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BEETON'S

GREAT BOOK OF POETRY:

FROM

CÆDMON AND KING ALFRED'S BOETHIUS
TO BROWNING AND TENNYSON.

ALSO,

A SEPARATE SELECTION OF AMERICAN POEMS.

CONTAINING NEARLY

*TWO THOUSAND OF THE BEST PIECES IN THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE;*

WITH SKETCHES OF THE

HISTORY OF THE POETRY OF OUR COUNTRY,

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF THE POETS.

EDITED BY S. O. BEETON.

LONDON:

WARD, LOCK, AND Co., WARWICK HOUSE,
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PREFACE.

THE intention of the Projector of the present Book of Poetry was to collect and publish as many poems, or parts of poems, as could be comprised within one large and handsome, but not unwieldy Volume. Beginning with the earliest known efforts in verse of English writers, the line of our Poets was to be traced from the very Fathers of English Poetry, through all the Periods of its greatness or decadence, to the Modern Masters of the Divine Art.

To compile a work of the scope and magnitude of this collection has not been an easy task. More than thrice the number of years have been spent in completing the volume than was reckoned would be necessary in the original calculation of time. One of the chief assistants in the work, who looked upon his labours for this compilation as a delight and joy, has passed away from this world within the past twelve months, without seeing the consummation of an undertaking which he ably helped and longed to see brought to a conclusion.

In the selection and rejection of poems, difficulties have occurred inseparable from the presence of a multitude of candidates. It was impossible to pass all as being able to obtain a place, although it was felt that many were omitted which were worthy of admittance, although not destined to the better fortune of those ultimately selected.

The Earlier Poems have been carefully compared with the best originals to which access was possible; the reading of various Versions has been collated, and, where differences arose, the criticisms of our first literary guides have been searched, and their judgments consulted before a decision was taken. Since the first portion of the volume was printed, certain discoveries have been announced concerning English Poetry of the Fourteenth Century, which we have, unfortunately, been unable to take advantage of.

If it was difficult to deal with the enormous amount of English verse written up to the end of the last century, the task became infinitely harder as our own times were approached. The rights of property in the works of the living and dead had to be respected, and the law of copyright considered. In all cases where we discovered the existence of these rights, application was made to the poet or his representatives for permission to print the desired quotations. In nearly every instance the permission was kindly granted; and we specially have to thank Mr. Strahan for his very generous reply to our requests; also Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Moxon, besides many other publishers, for their courtesy, as well as Messrs. Warne & Co.

It is, nevertheless, necessary, in our view of the duty we owe to the interests of literature and to the sentiments of authors in connection with the laws of copyright, to refer to communications which passed between us and two firms or publishers. In the one instance, Messrs. Longman claimed to be in the possession of the copyright of the poem of *Ivry*, or the *War of the League*, written by Lord Macaulay, and first published in Charles Knight's "*Quarterly Magazine*." We believed, upon good grounds as we thought, that the copyright of this piece had

expired for some years, and so stated our belief to Messrs. Longman. They, however, insisted they were right, and demanded that the electrotype plates containing that particular poem should be destroyed. Still believing that we were correct, we made further search, and proved to Messrs. Longman that they were claiming a right which had expired four or five years. If, however, they had been never so right, we contend that to refuse permission for the insertion in such a collection as our own, of a poem by an author of the rank of Lord Macaulay, is, at the least, a churlish piece of business, and unworthy of a house whose name stands so high in the estimation of its contemporaries. Surely, the possession of Lord Macaulay's copyrights for the legal term of forty-two years should be sufficient to satisfy the most extortionate. But here we see Messrs. Longman straining to assert their rights long after they had lapsed, and when Lord Macaulay's copyright had ceased to be individual property—to become, as the Legislature intended, the property of the nation.

In the other instance, Messrs. Bell and Daldy refused to permit the insertion of any poems by Miss Procter. That charming poetess, to our great regret, is absent from these pages; and wrongly, indeed, did they read her wishes who is now no more, when, after several applications on our part (even when we asked for one little poem, so that she should not be entirely unrepresented here), they still adhered to their very ungenerous resolution.

It becomes, indeed, a matter for the public to find fault with, when extreme rights, such as we have referred to, are extremely insisted on. There would be no collection of modern prose, or poetry, possible, if firms who happen to be in the possession of the valuable works of deceased authors, to whom there is no appeal for assistance against the selfishness of the copyright-holders, should all declare their unwillingness to abate a jot of their pretensions even in behalf of the public welfare. This kind of procedure, also, becomes more reprehensible when such houses as we have named, who ought to be foremost in liberality, are the transgressors. The eminent men and women whose works they print, would consider that their publishers were ill doing their duty to authors and to literature, if they were systematically to refuse to compilers a reasonable use for popular advantage of their writings.

A word remains to say about the arrangement of this volume. Biographical notices of nearly all the Poets whose works are quoted precede the poems of each Period. Prefixed to each Period is a brief sketch of its Poetry. Every Poem has the name of the Author at its foot, with the date of his Birth and Death. As nearly as possible the Chronological sequence of the poems has been maintained. Lastly, the American Poets are represented in the final sheets of the volume, with as much of their biography as we have been able to discover.

Many errors of omission and commission will be found in our Book of Poetry. We shall feel exceedingly obliged by critics and correspondents pointing out these blunders, so that we may correct them in future editions. But we sincerely believe that, with all its faults, this Volume stands, in regard to quantity and quality, high above any existing Selections yet made from the inestimable stores of our glorious English Poetic Literature.

S. O. BEETON.



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NAMES OF THE POETS,

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Alexander, Mark vii	Burns, Robert vii	Daniel, Samuel vii
Alexander, William vii	Burton, Robert vii	Darwin, Dr. Erasmus vii
Alford, the Very Rev. Henry vii	Burtis, Samuel iv	Deacon, Sir William vii
Alfred the Great i	Byron, John vii	Davies, Sir John vii
Alison, Richard vii	Byron, Lord George vii	Davison, Francis vii
Ancrum, Earl of vii	Brunne, Robert de vii	Dekker, Thomas vii
Anstey, Christopher vi	Buckinghamshire, John vii	Denham, Sir John vii
Armstrong, John vi	Sheffield, Duke of iv	Debin, Charles vii
Arnold, Matthew vii	C.	Digby, George vii
Aberstone, Edwin vii	Cedmon i	Dobell, Sydney (Yandys) vii
Aytoun, William vii	Campbell, Thomas vii	Doddridge, Philip vii
E.	Canning, George vii	Dodley, Robert vii
Bailey, P. J. vii	Carew, Thomas vii	Donne, John, D.D. vii
Baillie, Joanna vii	Carey, Henry vi	Dorset, Earl of iv
Bacupside, John vi	Carrington, N. T. vii	Douglas, Gawain vi
Barkald, Anna Letitia vi	Cartwright, William vii	Dowlan, John vii
Barbour, John i	Chalkhill, John vii	Drayton, Michael vii
Barnard, Lady Anna vii	Chamberlayne, William vii	Drummond, William vii
Barnfield, Richard vii	Chapman, George vii	Dryden, John vii
Barton, Bernard vii	Chatterton, Thomas vii	Dunbar, William vi
Baxter, Richard vii	Chauce, Geoffrey i	Dyer, John vii
Bayly, Thomas Haynes vii	Chettie, Henry vii	E.
Beattie, James vi	Churchill, Charles vi	Edwards, Richard vi
Beaumont and Fletcher vii	Cibber, Colley vii	Elliott, Ebenezer vii
Beckford, William vii	Clare, John vii	Elliott, Sir Gilbert vii
Behn, Mrs. Aphra vi	Cleveland, John vii	Elliott, Miss Jane vi
Belcher, Debridgescourt vii	Cockburn, Mrs. vii	Rhavage, Sir George vi
Bennett, William Cox vii	Cokeridge, Samuel Taylor vii	* F.
Bishop, Samuel vi	Coleridge, Hartley vii	Fairfax, Edward, B.D. vii
Blacklock, Thomas vi	Collins, William vii	Falconer, William vi
Blackmore, Sir Richard vi	Constable, Henry vii	Fanshawe, Sir Richard vii
Blackstone, Sir William vi	Cook, Eliza vii	Farquhar, George vii
Blair, Robert vii	Corbet, Richard vii	Faulkes, Francis vi
Blake, William vii	Cotton, Charles vii	Fenton, Elijah vi
Blamira, Miss Susanna vii	Cotton, Nathaniel vii	Ferguson, Robert vii
Blind Harry vii	Cowley, Abraham vii	Field, Nathaniel vii
Bloomfield, Robert vii	Cowper, William vii	Fitzeffrey, Charles vii
Booth, Barth vi	Crabbe, George vii	Flaxman, Thomas vii
Boswell, Sir Alexander vii	Crashaw, Richard vii	Fletcher, Giles vii
Bourd, Andrew vi	Crawford, Robert vi	Fletcher, Phineas vii
Bowles, William Lisle vii	Crawford, William vi	Ford, John vii
Bryson, Nicholas vii	Croker, Right Hon. John vii	
Brown, Alexander vii	Wilson vii	
Brown, Thomas vii	Croly, George vii	
Browne, William vii	Crown, John vii	
Browning, Elizabeth vii	Cunningham, Allan vii	
	Cunningham, John vi	

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G.	Johnson, Dr. Samuel vi	Moss, Thomas vi
	Jones, Ernest vii	Motherwell, William vii
	Jones, Sir William vi	
	Jonson, Ben iii	N.
		Nabbes, Thomas iii
Gall, Richard vii	K.	Nash, Thomas, & Greene, Robert iii
Garth, Sir Samuel v		Nicols, Richard iii
Gascoigne, George iii		Nicoll, Robert vii
Gay, John v	Keats, John vi	Norton, Alon. Caroline Elizabeth Sarah vi
Gifford, William vii	Keble, John vii	Sagont, Earl vii
Gilfilan, Robert vii	Ken, Bishop v	
Gloucester, Robert of i	King, Dr. Henry iii	O.
Glover, Richard vi	Kingsey, Rev. Charles iii	Oldys, William vi
Godolphin, Sydney iii	Kingsey, Henry iii	Oldmixon, John v
Goffe, Thomas iii	Knowl, Robert vii	Oppen, Mrs. Amelia vii
Goldsmith, Oliver vi	Knox, William vii	Otway, Thomas iii
Gower, John i		Overybury, Sir Thomas vi
Graham, James vi	L.	Oxford, Earl of, Edward Vere iii
Grananger, Dr. James vi	Lairlaw, William vii	
Grant, Mrs. vii	Lamb, Charles vii	P.
Granville, George v	Langlands, Robert i	Parnell, Thomas v
Gray, Thomas vi	Langford, Walter Savage vii	Patmore, Coventry vii
Green, Matthew v	Langhorne, John vii	Peole, George iii
Groville, Fulke iii	Langlands, Robert i	Pemrose, Thomas vi
	Lee, Nathaniel i	Percy, Bishop vi
H.	Lewis, Matthew Gregory vii	Phillips, Ambrose v
Habington, William iii	Leyden, John vii	Phillips, John iv
Hall, Joseph, D.D. iii	Lilo, George v	Phillips, Katherine iii
Hall, John iii	Lloyd, Robert vi	Pulch, Robert vii
Hamilton, William iii	Lockhart, John Gibson iii	Pomfret, John iv
Harrington, John iii	Lodge, Thomas vi	Popa, Alexander v
Harrington, Sir John iii	Logan, John vi	Præd Winthrop Mackworth vii
Hart, Joseph iii	Lovelace, Richard iii	Pringle, Thomas vi
Haughton, William iii	Lydgate, John iii	Price, Matthew v
Hayley, William vii	Lyle, John iii	Procter, Bryan Waller vii
Headley, Henry vi	Lindsay, Sir David ii	
Hober, Bishop vii	Lytelton, George, Earl vi	Q.
Homas, Felicia vii		Quarles, Francis ii
Henryson, Robert ii	M.	Quarles, John iv
Herbert, George iii	Macaulay, Lord vii	
Herrick, Robert iii	Mackay, Charles vii	R.
Hervey, T. K. vii	MacNeill, Hector vi	Raleigh, Sir Walter iii
Heywood, John iii	Macpherson, James vi	Ramsay, Allan v
Heywood, Thomas iii	Maitland, Sir Richard iii	Randolph, Thomas iii
Hill, Aaron vi	Mallett, David vi	Robert de Bruce i
Hishop, James vii	Markwe, Christopher iii	Robert of Gloucester v
Hogg, James vii	Marston, John iii	Roberts, William Hayward i
Hogg, Thomas vii	Marvell, Andrew iv	Rochester, Earl of iv
Houghton, Lord vii	Mason, William vi	Rogers, Samuel vii
Howard, Henry ii	Massey, Gerald iii	Rolls, Richard i
Houist, William and Mary vii	Massey, Philip iii	Roscommon, Earl of iv
Hume, Alexander iii	Mattina, Thomas James vi	Ross, Alexander vi
Hume, William ii	May, Thomas iii	Rowe, Nicholas vi
Hunt, James Henry Leigh vii	Mayne, John vi	Russell, Thomas v
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Jock of Hazeldean	1318
John Anderson	1589
John the Baptist	865
Journey into France	252
Julia	347

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF POEMS.

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	NO. OF FORM.		NO. OF FORM.
Mountain Children	1658	Ode to Aurora	977
Music's Dual	300	Ode to Evening	889
Musidora	867	Ode to Independence	921
Mustering of the Trades to shoot for the		Ode to Leven-water	822
Biller Gun	1608	Ode to Memory	895
Mutability	1376	Ode to Memory	914
My Bonnie Mary	1577	Ode to Peace	993
My Fantasy will never turn	397	Ode to Pity	887
My Heart's in the Highlands	1590	Ode to Solitude	1015
My Heavenly Father and His erring Child	273	Ode to Spring	1104
My Head is like to read, Willis	1638	Ode to the Evening Star	1184
My Naive, O	1618	Ode to the Right Hon. John Lord Gowar	834
My only Jo and Dearsie, O	1603	Ode to the West Wind	1372
My own dear Country	1738	Epone's Complaint	409
My Wife's a winsome, wee Thing	1588	Of a Froese Tailor	153
		Of 's the Airs the Wind can blow	1583
		Of Church	166
		Of Discretion in Giving	54
		Of Discretion in Taking	55
		Of Fortune	151
		Of Heaven	655
		Of Myself	640
		Of Solitude	553
		Of the Queen	695
		Of Treason	150
		Of Writers who carp at other Men's Books	152
		Oh! lay thy Hand in mine, Dear	1753
		Oh, the pleasant Days of Old!	1783
		Old Age and Death	692
		Old England	1751
		On a Distant Prospect of Eton College	907
		On a Distant View of England	1753
		On a Girdle	585
		On a Sprig of Heath	1119
		On a Tear	1183
		On an Infant Dying as soon as born	1231
		On Bishop Atterbury's Burying the Duke	
		of Buckingham, MDCCLX	762
		On King's College Chapel, Cambridge	1191
		On leaving a Village in Scotland	1250
		On Life, Death, and Immortality	856
		On Love	586
		On Loving at First Sight	600
		On Lucy, Countess of Bedford	240
		On May Morning	610
		On Mr. W. Montague's Return from Travel	265
		On Mrs. A. H. at a Concert	1030
		On my Lady Isabella playing the Lute	577
		On my Lady Sydney's Pictures	596
		On Phillis Walling before Sunrise	378
		On Recovery from Sickness	1061
		On Reviewing the Foregoing	1290
		On Revisting Oxford	1258
		On Revisiting the River Loddon	968
		On Shakers	1570
		On the Birth of the Princess Royal	1397
		On the Day of Judgment	653
		On the Death of George III.	1453
		On the Death of Sir Sevil Grosvenor	482
		On the Death of Dr. Robert Levett	886
		On the Death of the Rev. William Benwell	1259
		On the Departure of the Nightingale	1090
		On the Earl of Strafford's Trial and Death	577
		On the Funeral of Charles I.	1243
		On the Poverty of Poets	855
		On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture	1081
		On the Sight of his Mistress's House	708
		On the Sudden Restraint of the Earl of Som-	
		erwest, then falling from favour	163
		On the Tomb of Mrs. Uwain	1091
		On Vicissitude	913
		One Summer Night	1728
		One Way of Love	1785
N.			
Napoleon and the Sailor	1311		
Nasby	1567		
Nature and Love	213		
Nec Sutor ultra	509		
Nehusta's Lover	1725		
Nesley Abbey	1256		
Newborn Death	1543		
Night	166		
Night	288		
Night	855		
Night	1384		
Night	1675		
Night and Music	167		
Night at Sea	1464		
Night is nigh gone	390		
No Age content with his own Estate	65		
No Jewell'd Beauty is my Love	1746		
No Treasure without Gladness	53		
Nominis Lælia mee sperias	825		
Nongongpaw	1139		
Noon	1548		
Noontide Hymn	818		
Noontide of a Summer's Day	392		
Not our the Yews	1454		
Note to Moschus	569		
Nothing on Earth Permanent	6		
Notre Dame	1549		
November	1574		
Nymph complaining for the Death of her			
Fawn	636		
O.			
O I breathe not his Name	1287		
O! Mary, go and call the Cattle Home	1799		
O! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' Me	937		
O! where do Fairies hide their Heads	1503		
Ode	256		
Ode	576		
Ode	888		
Ode	996		
Ode	1198		
Ode from Horace	826		
Ode on a Grecian Urn	1823		
Ode on hearing the Drum	1019		
Ode on Mankind	1044		
Ode on Privateering	1020		
Ode on the Death of Thomson	892		
Ode on the Spring	911		
Ode sent to a Friend on his leaving a			
favourite Village	971		
Ode to a Nightingale	1822		
Ode to an Indian Gold Coin	1131		

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF POEMS.

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	NO. OF FORM.		NO. OF FORM.
Scorn not the Least	112	Sonnet to Valerius	1042
Scotland	1185	Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss	272
Scotland	1156	Sonnets, 107, 123, 184, 140, 147, 164, 235, 396, 485, 489, 968, 1007, 1010, 1166, 1249, 1251, 1254, 1568, 1781, 1824	
Search after God	476	Sonnets to a Friend	1571
Self-inspection	200	Sospetto di Herode, Lib. I.	297
Self-murder	694	Speaking and Kissing	607
Sent with a rose, to Rose	1808	Speech	692
Sephestia's Song to her Child	422	Spring	41
Severed Friendship	1510	Spring	368
She walks in Beauty	1353	Spring	439
She's gone to dwell in Heaven	1921	Spring	941
Sheepfold	1265	Spring	1282
Shepherds and Shepherdesses	460	Spring Cuckoo	1264
Shepherd's Song	474	Staffs	1225
Shipwreck by Drink	475	Stanzas for Music	1340
Shipwrecked Solitary's Song to the Night	1170	Stanzas on the Sea	1457
Showers in Spring	864	Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples	1369
Sic Vita	255	Sterlight Frost	1271
Sir Francis Drake	492	Sudden Change	289
Sir John Bayleycorn	719	Summer's Evening	1263
Sir Sidney Smith	1137	Summer Morning	1408
Sit down, Sad Soul	1695	Summer is I-cumen in	12
Sketches from a Painter's Studio	1775	Summer Sports	457
Sleep	174	Summer Woods	1668
Sleep	497	Summoned of the Destroying Angel to the City of Babylon	1684
Smoking Spiritualized	711	Sunday	302
Smollett	953	Sunday in Edinburgh	1005
Softly woo away her breath	1883	Sunrise	1282
Soliloquy of Richard the Second in Prison	171	Sweet and Twenty	1749
Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister	1787	Sweet Content	433
Solitary Life	395	Sweet Spirit of My Love	1750
Song by Love, to Phyllis and Ballanina	376	Sweet William's Farewell	802
Song by Rogers, in the " Rover "	1145	Swiftmess of Time	102
Song for a Highland Drover returning from England	1127	Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi	1632
Song for St. Cecilia's Day at Oxford	763		
Song for the Seasons	1698		
Song—May Eye's or, Kate of Aberdeen	1022		
Song of Hesperus	239		
Song of Honest Recreation	403		
Song of the Brook	1708		
Song of the Danish Sea King	1841		
Song of the Greek Foot	1344		
Song of the Virgin celebrating the Victory	1237		
Song of Wood Nymphs	1679		
Song—The Blind Boy	1038		
Song—The Parting Kiss	1000		
Song to Apollo	408		
Song to Celia	242		
Song to David	864		
Song to Echo	1098		
Song to May	1097		
Song to Morpheus	578		
Song to Pan	220		
Sonnet, 216, 232, 241, 254, 266, 269, 269, 292, 293, 289, 290, 294, 329, 362, 345, 352, 356, 373, 488, 571, 654, 656, 657, 663, 670, 679, 680, 683, 684, 685, 690, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 745, 811, 824, 827, 830, 885, 886, 837, 888, 838, 868, 899, 964, 1001, 1021, 1039, 1040, 1112, 1118, 1118, 1286, 1802, 1319, 1320, 1486, 1499, 1508, 1664, 1673, 1651, 1790.			
Sonnet made on Isabella Markham	99	Take the Bean out of thine Own Eye	205
Sonnet on a Wet Summer	1009	Tale of Argentele and Curan	484
Sonnet on Age of Twenty-three	612	Tale of Drury Lane, by W. S.	1416
Sonnet on His Blindness	613	Tam o' Shanter	1691
Sonnet on His late Deceased Wife	614	Taste	902
Sonnet on Sabbath Horn	1139	Temperance	681
Sonnet on the Late Massacre in Piedmont	315	Tendancies of the Soul towards the Infinite	901
Sonnet, supposed to be written at Lemnos	1043	Terrors of a Guilty Conscience	976
Sonnet to the Nightingale	611	Tettratic	1013
Sonnet to the Redbreast	1008	That Pleasure is mixed with every Pain	75
		That the Soul is more than a Perfection or Reflection of the Senses	222
		That the Soul is more than the Temper- ature of the Humours of the Body	228
		The Adopted Child	1452
		The Age of Wisdom	1762
		The Aged Man-at-Arms	411
		The Alderman's Funeral	1216
		The Alehouse	1595
		The Angel of the Flowers	1811
		The Angel of the World	1551
		The Angelic Worship	624
		The Anniversary	1111
		The Answer of the Lord Chief Justice to Henry V.	176
		The Apple Dumplings and a King	1150
		The Apple of Life	1829
		The Arnie at Salamis	268
		The Arrangement of a Lover	101
		The Astronomical Lady	861
		The Author's Picture	978

	NO. OF POEM.		NO. OF POEM.
The Awakening of Eodemion	1445	The Covenanter's Battle Chant	1639
The Ballad of Agrincourt	1443	The Crow	1730
The Baby's Debut, by W. W.	1415	The Cuckoo and the Nightingale	21
The Bard	909	The Daffodils	1207
The Battle of Byland's Path	35	The Day of Judgment	853
The Bee	558	The Day of Judgment	1666
The Beggar	1027	The Death-bed	1497
The Belgian Lovers and the Plague	1063	The Death-bell	409
The Better Land	1445	The Death of a Good Man	848
The Birth of Christ	822	The Death of Haides	1351
The Birth of Robin Hood	515	The Death of Janina and Ammurat	594
The Blackbird	1806	The Death of Mary	1543
The Black-cock	1471	The Death of Rosemond	297
The Blind Beggar of Bodnall Green	714	The Death of the Virgocous	1178
The Blood Horse	1680	The Death of the Warrior King	1497
The Blood hath fled thy Cheek, Mary	1837	The Death of the Young Mother	1428
The Boat-race	1777	The Death of Wallace	47
The Bower of Bliss	133	The Decay of Summer	440
The Brass of Balgubrither	1598	The Demand of Justice	318
The Brass of Gleniffer	1569	The Departure of the Swallow	1691
The Brass of Yarrow	881	The Deserted Village	519
The Brave Earl Brand, and the King of Eogland's Daughter	721	The Despairing Shepherd	749
The Break of Day	233	The Dispensary	798
The Bridal	1495	The Diverting History of John Gilpin	1097
The Bridge of Sighs	1495	The Dream	254
The Briar	1273	The Dream of the Swallow 1241,	1341
The Brook-side	1717	The Dream of Eugene Aram	1494
The Brown-Flower	1657	The Duplicity of Women	26
The Brown Jug	1014	The Dying Christian to his Soul	781
The Browne of Blodnock	1650	The Dying Sailor	1177
The Bud	569	The Elder Scripture	1706
The Burial of Sir John Moore	1582	The Elephant in the Moon	643
The Burial of the Righteous	1101	The Emigrant's Adieu to Ballyshannon	1828
The Burial-March of Dundee	1983	The Emigrant's Farewell	1440
The Bush aboon Traquair	1023	The Emigrants in Bermudas	624
The Call	308	The Emptiness of Riches	859
The Cameronian Cat	738	The Envious Man and the Miser	91
The Cameronian's Dream	1652	The Equality of the Grave	492
The Canterbury Tales	19	The Eve of St. Agnes	1520
The Catholic	712	The Evening Cloud	1425
The Cavalier's Farewell to his Mistress	745	The Exactions and Delay of the Law	59
The Cavalier's Song	1636	The Excommunication of the Old	1524
The Cave	926	The Execution of the Swallow	1523
The Chameleon	1016	The Exile's Song	1847
The Character of Chatham	1077	The Fair Recluse	1685
The Cherry and the Slave	289	The Fairies of the Caledonia	1654
The Child and the Mounpers	1739	The Fairy to Puck	210
The Child and the Watcher	1559	The Farmer's Boy	725
The Child of Eile	545	The Farmer's Ingls	1063
The Child's First Grief	1444	The Farmer's Life	1723
The Christening	1252	The Father and Child	1724
The Christian	1160	The Father of Pharoahs discovers how Attachments to Argolis	802
The Chronicle	541	The Feast	557
The Church-builder	839	The Field of Battle	982
The Cloud	1300	The Field of the World	1204
The Cobler and the Vicar of Bray	744	The Fireside	1024
The Coming of Winter	441	The First Day	1
The Commencement of Darkness	1513	The First Pastoral	760
The Common Doem	461	The Fisherman	1840
The Common Lot	1387	The Flight of Love	1306
The Companionship of the Muse	273	The Flower	294
The Complaint	549	The Flower of Dunblane	1940
The Complaint of the Poor	1523	The Flowers of the Forest	1048
The Conqueror	261	The Flowers of the Forest	1049
The Confession	445	The Ford of Arle	292
The Contented Shepherd	822	The Fox at the Point of Death	799
The Coquet ship	1525	The French Army in Russia	1530
The Cator's Saturday Night	1562	The Free of Orders Gray	568
The Croud of Horses	798	The Friend of Humanity and the Knife- grinder	1144
The Country Ballad-singer	394	The Garden of Adonia	123
The Country's Recreations	115	The Garden Gate	729

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF POEMS.

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	NO. OF POEM.		NO. OF POEM.
The Garland.....	754	The Land of My Birth.....	1721
The Giants and the Abbey.....	1295	The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.....	1461
The Gipsy's Malison.....	1238	The Languid Lady.....	563
The Girl of Cadix.....	1339	The Lark.....	473
The Gladiator.....	1343	The Lass of Lochroyan.....	539
The Goat without a Beard.....	796	The Last Journey.....	1632
The Golden Age.....	89	The Last Time I came o'er the Moor.....	825
The Golden Glove.....	716	The Last Verses of Chaucer.....	28
The Good Man.....	180	The Light of other Days.....	1522
The Good Time coming.....	1741	The Lily.....	1122
The Gospel.....	1058	The Lion and Giraffe.....	1479
The Grand Question debated.....	775	The Lion and the Cub.....	794
The Grasp of the Dead.....	1487	The Long-ago.....	1719
The Grave.....	842	The Lost Lender.....	1758
The Grave.....	847	The Lot of Thousands.....	1115
The Grave.....	1335	The Love of Praise.....	860
The Grave of Anna.....	1141	The Love that is requited with Disdain.....	93
The Graves of a Household.....	1439	The Love that was not there.....	1743
The Greenland Missionaries.....	1078	The Lover complaineth of the Unkindness of His Love.....	72
The Greenwich Pensioners.....	1240	The Lover requesteth some Friendly Com- fort, affirming his Constancy.....	92
The Greenwood.....	1241	The Lover's Lute cannot be blamed, though it sing of his Lady's Unkind- ness.....	78
The Hamlet, an Ode.....	965	The Loyal Soldier.....	745
The Happy Man.....	8	The Mad Lover.....	382
The Happy Man.....	878	The Madman's Song.....	447
The Happy Marriage.....	1034	The Madness of Orestes.....	487
The Hare and many Friends.....	801	The Maid's Lament.....	1272
The Harp that once through Parsa's Halls.....	1285	The Maid of Noidpath.....	1323
The Harvest Storm.....	871	The Man of Ross.....	779
The Haunch of Venison.....	920	The Mariner's Wife.....	999
The Haymaker's Song.....	728	The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche.....	1121
The Hair of Linna.....	657	The Massacre of the Macpherson.....	1682
The Helmet.....	931	The Means to attain Happy Life.....	96
The Hermit.....	809	The Memory of the Dead.....	1783
The Hermit.....	992	The Men of Forty-eight.....	1745
The Heroine of Auster Fair.....	1629	The Men of Old.....	1718
The Highland Foor.....	1120	The Merle and Nightingale.....	51
The Hills of Gallura.....	1648	The Mermaid.....	1132
The Hitchen May-day Song.....	727	The Messiah.....	630
The Holly Tree.....	1215	The Messiah.....	776
The Homes of England.....	1436	The Midges dance aboon the Burn.....	1601
The Hour of Prayer.....	1443	The Midnight Messenger.....	710
The House of Fame.....	26	The Midnight Ocean.....	1424
The House of Riches.....	129	The Midnight Wind.....	1635
The Hunter's Song.....	1684	The Minor Wife.....	899
The Hunting of the Cheviot.....	528	The Ministry of Angels.....	180
The Husband's Return.....	1693	The Minstrel's Song in Ella.....	944
The Image of Death.....	111	The Miser.....	844
The Image of Jealousy in the Chapel of Diana.....	354	The Miser's Mansion.....	1216
The Immortality of the Soul.....	225	The Miseries of a Poet's Life.....	950
The Impressed Sailor Boy.....	1163	The Monkey.....	1655
The Inchoape Rock.....	1224	The Monkey who had seen the World.....	792
The Induction to the Complaints of Henry, Duke of Buckingham.....	96	The Moon was a-waning.....	1614
The Inquiry.....	384	The Morning Star.....	376
The Interview of Vertigern with Rowen.....	14	The Mother's Hand.....	1699
The Invocation and Introduction to Para- diso Lost.....	619	The Mother's Heart.....	1711
The Iry Green.....	1818	The Mother's last Song.....	1689
The Jew's Return to Jerusalem.....	980	The Mow.....	726
The Journey onwards.....	1283	The Muster for the First Crusade.....	18
The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove.....	723	The Nabob.....	1321
The Just Indignation of the Oppressed.....	277	The New Litany.....	785
The Keesel of the Creel.....	713	The New-mown Hay.....	780
The King of Denmark's Bride.....	1716	The New Year.....	646
The King's Answer.....	177	The New Year's Gift.....	1473
The Kitten.....	340	The Night before the Battle of Waterloo.....	1368
The Knight releases his Land and mar- ries a Yeoman.....	523	The Night-piece; or, a Picture Drawn in the Dark.....	602
The Ladder to Thrift.....	53	The Nightingale.....	1506
The Lady's Looking-glass.....	750	The Nobility exhorted to the Patronage of Learning.....	159
The Lady's Song in "Comus".....	608		

NO. OF POEM.		NO. OF POEM.	
The Nobleman's generous Kindness	730	The Sailing of Beowulf	9
The Noontide of a Summer's Day	392	The Sailor's Farewell	1098
The Nun	1401	The Sailor's Wife	1742
The Nutbrown Maid	94	The Saint's Encouragement	370
The Nymph's Reply	114	The Scholar	1220
The Nymphs to their May Queen	122	The Schoolmistress	695
The Odour	395	The Sea	1891
The Old and Young Courtier	511	The Sea	1833
The Old Arm-chair	1720	The Sea in Calm	1688
The Old Familiar Face	1230	The Seasons of Life	1612
The Old Farm-gate	1722	The Secret Way	1623
The Old Hen and the Cook	795	The Seeds of Love	671
The Old Man's Comforts	1223	The Seeker	618
The Old Man's Wish	686	The Self-banished	601
The Old Protestant's Litaney	736	The sequestered Retirement of Bentworth	283
The Old Water-mill	1724	The Shepherd and his Wife	423
The One Gray Hair	1277	The Shepherd Boy	1402
The Only Rest	7	The Ship departing from the Haven	946
The Orphan Boy	1700	The Shipwreck of the Caravel of Grace	68
The Orphan Boy's Tale	1116	The Shipwrecked Solitary's Song	1170
The Outlaw	1826	The Sick Man and the Angel	797
The Owl	1685	The Skylark	1613
The Owl and the Bell	1831	The Sleep	1551
The Oxford Riddle	597	The Sleeping Beauty	1184
The Painter	1542	The Sleeping Figure of Modena	1676
The Painter who pleased Nobody and Every-body	793	The Soldier's Dream	1305
The Palmer	1333	The Soldier's Home	1125
The Parish Workhouse and Apothecary	1173	The Solitary Tomb	1458
The Parrot	1310	The Song of the Emourmed Shepherd	1406
The Parting of Lovers	1737	The Song of the Shirt	1495
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love	113	The Songs of Birds	465
The Past	1737	The Sorcerers of Vain Delights	311
The Paper's Death-bed	1351	The Soul and Body	574
The Philosopher's Devotion	372	The Soul in Despair	119
The Pilgrims and the Pass	1147	The Soul's Errand	593
The Pikes of Devon	1515	The Soul's Errand	593
The Poet and the Rose	800	The Spanish Lady's Love	528
The Poet's Bridal-day Song	1622	The Spirit's Epilogue in "Comus"	609
The Poet's Hour	1547	The Splendid Shilling	698
The Poet's Song to his Wife	1687	The Spring	398
The Power of Love	217	The Squire and the Dove	126
The Praise of a Solitary Life	395	The Squire's Tale	20
The Pre-existence of the Soul	675	The Star of Bethlehem	1167
The Preparation for Execution	448	The Starry Heavens	1441
The Pride of Youth	1330	The Stormy Petrel	1622
The Primrose	270	The Stranger and his Friend	1365
The Primrose	1409	The Suicide	970
The Prisoner of Chillon	1345	The Summer's Queen	432
The Progress of Discontent	973	The Sun rises bright in France	1627
The Progress of Love	994	The Swearer	893
The Prophecy	943	The Sweats of Beauty	454
The Puritan	740	The Tale of the Coffers or Caskets	29
The Queen	1774	The Tar for all Weathers	1196
The Quiet Life	793	The Tears of Scotland	923
The Rainbow	219	The Tempestuous Evening	1018
The Rainbow	292	The Temptation of Eve	4
The Real and the Ideal	456	The Theatre	1414
The Reaper	1296	The Thief and the Cordelier	756
The Reconciliation	1704	The Thought of Death	674
The Re-ured Lover exulteth in his Freedom, and voveth to remain Free until Death	74	The Three Knights	713
The Reign of Christ on Earth	1392	The Three Sons	1891
The Resolve	261	The Three States of Woman	1626
The Resurrection	849	The Three Warnings	1410
The Retirement	648	The Timber	541
The Retreat	554	The Toilet	799
The Return of David II. from Captivity	44	The Tomb	565
The Ruine of the Ancient Mariner	1503	The Town Child and Country Child	1624
The Rose	850	The Town Ladies	358
The Roundhead	741	The Traveller	918
The Sabbath Day	1423	The Treasures of the Deep	1487
		The Troubadour	1495
		The Tub Washer	794

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF POEMS.

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	NO. OF POEMS.		NO. OF POEMS.
The Two Sisters of Bimorie	527	To a Daisy	1891
The Two April Mornings	1212	To a Distant Friend	1290
The Unknown Grave	1536	To a Family Bible	1447
The Upsie in Marylebone Lane	1417	To a Highland Girl	1196
The Useful Plow	724	To a Lady	598
The Uses of Adversity	191	To a Lady	778
The Valdeicidion	570	To a Lady admiring Herself in a Looking-glass	358
The Vanity of Human Learning	221	To a Lady I know, aged One	1771
The Vanity of Human Wishes	385	To a Lady with a Guitar	1871
The Vanity of the Beautiful	103	To a Lady with some Painted Flowers	1105
The Vanity of the World	298	To a Mountain Daisy	1575
The Vessel going to Pieces	949	To a Nightingale	361
The Voice of Spring	1438	To a Snylerk	1361
The Voice of the Dying	206	To a Sleeping Child	1421
The Voice of the Morning	1898	To a Sleeping Child	1837
The Voices of Diana	386	To a Tuft of Early Violets	1143
The Waiting-maid	551	To a very Young Lady	667
The Wanderer	841	To Althoa (from Prison)	355
The Wandering Wind	1450	To Amoret	917
The War of the League	1565	To an Early Primrose	1165
The Water! the Water!	1634	To Autumn	1521
The Water Lady	1498	To Belshazzar	1357
The Water o' Wearie's Well	532	To Blossoms	341
The Widow and Child	1705	To Castara	317
The Widow Bird	1374	To Castara, inquiring why I loved her	318
The Widowed Mother	1213	To Castara (the Record of Innocent Love)	323
The Widowed Mother	1429	To Certain Golden Fishes	1572
The Wife	495	To Charlotte Fultoney	1179
The Wife's Appeal	1778	To Chloe	338
The Wife's Funeral	1179	To Corinna	351
The Wild Huntsman	1334	To Daffodils	342
The Will	230	To Fancy	974
The Winds	87	To Ferdinand Seymour	1713
The Winter Evening	1084	To find God	350
The Wish	564	To Heaster	1228
The Wish	678	To his Coy Love	145
The Wish	1017	To his Empty Purse	22
The Witch's Cave	335	To his Heart	386
The Wreath	568	To his Love	362
The Woodman's Walk	505	To his Mistress	78
The Work-girl's Song	398	To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia	645
The World a Stage	193	To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia	153
The World is too much with us	1189	To his Son Vincent Corbet	221
The Worn Wedding Ring	1768	To his Wife	1500
The Young Man's Wish	709	To Ianthe	1133
The Young Maxwell	1619	To Luacata (going to the Wars)	353
Theodore and Honoris	664	To Luacata (from Prison)	354
There be those	1455	To Macaulay	1276
There is an Ancient Man	1738	To Mary (Mrs. Uwin)	1032
There is a Garden in her Face	466	To Mary in Heaven	1557
There's no Dearth of Kindness	1763	To Meadows	844
They are all gone	530	To Mrs. Bishop	1002
They come, the Merry Summer Months	1633	To Mrs. Bishop	1008
Think on thy Home	364	To Mistress Margaret Hussey	1038
Think not of the Future	1501	To my Candle	63
Thou art gone to the Grave	1298	To my Daughter, on being separated from her on her Marriage	1114
Thou hast vow'd by thy Faith, my Jeanie	1625	To my Daughter, on her Birthday	1490
Thoughts of Heaven	1642	To my Nobler Friend	324
Thoughts in a Garden	683	To my Picture	350
Thoughts on Time	857	To my Son	1194
Thus stood his Mind	1430	To Phyllis	594
Time's Alteration	512	To Posterity	493
Time's Song	1814	To Primrose filled with Morning Dew	346
Times go by turns	110	To Religion	130
Timbern Abbey	1195	To Roses in the Bosom of Castara	315
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer	1373	To Saxham	219
To a Beloved One	1754	To Soymors	321
To a Brother Poet	276	To Sleep	313
To a Child embracing his Mother	1489	To Sleep	1310
To a Coy Lady	383		
To a Cricket	1764		

THE FIRST LINES OF THE POEMS.

NO. OF POEM.	NO. OF POEM.		
A band, a bobwig, and a feather	833	Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) 1402	
A brace of sinners, for no good	1147	Acteon lost, in middle of his sport	123
A broad stream, smooth with deep-grass'd fields	1775	Adieu, farewell earth's bliss	442
A chieftain to the Highlands bound	1307	Adieu to Ballyshannon! where I was bred and born	1838
A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun	1425	As fond kiss, and then we sever	1576
A cobbler and a curate once disputed	509	Afar in the desert I love to ride	1478
A country life is sweet!	724	Africa is all the sun's, and as her earth	1351
A curious eye	384	After giving, I speak of taking	65
A curse upon that faithless maid	704	Again, how can she but immortal be?	225
A face that should content me wondrous well	76	Again, sweet siren, breathe again	1133
A fair young May went up the street	718	Again the chief th' instructive draught ex- tend't	948
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by	1210	Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit	697
A fool! a fool! I met a fool 't the forest	192	Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh	1327
A fox, in life's extreme decay	798	Ah! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start	1252
A gentle knight was pricking on the plain	124	Ah! I remember well (and how can I	135
A gentle maid, of rural breeding	986	Ah, lovely Lichfield! that so long hast shone	1111
A gentle squire would gladly entertain	248	Ah, me! full sorely is my heart forlorn	893
A good Pope was thirk tim at Rome that hecht Urban	13	Ah, me! the little tyrant thief	857
A happy bit home this auld world would be	1648	Ah, mourn, thou loved retreat! No more	971
A jewel for my lady's ear	1769	Ah, ope, Lord Gregory, thy door	1152
"A kailie," dear girl, "cuts love," they say!	1002	Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate	883
A leard's society of late	648	Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair	427
A little child, beneath a tree	1738	Ah! what a weary race my feet have run	966
A little onward lend thy guiding hand	616	Ah! what is love! It is a pretty-thing	424
A mighty pain to love it is	642	Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb	938
A monkey, to reform the times	792	Alas! in how grim	5
A mother's love—how sweet the name!	1390	Alas! that moon should ever beam	1468
A noble marquess	623	Alas! they had been friends in youth	1510
A nobleman lived in a village of late	730	Alexis shunned his fellow-swains	749
A parrot from the Spanish main	1310	All human things are subject to decay	690
A poor wayfaring man of grief	1398	All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd	802
A quack (too scandalously mean to name)	652	All June I bound the rose in sheaves	3785
A star has left the kindling sky	1469	All men loved him for his bounty	890
A steed! a steed of matchless speed	1636	All praise to Thee, my God, this night	644
A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing	153	All smatterers are more brisk and pert	644
A thousand miles from land are we	1682	All the world's a stage	193
A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon	550	All these and more came flocking; but with looks	644
A tree grew in Java, whose pestilent rind	1417	All thoughts, all passions, all delights	1505
A veteran gambler, in a tempest caught	1006	All we have is God's, and yet	301
A wandering orphan child was I	1699	All white hung the bushes o'er Elaw's sweet stream	1472
A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright	1313	All wit and fancy, like a diamond	644
A wealthy young squire of Tamworth, we hear	716	All ye, who far from town, in rural hall	1009
A weary lot is thine, fair maid	1820	All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs	220
A wet sheet and a flowing sea	1623	Almighty Father! let Thy lowly child	1657
A widow bird sate mourning for her love	1874	Alone she was, her head against the wall	1839
A wretch had committed all manner of evil	339	Along the garden walk I stray'd	1897
A! freedom is a nobil thing!	32	Along the mead Europe walks	689
		Among the birks see bliths and gay	1648

	NO. OF POEM.		NO. OF POEM.
Anarantha sweet and fair	856	As slow our ship her foamy track	1289
Among thy fancies tell me this	840	As through the land at eve we went	1704
An ancient story I'll tell you anon	629	As virtuous men pass mildly away	231
An old dull sot, who toll'd the clock	642	As we bene on the high hills situate	56
An old song made by an aged old pate	511	As when, to one, who long hath watch'd the	
And are ye sure the news is true?	929	morn	1007
And doth not a meeting like this make		Ask me no more where <i>Jove</i> bestows	390
amends	1281	Ask me why I send you here	270
And down the cliff the island virgin came	1349	At <i>Beauty's</i> bar as I did stand	101
And eke this house hath of entrées	28	At length escaped from every human eye	906
And first within the porch and jaws of hell	97	At <i>Sarra</i> , in the land of Tartaris	3C
And hast thou sought thy heavenly home	1534	At the close of the day, when the hamlet	
And is the swallow gone?	1661	is still	892
And is there care in heaven? And is there		At <i>Willie's</i> wedding on the green	1669
love	130	Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful	
And is this the old mill-stream that ten		treasure	441
years ago	1724	Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints,	
And in this Yarrow — this the stream	1199	whose bones	615
And now before young David could come in	144	Awake, my muse, and leave to dream of	
And now, lashed on by destiny severe	949	loves	489
And now, philanthropy! thy rays divine	1095	Awake, my soul, and with the sun	819
And now, to be brief, let's pass over the			
rest	717		
And now, unveiled, the toilet stands dis-			
played	790		
And Rachel lies in Ephraim's land	1475		
And so I glads of the season sweet	25		
And the night was dark and calm	1466		
And then came <i>Covetise</i> , can I him not			
descrie?	18		
And thou art dead, as young and fair	1354		
And thou hast walk'd about (how strange			
a story!)	1418		
And well our Christian airs of old	1335		
And what is life? An hour-glass on the			
run	1407		
And what's a life! — a weary pilgrimage	292		
And when the king wist that they were	34		
And where have you been, my <i>Mary</i>	1654		
And wherefore do the poor complain?	1222		
And wilt thou leave me thus?	77		
And with that word she smiled, and ne'er-			
theless	149		
Anger, in basty words or blows	586		
Another mystery, amongst the many fair	738		
As they not ceaseless, thou, that think			
the soul	922		
Asriel to <i>Miranda</i> ! — Take	1371		
Army'd a half-angelic sight	1232		
Art thou a thing of mortal birth	1421		
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden stom-			
ach?	433		
As ailer noon, one summer's day	752		
As at the approach of winter all	644		
As a bird in cage debar'd the use of wings	466		
As, by some tyrant's stern command	659		
As by the shores at break of day	1294		
As a class which by heaven is doom'd	1416		
As doctors give physic by way of preven-			
tion	790		
As doe by many titles, I resign	235		
As <i>Freilnacht</i> hastily glancing	62		
As fresh a surge to mighty <i>Tithon</i> spouse	57		
As homeward by the evening star	1283		
As I walked forth one summer's morn	730		
As I was passing in a morning air	394		
As in an evening, when the gentle air	296		
As it fell upon a day	121		
As near <i>Paris</i> , <i>Belle</i> lying	929		
As on a summer's day	829		
As one who, long by wasting sickness worn	1254		
As <i>Rocheboucani</i> his maxims drew	774		
As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side	1243		
		Back and side go bare, go bare	402
		Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils	972
		Better my heart, three-personed God; for	
		you	226
		Be merry, friends, take ye no thought	401
		Be merry, man, and take nought far in myrd	53
		Be patient! Oh, be patient! put your ear	
		against the earth	1908
		Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer	829
		Be wise to run thy race	1076
		Beat on, proud billows: Boreas, blow	513
		Beauteous and bright is he among the	
		tribes	413
		Beauties, have you seen this toy	229
		Beautiful children of the woods and fields!	1844
		Beauty, alas! where wast thou born	419
		Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good	195
		Because I oft in dark abstracted guise	107
		Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe	220
		Before my face the picture hangs	111
		Began then himself equip	4
		Begone dull care!	781
		Behold her, single in the field	1246
		Behold upon the swelling wave	1609
		Behold where thou dost lie	1367
		Below the bottom of the great abyss	252
		Belshazzar! from the banquet tra	1357
		Beneath the beech, whose branches bare	970
		Beneath this stony roof reclined	969
		Bereave me not of fancy's shadowy dreams	1244
		Beside her babe who sweetly slept	1429
		Between two sloping verdant hills	965
		Bewailing in my chamber thro' alone	45
		Beyond the smiling and the weeping	1779
		Did me not go where neither sun nor	
		showers	337
		Die, bye, bang, boom!	1631
		Bird, bee, and butterfly — the favorites	
		three	1517
		Bird of the wilderness	1613
		Blame not my lute! for he must sound	73
		Bless God, my soul! Thou, Lord, alone	823
		Blessed as the immortal gods he he	736
		Blest temple, hark, where the chaste altar	
		stands	321
		Blossom of the almond tree	1757
		Blow, blow, thou winter wind	211

	NO. OF FORM.
Do not beguile my heart	806
Do not unjustly blame	645
Do you ask me what the birds say! The sparrow, the dove	1512
Down to the vale this water steers	1197
Drink to me, only with thine eyes	242
Drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet	312
Dry those fair, those crystal eyes	254
Dry up thy tears, love!—I fain would be gay!	1526
Dwellers by lake and hill!	1633

E.

Each opening season, and each opening scene	1413
Earl Gawain woo'd the Lady Barbara	1743
Earth has not anything to show more fair	1204
Enjoy the present smiling hour	665
Equip'd and bent for heaven I left you world	1421
Ever sin could blight or sorrow fade	1511
Ever yet the fell Plantagenets had spent	927
Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!	1345
Ethereal minstrel! plume the globe sky!	1301
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow	980
Even the lag fish	849
Even thus amid thy pride and luxury	1866
Evening and morning—those two ancient names	1729
Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend	1249

F.

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar	982
Fair and soft, and gay and young	634
Fair as unshaded light or as the day	374
Fair daffodils, rise! weep to see	342
Fair Echo, rise! sick-thoughted nymph, awake	790
Fair Fidelia, tempt no more	743
Fair flower that shunn'st the glare of day	1454
Fair is thy level landscape, England fair	1516
Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair	140
Fair lady, when you see the grass	339
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree	241
Fair Rosamond within her bower of late	367
Fair stoood the wind for France	143
Fair summer droops, droop men and beasts — therefore	440
Fair! that you may truly know	563
Faire mistress of the Earth, with garlands crown'd	320
Fall's pile! I ask not what has been thy fate	1254
False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lead	223
Famous was Beowulf!	9
Fancies are but streams	456
Far have I clambered in my mind	573
Far in a wild, unknown to public view	349
Far in the country of Arden	146
Far in the windings of a vale	563
Farewell, a long farewell to all my great- ness!	182
Farewell rewards and fairies	253
Farewell, sweet groves to you!	275
Farewell the fields of Iruan's vale	334

	NO. OF FORM.
Farewell, thou busy world, and may	448
Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean	824
Farewell, ye gilded follies! pleasing trou- bles	159
Father in heaven! who gave me breath	1537
Father, wake, the storm is loud	1734
Few are thy days and full of wee	914
Few have lived	1727
Pharishon swore a feud	1692
Fight on, brave soldiers, for the cause	370
Fill the bowl with rosy wine	542
Fill the bumper fair!	1249
First shall the heavens want starry light	431
First think, my soul, if I have foes	274
First-love will with the heart remain	1411
Five years have pass'd; five summers, with the length	1195
Flower of the waste! the heath-fourth stuns	1119
Flowers to the fair; to you these flowers I bring	1105
Fly from the press, and dwell with auth- oritative	28
Fly to the desert, fly with me	1284
Follow a shadow, it still flies you	241
Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness	316
Foolish Prater, what dost thou	542
For his religion, it was fit	638
For many a coal-black tribe and easy spear	1577
For me who feel, when'er I touch the lyre	1669
For sure in all kinds of hypocrisy	157
For, this ye know well, tho' I wouldn't lie	27
Forget not yet the tried intent	78
Fortitude then stood steadfast in his might	39
Fortune, man say, doth give too much to many	151
Friend of my soul! this goblet sip	1282
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears	187
Friendship, like love, is but a name	801
From an extempore prayer and a godly ditty	735
From Ashur's vales when proud Sennache- rib trod	1092
From depth of dole where'm my soul doth dwell	106
From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow	740
From fruitful boscs and flowery borders	553
From Oberon in fairy land	510
From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art	908
From that rich valley, where the angels laid him	491
From Tuscan came my ladies worthy race	69
Full of the art of brewing beer	1151

G.

Gamarrs is a dainty steed	1690
Gane were but the winter cold	1820
Gather ye rose-buds, while ye may	343
Genius of the forest shades	1123
Gentle nymphs, be not refusing	229
Gentlefolks, in my time, I've made many a rhyme	1137
Gentlest girl	1731
Get up, get up for shame, the blooming moor	351
Give me more love, or more disdain	292
Gloomy winter's now awa'	1602

	NO. OF POEMS.		NO. OF POEMS.
How mournfully this burial-ground	1423	I love my king and country well	738
How near am I now to a happiness	452	I loved him as young Genius loves	1490
How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed!	1156	I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone	1272
How shall I meet thee, summer, wont to fill	1257	I met a traveller from an antique land	1370
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!	845	I met four chaps you brigs among	1610
How short is life's uncertain space!	1017	I must not grieve, my love, whose eyes would read	140
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest	888	I must not say that thou wert true	1761
How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth	612	I never hear the sound of thy glad bells	1258
How soothing is that sound of far-off wheels	1736	I never loved ambitiously to climb	443
How sweet the answer echo makes	1291	I never saw my Lady's joys apart	71
How sweet the harmonies of Afternoon!	1806	I own I like not Johnson's turgid style	1148
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank	167	I pity, from my soul, unhappy men	651
How sweet thy modest light to view	1134	I pray thee, cease thy counsel	168
How sweetly doth My Master sound!—My Master	305	I pray thee, love, love me no more	145
How vainly men themselves amaze	633	I prihee leave this peevish fashion	383
How wither'd, perish'd seems the form	1143	I prihee send me back my heart	332
How wonderful is Death	1359	I remember, I remember	1491
		I remember well one summer's night	1728
		I rise, dear Mary, from the soundest rest	1126
		I said'd from the Downs in the "Nancy"	1136
		I saw him last on this terrace proud	1429
		I saw where in the shroud did lurk	1231
		I sing the name which none can say	298
		I sought These round about, O Thou my God!	476
		I sowed the seeds of love, it was all in the spring	671
		I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes	296
		I tell thee, Dick, where I have been	320
		I then did use the person of your father	176
		I think, thou wounded Lamb of God	1068
		I turn these leaves with throbbing thoughts, and say	1290
		I've a letter from thy sire	1742
		I've a proposal here from Mr. Murray	1294
		I've heard the liting at our yowe-milking	1048
		I've often wished that I had clear	777
		I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud	260
		I've seen the smiling	1049
		I've wander'd East, I've wander'd West	1631
		I wander'd by the brook-side	1717
		I wander'd lonely as a cloud	1207
		I was a scholar: seven useful springs	496
		I went from England into France	252
		I who stand here, in this bare scowry coast	1594
		I will go back to the great sweet mother	1833
		I will not have the mad Clytie	1497
		I wish I had a cottage snug and neat	1028
		I wish I was where Anna lies	1141
		I wish I were where Helen lies	1946
		I wot not how the world's degenerate	259
		If all the world and love were young	114
		If sought of oaten stop, or pastoral song	869
		If dumb too long, the drooping same hath stay'd	785
		If heaven the grateful liberty would give	678
		If I could but attain my wish	709
		If I had thought thou couldst have died	1865
		If I live to grow old, for I find I go down	646
		If in that breast, so good, so pure	993
		If she doth then the subtle sense excel	225
		If the quick spirits in your eye	293
		If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance	1153
		If thou wert by my side, my love	1378
		If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aught	1314
		If we, O Dorset! quit the city throng	394
		If we, O Dorset! quit the city throng	790
		If you become a nun, dear	1401
		Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings	412
		Image of her whom I love more than she	234
		Imperial bird, who went to nest	666

L

I am all alone! and the visions that play	1527
I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here	80
I am as I am, and so will I be	74
I am content, I do not care	1056
I arise from dream of These	1392
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers	1390
I cannot change as others do	635
I chanced, my dear, to come upon a day	489
I come from haunts of oot and horn	1768
I come, I come! ye have call'd me long	1438
I disdain all pomp when thou art by	693
I do not love thee for that fair	261
I hate those potent madmen, who keep all in any moods	1706
I fear thy kisses, gentle maid	1393
I had a vision: ' evening sat in gold	1543
I hate that drum's discordant sound	1019
I hate the man who builds his name	640
I hate those potent madmen, who keep all years old	699
I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old	1801
I have an eye for her that's fair	706
I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink	582
I have been studying how to compare	171
I have had playmates, I have had com- panions	1200
"I have no hopes," the duke he says, and dies	762
I have no muses that will serve the turn	290
I hear thee speak of the better land	1445
I heard a sick man's dying sigh	1709
I heard a thousand blended notes	1211
I hold as faith	712
I know that that the men of old	1718
I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus	146
I lately vow'd, but 'twas in haste	508
I lent my gossip my near to fetch haime coals	59
I'll not such favour to rebellion show	626
I look'd upon his brow—no sign	1461
I love (and have some cause to love) the earth	295
I love, and he loves me again	243
I love it, I love it; and who shall dare	1720

THE FIRST LINES OF THE POEMS.

	NO. OF POEM.		NO. OF POEM.
In a chronicle thus I rede	29	It was near a thick shade	428
In a deep vision's intellectual scene	549	It was not by vile loitering in ease	875
In a dream of the night I was wafted away	1652	It was not in the winter	1485
In a horn whose bonny burnie	1565	It was the calm and silent night	1792
In a maiden time professed	450	It was the time when 'gainst the breaking day	149
In a melancholy study	257	It was the time when the still moon	548
In ancient times, as story tells	773	It was the winter wild	606
In Bedfordshire there dwelt a knight	744	It was when from Spain across the Main the Cid had come to Rome	1524
In Britain's isle and Arthur's days	806		
In days of old, there lived, of mighty fame in eddying course when leaves began to fly	659 1520		
In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept	91		
In haste he sent to gather fresh recruits	1826		
In heaven, one holiday, you read	751		
In martial sports I had my cunning tried	107		
In May as that Arcora did upspring	61		
In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse	1234		
In pride of wit, with high desire of fame	147		
In Rome no temple was so low	644		
In search of things that secret are my mated muse began	98		
In such a night, when every louder wind	817		
In sullen humour one day Jove	758		
In summer time, when leaves grow green	536		
In summer when the shaves be shene	516		
In sunlight and in shade	1514		
In the days o' langsyne when we carles were young	1646		
In the hollow top, the d gray tower	1085		
In the merry month of June	723		
In the Parliament House, a great rout has been there	715		
In the summer time, when leaves grow green	620		
In these low paths which poverty sur- rounds	1412		
In vain you tell your parting lover	748		
In Ver, that full of virtue is and good	41		
In walks of humour, in that east of ayle	854		
In what torn ship cover I embark	229		
In Kanadu did Kubla Khan	1509		
In yonder brake there is a nest	1267		
In yonder grave a Druid lies	892		
I'th the thrang of stories tellin'	1593		
I'ther'd beneath this marble stone	761		
Intervals of grateful shade	1069		
Invidious grave! how dost thou rend in sunder	843		
Iphigenia, when she heard her doom	1275		
Is chance a guile, that my disastrous heart is it come? they said, on the banks of the Nile	840 1782		
"Is there no hope!" the sick man said	797		
Is there, or do the schoolmen dream	1044		
Is this a dagger which I see before me	185		
Is this a time to plant and build	1738		
It fell about the Martinmas	630		
It is a beautiful evening, calm and free	1209		
It is a place where poets crown'd	1658		
It is an ancient mariner	1603		
It is not that I love you less	601		
It is the midnight hour: the beautiful sea	1424		
It is written on the rose	1444		
It standeth so; a deed is do'	94		
It was a beautiful lady richly dress'd	1714		
It was a dreary place: the shallow brook	1674		
It was a friar of orders gray	938		
It was a summer evening	1219		
It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood	1482		
		J.	
		Jaffer the Barmecide, the good vizier	1043
		Jesu, Lover of my soul	1068
		Jesus, thy Blood and righteousness	1069
		John Anderson, my Jo, John	1589
		John Bull for pastimes took a prance	1139
		John Gilpin was a citizen	1087
		Just for a handful of silver he left us	1738
		Justice gives sentence many times	641
		K.	
		Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Glen- iffer	1509
		King of kings! and Lord of lords!	1670
		Know this, my brethren, heaven is clear	797
		Knowledge's next organ is imagination	155
		L.	
		Ladies, though to you conquering eyes	701
		Lady Alice was, sitting in her bower window	723
		Laid in my quiet bed	65
		Land of my fathers! though no mangrove here	1135
		Langsyne! how doth the word come back	1535
		Latelny on yonder swelling bush	539
		Launch thy bark, mariner!	1538
		Lead the black bull to slaughter, with the boer	295
		Lessons sweet of Spring returning	1795
		Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain	258
		Let God, the God of battle, rise	479
		Let long-lived panacea here their scents bestow	975
		Let me speak, sir	183
		Let men suspect your tale untrue	798
		Let observation, with extensive view	836
		Let others sing of knights and paladins	164
		Let their vile cunning in their limits pent	136
		Let us go, lassie, go	1598
		Like as the culver, on the bare bough	134
		Like as the damask rose you see	501
		Like some vision olden	1462
		Like the low murmur of the secret stream	1519
		Like the violet, which alone	822
		Like to a light fast lock'd in lanterns dark	574
		Like to Diana in her summer weed	420
		Like to the clear in highest space	428
		Like to the falling of a star	255
		Lips, lips, open!	1837
		Lithe and listen, gentlemen	637
		Lithe and lysten, gentlemen	521
		Little streams are light and shadow	1666

NO. OF POEM	NO. OF POEM.
Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps	1299
Lo ! in the west, fast fades the lingering light	1171
Lo ! now on earth is he	8
Lo what is it to love	387
Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours	911
Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day	1308
Lone upon a mountain, the pine-trees walling round him	1466
Long he wooed a maid all innocence and truth	1518
Long in thy shackles, liberty	354
Long of yore, on the mountain, the voice	1830
Look back ! a thought which borders on despair	952
Look, how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade	364
Look, how the industrious bee in fragrant May	492
Look on these waters with how soft a kiss	1545
Look once more ere we leave this specular mount	618
Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air !	216
Look up to Fentland's towering top	829
Look what immortal flowering the sunset pours	1883
Look where my dear Hamilla smiles	1060
Loose every call to the breeze	1040
Lord ! as the hart embost with heat	478
Lord, how long, how long wilt thou	500
Lord, should the sun, the clouds, the wind	284
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell	349
Lord, to These whine I am living	493
Lord Reichan was a noble lord	533
Lord Ronald courted Lady Clare	1797
Love divine, all love excelling	1072
Love in fantastic triumph eat	795
Love in my bosom, like a bee	429
Love is by fancy led about	837
Love is like a lamb and love is like a lion	451
Love is the happy privilege of the mind	1672
Love is too great a happiness	644
Love mistress is of many minds	108
Love, nature's plot, this great creation's soul	385
Love not ! love not ! ye hapless sons of clay !	1716
Love still has something of the sea	968
Love thy mother, little one !	1459
Love's heralds should be thoughts	501
Lovely Devonian ! land of flowers and songs !	1573
Lovely, lasting peace of mind	810
Low in a glen	1163
Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees	629
Lullaby—lullaby, baby dear !	1772
Lyth and lysken, gen'ly men	523
M.	
Magnificence of ruin ! what has time	1530
Magnificent creature ! so stately and bright !	1437
Maid of Athens, ere we part	1358
Man ! foolish man !	747
Man's a poor deluded bubble	1061
March, march, Ettrick and Terriodale !	1321
Margarita first poem	541
Mark the soft-falling snow	1053
Martial the things that do attain	96
May the Babylonish curse	1229
Meantime, the moist malignity to shun	925
Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man	622
Melancholy, hence, and get	379
Melpomene, the muse of tragic songs	419
Merry it was in the green forest	514
Merry Margaret	63
Methinks I can remember when a shade	1726
Methinks I could have borne to live my days	1730
Methinks it is good to be here	1393
Methought I heard a butterfly	1399
Methought I saw my late espoused saint	614
'Mid the cloud-enhrouded haze	1848
Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire !	1165
Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour	1199
Mine be a cot beside the hill	1185
Mistress Matrossa hopes to be a lady	598
Mona on Snowdon calls	913
Monkey, little merry fellow	1655
Morn on the waters ! and purple and bright	1525
Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells	578
Most earnest was his voice ! most mild his look	1157
Mother of Wisdom ! thou whose away	914
" Mother, the storm, how it shrieks without !	1770
Mother's wag, pretty boy	492
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn	923
Mournfully ! O mournfully	1636
Muses, that sing Love's sensual empirie	495
My boat is on the shore	1357
My brier that smelted sweet	1273
My brother Jack was mine in May	1415
My Daphne's hair is twisted gold	417
My days among the dead are pass'd	1220
My days have been so wondrous free	811
My dear mistress has a heart	657
My early love, and must we part !	1529
My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they're dropt into the well	1523
My father was an auld man and an hoar	58
My God, I heard this day	399
My God, now I from sleep awake	821
My God, Thy services well demands	1661
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains	1822
My heart leaps up when I behold	1192
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here	1690
My heart is like to rend, Willie	1639
My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye	478
My liege, I did deny no prisoners	173
My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend !	1562
My lute, awake ! perform the last	72
My lute, be as thou wept when thou didst grow	362
My own dear country ! thy remembrance comes	1736
My sleep I neglected, I broke my sleep-book	1021
My song hath closed, the holy dream	1477
My soul, there is a country	550
My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent	1067
My outried Muse shall no high tone assume	1126
N.	
Napoleon's banners at Boulogne	1311
Needy knife-grinder ! whether are you going !	1144
Never say more	1768

THE FIRST LINES OF THE POEMS.

lvi

	NO. OF FORMS.		NO. OF FORMS.
Nert to these ladies, but in nought allied.....	1174	O ! Arranmore, loved Arranmore.....	1289
Night is the time for rest.....	1384	O beam! was God! uncircumscribed treasure.....	355
Night! thou foul mother of annoyances sad.....	181	O blithe now comes! I have heard.....	1202
No cloud, no relict of the sunken day.....	1506	O Brignall banks are wild and fair.....	1326
No jewell'd beauty is my love.....	1746	O come away.....	557
No, my fair cousin.....	179	O cruel love, on thee I lay.....	496
No plate had John and Joan to board.....	1004	O day most calm, most bright.....	302
No seas again shall sever.....	1780	O Brand.....	1521
No season this for counsel or delay!.....	947	O faithful love, by poverty embraced!.....	054
No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all.....	624	O for a lodge in some vast wilderness.....	1726
No stir in the air, no stir in the sea.....	1224	O gentle, gentle summer rain.....	1464
Noble the mountain stream.....	1458	O gentle love, urgentle for thy deed.....	10
Nobles and heralds, by your leave.....	759	O give me, kind Bacchus, thou God of the vine.....	835
No monument of me remaine.....	825	O happy, if ye knew your happy state.....	807
No rural sights alone, but rural sounds.....	1079	O happy persecution, I embrace thee.....	453
North-east, not far from this great pool, there lies.....	282	O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear.....	107
North winds send hail, south winds bring rain.....	87	O hard condition, and twin-born with great weep.....	196
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note Not a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirr'd.....	1562	O Holy, blessed, glorious Trinity.....	237
Not caring to observe the wind.....	600	O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear.....	226
Not in the swaying of the summer trees.....	1758	O lady, leave thy silken thread.....	1499
Not ours the vows of such as plight.....	1456	O, let us howl some heavy note.....	447
Not to be wrought by malice, gain, or pride.....	482	O listen, listen, ladies gay!.....	1331
Not unremember'd is the hour when friends.....	1434	O Lord! another day is flown.....	1108
Nothing did make me, when I loved them.....	437	O Lord, my God, in mercy turn.....	1172
Nothing is to man so dear.....	15	O lovers' eyes are sharp to see.....	1329
Nothing so true as what you once let fall.....	778	O Mary, go and call the cattle home.....	1799
Nought is there under heaven's wide hal- lowness.....	125	O Memory! colonial maid!.....	895
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray.....	629	O, my heart, my heart is sick awishing and awaiting.....	1832
Now dawns the morn, and on Mount Olivet.....	980	O, my love's like a red, red rose.....	1584
Now fare these well, England: no further I'll roam.....	1127	O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me.....	937
Now, from his eastern couch, the sun.....	1787	O nightingale, best poet of the grove.....	876
Now, gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes.....	273	O nightingale, that on you bloomy spray.....	611
Now, glory to our England.....	1752	O parent of each lovely muse!.....	974
Now, glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are.....	1585	O perfect light, which shedd away.....	301
Now, golden Autumn from her open lap.....	806	O saw ye bonnie Leslie.....	1585
Now great Hyperion left his golden throne.....	287	O saw ye not fair Ines!.....	1492
Now, hardly here and there a hackney coach.....	771	O say not that my heart is cold.....	1604
Now, 'mid the general glow of opening blooms.....	1162	O say! what is that thing call'd light.....	1038
Now morn her rosy slope in th' eastern clime.....	628	O sing unto my roundelay.....	944
Now morn, with rosy-coloured finger, raised.....	979	O Solitude, romantic maid!.....	1015
Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile.....	191	O sun! thou o'er Athenian towers.....	998
Now, my fairest friend.....	169	O talk not to me of a name great in story.....	1352
Now our work's done, thus we feast.....	728	O the broom, the yellow broom.....	1657
Now, sober industry, illustrious power!.....	959	O, the month of May, the merry month of May.....	432
Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost.....	267	O thou great Power! in whom we move.....	161
Now the bright morning star, day's har- binger.....	610	O thou, that sitt'st upon a throne.....	994
Now the golden morn afloat.....	912	O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd.....	620
Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done.....	1802	O thou, the friend of man assign'd.....	887
Now to thy silent presence, Night!.....	1675	O thou, the nymph with placid eye!.....	1106
Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams.....	900	O Thou, to whose all-searching sight.....	1071
Now what is love I will thee tell.....	470	O Thou, vast ocean! ever-sounding sea!.....	1673
Now is the knight went on his way.....	523	O Times! who know'st a lenient hand to lay.....	1238
		O unfeul voice! I still deplore.....	1113
		O Tweed! a stranger, that with wandering feet.....	1248
		O who will shoe my honny foot!.....	538
		O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms.....	1825
		O when did baby come.....	1827
		O! where do fairies hide their heads.....	1502
		O! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North.....	1567
		O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being.....	1372
		O Willie's large o' limb and ligh.....	515

	NO. OF POEM.		NO. OF POEM.
O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom !	980	On a hill there grows a flower	117
O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare	1023	On Carron's side the primrose pale	965
O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band	946	On either side is level fen, a prospect wild and wide	1176
O'er the level plain, where mountains greet me as I go	1814	On Laven's banks, while free to rove	1132
O'er winter's long unelement away	834	On Liddon, when the sun was low	1304
O'f a' the airs the wind can blow	1583	On parent knees, a naked new-born child	1013
O'f all deeds yet this strikes the deepest wound	454	On Sunday, here, an alter'd scene	1055
O'f all the cities in Romanian lands	664	On sure foundations let your fabric rise	630
O'f all the girls that are so smart	1035	On that deep, retiring shore	1719
O'f all the kings that ever here did reign	107	On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affront	1043
O'f all the thoughts of God that are	1561	On Trinity Monday in the morn	95
O'f all the torments, all the cares	683	On Wednesday the false Southron furth brocht	47
O'f comfort no man speak	170	On yonder hill a castle stands	535
O'f Israel's sweetest anger now I sing	415	Once in the flight of ages past	1267
O'f Jupiter thus I find y-writ	31	Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more	178
O'f Leuzter, famed for maidens fair	784	Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whopping	1150
O'f man's first disobedience, and the fruit	619	One day, it matters not to know	1227
O'f Nelson and the North	1306	One kind wish before we part	1090
O'f old, when Scarron his companions invited	917	One kiss more, sweet!	1749
O'f these the false Achitophel was first	662	One more Unfortunate	1495
O'f time and nature eldest born	977	One word is too often profaned	1367
Oft am I by the women told	542	Open the door, some pity to show !	1353
Oft has it been my lot to mark	1016	Open your ears ; for which of you will stop	173
Oft in the stilly night	1332	Our bark is on the waters deep, our bright blades in our hand	1641
Oft I've implor'd the gods in vain	987	Our bugles sang truce ; for the night-cloud had lower'd	1308
Oft that wild untutor'd race would draw	1295	Our life is twofold ; sleep hath its own world	1341
Oh ! a dainty plant is the ivy green	1618	Our native land—our native vale	1469
Oh ! ask not a home in the mansions of pride	1725	Our sighs were numerous, and profuse our tears	1432
Oh ! breathe not his name ! let it sleep in the shade	1287	Our task is done!—on Gunga's breast	1579
Oh ! call my brother back to me !	1448	Out of her swoons when she did abraise	36
Oh, come ye from the ladies, and, soldier, can you tell	1776	Out of the west coast, a wench, as methought	17
Oh ! do not wrong my honest simple truth	212	Out upon it, I have loved	251
Oh, don't go in to-night, John !	1778	Over hill, over dale	219
Oh ! hadst thou never shared my fate	1346	Over the mountains	504
Oh how this spring of love remembereth	201	Oxford and Cambridge shall agree	732
Oh ! I shall not forget, until memory depart	1457		
Oh, lay thy hand in mine, dear !	1758		
Oh, Lord, in sickness and in health	1291		
Oh, Mary, at thy window be	1578		
Oh ! my black soul, now thou art sum-moned	235		
Oh ! my golden days of childhood	1810		
Oh ! my love's a winsome lady	1749		
Oh ! try love's like the steadfast sun	1622		
Oh, never talk again to me	1539		
Oh, reader ! hast thou ever stood to see	1215		
Oh, sunny curls ! oh eyes of blue !	1771		
Oh that the chemist's magic art	1196		
Oh that these lips had language ! Life has paid	1091		
Oh the bells ! the morning bells !	1505		
Oh the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise !	1783		
Oh ! the mad day	674		
Oh those little, those little blue shoes !	1797		
Oh, thou conqueror	214		
Oh twilight ! Spirit that doth render birth	1710		
Oh ! sweep not that our beauty wears	1483		
Oh ! well may the poets make a fuss	1454		
Oh ! what is this which shines so bright	1270		
Oh ! when 'tis summer weather	1241		
Oh ! who hath tasted of Thy clemency	477		
Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west	1647		
Old Sir Robert Bolton had three sons	1317		
	722		
		On a hill there grows a flower	117
		On Carron's side the primrose pale	965
		On either side is level fen, a prospect wild and wide	1176
		On Laven's banks, while free to rove	1132
		On Liddon, when the sun was low	1304
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		Open the door, some pity to show !	1353
		Open your ears ; for which of you will stop	173
		Our bark is on the waters deep, our bright blades in our hand	1641
		Our bugles sang truce ; for the night-cloud had lower'd	1308
		Our life is twofold ; sleep hath its own world	1341
		Our native land—our native vale	1469
		Our sighs were numerous, and profuse our tears	1432
		Our task is done!—on Gunga's breast	1579
		Out of her swoons when she did abraise	36
		Out of the west coast, a wench, as methought	17
		Out upon it, I have loved	251
		Over hill, over dale	219
		Over the mountains	504
		Oxford and Cambridge shall agree	732
		P.	
		Pack clouds away, and welcome day	473
		Patience ! why, 'tis the soul of peace	486
		Patriots, alas ! the few that have been found	1077
		Peace, heaven-descended maid ! whose powerful wren	963
		Peace ! what can tears avail !	1940
		Phyllis ! why should we stray !	564
		Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	1322
		Pipe, merry Annet	269
		Pray the sorrows of a poor old man !	1027
		Placed, by false Mantio, in a closet, which	584
		Poor robin sits and sings alone	1263
		Pope, to whose rood beneath the beechen shade	694
		Praise to God, immortal praise	1110
		Pray thou thy days be long before thy death	1834
		Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	18-8
		Prepare the hallow'd strain, my muse	764
		Practy firstling of the year !	1678
		Prince of the fallen ! around thee sweep	1568

	No. of poem.	No. of poem.	
Sublimar strains, O rustic muse! prepare	804	The awful shadow of some unseen power	1375
Such moving sounds from such a careless		The barge she sat in like a burnish'd	
touch!	597	throne	188
Such was Philocles, and such Dorus' flame!	696	The beam-repelling mists arise	814
Suck, baby, suck! mother's love grows by		The bee is humming in the sun	1264
giving	1233	The bell strikes one. We take no note of	
Summer is to-come in	12	time	857
Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern		The blessed Damozel lean'd out	1841
heaven	1665	The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary	1637
Sure such a wretch as I was never born	965	The blushing rose and purple flower	464
Sure the last end	848	The boy stood on the burning deck	1442
Sure there are poeple which did never dream	576	The breaking waves dashed high	1451
Sure thou didst flourish once, and many		The bride cam' out o' the byre	1045
springs	561	The Brutons thus departed hence, seven	
Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul	846	kingdoms here begone	484
Sweet are the charms of her I love	836	The budding floweret blushes at the light	941
Sweet are the thoughts that savour of con- tents	421	The castle clock had toll'd midnight	1243
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain	919	The course of true love never did run smooth	291
Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours	361	The curfew tolls the knell of parting day	910
Sweet country life, to such unknown	345	The cushat crouds, the corbie cries	389
Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire	1104	The daisies peep from every field	1153
Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright	363	The day goeth down red darkling	1755
Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell	1098	The day was spent, the moon shone bright	729
Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen	608	The dew is on the summer's greenest grass	1645
Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds	1148	The dews of summer night did fall	928
Sweet Highland girl! a very shower	1196	The dreamy rhymer's measured more	1276
Sweet in the rose, but grows upon a brier	134	The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose	1080
Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!	1108	The farmer's life displays in every part	1123
Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight	1012	The feather'd songster chantleaser	943
Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!	1099	The feeling is a nameless one	1528
Sweet, solitary life! lowly dumb joy	395	The flower that smiles to-day	1376
Sweet spirit of my love!	1750	The flowers the entry summer kills	1466
Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train	363	The flowers were blooming fresh and fair	1816
Sweetest Love, I do not go	232	The fountains mingle with the river	1364
Swiftly walk over the western wave	1365	The frost performs its secret ministry	1507
		The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove	1100
		The gates were thou thrown open	1256
		The gentle season of the year	542
		The Gipsy race my pity rarely move	951
		The glories of our blood and state	462
		The god of love and benediction	21
		The golden sun that brings the day	595
		The half-seen memories of childish days	1749
		The harlot muse, so passing gay	969
		The harp that once through Tara's halls	1285
		The health this night must be my bed	1319
		The heavens on high perpetually do move	102
		The hierarchy is out of date	739
		The hinds how blest, who ne'er begrudged	965
		The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice	1664
		The house's form within was rude and strong	129
		The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!	1244
		The king to Gondibert is grown so kinde	372
		The King was on his throne	1355
		The languid lady next appears in state	962
		The lark has sang his carol in the sky	1161
		The lark now leaves his watery nest	873
		The lark, that sings on lofty boughs to build	565
		The last and greatest herald of heaven's King	845
		The last time I came o'er the moor	825
		The lift was clear, the morn serene	1646
		The lives of frail men are compared by the ages	649
		The lopp'd trees in time may grow again	116
		The Lord my pasture shall prepare	770

T.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear	915
Take, oh! take those lips away	219
Festful illumination of the night	1405
Tax not the royal saint with vain expense	1191
Tell me not of a face that's fair	381
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind	353
Tell me, O great all-knowing God!	328
Tell me what is a poet's thought!	1663
Thales' triumphs in a manly sense	863
Thanks, my lord, for your remembrance, for finer or faster	920
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	653
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	1326
That house's form within was rude and strong	129
That rock is his bastion. There's not in all our hills	1542
That sound bespeaks salvation on her way	1078
That thou wilt be pleased to grant our requests	736
That which her slender waist confined	565
The air which thy smooth voice dash break	567
The All-powerful had	2
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold	1343
The autumn is old	1486

THE FIRST LINES OF THE POEMS.

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NO. OF POEM.		NO. OF POEM.	
The lovely purple of the moon's bestow- ing	1464	The voice of the morning is calling ● childhood	1698
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends	870	The wanton troopers riding by	636
The mellow year is hastening to its close	1574	The warm sun is falling, the bleak wind is wailing	1873
The midges dance about the burn	1601	The water! the water!	1834
The moon had climb'd the highest hill	1046	The Wildgrave winds his bugle horn	1334
The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this	168	The wind is up, the field is bare	939
The moon was waning	1614	The wind, the wandering wind	1450
The morning hash not lost her virgin blush	579	The wisest of the wise	1277
The morning pearls	680	The world is too much with us; late and soon	1190
The Moslem spears were gleaming	1440	The world is still deceived with ornament	180
The mountains high, whose lofty tops do meet the haughty sky	92	The wrathful winter prochings on a pace	96
The Muses are turn'd gossip; they have lost	1107	"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed"	1003
The night-helm grew dusky	11	Thee, senseless stock, because thou'rt richly gilt	371
The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up	864	Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	1070
The ordeal's fat trumpet sounded	1312	Thers is yon house that holds the parish poor	1173
The organ peals; at once, as some vast wave The Percy out of Northumberland	1549	their harboury was tane	49
The pride of every grove I chose	528	Then came the jovial day, no streaks of red	1124
The proudest pitch of that victorious spirit	754	Then clarions and trumpets blew	61
The quality of mercy is not strain'd	294	Then died, lamented, in the strength of life	1179
The rapid motion of the spheres	480	Then first came Henry, Duke of Bucking- ham	98
The readers and the bearers like my books	152	Then Gudrun turned	1849
The room is old—the night is cold	1700	Then hear me, bounteous Heavens	687
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The sails were furl'd; with mazy a making close	1182	Ther is lyf withoute any deth	16
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The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er	892	Ther be none of beauty's daughters	1340
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The sheryf dwelled in Notyngname	524	Ther cam a strange wight to our town-en'	1650
The silver moon at midnight cold and still	1129	Ther cam a man making his hasty moon	1404
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The smiling morn, the breathing spring	899	Ther dwells a people on the earth	507
The social laws from insult to protect	930	Ther grew an aged tree on the green	127
The soft green grass is growing	1813	Ther had not here as yet	1
The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings	67	Ther is a book, who runs may read	1796
The soul of man is larger than the sky	1570	Ther is a calm for those who weep	1385
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The spacious firmament on high	766	Ther is a garden in her face	490
The spearman heard the bugle sound	1395	Ther is a gloomy grandeur in the sun	1644
The stars are shining overhead	1271	Ther is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy	504
The stately homes of England	1436	Ther is a land, of every land the pride	1389
The summer and autumn had been so wet The sun from the east tips the mountains with gold	1225	Ther is a pleasure in the pathless woods	1347
The sun had set behind you hills	1037	Ther is a willow grows ascant the brook	199
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The sun is swiftly mounted high	1600	Ther is an old proverb which all the world knows	742
The sun is warm, the sky is clear	818	Ther is continual spring and harvest there	1332
The sun rises bright in France	1369	Ther she sits in her island home	1751
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There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away	1355	
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They sin who tell us love can die	1826	
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This was the ruler of the land	942	
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Thou lone companion of the specter'd night!	1567	
Thou maid of gentle light! thy star-wove vest	1155	
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BIOGRAPHIES OF THE AMERICAN POETS.

Adams, John Quincy.
 Allston, Washington.
 Barlow, Joel.
 Bryant, William Cullen.
 Clifton, William.
 Dwight, Timothy.
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo.
 English, Thomas Dunn.
 Freneau, Phillip.
 Halleck, Fitz-Greene.

Hoffman, Charles Fenno.
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell.
 Honeywood, St. John.
 Hopkinson, Joseph.
 Humphreys, David.
 Leland, Charles G.
 Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.
 Lowell, James Russell.
 Morris, George F.

Poe, Edgar Allan.
 Read, Thomas Buchanan.
 Schoolcraft, Henry Rowe.
 Stoddard, R. H.
 Taylor, Bayard.
 Trumbull, John.
 Tuckerman, Henry Theodore.
 Whittier, John Greenleaf.
 Willis, N. P.

NAMES OF AMERICAN POETS WITH NUMBERS OF POEMS.

NO. OF POEMS.	NO. OF POEMS.	NO. OF POEMS.
Adams, John Quincy..... 1850	Halleck, Fitz-Greene 1860-1862	Read, Thomas Buchanan..... 1919, 1920
Akars, Elizabeth..... 1898-1945	Hoffman, Charles Fenno... 1871	Saxe, J. G..... 1896, 1937
Allston, Washington..... 1858	Holmes, Oliver Wendell..... 1889-1897	Schoolcraft, Henry Rowe..... 1854
Barlow, Joel..... 1848	Honeywood, St. John..... 1849	Stoddard, R. H..... 1832-1835
Bryant, William Cullen..... 1855-1859	Hopkinson, Joseph..... 1851	Taylor, Bayard..... 1924-1931
Clark, Willis G..... 1898	Humphreys, David..... 1847	Trumbull, John..... 1846
Clifton, William..... 1893	Leland, Charles G..... 1921-1923	Tuckerman, Henry Theodore..... 1909, 1910
Dwight, Timothy..... 1846	Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth..... 1872-1883	Whittier, John Greenleaf..... 1885-1888
Emerson, Ralph Waldo..... 1864-1870	Lowell, James Russell 1911-1917	Willis, N. P..... 1884
English, Thomas Dunn..... 1918	Morris, George F..... 1863	
Freneau, Phillip..... 1844	Poe, Edgar Allan..... 1899-1908	

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NO. OF POEMS.	NO. OF POEMS.
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY.	A Dream..... 1942
The Wants of Man..... 1850	Kisses..... 1943
AKERS, ELIZABETH.	Rock me to Sleep!..... 1944
Broken Faith..... 1898	Lost..... 1945
Time..... 1939	
Endurance..... 1940	
Singing in the Bath..... 1941	
	ALLSTON, WASHINGTON.
	America to Great Britain..... 1853

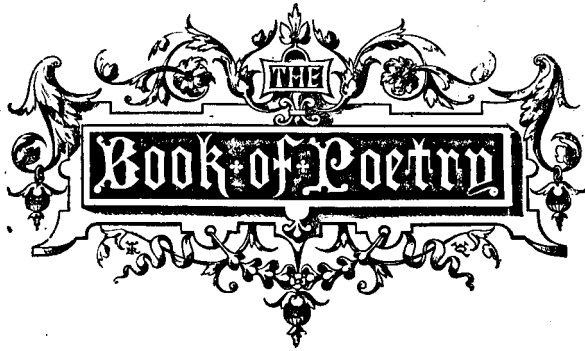
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Alnwick Castle.....	1861	The Conqueror Worm.....	1868
Marco Bozzaris.....	1862	READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN.	
HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO.		The Brickmaker.....	1919
The Origin of Mini Juleps.....	1871	My Hermitage.....	1920
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.		SAXE, J. G.	
On Landing a Punch-Bowl.....	1858	The Way of the World.....	1826
An Evening Thought.....	1860	Ye Tallyor-man.....	1867
La Griette.....	1861	SCHOOLCRAFT, HENRY ROWE.	
The Treadmill Song.....	1862	Geohale: An Indian Lament.....	1854
Latter-Day Warnings.....	1868	STODDARD, R. H.	
The Old Man's Dream.....	1894	Leonatos.....	1892
What we all Think.....	1895	The Shadow of the Hand.....	1823
The Last Blossom.....	1866	Invocation to Sleep.....	1824
Contentment.....	1867	At East.....	1825
HONEYWOOD, ST. JOHN.		TAYLOR, BAYARD.	
Crimes and Punishments.....	1849	Bedouin Song.....	1924
HOPKINSON, JOSEPH.		The Arab to the Palm.....	1925
Hall, Columbia!.....	1851	Kubleh.....	1926
HUMPHREYS, DAVID.		The Poet in the East.....	1927
Western Emigration.....	1847	Kilimanjaro.....	1928
LELAND, CHARLES G.		An Oriental Idyll.....	1929
Thalassa.....	1921	Hansen to his Mare.....	1930
A Dream of Love.....	1922	The Phantoms.....	1931
The Three Friends.....	1923	TRUMBULL, JOHN.	
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.		Character of McFingal.....	1845
Nuremberg.....	1872	TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE.	
The Arsenal at Springfield.....	1873	Mary.....	1909
The Skeleton in Armour.....	1874	Florence.....	1910
A Psalm of Life.....	1875	WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.	
		The Ballad of Cassandra Southwick.....	1885
		Pentucket.....	1886
		Randolph of Roanoke.....	1887
		Democracy.....	1888
		WILLIS, N. P.	
		April Violets.....	1884

TITLES OF THE AMERICAN POEMS.

NO. OF FORM.	NO. OF FORM.
Alnwick Castle	1861
America to Great Britain	1863
Annabel Lee	1869
Antiquity of Freedom, The	1857
April Violets	1884
Arab to the Palm	1925
Arsenal at Springfield, The	1873
At Rest	1935
Ballad of Cassandra Southwick, The	1885
Bedouin Song	1924
Beleagured City, The	1877
Bells, The	1904
Ben Bolt	1918
Brickmaker, The	1919
Broken Faith	1938
Burning of New England Villages	1848
Burns	1860
Character of McFingal	1845
Children's Hour, The	1881
Conqueror Worm, The	1908
Contentment	1897
Crimes and Punishments	1849
Democracy	1898
Dirge	1869
Dream, A	1942
Dream of Love, A	1923
Dreamland	1901
Dying Indian, The	1844
Endurance	1940
Endymion	1876
England and America	1846
Euthanasia	1893
Evening Thought, An	1890
Florence	1910
Fountain, The	1917
For Annis	1906
Forest Hymn	1859
Gehele: an Indian Lament	1854
"Good-bye, Proud World!"	1864
Hail, Columbia!	1851
Hassan to his Mare	1930
Heritage, The	1915
Incident in a Railway Car, An	1914
Invocation to Sleep	1934
Israfil	1903
It is not always May	1873
Kilimandjaro	1923
Kisses	1943
Kubliak	1925
La Grisette	1891
Last Blossom, The	1896
Letter-day Warnings	1893
Lenore	1908
Leonatus	1932
Lost	1945
Maidenhood	1880
Marco Bozzaris	1862
Mary	1909
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year	1879
Mountain and the Squirrel, The	1870
My Hermitage	1820
Nuremberg	1872
Oh Mother of a Mighty Hero	1858
Old Man's Dream, The	1894
On Lending a Punch-Bowl	1886
Oriental Idyll, An	1929
Origin of Mint Juleps, The	1871
Pentucket	1886
Phantom, The	1934
Post in the East, The	1927
Post, The	1868
Post, The	1912
Prairie, The	1855
Problem, The	1867
Psalms of Life, A	1875
Randolph of Beaneke	1887
Raven, The	1907
Rock me to Sleep	1944
Shadow of the Hand, The	1938
Skeleton in Armour, The	1874
Singing in the Rain	1941
Sirens, The	1913
Snow-Storm, The	1886
Song of Marion's Men	1859
Spring Landscape, A	1882
Thelma	1921
Three Friends, The	1923
Time	1939
To F. S. O.	1905
To the Dandelion	1911
To the Future	1948
To the Humble Bee	1865
To William Gifford, Esq.	1852
Treadmill Song, The	1892
Ulalume: a Ballad	1900
Wants of Man, The	1850
Way of the World, The	1886
Western Emigration	1847
What we all Think	1845
Woodman, Spare that Tree	1883
Wreck of the Hesperus, The	1853
Ye Tailor-man	1867

FIRST LINES OF AMERICAN POEMS.

	NO. OF POEM.		NO. OF POEM.
Again I sit within the mansion	1831	Oh, fairest born of love and light	1888
Ab, broken is the golden bowl	1902	Oh for one hour of youthful joy!	1894
Ab, Clarence, when I saw thee last	1891	Oh, mother Earth! upon thy lap	1887
All hail! thou noble land	1853	Oh mother of a mighty race	1858
Assum'd by all the trumpets of the sky	1866	O, Land of Promise! from what Pisgah's	
A silver javelin which the hills	1929	height	1916
At midnight, in his guarded tent	1862	Once upon a midnight dreary	1907
A youth would marry a maiden	1836	On yonder lake I spread the sail no more	1844
Back again, darling! O day of delight!	1942	Our band is few, but true and tried	1859
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your		Princes, when softer'd in thy sweet em-	
flight	1944	brace	1910
Between the dark and the daylight	1881	Right jollie is ye tailor-man	1827
Buds on the apple-boughs	1938	Soon fleets the sunbright form, by man	
By a route obscure and lonely	1901	adored	1846
Come, my beauty! come, my desert		"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!"	1874
darling!	1930	"Tell me not in mournful numbers	1875
Dear, common flower, that grow'st beside		Thank Heaven! the crisis	1896
the way	1911	That age was older once than now	1896
Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt!	1918	The blackbird is singing on Michigan's	
Draw the curtains round your bed	1834	shore	1854
Fine humble-bee! fine humble-bee!	1865	The black-eyed children of the Desert drove	1825
For this present, hand	1868	The fair boy Leonard	1922
From the desert, I come to thee	1924	The green trees whisper'd low and mild	1882
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home	1864	The groves were God's first temples	1858
Hail, Columbia! happy land	1851	The kiss of friendship, kind and calm	1843
Hail to thee, monarch of African mountains	1928	The mountain and the squirrel	1870
Hear the sledges with the bells	1904	The poet came to the land of the East	1827
Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled		The rich man's son inherits lands	1915
pines	1857	The rising moon has hid the stars	1876
He spoke of Burns; men rude and rough	1914	The sea is lonely, the sea is dreary	1913
Home of the Perry's high-born race	1861	These are the gardens of the desert, these	
How much the heart may bear, and yet		The skies they are ashen and sober	1835
not break!	1940	The stars are rolling in the sky	1840
How earnestly on the wood-girt town	1886	The sun is bright, the air is clear	1878
I dream'd I lay beside the dark blue Rhine	1922	The word has come—go forth	1945
If sometimes in the dark blue eye	1890	This ancient, silver bowl of mine, it tells	
I have found violets. April hath come on	1884	of good old times	1890
I have read in some old marvellous tale	1877	This is the arena! From foot to center	1878
I have three friends, three glorious friends,		Though young no more we still would	
three dearer could not be	1923	dream	1806
I like a church, I like a cow!	1897	Thou would'st be loved—then let thy	
In heaven and earth a spirit doth dwell	1903	heart	1905
In the old days of awe and keen-eyed		Through solid curls of smoke, the burning	
wonder	1912	flame	1848
In the valley of Pognita, where across broad		Tis said that the Gods, on Olympus of old	1871
meadow lands	1873	To the God of all sure mercies let my	
In these cold shades, beneath these shift-		bleaming rise to-day	1885
ing skies	1852	What though the name is old and oft re-	
Into the sunshine	1917	peated	1940
I sat one night on a palace step	1921	When legislators keep the law	1892
It was many and many a year ago	1869	When Yankees, skill'd in martial rule	1845
It was the schooner <i>Hesperus</i>	1883	Where the elm-tree branches by the rain	
Knows he who tills the lonely field	1899	are stirr'd	1841
Let the blinded horse go round	1919	Wild rose of Alloway, my thorns	1890
Little I ask; my wants are few	1867	With all that's ours, together let us rise	1847
Lo! 'Tis a gala night	1906	With folded hands the lady lies	1935
Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes	1890	Within a wood one summer's day	1920
Man wants but little here below	1830	Woodman, spare that tree!	1923
Metinks, when on the languid eye	1866	Yes, the year is growing old	1879
Next to thee, O fair gazelle	1925	You see the tree that sweeps my window	
Of crimes, empoison'd source of human		pane!	1920
woes	1849	You were very charming, madam	1823



THE FIRST PERIOD,

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE YEAR 1400.

“DELOVED indeed” says dear old genial Dibdin, “is the poetry of our own country.”

It expresses all the great changes England has undergone. It tells of its manners and customs, of its thoughts and feelings, of its hopes and fears, of its inner and outward life. One cannot read it without gaining an insight into the every-day experience of our forefathers. Whatever is keenly felt is sure to manifest itself in language of touching verse. And thus it has been in times gone by; the real life of the people, of the prince and the peasant, has found an utterance in the poetry of our gifted bards. Indeed, more of true history may be learnt from even the slight and almost despised Ballad, sung about the streets, than from the more dignified and solemn narrative of the historian. He takes generally what is called a deep and philosophical view of events and men and manners, but one little song sung by a few strolling minstrels before the houses of the rich or poor tells us more of what England was, and what were England's feelings, than all this pomp and parade of philosophic learning. Just indeed as one may know a man for years, and never, notwithstanding admiration for his intellect and accomplishments, get one glimpse of his heart, and yet in some unforeseen moment of sudden joy or sorrow learn for the first time the deep tenderness of his heart; so with the poetry of any land; it opens up the unselfish soul of a nation; it shows that there is the freshness of spring, when all seems sear and withered with frost and snow and sleet and winter; it reveals the love of the holy and the best, and brings down to earth, as it were, heaven in its purity and sweetness, and divine, untainted loveliness and glory.

And also, poetry reveals the darker doings of mankind, opens up the terrible passions of mankind, shows human nature as it too often is, thoroughly regardless of the pure and the beautiful and the good. Yet, this is but exceptional, its spirit is rather to breathe the sweet and loving accents, to gather together earth's beauties, to depict scenes of fairest loveliness, to tell of holiest sacrifices, to bring down as it were the very glories of a world beyond to a world which knows sorrow and pain and sickness and death.

This our earliest period is characterized by many features which make it essentially different to all the rest. Its poetry is the rude utterance of a rude but brave people. A few missionaries of Christ were almost the only ones who helped to a purer faith and feeling. Then came wars, and invasions, and mixture of races; still the old primitive British Church, planted likely by the Apostle St. Paul, maintained her hold upon the affections of the people and influenced even her conquerors. But Rome came and conquered, Augustine came;—then attacks from Danes, then William the Norman; thus the language became inundated with words from other nations, our own early speech was considered vulgar, the conquerors' speech prevailed. Yet notwithstanding all this confusion, the early speech of our old forefathers maintained a hold which to this day has not been lost. The poetry therefore of this period will be found to be of a varied nature, exhibiting great force and vigour, and sometimes verses of touching sweetness and beauty.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

CÆDMON.

Cædmon is considered the earliest of our English poets. He was a man sprung from the people, and at one time in his life was a mere cowherd. He was, however, addressed one night by a stranger, as he thought, in his sleep, and asked to sing a song. He replied that he could not, when the stranger urged that he could, and that he could sing the

“Creation.” Cædmon then, wondering at himself, began to sing most beautiful verses. He soon afterwards awoke, and went immediately to the Reeve of Whitby, who, wise and good man that he was, took him to the abbey and told the wondrous story to the Abbess Hilda. He recounted the last night's adventure and repeated the verses, which at once obtained the admiration of the persons present. They then explained to him other

parts of Holy Scripture, whereupon he went home and produced a beautiful poem. At the request of the abess he became a monk, and continued to write poems founded on Sacred History.

Our readers will notice the striking resemblance between Cadmon's account of "The Fall of Man," &c., and portions of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Conybeare, in his "Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," says—"The pride, rebellion, and punishment of Satan and his princes have a resemblance to Milton so remarkable, that most of this portion might be almost literally translated by a cento of lines from the great poet." The time of Cadmon's death is uncertain, probably about 680.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred the Great was the youngest son of Ethelwolf, king of the West Saxons, and Osburga, daughter of Oslo the Goth, who inherited the blood of the sub-kings of the Isle of Wight. At the age of five he was sent to Rome, where Leo IV. appointed him with the royal anointment. When only twenty-two years of age he found himself the monarch of a distracted kingdom. After several unfortunate battles with the Danes, he disbanded his followers and wandered about the woods, and finally found shelter in the cottage of a herdsman named Denulf, at Athelney, in Somersetshire. Here occurred the interesting event which has pleased so many boys and girls—the burning of the cakes. Receiving information that Odon, Earl of Devon, had obtained a victory over the Danes in Devonshire, and had taken their magical standard, he disguised himself as a harper and obtained admission to the Danish camp, where his skill was so much admired that he was retained a considerable time, and was admitted to play before King Gorm, or Guthrum, and his chiefs. Having, by these means, gained a knowledge of his enemy, he collected his vassals and nobles, surprised the Danes at Ekington, and completely defeated them, in May, 878. The king behaved with great magnanimity to his foes, giving up the kingdom of East Anglia to those of the Danes who embraced the Christian religion. He now put his kingdom into a state of defence, and greatly increased his navy, and by his energy, activity, bravery, and wisdom the country became exceedingly prosperous. He is said to have fought fifty-six battles by sea and land, although his valour as a warrior has excited less admiration than his wisdom as a legislator. He composed a body of statutes, instituted trial by jury, divided the kingdom into shires and tithings. He was so exact in his government that robbery was unheard of, and gold chains might be left in the highways untouched. He also formed a parliament, which met in London twice a year.

There was so little learning in his time, that from the Thames to the Humber hardly a man could be found who understood Latin. To remedy this state of things, he invited learned men from all parts, and endowed schools throughout the kingdom; and if indeed he was not the founder of the University of Oxford, he raised it to a reputation which it had never before enjoyed. Among other acts of munificence to that seat of learning he founded University College. He himself was a learned prince, composed several works, translated the historical works of Orosius and Bede, some religious and moral treatises, perhaps Æsop's Fables and the Psalms of David; also the Metros of Boethius. He divided the twenty-four hours into three equal parts; one he devoted to the service of God, another to public affairs, and the third to rest and refreshment. In private life he was benevolent, pious, cheerful and affable; the story of his giving the poor beggars half his loaf when furnished himself in one of the many things which have won for him the love and admiration of all true Englishmen. He was born at Wantage in Berkshire, 849; died 900.—See *Becton's Universal Biography*, p. 50.

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

Robert of Gloucester lived during the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I.; and composed, in verse, "The Chronicle of English Affairs," from the earliest to his own times. He was a monk of Gloucester Abbey; hence he is called Robert of Gloucester. Warton describes the work as alike destitute of art and imagination, and in many parts even less poetical than the prose history by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from which most of the events were taken. Another critic, however, speaks of his poem as in general appropriate and dramatic, proving not only his good sense, but also his cloquence. There are several copies of his work, which was edited by Hearne and published in 1724.—See *Chambers*, vol. 1. p. 6.

ROBERT DE BRUNNE.

Robert de Brunne, or Robert Mannyng, a native of Brunne, in Lincolnshire, was a canon of the Gilbertine order, and resident in the priory of Sempringham ten years in the time of Prior John of Causelton, and five years with John of Clyntone. In 1303 he began his translation, or rather paraphrase, of "Mansel Peché," or "Mansel des Pechés," that is, "The Mansel of Sinne." It is a long production, treating of the Decalogue and the Seven Deadly Sinne, which are illustrated by many legendary stories. It was never printed, but is preserved in the Bodleian Library MSS., No. 415, and in the Harleian MSS., No. 1701. In this work he remonstrate upon the introduction of foreign terms into the

language: "I sake," says he, "no straunge Ynglyns."

But a more important work of his is "A Metrical Chronicle of England." The former part is a translation from an old French poet, called Maister Wace, or Gause, who copied Geoffrey of Monmouth in a poem called "Roman des Rois d'Angleterre." The second part of "De Brunne's Chronicle," beginning from Cadwallader, and ending with Edward I., is translated principally from a chronicle by Peter Langtoft, an Augustine canon of Bridlington, in Yorkshire, who is supposed to have died in the reign of Edward II., and was therefore a contemporary of De Brunne. Kearne edited De Brunne, but suppressed much of the translation. Both Ellis and Warton refer to this poet.—*Chambers*, vol. I. p. 269.

RICHARD ROLLE.

Richard Rolle, a hermit of the order of St. Augustine and doctor of divinity, who lived a solitary life near the nunnery of Hampole, four miles from Doncaster. He wrote metrical paraphrases of certain parts of Scripture, and an original poem of a moral and religious nature, entitled, "The Fruits of Consience;" but of the latter work it is not certainly known that he composed it in English, there being some reason for believing that, in its present form, it is a translation from a Latin original written by him.—*Chambers*, vol. i. p. 11.

ROBERT LANGLANDE.

Robert Langlande was one of the first disciples of Wickliffe, and composed a curious poem, entitled "The Vision of Piers Plowman," intended as a satire on almost every description of men, but especially the clergy. It is written in blank verse, with wit and humour, in an alliterative measure.—(See *Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Biography*, p. 627.) Chambers says of this work: "The Vision of Piers Plowman," a satirical poem, ascribed to Robert Langlande, a secular priest, also shows very expressively the progress which was made, about the middle of the fourteenth century, towards a literary style. This poem, in many points of view, is one of the most important works that appeared in England previous to the invention of printing. It is the popular representative of the doctrines which were silently bringing about the Reformation, and it is a peculiarly national poem, not only as being a much purer specimen of the English language than Chaucer, but as exhibiting the revival of the same system of alliteration which characterized the Anglo-Saxon poetry. It is, in fact, both in its peculiarity and in its political character, characteristic of a great literary and political revolution, in which the language as well as the independence

of the Anglo-Saxons had at last gained the ascendancy over those of the Normans. Pierce is represented as falling asleep on the Malvern Hills, and as seeing, in his sleep, a series of visions; in describing these, he exposes the corruptions of society, but particularly the dissolute lives of the religious orders, with much bitterness."—*Chambers*, vol. i. p. 11.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1328—1400, the father of English poetry, was a native of London. His parentage and early life are involved in great obscurity, and the honour of his education is claimed by both Universities. He was a great favourite at the court of Edward III., and a devoted adherent to the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whose sister-in-law, Philippa de Rouet, accepted the offer of his hand. By this connection the poet became linked with the good or ill fortunes which attaches to greatness. But this generally received narrative has been doubted by some critics. In 1356 we find Chaucer bearing arms in the expedition of Edward III. against France. For some time he was held as a prisoner of war by the enemy. In 1367 he was allowed an annual pension of twenty marks, between two or three hundred pounds of our present money; and in 1373 was employed in an embassy to Genoa on affairs of the State. A year later than this he was appointed Comptroller of the Customs of Wool, &c. It was during this visit to Italy—he had before travelled on the Continent—that he enjoyed some delightful converse with Petrarch, to which he alludes in the Prologue to the Clerk's Tale:—

"I wol you tell a tale, which that I
Learned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
As proved by his wordes and his werk;
Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete,
Fichte this clerk whos rhetoric swete
Enlumined all itaille of poetrie,
As Lyrnyan did of philosophie," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt is inclined to doubt this meeting of the poets, but De Sala promised to prove its occurrence. He died before he fulfilled the pledge. Four years before this acquaintance, Chaucer had added to the evidence of his own poetical talents by the *Lament for the Death of Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster*, entitled "The Book of the Duchesse." In the early part of the reign of Richard II. our poet became involved in the political religious troubles of the day, espousing the cause of John Comberton (John de Northampton), a warm champion of the doctrines of Wickliffe. Comberton was imprisoned, while Chaucer escaped the same fate by a precipitate flight to the Continent. Of course he lost his place in the Customs. He was so imprudent as to return to London

within a short period; was committed to the Tower, and only released by disclosing the names and projects of his late associates. For this breach of confidence he subsequently experienced great remorse, and composed his "Testament of Love," in which he complains of the change in his fortunes and of the disgrace in which his conduct had involved him.

Campbell, in his "Specimens of the British Poets," says, "It is not known what he revealed; certainly nothing to the prejudice of John of Gaunt, since that prince continued to be his friend. To his acknowledged partisans, who had betrayed and tried to starve him during his banishment, he owed no fidelity. It is true that extorted evidence is one of the last reasons which a noble mind would wish to pay for liberty; but before we blame Chaucer for making any confession, we should consider how fair and easy the lessons of unpropitious fortune may appear on the outside of a prison, and yet how hard it may be to read them by the light of a dungeon. As far as dates can be guessed at in so obscure a transaction, his liberation took place after Richard had shaken off the domineering party of Gloucester, and had begun to act for himself. Chaucer's political errors—and he considered his share in the late conspiracy as an error of judgment, though not of intention—had been committed while Richard was a minor, and acknowledgment of them might seem less humiliating when made to the monarch himself, than to an usurping faction ruling in his name. He was charged too, by his loyalty, to make certain disclosures important to the peace of the kingdom; and his duty as a subject, independent of personal considerations, might well be put in competition with ties to associates already broken by their treachery."—*Campbell*, p. 2.

In 1389 his great patron returned from abroad, and Chaucer's fortunes improved. He was appointed Clerk of the Works at Westminster, and soon after to those at Windsor. He retained these offices scarcely two years, when he retired, at the age of sixty-four, to Woodstock, at which quiet town he composed his immortal "Canterbury Tales." In 1394 he received a pension of £20 per annum, and during the last year of Richard's reign he was granted yearly a tun of wine. These were continued under the new reign, with an additional pension of forty marks. He did not long live to enjoy this accession of fortune, for on the 25th of October, 1400, he died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"Chaucer's forte," writes a poet and critic, "is descriptive; such of his moral reflections is superfluous; none of his painting characteristic. His men and women are not mere ladies and gentlemen, like those who furnish apologies for Boccaccio's stories. They rise before us minutely traced, profusely varied, and strongly discriminated. Their features

and casual manners seem to have an amusing congruity with their moral characters. He notices minute circumstances as if by chance; but every touch has its effect on our conception so distinctly, that we seem to live and travel with his personages throughout the journey."

JOHN GOWER.

John Gower, 1225 (?)—1402, was contemporary and friend of Chaucer. He was a student of law in the Inner Temple, a man of substance, much esteemed, and lost his sight about three years previous to his death. Beyond these particulars nothing further is known. His monument is still to be seen in St. Saviour's Church. As to his poems, it may truly be said, "that even in the lighter strains of his muse he sought to be the instructor of the dark age in which his lot was cast." Peacock, in his "Compleat Gentleman," says, "His verses are full of good and brave morality." "Indeed," as Warton remarks, "if Chaucer had not existed, the compositions of Gower would have been sufficient to rescue the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. from the imputation of barbarism."

JOHN BARBOUR.

John Barbour, Barber, Barbere, or Barbar, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, died 1396, is one of the earliest Scottish poets and historians. The date and place of his birth are unknown. He wrote a metrical chronicle, entitled "The Bruce," which recounts the heroic deeds of Robert I. in support of his country's independence. Some writers affirm that the work was undertaken at the request of Robert's son and successor. He wrote another work, in which he gives a genealogical history of the kings of Scotland, and traces their origin to the Trojan colony of Brutus. In 1257 we find that he received from Edward III., of England, a safe-conduct in these words: "John Barber, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with three scholars in his company. Coming in order to study in the University of Oxford, and perform his scholastic exercises." A learned writer says, "Our Archdeacon was not only famous for his extensive knowledge in the philosophy and divinity of those times, but still more admired for his admirable genius for English poetry; in which he composed a history of the life and glorious actions of Robert Bruce—a work not only remarkable for its copious circumstantial details of the exploits of that illustrious prince and his brave companions in arms, Randolph, Earl of Moray, and the Lord James Douglas, but also for the beauty of its style, which is not inferior to that of his contemporary Chaucer."

THE BOOK OF POETRY.

FIRST PERIOD.

From the Earliest Times to 1400.

I.—THE FIRST DAY.

THERE had not here as yet,
 Save cavern-shade,
 Aught been ;
 But this wide abyss
 Stood deep and dim,
 Strange to its Lord,
 Idle and useless ;
 On which looked with his eyes
 The King firm of mind,
 And beheld those places
 Void of joys ;
 Saw the dark cloud
 Lower in eternal night,
 Swart under heaven,
 Dark and waste,
 Until this worldly creation
 Through the world existed
 Of the Glory-King.
 Here first shap'd
 The Lord eternal,
 Chief of all Creatures
 Heaven and earth ;
 The firmament appeared,
 And this spacious land
 Established,
 By His strong Powers,
 The Lord Almighty.
 The earth as yet was
 Not green with grass ;
 Ocean covered,
 Swart in eternal night,
 Far and wide,

The dusky ways.
 Then was the glory-bright
 Spirit of heaven's Guardian
 Borne over the deep
 With utmost speed :
 The Creator of angels bade,
 The Lord of life,
 Light to come forth
 Over the spacious deep.
 Quickly was fulfilled
 The high King's behest ;
 For him was holy light
 Over the waste,
 As the Maker bade.
 Then sund'ered
 The Lord of triumphs
 Over the ocean-flood
 Light from darkness,
 Shade from brightness,
 Then gave names to both
 The Lord of life.
 Light was first
 Through the Lord's word
 Named day ;
 Beauteous, bright creation !
 Well pleased
 The Lord at the beginning
 The procreative time.
 The first day saw
 The dark shade
 Swart prevailing
 Over the wide abyss.

Cadmon, by Benjamin Thorpe.—About 660.

2.—THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS.

The All-powerful had
 Angel-tribes,
 Through might of hand,
 The holy Lord,
 Ten established,
 In whom He trusted well
 That they His service
 Would follow,
 Work His will ;
 Therefore gave he them wit,
 And shaped them with his hands,
 The holy Lord.
 He had placed them so happily,
 One He had made so powerful,
 So mighty in his mind's thought,
 He let him sway over so much,
 Highest after himself in heaven's kingdom.
 He had made him so fair,
 So beauteous was his form in heaven,
 That came to him from the Lord of Hosts,
 He was like to the light stars,
 It was his to work the praise of the Lord,
 It was his to hold dear his joys in heaven,
 And to thank his Lord
 For the reward that He had bestowed on him
 in that light ;
 Then had He let him long possess it ;
 But he turned it for himself to a worse thing,
 Began to raise war upon Him,
 Against the highest ruler of heaven,
 Who sitteth in His holy seat.
 Dear was he to our Lord,
 But it might not be hidden from Him
 That His angel began
 To be presumptuous,
 Raised himself against his Master,
 Sought speech of hate,
 Words of pride towards him,
 Would not serve God,
 Said that his body was
 Light and beauteous,
 Fair and bright of hue :
 He might not find in his mind
 That he would God
 In subjection,
 His Lord, serve :
 Seemed to himself
 That he a power and force
 Had greater
 Than the holy God
 Could have
 Of adherents.

Many words spake
 The angel of Presumption ;
 Thought, through his own power,
 How he for himself a stronger
 Seat might make,
 Higher in heaven :
 Said that his mind impelled,
 That he west and north
 Would begin to work,
 Would prepare structures :
 Said it to him seemed doubtful
 That he to God would

Be a vassal.
 " Why shall I toil ? " said he ;
 " To me it is no whit needful
 To have a superior ;
 I can with my hands as many
 Wonders work ;
 I have great power
 To form
 A diviner throne,
 A higher in heaven.
 Why shall I for his favor serve,
 Bend to him in such vassalage ?
 I may be a god as he.
 Stand by me strong associates,
 Who will not fail me in the strife.
 Heroes stern of mood,
 They have chosen me for chief,
 Renowned warriors !
 With such may one devise counsel,
 With such capture his adherents ;
 They are my zealous friends,
 Faithful in their thoughts ;
 I may be their chieftain,
 Sway in this realm :
 Thus to me it seemeth not right
 That I in aught
 Need cringe
 To God for any good ;
 I will no longer be his vassal."

When the All-powerful it
 All had heard,
 That his angel devised
 Great presumption
 To raise up against his Master,
 And spake proud words
 Foolishly against his Lord,
 Then must he expiate the deed,
 Share the work of war,
 And for his punishment must have
 Of all deadly ills the greatest.
 So doth every man
 Who against his Lord
 Deviseeth to war,
 With crime against the great Ruler.
 Then was the Mighty angry,
 The highest Ruler of heaven
 Hurled him from the lofty seat ;
 Hate had he gained at his Lord,
 His favor he had lost,
 Increased with him was the Good in his mind,
 Therefore must he seek the gulf
 Of hard hell-torment,
 For that he had warred with heaven's Ruler.
 He rejected him then from his favor,
 And cast him into hell,
 Into the deep parts,
 Where he became a devil :
 The fiend with all his comrades
 Fell then from heaven above,
 Through as long as three nights and days,
 The angels from heaven into hell ;
 And them all the Lord transformed to devils,
 Because they his deed and word
 Would not reverse ;
 Therefore them in a worse light,
 Under the earth beneath,

earliest Times to 1400.]

SATAN'S SPEECH.

[Cædmon.]

Almighty God
 Had plac'd triumphless
 In the swart hell ;
 There they have at even,
 Immeasurably long,
 Each of all the fiends,
 A renewal of fire ;
 Then cometh ere dawn
 The eastern wind,
 Frost bitter cold,
 Ever fire or dart ;
 Some hard torment
 They must have,
 It was wrought for them in punishment,
 Their world (life) was changed :
 For their sinful course
 He fill'd hell with the apostates.
 The angels continued to hold
 The heights of heaven's kingdom,
 Those who ere God's pleasure executed ;
 The others lay fiends in the fire,
 Who ere had had so much
 Strife with their Ruler :
 Torment they suffer,
 Burning heat intense,
 In midst of hell
 Fire and broad flames ;
 So also the bitter reeks,
 Smoke and darkness,
 For that they the service
 Of God neglected,
 Them their folly deceived ;
 The angel's pride
 They would not the All-powerful's
 Word reverse,
 They had great torment :
 Then were they fallen
 To the fiery abyss,
 Into the hot hell,
 Through frenzy
 And through pride ;
 They sought another land,
 That was void of light
 And was full of flame,
 A great receptacle of fire.

Cædmon, by Benjamin Thorpe.—About 660.

3.—SATAN'S SPEECH.

Satan harangued,
 Sorrowing spake,
 He who hell henceforth
 Should rule,
 Govern the abyss.
 He was erst God's angel,
 Fair in heaven,
 Until him his mind urged,
 And his pride
 Most of all.
 That he would not
 The Lord of host's
 Word reverse.
 Boiled within him
 His thought about his heart,
 Hot was without him

His dire punishment.
 Then spake he the words —
 " This narrow place is most unlike
 That other that we ere know,
 High in heaven's kingdom,
 Which my Master bestowed on me,
 Though we it, for the All-powerful,
 May not possess,
 Must cede our realm.
 Yet hath he not done rightly,
 That he hath struk us down
 To the fiery abyss
 Of the hot hell,
 Bereft us of heaven's kingdom,
 Hath it decreed
 With mankind
 To people.
 That of sorrows is to me the greatest,
 That Adam shall,
 Who of earth was wrought,
 My strong
 Seat possess ;
 Be to him in delight
 And we endure this torment, —
 Misery in this hell.
 Oh I had I power of my hands,
 And might one season
 Be without,
 Be one winter's space,
 Then with this hot I —
 But around me lie
 Iron bonds ;
 Presseth this cord of chain, —
 I am powerless !
 Me have so hard
 The clasps of hell,
 So firmly grasped !
 Here is a vast fire
 Above and underneath.
 Never did I see
 A loathier landscape ;
 The flame abateth not ;
 Hot over hall.
 Me hath the clasping of these rings,
 This hard-polished band,
 Impeded in my course,
 Debarred me from my way ;
 My feet are bound,
 My hands manacled ;
 Of these hall-doors are
 The ways obstructed,
 So that with aught I cannot
 From these limb-bonds escape ;
 About me lie
 Of hard iron
 Forged with heat,
 Huge gratings,
 With which me God
 Hath fastened by the neck.
 Thus perceptive I think he knoweth my mind,
 And that know also
 The Lord of hosts,
 That should us, through Adam,
 Evil befall
 About the realm of heaven,
 Where I had power of my hands.

But we now suffer chastisement in hell,
Which is darkness and heat,—
Grim, bottomless;
God hath us himself
Swept into these swart mists,
Thus he cannot us accuse of any sin
That we against him in the land framed evil;
Yet hath he deprived us of the light,
Cast us into the greatest of all torments;
We may not for this execute vengeance,
Reward him with aught of hostility,
Because he hath bereft us of the light.
He hath now devised a world
Where he hath wrought man
After his own likeness,
With whom he will re-people
The kingdom of heaven with pure souls;
Therefore must we strive zealously
That we on Adam, if we ever may,
And likewise on his offspring, our wrongs
repair,
Corrupt him there in his will,
If we may it in any way devise.
Now I have no confidence farther in this bright
state,

That which he seems long destined to enjoy,
That bliss with his angel's power.
We cannot that ever obtain,
That we the mighty God's mind weaken;
Let us avert it now from the children of men,
That heavenly kingdom, now we may not
have it;
Let us so do that they forfeit his favour,
That they pervert that which he with his word
commanded.
Then with them will he be wroth in mind,
Will cast them from his favor;
Then shall they seek this hell,
And these grim depths;
Then may we them have to ourselves as vassals
The children of men in this fast durance.

But we now about the warfare to con-
sult —

If to any follower I
Princely treasures
Gave of old,
While we in that good realm
Happy sat,
And in our seats had sway,
Then me he never, at time more precious,
Could with recompense
My gift repay;
If in return for it he would
(Any of my followers)
Be my supporter,
So that up from hence he
Forth might
Pass through these barriers;
And had power with him,
That he with wings
Might fly,—
Revolve in cloud,—
To where stand wrought
Adam and Eve,
On earth's kingdom.
With weal encircled;—

And we are hither cast
Into this deep den.
Now with the Lord are they
Far higher in esteem,
And may for themselves that weal possess
That we in heaven's kingdom
Should have,—
Our realm by right;
This counsel is decreed
For mankind.
That to me is in my mind so painful,
Boeth in my thought,
That they heaven's kingdom
For ever shall possess.
If any of you may
With aught so turn it,
That they God's word
Through guile forsake,
Soon shall they be the more hateful to him;
If they break his commandment,
Then will he be incensed against them;
Afterwards will the weal be turned from them,
And for them punishment will be prepared,—
Some hard lot of evil."

Cædmon, by Benjamin Thorpe.—About 660.

4.—THE TEMPTATION OF EVE.

Began then himself equip
The apostate from God,
Prompt in arms.
He had a crafty soul;
On his head the chief his helmet set,
And it full strongly bound,
Braaced it with clasps,
He many speeches knew
Of guileful words:
Wheeled up from thence,
Departed through the doors of hell
(He had a strong mind)
Lion-like in air,
In hostile mood,
Dashed the fire aside
With a fiend's power;
Would secretly
The subjects of the Lord,
With wicked deeds,
Men deceive,
Mislead and pervert,
That they might become hateful to God.
He journeyed then,
Through his fiend's might,
Until he Adam
On earth's kingdom,
The creature of God's hand,
Found ready,
Wisely wrought,
And his wife also,
Fairest woman;
Just as they knew many things
Of good to frame,
Which to them, his disciples,
The Creator of mankind
Had himself pointed out;
And by them two

earliest Times to 1400.]

THE TEMPTATION OF EVE.

[ÆDMON]

Trees stood,
That were without
Laden with fruit,—
With produce covered ;
As them the powerful God,
High King of Heaven,
With his hands had set,
That there the child of man
Might choose
Of good and evil,—
Every man
Of weal and woe.
The fruit was not alike ;
The one so pleasant was,
Fair and beautiful,
Soft and delicate,—
That was Life's tree ;
He might for ever
After live,
Be in the world,
Who of this fruit tasted,
So that him after that
Age might not impair,
Nor grievous sickness ;
But he might ever be
Forthwith in joys,
And his life hold ;
The favor of heaven's King
Here in the world have,
To him should be decreed
Honours in the high heaven
When he goeth hence.
Then was the other
Utterly black,
Dim and dark,—
That was Death's tree,
Which much of bitter bare,
Both must know
Every mortal,
Evil and good ;
Waned in this world,
He in pain must ever,
With sweat and with sorrows,
After live
Whose'er should taste
Of what on this tree grew ;
Age should from him take
Of bold deeds
The joys, and of dominion,
And death be him allotted.
A little while he should
His life enjoy,
Then seek of lands
With fire the swartest ;
To fiends should minister
Where of all perils is the greatest
To people for a long season.
That thy foe well knew ;
The devil's dark messenger,
Who warred with God,
Cast him then into a worm's body,
And then twined about
The tree of death,
Through devil's craft,
There took of the fruit,
And again turned him thence

To where he knew the handiwork
Of heaven's King to be :
Began then ask him,
With his first word
The enemy with lies,
" Ceavest thou aught,
Adam, up with God ?
I on his errand hither have
Journyed from far ;
Nor was it now long since
That with himself I sat, [journey,
When he me bade to travel on this
Bade that of this fruit thou eat,
Said that thy power and strength
And thine understanding
Would become greater,
And thy body
Brighter far,—
Thy form more beauteous ;
Said that to thee of my treasure need
Would not be in the world.
Now thou hast willingly
Wrought the favor
Of heaven's King,
Gratefully served
Thy Master,
Hast made thee dear with thy Lord
I heard him thy deeds and words
Praise in his brightness,
And speak about thy life.
So must thou execute
What hither, into this land,
His angels bring.
In the world are broad
Green places,
And God ruleth
In the highest
Realm of heaven.
The All-powerful above
Will not the trouble
Have himself
That on this journey he should come,
The Lord of men ;
But he his vassal sendeth
To thy speech,
Now biddeth he thee, by messages,
Science to learn ;
Perform thou zealously
His message.
Take thee this fruit in hand,
Bite it and taste ;
In thy breast thou shalt be expanded
Thy form the fairer ;
To thee hath sent the powerful God,
Thy Lord, this help
From heaven's kingdom."
Adam spake,
Where on earth he stood,
A self-created man,
" When I the Lord of triumph,
The mighty God,
Heard speak
With strong voice ;
And He me here standing bade
Hold His commandments ;
And me gave this bride,

This wife of beauteous mien;
 And me bade beware
 That in the tree of death
 I were not deceived,
 Too much seduced;
 He said that the swart hell
 Should inhabit
 He who in his heart aught
 Should admit of sin. [with lies,
 I know not (for thou may'st come
 Through dark design)
 That thou art the Lord's
 Messenger from heaven;
 Nay, I cannot of thy orders,
 Of thy words, nor courses,
 Aught understand,—
 Of thy journey, nor of thy sayings.
 I know what He himself commanded me,
 Our Preserver,
 When Him last I saw;
 He bade me His words revere
 And well observe,
 Execute His instructions.
 Thou art not like
 To any of His angels
 That I before have seen,
 Nor showest thou me
 Any token
 Which He to me in pledge
 Hath sent.
 My Lord, through favor;
 Therefore I thee cannot obey,—
 But thou mayest take thee hence.
 I have firm trust
 On the Almighty God above,
 Who wrought me with his arms
 Here with his hands;
 He can me, from His high realm,
 Gift with each good,
 Though he send not his vessel."
 He turned him, wroth of mood,
 To where he saw the woman
 On earth's realm,
 Eve standing,
 Beautifully formed;
 Said that the greatest ill
 To all their offspring
 From thenceforth
 In the world would be.
 "I know that the supreme God with you
 Will be incensed,
 As I to him this message
 Myself relate,
 When I from this journey come
 Over a long way;
 That ye will not well execute
 Whatsoever errand he
 From the east hither
 At this time sendeth.
 Now must he come himself
 For your answer,
 His errand may not
 His messenger command;
 Therefore know I that he with you will
 be angry:
 The Mighty, in his mind.

If thou nathless wilt,
 A willing woman,
 My words obey,
 Then from this mayst thou amply
 Counsel derive,
 Consider in thy breast,
 That from you both thou mayst
 Ward off punishment,
 As I shall show thee.
 Eat of this fruit,
 Then will thine eyes become so clear
 That thou mayst so widely
 Over all the world
 See afterwards,
 And the throne of himself,
 Thy Lord, and have
 His grace henceforward.
 Thou mightest Adam
 Afterwards rule,
 If thou his affection have,
 And he trust in thy words.
 If thou soothly say to him
 What monitions thou thyself
 Hast in thy breast,
 Wherefore thou God's mandate
 By persuasion hast performed;
 He the hateful strife,
 The evil answer,
 Will abandon
 In his breast's recess;
 So we both to him
 One purpose speak:
 Urge thou him zealously.
 That he may follow thy instruction,
 Lest ye hateful to God,
 Your Lord,
 Should become.
 If thou perfect this attempt,—
 Best of women,—
 I will conceal from your Lord
 That to me so much calumny
 Adam speaks,
 Evil words,
 Accuseth me of untruths.
 Sayeth that I am anxious for mischief,
 A servant of the malignant,
 Not God's angel.
 But I so readily know all
 The angels' origins,
 The roofs of the high heavens,—
 So long was the while
 That I diligently
 Served God,
 Through faithful mind,
 My Master,
 The Lord himself,—
 I am not like a devil."
 He led her thence with lies,
 And with wiles instigated
 The woman to that evil,
 Until began within her
 The serpent's counsel boil
 (To her a weaker mind had
 The Creator assigned),
 So that she her mood
 Began relax, after these allurances;

Therefore she of the enemy received,
 Against the Lord's word,
 Of death's tree
 The noxious fruit.
 Then to her spouse she spake :—
 " Adam, my lord,
 This fruit is so sweet,
 Mild in the breast ;
 And this bright messenger,
 God's angel good.
 I by his habit see
 That he is the envoy
 Of our Lord,
 Heaven's King ;
 His favour it is for us
 Better to gain
 Than his aversion.
 If thou to him this day
 Spake aught of harm,
 Yet will he it forgive,
 If we to him obedience
 Will show.
 What shall profit thee such hateful strife
 With thy Lord's messenger ?
 To us is his favor needful ;
 He may bear our errands
 To the All-powerful,
 Heavenly King.
 I can see from thence
 Where He himself sitteth,
 That is south-east,
 With bliss encircled,
 Him who formed this world ;
 I see his angels
 Encompass him
 With feathery wings,
 Of all folks greatest,
 Of bands most joyous.
 Who could to me
 Such perception give
 If now it
 God did not send,
 Heaven's Ruler ?
 I can hear from far,
 And so widely see,
 Through the whole world,
 Over the broad Creation ;
 I can the joy of the firmament
 Hear in heaven ;
 It became light to me in mind,
 From without and from within,
 After the fruit I tasted.
 I now have of it,
 Here in my hand,
 My good lord,—
 I will fain give it thee ;
 I believe that it
 Came from God,
 Brought by his command,
 From what this messenger told me
 With cautious words ;
 It is not like to aught
 Else on earth.
 But,—so this messenger sayeth,—
 That it directly came from God."
 She spake to him oft,

And all day urged him
 To that dark deed,
 That they their Lord's
 Will break.
 The fell envy stood by,
 Excited his desires,
 And with wiles urged him,
 Dangerously followed him.
 The foe was full near
 Who on that dire journey
 Had fared
 Over a long way :
 Nations he studied
 Into that great perdition
 Men to cast,
 To corrupt and to mislead,
 That they God's loan,
 The Almighty's gift,
 Might forfeit,
 The power of heaven's kingdom ;
 For the hell-miscreant
 Well knew
 That they God's ire
 Must have,
 And hell-torment,—
 The torturing punishment,—
 Needs receive,
 Since they God's command
 Had broken.
 What time he (the fiend) seduced,
 With lying words,
 To that evil counsel,
 The beauteous woman,
 Of females fairest,
 That she after his will spake,
 Was as a help to him
 To seduce God's handiwork.
 Then she to Adam spake—
 Fairest of women—
 Full oft,
 Till in the man began
 His mind to turn,
 So that he trusted to the promise
 Which to him the woman
 Said in words :
 Yet did she it through faithful mind,—
 Knew not that hence so many ills,
 Sinful woes,
 Must follow
 To mankind,
 Because she took in mind
 That she the hostile envy's
 Suggestions would obey,
 But weneed that she the favor
 Of heaven's King
 Wrought with the words
 Which she to the man
 Revealed, as it were a token,
 And vowed them true ;
 Till that to Adam,
 Within his breast
 His mind was changed,
 And his heart began
 Turn to her will.
 He from the woman took
 Hell and death,

Though it was not so called,
 But it the name of fruit
 Must have;
 Yet was it death's dream,
 And the devil's artifice,
 Hell and death,
 And man's perdition,
 The destruction of human kind,
 That they made for food
 Unholy fruit!
 Thus it came within him,
 Touched at his heart.
 Laughed then and played
 The bitter-purposed messenger.

Cadmon, by Benjamin Thorpe.—About 660.

5.—THE SOUL IN DESPAIR.

Alas! in how grim
 And how bottomless
 A gulf labours
 The darkling mind,
 When it the strong
 Storms lash
 Of worldly cares;
 When it, thus contending,
 Its preper light
 Once forsakes,
 And in woe forgets
 The everlasting joy,
 And rushes into the darkness
 Of this world,
 Afflicted with cares!
 Thus has it now befallen
 This my mind;
 Now it no more knows
 Of good for God,
 But lamentations
 For the external world:
 To it is need of comfort.

King Alfred's Metres of Boethius.—About 880.

6.—NOTHING ON EARTH PERMANENT.

Then Wisdom again
 His treasury of words unlooked,
 Sung various maxims,
 And thus expressed himself:—
 "When the Sun
 Clearest shines,
 Serenest in the heaven,
 Quickly are obscured
 Over the earth
 All other stars;
 Because their brightness is not
 Brightness at all,
 Compared with
 The Sun's light.
 When mild blows
 The south and western wind
 Under the clouds,
 Them quickly grow
 The flowers of the field,

Joyful that they may:
 But the stark storm,
 When it strong comes
 From north and east,
 It quickly takes away
 The beauty of the rose.
 And also the northern storm,
 Constrained by necessity,
 That it is strongly agitated
 Lashes the spacious sea
 Against the shore.
 Alas! that on earth
 Aught of permanent
 Work in the world
 Does not ever remain."

King Alfred's Metres of Boethius.—About 880

7.—THE ONLY BEST.

Well, O children of men,
 Throughout the middle earth!
 Let every one of the free
 Aspire to the
 Eternal good
 Which we are speaking about,
 And to the felicities
 That we are telling of.
 Let him who is now
 Straitly bound
 With the vain love
 Of this great
 Middle earth,
 Also quickly seek for himself
 Full freedom,
 That he may arrive
 At the felicities
 For the good of souls;
 For that is the only rest
 Of all labours:
 The desirable haven
 To the lofty ships
 Of our mind,—
 A great tranquil station;
 That is the only haven
 Which ever is,
 After the waves
 Of our labours,
 And every storm,
 Always calm.
 That is the refuge,
 And the only comfort,
 Of all the wretched,
 After these
 Worldly labours.
 That is a pleasant place,
 After these miseries,
 To possess.
 But I well know,
 That neither golden vessels,
 Nor heaps of silver,
 Nor precious stones,
 Nor the wealth of the middle earth,
 The eyes of the mind
 Ever enlighten;

Not ought improve
 Their sharpness
 To the contemplation
 Of true felicities;
 But they rather
 The mind's eyes
 Of every man
 Make blind in their breasts,
 Than make them clearer.
 For everything
 That in this present
 Life delights
 Are poor
 Earthly things,
 Ever fleeting!
 But wonderful is that
 Splendor and brightness
 Which every one of things
 With splendour enlightens,
 And afterwards
 Entirely rules.
 The Ruler wills not
 That our souls
 Shall perish;
 But he himself will them
 With a ray illumine,—
 The Ruler of life!
 If, then, any man,
 With the clear eyes
 Of his mind, may
 Ever behold
 The clear brightness
 Of heaven's light,
 Then will he say
 That the brightness of the sun
 Is darkness;
 So every man,
 Compared with
 That great light
 Of God Almighty,
 That is to every soul
 Eternal without end,
 To blessed souls.

