of great men, best; they partake of my modesty: If satyre to win applause with the envious multitude; they express my content, which maliceth none the fruition of that, they esteeme happie. And if not too indulgent to what is my owne; I thinke even these verses will have that proportion in the world's opinion, that Heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not so high, as to be wondred at, nor so low as to be contemned.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO HIS BEST FRIEND AND KINSMAN
WILLIAM HABINGTON, ESQUIRE.

NOR in the silence of content and store
Of private sweets ought thy Muse charme no more
Than thy Castara's care. 'Twere wrong such gold
Should not like mines, (poore nam'd to this) behold
It selfe a publicke joy. Who her restraine,
Make a close prisoner of a soveraigne.
Enlarge her then to triumph. While we see
Such worth in beauty, such desert in thee,
Such mutnall flames betweene you both, as show
How chastity, though yce, like love can glow,
Yet stand a virgin: how that full content
By vertue is to soules united, lent,
Which proves all wealth is poore, all honours are
But empty titles, highest power but care,
That quits not cost. Yet Heaven, to vertue kind,
Hath given you plenty to suffice a minde
That knowes but temper. For beyond, your state
May be a prouder, not a happier fate.

I write not this in hope t' inroach on fame,
Or adde a greater lustre to your name,
Bright in it selfe enough. We two are knowne
To th' world, as to our selves, to be but one,
In b'ood as study: and my carefull love
Did never action worth my name approve,
Which serv'd not thee. Nor did we ere contend,
But who should be best patterne of a friend.
Who read thee, praise thy fancie, and admire
Thee burning with so high and pure a fire,
As reaches Heaven it selfe. But I who know
Thy soule religious to her ends, where grow
No sinne by art or custome, boldly can
Stile thee more than good poet, a good man.
Then let thy temples shake off vulgar bayes,
Th' hast built an altar which enshrines thy praise:
And to the faith of after-time commends
Yee the best paire of lovers, us of friends.

GEORGE TALBOT.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

CASTARA.

THE FIRST PART.

Carmina non prius
Andita, Musarum sacerdos virginibus.

A MISTRES

Is the fairest treasure, the avarice of Love can covet; and the onely white, at which he shootes his arrowes, nor while his aime is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaste, for the devill enters the idoll and gives the oracle, when wantonnesse possesseth beauty, and wit maintaines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the sweetnesse of education, not by the slight of art. She is young, for a woman past the delicacie of her spring, may well move by vertue to respect, never by beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even from the knowledge of sinne, for vice is too strong to be wrestled with, and gives her frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though the amorous youth interpret her modestie to that sence; but in her vertue weares so much majestic, lust dares not rebel, nor though masqued, under the pretence of love, capitulate with her. She entertaines not every parley offer'd, although the articles pretended to her advantage: advice and her owne feares restraine her, and woman never owed ruine to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of servants, a multitude of adorers Heaven can onely challeng; and it is impietie in her weaknesse to desire superstition from many. She is deafe to the whispers of love, and even on the marriage houre can breake off,

without the least suspicion of scandall, to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoydes a too neere conversation with man, and like the Parthian overcomes by sight. Her language is not copious but apposit, and she had rather suffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of witty, with that of bold and wanton. In her carriage she is sober, and thinks her youth expresseth life enough, without the giddy motion, fashion of late hath taken up. She danceth to the best applause but doates not on the vanity of it, nor licenceth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She sings, but not perpetually, for she knowes, silence in woman is the most perswading oratory. She never arrived to so much familiarity with man as to know the demunitive of his name, and call him by it; and she can show a competent favour: without yeelding her hand to his gripe. Shee never understood the language of a kisse, but at salutation, nor dares the courtier use so much of his practised impudence as to offer the rape of it from her: because chastity hath write it unlawfull, and her behaviour proclaimes it unwelcome. She is never sad, and yet not jiggish; her conscience is cleere from guilt, and that secures her from sorrow. She is not passionately in love with poetry, because it softens the heart too much to love: but she likes the harmony in the composition; and the brave examples of vertue celebrated by it, she proposeth to her imitation. She is not vaine in the history of her gay kindred or acquaintance: since vertue is often tenant to a cottage, and familiarity with greatness (if worth be not transcendant above the title) is but a glorious servitude, fooles onely are willing to suffer. She is not ambitious to be praised, and yet values death beneath infamy. And Ile conclide, (though the next sinod of ladies condemne this character as an heresie broacht by a precision) that onely she who

hath as great a share in vertue as in beauty,
deserves a noble love to serve her, and a free
poesie to speake her.

TO CASTARA,

A SACRIFICE.

Let the chaste phoenix from the fowry East,
Bring the sweete treasure of her perfum'd nest,
As incense to this altar where the name
Of my Castara's grav'd by th' hand of Fame.
Let purer virgins, to redeeme the aire
From loose infection, bring their zealous prayer,
T' assist at this great feast: where they shall see,
What rites Love offers up to Chastity.
Let all the amorous youth, whose faire desire
Felt never warmth but from a noble fire,
Bring hither their bright flames: which here shall
As tapers fixt about Castara's shrine. [shine
While I the priest, my untam'd heart, surprize,
And in this temple mak't her sacrifice.

TO CASTARA,

PRAYING.

I saw Castara pray, and from the aike,
A winged legion of bright angels flie
To catch her vows, for feare her virgin prayer,
Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.
To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write,
May seeme a fancie. But the eagle's sight
Of saints, and poets, miracles oft view,
Which to dull heretikes appears untrue.
Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty, let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,
T' enrich my garland, pluck religious bayes.
Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts
shall move,
Best subject of my pen, queene of my love.

TO

ROSES IN THE BOSOME OF CASTARA.

Yee blushing virgins happie are
In the chaste nunn'ry of her brests,
For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere shall call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?
In some close garden, cowslips so
Are sweeter than i'th' open field.

In those white cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be.
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whose brest hath marble beene to me.

TO CASTARA,

A VOW.

By those chaste lamps which yeeld a silent light,
To the cold vrnes of virgins; by that night,
Which guilty of no crime, doth onely heare
The vows of recluse nuns, and th' an'thris' prayer;
And by thy chaster selfe; my fervent zeale
Like mountaine yce, which the north winds con-
To purest christall, feelles no wanton fire. [geale,
But as the bumble pilgrim, (whose desire
Blest in Christ's cottage view by angels' hands,
Transported from sad Bethlem,) wondring stands
At the great miracle. So I at thee,
Whose beauty is the shrine of chastity.
Thus my bright Muse in a new orbe shall move,
And even teach religion how to love.

TO CASTARA,

OF HIS BEING IN LOVE.

WHERE am I? not in Heaven: for oh I feele
The stone of Sisiphus, Ixion's wheele;
And all those tortures, poets (by their wine
Made judges) laid on Tantalus, are mine.
Nor yet am I in Hell; for still I stand,
Though giddy in my passion, on firme land.
And still behold the seasons of the yeare,
Springs in my hope, and winters in my feare.
And sure I'me 'bove the Earth, for th' highest star
Shoots beames, but dim, to what Castara's are,
And in her sight and favour I even shine
In a bright orbe beyond the christalline.
If then Castara I in Heaven nor move,
Nor Earth, nor Hell; where am I but in Love!

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,

MR. ENDYMION PORTER.

Nor still i'th' shine of kings. Thou dost retire
Sometime to th' holy shade, where the chaste quire
Of Muses doth the stubborne panther awe,
And give the wildenesse of his nature law.
The wind his chariot stops: th' attentive rocke
The rigor doth of its creation mocke,
And gently melts away: Argus to heare
The musicke, turnes each eye into an eare.
To welcome thee, Endymion, glorious they
Triumph to force these creatures disobey
What Nature hath enacted. But no charme
The Muses have these monsters can disarme
Of their innated rage: no spell can tame
The North-wind's fury, but Castara's name.
Climbe yonder forked hill, and see if there
I'th' barke of every Daphne, not appears
Castara written; and so markt by me,
How great a prophet growes each virgin tree?
Lie downe, and listen what the sacred spring
In her harmonious murmures, strives to sing
To th' neighb'ring banke, ere her loose waters erre
Through common channels; sings she not of her?
Behold yond' violet, which such honour gaine,
That growing but to emulate her veins,

It's asur'd like the skie: when she doth bow
 T' invoke Castara, Heav'n perfumes her row.
 The trees, the water, and the flowers adore
 The deity of her sex, and through each pore
 Breath forth her glories. But unquiet love
 To make thy passions so uncourtly prove,
 As if all eares should heare her praise alone.
 Now listen thou; Endymion sings his owne.

TO CASTARA.

Doz not their prophane orgies heare,
 Who but to wealth no altars reare.
 The soule's oft poy'n'd through the eare.

Castara, rather seeke to dwell
 I'th' silence of a private cell,
 Rich discontent's a glorious Hell.

Yet Hindlip doth not want extent
 Of roome (though not magnificent)
 To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the earely Spring,
 That wealthy stooke of Nature bring,
 Of which the Sybils bookes did sing.

From fruitlesse palmes shall honey flow,
 And barren Winter harvest show,
 While lillies in his bosome grow,

No North winde shall the corne infest,
 But the soft spirit of the East,
 Our sent with perfum'd-banquets feast.

A Satyre here and there shall trip,
 In hope to purchase leave to sip
 Sweete nectar from a Fairie's lip.

The Nymphs with quivers shall adorne
 Their active sides and roase the morne
 With the shrill musicke of their horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
 Faire Daphne her faire selfe shall free,
 From the chaste prison of a tree:

And with Narcissus (to thy face
 Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
 Shall once againe pursue the chase.

So they whose wisdom did discusse
 Of these as fictions: shall in us
 Finde, they were more than fabulous.

TO CASTARA,

SOFTLY SINGING TO HER SELF.

Brag forth, sweete cherubin, (for we have choice
 Of reasons in thy beauty and thy voyce,
 To name thee so, and scarce appeare prophane)
 Sing forth, that while the orbs celestiall straine
 To eccho thy sweete note, our humane eares
 May then receive the musicke of the sphaerae.
 But yet take heede, lest if the swans of Thames,
 That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,
 O'th' sudden heare thy well-divided breath,
 Should listen, and in silence welcome death:
 And ravish nightingales, striving too high
 To reach thee, in the emulation dye.

And thus there will be left no bird to sing
 Farewell to th' waters, welcome to the spring.

TO A WANTON.

In vaine, faire sorceresse, thy eyes speake charmes,
 In vaine thou mak'st loose circles with thy armes.
 I'me 'bove thy spels. No magicke him can move,
 In whom Castara hath inspir'd her love.
 As she, keepe thou strict cent'nell o're thy care,
 Lest it the whispers of soft courtiers heare;
 Reade not his raptures, whose invention must
 Write journey worke, both of his patron's lust
 And his owne plush: let no admirer feast
 His eye o'th' naked banquet of thy breast.
 If this faire president, nor yet my want
 Of love, to answer thine, make thee recant
 Thy sor'ries; pity shall to justice turne,
 And judge thee witch, in thy own flames to burne.

TO

THE HONOURABLE MY MUCH HONOURED
 FRIEND, R. B. ESQUIRE'.

WHILE you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,
 The zeale you beare your mistresse to proclaim
 To th' talking world: I in the silenst grove,
 Scarce to my selfe dare whisper that I love.
 Thee titles Brud'nell, riches thee adorne,
 And vigorous youth to vice not headlong borne
 By th' tide of custome: which I value more
 Than what blind superstitious fooles adore,
 Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthroned,
 Greatnesse we borrow, vertue is our owne.
 In thy attempt be prosperous and when ere
 Thou shalt prefix the houre; may Hymen weare
 His brightest robe; where some fam'd Persian shall
 Worke by the wonder of her needle all
 The nuptiall joyes; which (if we poets be
 True prophets) bounteous Heaven designs for
 I envie not, but glory in thy fate, [thee.
 While in the narrow limits of my state
 I bound my hopes, which if Castara daigne
 Once to entitle hers; the wealthiest graine
 My earth, untill shall beare; my trees shall grone
 Vnder their fruitfull burthen, and at one
 And the same season, Nature forth shall bring
 Riches of Autumne, pleasures of the Spring.
 But digge and thou shalt finde a purer mine
 Than th' Indians boast: taste of this generous vine,
 And her blood sweeter will than nectar prove,
 Such miracles wait on a noble love.
 But should shee scorne my sute, I'le tread that path
 Which none but some sad Fairy beaten hath,
 Then force wrong'd Philomel, hearing my mone,
 To sigh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

TO CASTARA,

INQUIRING WHY I LOVED HER.

Wav doth the stubborne iron prove
 So gentle to th' magnetique stone?

' Robert Brudenell, afterwards second earl of
 Cardigan.

How know you that the orbs doe move;
With musicke too? since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre
Which in thy soules bright sphere doe shine,
Shooting their beauties from a farre,
To make each gazers heart like thine;
Our vertues often meteors are-

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spie,
When poets weepe some virgin's death,
That Cupid wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath,
And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're
So vaine as in that to delight:
Which, ballance it no weight doth beare,
Nor yet is object to the sight,
But onely fills the vulgar eare.

Nor yet thy fortunes: since I know
They, in their motion like the sea,
Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow:
And so in flattery betray,
That raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuell enough t'enflame desire;
But there was something from above,
Shot without reason's guide, this fire.
I know, yet know not, why I love.

TO CASTARA,

LOOKING UPON HIM.

TRANSFIX me with that flaming dart,
I'th' eye, or brest or any part,
So thou, Castara, spare my heart.

The cold Cymerian by that bright
Warme wound i'th' darknesse of his night,
Might both recover heat, and light.

The rugged Scythian gently move,
I'th' whispering shadow of some grove,
That's consecrate to sportive love.

December see the primrose grow,
The rivers in soft murmurs flow,
And from his head shake off his snow.

And crooked age might feele againe
Those heates, of which youth did complaine,
While fresh blood swels each withered veine.

For the bright lustre of thy eyes,
Which but to warme them would suffice,
May burne me to a sacrifice.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESSSE OF AR.¹

Write'd with delight, (yet such as still doth beare
Chast vertue's stamp) those children of the yeere,

¹ Margaret daughter of William Douglas, earl of Morton, wife of Archibald, eighth earl of Argyle.

The dayes, hast nimbly; and while as they file,
Each of them with their predecessors vie,
Which yeelds most pleasure; you to them dispiace,
What Time lost with his cradle, innocence.
So I (if faucie not delude my sight,)
See often the pale monarch of the night,
Dia a, 'mong her nimphs. For every quire
Of vulgar starres who lend their weaker fire
To conquer the night's chillesse, with their queene,
In harmeless revels tread the happy greene.
But I who am proecrib'd by tyrant Love,
Seeke out a silent exile in some grove,
Where nought except a solitary spring,
Was ever heard, to which the Nimphs did sing
Narcissus' obs'quies: For onely there
Is musique apt to catch an am'rous eare:
Castara! oh my heart! how great a flame
Did even shoot into me with her name?
Castara hath betray'd me to a zeale
Which thus distracts my hopes. Flints may conceale
In their cold veynes a fire. But I whose heart
By love's dissolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.
But truce thou warring passion, for I'le now
Maddam to you address this solemne vow.
By vertue and your selfe (best friends) I finde
In the interior province of your minde
Such government: that if great men obey
Th' example of your order, they will sway
Without reproofe; for onely you unite
Honour with sweetnesse, vertue with delight.

VPON CASTARA'S

FROWNE OR SMILE.

LEARNED shade of Tycho Brache, who to us,
The stars prophetick language didst impart,
And even in life their mysteries discuss:
Castara hath o'rethrowne thy strongest art.

When custome struggles from her beaten path,
Then accidents must needs uncertaine be,
For if Castara smile; though winter hath
Lock't up the rivers: summer's warme in me.

And Flora by the miracle reviv'd,
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring stand,
But should she frowne, the northerne wind arriv'd,
In midst of summer, leads his frozen band:

Which doth to yce my youthful blood congeale,
Yet in the midst of yce, still flames my zeale.

IN CASTARA,

ALL FORTUNES.

Ye glorious wits, who finde than Parian stone,
A nobler quarry to build trophies on,
Purchast 'gainst conquer'd time, go court loud
He wins it, who but sings Castara's name? [fame,
Aspiring soules, who grow but in a spring,
Forc't by the warmth of some indulgent king:
Know if Castara smile: I dwell in it,
And vie for glory with the favourit.
Ye sonnes of avarice, who but to share
Uncertaine treasure with a certaine care,
Tempt death in th' horrid ocean: I, when ere
I but approach her, find the Indies there.

Heaven brightest saint kinde to my vowes made
Of all ambition courts, th' epitome. [thee

UPON THOUGHT CASTARA MAY DYE.

If she should dye, (as well suspect we may,
A body so compact should ne're decay)
Her brighter soule would in the Moone inspire
More chastity, in dimmer starres more fire.
You twins of Leda (as your parents are
In their wild lusts) may grow irregular
Now in your motion: for the marriner
Henceforth shall onely steere his course by her.
And when the zeale of after time shall spie .
Her uncorrupt i'th' happy marble lie;
The roses in her cheekes unwithered,
Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead.
For he who did to her in life dispence
A Heaven, will banish all corruption thence. ↓

TIME TO THE MOMENTS, ON SIGHT OF
CASTARA.

You younger children of your father stay,
Swift flying moments (which divide the day
And with your number measure out the yeare
In various seasons) stay and wonder here.
For since my cradle, I so bright a grace
Ne're saw, as you see in Castara's face;
Whom Nature to revenge some youthfull crime
Would never frame, till age had weakened Time.
Else spight of fate, in some faire forme of clay
My youth I'de bodied, throwne my sythe away,
And broke my glasse. But since that cannot be,
I'lle punish Nature for her injurie.
On nimble moments in your journey flie,
Castara shall like me, grow old, and die.

TO A FRIEND INQUIRING HER NAME, WHOM HE
LOVED.

FOND Love himselfe hopes to disguise
From view, if he but covered lies,
I'th' veile of my transparent eyes.
Though in a smile himselfe he hide,
Or in a sigh, though art so tride
In all his arts, hee'lle be descride.
I must confesse (deare friend) my name,
Whose boasts Castara so doth tame,
That not thy faith, shall know her name.
Twere prophanation of my zeale,
If but abroad one whisper steale,
They love betray who him reveale.
In a darke cave which never eye
Could by his subtlest ray deasy,
It doth like a rich minerall lye.

Which if she with her flame refine,
I'de force it from that obscure mine,
And then it like pure gold should shine.

A DIALOGUE BETWEENE HOPE AND FEARE.

FEARE.

CHECKE thy forward thoughts and know
Hymen onely joynes their hands;
Who with even paces goe,
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

HOPE.

But Castara's purer fire,
When it meets a noble flame;
Shuns the smoke of such desire,
Ioynes with love, and burnes the same.

FEARE.

Yet obedience must prevaile,
They who o're her actions sway:
Would have her in th' ocean saile,
And contemne thy narrow sea.

HOPE.

Parents' lawes must beare no weight
When they happinesse prevent,
And our sea is not so streight,
But it roome hath for content.

FEARE.

Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the altar of her eyes.
And will partiall she command,
Onely thine for sacrifice?

HOPE.

Thousand victims must returne;
Shee the purest will designe:
Choose Castara which shall burne,
Choose the purest, that is mine.

TO CUPID,

UPON A DIMPLE IN CASTARA'S CHEEKE.

NIMBLE boy in thy warme sight,
What cold tyrant dimm'd thy sight?
Hadst thou eyes to see my faire,
Thou wouldst sigh thy selfe to ayre:
Fearing to create this one,
Nature had her selfe undone.
But if you when this you heare
Fall downe murdered through your care,
Begge of love that you may have
In her cheeke a dimpled grave.
Lilly, rose, and violet,
Shall the perfum'd hearse beset
While a beauteous sheet of lawne,
O're the wanton Corps is drawne:
And all lovers use this breath;
"Here lies Cupid blest in death."

UPON

CUPID'S DEATH AND BURIALL IN
CASTARA'S CHEEKE.

CUPID'S dead. Who would not dye,
To be interr'd so neere her eye?
Who would feare the sword, to have
Such an alabaster grave?