King Alfred's Metres of Boethius.—About 880.

8.—THE HAPPY MAN.

Lo! now on earth is he
 In every thing
 A happy man,
 If he may see
 The clearest
 Heaven-shining stream,
 The noble fountain
 Of all good;
 And of himself
 The swarthy mist,—
 The darkness of the mind,—
 Can dispel!
 We will as yet,
 With God's help,
 With old and fabulous
 Stories instruct
 Thy mind;
 That thou the better mayest

Discover to the skies
 The right path
 To the eternal region
 Of our souls.

King Alfred's Metres of Boethius.—About 880.

9.—THE SAILING OF BEOWULF.

Famous was Beowulf;
 Wide sprang the blood
 Which the heir of the Shylds
 Shed on the lands.
 So shall the bracelets
 Purchase endeavor,
 Freely presented
 As by thy fathers;
 And all the young men,
 As is their custom,
 Cling round their leader
 Soon as the war comes.
 Lastly, thy people
 The deeds shall bemoan
 Which their men have performed.
 When the Shyld had awaited
 The time he should stay,
 Came many to face
 On the billows so free.
 His ship they bore out
 To the brim of the ocean,
 And his comrades sat down
 At their oars as he bade:
 A word could control
 His good fellows, the Shylds.
 There, at the Hytha,
 Stood his old father,
 Long to look after him.
 The band of his comrades,
 Eager for outfit,
 Forward the Atheling.
 Then all the people
 Cheered their loved lord,
 The giver of bracelets.
 On the deck of the ship
 He stood by the mast.
 There was a treasure,
 Won from afar,
 Laden on board.
 Ne'er did I hear
 Of a vessel appointed
 Better for battle,
 With weapons of war,
 And waistcoats of wool,
 And axes and swords.
Modernised by W. Taylor.—About 900.

10.—AN OLD MAN'S SORROW.

Careful, sorrowing,
 He seeth in his son's bower
 The wine-hall deserted,
 The resort of the wind noiseless.
 The knight sleepeth;
 The warrior, in darkness.
 There is not there

Noise of the harp,
Joy in the dwellings,
As there was before.
Then departeth he into songs,
Singeth a lay of sorrow,
One after one :—
All seemed to him too wide,
The plains and the dwelling-place.

Modernized by John M. Kemble.—About 900.

11.—GOOD NIGHT.

The night-helm grew dusky,
Dark over the vassals ;
The court all rose,
The mingled-haired
Old Scylding
Would visit his bed ;
The Gofa wished the
Renowned warrior to rest
Immeasurably well.
Soon him the foreigner,
Wearied of his journey,
The hall-thane guided forth,
Who, after a fitting manner,
Provided all that
The thane needed,
Whatever that day
The sailors over the deep
Should have.
The magnanimous warrior rested.
The horse rose aloft,
Carved and variegated with gold ;
The stranger slept therein
Until the pale raven,
Blithe of heart,
Announced the joy of heaven,
The bright sun, to be come.

Modernized by John M. Kemble.—About 900.

12.—SUMMER IS I-CUMEN IN.*

Summer is i-cumen in,
Lhude sing caeca ;
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wde nu.
Sing caeca, caeca.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calae eu ;
Bulbac starteth, backe verteth ;
Murie sing caeca,
Caeca, caeca.

Wel singes the caeca,
Ne swik the mæner un ;
Sing caeca nu,
Sing caeca.

About 900.

* This is the most ancient English song that appears in our manuscripts with the musical notes annexed. The music is of that species of composition which is called *Cæca* in the *Ussens*, and is supposed to be of the thirteenth century.—Waxler's *History of English Poetry*.

THE SONG OF SUMMER.

Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing, cuckow ;
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now,
Sing, cuckow, cuckow.

Ewe blesteth after lamb,
Loweth calf after cow,
Bullock starteth, buck departeth,
Merry sing, cuckow,
Cuckow, cuckow.
Well singeth the cuckow,
Nor cease to sing now ;
Sing cuckow, now,
Sing cuckow.

Modernized by Warton.—About 1735.

13.—THE MUSTER FOR THE FIRST CRUSADE.

A good pope was thilk time at Rome, that
hecht Urban,
That preached of the creyzerie, and creyzed
mony man.

Therefore he send preachers through all
Christendom,
And himself a-this-side the mounts and to
France come ;
And preached so fast, and with so great
wisdom,
That about in each lond the cros fast me
nome.

In the year of grace a thousand and sixteen,
This great creyzerie began, that long was
i-ssen.

Of so much folk hyme the cros, se to the
holy land go.

Me ne see no time before, ne uth nathemo.
For self women ne beloved, that they ne wend
thithir fast.

Ne young folk [that] feeble were, the while
the voyage y-last.

So that Robert Curthose thithward his
heart cast,

And, among other good knights, ne thought
not by the last.

He wenda here to Englund for the creyzerie,
And laid William his brother to wed Nor-
mandy,

And borrowed of him thereon an hundred
thousand mark,

To wend with to the holy land, and that was
somedal stark. * * *

The Earl Robert of Flanders mid him wend
also,

And Estace Earl of Boulogne, and mony
good knight thereto,

There wend the Inke Geoffrey, and the Earl
Baldwin there,

And the other Baldwin also, that noble man
were,

And kings syth all three of the holy land.

The Earl Stephen de Blois wend aka, that
great power had on hand,

And Robert's sister Curthose espoused had to
wive.

There wend yet other knights, the best that
were alive;

As the Earl of St Giles, the good Raymond,
And Niel the king's brother of France, and
the Earl Bosmond,

And Tancor's nephew, and the bishop also
Of Podya, and Sir Hugh the great earl
thereto;

And folk also without tale, of all this west
end

Of Englon and of France, thitherward gan
wend,

Of Normandy, of Denmark, of Norway, of
Britain,

Of Wales and of Ireland, of Gascoy and of
Spain,

Of Provence and of Saxony, and of Alemain,
Of Scotland and of Greece, of Rome and
Aquitain. * * *

Robert of Gloucester.—About 1260.

14.—THE INTERVIEW OF VORTIGERN WITH BOWEN.

Hengist that day did his might,
That all were glad, king and knight.
And as they were best in glading,
And well cup-shotten, knight and king,
Of chamber Bowenen so went,
Before the king in hall she went.
A cup with wine she had in hand,
And her attire was well farwand.
Before the king on knee set,
And in her language she him gret
'Laved king, wassail!' said she.

The king asked, What should be.
On that language the king ne couth
A knight her language leid in yonth,
Breght hight that knight, born Breton,
That leid the language of Saxon.
This Breght was the latimer,
What she said told Vortiger.

'Sir,' Breght said, 'Bowen you greets,
And king calls and lord you leets.
This is their custom and their geet,
When they are at the ale or feast,
Ik man that loves where him think,
Shall say Wassail! and to him drink.
Ye that bids shall say, Wassail!
The tother shall say again, Drinkhail!
That says Wassail drinks of the cup,
Kissing his fellow he gives it up.

Drinkhail he says, and drinks thereof,
Kissing him in bound and skof.'
The king said, as the knight gan ken,
'Drinkhail,' smiling on Bowenen.
Bowen drank as her list,
And gave the king, syne him kissed.
There was the first wassail in dede,
And that first of fame good.
Of that wassail men told great tale,
And wassail when they were at ale,

And drinkhail to them that drank,
Thus was wassail ta'en to thank.

Fell sithes that maidin ying
Wassailed and kissed the king.

Of body she was right avenant,
Of fair colour with sweet semblant.

Her attire full well it seemed,
Merweik the king she queemed.

Of our measure was he glad,
For of that maidin he wax all mad.

Drunkennes the fiend wrought,
Of that paen was all his thought.

A mischance that time him led,
He asked that paen for to wed.

Hengist would not draw o lite,
Bot granted him all so tite.

And Hors his brother consented soon.
Her friends said, it were to done.

They asked the king to give her Kent,
In dowery to take of rent.

Upon that maidin his heart was cast;
That they asked the king made fast.

I wene the king took her that day,
And wedded her on paen's lay.

Robert De Brunne.—About 1320.

15.—PRAISE OF GOOD WOMEN.

Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good manner.
A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right and stedfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may seven,
That should a man so much glow,
As a good woman that loveth true:
Ne dearer is none in God's herd,
Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.

Robert De Brunne.—About 1320.

16.—WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Ther is lyf withoute any deth,
And ther is youthe without any elde;
And ther is alle manner welthe to walde;
And ther is rest without ovy travaill;
And ther is pees without any strife,
And ther is alle manere lykings of lyf:—
And ther is bright somer ever to se,
And ther is never wynter in that countrie:—
And ther is more worship and honour,
Then evere hade kyngs other emperour.
And ther is grete melodie of angeles songe,
And ther is preysing hem amonge.
And ther is alle manere frendshipe that may be,
And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
And ther is wisdom without folye,
And ther is honeste without vileneye.
Al these a man may joye of hevenc call:
As yette the most sovereyn joye of alle
Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
In whan resteth alle manere grace.

Richard Rolla.—About 1320.

17.—MERCY AND TRUTH.

Out of the west coast, a wench, as me thought,
Came walking in the way, to hell-ward she
looked;
Mercy hight that maid, a meek thing withal,
A full benign hürd, and buxom of speech;
Her syster, as it seemed, came soothly walking,
Even out of the east, and westward she looked,
A full comely creature, Truth she hight,
For the virtue that her followed aford was
she never.
When these maidens mette, Mercy and Truth,
Either axed other of this great wonder,
Of the din and of the darkness, &c.

Robert Longlande.—About 1350.

18.—COVETOUSNESS.

And then came Covetise, can I had not de-
ceive,
So hungrily and hollow Sir Hervey him looked;
He was beetle-browed, and babber-tipped also,
With two bleared een as a blind hag,
And as a leathern purse lolled his cheeks,
Wel syder than his chin, they shrivelled for old;
And as a bondman of his becon his beard was
bedrivelled,
With an hood on his head and a lousy hat above.
And in a tawny tabard of twelve winter age,
At so-tern and handy, and full of lice creeping;
But if that a louse could have lopen the better,
She should not have walked on the welt, it
was so thredbare.

Robert Longlande.—About 1350.

19.—THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

Whanne that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brette
Inspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And make foules maken melodie,
That alreyn alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shire's ende
Of Engelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That heen hath holpen, whan that they were seke.
Beselle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wende on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrye
Wel nine and twenty in a compaigne
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,

That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esod atte beste.

And shortly, when the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I youn devise.

But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reason,
To tellen you alle the condicion
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke in what arais that they were iune;
And at a knight than wol I firste begiue.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste bogun
To riden out, he loved chevalris,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in Hothennesse,
And ever honourd for his worthinesse.

At Alesandre he was whan it was woune.
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne
Above alle naciouns in Pruce.
In Lettowes hadde he reysed, and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the sieghe eke hadde he be
Of Algeisir, and ridden in Belmarie.
At Leye was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were woune; and in the Grete see
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
An mortal bataille hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thrice, and ay slain his fo.

This ilke worthy knight hadde ben also
Somtime with the lord of Palastie,
Agen another bethen in Turkie;
And evermore he hadde a sovereigne pris.
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a very parfit gentil knight.

But for to tellen you of his arais,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gais.
Of fustian he wored a gipoun,
Alle besmotred with his halberoun,
For he was late yrome fro his vierre,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone a yonge SQUIRE,
A lover, and a lusty becheler,
With lockes crull as they were laide in prece.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie,
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne his part, as of no hire space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.



THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

"A monk there was afayre for the maistrie ;
An outrider that loved veterie ;
A manly man to ben an abbot able."

Singing he was, or floyting alle the day;
 He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.
 Short was his gowne, with sleeves long and wide.
 Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
 He coude songes make, and well enuite,
 Juste and eke dance, and wel proutraile and write.
 So hote he loved, that by nightingale,
 He sleep no more than doth the nightingale.
 Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
 And carf he was his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servantes no mo
 At that time, for him luste to ride so;
 And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene
 A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
 Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
 Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
 His arwes drouped not with federe lowe.
 And in his hand he bare a mighty bowe.
 A nock-hed hadde he, with a broune visage.
 Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
 Upon his arme he bare a gais bracer,
 And by his side a sword and a bokeler,
 And on that other side a gais daggere,
 Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere;
 A Cristofre on his breste of silver shene.
 An horne he bare, the bandrik was of grene.
 A forstar he was he sothely as I gesse.

There was also a Nonne, a PRIORRESSE,
 That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
 Hire greatest othe n'as but by Saint Eloy;
 And she was cleped madame Egilentina.
 Ful wel she sange the service dovine,
 Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
 And Frouche she spake ful fayre and fetialy,
 After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
 For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
 At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
 She lette no morsel from hire lippe falle,
 Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 Thatte no drope ne fall upon hire brest.
 In curteisie was sette ful moche hire lest.
 Hire over lippe wiped she so clepe.
 That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
 Of grece, when she drunken hadde hire draught.
 Ful seemly after hire mete she naught.
 And sikerly she was of grete disport,
 And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
 And peined hire to contrefeten chere
 Of court, and ben estetlich of manere,
 And to ben holden dignis of reverence.
 But for to speken of hire conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
 Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledded.
 Of smale boundes hadde she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
 But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
 Or if men smote it with a yerde smerte:
 And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful seemly hire wimple ypinobed was;
 Hire nose teweie; her eyen gray as glas;
 Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
 But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.

It was almost a spanne brede I trowe;
 For hardily she was not undergrowe.
 Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
 Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
 A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene;
 And thereon heng a brooch of gold ful shene,
 On whiche was first ywriten a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
 Another NONNE also with hire hadde she
 That was hire chappellene, and PARESSE thre.

A MONK ther was, a fayre for the maistris,
 An out-ryder, that loved venerie;
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
 Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable;
 And when he rode, men mighte his bridel
 here
 Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
 And eke as loud, as doth the chapeill balle,
 Ther as this lord was koper of the calle.
 The reule of saint Maure and of saint Beneit,
 Because that it was olde and sondele streit,
 This like monk lette olde thinges pace,
 And held after the newe world the trace,
 He yave not of the text a pulled hem,
 That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
 Ne that a monk, when he is rekkeles,
 Is like to a fish that is wateries;
 This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
 This like text held he not worth an oistre.
 And I sey his opinion was good.
 What shulde he studie, and make himselfe
 wood,
 Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
 Or swinken with his hondes, and labour,
 As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
 Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
 Therefore he was a pricksoure a right;
 Greiboundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
 Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
 Was all his lust, for no oost wold he spare.
 I saw his sleeves purfild at the hond
 With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
 And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
 He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
 A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was,
 His hod was balled, and shone as any glas,
 And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point,
 His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
 That stemed as a forneis of a led.
 His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat,
 Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
 He was not pale as a forpined gost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
 His palfrey was as broune as is a berry.

A FRESCH ther was, a wanton and a merry,
 A Limbitour, a ful solempne man.
 In all the ordres fouris non that can
 So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
 He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
 Of yonge wimmen, at his own cost.
 Untill his ordre he was a noble post.
 Ful wel beloved, and familiar was he
 With frankelins over all in his contree.

And eke with worthy wimmen of the town :
 For he had power of confession,
 As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
 For of his ordre he was licentiat,
 Ful sweetly hardy he confession,
 And plesant was his absolution.
 He was an ey man to give penance,
 Ther unto he wiste to han a good pittance :
 For unto a poure ordre for to give
 Is signe that a man is well ystrive.
 For if he gave, he dorste make avaut,
 He wiste that a man was repentant.
 For many a man so hardy is of his herte,
 He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
 Therefore in stode of weping and praieres,
 Men mote give silver to the poure tresors.

His tippot was ay farsed ful of knyves,
 And pynnes, for to given swiche knyves,
 And certainly he hadde a mery note.
 Wel coude he singe and plaie on a rote.
 Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris.
 His necke was white as the flour de lis.
 Thereto he strong was as a champion,
 And knew wel the tavernes in every town,
 And every hosteler and gay tapetere,
 Better than a lazare or a beggere.

For unto swiche a worthy man as he
 Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
 To haven with sikke lazars acquaintance.
 It is not honest, it may not avoide.
 As for to deien with no swiche pounaille,
 But all with riche, and sellere of vitaille.
 And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
 Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
 Ther n'as no man no wher so vertuous.
 He was the beste begger in all his hous :
 And gave a certayne ferme for the grant,
 Non of his brethren came in his hamt.
 For though a widewe hadde but a shoo,
 (So plesant was his *In principio*)

Yet wote he have a ferthing or he went.
 His purchas was wel better than his rent.
 And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
 In love-dyng, ther coude he smochel help.
 For ther was he nat like a cloistere,
 With thredbare cope, as is a poure scole,
 But he was like a maister or a pope.
 Of double worsted was his semicope,
 That round was as a belle out of the presse.
 Somwhat he liiped for his wantonnesse,
 To make his English swete upon his tonge ;
 And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
 His eyes twinkled in his hed aright,
 As doe the sterres in a frosty night.
 This worthy huntour was cleped Haberd.

A MERCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
 In mottelee, and hiche on hors he sat,
 And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
 His boote claped fayre and fetisly.
 His reame spake he ful solemneply,
 Sounding alway the excess of his winning.
 He wold the see were kept for any thing
 Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell.
 Wel coude he in echangis cheddes selle.
 This worthy man fel wel his wil besette ;

Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
 So stedefaastly didde he his governance,
 With his bargaynes, and with his cheviseaone.
 Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
 But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A CLERK ther was of Orenforde also,
 That unto logike hadde long yo.
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake ;
 But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
 Ful thredbare was his overest courtrey,
 For he hadde gotten him yet no benefice,
 Ne was nought worldly to have an office.
 For him was lever han at his beddes hed
 Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red,
 Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
 Than robes riche, or fidel, or sentrie.
 But all he that he was a philosophere,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre
 But all that he might of his frendes hente,
 On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
 And besily gan for the soules prais
 Of hem, that yave him wherwith to acclaie.
 Of studie toke he mooste cure and hede.
 Not a word spake he more than was ned ;
 And that was said in forme and reverence,
 And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
 Sounding in moral vertue was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE yare and wise,
 That often hadde yben at the porus,
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
 Discrete he was, and of gret reverence.
 He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise.
 Justice he was ful often in assise,
 By patent, and by pleine commission ;
 For his science, and for his high renown,
 Of fees and robes had he many on.
 So grette a pourchaour was no wher non.
 All was fee simple to him in effect.
 His pourchausing might not ben in suspect.
 No wher so busy a man as he ther n'as,
 And yet he semed busier than he was.
 In termes hadde he cas and domes alle,
 That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
 Thereto he coude credite, and make a thing,
 Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
 And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
 He rode but homely in a medice cote,
 Girt with a sent of silk, with barres smale
 Of his array tel I no longer tale.

A FRANKLIN was in this compaignie :
 Write was his berd, as is the daynie.
 Of his complexion he was sanguin.
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
 To liven in delit was ever his wone,
 For he was Epicure's owne sone,
 That held opinion, that plain delit
 Was veraily felicite parfitte.
 An householdere, and that a grette was he ;
 Saint Julian he was in his costre.
 His breche, his ale, was alway after as ;
 A better enviyed man, was no wher nas.

Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It sweved in his hous of mete and drinks,
Of alle dainties that man coude thinken.
After the sondry seasons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his sompere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewes,
And many a brems, and many a lunc in stews.
Wo was his cok, but if his sauce were
Poynant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a contour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

AN HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTER,
A WEBBE, a DEYER, and a TAFISER,
Were alle yclothed in o livere,
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freahe and newe hir gere ypyked was,
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver, wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdles and hir pouches every del.
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
To sitoun in a gild halle, on the dela.
Ewerich for the wisdom that he oon,
Was shapeliich for to beu an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent :
And elles certainly they were to blame.
It is ful fayre to beu ycleped madame,
And for to gon to vigilies all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A COKE they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boill the chickens and the maris bones,
And pondre marchant, tart and galingsale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale,
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frye,
Makun mortrowes, and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte us,
That on his skinne a mormal hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A SHIPMAN was ther, woned fer by West ;
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.
He rode upon a rounce, as he couthe,
All in a gowne of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a lea hadde hee,
About his necke under his arm adoun.
The hote somer hadde made his hewe al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapmen
slepe.
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he fought, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his sides,
His stromes and his straudes him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
Ther was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.

Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake :
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake,
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de Finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine :
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a DOCTOUR OF PHYSIKE,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie :
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.

He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And what engoured, and of what humour,
He was a very parfitte practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges, and his leetaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne :
Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus ;
Old Hippocras, Hall, and Gallien ;
Serapion, Basis, and Avicen ;
Averrois, Damasceno, and Constantin ;
Bernard and Galsiden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diste mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispence :
He kepte that he was in the pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial ;
Therefore he loved gold in special.

A good WIF was ther of beside BATH.
But she was som del defe, and that was seache,
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire overchirche wren ful fine of ground ;
I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound :
That on the Sunday were upon hire heed.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rode,
Ful streite ytyed, and shoon ful moist and
newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondesat the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten othe compaignie ynthe.
But therof nedeth not to speke as nonthe.
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusalem.
She hadde passed many a strange strene.
At Bome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Saint James, and at Coloine.
She coude moche of wandring by the way.

Gat-tothod was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywympled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of spornes sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe,
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun.
That was a poure PERSONS of a town:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk.
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parichons devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was yprevod often tithes.
Ful loth wer him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parichens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in lital thing have suffourance.
Wise was his parisk, and house for ascorder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In siknesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he adiled yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust:
And shames it us, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shittun shepherd, and cleue shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yere,
By his cleunesse, how his shepe shulde live.
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe scombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Saint Poules,
To seken him a chaunterie for sonles,
Or with a brotherhode to be withhold:
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not despitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with faireweese,
By good ensample was his besinece:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of hirte or low estat,
Him wolde he enben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is.
He walked after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne madek him no wipod conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his speches trewe.
He taught, but first he folwed it himselfe.

With him ther was a FLOWMAN, was his
brother,
That hadde ylad of dong ful many a fother.

A trewe swinkere, and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charites.
God loved he beste with all his hertes
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighour right as himselfe.
He wolde threwh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

His tithes paid he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
Ther was also a Reve, and a Millere,
A Sompneur, and a Pardouner also,
A Manciple, and myself, ther n'ere no mo.

The MILLER was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of brawn, and eke of bones:
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrestling he wolde bere away the ram.
He was short shuldred brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde have of barre,
Or breke it at a reming with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spale.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tuft of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A sword and bokeler, bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a fornes.
He was a jangler, and a golardeis,
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corn, and tullen tharies.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parle.
A white oote and a blow hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithal he broght us out of tounes.

A gentil MANCIPLE was ther of a temple,
Of which achaturis mighten take ensample
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille,
For whether that he paie, or toke by taile,
Algate he waited no in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?

Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a douein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewarden of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Engeland,
To maken him live by his propre good.
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or live as scarcely, as him list desire:
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe:
And yet this Manciple sette hir alder cappe.

The REVE was a slendre cokelike man,
His berd was shawe as muche as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yabourne.
His top was docked like a preest beforen.
Ful longe were his larges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf yene.
Wel coude he kepe a garnar and a binne:

Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
 Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
 The yelling of his seed, and of his grain.
 His lordes shepe, his nete, and his doirie,
 His ewe, his hors, his stowe, and his pultrie,
 Were holly in this reves governing,
 And by his covenant yave he rekening,
 Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
 Ther coude no man bring him in arerage,
 Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
 That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:
 They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
 His winning was ful fayre upon an beth,
 With grene tress yshadewed was his place.
 He coude better than his lord pourchace.
 Ful riche he was, as is a frene priory.
 His lord wel coude he pleson subtilly,
 To yere and lene him of his owen good,
 And have a thank and yet a cote and hood.
 In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.
 He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
 This reve sate upon a right good stot,
 That was all pomelee grey and highte Scot,
 A long surcoote of perse upon he hade,
 And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
 Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
 Beside a town, men clepen Baldeswell.
 Tucked he was, as is a frene aboute,
 And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.

A SOMPOUR was ther with us in that place,
 That hadde a fire-red cherubines face,
 For sansenefeme he was, with eyen narwe.
 As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
 With scalled browes blake, and pillid berd:
 Of his visage children were sore aferd.
 Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
 Borne, curse, ne oile of tartre non,
 Ne oiment that wolde clense or bite,
 That him might helpen of his wholkes white,
 Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chokes.
 Wel loved he gurlike, onions, and lekes,
 And for to drinke strong win as rode as blood.
 Than wolde he speke, and crien as he were wood.
 And when that he wol drunken had the win,
 Than wolde he speken no word but Latin.
 A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
 That he had lerned out of som decree:
 No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
 And also ye knowen wel, how that a jay
 Can clepen wate, as wel as can the pope.
 But who so wolde in other thing him propse,
 Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
 Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crien.
 He was a gentil harlot and a kind;
 A better felaw shulde a man not find.
 He wolde suffre for a quart of wine,
 A good felaw to have his concubine
 A twelvemonth, and excuse him at the full.
 Ful privily a flech eke coude he pull.
 And if he found o where a good felawe,
 He wolde techen him to have non awe.
 In swiche a cas of the archedeukes ourse;
 But if a mannes soule were in his purse;
 For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
 Purse is the archedeukes halle, said he.

But wel I wote, he had right in dode:
 Of cursing ought sothe gilti man him drede.
 For curse wol sle right as assoluing saveth,
 And also wate him of a *significavit*.
 In danger hadde he at his owen gise
 The yonge girls of the dioceis,
 And knew hir counsel, and was of hir rode.
 A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
 As greet as it were for an alestake:
 A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil PARDONERE
 Of Ronnecevall, his frend and his comper,
 That strait was comen from the court of Rome.
 Ful loudre he sang, Come hither, love, to me.
 This sompoun bare to him a stiff burdoun,
 Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.
 This pardonere had here as yelwe as wax,
 But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
 By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
 And therwith he his shuldres overspradde.
 Ful thinne it lay, by onpuns on and on,
 But hode for jolite, ne wered he non,
 For it was trussed up in his wallet.
 Him thought he rode al of the newe get,
 Dishevale, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
 Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
 A verraille hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
 His wallet lay beforen him in his lappe,
 Bret-ful of pardon comen from Rome al hote.
 A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
 Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
 As smoth it was as it were newe shave;
 I trowe he were a golding or a mare.
 But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
 Ne was ther swich an other pardonere.
 For in his mule he hadde a pilwehere,
 Which, as he saide, was our ladies veil:
 He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the soyl
 Whichc Saint Peter had, when that he went
 Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.
 He had a crois of laton full of stones,
 And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
 But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
 A poure persons dwelling up on lond,
 Upon a day he gat him more monie
 Than that the persons gat in monethes twice.
 And thus with fained fluttering and japes,
 He made the persons, and the peple, his apes.
 But tewerly to tallen atte last,
 He was in chirche a noble excheisast.
 Wel coude he rode a lesson or a storie,
 But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
 For wel he wiste, when that song was songe,
 He must preche, and wel asle his tonge,
 To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
 Therefore he sang the morier and loudre.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
 Th' estat, th' arais, th' enombre, and eke the cause
 Why that assembled was this comynge
 In Southwerk at this gentil hosterie.
 That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
 But now is time to yon for to telle,
 How that we baren us that ilke night,
 When we were in that hostetrie alight.

And after wol I telle of our viage,
 And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.
 But firste I prais you of your curtesie,
 That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
 Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
 To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere;
 Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.
 For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
 Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
 He mooste rehorse, as neighe as ever he can,
 Everich word, if it be in his charge,
 Al speke he never so rudely and so large;
 Or elles he mooste tellen his tale untrewe,
 Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.
 He may not spare, although he wote his brother.
 He moost as wel sayn a word, as an other.
 Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
 And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.
 Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
 The wordes mooste ben coosin to the dede.
 Also I prais you to forgive it me,
 All have I not sette folk in hir degree,
 Hev in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.
 My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Gret chere made our hoste us everich on,
 And to the souper sette he us anon.
 And served us with vitaille of the beste.
 Strong was the win, and wol to drinke us leste.
 A somely man our hoste was with alle,
 For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
 A large man he was with eyen stepe,
 A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe;
 Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,
 And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
 Eke therto was he right a mery man,
 And after souper plaien he began,
 And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
 Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges;
 And saide thus: "Now, lordinges, trewely
 Ye ben to me welcome right hertily:
 For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
 I saw nat this yere swiche a compaignie
 At ones in this herbeve, as is now.
 Faya wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.
 And of a mirthe I am right now bethought.
 To don you see, and it shal cooste you nought.
 Ye go to Canterbury: God you spede,
 The blisful martyr quite you your mede;
 And wel I wot, as ye go by the way,
 Ye shapen you to talken and to play:
 For trewely comfert ne mirthe is non,
 To riden by the way doumbe as the ston:
 And therefore wold I waken you disport,
 As I said erst, and don you some comfert,
 And if you liketh alle by on assent
 Now for to stonden at my jugement:
 And for to warchen as I shal you say
 To-morwe, when ye rideen on the way,
 Now by my faders soule that is ded,
 But yê be mery, smiteth of my hed.
 Hold up your houndes withouten more speche."
 Our conseil was not longe for to seche:
 Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
 And granted him withouten more swiche.
 And bad him say his verdit, as him leste.

"Lordinges," (quod he) "now herkeneth for
 the beste;"
 But take it nat, I pray you, in disdaun;
 This is the point, to speke it plat and plain.
 That ech of you to shorten with youre way,
 In this viage, shall tellen tales tway,
 To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
 And homeward he shall tellen other two,
 Of adventures that wilhom han befall.
 And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
 That is to sayn, that telleth in this on
 Tales of best sentence and most soles,
 Shal have a souper at your aller cost.
 Here in this place sitting by this post,
 Whan that ye comen aȝen from Canterbury,
 As, for to maken you the more mery,
 I wol my selven gladly with you ride,
 Eight at min owen cost, and be your ride.
 And who that wol my jugement withsay,
 Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
 And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
 Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
 And I wol erly shapen me therfore."

This thing was granted, and our othes swore
 With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,
 That he wold vouchesauf for to don so.
 And that he wold be our governour,
 And of our tales jage and reportour.
 And sette a souper at a certain pris;
 And we wol ruled ben at his devise,
 In highs and lows: and thus by on assent,
 We ben accorded to his jugement.
 And therupon the win was fetre anon.
 We dronken, and to reete wenten ech on,
 Withouten any lenger tarrying.

A morwe whan the day began to spring,
 Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,
 And gadred us togeder in a flok,
 And forth we rideen a litel more than pas,
 Unto the watering of Saint Thomas:
 And ther our hoste began his howe aȝet.
 And saide, "lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
 Ye wete your forward, and if it record,
 If even song and morwe song sordet.
 Let us now who shal telle the firste tale.
 As ever mote I drinke win or ale,
 Who so is rebel to my jugement,
 Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
 Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne.
 He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

"Sire knight," (quod he) "my maister and
 my lord,
 Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
 Cometh nere" (quod he) "my lady prioresse.
 And ye, sire clerk, let be your shamefaccinesse,
 He stonde nouȝt: lay hand to, every man."

Anon to drawen every wight began,
 And shortly for to tellen as it was,
 Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas.
 The sothe is this, the cutte felle on the knight,
 Of which ful biȝh and glad was every wight;
 And tell he must his tale as was reques,
 By forward, and by composition,
 As ye han herd: what needeth wordes mo?
 And whan this good man saw that it was so,
 As he that wise was and obedient

To kepe his forword by his free assent,
 He saide : " Sithen I shal begin this game,
 What, welcome be the cutte a Goddes name.
 Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I say."
 And with that word we riden forth our way;
 And he began with right a mery chere,
 His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here.

Chaucer.—About 1380.

20.—THE SQUIERES TALE.

At Sarra, in the lond of Tartarie,
 Ther dwelt a king that worraied Rousie,
 Thurgh which ther died many a donghy man :
 This noble king was cloped Cambuscan,
 Which in his time was of so gret renoun,
 That ther n'as no wher in no region,
 So excellent a lord in alle thing :
 Him lacked nought that length to a king,
 As of the secte of which that he was borne.
 He kept his lay to which he was ysworne;
 And therto he was hardy, wise, and riche,
 And pitous and just, and alway yliche,
 Trewe of his word, benigne and honourable;
 Of his courage as any centre stable;
 Yong, fresh, and strong, in armes desirous,
 As any bachelor of all his hous.

A faire person he was, and fortunate,
 And kept alway so wel real estat,
 That ther n'as no wher swiche another man.
 This noble king, this Tartre Cambuscan,
 Hadde two sones by Elfets his wif,
 Of which the eldest sone highte Algarisif,
 That other was ycleped Camballo.

A daughter had this worthy king also,
 That yongest was, and highte Canace :
 But for to tellen you all hire beautee,
 It liht not in my tonge, ne in my conning,
 I dare not undertake so high a thing :
 Min English eke is unufficient,
 It muste ben a Bether excellent,
 That coude his colours longing for that art,
 If he shuld hire descriven ony part :

I am not swiche, I mote speke as I can.
 And so befell, that whan this Cambuscan
 Hath twenty winter borne his diademe,
 As he was wont for yere to yere I deme,
 He let the feste of his nativitee
 Don crien, thurghout Sarra his citee,
 The last Idus of March, after the yere.

Phebus the sonne ful yeliv was and clere,
 For he was nigh his exaltacion
 In Martes face, and in his mansion
 In Aries, the colarlike hote signe :
 Ful lusty was the wether and benigne
 For which the foulce again the sonne shene,
 What for the secon aue the yonge grene,
 Ful loud songen hir affection :
 Hem semed han gotten hem protectione
 Again the sword of winter kene and cold.

This Cambuscan, of which I have you told,
 In real vestiments, sit on his deis
 With diademe ful high in his palais;
 And holte his feste solempne and so riche,
 That in this world ne was ther non itliche,

Of which if I shal tellen all the array,
 Than wold it occupie a somers day;
 And eke it nedeth not for to devise
 At every cours the order of hir service.
 I wol not tellen of hir strange sewes,
 Ne of hir swannes, ne hir heronswes.
 Eke in that lond, as tellen knyghtes old,
 Ther is som mete that is ful deintee hold,
 That in this lond men recche of it ful smal :
 Ther n'is no man that may reporten al.
 I wol not tarien you, for it is prime,
 And for it is no fruit, but losse of time,
 Unto my purpose I wol have recours.

And so befell that after the thridde cours
 While that this king sit thus in his nobley,
 Herking his ministralles hir thinges play
 Beforem him at his bord delicioy,

In at the halle dore al sodenly
 Ther came a knight upon a stede of bras,
 And in his hond a brod mirour of glas ;
 Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring,
 And by his side a naked swerde hanging :
 And up he rideth to the highe bord.
 In all the halle ne was ther spoke a word,
 For mervaille of this knight ; him to behold
 Ful besily they waiten yong and old.

This strange knight that come thus sodenly
 Al armed save his hed ful richely,
 Salueth king and queene, and lordes alle
 By order, as they saten in the halle,
 With so high reverence and oberrance,
 As wel in speche as in his contenance,
 That Gawain with his olde curteisie,
 Though he were come agen out of Faerie,
 Ne coude him not amenden with a word.
 And after this, before the highe bord
 He with a manly vois sayd his message,
 After the forme used in his langage,
 Withouten vice of sillable or of letter.
 And for his tale shulde seme the better,
 Accordant to his wordes was his chere,
 As bechoth art of speche hem that it here.
 Al be it that I cannot sounn his stile,
 Ne cannot climben over so high a stile,
 Yet say I this, as to comun entent,
 Thus much amounteth all that ever he ment,
 If it so be that I have it in mind.

He sayd : " The king of Arabie and of Inde,
 My liege lord, on this solempne day
 Salueth you as he best can and may,
 And sendeth you in honour of your feste
 By me, that am al redy at your heste,
 This stede of bras, that eaily and wel
 Can in the space of a day natour.
 (This is to sayn, in four and twenty hours)
 What so you list, in drought or elles shoures,
 Beren your body into every place,
 To which your herte willet for to pace.
 Withouten wemme of you, thurgh foule or faire,
 Or if you list to fleen as high in the aire,
 As doth an eagle, whan him list to soore.

This same stede shal bere you evermore
 Withouten harme, till ye be thar you soore,
 (Though that ye slepen on his back or feet
 And turne again, with writhing of a pin,
 He that it wrought, he coude many a gin ;

He waited many a constellation,
Or he had don this operation.

And knew ful many a sele and many a bond.

"This mirroure oke, that I have in min hond,

Hath swiche a might, that men may in it see,

Whan ther shal falle oon adversitee

Unto your regne, or to yourself also,

And openly, who is your frend or fo.

And over all this, if any lady bright

Hath set hire herte on any maner wight,

If he be false, she shal his tresson see,

His newe love, and all his subtiltee

So openly, that ther shal nothing hide.

"Whorfore again this lusty somer tide

This mirroure and this ring, that ye may se,

He hath sent to my lady Canacee,

Your excellent daughter that is here.

"The vertue of this ring, if ye wol bere,

Is this, that if hire list it for to were

Upon hire thombe, or in hire purse it here,

Ther is no foule that seeth under heaven,

That she ne shal wel understand his stoven,

And know his mening openly and plaine,

And answer him in his langage again :

And every gras that groweth upon rote

She shal eke know, and whom it wol do bote,

All be his woundes never so depe and wide.

"This naked swerd, that hangeth by my side,

Swiche verte hath, that whosman that it smite,

Theroughout his armure it wol kerve and lute,

Were it as thicke as is a branched oke :

And what man that is wounded with the stroke

Shal never be hole. Til that you list of grace

To stroken him with the platte in thilke place

Ther he is hurt : this is as much to saun,

Ye moten with the platte swerd again

Straken him in the wound, and it wol close.

This is the veray soth withouten glose,

It fellleth not, while it is in your hold."

And whan this knight hath thus his tale told,

—He ridith out of halle, and don he light :

His sheke, which that shone as some bright,

Stant in the court as stille as any ston.

This knight is to his chambre ladde anon,

And is unarmed, and to the mete ysette.

Thise presents ben ful richelich yfette,

This is to saun, the swerd and the mirroure,

And borne anon into the highe tour.

With certain officers ordained therfore :

And unto Canacee the ring is bore

So demprely, ther she sat at the table :

But shertly, withouten any fable,

The hors of bras, that may not be remmed :

It stant, as were to the ground yghed :

Ther may no man out of the place it drive

For non engine, of windas, or polive :

And cause why, for they con not the craft,

And therfore in the place they has it left.

Til that the knight hath taught hem the manere

To voiden him, as ye shal after here.

Great was the press that swarmed to and fro

To gauen on this non that stonleth so :

For it so high was, and so brod and loon,

So wel proportioned for to be stroun,

Right as it were a stoke of Lumbardie :

Therwith so horly, and so quik of eye,

As it a gentil Foieis course was :

For certes, fro his tayl unto his ere

Nature ne art ne couid him not amend

In no degree, as all the peple wend.

But evermore hir moete wonder was,

How that it coude gon, and was of bras :

It was of faerie, as the peple semed.

Diverse folk diversely han demed :

As many heds, as many wittes ben.

They murmured, as doth a swarme of bees,

And maaden skilles after hir fantasies,

Beherving of the olde poetries,

And sayd it was ylike the Pegasus,

The hors that hadde winges for to fleo,

Or elles it was the Grekes hors Siaz,

That broughte Troye to destruction,

As men mouen in thise olde gestes rede.

"Min herte," quod on, "is evermore in drede,

I trow som men of armes ben therin,

That shapen hem this citee for to win :

It were right good that al swiche thing were

know."

Another rowned to his felaw low,

And sayd, "He lieth, for it is rather like

An apparence ymade by som maque,

As jogelours plain at thise festes grete."

Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and trete,

As lewed peple demen comunly

Of thinges, that ben made more subtilly

Than they can in hir lowelnesse comprende.

They demen gladly to the badder ende.

And som of hem wondred on the mirroure,

That born was up in to the maister tour,

How men mighte in it swiche thinges see.

Another answered, and sayd, "It might wol be

Naturally by compositions

Of angles, and of sliche reflections :

And saide that in Rome was swiche on.

They speke of Alhazen and Vitellon,

And Aristotle, that writen in hir lives

Of queinte mirroures, and of projectives,

As known they, that han hir bookes herd.

And other folk han wondred on the swerd,

That wolde poven theroughout every thing :

And fell in speche of Telesphus the king,

And of Achilles for his queinte speere,

For he coude with it bothe hele and dere,

Right in swiche wise as men may with the

swerde.

Of which right now ye have yourselves herd.

They speken of sondry harding of metall,

And speking of medicines therewithal.

And how, and whan it shuld sharded be,

Which is unknow algates unto me.

The spoken they of Canacee the ring,

And saiden all, that swiche a wonder thing

Of craft of rimes herd they never non.

Save that he Moises and king Salomon

Hadden a name of coming in swiche art.

Thus saun the peple, and drawn hem apart.

But methelcs eom saiden that it was

Wonder to maken of ferre ashen glas.

And yet is glas mought like ashen of yerne,

But for they han yknowen it so ferre,

Therfore seeth hir jangling and hir wonder.

As sore wondren eom on cause of thonder,

On ebbe and flood, on gossamer, and on mist,
And on all thing, til that the cause is wist.

Thus janglen they, and demen and devise,
Til that the king gan fro his bord arise.

Phebus had left the angle meridional,
And yet ascending was the beste real,
The gentil Leon, with his Aldrian,
Whan that this Tartre king, this Cambuscan,
Rose from his bord, ther as he eat ful his :
Beforne him goth the loude ministracie,
Til he come to his chambre of parements,
Ther as they sounden divers instruments,
That it is like an heven for to here.

Now dauncon lusty Venus children dere
For in the Fish hir lady set ful his,

And loketh on hem with a frendly eye.
This noble king is set upon his throne :
This strange knight is fet to him ful some,
And on the dancon he goth with Canace.

Here is the revoll and the jolitee,
That is not able a dull man to devise :
He must han known love and his servise,
And ben a festlich man, as fresh as May,
That shulde you devisen swiche array.

Who coude tellen you the forme of dauncon
So uncout, and so freshe contensounes,
Swiche subtil lokings and dissimulings,
For dred of jealous menas appoyntings?
No man but Launcelot, and he is ded.
Therfore I passe over all this lustyhed,
I say no more but in this jolitee
I lete hem, til men to the souper hem dressen.

The steward bit the spices for to his
And oke the win, in all this melodie ;
The ushers and the squierie ben gon,
The spices and the win is come anon :
They ete and drinke, and whan this had an end,
Unto the temple, as reson was, they wend :
The servise don, they soupen all by day.

What nedeth you rehersen hir array ?
Eche man wot wel, that at a kinges fest
Is pientee, to the most and to the lest,
And plentees mo than bon in my knowing.

At after souper goth this noble king
To seen this hors of bras, with all a route
Of lordes and of ladies him aboute.
Swiche wondring was ther on this hors of bras,
That sin the gret asege of Troye was,
Ther as men wondred on an hors also.

Ne was ther swiche a wondring, as was tho.
But finally the king asketh the knight,
The vertue of this comar, and the night,
And praised him to tell his governaunce.

This hors anon gan for to trip and dancon,
Whan that the knight laid hond up on his rein,
And saide, "Sire, ther n'is no more to sein,
But whan you list to riden any where,
Ye moten trill a pin, stant in his ere,
Which I shall tellen you betwix us two,
Ye moten nempne him to what place also,
Or to what soufres that you list to ride.

"And whan ye come ther as you list abide,
Bid him descend, and trill another pin,
(For therin lieth the effect of all the gin)
And he wol down descend and don your will,
And in that place he wol abide still :

Though al the world had the contrary swore,
He shal not thannes be drawe me be bore.
Or if you list to bid him thannes gon,
Trille this pin, and he wol vanish anon
Out of the sight of every maner wight,
And come agen, be it by day or night,
Whan that you list to oopen him again
In swiche a guise, as I shal to you sein
Betwixen you and me, and that ful some.
Ride whan you list, ther n'is no more to done."

Enfourmed whan the king was of the knight,
And hath conceived in his wit aright
The maner and the forme of all this thing,
Ful glad and blith, this noble doughty king
Repaireth to his revel, as beforne.
The bridel is in to the tour pborne,
And kept among his jewels life and dere :
The hors vanisht, I n'ot in what manere,
Out of hir sight, ye got no more of me :
But thus I lete in lust and jolitee
This Cambuscan his lordes festeyng,
Til that wel nigh the day began to spring.

PARS SECUNDA.

The notice of digestion, the slepe,
Gan on hem winke, and bad hem taken kepe,
That mochel drinke, and labour wol have rest :
And with a galping mouth hem all he kest,
And said, "that it was time to lie adoun,
For blood was in his domination :
Cherisheth blood, nature's frend," quod he.
They thanken him galping, by two by three ;
And every wight gan drawe him to his rest,
As slepe hem bade, they toke it for the best.

Hir dremes shul not now be told for me ;
Ful were hir hedes of fumositee,
That causeth dreme, of which ther is no charge.
They slopen til that it was prime large,
The moste part, but it was Canace ;
She was ful mesurable, as women be.
For of hire father had she take hire leve
To gon to rest, some after it was eve :
Hire liste not appalled for to be,
Nor on the morwe unfastliche for to see ;
And slept hire firste slepe, and than awoke.
For swiche a joys she in hire herte toke
Both of hire quaintee ring, and of hire mirrou,
That twenty time she changed hire colour ;
And in hire slepe right for the impression
Of hire mirrou she had a vision.

Wherefore, or that the sonne gan up glide,
She slepeth upon hire maistresse hire beside,
And saide, that hire lute for to arise.

This old woman, that ben glady wise,
As is hire maistresse, answered hire anon,
And saide, "Madame, whider wol ye gon
Thus erly ? for the folk ben all in rest."
"I wol," quod she, "arisen for me lest
No longer for to slepe) and walken aboute."

Hire maistresse clepeth women a gret route,
And up they risen, wel a ten or twelve ;
Up riseth fresche Canace hireselfe,
As rody and bright, as the yonge sunne,
That in the Ram is foure degres yronne ;
No higher was he, when she rody was ;
And forth she walketh esly a pas,

Arrayed after the lusty secon sote
Lightly for to plays, and walken on fote,
Nought but with five or sixe of her meinie;
And in a trenched forth in the park goth she.

The vapour, which that fro the erthe glode,
Maketh the sonne to seme rody and brode;
But natheles, it was so faire a sight,
That it made all hir hertes for to light,
Wha for the secon, and the morwening,
And for the foules that she herde sing,
For right amon she wiste what they meint
Eight by hir song, and knew al hir entent.

The knotte, why that every tale is tolde,
If it be taried til the lust be colde,
Of hem, that has it herkened after yore,
The savour passeth ever lengre the more,
For fulsumnesse of the prolixitee:
And by that same reson thinketh me
I shuld unto the knotte condescende,
And maken of hire walking sone an ende.

Amidde a tree for-dry, as white as chalk,
As Canace was playing in hire walk,
Ther sat a faucon over hire hed ful his,
That with a pitous vois so gan to crye,
That all the wood resounded of hire cry,
And beten had himself so pitously
With bothe his hire wings, til the rede blood
Ran endoleng the tree, ther as she stood.
And ever in on alway she cried and shrighit,
And with hire bek herselfen she so twighit,
That ther n'is tigre, ne no cruel best,
That dwelleth other in wood, or in forest,
Tast n'olde han wept, if that he wepen coude,
For sorwe of hire, she shrighit alway so loud.

For ther was never yet no man on live,
If that he coude a faucon well descrive,
That herle of swiche another of faynesse
As wel of plumage, as of gentillesse,
Of shape, of all that might yrekened be.
A faucon peregrine somed she
Of fraunde lond, and ever as she stood,
She swouned now and now for lack of blood,
Til wel neigh in she fallen fro the tree.

This faire kinges daughter Canace,
That on hire finger bare the queinte ring,
Thurgh which she understood wel every thing
That any foule may in his leden sein,
And coude answer him in his leden again,
Hath underdonden what this faucon seyde,
And wel neigh for the reuente almost she deyde:
And to the tree she roch ful hastily,
And on this faucon loketh pitously,
And held hire lap abroad, for wel she wist
The faucon muste fallen from the twist
Whan that she swouned next, for faunte of blood.
A longe while to waiten hire she stood.
Til at the last she spake in this manere
Unto the hauk, as ye shal after here.

"What is the cause, if it be sor to tell,
That ye ben in this furial peme of hell?"
Quod Canace unto this hauk above;
"Is this for sorwe of deith, or losse of love?
For as I know, that be the causes twe,
That causen most a gentil herte wo,
Of other harme it se-keth not to speke,
For ye yourself upon yourself awrake,

Which praveh wel, that other ire or drede
Mote ben encheson of your cruel dede,
Sin that I as non other wight you chace.
For the love of God, as doth yourselfen grace:
Or what may be your helpe? for went ne est
Ne saw I never er now no brid ne best,
That ferde with himself so pitously.
Ye sle me with your sorwe veraily,
I have of you so gret compassioun.
For Goddes love come fro the tree adoun;
And as I am a kinges daughter trewe,
If that I veraily the causes knewe
Of your disese, if it lay in my might,
I wold amend it, or that it were night,
As wisely help me the gret God of kind,
And herbes shal I right ynowgh yfind,
To elou with your hurtes hastily."

The shrighit this faucon yet more pitously
Than ever she did, and fell to ground anon,
And lith awoune, as ded as lith a ston,
Til Canace hath in hire lappe hire take,
Unto that time she gan of swounne awake:
And after that she out of swounne abraide,
Right in hire haunkes leden thus she sayde.

"That pitee renneth sone in gentil herte
(Feeling his similitude in peines smerte)
Is proved alle day, as man may see,
As wel by werke as by sanctoriee.
For gentil herte kitheth gentillesse,
I see wel, that ye have on my distresse
Compassioun, my faire Canace,
Of veray womanly benignitee.
That nature in your principles hath set.
But for non hope fos to londe the bet,
But for to obey unto your herte free,
And for to maken other yware by me,
As by the whelp chastised in the leon,
Eight for that cause and that conclusion,
While that I have a leiser and a space,
Min harme I wel confesseen er I passe."
And ever while that on hire sorwe told,
That other wept, as she to water wold,
Til that the faucon bad hire to be still,
And with a sike right tyme she said hire till.

"Ther I was bred, (alas that ilke day!)
And fostred in a roche of marbis gray
So tendrely, that nothing ailed me.
I ne wist not what was adversitee,
Til I coude see ful high under the skie.
"Tho dwelled a tenoret me ferve by,
That semed wel of alle gentillesse,
Al were he ful of treson and falsnesse.
It was so wrapped under humble egeze,
And under hew of trowth in swiche manere,
Uider plesance, and under bey peine,
That no wight coude have wend he coude feine,
So depe in greys he died his colourae.
Right as a serpent hideth him under flourae,
Til he may see his tyme for to bite;
Right so this god of loves hypocritte
Doth so his ceremonies and obscensae,
And kepeth in esmbiant alle his observance,
That cometh unto gentillesse of love.
As on a tombe in alle the faire above,
And under in the corpe, swiche as ye wote;
Swiche was this hypocritte both cold and hote.

And in this wise he served his entent,
That, save the fend, non wiste what he ment :
Til he so long had weped and complained,
And many a yere his service to me fained,
Til that min herte, to pitous and to nice,
Al innocent of his crowned malice,
For-fereed of his deth, as thoughte me,
Upon his othes and his seuretee,
Granted him love, on this conditioun,
That evermo min honour and renoun
Were saved, bothe privee and apert ;
This is to say, that, after his desert,
I yave him all min herte and all my thought,
(God wote, and he, that other wayes nought)
And toke his herte in change of min for ay.
But soth is said, gon sithen is many a day,
A trewe wight and a theef thinken not on.

" And whan he saw the thing so fer ygon,
That I had granted him fully my love,
In swiche a guise as I have said above,
And yeven him my trewe herte as free
As he swore that he yaf his herte to me,
Anon this tigre, ful of doubleness,
Fell on his knees with so gret humblesse,
With so high reverence, as by his chere,
So like a gentil lover of manere,
So ravished, as it semed, for the joye,
That never Jason, ne Paris of Troye,
Jason ? certes, ne never other man,
Sin Lamech was, that alderfirst began
To loven two, as writen folk beforne,
Ne never sithen the first man was borne,
Ne coude man by twenty thousand part
Confrete the sophimes of his art ;
Ne were worthy to unbocle his galoches,
Ther doubleness of faining shuld approche,
Ne coude so thanke a wight, as he did me.
His maner was an haven for to see
To any woman, were she never so wise ;
So painted he and kempt, at point devise,
As wel his wordes, as his contenance.
And I so loved him for his obeisance,
And for the trouthe I demed in his herte,
That if so were that any thing him smerte,
Al were it never so lite, and I it wist,
Me thought I felt deth at myn herte twist.
And shortly, so ferforth this thing is went,
That my will was his wille instrument ;
This is to say, my will obeyed his will
In alle thinge, as fer as reson fill,
Keping the boundes of my worship ever :
Ne never had I thing so lefe, ne lever,
As him, God wot, ne never shal no mo.

" This lasteth longer than a yere or two,
That I supposid of him nought but good.
But finally, thus at the last it stood,
That fortune wolde that he muste twin
Out of that place, which that I was in.
Wher me was wo, it is no question ;
I cannot make of it description.
For o thing dare I tellen boldely,
I know what is the peins of deth thorbey,
Swiche harme I felt, for he ne might byleve.
" So on a day of me he toke his leve,
So sorrowful eke, that I wend verally,
That he had felt as mochel harme as I,

Whan that I herd him speke, and sawe his
hewe.

But natheles, I thought he was so trewe,
And eke that he repairen shuld again
Within a litel while, soth to saun,
And reson wold eke that he muste go
For his honour, as often happeth so,
That I made vertrie of necessitee,
And toke it wel, sin that it muste be.
As I best might, I hid fro him my sorwe,
And toke him by the hond, Saint John to
borwe,
And said him thus : ' Lo, I am yowres all,
Beth swiche as I have ben to you and shall.'

" What he answerd, it nedeth not reherse ;
Who can say bet than he, who can do worse ?
Whan he hath al wel said, than hath he done.
Therefore behoveth him a ful long spona,
That shal ete with a fend ; thus herd I say.
" So at the laste he muste forth his way,
And forth he feeth, til he come ther his lest."
Whan it came him to purpos for to rest,
I trow that he had thilke text in mind,
That alle thing repairing to his kind
Gladeth himself ; thus saun men as I gesse :
Men loven of propre kind newefangelnesse,
As briddes don, that men in cages fede.
For though thou night and day take of hem
hede,

And strew hir cage faire and soft as silke,
And give hem engre, hony, bred, and milke,
Yet right anon as that his dore is up,
He with his feet wol sproun don his cup,
And to the wood he wol, and wormes ete ;
So newefangel ben they of hir mete,
And loven noveltees of propre kind ;
No gentillesse of blood ne may hem bind.
" So ferd this tereolet, also the day !

Though he were gentil borne, and fresh, and
gay,
And goodly for to seen, and humble, and free,
He saw upon a time a kite see,
And sodenly he loved this kite so,
That all his love is done fro me ago ;
And hath his trouthe falsed in this wise.
Thus hath the kite my love in hire service,
And I am lorn withouten remedy."

And with that word this faucon gan to cry,
And swoneth eft in Canacees barne.
Gret was the sorwe for that haukes harme,
That Canace and all hire women made ;
They n'isten how they might the faucon glade.
But Canace hom bereth hire a hire lap,
And softly in plastros gan hire wrap,
Ther as she with hire bek had hurt hirselve.
Now cannot Canace but herbes delve
Out of the ground, and maken salves newe
Of herbes precious and fine of hewe.
To helen with this hank ; fro day to night
She doth hire business, and all hire might.
And by hire beddes had she made a mew,
And covered it with valouettes blew,
In signe of trouth, that is in woman sene ;
And all without the mew is painted grene,
In which were painted all thise false foules,
As ben thise tidifis, tereoletes, and owles ;

And pies, on hem for to cry and chide.
Right for despit were peined hem beside.

Thus lette I Canace hire hank keeping.
I wol no more as now speke of hire ring,
Til it come eft to purpos for to saine,
How that this faucon gat hire love again
Repentant, as the story telleth us,
By mediation of Camballus
The kinges sone, of which that I you told.
But hennestorth I wol my process hold
To speke of adventures, and of batailles,
That yet was never herd so gret merveillis.
First wol I tellen you of Cambusecan,
That in his time many a citee was :
And after wol I speke of Algarisif,
How that he wan Theodora to his wif,
For whom ful oft in gret peril he was,
Ne had he ben holpen by the hors of bras.
And after wol I speke of Camballo,
That fought in hites with the brethren two
For Canace, or that he might hire winne,
And ther I left I wol again beginne.

Chaucer.—About 1360.

21.—THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

The god of love and benedicite,
How mighty and how great a lord is he,
For he can make of low hertes hy,
And of high low, and like fer to dy,
And herd hertes he can maken free.

He can make within a litte stound
Of sicke folke hole, fresh, and sound,
And of hole he can make seeke,
He can bind and unbinden eke
That he wolle have bounden or unbound.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice,
For he can make wise folke full nice,
For he may do all that he wolle devise,
And litly folke to destroyen vice,
And proud hertes he can make agrise.

Shortly all that ever he wolle he may,
Against him dare no wight say may,
For he can glad and greve whom him liketh,
And who that he wolle, he lengtheth or siketh,
And most his might he shedeth ever in May.

For every true gentle herte free,
That with him is, or thinketh for to be,
Againe May now shall have some stering,
Or to joy or ois to some mourning,
In no manere so much, as thinketh me.

For when they may here the bird's sing,
And see the flouris and the leaves spring,
That bringeth into his remembrance
A maner esse, meddled with grevance,
And lastre thoughts full of great longing.

And of that longing cometh hevynesse,
And thereof growth of gret sicknessesse,
And for lacke of that that they desire,
And thus in May ben hertes set on fire,
So that they brennen forth in gret distresse.

I speake this of feeling truly,
If I be old and unvuly,
Yet I have felt of the sicknessesse through May
Both hote and cold, and axes every day,
How sore ywis there wote no wight but I.

I am so shaken with the fevers white,
Of all this May sleepe I but a lite,
And also it is not like to me,
That any herte shoud sleepe be,
In whom that Love his fry dart wolle amite.

But as I lay this other night waking,
I thought how lovers had a tokening,
And among hem it was a commune tale,
That it were good to here the nightingale,
Rather than the leud cncow sing.

And than I thought anon as it was day,
I wold go some where to assay
If that I might a nightingale here,
For yet had I none heard of all that yere,
And it was the the third night of May.

And anon as I the day aspidde,
No lenger would I in my bed abide,
But wote a wode that was fast by,
I went forth alone boldly,
And held the way downe by a brooke side.

Till I came to a land of white and green,
So faire one had I never in been,
The ground was green, yppoud with daisie,
The flouris and the grasses like by,
All greens and white, was nothing els seen.

There satte I downe among the faire flouris,
And saw the birds trip out of hir bowris,
There as they rested hem all the night,
They were so joyfull of the dayes light,
They began of May for to done bowris.

They coude that servise all by rote,
There was many a lonely note,
Some song loud as they had plained,
And some in other maner voise yfained,
And some all out with the full throte.

They prayned hem, and made hem right gay,
And danceden and lepten on the spray,
And esmeroe two and two in fere,
Right so as they had chosen hem to yere
In Featere vpon spant Valentines day.

And the riner that I satte vpon,
It made such a noise as it ron.
Accordant with the birds armony.
Me thought it was the best melody
That might ben yheard of any non.

And for delite I wote never how
I fell in such a slomber and a swow,
Nat all asleepe, no fully waking,
And in that swow me thought I heard sing
The sorry bird, the leud cncow.

And that was on a tree right fast by,
But who was than euill apaid but I.
"Now God," quod I, "that died on the crois
Yene sorrow on thee, and on thy laund vois,
Full litte joy haue I now of thy cry."

And as I with the cuckow thus gan chide,
I heard in the next bush beside
A nightingale so lustely sing,
That with her clere voice she made ring
Through all the greene wood wide.

"Ah, good nightingale," quod I than,
"A litte hast thou ben too long hen,
For here hath ben the laund cuckow,
And songen songs rather than hast thou,
I pray to God euill fire her bren."

But now I will you tell a wonder thing,
As long as I lay in that swouning,
Me thought I wist what the birds ment,
And what they said, and what was hir entent,
And of hir spech I had good knowing.

There heard I the nightingale say,
"Now, good cuckow, go somewhere away,
And let vs that can singen dwellen here,
And in old folke a great dotage,
Thy songs be so alonge in good fay."

"What," quod she, "what may thee ayen now,
It thinketh me, I sing as well as thou,
For my song is both true and plaine,
And though I cannot crakell so in vaine,
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot neuer how."

"And enery wight may vnderstand me,
But nightingale so may they not done thee,
For thou hast many a nice quaint cry,
I haue thee heard saine, ocy, ocy,
How might I know what that should be?"

"Ah! fool!" quod she, "wost thou not what
it is,
Whan that I say, ocy, ocy, ywis,
Than meane I that I would wonder faine,
That all they were shامتelly ysaine,
That meanon ought agayne loue amis."

"And also I would that all tho were dede,
That thinkes not in loue hir life to lede,
For who so that wol not the god of loue serue,
I dare well say he is worthy to sterue,
And for that skill, ocy, ocy, I grede."

"Ewe," quod the cuckow, "this is a quaint law,
That euery wight shall loue or be to draw,
But I forsake all such companie,
For mine entent is not for to die,
Ne neuer while I live on Loues yoke to draw."

"For louers ben the folke that ben on line,
That most disease haue, and most vnthrine,
And most endure sorrow, wo, and care,
And leest feelen of welfare.
What nedeth it ayenst trowth to struu."

"What," quod she, "thou art out of thy mind,
How might thou in thy churlenesse find
To speake of Loues seruants in this wise,
For in this world is none so good seruisse
To enery wight that gentle is of kind."

"For thereof truly cometh all goodnesse,
All honour and all gentleness,
Worship, ease, and all hertes lust,
Parfitte joy, and full assured trust,
Iolite, pleasaunce, and fresheesse,

"Lowlyhead, largesse, and curtesie,
Semelyhead, and true companie,
Drede of shame for to done amis,
For he that truly Loues seruaunt is,
Were lother be shamed than to die."

"And that this is soth that I sey,
In that beleue I will live and dey,
And cuckow so I rede that thou do ywis:"
"Than," quod he, "let me neuer haue blisse
If euer I vnto that counsaile obey."

"Nightingale thou speakest wonder faire,
But for all that is the sooth contraire,
For loue is in yong folke, but rage,
And in old folke a great dotage,
Who most it vseth, most shall empaire."

"For thereof cometh disease and heinesse,
So sorow and care, and many a great sickness
Despite, debate, anger, and enuie,
Depraing, shame, vntrust, and jelousie,
Fride, mischeefe, pouerty, and woodnesse:"

"Louing is an office of despaire,
And one thing is therein that is not faire,
For who that getteth of loue a litte blisse,
But if he be alway therewith ywis,
He may full soone of age haue his haire."

"And, nightingale, therefore hold thee ny,
For loue me well, for all thy quaint cry,
If thou be ferre or long fro thy make,
Thou shalt be as othar that been forsake,
And than thou shalt hoten as doe I."

"Fie," quod she, "on thy name and on thee,
The god of loue ne let thee neuer ythee,
For thou art worse a thousand fold than
wood,
For many a one is full worthy and full good,
That had be naught ne had loue ybee."

"For enermore Loue his seruants amondeth,
And from all euill teaches hem defendeth,
And maketh hem to brenne right in a fire,
In trowth and in worshipfull desire,
And whan him liketh, joyinough hem sendeth."

"Thou nightingale," he said, "be still,
For Loue hath no reason, but it is will,
For oft time vntrue folke be caseth,
And true folke so bitterly he displeaseth,
That for default of courage he let hem spill."

Than tooke I of the nightingale keepe,
How she cast a sigh out of her deepe,
And said, "Alas that ever I was bore,
I can for tene not say one word more,"
And right with that word she brast out to
weepe.

"Alas," quod she, "my herte wolle to breake,
To hearken thus this leand bird speake
Of Loue, and of his worshipfull seruise.
Now, god of loue, thou help me in some wise,
That I may on this cuckow been awraike."

Me thought than he stert vp anone,
And glad was I that he was agone,
And evermore the cuckow as he flay,
Said, "Farewell, farewell, poppingay."
As though he had scorned me alone.

And than came th. nightingale to mee.
And said, "Friend forsooth I thanke thee,
That thou hast lixer me to rescow,
And one anow to lone make I now,
That all this May I wolle thy singer be."

I thanked her, and was right well aspid:
"Ye," quod she, "and be thou not dismayd,
The thou hane herd the cuckow erst than me,
For if I lise, it shall amended be
The next May, if I be not affraid.

"And one thing I wolle rede thee also,
Ne lene thou not the cuckow, ne his lounes so,
For all that he hath said is strong leasing:"
"Nay," quod I, "thereto shall nothing me
bring.

For lone and it hath doe me much wo.

"Ye, vse," quod she, "this medicine
Every day this May or thou dine,
Go looke vpon the fresh daisie,
And though thou be for wo in point to die,
That shall full greatly lessen thee of thy pine.

"And looke alway that thou be good and
true,

And I wolle sing one of the songs new
For lone of thee, as loud as I may crie:"
And than she began this song full hie,
"I shrewd all hem that been of lone untrue."

And when she had song it to the end,
"Now farewell," quod she, "for I mote wend,
And god of lone, that can right well, and may,
As much joy send thee this day,
As any yet loner he ever send."

Thus taketh the nightingale her lease of me,
I pray to God alway with her be,
And joy of lone he send her evermore,
And shilde us fro the cuckow and his lore,
For there is now so false a bird as he.

Forth she flew the gentle nightingale
To all the birds that were in that dale,
And gate hem all into a place in fere,
And beoughten hem that they would here
Her disease, and thus began her tale.

"The cuckow, well it is not for to hide,
How the cuckow and I fast hane chide,
Ever sithen it was day light,
I pray you all that ye do me right
On that foule false unkind briddo."

Than spake o bird for all, by one assent,
"This matter asketh good amusement,
For we ben birdes here in fere,
And sooth it is, the cuckow is not here,
And therefore we wolle hane a parliament.

"And therat shall the eagle be our lord,
And other peres that been of record,
And the cuckow shall be after sent,
There shall be yene the judgement,
Or els we shall finally make accord.

"And this shall be without nay
The morrow after Saint Valentines day,
Under a maple that is faire and grene,
Before the chamber window of the quene,
At Woodtocke vpon the grene lay."

She thanked hem, and than her lease toke,
Aid into an hawthorne by that broke,
And there she sat and song vpon that tree,
"Ferne of life lone hath withhold me,"
So loud that I with that song awoke.

EXPLICIT.

O leud book with thy foul rudenesse,
Sith thou haste neither beauty ne eloquence,
Who hath thee caused or yene the bardnesse
For to appeare in my ladies presence,
I am full siker thou knowest her benevolence,
Full agreeable to all her abyng,
For of all good she is the best living.

Alas that thou ne haddest worthinesse,
To shew to her some pleasant sentence,
Sith that she hath through her gentillesse
Accepted the servant to her chigne reverence,
O, me repenteth that I ne had science
And leiser als, to make thee more flourishing,
For of all good she is the best living.

Besech her meekely with all lowliness,
Though I be ferre from her in absence,
To think on my trowth to her and steadfast-
nesse,

And to abridge of my sorrowes the violence,
Which caused is, wherof knoweth your as-
pience,
She like among to notifie me her liking
For of all good she is the best living.

LAFUYE.

Arrowe of gladnesse, and day of lustinesse,
Lacera a night with heuenealy influence
Illumined, root of beauty and goodnesse,
Suspires, which I offende in silence,
Of grace I beseech alledge let your writing,
Now of all good, with ye be best living.

EXPLICIT.

Chaucer.—About 1286.

22.—TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you my purse and to none other wight
Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For certes ye now make me heavy chere,
Me were as lefe laid vpon a bere,
For which vnto your mercy thus I cris,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be night,
That I of you the blisful sowne may here,
Or see your colour like the sunne bright,
That of yelowness had neuer pere,
Ye be my life, ye be my hertes stere,
Queene of comfort and of good companie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse that art to me my liuse light,
And auenior, as downe in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sith that you will not be my treasure,
For I am shame as nere as any frere,
But I pray vnto your curtesie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

EXPLICIT.

Chaucer.—About 1360.

23.—THE HOUSE OF FAME.

And eke this house hath of entreis
As many as leaves ben on trees
In summer, when that they ben green;
And on the roof yet men may see
A thousand bolis, and well mo,
To letten the sound out ygo.

- And by day, in every tide,
- Ben all the doores open wide;
- And by night each one is unshette;
- No porter is there none to let,
- No manere tidings in to pace;
- No never rest is in that place,
- That it n' is filled full of tidings,
- Either loud, or of whisperings,
- And, ever, all the House's angles
- Is full of rownings and of jangles;
- Of wars, of peace, of marriages,
- Of rests, of labour, of viages,
- Of abode, of death, of life,
- Of love, of hate, accord, of strife;
- Of loss, of love, and of winings,
- Of health, of sickness, or lealings;
- Of fair weather, and tempestis,
- Of qualm, of folk, and of beastis;
- Of divers transmutations
- Of estates and of regions;
- Of trust, of dread, of jealousy,
- Of wit, of winning, of folly;
- Of plenty, and of great famine;
- Of cheap, of dearth, and of ruine;
- Of good, or of misgovernment,
- Of fire, and divers accident.

Chaucer.—About 1360.

24.—MERCY.

But, sith 'tis so there is a trespass done,
Unto Mercy let yield the trespassour;
It is her office to redress it soon,
For Trespass is to Mercy a mirour.
And like as the sweet hath the price by souer,
So by Trespass, Mercy hath all her might:
Without Trespass, Mercy hath lack of light.

What should Physic do but if Sickness were?
What needeth salve but if there were a sore?
What needeth drink where thirst hath no
powr?

What should Mercy do, but Trespass gafore?
But Trespass, Mercy will be little store;
Without Trespass near execution,
May Mercy have no chief perfection.

Chaucer.—About 1360.

25.—INTRODUCTION TO "THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF."

And so I, gladé of the season sweet
Was happid thus; upon a certain night
As I lay in my bed, asleep full unmeet
Was unto me; but why that I ne might
Best I ne wist, for there n' 'as earthly wight,
As I suppose, had more of hertis ease
Than I, for I n' 'ad sickness nor disease.

Wherefore I marvell'd greatly of myself
That I so long withouten sleepé lay,
And up I rose three hours after twelve,
About the springing of the gladsome day.
And on I put my gear and mine array,
And to a pleasant grove I 'gan to pass,
Long or the bright sunné uprisen was;

In which were oakés great, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass so fresh of hne
Was newly sprang, and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well from his fellow grew
With branches broad, laden with leaves new,
That sprongen out against the somné shen,
Some very red, and some a light glad green,

Which, as methought, was a right pleassant sight;
And eke the burdis songis for to hear,
Would have rejoiced any earthly wight,
And I, that couth not yet in no manere
Hearen the nightingale of all the year,
Full busily bearkenéd with heart and ear
If I her voisé perovise could any where.

And at the last a path of little brode
I found, that greatly had not usd be,
For it forgrowén was with grass and weed,
That well unneethis a wight might it see.
Thought I, "This path some whider goth,
pardé!"

And so I followed it till it me brought
To a right pleassant herbis well ywrought,

Which that benchéd was, and with turvé new
Fresné grass, whereof the greené grass
So small, so thick, so soft, so fresh of hne,
That most like to green wool, wot I, it was;
The hedge also that yodén in compass,

And closd in allé the green herbere
With sycamore was set and eglatere
Within, in fere so well and cunningly,
That every branch and leaf grew by measure
Plain as a board, of an height by and by ;
I see never a thing, I you ensure,
So well ydone ; for he that took the cure
It for to make, I trow, did all his pain,
To make it pass all the that men have seen.

Chaucer.—About 1360.

26.—THE DUPLICITY OF WOMEN.

This world is full of variance,
In everything, who taketh heed,
That faith and trust, and all constance,
Exiled be, this is no drede,
And save only in womanhood,
I can seee no sikernes ;
But for all that yet, as I read,⁶
Beware alway of doublenes.

Also that the fresh summer flowers,
The white and red, the blue and green,
Be suddenly with winter showers,
Made faint and fade, withouten ween,
That trust is none, as ye may seeen,
In no thing, nor no steadfastnes,
Except in women, thus I mean ;
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

The crooked mesen (this is no tale),
Some while inheven and bright of hue,
And after that full dark and pale,
And every moneth changeth new,
That who the very sothe knew
All thing is built on brittleenes,
Save that women alway be true ;
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

The lusty freshé summer's day,
And Phoebus with his beames clear,
Towardé night they draw away,
And no longer list t'appear,
That in this present life now here
Nothing abideth in his fairnes,
Save women aye be found entere,
And devoid of all doublenes.

The sea eke with his sterné wawes
Each day yfloweth new again,
And by the concourse of his lawés
The ebbe floweth in certáin ;
After great drought there cometh rain ;
That farewell here all stablesen,
Save that women be whole and plain ;
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

Fortuné's wheel go'th round about
A thousand times day and night,
Whose course steppieth ever in doubt
For to transene she is so light,
For which adverteth in your sight
Th' untrust of worldly éklinesse,
Beware women, which of kindly right
Ne hath no touch of doublenes.

What man ymay the wind restrain,
Or holden a snake by the tail ?
Who may a slipper eel constrain
That it will void withouten fail ?
Or who can driven so a nail
To maké sure newfanglones,
Save women, that can gie their sail
To row their boat with doublenes ?

At every haven they can arrive
Whereas they wot is good passage ;
Of innocene they cannot strive
With wawés, nor no rockés rage ;
So happy in their lodmanage
With needle's and stone their course to dress,
That Solomon was not so sage
To find in them no doublenes :

Therefore whose doth them accuse
Of any duple intentiún,
To speaké seven, other té, unso,
To pinch at their conditiún,
All is but false collusiún,
I dare right well the soth express,
They have no better protectiún,
But shroud them under doublenes.

So well fortunéd is their chance,
The dice to-turnen up so down,
With sice and cinspe they can advance,
And then by revolutiún
They set a fell conclusiún
Of lombés, as in sothfastnes,
Though clerkés maken mentiún
Their kind is fret with doublenes.

Sampson yhad experience
That women were full true yfound ;
When Dalila of innocene
With shears' gan his hair to round ;
To speak also of Rosamond,
And Cleopatra's faithfulness,
The stories plainly will confound
Men that speach their doublenes.

Single thing is not ypraised,
Nor of old is of no renown,
In balance when they be ypeend,
For lack of weight they be borne down,
And for this cause of just reason
These women all of rightwisnes
Of choice and free electiún
Most love exchange and doublenes.

L'ÉVOTE.

O ye women ! which be inclinéd
By influence of your nature
To be as pure as gold yfinéd,
And in your truth for to endure,
Armeth yourself in strong armúr,
(Lost men assail your sikernes),
Set on your breast, yourself t'assure,
A mighty shield of doublenes.

Chaucer.—About 1360.

27.—PRAISE OF WOMEN.

For, this ye know well, tho' I woulde lie,
In women is all truth and steadfastness;
For, in good faith, I never of them sie
But much worship, bounty, and gentleness,
Right coming, fair, and full of meekness;
Good, and glad, and lowly, I you ensure,
Is this goodly and angelic creature.

And if it hap a man be in disease,
She doth her business and her full pain
With all her might him to comfort and
please,
If fro his disease him she might restrain:
In word no deed, I wis, she wolle not faigne;
With all her might she doth her business
To bringen him out of his heaviness.

Lo, here what gentleness these women have,
If we could know it for our rudeness!
How busye they be us to keep and save
Both in heil and also in sickness,
And alway right sorry for our distress!
In every manere thus show they ruth,
That in them is all goodness and all truth.

Chaucer.—About 1380.

28.—THE LAST VERSES OF CHAUCER.

(Written on his Deathbed.)

Fly from the press, and dwell with sothfast-
ness;
Suffice unto thy good though it be small;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
Press hath envy, and weal is blent o'er all;
Savour no more than thee behoven shall;
Edele well thyself, that otherfolk can't rede,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

Pain thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
Great rest standeth in little business;
Beware also to spurn against a nalle;
Strive not as doth a crooké with a wall;
Deemeth thyself that deemest other's deed,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in burmess;
The wrooting of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
Forth, pilgrim, forth; O best out of thy stall;
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;
Waiveth thy lust and let thy ghost thee lead,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

Chaucer.—About 1400.

29.—THE TALE OF THE COFFERS OR
CASKETS, &c.

In a cronique thus I rede:
Aboute a king, as must nedes,
Ther was of knyghtes and squieres
Gret route, and eke of officers:
Some of long time him hadden served,
And thoughten that they hadde deserved,
Avancement, and gon withoute:
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but a while agon,
And they advanced were anon.

These oldé men upon this thing,
So as they duret, ageyne the king
Among himself compleignen ofte:
But there is nothing said so softe,
That it ne comith out at laste:
The king it wiste, and als so faste,
As he which was of high prudence:
He shope therefore an evidence
Of hem that pilgrim in the cas
To knowe in whose default it was:
And all within his owne entent,
That non ma wiste what it ment.
Anon he let two cofres make,
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So lich, that no lif thilke throwe,
That one may fro that other knowe:
They were into his chamber brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought,
And natheles the king hath bede
That they be set in privy stede,
As he that was of wisdom sligh;
When he therto his time sith,
All privily that none it wiste,
His owne hondes that one chiste
Of fin gold, and of fin perie,
The which out of his tresorie
Was take, anon he fid full;
That other cofre of straw and mull
With stonés meynd he fid also:
Thus be they full bothé two.
So that eviche upon a day
He had within, where he lay,
Ther should be tofore his bed
A bord up set and fairé spred:
And than he let the cofres sette
Upon the bord, and did hem sette.
He knewe the names well of tho,
The whiche agein him gruted so,
Both of his chambre, and of his halle,
Anon and sent for hem alle;
And soide to hem in this wise.
There shall no man his hap despise:
I wot well ye have longe served,
And god wot what ye have deserved;
But if it is along on me.
Of that ye unadvanced be,
Or elles if it belong on yow,
The sothé shall be proved now:
To stoppé with your evil word,
Lo! here two cofres on the bord;
Chese which you list of bothé two;

And witeh well that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if he happè therupon
Ye shall be richè men for ever :
Now chese and take which you is lever
But be well ware ere that ye take,
For of that one I undertake
There is no maner good therein,
Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth together of one assent,
And taketh your avisement ;
For but I you this day avance,
It stant upon your owne chance,
Al only in defalte of grace :
So shall he shewed in this place
Upon you all well afyn,
That no defalte shal be myn.

They knelen all, and with one vois
The king they thonken of this chois :
And after that they up arise,
And gon aside and hem avise ;
And at lastè they accorde
(Wherof her talè to recorde
To what issue they be falle)
A knyght shall speke for hem alle :
He kneieth down unto the king,
And seith that they upon this thing,
Or for to winne, or for to lese,
Ben all avised for to chese.

Tho toke this knyght a yerd on honde,
And goth there as the cofres stonde,
And with assent of everychone
He leith his yerde upon one,
And seith the king how thike same
They chese in regardon by name,
And preith him that they might it have.
The king, which wolde his honor save,
Whan he had heard the common vois,
Hath granted hem her owne chois,
And toke hem therupon the keie ;
But for he woldè it were acie
What good they have as they suppose,
He had anon the cofre unclose,
Which was fulfid with straw and stoncs :

Thus be they served all at ones.
This king than in the same stede,
Anon that other cofre unclose,
Wher as they sithen gret richesse,
Wel more than they outhen gesse.

Lo ! seith the king, now may ye see
That ther is no defalte in me ;
Forthy my self I wol acquite,
And bereth be your owne wite
Of that fortune hath you refused.

Thus was this wise king excused :
And they lefte off her evil speche,
And mercy of her king beseeche.

John Gower.—About 1300.

32.—ROSIPHELE'S VISION OF LADIES.

When come was the month of May,
She would walk upon a day.
And that was ere the sun ariet,

Of women but a few it wist.
And forth she went privly
Unto a park was fast by,
All softè walkend on the grass,
Till she came there the land was
Through which ran a great rivere.
It thought her fair, and said, "Here
"Will I abide, under the shaw."
And bade her women to withdraw.
And there she stood alone still,
To think what was in her will.
She saw the sweet flowers spring ;
She heard (the) glad fowls sing ;
She saw beastes in their kind,
The buck, the doe, the hart, the hind,
The males go with the female ;
And so began there a quarrell
Between love and her owne heart.
From which she couthe not astart.
And as she cast her eye about,
She saw, clad in one suit, a rout
Of ladies, where they comen ride
Along under the wood side ;
On fair ambulend horse they set,
That were all whitè, fair, and great ;
And everiche one rid on side,
The saddles were of such a pride,
So rich saw she never none
With pearls and gold so well begone ;
In kirtels and in copes rich
They were all clothed all slich,
Departed even of white and blis
With all luster that she knew
They were embroidered over all ;
Their bodies weren long and small
The beauty of their fair face
There may no earthly thing deface ;
Corowns on their heads they bare
As each of them a queen were ;
That all the gold of Crossus' hall
The least coronal of all
Might not have bought, after the worth ;
Thus comen they ridend forth.

John Gower.—About 1300.

31.—THE ENVIOUS MAN AND THE MISER.

Of Jupiter thus I find y-writ,
How whilom that he would wit,
Upon the plaints which he heard
Among the men, how it fared,
As of the wrong condition
To do justification ;
And for that cause down he sent
An angel, that about went,
That he the sooth know may.

So it befel upon a day,
This angel which him should inform
Was clothed in a man's form,
And overtook, I understand,
Two men that wenten over lond ;
Through which he thought to spy
His cause, and goth in company.

This angel with his words wise
Oppoeth them in smundry wise;
Now loud words and now soft,
That made them to disputen oft;
And each his reason had,
And thus with tales he them led,
With good examination,
Till he knew the condition,
What men they were both two;
And saw well at last tho,
That one of them was covetous,
And his fellow was envious,
And thus when he hath knowedging,
Anon he feigned departing,
And said he mote algate wend;
But hearken now what fell at end!
For then he made them understand,
That he was there of God's sond,
And said them for the kinship,
He wold do them some grace again,
And bade that one of them should sein
What thing is him levest to crave,
And he it shall of gift have.
And over that he forth with all
He saith, that othir have shall
The double of that his fellow saith:
And thus to them his grace he taxeth.

The Covetous was wonder glad;
And to that othir man he bade,
And saith, that he first ax should;
For he suppoeth that he wold
Make his axing of world's good;
For then he know well how it stood;
If that himsell by double weight
Shall after take, and thus by sleight
Because that he wold win,
He bade his fellow first begin.
This Envious, though it be late,
When that he saw he mote, algate,
Make his axing first, he thought,
If he his worship and profit sought
It shall be double to his fere,
That he wold chuse in no manner.
But then he showeth what he was
Toward envy, and in this case,
Unto this angel thus he said,
And for his gift thus he prayed,
To make him blind on his one ee,
So that his fellow nothing see.

This word was not so soon spoke,
Than his one ee anon was luke:
And his fellow forthwith also
Was blind on both his eyes two.
The wne that othir glad enough:
That one wept, and that othir lough.
He set his one ee at no coet,
Whereof that othir two hath lost.

John Gower.—About 1390.

32.—APOSTROPHE TO FREEDOM.

A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayse man to haif liking!

Fredome all esclace to man giffe!
He levys at ese that frely levys!
A noble hart may haif nane ese,
Na ellys nocht that may him plesse,
Gyff fredome faillythe: for fre liking
Is yearmyt our all othir thing
Na he, that ay haese levyt fre,
May nocht know weil the propyrte,
The angry, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thyridome.
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Than all perquer he suld it wyt;
And suld think fredome mar to pryse
Than all the gold in world that is.

John Barbour.—About 1390.

33.—CHARACTER OF SIR JAMES OF DOUGLAS.

All men lovéd him for his bounty,
For he was of full fair effair,
Wise, courteous, and debonair,
Large, and luffand als was he,
And cure all things lovéd lawté,

He was in all his deedis leal;
For him dedeynynt not to deal
With treschery, na with falsset:
His heart on high honour was set;
And him contentit on sic manere,
That all him lovéd that were him near.
But he was not so fair, that we
Should speak greatly of his beauty.
In visage he was some deal grey,
And had blaok hair, as I heard say;
But of limbs he was well made,
With banys great, and shoulders braid.

When he was blythe he was lovely,
And meek, and sweet in company;
But who in battle might him see,
Another countenance had he.

John Barbour.—About 1390.

34.—DEATH OF SIR HENRY DE BOHUN.

And when the king wist that they were
In hale battle, comand ese near,
His battle gart he weel array,
He rade upon a litla palfrey,
Lawcht and joly arrayand
His battle, with an ax in hand.
And on his basinet he bare
An hat of tyre aboon ay where;
And, thereupon, into takin,
Ane high crown, that he was king.
And when Gloucester and Hereford were
With their battle approachand near,
Before them all there came ridand,
With helm on heid and spear in hand,
Sir Henry the Boon, the worthy,
That was a wicht knight, and a hardy,
And to the Earl of Hereford cousin;
Armed in arms gude and fine;

Came on a steed a bowshot near,
 Before all other that there were;
 And knew the king, for that he saw
 Him see range his men on raw,
 And by the crown that was set
 Also upon his basinet.
 And toward him he went in hy.
 And the king see apertly
 Saw him come, forouth all his fears,
 In hy till him the horse he steers.
 And when Sir Henry saw the king
 Come on, foroutin abasing,
 Till him he rode in great hy.
 He thought that he should weel lightly
 Win him, and have him at his will,
 Sin' he him horvit saw see ill.
 Sprent they samon intill a lving;
 Sir Henry missed the noble king;
 And he that in his stirrups stude,
 With the ax, that was hard and gude,
 With see great main, raucht him a dint,
 That nouthar hat nor helm sticht stint
 The heavy dush, that he him gave,
 That near the head till the harness clave.
 The hand-ax shaft frushit in tway;
 And he down to the yird gan gae
 All fastings, for him failit nicht.
 This was the first strak of the ficht,
 That was performit doughtily.
 And when the king's men see stoutly
 Saw him, richt at the first meeting,
 Forouten doubt on abasing,
 Have slain a knight see at a straik,
 Sic hard'ment thereat gan they tak,
 That they come on richt hardily.
 When Englishmen saw them see stoutly
 Come on, they had great abasing;
 And specially for that the king
 See smartly that gude knight has slain,
 That they withdrew them everilk aone,
 And durst not see abide to ficht:
 See dreid they for the king's micht.
 When that the king repairit was,

That gart his men all leave the chase,
 The lordis of his company
 Blamed him, see they durst, greatly,
 That he him put in aventure,
 To meet see with a knight, and stour,
 In sic point as he thou was seen.
 For they said weel, it might have been
 Cause of their tyrsal everilk ans.
 The king answer has made them nane,
 But mainit his hand-ax shaft see
 Was with the straik broken in tway.

John Barbour.—About 1300.

35.—THE BATTLE OF BYLAND'S PATH.

Thus were they fechtand in the pass,
 And when the king Robert, that was
 Wise in his deid, and anerly,
 Saw his men see richt doughtily
 The path upon their fayis ta';
 And saw his fayis defend them see;
 Then gart he all the Irishry
 That were intill his company,
 Of Argyle and the Isles alsane,
 Sped them in great hy to the brae.
 And bade them leave the path haly
 And climb up in the crags hy;
 And sped them fast the height to ta';
 Then might men see them stoutly gae,
 And climb all gate up the height,
 And leave not for their fayis might.
 Mangre their fayis, they bare them see
 That they are gotten abone the brae.
 Then might men see them fight felly;
 And rouchis their fayis sturdily.
 And they that till the pass were gane,
 Mangre their fayis, the height has tane;
 Then laid they on with all their might;
 There might men see them felly fight.

John Barbour.—About 1300.

THE SECOND PERIOD,

FROM 1400 TO 1558.

WARTON, with great beauty and justice, compares the appearance of Chaucer in our language to a premature day in an English spring; after which the gloom of winter returns, and the buds and blossoms, which have been called forth by a transient sunshine, are nipped by frosts and scattered by storms. The causes of the relapse of our poetry, after Chaucer, seem but too apparent in the annals of English history, which during five reigns of the fifteenth century continue to display but a tissue of conspiracies, proscriptions, and bloodshed. Inferior even to France in literary progress, England displays in the fifteenth century a still more mortifying contrast with Italy. Italy, too, had her religious schisms and public distractions; but her arts and literature had always a sheltering place. They were even cherished by the rivalship of independent communities, and received encouragement from the opposite sources of commercial and ecclesiastical wealth. But we had no Nicholas the Fifth, nor house of Medicis. In England, the evils of civil war agitated society as one mass. There was no refuge from them—no inclosure to fence in the field of improvement—no mound to stem the torrent of public troubles. Before the death of Henry VI., it is said that one half of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom had perished in the field, or on the scaffold. Whilst in England the public spirit was thus brutalized, whilst the value and security of life were abridged, whilst the wealth of the rich was employed only in war, and the chance of patronage taken from the scholar; in Italy, princes and magistrates vied with each other in calling men of genius around them, as the brightest ornaments of their states and courts. The art of printing came to Italy to record the treasures of its literary attainments; but when it came to England, with a very few exceptions, it could not be said, for the purpose of diffusing native literature, to be a necessary art. A circumstance, additionally hostile to the national genius, may certainly be traced in the executions for religion, which sprang up as a horrible novelty in our country in the fifteenth century. The clergy were determined to indemnify themselves for the exposures which they had met with in the preceding age, and the unhallowed compromise which Henry IV. made with them, in return for supporting his accession, armed them, in an evil hour, with the torch of persecution. In one point of improvement, namely, in the boldness of religious inquiry, the North of Europe might already boast of being superior to the South, with all its learning, wealth, and elegant acquisitions. The Scriptures had been opened by Wickliffe, but they were again to become "a fountain sealed, and a spring shut up." Amidst the progress of letters in Italy, the fine arts threw enchantment around superstition; and the warm imagination of the South was congenial to the nature of Catholic institutions. But the English mind had already shown, even amidst its comparative barbarism, a stern independent spirit of religion; and from this single proud and elevated point of its character, it was now to be crushed and beaten down. Sometimes a baffled struggle against oppression is more depressing to the human faculties than continued submission.

Our natural hatred of tyranny, and we may safely add, the general test of history and experience, would dispose us to believe religious persecution to be necessarily and essentially baneful to the elegant arts, no less than to the intellectual pursuits of mankind. It is natural to think, that when punishments are let loose upon men's opinions, they will spread a contagious alarm from the understanding to the imagination. They will make the heart grow close and insensible to generous feelings, where it is accustomed to express them freely; and the graces and gaiety of fancy will be dejected and appalled. In an age of persecution, even the living study of his own species must be comparatively darkened to the poet. He looks round on the characters and countenances of his fellow-creatures; and instead of the naturally cheerful and eccentric variety of their humours, he reads only a sullen and oppressed uniformity. To the spirit of poetry we should conceive such a period to be an impassable Avernus, where she would drop her wings and expire. Undoubtedly this inference will be

THE SECOND PERIOD.—FROM 1400—1558.

found warranted by a general survey of the history of Genius. It is, at the same time, impossible to deny, that wit and poetry have in some instances flourished coeval with ferocious bigotry, on the same spot, and under the same government. The literary glory of Spain was posterior to the establishment of the Inquisition. The fancy of Cervantes sported in its neighbourhood, though he declared that he could have made his writings still more entertaining if he had not dreaded the Holy Office. But the growth of Spanish genius, in spite of the co-existence of religious tyranny, was fostered by uncommon and glorious advantages in the circumstances of the nation. Spain (for we are comparing Spain in the sixteenth with England in the fifteenth century) was, at the period alluded to, great and proud in an empire on which it was boasted that the sun never set. Her language was widely diffused. The wealth of America for a while animated all her arts. Robertson says that the Spaniards discovered at that time an extent of political knowledge which the English themselves did not attain for more than a century afterwards. Religious persecutions began in England at a time when she was comparatively poor and barbarous, yet after she had been awakened to so much intelligence on the subject of religion as to make one half of the people indignantly impatient of priestly tyranny. If we add to the political troubles of the age, the circumstances of religious opinions being silenced and stifled by penal horrors, it will seem more wonderful that the spark of literature was kept alive, than that it did not spread more widely. Yet the fifteenth century had its redeeming traits of refinement, the more wonderful for appearing in the midst of such unfavorable circumstances. It had a *Porteus*, although he wandered in the exile, unprotected by the constitution which he explained and extolled in his writings. It had a noble patron and lover of letters in Tiptot, although he died by the hands of the executioner. It witnessed the founding of many colleges in both of the universities, although they were still the haunts of scholastic quibbling; and it produced, in the venerable Peock, one conscientious dignitary of the church, who wished to have converted the Protestants by appeals to reason, though for so doing he had his books, and, if he had not recanted in good time, would have had his body also, committed to the flames. To these causes may be ascribed the backwardness of our poetry between the dates of Chancer and Spenser. I speak of the chasm extending to, or nearly to, Spenser; for, without undervaluing the elegant talents of Lord Surrey, I think we cannot consider the national genius as completely emancipated from oppressive circumstances, till the time of Elizabeth. There was indeed a commencement of our poetry under Henry VIII. It was a fine, but a feeble one. English genius seems then to have come forth, but half armed that her day of emancipation was at hand. There is something melancholy even in Lord Surrey's strains of gallantry. The accession of Henry VIII. gave stability to the government, and some degree of magnificence to the state of society. But tyranny was not yet at an end; and to judge, not by the gross buffoons, but by the few minds entitled to be called poetical, which appear in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, we may say that the English Muse had still a diffident aspect and a faltering tone. * * * *

The Scottish poets of the fifteenth, and of a part of the sixteenth century, would also justly demand a place in any history of our poetry that meant to be copious and minute; as the northern "makers," notwithstanding the difference of dialect, generally denominated their language "English." Scotland produced an entire poetical version of the *Æneid*, before Lord Surrey had translated a single book of it; indeed, before there was an English version of any classic, excepting Boethius, if he can be called a classic. Virgil was only known in the English language through a romance of the Siege of Troy, published by Carton, which, as Bishop Douglas observes, in the prologue to his Scottish *Æneid*, is no more like Virgil than the devil is like St. Austin. Perhaps the resemblance may not even be so great. But the Scottish poets, after all that has been said of them, form nothing like a brilliant revival of poetry. They are on the whole superior, indeed, in spirit and originality to their English contemporaries, which is not saying much; but their style is, for the most part, cast, if possible, in a worse taste. The prevailing fault of English diction, in the fifteenth century, is redundant ornament, and an affectation of Anglicising Latin words. In this poetry and use of "awcrite terms," the Scottish versifiers went even beyond their brethren of the south. Some exceptions to the remark, I am aware, may be found in Dunbar, who sometimes exhibits simplicity and lyrical tenderness; but even *his* style has frequent deformities of quaintness, false ornament, and alliteration. The rest of them, when they meant to be most eloquent, tore up words from the Latin, which never took root in the language, like children making a mock garden with flowers and branches stuck in the ground, which speedily wither.—*Compton's Essay on English Poetry.*

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

JOHN LYDGATE.

John Lydgate, who flourished about the year 1430, was an Augustine monk of St. Edmund's Bury. "His muse," says Watson, "was of universal access, and he was not only the poet of the monastery, but of the world in general. If a disguising was intended by the company of Goldsmiths, a mask before His Majesty at Eltham, a May-game for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the Lord Mayor, a procession of pageants from the creation for the festival of *Corpus Christi*, or a card for the coronation, Lydgate was consulted and gave the poetry." He travelled in France and Italy. He kept a school for pupils of the higher classes in versification. He wrote, according to Ritson, in his "Bibliographia Poetica," no fewer than 251 works. He was a good mathematician and also an accomplished scholar. Born 1375, died 1461.

JAMES I.

James I., King of Scotland, the son of Robert III., was taken by the English on his passage to France, and kept in confinement eighteen years. In 1423 he obtained his liberty on marrying Joanna Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, with whom he had fallen in love from seeing her walking in the royal gardens at Windsor while he was a prisoner there, and who is believed to be the lady alluded to in James's pleasing poem of the "King's Quhair." On his return to Scotland he severely punished his uncle, the Duke of Albany, and others, who had misgoverned the country in his absence, in consequence of which a conspiracy was formed, and he was murdered in his private apartments in 1437. James I. was a most accomplished gentleman, and a poet of no little merit. He invented a sort of plaintive melody, which was greatly admired and imitated in Italy, in which country he was, in consequence, long remembered with respect. He was one of the most skilful harpers of his time, and excelled all competitors in the use of that instrument. Three compositions of his have come down to us, "Christ's Kirk on

the Green," the "King's Quhair," and "Poesias at the Play," which exhibit no mean degree of intellectual power and literary skill.—*Beeton's Universal Biography*, p. 548.

ANDREW WYNTOUN.

Andrew Wynthoun lived in the early part of the 15th century. He was a priest of St. Serf's monastery in Lochleven. He wrote a chronicle of his country in rhyme. It is "valuable as a picture of ancient manners, as a repository of historical anecdotes, and as a specimen of the literary attainments of our ancestors. It contains a considerable number of fabulous legends, such as we may suppose to have been told beside the parlour fire of a monastery of those days."—*Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, vol. i. p. 28.

BLIND HARRY.

Blind Harry, or Henry the Minstrel, lived about the close of the 15th century. He sang the adventures of Wallace, and the poem, in eleven books, is full of animated descriptions of battle and heroic deeds. William Hamilton of Gibertfield paraphrased it into modern Scotch. In its new dress it has been exceedingly popular among the peasantry, and tended greatly to kindle the genius of Burns.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

Little is known of this poet's history. He was a schoolmaster at Dunfermline, and a monk of the Benedictine order. He wrote a number of poems, the chief of which are "The Testament of Cresseide," being a sequel to Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*; "Fables," thirteen in number. His best fable is the "Yponlands Mouse and the Burgesse Mouse;" but his most exquisite production is "Robene and Makynne," which is probably the earliest specimen of pastoral poetry in the Scottish language. Dr. David Irving, in his "Lives of the Scottish Poets," thus speaks of him:—"The various works of

Henryson afford so excellent a specimen of the Scottish language and versification, that a complete collection, printed with due accuracy and accompanied with proper illustrations, could not fail to be highly acceptable to the lovers of our early literature. The poems of Henryson are given in the collections of Hailes, Pinkerton, Ramsay, Sibbald, Irving, and Ellis." He died some time before the year 1508.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

William Dunbar, born 1465, died 1530. Dunbar was a native of Salton, East Lothian, Scotland. He received his education at the University of St. Andrew. He became a Franciscan friar, and preached in Scotland, England, and France. James IV. gave him residence at the court, and employed him in diplomatic services. He wrote "The Thistle and Rose," an allegory celebrating the marriage of James IV. of Scotland with Margaret, daughter of Henry VII.; "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins through Hell;" and "The Golden Terge." His "Merle and Nightingale" exhibits much beauty. "The Two Married Women and the Widow" is in a rich vein of humour: it is however indelicate. Sir Walter Scott expresses a very high opinion of Dunbar; he says, "that he is unrivalled by any poet that Scotland has yet produced;" and Ellis speaks in equally high terms: "Dunbar's peculiar excellence is much good sense and sound morality, expressed with force and conciseness. His style, whether grave or humorous, whether simple or ornamented, is always energetic; and though all his compositions cannot be expected to possess equal merit, we seldom find in them a weak or redundant stanza." His poems were published with notes by Sir David Dalrymple. Strange to say that, with a very slight exception, all his writings remained in manuscript till the beginning of the last century.

GAWAIN DOUGLAS.

Gawain Douglas, born at Brechin 1475, died 1525. He was the third son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, and became Bishop of Dunblod. He was educated at the University of Paris, and having entered the church, he was ever regarded as a lover of peace. He was a poet of considerable power, and his principal production, "The Palace of Honour," will often remind the reader of Benjan's Pilgrim's Progress. He is, however, best known for his translation of Virgil's *Æneid* into Scottish verse: the first version of any classic author into the British language. Hallam, in "Introduction to Literary History," says "the character of Douglas's original poetry seems to be that of the middle ages in

general—prolix, though sometimes animated, descriptive of sensible objects." Warton speaks of him as highly poetical; and Irving as a bold and energetic writer.

SIR DAVID LYNDSEY.

Sir David Lyndsey was born about 1490. He served King James V. in a variety of offices, as sewer, carver, cupbearer, purse-master, and was afterwards appointed Lord Lyon King at Arms. He was given to humour and satire; and though so intimately connected with the court, yet he boldly denounced its foibles and abuses. The clergy, who then led for the most part very dissolute lives, he strongly assailed. His writings doubtless contributed in no little degree to help forward the Reformation in Scotland. He died about the year 1555.

JOHN SKELTON.

John Skelton was born either in Cumberland, or more probably in Norfolk, about 1460. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards became Rector of Diss. His conduct was very unsuitable for a clergyman, although some allowance must be made for the general laxity of the times. Through an attack in his poem "Why come ye not to Court?" on Cardinal Wolsey, then in the zenith of power, he was compelled to seek refuge with Iship, the Abbot of Westminster. With this kind and faithful friend he lived till his death, in 1529. His works consist chiefly of satires and sonnets: there are also some severe remarks on Lily, a noted grammarian at that period. The Rev. Alexander Dyce has published his poems.

HENRY HOWARD.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born 1518, died 1547. He was the third son of Thomas, Earl of Surrey, and third Duke of Norfolk, by his second duchess, Elizabeth, daughter of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. He was the companion of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, Henry VIII.'s natural son. Both were sent to Cardinal College, now called Christ Church, Oxford. He married in 1535 Lady Frances Vern. In 1542 he served under his father in Scotland. Two years afterwards he was appointed Field-Marshal of the English army on the Continent. He distinguished himself greatly at the sieges of Landrecy and Boulogne. He became highly popular, and deservedly so, as his valour, skill, and accomplishments were great. But this the jealous Henry could ill brook. He was recalled from the Continent and imprisoned immediately on his arrival in England. He was thus charged,

on the most trifling and flimsy pretences, with high treason. He was convicted, and on the 15th January, 1547, this brave, generous, noble-hearted man was beheaded on Tower Hill, through the caprice of a relentless tyrant. He left two sons and three daughters. Robert Chambers rightly describes the poetry of Surrey as "remarkable for a flowing melody, correctness of style, and purity of expression. He was the first to introduce the sonnet and blank verse into English poetry. The gentle and melancholy pathos of his style is well exemplified in the verses which he wrote during his captivity in Windsor Castle." He was celebrated by Drayton, Dryden, Fenton, and Pope; and Sir Walter Raleigh says, "he was no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hopes." Lodge, in "Biographical Accounts of the Holbein Portraits," states that "the character of Henry, Earl of Surrey, reflects splendour even upon the name of Howard. He revived, in an age too rude to enjoy fully those beauties which mere nature could not but in some degree relish, the force of expression, the polished style and the passionate sentiments of the best poets of antiquity." Hallam, in his "Literary History of Europe," writes, "the taste of this remarkable man is more than his poetical genius. He did much for his own country and his native language."

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Sir Thomas Wyatt the Elder was born at Allington Castle, in Kent, in 1503. He was educated at the University of Cambridge. He married early, and was in great repute with Henry VIII., who sent him on many difficult missions, in all of which he showed great wisdom and knowledge of mankind. It is believed that he was attached to Anne Boleyn before her marriage with the king. His poems were one of the last works read by the ill-fated queen. Once Wyatt seems to have lost his influence at court, for he was committed to the Tower; but though unfairly tried, was honourably acquitted. He once again became a favourite to the capricious and tyrannical monarch. "In the autumn of 1542, he received orders to meet the Spanish Ambassador, who had landed at Falmouth, and to conduct him to London. In this journey he overheard himself with riding, and was seized at Sherborne with a malignant fever, which carried him off, after a few days' illness, in his thirty-ninth year."—(Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*.) He wrote many beautiful songs and sonnets, principally at his paternal seat of Allington. He also translated David's Psalms into English verse.

ANDREW BOURD.

Andrew Bourd, born about 1500, died 1549. was a native of Sussex, and educated at

Oxford. Hearne tells us that he "frequented markets and fairs where a conflux of people used to get together, to whom he prescribed, and to induce them to flock thither the more readily, he would make humorous speeches." He published "*Prynnycles of Astronomy*" in 1540; in 1542 he issued "*The First Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, the which doth teach a man to speake part of al manner of languages, and to know the usage and fashion of al manner of countries, &c.*," of which work Dibdin says, "Probably the most curious and generally interesting volume ever put forth from the press of the Coplands." He wrote the well-known and celebrated "*Merrie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham*." This "was accounted a booke full of wit and mirth by scholars and gentlemen. Afterwards being often printed, is now sold only on the stalls of ballad-singers."—(Athen. Oxon.) He wrote "*The Breviarie of Healths for all Manner of Sicknesse, and Diseases*," &c., 1547, which was approved by the University of Oxford. In the dedicatory Epistle to the College of Physicians he thus writes: "Egregious doctors and masters of the erimions and arcaic sciences of physick, of your urbanity exasperate not yourselves against me for making this little volume of physick." See Wood's "*Athen. Oxon.*," Bliss's edit.; Warton's "*English Poetry*"; Dibdin's "*Anas*"; "*Brit. Bibliog.*"; Ritson's "*Bibliog. Poet.*"; Dodd's "*Ch. Hist.*," vol. i.; Cooper's "*Musus' Library*"; Phillips's "*Theatrum Poet. Angl.*"; Hearne's "*Pref. to Benedictus Abbas Petroburg*"; Chalmers's "*Biog. Diet.*"

THOMAS TUSSER.

Thomas Tusser, born 1523, died 1580. Little is known of this poet beyond that "he was well educated, commenced life as a courtier under the patronage of Lord Paget, but became a farmer, pursuing agriculture at Eastwood, in Sussex, Ipswich, Fairstead in Essex, Norwich, and other places; that he was not successful, and had to betake himself to other occupations, such as those of a cho-rister, fiddler, &c.; and that finally he died a poor man in London, in the year 1580. Tusser has left only one work, published in 1537, entitled, '*A Hundred Good Pointes of Husbandrie*,' written in simple, but at the same time strong verse. It is our first, and not our worst didactic poem."—(Geo. Giljilan's *Specimens, with Memoirs of the less known British Poets*.)

RICHARD EDWARDS.

Richard Edwards, 1523—1566. One of the earliest dramatic writers, educated at Corpus Christi College, and Christchurch, Oxford. He was one of the contributors of the "*Paradise of Daynty Devises*," author of

"Damon and Pythias." This "Damon and Pythias" was the foremost of English dramas on classical subjects, and was acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1566. He wrote also the comedy of "Palemon and Arcyte," which was performed in the hall of his former college, Christchurch, in the same year; and Wood, in "Athen. Oxon.," Bliss's edit., l. 353, gives a most interesting account of the acting thereof in the presence of Royalty, when the cry of the hounds was so well imitated that many of the scholars "were so much taken and surprised, supposing it had been real, that they cried out, 'There, there—he's caught, he's caught!' All which the queen merrily beholding, said, 'Oh, excellent! those boys in very truth are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds.'" Edwards's madrigals and other poetical productions were very popular. See Puttenham's "Arte of Eng. Poets"; Wood's "Annals"; Sir E. Brydges's edit. of Phillips's "Theatrum Poetarum"; "Brit. Bibliog." vol. iii.; Hawkins's "Hist. of

Music"; Ellis's "Spec. Eng. Poet."; Warton's "Hist. of Eng. Poet."; "Biog. Dramat."; Collier's "Hist. of Dram. Poet."; and Drake's "Shakspeare and his Times."

WILLIAM HUNNIS.

William Hunnis was chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth. He wrote "Certaine Psalmes in English Metre," 1550; also in 1578 a "Hyve full of Hunny, containing the First Booke of Moses called Genesis turned into English Metre." He published "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soule for Sinners," &c., in 1585; "Recreations," in 1588, and other works. See "Bibl. Anglo. Poet.," Lowndes's "Bibl. Man.," Brydges's "Brit. Bibliog.," Campbell's "Spec. of Eng. Poets"; Dibdin's "Lib. Comp.," ed. 1825, 655; Hallam's "Lit. Hist. of Europe," ed. 1854, li. 120; Collier's "Annals of the Stage," vol. i. p. 235.

SECOND PERIOD.

From 1400 to 1555.

**36.—CANACE, CONDEMNED TO DEATH
BY HER FATHER ÆOLUS, SENDS TO
HER GUILTY BROTHER MACAREUS
THE LAST TESTIMONY OF HER UN-
HAPPY PASSION.**

Out of her swoone when she did abraide,
Knowing no mean but death in her distresse,
To her brother full piteouslie she said,
"Cause of my sorrowe, roote of my heavinesse,
That whilom were the source of my gladnesse,
When both our joyes by will were so disposed,
Under one key our hearts to be enclosed.—"

* * * * *

This is mine end, I may it not astarte ;
O brother mine, there is no more to saye ;
Lowly beseeching with mine whole heart
For to remember specially, I praye,
If it befall my litle somme to dye,
That thou mayst after some mind on us have,
Suffer us both be buried in one grave.

I hold him strictly twene my armes twein,
Thou and Nature laidè on me this charge ;
He, guiltlesse, mustè with me suffer paine,
And, sith thou art at freedom and at large,
Let kindnesse ourè love not so discharge,
But have a minde, wherever that thou be,
Once on a day upon my child and me.

On thee and me dependeth the trespassè
Touching our guilt and our great offence,
But, welsaway ! most angelik of face
Our childè, young in his pure innocence,
Shall agayn right suffer death's violence,
Tender of limbes, God wote, full guiltlesse
The goodly faire, that listè here speechlèss.

A mouth he has, but wordis bath he none ;
Cannot complaine alas ! for none outrage :
Nor grutcheth not, but lies here all alone
Still as a lambè, most meke of his visage.
What heart of steele could do to him damage,
Or suffer him dye, beholding the manère
And spoode benigne of his twein eyen clere."—

* * * * *

Writing her letter, awhapped all in drede,
In her right hand her pen ygan to quake,
And a sharp sword to make her heartè bleedè,
In her left hand her father hath her take,

And most her sorrowe was for her childes sake,
Upon whose face in her barme sleepinge
Full many a tere she wept in complayingne.
After all this so as she stooide and quoke,
Her child beholding mid of her peines smart,
Without abode the sharpe sword she tooke,
And rove herselfè oven to the hearte ;
Her childè fell down, which mightè not astert,
Having no help to succour him ner save,
But in her blood thesselfè began to bathe.

John Lydgate.—About 1420.

**37.—FROM "THE LONDON LACK-
PENNY."**

Within the hall, neither rich nor yet poor
"Would do for me anight, altho' I should die,
Which seeing I gat me out of the door,

Where Flemingis begun on me for to cry,
"Master what will you kopen or buy ?
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read ?
Lay down your silver and here may you speed."
Then to Westminster gate I presently went,
When the sun it was at high prime ;
And cooks to me they took good intent,
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine,
A fair cloth they 'gan for to spread.
But, wanting money, I might not be sped.

Then unto London I did me his.
Of all the land it beareth the price.
"Hot peascods !" — one began to cry,
"Strawberry ripe, and cherries in the rise."
One had me draw near and buy some spice.
Pepper and saffron they 'gan me bid,
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then to the Cheepe I 'gan me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand.
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn ;
Another he taketh me by the hand,—
"Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land."
I never was used to such things indeed,
And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London Stone,
Through out all Canwyke Street.
Drapers much cloth me offered anon.
Then comes me one cried—"Hotsheep's feet."
One cried "Mackrell !" — "Kyssees groin !" —
another 'gan greit.

One bade me buy a hood to cover my head,
But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

Then I hid me unto East Cheepe.

One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie.
Pewter pots they clattered on a heap.

There was harp, pipe, and minstrelly.

"Yes, by cock: nay, by cock!"—some 'gan
cry.

Some sang of Jenkin and Julian for their mood.
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,

Where was much stolen gear; among

I saw where hung mine own hood,

That I had lost among the throng.

To buy my own hood I thought it wrong;

I knew it, well as I did my creed,

But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,

"Sir," says he, "will you our wine assay?"

I answered, "That cannot much me grieve,—

A penny can do no more than it may."

I drank a pint, and for it did pay:

Yet sore a hungered from thence I yede,

And, wanting money, I could not speed.

John Lydgate.—About 1420.

38.—A SYLVAN RETREAT.

Till at the last, among the bowes glade,

Of adventure, I caught a pleasant shade;

Full smooth, and plain, and lusty for to seem,

And soft as velvet was the yonge green:

Where from my horse I did alight as fast,

And on the bow aloft his reins cast.

So faint and mate of weariness I was,

That I me laid adown upon the grass,

Upon a brinke, shortly for to tell,

Beside the river of a crystal well;

And the water, as I rehearse can,

Like quicke silver in his streams y-ran,—

Of which the gravel and the brichte stone,

As any gold, against the sun y-shone.

John Lydgate.—About 1420.

39.—THE GOLDEN AGE.

Fortitude then stood steadfast in his might;

Defended widows; cherished chastity;

Knighthood in prowess gave so clear a light,

Girt with his sword of truth and equity.

John Lydgate.—About 1420.

40.—GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

God bath a thousand hand's to chastise;

A thousand dart's of punition:

A thousand bow's made in divers wise;

A thousand arbalesta bent in his dangour.

John Lydgate.—About 1420.

41.—SPRING.

QUAIRE: CANTO II.

In Ver, that full of virtus is and good,

When Nature first beginneth her emprise,

That whilom was, by cruel frost and flood,

And showers sharp, oppressed in many wise;

And Cynthias beginneth to arise

High in the east, a morrow soft and sweet,

Upwards his course to drive in Ariete;

II.

Passit but midday four 'gris, even

Of length and breadth his angel wings bright

He spread upon the ground down from the

heaven;

That for gladness and comfort of the sight,

And with the tickling of his heat and light,

The tender flowris openit them and sprad,

And in their nature thankit him for glad.

James I. of Scotland.—About 1420.

42.—JAMES BEWAILS HIS CAPTIVITY.

CANTO II.

VII.

Whereas in ward full oft I would bewail,

My deadly life full of pain and penance,

Saying right thus:—"What have I guilt, to fall

My freedom in this world and my pleasure?

Since every wight thereof has suffiance,

That I behold,—and I, a creature

Put from all this:—hard is mine aventure.

VIII.

"The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,

They live in freedom, everich in his kind,

And I, a man,—and lacketh liberty!

What shall I sayn? What reason may I find

That fortune should do so?" Thus in my mind:

My folk I would argewe—but all for nought—

Was none that might that on my paines rought.

James I. of Scotland.—About 1420.

43.—JAMES FIRST SEES THE LADY JANE.

Bewailing in my chamber, thus alone,

Despaired of all joy and remedy,

For-tired of my thought, and wee-begone,

And to the window gan I walk in by

To see the world and folk that went forbye,

As, for the time, though I of mirthis food

Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the towris wall,

A garden fair; and in the corners set

Ane arbour green, with wandis long and

small

Railed about, and so with trees set

Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet

That by was some walking there forbye,

That might within scarce any wight spy.

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Besheaded all the alleys that there were,
And midis of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyl without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat,
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

— Cast I down mine eyes again,
Where as I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairist or the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart,
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,
No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
Were so overcome with plesiance and delight,
Only through letting of my eyon fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever of free will,—for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And oftsoone I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo', but only women twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,
"Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likanes of nature?"

Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comin are to loose me out of band?
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
This garden full of flowers as they stand?
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I mister unto your excellence?

If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart:
If ye be warldly wight, that doth me sike,
Why list God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely prisoner this smart,
That loves you all, and wot of nought but wo?
And therefore mercy, sweet! sif it is so." *

Of her army the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretive couchit with pearlis white
And great balas leaming as the fire,
With many an emment and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and bine.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Furred of shupe lio to the ankes,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets;
And other of shupe like to the flower jonets;

And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,
A goodly chain of small orfevory,
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart aspen verily,
That as a spark of low, so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throst,
Now if there was good party, God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,
As I suppose; and girt she was alite,
Thus haifing loose for haste, to such delight:
It was to see her youth in goodlihed,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble apert,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning surt.,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child advance!

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
But the began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

James I. of Scotland.—About 1420.

44.—THE RETURN OF DAVID II. FROM CAPTIVITY.

Yet in prison was King Davy,
And when a lang time was gane by,
Fra prison and perplexitie
To Berwick Castle brought was he,
With the Earl of Northampton,
For to treat there of his ransom.
Some lords of Scotland come there,
And als prelates, that wisest were,
Four days or five there treated they,
But they accorded by ane way;
For English folk all angry were,
And ay spak rudely mair and mair,
While at the last the Scots party,
That dred their faes' fellony,
All privily went hame their way;
At that time there ane mair did they.
The king to London then was had,
That there a lang time after bode.

After syne, with mediatioun
Of messengers, of his ransom
Was treated, while a set day
Till Berwick him again brought they.
And there was treated see, that he
Should of prison delivered be,
And freely till his lands found,
To pay ane hundred thousand pound

Of silver, intil fourteen year
 And [while] the payment [payit] wery,
 To make sse lang truce took they,
 And affirmed with seal and fay.
 Great hostage there loved he,
 That on their awn dispense should be.
 Therefore, while they hostage were,
 Expense but number made they there.
 The king was then delivered free,
 And held his way till his countrie.
 With him of English brought he nane,
 Without a chamber-boy alane.
 The whether, upon the morn, when he
 Should wend till his counsel privy,
 The folk, as they were wont to do,
 Pressed right rudely in thereto :
 But he right suddenly can arrace
 Out of a mace's hand a mace,
 And said rudely, " How do we now ?
 Stand still, or the proudest of you
 Shall on the head have with this mace !"
 Then there was nane in all this place,
 But all they gave him room in hy :
 Durst nane press further that were by ;
 His counsil door might open stand,
 That nane durst till it be preesand.
 Radure in prince is a gude thing ;
 For, but radure, all governing
 Shall all time but despised be :
 And where that men may radure see,
 They shall dread to trespass, and see
 Yessoon a king his hand may see.
 Thus radure dred that gart him be,
 Of Ingland but a page brought he,
 And by his sturdy ginning
 He gart them all have sic dreading,
 That there was nane, durst nigh him near,
 But wha by name that called were.
 He led with radure sse his land,
 In all time that he was regnand,
 That nane durst well withstand his will,
 All winning bowsome to be him till.

Andrew Wyntoun.—About 1430.

To that St. Serf answered there,
 " Of creatures made he was makir.
 A maker wicht he never be,
 But gif creatures made had he."
 The devil sskit him, " Why God of noucht
 His werkis all full gude had wrought."
 St. Serf answered, " That Goddis will
 Was never to make his werkis ill,
 And as envious he had been seen,
 Gif noucht but he full gude had been."
 St. Serf the devil sskit than,
 " Where God made Adam, the first man ?"
 " In Ebron Adam formit was,"
 St. Serf said. And till him Sathanas,
 " Where was he, eft that, for his vice,
 He was put out of Paradise ?"
 St. Serf said, " Where he was made."
 The devil sskit, " How lang he bade
 In Paradise, after his sin."
 " Seven hours," Serf said, " bade he therein."
 " Whon was Eve made ?" said Sathanas.
 " In Paradise," Serf said, " she was." * * *
 The devil sskit, " Why that ye
 Men, are quite delivered free,
 Through Christ's passion precious boucht,
 And we devils say are noucht ?"
 St. Serf said, " For that ye
 Fell through your awn iniquity ;
 And through ourselves we never fell,
 But through your fellow false counsell." * * *
 Then saw the devil that he could noucht,
 With all the wies that he wrought,
 Overcome St. Serf. He said than
 He kenned him for a wise man.
 Forthi there he gave him quit,
 For he was at him na profit.
 St. Serf said, " Thou wretch, gae
 Frae this stead, and 'noy nse gae
 Iyto this stead, I bid ye."
 Suddenly then passed he ;
 Frae that stead he held his way,
 And never was seen there to this day.

Andrew Wyntoun.—About 1430.

45.—INTERVIEW OF ST. SERF WITH SATHANAS.

While St. Serf, intil a stead,
 Lay after nanes in his bed,
 The devil came in foel intent
 For to found him with argument,
 And said, " St. Serf, by thy werk
 I ken thou art a cunning clerk."
 St. Serf said, " Gif I see he,
 Foel wretch, what is that for thee ?"
 The devil said, " This questio
 I ask in our collativ—
 Say where was God, wit ye oncht,
 Before that heaven and erd was wrought ?"
 St. Serf said, " In himself steadless
 His Godhead hamperd never was."
 The devil then sskit, " What cause he had
 To make the creatures that he made ?"

46.—ADVENTURE OF WALLACE WHILE FISHING IN IRVINE WATER.

So on a time he desired to play,
 In Aperil the thre-and-twenty day,
 Till Irvine water fish to tak he went,
 Sic fantasy fell in his intent.
 To lead his net a child furth with him yeid,
 But he, or noon, was in a fellow dreid.
 His sword he left, no did he never arain ;
 It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.
 Of that labour as than he was not sle,
 Happy he was, took fish abundantly,
 Or of the day ten hours o'er cooth pass.
 Eidend there came, near by where Wallace was,
 The Lord Percy, was captain than of Ayr ;
 Frae then he turned, and cooth to Glasgow fare.
 Part of the court had Wallace, labour seen,
 Till him tade five, clad into panned green.

And said soon, "Soot, Martin's fish we wald have!"

Wallace meekly again answer him gave.
"It were reason, methink, ye should have part,
Waith should be dealt, in all place, with free heart."

He bade his child, "Give them of our waithing."
The Southron said, "As now of thy dealing
We will not tak; thou wald give us o'er email."
He lighted down and frae the child took all.
Wallace said then, "Gentlemen gif ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray for charity.
Ane aged knight serves our lady to-day;
Gude friend, leave part, and tak not all away."
"Thou shall have leave to fish, and tak thee mae,

All this forsooth shall in our sitting gae.
We serve a lord; this fish shall till him gang."
Wallace answered, said, "Thou art in the wrang."

"Wham thoust thou, Scot? in faith thou 'serves a blaw."

Till him he ran, and out a sword can draw.
William was wae he had nae wappin there
But the poststaff, the whilk in hand he bare.
Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took.
With sae grude will, while of his feet he shook.
The sword flew frae him a fur-bred on the land.
Wallace was glad, and hint it soon in hand;
And with the sword awkward he him gave
Under the hat, his craig in sunder drave.
By that the lave lighted about Wallace,
He had no help, only but God's grace.

On either side full fast on him they dang,
Great peril was gif they had laeted lang.
Upon the head in great ire he strak aye;
The shearand sword glade to the collar bane.
Ane other on the arm he hit so hardily,
While hand and sword baith in the field can lie.
The tother twa fled to their horse again;
He stickit him was last upon the plain.
Three slow he there, twa fled with all their might

After their lord; but he was out of sight,
Tukand the mair, or he and they couth twine.
Till him they rade anon, or they wald bin,
And cryit, "Lord, abide; your men are martred down

Right cruilly, here in this false region.
Five of our court here at the water bade,
Fish for to bring, though it nae profit made.
We are soaped, but in field slain are three."
The lord spiritit, "How many might they be?"
"We saw but aye that has disoomfist us all."
Then laugh he loud, and said, "Foul mot you
all!

Sin' aye you all has put to confusion,
Wha means it maist the devil of hell him
drown!

This day for me, in faith, he bees not sought."
When Wallace thus this worthy wark had wrought.

Their horse he took, and gear that left was there,
Gave ower that craft, he yede to fish nae mair.

Went till his eme, and tald him of this deed,
And he for woe wald near worthit to weid,
And said, "Son, thir tidings site me sore,
And, be it known, thou may tak scaith there-fore."

"Uncle," he said, "I will no langer bide,
Thir southland horse let see gif I can ride."
Then but a child, him service for to mak,
His eme's sons he wald not with him tak.
This gude knight said, "Dear cousin, pray I thee,

Whan thou wants gude, come fetch enouch frae me."
Silver and gold he gart on him give,
Wallace inclines, and gudely took his leave.

Blind Harry.—About 1460.

47.—THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

On Wednesday the false Southron furth brocht

To martyr him, as they before had wrocht.
Of men in arms led him a full great rout.
With a bauld sprite yuid Wallace blent about.
A priest he asked, for God that died on tree.
King Edward then commanded his clergy,
And said, "I charge you, upon loss of life,
Nane be sae bauld yon tyrant for to thrive.
He has reigned long in contrar my highness."
A blyth bishop soon, present in that place;
Of Canterbury he then was righteous lord;
Again the king he made this richt record,
And said, "Myself shall hear his confession,
If I have might in contrar of thy crown.
An thou through force will stop me of this thing,

I vow to God, who is my righteous king,
That all England I shall her interdite,
And make it known thou art a heretic.
The sacrament of kirk I shall him give:
Synn take thy choice, to starve or let him live.
It were mair weil, in worship of thy crown,
To keep sic aye in life in thy bandoun,
Than all the land and good that thou hast
reived,

But cowardice thus ay fra honour draived.
Thou has thy life rougin in wrangous deed;
That shall be seen on thee or on thy seed."
The king gart charge they should the bishop
ta,

But sad louns counsellit to let him gae.
All Englishmen said that his desire was richt.
To Wallace then he rakit in their sicht
And eadly heard his confession till an end;
Fumbly to God his sprite he there commend
Lowly him served with hearty devotion
Upon his knees and said aye orison.

A psalter-book Wallace had on him ever
Fra his childheid—fra it wald nocht disever;
Better he trowit in wygae for to speed.
But then he was depalyed of his wood.
This grace he asked at Lord Clifford, that
knight,

To let him have his psalter-book in sicht.

He gart a priest it open before him hald,
While they till him had done all that they wald,
Stoffast he read for ought they did him there;
Feil Southrons said that Wallace felt na cair.
Quid devotion, see, was his beginning,
Conteined therewith, and fair was his ending.
While spech and sprite at anis all can fare
To lasting bliss, we trow, for evermair.

Blind Harry.—About 1460.

48.—ROBENE AND MAKYNE,

A BALLAD.

I.

Robene sat on gud grene hill,
Keysand a flock of se:
Merry Makyne said him till,
Robene thou rew on me:
I haif thè luvit, lowd and still
This yeris two or thre:
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
Doubtless bot dreid I die.

II.

He. Robene answerit, be the rnde,
Nathing of lufe I know:
Bot kepis my scheip undir yone wod,
Lo quhair they raisk on raw.
Quhat has marrit thè in thy made,
Makyne to me thou schaw?
Or what is lufe, or to be lu ad,
Fain wald I leir that law.

III.

She. At luvit leir gif thou will leir,
Take thair an A, B, C.
Be kind, courtas, and fair of leir,
Wys, hardy, and frè.
Se that no dancier do thè deir,
Quhat dule in dern thou drie,
Prais the with pane at all poweir,
Be patient, and previe.

IV.

He. Robene answerit her agane,
I wait not quhat is lufe,
But I haif marvell, in certaine,
Quhat meikis thè this wearis.
The wechtis as fair, and I am fane,
My scheip gois haill abouf.
An we wald play us in this pleis
They wald us baith reproif.

V.

She. Robene take tent unto my tale,
And wrik all as I reid,
And thou sall haif my hart all haile
Eik and my mairthead.
Sen God sendis bote for haill,
And for mairing, ransaid,
I dern with thè, but gif I daill,
Doubtless I am bot deid.

VI.

He. Makyne, to morns this ilka tyde,
And ye will mast me leir;
Peradventure my scheip may gang be
syde,
Quhill we haif liggit full neir,
Bot mangre haif I, as I byde,
Fra they begin to steir,
Quhat lvis on hairt I will nocht hyd,
Makyne then mak gud cheir.

VII.

She. Robene thou reiris me roif and rest,
I luvit but thè alone,
He. Makyne adow! the some gois west,
The day is seirhand gone.
She. Robene, in dule I am so drest,
That lufe will be my bone,
He. Ga luv, Makyne, quhair evir thou Est,
For loman I luv none.

VIII.

She. Robene, I stand in sic a style,
I sicht, and that full seir,
He. Makyne, I haif bene leir this quhile,
At hame God gif I wair.
She. My himy Robene, talk ane quhyle:
Gif thou wilt do me mair,
He. Makyne, sum other man beggie:
For hamewart I will fair.

IX.

Robene on his wayis went,
As licht as leif of tre:
Makyne murrit in her intent,
And trow'd him nevir to se,
Robene brayd attour the bent,
Thas Makyne cryit on his,
Now me thou sing, for I am schent,
Quhat als lufe with me.

X.

Makyne went hame withouttin fall,
Full werry afir cooth weip,
Thas Robene in a full fair daill,
Assembit all his scheip.
Be that sun parte of Makyne's all,
Ourthrow his hairt cowd creep,
He followit his fast thair till assaill,
And till his take gude keep.

XI.

He. Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing:
For all my lufe it shall be thine,
Withouttin departing.
All thy hairt for till have myne,
Is all my curating.
My scheip, to morns, quhyle hourisanyne
Will need of no kopya g.

XII.

For of my pane thou made it play,
And all in vain I spend,
As thou has done, so all I say,
Murra on, I think to mend.

xv.

He. Makyne the howp of all my heill,
My hairt on this is sett
And wvir mair to thè be leill,
Quhile I may laif, but lett
Never to fall, as uthers fall,
Quhat grace that evir I get.
She. Robens, with thè I will not deill,
Adow! for thus we mett.

xvi.

Makyne went hame blythe aneuche,
Attours the holtis hair;
Robens muruit, and Makyne leuch,
Scho sang, he sicht sair.
And so left him baith wo and wreich,
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a bench,
Among the holtis hair.

Robert Henryson.—About 1400.

49.—DINNER GIVEN BY THE TOWN
MOUSE TO THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

* * * their harboury was tane
Intill a sponce, where victual was plenty,
Baith cheese and butter on lang shelves richt
hie,
With fish and flesh enough, baith fresh and salt,
And pockis full of groats, baith meal and malt.

After, when they disposit were to dine,
Withouten grace they wish and went to meat,
On every dish that cookmen can divine,
Mutton and beef stricken out in telyies grit;
Ane lordis fare thus can they counterfeit,
Except ane thing—they drank the water clear
Instead of wine, but yet they made gude cheer.

With blyth upcast and merry countenance,
The elder sister then spier'd at her guest,
Gif that sho thocht by reason difference
Betwixt that chalmir and her sairy nest.
"Yea, dame," quoth sho, "but how lang will
this last?"
"For evermair, I wait, and langer too;"
"Gif that be true, ye are at ease," quoth sho.

To sit the cheer, in plenty furth they broucht
A plafe of groatis and a dish of meal,
A threiv of oakes, I trow sho spared them
noucht,
Abundantly about her for to deal.
Furnage full fine sho broucht instead of joil,
A white candle out of a coffer staw,
Instead of spise, to creish their teeth witha'.

Thus made they merry, while they might nas
mair.

An. Hail Yule, hail! they cryt up on his;
But after joy aftentness comes care,
And trouble after grit prosperity.
Thus as they sat in all their solity,
The Spenser cam with keyis in his hand,
Opand the door, and them at dinner fand.

They tarried not to wash, as I suppose,
But on to gae, wha-micht the foremost win;
The burges had a hole and in sho goes,
Her sister had nas place to hide her in;
To see that silly mouse it was great sin,
Sae desolata and wild of all gude rede,
For very fear sho fell in swoon, near dead.

Then as God wald it fell in happy case,
The Spenser had nas leisure for to bide,
Nowther to foros, to seek, nor scare, nor chase,
But on he went and cast the door up-wid.
This burges mouse his passage weal has spied,
Out of her hole sho cam and cried on tho,
"How, fair sister, cry peop, wher'er thou be."

The rural mouse lay flatlings on the ground,
And for the deid sho was full dreadand,
For till her heart strake mony weafu stound,
As in a fever trembling foot and hand;
And when her sister in sic plight her fand,
For very pity sho began to great,
Syna comfort gawe, with words as honey sweet.

"Why lie ye thus? Rise up, my sister dear,
Come to your meat, this peril is o'erpast."
The other answered with a heavy cheer,
I may nought eat, see sair I am aghast.
Lover I had this forty days fast,
With water kail and green beans and peas.
Then all your feast with this dread and
disease.

With fair 'treaty, yet gart sho her rise;
To board they went, and on together sat,
But scanty had they drunken anes or twice,
When in cam Gib Hantir, our jolly cat,
And hadd God speed. The burges up then
gat,
And till her hole sho fled as fire of fint;
Bawdrons the othar by the back has hant.

Frae foot to foot he cast her to and frae,
While up, while down, as oant as only kid;
While wald he let her run under the stree
While wald he wink and play with her buik-
hid;
Thus to the silly mouse great harm he did;
While at the last, through fair fortune and
hap,

Betwixt the dresser and the wall sho crap.
Syna up in haste behind the paneing,
See he sho clam, that Gilbert might not gather,
And by the clinks craftly cam hing,
Till he was gane, her cheer was all the better:
Syna down sho lap, when there was nane to
let her;
Then on the burges mouth loud counth sho cry,
"Fareweel sister, here I thy feast dofy."