O're which two bright tapers burne,
To give light to the beauteous vrne.
At the first Castara smil'd,
Thinking Cupid her beguil'd,
Onely counterfeiting death.
But when she perceiv'd his breath
Quite expir'd: the mournfull girle,
To entombe the boy in pearle,
Wept so long; till pittious love,
From the ashes of this Love,
Made ten thousand Cupids rise,
But confin'd them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to show they lacke
No due sorrow, still weare blacke.
But the blacks so glorious are
Which they mourne in, that the faire
Quires of starres, look pale and fret,
Seeing themselves out shin'd by jet.

TO FAME.

FLY on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame,
And speake to the cold North Castara's name:
Which very breath will, like the East wind, bring,
The temp'rate warmth, and musicke of the spring.
Then from the articke to th' antarcticke pole,
Haste nimbly and inspire a gentler soule,
By naming her, i'th' torrid South; that he
May milde as Zephyrus' coole whispers be.
Nor let the West where Heaven already joynea
The vastest empire, and the wealthiest mines,
Nor th' East in pleasures wanton, her condemne,
For not distributing her gifts on them.
For she with want would have her bounty meet,
Love's noble charity is so discrete.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEKE ARAPHILL AND CASTARA.

ARAPHILL.

Dost not thou Castara read
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'de shew, and yet disguise?
Sences act each other's part,
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.

CASTARA.

I saw love as lightning breake
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to heare thy silence speake.
Silent love is eloquent.
So the sence of learning heares
The dumbe musicke of the sphaeres.

ARAPHILL.

Then there's mercy in your kinde,
Listening to an unfain'd love.
Or strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move?
No y're pittious as y're faire.
Heaven relents, o'ecome by prayer.

CASTARA.

But loose man too prodigall
Is in the expence of vowes;
And thinks to him kingdomes fall
When the heart of woman bowes;

Fraily to your armes may yeeld;
Who resists you wins the field.

ARAPHILL.

Triumph not to see me bleed,
Let the bore chafed from his den,
On the wounds of mankinde feede,
Your softe sexe should pittie men.
Malice well may practise art,
Love hath a transparent heart.

CASTARA.

Yet is love all one deceit,
A warme frost, a frozen fire.
She within her selfe is great,
Who is slave to no desire.
Let youth act, and age advise,
And then Love may fade his eyes.

ARAPHILL.

Hymen's torch yeelds a dim light,
When ambition joynea our hands,
A proud day, but mournfull night,
She sustaines, who marries lands.
Wealth slaves man; but for their ore,
Th' Indians had bene free, though poore.

CASTARA.

And yet wealth the fuel is
Which maintains the nuptiall fire,
And in honour there's a blisse,
Th' immortal who aspire.
But truth sayes no joyes are sweete,
But where hearts united meete.

ARAPHILL.

Roses breath not such a sent,
To perfume the neigh'ring groves;
As when you affirme content,
In no sphaere of glory moves.
Glory narrow soules combines:
Noble hearts Love onely joynea.

TO CASTARA,

INTENDING A JOURNEY INTO THE COUNTRY.

Why haste you hence Castara? can the Earth,
A glorious mother, in her flowry birth,
Show lillies like thy brow? Can she disclose
In emulation of thy cheek, a rose,
Sweete as thy blush; upon thy selfe then set
Just value, and scorne it thy counterfet.
The spring's still with thee; but perhaps the field,
Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld
Her tribute to the plough; or rather let
Th' ingratefull Earth for ever be in debt
To th' hope of sweating Industry, than we {thee.
Should starve with cold, who have no heat but
Nor feare the publike good. Thy eyes can give
A life to all, who can deserve to live.

VPON CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

I AM engag'd to sorrow, and my heart
Feeles a distracted rage. Though you depart

And leave me to my feares; let love in spite
Of absence, our divided soules unite.
But you must goe. The melancholy doves
Draw Venus' chariot hence: the sportive Loves
Which wont to wanton here hence with you flye,
And like false friends forsake me when I dye.
For but a walking tombe, what can he be;
Whose best of life is forc't to part with thee?

TO CASTARA,

Vpon a TREMBLING KISSE AT DEPARTURE.

Th' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows
Purple to th' violet, blushes to the rose,
Did never yeeld an odour rich as this,
Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,
Authoriz'd even by custome? Why doth feare
So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?
Thinks you I parting with so sad a zeale,
Will not so blacke a mischief, as to steale
Thy roses thence? And they, by this device,
Transplanted: somewhere else force Paradise?
Or else you feare, lest you, should my heart skip
Vp to my mouth, t' incounter with your lip,
Might rob me of it: and be judg'd in this,
T' have Iudas like betraid me with a kisse.

IN CASTARA,

LOOKING BACKE AT HER DEPARTING.

Looke backe Castara. From thy eye
Let yet more flaming arrowes flye:
To live is thus to burne and dye.

For what might glorious hope desire,
But that thy selfe, as I expire,
Should bring both death and funerall fire?

Distracted love, shall grieve to see
Such zeale in death: for feare lest he
Himselfe, should be consum'd in me.

And gathering up my ashes, weeps,
That in his teares he then may steepe:
And thus embalm'd, as reliques, keepe.

Thither let lovers pilgrims turne,
And the loose flames in which they burne,
Give up as offerings to my vrne.

That them the vertue of my shrine
By miracle so long refuse;
Till they prove innocēt as mine.

Vpon CASTARA'S ABSENCE.

T' is madnesse to give physicke to the dead;
Then leave me friends: Yet haply you'd here read
A lecture; but I'll not dissected be,
T' instruct your art by my anatomic.
But still you trust your sense, swear you descry
No difference in me. All's deceit o'th' eye,
Some spirit hath a body fram'd in th' ayre,
Like mine, which he doth to delude you weare:

Else Heaven by miracle makes me survive
My selfe, to keepe in me poore love alive.
But I am dead, yet let none question where
My best part rests, and with a sigh or teare,
Prophane the pompe, when they my corps interre,
My soule imparadi'd, for 'tis with her.

TO CASTARA,

COMPLAINING HER ABSENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE lesser people of the ayre conspire
To keepe thee from me. Philomel with higher
And sweeter notes, woos thee to weep her rape,
Which would appease the gods, and change her
shape.

The early lark, preferring fore soft rest
Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,
And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay;
Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.
From which the owle is frighted, and doth rove
(As never having felt the warmth of love)
In uncouth vaults, and the chill shades of night,
Not biding the bright lustre of thy sight.

With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee
I'me lost in mists, at best, but meteors see.

TO THAMES.

Swifter in thy watry chariot, courteous Thames,
Hast by the happy error of thy streames,
To kisse the banks of Marlow, which doth show
Faire Seymors¹, and beyond that never flow.
Then summon all thy swans, that who did give
Musicke to death, may henceforth sing, and live,
For my Castara. She can life restore,
Or quicken them who had no life before.
How should the poplar else the pine provoke,
The stately cedar challenge the rude oke
To dance at sight of her? They have no sense
From Nature given, but by her influence,
If Orpheus did those senselesse creatures move,
He was a prophet and fore sang my love.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARLE OF SHREWES.

My Muse (great lord) when last you heard her sing
Did to your vnles vrne, her offerings bring:
And if to fame I may give faith, your eares
Delighted in the musicke of her teares.
That was her debt to vertue. And when e're
She her bright head among the clouds shall reare,
And adde to th' wondrous Heavens a new flame,
Shee'll celebrate the genius of your name.
Wilde with another race, inspir'd by love,
She charmes the myrtles of the Idalian grove.
And while she gives the Cyprian stormes a law,
Those wanton doves which Cythereia draw
Through th' am'rous ayre: admire what power
The ocean, and arrest them in their way. [doth sway

¹ By a subsequent poem, this appears to have been the house where Castara lived.

She sings Castara then. O she more bright,
Than is the starry senate of the night;
Who in their motion did like straglers erre,
Cause they deriv'd no influence from her,
Who's constant as she's chaste. The Sunne hath
becne

Clad like a neighb'ring shepheard often scene
To hunt those dales, in hope than Daphne's, there
To see a brighter face. Th' astrologer [show
In th' interim dyed, whose proud art could not
Whence that eclipse did on the sudden grow.
A wanton satyre eager in the chase
Of some faire nimph, beheld Castara's face,
And left his loose pursuite; who while he ey'd,
Vnchastely, such a beauty, glorified
With such a vertue, by Heaven's great commands,
Turn'd marble, and there yet a statue stands.
As poet thus. But as a Christian now,
And by my zeale to you (my lord) I vow,
She doth a flame so pure and sacred move;
In me impiety 'twere not to love.

TO CUPID.

WISHING A SPEEDY PASSAGE TO CASTARA.

THANKS Cupid, but the coach of Venus moves
For me too slow, drawne but by lazie doves.
I, lest my journey a delay should finde,
Will leape into the chariot of the wind.
Swift as the flight of lightning through the ayre,
Hee'le hurry me till I approach the faire,
But unkinde Seymors. Thus he will proclaime,
What tribute winds owe to Castara's name.
Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,
Who first access deny'd me, will obey,
With feare what love commands: yet censure me
As guilty of the blackest sorcery.

But after to my wishes milder prove:
When they know this the miracle of love.

TO CASTARA.

OF LOVE.

How fancie mockes me? By th' effect I prove,
'Twas am'rous folly, wings ascrib'd to Love,
And ore th' obedicat elements command.
Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I stand
Fixt as the Earth. Throw then this idoll downe
Yee lovers who first made it; which can frowne
Or smile but as you please. But I'me untame
In rage. Castara call thou on his name,
And though hee'le not beare up my vov'es to thee,
Hee'le triumph to briug downe my saint to me.

TO THE SPRING,

Vpon the uncertainty of Castara's abode.

FAIRE mistress of the Earth, with garlands crown'd
Rise, by a lover's charme, from the parcht ground,
And shew thy flowry wealth: that she, where ere
Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties
there.

Should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
Force thy affrighted lillies there to grow,
Thy roses in those gelid fields t'appeare,
She absent, I have all their winter here.
Or if to th' torrid zone her way she bend,
Her the coole breathing of Favonius lend.
Thither command the birds to bring their quires,
That zone is temp'rate, I have all his fires.
Attend her, courteous Spring, though we should
Lose by it all the treasures of the yeere. [here

TO REASON,

Vpon Castara's absence.

With your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme
In some brest flegmaticke which would conforme
Her life to your cold lawes: in vaine y' engage
Your selfe on me, I will obey my rage.
Shee's gone, and I am lost. Some unknowne grove
I'le finde, where by the miracle of Love
I'le turne t'a fountaine, and divide the yeere,
By numbring every moment with a teare.
Where if Castara (to avoyd the beames [streames.
O'th' neigh'ring Sun) shall wandring meete my
And tasting hope her thirst alaid shall be,
Shee'le feele a sudden flame, and burne like me:
And thus distracted cry. "Tell me thou cleere,
But treach'rous fount, what lover's coffin'd here?"

AN

ANSWERS TO CASTARA'S QUESTION.

'Tis I, Castara, who when thou wert gone,
Did freeze into this melancholly stone,
To weepe the minutes of thy absence. Where
Can greefe have freer scope to mourne than here?
The larke here practiseth a sweeter straine,
Aurora's early blush to euntertaine,
And having too deepe tasted of these streames,
He loves, and amorously courts her beames.
The courteous turtle with a wandring zeale,
Saw how to stone I did my selfe congeale, [more,
And murm'ring askt what power this change did
The language of my waters whispered. Love.
And thus transform'd I'le stand, till I shall see
That heart so ston'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee.

TO CASTARA,

Vpon the disguising his affection.

Pronounce me guilty of a blacker crime,
Then e're in the large volume writ by Time,
The sad historian reads, if not my art
Dissembles love, to veile an am'rous heart,
For when the zealous anger of my friend
Checkes my unusual sadness: I pretend
To study vertue, which indeede I doe,
He must court vertue who aspires to you.
Or that some friend is dead, and then a teare,
A sigh or groane steales from me: for I feare
Lest death with love hath strooke my heart, and all
These sorrowes usher but its funerall. [mourner be,
Which should revive, should there you a
And force a nuptiall in an obsequie.

TO THE HONOURABLE

MY HONOURED KINSMAN MR. G. T⁴.

WICK hath the pale-fac'd empress of the night,
 ent in her chaste increase her borrowed light,
 'o guide the vowing marriner: since mute
 'albot th'ast beene, too slothfull to salute
 'hy exil'd servant. Labour not t' excuse
 'his dull neglect: love never wants a Muse.
 'hen thunder summons from eternal sleepe
 'h' imprison'd ghosts and spreads o'th' frighted
 ' veil of darknesse; penitent to be [deepe
 ' may forget, yet still remember thee,
 'ext to my faire, under whose eye-lids move,
 'n nimble measures beauty, wit, and love.
 'or thinke Castara (though the sex be fraile,
 'nd ever like uncertaine vessels saile
 'n th' ocean of their passions; while each wind,
 'riumphs to see their more uncertaine mind,)
 'an be induc't to alter. Every starre
 'ay in its motion grow irregular;
 'he Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame
 'o th' teeming Earth, yet she remaine the same.
 'nd in my armes (if poets may divine)
 'once that world of beauty shall intwine.
 'nd on her lips print volumes of my love,
 'Without a froward checke, and sweetly move
 'th' labyrinth of delight. If not, I'll draw
 'er picture on my heart, and gently thaw
 'ith warmth of zeale, untill I Heaven treat,
 'o give true life to th' ayery counterfeite.

ECCHO TO NARCISSUS.

IN PRAISE OF CASTARA'S DISCRETE LOVE.

corn'd in thy watry vrne Narcissus lye,
 'hon shalt not force more tribute from my eye
 ' increase thy streames: or make me weep a
 ' shower,
 'o adde fresh beauty to thee, now a flower.
 'ut should relenting Heaven restore thee sence,
 'o see such wisdome temper innocence,
 'n faire Castara's loves how shee discreet,
 'akes cansion with a noble freedome meete,
 'nd in the same moment; thou'ld'st confesse fond boy,
 'fooles onely thinke them vertuous, who are coy.
 'nd wonder not that I, who have no choyce
 'f speed, have praying her so free a voyce:
 'Heaven her severest sentence doth repeale,
 'hen to Castara I would speake my zeale.

TO CASTARA,

BRING DEBARR'D HER PRESENCE.

RANISHT from you. I charg'd the nimble winde,
 My unseepe messenger, to speake my minde,
 In am'rous whispers to you. But my Muse
 Lest the unruly spirit should abuse
 The trust repos'd in him, sayd-it was due
 To her alone, to sing my loves to you. [eye
 Feare her then speake. "Bright lady, from whose
 Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to dye

George Talbot.

A martyr in your flames: O let your love
 Be great and firme as his: Then nought shall move
 Your settled faiths, that both may grow together:
 Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.
 Hark! 'twas a groane. Ah how sad absence rends
 His troubled thoughts! See, he from Marlow sends
 His eyes to Seymora. Then chides th' envious trees,
 And unkinde distance. Yet his fancie sees
 And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd
 Close to you, and then weepes because depriv'd.
 Be constant as y'are faire. For I fore-see
 A glorious triumph waits o'th' victorie
 Your love will purchase, showing us to prize
 A true content. There onely Love hath eyes."

TO SEYMORS,

THE HOUSE IN WHICH CASTARA LIVED.

Bless't temple, haile, where the chaste altar stands,
 Which Nature built, but the exacter hands
 Of vertue polish't. Though sad Fate deny
 My prophane fecte access, my voves shall flye.
 May those musitions, which divide the ayre
 With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare,
 For this glad place, and all their accents frame,
 To teach the eecho my Castara's name.
 The beautious troopes of Graces led by Love
 In chaste attempts, possess the neighb'ring grove,
 Where may the spring dwell still. May every tree
 Turne to a laurell, and propheticke be,
 Which shall in its first oracle divine,
 That courteous Fate decrees Castara mine.

TO THE DEW,

IN HOPE TO SEE CASTARA WALKING.

Bright dew which d'ast the field adorne
 As th' Earth to welcome in the morne,
 Would hang a jewell on each corne.
 Did not the pittious night, whose cares
 Have oft beene conscious of my feares,
 Distil you from her eyes as teares?
 Or that Castara for your zeale,
 When she her beauties shall reveale,
 Might you to dyamonds congeale?
 If not your pity, yet how ere
 Your care I praise, 'gainst she appeare,
 To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see she comes. Bright lampe o'th' skie,
 Put out thy light: the world shall spie
 A fairer Sunne in either eye.

And liquid pearle, hang heavie now
 On every grasse that it may bow
 In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be.
 And were I here should question thee,
 Hce's full of whispers, speake not me.

But if the busie tell-tale day,
 Our huppy interview betray;
 Lest thou confesse too, melt awry.

TO CASTARA.

STAY under the kinde shadow of this tree
 Castara and protect thy selfe and me [kings
 From the Sunne's rayes. Which show the grace of
 A dangerous warmth with too much favour brings.
 How happy in this shade the humble vine
 Doth 'bout some taller tree her selfe intwine,
 And so grows fruitful; teaching us her fate
 Doth beare more sweetes, though celars beare
 Behold Adonis in yand' purple flowre, [more state;
 T' was Venus' love: That dew, the briny showre,
 His coyneesse wept, while struggling yet alive:
 Now he repents and gladly would revive, [charmes,
 By th' vertue of your chaste and powerfull
 To play the modest wanton in your armes.

TO CASTARA,

VESTRING TO WAKE TOO FARRE IN THE NEIGHBOUR-
 ING WOOD.

DARE not too farre Castara, for the shade
 This courteous thicket yeelds, hath man betray'd
 A prey to wolves to the wilde powers o'th' wood,
 Oft travellers pay tributs with their blood,
 If carelesse of thy selfe of me take care,
 For like a ship where all the fortunes are
 Of an advent'rous merchant; I must be,
 If thou should'st perish, banquerout in thee.
 My feares have mockt me, Tygers when they shall
 Behold so bright a face, will humbly fall
 In adoration of thee. Fierce they are
 To the deform'd, obsequious to the faire.
 Yet venter not; 'tis nobler farre to sway
 The heart of man, than beasts, who man obey.

VPON CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

Vowes are vaine. No suppliant breath
 Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd Death,
 Life with her is gone and I
 Learne but a new way to dye.
 See the flowers condole, and all
 Wither in my funerall.
 The bright lilly, as if day,
 Parted with her fades away.
 Violets hang their heads, and lose
 All their beauty. That the rose
 A sad part in sorrow beares,
 Witnesse all those dewy teares,
 Which as pearle, or dyamond like,
 Swell upon her blushing cheek.
 All thiogs mourne, but behold
 How the withered marigold
 Closeth up now she is gone,
 Judging her the setting Sunne,

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEENE NIGHT AND ARAPHIL.

NIGHT.

Let silence close thy troubled eyes,
 Thy feare in Lethe steepe:
 The starres, bright cent'nels of the skies,
 Watch to secure thy sleepe.

ARAPHIL.

The North's unruly spirit lay
 In the disorder'd seas:
 Make the rude winter calme as May,
 And give a lover ease.

NIGHT.

Yet why should feare with her pale charmes,
 Bewitch thee so to grieffe?
 Since it prevents 'insoing harmes,
 Nor yeelds the past reliefe.

ARAPHIL.

And yet such horrour I sustaine
 As the sad vessell, when
 Rough tempest have incen't the maine,
 Her harbour now in ken.

NIGHT.

No conquest weares a glorious wreath,
 Which dangers not obtaine:
 Let tempests 'gainst the shipwracke breathe,
 Thou shalt thy harbour gaine.

ARAPHIL.

Trnth's Delphos doth not still foretel,
 Though Sol th' inspirer be.
 How then should Night as blind as Hell,
 Ensuing truths fore-see?

NIGHT.

The Sunne yeelds man no constant flame
 One light those priests inspires.
 While I though blacke am still the same.
 And have ten thousand fires.

ARAPHIL.

But those, sayes my propheticke feare,
 As funerall torches burne,
 While thou thy selfe the blackes dost weare,
 I' attend me to my vrne.

NIGHT.

Thy feares abuse thee, for those lights
 In Hymen's church shall shiue,
 When he by th' mystery of his rites,
 Shall make Castara thine.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE LADY, E. P.

Your judgment's cleere, not wrinkled with the
 time,
 On th' humble fate; which censures it a crime;
 To be by vertue ruin'd. For I know
 Y' are not so various as to ebbe and flow
 F'th' streame of Fortune, whom each faithlesse winde
 Distracts, and they who made her, fram'd her
 blinde.

Possession makes us poore. Should we obtaine
 All those bright jems, for which i'th' wealthy maine,
 The tann'd slave dives; or in one boundlesse chest
 Imprison all the treasures of the West,
 We still should want. Our better part's immence,
 Not like th' inferiour, limited by sence.
 Rich with a little, mutuaill love can lift
 Vs to a greatness, whither chance nor thrift

! Elenor Powis; Castara's mother.

E're rais'd her servants. For though all were spent,
That can create an Europe in content.
Thus (madam) when Castara lends an care
Soft to my hope, I love's philosopher,
Winne on her faith. For when I wondrous stand
At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,
(Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright veins
I not ascribe the blood of Charlemaine
Deriv'd by you to her. Or say there are
In that and th' other Marmion, Rosse, and Parr
Fitzhugh, Saint Quintin, and the rest of them
That adde such lustre to great Pembroke's stem.
My love is envious. Would Castara were
The daughter of some mountains cottager
Who with his toile worne out, could dying leave
Her no more dowre, than what she did receive
From bounteous Nature. Her would I then lead
To th' temple, rich in her owne wealth; her head
Crown'd with her haire's faire treasure; diamonds in
Her brighter eyes; soft ermines in her skin;
Each Indie in each cheek. Then all who vaunt,
That Fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,
Should set themselves out glorious in her stealth,
And trie if that, could parallel this wealth.

TO CASTARA,

DEPARTING UPON THE APPROACH OF NIGHT.

WHAT should we feare Castara? The cole aire,
That's false in love, and wantons in thy haire,
Will not betray our whispers. Should I steale
A neuter'd kisse, the wind dares not reveale
The pleasure I possess. The wind conspires
To our best interview, and in our fires
Bathe like a salamander, and doth sip,
Like Bacchus from the grape, life from thy lip.
Nor thinke of night's approach. The world's great
Though breaking Nature's law, will us supply [eye
With his still flaming lampe: and to obey
Our cha-te desires, fix here perpetuall day.
But should he set, what rehell night dares rise,
To be subdu'd i'th' vict'ry of the eyes?

AN APPARITION.

MORE welcome my Castara, than was light
To the disorder'd chaos. O what bright
And nimble chariot brought thee through the aire?
While the amazed stars to see so faire
And pure a beauty from the Earth arise,
Chang'd all their glorious bodics into eyes.
O let my zealous lip print on thy hand
The story of my love, which there shall stand
A bright inscription to be read by none,
But who as I love thee, and love but one.
Why vanish you away? Or is my sense
Delud'd by my hope? O sweete offence
Of erring Nature? And would Heaven this had
Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. Wm. E.

HEE who is good is happy. Let the louds
Artillery of Heaven breake through a cloud

And dart its thunder at him, hee'le remaine
Unmov'd, and nobler comfort entertaine
In welcomming th' approach of death, than vice
Ere found in her fictitious paradise.
Time mocks our youth, and (while we number past
Delights, and raise our appetite to taste
Ensuing) brings us to unflatter'd age.
Where we are left to satisfie the rage
Of threatening death: pompe, beauty, wealth and
Our friendships, shrinking from the funerall. [all
The thought of this begets that brave disdain
With which thou view'st the world and makes those
Treasures of fancy, serious fooles so court, [vaine
And sweet to purchase, thy contempt or sport.
What should we covet here? Why interpose
A cloud twixt us and Heaven? kind Nature chose
Man's soule th' exchequer where she'd hoord her
wealth,

And lodge all her rich secrets; but by th' stealth
Of our own vanity, w'are left so poore,
The creature meerey sensuall knowes more.
The learn'd halcyon by her wisdoms finds
A gentle season, when the seas and winds
Are silenc't by a calme, and then brings forth
The happy miracle of her rare birth,
Leaving with wonder all our arts possent,
That view the architecture of her nest.
Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestowe
Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow
By age to dotage: while the sensitive
Part of the world in it's first strength doth live.
Folly? what dost thou in thy power containe
Deserves our study? Merchants plough the maine
And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more,
By avarice in the possession poore.
And yet that idoll wealth we all admit
Into the soule's great temple, busie wit
Invents new orgies, fancy frames new rites
To show it's superstition, anxious nights
Are watcht to win its favour: while the beast
Content with Nature's courtesie doth rest.
Let man then boast no more a soule, since he
Hath lost that great prerogative. But thee
(Whom fortune hath exempted from the heard
Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath prefer'd
Farre higher than thy birth) I must commend,
Rich in the purchase of so sweete a friend.
And though my fate conducts me to the shade
Of humble quiet, my ambition payde
With safe content, while a pure virgin fame
Doth raise me trophies in Castara's name.
No thought of glory swelling me above
The hope of being famed for vertuous love.
Yet wish I thee, guided by the better starres
To purchase unaffe honour in the warres
Or envied smiles at court; for thy great race,
And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.
Yet know, what busie path so-ere you tread
To greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

TO CASTARA,

THE VANITY OF AVARICE.

HARK! how the traytor wind doth court
The saylors to the maine;
To make their avarice his sport?
A tempest checks the fond disdain
They beare a safe though humble port.

Wee'll sit, my love, upon the shore,
And while proud billowes rise
To warre against the skie, speake ore
Our love's so sacred misteries.
And charme the sea to th' calme it had before.

Where's now my pride t' extend my fame
Where ever statues are?
And purchase glory to my name
In the smooth court or rugged warre?
My love hath layd the devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow
Vnmarkt i'th' shaded vale,
Than on the hill those terrors know
Are breath'd forth by an angry gale,
There is more pompe above, more sweete below.

Love, thou divine philosopher
(While covetous landlords rent,
And courtiers dignity preferre)
Instructs us to a sweete content,
Greatnesse it selfe doth in it selfe interre.

Castara, what is there above
The treasures we possessae?
We two are all and one, wee move
Like starres in th' orbe of happinesse.
All blessings are epitomiz'd in love.

TO
MY HONOURED FRIEND AND KINSMAN,
R. ST. ESQUIRE.

It shall not grieve me (friend) though what I write
Beheld no wit at court. If I delight
So farre my sullen genius, as to raise
It pleasure; I have money, wine, and bayes
Enough to crowne me poet. Let those wits,
Who teach their Muse the art of parasits
To win on easie greatnesse; or the yongue
Spruce lawyer who's all impudence and tongue,
Sweat to divulge their fames: thereby the one
Gets fees; the other hyre, I'm best unknowne:
Sweet silence I embrace thee, and thee Fate
Which didst my birth so wisely moderate;
That I by want am neither vilified,
Nor yet by riches flatter'd into pride.
Resolve me friend (for it must folly be
Or else revenge 'gainst niggard destinie,
That makes some poets raile) Why are their rimes
So steept in gall? Why so obrayde the times?
As if no sin call'd downe Heav'n's vengeance more
Than cause the world leaves some few writers
poore?

Tis true, that Chapman's reverend ashes must
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,
Cause carefull heyers the wealthy onely have;
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.
Yet doe I despaire, some one may be
So seriously devout to poesie
As to translate his reliques, and finde roome
In the warme church, to build him up a tombe.
Since Spencer hath a stone; and Drayton's browes
Stand petrified i'th' wall, with laurell bowes
Yet girt about; and nigh wise Henrie's herse,
Old Chaucer got a marble for his verse.
So courteous is Death; Death poets brings
So high a pompe, to lodge them with their kings:

Yet still they mutiny. If this man please
His silly patron with hyperboles,
Or most mysterious non-sence, give his braine
But the strapado in some wanton straine;
Hee'll swear the state lookes not on men of parts,
And, if but mention'd, slight all other arts.
Vaine ostentation! Let us set so just
A rate on knowledge, that the world may trust
The poet's sentence, and not still aver
Each art is to it selfe a flatterer.
I write to you sir on this theame, because
Your soule is cleare, and you observe the lawes,
Of poesie no justly, that I choose
Yours onely the example to my Muse.
And till my browner haire be mixt with gray,
Without a blush, He tread the sportive way,
My Muse directs; a poet youth may be,
But age doth dote without philosophic.

TO THE WORLD.

THE PERFECTION OF LOVE.

You who are earth, and cannot rise
Above your sence,
Boasting the enviyed wealth which lyes
Bright in your mistris' lips or eyes,
Betray a pittied eloquence.

That which doth joyne our soules, so light
And quicks doth move,
That like the eagle in his flight,
It doth transcend all humane sight,
Lost in the element of love.

You poets reach not this, who sing
The praise of dust
But kneaded, when by theft you bring
The rose and lilly from the spring
T' adorne the wrinkled face of lust.

When we speake love, nor art, nor wit
We glosse upon:
Our soules engender, and beget
Ideas, which you counterfeit
In your dull progagation.

While time seven ages shall disperse,
Wee'll talke of love,
And when our tongues hold no commerse,
Our thoughts shall mutually converse.
And yet the blood no rebell prove.

And though we be of severall kind
Fit for offence:
Yet are we so by love refin'd,
From impure drosse we are all mind.
Death could not more have conquer'd sence.

How suddenly those flames expire
Which scorch our clay?
Prometheus-like when we steale fire
From Heaven 'tis endless and intire,
It may know age, but not decay.

TO THE WINTER.

Why dost thou looke so pale, decipit man?
Why doe thy cheeks curl like the ocean,

Into such furrowes? Why dost thou appeare
So shaking like an ague to the yeare?
The Sunne is gone. But yet Castara staves,
And will adde stature to thy pigmy dayes, [bring
Warne moisture to thy veynes: her smile can
Thee the sweet youth, and beauty of the spring.
Hence with thy pelsie then, and on thy head
Weare flowrie chaplets as a bridegroome led
To th' holy fane. Banish thy aged ruth,
That virgins may admire and court thy youth.
And the approaching Sunne when she shall finde
A spring without him, fall, since useless, blinde.

UPON

A VISIT TO CASTARA IN THE NIGHT.

'Twas night: when Phœbe guided by thy rayes,
Chaste as my zeale with innocence of her praise,
I humbly crept to my Castara's shrine.
But oh my fond mistake! for there did shine
A noone of beauty, with such lustre crown'd,
As shoud 'mong th' impious onely night is found.
It was her eyes which like two diamonds shin'd,
Brightest i'th' dark. Like which could th' Indian
But one among his rocks, he would out vie [find,
In brightnesse all the diamonds of the skie.
But when her lips did ope, the phoenix' nest
Breath'd forth her odours; where might love once
Hee'd loath his heauenly serfets: if we dare [feast,
Affirme, love hath a Heaven without my faire.

TO CASTARA.

OF THE CHASTITY OF HIS LOVE.

Why would you blush Castara, when the name
Of Love you heare? who never felt his flame,
I'th' shade of melancholly night doth stray,
A blind Cymerian banisht from the day.
Let's chasty love Castara, and not soyle
This virgin lampe, by powring in the oyle
Of impure thoughts. O let us sympathize,
And ouely talke i'th' language of our eyes,
Like two starres in conjunction. But beware
Lest th' angels who of love compacted are,
Viewing how chasty burnes thy zealous fire,
Should snatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their
Yet take thy flight: on Earth for surely we [quire.
So joynd, in Heaven cannot divided be.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone
Prosperes in some happy shade:
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For shee's to her selfe untrue,
Who delights i'th' publicke view.
Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of her self survey she takes,
But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands.
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that daye's pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight,
Without maske, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,
Prayer and sleepe oft goverus lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie.
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven fie:
All her vowe religious be,
And her love she vowe to me.

CASTARA.

THE SECOND PART.

Vatumque lascivos triumphos
Calcat amor, pede conjugali.

A WIFE

Is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being.
To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature
inchant us, so the law of Grace by speciall privi-
ledge invites us. Without her, man if piety
not restraine him; is the creator of sinne; or,
if an innated cold render him not only the
business of the present age; the murderer of
posterity. She is so religious that every day
crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither
rebellious nor unevill. Shee is so true a friend,
her husband may to her communicate even his
ambitions, and if success crowne not expecta-
tion, remaine nevertheless uncontentm'd. Shee
is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity;
and a safe retyring place when adversity exiles
him from the world. Shee is so chaste, she
never understood the language lust speaks in;
nor with a smile applauds it, although there
appeare wit in the metaphore. Shee is faire
onely to winne on his affections, nor would she
be mistress of the most eloquent beauty; if there
were danger, that might perfwade the passi-

onate auditory, to the least irregular thought. Shee is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evill a herald, shee never boasts the story of her ancestors. Shee is so moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity licence her to riot. Shee is liberal, and yet owes not ruine to vanity, but knows charity to be the soule of goodnesse, and vertue without reward often prone to bee her owne destroyer. Shee is much at home, and when shee visits 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can goe to court, and returne no passionate doater on bravery; and when shee hath scene the gay things muster up themselves there, shee considers them as cobwebs the spider vanity hath spunne. Shee is so generall in her acquaintance, that shee is familiar with all whom fame speakes vertuous; but thinks there can bee no friendship but with one; and therefore hath neither shee friend nor private servant. Shee so squares her passion to her husband's fortunes, that in the country shee lives without a froward melancholly, in the towne without a fantastique pride. Shee is so temperate, she never read the moderne pollicie of glorious surfets: since she finds nature is no epicure if art provoke her not by curiositie. Shee is inquisitive onely of new wayes to please him, and her wit sayles by no other compassse than that of his direction. Shee looks upon him as conjurers upon the circle, beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell; and in him shee beleeves Paradiſe circumscrib'd. His vertues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulitie thinks no more frailtie, than makes him descend to the title of man. In a word, shee so lives that shee may dye, and leave no cloud upon her memory. but have her character nobly mentioned: while the bad wife is flattered into infamy, and huyes pleasure at too deare a rate, if shee onely payes for it repentance.

TO CASTARA,

NOW POSSEST OF HER IN MARRIAGE.

THIS day is ours. The marriage angett now
 Sees th' altar in the odour of our vow, [moves
 Yecld a more precious breath, than that which
 The whispering leaves in the Panchayon groves.
 View how his temples shine, on which he wears
 A wreath of pearle, made of those precious teares
 Thou wepst a virgin, when crosse winds did blow,
 Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.
 But now Castara smile, no envious night
 Dares enterpose it selfe, t' eclipse the light
 Of our cleare joyes. For even the laws divine
 Permit our mutuall love so to entwine,
 That kings, to ballance true content, shall say;
 "Would they were great as we, we blest as they."

TO CASTARA,

UPON THE MUTUALL LOVE OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

DID you not see, Castara, when the king [bring
 Met his lov'd queene; what sweetness shee did

T' encounter his brave boat; how great a flame
 From their breasts meeting, on the sudden came?
 The Stoike, who all easie passion flies,
 Could he but heare the language of their eyes,
 As heretics would from his faith remove
 The tenets of his sect, and practise love.
 The barb'rous nations which supply the Earth
 With a promiscuous and ignoble birth,
 Would by this precedent correct their life,
 Each wisely choose, and chastely love a wife.
 Princes' example is a law. Then we,
 If loyall subjects, must true lovers be-

TO ZEPHIRUS.

Whose whispers, soft as those which lovers breath,
 Castara and my selfe, I here bequeath,
 To the calme wind. For Heaven such joyes afford
 To her and me, that there can be no third.
 And you, kinde starres, be thrifter of your light:
 Her eyes supply your office with more bright
 And constant lustre. Angels guardians, like
 The nimbler ship boyes, shall be joy'd to strike
 Or hoish up saile: nor shall our vessell move
 By card or compasse, but a beavenly love.
 The courisie of this more prosperous gale
 Shall swell our cauras, and wee'le swiftly saile
 To some blest port, where ship hath never lane
 At anchor, whose chaste soile no foot prophane
 Hath ever trod; where Nature doth dispence
 Her infant wealth, a beautilous innocence.
 Pompe, (even a burthen to it self) nor pride,
 (The magistrate of sinnes) did e're abide
 On that so sacred earth. Ambition ne're
 Built, for the sport of ruine, fabrickes there.
 Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence
 And fear expell'd, all noyse and faction thence.
 A silence there so melaucholly sweet,
 That none but whispering turtles ever meet:
 Thus Paradiſe did our first parents wooe
 To harnesse sweets, at first possess'd by two.
 And o're this second wee'le usurp the throne;
 Castara wee'le obey, and rule alone.
 For the rich vertue of this soyle, I feare,
 Would be deprav'd, should but a third be there.

TO CASTARA IN A TRANCE.

FORSAKE me not so soone. Castara, stay,
 And as I breake the prison of my clay,
 He fill the canvas with m' expiring breath,
 And with thee saile o're the vast maine of Death.
 Some cherubin thus, as we passe, shall play:
 "Goe, happy twins of love! the courteous sea
 Shall smooth her wrinkled brow: the winds shall
 Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe. [sleep,
 Every ungentle rocke shall melt away,
 The Syrns sing to please, not to betray.
 Th' indulgent skie shall smile: each starry quire
 Contend, which shall afford the brighter fire."
 While Love, the pilot, steeres his course so even,
 Ne're to cast anchor till we reach at Heaven.

TO DEATH,

CASTARA BEING SICKE.

HENCE, profane grim man! nor dare
 To approach so neere my faire.

Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,
Church-yards, charnell-houses, graves,
Where the living loath to be,
Heaven hath design'd to thee.

But if needs 'mongst us thou'lt rage,
Let thy fury feed on age.
Wrinkled browes, and withered thighs,
May supply thy sacrifice.
Yet, perhaps, as thou flew'st by,
A flamed dart, shot from her eye,
Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire,
Whence th' art forc'd to hover nigh her.
If Love so mistooke his aime,
Gently welcome in the flame:
They who loath'd thee, when they see
Where thou harbor'st, will love thee.
Owely I, such is my fate,
Must thee as a rivall hate;
Court her gently, learn to prove
Nimble in the thefts of love.
Gaze on th' errors of her haire:
Touch her lip; but, oh! beware,
Lest too ravenous of thy biase,
Thou shouldst murder with a kisse.

TO CASTARA,

INVITING HER TO SLEEPE.

SLEEPE, my Castara, silence doth invite
Thy eyes to close up day; though envious Night
Grieves Fate should her the sight of them debarre,
For she is exil'd, while they open are.
Rest in thy peace secure. With drowsie charmes
Kinde Sleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes;
And finding where Love's chiefest treasure lies,
Is like a theefe stole under thy bright eyes.
Thy innocence, rich as the gaudy quilt [guilt
Wrought by the Persian hand, thy dreames from
Exempted, Heaven with sweete repose doth crowne
Each vertue softer than the swan's faun'd downe.
As exorcists wild spirits mildly lay,
May sleepe thy fever calmly chase away.

VPON CASTARA'S RECOVERIE.

SHE is restor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death,
Thy mercy in permitting vitall breath
Backe to Castara, hath enlarg'd us all,
Whom griefe had martyr'd in her funerall.
While others in the ocean of their teares
Had, sinking, wounded the beholders' cares
With exclamations: I, without a grone,
Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone:
There stoud a statue, till the general doome;
Had ruin'd time and memory with her tombe.
While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled,
Each lover might this epitaph have read:
"Her earth lyes here below; her soul's above,
This wonder speaks her vertue, and my love."

TO A FRIEND,

INVITING HIM TO A MEETING UPON PROMISE.

MAY you drinke beare, or that adul'trate wine
Which makes the zeale of Amsterdam divine,
If you make breach of promise. I have now
So rich a sacke, that even your selfe will bow

T'adore my genius. Of this wine should Prynde
Drinke but a plenteous glasse, he would beginne
A health to Shakespeares' ghost. But you may
bring

Some excuse forth, and answer me, the king
To day will give you audience, or that on
Affaires of state you and some serious don
Are to resolve; or else perhaps you'le sin
So farre, as to leave wort y' are not within.

The least of these will make me onely thinke
Him subtle, who can in his closet drinke,
Drunke even alone, and thus made wise, create
As dangerous plots as the Low Country state,
Projecting for such baits, as shall draw ore
To Holland all the herrings from our shore.