"Thy mangery is misget all with care,
Thy guise is gude, thy game full sour as gall;
The fashion of thy feris is but fair,
So shall thou find hereafterward may fall.
I thank you curtsin, and you parpene wall,
Of my defence now frae you cruel beast
Almighty God, keep me frae sic a feast! 4 *

"Were I into the place that I cam frae,
For weel nor was I should ne'er come again."
With that she took her leave, and forth cam

gae,
While through the corn, while through the
plain.
When she was furth and free she was right
fain,
And merrily linkit unto the muir,
I cannot tell how afterward she fure.

But I heard syne she passit to her den,
As warm as wool, suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffit was baith butt and ben,
With peas and nuts, and beans, and rye and
wheat.

Whens'er she liked, she had enough of meat,
In quiet ease, withouten [ony] dread,
But till her sister's feast she mair she gaed.

From the Moral.

Blissed be simple life, withouten droid ;
Blissed be sober feast in quiete ;
Who has enouch of no more has he neid,
Though it be little into quantity.
Grit abundance, and blind prosperity,
Off times make aue evil conclusion ;
The sweetest life, theur, in this country,
Is of sickness, with small possession.

Robert Henryson.—About 1400.

50.—THE GARMENT OF GOOD LADIES.

Would my good lady love me best,
And work after my will,
I should a garment goodliest
Gar make her body till.

Of high honour should be her hood,
Upon her head to wear,
Garnish'd with governance, so good
Na deeming should her deir.

Her mark should be her body next,
Of chastity so white ;
With shame and dread together mixt,
The same should be perlyte.

Her kirtle should be of clean constance,
Lacit with lessum love ;
The mathes of continuance,
For never to remove.

Her gown should be of goodliness,
Well ribbon'd with renown ;
Furr'd with pleasure in ilk place,
Furrit with fine fashion.

Her belt should be of benignity,
About her middle meet ;
Her mazzle of humility,
To thole both wind and weit.

Her hat should be of fair having,
And her tippet of trash ;
Her patchet of good panning,
Her hale-ribbon of rusk.

Her sleeves should be of esperance,
To keep her fra despair ;
Her gloves of good governance,
To hide her fingers fair.

Her shoon should be of sickness,
In sign that she not slide ;
Her hose of honesty, I guess,
I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
I durst swear by my seill,
That she wore never green nor gray
That set her hail so weel.

Robert Henryson.—About 1400.

51.—THE MERLE AND NIGHTINGALE.

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal een chasing the cluddes sable,
I heard a Merle with merry notis sing
A sang of love, with voice right comfortable,
Again' the orient beamis, amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green ;
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Again' the heavenly azure skyis light.
Where did upon the tother side pursue
A Nightingale, with sugared notis new,
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone ;
This was her song, and of a sentence true,
All love is lost but upon God alone.

With notis glad, and gloriouse harmony,
This joyful merle, so salust she the day,
While rung the woodis of her melody,
Saying, Awake, ye lovers of this May ;
Lo, fresh Flora has flourish'd every spray,
As nature has her taught, the noble queen,
The field been clothit in a new array ;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living man,
Na made this merry gentle nightingale ;
Her second went with the river as it ran,
Out through the fresh and flourish'd lusty
vale ;
O Merle ! quoth she, O fool ! stint of thy tale,
For in thy sang good sentence is there none,
For both is tint, the time and the travail
Of every love but upon God alone.

Ceane, quoth the Merle, thy preaching, Night-
ingale :

Shall folk their youth spend into holiness ?
Of young naectis, grows said feindis, but table ;
Fye, hypocrite, in yeiris tenderness,
Again' the law of kind thou goes express,
That crookit age makes one with youth severe,
Whom nature of condicions made diverse :
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Fool, remember thee,
That both in youth and eild, and every hour,
The love of God most dear to man suld be;
That him, of nought, wrought like his own
figur.

And died himself, fro' dead him to succour;
O, whether was kythit there true love or none?
He is most true and steadfast paramour,
And love is lost but upon him alone.

The Merle said, Why put God so great beauty
In ladies, with sic womanly having,
But gif he would that they suld lovit be?
To love eke nature gave them inclining,
And He of nature that worker was and king,
Would nothing frustrit put, nor let be seen,
Into his creature of his own making;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Not to that behoof
Put God sic beauty in a lady's face,
That she suld have the thank therefor or love,
But He, the worker, that put in her sic grace;
Of beauty, bounty, riches, time, or space,
And every gudness that been to come or gone.
The thank redounds to him in every place:
All love is lost, but upon God alone.

O Nightingale! it were a story nice,
That love suld not depend on charity;
And, gif that virtue contrar be to vice,
Then love man be a virtue, as thinks me;
For, aye, to love envy man contrar' be:
God bade eke love thy neighbour fro the
spleen;
And who than ladies sweeter neighbours be?
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Bird, why does thou
rave?
Man may take in his lady sic delight,
Him to forget that her sic virtue gave,
And for his heaven receive her colour white;
Her golden tressit hairs redomite,
Like to Apollo's boanis tho they shone,
Suld not him blind fro' love that is perüte;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Merle said, Love is cause of honour aye,
Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,
Love makis knichtis hardy at essay,
Love makis wretches full of largeness,
Love makis sweir folks full of business,
Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,
Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, True is the contrary;
Sic frustis love it blindis men so far,
Into their minds it makis them to vary;
In false vain-glory they so drunken are,
Their wit is went, of woe they are not waur,
While that all worship away be fro' them
gone,
Fame, goods, and strength; wherefore well
say I dour,
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then said the Merle, Mine error I confess:
This frustis love is all but vanity:
Blind ignorance me gave sic hardiness,
To argue so again' the verity;
Wherefore I counsel every man that he
With love not in the feindis net be tone,
But love the love that did for his love die:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then sang they both with voices loud and
clear,
The Merle sang, Man, love God that has thee
wrought.

The Nightingale sang, Man, love the Lord
most dear,
That thee and all this world made of nought.
The Merle said, Love him that thy love has
sought
Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and
bone.

The Nightingale sang, And with his dead thee
bought:
All love is lost, but upon him alone.

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,
Singing of love among the leavis small;
Whose aidant plead yet made my thoughts
grein,
Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail:
Me to recomfort most it does avail,
Again for love, when love I can find none,
To think how sung this Merle and Nightin-
gale;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

William Dunbar.—About 1505.

52.—THE VANITY OF EARTHLY THINGS.

This wavering warld's wretchedness
The falling and fruitless business,
The mispent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ano pain.

The aliding joy, the gladness short,
The feigned love, the false comfort,
The sweir abade, the slightful train,
For to consider is ano pain.

The sugared mouth, with minds therefore,
The figured speech, with faces tway;
The pleasing tongue, with hearts unplain,
For to consider is ano pain.

William Dunbar.—About 1505.

53.—NO TREASURE WITHOUT GLADNESS.

Be merry, man, and tak nought far in mynd
The wavering of this wretched world of
sorrow,
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,

And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night it may be thine to-morrow.
Be blythe in heart for any aventure;
For with wysse it hath been said aforrow,
Without gladness availeth no treasure.

Mak the gude cheer of it that God thee sendis;
For world's wrack but wellfare nought availis.

Na gude is thine, save only but thou spendis—
Remenant all, thou bruikis but with bailis
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails,
In dolour lang thy life may not endure;
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sail,
Without gladness availis no treasure.

Follow on pity: see trouble and debate;
With famous folkis hold thy company.
Be charitable and humble in thine estate,
For wardly honour lestis but a cry.
For trouble in earth take no melancholy;
Be rich in patience, if thou in goods be poor.
Who livis mery he lives mightly;
Without gladness availis no treasure.

William Dunbar.—About 1505.

54.—OF DISCRETION IN GIVING.

To speak of gifts and almos deeds;
Some gives for merit, and some for needs;
Some wardly honour to uphie;
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives for pride and glory vain;
Some gives with grudging and with pain;
Some gives for practick for supplie;
Some gives for twice as gude again;
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives for thank, and some for threst;
Some gives money, and some gives meat;
Some givis worlde fair and alic;
And gifts fra some may na man treit;
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some is for gift sae lang required,
While that the craver be so tired,
That ere the gift delivered be,
The thank is frustrate and expired;
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives so little fall wretchedly,
That all his gifts are net set by,
And for a hood-pick halden is he,
That all the world cries on him, Fye!
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some in his giving is so large,
That all o'erladen is his burge;
Then vice and prodigality,
There of his honour does discharge:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some to the rich gives his gear,
That might his critis weel forbear;
And, though the poor for fanit sould die,
His cry not enters in his ear:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to strangers with faces new,
That yesterday fra Flanders flew;
And to auid servaunts list not see,
Were they never of sae great virtue:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to them can ask and pleinyis,
Some gives to them can flatter and feignis;
Some gives to men of honestie,
And holds all janglers at dislenyis;
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gettis gifts and rich arrays,
To swear all that his master says,
Though all the contrair weel knaws he;
Are mony sic now in thir days:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to gude men for thir thews;
Some gives to trumpons and to shrews;
Some gives to knaw his authoritie,
But in thir office gude fund in few is;
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some givis parochines full wide,
Kirks of St. Bernard and St. Bride,
The people to teach and to c'resse,
Though he sae wit has them to guide:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

William Dunbar.—About 1505.

55.—OF DISCRETION IN TAKING.

After Giving I speak of Taking,
But little of ony gude forsaking;
Some takes o'er little authoritie,
And some o'er mickle, and that is glaiking;
In Taking sould Discretion be.

The clerks takes benefices with brawis,
Some of St. Peter and some of St. Paul's;
Tak he the rents, no care has he,
Suppose the devil tak all their aulis:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Barons tak fra the tenants pair
All fruit that growis on the far,
In made and gersome raise o'er his;
And gars them beg fra door to door:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some merchant's take unlesome wine,
Whilk makes their pocks oft time fall thin,
By thir successon as ye may see,
That ill-won gear 'riches not the kin:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some takes other mennis tacks,
And on the pair oppression maks,
And never remembers that he mase die,
Till that the gallows gars him ras:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some take by sea, and some by land,
And never fra taking can hald their hand,
Till he be tyit up to ane tree;
And syne they gar him understand,
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some wald tak all his neighbour's gear;
Had he of man as little fear
As he has dread that God him see;
To tak then sould he never forbear:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some wald tak all this world on braid;
And yet not satisfied of their need,
Through heart unsatiable and greedie;
Some wald tak little, and can not speed:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Great men for taking and oppression,
Are set full famous at the Session,
And pair takers are hangit his,
Shawit for ever, and their secession:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

William Dunbar.—About 1505.

56.—THE SHIPWRECK OF THE CARWELL OF GRACE.

PART III. STANZA VII.

As ye bene on the high hills situate,
"Look down," quoth she, "conceive in what
estate

Thy wretched world thou may consider now!"
At her command, with meikle dread, God
wait,

Out oore the hill see hideous, high, and strait
I blent adown, and felt my body grow:—
This brukit earth, see little till allow,
Methought I saw burn in a fiery rage
Of stormy sea whilk might nae manner
'suage.

VIII.

That terrible tempest's hideous walls huge
Were maist grislie for to behald or judge,
Where neither rest nor quiet might appear;
There was a perilous place folk for to lodge,
There was nae help, support, nor yet refuge.
Innumerable folk I saw floterand in fear,
Whilk perished on the wetering wallis weir.
And secondly I saw a lustie barge
Coursed with seas and many a stormy charge.

IX.

This goodly Carwell, talkit traist on raw,
With blanched sail, milk-white as ony snaw,
Right sower, tight, and wonder strangely
baldit,
Was on the bairdin wallis quite o'erthrow.
Contrariously the blusterous winds did blaw
In bubbis thick, that nae ship's sail might
wield it.
Now sank she low, now high to heaven up-
haldit;

At every part see (the) sea winds draif,
While on a.s. said the ship did burst and
claf.

X.

It was a piteous thing,—alack, alack!
To hear the doleful cry when that she striik;
Maist lamentable the perished folk to see!
Sae famist, drowkit, mait, forwrought, and
waik;
Some on ane plank of fir-tree, and some of
aik;
Some hang upon a takill, some on ane tree;
Some frae their grip soon washen by the sea;
Part drownit, part to the rock fet or swam
On raips or buirds, syne up the hill they clam.

XI.

Tho at my nymph briefly I did enquire,
What signified that fearful wonders seir;
"Ye multitude," said she, "of people
drownit,
Are faithless folk, whilkis, while they are here,
Misknowis God, and followe their pleser,
Wherefore they shall in endless fire be brint,
Ye lusty ship thou sees perished and tint,
In whom ye people made ane perilous race,
She hecht the Carwell of the state of Grace."

XII.

Ye bene all born the sons of ire, I guess,
Synne through baptism gets grace and faith-
fulness;
Then in ye Carwell surely ye remain,
Oft stormsted with this world's bruckleness,
While that ye fall in sin and wretchedness,
pain,
Then ship-broke shall ye drown in endless
Except by faith ye find the plank again,
By Christ working good works, I understand;
Remain therewith; thir shall ye bring to
land.

Gawain Douglas.—About 1510.

57.—MORNING IN MAY.

As frae Aurora, to mighty Tithon sponse,
Ished of her saffron bod and ivor house,
In cram'ey clad and grained violate,
With sanguine cape, and selvaige purpurate,
Unshet the windows of her large hall,
Spread all with roses, and full of balm royal,
And eke the heavenly portis chrySTALLINE
Unwarpe braid, the world till illumine;
The twinkling streamers of the orient
Shed purpur sprains, with gold and azure
ment

Eons, the steed, with ruby harness red,
Above the seas lifts furth his head,
Of colour sore, and somedon brown as berry,
For to alichten and glad our emispery;
The flame out-bursten at the neithir;
So fast Phaeton with the whip him whir. ••

While shortly, with the blee and torch of day,
 Abnyit in his lemand fresh array,
 Furth of his palace royal ishit Phobna,
 With golden crown and visage glorious,
 Crisp hairs, bright as chrysolite or topaz;
 For whose he might name behald his face. * *
 The auriate vanes of his throne soverane
 With glitterand glance o'erspread the ocean;
 The large fudes, lemand all of licht,
 But with one blink of his supernal sight.
 For to behald, it was ane glore to see
 The stabled windis, and the calmed sea,
 The soft season, the firmament serene,
 The loome illuminat air and firth amene. * *
 And lusty Flora did her bloomis spread
 Under the feet of Phoebus' sulyar-stead;
 The swarded soil embrodie with selcouth haes,
 Wood and forest, obumbrate with bows. * *
 Towers, turrets, kirkals, and pinnacles his,
 Of kirks, castles, and ilk fair citie,
 Stude painted, every face, phiol, and stage,
 Upon the plain ground by their awn umbrage.
 Of Eolus' north blasts havand no dreid,
 The soil spread her braid bosom on-breid;
 The corn-crops and the beir new-braid
 With gladsome garment reveesting the yerd. *
 The prai besprent with springand sprouts
 disper
 For caller humours on the dewy night
 Rendering some place the gerse-piles their
 licht;
 As far as cattle the lang summer's day
 Had in their pasture eat and nip away;
 And blissful blossoms in the bloomed yerd,
 Submits their heads to the young sun's safe-
 guard.
 Ivy leaves rank o'erspread the barmkin wall;
 The bloomed hawthorn clad his pikis all;
 Furth of fresh bourgeons the wine grapes
 ying
 Endland the trellis did on twistis hing;
 The lockit burtons on the gemmed trees
 O'erspreadand leaves of nature's tapestries;
 Soft grassy verdure after balmy shonira,
 On ourland stalkis emiland to their flouris. * *
 The daisy did on-breid her crownal small,
 And every flower unlappt in the dale. * *
 Sere downis small on dentilion sprang,
 The young green bloomed strawberry leaves
 among;
 Jimp jeryflouirs theoren leaves unshet,
 Fresh primrose and the purple violet; * *
 Heavely hilies, with lockrand toppis white,
 Opened and shew their crestis redemite. * *
 Ane paradise it seemed to draw near
 Thir galyard gardenis and each green herbere
 Maist amiable wax the emeraut meads;
 Swazmaie scotchis through out the respand
 reeds.
 Over the lochis and the fladis gray,
 Searchand by kind ane place where they should
 lay.
 Phoebus' red fowl, his cural crest caa steer,
 Oft streikand furth his heckle, craswand cleer.
 And the wortic and the raitis gunt
 Pckand his meast in alleys where he went,

His wivis Toppe and Partolet him by—
 A bird all-time that hauntis bigamy.
 The painted powne pscand with plumes gym,
 Keest up his tail ane proud plesand whel-wim,
 Inhrouded in his feathering bright and sheen,
 Shapand the prent of Argus' hundred een.
 Among the bowis of the olive twistis,
 Sere small fowls, workand crafty nests,
 Endlang the hedges thick, and on rank aikis
 Ilk bird rejoicand with their mirthful makes.
 In oorners and clear fenestres of glass,
 Full busily Arachne weavand was,
 To knit her nettis and her wobbis aie,
 Therewith to catch the little midge or fie.
 So dusty powder upstouris in every street,
 While corby gapit for the fervent heat.
 Under the bowis bene in lifely wale,
 Within fermance and parkis close of pales,
 The husteous buckis rakis furth on raws,
 Herdis of hertis through the thick wood-shaw.
 The young fawns followand the dun daes,
 Kids, skipand through, runnis after rae.
 In leisurs and on leyis, little lambs
 Full tait and trig socht bietand to their dams.
 On salt streams wolk Doridis and Thotia,
 By rinnand strandis, Nymphis and Naiadis,
 Sic as we clepe wenches and damyselis,
 In gery graves wandrand by spring wells;
 Of bloomed branchis and flowers white and
 red,
 Pluckand their lusty chaplets for their head.
 Some sang ring-songes, dances, leids, and
 rounds.
 With voices shrill, while all the dale resoundis.
 Whereso they walk into their caroling,
 For amorous lays does all the rockis ring.
 Ane sang, "The ship saile over the salt faem,
 Will bring the merchants and my leman hame."
 Some other sings, "I will be byrthe and licht,
 My heart is lent upon so goodly wricht."
 And thoughtful lovers roundis to and fro,
 To leis their pain, and plein their jolly woe.
 After their guise, now singand, now in sorrow,
 With heartis pensive the lang summer's mor-
 row.
 Some ballads list indite of his ivy;
 Some livis in hope; and some all utterly
 Despairit is, and sae quite out of grace,
 His purgatory he finds in every place. * *
 Dame Nature's menstrals, on that other part
 Their blissful lay intonging every art, * *
 And all small fowlis singis on the spray,
 Welcome the lord of licht, and lamps of day,
 Welcome fosterer of tenker herbes green,
 Welcome quickener of flourit flouris sheen,
 Welcome support of every rute and rein,
 Welcome comfort of all kind fruit and grain,
 Welcome master and raler of the year,
 Welcome weelfare of husbandis at the plewis,
 Welcome repaire of woodis, trees, and bewis,
 Welcome depainter of the bloomis meads,
 Welcome life of every thing that spreids,
 Welcome storer of all kind bestial,
 Welcome be thy brecht beamin gladdand all * *
 Gossous Douglas.—About 1519.

58.—GRIEVANCES OF A SCOTTISH PEASANT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Pauper.

My father was an auld man and ane hoar,
And was of age four score (of) years or more.
And Maird, my mother, was four score and
fifteen,
And with my labour I did them baith sustene.
We had ane meir that carryt salt and coal,
And ever ilk year she brought us hams ane
foal.

We had three ky, that was baith fat and fair,
Nane tidier into the town of Ayr.
My father was ane waik of bluid and bane
That he deit, wherefore my mother made
great mane;

Then she deit within ane day or two,
And there began my poverty and wo.
Our gude grey meir was baitand on the field,
And our land's laird took her for his herbyold.
The vicar took the best cow by the haid
Incontinent, when my father was deid.
And when the vicar heard tell how that my
mother

Was deid, fra hand, he took till him the other.
Then Meg, my wife, did murr baith even and
morrow,

Till at the last she deit for verie sorrow;
And when the vicar heard tell my wife was
deid,

The thrid cow he clisket by the head.
Their upmost clais, that was of raploch grey,
The vicar gart his clark bear them away.
When all was gane, I nicht mak nae dobest,
But with my bairns passed for till beg my
meat.

Now have I tauld you the black veritie,
How I am brocht into this misery.

Diligence.

How did the parson? was he not thy gude
freend?

Pauper.

— he curst me for my tiend.

And holds me yet under that same process,
That gart me want the sacrament at Pasche.
In gude faith, Sir, thoct he wad out my
throat,

I have use gear except ane English groat,
Whilk I purpose to give ane man of law.

Diligence.

Thou art the daftest fule that e'er I saw.
Trows thou, man, by the law to get remeid
Of men of kirk? Na, nocht till thou'be deid.

Pauper.

Sir, by what law, tell me, wherefore or why?
That ane vicar should tak fra me three ky?

Diligence.

They have nae law exoepting consuetude,
Whilk law to them is sufficient and gude.

Pauper.

Ane consuetude aganes the common weil,
Should be nae law, I think, by sweet Sanct
Gasil.

Whaur will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,
To tak three ky fra ane pair husband man?
Ane for my father, and for my wife ane other,
An the thrid cow he took for Maird, my
mother.

Diligence.

It is their law; all that they have in use,
Thocht it be cow, sow, ganer, gryce, or guse.

Pauper.

Sir I wad speir at you ane question;
Behald some prelates of this region—

Diligence.

Hald thy tongue, man, it seems that thou
were mangit.
Speak thou of priests, but doubt, thou will be
hangit.

Sir David Lyndsay.—About 1520.

59.—THE EXACTIONS AND DELAY OF THE LAW.

Pauper.

I lent my gossip my meir to fetter hame coals,
And he her droun'd into the querral holes.
And I ran to the consistory for to playne,
And there I happened among ane greedy
manys.

They gave me first ane thing they call ci-
tandum;
Within aucht days I gat but libellandum;
Within ane month I gat ad opponendum;
In ane half year I gat inter loquendum;
Ane syne I gat—how call ye it?—ad repi-
candum;

But, I could never ane word yet understand
him.

An then, they gart me cast out many placks,
And gart me pay for four and twenty acts;
But or they came half gale to concludendum,
The sient a plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postpou'd me twa year, with their
train,

Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bade me come again.
An then thir rooks they roupit wonder fast,
For sentence silver they cryit at the last.
Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder
faun;

But I gat ne'er my gude grey meir again.

Sir David Lyndsay.—About 1520.

60.—DESCRIPTION OF SQUIRE MELDRUM.

He was bot twintie yeiris of age,
Quehen he began his vassalage:
Proportionat weil, of mid stature:
Fairie and wicht and might endure

O'virset with travell both nicht and day,
 Richt hardie baith in ernst and play;
 Blyth in countenance, richt fair of face,
 And stude well ay in his ladies grace:
 For he was wonder amiable;
 And in all deidis honourabill;
 And ay his honour did advance,
 In Ingland first and syne in France
 And thare his manheid did assail
 Under the kingis great admirall,
 Quhen the greit navy of Scotland
 Passit to the sea aganis Ingland.

Sir David Lyndsey.—About 1520.

61.—MELDRUM'S DUEL WITH THE
 ENGLISH CHAMPION TALBART.

Then clarions and trumpets blew,
 And wiriours many hither drew;
 On evry side come mony man,
 To behald wha the battel wan.
 The field was in the meadow green,
 Quhare evrie man might well be seen:
 The heraldis put tham sa in order,
 That na man past within the border,
 Nor preisit to com within the green,
 Bot heraldis and the champions keen;
 The order and the circumstance
 Wer lang to put in remembrance.
 Quhen thir twa nobill men of weir
 Wer well accoutert in their gear,
 And in their handis strong burdounis,
 Than trumpetis blew and clarionis,
 And heraldis cryit he on nicht,
 Now let thame go—God shaw the richt.
 • • • • •
 Than trumpetis blew triumphantly,
 And thay twa champions eagerlie,
 They spurrit their hors with speir on breast,
 Partly to prief their pith they preist.
 That round rink-room was at utterance,
 Bot Talbart's hors with ane mischance
 H' conterit, and to run was laith;
 Quharof Talbart was wonder wraith.
 The Squyer furth his rink he ran,
 Commendit weil with evry man.
 And him dischargit of his speir
 Honestlie, like ane man of weir.
 • • • • •
 The trenchour of the Squyrens speir
 Stak still into Sir Talbart's gear;
 Than evrie man into that sted
 Did all believe that he was ded.
 The Squyer lap richt haistilie
 From his concour deliverie,
 And to Sir Talbart made support,
 And humillie did him comfort.
 When Talbart saw into his shield
 Ane oter in ane silver field,
 This race, said he, I sair may rew,
 For I see weil my dreame was true;
 Methocht you oter gart me bleed,
 And buir me backward from my sted;
 But heir I vow to God soverane,
 That I sall never just againe.

And sweetlie to the Squyre said,
 Thou knowis the cunning that we made,
 Quhill of us twa said tyne the field,
 He said baith hors and armour yeld
 Till him that was, quhairfore I will
 My hors and harness gese thé till,
 Then said the Squyer, courtouslie,
 Brother, I thank you hartfullie;
 Of you, forsooth, nothing I crave,
 For I have gotten that I would have.

Sir David Lyndsey.—About 1520.

62.—CHRIST COMING TO JUDGMENT.

As frefaucht hastily glancing,
 Descend shall the maist heavenly King,
 As Phoebus in the orient
 Lightens in haste the occident,
 Sae pleasandly he shall appear
 Among the heavenly chindis clear,
 With great powr and majesty,
 Above the country of Judie;
 As clerkis doth conclude in hail,
 Direct above the lusty vale
 Of Josephat and Mount Olivet:
 All prophecy there shall complete.
 The angels of the ordere nine
 Environ shall that throne Divine
 With heavenly consolation,
 Making him ministracion.
 In his presence there shall be borne
 The signe of croos and crown of thorn,
 Pillar, nailis, scourgis, and spear,
 With everilk thing that did him deir,
 The time of his grim passon;
 And, for our consolation,
 Appear shall, in his hands and feet
 And in his side, the print complete
 Of his five woundis precious,
 Shining like rubies radious.

Sir David Lyndsey.—About 1520.

63.—TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

Merry Margaret,
 As midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon,
 Or hawk of the tower;
 With solace and gladness,
 Much mirth and no madness,
 All good and no badness;
 So joyouslie,
 So maidenly,
 So womanly,
 Her demeaning,
 In everything,
 Far, far passing
 That I can indite,
 Or suffice to write,
 Of merry Margaret,
 As midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon
 Or hawk of the tower;

As patient and as still,
And as full of goodwill,
As fair Isephil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Stedfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

John Skelton.—About 1520.

64.—IMPRISONED-IN WINDSOR, HE RE-
COUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE
PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? Where I in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy;
Where each sweet pleasure turns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to
rove,
With eyes upcast unto the maiden's tower,
And easy sights, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
When each of us did plead the other's right.
The palm play, where disported for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravell'd ground, with sleeves tied on the
helm,
On foaming horse with swords and friendly
hearts;
With cheers as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with
darts.
With silver drops the meads yet spread forth:
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of
youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
According oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With reins avail'd, and swift ybreatthed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blast between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The void walls eke that harbour'd us each
night:
Wherewith, alas! reviv'd within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;

The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
The friendshipsworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the
face;
The tears bertain my cheeks of deadly hue:
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Upnepped have, thus I my plaint renew:
O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
Give me account, where is my noble fare?
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night
enclose;
To other lief: but unto me most dear.
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grow,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint;
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

65.—NO AGE CONTENT WITH HIS
OWN ESTATE.

Laid in my quiet bed,
In study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head,
A heap of thoughts appear.
And every thought did show
So lively in mine eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smiled,
As cause of thoughts did rise.
I saw the little boy,
In thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod,
A tall young man to be.
The young man eke that feels
His bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich old man,
To live and lie at rest:
The rich old man that sees
His end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again,
To live so much the more.
Wherest full oft I smiled,
To see how all these throe,
From boy to man, from man to boy,
Would chop and change degree:
And musing thus, I think,
The case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe,
Doth ever seek to change.
Thus thoughtful as I lay,
I saw my withered skin,
How it doth show my dented thews,
The flesh was worn so thin;

And eke my toothless chaps,
The gates of my right way,
That open and shut as I do speak,
Do thus unto me say :

The white and hoarish hairs,
The messengers of age,
That show, like lines of true belief,
That this life doth assuage ;

Bids thee lay hand, and feel
Them hanging on my chin.
The which do write two ages past,
The third now coming in.

Hang up, therefore, the bit
Of thy young wanton time ;
And thou that therein beaten art,
The happiest life define :

Whereat I sighed, and said,
Farewell my wonted joy,
Turne up thy pack, and trudge from me,
To every little boy ;

And tell them thus from me,
Their time most happy is,
If to their time they reason had,
To know the truth of this.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

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66.—THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

Marital, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find,
The riches left, not got with pain :
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,
The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule, nor governance ;
Without disease, the healthful life ;
The household of continuance :

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
True wisdom joined with simpleness ;
The night discharged of all care ;
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate ;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;
Contented with thine own estate,
No wish for death, no fear his might.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

67.—DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth
brings,

With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale,
The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale,
Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;
The fishes float with new repaired scale ;

The adder all her slough away she flings ;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small ;
The busy bee her honey now she mings ;
Winter is worn that was the flower's bala,
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

68.—HOW EACH THING, SAVE THE
LOVER, IN SPRING BEVIVETH TO
PLEASURE.

When Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arm ;
My hand my chin, to ease my restless head ;
The pleasant plot revested green with warm ;
The blossom'd boughs with lusty wren yspread ;
The flower'd meads, the wedded birds so late
Mine eyes discover ; and to my mind resort
The jolly wren, the hateful short debate,
The rakeshell life that longs to love's depart,
Wherewith, alas ! the heavy charge of care
Heap'd in my breast, breaks forth against my
will

In smoky sighs that overcast the air.
My vapour'd eyes such dreary tears distil,
The tender green they quicken where they fall ;
And I half bend to throw me down wital.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

69.—DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF
HIS LOUÉ GERALDINE.

From Tuscan came my ladies worthy race ;
Faire Florence was sometime her ancient
seate

The western yle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wilde Cambers chifs, dul gyve her luscly
heate :

Postred she was with milke of Irish brost ;
Her sire, an Erie ; her dame of princes blood ;
From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest
With k yges childe, where she tasteth costly
fool.

Housdon did first present her to mine yon ;
Bright is her brow, and Geraldine she hight ;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for
mine :

And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her
sight.
Her beauty of kind, her vertues from above ;
Happy is he, that can obtaine her love !

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

70.—A VOW TO LOUÉ.

Set me whereas the sunne doth parche the
green,
Or where his beames do not dissolve the yae ;
In temperate heate where he is left and sense ;
In presence prest of people made or wise ;

Set me in lye, or yet in low degree;
 In longest night, or in the shortest daye;
 In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be;
 In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye;
 Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
 In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood,
 Thrall, or at large, ains whereso I dwell,
 Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good:
 Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
 Content my self, although my chance be
 nought.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

71.—A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

I never sawe my Ladye laye apart,
 Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
 Sith fyrst she knew my grieffe was growen so
 greate;
 Whiche other fansie drineth from my hart
 That to my self I do the thought reserve,
 The which unwares did wound my woeful
 brest.

But on her face mine eyes nought neuer rest:
 Yet thus she knew I did her lone and serue,
 Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke;
 Her smyling lokes that hid thus enermore,
 And that restraines whiche I desire so sore:
 So dothe thys cornet gouerne me alsake;
 In somer, sunne: in winters breathe, a froste:
 Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

72.—THE LOVER COMPLAINETH OF
 THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.

My lute, awake! perform the last
 Labour that thou and I shall waste,
 And end that I have now begun;
 For whom this song is sung and past,
 My lute be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
 As lead to grave in marble stone,
 My song may pierce her heart as soon:
 Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan?
 No, no, my lute! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
 Repulse the waves continually,
 As she my suit and affection;
 So that I am past remedy;
 Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
 Of simple hearts, thorough Love's shot,
 By whom, unkind! thou hast them won:
 Think not he hath his bow forgot,
 Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
 That mak'st but game of earnest payne.
 Think not alone under the sun,
 Unquit the cause thy lovers plaine,
 Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lye withred and old,
 In winter nights that are so cold,
 Playning in vain unto the moon:
 Thy wishes then dare not be told:
 Care then who list! for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
 The time that thou hast lost and spent,
 To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon;
 Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
 And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
 Labour that thou and I shall waste,
 And ended is that I begun;
 Now is this song both sung and past;
 My lute! be still, for I have done.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.—About 1535.

73.—THE LOVER'S LUTE CANNOT BE
 BLAMED, THOUGH IT SING OF HIS
 LADY'S UNKINDNESS.

Blame not my Lute! for he must sound
 Of this or that as liketh me;
 For lack of wit the Lute is bound
 To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
 Though my songs be somewhat strange,
 And speak such words as touch my change,
 Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas! doth not offend,
 Though that per force he must agree
 To sound such tunes as I intend,
 To sing to them that heareth me;
 Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
 And toucheth some that use to feign,
 Blame not my Lute!

My Lute and strings may not deny,
 But as I strike they must obey;
 Break not them then so wrongfully,
 But wreak thyself some other way;
 And though the songs which I indite,
 Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
 Blame not my Lute!

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
 And falsed faith, must needs be known;
 The faults so great, the case so strange;
 Of right it must abroad be blown;
 Then since that by thine own desert
 My songs do tell how true thou art,
 Blame not my Lute!

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
 And well deserved to have blame;
 Change then thy way, so evil begone,
 And then my Lute shall sound that same;
 But if till then my fingers play,
 By thy desert their wonted way,
 Blame not my Lute!

Farewell! unknown; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake
Strings for to string my Lute again:
And if perchance this silly rhyme,
Do make thee blush at any time,

Blame not my Lute!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.—About 1535.

74.—THE RE-CURED LOVER EXULTETH
IN HIS FREEDOM, AND VOWETH TO
REMAIN FREE UNTIL DEATH.

I am as I am, and so will I be;
But how that I am none knoweth truly.
Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be;

I lead my life indifferently;
I mean nothing but honesty;
And though folks judge full diversely,
I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice, nor yet complain,
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,
And use the means since folks will feign;
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasant or pain.

Divers do judge as they do throw,
Some of pleasure and some of woe,
Yet for all that nothing they know;
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But sirs: judges do thus decay,
Let every man his judgment say;
I will it take in sport and play,
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God them send;
Who judgeth evil, God them amend;
To judge the best therefore intend,
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there be that take delight,
To judge folk's thought for envy and spite;
But whether they judge me wrong or right,
I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read,
To trust it as you do your creed:
And not to think I change my mood,
For I am as I am, however I speed.

But how that is I leave to you;
Judge as ye list, false or true,
Ye know no more than *afore* ye know,
Yet I am as I am, whatever come.

And from this mind I will not flee,
But to you all that misjudge me,
I do protest, as ye may see,
That I am as I am, and so will be.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.—About 1535.

75.—THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH
EVERY PAIN.

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen
Bear flowers; we see, full fresh and fair of
hue,
Poison is also put in medicines,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
May hurt and heal: then if that this be
true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.—About 1535.

76.—A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE
AS HE WOULD LOVE.

A face that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to expell;
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can
tell;
The tress also should be of crisped gold.
With wit and these, might chance I might be
sued,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.—About 1535.

77.—AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND
MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath lov'd thee so long?
In wealth and woe among;
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart,
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
And have me more pity
Of him that loveth thee;
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.—About 1535.

78.—TO HIS MISTRESS.

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent.
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life, ye know since when,
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not!—Oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet!

Forget not thou thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,
Forget not this!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.—About 1535.

79.—HE LAMENTETH THAT HE HAD
EVER CAUSE TO DOUBT HIS LADY'S
FAITH.

Deem as ye list upon good cause,
I may or think of this or that;
But what or why myself best knows,
Whereby I think and fear not.
But thereunto I may well think
The doubtful sentence of this clause;
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

For if I thought it were not so,
Though it were so, it grieve'd me not;
Unto my thought it were as thó
I hearkened though I hear not.
At that I see I cannot wink,
Nor from my thought so let it go:
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

Lo! how my thought might make me free,
Of that perchance it needs not:
Perchance none doubt the dread I see;
I shrink at that I bear not.
But in my heart this word shall sink,
Until the proof may better be:
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

If it be not, shew no cause why
I should so think, then care I not;
For I shall so myself apply
To be that I appear not.
That is, as one that shall not shrink
To be your own word I die;
And if that be not as I think,
Likewise to think it is not.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.—About 1535.

80.—CHARACTERISTICO OF AN
ENGLISHMAN.

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what garment I shall
wear,
For now I will wear this, and now I will wear
that,
Now I will wear I cannot tell what:
All new fashions be pleasant to me.
I will have them whether I thrive or thee:
Now I am a fisher, all men on me look
What should I do but set cock on the hoop?
What do I care if all the world me fall,
I will have a garment reach to my tail.
Then I am a minion, for I wear the new guise,
The next year after I hope to be wise—
Not only in wearing my gorgeous array,
For I will go to learning a whole summer's
day:
I will learn Latin, Hobrow, Greek, and French,
And I will learn Dutch sitting on my bench.
I do fear no man, such man fourth me;
I overcome my adversaries by land and by sea:
I had no peer if to myself I were true;
Because I am not so, diverse times do I rue:
Yet I lack nothing, I have all things at will,
If I were wise and would hold myself still,
And meddle with no matters but to me per-
taining,
But ever to be true to God and my king.
But I have such matters rolling in my pate,
That I will and do—I cannot tell what.
No man shall let me, but I will have my mind,
And to father, mother, and friend, I'll be
unkind.
I will follow mine own mind and mine old
trade:
Who shall let me? The devil's nails are un-
pared.
Yet above all things new fashions I love well,
And to wear them my thrift I will sell.
In all this world I shall have but a time:
Hold the cup, good fellow, here is thine and
mine!

Andrew Bourd.—About 1537.

81.—AN INTRODUCTION TO THE BOOK
OF HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. IV.

Good husbandmen must mow and toil,
To lay to live, by labour'd field:
Their wives, at home, must keep such coil,
As their like acts may profit yield.
For well they know,
As shaft from bow,
Or chalk from snow,
A good round rent their lands they give,
And must keep touch in all their pay:
With credit crackt, else for to live,
Or trust to logs, and run away.

Though fence, well kept, is one good point,
 And tilth well done, in season due:
 Yet needing salve, in time t' amount,
 Is all in all, and needfull true:
 As for the rest,
 Thus think I best,
 As friend doth guest.
 With hand in hand to lead thee forth,
 To Ceres camp, there to behold
 A thousand things, as richly worth,
 As any pearl is worthy gold.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

82.—A PREFACE TO THE BUYER OF
 HIS BOOK ON HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. V.

What lookest thou herein to have?
 Fine verses thy fancy to please?
 Of many my betters that crave:
 Look nothing but rudeness in these.

What other thing lookest thou then?
 Grave sentences many to find?
 Such, poets have, twenty and ten,
 Yea thousands, contenting thy mind.

What look ye, I pray you shew what?
 Terms painted with rhetoric fine!
 Good husbandry seeketh not that,
 Nor is't any meaning of mine.

What lookest thou, speak at the last?
 Good lessons for thee and thy wife?
 Then keep them in memory fast,
 To help as a comfort to life.

What look ye for more in my book?
 Points needfull and meet to be known?
 Then daily be slier to look,
 To save to be slier thine own.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

83.—THE LADDER TO THRIFT.

CHAP. IX.

1. To take thy calling thankfully,
 And shun the path to beggary.
2. To grudge in youth no drudgery,
 To come by knowledge perfectly.
3. To count no travell slavery,
 That brings in penny maverly.
4. To follow profit earnestly,
 But meddle not with pilferery.
5. To get by honest practising,
 And keep thy gettings covertly.
6. To lash not out, too lashingly,
 For fear of pinching penury.
7. To get good plot, to occupy,
 And store and use it husbandly.
8. To shew to landlord courtesy,
 And keep thy covenants orderly.

9. To hold that thine is lawfully,
 For stoutness, or for flattery.
10. To wed good wife for company,
 And live in wedlock honestly.
11. To furnish house with householdry,
 And make provision skilfully.
12. To join to wife good family,
 And none to keep for bravery.
13. To suffer none live idly,
 For fear of idle knavery.
14. To courage wife in busynery,
 And use well doers gently.
15. To keep no more but needfully,
 And count excess unsavoury.
16. To raise betimes the lubberly,
 Both smorting *Hob* and *Marjery*.
17. To walk thy pastures usually,
 To spy ill neighbour's subtilty.
18. To hate revengement hastily,
 For losing love and amity.
19. To love thy neighbour, neighbourly,
 And shew him no discourtesy.
20. To answer stranger civilly,
 But shew him not thy secrecy.
21. To use no man deceitfully,
 To offer no man villainy.
22. To learn how foe to pacify,
 But trust him not too hastily.
23. To keep thy touch substantially,
 And in thy word use constancy.
24. To make thy bands advisedly,
 And come not bound through emerty.
25. To meddle not with usury,
 Nor lend thy money foolishly.
26. To hate to live in infamy,
 Through craft, and living shiftingly.
27. To shun all kind of treachery,
 For treason endeth horribly.
28. To learn to shun ill company,
 And such as live dishonestly.
29. To banish house of blasphemy,
 Least crosses cross, unluckily.
30. To stop mischance through policy,
 For chancing too unhappily.
31. To bear thy crosses, patiently,
 For worldly things are shippery.
32. To lay to keep from misery,
 Age coming on, so creepingly.
33. To pray to God, continually,
 For aid against thine enemy.
34. To spend thy Sabbath holyly,
 And help the needy poverty.
35. To live in conscience quietly,
 And keep thyself from mainly.
36. To ease thy sickness speedily,
 Ere help be past recovery.
37. To seek to God for remedy,
 For witches prove unluckily.

These be the steps, unfeigningly,
 To climb to thrift by husbandry.
 These steps both reach, and teach thee shall,
 To come by thrift, to shift withal.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

84.—DIRECTIONS FOR CULTIVATING A HOP-GARDEN.

Whom fancy persuadeth, among other crops,
To have for his spending efficient of hops,
Must willingly follow, of choices to choose,
Such lessons approved, as skilful do use.

Ground gravelly, sandy, and mixed with clay,
Is naughty for hops, any manner of way.
Or if it be mingled with rubbish and stone,
For dryness and barrenness let it alone.

Choose soil for the hop of the rottenest mould,
Well dinged and wrought, as a garden-plot
should;

Not far from the water, but not overflown,
This lesson, well noted, is meet to be known.

The sun in the south, or else southerly and
west,

Is joy to the hop, as a welcomed guest;
But wind in the north, or else northerly
east,

To the hop is as ill as a fay in a feast.

Meest plot for a hop-yard once found as is told,
Make thereof account, as of jewel of gold;
Now dig it, and leave it, the sun for to burn,
And afterwards fence it, to serve for that turn.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt;
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide—if ye draw not too fast.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

85.—HOUSEWIFERY PHYSIC.

Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have
some.

Good *agua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose-water, and treacle, to comfort thine
heart.

Cold herbs in her garden, for agnes that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper may
turn.

White endive, and succory, with spinach enow;
All such with good pot-herbs, should follow
the plough.

Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else lie like a fool.

Conserves of barbary, quinces, and such,
With sirops, that ease the sickly so much.

Ask Medicus' counsel, ere medicine ye take,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physian, because of the
cost,

Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be
lost.
Good broth, and good keeping, do much now
and than:

Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, hate trouble; seek quiet and rest.

Remember thy soul; let no fancy prevail;
Make ready to God-ward; let faith never quail:
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

86.—GOOD HUSBANDLY LESSONS,

Worthy to be followed of such as would thrive.

CHAP. X.

1. God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and
the meat,
And blesseth us all with his benefits great:
Then serve we the God, who so richly doth
give,
Show love to our neighbours, and lay for
to live.
2. As bud, by appearing, betok'neth the
spring,
And leaf, by her falling, the contrary
thing;
So youth bids us labour, to get as we can,
For age is a burden to labouring man.
3. A competent living, and honestly had,
Makes such as are godly, both thankful
and glad:
Life, never contented, with honest estate,
Lamented is oft, and repented too late.
4. Count never well gotten, what naughty is
got,
Nor well to account of, which honest is not:
Look long not to prosper, that weightest
not this,
Lest prospering falleth, and all go amiss.
5. True wedlock is best, for avoiding of sin;
The bed undefiled, much honour doth win:
Though love be in choosing, far better
than gold,
Let love come with somewhat, the better
to hold.
6. Where couples agree not, is rancour and
strife,
Where such be together, is seldom good
life;
Where couples in wedlock do lovely agree,
There foulson remaineth, if wisdom there be.
7. Who looketh to marry, must lay to keep
house,
For love may not always be playing with
douce;
If children increase, and no stay of thine
own,
What afterward follows is soon to be
known.
8. Once charged with children, or likely to
be,
Give over to sojourn, that thinkest to
thee;

- Lest grudging of hostess, and craving of nurse,
Be costly and noisome to thee and thy purse.
9. Good husbands that loveth good houses to keep,
Are oftentimes careful when others do sleep:
To spend as they may, or to stop at the first,
For running in danger, or fear of the worst.
10. Go count with thy coffers, when harvest is in,
Which way for thy profit to save or to win:
Of 't one or them both, if a savour we smell,
House-keeping is godly, wherever we dwell.
11. Son, think not thy money, purse bottom to burn,
But keep it for profit, to serve thine own turn:
A fool and his money be soon at debate,
Which after, with sorrow, repents him too late.
12. Good bargain adoring, make privy but few,
In selling, refrain not, abroad it to shew:
In making, make haste, and away to thy pouch,
In selling, no haste, if ye dare it avouch.
13. Good landlord, who findeth, is blessed of God,
A cumbersome landlord is husbandman's rod:
He mureth, destroyeth, and all to this drift,
To strip his poor tenant of farm and of thrift.
14. Rent-corn, whose payeth, (as worldlings would have,
So much for an acre) must live like a slave;
Rent-corn to be paid, for a reasonable rent,
At reasonable prices, is not to lament.
15. Once placed for profit, look never for ease,
Except ye beware of such michers as these,—
Unthriftiness, Slothfulness, Careless and Rash,
That thrusteth thee headlong, to run in the lash.
16. Make Money thy drudge, for to follow thy work,
Make Wisdom comptroller, and Order thy clerk:
Provision eater, and Skill to be cook,
Make Steward of all, pen, ink, and thy book.
17. Make hunger thy sauce, as a medicine for health,
Make thirst to be butler, as physic for wealth:
Make eye to be usher, good usage to have,
Make both to be porter, to keep out a knave.
18. Make husbandry bailiff, abroad to provide,
Make huswifery daily, at home for to guide:
Make coffer, fast locked, thy treasure to keep,
Make house to be stier, the safer to sleep.
19. Make bandog thy scoutwatch, to bark at a thief,
Make courage for life, to be captain chief:
Make trap-door thy bulwark, make bell to be gin,
Make gunstone and arrow, shew who is within.
20. The credit of master, to brotel his man,
And also of mistress, to mimic Nan,
Be causes of opening a number of gaps,
That letteth in mischief, and many mishaps.
21. Good husband he trudgeth to bring in the gains,
Good huswife she drudgeth, refusing no pains.
Though husband at home, be to count, ye wot what,
Yet knawise, within, is as needful as that.
22. What helpeth in store, to have never so much,
Half lost by ill usage, ill huswives and such?
So, twenty load bushes, cut down at a clap,
Such heed may be taken, shall stop but a gap.
23. A retcheless servant, a mistress that scowls,
A ravening mastiff, and hogs that eat fowls,
A giddy brain master, and stroyall his knave,
Brings ruling to ruin, and thrift to her grave.
24. With some upon Sundays, their tables do rook,
And half the week after, their dinners do seek,
Not often excoeding, but always enough,
Is husbandly fare, and the guise of the plough.
25. Each day to be feasted, what husbandry worse,
Each day for to feast, is as ill for the purse;
Yet measurely feasting, with neighbours among,
Shall make thee beloved, and live the more long.
26. Things husbandly handsome, let workman contrive,
But build not for glory, that thinkest to thrive:
Who fondly in doing, consumeth his stock,
In the end for his folly, doth get but a mock.

27. Spend none but your own, howsoever ye spend,
For bribing and shifting have seldom good end:
In substance although ye have never so much,
Delight not in parasites, harlots, and such.
28. Be sturty seldom, (but never for much)
For fear of purse, pennyless, hanging by such;
Or *Scarborow* warning, as ill I believe,
When, (Sir, I arrest ye!) gets hold of thy sleeve.
29. Use (*legem gone*) to pay at thy day,
But use not (*oremus*) for often delay:
Yet (*presta quæsumus*) out of a grate,
Of all other collects, the lender doth hate.
30. Be pinched by lending, for kiffe nor for kin,
Nor also by spending, by such as come in:
Nor put to thine hand, betwixt bark and the tree,
Lest through thine own folly, so pinched thou be.
31. As lending to neighbour, in time of his need
Wins love of thy neighbour, and credit doth breed;
So never to crave, but to live of thine own,
Brings comforts a thousand, to many unknown.
32. Who living but lends? and be lent to they must,
Else buying and selling must lie in the dust:
But shameless and crafty that desperate are,
Make many, full honest, the worse to fare.
33. At some time to borrow, account it no shame,
If justly thou keepest thy touch for the same:
Who quik be to borrow, and slow be to pay,
Their credit is naught, go they never so gay.
34. By shifting and borrowing, who so as live,
Not well to be thought on, occasion gives:
Then lay to live warily, and wisely to spend;
For prodigall livera have seldom good end.
35. Some spareth too late, and a number with him,—
The fool at the bottom, the wise at the him:
Who careth, nor sparoth, till spent he hath all,
Of bobbing, not robbing, be fearful he shall.
36. Where wealthiness floweth, no friendship can lack,
Whom poverty pincheth, hath freedom as slack:
Then happy is he, by example that can
Take heed by the fall, of a mischieved man.
37. Who breaketh his credit, or cracketh it twice,
Trust such with a sturty, if ye be wise:
Or if he be angry, for asking thy due,
Once even, to him afterward, lend not anew.
38. Account it well sold, that is justly well paid,
And oount it well bought, that is never denied;
But yet here is t'one, here is t'other doth best,
For buyer and seller, for quist and rest.
39. Leave princes' affaires, undesoanted on,
And tend to such doings as stands thee upon:
Fear God, and offend not the prince, nor his laws,
And keep thyself out of the magistrate's claws.
40. As interest, or usury playeth the devil,
So hil-back and fil-belly biteth as evil:
Put dicing among them, and docking the dell,
And by and by after, of beggary smell.
41. Once weekly, remember thy charges to cast,
Once monthly, see how thy expences may last:
If quarter declareth too much to be spent,
For fear of ill year, take advice of thy rent.
42. Who orderly ent'reth his payments in book,
May orderly find them again, (if he look:)
And he that intendeth, but once for to pay,
Shall find this in doing, the quietest way.
43. In dealing uprightly, this counsel I teach,
First reckon, then write, ere to purse ye do reach:
Then pay and dispatch him, as soon as ye can,
For ling'ring is hindrance, to many a man.
44. Have weights, I advise thee, for silver and gold,
For some be in knavery, now a-days bold:
And for to be shet, good money to pay,
Receive that is current, as near as ye may.
45. Delight not, for pleasure, two houses to keep,
Lest charge, without measure, upon thee do creep:
And *Jonkin* and *Jenykin* oosen thee so,
To make thee repent it, ere year about go.

46. The stone that is rolling, can gather no moss,
Who often removeth is slier of loss:
The rich it compelleth, to pay for his pride,
The poor it undoeth, on every side.
47. The eye of the master enricheth the hutch,
The eye of the mistress avaleth as much:
Which eye, if it govern, with reason and skill,
Hath servant and service, at pleasure and will.
48. Who seeketh revengement of every wrong,
In quiet nor safety, continueth long:
So he that of wilfulness, tristeth the law,
Shall strive for a coxcomb, and thrive as a daw.
49. To hunters and hawkers take heed what ye say,
Mild answer with courtesy, drives them away;
So where a man's better will open a gap,
Resist not with rudeness, for fear of mishap.
50. A man in this world, for a churl that is known,
Shall hardly in quiet, keep that is his own:
Where lowly, and such as of courtesy smells,
Finds favour and friendship, wherever he dwells.
51. Keep truly thy Sabbath, the better to speed:
Keep servant from gadding, but when it is need:
Keep fish-day and fasting-day, as they do fall,
What custom thou keepest, let others keep all.
52. Though some in their tithing, be slack or too bold,
Be thou unto Godward, not that way too cold:
Evil conscience grudgeth, and yet we do see,
Ill tithers, ill thrivers most commonly be.
53. Pay weekly thy workman, his household to feed,
Pay quarterly servants, to buy as they need:
Give garment to such as deserve, and no mo,
Lest thou and thy wife, without garment do go.
54. Beware usurers,—slotful to work,
Parioners and fischers, that loveth to hark:
Away with such ladders, so loth to take pain,
That rolls in expences, but never no gain.
55. Good wife and good children are worthy to eat,
Good servant, good labourer, earneth their meat:
Good fellow, good neighbour, that fellowly guest,
With heartile welcome, should have of the best.
56. Depart not with all that thou hast to thy child,
Much less unto other, for being bequill'd:
Lest if thou wouldest gladly possess it again,
Look, for to come by it, thou wottest not when.
57. The greatest preferment that child we can give
Is learning and nurture, to train him to live;
Which whoso it wanteth, though left as a squire,
Consumeth to nothing, as block in the fire.
58. When God hath so blest thee, as able to live,
And thou hast to rest thee, and able to give:
Lament thy offences, serve God for amends,
Make soul to be ready, when God for it sends.
59. Send fruits of thy faith to heaven, aforehand,
For mercy here doing, God bleaseth thy land;
He maketh thy store with his blessing to swim,
And after, thy soul to be blessed with him.
60. Some lay to get riches, by sea and by land,
And setteth his life, in his enemies hand:
And setteth his soul upon six or on seven,
Not caring nor fearing, for hell nor for heaven.
61. Some pincheth and spareth, and pincheth his life,
To coffer up bags, for to leave to his wife;
And she (when he dieth) sets open the chest,
For such as can soothe her, and all away wrest.
62. Good husband preventing the frailness of some,
Takes part of God's benefits, as they do come:
And leaveth to wife and his children the rest,
Each one his own part, as he thinketh it best.
63. These lessons approved, if wisely ye note,
May save and advantage ye, many a groat;
Which if ye can follow, occasion found,
Then every lesson may save ye a pound.

87.—THE WINDS.

CHAP. XIII.

North winds send hail, South winds bring
rain,
East winds we bewail, West winds blow
amain:
North-east is too cold, South-east not too
warm,
North-west is too bold, South-west doth no
harm.

The North is a noyer to grass of all suites,
The East a destroyer to herb and all fruits;
The South, with his showers, refresheth the
corn,
The West, to all flowers, may not be for-
borne.

The West, as a father, all goodness doth
bring,
The East, a forbearer no manner of thing:
The South, as unkind, draweth sickness too
near,
The North, as a friend, maketh all again
clear.

With temperate wind, we be blessed of God,
With tempest we find, we are heat with his
rod:

All power, we know, to remain in his hand,
How ever wind blow, by sea or by land.

Though winds do rage, as winds were
wood,
And cause spring tides to raise great flood,
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud
Bereaving many of life, and of blood;
Yet true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands, as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

88.—A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHAP. XXXI.

1. Was not Christ our Saviour,
Sent to us fro God above?
Not for our good behaviour,
But only of his mercy and love.
If this be true, as true it is,
Truly in deed
Great thanks to God to yield for this,
Then had we need.
2. This did our God, for very troth,
To train to him the soul of man,
And justly to perform his oath,
To Sarah and to Abram than
That through his seed all nations should
Most blessed be:
As in due time, perform he would,
As now we see.

3. Which wondrously is brought to pass,
And in our sight already done,
By sending, as his promise was,
(To comfort us) his only Son,
Even Christ, I mean, that virgin's child,
In Bethlem born.
That lamb of God, that prophet mild,
With crowned thorn.

4. Such was his love to save us all,
From dangers of the curse of God,
That we stood in by Adam's fall,
And by our own deserved rod,
That through his blood and holy name
Who so believes,
And fly from sin, and abhors the same,
Free mercy he gives.

5. For these glad news this feast doth bring,
To God the Son and Holy Ghost,
Let man give thanks, rejoice and sing,
From world to world, from coast to coast,
For all good gifts so many ways,
That God doth send,
Let us in Christ give God the praise,
Till life shall end.

At Christmas be merry, and thankful withall,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with
the small;

Yea all the year long, to the poor let us give,
God's blessing to follow us, whiles we do live.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

89.—POSIES FOR THINE OWN BED-CHAMBER.

1. What wisdom more, what better life, than
pleaseth God to send,
What worldly goods, what longer use, than
pleaseth God to lend?
2. What better fare, than well content, agree-
ing with thy wealth,
What better guest than trusty friend, in
sickness and in health?
3. What better bed than conscience good, to
pass the night with sleep,
What better work, than daily care, from
sin thyself to keep?
4. What better thought, than think on God,
and daily him to serve,
What better gift than to the poor, that
ready be to starve?
5. What greater praise of God and man, than
mercy for to show,
Who merciless, shall mercy find, that mercy
shews to few?
6. What worse despair, than loth to die, for
fear to go to hell?
What greater faith than trust in God,
through Christ in heaven to dwell?

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

90.—PRINCIPAL POINTS OF RELIGION.

1. To pray to God continually,
2. To learn to know him rightfully,
3. To honour God in Trinity,
The Trinity in Unity,
The Father in his majesty,
The Son in his humanity,
The Holy Ghost's benignity,
Three persons, one in Deity.
4. To serve him always, holly,
5. To ask him all thing needfully,
6. To praise him in all company,
7. To love him alway, heartily,
8. To dread him alway christianly,
9. To ask him mercy, penitently,
10. To trust him alway, faithfully,
11. To obey him, alway, willingly,
12. To abide him alway, patiently,
13. To thank him alway, thankfully,
14. To live here alway, virtuously,
15. To use thy neighbour, honestly,
16. To look for death still, presently,
17. To help the poor, in misery,
18. To hope for Heaven's felicity,
19. To have faith, hope, and charity,
20. To count this life but vanity,
Be points of christianity.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

91.—AMANTUM IRÆ AMORIS REDINTEGRATIO EST.

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest.
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child,
She rocked it, and rated it, until on her it smild;
Then did she say, "Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter utter'd she of weight in place whereas she sat;
And proved plain, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without discord and strife:

Then kissed she her little babe, and swore by God above,
"The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

* * * * *

"I marvel much, pards," quoth she, "for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile.
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out."

Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove,
"The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

Richard Edwards.—About 1557.

92.—THE LOVER REQUESTETH SOME FRIENDLY COMFORT, AFFIRMING HIS CONSTANCY.

The mountains high, whose lofty tops do meet the haughty sky;
The craggy rock, that to the sea free passage doth deny;
The aged oak, that doth resist the force of blustering blast;
The pleasant herb, that everywhere a pleasant smell doth cast;
The lion's force, whose courage stout declares a prince-like might;
The eagle, that for worthiness is born of kings in fight.

* * * * *

Then these, I say, and thousands more, by tract of time decay,
And like to time, do quite consume, and fade from form to clay;
But my true heart and service vow'd shall last time out of mind,
And still remain as thine by doom, as Cupid hath assigned;
My faith, lo here! I vow to thee, my troth thou know'st too well;
My goods, my friends, my life, is thine; what need I move to tell?
I am not mine, but thine; I vow thy best I will obey,
And serve thee as a servant ought, in pleasing if I may;
And eith I have no flying wings, to serve thee as I wish,
No fins to cut the silver streams, as doth the gliding fish;
Wherefore leave now forgetfulness, and send again to me,
And strain thy azure veins to write, that I may greeting see.

From 1400 to 1558.] THE LOVE THAT IS REQUITED WITH DISDAIN. [W. HUNNIS.]

And thus farewell! more dear to me than
 chiefest friend I have,
 Whose love in heart I mind to shrine, till Death
 his fee do crave.

Richard Edwards.—About 1557.

93.—THE LOVE THAT IS REQUITED
 WITH DISDAIN.

In search of things that secret are my mated
 muse began,
 What it might be molested most the head and
 mind of man;
 The bending brow of prince's face, to wrath
 that doth attend,
 Or want of parents, wife, or child, or loss of
 faithful friend;
 The roaring of the cannon shot, that makes
 the piece to shake,
 Or terror, such as mighty Jove from heaven
 above can make:
 All these, in fine, may not compare, experience
 so doth prove,
 Unto the torments, sharp and strange, of such
 as be in love.
 Love looks aloft, and laughs to scorn all such
 as griefs annoy.
 The more extreme their passions be, the greater
 is his joy;
 Thus Love, as victor of the field, triumphs
 above the rest.
 And joys to see his subjects lie with living
 death in breast;
 But dire Disdain lets drive a shaft, and galls
 this bragging fool,
 He plucks his plumes, unbends his bow, and
 sets him new to school;
 Whereby this boy that bragged late, as con-
 quessor over all,
 Now yields himself unto Disdain, his vassal
 and his thrall.

William Hunnis.—About 1557.

94.—THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

He. It standeth so; a deed is do',
 Whereof great harm shall grow:
 My destiny is for to die
 A shameful death, I trow;
 Or else to flee: the one must be,
 None other way I know,
 But to withdraw as an outlaw,
 And take me to my bow.
 Wherefore adieu, my own heart true!
 None other rede I can;
 For I must to the green wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

She. O Lord, what is this world's bliss,
 That changeth as the moon!
 My summer day in lusty May
 Is darked before the noon.
 I hear you say, Farewell: Nay, nay,
 We depart not so soon.

Why say ye so? whether will ye go?
 Alas! what have ye done?
 All my welfare to sorrow and care
 Should change if ye were gone;
 For in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

He. I can believe, it shall you grieve,
 And somewhat you distrust:
 But afterward, your paines hard
 Within a day or twain
 Shall soon selake; and ye shall take
 Comfort to you again.
 Why should ye ought, for to make thought?
 Your labour were in vain.
 And thus I do, and pray to you,
 As heartily as I can;
 For I must to the green wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

She. Now with that ye have showed to me
 The secret of your mind,
 I shall be plain to you again,
 Like as ye shall me find,
 Sith it is so that ye will go,
 I will not live behind;
 Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
 Was to her love unkind:
 Make you ready, for so am I,
 Although it were anon;
 For in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

He. I counsel you, remember how
 It is no maiden's law
 Nothing to doubt, but to run out
 To wood with an outlaw;
 For ye must there in your hand bear
 A bow, ready to draw;
 And as a thief, thus must you live,
 Ever in dread and awe.
 Whereby to you great harm might grow:
 Yet had I lever than,
 That I had to the green wood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

She. I think not nay, but, as ye say,
 It is no maiden's lore:
 But love may make me for your sake,
 As I have said before,
 To come on foot, to hunt and shoot
 To get us meat in store;
 For so that I your company
 May have, I ask no more:
 From which to part it makes my heart
 As cold as any stone;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good heed, for ever I dread
 That ye could not sustain
 The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
 The snow, the frost, the rain,
 The cold, the heat; for, dry or wet,
 We must lodge on the plain;
 And us above, none other roof
 But a brake bush or twain:

Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man. 9

She. Sith I have here been partiner
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your wo
Endure, as reason is.
Yet I am sure of one pleasure,
And, shortly, it is this,
That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardie,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That ye were soon agone,
For, to my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If ye go thither, ye must consider,
When ye have list to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gets,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine,
No sheetes clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine.
Oh mine heart sweet, this evil diet,
Should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Among the wild deer, such an archer,
As men say that ye be,
Ye may not fail of good vittail,
Where is so great plentie,
And water clear of the rivér,
Shall be full sweet to me.
With which in heal I shall right weed
Endure, as ye shall see;
And ere we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Lo yet before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me;
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle to the knee;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be;
And this same night, before day-light,
To wood-ward will I see.
If that ye will all this fulfill,
Do't shortly as ye can:
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. I shall, as now, do more for you,
Than length to womanhood,
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
Oh, my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most dread;
But now advise! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: Now let us see;
The day comes fast upon:
Fof, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, not so: ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why:
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I weel spy:
For like as ye have said to me,
In like wise, hardly,
Ye would answer whoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a woman,
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me:
For oft ye prayed and me assayd,
Ere I loved you, pardie;
And though that I, of ancestry,
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To die therefore anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. A baron's child to be beguiled,
It were a cursed deed!
To be fellow with an outlaw,
Almighty God forbid!
It better were, the poor squire
Alone to forest yede,
Than I should say, another day,
That, by my cursed deed,
We were betrayed: wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Whatever befall, I never shall,
Of this thing you upbraid;
But, if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember weel, how that you deal;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind,
Your love, the Nut-Brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If that ye went, ye should repent;
For in the forest now
I have parveyed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fairer than ever ye were,
I dare it weel avow,
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease to live in peace;
So will I, if I can;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though in the wood I understand
Ye had a paraver;
All this may not remove my thought,
But that I will be your.



KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

"A hand and arm did meet the sword,
And flourished three times in the air;
Then sunk beneath the running stream,
And of the duke was seen nae mair."

And she shall find me soft and kind
And courteous every hour ;
Glad to fulfill all that she will
Command me to my power.
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Of them I would be one ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Mine own dear love, I see thee prove
That ye be kind and true ;
Of maid and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad ; no more be sad ;
The case is changed now ;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed ; whatever I said
To you, when I began ;
I will not to the greenwood go,
I am no banished man.

She. These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen.
If I were sure they would endure :
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordes on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween :
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more wee-begone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Ye shall not need further to dread :
I will not disparage,
You (God defend !) sith ye descend
Of so great a lineage.
Now understand ; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring ; and with a ring,
By way of marriage.
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can :
Thus have you won an erly's son,
And not a banished man.

Anonymous.—About 1502.

95.—KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

On Trinity Mornay in the morn,
This sore battayle was doomed to be ;
Where many a knight cried, " Well-awayo !"
Alack, it was the more pitif.

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
When as the king in his bed lay,
He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these words did say :

" Now, as ye are mine unco dear,
And as you prize your life, this day
O meet not with your foe in fight ;
Put off the battayle, if ye may ;

For Sir Launcelot is now in France,
And with him many a hardy knight,
Who will within this month be back,
And will assist ye in the fight."

The king then called his nobles all,
Before the breaking of the day ;
And told them how Sir Gawaine came
And there to him these words did say.

His nobles all this counsel gave,
That, early in the morning, he
Should send away an herald at arms
To ask a parley fair and free.

Then twelve good knights King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The king he charg'd all his host,
In readiness there for to be :
But no man should no weapon stir,
Unless a sword drawn they should see.

And Mordred on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bring ;
The best of all his company,
To hold the parley with the king.

Sir Mordred also charg'd his host,
In readiness there for to be ;
But no man should no weapon stir,
But if a sword drawn they should see.

For he durst not his uncle trust,
Nor he his nephew, sooth to tell :
Alack ! it was a woeful case,
As e'er in Christentie befel.

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought ;
And a month's league between them set,
Before the battayle should be fought ;

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one o' the king's knights on the knee ;
Alack ! it was a woeful chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild-worm hanging there,
His sword he from his scabbard drew ;
A piteous case as ye shall hear.

For when the two hosts saw the sword,
They join'd battayle instantly :
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away :
Ay me ! it was a bloody field,
As e'er was fought on summer's day.

Upon King Arthur's own party,
Only himself escap'd there,
And Lukyn, Duke of Gloster, free,
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knights,
All dead and scattered on the mould,
The tears fast trickled down his face :
That manly face in fight so bold.

"Now rest ye all, brave knights," he said,
 "So true and faithful to your trust;
 And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
 Be left to moulder into dust?"

"Most loyal have ye been to me,
 Most true and faithful unto death:
 And, oh! to raise ye up again,
 How freely could I yield my breath!"

"But see the traitor's yet alive,
 Lo, where he stalks among the dead!
 Now bitterly he shall abide,
 And vengeance fall upon his head."

"Oh, stay, my liege," then said the duke,
 "O stay for love and charitie;
 Remember what the vision spake,
 Nor meet your foe, if it may be."

"O, stay me not, thou worthy wight,
 This debt my loyal knights I owe:
 Betide me life, betide me death,
 I will avenge them of their foe."

Then straight he grasped his trusty spear,
 And on his horse then mounted he:
 As his butler holpe him to his horse,
 His bowels gushed to his knee.

"Alas!" then said the noble king,
 "That I should live this sight to see!
 To see this good knight here be slain,
 All for his love in helping me!"

He put his spear into his rest,
 And to Sir Mordred loud gan cry—
 "Now set thyself upon thy guard,
 For, traitor, now thy death is nigh."

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
 And fierce to meet the king ran he:
 The king his spear he through him thrust;
 A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
 And found that he was wounded so;
 He thrust himself upon the spear,
 And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly died Sir Mordred,
 Presently upon that tree;
 And bloody screams ran from the limy
 Ere to the duke returned he.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake.—
 "Sir knight, thou hast been faithful tried,
 Now take my sword Excalibar,
 That hangs so freely by my side.

"O take my sword Excalibar,
 And there into the river throw:
 For here, henceforth, beneath this tree
 All use of weapons I forego.

"And fare thee well, thou trusty sword,
 A better ne'er had valiant knight,
 With thee full oft, and many a day,
 Have I wanstood my foe in fight."

"With this good falchion in my hand,
 Oft have I reaped the bloody field:
 But now the fatal hour is come,
 That never more I may thee wield."

The duke to the river side he went,
 And there his own sword in threw he;
 But he kept back Excalibar,
 He kept it back in privite.

For all of Cologne was the blade;
 And all the hilt of precious stons;
 "And ever alack!" then said the knight,
 "Must such a sword away be thrown?"

Then back he came unto the king,
 Who said, "Sir Lukyn, what did you see?"
 "Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
 Blew o'er the waters fair and free."

"O go again," then said the king,
 "O good Sir Lukyn go again;
 Into the river throw my sword,
 Nor keep me lingering here in pain."

The duke then to the river went,
 And the king's scabbard in threw he;
 But he kept back Excalibar,
 And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,
 Who said, "Sir Lukyn, saw ye aught?"
 "Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
 Now with the angry waters fought."

"O Lukyn, Lukyn," said the king,
 "Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully:
 Alack, whom may we ever trust,
 When such a knight so false can be?"

"Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
 All for a sword that wins thine eye?
 Now go again, and throw it in,
 Or here the one of us shall die."

The duke, all abent with this rebuke,
 No answer made unto the king;
 But to the river took the sword,
 And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and an arm did meet the sword,
 And flourished three times in the air;
 Then sunk beneath the running stream,
 And of the duke was seen nae sair.

All sore astonished stood the duke;
 He stood as still, as still mote he:
 Then hastened back to tell the king:
 But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,
 For never after he did him spy;
 But he saw a barge go from the land,
 And he heard ladies howl and cry.

And whether the king was there, or not,
 He never knew, nor ever could;
 For from that sad and dreiful day,
 He never more was seen on mould.

Anonymous.—About 1350.

THE THIRD PERIOD,

FROM 1558 TO 1649.

THIS period has been termed the glorious age of English literature. The greatest names will be found in clusters, whether it be in poetry, or philosophy, or politics; Shakspeare, Bacon, Spenser, Sydney, Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, Raleigh, Napier, and Hobbes, and many others adorn its annals. In all probability the Reformation tended, with other causes, to produce this. Through printing, the treasures of Greece and Rome were laid open to the public. Then came translations from many of the highest works of Spain and Italy. Tasso was translated by Fairfax; Ariosto by Harrington; Homer and Hesiod by Chapman. Boccaccio, Petrarch, Dante, Aretino, Machiavel, Castiglione, all were opened up to the English reader in his own tongue. Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch did much to give incidents and facts to the dramatic writers, who used them freely; but, above all, the Bible, for the first time placed within the power of the poorest to read, was doubtless the greatest means of quickening the hearts and intellects of the great and glorious writers of the age. Hazlitt, in one of his own eloquent passages, says—

"The translation of the Bible was the chief engine in the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality, which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the visions of the prophets, and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers (such they were thought) to the meanness of the people. It gave them a common interest in the common cause. Their hearts burned within them as they read. It gave a *mind* to the people by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment: it created endless diversity and collision of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive in the magnitude of the consequences attaching to them, to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it. Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and braces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in the history of this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference; or if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense anxiety which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a gravity approaching to piety; a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, an habitual fervour and enthusiasm in their mode of handling almost every subject. The debates of the schoolmen were sharp and subtle enough; but they wanted interest and grandeur, and were besides confined to a few: they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions, 'to run and read,' with its wonderful table of contents from Genesis to the Revelations. Every village in England would present the scene so well described in Burns's 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' I cannot think that all this variety and knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the mind of a people and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age. For to leave more disputable points, and take only the historical parts of the Old Testament, or the moral sentiments of the New, there is nothing like them in the power of exciting awe and admiration or of riveting sympathy. We see what Milton has made of the account of the 'Creation,' from the manner in which he has treated it, imbued and impregnated with the spirit of the time of which we speak. Or what is there equal (in that romantic interest and patriarchal simplicity which goes to the heart of a country and rouses it, as it were, from its lairs and wildernesses) equal to the story of Joseph and his Brethren, of Rachel and Laban, of Jacob's dream, of Ruth and Boaz, the descriptions in the book of Job, the deliverance of the Jews out of Egypt, or the account of their captivity and return from Babylon? There is in all these parts of the Scripture, and numberless more of the same kind, to pass over the Orphic hymns of David, the prophetic denunciations of Isaiah, or the gorgeous visions of Ezekiel, an originality, a vastness of conception, a depth and tenderness of feeling, and a touching simplicity in the mode of narration, which he who does not feel, need be made of no 'penetrable stuff.' There is something in the character of Christ too, (leaving religious faith quite out of the question), of more sweetness and majesty, and more likely to work a change in the mind of man, by the contemplation of its ideas alone, than any to be found in history, whether actual or feigned. This character is that of a sublime

THE THIRD PERIOD.—FROM 1558—1649.

humanity, such as was never seen on earth before, nor since. This shone manifestly both in his words and actions. We see it in his washing the Disciples' feet the night before His death, that unspeakable instance of humility and love, above all art, all meanness, and all pride, and in the leave He took of them on that occasion: 'My peace I give unto you, that peace which the world cannot give, give I unto you;' and in His last commandment, that 'they should love one another.' Who can read the account of His behaviour on the cross, when turning to his mother, He said, 'Woman, behold thy son;' and to the disciple John, 'Behold thy mother;' and 'from that hour that disciple took her to his own home,' without having his heart smote within him? We see it in His treatment of the woman taken in adultery, and in His excuse for the woman who poured precious ointment on His garment as an offering of devotion and love, which is here all in all. His religion was the religion of the heart. We see it in His discourse with the Disciples as they walked together towards Emmaus, when their hearts burned within them; in His sermon from the mount, in His parable of the Good Samaritan, and in that of the Prodigal Son—in every act and word of His life, a grace, a mildness, a dignity and love, a patience and wisdom worthy of the Son of God. His whole life and being were imbued, steeped in this word, *charity*; it was the spring, the well-head from which every thought and feeling gushed into act; and it was this that breathed a mild glory from His face in that last agony upon the cross, when the meek Saviour bowed His head and died, praying for His enemies. He was the first true teacher of morality; for He alone conceived the idea of a pure humanity. He redeemed man from the worship of that idol, self; and instructed him, by precept and example, to love his neighbour as himself, to forgive our enemies, to do good to those that curse us and despitefully use us. He taught the love of good for the sake of good, without regard to personal or sinister views, and made the affections of the heart the sole seat of morality, instead of the pride of the understanding or the firmness of the will. In answering the question, 'Who is our neighbour?' as one who stands in need of our assistance, and whose wounds we can bind up, He has done more to humanize the thoughts and tame the angry passions, than all who have tried to reform and benefit mankind. The very idea of abstract benevolence, of the desire to do good because another wants our services, and of regarding the human race as one family, the offspring of one common parent, is hardly to be found in any other code or system. It was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness. The Greeks and Romans never thought of considering others; but as they were Greeks or Romans, as they were bound to them by certain positive ties; or, on the other hand, as separated from them by fiercer antipathies. Their virtues were the virtues of political machines; their vices were the vices of demons, ready to inflict or to endure pain with obdurate and remorseless inflexibility of purpose. But in the Christian religion 'we perceive a softness coming over the heart of a nation, and the iron scales that fence and harden it, melt and drop off.' It becomes malleable, capable of pity, of forgiveness, of relaxing in its claims, and remitting its power. We strike it, and it does not hurt us: it is not steel or marble, but flesh and blood, clay tempered with tears, and 'soft as sinews of the new-born babe.' The gospel was first preached to the poor, for it consulted their wants and interests, not its own pride and arrogance. It first proscribed the equality of mankind in the community of duties and benefits. It denounced the iniquities of the chief Priests and Pharisees, and declared itself at variance with principalities and powers, for it sympathizes not with the oppressor, but the oppressed. It first abolished slavery, for it did not consider the power of the will to inflict injury, as clothing it with a right to do so. Its law is good, not power. It at the same time tended to wean the mind from the grossness of sense, and a particle of its divine flame was lent to brighten and purify the lamp of love!"

There have been persons, who, being sceptics as to the divine mission of Christ, have taken an unaccountable prejudice to His doctrines, and have been disposed to deny the merit of His character; but this was not the feeling of the great men in the age of Elizabeth (whatever might be their belief), one of whom says of Him, with a boldness equal to his piety:—

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, knizable, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that e'er breathed."

This was old honest Decker, and the lines ought to enshrine his memory to every one who has a sense either of religion, or philosophy, or true genius. Nor can I help thinking that we may discern the traces of the influence exerted by religious faith in the spirit of the poetry of the age of Elizabeth, in the means of exciting terror and pity, in the delineation of the passions of grief, remorse, love, sympathy, the sense of shame, in the fond desires, the longings after immortality, in the heaven of hope, and the abyss of despair it lays open to us.

The literature of this age then, I would say, was strongly influenced (among other causes) first, by the spirit of Christianity, and secondly, by the spirit of Protestantism.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, born 1536, died 1608, was distinguished both by high official position, Lord High Treasurer of England, and poetical eminence. He was one of the commissioners who tried Mary Queen of Scots, and it was he who was deputed to announce her sentence to that much-to-be-pitied lady. When a student at the Inner Temple he wrote a tragedy, "Gorboduc," which was performed by the students in a Christmas entertainment and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, in 1561. He contributed the Induction and Legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the "Mirror of Magistrates." Campbell says, "He carried taste and elegance even into his formal political functions, and for his eloquence was styled the bell of the Star Chamber. As a poet, his attempt to unite allegory with heroic narrative and his giving our language its earliest regular tragedy, evince the views and enterprise of no ordinary mind; but, though the induction to the 'Mirror for Magistrates' displays some potent sketches, it bears the complexion of a saturnine genius, and resembles a bold and gloomy landscape on which the sun never shines. As to 'Gorboduc,' it is a piece of monotonous recitals, and cold and heavy accumulation of incidents. As an imitation of classical tragedy it is peculiarly unfortunate, in being without even the unities of place and time, to circumscribe its dulness." Sir Philip Sydney, in his "Defence of Poesie," speaks, however, in much more favourable strains. "'Gorboduc' is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, clyming to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach and so obtayne the very end of poesie"; and Warton referring to the "Complaint" of Henry Duke of Buckingham says, it is written "with a force and even elegance of expression, a copiousness of phraseology, and an exactness of versification, not to be found in any other part of the collection." See Warton's "Hist. of Eng. Poetry"; Hor. Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors"; Collins's "Poerage" by Dryden.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

John Harrington, born 1534, died 1582. He was imprisoned by Queen Mary for his suspected attachment to Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was afterwards rewarded with a grant of lands. He wrote but little, but that little causes us to regret that he did not write more. "His love verses," says Campbell, "have an elegance and terseness more modern; by an hundred years, than those of his contemporaries." Hallam adds, "they are as polished as any written at the close of the Queen's reign." See "Nugæ Antiquæ"; Ellis's "Specimens"; Hallam's "Lit. Hist. of Europe."

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

George Gascoigne, born 1537, died 1577, after studying for some time at Cambridge, removed to Gray's Inn, which he left for the army, and served in Holland, where he received a captain's commission from the Prince of Orange. Returning to England, he became a courtier, and contributed to the festivities which enlivened the business of statesmen and the progress of the queen. The name of the princely pleasures of "Kemilworth Castle," one of Gascoigne's masques, will remind many of our readers of Amy Robsart and Sir Richard Varney, of the ambitious Earl and his imperious mistress. Among Gascoigne's best-known pieces are: "The Glasse of Government, a Tragical Comedie, Lon., 1575"; "The Steele Glas, a Satyre, 1576"; "A Delicate Diet for daintie mouthed Dronkards; wherein the fowle abuse of common carousing and quaffing with hoartie draughtes is honestly admonished, 1578"; "The Droomes of Doomes Day; wherein the frailties and miseries of mans life are lively portrayed and leasurably set forth, 1588"; "The Comedie of Supposes, and the Tragedie of Jocasta, in the collective edition of his whole workes, 1597." Warton says, that the comedy of "Supposes" was the first comedy written in English prose; and Dr. Farmer in his Essay on Shakspeare says that the latter borrowed part of the

plot and of the phraseology of this play, and transferred it into his "Taming of the Shrew." This was the opinion of Chalmers, Warton, and Gifford. Phillips in his "Theat. Post." says, that the poetical works of Gascoigne have been thought worthy to be quoted among the chief of that time, and Sir S. E. Brydges in his edition of Phillips's book says, "From what I have seen of his works, his fancy seems to have been sparkling and elegant, and he always writes with the powers of a poet." Hallam deems his minor poems, especially one called "The Arraignment of a Lover," as having much spirit and gaiety. Headley, in his "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry," speaks of him as a writer whose mind, though it exhibits few marks of strength, is not destitute of delicacy; he is smooth, sentimental, and harmonious. See Allibone's "Crit. Diet. of Eng. Lit."; "Athen. Oxon."; Whetstone's "Remembrance of Gascoigne"; "Censura Literaria"; Ritson's "Bibl. Poetica"; Watta's "Bibl. Brit."; Chalmers's "British Poets."

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Sir Philip Sydney was born at Penshurst, in Kent, in 1554. He was a chivalrous English soldier and poet. In his fifteenth year he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, and at the age of seventeen he went on his travels. He was in Paris during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and was obliged to take refuge in the shade of Sir Francis Walsingham, the English ambassador. After visiting various cities in Hungary, Italy, and Germany, he in 1575 returned to England, and in the following year Queen Elizabeth appointed him ambassador to the Emperor Rudolph, at whose court he contracted an intimacy with the famous Don John of Austria. On account of his declaring his sentiments freely against the queen's marriage with the Duke of Anjou, in 1580, in his remonstrance to her majesty, he retired from court, and in his retreat wrote his celebrated romance "Arcadia," and his "Defence of Poesie." In 1582 he received the honour of knighthood, and in 1585 was appointed governor of Flushing, and general of the troops sent to the assistance of the United Provinces. About this time his reputation for wisdom and valour stood so high, that he was thought a fit person to be a candidate for the crown of Poland; but the queen would not consent to the loss of "the jewel of her dominions." In September, 1586, Sir Philip displayed extraordinary bravery at the battle of Zutphen, but received a mortal wound in the thigh as he was mounting his third horse, having had two slain under him. His conduct whilst leaving the battle-field illustrates his noble character. "In which sad progress," says his biographer, Lord Brook, "passing along by the rest of the army

where his uncle the general, the Earl of Leicester, was, and being thirsty with excess of blood, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which, Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank and delivered it to the poor man with those words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'" This wound proved fatal twenty-five days afterwards. His body was brought home and buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. In addition to the works already mentioned, Sir Philip wrote sonnets, "Orania," a poem, and several other pieces.—(Boston's *Diet. Universal Biog.*) Campbell speaks in the following terms of our poet:—"The contemporaries of Sydney knew the man, and foreigners, no less than his own countrymen, seem to have felt from his personal influence and conversation, an homage for him, that could only be paid to a commanding intellect guiding the principles of a noble heart. The variety of his ambition, perhaps, unfavourably divided the force of his genius; feeling that he could take different paths to reputation, he did not confine himself to one, but was successively occupied in the punctious duties of a courtier, the studies and pursuits of a scholar and traveller, and in the life of a soldier, of which the chivalrous accomplishments could not be learnt without diligence and fatigue. All his excellence in those pursuits, and all the celebrity that would have placed him among the competitors for a crown, was gained in a life of thirty-two years. His sagacity and independence are recorded in the advice which he gave to his own sovereign. In the quarrel with Lord Oxford, he opposed the rights of an English commoner to the prejudices of aristocracy and of royalty itself. At home he was the patron of literature. All England wore mourning for his death. Perhaps the well-known anecdote of his generosity to the dying soldier speaks more powerfully to the heart than the whole volumes of elegies, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, that were published at his death by the Universities."

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Robert Southwell, born 1560, died 1595. He was descended from an ancient family in Norfolk, but educated at the English college in Douay, after which he became a Jesuit at Rome. He was appointed prefect of studies there in 1585, but soon afterwards he was sent as a missionary to England. The Countess of Arundel, who appointed him her chaplain, proved a generous and faithful friend. He resided much with her. In July, 1592, he was apprehended as being implicated in secret

conspiracies against the government. He was kept in prison nearly three years, and was during that period often subjected to the torture of the rack. He thus suffered no less than ten times. He acknowledged that he was a priest and a Jesuit, that he came to England to preach the Catholic religion, and that for this he was ready to lay down his life; but he would never admit any knowledge of the conspiracies. He was at last brought to trial at the King's Bench, condemned and executed according to the barbarous custom of the period, the next day, at Tyburn. In the 67th volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine" there is given a list of his writings and a sketch of his life. Robert Aris Willmott says, "One of the least known, though certainly not the least deserving writers of the age of Elizabeth, was Robert Southwell. His poetical compositions do not entitle him to an elevated rank either by their fancy or their power, yet they contain many thoughts that often 'lie too deep for tears,' and as 'a warbler of poetic prose' he will be found to have few rivals; of all our early poets, Southwell recalls most freshly the manner of Goldsmith; not that he ever opened the same vein of pleasantry, or acquired the art of making a history of animals as amusing as a Persian tale; the resemblance is to be traced in the naturalness of the sentiment, the propriety of the expression, and the easy harmony of the verse." In his own times Southwell's works were very popular.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes, Devonshire, in 1552. In 1568 he was sent to Oriel College, Oxford, where "he was worthily esteemed a proficient in oratory and philosophy," but did not long remain. He entered the troop of gentlemen volunteers who went to the assistance of the Protestants of France, and in which he remained five or six years. He subsequently joined the expedition of General Norris in the Netherlands, in aid of the Prince of Orange. Soon after his return, he engaged with his brother-in-law, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in a voyage to America, whence they returned in 1579. The next year he was in Ireland, and distinguished himself against the rebels of Munster. On his return to England, he gained the favour of Queen Elizabeth by a romantic piece of gallantry. Her Majesty, while taking a walk, stopped at a muddy place, hesitating whether to proceed or not; on which Raleigh took off his new plush cloak, and spread it on the ground. The queen trod gently over the foot-cloth and soon rewarded the sacrifice of a cloak. In 1584 he fitted out a squadron and endeavoured to establish the colony, named in honour of Elizabeth, Virginia. After spending £40,000,

he abandoned the attempt to a mercantile corporation. The expedition brought home the tobacco-plant and the potato. Sir Walter bore a distinguished part in the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. In 1595 he sailed to Guiana and destroyed the capital of Trinidad. He was one of those who brought about the fall of Essex, and remained in the favour of the queen till her death. In the succeeding reign his fortunes changed. He was stripped of his preferments, tried and condemned for high treason, on a charge the most frivolous and without the least evidence. He remained in the Tower thirteen years, during which he wrote several works on various subjects of great importance, the best of which was the "History of the World," which was published in 1614. The year following he was released, in consequence of the flattering account which he had given of some rich mines in Guiana. On gaining his liberty, he sailed to that country, in search of those pretended mines, instead of discovering which, he burnt the Spanish town of St. Thomas, and returned to England, where on the complaint of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, he was apprehended, and in a most unprecedented manner, beheaded at Westminster, 1618, on his former sentence. His works are historical, philosophical, poetical and political. As an author, Hume declares him to be the "best model of our ancient style;" and Hallam speaks of him as "less pedantic than most of his contemporaries, seldom low, and never affected."

NICHOLAS BRETON.

Nicholas Breton, born 1555, died 1624. He is supposed to have been of a Staffordshire family. He published a number of poetical pieces. Sir Egerton Brydges writes: "The ballad of Phillida and Coridon, reprinted by Percy, is a delicious little poem; and if we are to judge from this specimen, his poetical powers—for surely he must have had the powers of a poet—were distinguished by simplicity, at once easy and elegant." "Nicholas Breton," says Phillips, in his "Theatrum Poetarum," "a writer of pastorals, sonnets, cansons and madrigals, in which kind of writing he keeps company with several other contemporary emulators of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney in a published collection of selected odes of the chief pastoral sonnetteers, &c. of that age." "His happiest vein," remarks Campbell, "is in little pastoral pieces."—See Ritson's "Biblio. Poetica"; Lowndes's "Brit. Bibliographer"; Bohn's edit.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Christopher Marlowe was born about the year 1565. He studied at Cambridge, and

took the M.A. degree in 1587. He became a writer for the stage and probably an actor. His life was disgraceful. At the early age of thirty he was killed in a disreputable quarrel, his own sword being turned against him in a house of ill-fame. He translated several of the classics. He also wrote "Dr. Faustus"; "Edward the Second"; "The Jew of Malta"; "Tamberlaine the Great"; "Lust's Dominion"; "Dido, Queen of Carthage"; and the "Massacre at Paris." They convey abundant proof of the great power their author possessed of drawing characters more than human in their intense malignity and terrible depth of villainy. The bishops ordered his translations of "Ovid's Love Elegies" to be burnt in public for their licentiousness, although Campbell justly adds, that if all the licentious poems of that period had been included in the martyrdom, Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis" would have hardly escaped.—See Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets."

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Joshua Sylvester, born 1563, died in Holland 1618. He was a merchant adventurer, and was in great favour with Queen Elizabeth and King James. Prince Henry, son of the latter monarch, appointed him his poet pensioner. He wrote several poems, and translated into English verse, Du Bartas's "Divine Weeks and Works," and some pieces from Fracastorius. He was called by his contemporaries, Silver-tongued.—See Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Campbell's "Specimens."

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

Richard Barnfield was born in 1574, and entered at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1589. He wrote "The Affectionate Shepherd"; "The Encomium of Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money"; "The Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberalitie"; "The Combat between Conscience and Covetousness in the Minds of Men"; and "Poems in divers Humours." In what year he died is unknown.—See Bos's "Biog. Dict."; Ellis's "Specimens"; Ritson's "Bib. Poet."; Warton's "Hist. of Eng. Poetry"; Alibone's "Crit. Dict. of Eng. Lit."

THOMAS WATSON.

Thomas Watson, born 1560, died about 1592. He was a native of London, and studied the common law. Stevens preferred his sonnets to Shakspeare's; but Campbell wittily remarks, "Watson's sonnets are all

of eighteen lines; and perhaps in their superfluity of four, Stevens thought their excellence to consist; for as beloved quantity in Shakspeare, he would like bulk in another."—Campbell's *Specimens*.

EDMUND SPENSER.

This eminent poet was born in 1552, and educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he took his degree, but not obtaining his fellowship, he quitted the university. His earliest poem was the "Shepherd's Calendar," first published in 1579, which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney, who became his patron, and introduced him at court. In 1580 he was appointed by the Earl of Leicester, Secretary to Lord Grey, Viceroy of Ireland, and obtained a grant of lands at Kilcolmain, in the county of Cork, where he built a house, and finished his celebrated poem, "The Faerie Queen." In the rebellion begun by the Earl of Tyrone, his house was fired, and one of his children perished in the conflagration; upon which he retired to London. He died in 1599, and was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey. Pope says: "There is something in Spenser which pleases us as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the 'Faerie Queen' when I was about twelve with a vast deal of delight;" and Professor Craik, in his admirable "Sketches of Literature and Learning in England," observes: "Without calling Spenser the greatest of all poets, we may still say that his poetry is the most poetical of all poetry."—See Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Campbell's "Specimens"; Chambers's "Cyclo. English Lit." vol. i.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Samuel Daniel was born at Taunton, Somersetshire in 1562. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and was subsequently tutor to the celebrated Anne Clifford, daughter of George, Earl of Cumberland, and afterwards Countess of Pembroke. We know little of his history. He resided for some years, it seems, in a small house in the parish of St. Luke, London, associated with Shakspeare, Marlowe, Chapman and others, and towards the close of his life, retired to a farm at Beckington, near Philips-Norton, in Somersetshire. He wrote a number of works. Drummond says of him, "for sweetness and rhyming, second to none," and Bolton remarks of his writings that they "contain somewhat a flat, yet withal a very pure and copious English, and words as varractable as any man's, and siter perhaps for prose than measure." Gabriel Harvey admires Daniel for his efforts

to enrich and improve his native tongue. Langbaine, in his "Dramatic Poets," speaks of him as "one whose memory will ever be fresh in the minds of those who favour history or poetry." Fuller, in his "Worthies," calls him "an exquisite poet." Headley says, "he has skill in the pathetic, and his pages are disgraced with neither pedantry nor conceit," in which opinion he is confirmed by the illustrious author of the "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," who writes, "It is the chief praise of Daniel, and must have contributed to what popularity he enjoyed in his own age, that his English is eminently pure, free from affectation, archaism, and from pedantic innovation, with very little that is now obsolete."—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. of Eng. Lit.;" Chambers's "Cycl." vol. i.; Campbell's "Specimens"; Drake's "Shakspeare and his Times."

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Michael Drayton is said to have been born at Hartshill, Warwickshire, in 1558. He studied some time at Oxford, and was indebted to Sir Henry Goodove, the Countess of Bedford, and Sir Walter Aston. To the hospitality of the last-mentioned patron he refers, when complaining of his want of success in gaining the smiles of the court, upon the accession of James I.: "All my long-nourished hopes (were) even buried alive before my face; so uncertain in this world be the end of our dearest endeavours! And whatever is herein (the "Poly-Olbiion") that tastes of a free spirit, I thankfully confess to proceed from the continued bounty of my truly noble friend, Sir Walter Aston; which hath given me the best of those hours, whose leisure hath effected this which now I publish;" and again:

"Tremt, by Tixall gracod, the Astons' ancient seat,
Which oft the Muse hath found her safe
and sweet retreat."

The Earl of Dorset proved as kind to his age as Sir Walter Aston had to his earlier years, and under the roof of this generous nobleman he spent his declining days in repose and comfort, beloved by his associates and admired by his countrymen at large. In 1613 appeared the first of his principal work, the "Poly-Olbiion," containing eighteen songs; this he reprinted in 1622 with the addition of twelve songs, making thirty in the whole, or thirty thousand lines, written in Alexandrian couplets! He wrote the "Shepherd's Garland"; the "Barrons' Warree"; "England's Heroical Epistles"; the "Downfall of Robert of Normandy"; "Holy Himnes"; "Nymphidia"; the "Court of Fayrie"; "Elegies";

and other works. It is said of the "Nymphidia" that it "can never become obsolete until the spirit of true poetry shall have lost its charms." Burton, the antiquary of Leicestershire, considers that the name alone of Drayton exalted the poetical eminence of England to an equality with Italy itself. Bishop Nicolson, in his English "Hist. Lib.," commends the accuracy of the "Poly-Olbiion"; "It affords a much truer account of this kingdom, and the dominion of Wales, than could well be expected from the pen of a poet." This work is, indeed, a most singular performance. Imagines a poet gravely propounding as the subject of his muse, a chorographical description of all the tracts, rivers, mountains, forests, and other parts of the renowned isle of Great Britain, with intermixture of the most remarkable stories, antiquities, wonders, &c., of the same. Headley remarks, that "his 'Poly-Olbiion' is one of the most singular works this country has produced, and seems to me eminently original. The information contained in it is in general so accurate, that he is quoted as an authority by Hearne and Wood. His perpetual allusions to obsolete traditions, remote events, remarkable facts and personages, together with his curious genealogies of rivers, and his taste for national history, have contributed to render his work very valuable to the antiquary."—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.;" Hallam's "Introduct. to Lit. His.;" Brydges' "Imaginative Biog.;" Disraeli's "Amenities of Lit.;" Drake's "Shakspeare and his Times."

EDWARD FAIRFAX, B.D.

Edward Fairfax, B.D., was the second son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire, and passed his days in lettered ease at his seat at Fuytston. He wrote a poetical history of Edward the Black Prince, twelve eclogues, a "Discourse of Witchcraft," some letters against the Church of Rome, and a translation of Tasso's "Recovery of Jerusalem." Few translators have been honoured with commendations from so many distinguished authorities. The names of King James, King Charles, Dryden, Waller, Collins, Milton, Hume, Charles Lamb, by no means exhaust the list. Its ease, elegance, and exactness, for the age in which it was translated, is surprising.—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.;" Dryden's preface to his "Fables"; Hume's "History of England"; "London Quarterly Review"; Phillips's "Theat. Poet."

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

Sir John Harrington, born 1561, died 1612. He was the son of John Harrington, the poet

we have already noticed, and was a great favourite with his godmother, Queen Elizabeth, although temporarily banished from court for writing a witty work upon an objectionable theme, entitled "The Metamorphosis of Ajax." Lond. 1596, 8vo. A licence was refused for printing this work, yet it nevertheless went through these impressions. Sir John also published "Orlando Furioso," translated into English verse, which was the first version of Ariosto in our language. The first fifty stanzas of Book XXXII. were translated by Francis Harrington, Sir John's youngest brother. Ellis says of this work, "that although much admired at the time, it is now found to be inaccurate and feeble;" yet, notwithstanding this, Warton remarks, that "it enriched our poetry by a communication of new stories of fiction and imagination, both of the romantic and comic species of Gothic machinery and familiar manners." Campbell speaks in higher terms: "The translation of the 'Jerusalem' was published when he was a young man, was inscribed to Queen Elizabeth, and forms one of the glories of her reign." Sir John published a number of works, among which was the "Nugæ Antiquæ," being a miscellaneous collection of original papers in prose and verse, of the times of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James, by Sir J. H. and others who lived in those times. These volumes should be in the library of every historical student. "Sir John Harrington appears to have been a gentleman of great pleasantry and humour; his fortune was easy, the court his element, and wit, not his business, but diversion."—See Campbell's "Specimens"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Hallam's "Lit. Hist. of Europe"; "Censura Literaria"; Cooper's "Muses' Library," p. 297; Bishop Nicolson's "English Hist. Lib."; Park's Advert. to his edition of "Nugæ Antiquæ."

FULKE GREVILLE.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, born 1554, died 1628, was the son of Sir Fulke Greville, of Beauchamp Court, in Warwickshire. He entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards completed his studies at Oxford. After attaining distinction at court, and being honoured by a seat at the Privy Council, he was assassinated by one of his domestics named Ralph Heywood. He ordered the following inscription to be placed on his own grave: "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney." He wrote a variety of works, among which are: "A Treatise of Human Learning," in fifteen stanzas; "An Inquisition upon Fame and Honour," in eighty-six stanzas; the "Life of the renowned Sir Philip Sydney"; "Alkama," a tragedy; "Mystaphia," a tragedy; a "Letter of Travell."

Richard Baxter, the celebrated nonconformist, speaks highly of one of his works. Hallam, in his "Literary History of Europe," says: "Lord Brooke's poetry is chiefly worth notice as an indication of that thinking spirit upon political science, which was to produce the ripper speculation of Hobbes and Harrington and Locke."—See Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors"; Langbain's "Dramatical Poets"; Baxter's "Poetical Fragments"; Charles Lamb; Hazlitt's "Table Talk: of Persons one would wish to have seen"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Campbell's "Specimens."

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Sir Henry Wotton, born at Beeton-Malherbe, in Kent, in 1568. Forsoosing the fall of Essex, to whom he was secretary, he left the kingdom, but returned on the accession of James, and was appointed ambassador to the court of Venice. Towards the close of his life, he took deacon's orders, and was nominated Provost of Eton. He wrote the "Elements of Architecture"; "Parallel between the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham"; "Character of some Kings of England"; "Essay on Education"; and "Poems," printed in the Religious Wottonians, by good old Isaac Walton. He died in 1639. If the reader has not seen the "Life of Wotton," by Walton, let him by all means get it; a greater treat is not in the whole language of biography than this life by the quaint and delightful angler.—See Campbell's "Specimens"; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

HENRY CONSTABLE.

Henry Constable was educated at Oxford, but took his B.A. degree at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1579. He published "Diana, or the Excellent Conceitful Sonnets of H. C. &c.," in 1584. Ellis thinks he was born in 1568, but it is quite uncertain, as also is the time of his death, Dr. Birch, in his "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth," supposes that he was the same Henry Constable who, for his zeal in the Catholic religion, was long obliged to live in a state of banishment. He returned to England, however, about the beginning of James's reign.—See Edmund B. Row's "Hypercritica"; Ellis's "Specimens"; Malone's "Shakspeare," x. 74; Todd's "Milton"; Warton's "English Poetry"; Campbell's "Specimens"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

William Shakspeare, born 1564, died 1616. The neglect of Shakspeare by his countrymen,

immediately after his own age, or rather the little attention then paid to the personal history of poets, has left to the anxious curiosity of modern admiration slight materials for the construction of his biography. Official documents, tradition, and scattered notices in various writers, have been carefully gleaned to procure a few meagre facts from which we may trace the great poet's living career. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, in April, 1564. His father, a wool-comber or glover, seems to have been descended from a family of yeomen settled at Snitterfield, near Warwick, and, marrying a rustic heiress, Mary Arden (who inherited a farm of some value), he went to Stratford to reside as a tradesman. He became high-bailiff of the town, and possessed several houses in Stratford; but his circumstances declined. It is conjectured that a short course in the Stratford grammar-school was all the regular education Shakespeare ever received. The necessity of assistance in his business forced his father to withdraw him early from school. The traditional anecdotes of his youth indicate anything but the earnest student anxiously expanding the rudimentary acquirements received from a village pedagogue; and yet the question of his learning has employed the elaborate, and often sarcastic and angry erudition of hostile critics. But Shakespeare's "wit" was "made of Atalanta's heels;" an hour of a mind like his could extract the honey, the acquisition of which employed the days and nights of less vigorous intellects. If we cannot believe, in all its circumstances, the traditional tale of the deer-stealing in Charleotte Park, the angry vengeance of Sir Thomas Lucy, and the forced flight of the poet from his native place; we can yet discern in the compelled hurry of his marriage, that the ardour of his temperament had involved him in irregularities and imprudences. He married, at the age of eighteen, Anne Hathaway, a young woman seven years older than himself, the daughter of a "substantial yeoman" in the neighbourhood. Three or four years after his marriage he removed to London, having possibly perceived the incipient tendencies of his genius during the occasional visits of the metropolitan players to Stratford. In London we soon find the poet in comparative opulence. He rapidly acquired a large property in more than one theatre. The order in which he produced his dramatic compositions has been a subject of keen inquiry; but the minute researches of editors elicit few satisfactory results. In whatever order his dramas were produced, he soon vindicated the immense superiority of his genius by universal popularity. He was the companion of the nobles and the wits of the time, and a favourite of Elizabeth herself, at whose request some of his pieces were written. The wealth which his genius realised enabled him, comparatively early in

life, to retire from his professional career. He had purchased an estate in the vicinity of his native town; but his tranquil retirement was of no long duration: he enjoyed it only four years. He died April 23rd (St. George's day), 1616, and was buried "on the north side of the chancel in the great church of Stratford." His bust is placed in the wall over his grave: on the stone beneath is the following epitaph:—

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Best be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

His only son had died early; all the children of his married daughters died without issue.

The works of Shakespeare consist of thirty-seven plays, tragedies, comedies, and histories; the poems "Venus and Adonis," and "Tarquin and Lucrece," with a collection of sonnets. Of the thirty-seven plays, "Titus Andronicus," "Pericles," and "Henry VI.," with portions of some others, have been doubted by critics to be authentically Shakespeare's; and some have claimed for him other authorless pieces of the period. The total want of care to preserve and to authenticate the productions of his genius before his death, has been supposed to indicate the poet's perfect indifference to fame.

The worship with which Shakespeare is universally regarded in this country disposes us to love him on trust. The estimation of his contemporaries and rivals proves him not undeserving of this regard. The "gentle Shakespeare" was universally beloved. Gifford has extracted the gall even from expressions that were seasoned as the sarcasm of Ben Jonson's surly ingratitude.

The subject of Shakespeare's dramatic and poetical character is so vast, that it would be idle here to attempt its analysis. The variety of its attributes has, as might have been expected, drawn both censure and applause from different tastes and ages. Voltaire could see in "Hamlet" only the work of a "drunken savage." The mechanical pedantry of Rymer sees in "Othello" only "a bloody farce"; "a tragedy of a pocket-handkerchief." We shall quote the celebrated passage of Dryden, eulogized by Johnson as "a perpetual model of enconiasmic criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration":—"He (Shakespeare) was the man, who of all modern, and, perhaps, ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacle of books to read nature; he looked inward and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike;

were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clinches, his serious into bombast. But he is always great, when great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets—

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cypressi."

This "epitome of excellence," as Johnson terms the above criticism, must constitute our sole tribute to Shakspeare's merits. The voluminous admiration of more modern times does not contain a very great deal more than is compressed into the vigour of Dryden's remarks. We would simply invite attention to the higher views of the philosophy of Shakspeare's literature, suggested by the fine imagination of Coleridge. Poets have always been Shakspeare's best critics.

See the "Poetry and Poets of Britain," by Daniel Scrymgeour, pp. 83—85; Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. 1.; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont and Fletcher, born 1586, died 1616; born 1576, died 1625. Those names, united by friendship and confederate genius, ought not to be disjoined. Francis Beaumont was the son of Judge Beaumont of the Common Pleas, and was born at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, in 1586. He studied at Oxford, and passed from thence to the Inner Temple; but his application to the law cannot be supposed to have been intense, as his first play, in conjunction with Fletcher, was acted in his twenty-first year, and the short remainder of his life was devoted to the drama. He married Ursula, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Isley, of Kent, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom was alive, at a great age, in the year 1700. He died in 1616, and was buried at the entrance of St. Benedict's chapel, near the Earl of Middlesex's monument, in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster. As a lyrical poet, F. Beaumont would be entitled to some remembrance, independent of his niche in the drama.

John Fletcher was the son of Dr. R. Fletcher, bishop of London: he was born, probably, in the metropolis, in 1576, and was admitted a pensioner of Bennet College about the age of fifteen. His time and progress at the university have not been traced, and only a few anecdotes have been gleaned about the manner of his life and death. Before the marriage of Beaumont, we are told by Aubrey, that Fletcher and he lived together in London, near the Bankside, not far from the theatre,

had one * * * in the same house between them, the same clothes, cloak, &c. Fletcher died in the great plague of 1625. A friend had invited him to the country, and he unfortunately stayed in town to get a suit of clothes for the visit, during which time he caught the fatal infection. He was interred in St. Saviour's, Southwark, where his grave, like that of Beaumont's in Westminster, is without an inscription.

Fletcher survived his dramatic associate ten years; so that their share in the drama that passes by their joint names was far from equal in quantity, Fletcher having written between thirty and forty after the death of his companion. Respecting those which appeared in their common lifetime, the general account is, that Fletcher chiefly supplied the fancy and invention of their pieces, and that Beaumont, though he was the younger, dictated the cooler touches of taste and accuracy. This tradition is supported, or rather exaggerated, in the verses of Cartwright to Fletcher, in which he says,

"Beaumont was fain
To bid thee be more dull; that's write
again,
And bate some of thy fire which from thee
came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large a
flame."

Many verses to the same effect might be quoted, but this tradition, so derogatory to Beaumont's genius, is contradicted by other testimonies of rather an earlier date, and coming from writers who must have known the great dramatists themselves much better than Cartwright. Ben Jonson speaks of Beaumont's originality with the emphasis peculiar to the expression of all his opinions; and Earle, the intimate friend of Beaumont, ascribed to him, while Fletcher was still alive, the exclusive claim to those three distinguished plays, the "Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," and "King and No King"; a statement which Fletcher's friends were likely to have contradicted, if it had been untrue. If Beaumont had the sole or chief merit of those pieces, he could not have been what Cartwright would have us believe, the mere pruner of Fletcher's luxuriances; an assessor, who made him write again and more dully. Indeed, with reverence to their memories, nothing that they have left us has much the appearance of being twice written; and whatever their amiable editor, Mr. Seward, may say about the correctness of their plots, the management of their stories would lead us to suspect, that neither of the dramatists troubled themselves much about correctness. Their drama is vigour and variety; their defects, a coarseness and prolixity that betray no circumspection. There is so much more hardihood than discretion in the arrangement of their scenes, that if Beaumont's taste and judgment

had the disposal of them, he fully proved himself the junior partner. But it is not probable that their departments were so divided.

Still, however, the scanty lights that enable us to guess at what they respectively wrote, seem to warrant that distinction in the cast of their genius which is made in the poet's allusion to

"Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base."

Beaumont was the deeper scholar. Fletcher is said to have been more a man of the world. Beaumont's vein was more pathetic and solemn, but he was not without humour; for the mock-heroic scenes, that are excellent in some of their plays, are universally ascribed to him. Fletcher's muse, except where she sleeps in pastorals, seems to have been a nymph of boundless unblushing pleasantry. Fletcher's admirers warmly complimented his originality at the expense of Beaumont, on the strength of his superior gaiety, as if gay thoughts must necessarily be more original than serious ones, or depth of sensibility be allied to shallowness of invention. We are told also, that Beaumont's taste leaned to the hard and abstract school of Jonson, while his coadjutor followed the wilder graces of Shakspeare. But if Earle can be credited for Beaumont's having written "Philaster," we shall discover him in that tragedy to be the very opposite of an abstract painter of character; it has the spirit of individual life. The piece owes much less to art than it loses by negligence. Its forms and passions are those of romance, and its graces, evidently imitated from Shakspeare, want only the fillet and zone of art to consummate their beauty.

On the whole, while it is generally allowed that Fletcher was the gayer, and Beaumont the graver genius of their amusing theatre, it is unnecessary to depreciate either, for they were both original and creative; or to draw invidious comparisons between men, who, themselves, disclaimed to be rivals.

See Campbell's "Specimens"; Fuller's "Worthies"; Cunningham's "Biog. Hist. of Eng."; Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature"; "General Biog. Dict."; "Lord Macanlay"; Shaw's "Outlines of English Literature"; Spalding's "Hist."

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Sir John Davies, born 1570, died 1626. He was a native of Wiltshire, educated at Queen's College, Oxford, and afterwards studied law. In 1603, he was sent as Solicitor-General to Ireland, soon rose to be Attorney-General, and subsequently was appointed one of the Judges of Assize. In 1607 he was knighted, and after filling several offices with great credit, he was in 1626 ap-

pointed Lord Chief Justice of England, but died suddenly, before the ceremony of settlement or installation could be performed. Campbell says that Sir John was expelled from the Temple for beating Richard Martin, who was afterwards Recorder of London. His "Poems of Daunting," which he wrote in fifteen days, appeared in 1596, and, curious enough, with a dedicatory sonnet "To his very Friend, Ma. Rich. Martin." In 1599, although the dedication to Queen Elizabeth bears date 1592, appeared his "Nones Teipsum: this Oracle expounded in two Elegies; 1st. Of Human Knowledge: 2nd. Of the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof." Richard Baxter calls it "an excellent Poem, in opening the nature, faculties, and certain immortality of man's soul;" and Hallam says, "Perhaps no language can produce a poem, extending to so great a length, of more condensation of thought, or in which fewer language verses will be found."

Sir John Davies and Sir William Davenant," writes Southey, "avoiding equally the opposite faults of too artificial and too careless a style, wrote in numbers, which for precision and clearness, and felicity and strength, have never been surpassed."

He published a number of law books; among which are: "Reports of Cases in the Law in the King's Courts in Ireland," 2 Jac. I, 10 Jac. I, 1604-12, with a learned preface. These were the first reports of Irish judgments which had ever been made public during the 400 years that the laws of England had existed in that kingdom. "An Abridgement of Coke's Reports." The great Earl of Chatham, Bishop Nicholson, and other eminent men, speak in the highest terms of Sir John. Indeed, in versatility of talent, brilliancy of imagination, political wisdom, and literary taste, he has been equalled but by few Englishmen.—See Campbell's "Specimens"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Athen. Oxon."; Johnson and Chalmers's "English Poets"; Marwin's "Legal Bibl."; Wallace's "Reporters"; "Ectrop. Review," vol. xlv., 1822.

JOHN DONNE, D.D.

John Donne, D.D., born 1573, died 1631. The life of Donne is more interesting than his poetry. He was descended from an ancient family; his mother was related to Sir Thomas More, and to Heywood, the epigrammatist. A prodigy of youthful learning, he was entered of Hart Hall, now Hertford College, at the unprecedented age of eleven; he studied afterwards with an extraordinary thirst for general knowledge, and seems to have consumed a considerable patrimony on his education and travels. Having accompanied the Earl of Essex in his expedition to Cadix, he purposed to have set out on a

extensive course of travels, and to have visited the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. Though compelled to give up his design by the insuperable dangers and difficulties of the journey, he did not come home till his mind had been stored with an extensive knowledge of foreign languages and manners, by a residence in the south of Europe. On his return to England, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere made him his secretary, and took him to his house. There he formed a mutual attachment to the niece of Lady Ellesmere, and without the means or prospect of support, the lovers thought proper to marry. The lady's father, Sir George More, on the declaration of this step, was so transported with rage, that he insisted on the chancellor's driving Donne from his protection, and even got him imprisoned, together with the witnesses of the marriage. He was soon released from prison, but the chancellor would not again take him into his service: and the brutal father-in-law would not support the unfortunate pair. In their distress, however, they were sheltered by Sir Francis Wolley, a son of Lady Ellesmere by a former marriage, with whom they resided for several years, and were treated with a kindness that mitigated their sense of dependence.

Donne had been bred a Catholic, but on mature reflection had made a conscientious renunciation of that faith. One of his warm friends, Dr. Morton, afterwards bishop of Durham, wished to have provided for him, by generously surrendering one of his benefices: he therefore pressed him to take holy orders, and to return to him the third day with his answer to the proposal. "At hearing of this," says his biographer, "Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave visible testimony of an inward conflict. He did not, however, return his answer till the third day: when, with fervid thanks, he declined the offer, telling the bishop that there were some errors of his life which, though long repented of, and pardoned, as he trusted, by God, might yet be not forgotten by some men, and which might cast a dishonour on the sacred office." We are not told what those irregularities were; but the conscience which could dictate such an answer was not likely to require great offences for a stumbling-block. This occurred in the poet's thirty-fourth year.

After the death of Sir F. Wolley, his next protector was Sir Robert Drury, whom he accompanied on an embassy to France. His wife, with an attachment as romantic as poet could wish for, had formed the design of accompanying him as a page. It was on this occasion, and to dissuade her from the design, that he addressed to her the verses beginning, "By our first strange and fatal interview." Isaak Walton relates, with great simplicity, how the poet, one evening, as he sat alone in his chamber in Paris, saw the vision of his

beloved wife appear to him with a dead infant in her arms, a story which wants only credibility to be interesting. He had at last the good fortune to attract the regard of King James; and, at his majesty's instance, as he might now consider that he had outlived the remembrance of his former follies, he was persuaded to become a clergyman. In this capacity he was successively appointed chaplain to the king, lecturer of Lincoln's Inn, vicar of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and Dean of St. Paul's. His death, at a late age, was occasioned by consumption. He was buried in St. Paul's, where his figure yet remains in the vault of St. Faith's, carved from a painting for which he sat a few days before his death, dressed in his winding-sheet.—See Campbell's "Specimens"; Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain"; "London Quarterly Review," lix. 6, 1837; Isaak Walton's "Life of Donne"; Walton's "Life," by Zouch; Drake's "Shakespeare and his Times"; "Retros. Rev.," viii. 31, 1823; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson, born 1574, died 1637. Benjamin, or, according to his own abbreviation of signature, Ben Jonson, was born in Westminster. His family is said to have been originally from Amman Dale. Losing his father, a preacher in Westminster, before his birth, the benevolence of a friend placed him at Westminster School, where he attracted the notice of the celebrated Camden, at that period second master in that establishment. His mother having married a bricklayer, Ben was taken from school and made to work at his stepfather's business. From this disagreeable occupation he escaped by enlisting into the army. He served one campaign in the Low Countries, and on his return he is said to have been a short time at St. John's College, Cambridge; but this wants confirmation. He took to the stage, fought a duel with a brother actor, whom he killed, and was thrown into prison. In prison he became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, which he professed for a number of years afterwards.

On his release he resumed his efforts to procure a subsistence from a connection with the theatres. slender as were his resources and prospects, at the age of twenty he married; and pursued with indomitable perseverance, under great disadvantages, those studies which ultimately rendered him one of the most learned men of his time. Although his talents procured him notice and distinction, his circumstances continued still straitened. Gifford disapproves satisfactorily the frequently alleged generous patronage of Jonson, as he

necessity, by Shakspeare, and, equally satisfactorily, the alleged ingratitude and malignity of Jonson. His early efforts, as was the custom of the time, were made in joint works with Marston, Decker, and others. His first acknowledged piece that has descended to us is "Every Man in his Humour." Its success, if not materially improving his finances, prodigiously increased his reputation. A rapid accession of pieces of great excellence placed him in the first rank of dramatic writers. Fairer prospects of emolument opened to him on the accession of James I. From that period he almost abandoned the stage, and employed himself in the production of his series of beautiful masques for the amusement of the Court and of the nobility. This species of writing Jonson may claim the credit of having brought to perfection, and it may almost be said to have died with him.

It was during these happier years that he acquired those habits of conviviality to which his enemies have given a less gentle name. His company was courted by all the talent of the time, and the suppers of the "Mermaid" are mentioned with enthusiasm by those who had enjoyed their keen encounters of contending wits. Much of the obloquy against Jonson has arisen from a result of a journey he undertook to Scotland in 1618. He had visited the poet Drummond of Hawthornden. Drummond's notes of their conversations were published partially, under the sanction of his son, in 1711, long after his own and Jonson's death. They contained strictures, reckoned to be malignant, on many of Jonson's contemporaries and on some of his patrons. Jonson's biographer, Gifford, falls furiously on Drummond for the treachery implied in the noting down of confidential conversations, as these have been the foundation of aspersions of the worst kind on Jonson's character.

The death of James deprived Jonson of a kind and indulgent patron. He had succeeded Daniel in the hitherto honorary office of laureate, and received for it a small pension; but he was neglected by Charles I., and the concluding years of his life were spent under the pressure of poverty and disease, during which, however, his indefatigable pen was seldom unemployed. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The flagstone over his grave was inscribed by some familiar friend with the words "Oh, rare Ben Jonson."

Gifford heroically defends Jonson from the calumnies heaped on his memory, especially by the commentators of Shakspeare, and vindicates for his author the possession of qualities that commanded the affection and respect of the first men of the time, and caused his death to be felt as a public loss. He seems to have been a man of strong and independent character; somewhat rough and

arrogant in manner, but liberal and kind-hearted in temper, with the frankness and bluntness of a true Englishman. His works display a veneration for all that is high-minded and virtuous; his learning is so prodigious that his commentators pant with difficulty after his footsteps. He has not been popular since his own age; Gifford assigns for this various reasons.—See vol. i. p. 135, *et seq.* His characters want individuality, and illustrate "humours" rather than minds. His wit is brilliant, "but does not make the heart laugh." His two tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline," lofty, ornate, and correct in the costume of Roman manners, are frigid and passionless. "In the plots of his comedies he is deserving of undisturbed praise." Aristophanes, Terence, and Plautus are his models. At the head of his comedies in reputation stand

"The Fox, the Alchemist, and Silent Woman, Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man."

His language is nervous and masculine: "perhaps," says Dryden, "he did a little too much Romanize our tongue." His maxims abound in passages of the most airy and animated beauty.

Leigh Hunt in his "Men, Women, and Books," says, "I do not think that his poetical merits are yet properly appreciated. I cannot consent that the palm of humour alone shall be given to him while in wit, feeling, pathos, and poetical diction he is to be sunk fathoms below Fletcher and Massinger. In the last particular I think that he excels them both, and, indeed, all his contemporaries except Shakspeare." See Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain"; Schlegel's "Dramat. Art and Lit."; Halliwell's "Lect. on the English Comic Writers"; Dimsall's "Amenities of Literature"; the "Humours of Jonson"; Austin and Ralph's "Lives of the Poets-Laureate"; Mary Russell Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life."

JOSEPH HALL, D.D.

Joseph Hall, D.D., born 1574, died 1656, one of the most eminent English divines and scholars, was a native of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, where, for a short time, he read the Rhetoric Lectures in the Schools. He became Rector of Halstead, was subsequently presented by Lord Denny to Waltham Holy Cross, and next made a Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of Wolverhampton. In 1618 he was sent to the Synod of Dort, was made Bishop of Exeter in 1627, and translated to Norwich in 1641. On the occurrence of the rebellion, after suffering imprisonment and enduring various

other hardships, he was sequestered and reduced to great poverty. He retired to Higham, near Norwich, where he spent the rest of his days on a straitened income, but in the active discharge of ministerial duty. As a man of profound learning, fervent piety, and practical philanthropy, his name should be had in everlasting remembrance. He was distinguished as a poet and as a prose writer, and wrote many sermons, controversial tracts against Romanism, and other theological treatises. The Rev. John Whitefoote, in his funeral sermon, says: "He was noted for a singular wit from his youth; a most acute rhetorician and an elegant poet. He understood many tongues; and in the rhetoric of his own he was second to none that lived in his time." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Selections of Hall's Works," by Rev. Josiah Pratt, 1808; Orme's "Bibl. Bib."; Dibdin's "Lit. Comp."; Bickersteth's "Christian Student"; Hallam's "Lit. Hist. of Europe"; Fuller's "Worthies of Leicestershire"; Rev. Chas. Bridges's "Memoir of Miss M. J. Graham"; Campbell's "Specimens."

RICHARD CORBET.

This witty and good-natured bishop was born in 1562. He was the son of a gardener who, however, had the honour to be known to and sung by Ben Jonson. He was educated at Westminster and Oxford; and having received orders, was made successively Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich. He was a most facetious and rather too convivial person; and a collection of anecdotes about him might be made, little inferior, in point of wit and coarseness, to that famous one, once so popular in Scotland, relating to the sayings and doings of George Buchanan. He is said, on one occasion, to have aided an unfortunate ballad-singer in his professional duty by arraying himself in his leathern jacket and vending the stock, being possessed of a fine presence and a clear, full, ringing voice. Occasionally donning his clerical costume, he adjourned with his chaplain, Dr. Lushington, to the wine-cellar, where care and ceremony were both speedily drowned, the one of the pair exclaiming, "Here's to thee, Lushington," and the other, "Here's to thee, Corbet." Men winked at these irregularities, probably on the principle mentioned by Scott, in reference to Prior Aymer, in "Ivanhoe,"—"If Prior Aymer rode hard in the chase, or remained gallant at the banquet, men only shrugged up their shoulders by recollecting that the same irregularities were practised by many of his brethren, who had no redeeming qualities whatsoever to atone for them." Corbet, on the other hand, was a kind as well as a convivial—a warm-hearted as well as an eccentric man. He was tolerant to the Puritans and sectaries; his attention to his duties was re-

spectable; his talents were of a high order, and he had in him a vein of genius of no ordinary kind. He died in 1635, and his poems were not published till 1647. They are of various merit, and treat of various subjects. In his "Journey to France," you see the humourist, who, on one occasion, when the country people were flocking to be confirmed, cried, "Bear off, there, or I'll confirm ye with my staff." In his lines to his son Vincent, we see, notwithstanding all his foibles, the good man; and in his "Farewell to the Fairies," the fine and fanciful poet. See Gillilan's "Memoirs of the Less Known British Poets"; Aubrey's "Letters"; "Life," by Gilchrist; "Athen. Oxon."

DR. HENRY KING.

Dr. Henry King, born 1592, died 1669. He was chaplain to James I. and Bishop of Chichester. His poems, elegies, paradoxes, and sonnets have a neatness, elegance, and even a tenderness which entitle them to more attention than they now obtain. To this testimony of Peter Cunningham, Robert Chambers says, "His language and imagery are chaste and refined." See Campbell's "Specimens"; Chambers's "Cycl. Eng. Lit." vol. i. 118.

DR. WILDE.

Dr. Wilde was a dissenting minister. We know not the dates of his birth and death. He wrote "Her Bonaes" a poem; and a comedy, entitled "The Benefice."

THOMAS CAREW.

This delectable versifier was born in 1589, in Gloucestershire, from an old family in which he sprung. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but neither matriculated nor took a degree. After finishing his travels, he returned to England, and became soon highly distinguished, in the Court of Charles I., for his manners, accomplishments, and wit. He was appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Sewer in Ordinary to the King. He spent the rest of his life as a gay and gallant courtier; and in the intervals of pleasure produced some light but exquisite poetry. He is said, ere his death, which took place in 1639, to have become very devout, and bitterly to have deplored the licentiousness of some of his verses.

Indicate choice of subject is often, in Carew, combined with great delicacy of execution. No one touches dangerous themes with

so light and glove-guarded a hand. His pieces are all fugitive, but they suggest great possibilities, which his mode of life and his premature removal did not permit to be realized. Had he, at an earlier period, renounced, like George Herbert, "the painted pleasures of a court," and, like Prospero, dedicated himself to "closeness," with his marvellous facility of verse, his laboured levity of style, and his nice exuberance of fancy, he might have produced some work of Horatian merit and classic permanence. See Gillilan's "Specimens and Memoirs of the Less-known British Poets"; "Athen. Oxon."; Lloyd's "Worthies"; Langbaine's "Dramatick Poetry"; "Bishop Percy"; Headley's "Beauties of Ancient English Poetry"; also Hallam's "Introduction to Literary History."

GEORGE WITHER.

George WITHER, born 1588, died 1667, was a voluminous author, in the midst of disasters and sufferings that would have damped the spirit of any but the most adventurous and untiring enthusiast. Some of his happiest strains were composed in prison: his limbs were incarcerated within stone walls and iron bars, but his fancy was among the hills and plains, with shepherds hunting, or loitering with Poesy, by rustling boughs and murmuring springs. There is a freshness and natural vivacity in the poetry of Wither, that render his early works a "perpetual feast." We cannot say that it is a feast: "where no crude surfeit reigns," for he is often harsh, obscure, and affected; but he has an endless diversity of style and subjects, and true poetical feeling and expression. Wither was a native of Hampshire, and received his education at Magdalen College, Oxford. He first appeared as an author in the year 1613, when he published a satire, entitled "Abuses Strippt and Whipt." For this he was thrown into the Marshalsea, where he composed his fine poem, "The Shepherds' Hunting." When the abuses satirised by the poet had accumulated and brought on the civil war, Wither took the popular side, and sold his paternal estate to raise a troop of horse for the parliament. He rose to the rank of a major, and in 1642 was made governor of Farnham Castle, afterwards held by Denham. Wither was accused of deserting his appointment, and the castle was ceded the same year to Sir William Waller. During the struggles of that period, the poet was made prisoner by the royalists, and stood in danger of capital punishment, when Denham interfered for his brother bard, alleging, that as long as Wither lived, he (Denham) would not be considered the worst poet in England. The joke was a good one, if it saved Wither's life; but George was not frightened from the perilous contentions of the times. He was afterwards one of Crom-

well's majors-general, and kept watch and ward over the royalists of Surrey. From the sequestered estates of these gentlemen, Wither obtained a considerable fortune; but the Restoration came, and he was strippt of all his possessions. He remonstrated loudly and angrily; his remonstrances were voted libels, and the unlucky poet was again thrown into prison. He published various treatises, satires, and poems, during this period, though he was treated with great rigour. He was released, under bond for good behaviour, in 1663, and survived nearly four years afterwards, dying in London on the 2nd of May 1667.

Wither's fame as a poet is derived chiefly from his early productions, written before he had imbibed the sectarian gloom of the Puritans, or become embroiled in the struggles of the civil war. A collection of his poems was published by himself in 1622, with the title, "Mistress of Philarete"; his "Shepherds' Hunting," being certain Eclogues written during the time of the author's imprisonment in the Marshalsea, appeared in 1633. His "Collection of Emblems, Ancient and Modern, Quickened with Metrical Illustrations," made their appearance in 1635. His satirical and controversial works were numerous, but are now forgotten. Some authors of our own day (Mr. Southey in particular) have helped to popularise Wither, by frequent quotation and eulogy; but Mr. Ellis, in his "Specimens of Early English Poets," was the first to point out "that playful fancy, pure taste, and artless delicacy of sentiment, which distinguish the poetry of his early youth." His poem on Christmas affords a lively picture of the manners of the times. His "Address to Poetry," the sole yet cheering companion of his prison solitude, is worthy of the theme, and superior to most of the effusions of that period. The pleasure with which he recounts the various charms and the "divine skill" of his Muse, that had derived nourishment and delight from the "meanest objects" of external nature—a daisy, a bush, or a tree; and which, when these picturesque and beloved scenes of the country were denied him, could gladden even the vaults and shades of a prison, is one of the richest offerings that has yet been made to the pure and hallowed shrine of poetry. The superiority of intellectual pursuits over the gratifications of sense, and all the malice of fortune, has never been more touchingly or finely illustrated. See Chambers's "Cycl. Engl. Lit." vol. i. 125; Campbell's "Specimens"; R. A. Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets," a delightful work.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

William Browne, born 1590, died 1645. He was a native of Tavistock, in Devonshire, and

educated at Exeter College, Oxford, about the beginning of the reign of James I. He wrote "Britannia's Pastorals"; "The Shepherd's Pipe"; and other poems. His poetry was very popular in his own day, but fell afterwards into neglect. Yet Thomas Millar, one of the most delicious writers on country scenes of the present day, says, "He carries with him the true aroma of old forests; his lines are mottled with mosses, and there is a guarded ruggedness upon the stems of his trees. His waters have a wet look and splashing sound about them, and you feel the fresh air play around you while you read. His birds are the froe denizens of the fields, and they send their songs so life-like through the covert, that their music rings upon the ear, and you are carried away with his sweet piping." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.": "London Monthly Rev.," 1772; Sir Egerton Brydges's ed. of Browne's "Poems."

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Francis Quarles, born 1592, died 1644. His writings are more like those of a divine, or contemplative recluse, than of a busy man of the world, who held various public situations, and died at the age of fifty-two. Quarles was a native of Essex, educated at Cambridge, and afterwards a student of Lincoln's Inn. He was successively cup-bearer to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, secretary to Archbishop Usher, and chronologer to the city of London. He espoused the cause of Charles I., and was so harassed by the opposite party, who injured his property, and plundered him of his books and rare manuscripts, that his death was attributed to the affliction and ill-health caused by these disasters. Notwithstanding his loyalty, the works of Quarles have a tinge of Puritanism and ascetic piety that might have mollified the rage of his persecutors. His poems consist of various pieces—"Job Militant"; "Sion's Elegies"; "The History of Queen Esther"; "Argalus and Parthenia"; "The Morning Muse"; "The Feast of Worms"; and "The Divine Emblems." The latter were published in 1645, and were so popular, that Philippe, Milton's nephew, styles Quarles "the darling of our plebeian judgments." The eulogium still holds good to some extent, for the Divine Emblems, with their quaint and grotesque illustrations, are still found in the cottages of our peasants. After the Restoration, when everything sacred and serious was either neglected or made the subject of ribald jests, Quarles seems to have been entirely lost to the public. Even Pope, who had he read him, must have relished his lively fancy and poetical expression, notices only his bathos and absurdity. The better and more tolerant taste of modern times has admitted the divine emblemist into the "Isolated frater-

nity of poets," where, if he does not occupy a conspicuous place, he is at least sure of his due measure of homage and attention. Emblems, or the union of the graphic and poetic arts, to inculcate lessons of morality and religion, had been tried with success by Peacham and Wither. Quarles, however, made Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, his model, and from the "Pia Desideria" of this author copied a great part of his prints and mottoes. His style is that of his age—studded with conceits, often extravagant in conception, and presenting the most *outré* and ridiculous combinations. There is strength, however, amidst his contortions, and true wit mixed up with the false. His epigrammatic point, uniting wit and devotion, has been considered the precursor of Young's "Night Thoughts." The fastidious and elegant taste of Campbell evidently influenced him in giving judgment on Quarles, and although there is much truth in what he says, still he treats unjustly the various good qualities of this poet. See Chambers's "Cycl. Eng. Lit." i. 129; Campbell's "Specimens"; E. A. Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets"; "Retrosp. Rev." v. 180.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Richard Crashaw, born 1615 (?), died 1650. His father was a preacher at the Temple Church in London. The time of the poet's birth is uncertain. In 1637 he is found in possession of a fellowship in Cambridge, from which he was ejected by the Parliamentary army for non-compliance with the covenant. He went to France, and became a Roman Catholic. By the patronage of the exiled English queen, Henrietta Maria, he obtained an ecclesiastical situation in Italy, and became a canon of the Church of Loretto, where he died.

Crashaw's poetry is of a fervid religious character. He formed his style on the most quaint and conceited school of Italian poetry, that of Marino (Campbell), whose "Sospetto d'Herode" he partly translated. It is chiefly in translation that the strength of Crashaw is visible. His pieces are never tedious, but full of the strained and exaggerated conceits of the school of Donne; he had a rich warm fancy, and a delicate ear for music. The Roman Catholic cast of his religious poetry may have contributed to its neglect in this country. See Brydges's "Poetry and Poets of Britain"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.," Dr. Johnson's "Life of Cowley"; Ellis's "Specimens"; Campbell's "Specimens."

GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert, born 1333, died 1333, was a descendant of the Earls of Pembroke, and a

younger brother of Lord Herbert of Cheshire. He was born at Montgomery Castle in Wales, educated at Westminster School, and there elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected fellow; University Orator 1619; took holy orders and was made Prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln, by Archbishop Williams; and in 1630 was presented by Charles I. to the living of Bomerton. For the deeply interesting account of this good man's life our readers must turn to the charming pages of Isaac Walton. He published several works in prose and poetry; one of the best is "The Temple, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations." Within a few weeks of its issue from the press, twenty thousand copies were sold. The "Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson; his Character and Rule of Holy Life" is much admired. Coleridge thus speaks of our poet: "Having mentioned the name of Herbert, that model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman, let me add, that the quaintness of some of his thoughts—not his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the general merits of his poems, which are for the most part exquisite in their kind." Cowper, in his melancholy, when neither nature nor the classics had any charms for him, found pleasure in reading Herbert. He says, "At length I met with Herbert's Poems, and gothic and uncouth as they were, I yet found in them a strain of piety which I could not but admire. This was the only author I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long, and though I found not here what I might have found—a cure for my mind—yet it never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading him." There is an exquisite sketch of Herbert's life and critique on his poems in Gillilan's "Introduction to the Poet's Works." See Preface to "Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations"; Baxter's "Poetical Fragments"; R. A. Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

GILES FLETCHER.

Giles Fletcher, born 1588, died 1623. He was the younger brother of Phineas, and died twenty-three years before him. He was a cousin of Fletcher the dramatist, and the son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, who was employed in many important missions in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and, among others, negotiated the commercial treaty with Russia greatly in the favour of his own country. Giles is supposed to have been born in 1588. He studied at Cambridge; published his noble poem, "Christ's Victory and Triumph," in 1610, when he was twenty-three years of age; was appointed to the living of Alderston, in Suffolk, where he

died, in 1623, at the early age of thirty-five, "equally loved," says old Wood, "of the Muses and the Graces."

The poem, in four cantos, entitled "Christ's Victory and Triumph," is one of almost Miltonic magnificence. With a wing as easy as it is strong, he soars to heaven, and fills the austere mouth of Justice and the golden lips of Mercy with language worthy of both. He then stoops down on the Wilderness of the Temptation, and paints the Saviour and Satan in colours admirably contrasted, and which in their brightness and blackness can never decay. Nor does he fear, in fine, to pierce the gloom of Calvary, and to mingle his note with the harp of angels, saluting the Redeemer, as He sprang from the grave, with the song, "He is risen, He is risen—and shall do no more." The style is steeped in Spenser—equally mellifluous, figurative, and majestic. In allegory the author of the "Fairy Queen" is hardly superior, and in the enthusiasm of devotion Fletcher surpasses him far. From the great light thus early kindled and early quenched, Milton did not disdain to draw with his "golden urn." "Paradise Begained" owes much more than the suggestion of its subject to "Christ's Victory;" and is it too much to say that, had Fletcher lived, he might have shone in the same constellation with the bard of the "Paradise Lost"? The plan of our "Specimens" permits only a few extracts. Let those who wish more, along with a lengthened and glowing tribute to the author's genius, consult *Blackwood* for November, 1835. The reading of a single sentence will convince them that the author of the paper was Christopher North.—(Gillilan's *Specimens with Mem. of the Less-known British Poets*, vol. i. 190.) Antony Wood tells us that Giles was "equally beloved of the Muses and the Graces." See Headley's "Beauties Anc. Eng. Post.;" Campbell's "Specimens"; Hallam's "Introduction to Lit. of Europe"; Allibone.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

We have already spoken of Giles Fletcher, the brother of Phineas. Of Phineas we know nothing except that he was born in 1584, educated at Eton and Cambridge, became Rector at Hilgay, in Norfolk, where he remained for twenty-nine years, surviving his brother; that he wrote an account of the founders and learned men of his university; that in 1638 he published "The Purple Island"; and that in 1650 he died.

His "Purple Island" (with which we first became acquainted in the writings of James Hervey, author of the "Meditations," who was its fervent admirer) is a curious, complex, and highly ingenious allegory, forming an

elaborate picture of *Man*, in his body and soul; and for subtlety and infinite flexibility, both of fancy and verse, deserves great praise, although it cannot for a moment be compared with his brother's "Christ's Victory and Triumph," either in interest of subject or in splendour of genius.—(Giffilan's *Specimens of Less-known British Poets*, vol. i. 315.) The great Milton is said to have ingeniously confessed that he owed his immortal work of "Paradise Lost" to Mr. Fletcher's "Loustea." See "Retrospect," ii. 342, 120; Headley; Hallam; Pref. to Rev. J. Sterling's Poems; Warton.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

William Habington, born 1605, died 1654. This amiable man and irreproachable poet was born at Hindlip, in Worcestershire, on the 5th of November, 1605,—a most memorable day in the history of the Habington family; for they were Papists. The discovery of the gunpowder plot is believed to have come from his mother; and his father, who had been six years imprisoned for his supposed concern in Babington's conspiracy, was condemned to die for concealing some of the gunpowder traitors in his house. Whether or not he had actually been so far implicated in their legal guilt is not certain; but he owed his pardon to the intercession of his brother-in-law, Lord Morley.

They were a wealthy family. William was educated in the Jesuit College at St. Omer, and afterwards at Paris, in the hope that he might enter into that society. But he preferred a wiser, and better, and happier course of life; and returning to his own country, married Lucy, daughter of William Herbert, first Lord Powis, the Castara of his poems. He died when he had just completed his fortieth year, and was buried in the family vault at Hindlip. The poems were introduced, for the first time, into a general collection, by Mr. Chalmers, most properly. He appears in them to have thoroughly deserved the happiness which during his short life he enjoyed.—(Somley's *Brit. Poet.* 975.) The Laureate was mistaken in saying "fortieth year;" it was in his forty-ninth year that Habington died. See Giffilan's "Spec. with Mem. of Less-known Brit. Poets"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.": "Cens. Lit." viii. 227-233, also pp. 387-396; Headley's "Anc. Eng. Poet."

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling, born 1608, died 1641. This poet, who gives levity its gayest expression, was the son of the comptroller of the household to Charles I. Langbaine tells

us that he spoke Latin at five years of age; but with what correctness or fluency we are not informed. His versatile mind certainly acquired many accomplishments, and filled a short life with many pursuits, for he was a traveller, a soldier, a lyric and dramatic poet, and a musician. After serving a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, he returned to England, was favoured by Charles I., and wrote some pieces, which were exhibited for the amusement of the court with sumptuous splendour. When the civil wars broke out he expended £1200 on the equipment of a regiment for the king, which was distinguished, however, only by its snerly and cowardice. A brother poet crowned his disgrace with a ludicrous song. The event is said to have affected him deeply with shame; but he did not live long to experience that most incurable of the heart's diseases. Having learnt that his servant had robbed him, he drew on his boots in great haste; a rusty nail, that was concealed in one of them, pierced his heel, and produced a mortification, of which he died. His poems, his five plays, together with his letters, speeches, and tracts, have been collected into one volume.—(Campbell's *Specimens*, p. 181.)

JOHN CHALKHILL.

John Chalkhill is a name prefixed by Isaac Walton to a work published by him in 1683, entitled "Thealma and Clearchus: a Pastoral History in Smooth and Easie Verse." Some have supposed the work written by the genial angler himself; but this can scarcely be, when he describes Chalkhill as a man in his time "generally known and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour; a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous." The "Lond. Retrospect," 1821, pronounces "the versification extremely sweet and equable. Occasionally harsh lines and unlicensed rhymes occur; but they are only exceptions to the general style of the poem—the errors of haste or negligence." Giffilan writes in his highest style of eloquence about this poem:—"Thealma and Clearchus" may be called the "Aeneid" in rhyme. It resembles that work of Sir Philip Sidney, not only in subject, but in execution. Its plot is dark and puzzling, its descriptions are rich to luxuriance, its narrative is tedious, and its characters are mere shadows. But although a dream, it is a dream of genius, and brings beautifully before our imagination that early period in the world's history, in which poets and painters have taught us to believe, when the heavens were nearer, the skies clearer, the fat of the earth richer, the foam of the sea brighter, than in our degenerate days;—when

shepherds, reposing under broad, umbrageous oaks, saw, or thought they saw, in the groves the shadows of angels, and on the mountain-summits the descending footsteps of God. Chalkhill resembles of all our modern poets, perhaps Shelley most, in the ideality of his conception, the enthusiasm of his spirit, and the unmitigated gorgeousness of his imagination.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

William Cartwright, born 1611, died 1643. He was a native of Northway, Gloucestershire, educated at Westminster, and Christchurch, Oxford. He was ordained in 1638. In 1643 he was chosen Professor of the University of Oxford and Reader in Metaphysics, and died the same year of malignant fever. He wrote "The Royal Slave," a Tragi-Comedy; "Tragi-Comedies, with other Poems"; "Poemata Græca et Latina"; and other pieces. Cartwright was held in high estimation by his contemporaries. Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, says: "Cartwright is the utmost man can come to." Ben Jonson writes: "My son Cartwright writes like a man." Anthony Wood declares, that "he was another Tully and Virgil, as being most excellent for oratory and poetry." Gerard Langbaine confirms all this eulogium by: "He was extremely remarkable both for his outward and inward endowments, his body being as handsome as his soul. He was an excellent orator, and yet an admirable poet—a quality which Cicero, with all his pains, could not attain to." The king, who was at Oxford when he died, went in mourning for him. Gillilan says: "One is reminded of the description given of Jeremy Taylor, who, when he first began to preach, by his young and florid beauty, and his sublime and raised discourses, made men take him for an angel newly descended from the climes of Paradise." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

ROBERT HERRICK.

Robert Herrick, born 1591, died 1662 (?). He is said to have been descended from Eric, a Danish chief who lived in the time of Alfred the Great. He was born in Chesapeake, London, studied at Cambridge, presented to the living of Dean Prior, Devonshire, in 1629; was deprived by Cromwell in 1648, and reinstated in his living by Charles II. in 1660. At the age of fifty-six he published his "Noble Numbers, or Pious Pieces," and soon after his "Hesperides, or Works both Human and Divine, of Robert Herrick, Esq.," his ministerial prefix being now laid aside. Many of

these poems were very licentious; but underneath all there can be discerned a higher nature, which, had it fallen on different times, might have gained the love and respect of all good men. Gillilan calls him "a bird with tropical plumage and norland sweetness of song." Drake, in his "Literary Hours," did much towards reviving the poems of Herrick, which had all but sunk into oblivion. Yet even he, with all his admiration, had to speak in strong language of the unclerical and immoral nature of many poems. So injudiciously are the contents of his volume disposed, and so totally divested of order and propriety, that it would almost seem the poet wished to pollute and bury his best effusions in a mass of nonsense and obscenity. Allibone says, "Herrick is a most exquisite poet, but unfortunately delighted with the wanderings of a libertine muse." Mary Russell Mitford, in her charming "Recollections of a Literary Life," tells us that "his real delight was among flowers and bees, and nymphs and cupids; and certainly these graceful subjects were never handled more gracefully." Campbell says, whilst admitting, as every one must, the sad licentiousness of Herrick, that "where the ore is pure, it is of high value." In the forty-fifth volume of *Blackwood's Magazine* the writer remarks that our poet displays considerable facility of simple diction and considerable variety of lyrical versification. He is successful in imitating the sprightliness of Anacreontic gaiety and the lucid neatness of the ancient anthologists." And the "London Retrospective Review," v. 158-180, adds, "his poems resemble a luxuriant meadow, full of king-cups and wild flowers, or a July firmament, sparkling with a myriad stars. But let our poet in his more thoughtful moments speak:

"For these my unbaptized rhymes—
Writ in my wild unhallowed times,—
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with thee, O Lord!
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine.
But if amongst all thou findest one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me."

Peace be to his ashes!

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Richard Lovelace, born 1618, died 1658. Gillilan, in an admirable article on this writer, says: "This unlucky cavalier and bard was born in 1618. He was the son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woolrich, in Kent. He was educated, some say at Oxford, and others at Cambridge—took a master's degree,

and was afterwards presented at Court. Anthony Wood thus describes his personal appearance at the age of sixteen:—"He was the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld,—a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the fair sex." Soon after this, he was chosen by the county of Kent to deliver a petition from the inhabitants to the House of Commons, praying them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. Such offence was given by this to the Long Parliament, that Lovelace was thrown into prison, and only liberated on heavy bail. His paternal estate, which amounted to £500 a-year, was soon exhausted in his efforts to promote the royal cause. In 1646, he formed a regiment for the service of the King of France, became its colonel, and was wounded at Dunkirk. Ere leaving England, he had formed a strong attachment to a Miss Lucy Sacheverell, and had written much poetry in her praise, designating her as *Lux-Casta*. Unfortunately, hearing a report that Lovelace had died at Dunkirk of his wounds, she married another, so that, on his return home in 1648, he met a deep disappointment; and to complete his misery, the ruling powers cast him again into prison, where he lay till the death of Charles. Like some other men of genius, he beguiled his confinement by literary employment; and in 1649, he published a book under the title of '*Lucaستا*,' consisting of odes, sonnets, songs, and miscellaneous poems, most of which had been previously composed. After the execution of the king, he was liberated; but his funds were exhausted, his heart broken, and his constitution probably injured. He gradually sunk; and Wood says that he became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, 'went in ragged clothes, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places.' Alas for the Adonis of sixteen, the beloved of *Lucaستا*, and the envied of all! Some have doubted these stories about his extreme poverty; and one of his biographers asserts, that his daughter and sole heir (but who, pray, was his wife and her mother?) married the son of Lord Chief Justice Coke, and brought to her husband the estates of her father at Kingsdown, in Kent. Aubrey, however, corroborates the statements of Wood; and, at all events, Lovelace seems to have died, in 1658, in a wretched alley near Shoe Lane.

There is not much to be said about his poetry. It may be compared to his person—beautiful, but dressed in a stiff mode. We do not, in every point, homologate the opinions of Fryne, as to the 'unloveliness of Lovelock's;' but we do certainly look with a mixture of contempt and pity on the self-imposed trammels of affectation in style and

manner which bound many of the poets of that period. The wits of Charles II. were more disgustingly licentious; but their very carelessness saved them from the censures of their predecessors; and, while lowering the tone of morality, they raised unwittingly the standard of taste. Some of the songs of Lovelace, however, such as 'To Althea, from Prison,' are exquisitely simple, as well as pure. Sir Egerton Brydges has found out that Byron, in one of his bepraised paradoxical beauties, either copied, or coincided with, our poet. In the '*Bride of Abydos*,' he says of Zuleika—

'The mind, the music breathing from her face.'

Lovelace had, long before, in the song of '*Orpheus Mourning for his Wife*,' employed the words—

'Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.'

While many have praised, others have called this idea nonsense; although, if we are permitted to speak of the harmony of the tones of a cloud, why not of the harmony produced by the consenting lines of a countenance, where every grace melts into another, and the various features and expressions fluctuate into a fine whole? Whatever, whether it be the beauty of the human face, or the quiet lustre of statuary, or the mild glory of moonlight, gives the effect of music, and, like that divine art,

'Pours on mortals a beautiful disdain.'

may surely become music's metaphor and poetic analogy.

To this beautiful critique we may add the words of Thomas B. Shaw, who says:—"Some of his most charming lyrics were written in prison; and the beautiful lines to Althea, composed when the author was closely confined in the Gate-house at Westminster, remind us of the caged bird, which learns its sweetest and most plaintive notes, when deprived of its woodland liberty."

THOMAS RANDOLPHE.

Thomas Randolph, born 1605, died 1634. He was born near Daventry; was a scholar and poet. His pieces are worthy of better treatment than they have received. Through excess, he died at the age of twenty-nine. His chief plays were: "*The Mares' Looking-*

Glass," and "The Jealous Lovers." Campbell says: "His execution is vigorous; his ideal characters are at once distinct and various, and compact with the expression which he purposes to give them."

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

William Drummond, born 1585, died 1649. Drummond, the first Scotch poet who wrote well in English, was born at Hawthornden (Southey), near Edinburgh. His father, Sir John Drummond, held a situation about the person of James VI. The poet, in his youth, studied law, but relinquishing that profession, he retired to a life of ease and literature on his "delightful" patrimonial estate. His happiness was suddenly interrupted by the death of a lady to whom he was betrothed; he spent several years in seeking by travel a refuge from his sorrow. He married, late in life, Elizabeth Logan, attracted to her, it is said, by her resemblance to his first love. He was warmly attached to Charles I.: grief for the king's death, it is alleged, shortened his life.

Drummond's works consist of sonnets, madrigals, and religious and occasional poems; among the latter is the ludicrous Latin doggerel "Polemno-Middinia." His sonnets are estimated by Haslitt as the finest in the language, and approaching nearest to the Italian model. Drummond's fancy is luxuriant, but stinted with frigid conceits. His versification is flowing and harmonious. Even Ben Jonson's arrogance condescended to "envy" the author of "The Forth Feasting." He is the writer of a forgotten history of the Japanese.

THOMAS MAY.

Thomas May, born 1595, died 1650. Campbell, in his "Specimens," writes: "Thomas May, whom Dr. Johnson has pronounced the best Latin poet of England, was the son of Sir Thomas May, of Mayfield, in Sussex. During the earlier part of his public life he was encouraged at the court of Charles I., inscribed several poems to his majesty, as well as wrote them at his injunction, and received from Charles the appellation of 'his poet.' During this connection with royalty, he wrote his five dramas, translated the *Georgics* and *Pharsala*, continued the latter in English as well as Latin, and, by his imitation of Lucretius, acquired the reputation of a modern classic in foreign countries. It were much to be wished, that on siding with the Parliament in the civil wars, he had left a valedictory testimony of regret for the necessity of opposing, on public

grounds, a monarch who had been personally kind to him. The age was not so ungrateful, and it was not so ungrateful, if the account given by the enemies can be relied on, that it was owing to the king's refusal of the laureatehip, or of a pension—for the story is told in different ways. All that can be suggested in May's behalf is, that no complimentary dedications could pledge his principles on a great question of public justice, and that the motives of an action are seldom traced with scrupulous truth, where it is the bias of the narrator to degrade the action itself. Clarendon, the most respectable of his accusers, is exactly in this situation. He begins by praising his epic poetry as among the best in our language, and inconsistently concludes by pronouncing that May deserves to be forgotten.

"The Parliament, from whatever motive he embraced their cause, appointed him their secretary and historiographer. In this capacity he wrote his Breviary, which Warburton pronounces 'a just composition according to the rules of history.' It breaks off, much to the loss of the history of that time, just at the period of the Self-denying Ordinance. Soon after this publication he went to bed one night in apparent health, having drunk freely, and was found dead in the morning. His death was ascribed to his nightcap being tied too tightly under his chin. Andrew Marvel imputes it to the cheerful bottle. Taken together, they were no bad receipt for enfeeblement. The vampire revenge of his enemies in digging him up from his grave, is an event too notorious in the history of the Restoration. They gave him honourable company in this sacrilege, namely, that of Blake."

"He has ventured in narrative poetry on a similar difficulty to that Shakespeare encountered in the historical drama, but it is unnecessary to show with how much less success. Even in that department, he has scarcely equalled Daniel or Drayton."

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

Sir Richard Fanshawe, born 1607, died 1666. He was the brother of Lord Fanshawe, and secretary to Prince Rupert: appointed ambassador to the court of Spain by Charles II., and died at Madrid in 1666. He translated Camoens' "Lusiad," and the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini. He wrote many smaller poems. His song, "The Saints' Encouragement," 1643, is full of clever satire, and all his verse is forcible, with here and there a touch of the true poet's beauty.—(Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," p. 187.) "He holds," says Gillilan, "altogether a respectable, if not a very high place, among our early translators and minor poets."

**SERVANTS OF INDIA
SOCIETY.**

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Sir William Davenant, born 1605, died 1668. By far the best critique on the works of this poet, together with sketch of his life, is by Campbell, who writes: "Davenant's personal history is sufficiently curious, without attaching importance to the insinuation of Wood, so gravely taken up by Mr. Malone, that he was the son of Shakspeare. He was the son of a vintner at Oxford, at whose house the immortal poet is said to have frequently lodged. Having risen to notice by his tragedy of 'Albion,' he wrote masques for the court of Charles I., and was made governor of the king and queen's company of actors in Drury Lane. In the civil wars, we find the theatrical manager quickly transmuted into a lieutenant-general of ordnance, knighted for his services at the siege of Gloucester, and afterwards negotiating between the king and his advisers at Paris. There he began his poem of 'Gondibert,' which he laid aside for a time for the scheme of carrying a colony from France to Virginia; but his vessel was seized by one of the parliament ships, he was thrown into prison, and owed his life to friendly interference, it is said to that of Milton, whose friendship he returned in kind. On being liberated, his ardent activity was shown in attempting to restore theatrical amusements in the very teeth of bigotry and puritanism, and he actually succeeded so far as to open a theatre in the Charter-house Yard. At the Restoration, he received the patent of the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn, which he held till his death.

"'Gondibert' has divided the critics. It is undeniable, on the one hand, that he showed a high and independent conception of epic poetry, in wishing to emancipate it from the slavery of ancient authority, and to establish its interest in the dignity of human nature, without incredible and stale machinery. His subject was well chosen from modern romantic story, and he strove to give it the close and compact symmetry of the drama. Ingenious and witty images, and majestic sentiments, are thickly scattered over the poem. But Gondibert, who is so formally described, has certainly more of the cold and abstract air of an historical, than of a poetical portrait, and, unfortunately, the beauties of the poem are those of elegy and epigram, more than of heroic fiction. It wants the charm of free and forcible narration; the life-pulses of interest is incessantly stopped by solemn passages of reflection, and the story works its way through an intricacy of superfluous fancies, some beautiful and others conceited; but all, as they are united, tending to divert the interest, like a multitude of weeds upon a stream, that entangle its course while they seem to adorn it."

See "Athen. Oxon.;" Knorr's "Essays;" Bishop Hurd's "Crit. Com. Notes and Dissert." in 136-144; Biog. and Sketches prefixed to Headley's Collect., vol. I.

JOHN HALL.

John Hall, born 1627, died 1656. He was born at Durham, and educated at St. John's, Cambridge. In 1646 he published a volume of Poems; he practised at the bar, and died in his twenty-ninth year.

THOMAS NABBS.

Thomas Nabbs, born (unknown), died 1649. He wrote in the reign of Charles I.; was secretary to some noble or prelate, near Worcester. The chief of his dramatic pieces were, for none are extant, "Microcosmus"; "Spring's Glory"; "Bride"; "Charles I.," a tragedy; "Sweetman," a comedy. He wrote also a continuation of Knolle's "History of the Turks." He had also a share in the collection called "Fancy's Theatre," with Tatnam, Richard Bromo, and others.—See Shaw's "Hist. English Hist.;" Campbell's "Spec. Brit. Poets."

JOHN CLEVELAND.

John Cleveland, born 1613, died 1658. He was the son of a Leicestershire clergyman, and greatly distinguished himself, on the side of the king, during the civil war, both as soldier and poet. He was educated at Christ's College and St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1647 he published a satire on the Scotch; was imprisoned in 1655, released by Cromwell, but soon afterwards died. Some of his writings, though conceited, contain true poetry. Butler is said to have borrowed greatly from him in his "Hudibras."—(Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.") Fuller, in his "Worthies of Leicestershire," writes of him as "a general artist, pure Latinist, exquisite orator, and, which was his master-piece, eminent poet." His epithets were pregnant with metaphors, carrying in them a difficult plainness; difficult at hearing, plain at the consideration thereof. His lofty fancy may seem to stride from the top of one mountain to the top of another, so making to itself a constant level champaign of continued elevations."

JAMES SHIRLEY.

James Shirley, born 1596, died 1666. James Shirley was born in London. He was educated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of A.M., and had a curacy for some time at or near St. Albans; but embracing popery, became a schoolmaster (1623) in that town. Leaving this employment, he settled in London as a dramatic writer, and between the years 1625

From 1558 to 1649.]

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

and 1666 published thirty-nine plays. In the civil wars he followed his patron, the Earl of Newcastle, to the field; but on the decline of the royal cause, returned to London, and, as the theatres were now shut, kept a school in Whitefriars, where he educated many eminent characters. At the reopening of the theatres he must have been too old to have renewed his dramatic labours; and what benefit the Restoration brought him as a royalist, we are not informed. Both he and his wife died on the same day, immediately after the great fire of London, by which they had been driven out of their house, and probably owed their deaths to their losses and terror on that occasion.

ALEXANDER BROME.

Alexander Brome, born 1620, died 1668. He was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court and a poet. He contributed greatly to the promotion of the Restoration by the severity and ridicule with which he treated the Roundheads in the day of their power. He had also a share in the translation of Horace, with Fanshawe, Holiday, Cowley, and others, and published a single comedy, "The Cunning Lovers" which was acted in 1651, at the private house in Drury. Campbell says: "There is a playful variety in his metre, that probably had a better effect in song than in reading. His thoughts on love and the bottle have at least the merit of being decently jocular, though he arrays the trite arguments of convivial invitation in few original images." It seems that Brome had intended to translate Lucretius. Isaak Walton commends him highly.

KATHERINE PHILLIPS.

Katherine Phillips, born 1631, died 1644. Very little is known, remarks Gillilan in his "Specimens with Memoirs of the Less-known British Poets," of the life of this lady-poet. She was born in 1631. Her maiden name was Fowler. She married James Phillips, Esq., of the Priory of Cardigan. Her poems, published under the name of "Orinda" were very popular in her lifetime, although it was said they were published without her consent. She translated two of the tragedies of Corneille, and left a volume of letters to Sir Charles Cotterell. These, however, did not appear till after her death. She died of small-pox—then a deadly disease—in 1644. She seems to have been a favourite alike with the wits and the divines of her age. Jeremy Taylor addressed to her his "Measure and Office of Friendship;" Dryden praised her; and Flatman and Cowley, besides imitating

her poems while she was living, paid rhymed tributes to her memory when dead. Her verses are never commonplace, and always sensible, if they hardly attain to the measure and the stature of lofty poetry.

ALEXANDER SCOT.

Alexander Scot flourished about the year 1562. He wrote several short satires and some miscellaneous poems, the prevailing amatory character of which caused him to be called the Scottish Anacreon, though there are many points wanting to complete his resemblance to the Teian bard.—Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. i. 154; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

SIR RICHARD MATTLAND.

Sir Richard Mattland, born 1486, died 1586, is more celebrated as a collector of poems than as an original poet. There is however much good taste displayed in his own productions.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

Alexander Montgomery was the author of an allegorical poem called "The Cherry and the Sloe," published in 1597, which long continued a favourite, and the metre of which was adopted by Burns.—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

ALEXANDER HUME.

The time and place of his birth are unknown. He was a clergyman, and published, in 1589, a volume of hymns or sacred songs; he died in 1609.

KING JAMES VI.

King James VI. published, in 1584, a volume of poetry, "Essays of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie, with the rewlia and cantails to be pursued and avoided."

EARL OF ANCREM.

Earl of Ancrem, born 1578, died 1654. Wrote some sonnets of considerable merit.

EARL OF STIRLING.

Earl of Stirling, born 1580, died 1640, published, in 1637, "Recreations with the

Muses," of which says Campbell, "there is elegance of expression in a few of his shorter pieces."

THOMAS INGELAND.

Scarcely anything is known of this author, excepting that he wrote "A Pretie and Merie New Enterlude, entitled the Disobedient Child."

NICHOLAS UDALL.

Nicholas Udall wrote the earliest comedy in the English language, "Ralph Royster Doyster," which was acted in 1551. He for a long time executed the duties of Master of Eton College.

JOHN HEYWOOD.

John Heywood was a man of considerable attainments, but who seemed to have performed the duties of jester at the court of Henry VIII.

JOHN STILL.

John Still, born 1543, died 1607. He was master of St. John's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge, and became afterwards bishop of Bath and Wells. He wrote "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which seems to have been the second earliest regular comedy published in our language. The whole intrigue consists in the search instituted after this unfortunate little implement, which is at last discovered by Hodge himself, on suddenly sitting down in the garment which Gammer Gurton had been repairing. The play is included in Dodsley's collection. — See Campbell's "Specimens"; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

JOHN LYLY.

John Lyly was born in Kent in 1554, and produced nine plays between the years 1579 and 1600. They were mostly written for court entertainments, and performed by the scholars of St. Paul's. He was educated at Oxford, and many of his plays are on mythological subjects, as "Sappho and Phaon," "Endymion," the "Maid's Metamorphosis," &c. His style is affected and unnatural, yet, like his own Niobe, in the "Metamorphosis," oftentimes he had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard conceits; betwixt both a kind of yielding." By his "Euphues," or the "An-

atomy of Wit." Lyly exercised a powerful though injurious influence on the fashionable literature of his day, in prose composition as well as in discourse. His plays were not important enough to found a school. Hazlitt was a warm admirer of Lyly's "Endymion," but evidently, from the feelings and sentiments it awakened, rather than the poetry. "I know few things more perfect in characteristic painting," he remarks, "than the exclamation of the Phrygian shepherds, who, afraid of betraying the secret of Mida's ears, fancy that 'the very reeds bow down, as though they listened to their talk; nor more affecting in sentiment, than the apostrophe addressed by his friend Eumenides to Endymion, on waking from his long sleep. 'Behold the twig to which thou laidest down thy head is now become a tree.'" There are finer things in the Metamorphosis, as where the prince laments Eurymene lost in the woods—

"Adorned with the presence of my love,
The woods I fear such secret power shall
prove,

As they'll shut up each path, hide every way,
Because they still would have her go astray,
And in that place would always have her
seen,

Only because they would be ever green,
And keep the winged choristers still there,
To banish winter clean out of the year."

Or the song of the fairies—

"By the moon we sport and play,

With the night begins our day:

As we dance the dew doth fall;

Trip it, little urchins all,

Lightly as the little bee,

Two by two, and three by three,

And about go we, and about go we."

The genius of Lyly was essentially lyrical. The songs in his plays seem to flow freely from nature.

GEORGE FEELE.

George Peele, like Lyly, had received a liberal education at Oxford. He was one of Shakspeare's fellow-actors and fellow-shareholders in the Blackfriars Theatre. He was also employed by the city of London in composing and preparing those spectacles and shows which formed so great a portion of ancient civic festivity. His earliest work, "The Arraignment of Paris," was printed anonymously in 1584. His most celebrated dramatic works were the "David and Bethsabe," and "Abraham," in which there is great richness and beauty of language and occasional indications of a high order of pathetic and elevated emotion; but his versification, though sweet, has little variety; and the luxuriant and sensuous descriptions in which

Peels most delighted are so numerous that they become rather tiresome in the end. It should be remarked that this poet was the first to give an example of the peculiar kind of historical play in which Shakspeare was afterwards so consummate a master. His "Edward I." is, though monotonous, declamatory, and stiff, in some sense the forerunner of such works as "Richard II.," "Richard III.," or "Henry V."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," p. 180. See Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. i.; Campbell's "Spec. Brit. Poets."

THOMAS NASH AND ROBERT GREENE.

"Both were Cambridge men, both sharp, and I fear," says Shaw, in his valuable "History of English Literature," "mercenary satirists, and both alike in the profligacy of their lives and the misery of their deaths, though they may have eked out their incomes by occasionally writing for the stage, were in reality rather pasquinaders and pamphleteers than dramatists—condottieri of the press, shamelessly advertising the services of their ready and biting pen to any person or any cause that would pay them. They were both unquestionably men of rare powers, Nash probably the better man and the abler writer of the two. Nash is famous for the bitter controversy with the learned Gabriel Harvey, whom he has caricatured and attacked in numerous pamphlets, in a manner equally humorous and severe. He was concerned with other dramatists in the production of a piece entitled 'Summer's Last Will and Testament,' and in a satirical comedy, 'The Isle of Dogs,' which drew down upon him the anger of the Government, for we know that he was imprisoned for some time in consequence.

"Greene was like Nash, the author of a multitude of tracts and pamphlets on the most miscellaneous subjects. Sometimes they were tales, often translated or expanded from the Italian novelists; sometimes amusing exposures of the various arts of *coney-catching*, which means cheating and swindling, practised at that time in London, and in which, it is feared, Greene was personally not unversed; sometimes moral confessions, like Nash's 'Pierce Penniless, his Supplication to the Devil,' or Greene's 'Groat worth of Wit,' purporting to be a warning to others against the consequences of unbridled passion. Some of these confessions are exceedingly pathetic, and would be more so could the reader divest himself of a lurking suspicion that the whole is often a mere trick to catch a penny. The popularity of these tracts, we know, was very great. The only dramatic work we need specify of Greene's was 'George-a-Green,' the legend of an old English popular hero, recounted with much vivacity and humour."—See Allibone's

"Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.," Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," Campbell's "Specimens"; Wood's "Fasti Oxon.," Haslewood's "Censura Litteraria," ii. 288-300; Beloe's "Anec. of Lib. and Scarce Books"; "Drake's Shakspeare and his Times"; J. Payne Collier's "Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poets," iii. 153-154; Professor Tieck's Preface to his "Shakspeare's Vorsehule"; Hallam's "Lit. Hist. of Europe," ii. 173; "British Bibliographer"; Dibdin's "Lib. Comp.," Lowndes's "Bibl. Man.," Dunlop's "Hist. of Fiction."

THOMAS LODGE.

Thomas Lodge, born 1556, died 1625 (?), a physician and dramatic poet; he was born in Lincolnshire, educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and first appeared as an author in 1580. Ten of Lodge's poems are contained in the English "Helicon," published in 1600. To his poem entitled "Rosalynde; Euphens Golden Legacy," Shakspeare was indebted for the plot and incidents of his drama "As You Like It." He is described by Collier as second to Kyd in vigour and boldness of conception; but as a drawer of character, so essential a part of dramatic poetry, he unquestionably has the advantage. His principal work is a tragedy entitled "The Honours of Civil War, lively set forth in the two Tragedies of Marinus and Sylla." He also composed, in conjunction with Greene, "A Looking-Glass for London and England," the object of which is a defence of the stage against the Puritanical party.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

THOMAS DEKKER.

Thomas Dekker was a very industrious author; he was connected with Jonson in writing for the Lord Admiral's theatre, conducted by Henlowe; but Ben and he became bitter enemies, and the former, in his "Poetaster," performed in 1601, has satirized Dekker under the character of Crispinus, representing himself as Horace. Dekker replied by another drama, "Satromastix; or, the Unrussing the Humorous Poet." The poetic diction of Dekker is choice and elegant, but he often wanders into absurdity. He is supposed to have died about the year 1638. His life seems to have been spent in irregularity and poverty. According to Oldys, he was three years in the King's Bench. In one of his own beautiful lines he says:

"We ne'er are angels till our passions die."

But the old dramatists lived in a world of passion and revelry, want and despair.—

(Chambers's "Cyclo. English Lit." vol. ii. 21.) He published the "Gull's Horn Book," of which a new edition was published in 1812, Bristol, &c., edited by Dr. Nott. Drake says of this work, "His 'Gull's Horn Book, or Fashions to please all Sorts of Gulls,' first printed in 1699, exhibits a very curious, minute, and interesting picture of the manners and habits of the middle class of society."—See Lowndes's "Bibl. Man.;" Warton's "Hist. Eng. Poetry"; "Bibl. Anglo-Poet.;" Collier's "Hist. of Eng. Dramatic Poets."

HENRY CHETTLE.

He was a dramatic writer of the age of Elizabeth. He wrote the tragedy of "Hoffman, or a Revenge for a Father," 1631; and was concerned, more or less, according to "Henslowe's Diary," in the production of thirty-eight plays, only four of which have been printed, and have come down to us.—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.;" Collier's "Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry"; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM HAUGHTON.

William Haughton was the author of a number of dramatic pieces, of which the comedy of "Englishmen for my Money" is one of the best known. He wrote the comedy of "Patient Griswold," in which he was assisted by Chettle and Dekker.—See "Biog. Dramat.;" Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

DABRIDGECOURT BELCHIER.

Dabridgecourt Belchier was admitted at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in 1598; removed to Christchurch, Oxford, where he took his B.A. in 1600. He translated into English "Hans Beerport, his Risible Comedy of See me and See me Not," 1618. Wood ascribes some other pieces to him.—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.;" Campbell's "Specimens."

JOHN WEBSTER.

John Webster, the "noble-minded," as Hazlitt designates him, lived and died about the same time as Dekker, with whom he wrote in the conjunct authorship then so common. His original dramas are the "Duchess of Malfy," "Guiso, or the Massacre

of France," the "Devil's Law Case," "Appius and Virginia," and the "White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona." Webster, it has been said, was clerk of St Andrew's church, Holborn; but Mr. Dyce, his editor and biographer, searched the registers of the parish for his name without success. The "White Devil" and the "Duchess of Malfy" have divided the opinions of critics as to their relative merits. They are both powerful dramas, though filled with "superfluous horrors." The former was not successful on the stage, and the author published it with a dedication, in which he states, that "most of the people that come to the play-house resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books." He was accused, like Jonson, of being a slow writer; but he consoles himself with the example of Euripides, and confesses that he did not write with a goose quill winged with two feathers. In this slighted play there are some exquisite touches of pathos and natural feeling. The grief of a group of mourners over a dead body is thus described:—

"I found them winding of Marcello's corse,
And there in such a solemn melody,
"Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,
Such as old grandames watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the night with; that,
 believes me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharged with water."

The funeral dirge for Marcello, sung by his mother, possesses, says Charles Lamb, "that intension of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates"—

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole,
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him killocks that shall keep him
 warm,
And, when gay tombs are robb'd, sustain no
 harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to
 men.
For with his nails he'll dig them up again."

The following couplet has been admired:—

"Glorious like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But look'd to near, have neither heat nor
 light."

The "Duchess of Malfy" abounds more in the terrible graces. It turns on the mortal offence which the lady gives to her two proud brothers, Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, and a cardinal, by indulging in a generous though infatuated passion for Antonio, her steward.

—(Chambers, vol. i. pp. 211, 212.) Shaw says, "But perhaps the most powerful and original genius among the Shaksperian dramatists of the second order is John Webster. His terrible and funereal Muse on 'Death'; his wild imagination revelled in images and sentiments which breathe, as it were, the odour of the charnel: his plays are full of pictures recalling with fantastic variety all associations of the weakness and futility of human hopes and interests, and dark questionings of our future destinies. His literary physiognomy has something of that dark, bitter, and woeful expression which makes us thrill in the portraits of Dante. In selecting such revolting themes as abounded in the black annals of mediæval Italy, Webster followed the peculiar bent of his great and morbid genius; in the treatment of these subjects, we find a strange mixture of the horrible with the pathetic. In his language there is an extraordinary union of complexity and simplicity: he loves to draw his illustrations not only from skulls and graves and epitaphs, 'but also from the most attractive and picturesque objects in nature;' and his occasional intermingling of the deepest and most innocent emotion of the most exquisite touches of natural beauty produces the effect of the daisy springing up amid the festering mould of the graveyard."

THOMAS MIDDLETON

Thomas Middleton is admired for a wild and fantastic fancy, which delights in portraying scenes of witchcraft and supernatural agency—such is the correct estimate of Shaw, in his excellent work, the "Hist. of Eng. Lit."

JOHN FORD.

John Ford, born 1586, died 1640 (?). "He was born of a respectable family in Devonshire: was bred to the law, and entered of the Middle Temple at the age of seventeen. At the age of twenty he published a poem, entitled 'Fame's Memorial,' in honour of the deceased Earl of Devonshire; and from the dedication of that piece it appears that he chiefly subsisted upon his professional labours, making poetry the solace of his leisure hours. All his plays were published between the years 1629 and 1639; but before the former period he had for some time been known as a dramatic writer, his works having been printed a considerable time after their appearance on the stage; and, according to the custom of the age, had been associated in several works with other composers. With Dekker he joined in dramatising a story, which reflects

more disgrace upon the age than all its genius could redeem; namely, the fate of Mother Sawyer, the Witch of Edmonton, an aged woman, who had been recently the victim of legal and superstitious murder—

'Nil adeo fœdum quod non exacta vetustas Ediderit.'

The time of his death is unknown."—(Campbell's *Specimens*, p. 166.) See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.,"; Professor Spalding's "Hist. Eng. Lit.,"; Weber's ed. of Ford's Works; Lord Jeffrey's article "Edin. Rev.," x. 275, 304; John Gifford, "Quart. Rev.," vi. 462-467; Lamb's "Specimens of Eng. Dram. Poets."

PHILIP MASSINGER.

"Of the personal history of Philip Massinger little is known. This excellent poet was born in 1584, and died, apparently very poor, in 1640. His birth was that of a gentleman, his education good, and even learned; for though his stay in the University of Oxford, which he entered in 1602, was not longer than two years, his works prove, by the uniform elegance and refined dignity of their diction, and by the peculiar fondness with which he dwells on classical allusions, that he was intimately penetrated with the finest essence of the great classical writers of antiquity. His theatrical life, extending from 1604 to his death, appears to have been an uninterrupted succession of struggle, disappointment, and distress; and we possess one touching document, proving how deep and general was that distress in the dramatic profession of the time. It is a letter written to Henslowe, the manager of the Globe Theatre, in the joint names of Massinger, Field, and Daborne, all poets of considerable popularity, imploring the loan of an insignificant sum to liberate them from a debtors' prison. Like most of his fellow-dramatists, Massinger frequently wrote in partnership with other playwrights, the names of Dekker, Field, Rowley, Middleton, and others, being often found in conjunction with his. We possess the titles of about thirty-seven plays, either entirely or partially written by Massinger, of which number, however, only eighteen are now extant, the remainder having been lost or destroyed. These works are tragedies, comedies, and romantic dramas, partaking of both characters. The finest of them are the following: the 'Fatal Dowry'; the 'Unnatural Combat'; the 'Roman Actor,' and the 'Duke of Milan,' in the first category; the 'Bondman,' the 'Maid of Honour,' and the 'Picture,' in the third; and the 'Old Law,' and 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' in the second. The qualities which distinguish this noble writer

are, an extraordinary dignity and elevation of moral sentiment, a singular power of delineating the sorrows of pure and lofty minds exposed to unmerited suffering, cast down but not humiliated by misfortune. In these lofty delineations, it is impossible not to trace the reflexion of Massinger's own high but melancholy spirit. Female purity and devotion he has painted with great skill; and his plays exhibit many scenes in which he has ventured to sound the mysteries of the deepest passions, as in the 'Fatal Dowry' and the 'Duke of Milan,' the subject of the latter having some resemblance with the terrible story of 'Mariamne.' It was unfortunately indispensable, in order to please the mixed audiences of those days, that comic and farical scenes should be introduced in every piece; and for comedy and pleasantry Massinger had no aptitude. This portion of his works is in every case contemptible for stupid buffoonery, as well as odious for loathsome indecency; and the coarseness and obscenity of such passages forms so painful a contrast with the general elegance and purity of Massinger's tone and language, that we are driven to the supposition of his having had recourse to other hands to supply this obnoxious matter in obedience to the popular taste. Massinger's style and verification are singularly sweet and noble. No writer of that day is so free from scholasticism and obscurities; and perhaps there is none in whom more constantly appears all the force, harmony, and dignity, of which the English language is susceptible. From many passages we may draw the conclusion that Massinger was a fervent Catholic. The 'Virgin Martyr' is indeed a Catholic mystery; and in many plays—as, for example, the 'Renegado'—he has attributed to Romanist confessors, and even to the then unpopular Jesuits, the most amiable and Christiana virtues. If we desire to characterize Massinger in one sentence, we may say that dignity, tenderness, and grace, are the qualities in which he excels." (Shaw's "Hist. of Eng. Lit.," pp. 170, 171.)—See Campbell's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. i.

JOHN MARSTON.

Very little is known of this poet. In 1598 he published "Cortayne Satires," and in 1599, the "Scourge of Villany." He produced also some comedies. Dr. Angus considers the "Satires" decidedly inferior to Hall's, and very poor.—"Handbook of English Lit.," 155.

THOMAS GOFFE.

Thomas Goffe, born 1592, died 1627. "This writer," says Campbell, "left four or five dramatic pieces, of very ordinary merit. He

was bred at Christ Church, Oxford. He held the living of East Claddon, in Surrey, but unfortunately succeeded not only to the living, but to the widow of his predecessor, who, being a Quaker, contributed, according to Langbain, to shorten his days by the 'violence of her provoking tongue.' He had the reputation of an eloquent preacher, and some of his sermons appeared in print."

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

The date of birth and death unknown. This poet exhibits a graceful fancy, and one of his plays, "A Woman killed with Kindness," is among the most touching of this period.—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

GEORGE SANDYS.

George Sandys, born 1577, died 1643. A traveller and poet. He was the youngest son of the Archbishop of York. His "Travels in the East," and his translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," were very popular. Professor Spalding says that these translations "are poetically pleasing, and they have a merit in diction and verification which has been acknowledged thankfully by later writers."—See R. Aris Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets," l.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

Sidney Godolphin, born 1610, died 1642. He was a native of Cornwall, and the brother of the treasurer Godolphin, and flourished and perished in the Civil war. Lord Clarendon praised him highly. He wrote several original poems and translations of the "Lives of Dido and Æneas," from Virgil, 1358.—Campbell's "Specimens"; Hobbes's "Leviathan."

WILLIAM WARNER.

William Warner, born 1558, died 1609, was a native of Oxfordshire, an attorney of the Common Pleas, and the author of "Albion's England." This poem, published in 1586, is a history of England from the Deluge to the reign of James I. It supplanted in popular favour the "Mirror for Magistrates." The style of the work was much admired in its day, and Merce, in his "Wit's Treasury," says, that by Warner's pen the English tongue was "mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments." The tales are chiefly of a merry cast, and many of them indecent.

From 1558 to 1649.]

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

George Chapman, born 1557, died 1634, a native of Hitching Hill, in the county of Hertford, and studied at Oxford. From thence he repaired to London, and became the friend of Shakspere, Spenser, Daniel, Marlowe, and other contemporary men of genius. He was patronised by Prince Henry, and Carr, Earl of Somerset. The death of the one, and the disgrace of the other, must have injured his prospects; but he is supposed to have had some place at court, either under King James or his consort Anne. He lived to an advanced age; and, according to Wood, was a person of reverend aspect, religious, and temperate. Luigo Jones, with whom he lived on terms of intimate friendship, planned and erected a monument to his memory over his burial-place, on the south side of St. Giles's church in the fields; but it was unfortunately destroyed with the ancient church.

Chapman seems to have been a favourite of his own times; and in a subsequent age, his version of Homer excited the raptures of Waller, and was diligently consulted by Pope. The latter speaks of its daring fire, though he owns that it is clouded by fustian. Webster, his fellow dramatist, praises his "full and heightened style," a character which he does not deserve in any favourable sense; for his diction is chiefly marked by barbarous ruggedness, false elevation, and extravagant metaphor. The drama owes him very little; his "Bussy D'Ambois" is a piece of frigid striciv, and in the "Widow's Tears," where his heroine Cynthia falls in love with a sentinel guarding the corpse of her husband, whom she was bitterly lamenting, he has dramatised one of the most puerile and disgusting legends ever fabricated for the disparagement of female constancy. See Campbell's "Specimens," p. 130; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.,"; Warton's "Hist. Eng. Poetry"; Langbaine's "Dramat. Poets."

RICHARD ALLISON.

Scarcely anything is known of this writer. He published, in 1590, "A Plain Confutation of a Treatise of Brownism, entitled, A Description of the Visible Church." "An Honour's Recreation in Musicks, apt for Instruments and Voyces," appeared in 1608.

ROBERT BURTON.

Robert Burton, born 1576, died 1640. "In every nation," says Shaw, "there may be found a small number of writers who, in their

life, in the objects of their studies, and in the form and manner of their productions, bear a peculiar stamp of eccentricity. No country has been more prolific in such exceptional individualities than England, and no age than the sixteenth century. There cannot be a more striking example of this small but curious class than old Robert Burton, whose life and writings are equally odd. His personal history was that of a retired and laborious scholar, and his principal work, the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' is a strange combination of the most extensive and out-of-the-way reading, with just observation and a peculiar kind of grave satirising humour. The object of the writer was to give a complete monograph of Melancholy, and to point out its causes, its symptoms, its treatment, and its cure: but the descriptions given of the various phases of the disease are written in so curious and pedantic a style, accompanied with such an infinity of quaint observation, and illustrated by such a mass of quotations from a crowd of authors, principally the medical writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, of whom not one reader in a thousand in the present day has ever heard, that the 'Anatomy' possesses a charm which no one can resist who has once fallen under its fascination.

"The enormous amount of curious quotation with which Burton has incrustated every paragraph and almost every line of his work has rendered him the favourite study of those who wish to appear learned at a small expense; and his pages have served as a quarry from which a multitude of authors have borrowed, and often without acknowledgement, much of their materials, as the great Roman feudal families plundered the Coliseum to construct their frowning fortress-palaces.

"The greater part of Burton's laborious life was passed in the University of Oxford, where he died, not without suspicion of having hastened his own end, in order that it might exactly correspond with the astrological predictions which he is said, being a firm believer in that science, to have drawn from his own horoscope. He is related to have been himself a victim to that melancholy which he has so minutely described, and his tomb bears the astrological scheme of his own nativity, and an inscription eminently characteristic of the man: 'Hic jacet Democritus junior, cui vitam dedit et mortem Melancholia.'—(Hist. of Eng. Lit., p. 106, 107.) Prefixed to the "Anatomy" is a poem of twelve stanzas on Melancholy, from which Milton borrowed some of the imagery of *Il Penseroso*; and Dr. Farrier, of Manchester, created some sensation in 1798, by showing that Sterne had copied passages verbatim, without acknowledgement.—Dr. Angus's "Handbook of Eng. Lit.,"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

NATHANIEL FIELD.

Nathaniel Field, in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., wrote "A Woman is a Weathercock," 1612; "Amends for Ladies," 1618. Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

William Alexander, Earl of Sterline, born 1580, died 1640. "William Alexander, of Menstrie, travelled on the Continent as tutor to the Earl of Argyll; and after his return to his native country (Scotland), having in vain solicited a mistress, whom he celebrates in his poetry by the name of Aurora, he married the daughter of Sir William Erskine. Having repaired to the court of James I., he obtained the notice of the monarch, was appointed gentleman usher to Prince Charles, and was knighted by James. Both of those sovereigns patronized his scheme for colonizing Nova Scotia, of which the latter made him lord-lieutenant. Charles I. created him Earl of Sterline in 1633, and for ten years he held the office of secretary of state for Scotland, with the praise of moderation, in times that were rendered peculiarly trying by the struggles of Land against the Scottish Presbyterians. He wrote some very heavy tragedies; but there is elegance of expression in a few of his shorter pieces."—(Campbell's *Specimens*, p. 158.) Walpole says of this author, that he was greatly superior to the style of his age. Pinkerton calls "The Parænesis" a noble poem. Dr. Drake, referring to his tragedies, states that although these pieces are not calculated for the stage, still they include some admirable lessons for sovereign power, and several choruses written with no small share of poetic vigour. Dr. Anderson considers his "Parænesis" and "Aurora" almost classical performances, and well meriting publication.—Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.," Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

THOMAS STORER.

Thomas Storer died 1604. The birth of this poet is unknown. We, however, find him elected a student of Christchurch, Oxford, in 1587. Wood says he was the son of John Storer, a Londoner, and that he died in the metropolis. He wrote the "History of Cardinal Wolsey," and several pastoral pieces in "England's Helicon." See Campbell's "Specimens."

CHARLES FITZGEFFREY.

All we know is given by Campbell, who says he was rector of St. Dominic, Cornwall, and died in 1638.

JOHN DOWLAND.

John Dowland, died 1615. An English musician, published several musical treatises, amongst which was a translation of Ormithaphrena's "Micrologus; or, Art of Singing," fol. 1609, Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, born 1534, died 1604, the author of some verses in the "Paradise of Dainty Devises." He sat as Great Chamberlain of England upon the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. The following from Dimoli is of interest:—

"It is an odd circumstance in literary research that I am enabled to correct a story which was written about 1680. The 'Anbrey Papers,' recently published with singular faithfulness, retaining all their peculiarities, even to the grossest errors, were memoranda for the use of Anthony Wood's great work. But beside these, the Oxford antiquary had a very extensive literary correspondence; and it is known, that when speechless and dying he evinced the fortitude to call in two friends to destroy a vast multitude of papers: about two bushels full were ordered for the fires lighted for the occasion; and, 'as he was expiring, he expressed both his knowledge and approbation of what was done, by throwing out his hands.' These two bushels full were not, however, all his papers; his more private ones he had ordered not to be opened for seven years. I suspect also, that a great number of letters were not burnt on this occasion; for I have discovered a manuscript written about 1720 to 1730, and which, the writer tells us, consists of 'Excerpts out of Anthony Wood's papers.' It is closely written, and contains many curious facts not to be found elsewhere. These papers of Anthony Wood probably still exist in the Ashmolean Museum; should they have perished, in that case this solitary manuscript will be the sole record of many interesting particulars.

"By these I correct a little story which may be found in the 'Anbrey Papers,' vol. iii. 395. It is an account of one Nicholas Hill, a man of great learning, and in the high confidence of a remarkable and munificent Earl of Oxford, travelling with him abroad. I transcribe the printed Anbrey account.

"In his travels with his lord (I forget whether Italy or Germany, but I think the former), a poor man begged him to give him a penny. "A penny!" said Mr. Hill; "what does he say to ten pounds?"—"Ah! ten pounds," said the beggar; "that would make a man happy." Mr. Hill gave him immediately ten pounds, and put it down upon account:—"Item, to a beggar ten pounds to

From 1558 to 1649.]

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

make him happy!" The point of this story has been marred in the telling; it was drawn up from the following letter by Aubrey to A. Wood, dated July 15, 1689. 'A poor man asked Mr. Hill, his lordship's steward, once to give him sixpence, or a Shilling, for an alma. "What dost say if I give thee ten pounds?"—"Ten pounds! that would make a man of me!" Hill gave it him, and put down in his account, "Item, £10 for making a man," which his lordship inquiring about for the oddness of the expression, not only allowed, but was pleased with it.'

"This philosophical humourist was the steward of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, in the reign of Elizabeth. This peer was a person of elegant accomplishments; and Lord Oxford, in his 'Noble Authors,' has given a higher character of him than perhaps many deserve. He was of the highest rank, in great favour with the queen, and, in the style of the day, when all our fashions and our poetry were moulding themselves on the Italian model, he was the 'Mirrour of Tuscanismo;' and, in a word, this coxcombical peer, after seven years' residence in Florence, returned highly 'Italianated.' The ludicrous motive of this peregrination is given in the present manuscript account. Haughty of his descent and alliances, irritable with affeminate delicacy and personal vanity, a little circumstance almost too minute to be recorded, inflicted such an injury on his pride, that in his mind it required years of absence from the court of England ere it could be forgotten. Once making a low obeisance to the queen, before the whole court, this stately and inflated peer suffered a mischance, which has happened, it is said, on a like occasion—it was 'light as air!' But this accident so sensibly hurt his markish delicacy, and so humbled his aristocratic dignity, that he could not raise his eyes on his royal mistress. He resolved from that day to 'be a banished man,' and resided for seven years in Italy, living in more grandeur at Florence than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He spent in those years forty thousand pounds. On his return he presented the queen with embroidered gloves and perfumes, than for the first time introduced into England, as Stowe has noticed. Part of the presents seem to have some reference to the Earl's former mischance. The queen received them graciously, and was even painted wearing those gloves; but my authority states, that the masculine sense of Elizabeth could not abstain from congratulating the noble coxcomb; perceiving, she said, that at length my lord had forgot the mentioning the little mischance of seven years ago!

"This peer's misadventure abroad was indeed the talk of Europe; but the secret motive of this was as wicked as that of his travels had been ridiculous. This Earl of Oxford had married the daughter of Lord Burleigh, and

when this great statesman would not consent to save the life of the Duke of Norfolk, the friend of this earl, he swore to revenge himself on the countess, out of hatred to his father-in-law. He not only forsook her, but studied every means to waste that great inheritance which had descended to him from his ancestors. Secret history often startles us with unexpected discoveries: the personal affectations of this earl induced him to quit a court, where he stood in the highest favour, to domesticate himself abroad; and a family pique was the secret motive of that splendid prodigality which, at Florence, could throw into shade the court of Tuscany itself."

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

"Sir Thomas Overbury was born in 1581, and perished in the Tower of London, 1618, by a fate that is too well known. The compassion of the public for a man of worth, 'whose spirit still walked unrevenged amongst them,' together with the contrast of his ideal wife with the Countess of Essex, who was his murderess, attached an interest and popularity to his poem, and made it pass through sixteen editions before the year 1658. His 'Characters, or Witty Descriptions of the Properties of sundry Persons,' is a work of considerable merit; but unfortunately his prose, as well as his verse, has a dryness and quaintness that seem to oppress the natural movement of his thoughts. As a poet, he has few imposing attractions: his beauties must be fetched by repeated perusal. They are those of solid reflection, predominating over, but not extinguishing, sensibility; and there is danger of the reader neglecting, under the coldness and ruggedness of his manner, the manly but unostentatious moral feeling that is conveyed in his maxims, which are sterling and liberal, if we can only pardon a few obsolete ideas on female education."—(Campbell's *Specimens*, p. 74.) How charming is the following description by Overbury:—

"A fair and happy milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physics out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue; therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outside of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-woom, she is decked in innocence,—a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions. Nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lambs her curfew. In

milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she feeds them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her own physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them: only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet."

RICHARD NICCOLS.

Richard Niccols, born 1584. He contributed to the "Mirror for Magistrates," which was carried on by Churchyard, Drayton, and others. He wrote the "Cuckoo," in imitation of Drayton's "Owl," and a drama, "The Twynnes' Tragedy." Wood says he was a Londoner, that he studied at Oxford, and obtained some congenial employment. Campbell's "Specimens."

FRANCIS DAVISON.

Francis Davison, son of William Davison, an eminent statesman in the time of Elizabeth. He wrote several pieces in the "Poetical Rhapsody." This collection contains poems by Walter Davison, Sir John Davise, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Countess of Pembroke, Spencer, Sir H. Walton, Donne, Greene, and others. "How say you, reader? Is not the above a glorious pageant of poets? Does not the mere enumeration of them heat in thee a longing to explore the pages which contain their bright thoughts and tuneful lines?"—See Alibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.," Campbell's "Specimens."

SIMON WASTALL.

Born in Westmoreland about 1560; died about 1630.

THIRD PERIOD.

From 1558 to 1640.

96.—THE INDUCTION TO THE COMPLAINT OF HENRY, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

The wrathfull winter proching on a pace,
With blustering blastes had al ybared the treen,
And olde Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling colde had pearst the tender
green;

The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsom groves that nowe laye over-
thrown.

The tapets torne, and every blome down
blown.

The soyle that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoyled of her beauties hewe;
And soot freshe flowers (where with the som-
mers qusen

Had clad the earth) now Boreas blastes downe
blewe

And small fowles flocking, in their song did
rewe

The winters wrath, wher with eche thing de-
faste

In woful wise bewayled the sommer past.

Hawthorne had lost his motley lyverye
The naked twiggcs were shivering all for colde;
And dropping downe the teares abundantly;
Echo thing (me thought) with weping eye me
told

The cruell season, bidding me withholde
My selfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the foldes whereas I walke about.

When loe the night with mistie mantels spred,
Can darke the days, and dim the azure akynes,
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bluddy Mars, to wyl him not to ryse,
While she her selfe approcht in speedy wise;
And Virgo hiding her disdainful brest
With Thetis now had layd her downe to rest.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
Whose bowes prest bent in sight, the string
had slapt,

Downe slid into the ocean flud aparte,
The Beare that in the Iryshe seas had dipt
His grisely foete, with speede from thence he
whypt;

For Thetis hasting from the Virgines bed
Pursued the Bear, that ear she came was fled.

And Pheton nowe neare reaching to his race
With glistering beames, gold streamynge
where they bent

Was prest to enter in his resting place.
Crythus that in the carte fyrete went
Had even now attaynde his journeyes stent
And fast declining hid away his head,
While Titan couched him in his purple bed.

And pale Cinthea with her borrowed light
Beginning to supply her brothers place,
Was past the noonstodee nyre degrees in eight,
When sparkling starrs amyd the heavens face
With twinkling light shewn on the earth space,
That whyle they brought about the nightes
chare
The darke had dimmed the day ear I was ware.

And scrowing I to see the sommer flowers
The livly greens, the lusty leas forlorne,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade that floorisht so before
It taught me wal all earthly thinges be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may
last;
The sommers beauty yeldes to winters blast.

Then looking upward to the heavens leames
With nightes starrs thiek powdered every
where,
Which erst so glistened with the golden
streames
That chearefull Phebus spread downe from
his sphere,
Beholding darke oppressing day so neare:
The sodayne sight reduced to my minde
The sundry changes that in earth we fynde.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The flyckering flame that with the fyre is
wrought,

My busie minde presented unto me
Such fall of pierces as in this realmes had be:
That ofte I wiaht some world their woes dis-
scryve,
To warne the rest whom fortune left alive.

And stryt forth stalking with redoubled pace
For that I sawe the night drewe on so fast,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom wee had al forwaste.

Furth from her iyen the cristall teares out-
brast,
And synging sore her handes she wrong and
folde,
Tare al her heare, that ruth was to beholde.

Her body small forwithered and forespent,
As is the stalk that sommers drought opprest;
Her weaked face with woful teares besprent,
Her colour pale, and (as it seemd her best)
In woe and playnt reposed was her rest.
And as the stone that droppes of water weares;
So dented wher her chookes with fall of teares.

Her iyes swollen with flowing stroames afote,
Wherewith her lookes throwen up full pi-
tousia.

Her forceles handes together ofte she smote,
With doleful shrikes, that echoed in the skye;
Whose playnt such sighes dyd strayt accom-
pany,
That in my doome was never man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begon as she.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.—About 1568.

97.—ALLEGORICAL PERSONAGES DE-
SCRIBED IN HELL.

And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears: and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain:

Her eyes musedfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance
brought.

So was her mind continually in fear,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had
wrought:

With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the
sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next, saw we Dread, all trembling how he
shook.

With foot uncertain, profer'd here and there;
Benum'd with speech; and, with a ghastly
look.

Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair;
'Stoin'd and amaz'd at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this lake,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire;
Devising means how she may vengeance take;
Never in rest, 'till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of breaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had show'd herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
'Till in our eyes another sight we met:
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, also, upon the woful plight
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight:

His face was leas, and some-deal pin'd away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone;
But, what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcase raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast:

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his
share,

Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which fell daintily would he fare;
His drink, the running stream, his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed; his bed, the hard cold
ground:

To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well be-
held,
With tender ruth on him, and on his fears,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we
held:

And, by and by, another shape appears
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the briars;
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dinted in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytawed skin.

The morrow grey no sooner hath begun
To spread his light e'en peeping in our eyes,
But he is up, and to his work yrun;
But let the night's black misty mantle rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseeth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a frown;
Small keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown, but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath:

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's fear was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Riever of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tyde; and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteem'ing, equally
King Crossus' pomp and Iras' poverty.

And next in order sad, Old Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still pining on the
ground.

As on the place where nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had unwin'd

From 1558 to 1640.] ALLEGORICAL PERSONAGES DESCRIBED. [THOMAS SACKVILLE.

His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life :

There heard we him with broke and hollow
plaint
Rise with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind tor-
ment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures
past.
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste ;
Recounting which, how would he sob and
shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseeke !

But, an the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he,—
That, in such wither'd plight, and wretched
pain,

As old, accompany'd with her loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit ;
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath
slain,

With reckless hand in grave doth cover it :
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to
nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought :

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him
good

To talk of youth, all were his youth fore-
gone—
He would have mused, and marvel'd much
whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so vain,
And knows full well life doth but length his
pain :

Crook-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-
eyed ;
Went on three feet, and sometime cropt on
four :

With old lame bones, that rattled by his side ;
His scalp all pill'd, and he with old forelore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's
door :

Fumbling, and driveling, as he draws his
breath ;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed :
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone ;
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
No could she brook no meat but broths alone ;
Her breath corrupt ; her keepers every one
Abhorring her ; her sickness past recure,
Detesting physio, and all physio's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see !
We turn'd our look, and on the other side
A grisly shape of Famine mought we see :
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that
cried

And roar'd for meat, as she should there have
died ;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawen every where,
All full of holes ; that I ne mought refrain
From teare, to see how she her arms could
tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starv'd corpse, that rather seem'd a shade
Than any substance of a creature made :

Great was her force, whom stone-wall could
not stay :
Her tearing nails smatching at all she saw ;
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfy'd from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law ;
Gnawing, alas ! her carcase all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and
vain.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shriek'd in so huge wise
As made hell gates to shiver with the might ;
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale
Death

Enthiring it, to rieve her of her breath :

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
Against whose force in vain it is to fight :
No peers, no princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, no realms, cities, no strongest
tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power :

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph oftsoons the same he
shook,

That most of all my fears affrayed me ;
His naked dight with nought but bones, pardy ;
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yoad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly
hued :

In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbued ;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms
rued)

Famine and fire he hold, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and
all :

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom
flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceas'd,
'Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd:

His face forebaw'd with wounds; and by his
side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and
wide.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.—About 1563.

98.—HENRY DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
IN THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all piled, and quite forlorn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth
blame,

Which of a duke had made him now her scorn;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Off spread his arms, stretched hands he joins
as fast,

With rueful cheer, and vapoured eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat;
His hair all torn, about the place it lain:
My heart so melt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away;
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay;
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice;
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens ryved with the noise;
Till at the last, recovering of his voice,
Sipping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune, weeping thus he plained.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.—About 1563.

99.—SONNET MADE ON ISABELLA
MARKHAM,

*When I first thought her fair, as she stood at
the Princess's window, in goodly attire, and
talked to divers in the court-yard, 1564.*

Whence comes my love? Oh, heart, disclose;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe? as freely own;
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so fair but speak my woe,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain;
Oh, Venus, take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

John Harrington.—About 1564.

100.—VERSES ON A MOST STONY-
HEARTED MAIDEN,

*Who did sorely beguile the Noble Knight,
my true Friend.*

I.

Why didst thou raise such woeful wall,
And waste in briny tears thy days?
'Cause she that went to flout and rail,
At last gave proof of woman's way;
She did, in sooth, display the heart
That might have wrought thee greater smart.

II.

Why, thank her then, not weep or moan;
Let others guard their careless heart,
And praise the day that thus made known
The faithless hold on woman's art;
Their lips can glaze and gain such root,
That gentle youth hath hope of fruit.

III.

But, ere the blossom fair doth rise,
To shoot its sweetness o'er the taste,
Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
And chilling scorn the fruit doth blast:
There is no hope of all our toil;
There is no fruit from such a soil.

IV.

Give o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er;
She might have poison'd all thy life;
Such wayward mind had bred thee more
Of sorrow had she proved thy wife:
Leave her to meet all hopeless need,
And bless thyself that so art freed.

V.

No youth shall see such one to win,
Unmark'd by all the shining fair,
Save for her pride and scorn, such sin
As heart of love can never bear;
Like leafless plant in blasted shade,
So liveth she—a barren maid.

John Harrington.—About 1564.

101.—THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At Beauty's bar as I did stand,
When False Suspect accused me,
George, quoth the judge, hold up thy hand,
Thou art arraign'd of Flattery;

Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgment thou wilt here abide?

My lord, quod I, this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were;
Wherefore her doom doth please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both,
To try me guiltless by mine oath.

Quoth *Beauty*, No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause;
Will is our justice, well ye wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so.

Then *Craft* the crier call'd a quest,
Of whom was *Falschood* foremost fere;
A pack of pickthinks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear;
The jury such, the judge unjust,
Sentence was said, "I should be truss'd."

Jalous, the gaoler, bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill;
George, quoth the judge, now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
And there be hang'd all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried, Good Lady, pardon me!
Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

And though this Judge doth make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be plac'd
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you show yourself a Queen,
And I may be your servant seen.

Quoth *Beauty*, Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judg'd thee;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?

Yes, madam, quoth I, that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties;
Why then, quoth she, come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise.
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

102.—SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

The heavens on high perpetually do move;
By minutes meal the hour doth steal away,
By hours the days, by days the month's remove,
And then by months the years as fast decay;
Yea, *Virgil's* verse and *Tully's* truth do say,

That Time flieth, and never claps her wings;
But rides on clouds, and forward still she
flings.

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

103.—THE VANITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

They course the glasse, and let it take no rest;
They pease and spy who gazeth on their face;
They darkly ask whose beauty seemeth best;
They hark and mark who marketh most their
grace;
They stay their steps, and stalk a stately pace;
They jealous are of every sight they see;
They strive to seem, but never care to be.

* * * * *

What grudge and grief our joys may then sup-
press,
To see our hairs, which yellow were as gold,
Now grey as glass; to feel and find them less;
To scrape the bald skull which was wont to
hold
Our lovely locks with curling sticks controul'd;
To look in glass, and spy Sir *Wrinkle's* chair
Set fast on fronts which erst were sleek and
fair.

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

104.—GOOD MORROW.

You that have spent the silent night,
In sleepe and quiet rest,
And joys to see the cheerefull lyght
That ryseth in the East;
Now cleare your voyes, now chere your hart,
Come helpe me nowe to sing;
Eche willing wight come beare a part,
To prayse the heavenly King.

And you whome care in prison keepes,
Or sicknes doth suppress,
Or secret sorrow brakes your sleepes,
Or dolours doe distresse;
Yet beare a part in dofull wise,
Yea thinke it good accorde,
And acceptable sacrifice,
Eche sprite to prayse the Lords.

The dreadfull night with darknesomnesse,
Had oner spread the light,
And sluggish sleepe with drowynesse,
Had oner prest our might;
A glasse wharin you may beholde,
Eche storme that stopes our breath,
Our bed the graue, our clothes lyke molde,
And sleepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste,
But for a little space,
And heavenly daye nowe night is past,
Doth shewe his pleasant face:

So must we hope to see Gods face,
At last in heauen on his
When we haue chang'd this mortall place,
For Immortalitie
And of such happes and heauenly ioyes,
As then we hope to holde,
All earthly sightes and workly toyes,
Are tokens to behold.
The days is like the days of doome,
The sunne, the Sonne of man,
The skyes the heauens, the earth the tombe
Wherein we rest till than.

The Rainbowe bending in the skye,
Beside with sundry bowes,
Is like the secke of God on hye,
And seemes to tall those newes:
That as thereby he promised,
To drowne the world no more,
So by the blond which Christ hath ahead,
He will our heath restore.

The mistie cloudes that fall somtime,
And ouercast the skyes,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but lymme our eyes:
But as such dewes are dreyd vp quic,
When Phœbus shewes his face,
So are such fancies put to flighte,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that loathsome beast,
Which cryes agaynst the rayne,
Both for his heave and for the rest,
The Deuill resemblith playne:
And as with gounes we kill the crowe,
For spoyling our releefe,
The Deuill so must we ouerthrowe,
With gonshote of beleefe.

The little byrdes which sing so swete,
Are like the angells voyce,
Which render God his prayres meete,
And teache vs to reioyce:
And as they more esteeme that myrth,
Than dread the nightes anoy,
So much we deeme our days on earth,
But hell to heauenly ioye.

Unto which Ioyes for to attayne
God graunt vs all his grace,
And sende vs after worldly payne,
In heauen to haue a place.
Where we maye still enjoye that light,
Which neuer shall decaye:
Lorde, for thy mercy lend vs might,
To see that ioyfull daye.

Haud ictus sopio.

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

105.—GOOD NIGHT.

When thou hast spent the lingring day in
pleasure and delight,
Or after toyle and wearie waye, dost seeke to
rest at nighte:

Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, adde this
one labour yet,
Ere sleepe close vp thyne eye to fast, do not
thy God forget,
But searche within thy secret thoughts, what
doeds did thee befall:
And if thou find amiese in ought, to God for
mercy call.
Yea though thou find nothing amiese, which
thou canst cal to mind,
Yet euer more remember this, there is the
more behind:
And thinke how well so euer it be, that thou
hast spent the daye,
It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct
thy waye.
Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and
pleasure in this payne,
Thy life shall cleanse thy come from weeds,
and thine shal be the gaine:
But if thy sinfull sluggish eye, will venter
for to winke,
Before thy wading will maye trye, how far thy
soule maye sinke,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft
and smoth is made,
May heape more harm vpo thy head, than
blowes of emnies blade.
Thus if this paine procure thine ease, in bed
as thou dost lye,
Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing
thus soberly:
I see that sleepe is lent me here, to ease my
wearye bones,
As death at laste shall eke appeere, to ease
my greuous grones.
My dayly sportes, my panch full fed, haue
caused my drouisie eye,
As carelesse life in quiet led, might cause my
soule to dye:
The stretching armes, the yanning breath,
which I to bedward vse,
Are patternes of the pang of death, when
life will me refuse.
And of my bed ache sundrye part in shaddowes
doth resemble,
The sūdry shapcs of deth, whose dart shal
make my flesh to trible.
My bed it selfe is like the grane, my sheetes
the winding sheete,
My clothes the mould which I must haue, to
cover me most neede:
The hungry fens which friake so fresh, to
wormes I can compare,
Which greedily shall gnaw my fleabe, and
leane the bones ful bare:
The waking Cock that early crows to weare
the night awaye,
Puts in my minde the trumpe that blowes
before the latter day.
And as I rise vp hastily, when sluggish sleepe
is past,
So hope I to rise ioyfully, to Judgement at the
last.
Thus wyl I wake, thus wyl I sleepe, thus
wyl I hope to ryse,

This wyll I neither waile nor weepe, but sing
in godly wyse.
My bones shall in this bed remaine, my soule
in God shall trust,
By whome I hope to ryse againe from death
and earthly dust.

Haud ictus sapio.
George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

106.—DE PROFUNDIS.

From depth of doole wherein my soule doth
dwell,
From heauy heart which harbours in my
brest,
From troubled sprite which sildome taketh
rest.
From hope of heauen, from drede of darkesome
hall.
O gracions God, to thee I crye and yell.
My God, my Lords, my lonely Lords aloane,
To thee I call, to thee I make my moane.
And thou (good God) vouchsafe in gree to
take,
This woefull plaint,
Wherein I faint,
Oh heare me than for thy great mercies sake.

Oh bende thine eares attentiuely to heare,
Oh turne thine eyes, behold me how I wayle,
Oh hearken Lord, giue care for mine aniale,
O marke in minde the burdens that I beare:
See howe I sinke in sorrowes euery where.
Beholde and see what dollors I endure,
Giue care and marke what plaintes I put in
vres.

Bende wrilling eare: and pittie therewithall,
My waying voyce,
Which hath no choyce,
But surmure vpon thy name to call.

If thou good Lords shouldest take thy rod
in hande,
If thou regard what sinnes are daylye done,
If thou take holde where wee our workes
begone,
If thou decree in Judgement for to stande,
And be extreme to see our sounses skande,
If thou take note of eury thing amysse,
And wryte in rowles howe frayle our nature is,
O glorious God, O king, O Prince of power,
What mortall wight,
Maye then haue light,
To feele thy frowne, if thou haue lyst to
lowre?

But thou art good, and hast of meroya
store,
Thou not deliyght to see a sinner fall,
Thou hoarknest first, before we oome to call.
Thine eares are set wyde open euermore,
Before we knocke thou commest to the doore,
Thou art more prest to heare a sinner crye,
Than he is quicke to climbe to thee on hye.

Thy mighty name bee prayed then alwaye,
Let fayth and feare,
True witness beare,
Howe fast they stand which on thy mercy
staye.

I looke for thee (my loneye Lord) therefore,
For thee I wayte, for thee I carrye styll,
Mynes eyes doe long to gaze on thee my fyll,
For thee I watche, for thee I pryde and pore.
My Soule for thee attendeth enermore.
My Soule doth thyrst to take of thee a taste,
My Soule desires with thee for to bee plauste.
And to thy worde (which can no man deceyue)
Mynes onely trust,
My lone and lust,
In confidence continuallye shall cleane.

Before the breake or dawning of the daye,
Before the lycht be seen in loftye Skyes,
Before the Sunne appears in pleasaunt wyse,
Before the watche (before the watche I saye)
Before the warde that waytes therefore
alwaye:
My soule, my sense, my secreete thought, my
sprite,
My wyll, my wishe, my ioye, and my delight:
Vnto the Lord that sittes in heauen on highe.
With hastye wing,
From me doeth fling,
And stryueh styll, vnto the Lords to flye.

O Ieruell, O housholde of the Lords,
O Abrahams Brattes, O broode of blessed
seede,
O chosen sheepe that loue the Lords in deede:
O hungrye heartes, feede styll vpon his
worde,
And put your trust in him with one accord.
For he hath mercye enermore at hande,
His fontaines flowe, his springes do neuer
stande.
And plenteoulye hee lounth to redeeme,
Such sinners all,
As on him call,
And faithfully his mercies most esteeme.

Hee wyll redeeme our deadly drowping
state,
He wyll bring home the sheepe that goe
astraye,
He wyll helpe them that hope in him alwaye:
He wyll appease our disacorde and debate,
He wyll soone sane, though we repent vs late.
He wyll be ours if we continewe his,
He wyll bring bale to ioye and perfect blisse,
He wyll redeeme the flooke of his electe,
From all that is,
Or was amysse,
Since Abrahams heyres dyd first his Lawes
resist.

Euer or neuer.

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

107.—SONNETS.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
 Seem most alone in greatest company,
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
 To them that would make speech of speech
 arise,
 They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
 That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie,
 So in my swelling breast, that only I
 Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
 Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
 Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;
 But one worse fault Ambition I confess,
 That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
 Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest
 place
 Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st
 the skies,
 How silently, and with how wan a face!
 What may it be, that even in heavenly place
 That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
 Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
 I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
 To me that feel the like thy state descries.
 Then, even of fellowshipp, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of
 wit?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
 Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth
 possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of
 peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low,
 With shield of proof shield me from out the
 press
 Of those fierce darts, Despair at me doth
 throw:
 O make in me those civil wars to cease:
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
 A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Liveher than elsewhere Stella's image see.

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
 Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
 And of some sent from that sweet enemy
 France:
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;

Townfolks my strength; a daintier judge ap-
 plies
 His praise to sleight which from good use
 doth rise;
 Some lucky wit impute it but to chance;
 Others, because of both sides I do take
 My blood from them who did excel in this,
 Think nature me a man of arms did make.
 How far they shot awry! the true came in,
 Stella look'd on, and from her heavenly face
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my
 race.

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
 And yet to break more staves did me address;
 While with the people's shouts, I must confess,
 Youth, luck, and praise, even fill'd my veins
 with pride.
 When Cupid, having me (his slave) descried
 In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
 "What now, Sir Fool," said he, "I would no
 less.
 Look here, I say." I look'd, and Stella spied,
 Who hard by made a window send forth light.
 My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine
 eyes;
 One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight;
 Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly
 cries:
 My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
 Till that her blissh taught me my shame to see.

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

Of all the kings that ever here did reign,
 Edward named Fourth as first in praise I
 name;
 Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
 Although less gifts imp' feathers oft on Fame:
 Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant,
 frame
 His sire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain,
 And, gain'd by Mars, could yet mad Mars so
 tame,
 That Balance weigh'd what Sword did late
 obtain:
 Nor that he made the Flower-de-luce so fraid,
 Though strongly bedg'd of bloody Lion's paws,
 That witty Lewis to him a tribute paid.
 Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause—
 But only for this worthy knight durst prove
 To lose his crown, rather than fail his love.

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
 I saw thee with full many a smiling line
 Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear,
 While those fair planets on thy streams did
 shine.
 The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
 While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
 Ravish'd, staid not, till in her golden hair
 They did themselves (O sweetest prison)
 twine:

And fain those Ceol's youth there would their stay
Have made; but, forced by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevell'd, blinsh'd. From window I,
With sight thereof, cried out, "O fair disgrace;
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place."

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

108.—LOVE'S SERVILE LOT.

Love mistress is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serve;
They reckon least how little hope
Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sense from reason's lore;
She is delightful in the rind,
Corrupted in the core.

* * * * *
May never was the month of love;
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet by kind;
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words intrahled souls
She chains in servile bands!
Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours,
Short hap, immortal harms;
Her loving looks are murdering darts,
Her songs bewitching charms.

Like winter rose, and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistresses for your minds,
Love's service is in vain.

Robert Southwell.—About 1587.

109.—LOOK HOME.

Retired thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye:
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all miracles summed lie;
Of fairest forms, and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To nature's performs adding higher skill
Of finest works; wis better could the estate,
If force of wit had equal power of will.
Devise of man in working hath no end;
What thought can think, another thought can mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might:
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,
And, to discern this bliss, a native light,
To frame God's image as his worth required;
His might, his skill, his word and will conspired.

All that he had, his image should present;
All that it should present, he could afford;
To that he could afford his will was bent;
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this suffice, by this conceive the rest.
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

Robert Southwell.—About 1587.

110.—TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower.

The sunniest might may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The see of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:

No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Robert Southwell.—About 1587.

111.—THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pang
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence too, that saith,
"Remember, man, thou art but dust."
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die!

Continually at my bod's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well;
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die!

The gown which I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat ;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat ;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone ;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone ?
No, no ; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

• • •
If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart ;
If rich and poor his beck obey ;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way ;
Then grant me grace, O God ! that I
My life may mend, since I must die.

Robert Southwell.—About 1587.

112.—SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

Where words are weak, and foes encount'ring
strong,

Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees, that speech could not
amend :

Yet higher powers must think, though they
repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth
fly,

And crouch in privy creeks with smaller
fish ;

Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet adroit, while those do fill the
diah ;

There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do
sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the
chase ;

The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushroomes leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar pin'd, while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of
May ;

Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade
away.

Robert Southwell.—About 1587.

113.—THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning ;
If these delights thy mind may move
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlow.—About 1590.

114.—THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh.—About 1610.

115.—THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.

Heart-tearing cares and quiv'ring fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldling's sports;
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing
still,
And Grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds perhaps our woods may some-
times shake,
But blustering care could never tempest
make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Blas't silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks,
these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling foun-
tains,
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here.

Sir Walter Raleigh.—About 1610.

116.—FAREWELL TO TOWN.

Thou gallant court, to thee farewell!
For forward fortune me denies
Now longer near to thee to dwell.
I must go live, I wot not where,
Nor how to live when I come there.

And next, adieu you gallant dames,
The chief of noble youth's delight!
Untoward Fortunes now so frames,
That I am banish'd from your sight.
And, in your stead, against my will,
I must go live with country Jill.

Now next, my gallant youths, farewell!
My lads that oft have cheered my heart!
My grief of mind no tongue can tell.
To think that I must from you part.
I now must leave you all, alas,
And live with some old lobcock ass!

And now farewell thou gallant lute,
With instruments of music's sounds!
Recorder, cittern, harp, and flute,
And heavenly descants on sweet grounds.
I now must leave you all, indeed,
And make some music on a reed!

And now, you stately stamping steeds,
And gallant geldings fair, adieu!
My heavy heart for sorrow bleeds,
To think that I must part with you:
And on a strawen pannel sit,
And ride some country carting tit!
And now farewell both spear and shield,
Caliver pistol, arquebus,
See, see, what sighs my heart doth yield
To think that I must leave you thus!
And lay aside my rapier blade,
And take in hand a ditching spade!

And you farewell, all gallant games,
Primero, and *Imperial*,
Wherewith I us'd, with courtly dames,
To pass away the time withal:
I now must learn some country plays
For als and cakes on holidays!

And now farewell each dainty dish,
With sundry sorte of sugar'd wine!
Farewell, I say, fine flesh and fish,
To please this dainty mouth of mine!
I now, alas, must leave all these,
And make good cheer with bread and cheese

And now, all orders due, farewell!
My table laid when it was noon;
My heavy heart it irks to tell
My dainty dinners all are done:
With looks and onions, wing and whey,
I must content me as I may.

And farewell all gay garments now,
With jewels rich, of rare device!
Like Robin Hood, I wot not how,
I must go range in woodman's wise;
Clad in a coat of grey, or grey,
And glad to get it if I may.

What shall I say, but bid adieu
To every dream of sweet delight,
In place where pleasure never grow,
In dungeon deep of foul despite,
I must, ah me! wretch as I may,
Go sing the song of welaway!

Nicholas Breton.—About 1620.

117.—A PASTORAL OF PHILLIS AND CORIDON.

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet;
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despise,
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *ipsa que*, the which
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone:
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Coridon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

Nicholas Breton.—About 1620.

118.—A SWEET PASTORAL.

Good Muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony;
The weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone awhile,
Thou know'st my heaviness;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock
That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour lose,
And not a leaf is seen.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Dost now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
Each herb hath lost her savour,
And Phillida the fair hath lost
The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That how to hope upon delights,
Is but a mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet Muse,
Thou know'st what help is best,
Do now thy heavenly cunning use,
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend,
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end.

Nicholas Breton.—About 1620.

119.—THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand!
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' actions,
Not lov'd unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate,
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest need,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell honesty how she blasphemeth,
Tell favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness:
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness,
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming;
 Tell schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.
 Tell faith it's fled the city,
 Tell how the country erreth,
 Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
 Tell, virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing;
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing;
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

Joshua Sylvester.—About 1610.

120.—TO RELIGION.

Religion, O thou life of life,
 How worldlings, that profane thee rife,
 Can wrest thee to their appetites!
 How princes, who thy power deny,
 Pretend thee for their tyranny,
 And people for their false delights!
 Under thy sacred name, all over,
 The vicious all their vices cover;
 The insolent their insolence,
 The proud their pride, the false their fraud,
 The thief his theft, her filth the bawd,
 The impudent their impudence.

Ambition under these aspires,
 And Avarice under these desires;
 Sloth under these her ease assumes,
 Lux under these all overflows,
 Wrath under these outrageous grows,
 All evil under these presumes.

Religion, erst so venerable,
 What art thou now but made a fable,
 A holy mask on Folly's brow,
 Where under lies Dissimulation,
 Lined with all abomination.
 Sacred Religion, where art thou?

Not in the church with Simony,
 Not on the bench with Bribery,
 Nor in the court with Machiavel,
 Nor in the city with deceits,
 Nor in the country with debates;
 For what hath Heaven to do with Hell?

Joshua Sylvester.—About 1610.

121.—ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made;

Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone.
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up-hill a thorn;
 And there sung the dolefull st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity.
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
 Teru, teru, by and by;
 That, to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;
 For her griefs, so lively shown,
 Made me think upon mine own.

Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
 None takes pity on thy pain:
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
 Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee:
 King Pandion he is dead;
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing!
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
 Thou and I were both beguill'd.
 Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.

Words are easy, like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wiceworth to spend:
 But, if store of crowns be want,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call;
 And with such-like flattering,
 "Pity but he were a king."
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown:
 They that favr'd on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need;
 If thou sorrow, he will weep,
 If thou wake he cannot sleep:
 Thus, of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Richard Barnfield.—About 1610.

122.—THE NYMPHS TO THEIR MAY QUEEN.

With fragrant flowers we strow the way,
 And make this our chief holiday:
 For though this clime was blest of yore,
 Yet was it never proud before.
 O beauteous queen of second Troy,
 Accept of our unfeign'd joy.

Now the air is sweeter than sweet balm,
 And satyrs dance about the palm;

Now earth with verdure newly dight,
Gives perfect signs of her delight :
O beauteous queen !

Now birds record new harmony,
And trees do whistle melody :
And everything that nature breeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.

Thomas Watson.—About 1590.

123.—SONNET.

Actæon lost, in middle of his sport,
Both shape and life for looking but awry :
Diana was afraid he would report
What secrets he had seen in passing by.
To tell the truth, the self-same hurt have I,
By viewing her for whom I daily die ;
I leese my wonted shape, in that my mind
Doth suffer wreck upon the stony rock
Of her disdain, who, contrary to kind,
Does bear a breast more hard than any stock ;
And former form of limbs is changed quite
By cares in love, and want of due delight.
I leave my life, in that each secret thought
Which I conceive through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me say that life availeth nought,
Where service cannot have a due reward.
I dare not name the nymph that works my smart,
Though love hath graven her name within my heart.

Thomas Watson.—About 1590.

124.—UNA AND THE REDCROSS
KNIGHT.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield ;
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainful to the curb to yield ;
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore.

And dead (as living) ever him adored :
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had ;
Right faithful true he was in deed and word ;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad :
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queen of fairy land,)
To win him worship, and her grace to have,

Which of all earthly things he most did crave ;
And ever as he rode his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow ;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd ; so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow ;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous love,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western
shore,
And all the world in their subjection held ;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forewasted all their land and them oppos'd ;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from
far compell'd.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves
were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand ;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did
hide.

Now pierceable with power of any star :
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far ;
Fair harbour, that them seems ; so in they
entered ere.

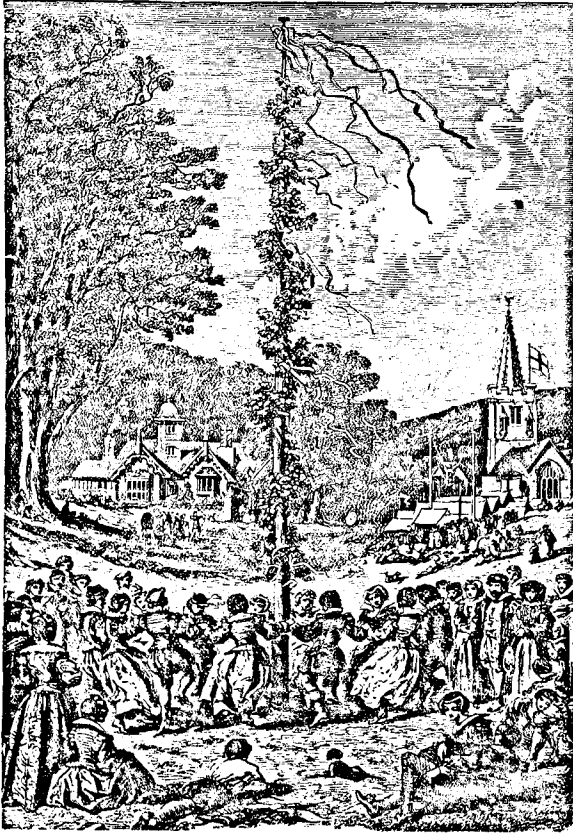
And forth they pass, with pleasure forward
led,

Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest
dread,

Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky,
Much eke they praise the trees so straight
and high,

The smiling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The buckler Oak, sole king of forests all,
The Aspen good for staves, the Cypress
femeral.

The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage, the Fir that weepeth still,
The Willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The Yew obedient to the beader's will,



TO THE MAY QUEEN.

"O beauteous Queen of Second Troy!
Accept of our unfeigned joy."

[POEM 122.]

From 1558 to 1649.]

UNA FOLLOWED BY THE LION.

[EDMUND SPENSER.]

The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantain round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward
sound :

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is overblown,
When, weening to return, whence they did
stray,
They cannot find that path which first was
shown,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Farthest from end then, when they nearest
ween,

That makes them doubt their wits be not their
own :
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in divers doubt
they been.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

125.—UNA FOLLOWED BY THE LION.

Nought is there under Heaven's wide hollow-
ness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretched-
ness,
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks
unkind.

I, whether lately through her brightness
blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is impassioned so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do
steep,
To think how she through guileful handelling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a
king,

Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despair,
And her due love's derived to that vile witch's
share.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's presence, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd,
To seek her knight, who, subtly betray'd
Through that late vision, which the enchanter
wrought,

Had her abandon'd : she, of nought afraid,
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily
sought ;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her
brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight ;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight ;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside : her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in a shady place :
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly
grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood,
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood ;
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse ;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious
force.

Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wronged innocence did weat.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked
long,

Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.
"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely piquance doth
abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate :
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored,
As the God of my life ? why hath he me
abhorrd ?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her
plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour
wood ;

And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kindly beast upon her gazing stood ;
With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin, born of heavenly blood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion, if she might
attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles, and misfortunes hard.
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and
ward ;

And when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared ;
From her fair eyes he took commandment,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.
Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

126.—THE SQUIRE AND THE DOVE.

Well said the wise man, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle squire did happen late;
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Than death itself more dread and desperate:
For nought the same may calm, nor mitigate,
Till time the tempest do thereof allay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the stern remembrance wip'd away
Of bitter thoughts, which deep therein in-
fixed lay.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the fair Belphebe had
With one stern look so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,
He ever tasted: but with penance sad,
And pensive sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
Nor ever laugh'd nor once show'd countenance
glad;
But always wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted blossom, through heat, doth languish
and decay;

Till on a day (as in his wonted wise
His dole he made) there chanced a turtle-dove
To come, where he his dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love;
Which loss her made like passion also prove.
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With dear compassion deeply did emmove,
That she can moan his undeserved smart,
And with her doleful accent, bear with him a
part.

She, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournful notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compiled, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his own right name.
With that, he forth would pour so plentiful
tears,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knock his head, and rend his rugged hairs,
That could have pierc'd the hearts of tigers
and of bears.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did use,
Withouten dread of peril to repair
Unto his wound; and with her mournful muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfate:
And every day, for question of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong,
Companion she became, and so continued long.

Upon a day, as she him sat beside,
By chance he certain mimiments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relics did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, while goodly grace she did him show:
Amongst the rest, a jewel rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hue,
Shar'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chain about it bound.

The same he took, and with a ribbon new
(In which his lady's colours were) did bind
About the turtle's neck, that with the view
Did greatly soace his engraved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herself so dock'd, her nimble wings display'd,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which sudden accident him much dismay'd,
And looking after long, did mark which way
she stray'd.

But, when as long he looked had in vain,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eyes return'd to him again,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his jewel he had lost so light,
And eke his dear companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the wasteful air.
Until she came where wonned his Belphebe
fair.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbore sweet,
After late weary toil, which she had tried
In savage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her, her mournful plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weep
The great tormenting grief, that for her sake
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did
partake.

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did mark about her purple breast
That precious jewel, which she formerly
Had known right well, with colour'd ribbon
drest:
Therewith she rose in haste, and her address
With ready hand it to have left away.
But the swift bird obey'd not her behest,
But swerv'd aside, and there again did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought again it to
assay.

And ever when she nigh approach'd, the dove
Would flit a little forward, and then stay
Till she drew near, and then again remove;
So tempting her still to pursue the prey,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length, into that forest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In the end, she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that woful man in languor did abide.

He her beholding, at her feet down fell,
And kiss'd the ground on which her sole did
tread,
And wash'd the same with water, which did
well
From his moist eyes, and like two streams
proceed;

Yet spake no word, whereby she might arow
What mister might he was, or what he meant;
But as one dazm'd with her presence dread,
Only few rufel looks unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore his meaning she arde,
But wondered much at his so uncouth case;
And by his person's secret seemlihd
Well wond' d, that he had been some man of
place.

Before misfortune did his hue deface:
That being moved with ruth she thus bespake.
Ah! woful man, what heaven's hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruel wight on thee yvrake,
Or self-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched
make?

If heaven, then none may it redress or blame,
Since to his power we all are subject born:
If wrathful wight, then foul rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that have so cruel thee forlorn;
But if through inward grief, or wilful scorn
Of life it be, then better do advise.
For, he whose days in wilful woe are worn,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thankless nig-
gardias.

When so he heard her say, oftsoons he brake
His sudden silence, which he long had pent,
And sighing inly deep, her thus bespake:
Then have they all themselves against me bent;
For heaven (first author of my languishment)
Envyng my too great felicity,
Did cloonly with a cruel one consent,
To cloud my days in doleful misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for
to die.

Nor any but yourself, O dearest dread,
Hath done this wrong; to wreak on worthless
wight

Your high displeasure, through misdeeming
bred:

That when your pleasure is to deem aright,
Ye may redress, and me restore to light.
Which sorry words her mighty heart did mate
With mild regard, to see his rueful plight,
That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,
And him received again to former favour's
state.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

127.—FABLE OF THE OAK AND THE
BRIAR.

There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometimes had it been,
With arms full strong and largely display'd,
But of her leaves they were disaray'd:
The body big and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
Whilom had been the king of the field,
And moebol mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine,
But now the gray moss marred his rime,
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decay'd, his branches sare.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Briere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the firmament:
It was embellisht with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wanted to repair.
The shepherd's daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlands with his colourres,
And in his small bushes used to shroud,
The sweet nightingale singing so loud,
Which made this foolish Briere wax so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And eneb the good Oak, for he was old.

Why stands there (quoth he) thou brutish
block?

Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
Seest how fresh my flowres been spread,
Died in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green
Colourres meet to cloath a maiden queen?
Thy waste bigness but cumberes the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round:
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth;
My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth:
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.
So spake this bold Briere with great disdain,
Little him answer'd the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adaw'd,
That of a weed he was over-craw'd.

It chanced after upon a day,
The husband-man's self to come that way,
Of custom to surview his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round;
Him when the spiteful Briere had espied,
Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife;
O my liege Lord! the god of my life,
Please you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
And but your goodness the same recure,
And like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rosted the good man on the lee,
And bade the Briere in his planit proceed.
With painted words then gan this proud
weed

(As most usen ambitious folk)
His colour'd crime with craft to cloke.
Ah, my Sovereign! lord of creature all,
Thou place of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flow ring blossoms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in sommer-time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sare, whose branches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So best his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from wounds
wide.

Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your coronal;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more spight;
And of his hoary locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your godly head to asuage
The rancorous rigour of his might;
Nought ask I but only to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good enurance,
And praying to be guarded from grievance.

To this this Oak cast him to reply
Well as he couth; but his enemy
Had kindled such coals of displeasure,
That the good man nould stay his leisure,
But home him hasted with furious heat,
Increasing his wrath with many a threat;
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
And to the field alone he speedeth.
(Aye little help to harm there needeth)
Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
Encounter his rage might cooled be,
But to the root hent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain,
Seemed the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy aid did forbear;
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often crost with the priests' crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water dew;
But like fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this misery;
For nought might they quiten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The block oft groaned under his blow,
And sighted to see his near overthrow.
In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
Then down to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shrank under him, and seem'd to shake;

There lieth the Oak pitied of none.

Now stands the Briere like a lord alone,
Puff'd up with pride and vain pleasure:
But all this glee had no continuance:
For oftcoms winter gan to approach,
The blistering Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Briere,
For now no succour was seen him near.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heap'd snow bardned him so sore,
That now upright he can stand no more;
And being down is trod in the dirt
Of cattle, and broozed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Briere,
For soaring ead.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

128.—FROM THE EPITHALAMION.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phoebus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! now the cheerful birds do chaunt their lays,

And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies: the mavis descant plays;
The osel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
When meeter were that you should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasure to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams

More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight;
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,

In *Jove's* sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,

The which do still adorn her beauties' pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore wall away;
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day.
The joyfull st day that ever sun did see,
Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phoebus! father of the Muse:
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy overweening praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

From 1558 to 1649.]

THE HOUSE OF RICHES.

[EDMUND SPENSER.]

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phoebe, from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her becoms, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers
atween,

Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
No dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.

Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo
ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before ?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace, and virtue's
store ;

Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath
rudded.

Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudged.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo
ring ?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sprit,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that
sight,

And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's maseful head.

There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chas-
tity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty ;
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will ;
No thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods would answer, and your
echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,

For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view :
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces :
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make ;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo
ring.

Behold while she before the altar stands,
Hearing the ho's, priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stains,
Like crimson dyed in grain ;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Of peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not a look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unscud.
Why blush you, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band ?
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo
ring.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

129.—THE HOUSE OF RICHES.

That house's form within was rude and strong,
Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky cliff,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches
hung

Embossed with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metal loaded every rift,
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat ;
And over them Amalthe high did lit
Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,
Enwrapped in foul smoke and clouds more
black than jet.

Both roof, and floor, and walls, were all of
gold,

But overgrown with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof : for view of cheerful day-
Did never in that house itself display,
But a faint shadow of uncertain light ;
Such as a lamp whose life does fade away ;
Or as the Moon, clothed with cloudy night,
Does show to him that walks in fear and sad
affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
 But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,
 All barred with double bands, that none could
 ween
 Them to enforce by violence or wrong ;
 On every side they placéd were along.
 But all the ground with skulls was scatteréd
 And dead men's bones, which round about
 were flung ;
 Whose lives, it seeméd, whilome there were
 shed,
 And their vile carcases now left unburied.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

130.—THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in Heaven ? And is there
 love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move ?
 There is —also much more wretched were the
 case
 Of men than beasts : But O ! th' exceeding
 grace
 Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked
 foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want !
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The fitting skies, like flying pèrsevant,
 Against foul fends to aid us militant !
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us
 plant ;

And all for love and nothing for reward :
 O why should heavenly God to men have such
 regard ?

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

131.—PRINCE ARTHUR'S ADDRESS TO NIGHT.

" Night ! thou foul mother of annoyance sad,
 Sister of heavy Death, and nurse of Woe,
 Which was begot in Heaven, but for thy bad
 And brutish shape thrust down to Hell below,
 Where, by the grim flood of Coeytus slow,
 Thy dwelling is in Erebus' black house,
 (Black Erebus, thy husband, is the foe
 Of all the gods,) where thou magnacious
 Half of thy days dost lead in horror hideous.

" What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee
 The world in his continual course to keep,
 That dost all things deface, nor lettest see
 The beauty of his work ? Indeed, in sleep
 The slothful body, that doth love to sleep
 His listless limbs, and draws his baser mind,
 Dost praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian
 deep

Calls thee his goddess, in his error blind.
 And great dame Nature's handmaid cheering
 every kind.

" But well I wot that to an heavy heart
 Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
 Breeder of new, renewer of old smart ;
 Instead of rest thou lendest railing tears ;
 Instead of sleep thou sendest troubles fears
 And dreadful visions, in the which alive
 The dreary image of sad Death appears :
 So from the weary spirit thou dost drive
 Desiréd rest, and men of happiness deprive.

" Under thy mantle black there hidden lie
 Light-shunning Theft, and traitorous Intent,
 Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
 Shameful Deceit, and Danger imminent,
 Fond Horror, and also hellish Dreariment ;
 All these I wot in thy protection be,
 And light do shun, for fear of being absent ;
 For light alike is loth'd of them and these ;
 And all, that lowliness love, do hate the light
 to see.

" For Day discovers all diabolous ways,
 And sheweth each thing as it is indeed :
 The praises of high God he fair displays,
 And his large bounty rightly doth areed :
 Day's dearest children be the blessed seed
 Which Darkness shall subdue and Heaven
 win :

Truth is his daughter ; he her first did breed,
 Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin :
 Our life is day ; but death with darkness
 doth begin."

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

132.—THE GARDEN OF ADONIS.

There is continual spring, and harvest there
 Continual, both meeting at one time :
 For both the boughs do laughing blossoms
 bear,

And with fresh colours deck the wanton
 prime,
 And she at once the heavy trees they climb,
 Which seem to labour under their fruit's load :
 The while the joyous birds make their
 pastime
 Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
 And their true loves without suspicion tell
 abroad.

Eight in the midst of that paradise
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round
 top
 A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
 But, like a girlond, compassed the height,
 And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did
 drop,
 That all the ground, with precious dew
 bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most
 sweet delight.

From 1558 to 1649.]

SONNETS.

[EDMUND SPENSER.]

And in the thickest covert of that shade
 There was a pleasant arbor, not by art
 But of the trees' own inclination made,
 Which knitting their rank branches part to
 part,
 With wanton ivy-twine entrail'd athwart,
 And eglantine and espriole among,
 Fashioned above within their inmost part,
 That neither Phoebus' beams could through
 them throng,
 Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any
 wrong.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

133.—THE BOWER OF BLISS.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
 Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does others happiness envy;
 The painted flowers, the trees upshoot'g high,
 The dales for shade, the hills for breathing
 space,
 The trampling groves, the crystal running by;
 And that which all fair works doth most ag-
 grace,
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in
 no place.
 One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
 That nature had for wantonness ensued
 Art, and that art at nature did repine;
 So striving each th' other to undermine,
 Each did the other's work more beautify;
 So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
 So all agreed through sweet diversity,
 This garden to adorn with all variety.
 And in the midst of all a fountain stood
 Of richest substance that on earth might be,
 So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
 Through every channel running one might
 see
 Most goodly it with curious imagery
 Was overwrought, and shap'd of naked boys,
 Of which some seem'd with lively jollity
 To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
 While others did embay themselves in liquid
 joys.
 And over all, of purest gold, was spread
 A trail of ivy in his native hue;
 For, the rich metal was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well advis'd it view,
 Would surely deem it to be ivy true:
 Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,
 While drops of crystal seem'd for wantonness
 to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
 Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantity,
 That like a little lake it seem'd to be;

Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
 That through the waves one might see the bottom
 see,
 All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
 That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail
 upright.

And all the margin round about was set
 With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
 The sunny beams, which on the billows beat,
 And those which therein bathed might offend.

▪ * * * * *
 Effects they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise be heard elsewhere:
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
 To read what manner music that might be:
 For all that pleasing is to living ear,
 Was there consorted in one harmony;
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all
 agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attemp'rd sweet;
 Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
 To th' instruments divine response meet;
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the water's fall:
 The water's fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
 The gentle warbling wind low answer'd to all.

The while some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
 "Ah sea, whose fair thing thou dost vain to
 see,
 In springing flower the image of thy day;
 Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems the less ye see her may;
 Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
 Her beared bosom she doth broad display;
 Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls
 away!

"So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
 Nor more doth flourish after first decay,
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and
 bower
 Of many a lady, and many a paramour;
 Gather therefore the rose, while yet is prime,
 For soon comes age, that will her pride de-
 flower:
 Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
 While loving thou mayst loved be with equal
 crime."

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

134.—SONNETS.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a breere;
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
 Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;

Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour
enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;
So, every sweet, with sour is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easy things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?
Edmund Spenser.—About 1560.

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days I have outworn,
And many nights that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn.
For, when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the noxious day would end;
And when as night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile.
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.
Edmund Spenser.—About 1560.

Like as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my Love,
And, wand'ring here and there, all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful
dove;
No joy of aught that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me but her own joyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can
move,
In her unspotted pleasures to delight.
Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.
Edmund Spenser.—About 1560.

135.—EARLY LOVE.

Ah, I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what
was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sigh'd
And look'd upon each other, and conceived
Not what we all'd, yet something we did all,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
These would we kiss, then sigh, then look:
and thus
In that first garden of our simplicity
We spent our childhood. But when years
began

To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then
Would she with sterner looks, with graver
brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness!
Yet still would give me flowers, still would
show
What she would have me, yet not have me
know.

Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

136.—THE INTRODUCTION OF FOREIGN
VICES DEPRECATED.

Let their vile cunning, in their limits pent,
Remain among themselves that like it most,
And let the north, they count of colder blood,
Be held more gross, so it remain more good.

Let them have fairer cities, goodlier soils,
And sweeter fields for beauty to the eye,
So long as they have these ungodly wiles,
Such detestable vile impiety.
And let us want their vines, their fruits the
whiles,
So that we want not faith or honesty.
We care not for these pleasures; so we may
Have better hearts and stronger hands than
they.

Neptune, keep out from thy embrac'd isle
This foul contagion of iniquity!
Drown all corruptions, coming to defile
Our fair proceedings, ordered formally.
Keep us mere English; let not craft beguile
Honour and justice with strange subtlety.
Let us not think how that our good can
france
That ruined hath the authors of the same.
Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

137.—RICHARD II.,

*The Morning before his Murder in Pomfret
Castle.*

Whether the soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the senses,
Foregoing ruin whereto it doth tend;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning
send,
By prophesying dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear.
However, so it is, the now sad king,
Toes'd here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lists not to eat, still mused, sleeps unbound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

From 1558 to 1649.]

AN EPISTLE.

[SAMUEL DANIEL.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where other's liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the
more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

O happy man, saith he, that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in these pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre
wields.

Thine, thine is that true life; that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

Thou sit'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of other's harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost enquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And piteest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part—envy not all.

Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the
more

To see our misery, and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

153.—AN EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS
OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so
strong,

As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:

What a fair seat hath he, from whence he
may

The boundless wastes and wilds of man
survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon those lower regions of turmoil?

Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power,
renown,

Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;

Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best fac'd enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not
be ill.

He sees the face of right t'appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes:
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he
checks.

The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near ally'd to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:

Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack
man,

And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath
prepar'd

A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of
man,

Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can

To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as
near

His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that hath carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,

As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that
mind

Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain!
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocence rests;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoices more in revenge,
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by being con-
temn'd.
Than being pursu'd; leaving to him t'avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

And how turnou'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from
thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Doteage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the
best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sun
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A short prepar'd, that faves no ill to come,
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tru'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done
his worst
To put it out by discords meet unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

139.—THE NOBILITY EXHORTED TO
THE PATRONAGE OF LEARNING.

You mighty lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand;
Keep a right course; bear up from all
disgrace;

Observe the point of glory to our land:

Hold up disgrac'd Knowledge from the
ground;

Keep Virtue in request: give worth her due,
Let not Neglect with barbarous means
confound

So fair a good, to bring in night a-new:

Be not, O be not necessary found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe
laid?—

In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
Your fathers' bones, and could not keep them
sure?

And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honour truer?

No, no; unsparring Time will proudly send
A warrant unto Wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mockeries of vain-glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungraced,
unknown:

Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own!

Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

140.—SONNETS.

I must not grieve, my love, whose eyes would
read

Lines of delight, whereon her youth might
smile;

Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the
while.

And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they
wither;

And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures
thither,

Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;

Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.

Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair:
Her brow shades frown, altho' her eyes are
sunny;

Her smiles are lightning, though her pride
despair;

And her disdain is gall, her favours honey.

From 1558 to 1649.]

MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH.

[MICHAEL DRAYTON.]

A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour,
Whose life's last drops his snowy breast
imbred;

The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
Sacred on earth; design'd a saint above;
Chastity and Beauty, which are deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow;
And had she Pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My muse had slept, and none had known my
mind.

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Believe my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wall their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Samuel Daniel.—About 1613.

141. — MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH,
AND THE QUEEN, SURPRISED BY
EDWARD III. IN NOTTINGHAM
CASTLE.

Within the castle hath the queen devised
A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,
As in the same she had imparadised
Almost what man by industry hath sought;
Where with the curious pencil was comprised
What could, with colours by the art be
wrought,

In the most sure place of the castle there,
Which she had named the Tower of Mor-
timer.

An orbial form with pillars small composed,
Which to the top like parallels do bear,
Arching the compass where they were in-
closed,

Fashioning the fair roof like the hemisphere,
In whose partitions by the lines disposed,
All the clear northern asterisms were
In their corporeal shapes with stars in-
chased,
As by th' old poets they in heaven were
placed.

About which lodgings, tow'rd's the upper face,
Ean a fine bordure circularly led,
As equal 'twixt the high'st point and the base,
That as a some the waist ingirdled,
That lends the sight a breathing, or a space,
'Twixt things near view and those far over head,
Under the which the painter's curious skill
In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

Here Phoebus clipping Hyacinthus stood,
Whose life's last drops his snowy breast
imbred,

The one's tears mixed with the other's blood,
That should't be blood or tears no sight could
view,

So mix'd together in a little flood;
Yet here and there they severally withdrew,
The pretty wood-nymphs chasing him with
balm,
To bring the sweet boy from his deadly
quail.

With the god's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,
His golden mantle cast upon the ground,
T' express whose grief Art ev'n her best did
show,

The sledge so shadow'd still seem'd to re-
bound,
To counterfeit the vigour of the blow,
As still to give new anguish to the wound;
The purple flower sprung from the blood
that run,
That op'ne'th since and closeth with the sun.

By which the heifer Io, Jove's fair rape,
Gazing her new-ta'en figure in a brook,
The water shadow'd to observe the shape
In the same form that she on it doth look.
So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'scape,
That gazing eyes the portraiture mistook,
By perspective devised beholding now,
This way a maiden, that way't seem'd a cow.

Swift Mercury, like to a shepherd's boy,
Sporting with Hebe by a fountain brim,
With many a sweet glance, many an am'rous
toy,

He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him;
Wherein the painter so explain'd their joy,
As though his skill the perfect life could limn.

Upon whose brows the water hung so clear,
As through the drops the fair skin might
appear.

And ciffy Cynthus with a thousand birds,
Whose freckled plumes adorn his bushy crown,
Under whose shadow graze the straggling herds,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling
down,

Dropping like fine pearl through his shaggy
beards,

With moss and climbing ivy over-grown;
The rock so lively done in every part,
As Nature could be patterned by Art.

The naked nymphs, some up and down de-
scending,

Small scatt'ring flowers at one another flung,
With nimble turns their limber bodies bonding,
Cropping the blooming branches lately sprung,
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles reud-
ing)

Which on the rocks grew here and there
among;

Some comb their hair, some making gar-
lands by,
As with delight might satisfy the eye.

There comes proud Phaeton tumbling through
the clouds,
Cast by his palfreys that their reins had broke,
And setting fire upon the walk'd shrouds,
Now through the heaven run madd'ning from
the yoke,
The elements together thrust in crowds,
Both land and sea hid in a reeking smoke;
Drawn with such life, as some did much
desire
To warm themselves, some frighted with
the fire.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,
His seven sisters standing in degreee,
Trees into women seeming to be turn'd,
As the gods turn'd the women into trees,
Both which at once so mutually that mourn'd,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from
their eyes;
The fire seem'd to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in showing of the same.

And to this lodging did the light invent,
That it should first a lateral course reflect,
Through a short room into the window sent,
Whence it should come expressively direct,
Holding just distance to the linesament,
And should the beams proportionably project,
And being thereby condensated and grave,
To every figure a sure colour gave.

In part of which, under a golden vine,
Whose broad-leaved branches o'ring over all,
Stood a rich bed, spread with this wanton
twine,
Doubling themselves in their lascivious fall,
Whose rip'nd clusters seeming to decline,
Where, as among the naked Cupids sprawl,
Some at the sundry-colour'd birds do shoot,
Some swarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

On which a tissue counterpane was cast,
Arachne's web the same did not surpass,
Wherein the story of his fortunes past
In lively pictures neatly handled was;
How he escaped the Tower, in France how
graced,
With stones embroider'd, of a wondrous mass;
About the border, in a curious fret,
Emblems, impress, hieroglyphics set.

This flatt'ring sunshine had begot the shower,
And the black clouds with such abundance
fed,

That for a wind they waited but the hour,
Wish force to let their fury on his head;
Which when it came, it came with such a
power.

As he could hardly have imagin'd.
But when men think they most in safety
stand,
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

For to that largeness they increased were,
That Edward felt March heavy on his throne,
Whose props no longer both of them could bear;
Two for one seat, that over-great were grown,

Prepost'rously that moved in one sphere,
And to the like predominancy prone,

That the young king down Mortimer must
cast,

If he himself would s'er hope to sit fast.

Who finding the necessity was such,
That urg'd him still th' assaunt to undertake,
And yet his person it might nearly touch,
Should he too soon his sleeping power awake:
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was so much,
Drove him at length a secret means to make,
Whereby he might the enterprise effect,
And hurt him most, where he did least
suspect.

Without the castle, in the earth is found
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus' cell,
In strange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,
Which with such fear and horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into hell;
By architects to serve the castle made,
When as the Danes this island did invade.

Now on along the cranking path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up another way,
Rising tow'rd's day, then falling tow'rd's the
deep,

On a smooth level then itself doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay;
Till in the castle, in an odd by-place,
It casts the foul mask from its danky face.

By which the king, with a selected crew
Of such as he with his intent appointed,
Which he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of Edward had not faint'd,
That to their utmost would the cause pursue,
And with those treasons that had not been
tainted,
Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,
To rouse the beast which kept them all
by.

Long after Phoebus took his lab'ring team,
To his pale sister and resign'd his place,
To wash his temples in the open stream,
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;
And Phoebe, scanted of her brother's beams,
Into the west went after his space,
Losing black darkness to possess the sky,
To fit the time of that black tragedy.

What time by torch-light they attempt the
cave,

Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;

Which, striving their pre-eminence to have,
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight.

That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkness light, and light but darkness
were.

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,
Made as their passages they would have denied,
And threat'nd them their journey to forestow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,

From 1558 to 1646.]

MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH.

[MICHAEL DRAYTON.]

And sadly seem'd their discontent to show
To the vile hand that did them first divide;
Whose cumbersome falls and risings seem'd to
say,
So ill an action could not brook the day.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their shadows then them following at their
back,
Were like to mourners carrying forth their
dead.

And as the deed, so were they, ugly, black,
Or like to fends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to bloodshed and to wrack;
Whilst the light look'd as it had been
amazed

At their deformed shapes, whereon it gazed.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to
chide,

As they would reason wherefore they should
wound,

And struck the cave in passing on each side,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
That it an act so pitiless should hide;

Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,
And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
As willing them from murder to refrain.

The night was'd old (not dreaming of these
things)

And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,
To whom a choice musician plays and sings,
Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,
In night-attire more god-like glittering,
Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,
Leaning upon her most-loved Mortimer,
Whose voice, more than the music, pleased
her ear.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,
And Venus' swans and milky doves were set
Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;
Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth
get,

He lost his way, nor back again could go,
But with those banks of beauty set about,
He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word too
base!

Nay, more than tin, but so to name her hair)
Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,
No word is fair enough for thing so fair,
Nor ever was there epithet could grace
That, by much praising which we much
impraise;

And where the pen fails, pencils cannot
show it,
Only the soul may be supposed to know it.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
The Gods' pure sceptres and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tiger
meet,
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;

So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lily for a glove;
As might beget life where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire of precious wood; the light perfume,
Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
As everything did to itself assume
The scent from them, and made the same their
own:

So that the painted flowers within the room
Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;
The light gave colours, which upon them
fell,
And to the colours the perfume gave small.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,
And from one piece they to another run,
Commend that face, that arm, that hand,
those eyes;

Show how that bird, how well that flower was
done;

How this part shadow'd, and how that did
rise,—

This top was clouded, how that trail was
spun,—

The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,
And in that art a thousand curious things;

Looking upon proud Phaeton wrapt in fire,
The gentle queen did much bewail his fall;
But Mortimer commended his desire,
To lose one poor life, or to govern all:

"What though (quoth he) he madly did
aspire,

And his great mind made him proud Fortune's
thrall?

Yet in despite, when she her worst had
done,
He periah'd in the chariot of the sun."

"Phoebus (she said) was over-forc'd by art;
Nor could she find how that embrace could
be."

But Mortimer then took the painter's part:
"Why thus, bright empress, thus and thus
(quoth he);

That hand doth hold his back, and this his
heart;

Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips,
you see:

Now are you Phoebus, Hyacinthus I;
It were a life, thus every hour to die."

When, by that time, into the castle-hall
Was rudely enter'd that wall-armed rout,
And they within suspecting nought at all,
Had then no guard to watch for them without.
See how mischances suddenly do fall,

And steal upon us, being farth' st from doubt!
Our life's uncertain, and our death is sure,
And tow'rd's most peril man is most secure.

Whilst youthful Neville and brave Turrington,
To the bright queen that ever waited near,
Two with great March much credit that had
won,
That in the lobby with the ladies were,

Staying delight, whilst time away did run,
With such discourse as women love to hear;
Charged on the sudden by the armed train,
Were at their entrance miserably slain.

When, as from snow-crown'd Skidow's lofty
cliffs,

Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rd's her prey-
ing hour,

Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard
drives,

And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth
sow'r,

Whilst to regain her former height she strives,
The fearful fowl all prostrate to her power:

Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout the
vault,

Made by the women at the fierce assault.

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

142. — DESCRIPTION OF MORNING, BIRDS, AND HUNTING THE DEER.

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the win-
ter's wave,

No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom
brave,

At such time as the year brings on the pleas-
ant spring,

But hunts-up to the morn the feather'd syl-
van sing:

And in the lower-grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting
pole,

Those quiristers are percht with many a
speckled breast.

Then from her burniaht gate the goodly
gilt'ring east,

Glids every lofty top, which late the humor-
ous night

Bespangled had with pearl, to please the
morning's sight:

On which the mirthful quires, with their clear
open throats,

Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling
notes,

That hills and valleys ring, and even the
echoing air

Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them
everywhere.

The thronie, with shrill sharps; as purposely
he sung

T' awake the listless sun; or chiding, that so
long

He was in coming forth, that should the
thickete thrill;

The woodcock near at hand, that hath a golden
bill;

As nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us
see

That from all other birds his tunes should
different be:

For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to
pleasant May;

Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.

When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard
by,

In such lamenting strains the joyfull hours
doth ply,

As though the other birds she to her tunes
would draw

And, but that nature (by her all-constraining
law)

Each bird to her own kind this season doth
invite,

They else, alone to hear that charmer of the
night,

(The more to use their ears) their voices sure
would spare,

That modleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of
her.

To Philomel the next, the limnet we prefer:
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark
places we then,

The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast,
and the wren,

The yellow-pate; which though she hurt the
blooming tree,

Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these charming fowls, the goldfinch
not behind.

That hath so many sorts descending from her
kind.

The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing heeoe, then the counterfeiting
jay,

The softer with the shrill (some hid among
the leaves,

Some in the taller trees, some in the lower
grooves)

Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting
sun

Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head
hath run,

And through the twisted tops of our close
covert creeps

To kiss the gentle shade, this while that
sweetly sleeps.

And near to these our thickets, the wild and
frightful herds,

Not hearing other noise but this of chattering
birds,

Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of sea-
son'd deer:

Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow
there;

The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rae-
cals strew'd,

As sometime gallant spirits amongst the mul-
titude.

Of all the beasts which we for our vene-
rial name,

The Hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest
game:

Of which most princely chase with none did
e'er report,

Or by description touch, t' express that won-
drous sport



HUNTING THE DEER.

"He rusheth out and through the brakes doth drive,
As though up by the roots the bushes he would rise."

[Poem 14^c.

(Yet might have well bescem'd th' ancient nobler songs)
 To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs;
 Yet shall she not invoke the muses to her aid;
 But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:
 In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady grove,
 Which oft has borne thy bow (great huntress, used to rove)
 At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
 The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger fierce;
 And following thy fleet game, chase mighty forest's queen,
 With thy dishevel'd nymphs attired in youthful green,
 About the lawns hast 'scour'd, and wastes both far and near,
 Brave huntress; but no beast shall prove thy quarries here;
 Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,
 The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
 Is fitt'et to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds
 The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds
 Where harbour'd is the hart; there often from his feed
 The dogs of him do find; or thorough skillful head,
 The huntsman by his slot, or breaking earth, percusive,
 On cutting of the thick by pressing of the grooves,
 Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth hear
 The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret lair,
 He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,
 As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.
 And through the cumbersome thicks, as fearfully he makes,
 He with his branched head the tender saplings shakes,
 That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to weep;
 When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,
 That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring place:
 And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
 Reclating with his horn, which then the hunter cheers,
 Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palm'd head upbears,
 His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,
 Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his flight.

But when th' approaching foes still following he perceives
 That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves:
 And o'er the champain flies: which when th' assembly find,
 Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind.
 But being then imbost, the noble stately deer
 When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arrear)
 Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil;
 That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil,
 And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag-wool'd sheep,
 Them frightening from the guard of those who had their keep.
 But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
 Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries;
 Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he letteth stand
 T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in hand,
 The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth hallo:
 When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntmen follow;
 Until the noble deer, through toil bereaved of strength,
 His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length,
 The villages attempts, enraged, not giving way
 To anything he meets now at his sad decay.
 The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,
 This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but fear,
 Some bank or quickset finds: to which his haunch opposed,
 He turns upon his foes, that soon have him inclosed.
 The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
 And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
 With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.

The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds,
 He desperately assails; until oppress by force,
 He who the mourner is to his own dying woes,
 Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.

Michael Drayton.—About 1612.

143.—THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance

Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kense, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched toward Agincourt

In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gon'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide

To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
Thought they to one be ten,

Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun,
Batles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.

Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth he slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Pottiers and Cressy fell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.

No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the royal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager reward led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his beachmen.

Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;

That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing many parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbous drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound rent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent,
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up,
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

144.—DAVID AND GOLIAH.

And now before young David could come in,
The host of Israel somewhat doth begin
To rouse itself; some climb the nearest tree,
And some the tops of tents, whence they
might see
How this unarmed youth himself would bear
Against the all-armed giant (which they fear):
Some got up to the fronts of easy hills;
That by their motion a vast murmur fills
The neighbouring valleys, that the enemy
thought
Something would by the Israelites be wrought
They had not heard of, and they longed to see
What strange and warlike stratagem 't should
be.

When soon they saw a goodly youth descend,
Himself alone, none after to attend,
That at his need with arms might him supply,
As merely careless of his enemy:
His head uncovered, and his locks of hair
As he came on being played with by the air,
Tossed to and fro, did with such pleasure
move,

As they had been provocatives for love:
His sleeves stript up above his elbows were,
And in his hand a stiff short staff did bear,
Which by the leather to it, and the string,
They easily might discern to be a sling,
Smiting to these he wore a shepherd's scrip,
Which from his side hung down upon his hip.
Those for a champion that did him disdain,
Cast with themselves what such a thing
should mean;

Some seeing him so wonderously fair
(As in their eyes he stood beyond compare),
Their verdict gave that they had sent him sure
As a choice bait their champion to allure;
Others again, of judgment more precise,
Said they had sent him for a sacrifice.
And though he seemed thus to be very young,
Yet was he well proportioned and strong,
And with a comely and undaunted grace,
Holding a steady and most even pace,
This way nor that way, never stood to gaze;
But like a man that death could not amaze,
Came close up to Goliath, and so near
As he might easily reach him with his spear.

Which when Goliath saw, "Why, boy,"
quoth he,
"Thou desperate youth, thou tak'st me sure
to be
Some dog, I think, and under thy command,
That thus art come to beat me with a wand:
The kites and ravens are not far away,
Nor beasts of ravine, that shall make a prey
Of a poor corpse, which they from me shall
have,

And their foul bowels shall be all thy grave."
"Uncircumcised slave," quoth David then,
"That for thy shape, the monster art of men:
Thou thus in brass comest arm'd into the field,
And thy huge spear of brass, of brass thy
shield:-

I in the name of Israel's God alone,
That more than mighty, that eternal One,
Am come to meet thee, who bids not to fear,
Nor once respect the arms that thou dost bear.
Slave, mark the earth whereon thou now dost
stand;

I'll make thy length to measure so much land,
As thou liest grov'ling, and within this hour
The birds and beasts thy carcass shall devour."

In meantime David, looking in his face,
Between his temples, saw how large a space
He was to hit, steps back a yard or two,
The giant wond'ring what the youth would do:
Whose nimble hand out of his scrip doth
bring

A pebble-stone, and puts it in his sling;
At which the giant openly doth jeer.

And as in scorn, stands leaning on his spear,
Which gives young David much content to see,
And to himself thus secretly saith he:
"Stand but one minute still, stand but so fast,
And have at all Philistia at a cast."

Then with such sleight the shot away he sent,
That from his sling as 't had been lightning
went;

And him so full upon the forehead smit,
Which gave a crack, when his thick scalp it
hit.

As 't had been thrown against some rook or
post,
That the shrill clap was heard through either
host.

Staggering awhile upon his spear he leant,
Till on a sudden he began to faint;
When down he came, like an old o'ergrown
oak,

His huge root hewn up by the labourers'
stroke,
That with his very weight he shook the
ground;

His brazen armour gave a jarring sound
Like a crack'd bell, or vessel chanced to fall
From some high place, which did like death
appal

The proud Philistines (hopeless that remain),
To see their champion, great Goliath, slain:
When such a shout the host of Israel gave,
As cleft the clouds; and like to men that rave
(O'ercome with comfort) cry, "The boy, the
boy!"

O the brave David, Israel's only joy!
God's chosen champion! O most wondrous
thing!

The great Goliath slain with a poor sling!
Themselves encompass, nor can they contain;
Now are they silent, then they shout again.
Of which no notice David seems to take,
But towards the body of the dead doth make,
With a fair comely gait; nor doth he run,
As though he gloried in what he had done;
But treading on the uncircumcised dead,
With his foot strikes the helmet from his
head;

Which with the sword ta'en from the giant's
side,
He from the body quickly doth divide.

Now the Philistines, at this fearful sight,
Leaving their arms, betake themselves to
flight,

Quitting their tents, nor dare a minute stay ;
Time wants to carry any thing away,
Being strongly routed with a general fear ;
Yet in pursuit Saul's army strikes the rear
To Ekron walls, and slew them as they fled,
That Sharam's plains lay cover'd with the
dead ;

And having put the Philistines to foil,
Back to the tents retire, and take the spoil
Of what they left ; and ransacking, they cry,
" A David, David, and the victory ! "

When straightway Saul his general, Abner,
sent

For valiant David, that incontinent
He should repair to court ; at whose command
He comes along, and beareth in his hand
The giant's head, by the long hair of his
crown,

Which by his active knee hung dangling down.
And through the army as he comes along,
To gaze upon him the glad soldiers throng :
Some do instyle him Israel's only light,
And other some the valiant Bethlehemite.
With congees all salute him as he past,
And upon him their gracious glances cast :
He was thought base of him that did not
wear

Nothing but David, David, through the host.
The virgins to their timbrels frame their lays
Of him ; till Saul grew jealous of his praise.

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

145.—TO HIS COY LOVE.

I pray thee, love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me ;
I but in vain that maid adore,
That can, but will not save me :
These poor half kisses kill me quite ;
Was ever man thus served ?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd,
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell !
By me thou art prevented ;
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

Chide me no more in those dear arms
Nor thy life's comfort call me ;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coil about thee ;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

146.—BALLAD OF DOWSABEL.

Far in the country of Arlen,
There wou'd a knight, hight Casamon,
As bold as Isenbras :

Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.
He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleped Dowsabel,
A maiden fair and free.

And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was yocund the leir
Of mickle courtesy.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,

And with the needle work
And she couth help the priest to say
His matins on a holy-day.

And sing a psalm in kirk.
She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,

Which seemly was to see ;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,

I wrought full festonally.
Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,

And lythe as lawn of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow, on Peakish Hull,

Or swan that swims in Trent.
This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,

To get sweet aseywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-smock,
To deck her summer hall.

Thus as she wander'd here and there,
And picked off the bloomy brier,
She chanced to seey

A shepherd sitting on a bank ;
Like chauncieer he crowned crank,
And piped full merrily.

He learn'd his sheep, as he him list,
When he wou'd whistle in his fist,
To feed about him round ;

Whilst he full many a carol sang,
Untill the fields and meadows rang,
And all the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherd swain
Was like the bellias Tenserian,
Which held proud kings in awe ;

But meek as any lamb might be ;
And innocent of ill as he
Whom his lewd brother slaw.

The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the finest lock,
That could be cut with aker.

His mittens were of bassons' skin,
His sockers were of cordwin,
His hood of miniver.

His awl and lincard in a thong,
His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
His breech of Coimres bine.

Full crisp and curled were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
So like a lover true.
And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popinjay,
Which liked Dowsabel:
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love-longing fell.
At length she tucked up her frock,
White as a lily was her smock,
She drew the shepherd nigh:
But then the shepherd piped a good,
That all his sheep forsook their food,
To hear this melody.
Thy sheep, quoth she, cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd swain,
That which can pipe so well.
Yes, but (saith he) their shepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel.
Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,
Quoth she: look well unto thy sheep,
Lest they should hap to stray.
Quoth he, so had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel.
Come forth to gather May.
With that she 'gan to veil her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she said.
With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid.
Saith she, I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer hall undight,
And all for love of thee.
My oote, saith he, nor yet my fold,
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
Except thou favour me.
Saith she, yet lever I were dead,
Than I should lose my maidenhead,
And all for love of men.
Saith he, yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then.
And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Rosalind,
Of courtesy the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth she,
As ever maiden yet might be,
Unto her paramour.
With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepherd knelt she,
And him she sweetly kist.
With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy;
Quoth he, there's never shepherd's boy
That ever was so blest.

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

147.—SONNET.

In pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my labouring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;

With those the thronged theatres that press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove,
Where the full praise, I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move.
With shouts and claps, at every little pause,
When the proud round on every side hath
rung,
Sadly I sit unmoved with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No public glory vainly I pursue;
The praise I strive, is to eternize you.

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

148.—DESCRIPTION OF ARMIDA AND
HER ENCHANTED GIRDLE.

And with that word she smiled, and ne'erthe-
less
Her love-toys still she used, and pleasures
bold:
Her hair (that done) she twisted up intress,
And looser looks in silken laces roll'd;
Her curls, garland-wise, she did up dress,
Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold,
The twisted flow'rets smiled, and her white
breast
The lilies there that spring with roses drest.
The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
The eyed feathers of his pompous train;
Nor golden Iris so bands in the air
Her twenty-coloured bow, through clouds of
rain:
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
Her girdle did in price and beauty stain;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Gulls
lost,
Nor Venus' oestus could match this for cost.
Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad
regret;
Sighs, sorrows, tears, embracements, kisses
dear,
That, mixed first, by weight and measures
meet;
Then, at an easy fire, attempted were:
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,
And, when she would be loved, wore the same.

Edward Fairfax.—About 1600.

149.—RINALDO AT MOUNT OLIVET,
AND THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

It was the time when 'gainst the breaking day
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repin'd;
For in the east appear'd the morning gray,
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace
shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eyes he twined,

Night's shadows hence, from thence the
morning's shine;
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this
divine.

Thus to himself he thought: how many bright
And splendid lamps shine in heaven's temple
high:

Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fix'd and wand'ring stars the azure
sky;

So framed all by their Creator's might,
That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall
die,

Till, in a moment, with the last day's
brand
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and
land.

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,
And there kneel'd down with reverence and
fear:

His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent;
His thoughts above all heavens up-lifted
were:

The sins and errors, which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall,
And purge my faults and my offences all.

Thus prayed he; with purple wings up-flew
In golden weed the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding, with the radiant beams she threw,
His helm, his harness, and the mountain
green:

Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breathed un-
seen;

And o'er his head, let down from clearest
skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there
flics:

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,
To which compared, his clothes pale ashen
seem.

And sprinkled so, that all that paleness fled,
And thence of purest white bright rays out-
stream:

So cheered are the flowers, late withered,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam;
And so, return'd to youth, a serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed
The prince perceived well and long admired;
Toward the forest march'd he on with speed,
Resolved, as such adventures great required:
Tutcher he came, whence shrinking back for
dread

Of that strange desert's sight, the first re-
tired;

But not to him fearful or loathsome made
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant
shade.

Forward he pass'd, and in the grove before
He heard a sound, that strange, sweet, pleas-
ing was;

There roll'd a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sigh'd the winds, as through the leaves
they pass;

There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,
There sung the swan, and singing died, alas!