But y'are too full of candour: and I know
Will sooner stones at Salis'bury casements throw,
Or buy up for the silenc'd Levits all
The rich impropriations, than let fall
So pure Canary, and breake such an oath:
Since charity is sinn'd against in both.

Come, therefore, blest even in the Lollards' zeale,
Who canst, with conscience safe, fore hen and veale
Say grace in Latine; while I faintly sing
A penitentiall verse in oyle and ling.
Come, then, and bring with you, prepar'd for fight,
Vnmixt Canary, Heaven send both prove right!
This I am sure: my sacke will disingage
All humane thoughts, inspire wo high a rage,
That Hypocrene shall henceforth poets lacke,
Since more enthusiasmes are in my sacke.
Heightned with which, my raptures shall commend,
How good Castara is, how deare my friend.

TO CASTARA,

WHERE TRUE HAPPINESSE ABIDES.

CASTARA, whisper in some dead man's eare
This subtile quere; and hee'le point out where,
By answers negative, true joyes abide.
Hee'le say thy flow not on th' uncertaine tide
Of grentesse, they can no firme basis have
Vpon the tripitation of a wave.
Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,
Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,
To covetous man so fatal. Nor it'h' grace
Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
For th'are above time's hattery, and the light
Of beauty, age's cloud will soone be nigh.
If among these content, he thus doth prove,
Hath no abode; where dwells it but in love?

TO CASTARA.

FORSAKE with mee the Earth, my faire,
And travell nimble through the aire,
Till we have reacht th' admiring skies;
Then lend sight to those heavenly eyes
Which, blind themselves, make creatures see.
And taking view of all, when we
Shall finde a pure and glorious spheare,
Wee'le fix like starres for ever there.
Nor will we still each other view,
Wee'le gaze on lesser starres than you;
See how by their weake influence they
The strongest of men's actions sway.
In an inferiour orbe below
Wee'le see Calisto loosely throw

Her haire abroad: as she did weare
 The selfe-same beauty in a beare,
 As when she a cold virgin stood,
 And yet inflam'd love's lustfull blood.
 Then looke on Lede, whose faire beames,
 By their reflection, guild those streames,
 Where first unhappy she began
 To play the wanton with a swan.
 If each of these loose beauties are
 Transform'd to a more beauteous starre
 By the adult'rous lust of love;
 Why should not we, by purer love?

TO CASTARA,

UPON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

CASTARA, weepe not, tho' her tombe appears
 Sometime thy griefe to answer with a teare:
 The marble will but wanton with thy woe.
 Death is the sea, and we like rivers flow
 To lose our selves in the insatiate maine,
 Whence rivers may, she ne're returne againe.
 Nor grieve this christall streame so soone did fall
 Into the ocean; since shee perfum'd all
 The banks she past, so that each neighbour field
 Did sweete flowers cherish by her watring, yeeld,
 Which now adorne her bearse. The violet there
 On her pale cheekes doth the sad livery weare,
 Which Heaven's compassion gave her: and since
 she,

'Cause cloath'd in purple, can no mourner be,
 As incense to the tonibe she gives her breath,
 And fading on her lady waits in death:
 Such office the Egyptian handmaids did
 Great Cleopatra, when she dying chid
 The asp's slow venom, trembling she should be
 By Fate rohd' even of that blacke victory.
 The flowers instruct our sorrowes. Come, then, all
 Ye beauties, to true beautie's funerall,
 And with her to increase death's pompe, decay.
 Since the supporting fabricke of your clay
 Is falne, how can ye stand? How can the night
 Show stars, when Fate puts out the daye's great
 light?

But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet,
 She's but the fairer Digbie's counterfeit.
 Come you, who speake your titles. Reade in this
 Pale booke, how vaine a boast your greatnesse is!
 What's honour but a hatchment? What is here
 Of Percy left, and Stanly, names most deare
 To vertue! but a crescent turn'd to th' wane,
 An eagle groaning o're an infant slaine?
 Or what avails her, that she once was led,
 A glorious bride, to valiant Digbie's bed,
 Since death hath them divorc'd? If then alive
 There are, who these sad obsequies survive,
 And vaunt a proud descent, they onely be
 Loud heralds to set forth her pedigree.
 Come all, who glory in your wealth, and view
 The embleme of your frailty! How untrue
 (Tho' flattering like friends) your treasures are,
 Her fate hath taught: who, when what ever rare
 The either Indies boast, lay richly spread
 For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.
 Come likewise, my Castara, and behold,
 What blessings ancient prophesie foretold,
 Bestow'd on her in death. She past away
 So sweetly from the world, as if her clay

Laid onely downe to slumber. Then forbear
 To let on her blest ashes fall a teare.
 But if th' art too much woman, softly weepe,
 Lest griefe disturbe the silence of her sleepe.

TO CASTARA,

BEING TO TAKE A JOURNEY.

WHAT's death more than departure? The dead go
 Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know
 Those regions they heard mention of: 'tis th' art
 Of sorrowes, says, who dye doe but depart.
 Then weepe thy funerall teares: Which Heaven,
 t' adorne

The beauteous tresses of the weeping morne,
 Will rob me of: and thus my tombe shall be
 As naked, as it had no obsequie.
 Know in these lines, sad musicke to thy care,
 My sad Castara, you the sermon here
 Which I preach o're my hearse: and dead, I tell
 My owne live's story, ring but my owne knell.
 But when I shall returne, know 'tis thy breath,
 In sighs divided, rescues me from death.

TO CASTARA,

WEELPING.

CASTARA! O you are too prodigall
 O'th' treasure of your teares; which, thus let fall,
 Make no returne: well plac'd calme peace might
 bring

To the loud wars, each free a captiv'd king.
 So the unskillfull Indian those bright jems,
 Which might adde majestie to diadems,
 'Mong the waves scatters, as if he would store
 The thanklesse sea, to make our empire poore:
 When Heaven darts thunder at the wombe of time,
 'Cause with each moment it brings forth a crime,
 Or else despairing to root out abuse,
 Would ruine vitious Earth; be then profuse.
 Light chas'd rude chaos from the world before,
 Thy teares, by hindring its returne, worke more.

TO CASTARA,

UPON A SIGH.

I HEARD a sigh, and something in my eare
 Did whisper, what my soule before did feare,
 That it was breath'd by thee. May th' easie Spring,
 Enrich with odours, wanton on the wing
 Of th' easterne wind, may ne're his beauty fade,
 If he the treasure of this breath convey'd:
 'Twas thine hy th' musicke which th' harmonious
 breath
 Of swans is like, propheticke in their death:
 And th' odour, for as it the nard expires,
 Perfuming, phenix-like, his funerall fires.
 The winds of Paradise send such a gale,
 To make the lover's vessels calmly saile
 To his lov'd port. This shall, where it inspires,
 Increase the chaste, extinguish unchaste fires.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY F.

MADAM,

You saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame:
 In which as incense to your sacred name

Burnes a religious zeale. May we be lost
 To one another, and our fire be frost,
 When we omit to pay the tribute due
 To worth and vertue, and in them to you:
 Who are the soule of women. Others be
 But beauteous parts o'th' female body: she
 Who boasts how many nimble Cupids skip
 Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip;
 The other, who in her soft breasts can show
 Warne violets growing in a banke of snow,
 And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin:
 Nor is she but a hand, who holds within
 The chrystall violl of her wealthy palme,
 The precious sweating of the easterne balme.
 And all these, if you them together take,
 And joyne with art, will but one body make,
 To which the soule each vitall motion gives;
 You are infus'd into it, and it lives.
 But should you up to your blest mansion flie,
 How loath'd an object would the carkasse lie?
 You are all mind. Castara, when she looks
 On you, th' epitome of all, that bookes
 Or e're tradition taught; who gives such praise
 Vnto your sex, that now even custome sayes
 He hath a female soule, who ere bath writ
 Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.
 Castara cries to me: "Search out and find
 The mines of wisdom in her learned mind,
 And trace her steps to honour: I aspire
 Enough to worth, while I her worth admire."

TO CASTARA,
 AGAINST OPINION.

Why should we build, Castara, in the aire
 Of fraile Opinion? Why admire as faire,
 What the weake faith of man give us for right?
 The juggling world cheats but the weaker sight.
 What is in greatnesse happy? As free mirth,
 As ample pleasures of th' indulgent Earth,
 We joy who on the ground our mansion finde,
 As they, who saile like witches in the wind
 Of court applause. What can their powerfull spell
 Over enchanted man more than compe!
 Him into various formes? Nor serves their charme
 Themselves to good, hut to worke others harme.
 Tyrant Opinion but depose; and we
 Will absolute i'th' happiest empire be.

TO CASTARA,
 VPON BEAUTIE.

CASTARA, see that dust, the sportive wind
 So wantons with. 'Tis happily all you'll finde
 Left of some beauty: and how still it flies,
 To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.
 O empty boast of flesh! though our heires gild
 The farre fetch Phrigian marble, which shall build
 A burthen to our ashes, yet will death
 Betray them to the sport of every breath.
 Dust thou, poore relique of our frailty, still
 Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill
 To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praise
 Into the aire doth 'bove his center raise?
 If so, mocke on; and tell him that his lust
 To beauti's madnesse: for it courts but dust.

TO CASTARA,
 MELANCHOLLY.

WERE but that sigh a penitentiall breath
 That thou art mine, it would blow with it death,
 T'inclose me in my marble, where I'de be
 Slave to the tyrant wormes, to set thee free.
 What should we envy? Though with larger saile
 Some dance upon the ocean; yet more fraile
 And faithlesse is that wave, than where we glide,
 Blest in the safety of a private tide.
 We still have land in ken; and 'cause our boat
 Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float
 Farre from the shore. To daring them each cloud
 Is big with thunder, every wind speaks loud.
 And rough wild rockes about the shore appeare,
 Yet vertue will find roome to anchor there.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEENE ARAPHILL AND CASTARA.

ARAPHILL.

CASTARA, you too fondly court
 The silken peace with which we cover'd are:
 Unquiet Time may, for his sport,
 Up from its iron den rouse sleepey Warre.

CASTARA.

Then, in the language of the drum,
 I will instruct my yet affrighted care:
 All women shall in me be dumbe,
 If I but with my Araphill be there.

ARAPHILL.

If Fate, like an unfaithfull gale,
 Which having vow'd to th' ship a faire event,
 O'th' sudden rends her hopefull saile,
 Blow ruine: will Castara then repent?

CASTARA.

Love shall in that tempestuous showre [show:
 Her brightest blossome like the black-thorne
 Weake friendship prospers by the powre
 Of Fortuane's sunne. 'He in her winter grow.

ARAPHILL.

If on my skin the noysome skar
 I should o'th' leprosie or canker weare;
 Or if the sulphurous breath of warre [feare?
 Should blast my youth: should I not be thy

CASTARA.

In flesh may sicknesse horror move,
 But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd;
 For then we'd like two angels love,
 Without a sense; embrace each other's mind.

ARAPHILL.

Were it not impious to repine,
 'Gainst rigid Fate I should direct my breath:
 That two must be, whom Heaven did joyne
 In such a happy one, disjoin'd by death.

CASTARA.

That's no divorce. Then shall we see
 The rites in life, were types o'th' marriage state,
 Our souls on Earth contracted be:
 But they in Heaven their nuptials consumate.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD M.

MY LORD,

My thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth
 So farre predominate in me, that mirth

Looks not as lovely as when our delight
 First fashion'd wings to adde a nimbler flight
 To lazie Time : who would, to have survai'd
 Our varied pleasures, there have ever staid.
 And they were harmlesse. For obedience,
 If frailty yeelds to the wild lawes of sense,
 We shall but with a sugred venome meete :
 No pleasure, if not innocent as sweet.
 And that's your choyce : who adde the title good
 To that of noble. For although the blood
 Of Marshall, Standley, and La Pole, doth flow,
 With happy Brandon's, in your veins; you owe
 Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone
 O'th' ground of honour : for desert's our owne,
 Be that your ayme. I'll with Castara sit
 I'th' shade, from heat of businesse. While my wit
 Is neither big with an ambitious ayme,
 To build tall pyramids i'th' court of Fame.
 For after ages, or to win conceit
 O'th' present, and grow in opinion great.
 Rich in ourselves, we envy not the East
 Her rockes of diamonds, or her gold the West.
 Arabia may be happy in the death
 Of her reviving phenix : in the breath
 Of cool Favonius, famous be the grove
 Of Tempe : while we in each other's love.
 For that let us be fam'd. And when of all
 That Nature made us two, the funerall -
 Leaves but a little dust, (which then as wed,
 Even after death, shall sleepe still in one bed.)
 The bride and bridegroom, on the solemne day,
 Shall with warme zeale approach our urne, to pay
 Their vov'es, that Heaven should blisse so far their
 To show them the faire pathis to our delights. [rites,

TO A TOMBE.

TYRANT o're tyrants, thou who onely dost
 Clip the lascivious beauty without lust :
 What horrour at thy sight shootes thro' each sence !
 How powerfull is thy silent eloquence,
 Which never flatters ! Thou instructs the proud,
 That their swolne pompe is but an empty cloud,
 Slave to each wind. The faire, those flowers they
 have
 Fresh in the ir cheeke, are strowd upon a grave.
 Thou tell'st the rich, their idoll is but earth.
 The vainely pleas'd, that syren-like their mirth
 Betrays to mischiefe, and that onely he
 Dares welcome death, whose aimes at vertue be.
 Which yet more zeale doth to Castara move.
 What checks me, when the tombe perswades to
 love !

TO CASTARA.

UPON THOUGHT OF AGE AND DEATH.

The breath of Time shall blast the flow'ry spring,
 Which so perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring
 So darke a mist, as shall eclipse the light
 Of thy faire eyes in an ete'nal night.
 Some melancholy chamber of the earth,
 (For that like Time devours whom it gave breath)
 Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who ere
 Lov'd nobly, offer up their sorrowes there.
 But I, whose grieffe no formal limits bound,
 Beholding the darke cave'ne of that ground,
 Will there immure my selfe. And thus I shall
 Thy mourner be, and my owne funerall.

Else by the weeping magicks of my verse,
 Thou hast reviv'd to triumph o're thy hearse.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD P.

MY LORD,

THE reverend man, by magicks of his prayer,
 Hath charm'd so, that I and your daughter are
 Contracted into one. The holy lights
 Smil'd with a cheerfull lustre on our rites,
 And every thing presag'd full happiness
 To mutual love : if you'll the omens blesse.
 Now grieve, my lord, 'tis perfected. Before
 Afflicted seas sought refuge on the shore
 From the angry north wind ; ere th' astonisht spring
 Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing ;
 Ere time had motion, or the Sunne obtain'd
 His provinces o're the day, this was ordain'd.
 Nor think in her I courted wealth or blood,
 Or more uncertain hopes : for had I stood
 On th' highest ground of Fortune, the world knowne
 No greatness but what waited on my throne :
 And she had onely had that face and mind,
 I, with my selfe, had th' Earth to her resign'd.
 In vertue there's an empire. And so sweete
 The rule is when it doth with beauty meete,
 As fellow consul, that of Heaven they
 Nor Earth partake, who would her disobey.
 This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why
 I ought to love Castara, through my eye
 This soft obedience stole into my heart.
 Then found I Love might lend to th' quick-ey'd art
 Of reason yet a purer sight : for he,
 Tho' blind, taught her these Indies first to see,
 In whose possession I at length am blest,
 And with my selfe at quiet, here I rest,
 As all things to my power subdu'd. To me
 There's nought beyond this. The whole world is she.

HIS MUSE SPEAKS TO HIM.

THY vov'es are heard, and thy Castara's name
 Is writ as faire i'th' register of Fame,
 As th' ancient beauties which translated are
 By poets up to Heaven : each there a starre.
 And though imperiall Tiber boast alone
 Ovid's Corinna, and to Arn is knowne
 But Petrarch's Laura ; while our famous Thames
 Doth murmur Sydney's Stella to her streames.
 Yet hast thou Severne left, and she can bring
 As many quires of swans as they to sing
 Thy glorious love : which living shall by thee
 The only sovereign of those waters be.
 Dead in love's firmament, no starre shall shine
 So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

TO VAINE HOPE.

THOU dream of madmen, ever changing gale,
 Swell with thy wanton breath the gaudy saile
 Of glorious foolles ! Thou guid'st them who thee
 court
 To rocks, to quick-sands, or some faithlesse port.
 Were I not mad, who, when secure at ease,
 I might i'th' cabbins passe the raging seas,
 Would like a franticke ship-boy wildly haste
 To climbe the giddy top of th' unsafe mast ?

Ambition never to her hopes did faine
 A greatness, but I really obtaine
 In my Castara. Wer't not fondnesse then
 T' embrace the shadowes of true blisse? And when
 My Paradise all flowers and fruits doth breed,
 To rob a barren garden for a weed.

TO CASTARA.

HOW HAPPY, THOUGH IN AN OBSCURE FORTUNE.

WERE we by Fate throwne downe below our feare,
 Could we be poore? Or question Nature's care
 In our provision? She who doth afford
 A feathered garment fit for every bird,
 And oonly voyce enough t' expresse delight:
 She who apparels lillies in their white,
 As if in that she'de teach man's duller sence,
 Wh' are highest, should be so in innocence:
 She who in damask doth attire the rose,
 (And man t' himselfe a mockery to propose,
 'Mong whom the humblest iudges grow to sit)
 She who in purple cloathes the violet:

If thus she cares for things even voyd of sence,
 Shall we suspect in us her providence?

TO CASTARA.

WHAT can the freedome of our love enthral?
 Castara, were we disposses of all
 The gifts of Fortune: richer yet than she
 Can make her slaves, wee'd in each other be.
 Love in himself's a world. If we should have
 A mansion but in some forsaken cave,
 Wee'd smooth misfortune, and ourselves think then
 Retir'd like princes from the noise of men,
 To breath a while unfatter'd. Each wild beast,
 That should the silence of our cell infest,
 With clamour, seeking prey: wee'd fancie were
 Nought but an avaritious courtier.
 Wealth's but opinion. Who thinks others more
 Of treasures have, than we, is onely poore.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE EARL OF S.

BRIGHT saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse
 Appears in sighing o're thy glorious hearse,
 To envie Heaven. For fame itselfe now weares
 Griefe's livery, and onely speaks in teares.
 And pardon you, Castara, if a while
 Your memory I banish from my stile:
 When I have paid his death the tribute due
 Of sorrow, I'll return to love and you.
 Is there a name like Falbot, which a showre
 Can force from every eye? And hath even powre
 To alter Nature's course? How else should all
 Runne wilde with mourning, and distracted fall?
 Th' illiterate vulgar, in a well-tun'd breath,
 Lament their losse, and learnedly chide death
 For its bold rape, while the sad poet's song
 Is yet unheard, as if griefe had no tongue.
 Th' amaz'd mariner having lost his way
 In the tempestuous desert of the sea,
 Lookes up, but finds no starres. They all conspire
 To darke themselves, t' enlighten this new fire.
 The learn'd astrooomer, with daring eye,
 Searching to tracke the spheares through which
 you fire,

(Most beauteous soule) doth in his journey faile,
 And blushing says, "The subtlest art is fraile,
 And but truth's counterfet." Your sight doth
 teach,

Fair vertue hath an orbe beyond his reach.
 But I grow dull with sorrow. Unkinde Fate,
 To play the tyrant, and subvert the state
 Of settled goodnesse! Who shall henceforth stand
 A pure example to enforme the land
 Of her loose riot? Who shall counterchecke
 The wanton pride of greatnesse, and direct
 Strayed honour in the true magnifick way?
 Whose life shall shew what triumph 'tis t' obey,
 The loud commands of reason? And how sweet
 The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet?
 Who will with silent piety confute
 Atheisticke sophistry, and by the fruite
 Approve religion's tree? Who'll teach his blood
 A virgin law, and dare be great and good?
 Who will despise his stiles? and nobly weigh
 In judgment's ballance, that his honour'd clay
 Hath no advantage by them? Who will live
 So innocently pious, as to give
 The world no scandall? Who'll himselfe deny,
 And to warme passion a cold martyr dye?
 My griefe distracts me. If my zeal hath said,
 What checks the living: know, I serve the dead.
 The dead, who need no monumental vaults,
 With his pale ashes to intombe his faults;
 Whose sins beget no libels, whom the poore
 For benefit, for worth, the rich adore.
 Who liv'd a solitary phoenix, free
 From the commerce with mischiefe, joy'd to be
 Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thoughts did
 Fed with the sacred fire of zealous love, [move,
 Alone he flourish, till the fatal houre
 Did summo him, when gathering from each floure
 His vertuous odours, from his perfum'd nest
 He took his flight to everlasting rest.

There shine, great lord, and with propitious eyes
 Looke downe, and smile upon this sacrifice.

TO MY WORTHY COUSIN, MR. E. C.

IN PRAISE OF THE CITY LIFE, IN THE LONG VACATION.

I LIKE the green plush which your meadows weare,
 I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare
 Their wealthy burthen to th' industrious Bore.
 Nor do I disallow, that who are poore
 In minde and fortune, thither should retire:
 But hate that he, who's warme with holy fire
 Of any knowledge, and 'mong us may feast
 On sectar'd wit, should turne himselfe t' a beast,
 And graze i'th' country. Why did Nature wrong
 So much her paines, as to give you a tongue
 And fluent language, if converse you hold
 With oxen in the stall, and sheepe i'th' fold?
 But now it's long vacation, you will say
 The towne is empty, and who ever may
 To th' pleasure of his country-home repaire,
 Flies from th' infection of our London aire.
 In this your error. Now's the time alone
 To live here, when the city dame is gone
 T' her house at Brandford; for beyond that she
 Imagines there's no land, but Barbary,
 Where lies her husband's factor. When from hence
 Rid is the country justice, whose non-sence
 Corrupted had the language of the inue,
 Where he and his horse litter'd: we beginne

To live in silence, when the noyse o'th' bench
Nor deafens Westminster, nor corrupt French
Walkes Fleet-street in her gowne. Ruffles of the
By the vacation's powre, translated are [barre,
To cut-worke bands : and who were busie here,
Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.
The sire by this is purg'd, and the terme's strife
Thus fled the city : we the civill life
Lead happily. When in the gentle way
Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day
Contracted to a moment : I retire
To my Castara, and meet such a fire
Of mutual love, that if the city were
Infected, that would purifie the ayre.

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARIE.

TO THE SUNNE.

Thou art return'd (great light) to that blest houre
In which I first by marriage, sacred power,
Ioyn'd with Castara hearts : and as the same
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame ;
Which had increas'd, but that by Love's decree,
'Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.
But tell me, (glorious lampe) in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weaknesse ? I since that have seene
The rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene
And wither, and the beauty of the field
With winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld
Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher ;
But virtuous love is one sweet endless fire.

AGAINST THEM WHO LAY

UNCHASTITY TO THE SEX OF WOMEN.

THEY meet but with unwholesome springs,
And summers which infectious are :
They heare but when the meremaid sings,
And only see the falling starre :
Who ever dare
Affirme no woman chaste and faire.
Goe, cure your feavers ; and you'll say
The Dog-dayes scorch not all the yeare :
In copper mines no longer stay,
But travel to the west, and there
The right ones see
And grant all gold's not alchimie.
What madman, 'cause the glow-wormes's flame
Is cold, swears there's no warmth in fire ?
'Cause some make forfeit of their name,
And slave themselves to man's desire :
Shall the sex free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be ?
Nor grieve, Castara, though 'twere fraile,
Thy vertue then would brighter shine,
When thy example should prevail,
And every woman's faith be thine ;
And were there none,
'Tis majesty to rule alone.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND EXCELLENTLY LEARNED
WILLIAM EARL OF ST.

MY LORD,

The laurell doth your reverend temples wreath,
As aptly now as when your youth did breath

Those tragicke raptures, which your name shall
From the black edict of a tyrant grave. [save
Nor shall your day ere set, till the Sunne shall
From the blind Heavens like a cinder fall :
And all the elements intend their strife,
To ruine what they fram'd : then your fame's life,
When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire,
Attended by the world i'th' general fire.
Fame lengthens thus her selfe : and I, to tread
Your steps to glory, search among the dead,
Where Vertue lies obscur'd, that as I give
Life to her tombe, I spite of time may live.
Now I resolve, in triumph of my verse,
To bring great Talbot from that forren hearse,
Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose :
Then to sing Herbert, who so glorious rose,
With the fourth Edward, that his faith doth shine
Yet in the faith of noblest Pembroke's line.
Sometimes my awelling spirits I prepare
To speak the mighty Percy, neerest beire,
In merits as in blood, to CHARLES the great :
Then Darbie's worth and greatnesse to repeat,
Or Morley's honour, or Montegle's fame,
Whose valour lives eternized in his name.
But while I think to sing these of my blood,
And my Castara's, Love's unruly flood
Breakes in, and beares away whatever stands
Built by my busie fancy on the sands.

TO CASTARA.

UPON AN EMBRACE.

'BOUT the husband oke the vine
Thus wreathes to kisse his leavy face :
Their streames thus rivers joyne,
And lose themselves in the embrace.
But trees want sence when they infold,
And waters, when they meet, are cold.
Thus turtles bill, and grone
Their loves into each other's care :
Two flames thus burn in one,
When their curl'd heads to Heaven they reare ;
But birds want soule, though not desire,
And flames material soone expire.
If not prophane, we'll say,
When angels close, their joyes are such ;
For we no love obey
That's bastard to a fleshly touch.
Let's close, Castara, then, since thus
We patten angels, and they us.

TO THE HONOURABLE G. T.

LET not thy grones force Echo from her cave,
Or interrupt her weeping o're that ware,
Which last Narcissus kist : let no darke grove
Be taught to whisper stories of thy love.
What tho' the wind be turn'd ? Canst thou not saile
By virtue of a cleane contrary gale,
Into some other port ? Where thou wilt find
It was thy better genius chang'd the wind,
To sterc thee to some island in the West,
For wealth and pleasure that transcends thy East.
Though Astrodora, like a sullen starre,
Eclipse her selfe ; i'th' sky of beauty are
Ten thousand other fires, some bright as she,
And who, with milder beams, may shine on thee.

Nor yet doth this eclipse beare a portent,
That should affright the world. The firmament
Enjoys the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,
And the young Spring doth like a bride appeare,
As fairly wed to the Thesalian grove
As e're it was, though she and you not love.
And we two, who like bright stars have shin'd
I'th' heavens of friendship, are as firmly joyn'd
As blood and love first fram'd us. And to be
Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd by thee,
Is to be glorious. Since fame cannot lend
An honour, equals that of Talbot's friend,
Nor envie me that my Castara's fame
Yeelds me a constant warmth: Though first I came
To marriage happy islands: Seas to thee
Will yeeld as smooth a way, and winds as free.
Which shall conduct thee (if hope may divine):
To this delicious port: and make love thine.

TO CASTARA.

THE REWARD OF INNOCENT LOVE.

We saw and woo'd each other's eyes,
My soule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,
Prophane the temple of delight,
And purchase endlesse penitence,
With the stolne pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
The sensuall idol of our clay,
For though the Sunne doe set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent,
The troubled stream is still impure,
With vertue flies away content.

And though opinions often erre,
Wee'll court the modest smile of fame,
For sinne's blacke danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
Death shall our loving coffins thrust:
Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our dust.

TO MY NOBLEST FRIEND,

SIR I. P. KNIGHT.

SIR,

THOUGH my deare Talbot's fate exact a sad
And heavy brow: my verse shall not be clad
For him this hour in mourning: I will write
To you the glory of a pompous night,
Which none (except sobriety) who wit
Or clothes could boast, but freely did admit.
I (who still sinne for company) was there
And tasted of the glorious supper, where
Meate was the least of wonder. Though the nest
O'th' Phoenix rifed seem'd t' amaze the feast,
And th' ocean left so poore that it alone
Could since vaunt wretched herring and poore John.

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Lucullus' surfets, were but types of this,
And whatsoever riot mentioned is
In story, did but the dull zany play,
To this proud night, which rather weel'e term day,
For th' artificial lights so thicke were set,
That the bright Sun seem'd this to counterfeit.
But seven (whom whether we should sages call
Or deadly sinnes, I'll not dispute) were all
Invited to this pompe. And yet I dare
Pawne my lov'd Muse, th' Hungarian did prepare
Not halfe that quantity of victuall when
He layd his happy siege to Nortlinghen.
The mist of the perfumes was breath'd so thicke
That linx himself, though his sight fam'd so
quicke,
Had there scarce spied one sober: For the wealth
Of the Canaries was exhaust, the health
Of his good majesty to celebrate,
Who'll judge them loyal subject without that:
Yet they, who some fond priviledge to maintaine,
Would have rebeld, their best freshold, their
braine

Surrender'd there: and five fiftenees did pay
To drink his happy life and raigne. O day
It was thy piety to flye; th' hadst beene
Found accessory else to this fond sinne.
But I forget to speake each stratagem
By which the dishes enter'd, and in them
Each luscious miracle, as if more bookes
Had written beene o'th' mystery of cookes
Than the philospher's stone, here we did see
All wonders in the kitchen alchimy:
But Ile not leave you there, before you part
You shall have something of another art.
A banquet raining down so fast, the good
Old patriarch would have thought a generall flood.
Heaven open'd and from thence a mighty shower
Of amber comits it sweete selfe did powre
Vpon our heads, and suckets from our eye
Like thicken'd clouds did steale away the sky,
That it was question'd whether Heaven were
Black-fryers, and each starre a confectioner;
But I too long detain you at a feast
You haply surfet of; now every guest
Is reeld downe to his coach; I licence crave
Sir, but to kisse your hands, and take my leave.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARCHIBALD EARLE OF AR.

If your example be obey'd
The serious few will live i'th' silent shade:
And not indanger by the wind
Or sunshine, the complexion of their mind:
Whose beauty weares so cleare a skin
That it decayes with the least taint of sin.
Vice grows by custome, nor dare we
Reject it as a slave, where it breaths free,
And is no priviledge deny'd;
Nor if advanc'd to higher place envyed.
Wherefore your lordship in your selfe
(Not lancht farre in the maine, ne'r nigh the shelve
Of humbler fortune) lives at ease, [scas.
Safe from the rocks o'th' shore, and stormes o'th'
Your soule's a well built city, where
There's such munition, that no war breeds feare:
No rebels wilde distractions move;
For you the heads have crush'd; Rage, Ravy, Love.

H h

And therefore you defiance bid
 To open enmity, or mischief hid
 In fawning hate and supple pride,
 Who are on every corner fortifide.
 Your youth not rudely led by rage
 Of blood, is now the story of your age,
 Which without boast you may averre
 'Fore blackest danger, glory did prefer:
 Glory not purchast by the breath
 Of sycophants, but by encountering death.
 Yet wildnesse nor the feare of lawes
 Did make you fight, but justice of the cause.
 For but mad prodigals they are
 Of fortitude, who for it selfe love warre.
 When well made peace had clos'd the eyes
 Of discord, sloath did not your youth surprize.
 Your life as well as powre, did ave
 The bad, and to the good was the best law:
 When most men vertue did pursue
 In hope by it to grow in fame like you.
 Nor when you did to court reaire,
 Did you your manners alter with the ayre.
 You did your modesty retaine
 Your faithfull dealing, the same tongue and braine.
 Nor did all the soft flattery there
 Inchant you so, but still you truth could heare.
 And though your roofes were richly guilt,
 The basis was on no ward's ruine built.
 Nor were your vassals made a prey,
 And forc't to curse the coronation day.
 And though no bravery was knowne
 To out-shine yours, you onely spent your owne.
 For 'twas the indulgence of Fate,
 To give y' a moderate minde, and bounteous state:
 But I, my lord, who have no friend
 Of fortune, must begin where you doe end.
 'Tis dang'rous to approach the fire
 Of action; nor is't safe, farre to retire,
 Yet better lost i'th' multitude
 Of private men, than on the state t' intrude,
 And hazard for a doubtfull smile,
 My stocke of fame, and inward peace to spoile.
 Ple therefore nigh some murm'ring brooke
 That wantons through my meadowes, with a booke,
 With my Castara, or some friend,
 My youth not guilty of ambition spend.
 To my owne shade (if fate permit)
 I'll whisper some soft musique of my wit.
 And flatter so my selfe, I'll see
 By that, strange motion steale into the tree:
 But still my first and chiefest care
 Shall be t' appease offended Heaven with prayer:
 And in such mold my thoughts to cast,
 That each day shall be spent as 'twere my last.
 How ere it's sweete lust to obey,
 Vertue thought rugged, is the safest way.

AN ELEGY UPON THE HONOURABLE

HENRY CAMBELL,

SONNE TO THE EARLE OF AR.

It's false arrithmaticke to say thy breath
 Expir'd to soone, or irreligious death
 Prophan'd thy holy youth. For if thy yeares
 Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,
 Thou didst the old Methusalem out-live.
 Though time but twenty years' account can give

Of thy abode on Earth, yet every hoore
 Of thy brave youth by vertue's wondrous powre
 Was lengthen'd to a yeare. Each well-spent day
 Keeps young the body, but the soule makes gray.
 Such miracles workes goodness: and behind
 Th'ast left to us such stories of thy minde
 Fit for example; that when them we read,
 We envy Earth the treasure of the dead.
 Why doe the sinfull riot and survive
 The feavers of their surfits? Why alive
 Is yet disorder'd greatness, and all they
 Who the loose lawes of their wilde blood obey?
 Why lives the gamester, who doth blacke the night
 With cheats and imprecations? Why is light
 Looked on by those whose breath may poyson it:
 Who sold the vigour of their strength and wit
 To buy diseases: and thou, who faire truth
 And vertue didst adore, lost in thy youth?
 But I'll not question fate. Heaven doth convey
 Those first from the darke prison of their clay
 Who are most fit for Heaven. Thou in warre
 Hadst ta'ne degrees, those dangers felt, which are
 The props on which peace safely doth subsist
 And through the cannons blew and borrid mist
 Hadst brought her light: And now wert so compleat
 That naught but death did want to make thee
 great.

Thy death was timely then bright soule to thee.
 And in thy fate thou suffer'dst not. 'Twas we
 Who dyed rob'd of thy life: in whose increase
 Of real glory both in warre and peace,
 We all did share: and thou away we feare
 Didst with thee, the whole stocke of honour beare.
 Each then be his owne mourner. We'le to thee
 Write hymnes, upon the world an elegie.

TO CASTARA,

Why should we feare to melt away in death;
 May we but dye together. When beneath
 In a coole vault we sleepe, the world will prove
 Religious, and call it the shrine of love.
 There, when o'th' wedding eve some beautions maid,
 Suspicious of the faith of man, hath paid
 The tribute of her vovves: o'th' sudden seee
 Two violets sprouting from the tombe will see:
 And cry out, "Ye sweet emblems of their zeale
 Who live below, sprang ye up to reveale
 The story of our future joyes, how we
 The faithfull patterns of their love shall be;
 If not; hang downe your heads opprest with dew,
 And I will weepe and wither hence with you."

TO CASTARA,

OF WHAT WE WERE BEFORE OUR CREATION.

When Pelion wondring saw, that raine which fell
 But now from angry Heaven, to heavenward swells
 When th' Indian ocean did the wanton play,
 Mingling its billowes with the Balticke sea:
 And the whole earth was water: O where then
 Were we Castara? In the fate of men
 Lost underneath the waves? Or to beguile
 Heaven's justice, lurkt we in Noah's floating isle?
 We had no being then. This fleshy frame
 Wed to a soule, long after, hither came

A stranger to it selfe. Those moneths that were
But the last age, no newes of us did heare.

What pompe is then in us? Who th' other day
Were nothing; and in triumph now, but clay.

TO THE MOMENT LAST PAST.

O WHETHER dost thou fy? cannot my vow
Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,
And thou art gone? like ships which plough the seas,
And leave no print for man to tracke their way.
O unseene wealth! who thee did husband, can
Out-vie the jewels of the ocean,
The mines of th' earth! One sigh well spent in thee
Had bene a purchase for eternity!

We will not loose thee then. Castara, where
Shall we finde out his hidden sepulcher;
And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell stealth
Of fate shall rob us, of so great a wealth;

Vndone in thrift! while we besought his stay,
Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

TO CASTARA.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF LOVE.

WHERE sleeps the north-wind when the south in-
Life in the spring, and gathers into quires (spires
The scatter'd nightingales; whose subtle eares
Heard first th' harmonious language of the
sphaeres;

Whence hath the stone, magneticke force t'allure
Th' enamour'd iron; from a seed impure
Or naturall did first the mandrake grow;
What powre i'th' ocean makes it ebbe and flow;
What strange materials is the azure skye
Compacted of; of what it's brightest eye
The ever flaming Sunne; what people are
In th' unknowne world; what worlds in every star;

Let curious fancies at this secret rove;
Castara, what we know, wee'le practise, love.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESSE OF C.

MADAM,

SHOULD the cold Muscovit, whose furre and stove
Can scarce prepare him heate enough for love,
But view the wonder of your presence, he
Would scorne his winter's sharpest injury:
And trace the naked groves, till he found bayes
To write the beautious triumphs of your prayse,
As a dull poet even he would say,
Th' unclouded Sun had never shovne them day
Till that bright minute; that he now admires
No more why the coy Spring so soone retires
From their unhappy clyme; it doth pursue
The Sun, and he derives his light from you.
Hec'd tell you how the fetter'd Baltick sea
Is set at freedome, while the yee away
Doth melt at your approach; how by so faire
Harmothious beauty, their rude manners are
Reduc't to order; how to them you bring
The wealthiest mines below, above the spring.
Thus would his wonder speake. For he would want
Religion to beleeve, there were a saint

Within, and all he saw was but the shrine.
But I here pay my voves to the devine
Pure essence there inclos'd, which if it were
Not hid in a faire cloud, but might appeare
In its full lustre, would make Nature live
In a state equall to her primitive.
But sweetly that's obscur'd. Yet though our eye
Cannot the splendour of your soule descry
In true perfection, by a glimmering light,
Your language yeelds us, we can guess how bright
The Sunne within you shines, and curse th' unkind
Eclipse, or else our selves for being blinde.
How hastily doth Nature build up man
To leave him so imperfect? For he can
See nought beyond his sence; she doth controule
So farre his sight he ne're discern'd a soule.
For had yours bene the object of his eye;
It had turn'd wonder to idolatry.

THE HARMONY OF LOVE.

AMPHION, O thou holy shade!
Bring Orpheus up with thee:
That wonder may you both invade,
Hearing love's harmony.
You who are soule, not rudely made
Vp, with materiall eares,
And fit to reach the musique of these sphaeres.

Hark! when Castara's orbs doe move
By my first moving eyes,
How great the symphony of love,
But 'tis the destinies
Will not so farre my prayer approve,
To bring you hither, here
Lest you meeete heaven, for Elizium there.

'Tis no dull sublunary flame
Burnes in her heart and mine.
But some thing more, than hath a name.
So subtle and divine,
We know not why, nor how it came.
Which shall shine bright, till she
And the whole world of love, expire with me.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND

SIR ED. P. KNIGHT.

You'd leave the silence in which safe we are,
To listen to the noyse of warre;
And walke those rugged paths, the factions tread,
Who by the number of the dead
Reckon their glories and thinke greatness stood
Vnsafe, till it was built on blood.
Secure i'th' wall our seas and ships provide
(Abhorring war's so barb'rous pride,
And honour bought with slaughter) in content
Let's breath, though humble, innocent.
Folly and madnesse! Since 'tis ods we ne're
See the fresh youth of the next year.
Perhaps not the chast morne, her selfe disclose
Again, t'out-blush th' amnious rose,
Why doth ambition so the mind distress
To make us scorne what we possesse?
And looke so farre before us? Since all we
Can hope, is varied misery?
Goe find some whispering shade neare Arne or Poe,
And gently 'mong their violets throw

Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire
 Enchantments can charme griefs or care?
 Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you
 The ruin'd capitoll shall view
 And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can
 Not cure yet the disease of man,
 And banish your owne thoughts. *Goe travaile*
 Another Sun and starres appear, [where
 And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,
 And yet even there your selfe youle meete.
 Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
 New toyes for a fantastique mind;
 Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
 By her aeriall quires doth sing
 As sweetly to you as if you were laid
 Vnder the learn'd Thessalian shade.
 Direct your eye-sight inward, and you'll find
 A thousand regions in your mind
 Yet undiscover'd. Travell them, and be
 Expert in home cosmograp-hie.
 This you may doe safe both from rocke and shelve:
 Man's a whole world within himselfe.