There lute, harp, cittern, human voice, he
heard,
And all these sounds one sound right well
declared.

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well nigh that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and syrens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters, sing with sweet
consent;

Whereat amazed, he stay'd, and well prepared
For his defence, heedful and slow forth went;
Nor in his way his passage ought withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood.

On the green banks, which that fair stream
inbound,

Flowers and odours sweetly smiled and
smell'd,

Which reaching out his stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one chanced passage
found:

This in the wood, in that the forest dwell'd:
Trees clad the streams, streams green those
trees eye made,
And so exchanged their moisture and their
shade.

The knight some way sought out the flood to
pass,

And as he sought, a wondrous bridge appear'd;
A bridge of gold, an huge and mighty mass,
On arches great of that rich metal rear'd:

When through that golden way he enter'd
was,
Down fell the bridge; swelled the stream, and
wear'd

The work away, nor sign left, where it
stood,
And of a river calm became a flood.

He turn'd, amazed to see it troubled so,
Like sudden brooks, increased with molten
snow;

The billows fierce, that tossed to and fro,
The whirlpools suck'd down to their bosoms
low;

But on he went to search for wonders more,
Through the thick trees, there high and broad
which grow;

And in that forest huge, and desert wide,
The more he sought, more wonders still he
spied.

Where'er he stopp'd, it seem'd the joyful
ground

Renew'd the verdure of her flowery weed;
A fountain here, a well-spring there he found;
Here bud the roses, there the lilies spread:

The aged wood o'er and about him round
 Flourish'd with blossoms new, new leaves, new
 seed ;
 And on the boughs and branches of those
 trees
 The bark was soften'd, and renew'd the
 green.

The manna on each leaf did pearled lie ;
 The honey stilled from the tender rind :
 Again he heard that wondrous harmony
 Of songs and sweet complaints of lovers kind ;
 The human voices sung a treble high,
 To which respond the birds, the streams, the
 wind ;

But yet unseen those nymphs, those singers
 were,
 Unseen the lutes, harps, viols which they
 bear.

He look'd, he listen'd, yet his thoughts de-
 nied
 To think that true, which he did hear and
 see :

A myrtle in an ample plain he spied,
 And thither by a beaten path went he ;
 The myrtle spread her mighty branches wide,
 Higher than pine, or palm, or cypress tree,
 And far above all other plants were seen
 That forest's lady, and that desert's queen.

Upon the tree his eyes Rinaldo bent,
 And there a marvel great and strange began ;
 An aged oak beside him cleft and rent,
 And from his fertile, hollow womb, forth
 ran,

Clad in rare weeds and strange habiliment,
 A nymph, for age able to go to man ;
 An hundred plants beside, even in his sight,
 Chilled an hundred nymphs, so great, so
 dight.

Such as on stages play, such as we see
 The dryads painted, whom wild satyrs love,
 Whose arms half naked, locks ntruss'd be,
 With brankins lac'd on their legs above,
 And silken robes tuck'd short above their
 knees,
 Such seem'd the sylvan daughters of this
 grove ;

Save that, instead of shafts and bows of
 tree,
 She bore a lute, a harp or cittern she ;

And wantonly they cast them in a ring,
 And sung and danced to move his weaker
 sense,

Rinaldo round about environing,
 As does its centre the circumference ;
 The tree they compass'd ake, and gan to
 sing :

That woods and streams admired their excel-
 lence—

Welcome, dear Lord, welcome to this sweet
 grove ;
 Welcome, our lady's hope ; welcome, her
 love !

Thou comest to cure our princess, faint and
 sick

For love, for love of thee, faint, sick, dis-
 tress'd ;

Late black, late dreadful was this forest thick,
 Fit dwelling for sad folk, with grief op-
 press'd ;

See, with thy coming how the branches quick
 Revived are, and in new blossoms dress'd !
 This was their song ; and after from it went
 First a sweet sound, and then the myrtle
 rant.

If antique times admired Silenus old,
 Who oft appear'd set on his lassy ass,
 How oft appear'd they wonder, if they had beheld
 Such sights as from the myrtle high did pass !
 Thence came a lady fair with locks of gold,
 That like in shape, in face, and beauty was
 To fair Armida ; Rinaldo thinks he spies
 Her gestures, smiles, and glances of her
 eyes.

On him a sad and smiling look she cast,
 Which twenty passions strange at once be-
 trays.

And as'then come, quoth she, return'd at
 last
 To her, from whom but late thou ran'st thy
 ways ?

Comest thou to comfort me for sorrows past,
 To ease my widow nights, and careful days ?
 Or comest thou to work me grief and harm ?
 Why wilt thou speak, why not thy face
 disarm ?

Comest thou a friend or foe ? I did not frame
 That golden bridge to entertain my foe ;
 Nor open'd fountains and fountains as you
 came,
 To welcome him with joy, who brings me
 woe.

Put off thy helm : rejoice me with the flame
 Of thy bright eyes, whence first my fires did
 grow ;

Kiss me, embrace me ; if you further ven-
 ture,

Love keeps the gate, the fort is eath to
 enter.

Thus as she woos, she rolls her rueful eyes
 With piteous look, and changeth oft her cheer ;
 An hundred sighs from her false heart up-fly ;
 She sobs, she mourns, it is great ruth to hear :
 The hardest breast sweet pity mollifies ;
 What stony heart resists a woman's tear ?

But yet the knight, wise, wary, not unkind,
 Drew forth his sword, and from her careless
 thrined.

Towards the tree he march'd ; she thither
 start,

Before him stepp'd, embrac'd the plant, and
 cry'd,—

Ah ! never do me such a spiteful part,
 To out my tree, this forest's joy and pride ;

Put up thy sword, else pierce therewith the heart
Of thy forsaken and despised Armide;
For through this breast, and through this heart, unkind,
To this fair tree thy sword shall passage find.

He lift his brand, nor cared, though oft she pray'd,
And she her form to other shape did change;
Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:
Her body swell'd, her face obscure was made;
Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange;
A gigantee before him high she stands,
Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands.

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright,
She threaten'd death, she roar'd, she cry'd and fought;
Each other nymph, in armour likewise dight,
A Cyclops great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,
Which groan'd like living souls to death nigh brought;
The sky seem'd Pluto's court, the air seem'd hell,
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell:

Lighten'd the heaven above, the earth below
Roared aloud; that thunder'd, and this shook:
Bluster'd the tempests strong; the whirlwinds blow;
The bitter storm drove hailstones in his look;
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,
Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended;
Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

The heavens grew clear, the air was'd calm and still,
The wood returned to its wonted state,
Of witchcrafts free, quite void of spirits ill,
Of horror full, but horror there innate:
He further tried, if aught withstood his will
To cut those trees, as did the charms of late,
And finding nought to stop him, smiled and said—

O shadows vain! O fools, of shades afraid!

From thence home to the camp-ward turn'd the knight;
The hermit cry'd, up-starting from his seat,
Now of the wood the charms have lost their might;
The sprites are conquer'd, ended is the feast;

See where he comes!—Array'd in glittering white
Appear'd the man, bold, stately, high and great;
His eagle's silver wings to shine begun
With wondrous splendour 'gainst the golden sun.

The camp received him with a joyful cry.—
A cry, the hills and dales about that fill'd:
Then Godfrey welcomed him with honours high;
His glory quench'd all spite, all envy kill'd:
To yonder dreadful grove, quoth he, went I,
And from the fearful wood, as me you will,
Have driven the sprites away; thither let be
Your people sent, the way is safe and free.

Edward Fairfax.—About 1600.

150.—OF TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
For if it prosper none dare call it treason.

Sir John Harrington.—About 1607.

151.—OF FORTUNE.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

Sir John Harrington.—About 1607.

152.—OF WRITERS WHO CARE AT OTHER MEN'S BOOKS.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest:
But what care I? for when I make a feast
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

Sir John Harrington.—About 1607.

153.—OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing—
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing—
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance.
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful number,
Of sundry colour'd silks display'd a banner
Which he had stolen, and wash'd, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great practitioner:
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he show'd great reformation;
He walk'd meekly, he talk'd meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vow'd to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but truly;

And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His mat for that day on the eve was drest ;
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done (I scant can tell the rest for laughter)
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three
quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff ;
His man, erring it, said in derision,
Master, remember how you saw the vision !
Peace, knave ! quoth he, I did not see one rag
Of such a colour'd silk in all the flag.

Sir John Harrington.—About 1607.

154.—CONSTITUTIONAL LIMITATION
OF DESPOTISM.

Crowns, therefore keep your oaths of corona-
tion,
Succession frees no tyranny from those ;
Faith is the balance of power's reputation ;
That circle broken, where can man repose ?
Since sceptre pledges, which should be
sincere,
By one false act grow bankrupt every where.
Make not men's conscience, wealth, and
liberty,
Servile, without book, to unbounded will ;
Procrustes like he racks humanity,
That in power's own mould casts their good
will ;
And slaves men must be by the sway of
time,
When tyranny continues thus sublime.

* * *

Yet above all these, tyrants must have care
To cherish these assemblies of estate
Which in great monarchies true glasses are,
To show men's grief, excesses to abate,
Brave moulds for laws, a medium that in
one
Joins with content a people to the throne.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.—About 1620.

155.—IMAGINATION.

Knowledge's next organ is imagination ;
A glass, wherein the object of our senses
Ought to respect true height, or declination,
For understanding's clear intelligence ;
But this power also hath her variation,
Fixed in some, in some with difference :
In all, so shadowed with self-application,
As makes her pictures still too foul, or faint ;
Not like the life in lineament or air.

This power, besides, always cannot receive
What sense reports, but what th' affections
please

To admit ; and, as those princes that do leave
Their state in trust to men corrupt with ease,
False in their faith, or but to faction friend,
The truth of things can scarcely compre-
hend ;

So must th' imagination from the sense
Be misinformed, while our affections cast
False shapes and forms on their intelligence,
And to keep out true intromission thence,
Abstracts the imagination or distates,
With images pre-occupately plac'd.

Hence our desires, fears, hopes, love, hate,
and sorrow,
In fancy make us hear, feel, see impressions,
Such as out of our sense they do not borrow ;
And are the efficient cause, the true progres-
sion

.Of sleeping visions, idle phantasms waking,
Life, dreams, and knowledge, apparitions
making.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.—About 1620.

156.—OF CHURCH.

Thus having in few images express'd
The effect which each extremity brings forth,
Within mans nature, to disturb mans rest ;
What enemies again they be to worth,
As either gyves, which freedom do restrain,
Or jubiles which let confusion reign.
There rests to shew, what these degrees of
vice
Work, when they fit be to the moulds of
might ;
As what relation to the prejudice,
Or help they yeeld of universal right ;
Vice getting forces far above her own,
When it spreads from a person to a throne.

For as in prince's natures, if there be
An audit taken, what each kind of passion
Works and by what usurp'd authority,
Order and reason's peace they do disfashion ;
Within man's little world, it proves the
same
Which of pow'r's great world doth confound
the frame.

Whence spread kings self-love into church or
law,

Pulpit and bar straight feel corrupted might,
Which bounded will not be, much less in awe,
Of heavenly censure, or of earthly right :

Besides creation and each other part
Withers, when pow'r turns nature into art

For as between the object and our senses
Look where the mediums do prove dim or
clear,

Mens minds receive forms of intelligence,
Which makes things either fair or foul appear ;
So between powers lust, and peoples right,
The mediums help to clear or dasel light.

Therefore to let down these high pillar'd
 thrones
 To lower orbs where prince and people mixe,
 As ohnour, laws, commerce, rights, well temper'd
 zones,
 Where neither part extremity can fix,
 Either to bind transcendence by constraint,
 Or spoil mankind of all rights but coun-
 plainit.

And where by this well-balloancing of might,
 Regalities of crowns stand undecoln'd,
 Whose beings are not to be infinite,
 And so of greater price than all mankind;
 But in desire and function temper'd so
 As they may current with their people go.

When Theopompus, Lacedaemons king
 Had rais'd up a plebeian magistrate,
 (Like Roman tribunes) which the soaring wing
 Of sovereign excesses might abate;

He therein saw, although he bound his
 child,
 Yet in a less room he did surer build.

For infinite ambition to extend
 The bounds of pow'r (which finite pow'rs must
 wald)

As vain is, as desire to comprehend,
 And plant eternity in nature's field;
 Whereby the idle, and the over-doing
 Alike run on, their own destruction wing.

Active then yet without excess of spirit,
 Strong princes must be in their government,
 Their influence in every thing of merit,
 Not with an idle, glorious name content,
 But quick in nimble use, and change of
 wombs,
 Which else prove peoples snares and princes
 tombs.

Placing the first foundation of their reigns
 Upon that frame, which all frames else ex-
 ceeds;

Religion, by whose name the scepter gains
 More of the world, and greater reverence
 breeds
 In forrainer, and home-bred subjects too,
 Then much expence of blood and wealth can
 do.

For with what force Gods true religion
 spreads,

In by her shadow superstition known;
 When Midas having over Phrygia shed
 Seeds of this ceremony, till then unknown,
 Made Asia safer by that empty word,
 Then his forefathers had done by the sword.

And is not Mahomets for'd Alcoran
 Both with the heathen in authority:
 And to the Christians mislead miter-thrones
 Because a very rack of tyranny?
 Their spirits united, eating men like food,
 And making ill ends with strong armies
 good.

Religious fair name by insinuation
 Secretly seizeth all pow'rs of the mind,
 In understanding raiseth admiration,
 Worship in will, which native sweet links bind
 The soul of man, and having got possession
 Give pow'rful will an ordinate progression.

Forming in conscience lines of equity,
 To temper laws, and without force infuse
 A home-born practice of civility,
 Current with that which all the world doth
 use,

Whereby divided kingdoms may unite
 If not in truth, at least in outward rite.

Therefore I say pow'rs should be provident
 In judging this chief strength of tyranny
 With caution, that the clergy government
 Give not the mitre crown-supremacy;
 Making the sultan and the caliph one
 To tyrannize both Cair and Babylon.

The churches proper arms be tears and prayers,
 Peters true keys to open earth, and sky,
 Which if the priest out of his prides despair
 Will into Tybris cast, and Pauls sword try;
 Gods sacred word he therein doth abandon,
 And runs with fleshy confidence at random.

Mild people therefore honour you your king,
 Reverence your priests, but never under one
 Frail creature both your soul and body bring,
 But keep the better part to God alone,
 The soul his image is, and onely he
 Knows what it is, and what it ought to be.

Least else by some idolatrous conceit,
 You give them, that at sin can cast no stone,
 Means to pluck down the Godhead by deceit,
 And upon mans inventions raise a throne:
 Besides, where sword, and canons do unite,
 The peoples bondage these prove infinite.

Princes again wake, and be well advis'd,
 How suddenly in man kings pow'r is drown'd,
 The miter rais'd, the scepter prejudic'd,
 If you leave all rights superstition bound;
 For then as souls more dear, than bodies
 are;
 So these church-visions may strain nature
 far.

Kings therefore that fear superstitious might,
 Must cross their courses in their infamy,
 By which the Dracide, with their shadow'd
 light,

Got goods from them that took their words,
 to be
 Treble rewarded in the life to come;
 And works not paradise the same for Rome?

For with such mystical dexterity,
 Racking the living souls through rage of sin,
 And dying souls with horrors mystery,
 Did not the miter from the scepter win
 The third part of the world, till Luther
 came.
 Who shak't the doctrine of that double
 frame?

Lie not France, Poland, Italy and Spain,
Still as the snow doth, when it threatens more,
Like engines, fitted to draw back again
Those that the true light severed before?
And was not Venice excommunicate,
For curbing such false purchases of late?

Which endless thirst of sacred avarice,
If in the infancy it be not bounded,
Will hardly by prosperity grow wise;
For as this church is on appearance founded
So besides schools, and cells which veil her
shame,
Hath she not armies to extend her name?

Pow'r for a pensil, consciences for a table,
To write opinion in of any fashion,
With wit distinctions, ever merchantable,
Between a prince's thrones and peoples pas-
sion?
Upon which texts she raiseth or pulls down
All, but those objects, which advance her
crown.

Pow'r therefore, be she needy, or ambitious,
Dispos'd to peace, or unto war smil'd,
Whether religious in her life, or vicious,
Must not to miters so enthral mankind:
As above truth, and force, monks may pre-
vail,
On their false visions crown-rights to
entail.

Again, let not her clerks by Simons ways,
Lay wast endowments of devoted spirits;
And so pull down, what their forefathers
rais'd

With honour in their actions, if not merit;
Least as by pride they once got up too high,
Their baseness feel the next extremity.

For first besides the scandal, and contempt
Which those base courses on their doctrine
cast;

The stately monuments are not exempt,
Because without means, no time-works can
last;

And from high pomp a desperate descent
Shows both in state and church misgovern-
ment.

Whereof let her take heed, since when estates
From such a greatness do begin to fall,
Descent is unto them precipitate;
For as one gangren'd member ruins all,
So what the modesty of one time leaves,
The time succeeding certainly bereaves.

Therefore must thrones (as gods of forms
exterior)

Cast up this earthly metal in good mould;
And when men to professions prove superior,
Restrain proud thoughts, from doing what
they would,

Guiding the weak, and strong, to such ex-
tension,
As may to order sacrifice invention.

And hereby work that formal unity,
Which brooks no new, or irreligious sects,
To nurse up faction or impiety,
Change ever teaching people to neglect:
But raise the painful, learned, and devout
To plant obeying conscience thoroughout.

Veyling her doctrine with antiquity,
Whence, and where although contradicting
sects

Strive to derive, and prove their pedigree,
As safest humane levels to direct
Into what mould opinion should be cast,
To make her true, at least like truth to last.

Or if their times will not permit a truce,
In wrangling questions, which break nature's
peace,
And therein offer God and man abuse;
Let pow'r yet wisely make their practice
cease.

In church or courts, and bind them to the
schools,
As business for idle, witty souls.

Ordering that people from the pulpit hear
Nothing, but that which seems mans life to
mend;

As shadows of eternal hope and fear,
Which do contrast the ill, and good extend,
Not idle theorick, to tickle wit,
Empty of goodness, much more nice than
fit.

To which refining end, it may seem just,
That in the church the supreme magistrates
Should ancient be, ere they be put in trust,
Since aged wit best tempers, and abates
These heady and exorbitant affections,
Which are of blind proud youth the imper-
fections.

The Roman laws for magistrates admit
None that had not pass'd the meridian line
Of youth, and humours incident to it;
And shall it not in functions divine
Be more absurd, to let that youth appear,
And teach what wise men think scarce fit
to hear?

Besides, chaste life years easier may observe,
Which temper in cathedra dignity,
Though wives be lawful, yet doth well deserve,
As to their functions leaving them more free:
Instance their learned works that liv'd
alone,

Where married bishops left us few, or none.

And if men shall object, that this restraint
Of lawful marriage will increase the sin,
And so the beauty of the church attain,
By bringing scandal through mans frailty in,
I say mans fall is sine, not churches shame,
Ordain'd by censure to enlarge her fame.

Censure, the life of discipline, which bears
Pow'r's spiritual standard, fit to govern all
Opinions, actions, humours, hopes, and fears,
Spread knowledge, make obedience general;

Whence man instructed well, and kept in awe,
If not the inward, yet keeps outward law.

Which form is all that tyranny expects,
I mean, to win, to change and yet unite;
Where a true king in his estate affects
So from within man, to work out the right,
As his will need not limit or allay
The liberties of God's immortal way.

Where tyrants discipline is never free,
But ballanced, proportioned, and bounded
So with the temporal ends of tyranny,
And ways whereon pow'r's greatnesses are
founded;
As in creation, fame, life, death, or war,
Or any other heads that sovereign are.

Pow'r may not be opposed, or confounded;
But each inferior orb command or serve,
With proper latitudes distinctly bounded,
To censure all states that presume to swerve,
Whereby the common people and the throne
May mutually protected be in one.

Not rent assunder by sophistication
Of one frail sinner, whose supremacy
Stands by prophane or under-valuation
Of Gods anointed sovereignty:
And by dividing subjects from their kings
Soars above those thrones, which first gave
them wings.

Affecting such irrevocable might
With us, as so their mufly, Turks liv'd under,
Or rather sacrilege more infinite.
From Jove to wrest away the fearful thunder:
Salmons pride, as if the truth then fell,
When he alone rul'd not earth, heav'n and
hell.

Salmons who while he his carcoach drave
Over the brazen bridge of Elis stream,
And did with artificial thunder brave
Jove, till he pierc'd him with a lightning
beam:
From which example who will an idol be,
Must rest assur'd to feel a deity.

Thus much to show the outward churches use,
In framing up the superstitious speach,
Subject alike to order, or abuse,
Chain'd with immortal seeming hopes and
fear:

Which shadow-like their beings yet bereave,
By trusting to be, when their bodies leave.

Where if that outward work which pow'r
pretends,
Were life indeed, not frail hypocrisy,
Monarchs should need no other laws to friend,
Conscience being base of their authority;
By whose want, frailty flashing out mans
error
Makes thrones enwall themselves with laws
of terror.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.—About 1620.

157.—REALITY OF A TRUE RELIGION.

For sure in all kinds of hypocrisy
No bodies yet are found of constant being;
No uniform, no stable mystery,
No inward nature, but an outward seeming;
No solid truth, no virtue, holiness,
But types of these, which time makes more
or less.

And, from these springs, strange inundations
flow,
To drown the sea-marks of humanity,
With massacres, conspiracy, treason, woe,
By sects and schisms profaning Deity:
Besides, with furies, fiends, earth, air, and
hell,
They fit, and teach confusion to rebel.

But, as there lives a true God in the heaven,
So is there true religion here on earth:
By nature? No, by grace; not got, but
given:
Inspir'd, not taught; from God a second
birth:
God dwelleth near about us, even within,
Working the goodness, censuring the sin.

Such as we are to him, to us is he,
Without God there was no man ever good;
Divine the author and the matter he,
Where goodness must be wrought in flesh and
blood:
Religion stands not in corrupted things,
But virtues that descend have heavenly
wings.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.—About 1620.

158.—TO HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN
OF BOHEMIA.

You meander beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light!
You common people of the skies!
What are you, when the sun shall rise?

You curious charters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lay,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents! what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own!
What are you, when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Sir Henry Wotton.—About 1625.

From 1558 to 1629.]

A MEDITATION.

[SIR HENRY WOTTON.]

159.—A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES
OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies! pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;

Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one short day,
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin,
State but a golden prison to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd
trains

Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
Fame, honour, beauty, estate, train, blood, and
birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected while the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass;
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still en-
vied more.

I have wish'd all, but now I wish for neither
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair—poor I'll be
rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me "the fair,"
Fame speak me fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike
justice dumb

As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be call'd great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them
mine.

And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent
groves!

These guests, these courts, my soul most
dearly loves.

Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring;
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face;
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced
snares:

Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's
folly;

And learn to affect a holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger than,
I'll ne'er look for it but in heav'n again.

Sir Henry Wotton.—About 1625.

160.—THE GOOD MAN.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong reward;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.—About 1625.

161.—A MEDITATION.

O thou great Power! in whom we move,
By whom we live, to whom we die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallow'd oils, no gums I need,
No new-born drams of purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed

Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire:
O precious ransom! which once paid,
That Consummation est was said.

And said by him, that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath:
Thou then, that has dispurg'd our score,
And dying wert the death of death,
Be now, whilst on thy name we call,
Our life, our strength, our joy, our all!

Sir Henry Wotton.—About 1625.

162.—ON THE SUDDEN RESTRAINT OF
THE EARL OF SOMERSET, THEN
FALLING FROM FAVOUR.

Dazzled thus with height of place,
Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
'Twixt a prison and a smile.

Yet since Fortune's favours fade,
You that in her arms do sleep,
Learn to swim and not to wade,
For the hearts of kings are deep.

But if greatness be so blind
As to trust in towers of air,
Let it be with goodness lined,
That at least the fall be fair.

Then though dark and you shall say,
When friends fail and princes frown,
Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a bed of down.

Sir Henry Wotton.—About 1625.

163.—IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to court.

Where strained sardonic smiles are gloeing
still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will,
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery,
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,

Or the pure aured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty;
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,

Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps
may shake,
But blistering care could never tempest make;
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,
But of our kids that frik and prance;
Nor wars are seen,

Unless upon the green,
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both blessing run, each to his
mother;

And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the
ground.

Here are no entrapping baits
To hasten to too hasty fates;
Unless if be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which (worldling like) still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy less among
The birds, for price of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek;
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Cengeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they
pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Hesse'd silent groves, oh, may you be,
For ever, mirth's best nursery.
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks,
these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purring
fountains,

Which we may every year
Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

Sir Henry Wotton.—About 1625.

164.—SONNET.

Let others sing of knights and palatines,
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint absolute in imaginary lines,
Which will the reach of their high wits re-
cord;
But I must sing of thee and those fair eyes,
Authentic shall my verse in time to come.
When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo, here she
lies!
Whose beauty made him speak what else was
dumb.

These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age,
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark and Time's consuming age;
Though th' error of my youth thy shall dis-
cover,
Suffice to show I lived, and was thy lover.

Henry Constable.—About 1600.

165.—MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blessing him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal
power,
Th' attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest
 A God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to
 render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea.

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

166.—N I G H T.

The moon shines bright.—In such a night as
 this,
 When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
 And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
 Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
 And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
 Where Cressid lay that night.

In such a night,
 Did Thisbe fearfully o'erstrip the dew;
 And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
 And ran dismay'd away.

In such a night,
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
 Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
 To come again to Carthage.

In such a night,
 Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
 That did renew old Æson.

In such a night,
 Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
 And with an unthrift love did run from
 Venice,
 As far as Belmont.

In such a night,
 Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
 Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
 And no'er a true one.

In such a night,
 Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
 Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
 I would out-night you, did no body come:
 But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

✓167.—NIGHT AND MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
 bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the
 night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

There 's not the smallest orb which thou be-
 hold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
 Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress'
 ear,
 And draw her home with music.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
 The reason is your spirits are attentive:
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neigh-
 ing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the
 poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,
 and floods;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of
 rage,

But music for the time doth change his na-
 ture:
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

168.—GRIEF THAT CANNOT BE
 COMFORTED.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
 Which falls into mine ears as profitless
 As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
 But such a one whose wrongs do suit with
 mine.

Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 And bid him speak of patience;
 Measure his woe the length and breadth of
 mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain;
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such.
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
 And "sorrow wag" cry; hem, when he should
 groan;

Fetch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
 drunk
 With candle wasters; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: For, brother, men
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief

Which they themselves not feel : but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words ;
No, no : 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

169.—FLOWERS.

Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
might
Become your time of day ; and yours, and
yours ;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing.—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st
fall
From Dis's wagon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids : bold oxtlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet
friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

170.—RICHARD THE SECOND'S
LAMENT.

Of comfort no man speak ;
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills ;
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death,
—I that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings ;—
How some have been deposed, some slain in
war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed ;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping
kill'd ;
All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps death his court ; and there the antic
sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell
king !
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and
blood
With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste
grief,

Need friends :—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king ?

What must the king do now ? Must he
submit ?

The king shall do it. Must he be deposed ?
The king shall be contented : Must he lose
The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads ;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;
My figured goblets, for a dish of wood ;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff ;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave.—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects'
feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head :
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live ;
And, buried once, why not upon my head ?—
Annerie, thou weep'st ; My tender-hearted
cousin !—

We'll make foul weather with deep-fall'd tears ;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer
corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding
tears ?

As thus.—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth ; and, therein laid.—There lies
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weep-
ing eyes ?

Would not this ill do well ?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke ? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die ?

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

171.—SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD THE
SECOND IN PRISON.

I have been studying how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world ;

And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it.—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two begot
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little
world;

In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better
sort.—

As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the faith itself
Against the faith:

As thus,—Come, little ones; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To tread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot die in their own pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter them-
selves,—

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks refuge their
shame,—

That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
This play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penny
Perdues me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, what'er I
am,

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.—Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives:
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the sonour of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numbring
clock:

My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs,
They jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
watch.

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the sounds, that tell what hour
it is,

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my
heart,
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and
groans,

Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my
time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the
clock.

This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their
wits,

In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

172.—HOTSPUR'S DEFENCE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly
dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new
rasp'd,

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came
there,

Took it in snuff: and still he smiled and
talk'd

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannarly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome course
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being
cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not;—for he made me
mad,

To see him shine so briak, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save
the mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacostis for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns

He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

And I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

173.—RUMOUR.

Open your ears : For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride ;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports,
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other
griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-dissordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household ? Why is Rumour here ?
I run before king Harry's victory ;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his
troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first ? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword ;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant
towns
Between the royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick : the poets come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me : From Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
true wrongs.

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

174.—SLEEP.

How many thousand of my poores' subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle
sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids
down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly
couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his
brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low-lie-
down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

175.—HENRY THE FOURTH'S EXPO-
SULTATION WITH HIS SON.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought :
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine
honours
Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
Thou seek'st the greatness that will over-
whelm thee.
Stay but a little : for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few
hours,
Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy
thoughts,
Which thou hast wetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What ! canst thou not foretear me half an
hour ?
Then get thee gone ; and dig my grave thy-
self ;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should besew my beard
Be drops of balme, to sanctify thy head :
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the
worms.
Flack down my officers, break my decrees ;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crown'd.—Up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors
hence !
And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
scurm:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink,
dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest and the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt:
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy
riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightest win the more thy father's
love,

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows,
my son,

By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous
hand;

And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-
shed,

Wounding supposed peace: all these bold
fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answer'd:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mood: for what in me was pur-
chased,

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
could do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are
green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make
thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en
out:

By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid
I cut them off; and had a purpose now

To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,

Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence
borns out,

May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O Heaven forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

176.—THE ANSWER OF THE LORD
CHIEF JUSTICE TO HENRY V.

I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at naught;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your per-
son:

Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the ease
yours;

Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely
slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that miscame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

177.—THE KING'S ANSWER.

You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:—
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son:
And no less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit
me

For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstain'd sword that you have used to
bear;

With this remembrance,—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
 You shall be as a father to my youth:
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear:
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practised, wise directions.—
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world;
 To frustrate prophecies; and to raise out
 Rotten opinions, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament:
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us:—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost
 hand.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

178.—HENRY THE FIFTH'S ADDRESS
 TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE HARFLEUR.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
 once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillness, and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm
 it.
 As fearfully as doth a gall'd rook
 Orphan and jutting his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril
 wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height!—On, on, you noblest
 English!
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even
 fought,
 And dash'd their swords for lack of argu-
 ment.
 Dishonor not your mothers; now attest,
 That those whom you call'd fathers, did be-
 get you!

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good
 yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us
 here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding: which I
 doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint
 George!

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

179.—HENRY THE FIFTH'S ADDRESS
 AT AGINCOURT.

No, my fair cousin:
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men the greater share of honour.
 God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man
 more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my coat;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from Eng-
 land:
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an
 honour,
 As one man more, methinks, would share from
 me,
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
 more:
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through
 my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse;
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe
 home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named.
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall see this day, and live old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, To-morrow is saint Crispian:
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his
 scars:
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day: Then shall our
 names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,—
 Be in their blowing cups freshly remember'd:
 This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not
here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any
speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.
Shakspeare.—About 1610.

180.—HENRY THE SIXTH'S SOLLOQUY
ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing
light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometimes, the flood prevails; and then, the
wind.
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret, my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were
so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and
years.
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! How sweet! How
lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade

To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—The shepherd's homely
cure,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couch'd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.
Shakspeare.—About 1610.

181.—GLOSTER'S SOLLOQUY.

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from
thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from
it;
And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween's too
much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal
them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for
Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and
looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaffin, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the
crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but
hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;

And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the
thorns;
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown;
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And, cry, content, to that which grieves my
heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the camelion;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murth'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off I'll pluck it down.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

182.—WOLSEY ON HIS FALL.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my great-
ness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts
forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blis-
soms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon
him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost:
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
pride
At length broke under me; and now has left
me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new cry'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes'
favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire
to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women
have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

* * *

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear.
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,
Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-
tion
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught
thee;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of
glory,
And sound'd all the depths and shoals of
honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in:
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd
it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, sing away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that
hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy coun-
try's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st at a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Frithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,
Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

183.—CRANMER'S PROPHECY OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I
utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them
truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about
her.)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall
be
(But few now living can behold that good-
ness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: She be a server
More courteous of wisdom, and fair virtue.
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely
graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse
her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall
bless her :

Her fess shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : Good
grows with her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neigh-
bours :

God shall be truly known ; and those about
her
From her shall read the perfect ways of
honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by
blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as
when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;

So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud
of darkness),

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she
was,

And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Whosoever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall
fourish

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :—Our children's
children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must
die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a
virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

184.—**HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.**

To be, or not to be, that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?—To die,—to
sleep,—

No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks ;

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep ;—

To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay, there's
the rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :

For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of dispris'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin ? who would these fardels
bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will ;

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,

With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

185.—**MACBETH BEFORE MURDERING
THE KING.**

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me
clutch thee :—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senses,

Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such
thing ;

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep ; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,

Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his
design,
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he
 lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
 gives.
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

186.—CASSIUS TO BRUTUS.

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Caesar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
 Accounted as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
 Tiber,
 Did I the tired Caesar: And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'His true, this god did
 shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
 world
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the
 Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their
 books,
 Aias! he cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

.

Why, man, he doth beside the narrow world,
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Caesar: What should be in that
 Caesar?

Why should that name be sounded more than
 yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sounded them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with
 them.

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once.
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
 ahain'd!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great
 flood,

But it was famed with more than with one
 man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
 Rome,

That her wide walks encompass'd but one
 man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and gods are now,
 When there is in it but one only man.

Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have
 brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

187.—MARK ANTONY'S ORATION ON
 THE BODY OF CAESAR.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
 ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interr'd with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)—

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath

wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

Why all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And man have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Caesar might
 Have stood against the world: now lies he
 there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's
 wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
 read it;
 It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but
 men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, oh, what would come of it!

Will you be patient? Will you stay a
 while?
 I have o'erheard myself, to tell you of it.
 I fear I wrong the honourable men
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar: I do fear
 it.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them
 now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Caesar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii:—
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger
 through;
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this, the well-belov'd Brutus stabb'd;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it;
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved
 him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
 heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar
 fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but
 behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with
 traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
 you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honour-
 able;
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know
 not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and
 honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is:
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full
 well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor
 dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: But were I
 Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Shakspeare.—About 1610.

188.—CLEOPATRA.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd
 throne,
 Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten
 gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfum'd that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the
 oars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster.
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,

It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tinsel),
O'er-riquetring that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling
Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they naid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her 't the eyes,
And made their bends adorning; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" women heard
speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the
feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

189.—LIFE.

Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath
thou art,

(servile to all the sticky influences.)

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art
not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nur'd by baseness: Thou art by no means
valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly
fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to
get;

And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not
certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art
poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

Thou hast nor youth, nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied old; and when thou art old, and
rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet
in this,

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we
fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

190.—APPEARANCES.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false

As stayers of sand, wear yet upon their
chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as
milk;

And these assume but valour's ezcrement,
To render them redoubt'd: Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the
weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crimp'd snaky locks, which
which make such wanton gambols with the
wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.

Thus ornament is but the guided shore
To a most dangerous sea; the besetuous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To outstep the wisest.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

191.—THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery,—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

192.—A MEDITATIVE FOOL.

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world:
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the
sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir,"
quoth he,
"Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
fortune:"
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world
wags:
"Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

193.—THE WORLD A STAGE.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like small

unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the
pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then, the
justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly
voice,
Turning again toward childlike treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-
thing.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

194.—ADVERSITY.

You were used
To say, Extremity was the trier of Spirits;
That common chances common men could
bear;
That, when the Sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: Fortune a
blows,
When most struck home, being gentle
wounded, craves
A noble cunning.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

195.—BEAUTY.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful Good,
A shining Glass, that fadeth suddenly;
A Flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle Glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful Good, a Glass, a Glass, a Flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as Good lost, is said or never found,
As faded Glass no rubbing will refresh,
As Flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken Glass no cement can redress,
So Beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

196.—CEREMONY.

O hard condition, and twin-born with great-
ness,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,
That private Men enjoy? and what have Kings,

That Privates have not too, save Ceremony?
 Save gen'ral Ceremony?—
 And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
 What kind of God art thou? that sufferst more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers.
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
 O Ceremony, show me but thy worth:
 What is thy toll, O Adoration?
 Art thou aught else but Place, Degree, and
 Form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing?
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of Homage
 sweet,
 But poison'd Flatt'ry? Oh, be sick, great
 Greatness,
 And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With Titles blown from Adulation?
 Will it give place to flattery and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beg-
 gar's knee,
 Command the health of it? no, thou proud
 dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a King's repose.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

197.—FRIENDS FALLING OFF.

They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
 That's how they are at Fall, want treasure,
 cannot
 Do what they would; are sorry—you are
 honourable,—
 But yet they could have wish'd—they know
 not—but
 Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
 May catch a wretch—would all were well—
 'tis pity—
 And so, intending other serious matters,
 After distasteful looks, and these hard frac-
 tions,
 With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
 They froze me into silence.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

198.—GOLD.

Why this

Will lug your Priests and Servants from your
 sides;
 Pluck stout Men's pillows from below their
 heads:
 This Yellow Slave
 Will knit and break Religions; bless the ac-
 cure'd;
 Make the hoar Leprosy ador'd; place Thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With Senators on the bench.
 For this the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have brok' their sleep with thoughts, their
 brains with care,
 Their bones with industry.

There is thy Gold; worse Poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st
 not sell:
 I sell thee Poison, thou hast sold me none.

O thou sweet King-killer, and dear Divorce
 'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright Denier
 Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mare!
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate
 Wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible God,
 That soldier'st close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kisse! that speak'st with
 every tongue,
 To every purpose! O thou Touch of Hearts!
 Think thy slave Man rebels; and by thy
 virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire!

That Broker, that still breaks the pate of
 Faith;
 That daily Break-vow; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
 aside!
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the world Maid,—cheats the poor maid of
 that.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

199.—INSANITY.

There is a willow grows asount the brook,
 That shows his hour leaves in the glassy
 stream:
 Therewith fantastic Garlands did she make
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long
 purples,
 That liberal Shepherds give a grosser name.
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
 them:
 There on the pendant boughs her coronat
 weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
 When down her woody trophies and herself
 Fell in the weeping Brook. Her clothes
 spread wide;
 And, Mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
 Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
 As one incapable of her own Distress,
 Or like a creature native and indeed
 Unto that element: but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor Wretch from her melodious lay
 To madd'd Death.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

200.—SELF-INSPECTION.

Thy Glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy Dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant Leaves thy mind's imperit will bear,
 And of this Book this learning may'st thou
 taste.

The wrinkles which thy Glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy Dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to Eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste Blanks, and thou shalt
find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy Book.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

201.—LOVE.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of Love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of Love with words.
I do not seek to quench your Love's hot fire,
But qualify the Fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of
reason.
The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet Music with the enamel'd
stones.
Giving a gentle Kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimages;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild Ocean.

The course of true Love never did run smooth;
But, either, it was different in Blood—
Or else misgraffed, in respect of Years—
Or else it stood upon the choice of Friends—
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, Death, or Sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a Sound,
Brief as a Shadow, short as an April Dream,
Swift as the lightning in the oolied night,
That (in a spleen) unfolds both Heaven and
Earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!
The jaws of Darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Oh, how this spring of Love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a Cloud takes all away.

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the Sun's
beams
Driving back Shadows over low'ring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd Doves draw
Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid
wings.

O most potential Love! vow, bond, nor grace,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.
When thou impresses, what are Precepts
worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of Wealth, of filial Fear, Law, Kindred,
Fame?

Love's arms are Peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst
sense, 'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The Aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

202.—ENGLAND.

This royal Throne of Kings, this scepter'd Iale,
This Earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This Fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This Happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious Stone set in the Silver Sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this Earth, this Realm, this
England,

Dear for her Reputation through the world.

Shakespeare.—About 1610.

203.—ORDER AND OBEDIENCE.

While that the armed Hand doth fight abroad,
The advised Head defends itself at home;
For Government, though high, and low, and
lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music. . . .

Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of Man in diverse functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the Honey-bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and Officers of sorts;
Where some, like Magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like Merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like Soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
home
To the tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who, busied in his Majesty, surveys
The singing Masons building roofs of gold;
The civil Citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in,
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed Justice, with his early hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning Drone. . . I this infer,
That many things, having full reference

To one consent, may work contrariouly ;
As many Arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark ;
As many several ways meet in one Town ;
As many fresh streams run in one self Sea ;
As many lines close in the Dial's centre ;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

204.—PROPER USE OF TALENTS.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves : for if our
virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touched,
But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

205.—TAKE THE BEAM OUT OF THINE
OWN EYE.

Go to your bosom :
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth
know
That's like my brother's fault ; if it confesse
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

206.—THE VOICE OF THE DYING.

The tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony :
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent
in vain :
For they breathe truth, that breathe their
words in pain.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have
taught to glose ;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives
before :
The setting sun, and music in the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last ;
Write in remembrance, more than things long
past.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

207.—A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

What stronger breastplate than a heart un-
tainted ?
Trifles is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

208.—GOOD NAME.

Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis some-
thing, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been slave to
thousands.
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

209.—AETEL'S SONG.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry ;
On the bat's back I do fly.
After summer merrily,
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

210.—THE FAIRY TO PUCK.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere,
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green ;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see, —
Those be rubies, fairy favours ;
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

211.—AMIENS' SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Froena, freezea, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot ;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend rememb'rd not.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

212.—FLIGHTING TROTH.

Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth !
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the
shrine

Of the great Dian : only my intent
To draw you hither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls,
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous wall, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality.
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd
sworn,
And given away his freedom : many a troth
Been plight, which neither Envy nor old Time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss
given.
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-lov'd
shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

213.—NATURE AND LOVE.

Whither goest thou? Here be woods as
green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curl'd streams, with flowers as
many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as
any.
Here be all new delights; cool streams and
wells;
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines; caves
and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by and
sing.
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love;
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each
night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's
light,
To kiss her sweetest.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

214.—CESAR'S LAMENTATION OVER POMPEY'S HEAD.

Oh, thou Conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity;
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou
fall thus?
What poor fate followed thee and plinok'd
thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?—
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger

That honourable war ne'er taught a noble-
ness,
Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man
was?—
That never heard thy name sung but in bar-
quets
And loose lascivious pleasures?—to a boy
That had no faith to comprehend thy great-
ness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness?—
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with
thee—
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great
Pompey,
If thy great spirit can hear, I must taak thee,
Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my
victory,
My love and mercy.
* * * * *
Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyra-
mids,
Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of
Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

215.—MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion lov'd!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls;
A midnight ball, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy
valley:
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melan-
choly.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

216.—SONG.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.

Though your beauty be confin'd,
And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Ev'n the fetters that you wear!

Braumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

217.—THE POWER OF LOVE.

Hear ye, ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun:
Leda, sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danae in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a shower.
Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
The chaste moon he makes to woo
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circl'd round about with spies
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Hion in a short hour higher,
He can build, and once more fire.

Braumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

218.—NO SLEEP.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet
[light?].
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or gentle rain.
Into this prince, gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Braumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

219.—FROM BOLLO.

Take, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Souls of love, though seal'd in vain.
Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April sees;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Braumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

220.—SONG TO PAN.

All ye woods, and tress, and bow'rs,
All ye virtues and ye pow'rs
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,

Move your feet

To our sound,

Whilst we greet

All this ground,

With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffodilies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,

Let us sing,

Whilst we sing,

Ever holy,

Ever holy,

Ever honour'd, ever young!

Thus great Pan is ever sung.

Braumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

221.—THE VANITY OF HUMAN
LEARNING.

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind.

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of the first parents, all the rules of good,
So that their skill infus'd, did pass all arts,
That ever were, before, or since the flood;

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the sun)
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near,
As th' intellectual angels could have done;

E'en then to them the spirit of lies suggests,
That they were blind, because they saw not
ill,

And breath'd into their incorrupt breasts
A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

For that same ill they straight desir'd to know:
Which ill, being naught but a defect of good,
In all God's works the devil could not show,
While man their lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill.
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poison a power to kill,
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge they did error
find.

Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did,
And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passions see
Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,
Which then their own experience made them
know.

But then grew reason dark, that she no more
 Could the fair forms of good and truth
 discern ;
 Bate they became, that eagles were before ;
 And this they got by their desire to learn.
 But we, their wretched offspring, what do we ?
 Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid ?
 Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity,
 In books profane we seek for knowledge hid.
 What is this knowledge ? but the sky-stol'n fire,
 For which the thief still chain'd in ice doth
 sit ?
 And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
 And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips
 with it.
 What is it ? but the cloud of empty rain,
 Which when Jove's guest embrac'd, he
 monsters got ?
 Or the false pails, which oft being fill'd with
 rain,
 Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not ?
 In fine, what is it ? but the fiery coach
 Which the youth sought, and sought his
 death withal ?
 Or the boy's wings, which when he did approach
 The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him
 fall ?
 And yet alas ! when all our lamps are burn'd,
 Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent ;
 When we have all the learned volumes turn'd
 Which yield man's wits both help and orna-
 ment :
 What can we know ? or what can we discern ?
 When error chokes the windows of the mind ;
 The divers forms of things, how can we learn,
 That have been ever from our birth-day blind ?
 When reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)
 Throughout man's little world her beams did
 spread,
 Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
 Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead :
 How can we hope, that through eye and ear,
 This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
 Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
 Which were infus'd in the first minds by
 grace ?
 So might the heir, whose father hath in play
 Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
 By painful earning of one great a day,
 Hope to restore the patrimony spent.
 The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd
 most high,
 Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weak-
 ness such :
 Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
 We learn so little and forget so much."
 For the wisest of all moral men
 Said, he knew nought, but that he nought
 did know,
 And the great mocking-master mock'd not them,
 When he said, Truth was buried deep below.

For how may we to other things attain.
 When none of us his own soul understands ?
 For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
 When, Know thyself, his oracle commands.
 For why should we the busy soul believe,
 When boldly she concludes of that and this,
 When of herself she can no judgment give,
 Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what
 she is ?
 All things without, which round about we see,
 We seek to know, and how therewith to do :
 But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
 Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.
 We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
 And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods
 of Nile ;
 But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
 The subtle motions we forget the while.
 We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,
 And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
 When we come home, are to ourselves un-
 known,
 And unacquainted still with our own soul.
 We study speech, but others we persuade ;
 We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it ;
 We interpret laws, which other men have made,
 But read not those which in our hearts are
 writ.
 Is it because the mind is like the eye,
 Through which it gathers knowledge by
 degrees,
 Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly ;
 Not seeing itself when other things it sees ?
 No, doubtless ; for the mind can backward cast
 Upon herself, her understanding's light,
 But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
 As her own image doth herself affront.
 As is the fable of the lady fair,
 Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,
 When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
 And saw herself transform'd she wist not
 how :
 At first she startles, then she stands amazed ;
 At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
 And loathes the wat'ry glass wherein she
 gaz'd,
 And shuns it still, though she for thirst
 doth die :
 E'en so man's soul which did God's image
 bear,
 And was at first fair, good, and spotless
 pure,
 Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
 Doth of all sights her own sight least en-
 dure :
 For e'en at first reflection she espies
 Such strange chimeras, and such monsters
 there,
 Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
 As she retires, and shrinks for shame and
 fear

And as the man loves least at home to be,

That hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites;

So she impatient her own faults to see,

Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this few know themselves: for merchants broke

View their estate with discontent and pain,

And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,

These things transport, and carry out the mind:

That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if Affliction once her wars begin,

And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,

The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire:

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;

As bees in storms back to their hives return;

As blood in danger gathers to the heart;

As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)

Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pinck'd me by the ear,

And many a golden lesson hath me taught;

Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear;

Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:

So working seas settle and purge the wine:

So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:

So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,

Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,

Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,

As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lieth my ranging mind hath brought,

That now beyond myself I will not go:

Myself am centre of my circling thought,

Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,

As force without, fevers within can kill:

I know the heavenly nature of my mind,

But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my soul hath power to know all things,

Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:

I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,

Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span:

I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry thing:

And to conclude, I know myself a man,

Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

222.—THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN
A PERFECTION, OR REFLECTION OF
THE SENSE.

Are they not senseless, then, that think the soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the sense,

Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;

A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it, then, that doth the sense accuse,

Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?

What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,

Which oft in torment of the sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets' spheres not much

asunder:

What tells us, then, the distance is so far?

Sense thinks the lightning born before the

thunder:

What tells us, then, they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,

Sense saith, they're crows: what makes us

think them men?

When we in squares think all sweet things sour,

What makes us know our tongue's false

judgment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Moses saw,

And well approv'd, and prais'd the better

course?

When her rebellious sense did so withdraw

Her feeble pow'r, that she pursu'd the

worse?

Did sense persuade Ulysses not to hear

The mermaid's songs which so his men did

please,

That they were all persuaded, through the ear,

To quit the ship and leap into the sea?

Could any pow'r of sense the Roman move,

To burn his own right hand with courage

stout?

Could sense make Marius sit unbound, and

prove

The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless, in men there is a nature found.

Besides the senses, and above them far:

"Though most men being in sensual pleasures

drown'd,

It seems their souls but in their senses are."

If we had nought but sense, then only they

Should have sound minds, which have their

senses sound:

But wisdom grows, when sense doth decay:

And folly most in quickest sense is found.

If we had nought but sense, each living wight,

Which we call brute, would be more sharp

than we:

As having sense's apprehensive might

In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discovering pow'r,

Which doth in us the erring sense correct:

Therefore the bee did seek the painted flow'r,

And birds, of grapes, the cunning shadow

pick'd.

Sense outside knows, the soul through all things sees :
Sense, circumstance ; she doth the substance view :

Sense sees the bark, but she the life of trees ;
Sense hears the sounds, but she the concords true.

But why do I the soul and sense divide,
When sense is but a pow'r, which she extends ;

Which being in divers parts diversify'd,
The divers forms of objects apprehends ?

This power spreads outward, but the root doth grow

In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive ;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know :

Than glasses know what faces they receive.
For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,

Though our eyes open be, we cannot see :
And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is the soul a nature, which contains
The pow'r of sense, within a greater pow'r ;
Which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
But sits d rules within her private bow'r.
Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

223.—THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN
THE TEMPERATURE OF THE
HUMOURS OF THE BODY.

If she doth then the subtle sense excol,
How gross are they that drown her in the blood ?

Or in the body's humours temper'd well ;
As if in them such high perfection stood ?

As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best, and best tun'd instrument ?

As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had pow'r to make the painter excellent ?

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will ?

Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it ?

Why doth not sickness make men brutish still ?

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find ?

What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
The quintessence of these out of the mind ?

If th' elements which have nor life, nor sense,
Can breed in us so great a pow'r as this,

Why give they not themselves like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is ?

If she were but the body's quality,
Then she would be with it sick, main'd, and blind :

Put we perceive where these privations be,
An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind.

If she the body's nature did partake,
Her strength would with the body's strength decay :

But when the body's strongest sinews slake,
Then is the soul most active, quick, and gay.

If she were but the body's accident,
And her sole being did in it subsist,

As white in snow, she might herself absent,
And in the body's substance not be mis'd.

But it on her, not she on it depends ;
For she the body doth sustain and cherish ;

Such secret pow'rs of life to it she lends,
That when they fail, then doth the body perish.

Since then the soul works by herself alone,
Springs not from sense, nor humours well agreeing,

Her nature is peculiar, and her own ;
She is a substance, and a perfect being.

Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

224.—IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL
IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

But how shall we this union well express ?
Nought ties the soul, her subtlety is such ;
She moves the body, which she doth possess ;
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtus's touch.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a tent ;

Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit ;

Nor as the spider in his web is pent ;

Nor as the wax retains the print in it ;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain ;

Nor as an omelette in another shed ;

Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain ;

Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread :

But as the fair and cheerful morning light

Doth here and there her silver beams impart,

And in an instant doth herself unite

To the transparent air, in all and ev'ry part :

Still resting whole, when blows the air divide ;

Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted ;

Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide ;

And when the air is toss'd, not interrupted.

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,

Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd ;

Indivisible, incorruptible still ;

Not for'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the sun above the light doth bring,

Though we behold it in the air below ;

So from th' Eternal Light the soul doth spring,

Though in the body she her pow'r do show.

Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

225.—THE IMMOBTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Again, how can she but immortal be.

When with the motions of both will and wit,

She still aspireth to eternity,

And never rests, till she attain to it ?

Water in conduit pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head from whence it first doth
spring :

Then since to eternal God she doth aspire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing.

"All moving things to other things do move,
Of the same kind which shews their nature
such :"

So earth falls down, and fire doth mount
above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains :

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue
make :

She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake :

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay.

Even so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views :

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly
things :

She flies close by the ground, and hovers
here,

And mounts not up with her celestial wings :

Yet order heaven she cannot light on sight
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree ;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health ?
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind ?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh
and gay :

She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all ;
But, pleas'd with nose, doth rise and soar
away :

So, when the soul fin'd is here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing
take,

She doth return from whence she first was
sent.
And flies to him that first her wings did
make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause as-
cends,

And never rests till it the first attain ;
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends ;
But never stays, till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth, and first of causes is ;
God is the last good end, which lasteth still ;
Being Alpha and Omega nam'd for this ;
Alpha to wit, Omega to the will.

Since then her heavenly kind she doth dis-
play,

In that to God she doth directly move ;
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause, and last good
end,

She cannot here so well and truly see ;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
Till to her Maker she espoused be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle ear :

Yet can she love a foreign emperor,
Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears
to be,

If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
Or but his letters, or his pictures see :

For well she knows, that when she shall be
brought

Into the kingdom where her spouse doth
reign ;
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in
thought,

Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
She woo'd and tempted in ten thousand
ways,

By those great pow'rs which on the earth bear
sway ;
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure,
praise :

With these sometimes she doth her time
bequile,

These do by fits her fantasy possess ;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness ;

But if upon the world's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who by his picture drawn in every thing
And sacred messages, her love hath sought ;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much ;
This honey tasted still, is ever sweet ;
The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,
As almost here she with her bliss doth meet.

But when in heaven she shall his essence see,
This is her sov'reign good, and perfect bliss ;
Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be ;
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this :

There is she crown'd with garlands of content ;
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink ;
That presence doth such high delights present,
As never tongue could speak, nor heart
could think.

See John Davies.—About 1660.

226.—AN APPEAL TO THE HEART.

O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear
 Look'd up within the casket of thy breast?
 What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
 What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
 Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the
 flood:

Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
 And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did
 mean,

This worthy mind should worthy things
 embrace:

Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts un-
 clean,

Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quick'ning pow'r with surfeitings:

Mar not her sense with sensuality:

Cast not her wit on idle things:

Make not her free, will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,

Think not that death against her nature is;

Think it a birth: and when thou go'st to die,

Sing like a swan, as if thou wou'd'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,

Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing
 see;

Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no
 more;

Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not hood-
 wink'd be.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious
 eyes,

To view the beams of thine own form divine,

Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,

While thou art clouded with this flash of
 mine.

Take heed of overweening, and compare

Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's
 train:

Study the best and highest things that are,

But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise

The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:

Use all thy pow'r that blessed pow'r to praise,

Which gives thee pow'r to be, and use the
 same.

—
 Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

227.—ADDRESS TO BISHOP VALEN-
TINE,

On the day of the marriage of the Elector
 Palatine to the Princess Elizabeth.

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is,
 All the air is thy diocese,

And all the chirping choristers

And other birds are thy parishioners:

Thou marryest, every year,

The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
 The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
 The household bird with his red stomacher;
 Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
 As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
 This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
 This day which might inflame thyself, old
 Valentine!

—
 John Donne.—About 1630.

228.—A HYMN TO THE FATHER.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
 Which was my sin, though it were done
 before?

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I
 run,

And do run still, though still I do deplore?

When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, which I have won

Others to sin, and made my sins their door?

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun

A year or two,—but wallow'd in a score?

When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun

My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;

But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy
 Son

Shall shine as he shines now and heretofore;

And having done that Thou hast done,
 I fear no more!

—
 John Donne.—About 1630.

229.—A HYMN TO CHRIST,

At the Author's last going into Germany.

In what torn ship soever I embark,

That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark:

What sea soever swallow me, that flood

Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.

Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise

Thy face, yet through that mask I know those
 eyes,

Which, though they turn away sometimes,

They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,

And all, whom I love here, and who love me;

When I have put this flood 'twixt them and
 me,

Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee,

As the tree's sap doth seek the root below

In winter, in my winter now I go,

Where none but thee, th' eternal root

Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost control

The amorousness of an harmonious soul;

But thou wou'd'st have that love thyself: as
 thou

Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now.

Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou
free
My soul : who ever gives, takes liberty :
Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas ! thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all,
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall ;
Marry those loves, which in youth scatter'd be
On face, wit, hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for prayer, that have least
light ;

To see God only, I go out of sight :
And, to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

John Donne.—About 1630.

230.—THE WILL.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe
Great Love, some legacies : I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see ;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee ;
My tongue to Fame ; to ambassadors mine
ears ;

To women, or the sea, my tears ;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had
too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give ;
My truth to them who at the court do live ;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits ; to Buffoons my pensiveness ;
My silence to any who abroad have been ;
My money to a Capuchin.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam ; my best civility
And courtship to an university ;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare ;
My patience let gamblers share ;

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts in-
dignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends ; mine industry to
foes ;

To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;
My sickness to physicians, or excess ;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ !

And to my company my wit :
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before.
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when
I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books ; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Decians give ;
My brass medals, unto them which live

In want of bread ; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue ;
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus dispro-
portion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it
forth.

And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to an-
nihilate all three.

John Donne.—About 1630.

231.—VALEDICTION.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go ;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now—and some say, no ;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move ;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant ;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lover's love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimented it.

But we're by love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is ;
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore (which are one)
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two ;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run ;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

John Donne.—About 1630.

232.—S O N G.

Sweetest Love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A sifter love for me.
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way;
'Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wounds and spurs than he.

John Donne.—About 1630.

233.—THE BREAK OF DAY.

Stay, O Sweet! and do not rise:
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not—it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.
'Tis true, it's day—what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us
hither,
Should, in despite of light, keep us together.
Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
If this were the worst that it could say,
That, being well, I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her that had them go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love!
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busy man.
He which hath business and makes love, doth
do
Such wrong as when a married man doth woo.

John Donne.—About 1630.

234.—THE DREAM.

Image of her whom I love more than she
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me
As kings do coins, to which their stamps im-
part
The value—go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for
me.
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.

When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
When phantasy is queen, and soul, and all;
She can present joys meener than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you,
For all our joys are but fantastical,
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock
out all.

After such a fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains, were
spent.

But, dearest heart, and dearer image, stay;
Alas! true joys at best are dreams enough.
Though you stay here you pass too fast away,
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

John Donne.—About 1630.

235.—SONNETS.

II.

A due by many titles, I resign
Myself to thee, O God. First I was made
By thee and for thee; and, when I was decay'd,
Thy blood bought that, the which before was
thine;
I am thy son, made with thyself to shine.
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still re-
pay'd,
Thy sheep, thine image, and, till I betray'd
Myself, a temple of thy spirit divine.
Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's thy
right?
Except thou rise, and for thine own work
fight,
Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not
choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

IV.

Oh! my black soul, now thou art summoned
By sickness, Death's herald and champion;
Thou'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath
done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is
led;
Or like a thief, which till death's doom be
read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hawl'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might b'imprisoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee—that grace to begin?
Oh, make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath
this might,
That, being red, it dies red souls to white.

X.

Death, be not proud, though some have
called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost
overthrow,
Die not, poor death; nor yet canst thou kill
me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture
be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more
must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and
desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as
well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st
thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt
die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my
side,
Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me:
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd; and only he,
Who could do no iniquity, hath dy'd:
But by my death cannot be satisfi'd
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now gloriou'd.
Oh, let me then his strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment;
And Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harsh attire,
But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for
you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to
mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow m', and
bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me
new.
I like an usurp'd town to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but oh, to no end;
Reason, your viceroy in me, we should de-
fend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd
fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me; for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free;
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

John Donne.—About 1630.

236.—ODE.

Vengeance will sit above our faults; but till
She there do sit,
We see her not, nor them. Thus blind, yet still
We lead her way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
We suffer it.

Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age and care:
In number th' errors of the last place are
The greatest still.

Yet we, that should the ill, we now begin,
As soon repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are
not seen,
But past us; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

But we know ourselves least; mere outward
shows

Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, dis-
close
But form and colour. Only he, who knows
Himself, knows more.

John Donne.—About 1630.

237.—TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

I.

O Holy, blessed, glorious Trinity
Of Persons, still one God in unity,
The faithful man's believed mystery,
Help, help to lift
Myself up to thee, harrow'd, torn, and
bruised
By sin and Satan, and my flesh misused
As my heart lies in pieces, all confused,
O, take my gift.

II.

All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,
A broken heart thou wert not wont despise:
But, 'bove the fat of rams and bulls, to prise—
An offering meet
For thy acceptance. O, behold me right!
And take compassion on my grievous plight!
What odour can be than a heart contrite
To thee more sweet?

III.

Eternal Father, God, who didst create
This all of nothing, gav'st it form and fate,
And breath'st it into it life and light, and state
To worship thee:

Eternal God, the Son, who not denied'st
To take our nature; becom'st man, and died'st
To pay our debts, upon thy cross, and cried'st—
"All's done in me!"

IV.

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Son—the Comforter, in breathing
Pure thoughts in man; with fiery zeal them
feeding

For acts of grace:

Increase those acts, O glorious Unity
Of Persons, still one God in Trinity;
Till I attain the longed-for mystery
Of seeing your face.

v.

Beholding One in Three, and Three in One,
A Trinity to shine in Union;
The gladdest light dark man can think upon.

Oh, grant it me!

Father and Son, and Holy Ghost, you three
All co-eternal in your Majesty,
Distinct in Persons, yet in Unity—
One God to see.

vi.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier!
To hear, to meditate, sweeten my desire
With grace, and love, with cherishing entire;
O, then how blest!

Among thy saints elected to abide,
And with thy angels plac'd, side by side,
But in thy presence truly glorified,
Shall I there rest.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

238.—C U P I D.

Beauties, have you seen this toy,
Called love, a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is *Venus'* runaway.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish;
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

He hath marks about him plenty;
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart but not the skin.

At his sight the sun hath turn'd,
Neptune in the waters burn'd;
Holl hath felt a greater heat;
Jove himself forsook his seat;
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies reared high.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
O'er liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,

Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts; wifre, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood;
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears;
And most treason in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign;
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys;
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childlike as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

Since you hear his falsere play,
And that he's *Venus'* runaway,

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

239.—SONG OF HESPERUS.

Queen, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

240.—ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honour, serve, and love; as poets use

I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than
great;

I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his innocent seat,
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.

Only a learned, and a manly soul
I purposed her; that should, with even
powers,

The rock, the spindle, and the sheers control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to see,
My Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she!

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

241.—SONG.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Reason to fly it, it will pursue;
So court's a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short, or none;
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men?

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

242.—SONG TO CELIA.

Drink to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

243.—A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if he be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague have scorn;
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be
turn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purged air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be
shown.

But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though hate had put them out:
But them t' increase my fears,
What nymph see'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to such a fame,
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

244.—EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF FEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

245.—A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamour'd, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through all worlds, through seas, whither she
would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!

Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements'
strife.
Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is
she!

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

245.—A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Hear me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove
Thereto Thy love.

If Thou hadst not
Been storn to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

For, sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done,
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave?
First made of nought
With all since bought.

Sin, Death, and Hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But I'll come in,
Before my loss;
No farther toss;
As sure to win
Under His Cross.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

247.—ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

What would I have you do? I'll tell you,
kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,

That would I have you do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humors you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Off sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury smuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your'sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust, and bones; and none
of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

248.—THE REQUIREMENTS OF A TUTOR.

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher chaplain:
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
While his young master lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young master beat,
But he must ask his mother to define,
How many jerks he would his breech should
line.
All these observed, he could contented be,
To give five marks and winter livery.

Bishop Hall, 1600.

249.—PORTRAIT OF A POOR GALLANT.

Seest thou how gally my young master goes,
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-
tide?

'Tis Baffio: Trow'st thou where he dined to-
day?

In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for every straggling cavalier;
An open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mixt with musical disport.
Many fair yonker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free greet,

To face so freely with a little coat,
 Than shake his twerpence to a measer host.
 Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
 His touch'd no meat of all this live-long day.
 For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
 His eyes seem'd sunk for very hollowness,
 But could he have (as I did it mistake)
 So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
 So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his
 belt,
 That his gaunt gut not too much stuffing felt.
 Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip?
 Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
 Yet for all that, how stilly struts he by,
 All trapped in the new-found bravery.
 The muns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
 In lieu of their so kind a conquestment.
 What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
 His grandame could have lent with lesser pain?
 Though he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English
 shore,
 Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.

His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted
 head,

One lock amazon-like dishevelled,
 As if he meant to wear a native cord,
 As if chance his fates should him that bane afford.
 All British bare upon the bridled skin,
 Close notched in his beard both lip and chin;
 His linen collar labyrinthian set,
 Whose thousand double turnings never met;
 His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
 As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
 But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
 What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
 So slender waist with such an abbot's loins,
 Did never sower nature sure conjoin.
 Lik'et a strawn scarecrow in the new-sown
 field,

Bear'd on some stick, the tender corn to shield;
 Or, if that semblance suit not every deal,
 Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel.

Bishop Hall, 1600.

250.—DISCONTENT OF MEN WITH THEIR CONDITION.

I wot not how the world's degenerate,
 That men or know or like not their estate;
 Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morn,
 Not one but holds his native state forlorn.
 When comely striplings wish it were their
 chance

For Cæsar's distaff to exchange their lances,
 And wear ead' d periwigs, and chalk their face,
 And still are poring on their pocket-glass,
 Tired with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and partlet
 strips

And busks and verdugales about their hips;
 And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace,
 And make their rapin for their spinning-pace,
 And gripe their waist within a narrow span;
 Fond Cæsar, that wouldst wish to be a man!

Whose mannish housewives like their refuse
 staks;

And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
 Who like a cot-queen freezeeth at the rock,
 Whiles his breech'd dame doth man the foreign
 stock.

It's not a shame to see each homely groom
 Sit perched in an idle chariot room,
 That were not meet some pannel to bestride,
 Surcungled to a galled hackney's hide?
 Each muck-worm will be rich with lawless gain,
 Although he smother up mows of seven years'
 grain,

And hang'd himself when corn grows cheap
 again;

Although he buy whole harvests in the spring,
 And foist in false strikes to the measuring;
 Although his shop be muffled from the light,
 Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night;
 Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest;
 While his george-nobles rusten in his chest;
 He sleeps but once, and dreams of burglary,
 And wakes, and casts about his frightened eye,
 And gropes for thieves in every darker shade;
 And if a mouse but stir, he calls for aid.

The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see,
 All scarf'd with pied colours to the knee,
 Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,
 And now he' gins to loath his former state;
 Now doth he inly scorn his Kendal-green,
 And his patched cockers now despised beem;
 Nor list he now go whistling to the car,
 But sells his team, and fettereth to the war.
 O war! to them that never tried thee, sweet!
 When his dead mate falls groveling at his feet,
 And angry bullets whistle at his ear,
 And his dim eyes see nought but death and
 drear.

O happy ploughman! were thy weal well
 known;

O happy all estates, except his own!
 Some drunken rhymers think his time well
 spent,

If he can live to see his name in print,
 Who, when he is once fished to the press,
 And sees his hazzell have such fair success,
 Sung to the wheel, and sung into the pail,
 He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sail,
 Nor then can rest, but voices up bodged
 rhymes,

To have his name talked of in future times.
 The brain-sick youth, that feeds his tickled
 ear

With sweet-sauced lies of some false traveller,
 Which hath the Spanish Decades read awhile,
 Or whetstone leasings of old Mandeville.

Now with discourses breaks his midnight sleep
 Of his adventures through the Indian deep,
 Of all their many heaps of golden mine,
 Or of the antique tombs of Palestine,
 Or of Dariusæus' magic wall of glass,
 Or Solomon his sweating piles of brass.

Of the bird rare that bears an elephant,
 Of mermaids that the southern seas do haunt,
 Of headless men, of savage cannibals,
 The fashions of their lives and governalls;

What monstrous cities there erected be,
 Cairo, or the city of the Trinity;
 Now are they dunghill cooks that have not
 seen
 The bordering Alps, or else the neighbour
 Rhine;
 And now he plies the news-full Grasshopper,
 Of voyages and ventures to inquire.
 His land mortgaged, he sea-beat in the way,
 Whilse for home a thousand sighs a day;
 And now he deems his home-bred fare as leaf
 As his parch'd biscuit, or his barroll'd beef.
 'Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
 O, let me lead an academic life;
 To know much, and to think for nothing, know
 Nothing to have, yet think we have enow;
 In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
 In weal nor want, nor wish for greater store.
 Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excess,
 At our low sail, and our high happiness.

Bishop Hall, 1600.

251.—TO HIS SON, VINCENT CORBET.

What I shall leave thee none can tell,
 But all shall say I wish thee well:
 I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
 Both bodily and ghostly health;
 Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
 So much of either may undo thee.
 I wish thee learning not for show,
 Enough for to instruct and know;
 Not such as gentlemen require
 To prate at table or at fire.
 I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
 Thy father's fortunes and his places.
 I wish thee friends, and one at court
 Not to build on, but support;
 To keep thee not in doing many
 Oppressions, but from suffering any.
 I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
 Nor laxy nor contentious days;
 And, when thy soul and body part,
 As innocent as now thou art.

Bishop Corbet, 1647.

252.—JOURNEY INTO FRANCE.

I went from England into France,
 Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
 Nor yet to ride nor fence;
 Nor did I go like one of those
 That do return with half a nose,
 They carried from hence.
 But I to Paris rode along,
 Much like John Dory in the song,
 Upon a holy tide;
 I on an ambling nag did jet
 (I trust he is not paid for yet),
 And spur'd him on each side.

And to St. Denis fast we came,
 To see the sights of Notre Dame
 (The man that shows them snaffles),
 Where who is apt for to believe,
 May see our Lady's right-arm sleeve,
 And eke her old pantoffles;

Her brest, her milk, her very gown
 That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
 When in the inn she lay;
 Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
 For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,
 Upon a look of hay.

No carpenter could by his trade
 Gain so much coin as to have made
 A gown of so rich stuff;
 Yet they, poor souls, think for their credit,
 That they believe old Joseph did it,
 'Cause he deserv'd enough.

There is one of the cross's nails,
 Which whose sees his bonnet vails,
 And, if he will, may kneel;
 Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so,
 Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
 It is as true as steel.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
 When Judas led them forth, did use,
 It weighs my weight down right;
 But to believe it, you must think
 The Jews did put a candle in,
 And then 'twas very light.

There's one saint there hath lost his nose,
 Another's head, but not his toes,
 His elbow and his thumb;
 But when that we had seen the rage,
 We went to th' inn and took our nags,
 And so away did come.

We came to Paris, on the Seine,
 'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
 'Tis Europe's greatest town;
 How strong it is I need not tell it,
 For all the world may easily smell it,
 That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
 The palace and great gallery,
 The Place Royal doth excel,
 The New Bridge, and the statues there,
 At Notre Dame St. Q. Pater,
 The steeps bears the bell.

For learning the University,
 And for old clothes the Frippery,
 The house the queen did build.
 St. Innocens, whose earth devours
 Dead corps in four and twenty hours,
 And there the king was kill'd.

The Bastile and St. Denis street,
 The Shaffienist like London Fleet,
 The Arsenal no toy;
 But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
 Go to the court, and see the king,
 O, 'tis a hopeful boy!

He is, of all his dukes and peers,
Reverenc'd for much wit at 's years,
Nor must you think it much;
For he with little swich doth play,
And make fine dirty pies of clay,
O, never king made such!

A bird that can but kill a fly,
Or prate, doth please his majesty,
'Tis known to every one;
The Duke of Guise gave him a parrot,
And he had twenty cannons for it,
For his new galleon.

O that I e'er might have the hap
To call the bird which in the map
Is call'd the Indian ruck!
I'd give it him, and hope to be
As rich as Guise or Laviné,
Or else I had ill-luck.

Birds round about his chamber stand,
And he them feeds with his own hand,
'Tis his humility;
And if they do want anything,
They need but whistle for their king,
And he comes presently.

But now, then, for these parts he must
Be entird Lewis the Just,
Great Henry's lawful heir;
When to his stile to add more words,
They'd better call him King of Birds,
Than of the great Navarre.

He hath besides a pretty quirk,
Taught him by nature, how to work
In iron with much ease!
Sometimes to the forge he goes,
There he knocks, and there he blows,
And makes both locks and keys;

Which puts a doubt in every one,
Whether he be Mars or Vulcan's son,
Some few believe his mother;
But let them all say what they will,
I came resolved, and so think still,
As much th' one as th' other.

The people too dislike the youth,
Alleging reasons, for, in truth,
Mothers should honour'd be;
Yet others say, he loves her rather
As well as ere she loved his father,
And that's notoriously——

His queen, a pretty little wench,
Was born in Spain, speaks little French,
She's not like to be mesher;
For her insectuous home could not
Have children which were not begot
By uncle or by brother.

Nor why should Lewis, being so just,
Content himself to take his lust
With his Laviné's waste,
And suffer his little pretty queen,
From all her race that yet hath been,
So to degenerate?

'Twere charity for to be known
To love others' children as his own.
And why? it is no shame,
Unless that he would greater be
Than was his father Henry,
Who, men thought, did the same.

Bishop Corbet, 1647.

253.—FAREWELL TO THE FAIRIES.

Farewell rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do;
Yet who of late, for cleanliness,
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbeyes,
The fairies' lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land;
And all your children sprung from thence
Are now grown Puritans;
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily went their labor,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later, James came in,
They never dur'd on any heath
As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession;
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religious fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whose kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure;
It was a just and Christian deed,
To pinch such black and blue;
O how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

Bishop Corbet, 1647.

254.—SONG.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which, like growing fountains, rise,
To drown their banks: grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there,
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

Bishop King.—About 1640.

255.—SIC VITA.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy lme,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

Bishop King.—About 1640.

256.—LIFE.

What is the existence of man's life
But open war or slumber'd strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outries in rage the boiling flood:
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats the bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep,
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moralised in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share
As wand'ring as his fancies are,
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset as it moves about;
And shouds out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—

Which doth short joys, long woes, include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears;
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but Death!

Bishop King.—About 1640.

257.—A COMPLAINT OF A LEARNED
DIVINE IN PURITAN TIMES.

In a melancholy study,
None but myself,
Methought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years' reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf.
Into learned rags
I have rent my plush and satin,
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin:
Instead of Aristotle,
Would I had got a patten.
Alas! poor scholar, whither wilt thou go;

I have bowed, I have banded,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended;
I have preach'd, I have printed,
Whate'er I hinted,
To please our English Pope;
I worship'd towards the East
But the sun doth now forsake me;
I find that I am falling,
The northern winds do shake me.
Would I had been upright,
For bowing now will break me.
Alas! poor, &c.

At great preferment I aim'd,
Witness my silk,
But now my hopes are main'd.
I looked lately
To live most stately,
And have a dairy of bell-rope's milk;
But now, alas!
Myself I must fatter,
Bigamy of steeples is a laughing matter
Each man must have but one,
And curates will grow fatter.
Alas! poor, &c.

Into some country village
Now I must go,
Where neither tithe nor tillage
The greedy patron,
And parched matron,
Swear to the church they owe:
Yet if I can preach,
And pray too on a sudden,
And confute the Pope
At adventure without studying,
Then ten pounds a year,
Beside a Sunday pudding.
Alas! poor, &c.

All the arts I have skill in,
Divine and human,
Yet all's not worth a shilling.
When the women hear me
They do but jeer me,
And say I am profane.
Once I remember
I preached with a weaver;
I quoted Austin,
He quoted Dod and Clever:
I nothing got,
He got a cloak and beaver.
Alas! poor, &c.

Ships, ships, ships I discover,
Crossing the main;
Shall I in and go over,
Turn Jew or Atheist,
Turk or Papist,
To Geneva or Amsterdam?
Bishops are void
In Scotland, shall I thither?
Or follow Windebank
And Finch, to see if either
Do want a priest to shrieve them?
Oh, no, 'tis blustering weather.
Alas! poor, &c.

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it:
Pease, Goodman fool!
Thou hast a trade will fit it;
Draw thy indenture,
Be bound at a venture
An apprentice to a free-school;
There thou mayst command,
By William Lilly's charter:
There thou mayst whip, strip,
And hang, and draw and quarter,
And commit to the red rod
Both Will, and Tom, and Arthur.
Ay, ay, 'tis hither, hither will I go.

Dr. Wilde.—About 1640.

258.—SONG.

Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauties fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles so please me,
As he brings ruin, that repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those pouting balls of snow
With curious veils from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds, themselves have made, discover.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

259.—SONG.

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to show what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.
Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sense bring forth
Bruised hard or what's more worth.
Or on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you nectar, for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

Thomas Carew.—About 1680.

260.—SONG.

Ack me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their canoes, sleep.

Ack me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ack me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ack me no more if east or west
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

261.—THE COMPLIMENT.

I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks (love's bowers);
Though such cunning thorns hath spread,
None can paint them white and red:
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, when music still is heard;
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.

I do not love thee, oh! my fairest,
For that richest, far that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy round head, that globe of wonder;
Tho' that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polish'd ivory are.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

262.—S O N G.

Give me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid, or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain ;
The temperate affords me none ;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,
Like Danae in a golden shower.
I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes ; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell released :
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

Thomas Carew:—About 1630.

263.—S O N G.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish and anon must die ;
If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace
Must fly from that forsaken face :

Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow ;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade ;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd still must grow.

Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

Thomas Carew:—About 1630.

264.—DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.

Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return ;
I have search'd thy cold within,
And find nought but pride and scorn ;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

Thomas Carew:—About 1630.

265.—ON MR. W. MONTAGUE'S RETURN
FROM TRAVEL.

Lead the black bull to slaughter, with the boar
And lamb ; then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea-gods for their careful waftage pay ;
Send grateful incense up in pious smoke
To those mild spirits that cast a curbing yoke
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Montagus ;
Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn
In honour of their darling's safe return,
The Muse's quire shall thus, with voice and
hand,

Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal air,
That with kind warmth dost repair
Winter's ruins ; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes ; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky ;
Whose dishvel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed ;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd ;
The halcyon sits and builds her nest ;
Beauty, yonth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing ;
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth :
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us ;
Thou canst stroke great Eolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

Thomas Carew:—About 1630.

266.—PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

Think not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y'are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning star,
That you are so ; or, though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem ;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake :

For that lovely face will fail ;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail !
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain or winter's sun ;
Most fleeting when it is most dear ;
'Tis gone while we but say—'tis here.

These curious looks, so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their Auburn hue, and grow
White and cold as winter's snow.

That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave, and all the rest

Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor hily shall be found, nor rose;
And what will then become of all
Those whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm; be provident,
And think, before the summer's spent,
Or following winter; like the ant,
In plenty hoard for time of scant.
For when the storms of Time have moved
Waves on that cheek which was beloved;
When a fair lady's face is pined,
And yellow spreads where red once shin'd;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave
her,
Love may return, but lovers never:
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
O love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute;
For time and age will work that wrack
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose, each spring, receives,
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then, be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauties' flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

267.—APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the
frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the beumb'd earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow trees
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee:
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd for May.
Now all things smile.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

268.—EPITAPH ON THE DUKE OF
BUCKINGHAM.

Reader, when these dumb stones have told
In borrow'd speech what guest they hold,
Thou shalt confess the vain pursuit
Of human glory yields no fruit

But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could constant happiness create,
Her ministers, fortune and worth,
Had here that miracle brought forth:
They fix'd this child of honour where
No room was left for hope or fear
Of more or less: so high, so great,
His growth was, yet so safe his seat:
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyal heart and ends;
Safe in his native valiant spirit;
By favour safe, and safe by merit;
Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
Did strength with shape and grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerful courtesies
Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes;
Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than store:
Yet though for virtue he becomes
Involv'd himself in borrow'd arms,
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpaid.

But, though the stars conspire to shower
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aspects must other breasts inspire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darling's life:
Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
To make one happy man, make all men just?

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

269.—TO SAXHAM.

Though frost and snow lock'd from mine eyes
That beauty, which without door lies,
The gardens, orchards, walks, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;
Yet, Saxham, thou, within thy gate,
Art of thyself so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that bless
Thy roof with inward happiness;
As neither from, nor to thy store,
Winter takes aught, or spring adds more.
The cold and frozen air had starv'd
Much poor, if not by thee preserv'd;
Whose prayers have made thy table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.
The seasons hardly did afford
Connoisseurs unto thy neighbour's board,
Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
Had only been thy volary;
Or else the birds, fearing the snow
Might to another deluge grow,
The pheasant, partridge, and the lark,
Flew to thy house, as to the ark.
The willing ox of himself came
Home to the slaughter, with the lamb,
And every beast did thither bring
Himself to be an offering.
The only herd more pleasure took,
Beth'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
Water, earth, air, did all conspire
To pay their tributes to thy fire;

Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
 Through every room, where they deride
 The night and cold abroad; whilst they,
 Like suns within, keep endless day,
 Those cheerful beams send forth their light,
 To all that wander in the night,
 And seem to beckon from sleep
 The weary pilgrim to thy roof;
 Where, if refresh'd, he will away,
 He's fairly welcome; or, if stay,
 Far more, which he shall hearty find,
 Both from the master and the hind.
 The stranger's welcome each man there
 Stamp'd on his cheerful brow doth wear;
 Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer,
 Grow less, 'cause he stays longer here.
 There's none observes, much less repines,
 How often this man sups or dines.
 Thou hast no porter at the door
 To examine or keep back the poor;
 Nor looks nor bolts; thy gates have been
 Made only to let strangers in;
 Untaught to shut, they do not fear
 To stand wide open all the year;
 Careless who enters, for they know
 Thou never didst deserve a foe;
 And as for thieves, thy bounty's such,
 They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

270.—THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
 I straight will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:
 Ask me why this flow'r doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And bending, yet it doth not break;
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

271.—CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyf'ulst feast;
 Let every man be jolly;
 Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
 And every post with holly.
 Though some churls at our mirth repine,
 Round your foreheads garlands twine,
 Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
 And let us all be merry.
 Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
 And Christmas blocks are burning;
 Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
 And all their spits are turning.
 Without the door let sorrow lie;
 And if for cold it hap to die,
 We'll buy't in a Christmas pie,
 And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
 And no man minds his labour;
 Our lasses have provided them
 A bagpipe and a tabor;
 Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
 Give life to one another's joys;
 And you anon shall by their noise
 Perceive that they are merry.
 Rank misers now do sparing stum;
 Their hall of music soundeth;
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
 So all things there aboundeth.
 The country folks themselves advance,
 With crowdy-mittons out of France;
 And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,
 And all the town be merry.
 Ned Squash hath fetcht his hands from pawn,
 And all his best apparel;
 Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
 With drooping of the barrel.
 And those that hardly all the year
 Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
 Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
 And all the day be merry.
 Now poor men to the justices
 With capons make their errants;
 And if they hap to fail of those,
 They plague them with their warrants;
 But now they feed them with good cheer,
 And what they want they take in beer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year,
 And then they shall be merry.
 Good farmers in the country nurse
 The poor, that else were undone;
 Some landlords spend their money worse,
 On lust and pride at London.
 There the royalters they do play,
 Dreb and dice their lands away,
 Which may be ours another day,
 And therefore let's be merry.
 The client now his suit forbears,
 The prisoner's heart is eased;
 The debtor drinks away his cares,
 And for the time is pleased.
 Though others' purses be more fat,
 Why should we pine, or grieve at that?
 Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
 And therefore let's be merry.
 Hark! now the wags abroad do call,
 Each other forth to rambling;
 Anon you'll see them in the hall,
 For nuts and apples scrambling.
 Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound,
 Anon they'll think the house goes round,
 For they the cellar's depth have found,
 And there they will be merry.
 The wenches with their wassell bowls
 About the streets are singing;
 The boys are come to catch the owls,
 The wild mare in is bringing.
 Our kitchen boy hath broke his box,
 And to the dealing of the ox,
 Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
 And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepecotes have,
And mate with every body;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Bowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller:
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry.

George Wither.—About 1635.

272.—SONNET UPON A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in
awe;

And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of ought what she can miss:
Nay should I twenty kisses take away,
There'd would be little sign I would do so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow:
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

George Wither.—About 1635.

273.—THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE
MUSE.

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays;
And the vapours that do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Soem they not with their black steams
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it unblemish'd, fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With Detraction's breath and thee:
It shall never rise so high,
As to stain thy poetry.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesy so sometime drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
Twixt men's judgments and her light:
But so much her power may do,
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do heavenly tower,
As she makes wing she gets power;

Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more;
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last:
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight;
For, if I could match thy rhymes,
To the very stars I'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.
But, alas! my muse is slow;
For thy page she flags too low:
Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were cleft of late.
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
Am myself put up a-tweaving:
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly where I never did:
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double:
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For, though banish'd from my socks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the mullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay;
And keeps many cares away,
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-time yields,
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chant their loves,
And the laeas more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel.
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But Remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugra Envy's evil will,
(Whence she would be driven, too,
Were't in mortal's power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow:
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontent
Be her fairest ornament.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight,
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling,
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shest when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow

Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneliness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made;
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss:
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight:
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect.
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this,
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee,
Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy madd'nt fits
Above all their greatest wits.
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What make knaves and fools of them.

George Wither.—About 1635.

274.—A PRISONER'S LAY.

First think, my soul, if I have foes
That take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure these outward woes
Have thus envanish me unaware.
Thou should'st be by much more careful be,
Since greater foes lay wait for thee.
By my late hopes that now are cross'd,
Consider those that firmer be,
And make the freedom I have lost
A means that may remember thee.
Had Christ not thy Redeemer been,
What horrid state hadst thou been in!
Or when through me thou seest a man
Condemn'd unto a mortal death,
How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing, with fear, his panting breath;
Think if in that such grief thou see,
How sad will "Go, ye cursed," be!
These iron chains, these bolts of steel,
Which often poor offenders grind;
The wants and cares which they do feel
May bring some greater things to mind:
For by their grief thou shalt do well
To think upon the pains of hell.

Again, when he that fear'd to die
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that 'e in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought;
Then think between thy heart and thee,
How glad will "Come, ye blessed," be!

George Wither.—About 1635.

275.—FROM "A DIRGE."

Farewell,
Sweet groves to you!
You hills that highest dwell,
And all you humble vales, adieu!
You wanton brooks and solitary rocks,
My dear companions all, and you my tender
flocks!
Farewell, my pipe! and all those pleasing
songs whose moving strain
Delighted once the fairest nymphs that dance
upon the plains.
You discontented, whose deep and over-deadly
smart
Have without pity broke the truest heart,
Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,
That erst did with me dwell,
And others joy,
Farewell!

George Wither.—About 1635.

276.—TO A BROTHER POET.

Go, my Willy, get thee gone,
Leave me in exile alone;
His thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy song.
Thou art young, yet such a lay
Never graced the month of May,
As (if they provoke thy skill)
Thou canst fit unto the quill.
I, with wonder, heard thee sing
At our last year's revelling;
Then I with the rest was free,
When unknown I noted thee,
And perceived the ruder swains
Envy thy far sweeter strains.
Yes, I saw the lasses sing
Round about thee in a ring,
As if each one jealous were
Any but herself should bear.

George Wither.—About 1635.

277.—THE JUST INDIGNATION OF THE OPPRESSED.

Do I not know a great man's power and
might,
In spite of innocence, can smother right,
Colour his villainies to get esteem,
And make the honest man the villain seem?
I know it, and the world doth know 'tis true,
Yet I protest if such a man I knew,

That might my country prejudice, or thee,
 Were he the greatest or the proudest he
 That breathes this day: if so it might be found
 That any good to either might redound,
 I, unappl'd, dare in such a case
 Rip up his foulest crimes before his face,
 Though for my labour I were sure to drop
 Into the mouth of ruin without hope.

George Wither.—About 1635.

278.—A PERSECUTED POET'S ADDRESS
 TO HIS KING.

While here my muse in discontent doth sing
 To thee, her great Apollo, and my king;
 Implo'ring thee, by that high, sacred name,
 By justice, and those powers that I could
 name:

By whatsoe'er may move, entreat I thee,
 To be what thou art unto all, to me.

George Wither.—About 1635.

279.—MY HEAVENLY FATHER AND
 HIS ERRING CHILD.

Yet I confess, in this my pilgrimage,
 I, like some infant, am of tender age.
 For as the child who from his father hath
 Stray'd in some grove thro' many a crook'd
 path,

Is sometimes hopeful that he finds the way,
 And sometimes doubtful he runs more astray.
 Sometime with fair and easy paths doth
 meet,

Sometime with rougher tracts that stay his
 feet;

Here goes, there runs, and you amazed stays:
 Then cries and straight forgets his care, and
 plays.

Then hearing where his loving father calls,
 Makes haste, but through a zeal ill-guided
 falls;

Or runs some other way, until that he
 (Whom love is more than his endeavours be)
 To seek the wanderer, forth himself doth come,
 And take him in his arms, and bear him home.

So in this life, this grove of ignorance,
 As to my homeward, I myself advance,
 Sometimes aright, and sometimes wrong I go,
 Sometimes my pace is speedy, sometimes slow:
 One while my ways are pleasant unto me,
 Another while as full of cares they be.

I doubt and hope, and doubt and hope again,
 And many a change of passion I sustain

In this my journey, so that now and then
 I lost, perhaps, may seem to other men.

Yes, to myself awhile, when mine inspire
 Do my Redeemer's love from me obscure.

But whatsoe'er betide, I know full well
 My Father, who above the clouds doth dwell,
 An eye upon His wandering child doth cast,
 And He will fetch me to my home at last.

George Wither.—About 1635.

280.—AGAINST HIRED FLATTERERS.

I have no muses that will serve the turn
 At every triumph, and rejoice or mourn,
 After a minute's warning, for their hire,
 If with old sberry they themselves inspire.
 I am not of a temper like to those
 That can provide an hour's sad talk in prose
 For any funeral, and then go dine,
 And choke my grief with sugar-plums and wine.
 I cannot at the claret sit and laugh,
 And then, half tipsy, write an epitaph.
 I cannot for reward adorn the hearse
 Of some old rotten miser with my verses;
 Nor, like the poetasters of the time,
 Go howl a doleful elegy in rhyme,
 For every lord or ladyship that dies,
 And then perplex their heirs to patronize
 That muddy poetry. Oh, how I scorn,
 That raptures which are free and nobly born
 Should, siller-like, for entertainment scrape
 At strangers' windows, and go play the ape
 In counterfeiting passion.

George Wither.—About 1635.

281.—THE 146TH PSALM PARAPHRASED.

Come, O come, with sacred lays,
 Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.
 Hither bring in true consent,
 Heart, and voice, and instrument.
 Let the orpharion sweet
 With the harp and viol meet:
 To your voices tune the lute;
 Let not tongue, nor string be mute;
 Nor a creature dumb be found
 That hath either voice or sound.

Let such things as do not live,
 In still music praises give:
 Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep,
 On the earth, or in the deep,
 Loud aloft your voices strain,
 Beasts and monsters of the main.
 Birds, your warbling treble sing;
 Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
 Sun and moon, exalted higher,
 And ye, stars, augment the quire.

Come, ye sons of human race,
 In this chorus take your place,
 And amid this mortal throng,
 Be you masters of the song.
 Angels and celestial powers,
 Be the noblest tenor yours.
 Let, in praise of God, the sound
 Run a never-ending round:
 That our holy hymns may be
 Everlasting, as is He.

From the earth's vast hollow womb,
 Music's deepest base shall come:
 Sea and floods, from shore to shore,
 Shall the counter-tenor roar.
 To this concert, when we sing,
 Whistling winds, your descent bring.

Which may bear the sound above,
Where the orb of fire doth move;
And so clamb from sphere to sphere,
Till our song th' Almighty hear.

So shall He from Heaven's high tower
On the earth His blessings shower;
All this his wide orb we see,
Shall one quire, one temple be.
There our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it everywhere;
And enforce the fends that dwell
In the air, to sink to hell.
Then, O come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.

George Wither.—About 1635.

282.—THE FORD OF ABLE.

North-east, not far from this great pool, there lies
A tract of beechy mountains that arise,
With leisurely ascending, to such height
As from their tops the warlike Iala of Wight
You in the ocean's bosom may espie,
Tho' near two hundred furlongs hence it lies.
The pleasant way, as up those hills you climb,
Is straw'd o'er with marjoram and thyme,
Which grows unmet. The hedge-rows do not want

The cowslip, violet, primrose, nor a plant
That freshly scents; as birch, both green and tall,

Low swallows on whose bloomings bees do fall,

Fair woodbins, which about the hedges twine,
Smooth privet, and the sharp sweet eglantine,
With many more, whose leaves and blossoms fair

The earth adorn, and oft perfume the air.

Even there, and in the least frequented place
Of all these mountains, is a little space
Of pleasant ground, hamm'd in with dropping trees,

And those so thick that Phoebus scarcely sees
The earth they grow on once in all the year,
Nor what is done among the shadows there.

George Wither.—About 1635.

283.—THE SEQUESTERED RETIREMENT OF BENTWORTH.

Two pretty rills do meet, and, meeting, make
Within one valley a large silver lake,
About whose banks the fertile mountains stood,

In ages pass'd bravely crown'd with wood,
Which lending cool sweet shadows gave it grace

To be accus'd Cynthia's bathing-place,

And from her father Neptune's braickish court,
Fair Thetis hither often would resort,
Attended by the fishes of the sea,
Which in those sweeter waters came to play.
There would the daughter of the sea-god dive,
And thither came the land-nymphs every eve,
To wait upon her, bringing for her brows
Rich garlands of sweet flowers, and beechy boughs;

For pleasant was that pool, and near it then
Was neither rotten marsh nor boggy fen.
It was not overgrown with boisterous sedge,
Nor grew there rudely then along the edge
A bending willow, nor a prickly bush,
Nor broad-leaf'd flag, nor reed, nor knotty rush.

But here, well-order'd was a grove with bowers,
There grassy plots set round about with flowers:

Here, you might thro' the waters see the land
Appear, straw'd o'er with white, or yellow sand.

Yes, deeper was it; and the wind by whiffs
Would make it rise, and wash the little cliffs,
On which oft pluming sat, unfrighted then,
The gagging wild goose, and the snow white swan.

With all the flocks of fowls which to this day,
Upon those quiet waters breed and play.

George Wither.—About 1635.

284.—PRAYER FOR SEASONABLE WEATHER.

Lord, should the sun, the clouds, the wind,

The air and seasons be,

To us so froward and unkind,

As we are false to Thee:

All fruits would quite away be burn'd,

Or lie in water drown'd,

Or blasted be, or overturn'd,

Or chill'd on the ground.

But from our duty though we swerve,

Thou still dost mercy show,

And deign Thy creatures to preserve,

That men might thankful grow.

Yet, though from day to day we sin,

And Thy displeasure gain,

No sooner we to cry begin,

But pity we obtain.

The weather now Thou changed hast,

That put us late to fear,

And when our hopes were almost past,

Thou comfort did appear.

The heaven the earth's complaint hath heard,

They reconcil'd be;

And Thou such weather hast prepared,

As we desired of Thee.

George Wither.—About 1635.

285.—MORNING.

By this had chanticleer, the village cock,
Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock ;
And the swart ploughman for his breakfast
stayed.

That he might till those lands were fallow laid ;
The hills and valleys here and there resound ;
With the re-echoes of the deep-mouth'd hound ;
Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail
Wes come a-field to milk the morning's meal ;
And ere the sun had climb'd the eastern hills,
To glid the muttering bourns and pretty rills,
Before the labouring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes, which in rivers dive,
Began to leap and catch the drowned fly,
I rose from rest, not infelicity.

William Browne.—About 1620.

286.—EVENING.

As in an evening, when the gentle air
Breathes to the mullen night a soft repair,
I oft have sat on Thames' sweet bank, to hear
My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine
ear :

When he hath play'd (as well he can) some
strain,
That likes me, straight I ask the same again,
And he, as gladly granting, strikes it o'er
With some sweet relish was forgot before :
I would have been content if he would play,
In that one strain, to pass the night away ;
But, fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have ask'd some other song :
So, in this differing key, though I could wall
A many hours, but as few minutes tell,
Yet, lost mine own delight might injure you,
(Though loath so soon) I take my song anew.

William Browne.—About 1620.

287.—A NIGHT SCENE.

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne
That on the dancing waves in glory shone,
For whose declining on the western shore
The oriental hills black mantles wore,
And thence across the gentle twilight fled,
That had from hideous caverns unshard
All-droowy night ; who, in a car of jek,
By steeds of iron-gray (which usually sweat
Moist drops on all the world), drawn through
the sky,
The helps of darkness waited orderly,
First, thick clouds rose from all the liquid
plains :
Then mists from marshes, and grounds whose
veins

Were conduit pipes to many a crystal spring :
From standing pools and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs : each river, every rill
Scut up their vapours to attend her will.
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt Earth and
Heaven,

And as Night's chariot through the air was
driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's
song,
And silence girt the woods ; no warbling
tongue
Talk'd to the echo ; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance :
Only the curled streams soft chidings kept ;
And little gales, that from the green leaf
swept
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisperings
stirr'd,
As loath to waken any singing bird.

William Browne.—About 1620.

288.—NIGHT.

The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joysoome light.
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
And sleightful otters left the yaring rills ;
Bocks to their nests in high woods now were
fung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked
young.
When thieves from thickets to the cross-ways
stir,
And terror frights the lonely passenger :
When nought was heard but now and then the
howl
Of some vile cur, or whooping of the owl.

William Browne.—About 1620.

289.—SONG.

Gentle nymphs, be not refusing,
Love's neglect is time's abusing,
They and beauty are but lent you ;
Take the one, and keep the other :
Love keeps fresh what age doth smother,
Beauty gone, you will repent you,
'Twill be said, when ye have proved,
Never swains more truly loved :
Oh, then fly all nice behaviour !
Fity fain would (as her duty)
Be attending still on Beauty,
Let her not be out of favour.

William Browne.—About 1620.

290.—SONG.

Shall I tell you whom I love ?
Hearken then awhile to me,
And if such a woman move
As I now shall verify ;
Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues right
As e'er yet embrac'd a heart.
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deifed.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth:
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhat young;
Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

William Browne.—About 1620.

291.—ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE SOIL.

Hail thou, my native soil! thou blessed plot
Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
Show me who can? so many crystal rills,
Such sweet-clothed vallies, or aspiring hills,
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy
mines,
Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines:
And if the earth can show the like again,
Yet will she fall in her sea-ruling men.
Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davis, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
That by their power made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoil
The boating Spaniard left the Indian soil
Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this, though all the rest were lost.

William Browne.—About 1620.

✓ 292.—WHAT IS LIFE?

And what's a life!—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life!—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up
hour:

Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have
made,

Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they
fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit!—how small my boon!
Nor do I beg this slender inch to write
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here's nothing worth a
smile.

Francis Quarles.—About 1640.

✓ 293.—THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:

Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:

Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:

Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou want'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven; fond earth, thou boasts; false
world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales

Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she will,
And swear'st to ease her:

There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boasts; false world,
thou ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say?

Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:

Thy cunning can out pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:

Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:

Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world,
thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coin'd treasure:

A paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure;

A painted cake, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:

Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; vain man! that thou rely'st
On earth; vain man, thou dot'st; vain earth,
thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
To labour!

In earth's base wars, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash?

The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?

Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? false world,
thou ly'st.

Francis Quarles.—About 1640.

294.—F A I T H.

The proudest pitch of that victorious spirit
Was but to win the world, whereby t' inherit
The airy purchase of a transitory
And glosing title of an age's glory
Would'st thou by conquest win more fame than
he,

Subdue thyself! thyself 's a world to thee.
Earth's but a ball, that heaven hath quilted
o'er
With Wealth and Honour, banded on the floor
Of fickle Fortune's false and slippery court,
Sent for a toy, to make us children sport,
Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights sup-
plying.

To still the fondlings of the world from cry-
ing;

And he, whose merit mounts to such a joy,
Gains but the honour of a mighty toy.

But would'st thou conquer, have thy con-
quest crown'd

By bands of Seraphims, triumph'd with the
sound

Of heaven's loud trumpet, warbled by the
shrill

Celestial choir, recorded with a quill

Pluck'd from the pinion of an angel's wing,

Confirm'd with joy by heaven's eternal King;

Conquer thyself, thy rebel thoughts repel,

And chase those false affections that rebel.

Hath heaven despoil'd what his full hand hath
given thee?

Nipp'd thy succeeding blossoms? or bereaven
thee

Of thy dear latest hope, thy bosom friend?

Doth and Despair deny those griefs an end?

Despair's a whisp'ring rebel, that within thee,

Bribes all thy field, and sets thyself again'
these:

Make keen thy faith, and with thy force let
see,

If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee:

Advance thy shield of Patience to thy head,

And when Grief strikes, 'twill strike the striker
dead.

In adverse fortunes, be thou strong and stout,

And bravely win thyself, heaven holds not out

His bow for ever bent; the disposition

Of noblest spirit doth, by opposition,

Exasperate the more: a gloomy night

Whats on the morning to return more bright

Brave minds, oppress'd, should in despite of
Fate,

Look greatest, like the sun, in lowest state.

But, ah! shall God thus strive with flesh and
blood?

Receives he glory from, or resce he good

In mortals' ruin, that he leaves man so
To be o'erwhelm'd by this unequal foe?
May not a potter, that, from out the ground,
Hath fram'd a vessel, search if it be sound?
Or if, by furnishing, he take more pain
To make it fairer, shall the pot complain?
Mortal, thou art but clay; then shall not he,
That fram'd thee for his service, season thee!
Man, close thy lips; be thou no undertaker
Of God's designs: dispute not with thy Maker.

Francis Quarles.—About 1640.

295.—DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature: therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse—she gives me food;

But what's a creature, Lord, compar'd with
thee?

Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd quire sustains me with their
flesh.

And with their polyphonian notes delight me:

But what's the air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:

She walls me round; she makes my diet
grater;

She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:

But, Lord of oceans, when compar'd with
thee,

What is the ocean, or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;

Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:

But what is heaven, great God, compar'd to
thee?

Without thy presence heaven's no heaven
to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;

Without thy presence air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure:

If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd is these,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to
me?

The highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;

The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:

The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compar'd to thee.

Without thy presence wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet—madness;

Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing
madness;

Without thee, Lord, things be not what
they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with
thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further craves I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of
thee.

Francis Quarles.—About 1640.

296.—S O N G.

Know then, my brethren, heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous now shall flourish, and
Good days are coming on:
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!

We'll break the windows which the Whore
Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the popish saints are down,
Then Barrow shall be sainted.
There's neither cross nor crucifix
Shall stand for men to see;
Some's trash and trumperies shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!

We'll down with all the 'Varities,
Where learning is profest,
Because they practise and maintain
The language of the beast.
We'll drive the doctors out of doore,
And arts, what's'er they be;
We'll cry both arts and learning down,
And hey! then up go we!

If once that Antichristian crew
Be crush'd and overthrow'd,
We'll teach the nobles how to crouch,
And keep the gentry down.
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride, we see;
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
And hey! then up go we!

The name of lord shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother;
No reason why, in church or state,
One man should rule another.
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop
And hey! then up go we!

Our cobblers shall translate their souls,
From caves obscure and shady;
We'll make Tom T * * * as good as my lord,
And Joan as good as my lady.

We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
Into the Roman see;
We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
And hey! then up go we!

Francis Quarles.—About 1640.

297.—SOSPETTO D' HERODE. LIB. I.

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

From death's sad shades, to the life-breathing
air,

This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care.
To become beautiful in human blood.
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine with so pure a flood;
There does he fix his eyes, and there detect
New master to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind the old quarrel, and what
spark

Set the contending sons of heaven on fire:
Oft in his deep thought he reviveth the dark
Elysis' divining leaves; he does inquire
Into the old prophecies, trembling to mark
How many present prodigies conspire
To crown their past predictions, both he
lays
Together, in his ponderous mind both
weighs.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw
To a poor Galilean virgin sent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with
what awe
Immortal flowers to her fair hand present.
He saw the old Hebrew's womb neglect the
law

Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
His birth by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour
Of the icy north, from frost-bound Atlas'
hands

His adamantine fetters fall; green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks, and Libyan
sands.

He saw a vernal smile sweetly disfigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flowery
lands

Of fair Engaddi's honey-sweating fountains,
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach
the mountains.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
The heaven-rubbed shades made haste away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light,
Amazed the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not; mad with spite,

He mark'd how the poor Shepherds ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth
Was the great business both of heaven and earth.

He saw a threefold sun, with rich increase,
Make prone the ruby portals of the east.
He saw the temple sacred to sweet peace,
Adore her prince's birth, flat on her breast.
He saw the falling idols all confess
A coming Deity. He saw the nest

Of poisonous and unnatural loves, earth-
nary,
Touch'd with the world's true antidote to
burnt.

He saw Heaven blossom with a new-born
light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gazed
The golden eyes of night, whose beam made
bright

The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blazed
(Nor ask'd leave of the sun), by day as night.
By whom (as Heaven's illustrious handmaid)
raised

Three kings (or what is more) three wise
men went
Westward, to find the world's true orient.

* * * * *
That the great agal-blinding light should
shrink

His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye.
That the unmeasured God so low should sink,
As prisoner in a few poor rags to lie.
That from his mother's breast he milk should
drink,

Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair family,
That a vile manger his low bed should
prove,
Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

That he whom the sun serves, should faintly
peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he the
old

Eternal Word should be a child and weep:
That he who made the fire should fear the
cold:

That Heaven's high Majesty his court should
keep

In a clay cottage, by each blast controll'd:
That glory's self should serve our griefs and
fears,

And free eternity submit to years.

And further, that the law's eternal Giver
Should bleed in his own law's obedience;
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himself, the forfeit of his slave's offence.
That the unblest'd Lamb, blessed for ever,
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense.

These are the knotty riddles, whose dark
doubt

Entangles his lost thoughts past getting out:
While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged
breast,

His gloomy bosom's darkest character
Was in his shady forehead seen express'd.
The forehead's shade in grief's expression
there,

Is what in sign of joy among the blest,
The face's lightning or a smile is here.
Those stings of care that his strong heart
oppress,

A desperate Oh me! drew from his deep
breast.

Oh me! (thus bellow'd he); oh me! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers ad-
vance?

And serve my purer sight, only to beat
Down my proud thought, and leave it in a
trance?

Frown I, and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance:
Can his attempts above still prosperous be,
Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me?

He has my Heaven (what would he more?)
whose bright

And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear.
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here
To this dark house of shades, horror, and
night,

To draw a long-lived death, where all my
cheer

Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
That mankind's torment waits upon my
tears.

Dark dusky man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure ray:
And should we powers of Heaven, spirits of
worth,

Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I; and climb the north,
Where never wing of angel yet made way.

What though I miss'd my blow? yet I
struck high,
And to dare something, is some victory.

Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?

Vile human nature, means he not to invest
(O my despite!) with his divinst glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,

With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright arms of heaven rebuke these
eyes?

Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

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

The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?
The fairest, and the first born male of
Heaven?

Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,
 Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
 Such and so rich, the flames that from
 thine eyes
 Oppress'd the common people of the skies.
 Ah, wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy
 eyes
 Where dawning hope no beam of comfort
 shows?
 While the reflection of thy forepast joys
 Renders thee double to thy present woes.
 Rather make up to thy new miseries,
 And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
 If hell must mourn, heaven sure shall sym-
 pathise.
 What force cannot effect, fraud shall de-
 vise.
 And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
 Myself? my strength too with my innocence?
 Come, try who dares, heaven, earth, what'er
 dost boast
 A borrow'd being, make thy bold defence.
 Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
 Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths.
 Heavens saw us struggle once: as brave a
 fight
 Earth now shall see, and tremble at the
 sight.

Richard Crashaw.—About 1640.

298.—HYMN TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

I sing the Name which none can say,
 But touch'd with an interior ray;
 The name of our new peace; our good;
 Our bliss, and supernatural blood;
 The name of all our lives and loves:
 Hearken and help, ye holy doves!
 The high-born brood of day; you bright
 Candidates of blissful light,
 The heirs elect of love; whose names belong
 Unto the everlasting life of song;
 All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
 Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest.
 Awake, my glory! soul (if such thou be,
 And that fair word at all refer to thee),
 Awake and sing,
 And be all wing!
 Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
 What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.
 O thou art poor
 Of noble powers, I see,
 And full of nothing else but empty me;
 Narrow and low, and infinitely less
 Than this great morning's mighty business.
 One little world or two,
 Alas! will never do;
 We must have store:
 Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more;
 Go and request
 Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
 Of heav'n's, the self-involving set of spheres,
 Which dull mortality more feels than hears;
 Then rouse the nest

Of nimble art, and traverse round
 The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
 And beat a summons in the same
 All-sovereign name,
 To warn each several kind
 And shape of sweetness—be they such
 As sigh with supple wind
 Or answer artful touch—
 That they convene and come away
 To wait at the love-crown'd doors of that
 illustrious day

Come, lovely name! life of our hope!
 Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
 Unlock thy cabinet of day,
 Dearest sweet, and come away.
 Lo, how the thirsty lands
 Gasp for thy golden show'rs, with long-
 stretch'd hands!
 Lo, how the labouring earth,
 That hopes to be
 All heaven by thee,
 Leaps at thy birth!
 The attending world, to wait thy rise,
 First turn'd to eyes;
 And then, not knowing what to do,
 Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
 Come, royal name! and pay the expense
 Of all this precious patience:

Oh, come away
 And kill the death of this delay.
 Oh see, so many worlds of barren years
 Melted and measur'd out in seas of tears!
 Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope
 (Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
 With curtains drawn,
 To catch the daybreak of thy dawn!
 Oh, dawn at last, long-look'd for day!
 Take thine own wings and come away.
 Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
 The conduct of adoring spirits, that through
 Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
 Oh, they are wise,
 And know what sweets are suck'd from out of it.
 It is the hive
 By which they thrive,
 Where all their hoard of honey lies.
 Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
 Soft back, and brings a becom big with love.
 Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!
 Unfold thy fair conceptions; and display
 The birth of our bright joys.
 Oh, thou compacted
 Body of blessings! spirit of souls extracted!
 Oh, dissipate thy spicy powers,
 Cloud of condensed sweets! and break upon us
 In balmy showers!
 Oh, fill our senses, and take from us
 All force of so profane a fallacy,
 To think aught sweet but that which smells
 of thee.
 Fair flow'ry name! in none but thee,
 And thy nectareal fragrantcy,
 Hourly there meets
 An universal synod of all sweets;

By whom it is defined thus—
 That no perfums
 For ever shall presume
 To pass for odoriferous,
 But such alone whose sacred pedigree
 Can prove itself some kin, sweet name! to thee.
 Sweet name! in thy each syllable,
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
 A thousand hills of frankincense;
 Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
 And ten thousand paradises,
 The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
 How many unknown worlds there are
 Of comforte, which thou hast in keeping!
 How many thousand mercies there
 In pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
 Happy he who has the art

To awake them,
 And to take them
 Home, and lodge them in his heart.
 Oh, that it were as it was wont to be,
 When thy old friends, on fire all full of thee,
 Fought against frowns with smiles; gave
 glorious chase
 To persecutions; and against the face
 Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
 And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
 On their bold breasts about the world they
 bore thee,
 And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee;
 In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
 Where racks and torments striv'd in vain to
 reach thee.

Little, alas! thought they
 Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
 Their fury but made way
 For thee, and serv'd them in thy glorious ends.
 What did their weapons, but with wider pores
 Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
 More freely to transpire

That impatient fire
 The heart that hides thee hardly covers?
 What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
 For thee? fair purple doors, of love's devising;
 The ruby windows which enrich'd the east
 Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
 Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
 And re-entrin'd thee in thy rosy nest,
 With binah of thine own blood thy day
 adorning:

It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds
 Of wrath, and made the way through all these
 wounds.

Welcome, dear, all-adored name!
 For sure there is no knee
 That knows not thee;
 Or if there be such sons of shame,
 Alas! what will they do,
 When stubborn rocks shall bow,
 And hills hang down their heav'n-sainting
 heads

To seek for humble beds
 Of dust, where, in the baneful shades of night,
 Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
 And couch before the dazzling light of thy
 dread Majesty.

They that by love's mild dietate now
 Will not adore thee,
 Shall then, with just confusion, bow
 And break before thee.

Richard Crashaw.—About 1640.

299.—SUDDEN CHANGE.

I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
 Of a ruddy rose, that stood,
 Blushing to behold the ray
 Of the new-saluted day;
 His tender top not fully spread;
 The sweet dash of a shower new shed,
 Invited him no more to hide
 Within himself the purple pride
 Of his forward flower, when lo,
 While he sweetly 'gan to show
 His swelling glories, Anster spied him;
 Cruel Anster thither hied him,
 And with the rush of one rude blast
 Sham'd not spitefully to waste
 All his leaves so fresh and sweet,
 And lay them trembling at his feet.
 I've seen the morning's lovely ray
 Hover o'er the new-born day,
 With rosy wings, so richly bright,
 As if he scor'd to die of night,
 When a ruddy storm, whose scowl
 Made Heaven's radiant face look foul,
 Call'd for an untimely night
 To blot the newly-blossom'd light.

Richard Crashaw.—About 1640.

300.—MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
 Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the
 streams

Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plain,
 Under protection of an oak, there sat
 A sweet lute's master; in whose gentle airs
 He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
 Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
 A nightingale, come from the neighbouring
 wood

(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
 Their music, their eyes, harmless eyes she):
 There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
 The music's soft report: and mould the same
 In her own murmurs; that whatever mood
 His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
 The man perceiv'd his rival, and her art,
 Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,
 Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
 Informs it in a sweet prelude
 Of clover strains, and o'er the war begins,
 He lightly skirmishes on every string
 Charged with a flying touch; and straightway
 she
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
 Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
 And reckons up in soft divisions

Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hand's instinct then taught each string

A cap'ring cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dances; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning, skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.

She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,

Traile her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that, being rear'd
In oontroversing warbles, evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles; ho amaz'd,
That from so small a channel should be rais'd
The torrent of a voice, whose melody

Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that, tickled with rare art,
The rattling strings, each breathing in his part,
Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling bass
In surly groans disdain the trable's grace;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and

chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets
call

Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and
woo

Men's accents into their hands: this lesson too
She gives them back: her supple breast thrills
out

Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in war'd notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys

Roar,

And roll themselves ever her lubric throat
In panning murmurs, still'd out of her breast;
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
Music's best seed-plot; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her

breath

Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire,
Sounded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre;
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly
notes

Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swirl their
throats

In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That man can sleep while they their matins
sing

(Ofset divine service): whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day,
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the sledged notes at length forsake their

nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opens the flood-gate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth
ride

On the way'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train,
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note;
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse

bird;
Her little soul is ravish'd, and so pour'd
Into loose ecstasies, that she is plac'd
Above herself, music's enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face: "yet, once again,
Mistress, I come: now reach a strain, my into,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy."

So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the
strings:

The sweet-lipp'd sisters musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,
Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self
look higher;

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar
drop,

Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup:
The humorous strings expound his learned
touch

By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth he
invoke

Sweetness by all her names: thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)

The late's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swell'n rhapsodies,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there

Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tong,
Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,
Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In music's ravish'd soul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his
ears

By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres
Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high,
In th' empyrean of pure harmony.

At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to
this;

And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
To measure all those wide diversities
Of chast'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone;
She falls, and falling grieves, and grieving dies:
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute: Oh fit to have
(That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

Richard Crashaw.—About 1640.

301.—MARK XII. 17.

All we have is God's, and yet
Cæsar challenges a debt,
Nor hath God a thinner share,
Whatever Cæsar's payments are.
All is God's, and yet 'tis true
All we have is Cæsar's too;
All is Cæsar's, and, what odds,
So long as Cæsar's self is God's?

Richard Crashaw.—About 1640.

302.—SUNDAY.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this the next world's bad,
The indulgence of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, ease's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The workdays are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arch'd lies:
The other days fill up the spars
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands open;
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Sampson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our
salvation,
And did unthine that day.

The brightness of that day
We smil'd by our foul offences:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

George Herbert.—About 1630.

303.—VIRTUE.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.
Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

304.—THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in
spring—

To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure
bring.

Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd
heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flow'rs depart
To see their mother-root when they have
blown,

Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house, unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power:
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hall
And up to heaven in an hour:
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amies,
This or that is,—
Thy word is all, if we could spell.
O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can
with'er!

Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and gaping
thither;

Nor doth my flower
Want a spring shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine
own,

Thy anger comes, and I decline;
What frost to that? What pole is not the
sons

Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown.

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing; O, my only Light, &c.

It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fall all night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that
glide;

Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden far us where to bide,
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

305.—THE ODOUR.

How sweetly doth My Master sound!—My
Master!

As ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster,
So do these words a sweet content
An Oriental fragrancy—My Master!

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind even thrust into them both—
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that feeds and fete my
mind.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to Thee
My servant were a little so
As flesh may be!

That these two words might creep and
grow
To some degree of spiciness to Thee!

Then should the pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,

And tell me more;
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
And, e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet

My servant, as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains, by sweet'ning
me,
(As sweet things traffic when they meet)

Return to Thee;
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

306.—COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart,
Because thou art
My power and wisdom! Put me not to
shame,

Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, Thy dust that calls!

Thou art the Lord of Glory—
The deed and story
Are both Thy due; but I a silly fly,

That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not Thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but those of grief?
Let not Thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life; or let Thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

307.—EASTER.

Rise, Heart! thy Lord is risen. Sing His
praise
Without delays
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou like-
wise
With Him may'st rise—
That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more
just.
Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art!
The cross taught all wood to resound His
name
Who bore the same;
His stretched sinews taught all strings what
key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.
Consort both harp and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long!
Or, since all music is but three parts vied
And multiplied,
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His sweet art.
I got me flowers to strew the way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.
The Sun arising in the east,
Though he give light, and th' east perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.
Can there be any day but this,
Though many Suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss—
There is but one, and that one ever.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

308.—THE CALL.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life!
Such a Way as gives us breath;
Such a Truth as ends all strife;
Such a Life as killesh death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength!
Such a Light as shows a feast;
Such a Feast as mends in length;
Such a Strength as makes His guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart!
Such a Joy as none can move;
Such a Love as none can part;
Such a Heart as joys in love.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

309.—MAN.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What houses more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man, to whose creation
All things are in decay?
For man is ev'rything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more—
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute—
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetric—
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and
fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed—
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne
withdraws.
Musk and light attend our head:
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their decent and being—to our minde
In their accent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation—
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below our drink—above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such
beautie?
Then how are all things need?

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriended
him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit
That, as the world serves us, we may serve
Thee,
And both Thy servants be.
George Herbert.—About 1630.

310.—THE RAINBOW.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain,
As though his purer waves from heaven
sprung,
To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main:
But if the earth would water with his rain,
That obb'd and flow'd as wind and season
would;
And oft the sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.
Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enshoe,
That wonder was to see the silk disdain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her looks with beams so lively
feign'd.

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

Yet strange it was so many stars to see,
Without a sun to give their tapers light;
Yet strange it was not that it so should be;
For, where the sun centres himself by right,
Her face and locks did flame, that at the sight
The heavenly veil, that else should nimbly
move,
Forgot his flight, and all incensed with love,
With wonder and amazement, did her beauty
prave.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not shimate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,

Shooting their sparks at Phoebus, would re-
bound,
And little angels, holding hands, danced all
around.

Giles Fletcher.—About 1610.

311.—THE SORCERERS OF VAIN DELIGHTS.

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

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

Poor fool! she thought herself in wondrous
price

With God, as if in Paradise she were:

But, were she not in a fool's paradise,
She might have seen more reason to despair:
But him she, like some ghostly fiend, did fear,
And therefore as that wretch bew'd his

call
Under the bowels, in the heart of Hell;
So she above the Moon, amid the stars would
dwell.

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

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

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

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

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
Herself she tumbled headlong to the floor:
But him the angels on their feathers caught,
And to an airy mountain nimbly bore,
Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky
shore,

Restless Olympus seem'd to rest upon
With all his swimming globes: so both are
gone

The Dragon with the Lamb. Ah, truest
paragon!

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

That all about perfumed spirits flew.
For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetite,
Here it was poured out in lavish effluence.

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streams his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare:
Nor Hybla, though his thyme depastured,
As fast again with honey blossomed:

No Rhodope, no Tempe's flow'ry plain:
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise
did rain.

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

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs de-luce, and the round sparks of
day.

That hung upon their azure leaves, did show
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the
evening blue.

Upon a lilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bowser of Vain-delight was built.
White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
And for her tresses marjoriks were spilt:
Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt,

Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd:
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty curls
them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand:
Or how her gown with silken leaves is drest,
Or how her watchman, arm'd with bowgy
crest,

A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at every wind their leavy spears,
While she supinely sleeps no to be wak'd fears?

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

Under the shadow of those drunken elms
A fountain rose, where Pangloretta uses
(When her some flood of fancy overwhelms,
And one of all her favourites she chooses)
To bathe herself, whom she in lust abuses.

And from her wanton body smokes his soul,
Which, drown'd in pleasure in that shallow
bowl,
And swimming in delight, doth amorously roll.

The font of silver was, and so his showers
In silver fell, only the gilded bowls
(Like to a furnace, that the mineral powers)
Seem'd to have mol't it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coals,

On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when Pangloretta here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ran, and milk it rain'd,
they say.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which
three boys
Three gaping mermaids with their owens did
feed,

Whose breasts let fall the streams, with sloopy
noze,
To lions' mouths, from whence it kept with
speed,

And in the rosy lever seem'd to bleed,
The naked boys unto the water's fall,
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breath'd it into their wat'ry
istral.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts a-ground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered:
Once upon they liv'd, but now the men were
dead,

And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Hesper told,
That Circe with her potent charms'd in gold,
U'd manly souls in beastly bodies to mould.

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

Others within their arbours swilling sat,
 (For all the room about was arbour'd)
 With laughing Bacchus, that was grown so fat,
 That stand he could not, but was carried,
 And every evening freshly watered.

To quench his fiery cheeks, and all about
 Small coaks broke through the wall, and
 sallied out
 Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spring
 rout.

This their inham'd souls esteem'd their
 wealths,
 To crown the bousing can from day to night,
 And sick to drink themselves with drinking
 healths,
 Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
 Hence to a loft, carv'd all in ivory white,
 They came, where whiter ladies naked went,
 Molted in pleasure and soft languishment,
 And sunk in beds of roses, amorous glances
 sent.

Fly, fly, thou holy Child, that wanton room,
 And thou, my chaster Muse, those harlots shun,
 And with him to a higher story come,
 Where mountains of gold and floods of silver run,
 The while the owners, with their wealth un-
 done,
 Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine,
 Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of
 mine,
 Glutting their famish'd souls, with the deceit-
 ful shane.

Ah! who was he such precious berils found?
 How strongly Nature did her treasures hide,
 And threw upon them mountains of thick
 ground,

To dark their cry lustre! but quaint Pride
 Hath taught her sons to wound their mother's
 side,

And paze the depth, to search for flaring
 shells,
 In whose bright bosom spumy Bacchus
 swells,
 That neither Heaven nor Earth henceforth in
 safety dwells.

O sacred hunger of the greedy eye,
 Whose need hath end, but no end covetise,
 Empty in fulness, rich in poverty,
 That having all things, nothing can suffice,
 How thou befanicest the men most wise!
 The poor man would be rich, the rich man
 great,

The great man king, the king in God's own
 seat,
 Enthron'd, with mortal arm dares fumes, and
 thunder threst.

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

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

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

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

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

"See, see the flowers that below,
 Now as fresh as morning blow,
 And of all, the virgin rose,
 That as bright Aurora shows:
 How they all unleafed die,
 Losing their virginity:
 Like unto a summer-shade,
 But now born, and now they fade.

Every thing doth pass away,
There is danger in delay;
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom caste his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne:
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine:
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me.
All the stars in Heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be."

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guleful bait to have embosomed:
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.
So with her sire to Hell she took her flight,
(The starting air flew from the damned
spritight)
Where deeply both aggriev'd, plunged them-
selves in night.

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

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

Giles Fletcher.—About 1610.

312.—A HYMN.

Drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those
beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven the news and
Princes of Peace!
Cease not, wet eyes, His mercy to entreat!
To cry for vengeance sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods drown all my faults and
fears;
Nor let his eye see sin but thro' my tears.

Giles Fletcher.—About 1610.

'313.—THE DEMAND OF JUSTICE.

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She lean'd her bosom, more than stony
hard,
There slept th' impartial judge, and strict
restorer
Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward.
There hung the score of all our debts, the
card
Where good, and bad, and life, and death,
were painted:
Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But when that scroll was read, with thousand
terrors fainted.

Witness the thunder that Mount Sinai
heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wand ring Israel with the sight fear'd,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the
same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
On this dread Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All Heav'n, to hear her speech, did into
silence draw.

"Dread Lord of spirits, well thou didst
devise
To fling the world's rude dunghill and the
dross
Of the old chaos, farthest from the skies
And thine own seat, that here the child of
loes,
Of all the lower heav'n the curse and crown,
That wretch, beast, captive, monster,
man, might spend
(Proud of the mire in which his soul is
pen'd),
Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

"His body, dust:—where grew such cause
of pride?
His soul, thy image:—what could he envy?
Himself, most happy, if he so would bide:
Now grown most wretched,—who can
remedy?
He slew himself, himself the enemy.
That his own soul would her own murder
wreak.
If I were silent, Heav'n and Earth would
speak;
And if all fail'd, these stones would into
clamours break.

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

"And well he might delude those eyes that see,
And judge by colours; for who ever saw
A man of leaves, a reasonable tree?
But those that from this stook their life
did draw,
Soon made their father godly, and by law
Proclaim'd trees almighty: gods of wood,
Of stocks and stones, with crowns of
laurel stood,
Templed, and fed by fathers with their child-
ren's blood.

"The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten
gold,
And, like the stars of Heav'n in midst of
night,
Black Egypt, as her mirrors, doth behold,
Are but the dens where idol-snakes delight
Again to cover Satan from their sight:
Yet these are all their gods, to whom
they vie
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly,
Fit gods, indeed, for such man to be served by:

"The fire, the wind, the sea, the Sun, and
Moon,
The fitting air, and the swift-winged hours,
And all the watchmen, that so nimbly run,
And sentinel about the wall'd towers
Of the world's city, in their heavenly
bowers;
And, lest their pleasant gods should
want delight,
Nephews spues out the Lady Aphrodite,
And but in Heav'n proud Juno's peacocks
scoorn to light.

"The senseless earth, the serpent, dog, and
cat;
And, worse than all these, man, and worst
of men,
Usurping Jove, and swelling Bacchus fat,
And drunk with the vine's purple blood;
and then
The fend himself they conjure from his den,
Because he only yet remain'd to be
Worse than the worst of men; they flee
from thee,
And wear his altar-stones out with their
pliant knee.

"All that he speaks (and all he speaks are
lies)
Are oracles; 'tis he (that wounded all)
Curses all their wounds; he (that put out
their eyes)
That gives them light; he (that death first
did call
Into the world) that with his orisal,
Inspirits earth: he Heav'n's all-seeing
eye,
He Earth's great prophet, he, whom rest
doth fly,
That on salt billows doth, as pillows, sleeping
lie.

"But let him in his cabin restless rest,
The dangson of dark flames, and freezing
fire,
Justice in Heav'n against man makes
request
To God, and of his angels doth require
Sin's punishment: if what I did desire,
Or who, or against whom, or why, or
where,
Of, or before whom ignorant I were,
Then should my speech their sands of sins to
mountains rear.

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

"The judge might partial be, and over-
pray'd;
The place appeal'd from, in whose courts
he sues;
The fault excus'd or punishment delay'd;
The parties self-accus'd, that did accuse;
Angels for pardon might their prayers
use:
But now no star can shine, no hope be
got,
Most wretched creature, if he knew his
lot,
And yet more wretched far, because he knows
it not!

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

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

Flough through the sea's green fields, and
nets display
To catch the flying winds, and steal
away,
Coz'ning the greedy sea, pris'ning their nimble
prey.

"Would not the air be fill'd with streams
of death,
To poison the quick rivers of their blood,
Did not thy winds fan, with their panting
breath,
The fitting region? would not th' hasty
flood
Empty itself into the sea's wide wood?
Did'et not thou lead it wand'ring from
his way,
To give men drink, and make his waters
stray,
To fresh the flow'ry meadows, through whose
fields they play?"

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

"Were he not wilder than the savage
beast,
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than
rocks,
Colder than fountains from their springs
relax'd,
Lighter than air, blinder than senseless
stocks,
More changing than the river's curling
locks;
If reason would not, sense would soon
reprove him,
And unto shame, if not to sorrow move
him,
To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks,
hard stones out-love him.

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

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

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

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

"The sea to drink him quick?—that casts
his dead:
Angels to spare?—they punish: right to
hide?—
The world shall burn in light: the Heav'n
to spread
Their wings to save him?—Hear'st a itself
shall slide,
And roll away like melting stars that glide
Along their oily threads: his mind per-
uses him:
His bones to abroad, or hills to fall, and
bruise him?
As sergeants both attack, and witnesses
accuse him.

"What need I urge, what they must needs
confess,
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own
lust?
I crave no more, and thou can't give no less,
Than death to dead men, justice to unjust:
Shame to most shameful, and most shame-
less dust:

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

She ended, and the heav'nly hierarchies;
 Burning in seal, thickly imbranded were;
 Like to an army that blazon cries,
 And every one shakes his ybranded spear,
 And the Almighty's self, as he would tear
 The Earth, and her firm basis quite in
 smuder,
 Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty
 thunder:

Heav'n stole itself from Earth by clouds that
 moisten'd under.

Giles Fletcher.—About 1610.

314.—HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S
 LIFE.

Thrice, oh thrice happy, shepherd's life and
 state!

When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns!
 His cottage low and safely humble gate
 Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and
 fawns:

No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
 Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
 Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Syrian worms he knows, that with their
 thread

Draw out their silken lives: nor silken pride:
 His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed:
 No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
 Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
 But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
 Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
 The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
 And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his
 eyes:

In country plays is all the strife he sees;
 Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
 And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
 Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
 The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive
 him

With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is
 spent;

His life is neither toss'd in boisterous seas
 Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:
 Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his
 God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
 While by his side his faithful spouse bath
 place;

Ris little son into his bosom creeps,
 The lively picture of his father's face:

Never his humble house nor state torment
 him;
 Less he could like, if less his God had sent
 him;
 And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy
 tomb, content him.

Phineas Fletcher.—About 1638.

315.—INSTABILITY OF HUMAN
 GREATNESS.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
 And here long seeks what here is never found!
 For all our good we hold from Heav'n by
 lease,

With many forfeits and conditions bound;
 Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due:
 Though now but writ and seal'd, and giv'n
 anew,

Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.
 Why should'st thou here look for perpetual
 good,

At every loss against Heav'n's face repining?
 Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
 With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining;
 Where now the hart fearless of greyhound
 feeds,

And-loving-pelican in safety breeds;
 Where screaming satyrs fill the people's
 empty steads.

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
 That all the east once grasped in lordly paw?
 Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling
 pride

The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?
 Or he which, twixt a lion and a pard,
 Through all the world with nimble pinions
 fared,
 And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd king-
 doms shared?

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
 Or note of these great monarchies we find:
 Only a fading verbal memory,
 An empty name in writ is left behind:
 But when this second life and glory fades,
 And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
 A second fall succeeds, and double death in-
 vades.

That monstrous Beast, which nursed in Tiber's
 fen,

Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
 That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
 And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
 His battering horns pull'd out by civil hands,
 And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands;
 Back'd, bridled by a monk, with seven heads
 yoked stands.

And that black Vulture, which with deathful
 wing
 O'reshadows half the earth, whose dismal
 sight

Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,
 Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:

Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change,
and death,
And life itself's as fit as is the air we breathe.

Phineas Fletcher.—About 1638.

316.—TO ROSES IN THE BOSOM OF
CASTARA.

Yee blushing virgins happy are
In the chaste nursey of her breasts,
For how'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere should call them Cupid's nests.
Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yield?
In some close garden, cowpills so
Are sweeter than i' the 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 rooms,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be:
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whose brest hath marble beene to me.

William Habington.—About 1640.

317.—TO CASTARA.

Softly singing to Herself.

Sing 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 echo thy sweet note, our humane cares
May then receive the musicks of the spheres.
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't nightingales, striving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation dye.

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

William Habington.—About 1640.

318.—TO CASTARA.

Inquiring why I loved her.

Why doth the stubborn iron prove
So gentle to th' magneticke stone?
How know you that the arte doe move;
With musicks too? since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre
Which in thy soules bright spheres doe shine,
Shooting their beauties from a farr,
To make each gazer's 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 only file 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.

William Habington.—About 1640.

319.—A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HOPE
AND FEAR.

Checks thy forward thoughts, and know
Hymen only joynes their hands;
Who with even paces goe,
Shoe in gold, he rich in lands.

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

Yet obedience must prevaille;
They, who o're her actions away,
Would have her in th' ocean saile,
And contemne thy narrow sea.

Parents' lawes must beare no weight
When thy happiness prevent,
And our sea is not so straight,
But it rooms hath for content.

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

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

William Habington.—About 1640.

320.—TO THE SPRING,

Upon the Uncertainty of Castara's Abode.

Faire mistress of the Earth, with garlands
crown'd,
Rise, by a lover's charmes, 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 here
 Lose by it all the treasures of the yeere.

William Habington.—About 1640.

321.—TO SEYMOORS,

The House in which Castara lived.

Blest temple, haile, where the chaste altar
 stands,
 Which Nature built, but the exacter hands
 Of vertue polishd. Though sad Fete deny
 My prophane feete access, my vowes shall
 dye.
 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 echo my Castara's name.
 The beautious troopes of Graces, led by Love
 In obste attempts, possess the neigh'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.

William Habington.—About 1640.