 TO CASTARA.

Give me a heart where no impure
 Disorder'd passions rage,
 Which jealousie doth not obscure,
 Nor vanity t' expence ingage,
 Nor wooed to madness by quaint othes,
 Or the fine rhetoricke of clothes,
 Which not the softnesse of the age
 To vice or folly doth decline;
 Give me that heart (Castara) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke
 Provokes new appetite:
 With no fresh charme of beauty tooke,
 Or wanton stratagem of wit;
 Not idly wandring here and there,
 Led by an am'rous eye or eare.
 Aiming each beautionous marke to hit;
 Which vertue doth to one confine:
 Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
 Observe but how it still
 Doth listen how thine doth with me;
 And guard it well, for else it will
 Runne hither backe; not to be where
 I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
 But without discipline, or skill.
 Our hearts shall freely 'twene us move; [love.
 Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by

 TO CASTARA.

OF TRUE DELIGHT.

Why doth the eare so tempt the voyce,
 That cunningly divides the ayre?
 Why doth the palate buy the choyce
 Delights o'th' sea, to enrich her fare?

As soone as I my eare obey,
 The echo's lost even with the breath.
 And when the sewer takes away
 I'me left with no more taste, than death.

Be curious in pursuite of eyes
 To procreate new loves with thine;
 Satiety makes sence despise
 What superstition thought divine.

Quicke fancy, how it mockes delight?
 As we conceive, things are not such,
 The glow-worme is as warme as bright,
 Till the deceitfull flame we touch.

When I have sold my heart to lust
 And bought repentance with a kisse
 I find the malice of my dust,
 That told me Hell contain'd a blisse.

The rose yeelds her sweete blandishment
 Lost in the fold of lovers' wreathe,
 The violet enchants the sent
 When earely in the spring she breathe.

But winter comes and makes each flowre
 Shrinke from the pillow where it growes,
 Or an intruding cold hath powre
 To scorne the perfume of the rose.

Our senses like false glasses show
 Smooth beauty where browes wrinkled are,
 And makes the cosen'd fancy glow.
 Chaste vertue's onely true and faire.

 TO MY NOBLEST FRIEND,
 I. C. ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I HATE the countrie's durt and manners, yet
 I love the silence; I embrace the wit
 And courtship, flowing here in a full tide.
 But loathe the expence, the vanity and pride.
 No place each way is happy. Here I hold
 Commerce with some, who to my care unfold
 (After a due oath ministred) the height
 And greatnesse of each star shines in the state,
 The brightnesse, the eclipse, the influence.
 With others I commune, who tell me whence
 The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow:
 Relate each skirmish, battie, overthrow,
 Soone as they happen; and by rote can tell
 Those Germane townes, even puzzle me to spell.
 The crosse or prosperous fate of princes, they
 Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning or delay:
 And on each action comment, with more skill
 Than upon Livy, did old Matchavill,
 O busie folly: Why doe I my braine
 Perplex with the dull pollicies of Spaine,
 Or quicke designses of France? Why not repair
 To the pure innocencie o'th' country ayre: [sive
 And neighbour thee, deare friend? Who so dost
 Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
 Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might not we
 Arme against passion with philosophie;
 And by the side of leisure, so controule,
 What-ere is earth in us, to grow all soule?
 Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when
 We study misteries of other men
 And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
 (Thy head upon some flowry pillow laide,
 Kind Nature's huswifery) contemplate all
 His stratagemes who labours to intral
 The world to his great master, and youle finde
 Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.

Not conquest makes us great. 'Blood is to deare
 A price for glory: Honour doth appeare
 To statesmen like a vision in the night,
 And jugler-like workes o'th' deluded sight.
 Th' unbusied onely wise: for no respect
 Indangers them to error; they affect
 Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
 Man with an equall eye, nor bright in gold
 Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
 As vertue raiseth him above his clay.
 Thus let us value things: and since we find
 Time bends us toward death, let's in our mind -
 Create new youth: and arme against the rude
 Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
 O'th' country dead our thoughts, nor busie care
 O'th' towne make us not thinke, where now we are
 And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot
 His journey, though his step: we numbred not.

TO CASTARA.

WHAT LOVERS WILL SAY WHEN SHE AND HE ARE
 DEAD.

I WONDER when w'are dead, what men will say;
 Will not poore orphan lovers weepe,
 The parents of their loves decay;
 And envy death the treasure of our sleepe?
 Will not each trembling virgin bring her feares
 To th' holy silence of my vrne?
 And chide the marble with her teares,
 'Cause she so soone faith's obsequis must mourne.
 For had Fate spar'd but Araphill (she'le say)
 He had the great example stood,
 And forc't unconstant man obey
 The law of love's religion, not of blood.
 And youth by female perjury betrayd,
 Will to Castara's shrine deplore
 His injuries, and death obrayd,
 That woman lives more guilty, than before.
 For while thy breathing purified the ayre
 Thy sex (heelee say) did onely move
 By the chaste influence of a faire,
 Whose vertue shin'd in the bright orbe of love.
 Now woman like a meteor vapour'd forth
 From dunghills, doth amaze our eyes;
 Not shining with a reall worth,
 But subtile her blacke errorrs to disguise.
 This will they talke, Castara, while our dust
 Thy sex darke vault shall mingled be.
 The world will fall a prey to lust,
 When love is dead, which hath one fate with me.

TO HIS MUSE.

Heav virgin fix thy pillars, and command
 They sacred may to after ages stand
 In witness of love's triumph. Yet will we,
 Castara, find new worlds in poetry,
 And conquer them. Not dully following those
 Faine lovers, who dare cloth their thoughts in prose.
 But we will henceforth more religious prove,
 Concealing the high mysteries of love
 From the prophane. Harmonious like the sphaeres,
 Our soules shall move, not reacht by humane cares.

That musicke to the angels, this to fame,
 I here commit. That when their holy flame,
 True lovers to pure beauties would rehearse,
 They may invoke the genius of my verse.

A FRIEND

is a man. For the free and open discovery of thoughts to woman can not passe without an over licentious familiarity, or a justly occasion'd suspicion; and friendship can neither stand with vice or infamie. He is vertuous, for love begot in sin is a mishapen monster, and seldome out-lives his birth. He is noble, and inherits the virtues of all his progenitors; though happily unskillfull to blazon his paternall coate; so little should nobility serve for story, but when it encourageth to action. He is so valiant, feare could never be listned to, when she whispered danger; and yet fights not, unless religion confirms the quarrel lawfull. He submits his actions to the government of vertue, not to the wilde decrees of popular opinion; and when his conscience is fully satisfied, he cares not how mistake and ignorance interpret him. He hath so much fortitude he can forgive an injurie; and when hee bath overthrowne his opposer, not insult upon his weaknesse. Hee is an absolute governor; no destroyer of his passions, which he employes to the noble increase of vertue. He is wise, for who hopes to reape a harvest from the sands, may expect the perfect offices of friendship from a foole. He hath by a liberrall education beene softened to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men profess, is an indigested chaos; which may containe the seedes of goodnesse, but it wants forme and order.

He is no flatterer; but when he findes his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informes him; nor yett shall some few errorrs cancell the bond of friendship; because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailty. He is as s'low to enter into that title, as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disoblige, because an extraordinary vertue did first unite; and when he parts, he doth it without a duell. He is neither effeminate, nor a common courtier; the first is so passionate a doater upon himselfe, hee cannot spare love enough to bee justly named friendship; the latter hath his love so diffusive among the beauties, that man is not considerable. He is not accustomed to any sordid way of gaine, for who is any way mechanicke, will sell his friend upou more profitable termes. He is bountifull, and thinks no treasure of fortune equall to the prescrvation of him he loves; yett not so lavish, as to buy friendship and perhaps afterward finde himselfe overseene in the purchase. He is not exceptious, for jealousy proceedes from weaknesse, and his vertues quit him from suspicions. He freely gives advice, but so little peremptory is his opinion that he ingeniously submits it to an abler judgement. He is open in expression of his thoughts and easeth his melancholy by enlarging it; and no sanctuary preserves so safely, as he his friend afflicted.

He makes use of no engines of his friendship to extort a secret; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the most amiable object to the soule, in death the most deplorable.

THE FUNERALS OF THE HONOURABLE, MY BEST FRIEND
AND KINSMAN,

GEORGE TALBOT¹, ESQUIRE.

ELLEGIE I.

WHERE malice to thy fame, to weepe alone:
And not enforce an universall groane
From ruinous man, and make the world complain:
Yet I'll forbid my griefe to be prophane
In mention of thy prayse; I'll speake but truth
Yet write more honour than ere shiu'd in youth.
I can relate thy businesse here on Earth,
Thy mystery of life, thy noblest birth
Out-shin'd by nobler vertue: but how farre
Th' hast tane thy journey 'bove the highest star,
I cannot speake, nor whether thou art in
Commission with a throne, or cherubin.
Passee on triumphant in thy glorious way,
Till thou hast reacht the place assign'd: we may
Without disturbing the harmonious speares,
Bathe here below thy memory in our teares.
Ten dayes are past, since a dull wonder scin'd
My active soule: loud stormes of sighes are rais'd
By emuty griefes; they who can utter it,
Doe not vent forth their sorrow, but their wit,
I stood like Niobe without a groane,
Congeal'd into that monumentall stone
That doth lye over thee: I had no roome
For witty griefe, fit onely for thy tombe.
And friendship's monument, thus had I stoo'd;
But that the flame, I beare thee, warm'd my
With a new life. I'll like a funerall fire [brood
But burne a while to thee, and then expire.

ELLEGIE II.

TALBOT is dead. Like lightning which no part
Of th' body touches, but first strikes the heart,
This word hath murder'd me, 'Ther's not in all
The stocke of sorrow, any charme can call
Death sooner up. For musique's in the breath
Of thunder, and a sweetness even i'th' death
That brings with it, if you with this compare
All the loude noyses, which torment the ayre,
They cure (physitians say) the element
Sicke with dull vapours, and to banishment
Confinde infections; but this fatal shreake
Without the least redress, is utter'd like
The last dayes summons, when Farth's trophies lye
A scatter'd heape, and time it selfe must dye.
What now hath life to boast of? Can I have
A thought lesse dayke than th' horror of the grave
Now thou dost dwell below? Wer't not a fault
Past pardon, to raise fancie 'bove thy vault?
Hayle sacred house in which his reliques sleep!
Blest marble give me leave t' approach and weepe,

These vows to thee! for since great Talbot's gone
Downe to thy silence, I commerce with none
But thy pale people; and in that confute
Mistaking man, that dead men are not mute.
Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd care
Accustom'd to warme whispers, and thou't beare
How their cold language tels thee, that thy skin
Is but a beautilous shrine, in which black sin
Is idoliz'd; thy eyes but speares where lust
Hath its loose motion; and thy end is dust.
Great Atlas of the state, descend with me.
But hither, and this vault shall furnish thee
With more avinos, than thy costly spyes,
And show how false are all those mysteries
Thy sect receives, and though thy pallace swell
With envid pride, 'tis here that thou must dwell.
It will instruct you, courtier, that your art
Of outward smoothnesse and a rugged heart
But cheats your selfe, and all those subtill wayes
You tread to greatness, is a fatall maze [breath
Where you your selfe shall loose, for though you
Vpward to pride, your center is beneath.
And 'twill thy rhetoricke false flesh confound;
Which flatters my fraile thoughts, no time can
This unarm'd frame, here is true eloquence [sound
Will teach my soule to triumph over sense,
Which hath its period in a grave, and there
Shows what are all our pompous surfets here.
Great orator! deare Talbot! Still, to thee
May I an auditor attentive be:
And piously maintaine the same commerce
We held in life! and if in my rude verse
I to the world may thy sad precepts read;
I will on Earth interpret for the dead.

ELLEGIE III.

LET me contemplate thee (faire soule) and though
I cannot tracke the way, which thou didst goe
In thy celestiall journey, and my heart
Expansion wants, to thinke what now thou art,
How bright and wide thy glories; yet I may
Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay.
Best object to my heart! what vertues be
Inherent even to the least thought of thee! [fears
Dread which to th' vigorous heate of youth brings
In its leane looke; doth like a prince appeare,
Now glorious to my eye, since it possesseth
The wealthy empyre of that happie chest
Which harbours thy rich dust; for how can he
Be thought a bank'rout that embraces thee?
Sad midnight whispers with a greedy care
I catch from lonely graves, in hope to beare
Newes from the dead, nor can pale visions fright
His eye, who since thy death feels no delight
In man's acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate
Doth in me a sublimer soule create.
And now my sorrow follows thee, I tread
The milkie way, and see the snowie head
Of Atlas, farre below, while all the high
Swolne buildings sceme but atoms to my eye.
I'me heighten'd by my ruine; and while I
Weepe ore the vault where thy sad ashes lye,
My soule with thine doth hold commerce above;
Where we discern the stratagems, which love,
Hate, and ambition, use, to cozen man;
So fraile that every blast of honour can
Swell him above himselfe, each adverse gust,
Him and his glories shiver into dust.
How small seemes greatness here! How not a span
His empire, who commands the Ocean.

¹ Probably one of the three younger sons of John Talbot of Longford. See Collins' Peerage, vol. 3. p. 27. C.

Both that, which boasts so much it's mighty ore,
And th' other, which with pearl, hath pav'd its
shore.

Nor can it greater seeme, when this great All
For which men quarrell so, is but a ball
Cast downe into the ayre to sport the starres.
And all our generall ruines, mortall warres,
Depopulated states, caus'd by their sway;
And man's so reverend wisdome did their play.
From thee, deare Talbot, living I did learne
The arts of life, and by thy light discerne
The truth which men dispute. But by thee dead
I'me taught, upon the world's gay pride to tread:
And that way sooner master it, than he
To whom both th' Indies tributary be.

ELEGIE IV.

My name, deare friend, even thy expiring breath
Did call upon: affirming that thy death
Would wound my poor sad heart. Sad it must be
Indeed, lost to all thoughts of mirth in thee.
My lord, if I with licence of your tears, [weares
(Which your great brother's bearse as diamonds
T' enrich death's glory) may but speake my owne:
I'll prove it, that no sorrow e're was knowne
Reall as mine. All other mourners keepe
In griefe a method: without forme I weepe.
The soune (rich in his father's fate) hath eyes
Yet just as long as are the obsequia.
The widow furnerly a yeare doth spend
In her so courtly blackes. But for a friend
We weepe an age, and more than th' anchorit, have
Our very thoughts coffin'd within a grave.
Chast love who halst thy tryumph in my flame
And thou Castara who had hadst a name,
But for this sorrow glorious: Now my verse
Is lost to you, and onely on Talbot's herse
Sady attends. And till Time's fatal hand
Ruines, what's left of churches, there shall stand.
There to thy selfe, deare Talbot, I'll repeat
Thy owne brave story; tell thy selfe how great
Thou wert in thy minde's empire, and how all
Who out-live thee, see but the funerall
Of glory: and if yet some vertuous be,
They but weake apparitions are of thee.
So settled were thy thoughts, each action so
Discretely ordered, that nor ebbe nor flow
Was e're perceiv'd in thee, each word mature
And every scene of life from sinne so pure
That scarce in its whole history, we can
Finde vice enough, to say thou wert but man.
Horror to say thou wert! Curst that we must
Address our language to a little dust,
And seeke for Talbot there. Injurious fate,
To lay my life's ambition desolate.
Yet thus much comfort have I, that I know
Not how it can give such another blow.

ELEGIE V.

CHAST as the nun's first vow, as fairely bright
As when by death her soul shines in full light
Freed from th' eclipse of Earth, each word that came
From thee (deare Talbot) did beget a flame
T' enkindle vertue: which so faire by thee
Became, man that blind mole her face did see.
But now to our eye she's lost, and if she dwell
Yet on the Earth; she's coffin'd in the cell
Of some cold hermit, whose keeps her there,
As if of her the old man jealous were.

Nor ever shows her beauty, but to some
Cathasian, who even by his vow, is dumbe.
So 'mid the yoe of the farre northern sea,
A starre about the articke circle, may
Than ours yeeld clearer light; yet that but shall
Serve at the frozen pilot's funerall.
Thou (brightest constellation) to this maine
Which all we sinners traffique on, didst daigne
The bounty of thy fire, which with so cleare
And constant beames did our fraye vassels steere,
That safely we, what storm so e're bore away,
Past o're the rugged Alpes of th' angry sea.
But now we sayle at randome. Every rocke
The fully doth of our ambition mocke
And splits our hopes: to every ayren's breath
We listen and even court the face of death,
If painted o're by pleasure: every wave
If't hath delight w' embraces though't prove a grave.
So ruinous is the defect of thee,
To th' undone world in gen'ral. But to me
Who liv'd one life with thine, drew but one breath,
Posses't with th' same mind and thoughts, 'twas
And now by fate, I but my selfe survive, [death.
To keepe his mem'ry, and my griefes alive.
Where shall I then begin to weepe? No grove
Silent and darke, but is prophau'd by love:
With his warine whispers, and faint idle feares,
His buzic hopes, loud sighes, and caselesse teares
Each eare is so enchanted; that no breath
Is list'ned to, which mockes report of death.
I'll turne my griefe then inward and deploro
My ruine to my selfe, repeating ore
The story of his virtues; until I
Not write, but am my selfe his elegie.

ELEGIE VI.

Goz stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight
To their yet unknowne coast, goe hinder night
From its approach on day, and force day rise
From the faire east of some bright beutie's eyes:
Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verse.
It hath no power. For mine from his blacke herse
Redeemes not Talbot, who cold as the breath
Of winter, coffin'd lyes; silent as death,
Stealing on th' anch'rit, who even wents an eare
To breathe into his soft expiring prayer.
For had thy life beene by thy vertues spun
Out to a length, thou hadst out-liv'd the Sunne
And clos'd the world's great eye: or were not all
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall
Thou hadst received new life, and liv'd to be
The conqueror o're death, inspir'd by me.
But all we poets glory in, is vaine
And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine
One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye
By a foole's finger destinate to dye.
Live then in thy true life (great soule) for set
At liberty by death thou owest no debt
T' exacting Nature: live, freed from the sport
Of time and fortune in yand' starry court
A glorious potentate, while we below
But fashion wayes to mitigate our woe.
We follow campees, and to our hopes propose
Th' insulting victor; not remembring those
Dismembred trunkes who gave him victory
By a loath'd fate: we covetous merchants be
And to our ayms pretend treasure and sway,
Forgetfull of the treasons of the sea.
The shootings of a wounded conscience
We patiently sustaine to serve our senca,

With a short pleasure; so we empire gaine
 And rule the fate of business, the sad paine
 Of action we contemne, and the affright
 Which with pale visions still attends our night.
 Our joyes false apparitions, but our feares
 Are certaine prophecies. And till our ears
 Reach that caelestiall musique, which thine now
 So cheerefully receive, we must allow
 No comfort to our griefes: from which to be
 Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

ELLEGIE VII.