322.—DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet, which alone
 Prospers in some happy shade ;
 My Castara lives unknowne,
 To no looser eye betray'd,
 For shee's to her selfe untrus,
 Who delights i' th' publicke view.
 Such is her beauty, as no arts
 Have enricht with borrowed grace.
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.
 Folly boasts a glorious blood,
 She is noblist being good.
 Cautious she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant ;
 Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
 In her silence eloquent.
 Of herself survey she takes,
 But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will
 Here 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 spende a winter's night.
 O're that darknesse whenco is thrust,
 Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her thrones makes reason climbe,
 While wild passions captive lie ;
 And each article of time,
 Her pure thoughts to Heaven flie :

All her vowes religious be,
 And her love she vowes to me.

William Habington.—About 1640.

323.—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 soul is sense,
 Prophane the temple of delight,
 And purchase endless 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,
 We'le court the modest smile of fame,
 For sinne's black 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 colunnes on our tombe,
 And add a perfume to our dust.

William Habington.—About 1640.

324.—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 leathe the expense, the vanity, and pride.
 No place each way is happy. Here I hold
 Commerce with some, who to my care unfold
 (After due oath ministred) the height
 And greatness of each star shines in the state,
 The brightness, the eclipse, the influence.
 With others I commune, who tell me whence
 The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow :
 Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
 Soone as they happen ; and by rote can tell
 Those Germane townes, even puzle 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 policies of Spaine,
 Or quicke designes of France? Why not repaire
 To the pure innocence o' th' country ayre :
 And neighbour thee, deare friend? Who so
 dost give
 Thy thoughts to worth and vertus, that to live
 Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might
 not we
 Arme against passion with philosophie ;
 And, by the aide of leisure, so controule
 What ere is earth in us, to grow all soules?
 Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when
 We study mysteries of other men
 And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
 (Thy head upon some flowry pillow laide,
 Kind Nature's inswifery) contemplate all
 His stratagemes who labours to inthral
 The world to his great master, and youle finde
 Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.
 Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too
 deare
 A price for glory : honour doth appeare
 To statesmen like a vision in the night,
 And jagler-like workes o' th' deluded sight.
 Th' unbiased onely wise : for no respect
 Indangers them to errour : 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 arm against the rude
 Assaults of age : that no dull solitude
 O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor businesse
 O' th' towne make us not thinke, where now
 we are
 And whether we are bound. Time nere forget
 His journey, though his steps we mambred not.

William Habington.—About 1640.

325.—NOMINE LABIA MEA APERIES.

Noe monument of me remains,
 My mem'orie rust
 In the same marble with my dust,
 Ere I the spreading board gaine,
 By writing wanton or prophane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
 Shine still, bright starrs,
 Th' Almighty's mystick characters!
 Ile not your beauntious lightes surprize,
 T' illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor, to perfume her veins, will I
 In each one set
 The purple of the violet :
 The untouched flowers may grow and dye
 Safe from my fancies' injuria.
 Open my lippes, great God ! and then
 Ile scare 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 unbouded 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 tenant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust?
 And if my love

Toward a female beauty move,
 How will that surfeit of our lust
 Distast us, when resolv'd to dust?

But thou, Eternall banquet! where
 For ever we

May feede without satietie!
 Who harmonic art to the eare,
 Who art, while all things else appeare!

While up to thee I shoote my flame,
 Thou dost dispence
 A holy death, that murders sense,
 And makes me scorne all pompes, that ayne
 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 vowes even part of thee.

William Habington.—About 1640.

326.—PAUCITATEM DIERUM MEORUM
NUNCIA MIHI.

Tell me, O great All-knowing God!
 What period
 Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd?
 Like some old leaflesse tree, shall I
 Withere away, or violently
 Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the wind?
 Heere, where I first drew vitall breath,
 Shall I meeete death?
 And knde in the same vault a roomes
 Where my fore-fathers' ashes sleepe?
 Or shall I dye, where none shall weep
 My timeless fate, and my cold earth intombe?

From 1558 to 1649.]

CUPIO DISSOLVI

[WILLIAM HABINGTON.]

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 anemie?
 Astrologers, who calculate
 Uncertaine fate,
 Affirme my scheme doth not presage
 Any abridgement of my dayes:
 And the physitian gravely sayes,
 I may enjoy a reverent length of age.
 But they are jugglers, and by alight
 Of art the sight
 Of faith delude: and in their schoole
 They only practise how to make
 A mystery of each mistake,
 And teach strange words credulity to foole.
 For thou who first didst motion give,
 Wherby things live,
 And time hath being: to conceal
 Future events didst thinke it fit
 To checke th' ambition of our wit,
 And keepe in awe the curious search of zeale.
 Therefore, so I prepar'd still be,
 My God, for these:
 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.

William Habington.—About 1640.

327.—ET EXALTAVIT HUMILES.

How cheerfully th' impartiall Sunne
 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 mountaine barren lye,
 And lightning feare,
 Though they appeare
 To bid defiance to the skie;
 Which in one hour
 We have seen the opening earth devour,
 When in their height they proudest were.
 But th' humble man heaves up his head
 Like some rich vail
 Whose fruites here faile
 With flowers, with corne, and vines ore-spread.
 Nor doth complaine
 Ore-flowed by an ill-season'd raine
 Or batter'd by a storme of hails.

Like a tall bark 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, appeare.
 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 th' hand
 Which labour hath made rough and tan'd
 The all-commanding scepter beare.
 Let then the mighty cease to boast
 Their boundlesse sway
 Since in their sin
 Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.
 Let them themselves
 Beware for they are their owne shalves:
 Man still himselfe hath cast away.

William Habington.—About 1640.

328.—CUPIO DISSOLVI.

The soule which doth with God unite,
 Those gayeties how doth she slight
 Which ore opinion away?
 Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
 On altars or on martyrs' shrines,
 How doth she burne away?
 How violent are her throwes till she
 From envious earth delivered be,
 Which doth her flight restraine?
 How doth she doate on whips and rackes,
 On frowes 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 gandy 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.
 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 disdaine.
All these fond humane misterios,
As the deceitfull and unwise
Distempers of our braine.

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

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

When thou shalt please this soule t' en-
thronè
Above impure corruption ;
What should I grieve or feare,
To thinke thou shalt my soule refine,
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 ?

William Habington.—About 1640.

329.—S O N G.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover !
Pr'ythee why so pale ?

Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Pr'ythee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner !
Pr'ythee why so mute ?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Pr'ythee why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame ! this will not move,
This cannot take her ;

If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :—
The devil take her !

Sir John Suckling.—About 1640.

330.—A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen :
O, things without compare !
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with staires :
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Vorty at leas't, in paire.

Amongst the rest, one peat'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine,)
Walk'd on before the rest :
Our landlord looks like nothing to him :
The king (God bless him) 'twou'd undo him,
Shou'd he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out.
By all the maids i' the town :
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what ? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing ;
The parson for him staid :
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale—
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce :
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck :
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
She wou'd not do't in sight ;
And then she look'd as who shou'd say
I will do what I list to-day ;
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'st swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing shou'd be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely:
And did the youth so oft the feast
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Passion o' me! how I run on!
There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride:
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or tooth, was able
To stay to be entreated:
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company were seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay,
Like now-fal'n snow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part.
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd say,
Good bye, with all my heart.

But just as heavens wou'd have to cross it,
In came the bridesmaids with the posset;
The bridegroom sat in spite;
For had he left the women to't
It wou'd have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candle's out, and now
All that they had not done, they do!
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell!

Sir John Suckling.—About 1640.

331.—CONSTANCY.

Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

Sir John Suckling.—About 1640.

332.—SONG.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Wou'd steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

Sir John Suckling.—About 1640.

333.—DESCRIPTION OF THE PRIESTESS
OF DIANA.

Within a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent, he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about;

And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear,
As the wind gave it being. So sweet an air
Would strike a siren mute, and ravish her.
He sees no creature that might cause the
same,

But he was sure that from the grove it came,
And to the grove he goes to satisfy
The curiosity of ear and eye.

Thorough the thick-leaved boughs he makes a
way,

Nor could the scratching brambles make him
stay,

But on he rushes, and climbs up a hill,
Through a glade. He saw and heard his
fill—

A hundred virgins there he might espie,
Prostrate before a marble deity,

Which, by its portraiture, appear'd to be
The image of Diana. On their knee
They tended their devotions with sweet airs,
Offering the incense of their praise and
prayers,

Their garments all alike. . . .

And cross their snowy silken robes they
wore

An azure scarf, with stars embroider'd o'er;
Their hair in curious tresses was knot up,
Crown'd with a silver crescent on the top;

A silver bow their left hand held, their right,
For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight
Of arrows. . . .

Under their vestments, something short
before,

White baakins, laced with ribbanding, they
wore;

It was a catching sight to a young eye,
That Love had fix'd before. He might espie
One whom the rest had, sphere-like, circled
round,

Whose head was with a golden chaplet crown'd:
He could not see her face, only his ear

Was black with the sweet words that came
from her.

John Chalkhill.—About 1640.

334.—THE IMAGE OF JEALOUSY IN THE CHAPEL OF DIANA.

. . . A curious eye
Might see some relics of a piece of art
That Psyche made, when Love first fired her
heart:

It was the story of her thoughts, that she
Curiously wrought in lively imagery;

Among the rest she thought of Jealousy,
Time left untouched to grace antiquity.

She was decypher'd by a tim'rous dame,
Wrapt in a yellow mantle lined with flame;

Her looks were pale, contracted with a frown,
Her eyes suspicious, wax'ning up and down;

Behind her Fear attended, big with child,
Able to fright Presumption if she smiled;

After her flew a sigh between two springs
Of briny waters. On her dove-like wings
She bore a letter seal'd with a half moon,
And superscribed—this from Suspicion.

John Chalkhill.—About 1640.

335.—THE WITCH'S CAVE.

Her cell was hewn out in the marble rock
By more than human art. She need not
knock—

The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with ivy's flustering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond
shines;

Not set by art, but there by Nature sown
At the world's birth; so starlike bright they
shone,

They served instead of tapers, to give light
To the dark entry. . . .

. . . In they went;

The ground was strewn with flowers, whose
sweet scent,

Mixt with the choice perfumes from India
brought,

Intoxicates his brains, and quickly caught
His credulous sense. The walls were gilt, and
set

With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches
spread

O'er all the arch—the swelling grapes were
red;

This art had made of rubies, cluster'd so,
To the quickest eye they more than seem'd to
grow.

About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as whereof loose Ovid sometimes sang;

On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers taller than themselves,
Yet so well shaped unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature,

Their rich attire so differing, yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the fairest. . . .

After a low salute they all gasp'd,
And circle in the stranger in a ring;

Orinda to her charms was stoop'd awhile,
Leaving her guest half won, and warton eyed;

He had forgot his herb—coming delight
Had so bewitch'd his ears, and blear'd his
sight,

That he was not himself. . . .

. . . Unto his view
She represents a banquet, usher'd in

By such a shape as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste—so like she was

To his Clarinda both in shape and face,
So voiced, so habitied,—of the same gait

And comely gesture. . . .

Hardly did he refrain
From sneaking in destruction at her lip;

Sin's cup will poison at the smallest sip.

She weeps and woos again with subtleness,
And with a frown she chides his backward-
ness :

Have you (said she), sweet prince, so soon
forgot

Your own beloved Clarinda? Are you not
The same you were, that you so slightly ast
By her that once you made the cabinet,
Of your choice counsel? Hath some worthier
love

Stole your affections? What is it should
move

You to dislike so soon? Must I still taste
No other dish but sorrow? When we last
Emptied our souls into each other's breast
It was not so.

* * * * * With that she wapt afresh * * *
* * * She seem'd to fall into a swoon;
And stooping down to raise her from the
ground,

He puts his herb into his mouth, whose taste
Soon changed his mind: he lifts her—but in
vain,

His hands fell off, and she fell down again:
With that she leant him such a frown as
would

Have kill'd a common lover, and made cold
Even lust itself.

* * * * * The lights went out,
And darkness hung the chamber round about:
A yelling, hellish noise was each where heard.

John Chalkhill.—About 1640.

336.—THE VOTARESS OF DIANA.

Clarinda came at last
With all her train, who, as along she pass'd
Through the inward court, did make a lane,
Opening their ranks, and closing them again
As she went forward, with obsequious gesture,
Doing their reverence. Her upward vesture
Was of blue silk, glistening with stars of gold,
Girt to her waist by serpents, that enfold
And wrap themselves together, so well wrought
And fashion'd to the life, one would have
thought

They had been real. Underneath she wore
A coat of silver tinsel, short before,
And fring'd about with gold: white buskins
hide

The naked of her leg; they were loose tied
With azure ribands, on whose knots were seen
Most costly gems, fit only for a queen.
Her hair bound up like to a coronet,
With diamonds, rubies, and rich sapphires set;

And on the top a silver crescent plac'd,
And all the lustre by such beauty grac'd,
As her reflection made them seem more fair;
One would have thought Diana's self were
there;

For in her hand a silver bow she held,
And at her back there hung a quiver fill'd
With turtle-feather'd arrows.

John Chalkhill.—About 1640.

337.—A VALEDICTION.

Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers

Do make or cherish;
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And nature grieves as I;

When I am parted from those eyes
From which my better day doth rise.

Though some propitious power
Should plant me in a bower,

Where, amongst happy lovers, I might see
How showers and sunbeams bring

One everlasting spring;
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth
to me,

Nature herself to him is lost,

Who leeseh her he honours most.

Then, fairest, to my parting view display

Your graces all in one full day;
Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep,
till when

I do return and view again:

So by this art, fancy shall fortune cross,
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

William Cartwright.—About 1640.

338.—TO CHLOE,

Who wished herself young enough for me.

Chloe, why wish you that your years
Would backwards run, till they met mine?
That perfect likeness, which endears
Things unto things, might us combine.
Our ages to in date agree,
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births; the one when light

First strikes the new awakened sense;

The other when two souls unite;

And we must count our life from thence:

When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,

Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,

And in those souls did plant new pow'rs:

Since when another life we live,

The breath we breathe is his, not ours;

Love makes those young whom age doth chill,

And whom he finds young keeps young still.

Love, like that angel that shall call

Our bodies from the silent grave,

Unto one age doth raise us all:

None too much, none too little have;

Nay, that the difference may be none,

He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,

Tell me what's yours, and what is mine?

Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,

Do, like our souls, in one combine;

So, by this, I as well may be

Too old for you, as you for me.

William Cartwright.—About 1640.

339.—LOVE'S DARTS.

Where is that learned wretch that knows,
 What are those darts the veil'd god throws?
 O let him tell me ere I die
 When 'twas he saw or heard them fly;
 Whether the sparrow's plumes, or dove's,
 And charms them thore with lullabies;
 And whether gold, or lead,
 Quicken, or dull the head:
 I will anoint and keep them warm,
 And make the weapons heal the harm.

Fond that I am to ask: whoe'er
 Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
 Safe from the search of human eye
 These arrows (as their ways are) fly;
 The flights of angels part
 Not air with so much art:
 And snows on streams, we may
 Say, louder fall than they.
 So hopeless I must now endure,
 And neither know the shaft nor cure.

A sudden fire of blushes shed
 To die white paths with hasty red;
 A glance's lightning swiftly thrown,
 Or from a frown or seeming frown;
 A subtle taking smile
 From passion, or from guile;
 The spirit, life, and grace
 Of motion, limbs, and face:
 These misconceit entitles darts,
 And tears the bleedings of our hearts.

But as the feathers in the wing
 Unblemish'd are, and no wounds bring,
 And harmless twigs no bloodbed know,
 Till art doth fit them for the bow;
 So lights of flowing graces
 Sparkle in several places,
 Only adorn the parts,
 Till that we make them darts;
 Themselves are only twigs and quills:
 We give them shape, and force for ill.

Beauty's our grief, but in the ore,
 We mint, and stamp, and then adore:
 Like heathen we the image crown,
 And indiscreetly then fall down:
 Those graces all were meant
 Our joy, not discontent;
 But with untaught desires
 We turn those lights to fires,
 Thus Nature's healing herbs we take,
 And out of cures do poisons make.

William Cartwright.—About 1640.

340.—THE KISS—A DIALOGUE.

Among thy fancies tell me this:
 What is the thing we call a kiss?—
 I shall resolve ye what it is:

It is a creature born, and bred
 Between the lips, all cherry red;
 By love and warm desires fed;
 And makes more soft the bridal bed:

It is an active flame, that flies
 First to the babies of the eyes,
 And charms them thore with lullabies;
 And stills the bride too when she cries:

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
 It frisks, and flies: now here, now there;
 'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
 And here, and there, and everywhere.

Has it a speaking virtue?—Yes.
 How speaks it, say?—Do you but this,
 Part your join'd lips, then speaks your
 Kiss;
 And this love's sweetest language is.

Has it a body?—Ay, and wings,
 With thousand rare encolourings;
 And as it flies, it gently sings,
 Love honey yields, but never stings.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

341.—TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do you fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you a while, they glide
 Into the grave.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

342.—TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon:
 Stay, stay,
 Until the last ring day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you ;
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything ;
 We die,
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick—About 1648.

343.—S O N G.

Gather ye rose-buds, while ye may,
 Old Time is still a flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And, whilst ye may, go marry ;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick—About 1648.

344.—TO MEADOWS.

Ye have been fresh and green,
 Ye have been fill'd with flowers ;
 And ye the walks have been,
 Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld where they
 With wicker arks did come,
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round,
 Each virgin like a Spring
 With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here,
 Whose silvery feet did tread,
 And, with dishervell'd hair,
 Adorn'd this smoothish mead.

Like unthrif't, having spent
 Your stock, and needly grown,
 Ye're left here to lament
 Your poor estates alone.

Robert Herrick—About 1648.

345.—THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Sweet country life, to such unknown
 Whose lives are others', not their own !

But serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying these !
 Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
 To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove,
 To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
 Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
 Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
 No : thy ambition's master-piece
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;
 Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
 All scores, and so to end the year ;
 But walk'st about thy own dear bounds,
 Not envying others' larger grounds :

For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
 Of land makes life, but sweet content.
 When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
 Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
 Which though well-soil'd, yet thou dost

know
 That the best compost for the lands
 Is the wise master's feet and hands.
 There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
 With a hind whistling there to thee ;

And cheer'st them up by singing how
 The kingdom's portion is the plough.
 This done, then to th' enamell'd meads
 Thou go'st ; and as thy foot there treads,

Thou see'st a present godlike power
 Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
 And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.

Here thou behold'st thy large aleck neat,
 Unto the dewlaps up in meat ;

And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
 The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near,
 To make a pleasing pastime there.

These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox ;
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool ;

And leavest them as they feed and fill ;
 A shepherd piping on a hill.
 For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
 Thou hast thy eves and holidays ;

On which the young men and maids meet,
 To exercise their dancing feet ;
 Tripping the comely country round,
 With daffodils and daisies crown'd.

Thy wakes, thy quintals, here thou hast ;
 Thy may-poles too, with garlands grac'd ;
 Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
 Thy shearing-feast, which never fail ;

Thy harvest-home, thy wassail bowl,
 That's tost up after fox i' th' hole ;
 Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-night kings
 And queens, thy Christmas revellings ;

Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit ;
 And no man pays too dear for it.
 To those thou hast thy times to go,
 And trace the hare in the treacherous snow ;

Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The lark into the trammel net ;
 Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
 To take the precious pheasant made ;

Thy lime-twigs, snarcs, and pit-falls, than
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life, if that their good
The husbandsmen but understood !
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these ;
And, lying down, have nought to affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

346.—TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew ?
Alas ! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind ;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warp'd as we,

Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.
Speak, whim'ring younglings, and make
known

The reason why
Ye droop and weep ;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby ?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet ?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this ?
No, no ; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read—
" That things of greatest, so of meanest
worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears
brought forth."

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

347.—JULIA.

Some ask'd me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show me there
The quarelets of pearl.
One ask'd me where the roses grew, &c.
I bade him not go seek ;
But forthwith bade my Julia show
A bud in either cheek.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

348.—CHERRY RIPE.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy ;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow ?—I answer, Those,
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
There's the land, or cherry-isle ;
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

349.—A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof ;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep,
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat—
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small ;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unfead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine.
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purlain, and the moss
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent :
And my content

Makes those, and my beloved best,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth ;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land :
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end :
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fr'd with increase, I resign
As wholly thine ;
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

350.—TO FIND GOD.

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

351.—TO CORINNA, TO GO A-MAYING.

Get up, got up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet sing a-bod, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the
east,
Above an hour sines, yet you are not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis
sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.
Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring time, fresh and
green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwep't.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
praying;
Few beads are best, when once we go a-
Maying.
Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a
park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees;
see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, are
this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and
cream
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted
troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off
aloth:

Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent:
From out the eye, love's firmament
Many a jest told of the key's betraying.
This night, and locks pick'd; yet 'ware not a-
Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but de-
caying,
Come, my Corinna, come, lets go a-Maying.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

352.—SONG.

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unplough'd-up ground.

Then, if when I have lov'd agy round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaneer beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1640.

353.—TO LUCASTA,

Going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nursery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True: a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1640.

354.—TO LUCASTA.

From Prison.

Long in thy shackles, liberty,
I ask not from these walls, but thee;
Left for a while another's bride
To fancy all the world beside.

Yet e'er I do begin to love,
See! how I all my objects prove;
Then my free soul to that confine,
'Twere possible I might call mine.

First I would be in love with peace,
And her rich swelling breasts increase;
But how, alas! how may that be,
Despising earth, she will love me?

Fain would I be in love with war,
As my dear just avenging star;
But war is lov'd so ev'ry where,
Ev'n he disdains a lodging here.

These and thy wounds I would beseech
Fair thorough-shot religion;
But he lives only that kills thee,
And whose hands thy hands is free.

I would love a parliament
As a main prop from heav'n sent;
But, ah! who's he that would be wedded,
To th' fairest body that's beheaded!

Next would I court my liberty,
And then my birthright, property;
But can that be, when it is known
There's nothing you can call your own?

A reformation I would have,
As for our griefs a sov'reign salve; ☉
That is, a cleansing of each wheel
Of state, that yet some rust doth feel

But not a reformation so,
As to reform were to o'erthrow;
Like watches by unskilful men
Disjointed, and set ill again.

The public faith I would adore,
But she is bankrupt of her store;
Nor how to trust her can I see,
For she that cozens all, must me.

Since then none of these can be
Fit objects for my love and me;
What then remains, but th' only spring
Of all our loves and joys? The King.

He, who being the whole ball
Of day on earth, lends it to all;
When seeking to eclipse his right,
Blinded, we stand in our own light.

And now an universal mist
Of error is spread o'er each breast,
With such a fury edged, as is
Not found in th' inwards of th' abyss.

Oh, from thy glorious stary vain
Dispense on me one sacred beam,
To light me where I soon may see
How to serve you, and you trust me.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1640.

355.—TO ALTHEA.

From Prison.

When love with unconfin'd wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye;
The gods that warren in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tattle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed inmates) I
With shriller throats shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be;
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1640.

356.—SONG.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Forbear to braid that shining hair ;
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovering round thee, let it fly :
Let it fly as unconfined
As its ravisher the wind,
Who has left his darling nest
To wanton o'er this spicy nest.

Every tress must be confess'd
But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently unravelled :

Do not then wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud the night ;
Like the sun in his early ray,
But shake your head and scatter day.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1649.

357.—A LOOSE SARABAND.

Ah me, the little tyrant thief,
As once my heart was playing,
He snatch'd it up, and flew away,
Laughing at all my praying.

Proud of his purchase, he surveys,
And curiously sounds it ;
And though he sees it full of wounds,
Cruel still on he wounds it .

And now this heart is all his sport,
Which as a ball he boundeth,
From hand to hand, from breast to lip,
And all its rest confoundeth.

Then as a top he sets it up,
And pitifully whips it ;
Sometimes he clothes it gay and fine,
Then straight again he strips it .

He cover'd it with false belief,
Which gloriously show'd it ;
And for a morning cushionet
On's mother he bestow'd it .

Each day with her small brazen stings
A thousand times she rased it ;
But then at night, bright with her gems,
Once near her breast she placed it .

Then warm it 'gan to throb and bleed .
She knew that smart and grieved ;
At length this poor condemned heart,
With these rich drugs relieved .

She wash'd the wound with a fresh tear,
Which my Luceasta dropped ;
And in the sleeve silk of her hair
'Twas hard bound up and wrapped .

She probed it with her constancy,
And found no rancour nigh it ;
Only the anger of her eye
Had wrought some proud flesh nigh it

Then press'd she hard in every vein,
Which from her kisses thrilled,
And with the balm heal'd all its pain
That from her hand distilled .

But yet this heart avoids me still,
Will not by me be owned ;
But, fled to its physician's breast,
There proudly sits enthroned .

Richard Lovelace.—About 1649.

358.—TO A LADY ADMIRING HERSELF
IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

Fair lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass ;
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty ;
A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the Cyprina star ;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet ;
A cherry lip that would entice
Even gods to kiss at any price ;
You think no beauty is so rare
That with your shadow might compare ;
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most dote upon .

Madam, alas ! your glass doth lie,
And you are much deceived ; for I
A beauty know of richer grace ;
(Sweet, be not angry) 'tis your face .
Hence, then, O learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me :
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love,
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty ;
Which, had you once but gazed upon,
You could, except yourself, love none :

What then you cannot love, let me,
That face I see, you cannot see .
Now you have what to love, you'll say,
What then is left for me, I pray ?
My face, sweet heart, if it please thee ;
That which you can, I cannot see :
So either love shall gain his due,
Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you .

Thomas Randolph.—About 1630.

359.—FROM THE MUSE'S LOOKING-
GLASS.

See, brother, how the wicked throng and
crowd

To works of vanity ! not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuff'd & good stuff'd full, as is a cushion,
With the lewd reprobate .

Sister, were there not before inns—
Yes, I will say inns (for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns, enough to harbour such

As travell'd to destruction the broad way,
But they build more and more—more shops
of Satan?

Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it; yet
still,

Still it aboundeth! Had we seen a church,
A new-built church, erected north and south,
It had been something worth the wondering at.
Good works are done.

I say no works are good;
Go'd works are merely popish and apocryphal.
But the bad abound, surround, yea, and
confound us.

No marvel now if playhouses increase,
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begrets another.

Flat fornication!
I wonder anybody takes delight
To hear them prattle.

Nay, and I have heard,
That in a—tragedy, I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.

Or you sell feathers, brother;
But are they not hang'd for it?

Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance-medley: and their
comedies

Will abuse you, or me, or anybody;
We cannot put our monies to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.

Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?
That's nothing, Mrs. Flowerdew! they will
play

The knave, the fool, the devil and all, for
money.

Impiety! O, that men endued with reason
Should have no more grace in them!

Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honest?
Bailiffs, promoters, jailers, and apparitors,
Beadles and martial-men, the needful instru-
ments

Of the republic; but to make themselves
Such monsters! for they are monsters—th' are
monsters—

Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,
Pernicious monsters!

I have heard our vicar
Call play-houses the colleges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.

Why then the city will in time be made
An university of iniquity.

We dwell by Black-Friars college, where I
wonder

How that profane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the middle of us,
So many good and well-disposed persons.
O impudence!

It was a zealous prayer

I heard a brother make concerning play-houses!

For charity, what is't?

That the Globe

Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of
vice,
Had been consumed; the Phoenix burnt to
ashes;

The Fortune whipt for a blind whore; Black-
Friars

He wonders how it 'scaped demolishing
I' th' time of reformation: lastly, he wish'd
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear-
garden,
And there be scoundily baited.

A good prayer!

Indeed, it something pricks my conscience,
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.

I have their custom, too, for all their
feathers;
'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

Thomas Randolph.—About 1630.

360.—TO MY PICTURE.

When age hath made me what I am not now,
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
Of Time hath furrow'd, when an ice shal flow
Through every vein, and all my head be snow;
When Death displays his coldness in my cheek,
And I, myself, in my own picture seek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to believe, this or my glass;
Yet though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
And first complexion; here will still be seen,
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin:
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose shadow is less given to change than he.

Thomas Randolph.—About 1630.

361.—TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care;
Well pleas'd with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling
flowers:

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low ra.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spleens, and
wronges;

And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster! thou my mind dost
raise

To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.
William Drummond.—About 1640.

362.—TO HIS LUTE.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds
approve,

Which went in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is raft from earth to tune the spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wallings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a
tear;

For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

William Drummond.—About 1640.

363.—SPRING.

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

Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my
pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to
sours.

Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome
air

Is gone; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot he closed in a tomb!

William Drummond.—About 1640.

364.—THINK ON THY HOME.

Look, how the flower which ling'ringly doth
fade,

The morning's darling late, the summer's
queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and
green,

As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,

With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath
been.

As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home (my soul) and think aright,
Oh what's yet left thee of life's wasting day;

Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

William Drummond.—About 1640.

365.—JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The last and greatest herald of heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth
bring,

Which he more harmless found than man, and
mild;

His food was locusts, and what there doth
spring,

With honey that from virgin hives distill'd,
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing,
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled,
There burst he forth; all ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!

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

William Drummond.—About 1640.

366.—THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARY
LIFE.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his
own.

Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's
throne,

Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how morsawet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd which new-born flowers
unfold,

Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true da-
lights.

William Drummond.—About 1640.

367.—THE DEATH OF ROSAMOND.

Fair Rosamond within her bower of late
(While these sad storms had shaken Henry's
estate,

And he from England last had absent been)
Retired herself; nor had that star been seen
To shine abroad, or with her lustre grace
The woods or walks adjoining to the place.

About those places, while the times were
free,

Of with a train of her attendants she
For pleasure walk'd; and like the huntress
queen,

With her light nymphs, was by the people seen.
Thither the country lads and swains, that near
To Woodstock dwell, would come to gaze on
her.

Their jolly May-games there would they present,
Their harmless sports and rustic merriment,
To give this beauteous paragon delight.
Nor that officious service would she slight;
But their rude pastimes gently entertain.

Now came that fatal day, ordain'd to see
The eclipse of beauty, and for ever be
Accur'd by woeful lovers,—all alone
Into her chamber Rosamond was gone;

While thus she sadly mused, a ruthless cry
Had pierc'd her tender ear, and in the sound
Was nam'd (she thought) unhappy Rosamond.
(The cry was utter'd by her grieved maid,
From whom that clew was taken, that betray'd
Her lady's life), and while she doubting fear'd,
Too soon the fatal certainty appear'd:
For with her train the wrathful queen was there:

Oh! who can tell what cold and killing fear
Through every part of Rosamond was struck?
The rosy tincture her sweet cheeks forsook,
And like an ivory statue did she show
Of life and motion reft. Had she been so
Transform'd in deed, how kind the Fates had been.

How pitiful to her! nay to the queen!
Even she herself did seem to entertain
Some ruth; but straight revenge return'd
again,
And fill'd her furious breast. "Strumpet
(quoth she),

I need not speak at all; my sight may be
Enough expression of my wrongs, and what
The consequence must prove of such a hate.
Here, take this poison'd cup" (for in her hand
A poison'd cup she had), "and do not stand
To parley now: but drink it presently,
Or else by tortures be resolv'd to die!
Thy doom is set." Pale trembling Rosamond
Receives the cup, and kneeling on the ground,
When dull amazement somewhat had forsook
Her breast, thus humbly to the queen she spoke:

"I dare not hope you should so far relent,
Great queen, as to forgive the punishment
Nor will I vainly plead excuse, to show
By what strong arts I was at first betray'd,
Or tell how many subtle snares were laid
To catch mine honour. These though ne'er
so true,

Can bring no recompense at all to you,
Nor just excuse to my abhorred crime.
Instead of sudden death, I crave but time,

'No more (replied the furious queen); have
done;

Delay no longer, lest thy choice be gulf'd,
And that a sterner death for thee remain."
No more did Rosamond entreat in vain;
But, forc'd to hard necessity to yield,
Drank of the fatal potion that she held,

And with it enter'd the grim tyrant Death:
Yet gave such respite, that her dying breath
Might beg forgiveness from the heavenly
throne,

And pardon those that her destruction
Had doubly wrought. "Forgive, O Lord
(said she),

Him that dishonour'd, her that murder'd me.
Yet let me speak, for truth's sake, angry
queen!

If you had spared my life, I might have been
In time to come the example of your glory;
Not of your shame, as now; for when the
story

Of hapless Rosamond is read, the best
And holiest people, as they will detest
My crime, and call it foul, they will abhor,
And call unjust, the rage of Eleanor.
And in this act of yours it will be thought
King Henry's sorrow, not his love, you
sought."

And now so far the venom's force assail'd
Her vital parts, that life with language fail'd.
That well-built palace where the Graces made
Their chief abode, where thousand Cupids
play'd

And couch'd their shafts, whose structure did
delight
Even nature's self, is now demolish'd quite,
Ne'er to be rais'd again; the untimely stroke
Of death that precious cabinet has broke,
That Henry's pleas'd heart so long had held.
With sudden mourning now the house is fill'd;
Nor can the queen's attendants, though they
fear

Her wrath, from weeping at that sight forbear.
By rough north blasts so blooming roses fade;
So crushed falls the lily's tender blade.

Thomas May.—About 1649.

368.—THE SPRING.

Those whiter Lilies which the early morn
Seems to have newly woven of sleaved milk,
To which, on banks of wealthy Tagus born,
Gold was their cradle, liquid pearl their
milk.

These blushing Roses, with whose virgin
leaves,

The vanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifed wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath per-
fumes.

Both those and these my Celia's pretty foot
Trod up—but if she should her face dis-
play,

And fragrant breast—they'd dry again to the
rock,

As with the blasting of the mid-day's ray;
And this soft wind, which both perfumes and
cools,

Pass like the unregarded breath of fools.

Sir Richard Fanshawe.—About 1648.

369.—A ROSE.

Thou blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifed wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes!

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon:
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes
Thee?

Thou'rt wondrous frolic being to die so soon:
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know, then, the thing that swells thee is thy
bane;

For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy
sweet flower,

If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn:
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born;
Nay, forthwith bid to blow; thy tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

Sir Richard Fanshawe.—About 1648.

370.—THE SAINT'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

Fight on, brave soldiers, for the cause;

Fear not the cavaliers;
Their thrustings are as senseless, as
Our jealousies and fears.

'Tis you must perfect this great work,
And all malignants slay.

You must bring back the king again
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for Religion that you fight,
And for the kingdom's good,
By robbing churches, plundering men,
And shedding guiltless blood.

Down with the orthodoxal train,
All loyal subjects slay;
When these are gone, we shall be blest,
The clean contrary way.

When Charles we've bankrupt made like us,

Of crown and power bereft him,
And all his loyal subjects slain,

And none but rebels left him,

When we've beggar'd all the land,

And sent our trunks away,
We'll make him then a glorious prince,
The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preserve his majesty,

That we against him fight,

Nor are we ever beaten back,

Because our cause is right;

If any make a scruple on't,

Our declarations say,

Who fight for us, fight for the king

The clean contrary way.

At Keynton, Branford, Plymouth, York,

And divers places more,

What victories we saints obtain'd,

The like ne'er seen before!

How often we Prince Rupert kill'd,

And bravely won the day;

The wicked cavaliers did run

The clean contrary way.

The true religion we maintain,

The kingdom's peace and plenty;

The privilege of parliament

Not known to one of twenty;

The ancient fundamental laws;

And teach men to obey

Their lawful sovereigns; and all these

The clean contrary way.

We subjects' liberties preserve,

By imprisonments and plunder,

And do enrich ourselves and state

By keeping the wicked under;

We must preserve mechanics now,

To lecture and pray;

By them the Gospel is advanced

The clean contrary way.

And though the king be much misled

By that malignant crew;

He'll find us honest, and at last

Give all of us our due.

For we do wisely plot, and plot,

Rebellion to destroy,

He sees we stand for peace and truth,

The clean contrary way.

The public faith shall save our souls,

And good out-works together;

And ships shall save our lives, that stay

Only for wind and weather.

But when our faith and works fall down,

And all our hopes decay,

Our acts will bear us up to heaven,

The clean contrary way.

Sir Richard Fanshawe.—About 1648.

371.—A RICH FOOL.

Thee, senseless stock, because thou'rt richly
gilt,

The blinded people without cause admire,

And superstition impiously hath built

Altars to that which should have been the fire.

Where shall my tongue consent to worship
thee,

Since all's not gold that glisters and is fair;

Carving but makes an image of a tree:

But gods of images are made by prayer.

Sabean incense in a fragrant cloud

Illustriously suspended o'er thy crown

Like a king's canopy, makes thee allow'd

For more than man. But let them take thee

down,

And thy true value be once understood,

Thy dull idolaters will find thou'rt wood.

Sir Richard Fanshawe.—About 1648.

372.—GONDIBERT.

THE ARGUMENT.

The king to Gondibert is grown so kind,
That he prevents the besauteous Rhodalind
In giving of her love; and Gondibert
Laments his breast holds but a single heart;
Which Birtha grieves her beauty did subdue,
Since he undoes the world in being true.

Full grows the presence now, as when all
know
Some stranger prince must be receiv'd with
state;
When courts shew those, who come to see the
show;
And all gay subjects like domesticks waite.
Nor Ulfsons nor Goltos absent were;
Whose hopes expect what list'ning Birtha
(hid
In the adjoining closet) fears to heare;
And begs kinde Heav'n in pitty would
forbid.

The king (who never time nor pow'r mis-
spent
In subjects' bashfulness, whiling great
deeds
Like onward counsels, who too late consent)
Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds.

"If to thy fame" (brave youth) "I could
add wings,
Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for kings)
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my
choice.

"But this were to suspect the world asleep,
Or all our Lombards with their envy blinde,
Or that the Huns so much for bondage weep,
As their drown'd eyes cannot thy trophies
finde.

"When this is heard, none dare of what I
give
Presume their equal merit might have
shar'd;
And to say more, might make thy foes
believe,
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above re-
ward.

"Reward even of a crown, and such a crown,
As by Heav'n's model ancient victors wore;
When they, as by their coyn, by laws were
known;
For laws but made more current victors'
pow'r.

"A crown soon taugt, by whom pow'r first
was given;
When victors (of dominion cautious made
By hearing of that old revolt in Heav'n)
Kept pow'r too high for subjects to invade.

"A crown, which ends by armes their de-
bate,
Who question height of pow'r; who by the
law
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)
Would not the people, but their rulers aw.

"To pow'r adoption makes thy title good;
Preferring worth, as birth gives princes
place;
And vertus's claim exceeds the right of
blood,
As soul's extraction does the bodie's race.

"Yet for thy blood's long walk through
princes' veins,
Thou maist with any Lombard measure
time;
Though he his hidden house in Ilum feigns;
And not step short, when Hubert's self
would climbe.

"And Hubert is of highest victors' breed;
Whose worth I shall for distant empire
choose;
If he will learn, that you by fate proceeds,
And what he never had, he cannot lose.

"His valour shall the Gothick conquest
keep;
And would to Heaven that all your mighty
minds
As soon were pleas'd, as infants are with sleep,
And you had misick common as the winds.

"That all the year your seasons were like
spring;
All joy'd as birds, and all as lovers kinde;
That ev'ry famous fighter were a king,
And each like you could have a Rhodalind.

"For she is yours, as your adoption free;
And in that gift my remnant life I give;
But 'tis to you, brave youth! who now are
she;
And she that Heav'n where secondly I live.

"And richer than that crown (which shall be
thine,
When life's long progress I am gone with
fame)
Take all her love; which scarce forbears to
shine
And own thee, through her virgin-curtain,
shame."

Thus spake the king; and Rhodalind appear'd
Through publish'd love, with so much bash-
fulness.
As young kings show, when by surprise o're-
heard
Mourning to fav'rite cares a deep distress.

For love is a distress, and would be hid
Like monarchs' griefs, by which they bash-
ful grow;
And in that shame beholders they forbid;
Since those blush most, who most their
blushes show.

And Gondibert with dying eias did grieve
At her vall'd love (a wound he cannot heal)
As great mindes mourn, who cannot then
relieve
The vertuous, when through shame they
want conceal.

And now old Birtha's rosy locks decay;
Who in fear's frost had like her beauty
dy'd,
But that attendant hope perswades her stay
A while, to hear her duke; who thus reply'd.

"Victorious king! Abroad your subjects are
Like legates safe; at home like albars free!
Even by your fame they conquer as by warre;
And by your laws safe from each other be.

"A king you are o're subjects, so as wise
And noble husbands seem o're loyal wives:
Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

"To foes a winter storm; whilst your friends
bow,
Like summer trees, beneath your bounty's
load;

To me (next him whom your great self, with low
And ohserval duty serves) a giving God.

"Since this is you, and Rhodalind (the light
By which her sex and vertues finde) is yours;
Your diamond, with tests of jealous sight,
The stroke, and fire, and isel's juice en-
dure;

"Since she so precious is, I shall appear
All counterfeit, of art's disguises made;
And never dare approach her lustre near;
Who scarce can hold my value in the shade.

"Forgive me that I am not what I seem,
But falsly have dissembled an excess
Of all such vertues as you most esteem;
But now grow good but as I ill confess.

"Far in ambition's fever am I gone!
Like raging flame aspiring is my love;
Like flames destructive too, and like the Sun
Does round the world tow'rds change of
objects move.

"Nor is this now through vertuous shame
confess'd;
But Rhodalind does force my conjur'd
foare,

As men whom evil spirits have possess'd,
Till all when saintly votaries appeare.

"When she will grace the bridal dignitie,
It will be soon to all young monarchs
known;

Who then by posting through the world will
trie
Who first can at her feet present his crown.

"Then will Verona seem the inn of kings;
And Rhodalind shall at her palace gate
Smile, when great love these royal sutors
brings;

Who for that smile would as for empire
waite.

"Amongst this ruling race she choyce may
take

For warmth of valour, coolness of the
minds,
Eies that in empire's drowais calms can wake,
In storms look out, in darkness dangers find.

"A prince who more enlarges pow'r than
lands;
Whose greatness is not what his map con-
tains;
But thinks that his, where he at full com-
mands;
Not where his coyn does pass, but pow'r
remains.

"Who knows that pow'r can never be too high
When by the good possess; for 'tis in them
The swelling Nile; from which though people
fly,
They prosper most by rising of the stream.

"Thus (princes) you should choose; and you
will finde;
Even he, since men are wolves, must civi-
lize
(As light does tame some beasts of savage
kinds)
Himself yet more, by dwelling in your eies."

Such was the duke's reply; which did pro-
duce

Thoughts of a diverse shape through sev'ral
scares:
His jealous rivals mourn at his excuse;
But Astragon it cures of all his fears.

Birtha his praise of Rhodalind bowayles;
And now her hope a weak physician seems,
For hope, the common comforter, prevails
Like common med'cines, slowly in extremes.

The king (secure in offer'd empire) takes
This for'd excuse, as troubled bashfulness,
And a disguise which sodain passion makes,
To hide more joy than prudence should
express.

And Rhodalind (who never lov'd before,
Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treasure of his breast so
poore,
But that it might his debts of honour pay.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,
The king does to Verona him command;
And kindness so impos'd, not all his art
Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

Yet whilst the king does now his time dispose
In seeing wonders, in this palace shown,
He would a parting kindness pay to those
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect
grown.

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the king
Lord Astragon through all the house at-
tends,

Young Orgo does the duke to Birtha bring;
Who thus her sorrows to his bosome sends.

"Why should my storm your life's calm voyage vex?
 Destroying wholly virtue's race in one;
 So by the first of my unlucky sex,
 All in a single ruine were undone.

"Make heav'nly Rhodolind your bride!
 Whilst I,
 Your once lov'd maid, excuse you, since I know
 That virtuous men forsake so willingly
 Long cherish'd life, because to Heav'n they go.

"Let me her servant be! A dignity,
 Which if your pity in my fall procure;
 I still shall value the advancement high,
 Not as the crown is hers, but she is yours."

E're this high sorrow up to dying grew,
 The duke the casket op'ned, and from thence
 (Form'd like a heart) a cheerfull emerald drew;
 Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sense.

The thirti' th carraet it had doubled twice;
 Not tak'n from the Attick silver mine,
 Nor from the brass, though such (of nobler price)

Did on the necks of Parthian ladies shine:
 Nor yet of those which make the Ethiop proud;
 Nor taken from those rocks where Bactrians climb;

But from the Scythian, and without a cloud;
 Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

Then thus he spake! "This (Birtha) from my male

Progenitors, was to the loyal she
 On whose kinde heart they did in love prevail,
 The nuptial pledge, and this I give to thee!

"Seven centuries have pass'd, since it from bride
 To bride did first succeed; and though tis known
 From ancient lore, that gemms much vertue hide,

And that the emerald is the bridal stone;
 "Though much renown'd because it chastness loves,
 And will when worn by the neglected wife,
 Show when her absent lord dialoyal proves,
 By faintness, and a pale decay of life; .

"Though emeralds serve as spies to jealous brides,
 Yet each compar'd to this does counsel keep;
 Like a false stone, the husband's falsehood hides,

Or seems born blinde, or feigns a dying sleep.

"With this take Orgo, as a better key;
 Who may in all your kinder fears be sent
 To watch at court, if I deserve to die
 By making this to fade, and you lament."

Had now an artfull pencil Birtha drawn
 (With grief all dark, then straight with joy
 all light)

He must have fancy'd first, in early dawn,
 A sudden break of beauty out of night.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness,
 fear,

Like nipping frost, did to her visage bring;
 Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
 A rosy morn begin a sudden spring.

Her joys (too vaste to be contain'd in speech)
 Thus she a little spake! "Why stoop you
 down,

My plighted lord, to lowly Birtha's reach,
 Since Rhodolind would lift you to a crown?

"Or why do I, when I this plight embrace,
 Boldly aspire to take what you have given?
 But that your vertue has with angels place,
 And 'tis a vertue to aspire to Heav'n.

"And as tow'rds Heav'n all travail on their
 knees;

So I tow'rds you, though love aspire, will
 more;

And were you crown'd, what could you better
 please
 Than aw'd obedience led by bolder love?

"If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
 Far from your bosome banish'd be my heart;
 Or claim a right by beauty to your eyes;
 Or proudly think, my chastity desert.

"But thus ascending from your humble maid
 To be your plighted bride, and then your
 wife,

Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
 Till time my duty cancel with my life.

"And fruitfully if Heav'n's eye make me bring
 Your image to the world, you then my pride
 No more shall blame, than you can tax the
 Spring

For boasting of those flowers she cannot
 hide.

"Orgo, I so receive as I am taught
 By duty to esteem what ere you love;
 And hope the joy he in this jewel brought,
 Will luckyer than his former triumphs
 prove.

"For though but twice he has approach'd my
 sight,
 He twice made hearts to drown me in my
 tears:

But now I am above his planet's spite,
 And as for sin beg pardon for my fears."

Thus spake she; and with fir'd contin'd
 sight,

The duke did all her bashful beauties view;
 Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred
 plight;

Like flowers still sweeter as they thicke
 grew.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,
The sickness of extremes, and cannot last;
For pow'r (love's shun'd impediment) has sent
To toll the duke, his monarch is in hast:

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
So as a saint forgiven (whose breast does all
Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd pomp forbears;
Lest tempted nature should from blessings fall.

He often takes his leave, with love's delay;
And bids her hope, he with the king shall finde,

By now appearing forward to obey,
A means to serve him less in Rhodalind.

She weeping to her closet-window hies;
Where she with tears does Rhodalind survey;
As dying men, who grieve that they have eyes,
When they through curtains spy the rising day.

The king has now his curious sight suffic'd
With all lost arts, in their revival view'd;
Which when restor'd, our pride thinks new devis'd:
Fashions of mindees, call'd new when but renew'd!

The basic court prepares to move, on whom
Their sad offended eyes the country cast;
Who never see enough where monarchs come;
And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

As men move slow, who know they lose their way,
Even so the duke tow'rd's Rhodalind does move;

Yet he does dntious fears, and wonder pay,
Which are the first, and dangerous signs of love.

All his addressees much by Goltho were
And Ulfmore observ'd; who distant stand;
Not daring to approach his presence near;
But shun his eyes to scape from his command:

Least to Verona he should both require;
For by remaining here, both hope to light
Their Hymen's torches at his parting fire;
And not despair to kindle them to-night.

The king his golden chariot now ascends;
Which near fair Rhodalind the duke contains;
Though to excuse that grace he lowly bands;
But honour so refus'd, more honour gaires.

And now their chariots (ready to take wing)
Are even by weakest breath, a whisper stay'd:
And but such whisper as a page does bring
To Laura's woman from a household maid.

But this low voice did raise in Laura's eare
An echo, which from all redoubled soon;
Proclaiming such a country beauty here,
As makes them look, like evening to her noon.

And Laura (of her own high beauty proud,
Yet not to others cruel) softly prays,
She may appear! but Gartha, bold, and loud,
With eyes impatient as for conquest, stays.

Though Astragon now owns her, and excus'd
Her presence, as a maid but rudely taught,
Infirm in health, and not to greatness us'd;
Yet Gartha still calls out, to have her brought!

But Rhodalind (in whose relenting breast
Compassion's self might sit at school and learn)
Knew bashful maids with publick view distress;
And in their glass, themselves with fear discern;

She stop't this challenge which court-beauty made
To country shape; not knowing Nature's hand
Had Birtha dress'd; nor that herself obay'd
In vain, whom conqu'ring Birtha did command.

The duke (whom vertuous kindness soon subdues)
Though him his bonds from Birtha highly please,
Yet seems to think, that lucky he, who sees
To wear this royal may'd's, will walk at ease.

Of these a brief survey sad Birtha takes;
And Orgo's help directs her eyes to all;
Shows her for whom grave Tybalt nightly wakes;
Then at whose feet wise Hermegild does fall.

And when calm Orna with the count she saw,
Hope (who though weak, a willing painter is,
And busily does ev'ry pattern draw)
By that example could not work amiss.

For soon she shap'd her lord and her so kinde,
So all of love; till fancy wrought no more
When she perceiv'd him sit with Rhodalind;
But froward-painter-like the copy tore.

And now they move; and she thus rob'd,
believes
(Since with such haste they bear her wealth away)

That they at best, are but judicious thieves,
And know the noble value of their prey.

And then she thus complain'd! "Why royal maid!
Injurious greatness! did you hither come
Where pow'r's strong nets of wyre were never laid?
But childish love took cradle as at home.

"Where can we safe our harmless blessings
keep,
Since glorious courts our solitude invade?
Bells which ring out, when th' unconcern'd
would sleep;
False lights to scare poor birds in country
shade!

"Or if our joys their own discov'ry make,
Envy (whose tongue first kills whom she
devours)
Calls it our pride; envy, the poy's'non snake,
Whose breath blasts maids, as innocent as
flowers!

"Forgive me, beauteous greatness, if I grow
Distemper'd with my fears, and rudely long
To be secure; or praise your beauty so
As to believe, that it may do me wrong;

"And you, my plighted lord, forgive me
too,
If, since your worth and my defects I find,
I fear what you in justice ought to do;
And praise your judgment when I doubt
you kind."

Now sudden fear o'er all her beauty wrought
The pale appearance of a killing frost;
And carefull Orgo, when she started, thought
She had her pledge, the precious emerald,
lost.

But that kind heart, as constant as her own,
She did not miss; 'twas from a sudden
sence,
Least in her lover's heart some change was
grown,
And it grew pale with that intelligence.

Soon from her bosome she this emerald took:
"If now" (said she) "my lord my heart
deceaves,
This stone will by dead paleness make me
look
Pale as the snowy skin of Lilly leaves."

But such a cheerful green the gazon did bring
Where she oppos'd the rays, as if she had
Been dy'd in the complexion of the spring,
Or were by nymphs of Brittain valleys clad.

Soon she with earnest passion kist the stone;
Which ne'er till then had suffer'd an eclipse;
But then the rays retir'd, as if it shone
In vain, so near the rubies of her lips.

Yet those remor'd, with publick glory shines!
She Orgo blest, who had this reliques
brought;
And kept it like those reliques lock'd in
shrines,
By which the latest miracles were wrought.

For soon respect was up to reverence grown;
Which fear to superstition w'd h'ld sublime,
But that her father took fear's ladder down;
Loos steps, by which distress to Heav'n's
would climbe.

He knew, when four shapes heav'nly pow'r so
just,
And terrible, (parts of that shape drawn
true)
It vailes Heav'n's beauty, love; which when
we trust,
Our courage honours him to whom we sue!
Sir William Davenant.—About 1640.

373—SONG.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
He takes his window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the moon will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.
The merchant bows into the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season
takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes;
Awake, awake, break through your veils of
lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.
Sir William Davenant.—About 1640.

374.—TO THE QUEEN.

Fair as unshad light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swell'd by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgotten hermits are.
You that are more than our discreeter fear
Daree praise, with such full art, what make
you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach
at green;
You come, as if the silver planet were
Minded a while from her much injured sphere;
And, 'tween the travails of her beams to-night,
In this small lantern would contract her light.
Sir William Davenant.—About 1640.

375.—THE MORNING STAR.

Still Herald of the Morn! whose ray,
Being pure and usher to the day,
Doth morn behind the sun, before him play;
Who sett'st a golden signal o'er
The hark ryzing, the lark appear,
The early cock cry comfort, screech-owls fear.
Who wink'st while lovers plight their troth,
Then falls asleep, while they are loth
To part without a more engaging oath;
Steal in a message to the eyes
Of Julia, tell her that she lies
Too long,—thy lord, the Sun, will quickly rise.

Yet it is midnight still with me,
Nay worse, unless that kinder she
Smile day, and in my zenith seated be!
But if she will obliquely run,
I needs a calenture must shun,
And, like an Ethiopian, hate my sun.

John Hall.—About 1646.

376.—SONG BY LOVE TO PHYSANDER
AND BELLANIMA.

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To these abodes, where spiny air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence;
Where's no heat, nor cold extreme,
No winter's ice, no summer's scorching
beam;

Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.

All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.

Welcome to Love, my new-loved heir,
Elysium's thine, ascend my chair:
For following sensuality
I thought to disinher't thee;
But being now reform'd in life,
And reunited to thy wife,
Mine only daughter, fate allows
That Love with stars should crown your
brow.

Join ye that were his guides to this,
Thus I enthrones you both—now kiss;
Whilst you in endless measures move,
Led on to endless joys by Love.

Thomas Nabbes.—About 1637.

377.—HIS HATRED OF THE SCOTS.

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed
his doom:
Not forced him to wander, but confined him
home.

John Cleveland.—About 1647.

378.—ON PHILLIS, WALKING BEFORE
SUNRISE.

The almsgiving morn as yet undress'd—,
My Phillis brake from out her rest,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.
The trees (like roomen of her guard
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Rank'd on each side with loyal duty),
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopp'd,
Or ape with crulobes underpropp'd,
Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her general dole,
Each receives his ancient soul.

The winged choristers began
To chirp their matins; and the fan
Of whistling winds, like organs play'd
Unto their voluntaries, made
The waken'd earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice;
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix; no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.
The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Fucks and shuts up her gaudy shop,
Mistakes her cue, and doth display;
Thus Phillis antedates the day.

These miracles had cramp'd the sun,
Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his crisped locks,
To see what saint his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he
play'd,

Depping the walk with light and shade,
(Like lattice windows), give the spy
Eloom but to peep with half an eye,
Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good night in him:
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd day.

But what new-fashion'd play's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss?
And that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe;
Phillis perceives, and (lest her stay
Should wed October unto May,
And as her beauty caus'd a spring,
Devotion might an autumn bring),
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate light.

John Cleveland.—About 1647.

379.—UPON HIS MISTRESS SAD.

Melancholy, hence, and get
Some piece of earth to be thy seat,
Here the air and nimble fire
Would shoot up to meet desire:
Sullen humour leave her blood,
Mix not with the purer flood,
But let pleasures swelling here,
Make a spring-tide all the year.

Love a thousand sweets distilling,
And with pleasure bosoms filling,
Charm all eyes that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us;
And while we thy raptures taste,
Compel time itself to stay,
Or by forelock hold him fast,
Lest occasion slip away.

James Shirley.—About 1646.

380.—ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

Fair Echo, rise! sick-thoughted nymph, awake,
 Leave thy green couch, and canopy of trees!
 Long since the choristers of the wood did shake
 Their wings, and sing to the bright sun's
 uprise:

Day hath wept o'er thy couch, and, progressed,
 Blusheth to see fair Echo still in bed.

If not the birds, who 'bout the coverts fly,
 And with their warbles charm the neigh-
 bouring air;

If not the sun, whose new embroidery
 Makes rich the leaves that in thy arbours
 are,

Can make thee rise; yet, love-sick nymph,
 away,
 The young Narcissus is abroad to-day.

Pursue him, timorous maid: he moves apace;
 Favonius waits to play with thy loose hair,
 And help thy flight; see how the drooping
 grass

Courts thy soft tread, thou child of sound
 and air;

Attempt, and overtake him; though he be
 Coy to all other nymphs, he'll stoop to thee.

If thy face move not, let thy eyes express
 Some rhetoric of thy tears to make him
 stay;

He must be a rock that will not melt at these,
 Dropping these native diamonds in his way;
 Mistaken he may stoop at them, and this,
 Who knows how soon? may help thee to a kiss.

If neither love, thy beauty, nor thy tears,
 Invent some other way to make him know
 He need not hunt, that can have such a deer:
 The Queen of Love did once Adonis woo,
 But, hard of soul, with no persuasions won,
 He felt the curse of his disdain too soon.

In vain I counsel her to put on wing;
 Echo hath left her solitary grove;
 And in the vale, the palace of the spring,
 Sits silently attending to her love;
 But round about, to catch his voice with care,
 In every shade and tree she hid a snare.

Now do the huntmen fill the air with noise,
 And their shrill horns chafe her delighted
 ear,

Which, with loud accents, give the woods a
 voice

Proclaiming parley to the fearful deer;
 She hears the jolly tunes; but every strain,
 As high and musical, she returns again.

Rous'd in the game; pursuit doth put on wings;
 The sun doth shine, and gild them out their
 way;

The deer into an o'ergrown thicket springs,
 Through which he quaintly steals his shine
 away;

The huntmen scatter; but the boy, o'erthrown
 In a dark part of the wood, complains alone.

Him, Echo, led by her affections, found,

Joy'd you may guess, to reach him with her
 eye;

But more, to see him rise without a wound—
 Who yet obscure herself behind some tree;
 He, vexed, exclaims, and asking, "Where am I?"
 The unseen virgin answers, "Here am I!"

"Some guide from hence! Will no man hear?"
 he cries:

She answers, in her passion, "Oh man, hear:"
 "I die, I die," say both; and thus she tries,
 With frequent answers, to entice his ear
 And person to her court, more fit for love;
 He tracks the sound, and finds her odorous
 grove.

The way he trod was paved with violets,
 Whose azure leaves do warm their naked
 stalks;

In their white double ruffs the daisies jet,
 And primroses are scattered in the walks,
 Whose pretty mixture in the ground declares
 Another galaxy embossed with stars.

Two rows of elms ran with proportioned grace,
 Like nature's arras, to adorn the sides;
 The friendly vines their loved barks embrace,
 While folkling-tops the chequered ground-
 work hides;

Here oft the tired sun himself would rest,
 Biding his glorious circuit to the west.

From hence delight conveys him unawares
 Into a spacious green, whose either *side*
 A hill did guard, whilst with his trees, like hairs,
 The clouds were busy binding up his head;
 The flowers here smile upon him as he treads,
 And, but when he looks up, hang down their
 heads.

Not far from hence, near an harmonious brook,
 Within an arbour of concealing trees,
 Whose wilder boughs into the stream did look,

A place more suitable to her distress,
 Echo, suspecting that her love was gone,
 Herself had in a careless posture thrown.

But Time upon his wings had brought the boy
 To see this lodging of the airy queen,
 Whom the dejected nymph spies with joy

Through a small window of aquiline;
 And that she might be worthy his embrace,
 Forgets not to new-dress her blubber'd face.

With confidence she sometimes would go out,
 And boldly meet Narcissus in the way;
 But then her fears prevent her with new doubt,
 And chide her over-rash resolve away.

Her heart with overcharge of love must break;
 Great Juno will not let poor Echo speak.

James Shirley.—About 1646.

381.—THE RESOLVE.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
 Nor lip and cheek that's red,
 Nor of the tresses of her hair,
 Nor curls in order laid;

Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice,
I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
And it must be a she;
The only argument can move
Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
Lilies their whiteness stain;
What fool is he that shadows seeks,
And may the substance gain!
Then if thou'lt have me love a
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
That's with Canary lined.

Alexander Brome.—About 1640.

382.—THE MAD LOVER.

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,—
This many and many a year;
And those three are plagues enough, one would
think,
For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
And love made me run into debt;
And though I have struggled and struggled
and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain;
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets!
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

Alexander Brome.—About 1640.

383.—TO A COY LADY.

I prithee leave this peevish fashion,
Don't desire to be high prized;
Love's a princely noble passion,
And doth scorn to be despised.
Though we say you're fair, you know
We your beauty do bestow,
For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
We do't only for our pleasure;
And those parts in which you glory
We by fancy weigh and measure.
When for deities you go,
For angels or for queens, pray know
'Tis our own fancy makes you so.

Don't suppose your Majesty
By tyranny's best signified,
And your angelic Natures be
Distinguish'd only by your pride.
Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,
And pride makes angels devils below,
And your pride may make you so!

Alexander Brome.—About 1640.

384.—THE INQUIRY.

If we no old historian's name
Authentic will admit,
But think all said of friendship's fame
But poetry or wit;
Yet what's revered by minds so pure
Must be a bright idea sure.
But as our immortality
By inward sense we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
It would not be design'd:
So here how could such copies fall,
If there were no original?
But if truth be in ancient song,
Or story we believe;
If the inspired and greater throng
Have scorned to deceive;
There have been hearts whose friendship
gave
Them thoughts at once both soft and
grave.
Among that consecrated crew
Some more seraphic shade
Lend me a favourable clow,
Now mists my eyes invade.
Why, having fill'd the world with fame,
Left you so little of your flame?
Why is't so difficult to see
Two bodies and one mind?
And why are those who else agree
So difficultly kind?
Hath nature such fantastic art,
That she can vary every heart?

Why are the bands of friendship tied
With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
And by the most forgot?
Why do we step with so light sense
From friendship to indifference?
If friendship sympathy impart,
Why this ill-shuffled game,
That heart can never meet with heart,
Or flame encounter flame?
What does this cruelty create?
Is't the intrigue of love or fate?

Had friendship ne'er been known to men;
(The ghost at last confest)
The world had then a stranger been
To all that heaven possess.
But could it all be here acquired,
Not heaven itself would be desired,

Katherine Philips.—About 1640.

385.—A FRIEND.

Love, nature's plot, this great creation's soul,
The being and the harmony of things,
Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
From whence man's happiness and safety
springs:
The earliest, whitest, blessed'st times did
draw
From her alone their universal law.
Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,
'Tis love refined and purged from all its
dross,
The next to angel's love, if not the same,
As strong in passion is, though not so gross:
It antedates a glad eternity,
And is an heaven in epitome.

Essential honour must be in a friend,
Not such as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end,
And dares not sin though sure that none
should know.

Where friendship's spoke, honesty's under-
stood;
For none can be a friend that is not good.

Thick waters show no images of things;
Friends are each other's mirrors, and should
be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
And free from clouds, design or flattery.
For vulgar souls no part of friendship share;
Poets and friends are born to what they are.

Katherine Philips.—About 1640.

386.—TO HIS HEART.

Hence, heart, with her that must depart,
And hold thee with thy sovereign,
For I had lover want and heart,
Nor have the heart that does me pain;
Therefore go with thy love remain,
And let me live thus unmolest;
See that thou come not back again,
But bide with her thou lovis best.
See she that I have servit lang,
Is to depart so suddenly,
Address thee now, for thou sall gang
And bear thy lady company.
Fra she be gone, heartless am I;
For why? thou art with her possess.
Therefore, my heart! go hence in hy,
And bide with her thou lovis best.
Though this belappt body here
Be bound to servitude and thrall,
My faithful heart is free intent,
And mind to serve my lady at all.
Wald God that I were peritall
Under that redolent rose to rest!
Yet at the least, my heart, thou sall
Abide with her thou lovis best.

See in your garth the lily whyte
May not remain among the lave,
Adieu the flower of haill deyte;
Adieu the succour that may me save;
Adieu the fragrant balmie suid,
And lamp of ladies lustiest!
My faithful heart she sall it have,
To bide with her it lovis best.
Deplore, ye ladies clear of hue,
Her absence, see she must depart,
And specially ye lovers true,
That wounded be with lovis dart.
For ye sall want you of ane heart
As well as I, therefore at last
Do go with mine, with mind inward,
And bide with her thou lovis best.

Alexander Scot.—About 1640.

387.—BONDEL OF LOVE.

Lo what it is to love,
Learn ye that list to prove,
By me, I say, that no ways may,
The grund of grief remove.
But still decay, both night and day;
Lo what it is to love!
Love is ane fervent fire,
Kindlith without desire,
Short pleasour, lang displeasour;
Repentance is the hire;
Ane pure treasour, without measour;
Love is ane fervent fire.
To love and to be wise,
To rege with gude advise;
Now thus, now than, so goes the game,
Incertain is the dice:
There is no man, I say, that can
Both love and to be wise.
Flee always from the snare,
Learn at me to beware;
It is ane pain and double train
Of endless woe and care;
For to refrain that danger plain,
Flee always from the snare.

Alexander Scot.—About 1640.

388.—THE TOWN LADIES.

Some wids of the borowstoun
See wonder vain see, and wantoun,
In world they wait not what to wear;
On clachis they wear mouny a crown;
And all for newtangleous of gear.
And of fine silk their furrit clokis,
With hingas sleeves, like geil pokis;
See prouching will gar them forbeir
To wear all thing that sin provokis;
And all for newtangleous of gear.
Their wilkocis mouny weel be howit,
Broadest richt braid, with paments sewit.
I trow wha wald the matter spear,
That their gudemen had come to see it,
That evir their wids wore ne gear.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
Barrit aboon with taisels drawin;
With gartens of ane new maneir,
To gar their courtlines be knawin;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Sometime they will heir up their gown,
To shaw their wilcoat hingen down;
And sometime baith they will upbeir,
To shaw their hose of black or brown;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their collars, carcoats, and hause beidis!
With velvet hat heigh on their beidis,
Cordit with gold like ane yonkain.
Braidit about with golden threidis;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their shoon of velvet, and their mullis!
In kirk they are not content of stullis,
The sermon when they sit to heir,
But carrie onshoons like vain fulis;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,
In spice and drugis in ane day,
Nor wald their mothers in ane yeir.
Whilk will gar mony pack decay,
When they see vainly waste their geir.

Leave, burges men, or all be lost,
On your wifes to mak sic cost,
Whilk may gar all your hairis bleir.
She that may not want wine and roast,
Is able for to waste some geir.

Between them, and nobles of blinde,
Nae difference but ane velvet hinde!
Their camrock curchies are as deir,
Their other clathis are as gude,
And they as costlie in other geir.

Of burges wifs though I speak plain,
Some landwart ladies are as vain,
As by their clathing may appear,
Wearing gayer nor them may gain,
On ower vain clathis wasting geir.

Sir Richard Maitland.—About 1580.

389.—THE CHERRY AND THE SLAE.

The cushat crouds, the corbie cries,
The cuckoo couks, the prattling pyes
To gook there they begin;
The jargon of the jangling jays,
The creaking craws and keckling kays,
They deave't me with their din.
The painted pawn with Argus eyes
Can on his May-cock call;
The turtle wails on wither'd tress,
And Echo answers all,
Repeating, with grooting,
How fair Narcissus fell,
By lying and spying
His shadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare
In hidings hirpling here and there,
To make their morning mangle.
The con, the cunning, and the cat,
Whose dainty downs with dew were wat,
With stiff moustachios strange.
The hart, the hind, the doe, the roe,
The founnart and false fox;
The bearded brook clamb up the brae
With birry hairs and brooks;
Some feeding, some dreading
The hunter's subtle snares,
With skipping and tripping,
They play'd them all in pairs.
The air was sober, soft, and sweet,
Nae misty vapours, wind, nor west,
But quiet, calm, and clear,
To foster Flora's fragrant flowers,
Whereon Apollo's paramours
Had trinkled mony a tear;
The which like silver shakers shined,
Embroidering Beauty's bed,
Wherewith their heavy heads declin'd
In May's colours clad.
Some knoping, some drooping
Of balmy liquor sweet,
Excelling and smelling
Through Phoebus' wholesome heat.
Alexander Montgomery.—About 1597.

390.—NIGHT IS NIGH GONE.

Hey, now the day's dawning;
The jolly cock's crowing;
The Eastern sky's glowing;
Stars fade, one by one;
The thistle-cock's crying
On lovers long lying,
Cease vowing and sighing;
The night is nigh gone.
The fields are o'erflowing
With gowans all glowing,
And white lilies growing,
A thousand as one;
The sweet ring-dove cooling,
His love-notes renewing,
Now moaning, now suing;
The night is nigh gone.
The season exolling,
In scented flowers smelling,
To kind love compelling
Our hearts every one;
Wish sweet ballads moving
The maids we are loving,
Mid musing and roving
The night is nigh gone.
Of war and fair women
The young knights are dreaming,
With bright brasseplates gleaming
And plumed helmets on;
The barbed steed neighs lordly,
And shakes his mane proudly,
For war-trumpets loudly
Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing,
The warriors all glowing,
And, smorting and blowing,
The steeds rushing on;
The lances are crashing,
Out broad blades come flashing,
'Mid shouting and dashing—
The night is nigh gone.

Alexander Montgomery.—About 1597.

391.—EARLY DAWN.

O perfect light, which shed away
The darkness and the night,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night.

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear,
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawis by,
Syne in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

Whilk soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing and the snipe;
And tune their song like Nature's clerks,
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

Alexander Hume.—About 1599.

392.—THE NOON-TIDE OF A SUMMER'S DAY.

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or stir.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams,
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din.

Alexander Hume.—About 1599.

393.—EVENING.

What pleasure, then, to walk and see
End-lang a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

The salmon out of cruives and creeks,
Upheald into scoots,
The bells and circles on the weills
Through leaping of the troutis.

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With trumpet and with shalm.

Through all the land great is the gild
Of rustic folks that cry;
Of bleating sheep fra they be kill'd,
Of calves and rowting kye.

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Whilk sent this summer day.

Alexander Hume.—About 1599.

394.—ANE SCHOET POEME OF TYME.

As I was panning in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawyis take me
rest,

Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.
The East was clear, whereby belyve I gess
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes,
Did dewlis helse all thame on earth do
dwell.

The balmie dew through birning drooth he
dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweet and
small.

By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit up by the Delphiens
heit

Up in the aire: it was so light and weil.

Whose he ascending in his purpoure chere
Frovookit all from Morpheus to flee:
As heasats to feid, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to their labour, biside an the bee:

Yet idle men devyising did I see,
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew
mirk.

Then wondrous I to see them seek a wyle,
So willingly the precious tyme to tiae:
And how they did themselves so farr bogyle,
To fushe of tyme, which of itself is fyne.
Fra tyme be past to call it backward syne
Is bot in vaine: therefore men could be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that sees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this life,
Which gives him dayis his God aright to
know?

Wherefore then could we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedeles our selves for to withdraw
Erin from the tyme, which is ou nowayes
law

To fie from us, suppose we fled it nocht?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had
soght.

Bot sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heavenly
King.

Flee ydylth, which is the greatest let;
Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,

Let us employ that tyme that God hath send
us,
In doing well, that good man may commend
us.

King James VI.—About 1584.

395.—SOLITARY LIFE.

Sweet solitary life! lovely, dumb joy,
That need'et no warnings how to grow
more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self
doth rise.

The morning's second mansion, truth's first
friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain
broils,
When the whole day to our own use we
spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition
spoils.

Most happy state, that never tak'et revenge
For injuries received, nor doest fear
The court's great earthquake, the grieved
truth of change,

Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies doest
hear;
Nor knows hope's sweet disease that charms
our sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience!

Earl of Ancrem.—About 1624.

396.—SONNET.

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
And by those golden looks, whose look none
slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whom like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
Which in this darken'd age have clearly
shin'd;

I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fire,
That I have never urst but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then, since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in
me?

Earl of Sterling.—About 1637.

397.—MY FANTASY WILL NEVER
TURN.

Spite of his spite, which that in vain,
Doth seek to force my fantasy,
I am professed for loss or gain,
To be thine own assuredly;
Wherefore let my father's spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn!

Although my father of busy wit,
Doth babble still, I care not though;
I have no fear, nor yet will fit,
As doth the water to and fro;
Wherefore, &c.

For I am set, and will not swerve,
Whom spiteful speech removeth nought;
And since that I thy grace deserve,
I count it is not dearly bought;
Wherefore, &c.

Who is afraid, let you him fly,
For I shall well abide the brunt;
Mangle to his lips that listeth to lie,
Of busy brains as in the wont;
Wherefore, &c.

Who listeth threat to laugh or lour,
I am not he that ought doth reech;
There is no pain that hath the power
Out of my breast your love to fetch;
Wherefore, &c.

For whereas he moved me to the school,
And only to follow my book and learning,
He could never make me such a fool,
With all his soft words and fair speaking;
Wherefore, &c.

This minion here, this mincing trull,
Doth please me more a thousand fold,
Than all the earth that is so full
Of precious stones, silver, and gold;
Wherefore, &c.

Whatsoever I did it was for her sake,
It was for her love and only pleasure;
I count it no labour such labour to take
In getting to me so high a treasure;
Wherefore, &c.

This day I intended for to be merry,
Although my hard father be far hence,
I know no cause for to be heavy,
For all this cost and great expense;
Wherefore, &c.

Thomas Ingeland.—About 1560.

398.—THE WORK-GIRL'S SONG.

A merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
Work, Tibet; work, Annot; work, Margerie;
Sew, Tibet; knit, Annot; spin, Margerie;
Let us see who will win the victory.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
What, Tibet! what, Annot! what, Margerie!
Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try;
Your fingers be numb, our work will not lie.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
Now Tibet, now Annot, now Margerie;
Now whippet space for the maystria;
But it will not be, our mouth is so dry.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillaria.
When, Tibet? when, Annot? when, Margerie?
I will not,—I can not,—no more can I;
Then give we all over, and there let it lie!

Nicholas Udall.—About 1566.

399.—THE MINION WIFE.

Who so to marry a minion wife,
Hath had good chance and hap,
Must love her and cherish her all his life,
And dandle her in his lap.

If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
A good husband ever still,
Whatever she list to do or to say,
Must let her have her own will.

About what affairs so ever he go,
He must show her all his mind;
None of his counsel she may be kept fro,
Else is he a man unkind.

Nicholas Udall.—About 1566.

400.—IDLENESS.

What heart can think, or tongue express,
The harm that growth of idleness?

This idleness in some of us
Is seen to seem a thing but slight;
But if that sum the sums discuss,
The total sum doth show us straight
This idleness to weigh such weight
That it no tongue can well express,
The harm that growth of idleness.

This vice I liken to a weed
That husbandmen have nam'd tyne,
The which in corn doth root or breed;
The grain to ground it doth incline
It never ripeth, but rotteth in fine;
And even a like thing is to guess
Against all virtues, idleness.

The proud man may be patient,
The ireful may be liberal,
The gluttonous may be continent,
The covetous may give alms all,
The lecher may to prayer fall;
Each vice bideth some good business,
Save only idle idleness.

As some one virtue may by grace
Suppress of vices many a one,
So is one vice once taken place
Destroyeth all virtues every one;
Where this vice cometh all virtues are
gone.

In no kind of good business
Can company with idleness.

An ill wind that bloweth no man good
The blower of which blast is she;
The lyther lusts bred of her brood
Can no way breed good property;
Wherefore I say, as we now see

No heart can think, or tongue express
The harm that growth of idleness!

To cleanse the corn, as men at need
Weed out all weeds, and tyne for chief,
Let diligence, our weed-hook, weed
All vice from us for like relief;
As faith may faithfully show proof
By faithful fruitful business,
To weed out fruitless idleness.

John Heywood.—About 1570.

401.—BE MERRY, FRIENDS!

Be merry, friends, take ye no thought,
For worldly cares care ye right nought;
For whoso doth, when all is sought,
Shall find that thought availeth nought;
Be merry, friends!

All such as have all wealth at will,
Their wills at will for to fulfil,
From grief, or grudge, or any ill,
I need not sing this them until,
Be merry, friends!

But unto such as wish and want
Of worldly wealth wrought them no scant,
That wealth by work they cannot plant,
To them I sing at this instant,
Be merry, friends!

And such as when the root seem next,
Then they be straight extremely vexed;
And such as be in storms perplexed,
To them I sing this short sweet text,
Be merry, friends!

To laugh and win each man agrees,
But each man cannot laugh and lose,
Yet laughing in the last of those
Hath been allowed of sage decrees;
Be merry, friends!

Be merry with sorrow wise men have said,
Which saying, being wisely weighed,
It seems a lesson truly laid
For those whom sorrows still invade,
Be merry, friends!

Make ye not two sorrows of one,
For of one grief grafted alone
To graft a sorrow thereupon,
A sower crab we can graft none;
Be merry, friends!

Taking our sorrows sorrowfully,
Sorrow augmenteth our malady;
Taking our sorrows merrily,
Mirth aliveth sorrows most soundly;
Be merry, friends!

Of griefs to some standing in fray,
Provide defence the best we may;
Which done, no more to do or say,
Come what come shall, come care away!
Be merry, friends!

In such things as we cannot flee,
But needs they must endured be,
Let wise contentment be decree,
Make virtue of necessity ;

Be merry, friends !

To lack or lose that we would win,
So that our fault be not therein,
What woe or want end or begin,
Take never sorrow but for sin !

Be merry, friends !

In loss of friends, in lack of health,
In loss of goods, in lack of wealth,
Where liberty restraint expelleth,
Where all these lack, yet as this telleth,

Be merry, friends !

Man hardly hath a richer thing
Than honest mirth, the which well-spring
Watereth the roots of rejoicing,
Feeding the flowers of flourishing ;

Be merry, friends !

[The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert ;
The happy man 's without a shirt,
And never comes to maim or hurt.

Be merry, friends !

All seasons are to him the spring,
In flowers bright and flourishing ;
With birds upon the tree or wing,
Who in their fashion always sing

Be merry, friends !

If that thy doubtist has a hole in,
Why, it cannot keep the less thy soul in,
Which rangeth forth beyond controlling
Whilst thou hast nought to do but troling

Be merry, friends !]

Be merry in God, Saint Paul saith plain,
And yet, with he, be merry again ;
Since whose advice is not in vain,
The foot thereof to entertain,

Be merry, friends !

[Let the world slide, let the world go ;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe !
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.

Be merry, friends !]

John Heywood.—About 1576.

402.—DRINKING SONG.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think, that I can drink

With him that wears a hood,
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a cold ;

I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, &c.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I do not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek ;
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trow to me the howl,
Even as a malt-worm should ;
And saith, Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the blues
Good ale doth bring men to :
And all poor souls that have soured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, &c.

Bishop Still.—About 1575.

403.—SONG OF HONEST RECREATION.

When travels grete in matters thicke
Have dulled your wits and made them sick,
What medicine, then, your wits to quick,
If ye will know, the best physick,
Is to give place to Honest Recreation—
Give place, we say now, for thy consolation.

Where is that Wit that we seek than ?
Alas ! he lyeth here pale and wan ;
Help him at once now, if we can.
O Wit ! how doest thou ? Look up ! man.
O Wit ! give place to Honest Recreation—
Give place, we say now, for thy consolation.

After place given let ear obey ;
Give an ear, O Wit ! now we thee pray,
Give ear to what we sing and say ;
Give an ear and help will come straightway ;
Give an ear to Honest Recreation ;
Give an ear now, for thy consolation.

After ear given, now give an eye ;
Behold, thy friends about thee lie,
Recreation I, and Comfort I,
Quickness am I, and Strength here bye.
Give an eye to Honest Recreation ;
Give an eye now, for thy consolation.

After an eye given, an hand give ye ;
Give an hand, O Wit ! feel that ye see ;
Recreation feel, feel Comfort free,
Feel Quickness here, feel Strength to thee—
Give an hand to Honest Recreation ;
Give an hand now, for thy consolation.

Upon his feet, would God he were !
To raise him now we need not fear ;
Stay you his hand, while we here bear :
Now all at once upright him rear.
O Wit ! give place to Honest Recreation :
Give place, we say now, for thy consolation.

John Redford.—About 1576.

404.—CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid ;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
Loses them, too, then down he throws
The oocal of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the simple of his chin ;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! hath she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

John Lyly.—About 1584.

405.—THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail ?
O 'tis the ravished nightingale.
" Jug, jug, jug, jug, tenen," she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick song ! who is 't now we hear ?
None but the lark so shrill and clear ;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark ! with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note ;
Hark how the jolly cuckoo sing,
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring !
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring !

John Lyly.—About 1584.

406.—COMPLAINT AGAINST LOVE.

O cruel Love, on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day ;
Never may sleep with velvet hand
Charm those eyes with sacred wand ;
Thy jailers shall be hopes and fears,
Thy prison mates groans, sighs, and tears,
Thy play to wear out weary times,
Fasciastic passions, vows, and rhymes.
Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall,
Such as when yon Phaon call ;
Thy sleep fond dreams, thy dreams long care,
Hope, like thy foot at thy bed's head,
Mock thee till madness strike thee dead,
As Phaon thou dost me with thy proud eyes,
In thee poor Sappho lives, for these are dies.

John Lyly.—About 1584.

407.—APOLLO'S SONG OF DAPHNE.

My Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
Bright stars a-piece her eyes do hold ;
My Daphne's brow enthroned the graces,
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces ;
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
But Daphne's lip a sweeter berry ;
Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt ;
My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,
My Daphne's music charms all ears ;
Fond am I thus to sing her praise,
These glories now are turned to bays.

John Lyly.—About 1592.

408.—SONG TO APOLLO.

Sing to Apollo, god of Day,
Whose golden beams with morning play,
And make her eyes so brightly shine,
Aurora's face is called divine.
Sing to Phoebus and that throne
Of diamonds which he sits upon.
Io Peans let us sing
To Phœas and to Poesy's king.

Crown all his altars with bright fire,
Laurels bind about his lyre ;
A Daphnean coronet for his head,
The Muses dance about his bed ;
When on his ravishing lute he plays,
Strew his temple round with bays.

Io Peans let us sing
To the glittering Delian king.

John Lyly.—About 1592.

409.—CENONE'S COMPLAINT.

Melpomene, the muse of tragic songs,
With mournful tunes, in stole of dismal hue,
Assist a silly nymph to wail her woe,
And leave thy lusty company behind.

Thou luckless wreath ! becomes not me to wear

The poplar tree for triumph of my love :
Then as my joy, my pride of love is left,
Be thou unclothed of thy lovely green ;

And in thy leaves my fortunes written be,
And then some gentle wind let blow abroad,
That all the world may see how false of love
False Paris hath to his *Cenone* been.

George Peele.—About 1584.

410.—THE SONG OF THE ENAMOUR'D SHEPHERD.

O gentle Love, ungentle for thy deed,
Thou makest my heart
A bloody mark
With piercing shot to bleed.

Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot
amiss,

For fear too keen
Thy arrows be,
And hit the heart where my beloved is.

Too fair that fortune were, nor never I
Shall be so blest,
Among the rest,

That Love shall seize on her by sympathy.
Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,
This doth remain
To ease my pain,

I take the wound, and die at Venus' foot.
George Peele.—About 1584.

411.—THE AGED MAN-AT-ARMS.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned ;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever
spurned,

But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by en-
creasing.

Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading
seen ;

Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms ;
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's salms :
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll touch his swains this carol for a song :
" Bless'd be the hearts that wish my Sovereign
well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any
wrong."

Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your bondsman now that was your
knight.

George Peele.—About 1590.

412.—ENGLAND.

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
Whose chivalry hath royalis'd thy fame,
That, sounding bravely through terrestrial
vale,

Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
Rings glorious echoes through the farthest
world !

What warlike nation, train'd in feats of arms,
What barbarous people, stubborn or untam'd,
What climate under the meridian signs,
Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
Ere't have not quak'd and trembled at the name
Of Britain and her mighty conquerors ?

Her neighbour realms, as Sootland, Denmark,
France,
Awd with their deeds, and jealous of her arms,
Have begg'd defensive and offensive leagues.

Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
Hath fear'd brave England, dreadful in her
kings.

And now, to eternise Albion's champions,
Equivalent with Trojan's ancient fame,
Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
Veering before the wind, plunging the sea ;
His stretched sails fill'd with the breath of
men,

That through the world admire his manliness.
And lo, at last arrived in Dover road,
Longshank, your king, your glory, and our son,
With troops of conquering lords and warlike
knights,

Like bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
Higher than all his army by the head,
Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes !
And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

George Peele.—About 1593.

413.—JOAB'S DESCRIPTION OF DAVID.

Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes ;
As when the sun, attired in glistening robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And, bridegroom-like, hurls through the
gloomy air

His radiant beams : such doth King David
show,

Crown'd with the honour of his enemies' town,
Shining in riches like the firmament,
The stary vault that overhangs the earth ;
So looketh David, King of Israel.

George Peele.—About 1595.

414.—JOAB'S ADDRESS TO DAVID ON
DEATH OF ABSALOM.

What ! irks it David, that he victor breathes,
That Juda, and the fields of Israel
Should cleanse their faces from their children's
blood ?

What ! art thou weary of thy royal rule ?
Is Israel's throne a serpent in thine eyes,
And he that set thee there, so far from thanks,
That thou must curse his servant for his sake ?
Hast thou not said, that, as the morning light,
The cloudless morning, so should be thine
house,

And not as flowers, by the brightest rain,
Which grow up quickly, and as quickly fade ?
Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,
That cannot be preserved with the hand ;
And that the man shall touch them must be
arm'd

With coats of iron, and garments made of steel,
Or with the shaft of a defended spear ?

And art thou angry he is now out off,
That had the guiltless swearing to their deaths,
And was more wicked than an host of men ?
Advance thee from thy melancholy den,
And deck thy body with thy blisful robes,

Or, by the Lord that sways the Heaven, I swear,

I'll lead thine armies to another king,
 Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry;
 And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,
 When his fair looks with oil and wine refresh'd,
 Should dart into their bosoms gladsome beams,
 And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts;
 That, when elsewhere stern War shall sound
 his trump,

And call another battle to the field,
 Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,
 And for their service happily confess
 She wanted worthy trumps to sound their
 prowess:

Take thou this course and live: refuse and die.

George Peele.—About 1595.

415.—KING DAVID.

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
 His holy style and happy victories;
 Whose muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
 Archangels 'stilled from the breath of Jove,
 Deking her temples with the glorious flowers
 Heaven rain'd on tops of Zion and Mount Sinai.
 Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
 The cherubim and angels laid their breasts;
 And when his consecrated fingers struck
 The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
 He gave alarm to the host of heaven,
 That, wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds,
 and came

Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
 Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
 And of his beauteous son, I press to sing;
 Them help, divine Adonai, to conduct
 Upon the wings of my well-temper'd verse,
 The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven
 And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
 Their mounting feathers scorch not with the
 fire

That none can temper but thy holy hand:
 To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,
 And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

George Peele.—About 1599.

416.—BETHSABE BATHING.

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
 Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
 Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe air, and ease
 me;

Black shade, fair nurse, surround me, and please
 me;

Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
 Make not my glad cause cause of mourning.

Let not my beauty's fire
 In flame unstayed desire,
 Nor pierce any bright eye;
 That wanders lightly.

George Peele.—About 1599.

417.—BETHSABE'S ADDRESS TO THE ZEPHYR.

Come, gentle zephyr, trick'd with those per-
 fumes

That rest in Eden sweeten'd Adam's love,
 And stroke my bosom with the silken fan:
 This shade (sun proof) is yet no proof for thee;
 Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
 And purer than the substance of the same,
 Can creep through that his lances cannot
 pierce.

Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred air,
 Goddess of life and governess of health,
 Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
 No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
 Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath.
 Then deck thee with thy loose delightful
 robes.

And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
 To play the wantons with us through the
 leaves.

George Peele.—About 1599.

418.—DAVID ENAMOUR'D OF BETHSABE.

What tunes, what words, what looks, what
 wonders pierce

My soul, incensed with a sudden fire!
 What tree, what shade, what spring, what
 paradise,

Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame!
 Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
 Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
 Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,
 Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's
 thoughts

Than this fair woman's words and notes to
 mine.
 May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant
 weight,

Be still enamell'd with discolour'd flowers;
 That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
 And for the pebble, let the silver streams
 That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the
 source,

Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
 The brim let be embraced with golden curls
 Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters
 make

For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
 Let all the grass that beautifies her bower,
 Bear mazons every morn, instead of dew;
 Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
 That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon
 hill,

Or balsam which trickled from old Aaron's
 board.

See, Coney, see the flower of Israel,
 The fairest daughter that obeys the king,
 In all the land the Lord ordained to see,
 Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,

Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh ;
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On sephyr's wings before the King of Heaven.

Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
In water mix'd with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids ;
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings,
That carries pleasures to the hearts of kings.

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair ;
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bowen,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests,
In oblique trainings wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

George Peele.—About 1599.

419.—BEAUTY SINGING FOR LOVE.

Beauty, alas ! where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn ?
Whence Beauty kissed to woo thee,
Thou by Beauty dost undo me :
Heigh-ho ! despise me not.

I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none ;
Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on ?
Do me right, and do me reason :
Cruelty is cruel treason :

Heigh-ho ! I love, heigh-ho ! I love,
Heigh-ho ! and yet he eyes me not.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

420.—SAMELA.

Like to Dians in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela ;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela ;
As fair Aurora in her morning gown,
Decked with the ruddy glisters of her love,
Is fair Samela ;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
Whence her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela ;
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela ;
Her cheeks, like rose and lily yield forth
gleams,
Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony ;
Thus fair Samela.

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Jumo in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela :

Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
Yield to Samela.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

421.—CONTENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content :
The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent :
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,
Such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss ;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

422.—SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy,
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woo,
Fortune changed made him so ;
When he had left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leap'd ;
More he crow'd, more he cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide ;
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss ;
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

423.—THE SHEPHERD AND HIS WIFE.

It was near a thicket-shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phoebus in could pry ;

Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Corydon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and flocks of sheep;
He upon his pipe did play,
She tuned voice unto his lay.
And, for you might her housewife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young, his coat was green,
Turned over with a seamed between,
That breast and bosom in did wrap,
Skirts side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee,
A whittle with a silver chape;
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft,
To shroud him from the wet aloft:
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head;
A bottle full of country whig,
By the shepherd's side did lie;
And in a little bush hard by
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master gas to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain,
For, though his parel was but plain,
Yet doon the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay;
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderseest swain of all!
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life.
Fair she was, as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;
Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous, like a summer's queen;
For her cheeks were roddy haed,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight.
Love did lie within her eyes,
In ambush for some wanton prize;
A lecher lass than this had been,
Corydon had never seen.
Nor was Phyllis, that fair may,
Half so gandy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her casock was of scarlet red,
Long and large, as straight as bent;
Her middle was both small and gent.
A neck as white as whale's bone,
Compass with a lace of stone;
Fine she was, and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass;
Such a shepherd's wife as she,
Was not more in Thessaly.

Robert Greene.—*A's* of 1590.

424.—A BOUNDELAY.

Ah! what is love! It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too:
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest cares to
frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too:
For kings bethink them what the state re-
quire,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd, as doth the king his meat,
And blither too:
For kings have often fears when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their
cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
More sounder too:
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to
spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and smort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
Thus with his wife he spends the year as
blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
And blither too:
For kings have wars and broils to take in
hand,
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the
land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Robert Greene.—*About* 1590.

425.—PHILOMELA'S ODE.

Sitting by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Mute I did of many things
That the mind in quiet bringt
I gan think how some man deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content
That to man in life is lent;

And some others do contend
 Quiet none like to a friend.
 Others hold there is no wealth
 Compared to a perfect health;
 Some man's mind in quiet stands
 When he's lord of many lands.
 But I did sigh, and said all this
 Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
 And in my thoughts I did approve
 Nought so sweet as is true love.
 Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
 When mouth kiseth, and heart grees,—
 With folded arms and lips meeting,
 Each soul another sweetly greeting;
 For by the breath the soul fleteth,
 And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
 If love be so sweet a thing,
 That such happy bliss doth bring,
 Happy is love's engared thrall;
 But unhappy maidens all
 Who esteem your virgin blisses
 Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
 No such quiet to the mind
 As true love with kisses kind;
 But if a kiss prove unchaste,
 Then is true love quite disgraced.
 Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
 No sweet love but honesty.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

426.—JEALOUSY.

When gods had framed the sweets of woman's face,
 And lockt men's looks within her golden hair,
 That Phoebus blinsh'd to see her matchless
 grace,
 And heavenly gods on earth did make repair,
 To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
 Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.
 Then grow a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow,
 The amber sweet of love is turn'd to gall!
 Gloomy was Heaven; bright Phoebus did avow
 He would be coy, and would not love at all;
 Swearing no greater mischief could be wrought,
 Than love united to a jealous thought.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

427.—DORASTUS ON FAWNIA.

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
 Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
 Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
 Then all the world were Heaven, nothing woe.
 Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
 That seems to melt 'em with the mildest touch,
 Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
 Under the wide Heavens, but yet not such.
 So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
 Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;
 Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows;
 Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd
 flower;

Yet, were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
 She would be gather'd, though she grew on
 thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
 For none must be compar'd to her note;
 Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
 Nor from the morning singer's swelling throat.
 And when she riseth from her blissful bed,
 She comforts all the world, as doth the sun.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

428.—BEAUTY.

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
 Where all imperial glory shines,
 Of self-same colour is her hair,
 Whether unfolded or in twines:
 Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
 Refining heaven by every wink;
 The gods do fear, when as they glow,
 And I do tremble when I think.
 Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud,
 That beautifies Aurora's face;
 Or like the silver crimson shroud,
 That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace.
 Her lips are like two budded roses,
 Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh;
 Within which bounds she balm encloses,
 Apt to entice a deity.
 Her neck like to a stately tower,
 Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
 To watch for glances, every hour,
 From her divine and sacred eyes.
 With orient pearl, with ruby red,
 With marble white, with sapphire blue,
 Her body everywhere is fed,
 Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.
 Nature herself her shape admires,
 The gods are wounded in her sight;
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
 And at her eyes his brand doth light.

Thomas Lodge.—About 1590.

429.—ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
 Doth suck his sweet;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest:
 Ah, wanton, will yo' ?
 And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee,
 The live-long night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
 He music plays if so I sing;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
 Wist, wanton, still yo' ?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bowen be;
Lark in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O, Cupid! so thou pity me.

Spare not, but play thee.

Thomas Lodge.—About 1590.

430.—ROSADER'S SONETTO.

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I look upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to flee my pain,
Love meets me in the shades again;
Wend I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me
And where I am there will he be;
When as I talk of Rosalind,
The God from coyneess wazeth kind,
And seems in self-same frame to fly,
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue,
For why, than love I am more true:
Ha, if he speed, will quickly fly,
But in thy love I live and die.

Thomas Lodge.—About 1590.

431.—ANOTHER.

First shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waves,
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The April flowers, and leaves, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hill
By humble plains be overpry'd,
And poets scorn the Muses' quill,
And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her colour'd weed,
Before I false thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to peace,
And Love relent in deep disdain,
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And Envy pity every pain,
And Pleasure mourne, and Borrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race,
And Winter bless his brows with corn,
And Snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter spring, and Summer mourne,
Before my pen, by help of Fame,
Cease to recite th' sacred name.

Thomas Lodge.—About 1590.

432.—THE SUMMER'S QUEEN.

O, the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green,

O, and then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's quire,
Entrusts thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true
love's tale:

Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a
brier.

But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the
cuckoo:

See where she sitteth; come away, my joy:
Come away, I prithee, I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.

O, the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green;

And then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

T. Dekker and R. Wilson.—About 1594.

✓ 433.—SWEET CONTENT.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

Oh, sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?

Oh, punishment!

Doest thou laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

Oh, sweet content! Oh, sweet, &c.

Work space, space, space, space;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey money, money, hey money, money.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

Oh, sweet content!

Swimmest thou in wealth, yet sinkest in
thine own tears?

Oh, punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

Oh, sweet content! &c.

Work space, space, &c.

Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton.—About 1590.

434.—LULLABY.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.
Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Dekker, Chettle, & Haughton.—About 1590.

✓ 435.—VIRTUE AND VICE.

Virtue's branches wither, virtue pines,
O pity! pity! and alack the time!
Vice doth flourish, vice in glory shines,
Her gilded boughs above the cedar climb.
Vice hath golden cheeks, O pity, pity!
She in every land doth monarchize:
Virtue is exiled from every city,
Virtue is a fool, Vice only wise.
O pity, pity! Virtue weeping dies!
Vice laughs to see her faint, alack the time!
Vice sinks; with painted wings the other flies;
Alack, that best should fall, and bad should
climb.
O pity, pity, pity! mourn, not sing;
Vice is a saint, Virtue an underling;
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines.

Thomas Dekker.—About 1600.

436.—PATIENCE.

Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

Thomas Dekker.—About 1600.

437.—A CONTRAST BETWEEN FEMALE
HONOUR AND SHAME.

Nothing did make me, when I loved them best,
To loathe them more than this: when in the
street
A fair, young, modest damsel I did meet;
She seem'd to all a dove when I pass'd by,
And I to all a raven: every eye
That follow'd her, went with a bashful glance:
At me each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn: to her, as if she had been
Some tower unvanquish'd, would they all hail:
'Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every sail;
She, crown'd with reverend praises, pass'd by
them;

I, though with face mask'd, could not 'scape
the ham;
For, as if heaven had set strange marks on
such,
Because they should be pointing-stocks to man,
Drest up in civillest shape, a courtesan.
Let her walk saint-like, notelless, and unknown,
Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own.

Thomas Dekker.—About 1600.

438.—A DESCRIPTION OF A LADY BY
HER LOVEE.

My Infalio's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek: and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil
flow'n.
These lips look fresh and lively as her own;
Seeming to move and speak. Alas! now I see
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read;
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the grasses dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence,
In her white bosom; look, a painted board
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford;
Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak;
It has no lap for me to rest upon;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will
feed,
As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art,
True love's best pictured in a true love's
heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be
dead,
So that thou livest twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there!

Thomas Dekker.—About 1600.

439.—SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's plea-
sant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in
a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all
day,
And we hear eye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our
feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet Spring.

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

440.—THE DECAY OF SUMMER.

Fair summer droops, droop men and beasts
therefore,
So fair a summer look for never more:
All good things vanish less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.

Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad
year,
The earth is hell when thou leavest to ap-
pear.

What, shall those flowers that decked thy
gravel and crest,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
O trees consume your sap in sorrow's source,
Streams turn to tears your tributary course.
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad
year,

The earth is hell when thou leavest to ap-
pear.

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

441.—THE COMING OF WINTER.

Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful trea-
sure;
Gone is our sport, fled is our Croydon's plea-
sure!

Short days, sharp days, long nights come on
apace:

Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.
From winter, plague, and pestilence, good
Lord deliver us!

London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite forlorn!
Trades cry, woe worth that ever they were
born!

The want of term is town and city's harm:
Close chambers we do want to keep us warm.
Long banished must we live from our friends:
This low-built house will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague, and pestilence, good
Lord deliver us!

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

442.—APPROACHING DEATH.

Adieu; farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his date can fly:
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth;
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made:
The plague fall swift peas by;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave:
Worms feed on Hector brave,
Swords may not fight with fate;
Earth still holds open her gate;
Come, come, the hells do cry;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness,
Tasteth death's bitterness.
Hell's executioner
Hath no care for to hear
What vain heart can reply;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Haste, therefore, each degree
To welcome destiny:
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

443.—CONTENTMENT.

I never loved ambitiously to climb,
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire.
To be in heaven sure is a blessed thing,
But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back
Cannot but be more labour than delight.
Such is the state of men in honour plac'd:
They are gold vessels made for servile uses;
High trees that keep the weather from low
houses,
But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales,
Neither to be so great as to be envied,
Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

444.—DESPAIR OF A POOR SCHOLAR.

Why is't damnation to despair and die,
When life is my true happiness' disease?
My soul, my soul, thy safety makes me fly
The faculty means that might my pain appease:
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell.
Ah, worthless wit! to train me to this woe:
Decentifal arts! that nourish discontent:
YR thrive the folly that bewitched me so!
Vain thoughts, when I for now I will repent,—
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
For none take pity of a scholar's need.

Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the air wherein I breathe a wroth,
Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
And I am quite undone through promise
breach;
Ah friends!—no friends that then ungentle
frown,
When changing fortune casts us headlong
down.

Without redress complains my careless verse,
And Midas' ears relent not at my moan,
In some far land will I my griefs rehearse,
'Mongst them that will be moved when I
shall groan.

England, adieu! the soil that brought me
forth,
Adieu! unkind, where skill is nothing worth.
Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

445.—THE CONFESSION.

Walking in a shady grove,
Near silver streams fair gliding,
Where trees in ranks did grace the banks,
And nymphs had their abiding;
Here as I strayed I saw a maid,
A besauteous lovely creature,
With angel's face and goddess grace,
Of such exceeding feature.

Her looks did so astonish me,
And set my heart a-quaking,
Like stag that gazod was I amazed,
And in a stranger taking.
Yet roused myself to see this elf,
And lo a tree did hide me;
Where I unseen beheld this queen
Awhile, ere she espied me.

Her voice was sweet melodiously,
She sung in perfect measure;
And thus she said with trickling tears;
"Alas, my joy, my treasure,
I'll be thy wife, or lose my life,
There's no man else shall have me;
If God so, I will say no,
Although a thousand crave me.

"Oh! stay not long, but come, my dear,
And knit our marriage knot;
Each hour a day, each month a year,
Thou knowest, I think, God wot.
Delay not then, like worldly maiden,
Good works till withered age;
'Bove other things, the King of kings
Blessed a lawful marriage.

"Thou art my choice, I constant am,
I mean to die unspotted;
With thee I'll live, for thee I love,
And keep my name unblotted.
A virtuous life in maid and wife,
The Spirit of God commends it;
Accursed he for ever be,
That seeks with shame to offend it."

With that she rose like nimble roe,
The tender grass scarce bending,
And left me then perplexed with fear
At this her sonnet's ending.
I thought to move this dame of love,
But she was gone already;
Wherefore I pray that those that stay
May find their loves as steady.

Dabridgecourt Betchier.—About 1618.

446.—A DIRGE.

Call for the Robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dols
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no
harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to
men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

John Webster.—About 1610.

447.—THE MADMAN'S SONG.

O, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howl,
Sounding, as from the throatning throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
We'll ball, and bawl our parts,
Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears,
And corroshed your hearts.
At last, whenas our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blessed,
We'll sing, like swans, will welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

John Webster.—About 1623.

448.—THE PREPARATION FOR EXECUTION.

Hark, now everything is still
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent:
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what it's fools make such vain keeping?
Since their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror,
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:

'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan, and come away.

John Webster.—About 1623.

449.—DEATH.

What would it pleasure me to have my throat
cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with
peals?

I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way (for
heav'n's sake)

So I wear out of your whispering: tell my
brothers

That I perceive death (now I'm well awake)
Best gift is they can give or I can take.

I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.

Full, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.

Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent
death,

Serve for Mandragoras to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

John Webster.—About 1623.

450.—THE THREE STATES OF WOMAN.

In a maiden-time professed,
Then we say that life is blessed;
Tasting once the married life,
Then we only praise the wife;
There's but one state more to try,
Which makes women laugh or cry—
Widow, widow: of those three
The middle's best, and that give me.

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

451.—WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

Love is like a lamb, and love is like a lion;
Fly from love, he fights; fight, then does he
fly on;

Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in
losing.

Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does dote in liking, and is paid in
loathing;

Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is no-
thing.

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

452.—HAPPINESS OF MARRIED LIFE.

How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Look'd up in woman's love. I scout the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest welllock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take de-
light

To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best
pride,

Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.

—Now for a welcome,
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long!

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

453.—DEVOTION TO LOVE.

O, happy persecution, I embrace thee
With an unfetter'd soul; so sweet a thing
It is to sigh upon the rack of love.

Where such calamity is groaning witness
Of the poor martyr's faith. I never heard
Of any true affection but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the
rose.

Love, bred on earth, is often nursed in hell;
By rote it reads woe ere it learn to spell.

• • • • •

When I call back my vows to Violetta,
May I then slip into an obscure grave,
Whose mould, unpress'd with stony monument
Dwelling in open air, may drink the tears
Of the inconstant clouds to rot me soon!

• • • • •

He that truly loves,
Burns out the day in idle fantasies;
And when the lamb, blessing, doth bid good
night

Unto the closing day, then tears begin
To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
Stricks like the bellman in the lover's ear.

Love's eye the jewel of sleep, oh, seldom wears!
The early lark is wakens'd from her bed,
Being only by love's pangs disquieted;
But, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,
Being deep in love, at lover's broken sleeps:
But say, a golden slumber chance to tie,
With silken strings, the cover of love's eye,
Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent.

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

454.—INDIGNATION AT THE SALE OF
A WIFE'S HONOUR.

Of all deeds yet this strikes the deepest wound
Into my apprehension,
Reverend and honourable matrimony,
Mother of lawful sweets, unshamed mornings,
Both pleasant and legitimately fruitful, without
these

All the whole world were soiled basely;
Thou art the only and the greatest form
That put'st a difference betwixt our desires
And the disorder'd appetites of beasts.

* * * But, if chaste and honest,
There is another devil that haunts marriage
(None fondly loves but knows it), jealousy,
That wedlock's yellow sickness,

That whispering separation every minute,
And thus the curse takes his effect or progress,
The most of men, in their first sudden furies,
Rail at the narrow bounds of marriage,
And call't a prison; then it is most just
That the disease of the prison, jealousy,
Should thus affect 'em—but, oh! here I'm fir'd
To make sale of a wife! monstrous and foul!
An act abhor'd in nature, cold in soul!

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

455.—L A W.

Thou angel sent amongst us, sober Law,
Made with meek eyes, persuading action;
No loud immodest tongue—voiced like a virgin,
And as chaste from sale,

Save only to be heard, but not to rail—
How has abuse deform'd thee to all eyes!
Yet why so rashly for one villain's fault
Do I arraign whole man? Admired Law!
Thy upper parts must needs be wholly pure,
And incorruptible—th' are grave and wise;
'Tis but the dross beneath them, and the
clouds

That get between thy glory and their praise,
That make the visible and foul eclipse;
For those that are near to thee are upright,
As noble in their conscience as their birth;
Know that damnation is in every bribe,
And rarely put it from them—rate the pre-
senter's.

And scourge 'em with five years' imprison-
ment

For offering but to tempt 'em:
This is true justice, exercised and used;
Woe to the giver, when the bribe's refused.
'Tis not their will to have law worse than
we,

Where still the poorest die first,
To send a man without a shot to his grave,
Or bury him in his papers:
'Tis not their mind it should be, nor to have
A suit hang longer than a man in chains,
Let him be ne'er so fasten'd.

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

456.—THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

Fancies are but streams

Of vain pleasure;

They, who by their dreams

True joys measure,

Fasting starve, laughing weep,

Playing smart; whilst in sleep

Fools, with shadows smiling,

Wake and find

Hopes like wind,

Idle hopes, beguiling.

Thoughts fly away; Time hath passed them:

Wake now, awake! see and taste them!

John Ford.—About 1623.

457.—SUMMER SPORTS.

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,

Wait on your Summer-queen;

Dress up with mark-rose, her aglantine bowers,

Da'fodils strew the green;

Sing, dance, and play,

'Tis holiday;

The Sun does bravely shine

On our ears of corn.

Rich as a pearl

Comes every girl.

This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;

Let us die, ere away they be borne.

Bow to the Sun, to our queen, and that far
ome

Come to behold our sports;

Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,

As those in a prince's courts.

These and we

With country glee,

Will teach the woods to reasond,

And the hills with echoes hollow:

Skipping lams

Their bleating dams,

'Monst' kids shall trip it round;

For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,

Hounds make a lusty cry;

Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,

Then let your brave hawks fly.

Horses amain,

Over ridge, over plain,

The dogs have the stag in chase:

'Tis a sport to content a king.

So ho ho! through the skies

How the proud bird flies,

And, sensing, kills with a grace!

Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring!

John Ford.—About 1623.

458.—BEAUTY BEYOND THE REACH
OF ART.

Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?

Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?
Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
Bob a virgin's honour chastely?

No, oh no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty's beauty; such a glory,
As beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those, or they,
Do, shall, and must obey.

John Ford.—About 1638.

459.—BRIDAL SONG.

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing;
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jar, or tongues envying;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs by custom wedded;
Fruitful issues; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced;
Budding as the year smoo'th,
Every spring another youth;
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this bridegroom and this bride!

John Ford.—About 1638.

460.—SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

Woodmen, shepherds, come away,
This is Pan's great holiday,
Throw off cares,
With your heaven-inspiring airs
Help us to sing,
While valleys with your echoes ring.
Nymphs that dwell within these groves
Leave your arbours, bring your loves,
Gather posies,
Crown your golden hair with roses;
As you pass
Foot like faires on the grass.
Joy crown our bowers! Philomel,
Leave of Tereus' rape to tell.
Let trees dance,
As they at Thracian lyre did once;
Mountains play,
This is the shepherd's holiday.

James Shirley.—About 1634.

461.—THE COMMON DOOM.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far

As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey;
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined,

He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a
heart.

James Shirley.—About 1638.

462.—THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Small sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley.—About 1630.

463.—WELCOME TO THE FOREST'S
QUEEN.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to this shady green,
Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen,
The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing
In winter, changed by her into the spring.

We know no night,
Perpetual light
Dawns from your eye.
You being near,
We cannot fear,
Though death stood by.

From you our swords take edge, our heart
grows bold;
From you in fee their lives your liegemen
hold;

These groves your kingdom, and our laws your will;
Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill.
Bless then the hour
That gives the power
In which you may,
At bed and board,
Embrace your lord
Both night and day.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
Our long-wished Cynthia, the forest's queen!

Philip Massinger.—About 1638.

464.—THE SWEETS OF BEAUTY.

The blushing rose and purple flower,
Let grow too long are soonest blasted;
Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,
And rot in ripeness, left untasted.
Yet here is one more sweet than these:
The more you taste the more she'll please.

Beauty that's enclosed with ice,
Is a shadow chaste as rare;
Then how much those sweets entice,
That have issue full as fair!
Earth cannot yield, from all her powers,
One equal for dame Venus' bowers.

Philip Massinger.—About 1639.

465.—DEATH.

Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
To stop a wretch's breath,
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
A pray unto thy dart?
I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold;
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deformed, and wrinkled; all that I can crave,
Is quiet in my grave.
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;
But to me thou art cruel.
If thou end not my tedious misery;
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then! pity unto me,
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

Philip Massinger.—About 1631.

466.—A SCHOLAR AND HIS DOG.

I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
Dainty, my spaniel, slept, whilst I haus'd
leaves,
Toss'd o'er the dances, pered on the old print
Of titled words; and still my spaniel slept,
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel
slept.

And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of Antiok Donate: still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *on sit anima*;
Then, as it were mortal. O hold, hold; at that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Fall-mell together; still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Et traduce, but whether 't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt;
I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pried,
Stuff noting-books: and still my spaniel slept.
At length he wak'd, and yawn'd; and by you
sky,

For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

John Marston.—About 1630.

467.—THE MADNESS OF ORESTES.

Weep, weep, you Argonauts,
Bewail the day
That first to fatal Troy
You took your way.
Weep, Greece, weep, Greece,
Two kings are dead—
Argos, thou Argos, now a grave
Where kings are buried;
No heir, no heir is left,
But one that's mad.
See, Argos, hast not thou
Cause to be sad?
Sleep, sleep, wild brain,
Rest, rock thy sense,
Live if thou canst
To grieve for thy offence.
Weep, weep, you Argonauts!

Thomas Goffa.—About 1638.

468.—LOVE WITHOUT RETURN.

Grieve not, fond man, nor let one tear
Steal from thine eyes; she'll hear
No more of Cupid's shafts; they fly
For wounding her, so let them die.
For why shouldst thou nourish such flames as
burn
Thy easy breast, and not have like return?
Love forces love, as flames expire
If not increased by gentle fire.

Let then her frigid coolness move
Thee to withdraw thy pure love;
And since she is resolved to show
She will not love, do thou so too:
For why should beauty so charm thine eyes,
That if she frown, thou'lt prove her sacrifice?
Love forces love, as flames expire
If not increased by gentle fire.

Thomas Goffa.—About 1638.

469.—THE DEATH BELL.

Come, list and hark, the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.
And was not that some ominous fowl,
The bat, the night-crow, or screech-owl?
To these I hear the wild wolf howl,
In this black night that seems to scowl.
All these my black-book death enroll.
For hark, still, still, the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

470.—WHAT IS LOVE.

Now what is love I will thee tell,
It is the fountain and the well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell:
It is perhaps the saming bell.
That rings all in to heaven or hell,
And this is love, and this is love, as I hear tell.

Now what is love I will you show:
A thing that creeps and cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro;
A thing for me, a thing for me;
And he that proves shall find it so,
And this is love, and this is love, sweet friend,
I trow.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

471.—GO, PRETTY BIRDS.

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly waka,
Within her garden alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah, me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her, through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her.
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my chance;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown.
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fy! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber.
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking, she may wonder.

Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

472.—DIANA'S NYMPHS.

Hail, beauteous Dian, queen of shades,
That dwell'st beneath these shadowy glades,
Mistress of all these beauteous maids

That are by her allowed.
Virginity we all profess,
Abjure the worldly vain excess,
And will to Dian yield no less
Than we to her have vowed.
The shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
For these will trip it o'er the lawns.

Come, to the forest let us go,
And trip it like the barren doe;
The fawns and satyrs still do so,
And freely thus they may do.
The fairies dance and satyrs sing,
And on the grass tread many a ring,
And to their caves their venison bring;
And we will do as they.
The shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
For these will trip it o'er the lawns.

Our food is honey from the bees,
And mellow fruits that drop from trees;
In chase we climb the high degrees
Of every steepy mountain.

And when the weary day is past,
We at the evening fire us fast,
And after this, our field we rest,
We drink the pleasant fountain.
The shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
For these will trip it o'er the lawns.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

473.—THE LARK.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
To give my love good-morrow:
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow:
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Sparrow, linnet, and cock-sparrow:
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

474.—SHEPHERD'S SONG.

We that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate;
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition;
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good morrow.
Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those be-stain'd in scarlet dye.
The shepherd, with his home-spun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass;
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly deck'd in gold and pearls;
And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties' store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And, when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forewear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court and learnt it there.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1635.

475.—SHIPWRECK BY DRINK.

—This gentleman and I
Pass'd but just now by your next neighbour's
house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth; his father now at sea:
And there this night was held a sumptuous
feast.
In the height of their carousing, all their
brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was
offer'd
Of ships and storms at sea: when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace
Moving and floating, and the confus'd noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rooking of the vessel. This conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top, and discover. He
Climbs by the bed-post to the tester, there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
And wails them, if they'll save their ship and
lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this

All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, trassels, tranches, bedsteads,
cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow
whistles;
They take him for the boatwain: one lies
struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life:
A third takes the base-viol for the cook-hoast,
Sits in the bellow on't, labours, and rows;
His oar the stick with which the fiddler
play'd:
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to 'scape
(As did Arion) on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern. The rude multi-
tude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil.
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears
about it:
The constable is call'd t' skone the broil:
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and
finds them
In this confusion: they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his
wretch)
To calm the tempest, and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1649.

476.—SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I sought thee round about, O Thou my God!
In Thine abode.
I said unto the earth, "Speak, art thou He?"
She answered me,
"I am not." I inquired of creatures all,
In general,
Contain'd therein. They with one voice pro-
claim
That none amongst them challeng'd such a
name.
I asked the seas and all the deeps below,
My God to know;
I asked the reptiles and whatever is
In the abyss—
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
Enquiry was;
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.
I ask'd the air if that were He! but
It told me no.
I from the towering eagle to the wren
Demanded then
If any feather'd fowl amongst them were such
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full choir,
Answer'd, "To find thy God thou must look
higher."

I ask'd the heavens, sun, moon, and stars;
but they
Said, "We obey
The God thou seekest." I asked what eye or
ear

Could see or hear
What in the world I might decry or know
Above, below;
With an unanimous voice, all these things said,
"We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I ask'd the world's great universal mass
If that God was;
Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
"As stupid,—
I am not He, O man! for know that I :

By Him on high
Was fashion'd first of nothing; thus instated
And sway'd by Him by whom I was created."

I sought the court; but smooth-tongued flattery
there
Deceived each ear;

In the throng'd city there was selling, buying,
Swearing, and lying;

For the country, craft in simplicity array'd,
And then I said—
"Vain is my search, although my pains be
great;

Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself, I, then,
Even thus began:
"O man, what art thou?" What more could
I say

Than dust and clay—
Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
That cannot last;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,
Form'd from that earth to which I must
return?

I asked myself what this great God might be
That fashioned me?

I answered: The all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense;
Unspeaking, inscrutable, eternal,
Lord over all;

The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning know.

He is the well of life, for He doth give
to all that live
Both breath and being; He is the Creator
Both of the waters;

Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that exist
He hath the list—
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their
names.

And now, my God, by Thine illuminating grace,
Thy glorious face
(So far forth as it may discovered be),
Methinks I see;

And though invisible and infinite,
To human sight

Thou, in Thy mercy, justice, truth apparent,
In which, to our weak sense, thou comest
nearest.

O make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou, God, most kind!

Give us love, hope, and faith, in Thee to trust,
Thou, God, most just!

Remit all our offences, we entreat,
Most good! most great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest,
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the
blest.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

477.—A THANKSGIVING.

Oh! who hath tasted of Thy clemency
In greater measure, or more oft than I?
My grateful verse Thy goodness shall display,
O Thou who wast at long in all my way—

To where the morning, with perfumed wings,
From the high mountains of Panchæa springs,
To that new-found-out-world, where sober
night

Takes from the antipodes her silent flight;
To those dark seas where horrid winter reigns,
And binds the stubborn floods in icy chains;
To Libian wastes, whose thirst no showers
assuage,

And where ewell'a Nile cools the lion's rage.
Thy wonders on the deep have I beheld,
Yet all by those on Judah's hills excell'd;

There where the Virgin's Son His doctrine
taught,

His miracles and our redemption wrought;
Where I, by Thee inspired, His praises sung,
And on his sepulchre my offering hung;

Which way so'er I turn my face or feet,
I see Thy glory and Thy mercy meet;
Met on the Thracian shores, when in the strife
Of frantic Simoons Thou preserv'dst my life—

So when Arabian thieves behind us round,
And when by all abandon'd Thee I found.

Then brought'st me home in safety, that this
earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my birth.

George Sandys.—About 1629.

478.—PSALM XLII.

Lord! as the hart emboseth with heat
Brays after the cool rivolet,
So sighs my soul for Thee.

My soul thirsts for the living God:
When shall I enter His abode,
And there His beauty see?

Tears are my food both night and day;
While Where's thy God? they daily say:
My soul in plaints I shed;

When I remember how in thronage
We fill'd Thy house with praise and songs;
How I their dances led.

My soul, why art thou so deprest ?
 Why, oh ! thus troubled in my breast,
 With grief so overthrow'n ?
 With constant hope on God await :
 I yet His name shall celebrate,
 For mercy timely shown.

My fainting heart within me pants ;
 My God, consider my complaints ;
 My songs shall praise Thee still,
 Even from the vale where Jordan flows,
 Where Hermon his high forehead shows,
 From Mitzar's humble hill.

Depths unto deeps enraged call,
 When thy dark spouts of waters fall.
 And dreadful tempest raves :
 For all thy floods upon me burst,
 And billows after billows thrust.

To swallow in their graves.
 But yet by day the Lord will charge
 His ready mercy to enlarge
 My soul, surpris'd with cares ;
 He gives my songs their argument ;
 God of my life, I will present

By night to thee my prayers.
 And say, my God, my rock, oh, why
 Am I forgot, and mourning die,
 By foes reduced to dust ?
 Their words, like weapons, pierce my bones,
 While still they echo to my groans,
 Where is the Lord thy trust ?

My soul, why art thou so deprest ?
 O why so troubled in my breast ?
 Sunk underneath thy load !
 With constant hope on God await ;
 For I his name shall celebrate,
 My Saviour and my God.

George Sandys.—About 1636.

479.—PSALM LXXVIII.

Let God, the God of battle, rise,
 And scatter his proud enemies :
 O let them flee before his face,
 Like smoke which driving tempests chase ;
 As wax dissolves with scorching fire,
 So perish in his burning ire.
 But let the just with joy abound ;
 In joyful songs his praise resound,
 Who, riding on the rolling spheres,
 The name of great Jehovah bears.
 Before his face your joys express,
 A father to the fatherless ;
 He wipes the tears from widows' eyes,
 The single plants in families ;
 Enlarging those who late were bound,
 While rebels starve on thirsty ground.

When he our numerous army led,
 And march'd through deserts full of dread,
 Heav'n's melted, and earth's centre shook,
 With his majestic presence struck.
 When Israel's God in clouds came down,
 High Sinai bow'd his trembling crown ;

He, in th' approach of meagre death,
 With showers refresh'd the fainting earth.
 Where his own flocks in safety fed,
 The needy unto plenty led.
 By him we conquer.—Virgins sing
 Our victories, and timbrels ring :
 He kings with their vast armies fells,
 While women share their wealthy spoils.

When he the kings had overthrow'n,
 Our land like snowy Salmon shone,
 God's mountain Bashan's mount transcends,
 Though he his many heads extends.
 Why boast ye so, ye meaneer hills ?
 God with his glory Zion fills,
 This his beloved residence,
 Nor ever will depart from hence.
 His chariots twenty thousand were,
 Which myriads of angels bear,
 He in the midst, as when he crown'd
 High Sinai's sanctified ground.
 Lord, thou hast rais'd thyself on high,
 And captive led captivity.

O praised be the God of Gods,
 Who with his daily blessings loads ;
 The God of our salvation,
 On whom our hopes depend alone ;
 The contrivance of life and death
 Is arbitrated by his breath.

Thus spake Jehovah : Jacob's seed
 I will from Bashan bring again,
 And through the bottom of the main,
 That dogs may lap their enemies blood,
 And they wade through a crimson flood.
 We, in thy sanctuary late,
 My God, my King, beheld thy state ;
 The sacred singers march'd before,
 Who instruments of music bore,
 In order follow'd—every maid
 Upon her pleasant timbral play'd.
 His praise in your assemblies sing,
 You who from Israel's fountain spring,
 Nor little Benjamin alone,
 But Judah, from his mountain throne ;
 The far-removed Zebulon,
 And Naphtali, that borders on
 Old Jordan, where his stream dilates,
 Join'd all their powers and potentates.
 For us his winged soldiers fought ;
 Lord, strengthen what thy hand hath
 wrought !

He that supports a diadem
 To thee, divine Jerusalem !
 Shall in devotion treasure bring,
 To build the temple of his King.

Far off from sun-burnt Meroë,
 From falling Nileus, from the sea
 Which beats on the Egyptian shore,
 Shall princes come, and here adore,
 Ye kingdoms through the world renown'd.
 Sing to the Lord, his praise recount : 17

He who heaven's upper heaven bestrides,
 And on her aged shoulders rides;
 Whose voice the clouds resound around,
 In thunder terrible descends,
 O praise his strength whose majesty
 In Israel shines—his power on high!
 He from his sanctuary throws
 A trembling horror on his foes,
 While us his power and strength invest;
 O Israel, praise the ever-bless!

George Sandys.—About 1636.

480.—CHORUS OF JEWISH WOMEN.

The rapid motion of the spheres
 Old night from our horizon bears,
 And now declining shades give way
 To the return of obscur'd day,
 And Phoebus, who leads the stars,
 And day's illustrious path prepares,
 Who last of all the host retires,
 Nor yet withdraws those radiant fires;
 Nor have our trumpets summon'd
 The morning from her dewy bed:
 As yet her roses are unblown,
 Nor by her purple mantle known.
 All night we in the temple keep,
 Not yielding to the charms of sleep;
 That so we might with zealous prayer
 Our thoughts and cleansed hearts prepare,
 To celebrate the evening light
 This annual feast to memory
 Is sacred, nor with us must die.

• • • • •
 What numbers from the sun's up-rise,
 From where he leaves the morning skies,
 Of our dispersed Abrahamites,
 This Vesper to their homes invites.
 Yet we in yearly triumph still
 A lamb for our deliverance kill.
 Since liberty our confines fled,
 Given with the first unleaven'd bread,
 She never would return; though bought
 With wounds, and in destruction sought;
 Some stray to Libya's scorched sands,
 Where horrid Hammon's temple stands:
 To Nilus some, whose Philip's son,
 Who all the rifled Orient won,
 Built his proud city; others gone
 To their old prison, Babylon:
 A part to freighting Taurus fled,
 And Tiber now the ocean's head
 Our ruins all the world have fill'd:
 But you, by use in suffering skill'd,
 Forgetting in remoter climes
 Our vanished glory, nor those times,
 Those happy times, compare with these,
 Your burthen may support with ease.
 More justly we of fate complain
 Who servitude at home sustain;
 We to perpetual woes designed,
 In our own country Egypt find.

• • • • •

Yet this no less our grief provokes,
 Our kindred bear divided yokes;
 One part by Roman bondage wrung,
 The other two by brothers sprung
 From savage Idumæans, whom
 Our fathers have so oft o'ercome,
 O Thon, the Hope, the only One
 Of our distress, and ruin'd throne;
 Of whom with a prophetic tongue,
 To Judah dying Jacob sung:
 The crown'd muse on ivory lyre,
 His breast inflam'd with holy fire,
 This oft foretold,—that Thon should'st free
 The people consecrate to Thee;
 That Thou, triumphing, should'st revoke
 Sweet peace, then never to be broke;
 When freed Judæa should obey
 Our Lord, and all assert His sway.
 O when shall we behold Thy face,
 So often promised to our race?
 If prophets, who have won belief,
 By our mishaps and flowing grief,
 Of joyful change, as truly sung;
 Thy absence should not now be long.
 Thee, by Thy virtues, we entreat;
 The temple's veil, the mercy's seat,
 That name by which our fathers swear,
 Which in our vulgar speech we dare
 Not utter to compassionate
 Thy kindred's tears, and ruined state,
 Hast to our great redemption, haste,
 O thou most Holy! and at last
 Bless with Thy presence, that we may
 To Thee our vows devoutly pay.

George Sandys.—About 1642.

481.—L O V E .

'Tis affection but dissembled,
 Or dissembled liberty,
 To pretend thy passion chang'd
 With changes of thy mistress' eye,
 Following her inconsistency.
 Hopes, which do from favour flourish,
 May perhaps as soon expire
 As the cause which did them nourish,
 And disdain'd they may retire;
 But love is another fire.
 For if beauty cause thy passion,
 If a fair resistless eye
 Melt thee with its soft expression,
 Then thy hopes will never die,
 Nor be cured by envy.
 'Tis not scars that can remove thee,
 For thou either wilt not see
 Such loved beauty not to love thee,
 Or will else consent she
 Judge not as she ought of thee.
 Thus thou either canst not sever
 Hope from what appears so fair,
 Or, unhappy, thou canst never
 Find contentment in despair,
 Nor make love a trifling care.

There are seen but few retiring
Steps in all the paths of love,
Made by such who in aspiring
Meeting scorn their hopes remove ;
Yet even these ne'er change their love.

Bidney Godolphin.—About 1640.

482.—ON THE DEATH OF SIR BEVIL
GRENVILLE.

Not to be wrought by malice, gain, or pride,
To a compliance with the thriving side ;
Not to take arms for love of change, or spite,
But only to maintain afflicted right ;
Not to die vainly in pursuit of fame,
Perversely seeking after voice and name ;
Is to resolve, fight, die, as martyrs do,
And thus did he, soldier and martyr too.

When now th' inceased legions proudly came
Down like a torrent without bank or dam ;
When undeserv'd success urged on their force ;
That thunder must come down to stop their course,

Or Grenville must step in ; then Grenville stood,
And with himself opposed, and check'd the flood.
Conquest or death was all his thought. So fire
Either o'ercomes, or doth itself expire.—
His courage work'd like flames, cast heat
about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave
out ;

Not any pike in that renowned stand,
But took now force from his inspiring hand ;
Soldier encouraged soldier, man urged man,
And he urged all ; so much example o'er ;
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did call,
He was the butt, the mark, the aim of all :
His soul this while retired from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fall.
But the devoted stand enraged more
From that his fate, plied hotter than before,
And proud to fall with him, sworn not to yield,
Each sought an honour'd grave, so gain'd the
field.

Thus he being fallen, his action fought anew :
And the dead conquer'd, whilst the living slew.

This was not nature's courage, not that
thing

We valour call, which time and reason bring ;
But a diviner fury, fierce and high,
Valour transported into ecstasy,
Which angels, looking on us from above,
Use to convey into the souls they love.

You now that boast the spirit, and its sway,
Show us his second, and we'll give the day :
We know your politic axiom, lurk, or fly ;
Ye cannot conquer 'cause you dare not die :
And though you thank God that you lost none
there,
'Cause they were sunk who lived not when
they were ;

Yet your great general (who doth rise and fall,
As his successes do, whom you dare call,
As fame unto you doth reports dispensa,
Either a——— or his excellence)
Howe'er he reigns now by unheard-of laws,
Could wish his fate together with his cause.
And thou (blest soul) whose clear compacted
fame,

As amber bodies keeps, preserves thy name,
Whose life affords what doth content both
eyes,

Glory for people, substance for the wise,
Go laden up with spoils, possess that seat
To which the valiant, when they've done,
retreat :

And when thou seest an happy period sent
To these distractions, and the storm quite
spent,

Look down and say, I have my share in all,
Much good grew from my life, much from my
fall.

William Cartwright.—About 1640.

483.—LOVE'S DARTS.

Where is that learned wretch that knows
What are those darts the veil'd god throws?
O let him tell me ere I die
When 'twas he saw or heard them fly ;
Whether the sparrow's plumes, or dove's,
Wing them for various loves ;
And whether gold, or lead,
Quicken, or dull the head :
I will ancient and keep them warm,
And make the weapons heal the harm.

Fond that I am to ask ! whose'er
Did yet see thought ? or silence hear ?
Safe from the search of human eye
These arrows (as their ways are) fly :
The flights of angels part
Not air with so much art ;
And snows on streams, we may
Say, louder fall than they.
So hopeless I must now endure,
And neither know the shaft nor cure.

A sudden fire of blushes shod
To dye white paths with hasty red ;
A glance's lightning swiftly thrown,
Or from a true or seeming frown ;
A subtle talking smile
From passion, or from guile ;
The spirit, life, and grace
Of motion, limbs, and face ;
These misconceit entitles darts,
And tears the bleedings of our hearts.

But as the feathers in the wing
Unblemish'd are, and no wounds bring,
And harmless twigs no bloodshed know,
Till art doth fit them for the bow ;
So lights of flowing graces
Sparkle in several places,
Only adorn the parts,
Till that we make them darts ; 178

Themselves are only twigs and quills:
We give them shape, and force for ill.
Beauty's our grief, but in the ore,
We mint, and stamp, and then adore:
Like heathen we the image crown,
And indiscreetly then fall down:
Those graces all were meant
Our joy, not discontent;
But with untaught desires
We turn those lights to fires,
Thus Nature's healing herbs we take,
And out of cures do poisons make.

William Cartwright.—About 1640.

484.—TALE OF ARGENTILE AND
CURAN.

The Brutons thus departed hence, seven king-
doms here begone,
Where diversely in diverse broils the Saxons
lost and won.
King Edell and King Adelbriht in Divia
jointly reign:
In loyal concord during life these kingly friends
remain.
When Adelbriht should leave his life, to
Edell thus he says:
By those same bonds of happy love, that held
us friends always,
By our byparted crown, of which the moiety
is mine,
By God, to whom my soul must pass, and so
in time may thine,
I pray thee, nay, conjure thee, too, to nourish
as thine own
Thy niece, my daughter Argentile, till she to
Age be grown,
And then, as thou reeve'st, resign to her my
throne.
A promise had for this bequest, the testator
he dies,
But all that Edell undertook he afterward de-
nies.
Yet well he fosters for a time the damsel, that
was grown
The fairest lady under heaven; whose beauty
being known,
A many princes seek her love, but none might
her obtain.
For Grippel Edell to himself her kingdom
sought to gain:
By chance one Curan, son unto a prince in
Danaka, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love, as much
as one might be.
Unhappy youth! what should he do? his saint
was kept in mew,
Nor he, nor any noble man admitted to her
view.
One while in melancholy fits he pines himself
away.
Aton he thought by force of arms to win her
if he may,

And still against the king's restraint did
secretly inveigh.
At length the high controller, Love, whom
none may disobey,
Imbued him from lordliness unto a kitchen
drudge,
That so, at least, of life or death she might
become his judge.
Access so had to see, and speak, he did his
love bewray,
And tells his birth: her answer was, she
husbandless would stay.
Meanwhile, the king did beat his brains, his
booby to achieve,
Not caring what became of her, so he by her
might thrive:
At last his resolution was, some peasant
should her wive.
And, which was working to his wish, he did
observe with joy
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge, scant
many an amorous toy.
The king, perceiving such his vein, promotes
his vassal still,
Lest that the baseness of the man, should let,
perhaps, his will.
Assured therefore of his love, but not sus-
pecting who
The lover was, the king himself in his behalf
did woo.
The lady, resolute from love, unkindly takes
that he
Should bar the noble, and unto so base a match
agree:
And therefore shifting out of doors, departed
thence by stealth.
Preferring poverty before a dangerous life in
wealth.
When Curan heard of her escape, the anguish
in his heart
Was more than much, and after her from court
he did depart:
Forgetful of himself, his birth, his country,
friends, and all,
And only minding whom he mist—the
foundress of his thrall!
Nor means he after to frequent, or court, or
stately towns,
But solitarily to live amongst the country
groves.
A brace of years he lived thus; well-pleas'd
so to live:
And shepherd-like to feed a flock, himself did
wholly give.
So wanting, love, by work and want, grew
almost to the wane:
But then began a second love, the worner of
the twain!
A country wench, a nether'd's maid, where
Curan kept his sheep,
Did feed her drove; and now on her was all
the shepherd's keep,
He borrow'd on the working days, his hobby
rusts oft:
And of the bacon's fat, to make his starteps
black and soft:

And lest his tar-box should offend, he left it
at the fold ;
Sweet growt or whig, his bottle had as much
as it would hold ;
A sheave of bread as brown as nut, and cheese
as white as snow,
And wildings, or the season's fruit, he did in
scrip bestow :
And whilst his piebald our did sleep, and
sheep-hook lay him by,
On hollow quills of osten straw he piped
melody.
But when he spied her, his saint, he wig'd his
greasy shoes,
And clear'd the drivell from his beard, and
thus the shepherd wooes ;
' I have, sweet wench, a piece of cheese, as
good as tooth may claw,
And bread and wildings, souling well ;' and
therewithal did draw
His lardy ; and, in eating, ' See you crumpled
ewe,' quoth he,
' Did twin this fall ; faith thou art too oldah,
and too coy ;
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly, that such a flock
enjoy,
I wis I am not ; yet that thou dost hold me in
duskin
Is brim abroad, and made a gibe to all that
keep this plain.
There be as quaint, at least that think them-
selves as quaint, that crave
The match which thou (I wot not why) may'st,
but miidli'st to have.
How would'st thou match? (for well I wot thou
art a female) ; I,
I know not her, that willingly, in maidenhood
would die.
The ploughman's labour hath no end, and he
a churl will prove ;
The craftsman hath more work in hand than
fittoth on to love ;
The merchant, trafficking abroad, suspects his
wife at home ;
A youth will play the wanton, and an old man
prove a mome ;
Thou choose a shepherd ; with the sun he doth
his flock unfold,
And all the day on hill or plain he merry chat
can hold ;
And with the sun doth fold again : thea
joyring home betime,
He turns a crab, or tunes a round, or sings
some merry rhyme ;
Nor lacks he gleoful tales to tell, whilst that
the bowl doth trot :
And sitteth singing care away, till he to bed
hath got.
There sleeps he soundly all the night, forgetting
morrow cares.
Nor fears he blasting of his corn, or uttring
of his wares,
Or storms by sea, or stirs on land, or crack of
credit lost,
Nor spending franklier than his flock shall still
defray the cost.