There is no peace in sinne. Eternal warr
 Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
 Friends 'mong themselves, and choisest accents be
 Harsh echos of their heavenly harmonie.
 While thou didst live we did that union finde
 In the so faire reppblich of thy mind,
 Where discord never swel'd. And as we dare
 Affirme those goodly structures, temples are
 Where well-tun'd quires strike zeale into the care:
 The musique of thy soule made us say, there
 God had his altars; every breath a spice
 And each religious act a sacrifice.
 But death hath that demolisht. All our eye
 Of thee now sees doth like a cittie lye
 Ras'd by the cannon. Where is then that flame
 That added warmth and beauty to thy frame?
 Fleed heaven-ward to repaire, with its pure fire,
 The losses of some main'd seraphick quire?
 Or hovers it beneath, the world t' upliod
 From generall ruine, and expel that cold
 Dull humour weakens it? If so it be;
 My sorrow yet must prayse Fate's charity.
 But thy example (if kinde Heaven had daign'd
 Frailty that favour) had mankind regain'd
 To his first purity. For that the wit
 Of vice, might not except 'gainat th' ancherit
 As too strict; thou didst unclouster'd live:
 Teaching the soule by what preservative,
 She may from siones contagion live secure,
 Though all the ayre she suckt in, were impure.
 In this darke mist of error with a cleare
 Unspotted light, thy vertue did appeare
 T' obrayd corrupted man. How could the rage
 Of untam'd lust have scorcht decrepit age;
 Had it seeme thy chaste youth? Who could the
 Of time have spent in riot, or his health [wealth
 By surfeits forfeited; if he had seeme
 What temperance had in thy dyd beene?
 What glorious foole had vaunted honours bought
 By gold or practise, or by rapin brought
 From his fore-fathers, had he understood
 How Talbot valued not his own great blood!
 Had politicians seeme him scoring more
 The unsafe pompe of greatness, then the poore
 Thatcht roofes of shepheards, where th' unruly wind
 (A gentler storme than pride) uncheckt doth find
 Still free admittance: their pale labours had
 Beene to be good, not to be great and bad.
 But he is lost in a blind vault, and we
 Must not admire though sinnes now frequent be
 And uncontrol'd: since those faire tables where
 The law was writ by death now broken are,
 By death extinguisht is that star, whose light
 Did shine so faithfull, that each ship say'd right
 Which steer'd by that. Nor marvell then if we,
 (That failing) lost in this world's tempest be.
 But to what orbe so e're thou dost retire,
 Far from our ken: 'tis blest, while by thy fire

Falighten'd. And since thou must never here
 Be seene againe: may I o're take thee there.

ELLEGIE VIII.

Boast not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all
 The cunning pompe of the Escuriall.
 Though there both th' Indies met in each small room
 Th' are short in treasure of this precious tombe.
 Here is th' epitome of wealth, this chest
 Is Nature's chief exchequer, hence the East
 When it is purified by th' generall fire
 Shall see these now pale ashes sparkle higher
 Than all the gems she wants: transcending far
 In fragrant lustre the bright morning star.
 'Tis true, they now seeme darke. But rather we
 Have by a cataract lost sight, than he
 Though dead his glory. So to us blacke night
 Brings darknesse, when the Sun retains his light.
 Thou eclips'd dust! expecting breake of day
 From the thicke mists about thy tombe, Ple pay
 Like the just lark, the tribute of my verse:
 I will invite thee, from thy envious bese
 To rise, and 'bout the world thy beames to spread,
 That we may see, there's brightnesse in the dead.
 My zeal deludes me not. What perfumes come
 From th' happy vault? In her sweet martyrdome
 The nard breathes never so, nor so the rose
 When the enamour'd Spring by kissing blowes
 Soft blushes on her cheek, nor th' early East
 Vying with Paradiç, i'th' phoenix nest.
 These gentle perfumes usher in the day
 Which from the night of his discolour'd clay
 Breakes on the sudden: for a soule so bright
 Of force must to her earth contribute light.
 But if w' are so far blind, we cannot see
 The wonder of this truth; yet let us be
 Not infidels; nor like dull atheists give
 Our selves so long to lust, till we believe
 (T' allay the griefe of sinne) that we shall fall
 To a last'd nothing in our funeral.
 The dead man's death is horreur. But the just
 Keepes something of his glory in his dust.

CASTARA.

THE THIRD PART.

A HOLY MAN

Is onely happie. For infelicity and sinne were
 borne twinnes; or rather like some prodigie with
 two bodies, both draw and expire the same
 breath. Catholike faith is the foundation on
 which he erects religion; knowing it a ruinous
 madnesse to build in the ayre of a private spirit,
 or on the sands of any new schisme. His impiety
 is not so bold to bring divinity downe to the
 mistake of reason, or to deny those misteries his
 apprehension reacheth not. His obedience moves
 still by direction of the magistrate: and should
 conscience informe him that the command is
 unjust; he judgeth it nevertheless high treason
 by rebellion to make good his tenets; as it were
 the basest cowardize, by dissimulation of reli-
 gion, to preserve temporall respects. Else knowe

hazardous pollicie but a crooked rule of action : and therefore by a distrust of his own knowledge attaines it : confounding with supernaturall illumination, the opinionated judgment of the wise. In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver, and useth, not abuseth plenty : but in adversity he remains unshaken, and like some eminent mountaine hath his head above the clouds. For his happinesse is not meteor-like exhald from the vapours of this world ; but shines a fixt starre, which when by misfortune it appears to fall, onely casts away the slimie matter. Poverty he neither feares nor covets, but cheerfully entertaines ; imagining it the fire which tries vertues : nor how tyrannically soever it usurpe on him, doth he pay to it a sigh or wricckle ; for he who suffers want without reluctancie, may be poore not miserable. He sees the covetous prosper by usury, yet waxeth not leane with envie : and when the posteritie of the impious flourish, he questiones not the divine justice ; for temporall rewards distinguish not ever the merits of men : and who hath bene of counsel with the *Æternall* ? Fame he weiges not, but esteemes a smoake, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odour, and riseth usually from the sacrifice of our best actions. Pride he disdaines, when he findes it swelling in himselfe ; but easily forgiveth it in another : Nor can any man's errour in life, make him sinne in censure, since seldom the folly we condemne is so culpable as the severity of our judgement. He doth not malice the over-spreading growth of his equals : but pitties, not despiseth the fall of any man : esteeming yet no storme of fortune dangerous, but what is rais'd through our owne demerit. When he lookes on other's vices, he values not himselfe virtuous by comparison, but examines his owne defects, and findes matter enough at home for reprehension. In conversation his carriage is neither plausible to flattery, nor reserv'd to rigour : but so demeanes himselfe as created for societie. In solitude he remembers his better part is angelicall ; and therefore his minde practiseth the best discourse without assistance of inferiour organs. Last is the basiliske he flies, a serpent of the most destroying venome : for it blasts all plants with the breath, and carries the most murdering artillery in the eye. He is ever merry but still modest : not dissolved into undecent laughter, or tickled with wit scurrilous or injurious. He cunningly searcheth into the vertues of others, and liberally commends them : but buries the vices of the imperfect in a charitable silence, whose manners he reformes not by invectives but example. In prayer he is frequent not apparant : yet as he labours not the opinion, so he feares not the scandall of being thought good. He every day travailes his meditations up to Heaven, and never findes himself wearied with the journey ; but when the necessities of nature returne him downe to Earth, he esteemes it a place, hee is condemned to. Devotion is his mistress on which he is passionately enamour'd : for that he hath found the most soveraigne antidote against sinne, and the onely balsome powerfull to cure those wounds hee hath receav'd through frailty. To live he knowes a benefite, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and

therefore loves, but not doubts on life Death how deformed soever an aspect it weares, he is not frighted with : since it not annihilates, but unclouds the soule. He therefore stands every moment prepared to dye : and though he freely yeelds up himselfe, when age or sicknesse som-timon him ; yet he with more alacritie puts off his earth, when the profession of faith crowns him a martyr.

DOMINE LABIA MEA APERIES.

DAVID.

Nox monument of me remaine,

My mem'orie rust

In the same marble with my dust,
Ere I the spreading laurell gaine,
By writing wanton or prophane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,

Shine still, bright starres,

Th' Almighty's mystick characters !
Ile not your beauteous lights surprize,
T' illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor, to perfume her veines, will I

In each one set

The purple of the violet :

The untoucht flowre may grow and dye
Safe from my fancie's injurie.

Open my lippes, great God ! and then

Ile soare above

The humble flight of carnall love.

Vpward to thee Ile force my pen,
And trace no path of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded soules

Worthy to be .

Their object finde, excepting thee ?

Where can I fixe ? since time controules
Our pride, whose motion all things roules.

Should I my selfe ingratiate

T' a prince's smile,

How soone may death my hopes beguile ?
And should I farme the proudest state,
I'me tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust ?

And if my love

Toward a female beauty move,

How will that surfet of our lust
Distast us, when resolv'd to dust ?

But thou, *Æternall* banquet ! where

For ever we

My frede without satietie !

Who harmonic art to the eare,
Who art, while all things else appeare !

While up to thee I shoote else flame,

Thou dost dispence

A holy death, that murders sense,
And makes me scorn all pompes, that ayme
At other triumphes than thy name.

It crownes me with a victory

So heavenly, all

That's earth from me away doth fall.

And I, from my corruption free,
Grow in my voves even part of thee.

VERBA EST IN LUCTUM CYTHARA MELA.

102.

Love! I no orgies sing
Whereby thy mercies to invoke:
Nor from the East rich perfumes bring
To cloude thy altars with the precious smoake.

Nor while I did frequent
Those faves by lovers rais'd to thee,
Did I loose heathenish rites invent,
To force a blush from injur'd chastitie.

Religious was the charms
I used affection to intice:
And thought none burnt more bright or warme,
Yet chaste as winter was the sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath
To the soft silken youths at court:
Who may their witty passions breath,
To raise their mistresse's smile, or make her sport.

They'll smooth thee into rime,
Such as shall catch the wanton eare:
And win opinion with the time,
To raise them a high sayle of honour beare.

And may a powerfull smile
Cherish their flatteries of wit!
While I my life of fame beguile,
And under my owne vine uncourted sit.

For I have seen the pine
Famed for its travels ore the sea:
Broken with stormes and age decline,
And in some creeke unpittied rot away.

I have seene cedars fall,
And in their roome a mushroom grow:
I have seene comets, threatening all,
Vanish themselves: I have seene princes so.

Vaine triviale dust! weake man!
Where is that vertue of thy breath,
That others save or ruine can,
When thou thy selfe art call'd t' account by Death?

When I consider thee
The scorne of Time, and sport of Fate,
How can I turne to jollitie
My ill-strung harpe, and court the delicate?

How can I but disdain
The emptie fallacies of mirth:
And in my midnight thoughts retaine,
How high so ere I spread, my root's in earth.

Fond youth! too long I play'd
The wanton with a false delight:
Which when I toucht, I found a shade,
That onely wrought on th' error of my sight.

Then since pride doth betray
The soule to flatter'd ignorance:
I from the world will steal away,
And by humility my thoughts advance.

PERDAM SAPIENTIAM SAPIENTUM.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD WINDSOR.

MY LORD,

FORGIVE my envie to the world, while I
Comment those sober thoughts perswade you fly

The glorious troubles of the court. For though
The vale lyes open to each overflow,
And in the humble shade we gather ill
And aguish ayres: yet lightnings oftner kill
O'th' naked heights of mountaines, whereon we
May have more prospect, not securitie.
For when, with loose of breath, we have overcome
Some steepe ascent of power, and forc'd a roome
On the so envi'd hill, how doe our hearts
Pant with the labour, and how many arts
More subtle must we practise, to defend
Our pride from sliding, than we did t' ascend?
How doth success delude the mysteries
And all th' involv'd designements of the wise?
How doth that power, our politickes call chance,
Racke them till they confesse the ignorance
Of humane wit? Which, when 'tis fortified
So strong with reason that it doth deride
All adverse force, o'th' sudden findes its head
Intangled in a spider's slender thread.
Celestiall Providence! how thou dost mocke
The boast of earthly wisdom! On some rocks
When man hath a structure, with such art
It doth disdain to tremble at the dart
Of thunder, or to shrink, oppos'd by all
The angry winds, it of it selfe doth fall,
Ev'n in a calme so gentle, that no ayre
Breathes loud enough to stirre a virgin's haire!
But misery of judgement! Though past time
Instruct us by th' ill fortunes of their crimes,
And show us how we may secure our state
From pittied ruine, by another's fate;
Yet we, contemning all such sad advice,
Pursue to build, though on a precipice.

But you (my lord) prevented by foresight
To engage your selfe to such an unsafe height,
And in your selfe both great and rich enough,
Refused t' expose your vessell to the rough
Uncertaine sea of business: whence even they
Who make the best returne, are forc'd to say:
"The wealth we by our worldly traffique gaine
Weighs light, if ballanc'd with the feare or paine."

PAUCITATEM DIERUM MEORUM NUNCIA MIHI.

DAVID.

TELL me, O great All-knowing God!

What period

Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd?

Like some old leaflesse tree, shall I

Wither away or violently

Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the wind?

Heere, where I first drew vitall breath,

Shall I meete death?

And finde in the same vault a roome

Where my fore-fathers' ashes sleepe?

Or shall I dye, where none shall weep

My timelesse fate, and my cold earth intombe?

Shall I 'gainst the swift Parthians fight,

And in their flight

Receive my death? Or shall I see

That envied peace, in which we are

Triumphant yet, disturb'd by warre,

And perish by th' invading enemy?

Astrologers, who calculate

Uncertaine fates

Affirme my scheme doth not presage
Any abridgement of my dayes:
And the physician gravely sayes,
I may enjoy a reverent length of age.

But they are jugglers, and by slight
Of art the sight
Of faith delude: and in their schoole
They onely practise how to make
A mistery of each mistake,
And teach strange words credulity to foole.

For thou who first didst motion give,
Whereby things live,
And time hath being! to conceale
Future events didst thinke it fit
To cbecke th' ambition of our wit,
And keepe in awe the curious search of zeale.

Therefore, so I prepar'd still be,
My God, for thee:
O'th' sudden on my spirits may
Some killing apoplexie seize,
Or let me by a dull disease,
Or weakened by a feeble age, decay.

And so I in thy favour dye,
No memorie
For me a well-wrought tombe prepare,
For if my soule be 'mong the blest,
Though my poore ashes want a chest,
I shall forgive the trespass of my heire.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

DAVID.

No marble status, nor high
Aspiring pyramid, be rais'd
To lose its head within the skie!
What claime have I to memory?
God, be thou onely prais'd!

Thou in a moment canst defeat
The mighty conquests of the proude,
And blast the laurels of the great.
Thou canst make brightest glorie set
O'th' sudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of art
Hold out 'gainst the assault of stormes?
Or how can brasse to him impart
Sence of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolv'd to wormes?

Blinde folly of triumphing pride!
Æternitie why buildst thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its bumbled streame in th' ocean hide,
And nere the same appeare?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,
As sent abroad by th' angry sea
To levell vastest buildings low,
And all our trophes overthrow,
Ebbes like a theefe away.

And thou, who to preserve thy name,
Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land!
How will posterity scorne fame,
When th' idoll shall receive a maime,
And loose a foot or hand?

How wilt thou hate thy warres, when he,
Who onely for his hire did raise
Thy counterfet in stone, with thee
Shall stand competitor, and be
Perhapes thought worthier praise?

No laurell wreath about my brow!
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
For both dissolve to ayre, if thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

SOLUM MIHI SUPEREEST SEPULCRUM.

IOB.

WELCOME, thou safe retreat!
Where th' injured man may fortife
'Gainst the invasions of the great:
Where the leane slave, who th' ore doth plye,
Soft as his admirall may lye.

Great statit! 'tis your doome,
Though your designes swell high and wide,
To be contracted in a tombe!
And all your happie cares provide
But for your heire authorized pride.

Nor shall your shade delight
I'th' pompe of your proud obsequies:
And should the present flatterie write
A glorious epitaph, the wise
Will say, "The poet's wit here lyes."

How reconcil'd to fate
Will grow the aged villager,
When he shall see your funerrall state?
Since death will him as warme inter
As you in your gay sepulchre.

The great decree of God
Makes every path of mortals lead
To this darke common period.
For what by wayes so ere we treat,
We end our journey 'mong the dead.

Even I, while humble zeale
Makes fancie a sad truth indito,
Insensible a way doe steale:
And when I'me lost in death's cold night,
Who will remember, now I write?

ET FUGIT VELUT UMBRA.

IOB.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD KINTYEL.

MY LORD,

THAT shadow your faire body made
So full of sport, it still the mimick playde,
Ev'n as you mov'd and look'd but yesterday
So huge in stature, night hath stolne away.
And this is th' emblem of our life: to please
And flatter which, we sayle ore broken seas,
Vnfaithfull in their rockes and tides; we dare
All the sicke humours of a forraigne ayre.
And mine so deepe in earth, as we would trie
To unlocke Hell, should gold there boarded lie,
But when we have built up an ædifice
To outwastle time, we have but built on ice:
For firme however all our structures be,
Polisht with smoothest Indian ivory,

Rais'd high on marble, our unthankfull heire
Will scarce retaine in memory, that we were.
Tracks thro' the ayre the footetops of the wind,
And search the print of ships sail'd by; then finde
Where all the glories of those monarchs be
Who bore such sway in the world's infancy.
Time hath devour'd them all: and scarce can

Fame

Give an account, that ere they had a name.
How can he, then, who doth the world controule,
And strikes a terror now in either pole,
Th' insulting Turke secure himself, that he
Shall not be lost to dull posterity?
And though the superstition of those times,
Which deifed kings to warrant their owne crimes,
Translated Cæsar to a starre; yet they,
Who every region of the skie survey,
In their celestiall travaile, that bright coast
Could nere discover, which contains his ghost.
And after death to make that awe survive
Which subjects owe their princes yet alive,
Though they build pallaces of brasse and jet,
And keepe them living in a counterfet,
The curious looker on soone passes by,
And findes the tombe a sicknesse to his eye.
Neither, when once the soule is gone, doth all
The solemne triumph of the funerall
Adde to her glory, or her paine release:
Then all the pride of warre, and wealth of peace,
For which we toild, from us abstracted be,
And onely serve to swell the history. [fright

These are sad thoughts (my lord) and such as
The easie soule made tender with delight,
Who thinks that he hath forfeited that houre
Which addes not to his pleasure or his powre.
But by the friendship which your lordship daignes
Your servant, I have found your judgement raignes
Above all passion in you: and that sence
Could never yet demolish that strong fence
Which vertue guards you with: by which you are
Triumphant in the best, the inward warre.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.

DAVID.

WHEN I surray the bright
Celestiall sphere:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appeare:

My soule her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our humane sight:

But if we stedfast looke
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the conqueror,
That farre stretcht powre,
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne,
Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have;
For as your selves your empires fall,
And every kingdome hath a grave.

Thüs those celestiall fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacie of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth:
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

ET ALTA A LONGE COGNOSCIT.

DAVID.

To the cold humble hermitage
(Not tenanted but by discoloured age,
Or youth enfeebled by long prayer,
And tame with fasts) th' Almighty doth repaire.
But from the lofty gilded roofe,
Stain'd with some pagan fiction, keepees a'ooft.
Nor the gay landlord daignes to know,
Whose buildings are like monsters but for show.
Ambition! whether wilt thee climbe,
Knowing thy art, the mockery of time?
Which by examples tells the high

Rich structures they must: as their owners, dye:
And while they stand, their tenants are
Detraction, Flatt'ry, Wantonnesse, and Care,
Pride, Envie, Arrozanee, and Doubt,
Surfet, and Ease still tortured by the gout.

O rather may I patient dwell
In th' injuries of an ill cover'd cell!
'Gainst whose too weak defence the haile,
The angry winds, and frequent showres prevail.

Where the swift measures of the day
Shall be distinguisht onely as I pray:
And some starre's solitary light
Be the sole taper on the tedious night.

The neighbouring fountaine (not accurst
Like wine with madnesse) shall allay my thirst:
And the wilde fruites of Nature give
Dyet enough, to let me feele I live.

You wantons! who improve ish seas,
And th' ayre dispeople, your proud taste to please!
A greedy tyrant you obey,

Who varies still its tribute with the day.
What interest doth all the vaine
Cunning of surfet to your senses gaine?
Since it obscure the spirit must,
And bow the flesh to sleepe, disease or Inst.

While who, forgetting rest and fare,
Watcheth the fall and rising of each starre,

Ponders how bright the orbes doe move,
 And thence how much more bright the Heav'ns
 Where on the heads of cherubins [above,
 Th' Almighty sits, disdainig our bold sinnes :
 Who, while on th' Earth we groveling lye,
 Dare in our pride of building tempt the skie.

UNIVERSUM STATUM EIUS VERSASTI IN INFIRMITATE
 EIUS.

DAVID.

My soule! when thou and I
 Shall on our frighted death-bed lie,
 Each moment watching when pale Death
 Shall snatch away our latest breath,
 And 'twene two long joynd lovers force
 An endlesse sad divorce:

How wilt thou then, that art
 My rational and nobler part,
 Distort thy thoughts? How wilt thou try
 To draw from weake philosophie
 Some strength: and flatter thy poore state,
 'Cause 'tis the common fate?