Well wot I sooth they say, that say, more
quiet nights and days
The shepherd sleeps and wakes than he whose
cattle he doth graze.
Believe me, lass, a king is but a man, and so
am I ;
Content is worth a monarchy, and mischiefs
hit the high.
As late it did a king and his, not dying far
from hence,
Who left a daughter (save thyself) for fair, a
matchless wench.
Hence did he pause, as if his tongue had made
his heart offense.
The neatrix, longing for the rest, did egg him
on to tell
How fair she was, and who she was. ' She
bore,' quoth he, ' the bell
For beauty ; though I clownish am I know
what beauty is,
Or did I not, yet seeing thee, I senseless were
to miss.
Suppose her beauty Helen's like, or Helen's
somewhat less,
And every star consorjing to a pure complexion
guess.
Her stature comely tall, her gait well graced,
and her wit
To marvel at, not meddle with, as matchless,
I omit.
A globe-like head, a gold-like hair, a forehead
smooth and high,
An even nose, on either side stood out a
grayish eye :
Two rosy cheeks, round ruddy lips, with just
set teeth within,
A mouth in mean, and underneath a round and
dimpled chin.
Her snowy neck, with bluish veins, stood bolt
upright upon
Her portly shoulders ; beating balls, her veined
breasts, anon.
Add more to beauty : wand-like was her
middle, falling still
And more, her long and limber arms had white
and saure wrists,
And slender fingers answer to her smooth and
lily fiets !
A leg in print, and pretty foot ; her tongue of
speech was spare ;
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speak, the ball
from Ide to bear !
With Pallas, Juno, and with both, herself
contends in face ;
Where equal mixture did not want of mild
and stately grace :
Her smiles were sober, and her looks were
cheerful unto all,
And such as neither wanton seem, nor way-
ward ; mall, nor gall.
A quiet mind, a patient mood, and not dis-
claiming any :
Not gibing, gadding, gawdy ; and her faculties
were many.
A nymph, no tongue, no eyes, no eyes, might
praise, might wish, might see,

For life, for love, for form, more good, more
 worth, more fair than she!
 Yet such an one, as such was none, save only
 she was such:
 Of Argentia, to say the most, were to be
 silent much.
 'I knew the lady very well, but worthless of
 such praise,
 The nestress said; 'and mme I do, a shepherd
 thus should blase
 The coat of beauty. Credit me, thy latter
 speech bewrays
 Thy clownish shape, a coined show. But
 wherefore dost thou weep?'
 (The shepherd wept, and she was woe, and
 both did silence keep).
 'In troth,' quoth he, 'I am not such as seeming
 I profess;
 But then for her, and now for thee, I from
 myself digress.
 Her loved I, wretch that I am, a recreant to
 be;
 I loved her, that hated love; but now I die for
 thee.
 At Kirkland is my father's court, and Curran
 is my name;
 In Edell's court sometimes in pomp, till love
 controll'd the same:
 But now, what now? dear heart! how now?
 what ailest thou to weep?'
 (The damsel wept, and he was woe, and both
 did silence keep).
 'I grant,' quoth she, 'it was too much, that
 you did love so much;
 But whom your former could not move, your
 second love doth touch.
 Thy twice beloved Argentia submitteth her to
 thee:
 And, for thy double love presents herself a
 single fee:
 In passion, not in person chang'd, and I, my
 lord, am she.'
 They sweetly surfeiting in joy, and silent for
 a space,
 Whereas the ecstasy had end, did tenderly
 embrace!
 And for their wedding, and their wish, got
 fitting time and place.

William Warner.—About 1598.

485.—SONNET.

Muses, that sing Love's sensual empire,
 And lovers kindling your curag'd fires
 At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
 Blown with the empty breath of vain desires;
 You, that prefer the painted cabinet
 Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
 That all your joys in dying figures set,
 And stain the living substance of your glory;
 Abjure those joys, abhor their memory;
 And let my love the honour'd subject be

Of love and honour's complete history!
 Your eyes were never yet let in too see
 The majesty and riches of the mind,
 That dwell in darkness; for your god is blind.

George Chapman.—About 1605.

486.—THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER
 FACE.

There is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies grow;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
 There cherries grow that none may buy,
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.
 Those cherries fairly do inclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow.
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.
 Her eyes like angels watch them still:
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach with eye or hand
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Richard Ainson.—About 1606.

487.—ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY.

When I go musing all alone,
 Thinking of divers things foreknown,
 When I build castles in the air,
 Void of sorrow, void of fear,
 Ploasing myself with phantasms sweet,
 Methinks the time runs very fleet.
 All my joys to this are folly;
 Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
 Remembering what I have ill-done,
 My thoughts on me then tyrannise;
 Fear and sorrow me surprize;
 Whether I tarry still, or go,
 Methinks the time moves very slow.
 All my griefs to this are jolly;
 Nought so sad as Melancholy.

When to myself I set and smile,
 With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
 By a brook side, or wood so green,
 Unheard, unthought for, or unseen;
 A thousand pleasures do me bless,
 And crown my soul with happiness.
 All my joys besides are folly;
 None so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan;
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontented suds furise than,
A thousand miseries at once
My heavy heart and soul ensconce,
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody;
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there; the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine;
Whate'er is lovely is divine.
All other joys to this are folly;
None so sweet as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends: my phantasies
Presents a thousand ugly shapes—
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful cries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affright.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damned as Melancholy.

Robert Burton.—About 1621.

488.—SONG.

Rise, lady! mistress, rise!
The night hath tedious been,
No sleep hath fallen into my eyes,
Nor slumbers made me sin:
Is not she a saint then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away?

Rise, madam! rise, and give me light,
Whom darkness still will cover,
And ignorance, darker than night,
Till thou smile on thy lover:
All want day till thy beauty rise,
For the gray morn breaks from thine eyes.

Nathaniel Field.—About 1618.

489.—SONNETS.

Some men delight huge buildings to behold,
Some theatres, mountains, floods, and famous
springs,
Some monuments of monarchs, and such things
As in the books of fame have been enroll'd,
Those stately towns that to the stars were
raised;
Some would their ruins see (their beauty's
gone),

Of which the world's three parts each boasts
of one:
Though none of those, I love a sight as rare,
Even her that o'er my life as queen doth sit;
Juno in majesty, Pallas in wit,
As Phoebe chaste, than Venus far more fair;
And though her looks even threaten death to
me,
Their threat'nings are so sweet I cannot flee.

I chanced, my dear, to come upon a day
Whilst thou wast but arising from thy bed,
And the warm snows, with comely garments
clad,
More rich than glorious, and more fine than
gay,
Thou, blushing to be seen in such a case,
O how thy curled locks mine eyes did please;
And well become those waves thy beauty's case,
Which by thy hairs were framed upon thy face;
Such was Diana once, when being spied
By rash Actæon, she was much commoved:
Yet, more discreet than th' angry goddess
proved,
Thou knew'st I came through error, not of
pride,
And thought the wounds I got by thy sweet
sight
Were too great scourges for a fault so light.

Awake, my muse, and leave to dream of loves,
Shake off soft fancy's chains—I must be free;
I'll perch no more upon the myrtle tree,
Nor glide through th' air with beauty's sacred
doves;
But with Jove's stately bird I'll leave my nest,
And try my sight against Apollo's rays.
Then, if that ought my vent'rous course
dismays,
Upon th' olive's boughs I'll light and rest;
I'll tune my accents to a trumpet now,
And seek the laurel in another field.
Thus I that once (as Beauty's means did yield)
Did divers garments on my thoughts bestow,
Like Icarus, I fear, unwisely bold,
Am purposed other's passions now t' unfold.

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling.—
About 1630.

490.—WOLSEY'S AMBITION.

Yet, as through Tagus' fair transparent
streams,
The wand'ring merchant sees the wealthy gold,
Or like in Cynthia's half-obscured beams,
Through misty clouds and vapours manifold;
So through a mirror of my hoped-for gain,
I saw the treasure which I should obtain.

Thomas Storer.—About 1595.

491.—WOLSEY'S VISION.

From that rich valley, where the angels laid
 him,
 His unknown sepulchre in Mosab's land,
 Moses, that Israel led, and they obey'd him,
 In glorious view before my face did stand,
 Bearing the folded tables in his hand,
 Wheruin the doom of life, and death's despair,
 By God's own finger was engraven there.

Then passing forth, a joyful troop ensued
 Of worthy judges and triumphant kings,

In chariot framed of celestial mould,
 And simple pureness of the purest sky,
 A more than heavenly nymph I did behold,
 Who glancing on me with her gracious eye,
 So gave me leave her beauty to esp'ye;
 For sure no sense such sight can comprehend,
 Except her beams their fair reflection lend.

Her beauty with Eternity began,
 And only unto God was ever seen;
 When Eden was possess'd with sinful man,
 She came to him and gladly would have been
 The long succeeding world's eternal Queen;
 But they refused her, Oh, heinous deed!
 And from that garden banish'd was their seed.

Since when, at sunny times in sundry ways,
 Atheism and blended ignorance conspire,
 How to obscure those holy burning rays,
 And quench that zeal of heart—inflaming fire
 That makes our souls to heavenly things
 aspire;

But all in vain, for, manere all their might,
 She never lost one sparkle of her light.

Thomas Storer.—About 1565.

492.—SIB FRANCIS DRAKE.

Look how the industrious bee in fragrant May,
 When Flora gilds the earth with golden flowers,
 Enveloped in her sweet perfum'd array,
 Doth leave his honey-limed delicious bowers,
 More richly wrought than prince's stately
 towers,

Waving his silken wings amid the air,
 And to the verdant gardens makes repair.

First falls he on a branch of sugar'd thyme,
 Then from the marygold he sucks the sweet,
 And then the mint, and then the rose doth
 climb,

Then on the budding rosemary doth light,
 Till with sweet treasure having charg'd his
 feet,

Late in the evening home he turns again,
 Thus profit is the guarder of his pain.

So in the May-tide of his summer age
 Valour enmov'd the mind of vent'rous Drake
 To lay his life with winds and waves in gage,
 And bold and hard adventures to undertake,
 Leaving his country for his country's sake;
 Loathing the life that cowardices doth stain,
 Preferring death, if death might honour
 gain.

Charles Fitzgeffrey.—About 1568.

493.—TO POSTERITY.

Daughter of Time, sincere Posterity,
 Always new-born, yet no man knows thy birth,
 The arbitress of pure sincerity,
 Yet changeable (like Proteus) on the earth,
 Sometimes in plenty, sometimes join'd with
 death:

Always to come, yet always present here,
 Whom all run after, none come after near.

Unpartial judge of all, save present state,
 Truth's idioms of the things are past,
 But still pursuing present things with hate,
 And more injurious at the first than last,
 Preserving others, while thine own do waste:
 True treasurer of all antiquity,
 Whom all desire, yet never one could see.

Charles Fitzgeffrey.—About 1600.

494.—FANCY AND DESIRE.

When wert thou born, Desire? In pride and
 pomp of May.

By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot? By
 fond conceit men say.

Tell me who was thy nurse? Fresh Youth, in
 sugar'd joy.

What was thy meat and daily food? Sad sighs
 with great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink? Unavowry
 lovers' tears.

What cradle wert thou rock'd in? In hope
 devoid of fears.

What lull'd thee, then, asleep? Sweet sleep,
 which likes me best.

Tell me where is thy dwelling-place? In gentle
 hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most? To gaze
 on beauty still.

What doest thou think to be thy foe? Divinity
 of my good will.

Doth company displease? Yes, surely, many
 one.

Where doth Desire delight to live? He loves
 to live alone.

Doth either Time or Age bring him into decay ?

No, no, Desire both lives and dies a thousand times a day.

Thou, fond Desire, farewell ! thou art no mate for me :

I should, methinks, be loth to dwell with such a one as these.

Edward, Earl of Oxford.—About 1600.

495.—THE WIFE.

Then may I trust her body with her mind,
And, thereupon secure, need never know
The pangs of jealousy ; and love doth find
More pain to doubt her false than find her so ;
For patience is, of evils that are known,
The certain remedy ; but doubt hath none.

And be that thought once stirr'd, 'twill never die,

Nor will the grief more mild by custom prove,
Nor yet amendment can it satisfy ;

The anguish more or less is as our love ;
This misery doth from jealousy ensue,

That we may prove her false, but cannot trust.

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art ;
Some knowledge on her part will, all her life,
More scope of conversation impart ;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify ;
They are most firmly good that best know why.

A passive understanding to conceive,
And judgment to discern, I wish to find ;
Beyond that all as hazardous I leave ;
Learning and pregnant wit, in womankind,
What it finds malleable (it) makes frail,
And doth not add more ballast, but more sail.

Books are a part of man's prerogative ;
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old ;
Our life fame pieceoth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend.

So fair at least let me imagine her ;
That thought to me is truth. Opinion
Cannot in matters of opinion err ;
And as my fancy her conceives to be,
Ev'n such my senses both do feel and see.

Beauty in decent shape and colour lies ;
Colours the matter are, and shape the soul ;
The soul—which from no single part doth rise,
But from the just proportion of the whole ;—
And is a mere spiritual harmony
Of every part united in the eye.

No circumstance doth beauty fortify
Like graceful fashion, native comeliness ;

But let that fashion more to modesty
Tend than assurance—Modesty doth set
The face in her just place, from passion free ;
'Tis both the mind's and body's beauty met.

All these good parts a perfect woman make ;
Add love to me, they make a perfect wife ;
Without her love, her beauty I should take
As that of pictures dead—*that* gives it life ;
Till then her beauty, like the sun, doth shine
Alike to all ;—*that* only makes it mine.

Sir Thomas Overbury.—About 1610.

496.—ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY,
PREVIOUSLY TO HIS EYES BEING
PUT OUT.

As bird in cage debarr'd the use of wings,
Her captiv'd life as nature's chiefest wrong,
In doleful ditty sadly sits and sings
And mourns her thrall'd liberty so long,
Till breath be spent in many a sinful song :
So here captiv'd I many days did spend
In sorrow's plaint, till death my days did end.

Where as prisoner though I did remain ;
Yet did my brother grant this liberty,
To quell the common speech, which did
complain

On my distress, and on his tyranny,
That in his parks and forests joining by,
When I did please I to and fro might go,
Which in the end was cause of all my woe.

For on a time, when as Aurora bright
Began to scale heaven's steepy battlement,
And to the world disclose her cheerful light,
As was my wont, I with my keeper went
To put away my sorrow's discontent :
Therby to ease me of my captive cares,
And solace my sad thoughts in th' open air.

Wand'ring through forest wide, at length we
gain

A steep cloud-kissing rock, whose horned
crown

With proud imperial look beholds the main,
Where Severn's dangerous waves ran rolling

down,
From th' Holmes into the seas, by Cardiff town,

Whose quick-devouring sands so dangerous
been

To those that wander Amphitrite's green :

As there we stood, the country round we eyed
To view the workmanship of nature's hand,

There stood a mountain, from whose weeping
side

A brook breaks forth into the low-lying land,
Here lies a plain, and there a wood doth stand,

Here pastures, meads, corn-fields, a vale do
crown,
A castle here shoots up, and there a town.

Here one with angle o'er a silver stream
With beautiful bait the nibbling fish doth feed;
There in a plough'd land with his painful team,
The ploughman sweats, in hope for labour's
need :

Here sits a goatherd on a craggy rock,
And there in shade a shepherd with his flock.

The sweet delight of such a rare prospect
Might yield content unto a careful eye ;
Yet down the rock descending in neglect
Of such delight, the sun now mounting high,
I sought the shade in vale, which low did lie,
Where we reposed us on a green-wood side,
A'front the which a silver stream did glide.

There dwelt sweet Philomel, who never more
May bid the abode of man's society,
Lest that some sterner Terens than before,
Who crop the flower of her virginity,
'Gainst her should plot some second villany ;
Whose doleful tunes to mind did cease me
call

The woful story of her former fall.

The redbreast who in bush fast by did stand
As partner of her woes, his part did ply,
For that the gifts, with which Autumnus' hand
Had graced the earth, by winter's wrath should
die,

From whose cold cheeks bleak blasts began to
fly,

Which made me think upon my summer
past

And winter's woes, which all my life should
last.

My keeper, with compassion moved to see
How grief's impulsions in my breast did beat,
Thus silence broke : " Would God (my Lord),"
quoth he,

" This pleasant land, which nature's hand hath
set

Before your eyes, might cease you to forget
Your discontent, the object of the eye
 Oftimes gives ease to woes which inward lie.

" Behold upon that mountain's top so steep,
Which seems to pierce the clouds and kiss the
sky,

How the grey shepherd drives his flock of sheep
Down to the vale, and how on rooks fast by
The goats frisk to and fro for jollity ;
Give ear likewise unto these birds' sweet
songs,

And let them cease you to forget your
wrongs."

To this I made reply : " Foul man," said I,
" What under heaven can slack th' increasing
wre,

Which in my grieved heart doth hide : he ?
Of choice delight what object canst thou show,
But from the sight of it fresh grief doth
grow ?

What thou didst whilesoe point at to behold,
The same the sum of sorrow doth unfold.

" That grey-coat shepherd, whom from far we
see,

I liken unto thee, and those his sheep
Unto my wretched self compared may be ;
And though that careful pastor will not sleep,
When he from ravenous wolves his flock
should keep ;

Yet here alas ! in thrall thou keepest me,
Until that wolf, my brother, hungry be.

" Those shag-hair'd goats upon the craggy hill,
Which thou didst show, see how they frisk
and play,

And everywhere do run about at will ;
Yea, when the lion marks them for his prey,
They over hills and rocks can fly away :

But when that lion fall shall follow me
To shed my blood, O whither shall I flee ?

" Those sweet-voiced birds, whose airs thou
dost commend,
To which the echoing woods return reply,
Though those they please, yet me they do
offend :

For when I see how they do mount on high
Waving their outstretch'd wings at liberty,
Then do I think how bird-like in a cage
My life I lead, and grief can never cease."

Richard Niccols.—About 1610.

497.—SLEEP.

Weep you no more, sad fountains,
What need you flow so fast ?

Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste,

But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,

That now lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling—

A rest that peace begets ;
Doth not the sun rise smiling,

When fair at even he sets ?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,

Be not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

John Dowland.—About 1600.

498.—PSALM XXX.

L

Lord, to Thee, while I am living,
Will I sing hymns of thanksgiving ;
For thou hast drawn me from a gulf of woes,
So that my foes
Do not deride me.

II.

When Thine aid, Lord, I implored,
Then by Thee was I restored,
My mournful heart with joy Thou straight
didst fill,
So that none ill
Doth now betide me.

III.

My soul, grievously distressed,
And with death well-nigh oppressed,
From death's devouring jaws, Lord, Thou
didst save,
And from the grave
My soul deliver.

IV.

O, all ye that e'er had savor
Of God's everlasting favor,
Come! come and help me grateful praises sing
To the world's King,
And my life's giver.

V.

For His anger never lasteth,
And His favor never wasteth;
Though sadness be thy guest in sullen night,
The cheerful light
Will cheerful make thee.

VI.

Lull'd asleep with charming pleasures,
And base, earthly, fading treasures,
Rest, peaceful soul, said I, in happy state,
No storms of fate
Shall ever shake thee!

VII.

For Jehovah's grace unbounded,
Hath my greatness surely founded;
And hath my state as strongly fortified,
On every side,
As rocky mountains.

VIII.

But away His face God tumed,
I was troubled thou and mourned;
Then thus I pour'd forth prayers and doleful
cries,
With weeping eyes,
Like watery fountains.

IX.

In my blood there is no profit;
If I die, what good comes of it?
Shall rotten bones or senseless dust express
Thy thankfulness,
And works of wonder?

X.

O then hear me, prayers forthpouring,
Drowned in tears, from moist eyes show-
ing;
Have mercy, Lord, on me, my burden ease,
If Thee it please,
Which I groan under!

XI.

Thus pray'd I, and God, soon after,
Changed my mourning into laughter;
Mine saby sackcloth, mark of mine annoy,
To robes of joy
Eftsoons He turned.

XII.

Therefore, harp and voice, cease never,
But sing sacred lays for ever
To great Jehovah, mounted on the skies,
Who diad mine eyes
When as I mourned.

Francis Davison.—About 1610.

499.—PSALM XXIII.

I.

God, who the universe doth hold
In his fold,
Is my shepherd, kind and heedful,
Is my shepherd, and doth keep
Me, His sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

II.

He feeds me in his fields, which been
Fresh and green,
Mottled with Spring's flowery painting,
Through which creep, with murmuring
crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirit's fainting.

III.

When my soul from Heaven's way
Went stray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For His name's sake, kindly, He
Wandering me
To His holy fold reduced.

IV.

Yes, though I stray through death's vale,
Where his pale
Shades did on each side enfold me,
Dreadless, having Thee for guide,
Should I bide;
For Thy rod and staff uphold me.

V.

Thou my hoard with messes large
Dost surcharge;
My bowls full of wine Thou pourest
And before mine enemies'
Evil eyes
Balm upon my head Thou showest.

VI.

Neither dures Thy bounteous grace
For a space;
But it knows nor bound nor measure:
So my days, to my life's end,
I shall spend
In Thy courts with heavenly pleasure.
Francis Davison.—About 1602.

500.—PSALM XIII.

I.

Lord, how long, how long wilt Thou
Quite forget and quite neglect me?
How long, with a frowning brow,
Wilt Thou from Thy sight reject me?

II.

How long shall I seek a way
Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,
Where my grieved mind, night and day,
Is with thinking tired and vexed?
How long shall my scornful foe,
On my fall his greatness placing,
Build upon my overthrow,
And be grieved by my disgracing?

III.

Hear, O Lord and God, my cries!
Mark my foes' unjust abusing,
And illuminate mine eyes,
Heavenly beams in them infusing;
Lest my woes, too great to bear,
And too infinite to number,
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,
Into death's eternal slumber.

IV.

Lest my foes their boasting make,
Spite of right, on him we trample;
And a pride in mischief take,
Hasten'd by my sad example.

V.

As for me, I'll ride secure
At Thy mercy's sacred anchor;
And, undaunted, will endure
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

VI.

These black clouds will overblow,
Sunshine shall have his returning;
And my grief-dull'd heart, I know,
Into mirth shall change his mourning.
Therefore I'll rejoice and sing
Hymns to God in sacred measure,
Who to happy pass will bring
My just hopes at His good pleasure.

Francis Davidson.—About 1610.

501.—MAN'S MORTALITY.

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Draws out, and cut, and so is done!
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan's near death—man's life is done!

Simon Wastell.—About 1610.

502.—SADNESS.

The gentle season of the year
Hath made my blooming branch appear,
And beautified the land with flowers;
The air doth savour with delight,
The heavens do smile to see the sight,
And yet mine eyes augment their sorrow.

The meads are mantled all with green,
The trembling leaves hath clothed the tree,
The birds with feathers new do sing;
But I, poor soul, whom wrong doth rack,
Attire myself in mourning black,
Whose leaf doth fall amidst his spring.

And as you see the scarlet rose
In his sweet prime his buds disclose,
Whose hue is with the sun revived:
So, in the April of mine age,
My lively colours do asseage,
Because my sunshine is deprived.

My heart, that wonted was of yore,
Light as the wind, abroad to soar
Amongst the buds, when beauty springs,
Now only hovers over you,
As doth the bird that's taken now,
And mourns when all her neighbours sing.

When every man is bent to sport
Them, pensive, I alone resort
Into some solitary walk,
As doth the doleful turtle-dove,
Who, having lost her faithful love,
Sits mourning on some wither'd stalk.

There to myself I do recount
How far my woes my joys surmount,
How love requiteth me with hate,
How all my pleasures end in pain,
How hate doth say my hope is vain,
How fortune frowns upon my state.

And in this mood, charred with despair,
With vapour'd sighs I dim the air,
And to the Gods make this request,
That by the ending of my life,
I may have truce with this strange strife,
And bring my soul to better rest.

Uncertain.—About 1600.

503.—THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it shows
What's good and doth no good:
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
Acting by others' actions,
Not loved, unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most, &
They beg for more by spending;
Who in their greatest coat,
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell Love it is but lust,
Tell Time it is but motion,
Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish that it not reply,
For then must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honour how it alters,
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
Tell Favour how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In treble points of niceness,
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness;
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,
Tell Skill it is pretension
Tell Charity of coldness,
Tell Law it is contentation;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming;
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.
Tell Faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell Virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

And when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie,
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at those who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

Uncertain.—About 1598.

504.—CONTENT.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—Content.

Uncertain.—About 1598.

505.—THE WOODMAN'S WALK.

Through a fair forest as I went,
Upon a summer's day,
I met a woodman, quaint and gent,
Yet in a strange array.

I marvell'd much at his disguise,
Whom I did know so well:
But thus, in terms both grave and wise,
His mind he 'gan to tell;

Friend! muse not at this fond array,
But list a while to me:
For it hath holpe me to survey
What I shall show to thee.

Long lived I in this forest fair,
Till, weary of my weal,
Abroad in walks I would repair,
As now I will reveal.

My first day's walk was to the court,
Where beauty fed mine eyes;
Yet found I that the courtly sport
Did make in sly disguise:

For falsehood sat in fairest looks,
And friend to friend was coy:
Court favour fill'd but empty rooks,
And then I found no joy.

Desert went naked in the cold,
When crouching craft was fed:
Sweet words were cheaply bought and sold,
But none that stood in stead.

Wit was employed for each man's own ;
Plain meaning came too short ;
All these devices, seen and known,
Made me forsake the court.

Unto the city next I went,
In hope of better hap ;
Where liberally I launcht and spent,
As set on Fortune's lap.

The little stock I had in store,
Methought would ne'er be done ;
Friends flock'd about me more and more,
As quickly lost as won.

For, when I spent, then they were kind ;
But when my purse did fail,
The foremost man came last behind :
Thus love with wealth doth quail.

Once more for footing yet I strove,
Although the world did frown :
But they, before that held me up,
Together trod me down.

And, lest once more I should arise,
They sought my quite decay :
Then got I into this disguise,
And thence I stole away.

And in my mind (methought) I said,
Lord bless me from the city :
Where simplicity is thus betray'd
Without remorse or pity.

Yet would I not give over so,
But once more try my fate ;
And to the country then I go,
To live in quiet state.

There did appear no subtle shows,
But yea and nay went smoothly :
But, lord ! how country folks can glaze,
When they speak most untuly !

More craft was in a buttoned cap,
And in an old wife's rail,
Than in my life it was my hap
To see on down or dale.

There was no open forgery
But underhanded gleaming,
Which they call country policy,
But hath a worse meaning.

Some good bold face bears out the wrong,
Because he gains thereby ;
The poor man's back is crack'd ere long,
Yet there he lets him lie.

And no degree, among them all,
But had such close intending,
That I upon my knees did fall,
And pray'd for their amending.

Back to the woods I got again,
In mind perplexed sore :
Where I found cause of all my pain,
And mean to stay no more.

There city, court, nor country too,
Can any way annoy me ;
But as a woodman ought to do,
I freely may employ me ;

There live I quietly alone,
And none to trip my talk :
Wherefore, when I am dead and gone,
Think on the woodman's walk !

Uncertain.—About 1600.

506.—CANZONET.

The golden sun that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withal,
In vain doth cast his beams away,
When they are blind on whom they fall ;
There is no force in all his light
To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he
That shines at noon in summer tide,
Hast given me light and power to see
With perfect skill my sight to guide ;
Till now I lived as blind as mole
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of Beauty's grace,
Yet deem'd it nought but poet's skill ;
I gazed on many a lovely face,
Yet found I none to bend my will ;
Which made me think that beauty bright
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have clear'd my sight,
I blush to think I was so blind,
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,
That beauty's bliss each where I find ;
And yet those dainties that shine so bright,
Are but the shadows of thy light.

Uncertain.—About 1600.

507.—THE OXFORD RIDDLE.

There dwells a people on the earth,
That reckons true allegiance treason,
That makes sad war a holy mirth,
Calls madness zeal, and nonsense reason ;
That finds no freedom but in slavery,
That makes his truth, religion knavery,
That rob and cheat with yea and nay :
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they ?

They hate the flesh, yet kiss their deames,
That make kings great by curbing crowns,
That quench the fire by kindling flames,
That settle peace by pinc'd ring towns,
That govern with implicit votes,
That establish truth by cutting throats,
That kiss their master and betray :
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they ?

That make Heaven speak by their com-
mission,
That stop God's peace, and boast his power,
That teach bold blasphemy and sedition,
And pray high treason by the hour,
That damn all saints but such as they are,
That wish all common except prayer,
That idolize Fyn, Brooks, and Sey:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

That to enrich the commonwealth,
Transport large gold to foreign parts;
That house't in Amsterdam by stealth,
Yet lord it here within our gates;
That are staid men, yet only stay
For a light night to run away;
That borrow to lend, and rob to pay:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

Uncertain.—About 1648.

508.—AMBITIO FEMININI GENEISIS.

Mistress Matroosa hopes to be a lady,
Not as a dignity of late expected;
But from the time almost she was a baby,
That hath your richest gentlemen rejected;
But yet not dubb'd at present as she should be,
Lives in expectation still—my Lady Would-be.

Uncertain.—About 1613.

509.—NEC SUTOR ULTRA.

A cobbler and a curate once disputed,
Before a judge, about the king's injunctions,
Wherein the curate being still confuted,
One said 'twere good if they two changed
functions:

Nay, quoth the judge, I thereto would be loth,
But, as you like, we'll make them cobblers
both.

Uncertain.—About 1613.

510.—ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

From Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows thence,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy walkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a lag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feasts will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge
home,
With counterfeiting voices I greet,
And call them on with me to roam:
Through woods, through lakes;
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else, unseen, with them I go.
All in the nick,
To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junksies fine;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine!
And, to make sport,
I puff and snort:
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss,
They shriek—'Who's this?
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And, while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp; I spin their tow;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require:
And, for the use demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them than I go,
And night by night,
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lie;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly:
I mark their glaze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so:
When I have done
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep;
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so;
But when they thore
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise;
And to our fairy king and queen,
We chaunt our moonlight minstrelies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new born steal as we go;
And elf in bed
We leave in stead,
And wend us laughing ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And for my franks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told.
So vale, vale; ho, ho, ho!

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

511.—THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a
great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate:
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word
assuages;
They every quarter paid their old servants
their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen,
footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty odd fellows with blue coats
and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old
books;
With an old reverend chaplain, you might
know him by his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the
hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a
dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns,
and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne
many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's
trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper
nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was
come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe
and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old
room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and
man dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel
of hounds,
That never hawk'd, nor hunted, but in his own
grounds;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his
own bounds,
And when he died, gave every child a thousand
good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he
assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old boun-
tiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his
neighbours be kind;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how
he was inclin'd;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come
to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his
command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his
father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither
go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a newfangled lady, that is dainty, nice,
and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-
keeping or care,

Who buys gandy colour'd fans to play with
wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other
women's hair :

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the
old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the
poor no good,

With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns
neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shewel board, whereon no
victuals ne'er stood :

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff'd full of pamphlets
and plays,

And a new chaplain, that swears faster than
he prays,

With a new buttiry hatch, that opens once in
four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kick-
shaws and toys :

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is draw-
ing on,

On a new journey to London straight we all
must be-gone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new
porter John,

Who relieves the poor with a thump on the
back with a stone ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage
is complete,

With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to
carry up the meat,

With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing
is very neat,

Who, when her lady has dined, lets the ser-
vants not eat ; now deacons

Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour, bought with his
father's old gold,

For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors
are sold ;

And this is the course most of our new gallants
hold,

Which makes that good housekeeping is now
grown so cold

Among the young courtiers of the king,
Of the king's young courtiers.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

512.—TIME'S ALTERATION.

When this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year ;
No malice then we knew

But all things plenty were :
All friendship now deacons
(Believe me this is true) ;

Which was not in those days,
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land,
Were much delighted then,
To have at their command

A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known,
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means is small,
Maintains both horse and coach :
Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two ;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality

Was cherish'd then of many :
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any :
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few ;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travelled then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey ;
That courteons would appear,
And kindly welcome you ;
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days

In civil habit went ;
Broad cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content :
French fashions then were scorn'd ;
Fond fangles then none knew :
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,

At Christmas in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small :
The neighbours were friendly biddez,
And all had welcome true ;
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man

Were fill'd with wine and beer ;
No powder pot nor can
In those days did appear :
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show ;
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight

In cups of silver fine ;
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine : 18

Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a show;
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devil'd among the Jews.
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly know;
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then caroused,
Nor spent poor soldier's pay;
They were not so abused
As they are at this day:
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep from them their due;
Poor soldier's had their right,
When this old cap was new:

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight,
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forced them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live:
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their aims give,
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

513.—LOYALTY CONFINED.

Beat on, proud billows: Boreas, blow;
Swell, curl'd waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest-proof;
Though early Nereus frowns, my thoughts are
calm;
Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are
balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my Liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retired,
Into this private room was turned;
As if their wisdoms had conspired
The salaman'der should be burned;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrained to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness,
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, *stomachs* we see
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up
Like some high-prized margarite;
Or like the great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloister'd up from public sight:
Retireness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thou.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife,
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, want's wit; for what is meant
Mischief, ofttimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn passions from him:
Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart—
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a
part.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in person, or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart.

Have you not seen the nightingale
A prisoner like, coop'd in a cage,
How doth she cheat her wretched tale,
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corpse confine,
Yet, mangle hate, my soul is free:
And, though immur'd, yet can I chirp and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free as ambient air, 't
 Although my heaser part's immow'd;
 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
 To accompany my solitude;
 Although rebellion do my body bind,
 My king alone can captivate my mind.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

514.—ADAM BELL.

MYTHE THE FIRST.

Merry it was in the green forest
 Among the leves green,
 Where that men hunt east and west
 With bows and arrows keen;
 To raise the deer out of their den;
 Such sights hath oft been seen;
 As by three yeomen of the north countrie,
 By them it is I mean.

The one of them hight Adam Bell,
 The other, Clym of the Clough,
 The third was William of Cloudeley,
 An archer good enough.

They were outlawed for venison,
 These yeomen everychene;
 They swore them brethren upon a day,
 To English-wood for to gone.

Now lith and listen, gentlemen,
 That of mirthle loveth to hear;
 Two of them were single men,
 The third had a wedded fere.

William was the wedded man,
 Much more then was his care;
 He said to his brethren upon a day,
 To Carlisle he would fare,

For to speak with fair Alice his wife,
 And with his children three.
 "By my troth," said Adam Bell,
 "Not by the counsaal of me:

"For if ynn go to Carlisle, brother,
 And from this wild wood wand,
 If that the justice may you take
 Your life were at an end."

"If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
 By prime to you again,
 Trust you then that I am taken,
 Or else that I am slain."

He took his leave of his brethren two,
 And to Carlisle he is gone:
 There he knocked at his own window
 Shortly and anon.

"Where be you, fair Alice," he said,
 "My wife and children three?
 Lightly let in thine own husband,
 William of Cloudeley."

"Alas!" then sayd fair Alice,
 And sighd wondrous sore;
 "This place has been beset for you
 This half a year and more."

"Now I am here," said Cloudeley,
 "I would that in I were;
 Now fetch us meat and drink enough,
 And let us make us good sheer."

She fetched him meat and drink plenty,
 Like a true wedded wife;
 And pleased him with that she had,
 Whom she loved as her life.

There lay an old wife in that place,
 A little beside the fire,
 Which William had found of charity
 More than seven year.

Up she rose, and walked full still,
 Evil mote she speed therefore;
 For she had set no foot on ground
 In seven year before.

She went unto the justice hall,
 As fast as she could hie:
 "This night," she said, "is come to town,
 William of Cloudeley."

Thereof the justice was full fain,
 And so was the sheriff also;
 "Thou shalt not travaile hither, dame, for
 nought,
 Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go."

They gave to her a right good gown,
 Of scarlet it was as I heard sayne;
 She took the gift, and home she went,
 And couched her down again.

They raised the town of merry Carlisle
 In all the haste that they cou,
 And came thronging to William's house,
 As fast as they might gone.

There they beset that good yeoman
 Round about on every side;
 William heard great noise of folks,
 That thitherward fast hied.

Alice opened a back window,
 And looked all about,
 She was ware of the justice and sheriff both,
 With a full great rout.

"Alas! treason," cried [fair] Alice,
 "Ever woe may thou be!
 Go into my chamber, my husband," she said,
 "Sweet William of Cloudeley."

He took his sword and his buckler,
 His bow and his children three,
 And went into his strongest chamber,
 Where he thought sunset to be.

Fair Alice followed him as a lover true,
 With a pikeaxe in her hand;
 "He shall be dead that here cometh in
 This doer, while I may stand." 18*

Clondestly bent a right good bow,
That was of a trusty tree,
He smote the justice on the breast,
That his arrow burst in three.

"A curse on his heart," said William,
"This day thy coat did on!
If it had been no better than mine,
It had gone near thy bone."

"Yield thee, Clondestly," said the justice,
"And thy bow and thy arrows thee fro."
"A curse on his heart," said the fair Alice,
"That my husband counselleth so."

"Set fire on the house," said the sheriff;
"Sith it will no better be,
And brenne we therein, William," he said,
"His wife and his children three."

They fired the house in many a place,
The fire flew up on high:
"Alas!" then cried fair Alice,
"I see we here shall die."

William opened a back window,
That was in his chamber high,
And there with sheets he did let down
His wife and his children three.

"Have here my treasure," sayde William,
"My wife and children three;
For Christe's love do them no harm,
But wreak you all on me."

William shot so wondrous well,
Till his arrows were all ygo;
And the fire so fast upon him fell,
That his bowstring brent in two.

The sparkles brent, and fell him upon,
Good William of Clondestly:
Then was he a woeful man, and said,
"This is a coward's death to me."

"Lever had I," sayde William,
"With my sword in the rout to risme,
Than here among mine enemies' wood
Thus cruelly to brene."

He took his sword and his buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in press,
He smote down many a man.

There might no man abide his strokes,
So fiercely on them he ran;
Then they threw windows and doors on him,
And so took that good yeoman.

There they bound him both hand and foot,
And in a deep dungeon him cast;
"Now Clondestly," said the justice,
"Thou shalt be hanged in haste."

"A pair of new gallows," said the sheriff,
"Now shall I for thee make;
And the gates of Carlisle shall be shut.
No man shall come in therest."

"Then shall not help Clyn of the Clough,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devils in hell."

Early in the morning the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gone,
And commanded to be shut full close,
Lightly everychone.

Then went he to the market-place,
As fast as he could he;
A pair of new gallows there did he set up
Beside the pillory.

A little boy among them asked,
"What meant that gallows-tree?"
They said, "To hang a good yeoman,
William of Clondestly."

That little boy was the town swine-herd,
And kept fair Alice's swine;
Oft he had seen Clondestly in the wood,
And given him there to dine.

He went out at a crevice in the wall,
And lightly to the wood did gone;
There met he with those wightie yeomen
Shortly and anon.

"Alas!" then said the little boy,
"Ye tarry here too long;
Clondestly is taken, and dampned to death,
And ready for to hang."

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we saw this day!
He had better have tarried here with us,
So oft as we did him pray."

"He might have dwelt in green forest,
Under the shadows green,
And have kept both him and us in rest,
Out of all trouble and teen!"

Adam bent a right good bow,
A great hart soon he had slain;
"Take that, child," he said, "to thy dinner,
And bring me mine arrow again."

"Now go we hence," said those wightie
yeomen,
"Tarry we no longer here;
We shall him borrow by God his grace,
Though we buy it full dear."

To Carlisle went these bold yeomen,
All in a morning of May.
Here is a fyttle of Clondestly,
And another is for to say.

FIFTE THE SECOND.

And when they came to merry Carlisle,
In a fair morning tide,
They found the gates shut them until
Round about on every side.

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
 "That ever we were made man!
 These gates be shut so wondrous well,
 We may not come therein."

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
 "With a wile we will us in bring;
 Let us saye we be messengers,
 Straight come now from our king."

Adam said, "I have a letter written,
 Now let us wisely work,
 We will say we have the king's seal!
 I hold the porter no clerk."

Then Adam Bell beat on the gates
 With strokes great and strong;
 The porter marvelled who was thereat,
 And to the gates he throng.

"Who is there now," said the porter,
 "That maketh all this knocking?"

"We be two messengers," quoth Clym of
 the Clough,
 "Be come right from our king."

"We have a letter," said Adam Bell,
 "To the justice we must it bring;
 Let us in our message to do,
 That we were again to the king."

"There cometh none in," said the porter,
 "By him that died on a tree,
 Till a false thief be hanged,
 Called William of Cloudealy."

Then spake the good yeoman Clym of the
 Clough,
 And swore by Mary free,
 "And if that we stand long without,
 Like a thief hanged thou shalt be."

"Lo! here we have the king's seal:
 "What, lurdan, art thou wode?"
 The porter went it had been so,
 And lightly did off his hood.

"Welcome is my lord's seal," he said;
 "For that ye shall come in."
 He opened the gate full shortly:
 An evil opening for him.

"Now are we in," said Adam Bell,
 "Whereof we are full fain;
 But Christ he knows, that harrowed hall,
 How we shall come out again."

"Had we the keys," said Clym of the Clough,
 "Right well then should we speed;
 Then might we come out well enough
 When we see time and need."

They called the porter to council,
 And wrang his neck in two,
 And cast him in a deep dungeon,
 And took his keys him fro.

"Now am I porter," said Adam Bell,
 "See, brother, the keys are here;
 The worst porter to marry Carlisle
 That had this hundred year.

"And now will we our bows bend,
 Into the tower will we go,
 For to deliver our dear brother
 That lieth in care and woe."

And thereupon they bent their bows,
 And looked their strings were round,
 The market-place in merry Carlisle
 They beset that stound.

And as they lookèd them beside,
 A pair of new gallows there they see,
 And the justice with a quest of squires,
 That had judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudealy lay ready there in a cart,
 Fast bound both foot and hand;
 And a strong rope about his neck,
 All ready for to hang.

The justice called to him a lad,
 Cloudealy's clothes he should have,
 To take the measure of that yeoman,
 Thereafter to make his grave.

"I have seen as great a marvel," said
 Cloudealy,
 "As between this and prime,
 He that maketh a grave for me,
 Himself may lie therein."

"Thou speakest prondly," said the justice,
 "I will thee hang with my hand;"
 Full well heard this his brethren two,
 There still as they did stand.

Then Cloudealy cast his eyes aside,
 And saw his two brethren stand
 At a corner of the market-place,
 With their good bows bent in their hand.

"I see comfort," said Cloudealy,
 "Yet hope I well to fare,
 If I might have my hands at will
 Right little would I care."

Then spake good Adam Bell
 To Clym of the Clough so free,
 "Brother, see you mark the justice well;
 Lo, yonder you may him see;

"And at the sheriff shoot I will,
 Strongly with arrow keen;"
 A better shot in merry Carlisle
 This seven year was not seen.

They loosed their arrows both at once,
 Of no man had they dread;
 The one hit the justice, the other the sheriff,
 That both their sides gan bleed.

All men voided, that them stood nigh,
 When the justice fell to the ground,
 And the sheriff fell nigh him by;
 Either had his death wound.

All the citizens fast gan fly,
 They durst no longer abide;
 Then lightly they loosed Cloudealy,
 Where he with ropes lay tied.

William start to an officer of the town,
His axe from his hand he wronge;
On eche side he smote them down,
He thought he tagg'd too long.

William said to his brethren two,
"This day let us live and die,
If ever you have need, as I have now,
The same shall you find by me."

They shot so well in that tide,
Their strings were of silk full sure,
That they kept the stretes on every side;
That battle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren true,
Like hardy men and bold,
Many a man to the ground they threw,
And many a heart made cold.

But when their arrows were all gone,
Men pressed to them full fast,
They drew their swordes then anon,
And their bowes from them cast.

They went lightly on their way,
With swordes and bucklers round;
By that it was mid of the day,
They made many a wound.

There was an out-horn in Carlisle blown,
And the bells backward did ring;
Many a woman said, "Alas!"
And many their hands did wring.

The mayor of Carlisle forth come was,
With him a full great rout;
These yeomen dreaded him full sore,
For of their lives they stood in great doubt.

The mayor came armed a full great pace,
With a poleaxe in his hand;
Many a strong man with him was,
There in that stowre to stand.

The mayor smote at Cloudely with his bill,
His buckler he brast in two,
Full many a yeoman with great evil,
"Alas! Treason!" they cried for woe;
"Keep well the gates fast," they bad,
"That these traitors there out not go."

But all for sought was that they wrought,
For so fast they down were laid,
Till they all three that so manful fought,
Were gotten without abraide.

"Have here your keys," said Adam Bell,
"Mine office I have forwaken,
And if you do by my counsel,
A new portre do ye make."

He threw their keyes at their heads,
And bade them well to thrive,
And all that lettoth say good yeomen
To come and comfort his wife.

Thus be these good yeomen gone to the wood,
As lightly as leaf on lynde;
They laugh and be merry in their mood,
Their enemies be far behind.

When they came to the English-wood,
Under the trusty tree,
There they found howe full good,
And arrows full great plenty.

"So God me help," said Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so free,
"I would we were in merry Carlisle,
Before that fair meyne."

They set them down, and made good cheer,
And eat and drank full well.
A second fyfte of these wightie yeomen;
Another I will you well.

FIFTE THE THIRD.

As they sat in English-wood,
Under the green-wood tree,
They thought they heard a woman weep,
But her they nought not see.

Some then sighed the fair Alice:
"That ever I saw this day!
For now is my dear husband slain;
Alas! and well-a-day!

"Might I have spoken with his dear brethren
Or with either of them twain,
To let them know what him befell,
My heart were put out of pain!"

Cloudely walked a little beside,
And looked under the green-wood lynde,
He was ware of his wife and children three,
Full woe in heart and mind.

"Welcome wife," then said William,
"Under this trusty tree,
I had wende yesterday, by sweet Saint John,
Thou shouldst me never have see."

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My heart is out of woe."
"Dame," he said, "be merry and glad,
And thank my brethren two."

"Hereof to speak," said Adam Bell,
"I-wis it is no boot;
"The meat that you must sup withal,
It remoth yet fast on foot."

Then went they down into a land,
These noble robbers all three;
Each of them slew a hart of grece,
The best that they could see.

"Have here the best, Alice, my wife,"
Said William of Cloudely,
"By cause ye so hekily stood by me
When I was slain full nigh."

Then went they to supper,
With such meat as they had;
And thanked God of their fortune;
They were both merry and glad.

And when they had supped well,
Certain withouten leese,
Cloudely said, "We will to our king,
To get us a charter of peese."

"Alice shall be at our sojourning,
In a nunnery here beside;
My two sonnys shall with her go,
And there they shall abide.

"Mine eldest son shall go with me,
For him have I no care;
And he shall bring you word again
How that we do fare."

Thus be these yeomen to London gons,
As fast as they might hie,
Till they came to the king's palace,
Where they would needas be.

And when they came to the king's court,
Unto the palace gate,
Of no man would they ask no leave,
But boldly went in therat.

They proceed prestly into the hall,
Of no man had they dread;
The portor came after, and did them call,
And with them began to chide.

The ushor said, "Yeomen, what would ye
have?
I pray you tell to me;
You might thus make officers therat:
Good sirs, of whence be ye?"

"Sir, we be outlaws of the forest,
Certain withouten lease,
And hither we be come to our king,
To get us a charter of pease."

And when they come before the king,
As it was the law of the land,
They kneel'd down without letting,
And each held up his hand.

They said, "Lord, we beseech thee here,
That ye will grant us grace:
For we have slain your fat fallow deer,
In many a sundry place."

"What be your names?" then said our king,
"Anon that you tell me:"
They said, "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudeley."

"Be ye those thieves," then said our king,
"That men have told of to me?
Here to God I make an avow,
Ye shall be hangd all three.

"Ye shall be deed without mercy,
As I am king of this land."
He commanded his officers everyphone
Fast on them to lay hand.

There they took these good yeomen,
And arrested them all three:
"So may I thrive," said Adam Bell,
"This game liketh not me.

"But, good lord, we beseech you now,
That you grant us grace,
Inasmuch as truly we be to you come,
As truly we may fro you pass,

With such weapons as we have here,
Till we be out of your place;
And if we live this hundred year,
We will ask you no grace."

"Ye speak prondly," said the king;
"Ye shall be hangd all three."
"That were great pity," then said the queen,
"If any grace might be.

"My lord, when I came first into this land,
To be your wedded wife,
The first boon that I would ask,
Ye would grant it me belyfe:

"And I asked you never none till now:
Therefore, good lord, grant it me."
"Now ask it, madam," said the king,
"And granted it shall be."

"Then, good my lord, I you beseech,
These yeomen grant ye me."
"Madam, ye might have asked a boon,
That should have been worth all three.

"Ye might have asked towers and towns,
Parks and fowests plenty."
"None so pleasant to my pay," she said;
"Nor none so lefe to me."

"Madam, with it is your desire,
Your asking granted shall be;
But I had lever had given you
Good market townes three."

The queenè was a glad woman,
And said, "Lord, grammarcy:
I dare undertake for them,
That true men shall they be.

"But, good my lord, speak some merry word,
That comfort they may see."
"I grant you grace," then said our king:
"Wash, fellows, and to meat go ye."

They had not sitten but a while
Certain without leygne,
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our king.

And when they came before the king,
They kneel'd down on their knee,
And said, "Lord, your officers greet you well,
Of Carlisle in the north countrie."

"How farth my justice?" said the king,
"And my sheriff also?"
"Sir, they be slain, without leasing,
And many an officer mo."

"Who hath them slayn?" said the king,
"Anon that thou tell me."
"Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudeley."

"Alas, for rath!" then said our king:
"My heart is wondrous sore;
I had lever than a thousand pound,
I had known of this before;

"For I have granted them grace,
And that forthinketh me;
But had I known all this before,
They had been hanged all three."

The king he opened the letter anon,
Himself he read it through,
And found how these outlaws had slain
Three hundred men and mo;

First the justice and the sheriff,
And the mayor of Carlisle town,
Of all the constables and catchpolls
Alive were left not one.

The bailies and the headles both,
And the serjeants of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlaws had yalaw;

And broke his parks and slain his deer,
Of all they chose the best;
So perilous outlaws, as they were,
Walked not by east nor west.

When the king this letter had read,
In his heart he sighted sore;
"Take up the tables anon," he said,
"For I may eat no more."

The king called his best archers,
To the butte with him to go:
"I will see these fellows shoot," he said,
"In the north have wrought this woe."

The king's horsemen, bmake them blyve,
And the queen's archers also,
So did these three wightie yomen;
With them they thought to go.

There twice, or thrice they shot about,
For to assay their hand;
There was no shot these yomen shot,
That any prycke might them stand.

Then spake William of Cloudeley:
"By him that for me died,
I hold him never no good archer,
That shooteth at butte so wide."

"At what a butte now would ye shoot,
I pray thee tell to me?"
"At suche a butte, sir," he said,
"As men use in my countrie."

William went into a field,
And with him his two brethren;
There they set up two hazel rods,
Twenty score paces between.

"I hold him an archer," said Cloudeley,
"That yonder wand cleaveth in two."
"There is none suche," said the king,
"Nor no man can so do."

"I shall assay, sir," said Cloudeley,
"Or that I farther go."
Cloudeley with a bearing arrow
Cleve the wand in two.

"Thou art the best archer," then said the
king,

"Forsooth that ever I see:"
"And yet for your love," said William,
"I will do more maystery."

"I have a son is seven year old,
He is to me full dear:
I will him tie to a stake;
All shall see that be here."

"And lay an apple upon his head
And go six score paces him fro,
And I myself with a broad arrow
Shall cleave the apple in two."

"Now haste thee," then said the king,
"By him that died on a tree,
But if thou do not, as thou hast said,
Hang'd shalt thou be."

"An thou touch his head or gown,
For sight that men may see,
By all the saints that be in heaven,
I shall hang you all three."

"That I have promised," said William,
"That I will never forsake."
And there even before the king
In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound thereto his eldest son,
And bad him stand still therest;
And turned the child's face him fro,
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bow he bent:
Six score paces they were out met,
And thither Cloudeley went.

There he drew out a fair broad arrow
His bow was great and long,
He set that arrow in his bow,
That was both stiff and strong.

He prayed the people that were there,
That they would all still stand,
For he that shooteth for such a wag'er,
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Much people prayed for Cloudeley,
That his life saved might be,
And when he made him ready to shoot,
There was many a weeping eye.

But Cloudeley cleft the apple in two,
That many a man might see;
"Over Gods forbode," said the king,
"That thou should shoot at me."

"I give thee eighteen pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bear,
And over all the north countrie
I make thee chief rydere."

"And I give thee seventeen pence a day,"
said the queen,

"By God, and by my fey;
Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,
No man shall say thee nay."

"William, I make thee a gentleman
Of clothing, and of fee;
And thy two brethren, yeomen of my
chamber,
For they are so seemly to see.

"Your son, for he is tender of age,
Of my wine-cellar he shall be;
And when he cometh to man's estate,
Better advanced shall he be.

"And, William, bring me your wife," said
the queen,
"Me longeth her sore to see:
She shall be my chief gentlewoman,
To govern my nursery."

The yeomen thanked them all courteously,
And said, "To some bishop will we wend,
Of all the sins that we have done,
To be assailed at his hand."

So forth be gone these good yeomen,
As fast as they might be,
And after came and dwelled with the king,
And died good men all three.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yeomen,
God send them eternal bliss;
And all, that with hand-bow shooteth,
That of heaven may never miss.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

515.—THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

O Willie's large o' limb and lith,
And come o' high degree;
And he is gone to Earl Richard
To serve for meat and fee.

Earl Richard had but ae daughter,
Fair as a lily flower
And they made up their love-contract
Like proper paramour.

It fell upon a simmer's night,
When the leaves were fair and green,
That Willie met his gay ladie
Intil the wood alone.

"O narrow is my gown, Willie,
That want to be see wide,
And gane is a' my fair colour,
That want to be my pride.

"But gin my father should get word
What's past between us twa,
Before that he should eat or drink,
He'd hang you o'er that wa'.

"But ye'll come to my bower, Willie,
At the setting o' the sun;
And kep me in your arms twa,
And latna me fa' down."

O when the sun was near gane down,
He's doen him till her bower;
And there, by the lee light o' the moon,
Her window she lookit o'er.

Intill a robe o' red scarlet
She lap, and caught nse harm;
Willie was large o' lith and limb,
And keepit her in his arm.

And they've gane to the gude greenwood,
And ere the night was done,
She's borne to him a bonny young son,
Among the leaves see green.

When night was gane and day was come,
And the sun began to peep,
Up and raise the Earl Richard
Out o' his drowsy sleep.

He's ca'd upon his merry young man,
By one, by twa, and by three,
"O what's come o' my daughter dear,
That she's na come to me?"

"I dreamt a dreary dream last night—
God grant it come to gude!
I dreamt I saw my daughter dear
Drown in the sea's flood.

"My daughter, maybe, is dead or sick;
Or gin she be stown awa',
I mak' a vow, and I'll keep it true,
I'll hang ye ane and a'!"

They sought her back, they sought her fore,
They sought her up and down;
They got her in the gude greenwood
Nursing her bonny young son.

He took the bonny boy in his arms,
And kist him tenderlie;
Says, "Though I would your father hang,
Your mother's dear to me."

He kist him o'er and o'er again;
"My grandson I then claim;
And Robin Hood in gude greenwood,
'Tis that shall be your name."

There's mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony ane sings o' corn;
And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood,
Kens little whar' he was born.

It was na in the ha', the ha',
Nor in the painted bower;
But it was in the gude greenwood,
Among the lily flower.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

516.—A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

In summer when the shaves be shene,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in the fair forest
To hear the fowls' song;

To see the deer draw to the dale,
And leave the hills' hoe,
And shadow them in the lee's green,
Under the g' uewood tree.

It befel on Whitenatide,
Early in a May morning,
The sun up fair did shine,
And the birds merry did sing.

"This is a merry morning," said Little John,
"By him that died on tree;
A more merry man than I am one
Lives not in Christianité.

"Pluck up thy heart, my dear mayster,"
Little John did say;
"And think it is a full fair time,
In a morning of May."

"Yes, one thing grieves me," said Robin,
"And does my heart much woe;
That I may not so solemn day
To mass nor matins go.

"It is a fortnight, and more," said he,
"Sin I my Saviour see;
To-day I will to Nottingham," said Robin,
"With the might of mild Mary."

Then spoke Moobs, the miller's son,
Ever more well him beside;
"Take twelve of thy wight yeoman,
Well weaponed by their side.

"Such on wold thyselven aken
That twelve dare not abide,"
"Of all my merry men," said Robin,
"By my faith I will none have.

"But Little John shall bear my bow,
Till that me list to draw—

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"Thou shalt bear thine own," said Little
John,
"Mayster, and I will bear mine;
And we will shoot a penny," said Little John,
"Under the greenwood lye."

"I will not shoot a penny," said Robin Hood,
"In faith, Little John, with thee;
But ever for one as thou shootest," said Robin,
"In faith I hold thee threen."

Thus shot they forth these yeoman twa,
Both at bush and brome,
Till Little John won of his mayster
Five shillings to hose and shone.

A ferly strife fell them between,
As they went by the way;
Little John said he had won five shillings,
And Robin Hood said shortly, "Nay!"

With that Robin Hood bed Little John,
And smote him with his bonde;
Little John waxed wroth therewith,
And pulled out his length bonde.

"Wert thou not my mayster," said Little
John,
"Thou shouldst bye it full sore;
Get thee a man where thou wilt, Robin,
For thou getst me no more."

Then Robin goes to Nottingham,
Himself mornynge alone;
And Little John to merry Sherwood,
The paths he knew alcone.

When Robin came to Nottingham,
Certainly withouten layne,
He prayed to God and mild Mary,
To bring him out safe again.

He goes into St. Mary's Church,
And kneeled down before the rood;
All that ever were the church within
Beheld well Robin Hood.

Beside him stood a great hooded monk,
I pray to God woe he be;
Full soon he knew good Robin Hood,
As soon as he him see.

Out at the door he ran,
Full soon and anon;
All the gates of Nottingham
He made to be sparred every one.

"Rise up," he said, "thou proud sheriff,
Bnake thee and make thee bowne;
I have spied the king's felow,
For sooth he is in this town.

"I have spied the false felon,
As he stands at his mass;
It is longe of thee," said the monk,
"An ever he fro us pass.

"This traitor's name is Robin Hood,
Under the green-wood lynce;
He robbed me once of an hundred pound,—
It shall never out of my mind."

Up then rose this proud sheriff,
And went towards him there;
Many was the mother son
To the kirk with him did fare.

In at the doors they throly threst,
With staves full good ilkenne;
"Alas! alas!" said Robin Hood,
"Now miss I Little John."

But Robin took out a two-hand sword,
That hanged down by his knee;
Then as the sheriff said his men stood thickest,
Thitherward would he.

Thrice throw at them he ran,
Then for seeth as I yow say,
And wounded many a mother son;
And twelve he slew that day.

His sword upon the sheriff's head
Certainly he brake in two;
"The smith that thee made," said Robin,
"I pray God wyke him woe;

"For now am I weaponless," said Robin,
"Alas! against my will;
But if I may see these traitors fra,
I wot they will me kill."

Robin's men to the churchè ran,
Throughout them ever ilkone;
Some fell in swooning as if they were dead,
And lay still as any stona.

None of them were in their mind,
But only Little John.

"Let be your rule," said Little John,
"For his love that died on tree;
Ye that should be doughty men,
It is great shame to see.

"Our mayster has been hard bystode,
And yet 'scapèd away;
Pluck up yer hearts, and leave this moan,
And hearken what I shall say.

"He has served our Lady many a day,
And yet will skornally,
Therefore I trust in her specially,
No wicked death shall he die.

"Therefore be glad," said Little John,
"And let this morning be;
And I shall be the monk's guide,
With the might of mild Mary.

"And I will meet him," said Little John,
"We will go but we two—"

"Look that ye keep well the trystal tree,
Under the levy's smale;
And spare none of this venison,
That go in this vale."

Forth they went, these yeomen two,
Little John and Moche infere,
And looked on Moche amy's house;—
The highway lay full near.

Little John stood at a window in the morning,
And lookèd forth at a stage;
He was 'ware where the monk came riding,
And with him a little page.

"By my faith," said Little John to Moche,
"I can tell thee hidings good;
I see where the monk comes riding,
I know him by his wide hood."

They went into the way these yeomen both,
As courteous men and hande;
They spyrrèd tithyngus to the monk,
As they had been his friend.

"From whence come ye?" said Little John;
"Tell us tithyngus I yon pray,
Of a false outlaw, called Robin Hood,
Was taken yesterday.

"He robbed us and my fellows both
Of twenty marks in certain;
If that false outlaw be taken,
For sooth we would be fain."

"So did he me," said the monk,
"Of an hundred pound, and more;
I laid first handè him upon,
Ye may thank me therefore."

"I pray God thank you," said Little John,
"And we will when we may;
We will go with you, with your leave,
And bring you on your way.

"For Robin Hood has many a wild fellow,
I tell you in certain;
If they wist ye rode this way,
In faith ye should be slain."

As they went talking by the way,
The monk and Little John,
John took the monk's horse by the head,
Full soon and anon.

John took the monk's horse by the head,
For sooth as I you say;
So did Moche, the little page,
For he should not stir away.

By the gullet of the hood,
John pulled the monk down;
John was nothing of him agnast,
He let him fall on his crown.

Little John was sore aggrieved,
And drew out his sword on high;
The monk saw he should be dead,
Loud maroy did he cry.

"He was my mayster," said Little John,
"That thou hast browzed in bale;
Shalt thou never come at our king,
For to tell him tale."

John smote off the monk's head,
No longer would he dwell;
So did Moche, the little page,
For fear lest he should tell.

There they buried them both,
In neither moas nor lynge;
And Little John and Moche infere
Bare the letters to our king.

He kneelèd down upon his knee;
"God you save my liege lord,
Jesus you save and see.

"God you save my liege king!"
To speak John was full bold;
He gave him the letters in his hand,
The king did it unfold.

The king read the letters anon,
And said, so mot I thee,
"There was never yeoman in merry England
I longed so sore to see."

"Where is the monk that thou should have
brought?"
Our king gan say;
"By my troth," said Little John,
"He died upon the way."

The king gave Mochs and Little John
Twenty pound in certain;
And made them yeomen of the crown,
And bade them go again.

He gave to John the seal in hand,
The sheriff for to bear,
To bring Robin him to,
And no man do him dere.

John took his leave of our king,
The sooth as I you say;
The next day to Nottingham,
To take he went the way.

When John came to Nottingham,
The gates were sparred ichone;
John called up the portèr,
He answered soon anon.

"What is the cause," said Little John,
"Thou sparrest the gates so fast?"
"Because of Robin Hood," said the portèr,
"In deep prison is cast.

"John, and Mochs, and Will Scathlok,
For well as I you say,
They slew our men upon our walls,
And sawtene us every day."

Little John spyrrd after the sheriff
And soon he him fonde;
He opened the king's privy-seal,
And gave him in his honde.

When the sheriff saw the king's seal,
He did off his hood anon;
"Where is the monk that bore the letters?"
He said to Little John.

"He is so fain of him," said Little John,
"For well as I you say;
He has made him Abbot of Westminster,
A lord of that abbey."

The sheriff he made John good cheer,
And gave him wine of the best;
At night they went to their bed,
And every man to his rest.

When the sheriff was asleep,
Drunken of wine and ale,
Little John and Mochs for sooth,
Took the way unto the jail.

Little John called up the jailor,
And bade him rise anon;
He said Robin Hood had broken prison,
And out of it was gone.

The portèr rose anon certain,
As soon as he heard John call;
Little John was ready with a sword,
And bare him to the wall.

"Now will I be portèr," said Little John,
"And take the keys in honde;"
He took the way to Robin Hood,
And soon he him umberde.

He gave him a good sword in his hand,
His head therewith for to keep;
And there where the wall was lowest,
Anon down did they leap.

By that the cock began to crow,
The day began to spring;
The sheriff found the jailor dead,
The common bell made he ring.

He made a cry throughout all the town,
Whether he be yeoman or knave,
That could bring him Robin Hood,
His warison he should have.

"For I dare never," said the sheriff,
"Come before our king;
For if I do I wot certain,
For sooth he will me hang."

The sheriff made to seek Nottingham,
Both by street and styte;
And Robin was in merry Sherwood,
As light as leaf on lynde.

Then bespake good Little John,
To Robin Hood did he say,
"I have done thee a good turn for an evil,
Requite me when you may.

"I have done thee a good turn," said Little
John,
"For sooth as I you say;
I have brought thee under the greenwood
lyne,
Farewell, and have good day."

"Nay, by my troth," said Robin Hood,
"So shall it never be;
I make thee mayster," said Robin Hood,
"Of all my men and me."

"Nay, by my troth," said Little John.
"So shall it never be;
But let me be a fellow," said Little John,
"No other kepe I'll be."

Thus John got Robin Hood out of prison,
Certain withouten layne;
When his men saw him whole and sound,
For sooth they were full fain.

They filled in wine, and made him glad,
Under the levis small;
And set pasties of venison,
That good was withal.

Then word came unto our king,
How Robin Hood was gone,
And how the sheriff of Nottingham,
Durst never look him upon.

Then bespake our cosely king,
In an anger high,
"Little John has beguiled the sheriff,
In faith so has he me.

"Little John has beguiled us both,
And that full well I see,
Or else the sheriff of Nottingham
High hangd should he be.

"I made him yeoman of the crown,
And gave him fee with my hand;
I gave him grithe," said our king,
"Throughout all merry England.

"I gave him grithe," then said our king,
"I say, so not I these,
For sooth such a yeoman as he is one,
In all England are not three.

"He is true to his mayster," said our king,
"I say, by sweet Saint John,
He loves better Robin Hood
Than he does us yehone.

"Robin Hood is ever bound to him,
Both in street and stall,
Speak no more of this matter," said our king,
"But John has beguiled us all."

Thus ends the talking of the monk,
And Robin Hood, I wis;
God, that is ever a crown'd king,
Bring us all to His bliss.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

517.—ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it o'er the plain,
And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alas! and a well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
Whom as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?"
"Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did nether stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistening gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blow blasts two and three;
When four-and-twenty yeoman bold
Came leaping over the sea.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
Least three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little
John.

Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry green-
wood,

Amongst the leaves so green.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

518.—ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE
WIDOW'S THREE SONS.

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news? thou silly old
woman,

What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "There's a ray three sons in Notting-
ham town
To-day condemned to die."

"O, have they parishes burnt?" he said,
"Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any virgin?
Or other men's wives have ta'en?"

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor other men's wives have ta'en."

"O, what have they done?" said Robin
Hood,

"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"How thou madest me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin
Hood,

"You could not tell it in better time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old
man,

What news? I do thee pray."
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemn'd to die this day."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is ten shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

"O, thine apparel is good," he said,
"And wine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh not an old man to scorn."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old
churl,

Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here is a piece of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown;
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patch'd from lez to side;
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin can
say,
"This man loved little pride."

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patch'd from knee to wrist:
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin
Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

"Save you, save you, sheriff!" he said;
"Now heaven you save and see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?"

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and ponne thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stoek to stone:
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff he
said,
"That's well jump't, thou nimble old man."

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
"But ourst be ho," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made!

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and born;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

"I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good.

"O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow!
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blow both loud and shrill:
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blow both loud and annain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

"O, who are those?" the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lee?"
"They're my attendants," brave Robin did
say;
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

519.—ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF
GISBORNE.

When shaws be shoen, and sward, ~~hair~~,
And leaves both large and long,
It is merry walking in the fair forest
To hear the small birds' song.

The woodweel sang, and would not cease,
Sitting upon the spray,
So loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

"Now by my faith," said jolly Robin,
"A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of two wight yeomen,
That fast with me can fight.

"Methought they did me beat and bind,
And took my bow me fro';
If I be Robin alive in this land,
I'll be wroken on them two."

"Sweavens are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blows o'er a hill;
For if it be never so loud this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

"Buck ye, bowne ye, my merry man all,
And John shall go with me,
For I'll go seek you wight yeomen,
In the greenwood where they be."

Then they cast on their gowns of green,
And took their bows each one,
And they away to the green forest,
A shooting forth are gone;

Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest be,
There were they aware of a wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of many a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hide
Top and tail and mane.

"Stand you still, master," quoth Little John,
"Under this tree so green,
And I will go to you wight yeoman
To know what he doth mean."

"Ah! John, by me thou settest no store,
And that I fairly find;
How oft send I my men before,
And tarry myself behind?"

"It is so cunning a knave to ken,
An man but hear him speak;
An it were not for bursting of my bow,
John, I thy head would break."

As often words they breeden bale,
So they parted, Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale:
The gates he knoweth each one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there he had,
For he found two of his own fellows
Were slain both in a glade.

And Scarlett he was flying a-foot
Fast ever stock and stone,
For the proud sheriff with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

"One shot now I will shoot," quoth John,
" (With Christe his might and main;)
I'll make you fellow that flies so fast,
To stop he shall be fain."

Then John bent up his long bende-bow,
And fettleth him to shoot:
The bow was made of tender bough,
And fell down to his foot.

Woe worth, woe worth these, wicked wood
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shouldst be.

His shoot it was but loosely shot,
Yet flew not the arrow in vain,
For it met one of the sheriff's men,—
Good William-a-Trent was slain.

It had been better for William-a-Trent
To have been a-bed with sorrow,
Than to be that day in the greenwood glade
To meet with Little John's arrow.

But as it is said, when men be met,
Five can do more than three,
The sheriff hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawn by dale and down,
And hang'd high on a hill."
"But thou mayest fail of thy purpose," quoth
John,
"If it be Christe his will."

Let us leave talking of Little John,
And think of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

"Good morrow, good fellow," said Robin so
fair,
"Good morrow, good fellow," quoth he:
"Methinks by this bow thou bear'st in thy
hand,
A good archer thou shouldst be."

"I am wilful of my way," quoth the yeoman,
"And of my morning tide."
"I'll lead thee through the wood," said Robin;
"Good fellow, I'll be thy guide."

"I seek an outlaw," the stranger said,
"Men call him Robin Hood;
Either I'd meet with that proud outlaw
Than forty pounds so good."

"Now come with me, thou wight yeoman,
And Robin thou soon shalt see:
But first let us some pasture find
Under the greenwood tree.

"First let us some mastery make
Among the woods so even,
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here at some unset stoven."

They cut them down two summer shoggs,
That grew both under a briar,
And set them threescore rod, in twain,
To shoot the pricks y-fore.

"Lead on, good fellow," quoth Robin Hood,
"Lead on, I do bid thee."
"Nay, by my faith, good fellow," he said,
"My leader thou shalt be."

The first time Robin shot at the prick,
He miss'd but an inch it fro';
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he could never shoot so.

The second shoot had the wight yeoman,
He shot within the garland;
But Robin he shot far better than he,
For he clave the good prick-wand.

"A blessing upon thy heart," he said,
"Good fellow, thy shooting is good;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hood.

"Now tell me thy name, good fellow," said he,
"Under the leaves of lync."
"Nay, by my faith," quoth bold Robin,
"Until thou hast told me thine."

"I dwell by dale and down," quoth he,
"And Robin to take I'm sworn;
And when I am called by my right name,
I am Guy of good Gisborne."

"My dwelling is in this wood," says Robin,
"By thee I set right nought;
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought."

He that had neither been kith nor kin,
Might have seen a full fair sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both brown and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two hours of a summer's day:
Yet neither Robin Hood nor air Guy
Them fettleth to fly away.

Robin was reachles of a root,
And stumbled at that tide;
And Guy was quick and nimble withal,
And hit him o'er the left side.

"Ah, dear Lady," said Robin Hood, "thou,
Thou art both mother and may,
I think it was never man's destiny
To die before his day."

Robin thought on our Lady dear,
And soon leapt up again,
And straight he came with a backward stroke,
And he sir Guy hath slain.

He took sir Guy's head by the hair,
And struck it upon his bow's-end:
"Thou hast been a traitor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

Robin pull'd forth an Irish knife,
And nick'd sir Guy in the face,
That he was never of woman born,
Could tell whose head it was.

Says, "Lie there, lie there now, sir Guy,
And with me be not wroth;
If thou have had the worst strokes at my
hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloth."

Robin did off his gown of green,
And on sir Guy did throw,
And he put on that capull hide,
That clad him tip to toe.

"The bow, the arrows, the little born,
Now with me I will bear;
For I will away to Barnsdale,
To see how my men do fare."

Robin Hood set Guy's horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow,
That behoord the sheriff of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

"Hearken, hearken," said the sheriff,
"I hear now tidings good,
For yonder I hear sir Guy's horn blow,
And he hath slain Robin Hood.

"Yonder I hear sir Guy's horn blow,
It blows so well in tide,
And yonder comes that mighty yeoman,
Clad in his capull hide.

"Come hither, come hither, thou good sir
Guy,
Ask what thou wilt of me."
"O I will none of thy gold," said Robin,
"Nor I will none of thy fee.

"But now I have slain the master," he says,
"Let me go strike the knave;
For this is all the reward I ask;
Nor no other will I have."

"Thou art a madman," said the sheriff,
"Thou shouldst have had a knight's fee:
But seeing thy asking hath been so bad,
Well granted it shall be."

When Little John heard his master speak,
Well knew he it was his steven:
"Now shall I be loosed," quoth Little John,
"With Christe his might in heaven."

Fast Robin he hid him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belive;
The sheriff and all his company
Fast after him did drive.

"Stand back, stand back," said Robin;
"Why draw you me so near?"
It was never the use in our country,
One's sbrift another should hear."

But Robin pull'd forth an Irish knife,
And loosed John hand and foot,
And gave him sir Guy's bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guy's bow in his hand,
His bolts and arrows each one:
When the sheriff saw Little John bend his
bow,
He fetted him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham town,
He fled full fast away;
And so did all the company:
Not one behind would stay.

But he could neither run so fast,
Nor away so fast could ride,
But Little John with an arrow so broad,
He shot him into the back-side.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

520.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL
FRIAR.

In the summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were all disposed to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,
And some would use artillery;
"Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be?"

"Which of you can kill a buck;
Or who can kill a doe?
Or who can kill a hart of greasse,
Five hundred foot him fro?"

Will Scarlet he kill'd a buck,
And Midge he kill'd a doe;
And Little John kill'd a hart of greasse,
Five hundred foot him fro'.

"God's blessing on thy heart," said Robin
Hood,
"That shot such a shot for me:
I would ride my horse an hundred miles
To find one to match thee." 19

That caused Will Scarlet to laugh,
He laugh'd full heartily;
"There lives a friar in Fountain's Abbey
Will beat both him and thee.

"The curtal friar in Fountain's Abbey
Well can draw a good strong bow;
He will beat both you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row."

Robin Hood took a solemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Till the friar he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harness good,
On his head a cap of steel;
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him well.

He took his bow into his hand,
(It was of a trusty tree)
With a sheaf of arrows by his side
And to Fountain Dale went he.

And coming unto fair Fountain Dale,
No farther would he ride;
There was he ware of a curtal friar,
Walking by the water-side.

The friar had on a harness good,
On his head a cap of steel;
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him well.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tied him to a thorn;
"Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar,
Or else thy life 's forlorn."

The friar took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad
Till he came to the other side.

Lightly leap'd Robin off the friar's back,
The friar said to him again,
"Carry me over the water, fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thee pain."

Robin Hood took the friar on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good nor bad
Till he came to the other side.

Lightly leap'd the friar off Robin Hood's
back;

Robin said to him again,
"Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar,
Or it shall breed thee pain."

The friar he took Robin Hood on his back
again,

And stepp'd up to his knee;
Till he came to the middle of the stream
Neither good nor bad spake he;

And coming to the middle of the stream,
There he threw Robin in;
"And choose thee, choose thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
The friar to the willow wand;
Bold Robin Hood he got to the shore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of the best arrows under his belt,
To the friar he let fly;
The curtal friar with his steel buckler
Did put that arrow by.

"Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun;
If thou shoot here a summer's day,
Thy mark I will not shun."

Robin Hood shot so passing well,
Till his arrows all were gone;
They took their swords and steel bucklers,
They fought with might and main.

From ten o'clock that very day,
Till four o' the afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
Of the friar to beg a boon.

"A boon, a boon, thou curtal friar,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three."

"That I will do," said the curtal friar,
"Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope thou wilt blow so passing well,
Till both thy eyes drop out."

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blasts three,
Half a hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,
Came ranging over the sea.

"Whose men are these," said the friar,
"That come so hastily?"
"These men are mine," said Robin Hood,
"Friar, what's that to thee?"

"A boon, a boon," said the curtal friar,
"The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to put my fat to my mouth,
And whete whetes three."

"That I will do," said Robin Hood,
"Or else I were to blame;
Three whetes in a friar's fat
Would make me glad and fain."

The friar he set his fat to his mouth,
And he wheted him whetes three;
Half an hundred good men dogs
Came running over the sea.

"Here is for every man a dog,
And I myself for thee;"

"Nay, by my faith," said Robin Hood,
"Friar, that may not be."

Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
The one behind, and the other before;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green
Off from his back they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtal dogs, so taught they were,
They caught the arrows in their mouth.

"Take up thy dogs," said Little John,
"Friar, at my bidding thee;
"Whose man art thou," said the curtal friar,
"That comes here to prate to me?"

"I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
Friar, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy dogs anon,
I'll take them up and thee."

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main;
Soon half a score of the friar's dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

"Hold thy hand, good fellow," said the curtal
friar,

"Thy master and I will agree;
And we will have new orders taken,
With all haste that may be.

"If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain Dale,
And Fountain Abbey free;
Every Sunday throughout the year
A noble shall be thy fee.

"Every Sunday throughout the year,
Cham'd shall thy garments be,
If thou wilt to fair Nottingham go,
And there remain with me."

The curtal friar had kept Fountain Dale,
Seven long years and more;
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl,
Could make him yield before.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

521.—HOW ROBIN HOOD LENDS A
POOR KNIGHT FOUR HUNDRED
POUNDS.

Lithe and lysten, gentylman,
That be of frelere biode;
I shall yee tell of a gude yeman,
His name was Robyn Hode.

Robyn stode in Barnydale,
Whyles he walked on groundes,
So outwase an outlawe as he was one
Was never nome yfounded.

Robyn stode in Barnydale,
And lomed hym to a tree,
And by hym stode Lytell Johan,
A good yeman was he:

And also dyd good Scathelock,
And Much the miller's sone;
There was no ynche of his body,
But it was worthe a groma.

Then bespake him Lytell Johan
All unto Robyn Hode,
"Mayster, yf ye wolde dyne betyme,
It wolde do you mooh good."

Then bespake good Robyn,
"To dyne I have no lust,
Tyll I have some boide baron,
Or some unketh guest,

"[Or els some byshop or abbot]
That may paye for the best;
Or some knyght or some squere
That dwelleth here by west."

A good maner than had Robyn,
In londe where that he were;
Every daye or he wolde dyne
Thre messes wolde he here.

Robyn loved Our Dere Lady;
For doute of dedely synne
Wolde he never do company harme
That ony woman was ynne.

"Mayster," then sayd Lytell Johan,
"And we our borde shall sprede,
Tell us whither we shall gone,
And what lyte we shall lode;

"Where we shall take, where we shall leve,
Where we shall abide behynde,
Where we shall robbe, where we shall reve,
Where we shall bete and bynde."

"Thereof no fore," sayd Robyn,
"We shall do well enow;
But loke ye do no housbonde harme
That tyllith with his plough;

"No more ye shall no good yeman,
That walketh by greus wode shawe,
Ne no knyght, ne no squyr,
That wolde be a good felawe.

"These byshoppes, and these archebys-
shoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bynde;
The hys sheryfe of Notyngshame,
Hyn holde in your mynde."

"This worde shall be holde," said Lytell
Johan,
"And this lesoun shall we lere;
It is ferre dayes, god sende us a guest,
That we were at our dynere."

"Take thy good bowe in thy hande," said
Robyn,
"Let Moche wende with thee,
And so shall Wyllyam Scathelocke,
And no man abyde with me: 106

"And walke up to the Sayles,
And so to Watlyngs-strete,
And wayte after some unkoth guest,
Up-chaunce ye mowe them mete.

"Be he erle or ony baron,
Abbot or ony knyght,
Bryngs hym to lodge to me,
Hys dynar shall be dyght."

They wente unto the Sayles,
These yemen all thre,
They loked est, they loked west,
They myght no man see.

But as they loked in Barnysdale,
By a dorne strete
Then came there a knyght rydyng,
Full some they gan hym mete.

All drefr then was his semblante,
And lytell was hys pryde,
Hys one fote in the sterpe stode,
That other waved beyde.

Hys hode haugyng over hys eyen two,
He rode in symple aray :
A soryr man than he was one
Rode never in somers-day.

Lytell Johan was curteyse,
And set hym on hys kne :
"Welcome be ye, gentyll knyght,
Welcome are you to me ;

"Welcome be thou to grene wood,
Hende knyght and fre ;
My mayster hath abyden you fastyng,
Syr, all these cures thre."

"Who is your mayster ?" sayd the knyght.
Johan sayde, "Robyn Hode."
"He is a good yeman," sayd the knyght,
"Of hym I have herde moch good.

"I graunte," he sayd, "with you to wende,
My brethren all in-fere ;
My purpose was to have deynd to day
At Blythe or Dankastere."

Forth the than went this gentyll knyght,
With a carefull chere,
The teres out of his eyes ran,
And fell downe by his lere.

They brought hym unto the lodge dore ;
When Robyn gan hym se,
Full carteraly dyd of his hode,
And set hym on his kne.

"Welcome, syr knyght," then said Robyn,
"Welcome thou art to me ;
I haue abyde you fastyng, syr,
All these houres thre."

Then answered the gentyll knyght,
With wordes fayre and fre,
"God thee save, good Robyn,
And all thy fayre meyn :

They washed togyder and wyppd both,
And set tyll theyr dynere ;
Bredes and wyne they had ynough,
And nombles of the dere ;

Swannes and fesantes they had full good,
And foules of the rivere ;
There fayled never so lytell a byrde,
That ever was bred on brere.

"Do gladly, syr knyght," sayd Robyn.
"Gramercy, syr," sayd he,
"Such a dynar had I not
Of all these wekes thre :

"If I come agayne, Robyn,
Here by this countré,
As good a dynar I shall thee make,
As thou hast made to me."

"Gramercy, knyght," sayd Robyn,
"My dynar whan I have,
I was never so gredy [I swear to thee],
My dynar for to crave.

"But pay or ye wende," sayd Robyn,
"Me thynketh it is good ryght ;
It was never the maner, by my troth,
A yeman to pay for a knyght."

"I have naught in my cofers," sayd the
knyght,
"That I may profer for shame."
"Lytell Johan, go loke," sayd Robyn,
"Ne let not for no blame.

"Tell me trouth," sayd Robyn,
"So god have parte of thee."
"I have no more but ten shillings," sayd the
knyght,
"So god have parte of me."

"Yf thou have no more," sayd Robyn,
"I wyll not one peny ;
And yf thou have neede of any more,
More shall I lea thee."

"Go now forth, Lytell Johan,
The trouthe tell thou me :
Yf there be no more but ten shillings,
Not one peny than I se."

Lytell Johan spred downe his mantell
Full fayre upon the grounds,
And there he founde in the knyghtes cofer
But even halfe a pounce.

Lytell Johan let it lye full styll,
And went to his mayster full lowe.
"What tydyng, Johan ?" sayd Robyn.
"Syr, the knyght is trewe ynough."

"Fyll of the best wyne," sayd Robyn,
"The knyght shall begynne ;
Moch wonder thynketh me
Thy clothyng is so thynne."

"Tell me one worde," sayd Robyn,
"And comsel shall it be ;
I trowe thou were made a knyght of forse,
Or elles of yezuary ;

"Or elles thou hast ben a sory honaband,
And leved in stroke and stryfe;
An okerer, or elles a lechoure," sayd Robyn,
"With wrongs hast thou lede thy lyfe."

"I am none of them," sayd the knyght,
"By [him] that made me:
An hondreth wynter here before,
Myne sunsetiers knyghtes have be."

"But ofte it hath befal, Robyn,
A man hath be dysgrate;
But [he] that syteth in heven above
May amend his state."

"Within two or thre yere, Robyn," he sayd,
"My neighbors well it kende,
Foure hondreth ponde of good money
Full wel than myght I sponde."

"Now have I no good," sayd the knyght,
"But my chyldren and my wyfe;
God hath shapen such an ende,
Tyll it may amende my lyfe."

"In what maner," sayd Robyn,
"Hast thou lore thy riches?"
"For my grete foly," he sayd,
"And for my kindenesse."

"I had a sone, for soth, Robyn,
That shold have ben my eyre,
When he was twenty wynter olde,
In fælde wolde juste full feyre;

"He slew a knyght of Lancastahyre,
And a squyre bold;
For to save hym in his ryght
My goodes both sette and solde;

"My londes both set to wedde, Robyn,
Untyll a certayne daye,
To a ryche abbot here besyde,
Of Saynt Mary abbay."

"What is the somme?" sayd Robyn,
"Troushe than tell thou me."

"Syr," he sayd, "foure hondred ponde,
The abbot tolde it to me."

"Now, and thou lese thy londe," sayd Robyn,
"What shall fall of thee?"

"Hastely I wyll me buske," sayd the knyght,
"Over the salt see,

"And so where Cryst was quycke and deed,
On the mounte of Calvare.
Fare well, frendes, and have good daye,
It may noo better be—"

Trees fell out of his eyen two,
He wolde have gone his way—
"Farewell, frendes, and have good day;
I ne have more to say."

"Where be thy frendes?" sayd Robyn.
"Syr, never one w'll me know;
Whylo I was ryche inow at home,
Grete best than wolde they blowe,

"And now they renne aways fro me,
As bestes on a rawe;
They take no more heed of me
Than they me never sawe."

For ruthes then wepte Lytell Johan,
Scathelocke and Much in fere.
"Fyll of the best wyne," sayd Robyn,
"For here is a symple chere."

"Hast thou ony frendes," sayd Robyn,
"Thy borowes that wyll be?"
"[None other] but Our Dere Lady:
She [never hath] fayled me."

"Now by my hand," sayd Robyn,
"To serche all Englonde thowwe,
Yet founde I never to my pay,
A moch better borowe."

"Come now forthe, Lytell Johan,
And goo to my tresour,
And brynge me foure hondred ponde,
And loke that it well tolde be."

Forthe then wente Lytell Johan,
And Scathelocke went before,
He tolde out foure hondred ponde,
By two and twenty score."

"Is this well tolde?" said lytell Much.
Johan sayd, "What greveth thee?
It is almes to helpe a gentyll knyght
That is fall in poverte."

"Mayster," than sayd Lytell Johan,
"His clothyngs is full thynne;
Ye must gyve the knyght a lyveray,
To lappe his body ther in."

"For ye have scarlet and grene, mayster,
And many a ryche aray;
There is no marchant in mery Englonde
So ryche, I dare well saye."

"Take hym thre yerdes of every coloure,
And loke that well mete it be."
Lytell Johan toke none other mesure
But his bowe tre,

And of every handfull that he met
He lept over fotes thre.

"What devilkyns draper," sayd litell Much,
"Thynkyst thou to be?"

Scathelocke stooode full styll and lough,
[And swore it was but ryght];
Johan may give hym the better mesure,
It costeth him but lyght."

"Mayster," sayd Lytell Johan,
All unto Robyn Hode,
"Ye must gyve that knyght an hors,
To lede home al this good."

"Take hym a gray coursar," sayd Robyn,
"And a sadell newe;
He is our Indyos messengere,
[I hope] that he be true."

"And a good palfraye," sayd lytell Mooh,
 "To mayntayne hym in his ryght."
 "And a payre of hokes," sayd Scathelooke,
 "For he is a gentyll knyght."

"What shalt thou gyve hym, Lytel Johan?"
 sayd Robyn.
 "Syr, a payre of gyfte spurres cleane,
 To pray for all this company—
 God brynge hym out of tene!"

"Whan shall my daye be," sayd the knyght,
 "Syr, and your wyll be?"
 "This daye twelve moneth," sayd Robyn,
 "Under this grene wode tre."

"It were grete shame," sayd Robyn,
 "A knyght alone to ryde,
 Without squyer, yeman, or page,
 To walke by hys syde."

"I shall thee lene Lytell Johan my man,
 For he shall be thy knave;
 In a yeman's steed he may these stonde,
 Yf thou grete nede have."

Anonymous.—Before 1646.

522. — THE KNIGHT RELEASES HIS
 LANDS, AND SUCCOURS A YEO-
 MAN.

Nowe is the knyght went on his way:
 This game he thought full good;
 Whan he lokod on Barnysdale,
 He blyssed Robyn Hode;

And whan he thought on Barnysdale,
 On Scathehook, Moch, and Johan,
 He blyssed them for the best company
 That ever he in coma.

Then spake that gentyll knyght,
 To Lytel Johan gan he saye,
 "To morowe I must to Yerde towe,
 To Saynt Mary abbay;

"And to the abbot of that place
 Foure hundred ponde I must pay;
 And but I be there upon this nyght
 My londe is lost for ay."

The abbot sayd to his covent,
 There he stode on grounde,
 "This day twelfe moneth coma these a
 knyght
 And borrowed foure hundred ponde."

"[He borrowed foure hundred ponde]
 Upon all his londe fre,
 But he coma this ylike day
 Disherytid shall he be."

"It is full crety," sayd the pryoure,
 "The day is not yet fenne gone:
 I had lever to pay an hundred ponde,
 And lay it downe a none."

"The knyght is ferre beyonde the see,
 In Englonde is his ryght,
 And suffreth hongre and colde
 And many a sory nyght:

"It were grete pyte," sayd the pryoure,
 "So to have his londe;
 And ye be so lyght of your conseyence,
 Ye do to him moeh wronge."

"Thou arte ever in my berde," sayd the
 abbot,
 "By our saynt Bycharde."
 With that cam in a fat-hoded monke,
 The high cellarer:

"He is dode or hanged," sayd the monke
 "By him that bought me dore;
 And we shall have to spende in this place
 Foure hundred ponde by yere."

The abbot and the high cellarer,
 Sterte forthe full bolde;
 The High Justyoe of Englonde
 [With] the abbot there dyd holde.

The High Justyoe and many mo
 Had take into their holde
 Wholly all the knyghtes det,
 To put that knyght to wronge.

They demed the knyght wonder sore,
 The abbot and hys mayne:
 "But he coma this ylike day
 Disherytid shall he be."

"He wyll not come yet," sayd the justyoe,
 "I dare well undertake."
 But in sorry tyme for them all,
 The knyght came to the gate.

Then bespake that gentyll knyght
 Untyll his meyne,
 "Now put on your simple wodes
 That ye brought fro the see."

[They put on their simple wodes,
 And came to the gates anone,
 The porter was redy hymselfe,
 And welcomed them everychone.

"Welcome, syr knyght," sayd the portir,
 "My lord to mete is he,
 And so is many a gentyll man,
 For the love of thee."

The porter swore a full grete othe,
 [When he his horse did see];
 "Here be the best careod horse
 That ever yet sawe I me."

"Lode them into the stable," he sayd,
 "That ened nyght they be."
 "They shall not come therin," sayd the
 knyght
 ["Thy stable liketh not me."]

Lordes were to mete isette
In that abbotes hall,
The knyght went forth and kneled downe,
And salved them grete and small.

"Do gladly, syr abbot," sayd the knyght,
"I am come to holde my day."
The fyrst word the abbot spake,
"Hast thou brought my pay?"

"Not one peny," sayd the knyght,
["Alas! it might not be."
"Thou art a shrewed detour," sayd the
abbot;
"Syr justyce, drynke to me.

"What doest thou here," sayd the abbot,
"But thou haddest brought thy pay?"
"Fore heaven," than sayd the knyght,
"To pray of a longer daye."

"Thy daye is broke," sayd the justyce,
"Londe getest thou none."
"Now, good syr justyce, be my frende,
And fende me of my fone."

"I am holde with the abbot," sayd the
justyce,
"Bothe with cloth and fea."
"Now, good syr sheryf, be my frende!"
"Nay, fore heaven," sayd he.

"Now, good syr abbot, be my frende,
For thy curtesye,
And holde my londes in thy honde
Tyll I have made thee gree;

"And I wyll be thy true servaunte,
And trewely serve the,
Tyl ye have foure hundred pounde
Of money good and freee."

The abbot sware a full grete othe,
[A solemn othe sware he:]
"Get the londe where thou may,
For thou getest none of me."

["Now by our Lady,"] sayd the knyght,
["Whose aidance have I besought,]
But I have my londe agayne,
Full dore it shall be bought."

The abbot lothely on hym gas loke,
And vylaynealy hym gas call:
"Out," he sayd, "thou fals knyght,
Spede thee out of my hall!"

"Thou lyast," then sayd the gentyll knyght,
"Abbot in thy hal;
Fals knyght was I never,
By him that made us all."

Up then stode that gentyll knyght,
To the abbot sayd he,
"To suffer a knyght to knele so longe,
Thou canst no curtesye;

"In joustes and in tournament
Full ferre than have I be,
And put myselfe as ferre in preece
As ony that ever I se."

"What wyll ye gyve more?" said the justyce,
"And the knyght shall make a relayce;
And elles dare I safely swere
Ye holde never your londes in peca."

"An hundred pounde," sayd the abbot.
The justyce sayd, "Gyve him two."
"Nay, be heaven," sayd the knyght,
"Yet gute ye it not soo:

"Though ye wolde gyve a thousande more,
Yet were ye never the more;
Shall there never be myn eyre,
Abbot, justyce, no frea."

He starte hym to a borde anone,
Tyll a table rounde,
And there he shoke out of a bagge
Even foure hundred pounde.

"Have here thy golde, syr abbot," sayd the
knyght,
"Which that thou lentest me;
Haddest thou ben curteys at my comynge,
Ewarde sholdest thou have be."

The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,
For all his ryall chere,
He cast his hede on his shoulde,
And fast began to stare.

["Bring] me my golde agayne," sayd the
abbot,
"Syr justyce, that I toke thee."
"Not a peny," sayd the justyce,
["Thou diddest but pay my fee."]

"Syr abbot, and ye men of lawe,
Now have I holde my daye,
Now shall I have my londe agayne,
For aught that you can saye."

The knyght stert out of the dore,
Awyke was all his care,
And on he put his good clothynge,
The other he lefte there.

He wente hym forthe full mery spyngynge,
As men have tolde in tale,
His lady met hym at the gate,
At home in "Wierysdale."

"Welcome, my lorde," sayd his lady;
"Syr, lost is all your good?"
"Be mery, dama," sayd the knyght,
"And praye for Robyn Hode,

"That ever his soule be in blysse,
He holpe me out of my tene;
No had not be his kyndnesse,
Beggars had we bene.

"The abbot and I acordyd bene;
He is servyd of his pay;
The good yeman lent it me,
As I came by the way."

This knyght than dwelled fayre at home,
The soth for to say,
Tyll he had got foure hondreth pounds,
All redy for to paye.

He purveyed hym an hondred bowes,
The strenges [were] welle dyght,
An hondred shefe of arrowes good,
The hedes burnyshed full bryght,

And every arowe an elle longo,
With peccocks well ydyght,
Inocked all with whyte sylver,
It was a seemly syght.

He purveyed hym an hondreth men,
Well harnysed in that stede,
And hymselfe in that same sete,
And clothed in whyte and rede.

He bare a laungray in his honde,
And a man ledde his mule,
And reden with a lyght songe,
Unto Barnysdale.

As he went at a brydge ther was a wrastelyng,
And there taryed was he,
And there was all the best yemen
Of all the west cuntries.

A full fayre game there was upset,
A whyte bull up ippyght;
A grete coursour with saddle and brydil,
With golde burneyshed full bryght;

A payre of gloves, a rede golde ryng,
A pype of wyne, in good fayr;
What man bereth him best, I wys,
The pryce shall bere away.

There was a yeman in that place,
And best worthy was he;
And for he was ferre, [without] frend bestad,
Isayne he sholde have be.

The knyght had ruin of this yeman,
In place where that he stode,
He said that yoman sholde have no harme,
For love of Robyn Hode.

The knyght presed into the place,
An hondred folowed hym fre,
With bowes bent, and arrowes sharpe,
For to shende that company.

They sholdred all, and made hym roma,
To wete what he wolde say,
He toke the yeman by the honde,
And gave hym all the playe;

He rave hym fyve markes for his wyne
There it laye on the moide,
And had it sholde be sette a-broche,
Dryake who so wolde.

Thus longe taryed this gentyll knyght,
Tyll that playe was done,—
So longe shode Robyn fastyng,
Thre houres after the none.

Anonymous.—Before 1610.

523.—LITTLE JOHN IN THE SERVICE
OF THE SHERIFF OF NOTTING-
HAM.

Lyth and lysten, gentyll men,
All that now be here,
Of Lytell Johan, that was the knyghtes man,
Good myrthe shall ye here.

It was upon a mery day,
That yonge men wolde go shete,
Lytell Johan fet his bowe anone,
And sayd he wolde them mete.

Thre tymes Lytell Johan shot about,
And alway clef the wande,
The proude sheryf of Notyngham
By the markes gan stande.

The sheryf saw how Johan shot,
And a great oath sware he:
"This man is the best archere
That yet sawe I me.

"Say me now, wyght yonge man,
Thy name now tell to me,
In what cuntrye were thou born,
And where may thy wonnyng be?"

"In Holdernesse I was bore,
I wys, all of my dame;
Men call me Reynoide Grenelefe,
Whan I am at hame."

"Say me, Reynand Grenelefe,
Wolte thou dwell with me?
And every yere I wyll the gyve
Twenty markes to thy fee."

"I have a mayster," sayd Lytell Johan,
"A curteys knyght is he;
May ye gete love of hym,
The better may it bee."

The sheryfe gate Lytell Johan
Twelve monethes of the knyght,
Therefore he gave him ryght anone
A good hors and a wyght.

Now is Lytell Johan the sheryffes man,
Heaven gyve us well to spele;
Bet alway thought Lytell Johan
To gyfte hym well his fee.

"Now so heaven me helpe," sayd Lytel
Johan,
"And by my trewe lewit,
I shall be the worste servaunte to hym
That ever yet had he."

It befell upon a wednesday,
The sheryfe on hontynge was gone,
And Lytel Johan lay in his bed,
And was foryete at home.

Therefore he was fastynge
Tyl it was past the none.
"Good syr stuard, I pray thee,
Gave me to dyna," sayd Lytel Johan.

"It is too long for Grenselefe,
Fastynge so long to be;
Therefore I pray the, stuarda,
My dynar gyve thou me."

"Shalt thou never ete ne drynke," sayd the
stuarde,
"Tyl my lord be come to towne."
"I make myn avowe," sayd Lytel Johan,
"I had lever to cracke thy crowne."

The butler was ful uncourteys,
There he stode on flore,
He sterte to the buttery,
And shet fast the dore.

Lytell Johan gave the buteler such a rap,
His backe yede nygh on two;
Tho he lyved an hundreth wynter,
The wors he sholde go.

He sporned the dore with his fote,
It went up wel and fyne,
And there he made a large lyveray
Both of ale and wyne.

"Syth ye wyl not dyna," sayd Lytel Johan,
"I shall gyve you to drynke,
And though ye lyve an hundred wynter,
On Lytell Johan ye shall thynk."

Lytell Johan ete, and Lytel [Johan] dronke,
The whyle that he wolde.
The sheryfe had in his kechyn a coke,
A stoute man and a bolde.

"I make myn avowe," sayd the coke,
"Thou arte a shrowde lynde,
In an housholde to dwell,
For to ask thus to dyna."

And there he lent Lytel Johan,
Good strokes thre.
"I make myn avowe," sayd Lytel Johan,
"These strokes lyketh well me."

"Thou arte a bolde man and an hardy,
And so thynketh me;
And or I passe fro thi place,
Assayd better shalt thou be."

Lytell Johan drewe a good swardo,
The coke toke another in honde;
They thought nothyng for to fle,
But styry for to stonde.

"I make myn avowe," sayd Lytel Johan,
"And be my trowelwele,
Thou art one of the best swardeman
That ever yet saw I me."

"Cowdest thou shote as well in a bowe,
To grene wood thou sholdest with me,
And two tymes in the yere thy clothyng
Ichaunged sholde be;

"And every yere of Robyn Hode
Twenty marke to thy fee."
"Put up thy swardo," sayd the coke,
"And felowes wyl we be."

Then he fette to Lytell Johan
The numbles of a doe,
Good brede and full good wyne,
They ete and dranke therte.

And when they had dronken well,
Ther trouthes togyder they plyght,
That they wolde be with Robyn
That ylke same day at nyght.

The dyde them to the treasure-hous,
As fast as they myght gone,
The lockes that wore of good stels
They brake them everychone;

They toke away the sylver vessell,
And all that they myght get,
Peeces, massars, and sponse,
Wolde they non forgete;

Also they toke the good penes,
Thre hundred pounde and thre;
And dyd them strayt to Robyn Hode,
Under the grene wode tre.

"God the save, my dere mayster,"
[Little Johan said he,]
And than sayd Robyn to Lytel Johan,
"Welcome myght thou be;

"And also be that fayre yemā
Thou bryngest there with thee.
Whar-tydynges fro Notyngham?
Lytell Johan, tell thou me."

"Well thee greteih the pronde sheryfe,
And sende thee here by me
His coke and his sylver vessell,
And thre hundred pounde and thre."

"I make myn avow," sayd Robyn,
"However the thing may be,
It was never by his good wyl,
This good is come to me!"

Lytell Johan hym there bethought
On a shrewed wyle.
Fyve myle in the forest he ran,
Hym happed at his wyl;

Than he met the prond sheryf,
Huntynge with hounde and horse,
Lytell Johan oond his curtseye,
And kneled hym befora:

"God thee save, my dere mayster,
Keep thee well," sayd he.
"Raynolde Grenselefe," sayd the sheryfe,
"Where hast thou nowe be?"

"I have be in this forest,
A fayre syght can I se,
It was one of the fayrest syghten
That ever yet sawe I me ;

"Yonder I se a ryght fayre hart,
His colour is [full shene],
Seven score of dere upon an herde
Be all with hym bedene ;

"His tynde are so sharp, mayster,
Of sixty and well mo,
That I durst not shote for drede
Lest they wolde me sloue."

"I make myn avowe !" sayd the sheryf,
"That syght wolde I fayn se."
"Buke yon thyldersarde, my dere mayster,
Anone, and wende with me."

The sheryfe rode, and Lytell Johan
Of fote he was full smarte.
And when they came afore Robyn :
"Lo, here is the mayster harte !"

Styll stode the proude sheryf,
A sory man was he ;
"Wo worth the, Reynolde Grenelefe !
Thou hast now betrayde me !"

"I make myn avowe," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Mayster, ye be to blame ;
I was mysseved of my dynere,
When I was with yu at hame."

Some he was to supper sette,
And served with sylver whyte ;
And whan the sheryf se his vessel,
For sorowe he myght not ete.

"Make good chere," sayd Robyn Hode,
"Sheryfe, for charyte,
And for the love of Lytell Johan,
Thy lyfe is granted to the."

When they had supped well,
The day was all gone,
Robyn commaunded Lytell Johan
To drawe off his hosen and his shoues,

His kyrtell and his cote a pye,
That was furred well fyne,
And take him a grene mantill,
To lappe his body therin.

Robyn commaunded his wyght yong man,
Under the grene wood tre,
They shall lay in that same scove
That the sheryf myght them se.

All nyght laye that proude sheryf,
In his breche and in his sherte,
No wonder it was, in grene wode,
Tho his sydes do smerte.

"Make glad chere," sayd Robyn Hode,
"Sheryfe, for charyte,
For this is our order I wye,
Under the grene wood tre."

"This is harder order," sayd the sheryfe,
"Than ony anker or frere ;
For al the golde in mery Englonde
I wolde not longe dwell here."

"All these twelve monethes," sayd Robyn,
"Thou shalt dwell with me ;
I shall thee teche, proude sheryfe,
An outlawe for to be."

"Or I here another nyght lye," sayd the
sheryfe,
"Robyn, nowe I praye thee,
Smyte of my hode rather to-morne,
And I forgyve it thee."

"Lete me go," then sayd the sheryf,
"For saynt Cheryth,
And I wyl be thy best frende
That ever yet had thee."

"Thou shalt swere me an othe," sayd Robyn,
"On my bryght bronde,
Thou shalt never awayte me aosthe,
By water ne by londe ;

"And if thou fynde ony of my men,
By nyght or by day,
Upon thyne othe thou shalt swere,
To helpe them that thou may."

Now have the sheryf iswore his othe,
And home he began to gose,
He was as full of grene wode
As ever was [haw] of stone.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

524.—ROBIN HOOD REIMBURSES HIM-
SELF OF HIS LOAN.

The sheryf dwelled in Notyngname,
He was fayne that he was gone,
And Robyn and his meny men
Went to wode amon.

"Go we to dynere ?" sayd Lytell Johan.
Robyn Hode sayd, "Nay ;
For I drede our lady be wroth with me,
For she semt me not ny pay."

"Have no dout, mayster," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Yet is not the some at rest ;
For I dare saye, and saye swere,
The knyght is trowe and trust."

"Take thy bowe in thy hande," sayd Robyn,
"Let Moch wende with thee,
And so shall Wyllyam Batehelock,
And no man abyde with me."

"And walke up into thetayloris,
And to Watyngs-stroes,
And wayte after some unsketh goot,
Up-chauce ye may than mete."

"Whether he be messengere,
Or a man that myrthes can,
Or yf he be a pore man,
Of my good he shall have some."

Forth then stert Lytell Johan,
Half in tray and tene,
And gyrded hym with a full good sward,
Under a mantel of geene.

They went up to the Sayles,
These yemen all thre;
They loked est, they loked west,
They myght no man se.

But as they loked in Barnysdale,
By the hys waye,
Than were they ware of two blaके monkes,
Eche on a good palferway.

Then bespake Lytell Johan,
To Much he gan say,
"I dare lay my lyfe to wadda,
That these monkes have brougth our pay.

"Make glad chere," sayd Lytell Johan,
"And fresse our bowes of owe,
And loke your hertes be soker and sad,
Your strynges trusty and tewe.

"The monke hath fifty two men,
And seven somers full stronge;
There rydeth no bysshop in this londe
So ryally, I understand.

"Brethern," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Here are no more but we thre;
But we brynge them to dynor,
Our mayster dare we not se.

"Bende your bowes," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Make all yon presse to stonde;
The formost monke, his lyfe and his deth
Is closed in my honde.

"Abyde, chorde monke," sayd Lytell Johan,
"No ferther that thou gone;
Yf thou doost, by dere worthy god,
Thy deth is in my honde.

"And evyll thryfte on thy hode," sayd Lytell
Johan,
"Eyyght under thy hattes bonde,
For thou hast made our mayster wroth,
He is fastynge so longe."

"Who is your mayster?" sayd the monke,
Lytell Johan sayd, "Robyn Hode."
"He is a stronge thife," sayd the monke,
"Of hym herd I never good."

"Thou lyeest," than sayd Lytell Johan,
"And that shall sewe thee;
He is a yeman of the forest,
To dynor he hath sode thee."

Much was rody with a bolte,
Roddily and a-none,
He set the monke to fore the brest,
To the grounde that he can gone.

Of fifty two wyght yonge man,
There abode not one,
Saf a lytell page, and a grome
To lede the somers with Johan.

They brougth the monke to the lodge dore,
Whether he were loth or lese,
For to speke with Robyn Hode,
Maugre in theyr tethe.

Robyn dyd adowne his hode,
The monke when that he see;
The monke was not so curteys,
His hode than let he be.

"He is a chorle, mayster, I aware,"
"Than sayd Lytell Johan,
"Therof no fore," sayd Robyn,
"For curteysy can he aware."

"How many men," sayd Robyn,
"Had this monke, Johan?"
"Fifty and two what that we met,
But many of them be gone."

"Let blowe a borne," sayd Robyn,
"That felanshypp may us knowe,"
Seven score of wyght yemen
Came prykyng on t. rowe,

And everyoh of them a good mantell,
Of scarlet and of rays,
All they came to good Rhybn,
To wyte what he wold say.

They made the monke to vassehe and wye,
And syt at his denere.
Robyn Hode and Lytel Johan
They served him bothe in fere.

"Do gladly, monke," sayd Robyn,
"Gramercy, syr," sayd he.

"Where is your abbay, whan ye are at home,
And who is your avord?"

"Saynt Mary abbay," sayd the monke,
"Though I be symple here,"
"In what offyce?" sayd Robyn,
"Eyr, the hys selerer."

"Ye be the more welcome," sayd Robyn,
"So ever mote I the,
Fyll of the best wyne," sayd Robyn,
"This monke shall drynke to me."

"But I have grete mervayle," sayd Robyn,
"Of all this longe day,
I drede our lady be wroth with me,
She sent me not my pay."

"Have no doute, mayster," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Ye have no nede I saye,
This monke it hath brougth, I dare well aware,
For he is of her abbay."

"She was a borowe," sayd Robyn,
"Betwene a knyght and na,
Of a lytell money that I hym lent,
Under the grese wode tree;

"And yf thou hast that sylver ibroughte,
I praye the let me see,
And I shall helpe thee eftsones,
Yf thou have neede of me."

The monke was going to London ward,
There to holde grete mote,
The knyght that rode so hye on hors,
To brynge hym under fote.

"I make myn avowe," sayd Robyn,
"Monke, thou arte to blame,
For god is holde a ryghtwys man,
And so is his dama."

"Thou toldest with thyn owne tonge,
Thou may not say nay,
How thou arte her servaunt,
And servest her every day :

"And thou art made her messengere,
My money for to pay,
Therefore I com thee more thanke,
Thou art come at thy day."

"What is in your cofers?" sayd Robyn,
"Trove then tell thou me."
"Syr," he said, "twenty marke,
Al so mote I the."

"Yf there be no more," sayd Robyn,
"I will not one peny;
Yf thou hast myster of any more,
Syr, more I shall hnde to the ;

"And yf I fynde more," sayd Robyn,
"I wys thou shalt it forgone ;
For of thy spendynge sylver, monk,
Thereof wyll I ryght none."

"Go nowe forth, Lytell Johan,
And the trouth tell thou me ;
If there be no more but twenty marke,
No peny that I see."

Lytell Johan spred his mantell downe,
As he had done before,
And he tolde out of the monkes male,
Eyght hundredreth pounde and more.

Lytell Johan let it lye full styll,
And went to his mayster in hast :
"Syr," he said, "the monke is trewe ynowe,
Our lady hath doubled your cost."

"I make myn avowe," sayd Robyn,
"(Monke, what tolde I thee?)
Our lady is the trewest woman
That ever yet founde I see."

"By all that's good," sayd Robyn,
"To soche all Englod thowowe,
Yet founde I never to my pay
A moche better borowe."

"Fyll of the best wyne, do hym drynke," sayd
Robyn ;
"And grete well thy lady hande,
And yf she have neede of Robyn Hode,
She shall hym fynde a frende ;

"And yf she nedeth any more sylvir,
Come thou sayne to me,
And by this token she hath me sent,
She shall have such thre."

The monke was going to London ward,
There to holde grete mote,
The knyght that rode so hye on hors,
To brynge hym under fote.

"Whither be ye away?" sayd Robyn,
"Syr, to manors in this londe,
To raken with our reves,
That have done moch wronge."

The monke toke the hors with spurre,
No lenger wolds he abyde,
"Aske to drynke," than sayd Robyn,
"Or that ye forther ryde."

"Nay, fore heaven," than sayd the monke,
"Me reweth I can so nere ;
For better chepe I myght have dyned
In Blythe or in Dankestere."

"Grete well your abbot," sayd Robyn,
"And your pryour, I you pray,
And byd hym sende me such a monke
To dynar every day."

Now lete we that monke be styll,
And speke we of that knyght,
Yet he came to holde his day
Whyle that it was lyght.

He dyde him streyt to Barnysdale,
Under the grene wode tre,
And he founde there Robyn Hode,
And all his mery meyne.

The knyght lyght downe of his good pairtre,
Robyn whan he gan see,
So curteyly he dyde adoune his hode,
And set hym on his knace.

"God the save, good Robyn Hode,
And al this company."
"Welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
And ryght welcome to me."

Than bespake hym Robyn Hode
To that knyght so fre :
"What neede dryveth the to grene wode ?
I pray the, syr knyght, tell me."

"And welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
Why hast thou be so longe ?
"For the abbot and the lye justyce
Wolde have had my lode."

"Hast thou thy lode sayne?" sayd Robyn,
"Trowth than tell thou me."
"Ye, truly," sayd the knyght,
"And that thanke I god and the."

"But take not a grete. I have be so longe ;
I came by a wastel way,
And there I dyd hope a pure yema,
With wronge was put bakynde."

"Nay, that is well," sayd Robyn,
 "Syr knyght, that thanke I the;
 What man that helpeth a good yeman,
 His frende than wyll I be."

"Have here foure hundred pounds," sayd the
 knyght,
 "The whiche ye lent to me;
 And here is also an hundred more
 For your carterey."

"Nay, syr knyght," then sayd Robyn,
 "Thou broke it well for ay;
 For our lady, by her selorer,
 Hath sent to me my pay;

"And yf I toke it twyse,
 A shams it were to me.
 But trowly, gentyll knyght,
 Welcom arte thou to me."

Whan Robyn had tolde his tale,
 He lough and had good chere.
 "By my trouthe," then sayd the knyght,
 "Your money is redy here."

"Broke it well," sayd Robyn,
 "Thou gentyll knyght so fre;
 And welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
 Under my trystell tree.

"But what shall these bowes do?" sayd
 Robyn,
 "And these arrowes ifeored fre?"
 "By my troth," than sayd the knyght,
 "A pore present to thee."

"Come now forth, Lytell Johan,
 And go to my treasure,
 And bryng me there foure hundred pounds,
 The monke over-tolde it to me.

"Have here foure hundred pounds,
 Thou gentyll knyght and trewe,
 And bye hors and harness good,
 And gyfte thy spurres all newe:

"And yf thou fayle any spendynge,
 Come to Robyn Hode,
 And by my trouth thou shalt none fayle
 The whyles I have any good.

"And broke wyl thy four hundred pounds
 Whiche I lent to the,
 And make thy selfe no more so bare,
 By the counsell of me."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

525.—ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND
 BURIAL.

Whan Robin Hood and Little John
 Down a down, a down, a down,
 Went o'er yon bank of broom,
 Said Robin Hood to Little John,
 "We have shot for many a pound:
 Hey down, a down, a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
 My arrows will not fle;e;
 But I have a cousin lives down below,
 Plesse God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
 As fast as he can wen;
 But before he came there, as we do hear,
 He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley Hall,
 He knocked all at the ring,
 But none was so ready as his cousin horsell
 For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,"
 she said,
 "And drink some beer with me?"
 "No, I will neither eat nor drink,
 Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she
 said,
 "Which you did never see;
 And if you please to walk therein,
 You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
 And led him to a private room;
 And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
 Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
 And locked him up in the room:
 There did he bleed all the live-long day,
 Untill the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
 Thinking for to begone;
 He was so weak he could not leap,
 Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
 Which hung low down to his knee,
 He set his horn unto his month,
 And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
 As he sat under the tree,
 "I fear my master is near dead,
 He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
 As fast as he can dre:
 And when he came to Kirkley Hall,
 He broke locks two or three;

Until he came bold Robin to,
 Then he fell on his knee;
 "A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
 "Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood,
 "Little John, thou begst of me?"
 "It is to burn fair Kirkley Hall,
 And all their annuary."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
 "That boon I'll not grant thee;
 I never hurt woman in all my life,
 Nor man in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
 Nor at my end shall it be;
 But give me my bent bow in my hand,
 And a broad arrow I'll let see;
 And where this arrow is taken up,
 There shall my grave digged be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
 And another under my feet;
 And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet;
 And make my grave of gravel and green,
 Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
 With a green sod under my head;
 That they may say when I am dead,
 Here lies bold Robin Hood."

Those words they readily promised him,
 Which did bold Robin please;
 And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
 Near to the fair Kirkleys.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

526.—PATIENT GRISSELL.

I.

A noble marquess,
 As he did ride a hunting,
 Hard by a forest side,
 A fair and comely maiden,
 As she did sit a spinning,
 His gentle eye espied.

Most fair and lovely,
 And of comely grace was she,
 Although in simple attire:
 She sung full sweetly,
 With pleasant voice melodiously,
 Which set the lord's heart on fire.
 The more he looked, the more he might;
 Beauty led his heart's delight,
 And to this comely dame
 Then he went:—
 "God speed," quoth he, "thou famous sewer,
 Fair mistress of this homely bower,
 Where love and virtue
 Dwell with sweet content."

With comely gesture,
 And modest mild behaviour,
 She bid him welcome there;
 She entertained him
 In faithful friendly manner,
 And all his gentlemen.

The noble marquess
 In's heart felt such a flame,
 Which set his senses all at strife:
 Quoth he, "Fair maiden,
 Show me soon what is thy name:
 I mean to make thee my wife."
 "Grisell is my name," quoth she,
 "Far unfit for your degree,
 A silly maiden,
 And of parents poor."
 "Nay, Grisell, thou art rich," he said,
 "A virtuous, fair, and comely maid;
 Grant me thy love,
 And I will ask no more."

II.

At length she consented,
 And being both contented,
 They married were with speed;
 Her country russet
 Was changed to silk and velvet,
 As to her state agreed;
 And when that she
 Was trimly tird in the same,
 Her beauty shone most bright,
 Far staining every
 Other fair and princely dame,
 That did appear in sight.
 Many envied her therefore,
 Because she was of parents poor,
 And 'twixt her lord and she,
 Great strife did rise.
 Some said this, and some said that,
 And some did call her beggar's brat,
 And to her lord
 They would her oft disparaise.

"O! noble marquess,"
 Quoth they, "why dost thou wrong us,
 Thus basely for to wed,
 That might have gotten
 An honourable lady
 Into your princely bed?
 Who will not now
 Your noble issue still deride,
 Which shall hereafter be born,
 That are of blood so base,
 Born by the mother's side,
 The which will bring them in scorn,
 Put her, therefore, quite away,
 And take to you a lady gay,
 Wherby your lineage
 May renowned be."
 Thus every day they seemed to prate
 That maliced Grisell's good estate;
 Who all this while
 Took it most patiently.

III.

When that the marquess
 Did see that they were bent thus
 Against his faithful wife,
 Whom he most dearly,
 Tenderly, and entirely,
 Beloved as his life;

Minding in secret
 For to prove her patient heart,
 Thereby her foes to disgrace;
 Thinking to show her
 A hard discourteous part,
 That men might pity her case.
 Great with child this lady was,
 And at last it came to pass,
 Two goodly children
 At one birth she had:
 A son and daughter God had sent,
 Which did their father well content,
 And which did make
 Their mother's heart full glad.

Great royal feasting,
 Was at these children's christening,
 And princely triumph made;
 Six weeks together,
 All nobles that came thither,
 Were entertained and stayed;
 And when all these pleasant
 Sportings were quite done,
 The marquess a messenger sent
 For his young daughter,
 And his pretty smiling son;
 Declaring his full intent,
 How that the babes must murdered be;
 For so the marquess did decree.
 "Come, let me have
 The children," then he said,
 With that fair Grissell wept full sore,
 She wrung her hands, and said no more,
 "My gracious lord
 Must have his will obeyed."

IV.

She took the babies,
 Even from the nursing ladies,
 Between her tender arms;
 She often wishes
 With many sorrowful kisses,
 That she might ease their harms.
 "Farewell, farewell,
 A thousand times, my children dear,
 Never shall I see you again;
 'Tis long of me,
 Your sad and woeful mother here,
 For whose sake both must be slain.
 Had I been born of royal race,
 You might have lived in happy case;
 But you must die
 For my unworthiness.
 Come, messenger of death," quoth she,
 "Take my dearest babes to thee,
 And to their father
 My complaints express."

He took the children,
 And to his noble master,
 He bore them thence with speed;
 Who in secret sent them
 Unto a noble lady,
 To be brought up in deal.

Then to fair Grissell,
 With a heavy heart he goes,
 Where she sat mildly all alone:
 A pleasant gesture,
 And a lovely look she shows,
 As if no grief she had known.
 Quoth he, "My children now are slain;
 What thinks fair Grissell of the same?
 Sweet Grissell, now
 Declare thy mind to me."
 "Sith you, my lord, are pleased with it,
 Poor Grissell thinks the action fit:
 Both I and mine
 At your command will be."

V.

"My nobles murmur,
 Fair Grissell, at thy honour,
 And I no joy can have,
 Till thou be banished,
 Both from the court and presence
 As they unjustly crave.
 Thou must be stripped
 Out of thy stately garments all;
 And as thou can'st to me,
 In homely gray,
 Instead of bias and purest pall,
 Now all thy clothing must be:
 My lady thou must be no more,
 Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore.
 The poorest life
 Must now content thy mind.
 A groat to thee I must not give
 Thee to maintain while I do live;
 Against my Grissell
 Such great foes I find."

When gentle Grissell
 Did hear these woeful tidings,
 The tears stood in her eyes,
 Nothing she answered,
 No words of discontentment
 Did from her lips arise.
 Her velvet gown
 Most patiently she stripped off,
 Her kirtle of silk with the same:
 Her russet gown
 Was brought again with many a scoff,
 To bear them herself she did frame.
 When she was dressed in this array,
 And was ready to part away,
 "God send long life
 Unto my lord," quoth she;
 "Let no offence be found in this,
 To give my love a parting kiss."
 With watery eyes,
 "Farewell, my dear," said he.

VI.

From princely palace
 Unto her father's cottage
 Poor Grissell now is gone.
 Full sixteen winters
 She lived there contented;
 No wrong she thought upon.

And at that time through
 All the land the speeches went,
 The marquess should married be
 Unto a noble lady great,
 Of high descent;
 And to the same all parties did agree.
 The marquess sent for Grissell fair,
 The bride's bod-chamber to prepare
 That nothing therein
 Might be found awry.
 The bride was with her brother come,
 Which was great joy to all and some;
 But Grissell took
 All this most patiently,

And in the morning,
 When as they should be wedded,
 Her patience there was tried:
 Grissell was charged
 Herself in friendly manner
 For to attire the bride.
 Most willingly
 She gave consent to do the same;
 The bride in bravery was dressed,
 And presently
 The noble marquess thither came
 With all his lords at his request.
 "O! Grissell, I would ask of thee,
 If to this match thou wilt agree?
 Methinks thy looks
 Are waid wondrous coy."
 With that they all began to smile,
 And Grissell she replied the while,
 "God send lord marquess
 Many years of joy."

* VII.

The marquess was moved
 To see his best beloved
 Thus patient in distress;
 He stept unto her,
 And by the hand he took her,
 These words he did express:—
 "Thou art my bride,
 And all the bride I mean to have:
 These two thy own children be."
 The youthful lady
 On her knees did blessing crave,
 Her brother as well as she.
 "And you that envied her estate,
 Whom I have made my loving mate,
 Now blush for shame,
 And honour virtuous life.
 The chronicles of lasting fame
 Shall evermore extol the name
 Of patient Grissell,
 My most constant wife."

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

527.—THE TWA SISTERS O' BINNORIE.

There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r;
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 A knight cam' there, a noble wooer,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 But he lo'ed the youngest shoon a' thing,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest she was vered sair,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 And sair envied her sister fair,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 She cried upon her sister dear,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, tak' my hand,"
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 "And let's go down to the river-strand,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 And down they went to the river-strand,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 The eldest cam' and pushed her in,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand!
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 "And ye shall be heir o' half my land"—
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove!"
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 "And sweet William shall be your love"—
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 Till she cam' to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Out then cam' the miller's son
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 And saw the fair maid sommers' in,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!"
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 "There's either a mermaid or a swan,"
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The miller quickly drew the dam,
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 And there he found a crown'd woman,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Bound about her middle was
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 These were a gowden girdle bra',
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

A' among her yellow hair
 (Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
 A string o' pearls was twisted rare,
 By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

On her fingers lily-white,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The jewel-rings were shining bright,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And by there cam' a harper fine,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Harped to nobles when they dine,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He went into her father's hall,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And played his harp before them all,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And sune the harp sang loud and clear
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"Fareweel, my father and myther dear!"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And neist when the harp began to sing,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"Twas "Fareweel, sweetheart!" said the
string,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And then as plain as plain could be,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"There sits my sister wha drown'd me!"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

528.—THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.

The Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
And all that with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he would kill and carry away;
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas
again,

"I will let that hunting if I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamfborough oams,
And with him a mighty meyné,
Fifteen hundred archers, of blood and bone,
They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviot the hills so hie;
The child may rue it that is unborn;
It was the more pitie.

The drivers thorough the woodés went,
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bicker'd upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild thorough the woodés went,
On every side shear;
Greyhounds thorough the groves glent
For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot, the hills above,
Early on Monday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
They assembled on sides shear;
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To the brittling of the deer.

He said, "It was the Douglas's promise
This day to meet me here;
But I wist he would fail, verament,"—
A great oath the Percy sware.

At last a squire of Northumberland
Looked at his hand full nigh;
He was ware of the doughty Douglas
ooming,

With him a mighty meyné;

Both with spear, bill, and brand;
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart and hand,
Y^ere not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail;
They were born along by the Water of
Tweed,
In the bounds of Tivydale.

"Leave off brittling the deer," he said,
"To your bows look ye take good heed;
For since ye were of your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a siced
He rode all his men before;
His armour glittered as a glade;
A bolder bairn was never born.

"Tell me who ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this chase
In the spite of me?"

The first man that ever him answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy;
"We will not tell thee who we are,
Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase,
In spite of thine and thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot

We have kill'd, and cast to carry away."

"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas
again,

"Therefore shall one of us die this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas

Unto the Lord Percy,

"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas, it were great pitie!

"But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
And I am earl called in my countrie;
Let all our men apart from us stand,
And do the battle off thee and me."

"Now, curse on his crown," said the Lord

Percy,

"Whoever thereto says nay!—

By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,

"Thou never shalt see that day."

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Of woman born there is none,
But, an fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one."

Then spake a squire of Northumberland,

Richard Witherington was his name:

"It shall never be told in South-England,"
he says,

"To King Harry the Fourth, for shame!

"I wot ye bin great lord's two,

I am a poor squire of land;

I'll ne'er see my captain fight on a field,

And a looker-on to stand:

But while I may my weapon wield

I will fail not, heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day!—

The first fyte here I find.

An ye will hear more of the Hunting of

Cheviot,

Yet more there is behind.

THE SECOND FYTE.

The Englishmen had their bows bent,

Their hearts were good enow;

The first [sight] of arrows that they shot
off,

Seven score spearmen they sloughed.

Yet hides Earl Douglas upon the bank,

A captain good enow,

And that was soon seen, verament,

For he wrought [the English wo].

The Douglas parted his host in three,

Like a chieftain [fall] of pride;

With sure spears of mighty tree

They came in on every side.

Through our English archery,

And gave many a wound full wide;

Many a doughty they gar'd to die,

Which gained them no [small] pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be,

And pull'd out brands that were bright;

It was a heavy sight to see

Bright swords on banners light.

Thorough rich mail and maniple

Stern they struck down straight;

Many a freke that was full free,

There under-foot did light.

At last the Douglas and Percy met,

Like two captains of might and main;

They swapt together till they both swat,

With swords of the fine Milan.

These worthy frekes for to fight

Thereto they were full fain,

Till the blood out of their banners sprent

As ever did hail or rain.

"Hold thee, Percy!" said the Douglas,

"And i' faith I shall thee bring

Where thou shalt have an earl's wages

Of Jamie our Scottish king.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free;

I might thee here this thing;

For the manfullest man yet art thou

That ever I conquered in fighting."

"Nay," said the Lord Percy,

"I told it thee before,

That I would never yielded be

To no man of a woman born."

With that came an arrow hastily

Forth of a mighty wane;

And it hath stricken the Earl Douglas

In at the breast base.

Thorough liver and lungs both

The sharp arrow is gone,

That never after in all his life-days

He spake more words but one:

That was, "Fight ye, my merry men, while

ye may!

For my life-days be done."

The Percy leaped on his brand,

And saw the Douglas die;

He took the dead man by the hand,

And said, "Wo is me for thee!"

"To have saved thy life, I would have given

My lands for years three;

For a better man, of heart nor of hand,

Was not in the north countrie."

Of all that saw a Scottish knight,

Sir Hugh the Montgomery;

He saw the Douglas to death was dight;

He spended a spear, a trusty tree;

He rode upon a courser

Through a hundred archery;

He never stinted, nor never blas,

Till he came to good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dint that was full sore ;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorough his body he bore.

On the other side that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and maisr.
Two better captains in Christentie
Were not, than the two slain these.

An archer of Northumberland
Saw slain was the Lord Percy :
He bare a bend-bow in his hand
Was made of trusty tree.

An arrow, that was a cloth-yard long,
To the hard steel haled he ;
A dint he set, was both sad and sore,
On Sir Hugh the Montgomerie.

The dint it was both sad and sore
That he on Montgomerie set ;
The swan-feathers the arrow bore
With his heart's-blood they were wet.

There was never a frake one foot would
fle,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might
dree,
With many a baleful brand,

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And still when even-song bell was rung
The battle was not half done.

They took [off] on either hand
By the light of the moon ;
Many had no strength for to stand,
In Cheviot the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England,
Went away but fifty and three ;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
But even five and fiftie,

That were not slain in Cheviot ;
They had no strength to stand on his.
The child may rue that is unborn ;
It was the more pitie.

There was slain with Lord Percy,
Sir John of Agerstone ;
Sir Roger, the hynd Hartley ;
Sir William, the bold Heron.

Sir George, the worthy Lovel,
A knight of great renown ;
Sir Ralph, the rich Egby ;
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was we,
That ever he slain should be ;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh the Montgomerie ;
Sir Davy Liddale, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he ;

Sir Charles à Murray in that place,
That never a foot would fle ;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel gray ;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makes away.

Tivydale may carp of oare,
Northumberland make great moan ;
For two such captains as there were slain
On the Marches shall never be none.

Word is come to Edinborough,
To Jamie the Scottissh King,
Doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
Lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands did he weal and wring :
" Alas, and wo is me !
Such another captain in Scotland wide
There is not left," said he.

Word is come to lovely London,
To Harry the Fourth our King,
Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
Lay slain Cheviot within.

" God have mercy on his soul," said King
Harry,
" Good Lord, if Thy will it be !
I've a hundred captains in England," he
said,
" As good as ever was he :
But, Percy, an I brook my life,
Thy death well quit shall be."

And now may Heaven amend us all,
And into bliss us bring !
This was the Hunting of the Cheviot :
God send us all good ending !

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

529.—KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon,
Of a notable prince, that was call'd King
John ;
He ruled over England with main and might,
But he did great wrong, and mairtain'd little
right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post to bring him to London town.

A hundred men, as the King heard say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

"How now, Father Abbot? I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My Liege," quoth the Abbot, "I would it
were known,
I am spending nothing but what is my own;
And I trust your Grace will not put me in
fear,
For spending my own true-gotten gear."

"Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
And except thou canst answer me questions
three,
Thy head struck off from thy body shall be.

"And first," quoth the King, "as I sit here,
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,
Among all my liegemen of noble birth,—
Thou must tell to one penny what I am worth.

"Secondly, tell me, beyond all doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly, what do I think?"

"O, these are deep questions for my shallow
wit,
And I cannot answer your Grace as yet:
But if you will give me a fortnight's space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace."

"Now a fortnight's space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest thou hast to live;
For unless thou answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy lands are forfeit to me."

Away rode the Abbot all sad at this word;
He rode to Cambridge and Oxford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could by his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot, with comfort so
cold,

And he met his Shepherd, a-going to fold:
"Now, good Lord Abbot, you are welcome
home:
What news do you bring us from great King
John?"