How will thy spirits pant
 And tremble when they feele the want
 Of th' usuall organs, and that all
 The vitall powers begin to fall?
 When 'tis decreed, that thou must goe,
 Yet whether, who can know?

How food and idle then
 Will seeme the misteries of men?
 How like some dull ill-acted part
 The subtlest of proud humane art?
 How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,
 When thus we ebbe away?

But how shall I (that is,
 My fainting earth) looke pale at this?
 Disjointed on the racke of paine.
 How shall I murmur, how complaine,
 And craving all the ayde of skill,
 Finde none, but what must kill?

Which way so ere my griefe
 Doth throw my sight to court releefe,
 I shall but meeete despaire; for all
 Will prophesie my funeral: all
 The very silence of the roome
 Will represent a tombe.

And while my children's teares,
 My wive's vaine hopes, but certaine feares,
 And counsellors of divines advance
 Death in each dolefull circumstance:
 I shall even a sad mourner be
 At my owne obsequie.

For by examples I
 Must know that others' sorrowes dye
 Soone as our selves, and none survive
 To keepe our memories alive.
 Even our fals tombes, as loath to say
 We once had life, decay.

LAUDATE DOMINUM DE OCELLIS.

DAVID.

You spirits! who have throwne away
 That envious weight of clay,

Which your coelestiall flight denyed:
 Who by your glorious troopes supply
 The winged hierarchie,
 So broken in the angels' pride!

O you! whom your Creator's sight
 Inebriates with delight!
 Sing forth the triumphs of his name,
 All you enamord' soules! agree
 In a loud symphonie:
 To give expressions to your flame!

To him, his owne great workes relate,
 Who daign'd to elevate
 You 'bove the fraitie of your birth:
 Where you stand safe from that rude warre,
 With which we troubled are
 By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted ayre beneath
 Here in this world we breath,
 Each houre some passion us assailes:
 Now lust casts wild-fire in the blood,
 Or that it may seeme good,
 It selfe in wit or beauty vailes.

Then envie circles us with hate,
 And layes a siege so streight,
 No heavenly succour enters in:
 But if revenge admittance finde,
 For ever hath the mind
 Made forfeit of itselfe to sinne.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise
 Our mindes to thinke his praise,
 Who is eternall and immens?
 How dare we force our feeble wit
 To speake him infinite,
 So farre above the search of sence?

O you! who are immaculate
 His name may celebrate
 In your soules' bright expansion.
 You whom your vertues did unite
 To his perpetuall light,
 That even with him you now shine one.

While we who t' earth contract our hearts,
 And only studie arts
 To shorten the sad length of time:
 In place of joyes bring humble feares:
 For hymnes, repentant teares,
 And a new sigh for every crime.

QUI QUASI FLOS EGREDITUR.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE
 LADY CAT. T.

FAIRE madam! You
 May see what's man in yond' bright rose.
 Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
 It is opprest, and bends with dew.

Which shows, though fate
 May promise still to warme our lippes,
 And keepe our eyes from an eclips;
 It will our pride with teares abate.

Poore silly flowre!
 Though in thy beauty thou presume,
 And breath which doth the spring perfume;
 Thou may'st be cropt this very houre.

And though it may
Then thy good fortune be, to rest
O'th' pillow of some ladie's breast;
Thou'lt wither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome
However, that there shall appeare
No memory that thou grew'st heere,
Ere the tempestuous winter come.

But flesh is loath
By meditation to fore see
How loath'd a nothing it must be:
Proud in the triumphes of its growth.

And tamely can
Behold this mighty world decay
And weare by th' age of time away:
Yet not discourse the fall of man.

But madam these
Are thoughts to cure sicke humane pride,
And med'cines are in vaine applyed,
To bodies far 'bove all disease.

For you so live
As th' angels in one perfect state;
Safe from the ruines of our fate,
By vertue's great preservative.

And though we see
Beautie enough to warme each heart;
Yet you by a chaste chemicke art,
Calcine fraile love to pietie.

QUID GLORIANI IN MALICIA?

DAVID.

Swell no more, proud man, so high!
For enthron'd where ere you sit,
Rais'd by fortune, sinne and wit:
In a vault thou dust must lye.
He who's lifted up by vice
Hath a neighb'ring precipice
Dazeling his distorted eye.

Shallow is that unsafe sea
Over which you spread your saile:
And the barke you trust to, fraile
As the winds it must obey.
Mischiefe, while it prospers, brings
Favour from the smile of kings,
Vaeless soone is throwne away.

Profit, though sinne it extort;
Princes even accounted good,
Courtting greatnesse nere withstood,
Since it empire doth support.
But when death makes them repent,
They condemne the instrument,
And are thought religious for't.

Pitch'd downe from that height you beare,
How distracted will you lye;
When your flattering clients flye
As your fate infectious were?
When of all th' obsequious throng
That mov'd by your eye and tongue
None shall in the storme appeare?

When that abject insolence
(Which submits to the more great,
And disdaines the weaker state,
As misfortune were offence)
Shall at court be judged a crime
Though in practise, and the time
Purchase wit at year expence.

Each small tempest shakes the proud;
Whose large branches vainely sprout
'Bove the measure of the roote.
But let stormes speake nere so loud,
And th' astonisht day benight;
Yet the just shines in a light
Faire as noone without a cloud.

DEUS DEUS MEUS.

DAVID.

WHERE is that foole philosophic,
That bodiam reason, and that beast dull sense?
Great God! when I consider thee,
Omnipotent, eternall, and imens?
Vnmov'd thou didst behold the pride
Of th' angels, when they to defection fell!
And without passion didst provide
To punish treason, rackets and death is hell.
Thy word created this great all,
I'th' lower part whereof we wage such warres:
The upper bright and sphaericall
By purer bodies tenanted, the starres.
And though sixe dayes it thee did please
To build this frame, the seventh for rest t' assigne;

Yet was it not thy paine or ease,
But to teach man the quantities of time.
This world so mighty, and so faire,
So 'bove the reach of all dimension:
If to thee God we should compare,
Is not the slender'st atome to the Sun.
What then am I poore nothing man!
That elevate my voyce and speake of thee!

Since no imagination can
Distinguish part of thy immensitie?
What am I who dare call thee God!
And raise my fancie to discourse thy power?
To whom dust is the period,
Who am not sure to farme this very houre?
For how know I the latest sand
In my fraile glasse of life, doth not now fall?
And while I thus astonisht stand
I but prepare for my owne funerall?

Death doth with man no order keepe:
It reckons not by the expence of yeares.
But makes the queene and beggar weepe,
And nere distinguishes betwene their teares.
He who the victory doth gaine
Falls as he him pursues, who from him flies,
And is by too good fortune slaine.
The lover in his amorous courtship dyes.
The states-man suddenly expires
While he for others ruine doth prepare:
And the gay lady while sh' admires
Her pride, and curles in wanton nets her haire.
No state of man is fortified
'Gainst the assault of th' universall doome:
But who th' Almighty feare, deride
Pale Death, and meet with triumph in the tombe.

QUONIAM EGO IN FLAGELLA PARATUS SUM.

DAVID.

Fix me on some bleake precipice,
Where I ten thousand yeares may stand:
Made now a statue of ice,
Then by the sommer scorcht and tan'd!

Place me alone in some fraille boate
Mid th' horrors of an angry sea :
Where I, while time shall move, may floate,
Despairing either land or day!

Or under earth my youth confine
To th' night and silence of a cell :
Where scorpions may my limbes entwine.
O God ! So thou forgive me Hell.

Eternitie ! when I thinke thee,
(Which never any end must have,
Nor knew'st beginning) and fore-sea
Hell is design'd for sinne a grave.

My frighted flesh trembles to dust,
My blood ebbs fearefully away :
Both guilty that they did to lust
And vanity, my youth betray.

My eyes, which from each beautilous sight
Drew spider-like blacke venome in :
Close like the marigold at night
Opprest with dew to bath my sin.

My eares shut up that easie dore
Which did proud fallacies admit :
And vow to hear no follies more ;
Deafe to the charmes of sinne and wit.

My hands (which when they toucht some faire
Imagin'd such an excellence,
As th' ermine's skin ungentle were)
Contract themselves, and loose all sance.

But you bold sinners ! still pursue
Your valiant wickednesse, and brave
Th' Almighty iustice : hee'le subdue
And make you cowards in the grave.

Then when he as your judge appears,
In vaine you'le tremble and lament.
And hope to soften him with teares,
To no advantage penitent.

Then will you scorne those treasures, which
So fiercely now you deate upon :
Then curse those pleasures did bewitch
You to this sad illusion.

The neigh'ring mounttaines which you shall
Woove to oppresse you with their weight :
Disdainefull will deny to fall ;
By a sad death to ease your fate.

In vaine some midnight storme at sea
To swallow you, you will desire :
In vaine upon the wheele you'le pray
Broken with torments to expire.

Death, at the sight of which you start,
In a mad fury then you'le court :
Yet hate th' expressions of your heart,
Which onely shall be sigh'd for sport.

No sorrow then shall enter in
With pittie the great judges cares.
This moment's ours. Once dead, his sin
Man cannot expiate with teares.

MI. ITIA EST VITA HOMINIS.

TO SIR HEN. PER.

SIR,

WAS it your appetite of glory, (which
In noblest times, did bravest soules bewitch

To fall in love with danger), that now drawes
You to the fate of warre ; it claimes applause :
And every worthy hand would plucke a bough
From the best spreading bay, to shade your brow.
Since you unforc'd part from your ladie's bed
Warmed with the purest love, to lay your head
Perhaps on some rude turfe, and sadly feele
The night's cold dampes wrapt in a sheete of steels.
You leave your well grown woods ; and meadows
which

Our Severne doth with fruitfull streames enrich,
Your woods where we see such large herds of deere,
Your meades whereon such goodly flocks appeare.
You leave your castle, safe both for defence.
And sweetly wanton with magnificence
With all the cost and cunning beautifield
That addes to state, where nothing wants but pride.
These charmes might have bin powerful to have
staid

Great mindes resolv'd for action, and betraid
You to a glorious ease : since to the warre
Men by desire of prey invited are,
Whom either sinne or want makes desperate
Or else disdain of their own narrow fate,
But you nor hope of fame or a release
Of the most sober government in peace,
Did to the hazard of the armie bring
Onely a pure devotion to the king.
In whose just cause whoever fights, must be
Triumphant : since even death is victory.
And what is life, that we to wither it
To a weake wrinckled age, should torture wit
To finde out Nature's secrets ; what doth length
Of time deserve, if we want heate and strength ?
When a brave quarrell doth to armes provoke
Why should we feare to venter this thin smoke,
This emptie shadow, life ? this which the wise
As the foolle's idoll, soberly despise ?
Why should we not throw willingly away
A game we cannot save, now that we may
Game honour by the gift ? since haply when
We onely shall be statue of men
And our owne monuments, peace will deny
Our wretched age so brave a cause to dye.
But these are thoughts ! And action tis doth give
A soule to courage, and make vertue live :
Which doth not dwell upon the valiant tongue
Of bold philosophie, but in the strong
Vndaunted spirit, which encounters those
Sad dangers, we to fancie scarce propose,
Yet 'tis the true and highest fortitude
To keepe our inward enemies subdued :
Not to permit our passions over away
Our actions, not our wanton flesh betray
The soule's chaste empire : for however we
To th' outward shew may gaine a victory
And proudly triumph : if to conquer sinne
We combate not, we are at warre within.

VIAS TUAS DOMINE DEMONSTRA MIHI.

WHERE have I wandred ? In what way
Horrid as night
Increase by stormes did I delight ?
Though my sad soule did often say
T'was death and madnesse so to stray.

On that false ground I joy'd to tread
Which seem'd most faire,
Though every path had a new snare,
And every turning still did lead,
To the darke region of the dead.
But with the surfet of delight
I am so tyred
That now I loath what I admired.
And my distastet appetite
So 'bbors the meate, it hates the sight.
For should we naked sinne discry
Not beautified
By th' ayde of wantonnesse and pride
Like some mishapen birth 'twould lye
A torment to th' affrighted eye.
But cloath'd in beauty and respect,
Even ore the wise,
How powerfull doth it tyrannize!
Whose monstrous forme should they detract
They famine sooner would affect.
And since those shadowes which oppresse
My sight begin
To decre, and show the shape of sinne,
A scorpion sooner be my guest,
And warme his venome in my brest.
May I before I grow so vile
By sinne agen,
Be throwne off as a scorne to men?
May th' angry world decre, t' excite
Me to some yet unpeopled isle.
Where while I straggle, and in vaine
Labour to finde
Some creature that shall have a minde,
What justice have I to complaine
If I thy inward grace retaine?
My God, if thou shalt not exclude
Thy comfort thence:
What place can seeme to troubled sence
So melancholly darke and rude,
To be esteem'd a solitude.
Cast me upon some naked shore
Where I may tracke
Onely the print of some sad wracke:
If thou be there, though the seas roare,
I shall no gentler calme implore.
Should the Cymmerians, whom no ray
Doth ere enlight,
But gaine thy grace, th' have lost their night:
Not sinners at high noons, but they
'Mong their blind cloudes have found the day.

ET EXALTAVIT HUMILES.

How cheerfully th' unpartial Sonne
Gilds with his beames
The narrow streames
O'th' brooke which silently doth runne
Without a name?
And yet disdaines to lend his flame
To the wide channell of the Thames?
The largest mountaines barren lye
And lightning feare,
Though they appaare
To bid defiance to the skie;
Which in one houre
W' have scene the opening earth devours
When in their height they proudest were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head
Like some rich vale
Whose fruites were faile
With floweres, with corne, and vines ore-spread.
Nor doth complaine
O'reflowed by an ill season'd raine
Or batter'd by a storme of haile.
Like a tall barke with treasure fraught
He the seas cleere
Doth quiet steere:
But when they are t' a tempest wrought;
More gallantly
He spreads his saile, and doth more high
By swelling of the waves, appaare.
For the Almighty joyes to force
The glorious tide
Of humane pride
To th' lowest ebbe; that ore his course
(Which rudely bore
Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)
His feeblest enemy may stride.
But from his ill-thatcht rooffe he brings
The cottager
And doth preferre
Him to th' adored state of kings:
He bids that hand
Which labour hath made rough and tand
The all commanding scepter beare.
Let then the mighty cease to boast
Their boundlesse way:
Since in their sea
Few saile, but by some storme are lost.
Let them themselves
Beware for they are their owne shelves:
Man still himselfe hath cast away.

DOMINUS DOMINANTUM.

Supreme Divinitie! Who yet
Could ever finde
By the bold scrutinie of wit,
The treasure where thou lock'st up the wind?
What majesty of princes can
'A tempest awe;
When the distracted Ocean
Swells to sedition, and obeys no law?
How wretched doth the tyrant stand
Without a boast?
When his rich flete even touching land
He by some storme in his owne port sees lost?
Vaine pompe of life! what narrow bound
Ambition
Is circled with? How false a ground
Hath humane pride to build its triumphs on?
And Nature how dost thou delude
Our search to know?
When the same windes which here intrude
On us with frosts and onely winter blow:
Breath temperate on th' adjoining earth,
And gently bring
To the glad field a fruitfull birth
With all the treasures of a wanton spring.
How diversly death doth assaile;
How sporting kill?
While one is scorcht up in the vale
The other is congeal'd o'th' neighboring hill.

While he with beates doth dying glow
 Above he sees
 The other hedg'd in with his snow
 And envies him his ice, although he freeze.
 Proud folly of pretending art,
 Be ever dumbe.
 And humble thy aspiring heart,
 When thou findest glorious reason overcome.
 And you astrologers, whose eye
 Surveys the starres!
 And offer thence to prophesie
 Success in peace, and the event of warres.
 Throw downe your eyes upon that dust
 You proudly tread!
 And know to that resolve you must!
 That is the scheme where all their fate may read.

COGITABO PRO PECCATO MEO.

In what darke silent grove
 Profan'd by no unholy love,
 Where witty melancholy nere
 Did carve the trees or wound the ayre,
 Shal I religious leisure winne,
 To weepe away my sionne?

How fondly have I spent
 My youthe's unvalued treasure, lent
 To traffique for coelestiall joyes,
 My unripe yeares pursuing toyes,
 Judging things best that were most gay,
 Fled unobserv'd away.

Growne elder I admired
 Our poets as from Heaven inspired,
 What obeliskes decreed I fit
 For Spencer's art, and Sydnye's wit?
 But waxing sober soone I found
 Fame but an idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd
 And each bright face an idoll made:
 Verse in an humble sacrifice,
 I offer'd to my mistresse' eyes,
 But I no sooner grace did win
 But met the devill within.

But growne more polliticke
 I tooke account of each state trickes:
 Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,
 Who had a consciens fit to rise.
 Whom soone I found but forme and rule
 And the more serious foole.

But now my soule prepares
 To ponder what and where we are,
 How fraile is life, how vaine a breath
 Opinion, how uncertaine death:
 How onely a poore stone shall beare
 Witnesse that once we were.

How a shrill trumpet shall
 Vs to the barre as traytors call.
 Then shall we see too late that pride
 Hath hope with flattery bely'd
 And that the mighty in command
 Pale cowards there must stand.

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RECOGITABO TIBI OMNES ANNOS MEOS.

ISAY,

TIME! where didst thou those yeares inter
 Which I have seene decease?
 My soule's at war and truth bids her
 Finde out their hidden sepulcher,
 To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers doth not the spring
 Like a late bride appeare?
 Whose fether'd musicke onely bring
 Caresses, and no requiem sing
 On the departed yeare?

The earth, like some rich wanton heire,
 Whose parents coffin'd lye,
 Forgets it once lookt pale and bare
 And doth for vanities prepare,
 As the spring nere should dye.

The present houre, flattered by all
 Reflects not on the last;
 But I, like a sad factor shall
 T' account my life each moment call,
 And onely weepe the past.

My mem'ry trackes each severall way
 Since reason did begin
 Over my actions her first away:
 And teacheth me that each new day
 Did onely vary sin.

Poore bankrupt conscience! where are those
 Rich houres but farm'd to thee?
 How carelessly I some did lose,
 And other to my lust dispose,
 As no rent day should be?

I have infected with impure
 Disorders my past yeares.
 But ile to penitence inure
 Those that succeed. There is no cure
 Nor antidote but teares.

CUMPO DISSOLVI.

PAULI.

THE soule which doth with God unite,
 Those gayities how doth she slight
 Which ore opiuiou sway?
 Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
 On altars or on martyrs' shrines
 How doth she burne away?

How violent are her throws till she
 From envious earth delivered be,
 Which doth her flight restrain?
 How doth she doate on whips and racks,
 On fires and the so dreaded axe,
 And every murd'ring paine?

How soone she leaves the pride of wealth,
 The flatteries of youth and health
 And fame's more precious breath.
 And every gaudy circumstance
 That doth the pompe of life advance
 At the approach of death?

The cunning of astrologers
 Observes each motion of the starres
 Placing all knowledge there:
 And lovers in their mistresse' eyes
 Contract those wonders of the skies,
 And seeke no higher sphere.

I i

The wandring pilot sweates to find
 The causes that produce the wind
 Still gazing on the pole.
 The politician scornes all art
 But what doth pride and power impart.
 And swells the ambitious soule.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warme,
 And 'gainst these powerfull follies arme,
 Doth soberly disdain
 All these fond humane misteries
 As the deceitfull and unwise
 Distempers of our braine,

He as a burden beares his clay,
 Yet vainely throwes it not away
 On every idle cause :
 But with the same untroubled eye
 Can or resolve to live or dye,
 Regardlesse of th' applause.

My God ! If 'tis thy great decree
 That this must be the last moment be
 Wherein I breath this ayre ;
 My heart obeyes, joy'd to retreat
 From the false favours of the great
 And treachery of the faire.

When thou shalt please this soule t' entrowe
 Above impure corruption ;
 What should I grieve or feare,
 To thinke this breathlesse body must
 Become a loathsome heape of dust
 And nere againe appeare.

For in the fire when ore is tryed ;
 And by that torment purified :
 Doe we deplore the losse ?
 And when thou shalt my soule refine,
 That it thereby may purer shine,
 Shall I grieve for the drosse ?