"Sad news, and news, Shepherd, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live.
I must answer the King his questions three,
Or my head struck off from my body shall be.

"The first is to tell him, as he sits there,
With his crown of gold on his head so fair,
Among all his liegemen of noble birth,
To witkin one penny, what he is worth.

"The second to tell him, beyond all doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at question the third I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly, what does he think?"

"O cheer up, my Lord; did you never hear yet
That a fool may teach a wise man wit?
Lend me your serving-men, horse, and apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"With your pardon, it oft has been told to
me
That I'm like your Lordship as ever can be:
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt
have,
With sumptuous raiment gallant and brave;
With crossier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to draw near to our Father the Pope."

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," the King he did
say,
"Thou well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions
three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, as thou seest me sitting here,
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,
Among my liegemen of noble birth,—
Tell to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee;
For, I think, thou art one penny worse than
he."

The King he laugh'd, and swore by St. Bittle,
"I did not think I was worth so little!
Now secondly tell me, beyond all doubt,
How soon I may ride this world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the
same,
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your Grace need never doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The King he laugh'd, and swore by St. John,
"I did not think I could do it so soon!
Now from question the third thou must not
shrink,
But tell me truly, what do I think?"

"Yes, that I shall do, and make your Grace
merry:
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may
see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for
me."

The King he laugh'd, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his
place!"

"Now nay, my Liege, be not in such speed;
For, alas! I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week, then, I'll give to thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shewn to me;
And tell the old Abbot, when thou gettest
home,
Thou hast brought him free pardon from King
John."

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

530.—EDOM O' GORDON.

It fell about 'the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld."

"And whatna hauld sall me draw to,
My merry men and me?
We will gae to the house of the Rodes,
To see that fair ladye."

The lady stood on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was aware of a host of men
Came riding towards the town.

"O see ye not, my merry men a',
O see ye not what I see?
Methinks I see a host of men;
I marvel who they be."

She ween'd it had been her lovely lord,
As he cam' riding hame;
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
Wha rook'd nor sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hersell,
And putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Wers round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,
Nae sooner said the grace,
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Wers lighted about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,
As fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

"Come down to me, ye lady gray,
Come down, come down to me;
This night sall ye lig within mine arms,
To-morrow my brido sall be."

"I winna come down, ye fause Gordon,
I winna come down to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,—
And he is na far frae me."

"Gie owre your house, ye lady fair,
Gie owre your house to me;
Or I sall burn yoursell therein,
But and your babies three."

"I winna gie owre, ye fause Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee;
And if ye burn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall mak' ye dree."

"Now reach my pistol, Gland, my man,
And charge ye weel my gun;
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes, we been undone!"

She stood upon her castle wa',
And let twa bulletee flee:
She mis'd that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

"Set fire to the house!" quo' fause Gordon,
Wud wi' dule and ire;
"Fause ladye, ye sall run that shot
As ye burn in the fire!"

"Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,
Lets in the reek to me?"

"And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,
To me lets in the fire?"

"Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,
Ye paid me weel my fee;
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,—
Maun either do or dee."

O then bespake her little son,
Sat on the nurse's knee:
Says, "O mithor dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smothers me."

"I wad gie a' my goud, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee."

O then bespake her daughter dear,—
She was baith jump and sma';
"O row' me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me o'er the wa'!"

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa';
But on the point o' Cordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Wheroon the red blood droops.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre;
O gin her face was wan!
He said, "Ye are the first that e'er
I wish'd aive again."

He cam' and lookit again at her;
O gin her skin was white!
"I might hae speard that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight."

"Bunk and boun, my merry man a',
For ill dooms I do guess;—
I cannot look on that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass."

"Wha looks to freits, my master dear,
Its freits will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said that Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame."

But when the ladye saw the fire
Come flaming o'er her head,
She wept, and kiss'd her children twain,
Says, "Bairns, we been but dead."

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said, "Awa', awa'!
This house o' the Rodes is a' in a flame;
I haud it time to ga'."

And this way lookit her ain dear lord,
As he camo ower the lee;
He saw his castle a' in a lowe,
Sae far as he could see.

"Put on, put on, my wighty men,
As fast as ye can dri'e!
For he that's hindmost o' the thrang
Sall ne'er get good o' me."

Then some they rade, and some they ran,
Out-ower the grass and bent;
But ere the foremost could win up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sae fast as he might dri'e;
And soon i' the Gordon's foal heast's blude
He's wroken his fair ladye.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

531.—THOMAS THE RHYMER.

True Thomas lay on Huntly bank;
A ferlie spied he wi' his ee;
There he saw a lady bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At the sett o' her horse's mane,
Hang fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee;
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth could never be."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belong to me;
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfdand,
That hither have come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I shall be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunt me."
Syne he has kiss'd her on the lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now ye mann go wi' me," she said,
"Now, Thomas, ye mann go wi' me;
And ye mann serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,
And she's ta'en Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Now, Thomas, light donn, light donn,"
she said,
"And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide ye there a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few enquire."

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across the Hly leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the road to Heaven."

"And see ye not yon bonny road
That winds about the ferry brae?
That is the road to fair Elfdand,
Where thou and I this night mann gae."

"But, Thomas, ye sall hand your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For speak ye word in Elfdand,
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of a sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae
starlight,
They waded through red blude to the
knee;

For a' the blude that's shed on the earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
"Take this for thy wages, Thomas," she
said;
"It will give thee the tongue that can
never lee."

"My tongue is my ain," then Thomas he said;
 "A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
 I neither dought to buy or sell
 At fair or tryst where I might be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!"—
 "Now haud thy peace, Thomas," she said,
 "For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
 And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;
 And till seven years were come and gane,
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

532.—THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL.

There cam' a bird out o' a bush,
 On wather for to dine;
 An' sichin' sair, says the king's dochter,
 "O wae's this heart o' mine."

He's ta'en a harp into his hand,
 He's harpit them a' seleip;
 Except it was the king's dochter,
 Wha ae wink couina get.

He's loupin on his berry-brown steed,
 Ta'en her behin' himsel;
 Then bath rade down to that watter
 That they ca' Wearie's Well.

"Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
 No harm shall thee befall;
 Oft times has I watered my steed
 Wi' the watter o' Wearie's Well."

The first step that she steppit in,
 She steppit to the knee;
 And, sichin' says this ladye fair,
 "This watter's nae for me."

"Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
 No harm shall thee befall;
 Oft times has I watered my steed
 Wi' the watter o' Wearie's Well."

The next step that she steppit in,
 She steppit to the middle;
 O, sichin' says this ladye fair,
 "I've wat my gowden girdle."

"Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
 No harm shall thee befall;
 Oft times has I watered my steed
 Wi' the watter o' Wearie's Well."

The next step that she steppit in,
 She steppit to the chin;
 O, sichin' says this ladye fair,
 "They sud gar twa luvae twin."

"Seven king's dochters I've drown'd there,
 I' the watter o' Wearie's Well;
 An' I'll mak' ye the eight o' them,
 An' ring the common bell."

"Sin' I am standin' here," she says,
 "This dowie death to dee;
 One kiss o' your comelis mouth
 I'm sure wad comfort me."

He louted him o'er his saddle bow,
 To kiss her cheek an' chin;
 She's ta'en him in her arms twa,
 An' throun him headlong in.

"Sin' seven king's daughters ye've drown'd
 there,
 I' the watter o' Wearie's Well,
 I'll mak' ye the bridegroom to them a',
 An' ring the bell mysell."

An' aye she waeled, and aye she swam,
 An' she swam to dry lan';
 An' thankit God most cheertalle,
 For the dangers she o'ercom.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

533.—LORD BEICHAN.

Lord Beichan was a noble lord,
 A noble lord of high degree;
 He shipped himself on board a ship,
 He long'd strange countrys far to see.

He sail'd east, and he sail'd west,
 Until he cam to proud Turkey;
 Where he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
 Who handled him right cruelle.

For he view'd the fashions of that land;
 Their way of worship view'd he;
 But to Mahound, or Termagant,
 Would Beichan never band a knee.

So on each shoulder they've patten a bore,
 In each bore they've patten a tyo;
 And they have made him trail the wine
 And spices on his fair body.

They've osten him in a doujon deep,
 Where he could neither hear nor see;
 For seven long year they've kept him there,
 Till he for hunger's like to dee.

And in his prison a tree there grew,
 So stout and strong there grew a tree,
 And into it was Beichan chained,
 Until his life was most weary.

This Turk he had one only daughter—
 Fairer creature did eyes ne'er see;
 And every day, as she took the air,
 Near Beichan's prison pass'd she.

And bonny, meek, and mild was she,
Tho' she was come of an ill kin;
And oft she sigh'd, she knew not why,
For him that lay the donjon in.

O! so it fell upon a day,
She heard young Beichan sadly sing;
And aye and ever in her ears,
The tones of hapless sorrow ring.

My hounds they all go masterless;
My hawks they flee from tree to tree;
My younger brother will heir my land;
Fair England again I'll never see."

And all night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking on:
She's stow'd the keys from her father's head,
And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has oped the prison doors,
I wot she opened two or three,
Ere she could come young Beichan at,
He was locked up so curiously.

But when she came young Beichan before,
Sore wondered he that maid to see!
He took her for some fair captive,—
"Fair Ladye, I pray of what countrie?"

"Have you got houses? have you got lands?
Or does Northumberland long to thee?
What would ye give to the fair young ladye
That out of prison would set you free?"

"I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland longs to me,—
I'll give them all to the ladye fair,
That out of prison will set me free.

"Near London town I have a hall,
With other castles, two or three;
I'll give them all to the ladye fair,
That out of prison will set me free."

"Give me the troth of your right hand,
The troth of it give unto me;
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me."

"I'll give thee the troth of my right hand,
The troth of it I'll freely gie;
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For kindness thou dost shew to me."

And she has bribed the proud warder,
With golden store and white money;
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice cake,
She's gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine;
And every health she drank unto him,—
"I wish, Lord Beichan, that you were mine."
And she's bidden him sometimes think on her,
That so kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from her finger,
And to Beichan half of it gave she,—
"Keep it to mind you of that love
The lady bore that set you free."

O! she took him to her father's harbour,
And a ship of fame to him gave she;
"Farewell, farewell, to you, Lord Beichan,
Shall I e'er again you see?"

"Set your foot on the good ship board,
And haste ye back to your own countrie;
And before seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me."

Now seven long years are gone and past,
And sore she longed her love to see;
For ever a voice within her breast
Said, "Beichan has broken his vow to thee!"

So she's set her foot on the good ship board,
And turned her back on her own countrie.

She sail'd east, she sail'd west,
Till to fair England's shore came she;
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the lee.

"What news, what news, thou bonnie shep-
herd?"

"What news hast thou to tell me?"
"Such news I hear, ladye," he said,
"The like was never in this countrie."

"There is a weddin' in yonder hall,
Has lasted thirty days and three;
But young Lord Beichan won't bed with his
bride,
For love of one that's ayond the sea."

She's putten her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the gold and white money;
"Here, tak' ye that, my bonnie boy,
For the good news thou tell it to me."

When she came to Lord Beichan's gate,
She tri'd softly at the pin;
And ready was the proud warder
To open and let this ladye in.

When she came to Lord Beichan's castle,
So boldly she rang the bell;
"Who's there? who's there?" cried the proud
porter,
"Who's there? unto me come tell!"

"O! is this Lord Beichan's castle?
Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he is in the hall among them all,
And this is the day of his weddin'."

"And has he wed another love?—
And has he been forgotten me?"
And, sighing, said that ladye gay,
"I wish I was in my own countrie."

And she has ta'en her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free,
"Gie him that, ye proud portèr,
And bid the bridégroom speak to me.

"Tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a cup of blood-red wine,
And not to forget the fair young lady
That did release him out of pine."

Away, and away went the proud portèr,
Away, and away, and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Beichan's presence,
Down he fell on his bended knee,
"What aileth thee, my proud portèr,
Thou art so full of courtisie?"

"I've been porter at your gates,—
It's thirty long years now, and three,
But there stands a lady at them now,
The like of her I ne'er did see.

"For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid-finger she has three;
And as much gay gold above her brow
As would an earldom buy to me;
And as much gay clothing round about her
As would buy all Northumberland."

It's out then spak' the bride's mother,—
Aye, and an angry woman was she,—
"Ye might have excepted the bonnie bride,
And two or three of our companie."

"O! hold your tongue, ye silly frow,
Of all your folly let me be;
She's ten times fairer than the bride,
And all that's in your companie.

"She asks one shoave of my lord's white
bread,
And a cup of his red, red wine;
And to remember the lady's love
That kindly freed him out of pine."

Lord Beichan then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three;
"O, well a day!" did Beichan say,
"That I so soon have married thee!
For it can be none but dear Saphia,
That's cross'd the deep for love of me!"

And quickly hied he down the stair,
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He's ta'on his bonnie love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"O! have ye taken another bride?
And have ye quite forgotten me?
And have ye quite forgotten one
That gave you life and libertie?"

She look'd o'er her left shoulder
To hide the tears stood in her ee;
"Now fare-thee-well, young Beichan," she
says,
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O! never, never, my Saphia,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dreed so much for me."

Then out and spak' the forenoon bride:
"My Lord, your love is chang'd soon;
At morning I am made your bride,
And another's chose, ere it be noon!"

"O! sorrow not, thou forenoon bride
Our hearts could ne'er united be;
Ye must return to your own countrie,
A double dower I'll send with thee."

And up and spak' the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free,—
"And so you treat my only daughter,
Because Saphia has crossed the sea."

"I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's ne'er a whit the worse for me,
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three."

He's ta'en Saphia by the white hand,
And gently led her up and down;
And aye as he kist her rosy lips,
"Ye're welcome, dear one, to your own."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane;
Her name he's chang'd from Saphia,
And he's called his bonnie love Lady Jane.

Lord Beichan prepared another marriage,
And sang with heart so full of glee,
"I'll range no more in foreign countrie,
Now since my love has crossed the sea."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

534.—LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

FIRST PART.

Over the mountains,
And under the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves,
Under floods which are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no place
For the receipt of a fly,
Where the great dace not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay,
But if Love come he will enter,
And find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child of his force,
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse;
But if he whom Love doth honour,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon him,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind,
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart, to be blind;
But if he were hidden,
Do the best you may,
Blind Love, if you so call him,
Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle
Stoop down to the nest,
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the east;
With fear the tiger's moved,
To give over her prey;
But never stop a lover,
He will find out the way.

From Dover to Berwick,
And nations thereabout,
Brave Guy, Earl of Warwick,
That champion so stout,
With his warlike behaviour,
Through the world he did stray,
To win his Phillis' favour,
Love will find out the way.

In order next enters
Bevis so brave,
After adventures
And policy brave,
To see whom he desired,
His Josian so gay,
For whom his heart was fired,
Love will find out the way.

SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot,
Which true lovers knia,
Undo it you cannot,
Nor yet break it;
Make use of your inventions,
Their fancies to betray,
To frustrate their intentions,
Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,
In bower and in hall,
From the king unto the beggar,
Love conquers all.
Though he'er so stout and loudly,
Strive or do what you may,
Yet be you he'er so hardy,
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,
And greatest emperors,
In any province,
Such is Love's power,
There is no resisting,
But him to obey;
In spite of all contesting,
Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
And all men that are,
Were strictly forbidden
That place to declare;
Winds that have no abidings,
Fighting their delay,
Would come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore.
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lead wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him,
That his true love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

535.—THE CHILDE OF ELLE.

On yonder hill a castle stands,
With walls and towers be-light,
And yonder lives the Childe of Elle,
A young and comely knight,

The Childe of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden-pale,
When, lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page
Come tripping down the dale.

The Childe of Elle he hid him thence,
I wist he stood not still,
And soon he met fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hill.

"Now Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christe thee save and see!
Oh tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may thy tidings be?"

"My lady she is all woo-begone,
And the tears they fall from her eyes;
And aye she laments the deadly feud
Between her house and thine.

"And here she sends thee a silken scarf
Bedewed with many a tear,
And bids thee sometimes think on her,
Who loved thee so dear.

"And here she sends thee a ring of gold,
The last boon thou may'st have,
And bids thee wear it for her sake,
When she is laid in grave,

"For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soon must she be,
For her father hath chose her a new new love,
And forbid her to think of thee.

"Her father hath brought her a carliah knight,
Sir John of the north country,
And within three days she must him wed,
Or he vows he will her slay."

"Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy lady from me,
And tell her that I, her own true love,
Will die, or set her free.

"Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And thy fair lady know,
This night will I be at her bower-window,
Betide me weal or woe."

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
He neither stint nor stay'd
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,
When, kneeling down, he said,

"O lady, I've been with thine own true love,
And he greets thee well by me;
This night will he be at thy bower-window,
And die or set thee free."

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep,
All save the lady Emmeline,
Who sat in her bower to weep.

And soon she heard her true love's voice

Low whispering at the wall;

"Awake, awake, my dear lady,
'Tis I, thy true love, call.

"Awake, awake, my lady dear,
Come, mount this fair palfrey:
This ladder of ropes will let thee down,
I'll carry thee hence away."

"Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
Now nay, this may not be;
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wand with thee."

"O lady, thou with a knight so true
May'st safely wend alone
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one."

"My father he is a baron bold,
Of lineage proud and high;
And what would he say if his daughter
Away with a knight should fly?

"Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meat should do him no good,
Till he had slain thee, Childe of Elle,
And seen thy dear heart's blood."

"O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And a little space him fro',
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that he could do.

"O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And once without this wall,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befall."

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lily-white hand,
And down the ladder he drew:

And thrice he clasp'd her to his breast,
And kiss'd her tenderly:
The tears that fell from her fair eyes,
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on a fair palfrey,
And along his bugle about his neck,
And roundly they rode away.

All this behoord her own damsel,
In her bed wherein she lay;
Quoth she, "My lord shall know of this,
So I shall have gold and fee.

"Awake, awake, thou baron bold!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fled with the Childe of Elle,
To do the deed of shame."

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merry men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,
Thy lady is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline scarce had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the down:

And foremost came the carliah knight,
Sir John of the north country:
"Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,
Nor carry that lady away.

"For she is come of high lineage,
And was of a lady born,
And ill it becoms thee, a false churl's son,
To carry her hence to scorn."

"Now loud thou liest, Sir John the knight,
Now thou dost lie of me;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
So never did none by thee.

"But light now down, my lady fair,
Light down, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try this arduous deed.

"But light now down, my dear lady,
Light down, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try our valour's force."

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline
And aye her heart was woe,
While 'twixt her love and the carliash knight
Past many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought so well,
As his weapon he waved amain,
That soon he had slain the carliash knight,
And laid him upon the plain.

And now the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nigh:
Ah! what may lady Emmeline do!
'Twere now no boote to fly.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soon he saw his own merry men
Come riding over the hill.

"Now hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true love's band.

"Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day:
But with such love as holy kirk
Hath freely said we may.

"O give consent she may be mine,
And bless a faithful pair:
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage fair:

"My mother she was an earl's daughter,
And a noble knight my sire"—
The baron he frowned, and turned away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

"Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me:
Trust me, but for the carliash knight,
I never had fled from thee.

"Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joy;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroy."

The baron he stroked his dark-brown cheek,
And turned his head aside
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he stood,
And mused a while apace:
Then raised fair Emmeline from the ground,
With many a fond embrace.

"Here, take her, Child of Elle," he said,
And gave her lily hand;
"Here, take my dear and only child,
And with her half my land:

"Thy father once mine honour wronged
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injury repair
In fondness for thy bride.

"And as thou love her, and hold her dear,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
And now my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovely Emmeline."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

536. — KING EDWARD IV. AND THE
TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
And blossoms bedeck the tree,
King Edward would a hunting ride,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawk and hound he made him bowne,
With horn, and eke with bow;
To Drayton Bassett he took his way,
With all his lords in a row.

And he had ridden o'er dale and down
By eight of clock in the day,
When he was 'ware of a bold tanner,
Come riding along the way.

A fair russet coat the tanner had on,
Fast buttoned under his chin;
And under him a good cow-hide,
And mare of four shilling.

"Now stand you still, my good lords all,
Under the greenwood spray;
And I will wend to yonder fellow,
To weet what he will say.

"God speed, God speed thee," said our king,
"Thou art welcome, sir," said he.
"The readiest way to Drayton Bassett
I pray thee to show to me."

"To Drayton Bassett wouldst thou go,
Fro' the place where thou dost stand?
The next pair of gallowes thou comest unto,
Tara is upon thy right hand."

"That is an unready way," said our king,
"Thou dost but jest, I see;
Now show me out the nearest way,
And I pray thee wend with me."

"Away with a vengeance!" quoth the tanner
"I hold thee out of thy way:
All day have I ridden on Brock my mare,
And I am fasting yet."

"Go with me down to Drayton Basset,
No dainties we will spare;
All day shalt thou eat and drink of the best,
And I will pay thy fare."

"Gramercy for nothing," the tanner replied,
"Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trow I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," said the king,
"And send them well to priests."
The tanner would fain have been away,
For he weened he had been a thief.

"What art thou," he said, "thou fine fellow,
Of thee I am in great fear,
For the clothes thou wearest upon thy back,
Might beseme a lord to wear."

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
"I tell you, sir, by the rood."
"Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,
And standest in midst of thy good."

"What tidings hear you," said the king,
As you ride far and near?"
"I hear no tidings, sir, by the mass,
But that cow-hides are dear."

"Cow-hides! cow-hides! what things are those?
I marvel what they be!"
"What art thou a fool?" the tanner replied;
"I carry one under me."

"What craftsman art thou?" said the king,
"I pray thee tell me true."
"I am a barker, sir, by my trade;
Now tell me what art thou?"

"I am a poor courtier, sir," quoth he,
"That am forth of service worn;
And fain I would thy prentice be,
Thy cunning for to learn."

"Marry heaven forfend," the tanner replied,
"That thou my prentice were:
Thou wouldst spend more good than I should
win
By forty shilling a year."

"Yet one thing would I," said our king,
"If thou wilt not seem strange:
Though my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I fain would change."

"Why if with me thou fain wilt change,
As change full well may we,
By the faith of my body, thou proud fellow,
I will have some boot of thee."

"That were against reason," said the king,
"I swear, so mote I thee:
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayest see."

"Yea, sir, but Brock is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare;
Thy horse is unruly and wild, I wiss;
Aye skipping here and there."

"What boot wilt thou have?" our king replied,
"Now tell me in this stound."
"No pence, nor halfpence, by my faith,
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twenty groats of white money,
Sith thou wilt have it of me."
"I would have sworn now," quoth the tanner,
"Thou hadst not had one penny."

"But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brock my mare,
Thou gettest not my cow-hide."

"I will not have it," said the king,
"I swear, so mote I thee;
Thy foul cow-hide I would not bear,
If thou wouldst give it to me."

The tanner he took his good cow-hide,
That of the cow was hilt;
And threw it upon the king's saddle,
That was so fairly gilt.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellow,
'Tis time that I were gone;
When I come home to Gylman my wife,
She'll say I am a gentleman."

When the tanner he was in the king's saddle,
And his foot in the stirrup was;
He marvelled greatly in his mind,
Whether it were gold or brass.

But when his steed saw the cow's tail wag,
And eke the black cow-horn;
He stamped, and stared, and away he ran,
As the devil had him borne.

The tanner he pulled, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pommel fast,
At length the tanner came tumbling down;
His neck he had well-nigh brast.

"Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he
said,
"With me he shall not bide."
"My horse would have borne thee well enough,
But he knew not of thy cow-hide."

"Yet if again thou fain wouldst change,
As change full well may we,
By the faith of my body, thou jolly tanner,
I will have some boot of thee."

"What boot wilt thou have," the tanner
replied,
"Now tell me in this stound?"
"No pence nor half-pence, sir, by my faith,
But I will have twenty pound."

"Here's twenty groats out of my purse;
And twenty I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;
And soon came lords, and soon came knights,
Fast riding over the hill.

"Now, out, alas!" the tanner he cried,
"That over I saw this day!
Thou art a strong thief, you come thy fellows
Will bear my cow-hide away."

"They are no thieves," the king replied,
"I swear, so mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north country,
Here come to hunt with me."

And soon before our king they came,
And knelt down on the ground:
Then might the tanner have been away,
He had lever than twenty pound.

"A collar, a collar, here!" said the king,
"A collar," he loud gan cry:
Then would he lever than twenty pound,
He had not been so nigh.

"A collar, a collar," the tanner he said,
"I trow it will breed sorrow:
After a collar cometh a halter,
I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrow."

"Be not afraid, tanner," said our king;
"I tell thee, so mote I thee,
Lo here I make thee the best esquire
That is in the north country."

"For Plumpton-park I will give thee,
With tenements fair beside:
Thy worth three hundred marks by the year,
To maintain thy good cow-hide."

"Gramercy, my liege," the tanner replied,
"For the favour thou hast me shown:
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neat's leather shall clout thy shoon."

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

537.—THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART THE FIRST.

Lithe and lister, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him fro',
And he lov'd keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I woe, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To alyw spend and never spare,
I know, an' it were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he might be bare.

So fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he mean sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen steward,
And John o' the Seales was called he:
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let naught disturb thy merry cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My land now take it unto thee:
Give me the gold, good John o' the Seales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gold-pennie;
But for every pound that John asked,
The land I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to win;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'll be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,
Both hill and hoit, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lousesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father his'nt,
"My son, when I am gone," said he,
"Thou shalt wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou shalt spend thy gold so free:"

"But swear me now upon the cross,
That lousesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou shalt there find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
"And come with me, my friends," said he,
"Let's drink, and rest, and merry make,
And he that opens, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they drunk away;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was loose, another was lead,
And another it was white money.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee."

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel grief or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And bade him sharply wend his way.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me;
For when I had my lands so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrily."

"To beg my bread from door to door,
It woe a burning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sin:
To work my limbs I cannot frame."

"Now I'll away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend."

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hid the heir of Linne
O'er hill and heit, and moor and fen,
Until he came to lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win:
But bare and loathly were the walls.
"Here's sorry cheer," quoth the heir of
Linne.

The little window dim and dark
Was hung with ivy, briar, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone;
No wholesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair nor table he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with rumming noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
Those words were written plain to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyself to penury?"

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely ahen w'! this rebuke,
Sore ahen was the heir of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was near to burst
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spak the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spak but three,
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprang aloft with his body;
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,
Nor knew if he were live or dead;
At length he looked, and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and looked it on,
Straight good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of beaten gold,
The third was full of white monny;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plain to see:

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heir of Linne;
"And let it be, but if I amend:
For here I will make my vow,
This reede shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheer,
Away then went the heir of Linne;
I wis, he neither caes'd nor blame,
Till John o' the Scales' house he did win.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere then looked he,
There sat three lords upon a row,
Were drinking of the wins so free.

And John himself sat at the board-head,
Because now lord of Linne was he.
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the
Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon;
Away, away, this may not be;
For Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"If ever I trust thee one penny."

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
"Madame, some alms on me bestow,
I pray for sweet saint Charity."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon,
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellow,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board;
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And speerist us thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be."

"And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy company:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him again:
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargain."

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better cheap,
By a hundred marks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said,
With that he cast him a gods-pennie:
"Now by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy money."

And he pull'd forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
So ahent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din:
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now again I'm the lord of Linne."

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow,
Forty pence thou shalt lend me:
Now I am again the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee."

"I'll make thee keeper of my forest,
Both of the wild deer and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellow, I were to blame."

"Now well-a-day!" saith Joan o' the Scales:
"Now well-a-day! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of Linne;
"Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said
he:

"Christ's curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

538—THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's hands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, "Full woe is me;
O, let me still sustain this kind captivity!"

"Gallant captain, show some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness.
Thou hast set this present day my body free;
But my heart in prison still remains with
thee."

"How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st at thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."

"All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous
knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully
light!"

"Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each
one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your
own."

"Best you still, most gallant lady;
Best you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often
find,
But Englishmen through all the world are
counted kind."

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my dearest:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is
pressed,
The wife of every Englishman is counted
blessed."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou
go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel in great charges,
As you know in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be
thine own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies
unknown."

"On the sea are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
"Well, in truth, I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for
these."

"Courteous lady, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds this strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in
Spain."

"O! how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love, and true affection first
commence."

"Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort take thou with
these,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for
me."

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from any company:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of
this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not
miss."

"Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish lilies wanton,
Thought to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!"
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair
lady!"

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

539.—THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN.

"O wha will shoe my bonny foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jump
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?"

"O wha will kame my yellow hair,
With a new-made silver kame?
And wha will father my young son,
Till Lord Gregory come hame?"

"Thy father will shoe thy bonny foot,
Thy mother will glove thy hand,
Thy sister will lace thy middle jump,
Till Lord Gregory come to land."

"Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame,
And God will be thy bairn's father
Till Lord Gregory oome hame."

"But I will get a bonny boat,
And I will sail the sea;
And I will gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me."

Syne she's gar'd build a bonny boat,
To sail the salt, salt sea;
The sails were o' the light green silk,
The tows o' taffety.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robber,
And a' his company.

"Now whether are ye the queen horsell,
(For so ye weal might be),
Or are ye the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory?"

"O I am neither the queen," she said,
"Nor sic I seem to be,
But I am the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory."

"O see na thou yon bonny bowser,
It's a' covered o'er wi' tin?
When thou hast sailed it round about,
Lord Gregory is within."

And when she saw the stately tower
Shining see clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,
Built on a rock of height;

Says—"Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land!
For yonder I see my love's castle
Close by the salt-sea strand."

She sailed it round, and sailed it round,
And loud, loud cried she—

"Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And set my true love free!"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane:
And lang she knocked, and sair she ca'ed,
But answer got she nane.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open and let me in!
For the wind blows through my yellow
hair,
And the rain draps o'er my chin."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Ye're no come here for good!
Ye're but some witch, or wil warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood."

"I am neither witch, nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochroyan:
O open the door to me!"

"Gin thou be Annie o' Lochroyan,
(As I trow thou binna she.)
Now tell me some o' the love tokéns
That past between thee and me."

"O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can show thee thine?"

"O yours was gude, and gude enough,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine."

"And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twined me o' my maidenheid
Right sair against my will?"

"Now, open the door, Lord Gregory,
Open the door, I pray;
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day."

"If thou be the Lass o' Lochroyan,
(As I kenna thou be.)
Tell me some mair o' the love tokéns
Past between me and thee."

Fair Annie turned her round about—
"Weel! since that it be aye,
May never a woman that has borne a son,
Hae a heart aye fou o' wae!"

"Take down, take down, that mast o' gowd!
Set up a mast o' tree!
It dinna become a foraken lady
To sail me royalie."

When the cock had crawn, and the day did
dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise him Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

"Oh I hae dreamed a dream, mother,
I wish it may prove true!
That the bonny Lass o' Lochroyan
Was at the gate e'en now."

"O I hae dreamed a dream, mother,
The thought o't gars me greet!
That fair Annie o' Lochroyan
Lay could dead at my feet."

"Gin it be for Annie o' Lochroyan
That ye make a' this din,
She stood a' last night at your door,
But I trow she wad na in."

"O wae betide ye, ill woman!
An ill deid may ye die!
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me."

O he's gane down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie,
O Annie, winna ye bide!"
But aye the mair he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie!
Dear Annie, speak to me!"
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dashed the boat on shore;
Fair Annie floated through the foam,
But the babie rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonny young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair;
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And aye he kissed her chin,
And aye he kissed her rosy lips—
There was nae breath within.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turned my true love frae my door,
Wha came aye far to me."

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turned fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me."

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

THE FOURTH PERIOD,

FROM 1649 TO 1689.

"THE forty years comprehended in this period," says Chambers, in his admirable "Cyclopaedia of English Literature," "produced some great names; but considering the mighty events which then agitated the country, and must have influenced the national feelings—such as the abolition of the ancient monarchy of England, and the establishment of the Commonwealth—there was less change in the taste and literature of the nation than might have been anticipated. Authors were still a select class, and literature, the delight of the learned and ingenious, had not become food for the multitude. The chivalrous and romantic spirit which prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, had even, before her death, begun to yield to more sober and practical views of human life and society: a spirit of inquiry was fast spreading among the people. The long period of peace under James, and the progress of commerce, gave scope to domestic improvement, and fostered the reasoning faculties and mechanical powers, rather than the imagination. The reign of Charles I., a prince of taste and accomplishments, partially revived the style of the Elizabethan era, but its lustre extended little beyond the court and the nobility. During the civil war and the protectorate, poetry and the drama were buried under the strife and anxiety of contending factions. Cromwell, with a just and generous spirit, boasted that he would make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been. He realized his wish in the naval victories of Blake, and the unquestioned supremacy of England abroad; but neither the time nor inclination of the Protector permitted him to be a patron of literature. Charles II. was better fitted for such a task, by natural powers, birth, and education; but he had imbibed a false and perverted taste, which, added to his indolent and sensual disposition, was as injurious to art and literature as to the public morals. Poetry declined from the date of the Restoration, and was degraded from a high and noble art to a mere courtly amusement, or pander to immorality. The whole atmosphere of genius was not, however, tainted by this public degeneracy. Science was assiduously cultivated, and to this period belong some of the proudest triumphs of English poetry, learning, and philosophy. Milton produced his long-cherished epic, the greatest poem which our language can boast; Butler his inimitable burlesque of Hudibras; and Dryden his matchless satire and versification. In the department of divinity, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and Tillotson, laid the sure foundations of Protestantism, and the best defences of revealed religion. In speculative philosophy, we have the illustrious name of Locke; in history and polite literature, Clarendon, Burnet, and Temple. In this period, too, Bunyan composed his inimitable religious allegory, and gave the first conspicuous example of native force of mind and powers of imagination rising successful over all the obstructions caused by a low station in life, and a miserably defective education. The world has never been, for any length of time, without some great men to guide and illuminate the onward course of society; and, happily, some of them were found at this period to serve as beacons to their contemporaries and to all future ages."

Professor Spalding, in reference to this period and a few years afterwards, states that "whether we have regard to the political, the moral, or the literary state of the nation, England resembled a fine antique garden neglected and falling into decay. A few patriarchal trees still rose green and stately; a few chance-sown flowers began to bloom in the shade: but lawn, and parterre, and alley were matted with noisome weeds, and the stagnant waters breathed out pestilential damps. When, after the Revolution, the attempt was made to re-introduce order and productiveness, many of the wild plants were allowed still to encumber the ground; and there were compartments which, worn out by the rank vegetation they had borne, became, for a time, altogether barren. In a word, the Restoration brought in evils of all kinds, many of which lingered through the age that succeeded, and others were not eradicated for several generations.

THE FOURTH PERIOD.—FROM 1649—1689.

"Of all the social mischiefs of the time, none infected literature so deeply as that depravation of morals into which the court and the aristocracy plunged, and into which so many of the people followed them. The lighter kinds of composition mirrored faithfully the surrounding blackness. The drama sank to a frightful grossness: the tone of thinking was lowered also in other walks of poetry. The coarseness of speech survived the close of the century: the cool, selfish, calculating spirit, which had been the more tolerable form of the degradation, survived, though in a mitigated degree, very much longer. This bad morality was in part attributable to a second characteristic of the time, which produced, likewise, other consequences. The reinstated courtiers imported a mania for foreign models, especially French. The favourite literary works, instead of continuing to obey native and natural impulses, were anxiously moulded on the tastes of Paris. This prevalence of exotic predilections endured for more than a century. Amidst all these and other weaknesses and blots, there was not wanting either strength or brightness. The literary career of Dryden covers the whole of our period, and marks a change which contained improvement in several features. Locke was the leader of philosophical speculation: and mathematical and physical science, little dependent on the political or moral state of the times, had its active band of distinguished votaries headed by Newton:—

"A mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone."

That philosophy and science did not even then neglect goodness or despise religion, is proved by the names which we have last read; and in many other quarters there were uttered, though to inattentive ears, stern protests against evil, which have echoed from age to age, till they reached ourselves. Those voices issued from not a few of the high places of the Church; and others were lifted up, sadly but firmly, in the midst of persecution. The Act of Uniformity, by silencing the Puritan clergy, actually gave to the ablest of them a greater power at the time, and a power which, but for this, would not so probably have bequeathed to us any record. The Nonconformists wrote and printed when they were forbidden to speak. A younger generation was growing up among them; and some of the elder ones still survived—such as the fiery Baxter, the calm Owen, and the prudent Calamy. Greatest of all, and only now reaching the climax of his strength, Milton sat in the narrow chamber of his neglected old age, bating no jot of hope, yielding no point of honesty, abjuring no word or syllable of faith, but consoling himself for the disappointments which had darkened a weary life, by consecrating its waning years, with redoubled ardour of devotion, to religion, to truth, and to the service of a remote posterity."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

In Aikin's "Select Works of the British Poets," we have the following: "Abraham Cowley, a poet of considerable distinction, was born at London, in 1618. His father, who was a grocer by trade, died before his birth; but his mother, through the interest of her friends, procured his admission into Westminster school, as a king's scholar. He has represented himself so deficient in memory, as to have been unable to retain the common rules of grammar: it is, however, certain that, by some process, he became an elegant and correct classical scholar. He early imbibed a taste for poetry; and so soon did it germinate in his youthful mind, that, while yet at school, in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, he published a collection of verses, under the appropriate title of 'Poetical Blossoms.'

"In 1636 he was elected a scholar of Trinity college, Cambridge. In this favourable situation he obtained much praise for his academical exercises; and he again appeared as an author, in a pastoral comedy, called 'Love's Riddle,' and a Latin comedy, entitled, 'Nanfragum Joculare'; the last of which was acted before the university, by the members of Trinity college. He continued to reside at Cambridge till 1643, and was a Master of Arts when he was ejected from the university by the puritanical visitors. He thence removed to Oxford, and fixed himself in St. John's college. It was here that he engaged actively in the royal cause, and was present in several of the king's journeys and expeditions, but in what quality does not appear. He ingratiated himself, however, with the principal persons about the court, and was

particularly honoured with the friendship of Lord Falkland.

"When the events of the war obliged the queen-mother to quit the kingdom, Cowley accompanied her to France, and obtained a settlement at Paris, in the family of the Earl of St. Alban's. During an absence of nearly ten years from his native country, he took various journeys into Jersey, Scotland, Holland, and Flanders; and it was principally through his instrumentality that a correspondence was maintained between the king and his consort. The business of cyphering and decyphering their letters was entrusted to his care, and often occupied his nights, as well as his days. It is no wonder that, after the Restoration, he long complained of the neglect with which he was treated. In 1656, having no longer any affairs to transact abroad, he returned to England; still, it is supposed, engaged in the service of his party, as a medium of secret intelligence. Soon after his arrival, he published an edition of his poems, containing most of those which now appear in his works. In a search for another person, he was apprehended by the messengers of the ruling powers, and committed to custody; from which he was liberated, by that generous and learned physician, Dr. Scarborough, who bailed him in the sum of a thousand pounds. This, however, was possibly the sum at which he was rated as a physician, a character he assumed by virtue of a degree which he obtained, by mandamus, from Oxford, in December, 1657.

"After the death of Cromwell, Cowley returned to France, and resumed his station as an agent in the royal cause, the hopes of which now began to revive. The Restoration reinstated him, with other royalists, in his own country; and he naturally expected a reward for his long services. He had been promised, both by Charles I. and Charles II., the Mastership of the Savoy, but was unsuccessful in both his applications. He had also the misfortune of displeasing his party, by his revived comedy of *The Cutter of Coleman-street*, which was construed as a satire on the cavaliers. At length, through the interest of the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Alban's, he obtained a lease of a farm at Chertsey, held under the queen, by which his income was raised to about £300 per annum. From early youth a country retirement had been a real or imaginary object of his wishes; and, though a late eminent critic and moralist, who had himself no sensibility to rural pleasures, treats this taste with severity and ridicule, there seems little reason to decry a propensity, nourished by the favourite strains of poets, and natural to a mind long tossed by the anxieties of business, and the vicissitudes of an unsettled condition.

"Cowley took up his abode first at Barncliff, on the banks of the Thames; but this

place not agreeing with his health, he removed to Chertsey. Here his life was soon brought to a close. According to his biographer, Dr. Sprat, the fatal disease was an affection of the lungs, the consequence of staying too late in the fields among his labourers. Dr. Warton, however, from the authority of Mr. Spence, gives a different account of the matter. He says, that Cowley, with his friend Sprat, paid a visit on foot to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chertsey, which they prolonged, in free conviviality, till midnight; and that missing their way on their return, they were obliged to pass the night under a hedge, which gave to the poet a severe cold and fever, which terminated in his death. He died on July 28, 1667, and was interred, with a most honourable attendance of persons of distinction, in Westminster-abbey, near the remains of Chaucer and Spenser. King Charles II. pronounced his eulogy, by declaring, "that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

"At the time of his death, Cowley certainly ranked as the first poet in England; for Milton lay under a cloud, nor was the age qualified to taste him. And although a large portion of Cowley's celebrity has since vanished, there still remains enough to raise him to a considerable rank among the British poets. It may be proper here to add, that as a prose-writer, particularly in the department of essays, there are few who can compare with him in elegant simplicity." See Baxter's Prefatory Address to his *"Poetical Fragments"*; Dr. Johnson's *"Lives of the English Poets"*; Macaulay's *"Miscellanies"*; Allibone's *"Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."*; Dr. Angus's *"Handbook of English Lit."*; Chambers's *"Cycl. Eng. Lit."*

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

He was by far the greatest writer of the Anglican Church at this period. Shaw thus speaks the unanimous opinion of all scholars and all Christian men and women. "He was of good but decayed family, his father having exercised the humble calling of a barber at Cambridge, where his illustrious son was born in 1613. The boy received a sound education at the Grammar-School founded by Perse, then recently opened in that town, and afterwards studied at Caius College, where his talents and learning soon made him conspicuous. He took holy orders at an unusually early age, and is said to have attracted by his youthful eloquence, and by his 'graceful and pleasant air,' the notice of Archbishop Laud, the celebrated Primate and Minister, to whose narrow-minded bigotry and tyrannical indifference to the state of religious opinion among his countrymen so much of the confusion of those days is to be ascribed.

land, who was struck with Taylor's merit as an earnest preacher by the actors, made the young friend one of his disciples, and proposed to him to take up his abode in the City of Oxford. His answer was, "I have no objection, but he stood higher in the favour of the Cavaliers and the Court. He served, as chaplain, in the Royalist army, and was taken prisoner in 1644 at the action fought under the walls of Cardigan Castle; but he confessed that on this occasion, as well as on several others when he fell into the power of the triumphant party of the Parliament, he was withheld from profaneness, during the heat of the strife, and honourably so both parties and as a man of high talents and great great national respect, he was never of the many impositions of such noble consequence. The King's cause growing desperate, Taylor at last retired from it, and Charles, on taking leave of him, made him a present of his watch. Taylor then placed himself under the protection of his friend Lord Gurbury, and resided for some time at the seat of Golden Grove, belonging to that noblesman, in Camberwell-Parish. Taylor was twice married; first to Phoebe Langdale, who died early, and afterwards to Joanna Hildrop, a natural daughter of Charles I., with whom he enjoyed some fortune. He was buried in his parish, but two sons having been born to him, he was buried in the church of St. Andrew, in London, where he performed the pastoral functions at Licham. On the Restoration his services and writings were searched with the strictness of Deans and Council, and during the short time he held that post, he exhibited the brightest qualities that can adorn the episcopal dignity. He died at Licham of a fever, in 1667, and left behind him a high reputation for piety, industry, and learning.—All the versions of a Cavalier Bishop.

"Taylor's works are very numerous and varied in subject: I will content myself with mentioning the principal, and then endeavour to give a general explication of his genius. In the controversial department his best-known work is the *Libertus*. (See the *Library of Pugh's Works*), which was undertaken to order by the general profusion of religious pamphlets and the right of all Churches to undertake in the exercise of their worship. This tract in

the first example set and systematic defence of the great principle of religious toleration; and in it Taylor shows how necessary it is not only to the spirit of Christianity but even to the preservation of a species of civility which is the province of an episcopate. The object of some the argument, though of universal application, was intended by Taylor to secure tranquillity for what had some been the dominion of England, but which was now protracted and possessed by the rampant violence of the sectaries. An 'Apology for Freed and Set Forms of Worship,' was an elaborate defence of the noble ritual of the Anglican Church. Among his works of a disciplinary and practical tendency I may mention his 'Life of Christ, the great Pattern,' in which the life and character of the Redeemer is exhibited in a eminent narrative. His most popular of Taylor's writings are the two admirable treatises, 'On the Role and Exercise of Holy Living,' and 'On the Role and Exercise of Holy Dying,' which mutually correspond to and complete each other, and which form an Institute of Christian Life and conduct, adapted to every conceivable circumstance and station of human existence. The doctrinal work has enjoyed in England a popularity which is equal to that of the *Barrenness of the Earth*, among Catholics; a feeling of the same kind, among Calvinists, and meeting. The best admissible of his numerous writings, and his only one in which he departed from the usual forms of courtesy and fairness, was his 'Lectur Debeatissimus,' a treatise of questions of controversy. His 'Sermons' are very numerous, and are among the most elegant, learned, and powerful that the whole range of Protestantism—may, the whole range of Christianity—literature has produced. As his character, so in his writings Taylor is full of an noble sense of the distance between the grossest formalism of Calvinistic theology, and our great ecclesiastical writers exhibit the same of consequence leaving only practical simplicity and fervour.

"Taylor's style, though occasionally over-embellished with erudition and marked by that elegant but of questions of that address to himself and his readers. The materials he draws from the whole range of nature as well as sacred literature, and are fused together into a rich and gorgeous study by the use of an unimagined imagination. He goes to some, including than that of the great writer; his periods, though often immeasurably long, and involving, in a sense of subordinate clauses and illustrations, a train of thought and comparison, are strikingly easy of recollection, and on with a not yet mighty sound, effect his effect something of the embalmment of verse. His his

From 1649 to 1689.]

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

been called by the critic Jeffrey, 'the most Shaksperian of our great divines'; but it would be more appropriate to compare him with Spenser. He has the same pictorial fancy, the same voluptuous and languishing harmony; but if he can in any respect be likened to Shakspeare, it is firstly in the vividness of intellect which leads him to follow, digressively, the numberless secondary ideas that spring up as he writes, and often lead him apparently far away from his point of departure, and, secondly, the preference he shows for drawing his illustrations from the simplest and most familiar objects, from the opening rose, the infant streamlet, 'the little rings and wanton tendrils of the vine,' the morning song of the soaring lark, or the 'fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood.' Like Shakspeare, too, he knows how to paint the terrible and the sublime no less than the tender and the affecting; and his description of the horror of the Judgment-Day is no less powerful than his exquisite portraiture of married love. Nevertheless, with Spenser's sweetness he has occasionally something of the insidious and enervate languor of Spenser's style. He had studied the Fathers so intensely that he had become infected with something of that lavish and Oriental imagery which many of those great writers exhibited—many of whom, it should be remembered, were Orientals not only in their style, but in their origin. Taking his personal character and his writings together, Jeremy Taylor may be called the English Fénelon; but in venturing to make this parallel, we must not forget that each of these excellent writers and admirable men possessed the characteristic features of his respective country; if Fénelon's productions, like those of Taylor, are distinguished by their sweetness, that sweetness is allied in the former to the neat, clear, precise expression which the French literature derives not only from the classical origin of the language, but from the antique writers who have always been set up as models for French imitation; while Jeremy Taylor, with a sweetness not inferior, owes that quality to the same rich and poetic susceptibility to natural beauty that gives such a matchless colouring to the English poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

HENRY VAUGHAN.

"Vaughan was born in Wales, on the banks of the Usk, in Brecknockshire, in 1614. His father was a gentleman, but, we presume, poor, as his son was bred to a profession. Young Vaughan became first a lawyer, and then a physician; and we suppose, had it not been for his advanced life, he would have become latterly a clergyman, since he grew, when old, exceedingly devout. In life, he was

not fortunate, and we find him, like Chamberlayne, complaining bitterly of the poverty of the poetical tribe. In 1651, he published a volume of verse, in which nascent exaltance struggles with dim obscurities, like a young moon with heavy clouds. But his 'Silix Scintillans,' or 'Sacred Poems,' produced in later life, attests at once the depth of his devotion, and the truth and originality of his genius. He died in 1695.

"Campbell, always prone to be rather severe on pious poets, and whose taste, too, was final at times, says of Vaughan—"He is one of the harsher even of the inferior order of the school of conceit; but he has some few scattered thoughts that meet the eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild flowers on a barren heath." Surely this is rather 'harsh' judgment. At the same time, it is not a little laughable to find that Campbell has himself appropriated one of these 'wild flowers.' In his beautiful 'Rainbow,' he cries—

'How came the world's gray fathers
forth
To mark thy sacred sign!'

Vaughan had said—

'How bright wert thou when Shew's
admiring eye
Thy burnished flaming arch did first
descry;
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abraham,
Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one
knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every
hour
For thy new light, and trampled at each
shower!'

Indeed, all Campbell's 'Rainbow' is just a reflection of Vaughan's, and reminds you of those faint, pale shadows of the heavenly bow you sometimes see in the darkened and disarranged skies of spring. To steal from, and then strike down, the victim, is more suitable to robbers than to poets.

"Perhaps the best criticism on Vaughan may be found in the title of his own poems, 'Silix Scintillans.' He had a good deal of the dulness and hardness of the flint about his mind, but the influence of poverty and suffering,—for true it is that

'Wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach
in song;—

and latterly the power of a gemina, though somewhat narrow piety, struck out glorious scintillations from the bare but rich rock. He ranks with Crashaw, Quarles, and Herbert, as one of the best of our early religious poets; like them in their faults, and superior to all

of them in refinement and beauty, if not in strength of genius."—Giffilan's "Specimens with Memoirs of the Less-known British Poets," vol. ii., pp. 231-2. See R. Aris Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets"; Dr. Angus's "Handbook of Eng. Lit."

THOMAS STANLEY.

Thomas Stanley, born 1625, died 1678, the learned editor of *Æschylus*, and author of the "History of Philosophy." He made poetical versions of considerable neatness from Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus, and the "Kisses" of Scævola. He also translated from Tristan, Marino, Boccaccio, and Gongora. Campbell's "Spec. Eng. Poets," p. 267.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Richard Baxter, born 1615, died 1691. We cannot do better than give the admirable article on this great and good man, written by the Rev. Dr. Angus in the "Handbook of English Literature."

"Baxter was born in Shropshire, and was educated in the free school of Worcester, and afterwards under the care of Mr. Wickstead, of Ludlow. There, a large library was accessible to him—the only advantage he seems to have gained from Mr. Wickstead's tuition. After receiving ordination from the Bishop of Worcester, he obtained employment as schoolmaster at Dudley, and there he preached his first sermon. He was never at college: like Erasmus and Scaliger, and Andrew Fuller and Carey, he was his own teacher: 'my faults,' said he to Anthony Wood, who had written to ask whether he was an Oxonian, 'are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none: weakness and pain helped me to study how to die: that set me on studying how to live, and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts: beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and am now going to see that for which I have lived and studied.' To feeble health and protracted suffering he was indebted for much of his earnestness and wisdom.

"In 1640 he removed to Kidderminster, where he laboured, with a slight interruption caused by the Civil War, for sixteen years. In that town he illustrated by his life his own book, 'The Reformed Pastor,' teaching men from house to house, and warning them day and night with tears: his memory is still fragrant there.

"At the outbreak of the Civil War he sided on the whole with the parliament: more

accurately he may be said to have been the friend of the Constitution, against both the great parties, and, as might have been expected, he was blamed by both. After the battle of Edgehill, during which he was preaching for his friend Samuel Clarke, of Abcote, he accepted the chaplaincy of Colonel Whalley's regiment, and continued to discharge the duties of his office with earnestness and popularity. He soon found it, however, no congenial post: he distrusted Cromwell, and was grieved with the narrow views of some of the leaders. At length his health failed: 'it pleased God to take him from all public employments.' The leisure which his illness secured him he used in collecting and writing down his thoughts of that country upon the borders of which he seemed to stand. How touching is the whole scene! The woe-enfeebled man gathers up his feet expecting to die; the din of battle is still in his ears, around him is a suffering country and a distracted Church: he turns his thoughts to the better land. The whole picture is a repetition of the Pilgrim's visit to the Delectable Mountains, where the eye could trace the outlines of the New Jerusalem, and the ear already caught the music of the harping of the many harpers. The night he saw and the sounds he heard he has recorded in the 'Saint's Everlasting Rest,' one of the most useful and popular of his works.

"Soon after this illness he visited London for medical advice, and preached before the Parliament on the day preceding the vote that was to bring back King Charles. At the Restoration he was offered a bishopric, but felt compelled, on conscientious grounds, to decline it. He preached for some time under the protection of a licence granted by Sheldon, and at length a chapel was built for him in Oxendon Street: there he ministered but once, when the arm of the law closed the place. Under the various Acts of Parliament passed in the reign of Charles II. he was several times imprisoned, his library was sold, and he was driven, a feeble aged man, from place to place, without a home. In 1685 he was, on frivolous grounds, condemned by the infamous Jeffreys for sedition, but by the king's favour the fine inflicted by the sentence was remitted. The last years of his life were spent more peacefully: he died in Charter-house Yard, in 1691, reckoning among his personal friends Barrow, Wilkins, and Hale. A few years after his death there was published 'A Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times,' a highly instructive volume, and a great favourite with Dr. Johnson and with Coleridge, both of whom praise its sincerity and substantial truthfulness.

"Besides the works already mentioned, Baxter is the author of 'A Call to the Unconverted to Turn and Live,' one of the most impressive volumes ever written: twenty

thousand copies are said to have been sold in the first year after it was published.

"Barter's example is one of the most instructive in our literature. With him activity was a passion. Sometimes the devoted friend, oftener the victim, of the ruling powers, he was at the same time a voluminous writer and a laborious pastor. Three-and-twenty octavo volumes of practical writings, such, Barrow says, as were never mended, forty more of controversy and personal history, attest his diligence in one department; hundreds of visits paid to his parishioners, and prolonged conversations with each of them, attest it in another. He did the work of a city missionary at Kidderminster, and wrote more pages than many students now read.

"And all this was done amid great bodily weakness. He entered the ministry with what would now be called the symptoms of a confirmed consumption: he ceased ever living upon the brink of the grave. Great energy or noble achievement was hardly to be looked for from such a sufferer: had he spent his time in telling his ailments, had he even retired from the field to the hospital, it would be easy to find circumstances to excuse, if not to justify, such a course. But instead of yielding to selfish complaint or valetudinarian indolence, he manfully held on his way, a cheerful traveller to the very close. 'In deaths oft' he was also 'in labours more abundant.' There is a shorter road to repose amid bodily afflictions than talking of them, and that road Barter found.

"His books have been warmly praised by Flavel and Usher, by Manton and Doddridge, by Addison and Johnson. Wilberforce deemed them 'a treasury of Christian wisdom,' and the man himself among 'the highest ornaments of the Church of England.' The style is one of the finest specimens of direct masculine English, and is a model for all who wish to talk to people instead of talking at them or before them: every sentence strikes home. His life, written by Orme, has been prefixed to the last collected edition of his practical works, and a genial review of his character and labours may be seen in the 'Essays' of Sir James Stephen."

See an article in Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.," of very great merit, and which places the subject in every point of view. All we know of Barter redounds to his praise: a more godly man never lived.

GEORGE DIGBY.

George Digby, Earl of Bristol, born 1612, died 1676. His father was first ambassador to Spain, and our poet was born at Madrid. He seems to have published speeches; "Elvira," a comedy, and a few other works. Horace

Walpole says of him that he was "a singular person, whose life was a contradiction." See Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors"; "Athen. Oxon.;" "Biog. Brit.;" Ep. Warburton's "Introduct. to Julian."

HENRY MORE.

Henry More, born 1614, died 1687. "Dr. Henry More was the son of a respectable gentleman at Grantham, in Lincolnshire. He spent the better part of a long and intensely studious life at Cambridge, refusing even the mastership of his college, and several offers of preferment in the Church, for the sake of unbroken leisure and retirement. In 1640 he composed his *Psychozoia, or Life of the Soul*, which he afterwards republished with other pieces, in a volume entitled '*Philosophical Poems*.' Before the appearance of the former work he had studied the Platonic writers and mystic divines, till his frame had become emaciated, and his faculties had been strained to such enthusiasm, that he began to talk of holding supernatural communications, and imagined that his body exhaled the perfume of violets. With the exception of these innocent reveries, his life and literary character were highly respectable. He corresponded with Des Cartes, was the friend of Cudworth, and as a divine and moralist was not only popular in his own time, but has been mentioned with admiration both by Addison and Blair. In the heat of rebellion he was spared even by the fanatics, who, though he refused to take the covenant, left him to dream with Plato in his academic bower. As a poet he has woven together a singular texture of Gothic fancy and Greek philosophy, and made the Christiano-Platonic system of metaphysics a ground-work for the fables of the nursery. His verification, though he tells us that he was won to the Muses in his childhood by the melody of Spenser, is but a faint echo of the Spenserian tune. In fancy he is dark and lethargic. Yet his '*Psychozoia*' is not a common-place production: a certain solemnity and earnestness in his tone leaves an impression that he 'believed the magic wonders which he sung.' His poetry is not, indeed, like a beautiful landscape on which the eye can repose, but may be compared to some curious grotto, whose gloomy labyrinths we might be curious to explore for the strange and mystic associations they excite."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 297.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Sir John Denham, born 1615, died 1668. "He was the son of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and a supporter of

Charles I. Though a poet of the secondary order, when regarded in connection with Cowley, one work of his, "Cooper's Hill," will always occupy an important place in any account of the English literature of the seventeenth century. This place it owes not only to its specific merits, but also in no mean degree to the circumstance that this poem was the first work in a peculiar department which English writers afterwards cultivated with great success, and which is, I believe, almost exclusively confined to our literature. This department is what may be called local or topographic poetry, and in it the writer chooses some individual scene as the object round which he is to accumulate his descriptive or contemplative passages. Denham selected for this purpose a beautiful spot near Richmond on the Thames, and in the description of the scene itself, as well as in the reflections it suggests, he has risen to a noble elevation. Four lines, indeed, in which he expresses the hope that his own verse may possess the qualities which he attributes to the Thames, will be quoted again and again as one of the finest and most felicitous passages of verse in any language."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 184-5. He was regarded with great esteem by Waller, Prior, Dryden, Watson, and Johnson.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

William Chamberlayne, born 1619, died 1690. He was a native of Dorsetshire, a soldier, physician, and poet. He published "Love's Victory," a tragi-comedy, in 1658. A portion of this appeared on the stage in 1678, under the title of "Wits Led by the Nose, or a Poet's Revenge." In 1659 appeared his "Pharonnida," a heroic poem. Campbell writes of this work—

"His 'Pharonnida,' which Langbaine says has nothing to recommend it, is one of the most interesting stories that was ever told in verse, and contained so much amusing matter as to be made into a prose novel in the reign of Charles II. What Dr. Johnson said unjustly of Milton's Comus, that it was like gold hid under a rock, may unfortunately be applied with too much propriety to 'Pharonnida.' Never, perhaps, was so much beautiful design in poetry marred by infelicity of execution: its ruggedness of versification, abrupt transitions, and a style that is at once slovenly and quaint, perpetually interrupt in enjoying the splendid figures and spirited passages of this romantic tablet, and make us catch them only by glimpses. I am well aware that from a story so closely interwoven a few selected passages, while they may be more than sufficient to exemplify the faults, are not

enough to discover the full worth of Chamberlayne. His sketches, already imperfect, must appear still more so in the shape of fragments; we must peruse the narrative itself to appreciate the rich breadth and variety of its scenes, and we must perhaps acustom our vision to the thick medium of its unsmooth style to enjoy the power and pathos of his characters and situations. Under all the defects of the poem, the reader will then indeed feel its unfinished hints affect the heart and dilate the imagination. From the fate of Chamberlayne a young poet may learn one important lesson, that he who neglects the subsidiary graces of taste has every chance of being neglected by posterity, and that the pride of genius must not prompt him to disdain the study of harmony and of style."

EDMUND WALLER.

"Edmund Waller, born at Colleshill, Hertfordshire, in March, 1605, was the son of Robert Waller, Esq., a gentleman of an ancient family and good fortune, who married a sister of the celebrated John Hampden. The death of his father during his infancy left him heir to an estate of £3,500 a year, at that period an ample fortune. He was educated first at Eton, whence he was removed to King's College, Cambridge. His election to Parliament was as early as between his sixteenth or seventeenth year; and it was not much later that he made his appearance as a poet; and it is remarkable that a copy of verses which he addressed to Prince Charles, in his eighteenth year, exhibits a style and character of versification as perfectly formed as those of his matured productions. He again served in Parliament before he was of age; and he continued his services to a later period. Not inconsiderable of the value of wealth, he augmented his paternal fortune by marriage with a rich city heiress. In the long intermissions of Parliament which occurred after 1628, he retired to his mansion of Beaconsfield, where he continued his classical studies, under the direction of his kinsman Morley, afterwards bishop of Winchester; and he obtained admission to a society of able men and polite scholars, of whom Lord Falkland was the connecting medium.

"Waller became a widower at the age of twenty-five; he did not, however, spend much time in mourning, but declared himself the son of Lady Dorothea Sydney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he has immortalized under the poetical name of Sapphira. He is described by him as a majestic and successful beauty; and he seems to delight none in her company, the further Amoret, who is supposed to have been a Lady Sophia Murray. Neither of these ladies, how-

ever, was won by his poetic strains; and, like another man, he consoled himself in a second marriage.

"When the king's necessities compelled him, in 1640, once more to apply to the representatives of the people, Waller, who was returned for Agmondesham, decidedly took part with the members who thought that the address of grievances should precede a vote for supplies; and he made an energetic speech on the occasion. He continued during these years to vote in general with the Opposition in the Long Parliament, but did not enter into all their measures. In particular, he employed much cool argument against the proposal for the abolition of Episcopacy; and he spoke with freedom and severity against some other plans of the House. In fact, he was at length become a zealous loyalist in his inclinations; and his conduct under the difficulties into which this attachment involved him became a source of his indelible disgrace. A short narrative will suffice for the elucidation of this matter.

"Waller had a brother-in-law, named Tomkyns, who was clerk of the queen's council, and possessed great influence in the city among the warm loyalists. On consulting together, they thought it would be possible to raise a powerful party, which might oblige the Parliament to adopt pacific measures, by resisting the payment of the taxes levied for the support of the war. About this time Sir Nicholas Crispe formed a design of more dangerous import, which was that of exciting the king's friends in the city to an open resistance of the authority of Parliament; and for that purpose he obtained a commission of array from his majesty. This plan appears to have been originally unconnected with the other; yet the commission was made known to Waller and Tomkyns, and the whole was compounded into a horrid and dreadful plot. Waller and Tomkyns were apprehended, when the pusillanimity of the former disclosed the whole secret. 'He was so confounded with fear,' (says Lord Clarendon), 'that he confessed whatever he had heard, said, thought, or seen, all that he knew of himself, and all that he suspected of others, without concealing any person, of what degree or quality soever, or any discourse which he had ever upon any occasion entertained with them.' The conclusion of this business was, that Tomkyns, and Chaloner, another conspirator, were hanged, and that Waller was expelled the House, tried, and condemned; but after a year's imprisonment, and a fine of ten thousand pounds, was suffered to go into exile. He chose Rome for his first place of foreign exile, where he lived with his wife till his removal to Paris. In that capital he maintained the appearance of a man of fortune and entertained hospitably, supporting this style of living chiefly by the sale of his wife's jewels. At length, after the lapse of ten

years, being reduced to what he called his rump jewel, he thought it time to apply for permission to return to his own country. He obtained this licence, and was also restored to his estate, though now diminished to half its former rental. Here he fired his abode, at a house built by himself, at Beconsfield; and he renewed his courtly state by admission to Cromwell, now Protector, whom his mother was related. To this latter the noblest tribute of his muse was paid.

"When Charles II. was restored to the crown, and past character was, lightly regarded, the stains of that of Waller were forgotten, and his wit and poetry procured him notice at court, and admission to the highest circles. He had also sufficient interest to obtain a seat in the House of Commons in all the parliaments of that reign. The king's gracious manners emboldened him to ask for the vacant place of steward of Eton College, which was granted him; but Lord Clarendon, then Lord Chancellor, refused to set the seal to the grant, alleging that by the statutes laymen were excluded from that provostship. This was thought the reason why Waller joined the Duke of Buckingham in his hostility against Clarendon.

"On the accession of James II., Waller, then in his 80th year, was chosen representative for Saltsah. Having now considerably passed the usual limit of human life, he turned his thoughts to devotion, and composed some divine poems, the usual task in which men of gaiety terminate their career. He died at Beconsfield in October, 1687, in the 83rd year of his age. He left several children by his second wife, of whom the inheritor of his estate Edmund, after representing Agmondesham in Parliament, became a convert to Quakerism.

"Waller was one of the earliest poets who obtained reputation by the sweetness and sweetness of his strains; and there are perhaps few masters at the present day who surpass him in this particular."—Aikin's "select Works of the British Poets," pp. 142-3.

JOHN MILTON.

"John Milton, a poet of the first rank in our language, was descended from an ancient family, settled at Milton, in Oxfordshire. His father, whose desertion of the Roman Catholic faith was the cause of his disinheritance, settled in London as a scrivener, and marrying a woman of good family, had two sons and a daughter. John, the eldest son, was born in Bread Street, on December 9, 1608. He received the rudiments of learning from a domestic tutor, Thomas Young, afterwards chaplain to the English merchants at Hamburg, whose merits are gratefully commemorated by

his pupil in a Latin elegy. At a proper age he was sent to St. Paul's School, and there began to distinguish himself by his intense application to study, as well as by his poetical talents. In his sixteenth year he was removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted a pensioner, under the tuition of Mr. W. Chappell.

"Of his course of studies in the university, little is known; but it appears, from several exercises preserved in his works, that he had acquired extraordinary skill in writing Latin verses, which are of a purer taste than any preceding compositions of the kind by English scholars. He took his degrees both of Bachelor and Master of Arts; the latter in 1632, when he left Cambridge. He renounced his original intention of entering the Church, for which he has given as a reason, that, 'coming to some maturity of years, he had perceived what tyranny had invaded it,' which denotes a man early habituated to think and act for himself.

"He now returned to his father, who had retired from business to a villa near Horton, in Buckinghamshire; and he there passed five years in the study of the best Roman and Grecian authors, and in the composition of some of his finest miscellaneous poems. This was the period of his 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso'; his 'Comus' and 'Lycidas.' That his learning and talents had at this time attracted considerable notice, appears from an application made to him from the Bridgewater family, which produced his admirable masque of 'Comus,' performed in 1634 at Ludlow Castle, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then Lord President of Wales; and also by his 'Arcades,' part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, by some of her family.

"In 1638 he obtained his father's leave to improve himself by foreign travel, and set out for the Continent. Passing through France, he proceeded to Italy, and spent a considerable time in that seat of the arts and of literature. At Naples he was kindly received by Masco, Marquis of Villa, who had long before deserved the gratitude of poets by his patronage of Tasso; and, in return for a laudatory distich of Masco, Milton addressed to him a Latin poem of great elegance. He left Italy by the way of Geneva, where he contracted an acquaintance with two learned divines, John Diodati and Frederic Spanheim; and he returned through France, having been absent about a year and three months.

"On his arrival, Milton found the nation agitated by civil and religious disputes, which threatened a crisis; and as he had expressed himself impatient to be present on the theatre of contention, it has been thought extraordinary that he did not immediately place himself in some active station. But his turn was not military; his fortune precluded a seat in Parliament; the pulpit he had declined; and for the bar he had made no preparation. His

taste and habits were altogether literary; for the present, therefore, he fixed himself in the metropolis, and undertook the education of his sister's two sons, of the name of Phillips. Soon after, he was applied to by several parents to admit their children to the benefit of his tuition. He therefore took a commodious house in Aldersgate Street, and opened an academy. Disapproving the plan of education in the public schools and universities, he deviated from it as widely as possible. He put into the hands of his scholars, instead of the common classics, such Greek and Latin authors as treated on the arts and sciences, and on philosophy; thus expecting to instil the knowledge of things with that of words. We are not informed of the result of his plan; but it will appear singular that one who had himself drunk so deeply at the Muses' fount should withhold the draught from others. We learn, however, that he performed the task of instruction with great assiduity.

"Milton did not long suffer himself to lie under the reproach of having neglected the public cause in his private pursuits; and, in 1641, he published four treatises relative to church government, in which he gave the preponderance to the presbyterian form above the episcopalian. Resuming the same controversy in the following year, he numbered among his antagonists such men as Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher. His father, who had been disturbed by the king's troops, now came to live with him; and the necessity of a female head of such a house, caused Milton, in 1643, to form a connection with the daughter of Richard Powell, Esq., a magistrate of Oxfordshire. This was, in several respects, an unhappy marriage; for his father-in-law was a zealous royalist, and his wife had accustomed herself to the jovial hospitality of that party. She had not, therefore, passed above a month in her husband's house, when, having procured an invitation from her father, she went to pass the summer in his mansion. Milton's invitations for her return were treated with contempt; upon which, regarding her conduct as a desertion which broke the nuptial contract, he determined to punish it by repudiation. In 1644 he published a work on 'The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorces'; and, in the next year, it was followed by 'Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage.' He further reduced his doctrine into practice, by paying his addresses to a young lady of great accomplishments; but, as he was paying a visit to a neighbour and kinsman, he was surprised with the sudden entrance of his wife, who threw herself at his feet, and implored forgiveness. After a short struggle of resentment, he took her to his bosom; and he sealed the reconciliation by opening his house to her father and brothers, when they had been driven from home by the triumph of the republican arms.

"In the progress of Milton's prose works, it will be right to mention his 'Areopagitica; a Speech of Mr. John Milton, for the Liberty of Unincensured Printing,'—a work published in 1644, written with equal spirit and ability, and which, when reprinted in 1738, was affirmed by the editor to be the best defence that had ever then appeared of that essential article of public liberty. In the following year he took care that his poetical character should not be lost to the world, and published his 'Juvenile Poems,' Latin and English.

"Milton's principles of the origin and end of government carried him to a full approbation of the trial and execution of the king; and, in order to conciliate the minds of the people to that act, he published, early in 1649, a work, entitled, 'The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates; proving that it is lawful, and hath been so hold through all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a tyrant or wicked king; and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary magistrates have neglected or denied to do it.' Certainly, it would not be easy to express, in stronger terms, an author's resolution to leave no doubts concerning his opinion on this important topic. His appointment to the Latin Secretaryship to the Council of State was, probably, the consequence of his decision.

"The learned Frenchman, Salmasius, or Saumaise, having been hired by Charles II., while in Holland, to write a work in favour of the royal cause, which he entitled 'Defensio Regia,' Milton was employed to answer it; which he did in 1651, by his celebrated 'Defensio pro Populo Anglicano,' in which he exercised all his powers of Latin rhetoric, both to justify the republican party, and to confound and vilify the famous scholar against whom he took up the pen. By this piece he acquired a high reputation both at home and abroad; and he received a present of a thousand pounds from the English government. His book went through several editions; while, on the other hand, the work of Salmasius was suppressed by the States of Holland, in whose service he lived as a professor at Leyden.

"Milton's intense application to study had, for some years preceding, brought on an affection of the eyes which gradually impaired his sight; and, before he wrote his 'Defensio,' he was warned by his physicians that the effort would probably end in total blindness. This opinion was soon after justified by a gutta serena which seized both his eyes, and subjected the remainder of his life to those privations which he has so feelingly described in some passages of his poems. His intellectual powers, however, suffered no eclipse from this loss of his sensitive faculties; and he pursued without intermission both his official and his controversial occupations. Cromwell, about this time, having assumed the supreme power, with the title of Pro-

tector, Milton acted with a subservience towards this usurper which is the part of his conduct that it is the most difficult to justify. It might have been expected, that when the wisest and most conscientious of the republicans had become sensible of his arts, and opposed his ambitious projects, the mind of Milton would neither have been blinded by his hypocrisy, nor overawed by his power. Possibly the real cause of his predilection for Cromwell, was that he saw no refuge from the intolerance of the Presbyterians, but in the moderation of the Protector. And, in fact, the very passage in which he addresses him with the loftiest encomium, contains a free and noble exhortation to him to respect that public liberty, of which he appeared to be the guardian.

"Cromwell at length died; and so zealous and sanguine was Milton, to the very last, that one of his latest political productions was, 'A ready and easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth.' It was in vain, however, to contend, by pamphlets, with the national inclination; and Charles II. returned in triumph. Milton was discharged from his office, and lay for some time concealed in the house of a friend. The House of Commons desired that his Majesty would issue a proclamation to call in Milton's 'Defence of the People,' and 'Iconoclastes,' together with a book of Goodwyn's. The books were accordingly burnt by the common hangman; but the authors were returned as having absconded; nor, in the act of indemnity, did the name of Milton appear among those of the excepted persons.

"He now, in reduced circumstances, and under the discountenance of power, removed to a private habitation near his former residence. He had buried his first wife; and a second, the daughter of a Captain Woodcock, in Hackney, died in childbirth. To solace his forlorn condition, he desired his friend, Dr. Paget, to look out a third wife for him, who recommended a relation of his own, named Elizabeth Minshull, of a good family in Cheshire. His powerful mind, now centered in itself, and undisturbed by contentions and temporary topics, opened to those great ideas which were continually filling it, and the result was, 'Paradise Lost.' Much discussion has taken place concerning the original conception of this grand performance; but whatever hint may have suggested the rude outline, it is certain that all the creative powers of a strong imagination, and all the accumulated stores of a life devoted to learning, were expended in its completion. Though he appears, at an early age, to have thought of some subject in the heroic times of English history, as peculiarly calculated for English verse, yet his religious turn, and assiduous study of the Hebrew Scriptures, produced a final preference of a story derived from the Sacred Writings, and giving scope to the introduction of his

theological system. It would be superfluous, at this time, to weigh the merits of Milton's great work, which stands so much beyond competition; but it may be affirmed, that whatever his other poems can exhibit of beauty in some parts, or of grandeur in others, may all be referred to 'Paradise Lost' as the most perfect model of both.

Milton, not exhausted by this great effort, followed it in 1670 by 'Paradise Regained,' written upon a suggestion of the Quaker Elwood's, and apparently regarded as the theological completion of the 'Paradise Lost.' Although, in point of invention, its inferiority is plainly apparent, yet modern criticism has pronounced that there are passages in it by no means unworthy of the genius of Milton, allowance being made for the small compass of the subject, and his purpose in writing it. Together with it appeared his tragedy of 'Sampson Agonistes,' composed upon the model of antiquity, and never intended for the stage.

"With this work his poetical account closes: and a few pieces in prose can scarcely claim particular notice. He sunk tranquilly under an exhaustion of the vital powers in November, 1674, when he had nearly completed his 46th year. His remains were carried from his house in Bunhill Fields to the church of St. Giles, Triplegate, with a numerous and splendid attendance. No monument marked the tomb of this great man, but his memory was honoured with a tomb in 1737, in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of Auditor Benson. The only family whom he left were daughters."—See Aikin's "British Poets"; "Handbook of Eng. Lit.," by Rev. Dr. Angus; Shaw's "Hist. of Eng. Lit.," Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. i.; Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain"; Campbell's "Specie.," Professor Spalding's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," Gilfillan's "English Poets."

ANDREW MARVELL.

"This noble-minded patriot and poet, the friend of Milton, the Abdiel of a dark and corrupt age,—faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he,—was born in Hull in 1620. He was sent to Cambridge, and it said there to have nearly fallen a victim to the proselytising Jesuits, who enticed him to London. His father, however, a clergyman in Hull, went in search of and brought him back to his university, where speedily, by extensive culture and the vigorous exercise of his powerful faculties, he emancipated himself for ever from the dominion, and the danger of the dominion, of superstition and bigotry. We know little more about the early days of our poet. When only twenty, he lost his father in remarkable circumstances. In 1640 he had embarked on the Humber, in company with

a youthful pair whom he was to marry at Barrow, in Lincolnshire. The weather was calm; but Marvell, seized with a sudden presentiment of danger, threw his staff ashore, and cried out, "Ho for heaven!" A storm came on, and the whole company perished. In consequence of this sad event, the gentleman, whose daughter was to have been married, conceiving that the father had sacrificed his life while performing an act of friendship, adopted young Marvell as his son. Owing to this, he received a better education, and was sent abroad to travel. It is said that at Rome he met and formed a friendship with Milton, then engaged on his immortal continental tour. We find Marvell next at Constantinople, as Secretary to the English Embassy at that Court. We then lose sight of him till 1657, when he was engaged by the Protector to superintend the education of a Mr. Dutton at Eton. For a year and a half after Cromwell's death Marvell assisted Milton as Latin Secretary to the Protector. Our readers are all familiar with the print of Cromwell and Milton seated together at the council-table—the one the express image of active power and rugged grandeur, the other of thoughtful majesty and ethereal grace. Marvell might have been added as a third, and become the emblem of strong English sense and incompressible integrity. A letter of Milton's was, not long since, discovered, dated February, 1652, in which he speaks of Marvell as fitted, by his knowledge of Latin and his experience of teaching, to be his assistant. He was not appointed, however, till 1657. In 1660 he became member for Hull, and was re-elected as long as he lived. He was absent, however, from England for two years, in the beginning of the reign, in Germany and Holland. Afterwards he sought leave from his constituents to act as Ambassador's Secretary to Lord Cardisle at the Northern Courts; but from the year 1665 to his death, his attention to his parliamentary duties was unswerving. He constantly corresponded with his constituents; and after the longest sittings he used to write out for their use a minute account of public proceedings ere he went to bed or took any refreshment. He was one of the last members who received pay from the town he represented (2s. a-day was probably the sum); and his constituents were wont, besides to send him barrels of ale as tokens of their regard. Marvell spoke little in the House; but his heart and vote were always in the right place. Even Prince Rupert continually convicted him, and was sometimes persuaded by him to support the popular side; and King Charles, having met him once in private, was so delighted with his wit and agreeable manner, that he thought him worth trying to bribe. He sent Lord Danby to offer him a mark of his Majesty's consideration. Marvell, who was seated in a dimy room up several flights of stairs, declined the proffer, and, it is said,

called his servant to witness that he had dined for three successive days on the same shoulder of mutton, and was not likely, therefore, to cease for or need a bribe. When the Treasurer was gone, he had to send to a friend to borrow a guinea. Although a silent senator, Marvell was a copious and popular writer. He attacked Bishop Parker for his slavish principles, in a piece entitled 'The Rehearsal Transposed,' in which he takes occasion to vindicate and panegyricise his old colleague Milton. His anonymous 'Account of the Growth of Arbitrary Power and Popery in England' excited a sensation, and a reward was offered for the apprehension of the author and printer. Marvell had many of the elements of a first-rate political pamphleteer. He had wit of a most pungent kind, great though coarse fertility of fancy, and a spirit of independence that nothing could subdue or damp. He was the undoubted ancestor of the Defoes, Swifts, Stobels, Junivese, and Burkes, in whom this kind of authorship reached its perfection; ceased to be fugitive, and assumed classical rank.

"Marvell had been repeatedly threatened with assassination, and hence, when he died suddenly on the 16th of August, 1678, it was surmised that he had been removed by poison. The Corporation of Hull voted a sum to defray his funeral expenses, and for raising a monument to his memory; but owing to the interference of the Court, through the rector of the parish, this votive tablet was not at the time erected. He was buried in St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

"Out of the strong came forth sweetness," saith the Hebrew record. And so from the sturdy Andrew Marvell have proceeded such soft and lovely strains as 'The Emigrants,' 'The Nymph complaining for the death of her Fawn,' 'Young Love,' &c. The statue of Memnon became musical at the dawn; and the stern patriot, whom no bribe could buy and no flattery melt, is found sympathising in song with a boisterous banished Englishman in the remote Bermuda, and inditing 'Thoughts in a Garden,' from which you might suppose that he had spent his life more with melons than with men, and was better acquainted with the motions of a bee-hive than with the contents of Parliament and the distractions of a most distracted age. It was said (not with thorough truth) of Milton, that he could cut out a Colosseus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones—a task which his assistant may be said to have performed in his stead, in his small but delectable copious of verse."—Giffilan's "Less-known British Poets," vol. ii., p. 174.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Samuel Butler, born 1612, died 1680. "The particulars of the life of the author of 'Hud-

brus' are scanty and obscure. He was the son of a farmer at Worthington, 116 as doubtful whether he received a university education; for, though alleged to have resided some years at Cambridge, he is not known to have matriculated at any college. He afterwards found in the family of the Countess of Kent, and enjoying the friendship of the learned Selden. He appears again, probably in the capacity of tutor, in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers, who is considered to be the prototype of Hudibras. The Restoration brought to his fortunes a gleam of hope. He obtained employment as secretary to the Earl of Carbery. Having lost his wife's fortune through bad securities, he became an author, and published, in 1668, the first part of his Satire. It was received with unbounded popularity, and was made known at court through the kindness of the Earl of Dorset. The author, however, was unrewarded: The king is said to have given him £500, but of this there is no proof. In the subsequent years he published the second and third parts of his poem; and died in indigence in 1680. The neglect of the king is the more criminal, since the Satire must be viewed as a valuable piece of good service to the royalist cause. Broad caricature and miraculous force of wit exert their united strength to hold up the Puritan party to contempt and ridicule. The idea of the piece is, of course, borrowed from Cervantes; but there is no resemblance between the two works. 'Hudibras' is thoroughly English. The whole poem is a continual sparkle of brilliancy, adorned by the resources of immense learning; language, character, and imagery are moulded at the author's will. No rhyme is so complicated that he wants words to form its counterpart; no image so remote that his hand cannot compel it into his service. The work is unfinished, and from the range of years over which it was published, the plan is desultory and incomplete. The perusal of 'Hudibras' is dust so solid, that it should be taken by little at a time. It is one of those works whose epigrammatic practical wisdom has woven itself into the phraseology of the language. The popularity of 'Hudibras' caused forgeries of the author's style after his death. 'Genuine Remains,' in prose and verse, were published in 1759, by Mr. Thyer, from manuscripts left in possession of Butler's friend Mr. Longueville."—(Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain," pp. 222, 223.) See Dibdin's "Library Companion"; Preface to "Hudibras," by Rev. Dr. Nash; Hallam's "Introduction to Lit. History"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

CHARLES COTTON.

Charles Cotton, born 1630, died 1687, best known as the friend of Isaac Walton, had

an estate in Derbyshire upon the river Dove, celebrated for its trout. He wrote several humorous poems, and his "Voyage to Ireland," Campbell remarks, seems to anticipate the manner of Anstey in the "Bath Guide." Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," p. 187. See Allibone's "Crit. Dic. Eng. Lit.;" Gilfillan's "Less-known British Poets."

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Earl of Roscommon, born 1634, died 1685, the nephew of the famous Strafford, produced a poetical "Essay on Translated Verse" and a version of the "Art of Poetry" from Horace, which were received by the public and the men of letters with an extravagance of praise attributable to the respect then entertained for any intellectual accomplishment in a nobleman.—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Earl of Rochester, born 1647, died 1680, so celebrated for his insane debaucheries and the witty eccentricities which made him one of the most prominent figures in the profligate court of Charles II., produced a number of poems, chiefly songs and fugitive lyrics, which proved how great were the natural talents he had wasted in the most insane extravagance; his deathbed conversion and repentance produced by the arguments of Bishop Burnet, who has left an interesting and edifying account of his penitent's last moments, show that, amid all his vices, Rochester's mind retained the capacity for better things. Many of his productions are unfortunately stained with such profanity and indecency, that they deserve the oblivion into which they are now fallen.

JOHN DRYDEN.

"John Dryden was born, probably in 1631, in the parish of Aldwincle-All Saints, in Northamptonshire. His father possessed a small estate, acted as a justice of the peace during the usurpation, and seems to have been a Presbyterian. John, at a proper age, was sent to Westminster school, of which Busby was then master; and was thence elected to a scholarship in Trinity College, Cambridge. He took his degrees of bachelor and master of arts in the university; but though he had written two short copies of verses about the time of his admission, his name does not occur

among the academical poets of this period. By his father's death, in 1654, he succeeded to the estate, and, removing to the metropolis, he made his entrance into public life, under the auspices of his kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering, one of Cromwell's council and house of lords, and staunch to the principles then predominant. On the death of Cromwell, Dryden wrote some 'Heroic Stanzas,' strongly marked by the loftiness of expression and variety of imagery which characterised his more mature efforts. They were, however, criticised with some severity.

"At the Restoration, Dryden lost no time in obliterating former stains; and, as far as it was possible, rendered himself peculiarly distinguished for the base servility of his strains. He greeted the king's return by a poem, entitled 'Astræa Redux,' which was followed by 'A Panegyric on the Coronation;' nor did Lord Chancellor Clarendon escape his encomiastic lines. His marriage with Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, is supposed to have taken place in 1645. About this time he first appears as a writer for the stage, in which quality he composed several pieces; and though he did not display himself as a prime favourite of the dramatic muse, his facility of harmonious versification, and his splendour of poetic diction, gained him admirers. In 1667 he published a singular poem, entitled 'Annus Mirabilis,' the subjects of which were, the naval war with the Dutch, and the fire of London. It was written in four-line stanzas, a form which has since gone into disuse in heroic subjects; but the piece abounded in images of genuine poetry, though intermixed with many extravagances.

"At this period of his life Dryden became professionally a writer for the stage, having entered into a contract with the patentees of the King's Theatre, to supply them with three plays in a year, upon the condition of being allowed the profit of one share and a quarter out of twelve shares and three quarters, into which the theatrical stock was divided. Of the plays written upon the above contract, a small proportion only have kept their place on the stage or in the closet. On the death of Sir W. Leverant, in 1669, Dryden obtained the post of poet-laureate, to which was added the sinecure place of historiographer royal; the joint salaries of which amounted to £200.

"The tragedies composed by Dryden were written in his earlier periods in rhyme, which circumstance probably contributed to the poetical rant by which they were too much characterised. For the correction of this fault, Villiers Duke of Buckingham, in conjunction with other wits, wrote the celebrated burlesque drama, entitled 'The Rake's Progress,' of which Dryden, under the name of Bayes, was made the hero; and, in order to point the ridicule, his dress, phraseology, and mode of

recitation, were exactly imitated by the actor. It does not, however, appear that his solid reputation as a poet was injured by this attack. He had the candour to acknowledge that several of the strokes were just, and he wisely refrained from making any direct reply.

"In 1681, and, as it is asserted, at the king's express desire, he wrote his famous political poem entitled 'Absalom and Achitophel'; in which the incidents in the life of David were adapted to those of Charles II. in relation to the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shaftesbury. Its poetry and its severity caused it to be read with great eagerness; and as it raised the author to high favour with the court party, so it involved him in irreconcilable enmity with its opponents. These feelings were rendered more acute by his 'Medal, a Satire on Sedition,' written in the same year, on occasion of a medal struck by the Whigs, when a grand jury returned *Ignoramus* to an indictment preferred against Lord Shaftesbury, for high treason. The raucour of this piece is not easily to be paralleled among party poems. In 1682, he published 'Mac-Flecknoe,' a short piece, throwing ridicule upon his very unequal rival, Shadwell. In the same year, one of his most serious poems, the 'Beligio Laici,' made its appearance. Its purpose was to give a compendious view of the arguments for revealed religion, and to ascertain in what the authority of revelation essentially consists.

"Soon after this time he ceased to write for the stage. His dramatic vein was probably exhausted, and his circumstances were distressed. To this period Mr. Malone refers a letter written by him to Hyde, Earl of Rochester, in which, with modest dignity, he pleads merit enough not to deserve to starve, and requests some small employment in the customs or excise, or, at least, the payment of half a year's pension for the supply of his present necessities. He never obtained any of the requested places, and was doomed to find the booksellers his best patrons.

"Charles II. died in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James II., who openly declared his attachment to the religion of Rome. It was not long before Dryden conformed to the same religion. This step has been the cause of much obloquy on one side, and has found much excuse on the other; but if it be considered, from a view of his past life, that, in changing his religious profession, he could have had little difficulty to encounter, it will appear no breach of candour to suppose that his immediate motive was nothing more than personal interest. The reward he obtained from his compliance was an addition to his pension of £100 per annum. Some time after he was engaged in a work which was the longest single piece he ever composed. This was his elaborate controversial poem of 'The Hind and Panther.' When completed,

notwithstanding its unpromising subject, and signal absurdity of plan, such was the power of Dryden's verse, that it was read with avidity, and bore every mark of occupying the public attention. The birth of a prince called forth a congratulatory poem from Dryden, entitled 'Britannia Rediviva,' in which he ventured to use a poet's privilege of prophecy, foretelling a commencing era of prosperity to the nation and the church from this auspicious event; but in vain! for the Revolution took place within a few months, and the hopes of the party were blasted for ever.

"Dryden was a severe sufferer from the change: his ports and pensions were taken away, and the poetical laurel was conferred upon his insignificant rival, Shadwell. He was now, in advanced life, to depend upon his own exertions for a security from absolute indigence. His faculties were equal to the emergency; and it will surprise some theorists to be told, that the ten concluding years of his life, in which he wrote for bread, and composed at a certain rate per line, were those of many of the pieces which have most contributed to immortalise his name. They were those of his translation of Juvenal and Persius; of that of Virgil entire, a work which enriches the English language; and has greatly promoted the author's fame; of his celebrated 'Alexander's Feast'; and of his Fables, containing some of the richest and most truly poetical pieces which he ever composed. Of these, several will appear in the subsequent collection of his works. Nor ought his prose writings to be neglected, which, chiefly consisting of the critical essays prefixed to his poems, are performances of extraordinary vigour and comprehension of mind, and afford, perhaps, the best specimens of genuine English.

"Dryden died of a spreading inflammation in one of his toes, on the first of May, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, next to the tomb of Chaucer. No monument marked his grave, till a plain one, with his bust, was erected, at the expense of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. He left behind him three sons, all brought up to letters. His own character was cold and reserved, backward in personal advances to the great, and rather heavy in conversation. In fact, he was too much engaged in literature to devote much of his time to society. Few writers of his time delighted so much to approach the verge of profaneness; whence it may be inferred, that though religion was an interesting topic of discussion to him, he had very little of its spirit in his heart.—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," pp. 148-9. See Campbell's "Spec.," Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.," Sir Walter Scott, Holland's "Introduction to Lit. Hist.," Dr. Beattie's "Essays," Dr. Garth's "Pref. to the Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses"; Lord Brougham; Pope's Pref. to his Translation of Homer.

JOHN PHILIPS.

"Brampton in Oxfordshire was the birthplace of this poet. He was born on the 30th of December, 1676. His father, Dr. Stephen Philips, was archdeacon of Salop, as well as minister of Brampton. John, after some preliminary training at home, was sent to Winchester, where he distinguished himself by diligence and good-nature, and enjoyed two great luxuries,—the reading of Milton, and the having his head combed by some one while he sat still and in rapture for hours together. This pleasure he shared with Vossius, and with humbler persons of our acquaintance; the combing of whose hair, they tell us,

"Dissolves them into ecstasies,
And brings all heaven before their eyes."

"In 1694, he entered Christ Church, Cambridge. His intention was to prosecute the study of medicine, and he took great delight in the cognate pursuits of natural history and botany. His chief friend was Edmund Smith, (Rag Smith, as he was generally called,) a kind of minor Savage, well known in these times as the author of 'Phœdra and Hippolytus,' and for his careless dissipation. In 1703, Philips produced 'The Splendid Shilling,' which proved a hit, and seems to have diverted his aspirations from the domains of Esculapius to those of Apollo. Bolingbroke sought him out, and employed him, after the battle of Blenheim, to sing it in opposition to Addison, the laureate of the Whigs. At the house of the magnificent but unprincipled St John, Philips wrote his 'Blenheim,' which was published in 1705. The year after, his 'Cider,' a poem in two books, appeared, and was received with great applause. Encouraged by this, he projected a poem on the Last Day, which all who are aware of the difficulties of the subject, and the limitations of the author's genius, must rejoice that he never wrote. Consumption and asthma removed him prematurely on the 15th of February, 1708, ere he had completed his thirty-third year. He was buried in Hereford Cathedral, and Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor, erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

"Bulwer somewhere records a story of John Martin in his early days. He was, on one occasion, reduced to his last shilling. He had kept it, out of a hoop, from a partiality to its appearance. It was very bright. He was compelled, at last, to part with it. He went out to a baker's shop to purchase a loaf with his favourite shilling. He had got the loaf into his hands, when the baker discovered that the shilling was a bad one, and poor Martin had to resign the loaf, and take back his dear, bright, bad shilling once more. Length of time and cold criticisms in like manner have reduced John Philips to his solitary 'Splendid Shilling.' But, though bright, it is far from

bad. It is one of the cleverest of parodies, and is perpetrated against one of the celebrated works which the smiles of a thousand curiosities were unable to injure. No great or good poem was ever hurt by its parody—'Paradise Lost' was not by 'The Splendid Shilling'; 'The Last Man' of Campbell was not by 'The Last Man' of Hood; nor the 'Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore' by their witty, well-known caricature; and if 'The Vision of Judgment' by Southey was laughed into oblivion by Byron's poem with the same title, it was because Southey's original was neither good nor great. Philips' poem, too, is the first of the kind; and surely we should be thankful to the author of the earliest effort in a style which has created so much innocent amusement. Dr. Johnson speaks as if the pleasure arising from such productions implied a malignant 'momentary triumph over that grandeur which had hitherto held its captives in admiration.' We think, on the contrary, that it springs from our deep interest in the original production, making us alive to the strange resemblance the caricature bears to it. It is our love that provokes our laughter, and hence the admirers of the parodied poem are more delighted than its enemies. At all events, it is by 'The Splendid Shilling' alone—and that principally from its connection with Milton's great work—that Philips is memorable. His 'Cider' has scored with age, and the loud echo of his Blenheim battle-piece has long since died away."—Gifford's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 11-12.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

"Sedley was one of those characters who exert a personal fascination over their own age without leaving any works behind them to perpetuate the charms to posterity. He was the son of Sir John Sedley of Aylesford, in Kent, and was born in 1699. When the Restoration took place he repaired to London, and plunged into all the licence of the time, shedding, however, over the petrid pool the gleam of his wit, manners, and genius. Charles was so delighted with him, that he is said to have asked him whether he had not obtained a patent from Nature to be Apollo's victory. He cracked jests, issued lampoons, wrote poems and plays, and, despite some gross blunders, was universally admired and loved. When his comedy of 'Bellamira' was acted, the roof fell in, and a few, including the author, were slightly injured. When a parasite told him that the fire of the play had blown up the poet, house, and all, Sedley replied, 'No; the play was so heavy that it sat down the house, and buried the poet in his own rubbish.' Latterly he sobered down, entered parliament, attended closely to public business, and became a determined opponent of the arbitrary measures of James II. To

this he was stimulated by a personal reason. James had seduced Sedley's daughter, and made her Countess of Dorchester. 'For making my daughter a countess,' the father said, 'I have helped to make his daughter' (Mary, Princess of Orange), 'a queen.' Sedley, thus talking, acting, and writing, lived on till he was sixty-two years of age. He died in 1703.

"He has left nothing that the world can cherish, except some light and graceful songs, sparkling rather with point than with poetry."—Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 1, 2.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

Thomas Flatman, born 1633, died 1673, was a native of London, educated at Oxford, skilled in law, painting, and poetry. In 1674 appeared a collection of his poems and songs. He composed Pindaric Odes on the Earl of Osorey, Prince Rupert, and Charles II. For that on the Earl of Osorey, the Duke of Ormond, his father, presented the author with a diamond ring worth £100. It appears from the following bit of gossip of old Anthony à Wood, who dearly loves a sly joke, that Master Flatman, like many bachelors of modern times, sometimes amused himself with ridiculing the carnal happiness which he afterwards gladly embraced: "This person was in his younger days much against marriage, to the dislike of his father, and made a song describing the cumbrances with it, beginning thus:—

'Like a dog with a bottle tyed close to the tail,

Like a Tory in a bog, or a thief in a jayle,' &c.

But being afterwards smitten with a fair virgin and more with her fortune, (unkind Anthony!) did espouse her, Nov. 26, 1672, whereupon his ingenious comrades did serenade him that night with the said song." Athen. Oxon. Allibone adds, "This is just such a story as we might expect from such a crusty old bachelor as Anthony à Wood." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

JOHN QUARLES.

Of Francis Quarles's numerous family, John is alone remembered. He was a member of Exeter College, Oxford; he bore arms for the king in the garrison of the city. He seems to have been indebted for his education to Archbishop Usher, in whose house he resided. Upon the decease of this prelate, whom he loved sincerely, he composed an Elegy beginning with these beautiful lines:—

"Then weep no more: See how his peaceful breast,

Roak'd by the hand of death, takes quiet rest. Disturb him not; but let him sweetly take A full repose! he hath been long awake."

The feet of Simon's watchman must have been weary, says the sweet-voiced R. Anis Willmott, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He stood by his sovereign till the strength of the royalists was exhausted, when he retired to London in a mean condition, and about 1649 bade farewell to England and went abroad. Upon his return he lived by literature. He died in 1665 of the plague. He wrote much, and by many he was esteemed a good poet, though deficient in the power and originality of his father. But, says Willmott again, if he had less energy he had more grace. See R. A. Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets," vol. i., pp. 240, 241.

JOHN POMFRET.

John Pomfret, born 1667, died 1708, "was a clergyman, and the only work by which he is now remembered is his poem of 'The Choice,' giving a sketch of such a life of rural and literary retirement as has been the *loc eret* in totis of so many. The images and ideas are of that nature that will always come home to the heart and fancy of the reader; and it is to this naturalness and accordance with universal sympathy, rather than to anything very original either in its conception or its execution, that the poem owes the hold it has so long retained upon the attention."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 267, 268.

THOMAS BROWN.

His birth unknown, but died 1704. "Thomas, usually called Tom Brown, was the son of a farmer at Shipod, in Shropshire, was for some time a schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, but left the ungenial vocation for the life of a wit and author, in London. He was a good linguist, and seems to have rather wasted than wanted talent."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 315. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.," Dr. Johnson's "Life of Dryden."

EARL OF DORSET.

Earl of Dorset, born 1637, died 1706, "wrote little," says Chambers, "but was capable of doing more, and being a liberal patron of poets, was a nobleman highly popular in his day. Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he applied his talents rather to books and conversation than to politics. In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York, and wrote or finished a song (his best composition, 'one of the prettiest that ever was made,' according to Prior) the night before the naval engagement to which

Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up, with all his crew. He was a lord of the bed-chamber to Charles II., and was chamberlain of the household to William and Mary. Prior relates, that when Dorset, as lord chamberlain, was obliged to take the king's pension from Dryden, he allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. He introduced Butler's ' Hudibras ' to the notice of the court, was consulted by Waller, and almost idolised by Dryden. Hospitable, generous, and refined, we need not wonder at the incense which was heaped upon Dorset by his contemporaries. His works are trifling; a few satires and songs make up the catalogue. They are elegant, and sometimes forcible; but when a man like Prior writes of them, ' there is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes,' it is impossible not to be struck with that gross adulation of rank and fashion which disgraced the literature of the age."

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

"He was associated in his latter days with the wits and poets of the reign of Queen Anne, but he properly belongs to the previous age. He went with Prince Rupert against the Dutch, and was afterwards colonel of a regiment of foot. In order to learn the art of war under Marshal Turenne, he made a campaign in the French service. The literary taste of Sheffield was never neglected amidst the din of arms, and he made himself an accomplished scholar. He was a member of the privy council of James II., but acquiesced in the Revolution, and was afterwards a member of the cabinet council of William and Mary, with a pension of £3,000. Sheffield is said to have 'made love' to Queen Anne when they were both young, and her majesty heaped honours on the favourite immediately on her accession to the throne. He was an opponent of the court of George I., and continued actively engaged in public affairs till his death. Sheffield wrote several poems and copies of verses. Among the former is an 'Essay on Satire,' which Dryden is reported to have revised. His principal work, however, is his 'Essay on Poetry,' which received the praises of Boscompton, Dryden, and Pope. It is written in the heroic couplet, and seems to have suggested Pope's 'Essay on Criticism.' It is of the style of Denham and Boscompton, plain, perspicuous, and sensible, but contains as little true poetry, or less, than any of Dryden's prose essays."—Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," i., 378.

GEORGE STEPNEY.

George Stepney, born 1653, died 1707, "was the youthful friend of Montague, Earl of

Halifax, and owed his preferments to that nobleman. It appears, from his verses on the burning of Monmouth's picture, that his first attachment was to the Tory interest, but he left them in sufficient time to be rewarded as a partisan by the Whigs, and was nominated to several foreign embassies. In this capacity he went successively to the Imperial Court, to that of Saxony, Poland, and the States General; and in all his negotiations is said to have been successful. Some of his political tracts remain in Lord Somers' collection. As a poet, Dr. Johnson justly characterises him as equally deficient in the grace of wit and the vigour of nature."—Campbell's "Specimens," 317.

WILLIAM WALSH.

William Walsh, born 1663, died 1709. "He was a knight for his native county, Worcestershire, in several parliaments, and gentleman of the horse to Queen Anne, under the Duke of Somerset. Though a friend to the Revolution, he was kind to Dryden, who praised him, as Pope must have done, merely from the motive of personal gratitude; for except his encouragement of the early genius of Pope, he seems to have no claim to remembrance."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 320.

ROBERT GOULD.

Little is known of this writer beyond his having been a domestic of the Earl of Dorset and afterwards a schoolmaster. He wrote two dramas, "The Rival Sisters," and "Innocence Distressed."

DR. WALTER POPE.

His birth-day is unknown. "He was the junior proctor of Oxford in 1656, when a controversy took place respecting the wearing of hoods and caps, which the reigning party considered as the relics of Popery. Our proctor, however, so stoutly opposed the revolutionists on this momentous point, that the venerable caps and hoods continued to be worn till the Restoration. This affair he need to call the most glorious action of his life. Dr. Pope was, however, a man of wit and information, and one of the first chosen fellows of the Royal Society. He succeeded Sir Christopher Wren as Professor of Astronomy in Gresham College."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 322.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Thomas Otway, born 1651, died 1685. Shaw correctly states that, "among the

exclusive tragic dramatists of the age of Dryden the first place belongs to Thomas Otway, who died, after a life of wretchedness and irregularity, at the early age of thirty-four. He received a regular education at Winchester School and Oxford, and very early embraced the profession of the actor, for which he had no natural aptitude, but which familiarized him with the technical requirements of theatrical writing. He produced in the earlier part of his career three tragedies, 'Alcibiades,' 'Don Carlos,' and 'Titus and Berenice,' which may be regarded as his first trial-pieces; and about 1677 he served some time in a dragoon regiment in Flanders, to which he had been appointed by the protection of a patron. Dismissed from his post, in consequence of irregularities of conduct, he returned to the stage, and in the years extending from 1680 to his death, he wrote four more tragedies, 'Caius Marcius,' the 'Orphan,' the 'Soldier's Fortune,' and 'Venice Preserved.' All these works, with the exception of the 'Orphan' and 'Venice Preserved,' are now nearly forgotten; but the glory of Otway is so firmly established upon these latter, that it will probably endure as long as the language itself.

The life of this unfortunate poet was an uninterrupted series of poverty and distress; and his death, has frequently been cited as a striking instance of the miseries of a literary career. It is related that, when almost starving, the poet received a guinea from a charitable friend, on which he rushed off to a baker's shop, bought a roll, and was choked while ravenously swallowing the first mouthful. It is not quite certain whether this painful anecdote is strictly true, but it is incontestable that Otway's end, like his life, was miserable. How far his misfortunes were unavoidable, and how far attributable to the poet's own improvidence, it is now impossible to determine. Otway, like Chatterton, like Gilbert, like Tasso, and like Cervantes, is generally adduced as an example of the miserable end of genius, and of the world's ingratitude to its greatest benefactors.

"As a tragic dramatist Otway's most striking merit is his pathos; and he possesses in a high degree the power of uniting the pathetic emotion with the expression of the darker and more ferocious passions. The distress in his pieces is carried to that intense and almost hysterical pitch which we see so frequently in Ford and Beaumont and Fletcher, and so rarely in Shakspeare. The sufferings of Monimia in the 'Orphan' and the moral agonies inflicted upon Belvidera in 'Venice Preserved,' are carried to the highest pitch, but we see tokens of the essentially second-rate quality of Otway's genius the moment he attempts to delineate madness. Belvidera's ravings are the expression of a disordered fancy, and not, like those of Lear

or of Ophelia, the lurid flashes of reason and consciousness lighting up for an instant the tossings of a mind agitated to its profoundest depths. In 'Venice Preserved' Otway has not attempted to preserve historical accuracy, but he has succeeded in producing a very exciting and animated plot, in which the weak and uxorious Jaffier is well contrasted with the darker traits of his friend and fellow-conspirator Pierre, and the inhuman harshness and cruelty of the Senator Priuli with the ruffianly thirst for blood and plunder in Benuait. The frequent declamatory scenes, reminding the reader of Dryden, as for instance the quarrels and reconciliation of Pierre and Jaffier, the execution of the two friends, and the despair of Belvidera, are worked up to a high degree of excellence; and Otway, with the true instinct of dramatic fitness, has introduced, as elements of the deep distress into which he has plunged his principal characters, many of those familiar and domestic details from which the high classical dramatist would have shrunk as too ignoble. Otway in many scenes of this play has introduced what may be almost called comic matter, as in the amorous doting of the impotent old senator and the courtesan Aquilina; but these, though powerfully and naturally delineated, are of too disgusting and odious a nature to be fit subjects for representation. Otway's style is vigorous and racy; the reader will necessarily be reminded of Dryden, though the author of 'Venice Preserved' is far superior to his great master in the quality of pathos; and in reading his best passages we are perpetually struck by a sort of flavour of Ford, Heywood, Beaumont, and other great masters of the Elizabethan era." See Chambers, vol. 1, p. 386; Campbell's "Specimens."

NATHANIEL LEE.

"A tragic poet who not only had the honour of assisting Dryden in the composition of several of his pieces, but who, in spite of adverse circumstances, and in particular of several attacks of insanity, one of which necessitated his confinement during four years in Bedlam, possessed and deserved a high reputation for genius. He was educated at Westminster School and Cambridge, and was by profession an actor: he died in extreme poverty in 1692. His original dramatic works consist of eleven tragedies, the most celebrated of which is 'The Rival Queens,' or 'Alexander the Great,' in which the heroic extravagance of the Macedonian conqueror is relieved by amorous complications arising from the attachment of the two strongly-opposed characters of Roxana and Statira. Among his other works may be enumerated 'Theodosius,' 'Mithridates,'

and the pathetic drama of 'Lucius Junius Brutus,' the interest of which turns on the condemnation of the son by the father. In all these plays we find a sort of wild and exaggerated tone of imagery, sometimes reminding us of Marlow; but Lee is far superior in tenderness to the author of *Fanstus*, nay in this respect he surpasses Dryden. In the beautiful but feverish bursts of declamatory eloquence which are frequent in Lee's plays, it is possible to trace something of that violence and exaggeration which are perhaps derived from the tremendous malady of which he was so long a victim."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 263, 268; See Campbell's "Specimens."

JOHN CROWNE.

Was patronized by Rochester. He wrote several pieces, two of which, says Chambers, "evince considerable talent."

THOMAS SHADWELL.

A popular rival and enemy of Dryden, who wrote many plays in which he took for his model Ben Jonson. He possessed considerable comic powers. When the revolution was in the ascendant and threw Dryden into the shade, Shadwell received the office of Poet Laureate. See Chambers, "Cycl. Eng. Lit.," vol. i., p. 392.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

Sir George Etherege, born 1636, died 1694, wrote a very sprightly comic drama, "Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter." He was a gay libertine, and whilst leaving a festive party one evening at his house in Ratisbon, where he resided as British plenipotentiary, he fell down the stairs and killed himself. See Chambers, vol. i., pp. 392, 393.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

"The greatest of the comic dramatists was William Wycherley, born in the year 1640, in Shropshire, whose father possessed a handsome property. Though bred to the law, Wycherley did not practise his profession, but lived gaily upon town." Pope says he had a 'true nobleman look,' and he was one of the favourites of the abandoned Duchess of Cleveland. He wrote various comedies, 'Love in a Wood,' 1672; the 'Gentleman Dancing Master,' 1673; the 'Country Wife,' 1675; and the 'Plain Dealer,' 1677. In 1704 he published a volume of miscellaneous poems, of which it has been said, "the style and versification are beneath criticism; the morals are those of Rochester." In advanced age

Wycherley continued to exhibit the follies and vices of youth. His name, however, stood high as a dramatist, and Pope was proud to receive the notice of the author of the 'Country Wife.' Their published correspondence is well known, and is interesting from the marked superiority maintained in their intercourse by the boy-poet of sixteen over his mentor of sixty-four. The pupil grew too great for his master, and the unnatural friendship was dissolved. At the age of seventy-five, Wycherley married a young girl, in order to defeat the expectations of his nephew, and died ten days afterwards, in December, 1715. The subjects of most of Wycherley's plays were borrowed from the Spanish or French stage. He wrought up his dialogues and scenes with great ease, and with considerable liveliness and wit, but without sufficient attention to character or probability. Destitute himself of moral feeling or propriety of conduct, his characters are equally objectionable, and his once fashionable plays may be said to be 'quietly injured' in their own corruption and profligacy."—Chambers, "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. i., p. 293.

MRS. APHRA BEHN.

Chambers rightly says in the first volume of his excellent "Cyclopaedia," p. 269, that "a female Wycherley appeared in Mrs. Aphra Behn, celebrated at her day under the name of Astruc."

"The comedies of Mrs. Behn are grossly indelicate; and of the whole seventeen which she wrote (besides various novels and poems), not one is now read or remembered. The history of Mrs. Behn is remarkable. She was daughter of the governor of Surinam, where she resided some time, and became acquainted with Prince Oroonoko, on whose story she founded a novel, that supplied Southey with materials for a tragedy on the unhappy fate of the African prince. She was employed as a political spy by Charles II., and, while residing at Antwerp, she was enabled, by the aid of her lovers and admirers, to give information to the British government as to the intended Dutch attack on Chatham. She died in 1689." Pope, by no means fastidious, yet rebukes Mrs. Behn in a well-known couplet:—

"The stage how loosely does Astruc tread,"
 &c.

The "Biog. Dram." says: "It is no wonder that her wit should gain her the esteem of Mr. Dryden, Mr. Southey, and other men of genius. Cotton sings:

'But when you write of love, Astruc, then
 Love dips his arrows where you wet your pen.
 Such charming lines did never paper press;
 Soft say our sex, and smooth as beauty's face.'"

FOURTH PERIOD.

From 1649 to 1688.

540.—OF MYSELF.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone ;
Th' unknown are better than ill known :
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't
depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace ; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures
yield.
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not lose, nor wish, my fate ;
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have liv'd to-day.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1687.

541.—THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

Margarita first possess.
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all ;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Cæsarina.
Beauteous Cæsarina gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began ;
Alternately they away'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose ;
A mighty tyrant she !
Long, alas ! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Bebaos set me free.

When fair Bebaos set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me :
But soon those pleasures fled ;
For the gracious princess dy'd,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power :
Wondrous beautiful her face ;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye ;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bass, her visceroy-maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy :
Thousand worse passions then possess
The interregnum of my breast ;
Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began ;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria ;

And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts:
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless, mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befall)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.

An higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Helenora, first of th' name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

542.—ANACREONTICS,

OR SOME COPIES OF VERSES, TRANSLATED
PARAPHRASSTICALLY OUT OF ANACREON.

DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
The plants suck-in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy Sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun;
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there: for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

AGE.

Oft am I by the women told,
 Poor Anacron! thou grow'st old:
 Look how thy hairs are falling all:
 Poor Anacron, how they fall!

Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects, I do not know;
'Tis, I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old;
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

GOLD.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is understood;
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love.
A curse on her, and on the man
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendships separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

THE EPICURE.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wise and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we condemn
Cyrus' wealthy diadem.
'Tis-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here!
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

ANOTHER.

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love; saw fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth see,
Let the motion pleasant be.

Why do we precious ointments show'r?
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or homes that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
These country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But, when thou'st drunk, and dancod, and
sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

THE SWALLOW.

Foolish Prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscovered nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy seasons' noise,
Free from th' ill thou'st done to me:
Who disturbs or seeks-out thee?
Hast thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,

All thy art could never pay
What thou hast ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day:
A dream, that ne'er must equal'd be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good, canst bring,
Though men say thou bring'st at the Spring.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

543.—AGAINST HOPE.

Hope! whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound:
Vain shadow! which does vanish quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis hope is the most hopeless thing of all.
Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou shouldst but taste, devour'st
it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us
poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!
The joys which we entire should wed,
Come deflower'd virgins to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty custom's paid to thee.
For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste;
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there
be;
Fond archer, Hope! who tak'st at thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are!
Thine, empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears!
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light
prevail,
By ignes fatui for north-stars we sail.

Brother of Fear, more gayly clad!
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:
Sire of Penitence! child of fond Desire!
That blow'st the chymics', and the lovers'
fire,
Leading them still insensibly on
By the strange witchcraft of "anon!"
By thee the one does changing Nature, through
Her endless labyrinth pursue;
And th' other chases woman, whilst she goes
More ways and turns than hunted Nature
knows.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

544.—FOE HOPE.

Hope! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's
health!

Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from Heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat!

Thou strong retreat! thou sure-ensell'd estate,
Which nought has power to alienate!
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
Thou good preparative, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures,
destroys!

Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,
And art a blessing still in hand!
Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she her bargain break or else fulfil;
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of Heaven and Earth divided be!
Though Faith be hair, and have the first estate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
Happiness itself's all one

In thee, or in possession!
Only the future's thine, the present his!
Thine is the moss hard and noble bliss:
Best apprehender of our joys! which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

Hope! thou sad lover's only friend!
Thou Way, that mayst dispute it with the
End!

For love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
Fruitful more deceitful is

Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss:
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
Some other way again to thee:
And that's a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1687.

545.—CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF
VERONA.

DE SENEX VERONENSIS. QVIS SENESENIUM
NUNQUAM REGRESSUS EST.

FELIX, qui patriis, &c.

Happy the man, who his whole time doth
bound

Within th' enclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,

With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him
birth.

Him no false distant lights, by fortunes set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never danger either saw or fear'd;
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.

No change of consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he
knows

He measures time by land-marks, and has
found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he
sees,

And loves his old contemporary trees.
He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-sea, and of Bonanus' lake.

Thus health and strength he to a third age
enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1687.

546.—THE WISE.

Well, then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy:
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmuring,
Of this great lute, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair
And good, as guardian-angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, en'd of uncessant thoughts, see?
Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be
made

The happy tenant of your shade?
Here 's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches be, that she
Has com'd and stamp'd far good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can harmful assurances
scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.

The gods, when they descended hither
From Heaven, did always chuse their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live, and embracing die!
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude,
I should have then this only fear—
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

547.—FROM THE "HYMN TO LIGHT."

See, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftmess and Power by birth are
thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire, the
Word Divine.

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud
and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own
nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands
above
The Sun's gilt tent for ever raise,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy
show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou
morn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of
the field.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost
fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd, and fearful to appear,
They screen their horn'd shapes with the black
hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes
th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm:
At the first opening of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms
fly.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his
head:
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy
look.

When, goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd
head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising
day.

All the world's bewery, that delights our
eyes,
Is but thy several liverias;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as
thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin-lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked
light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands;
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd
coat.

Through the soft ways of Heaven, and air,
and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close
channels slide.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day,
In th' empyrean Heaven does stay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at
last must flow.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

548.—FROM THE PINDARIC ODES.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FIRST-BORN, IN THE
"PLAGUES OF EGYPT."

XIV.

It was the time when the still moon
Was mounted softly to her noon,
And dewy sleep, which from night's sea
springs across,

Gently as Nile the land o'erflows;
 When, lo, from the high countries of refin'd
 day,
 The golden heaven without alloy,—
 Whose dross in the creation purged away,
 Made up the sun's adulterate ray,—
 Michael, the warlike prince, does downward
 fly,
 Swift as the journeys of the sight,
 Swift as the race of light,
 And with his wing'd will cuts through the
 yielding sky,
 He passed thro' many a star, and, as he
 passed,
 Shone (like a star in them) more brightly
 there
 Than they did in their sphere.
 On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopped
 at last,
 And a mild look of sacred pity cast
 Down on the sinful land where he was
 sent
 To inflict the tardy punishment.
 "Ah, yet," said he, "yet, stubborn king,
 repent,
 While thus unarmed I stand,
 Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded
 hand.
 Suffer but yet thyself and thine to live;
 Who would, alas, believe,
 That it for man," said he,
 "So hard to be forgiven should be,
 And yet for God so easy to forgive."

XV.

He spoke, and downwards flew,
 And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he
 threw,
 Made of the blackest fleece of night,
 And close wrought to keep in the powerful
 light;
 Yet wrought so fine, it hindered not his
 sight,
 But thro' the keyholes and the chinks of
 doors,
 And thro' the narrowest walks of crooked
 pores,
 He passed more swift and free
 Than in wide air the wanton swallows
 see.
 He took a pointed Pestilence in his hand;
 The spirits of thousand mortal poisons
 made
 The strongly tempered blade:
 The sharpest sword that e'er was laid
 Up in the magazines of God to scourge a
 wicked land.
 Thro' Egypt's wicked land his march he
 took,
 And as he marched the sacred first-born
 strook
 Of every womb: none did he spare,
 From one from the meekest beast to Cenchre's
 As
 purple hair.

XVI.

The swift approach of endless night
 Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling
 eyes.
 They wake the rest with dying cries,
 And darkness doubles the affright.
 The mix'd sounds of scattered deaths they
 hear;
 And low their parted souls 'twixt grief and
 fear:
 Louder than all, the shrieking women's
 voice
 Pierces this chaos of confus'd noise;
 As brighter lightning cuts a way
 Clear and distinguished thro' the day:
 With less complaints the Zoa's temples
 sound
 When the adored heifer's drowned,
 And no true marked successor to be found.
 While health, and strength, and gladness
 does possess
 The festal Hebrew cottages;
 The blast destroyer comes not there,
 To interrupt the sacred cheer
 That new begins their well reform'd year.
 Upon their doors he read and understood
 God's protection writ in blood.
 Well was he skilled 'th' character divine;
 And tho' he passed by it in haste,
 He bowed and worshipp'd as he pass'd,
 The mighty mystery thro' its humble sign.
Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

549.—THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
 Beneath a bow' for sorrow made,
 Th' uncomfortable shade
 Of the black yew's unlucky green,
 Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful
 gray,
 Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,
 The melancholy Cowley lay;
 And, lo! a Muse appear'd to his closed sight
 (The Muses oft in lands of vision play,
 Bodied, array'd, and seen by an interval light:
 A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
 A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
 In which all colours and all figures were
 That Nature or that Fancy can create,
 That Art can never imitate,
 And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
 In such a dress, in such a well-clothed dream,
 She us'd of old near fair Iunens' stream
 Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
 A crown was on her head, and wings were on
 her feet.
 She touch'd him with her harp and rais'd him
 from the ground.
 The shaken strings melodiously resound.

"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
 "To this forsaken place and me?
 Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
 Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?
 And gather banks of learning up at last,
 Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
 And winter marches on so fast?
 But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
 And did as learn'd a portion assign
 As ever any of the mighty nine
 Had to their dearest children done;
 When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name
 Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
 Thou changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise
 and show,
 Wouldst into courts and cities from me go,
 Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a
 share
 In all the follies and the tammits there;
 Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a
 state,
 And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst
 create:
 Business! the frivolous pretence,
 Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
 Business! the grave impertinence;
 Business! the thing which I of all things
 hate,
 Business! the contradiction of thy fate.
 Go, renegade! oast up thy account,
 And see to what amount
 Thy foolish gains by quitting me;
 The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
 The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.
 Thou thoughtst, if once the public storm were
 past,
 All thy remaining life should sunshine be:
 Behold the public storm is spent at last,
 The sovereign is toss'd at sea no more,
 And thou, with all the noble company,
 Art got at last to shore:
 But whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
 All march'd up to possess the promised land,
 Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand,
 Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand.
 As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
 After a tedious stormy night,
 Such was the glorious entry of our king;
 Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:
 Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him
 light.
 But thou, alas! to thee alone
 One of old Gideon's miracles was shown,
 For ev'ry tree, and ev'ry hand around,
 With pearly dew was crown'd,
 And upon all the quicken'd ground
 The fruitful seed of heaven did brooding lie,
 And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
 It did all other throats surpass,
 When God to his own people said,
 ("The men whom thro' long wanderings he had
 led),
 That he would give them even a heaven of
 brass:

They look'd up to that heaven in vain,
 That bounteous heaven! which God did not
 restrain
 Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years and
 more,
 Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
 And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
 Though she contracted was to thee,
 Given to another, thou didst see,
 Given to another, who had store
 Of fairer and of richer wives before,
 And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be.
 Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune
 try,
 Twice seven years more God in his bounty
 may
 Give thee to fling away
 Into the court's deceitful lottery:
 But think how likely 'tis that thou,
 With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
 Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,
 Shouldst even able be to live;
 Thou! to whose share so little bread did fall
 In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on
 all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a
 smile,
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile:
 And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
 The melancholy Cowley said:
 "Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid
 The ills which thou thyself hast made?
 When in the cradle innocent I lay,
 Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,
 And my abused soul didst bear
 Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
 Thy golden Indies in the air;
 And ever since I strive in vain
 My ravish'd freedom to regain:
 Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
 Lo, still in verse, against thee I compile.
 There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
 Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,
 No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
 No useful plant can keep alive:
 The foolish sports I did on thee bestow
 Make all my art and labour fruitless now:
 Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth
 ever grow.

When my new mind had no infusion known,
 Thou gavest so deep a tincture of thine own,
 That ever since I vainly try
 To wash away th' inherent dye:
 Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colours
 quite,
 But never will reduce the native white.
 To all the ports of honour and of gain
 I often steer my course in vain;
 Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back
 again.
 Thou slacken'et all my nerves of industry,

By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only heaven desire
Do from the world retire.

This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too
late.)

For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The court and better king t' accuse;
The heaven under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:
Thine, thine is all the barrenness, if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing when I should
plough.

When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient sovereign did attend
His long misfortunes' fatal end;
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,
I ought to be accus'd if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands, they say, and though
I be

So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes thou
Should'st not reproach rewards for being small
or slow;

Thou! who reward'st but with popular breath,
And that, too, after death!"

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

550.—FROM "FRIENDSHIP IN
ABSENCE."

A thousand pretty wags we'll think upon
To seek our separation.
Alas! ten thousand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer stay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away.

And when no art affords us help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t' appease:
Just as a bird that flies about,
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

551.—THE WAITING-MAID.

Thy maid! Ah! find some nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place,
Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
The glories of thy face.

Alas! she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim lamp must disappear
Before thy potent light.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee
Maliciously are spent,
And make that beauty tyranny,
That's else a civil government.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

The min'st'ring angels none can see;
'Tis not their beauty or their face,
For which by men they worshipp'd be,
But their high office and their place.
Thou art my goddess, my saint she;
I pray to her only to pray to thee.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1681, Died 1697.

552.—HONOUR.

She loves, and she confesses too;
There's then, at last, no more to do:
The happy work 's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou hast won:
The fruits of conquest now begin;
Io, triumph; enter in.

What's this, ye gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet captivate;
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cases of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter-charms
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscure secrecy

Unlike so every other spite,
Thou' art 'pt' at not men to fight,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

553.—OF SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plentiful food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail the poor Muse's richest manor-seat !
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and
great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature ! the faintest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the suburbs here and there,
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah ! wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company !
He'll feel the weight of it every day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

Oh, Solitude ! first state of humankind !
Which bless'd remain'd till man did find
Even his own helper's company :
As soon as two, alas ! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

Though God himself, through countless ages,
these
His sole companion chose to be,
These, sacred Solitude ! alone,
Before the branching head of amber's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one ;

Thou (though men think thine an inactive
part)
Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well managed by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd
light
Dost, like a burning glass, unite,
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I
see
The monster London laugh at me ;
I should at thee, too, foolish city !
If it were fit to laugh at misery ;
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

554.—EPIGRAM ON A LIVING AUTHOR.

Here, stranger, in this humble nest,
Here Cowley sleeps ; here lies,
Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
And no inglorious ease,
He braves the world, and can defy
Its frowns and flatteries.

The little earth, he asks, survey ;
Is he not dead indeed ?
" Light lie that earth," good stranger, pray,
" Nor thorn upon it breed !"

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame,
Compass your poet round ;
With flowers of every fragrant name,
Be his warm ashes crown'd !
Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, Died 1667.

555.—OF HEAVEN.

O Beauteous God ! uncircumscrib'd treasure
Of an eternal pleasure !
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where Thou prepar'st a glorious place,
Within the brightness of Thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity.
What ravish'd heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone ?
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase—
And above all, Thy holy face—
Makes an eternal charity.
When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind, that day
Remember us, we pray—
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There Thou mayest appoint us place
Within the brightness of Thy face—
And our soul at
In the scroll

Of life and blissfulness enroll,
That we may praise Thee to eternity. Aile-
lujah!

Bishop Jeremy Taylor.—Born 1613, Died 1667.

556.—EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou
keep

Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up, prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not
good

After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowers;
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is
shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whisperings among them. Not a spring,
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I A.M. Canst thou not
sing?

O, leave thy cares and follies: go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.
Mornings are mysteries: the first world's
youth,

Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life,
light, truth.

Is stiled their star—the stone and hidden food,
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay:
Despatch necessities: life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the
heart

Be God's alone, and choose the better part.
Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, Died 1695.

557.—THE FEAST.

O come away!

Make no delay—

Come while my heart is clean and steady:

While faith and grace

Adorn the place,

Making dust and ashes ready:

No bias here lent

Is permanent—

Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit.

Short sips and sights

Endear delights:

Who seeks for more he would inherit.

Come then, true bread,

Quick'ning the dead,

Whose ester shall not, cannot dye!

Come antedate

On me that state

Which brings poor dust the victory:—

Aye victory!

Which from Thine eye

Breaks as the day doth from the east,

When the spit dew,

Like tears, doth show

The sad world wept to be releas'd.

Spring up, O mine!

And springing shine

With some glad message from His heart.

Who did, when slain,

These means ordain

For me to have in Him a part:—

Such a sure part

In His blest heart,

The well where living waters spring,

That, with it fed,

Poor dust, though dead,

Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O drink and bread,

Which strikes death dead,

The food of man's immortal being;

Under veils here

Thou art my cheer.

Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost Thou fly,

And search and pry

Through all my parts, and, like a quick

And knowing lamp,

Hunt out each damp

Whose shadow makes me sad or sick!

O what high joys!

The turtle's voice

And songs I hear! O quick'ning showers

Of my Lord's blood,

You make rocks bud,

And crown dry hills with wells and flowers!

For this true ease,

This healing peace,

For this brief taste of living glory,

My soul and all,

Kneel down and fall,

And sing His and victorious story!

O thorny crown,

More soft than down!

O painful cross, my bed of rest!

O spear, the key

Opening the way!

O Thy worst state my only best!

O all Thy griefs
Are my reliefs,
As all my sins Thy sorrows were!
And what can I
To this reply?
What, O God! but a silent tear?

Some toil and sow
That wealth may flow,
And dress this earth for next year's moat:
But let me heed
Why thou didst bid,
And what in the next world to eat.

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, Died 1695.

558.—THE BEE.

From fruitful beds and flowery borders,
Parcelled to wasteful ranks and orders,
Where state grasps more than plain truth
needs,

And wholesome herbs are starved by weeds,
To the wild woods I will be gone,
And the coarse meals of great Saint John.

When truth and piety are missed,
Both in the rulers and the priest;
When pity is not cold, but dead,
And the rich eat the poor like bread;
While factions heave, with open coil
And force, first made, then share the spoil:
To Herod then Eliza goes.

And in the desert grows the rose,
Hail, crystal fountains and fresh shades,
Where no proud look invades,
No busy worldling hunts away
The sad restorer all the day!

Hail, happy, harmless solitude!
Our sanctuary from the ruck
And sorrowful world: the calm recess
Of faith, and hope, and holiness!
Here something still like Eden looks—
Honey in woods, juleps in brooks;
And flowers whose rich, untrifled sweets
With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets,
When the toils of the day are done.

And the tired world sets with the sun.
Here flying winds and flowing wells
Are the wise, watchful hermit's bells;
Their busy murmurs all the night
To praise or prayer do invite:
And with an awful sound arrest,
And proudly employ his breast.

When in the East the dawn doth blush,
Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush;
Herbs straight get up; flowers peep and spread;
Tress whisper praise, and bow the head:
Birds, from the shades of night released,
Look round about, then quit the nest.
And with sweet gladness sing
The glory of the morning's King.

The hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their joys;
Then prays that all the world might be
Blest with as sweet an unity.

If sudden storms the day invade,
They flock about him to the shade,
Where wisely they expect the end,
Giving the tempest time to spend;
And hard by shelters on some bough
Hilario's servant, the sage crow.
O praver years of light and grace!
Great is the difference, as the space,
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After false fires, and leave the sun.
Is not fair nature of herself
Much richer than dull paint and pelf?
And are not streams at the spring head
More sweet than in carved stone or lead?
But fancy and some artist's tools
Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briars now is fraught.
Some part is with bold fables spotted,
Some by strange comments wildly blotted;
And discord, old corruption's crest,
With blood and blame have stained the rest.
So snow, which in its first descents
A whiteness like pure heaven presents,
When touched by men is quickly soiled,
And after trodden down and spoiled.

O lead me where I may be free
In truth and spirit to serve Thee!
Where undisturbed I may converse
With Thy great self; and there rehearse
Thy gifts with thanks; and from Thy store,
Who art all blessings, beg much more.
Give me the wisdom of the bee,
And her unweary industry!
That from the wild gourds of these days,
I may extract health, and Thy praise,
Who canst turn darkness into light,
And in my weakness show Thy might.
Suffer me not in any want
To seek retirement from a plant
That chide not wet, since all must be
Plucked up whose growth is not from Thee.
'Tis not the garden and the bowers,
Nor sense and forms, that give to flowers
Their wholeness: but Thy good will,
Which truth and piety purchase still.

Then, since corrupt man hath driven hence
Thy kind and saving influence,
And balm is no more to be had,
In all the coasts of Gland—
Go with me to the shade and cell
Where Thy best servants once did dwell.
There let me know Thy will, and see
Exiled religion owned by Thee:
For Thou canst turn dark grots to halls,
And make hills blossom like the vales,

Decking their untired heads with flowers,
And fresh delights for all and hours ;
Till from them, like a laden bee,
I may fly home, and hive with Thee !
Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, Died 1695.

559.—PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry,
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul awake !)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace—
The rose that cannot wither—
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges ;
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes—
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.
Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, Died 1695.

560.—THEY ARE ALL GONE.

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here !
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.
It glows and glisters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove—
Or those faint beams in which this hill is
drest
After the sun's remove.
I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose life doth tangle on my days—
My days which are at best but dull and heavy,
More glimmering and decaying.
O holy hope ! and high humility—
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have showed
them me,
To kindle my cold love.
Dear, heartless death—the jewel of the just—
Shining nowhere but in the dark !
What mysteries do he beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mask !
He that hath found some fabled bird's nest
any hour,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dall or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our
wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that looked her up gives
room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, Died 1695.

561.—THE TIMBER.

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many
springs,
Many bright mornings, morn dew, mazy
showers,
Pass'd o'er thy head ; many light hearts and
wings,
Which are now dead, lodged in thy living
twigs.

And still a new succession sings and flies,
Fresh greens grow up, and their green
branches about
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thrives at their feet.

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, Died 1695.

562.—THE RAINBOW.

Still young and fine, but what is still in view
We slight as old and ead'd, though fresh and
new.

How bright-wert thou when Shem's admiring
eye

Thy burnish'd flaming arch did first descry ;
When Zerah, Nahor, Hama, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one host
Did with intensive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trumbled at each
shower !

When thou dost shine, darkness looks white
and fair ;

Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and
air ;

Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the chaff earth, milk on grass and
flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure
 tis
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
 Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
 Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
 And binds the covenant betwixt all and One.

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, Died 1695.

563.—THE WREATH.

(TO THE REDEEMER.)

Since I in storms most used to be,
 And seldom yielded flowers,
 How shall I get a wreath for thee
 From those rude barren hours?

The softer dressings of the spring,
 Or summer's later store,
 I will not for thy temples bring,
 Which thorns, not roses, were:

But a twined wreath of grief and praise,
 Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
 Shining with joy, like dewy days,
 This day I bring for all thy pain,
 Thy senseless pain; and as sad death,
 Which sadness breeds in the moist vein,
 O not in vain! now beg thy breath,
 Thy quick'ning breath, which gladly bears
 Through saddest clouds to that glad place,
 Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
 Sing thy just praise, and see thy face.

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, Died 1695.

564.—THE RETREAT.

Happy those early days, when I
 Shined in my angel-infancy:
 Before I understood this place,
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy night
 But a white celestial thought—
 When yet I had not walk'd above;
 A mile or two from my first love,
 And looking back (at that short space)
 Could see a glimpse of his bright face.
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour;
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity.

Oh, how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track!
 That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train,
 From whence the enlightened spirit sees
 That shady City of Palm Trees.

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, Died 1695.

565.—THE TOMB.

When, cruel fair one, I am slain
 By thy disdain,
 And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
 To some old tomb am borne,
 Thy fetters must their power bequeath
 To those of Death;

Nor can thy fumes immortal burn,
 Like monument I fire within an urn:
 Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall
 prove
 There is more liberty in Death than Love.

And when forsaken lovers come
 To see my tomb,
 Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
 And (as a victor) proud,
 To view the spoils thy beauty made,
 Press near my shade,

Lest thy too cruel breath or name
 Should fan thy ashes back into a flame,
 And thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire,
 His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth, or marble, must
 Conceal my dust,
 Whilst hid in some dark ruin, I,
 Dumb and forgotten, lie,
 The pride of all thy victory
 Will sleep with me;

And they who should attest thy glory,
 Will, or forget, or not believe this story.
 Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
 Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.

Thomas Stanley.—Born 1625, Died 1678.

566.—CELIA SINGING.

Roses in breathing forth their scent,
 Or stars their borrow'd ornament;
 Nymphs in their wat'ry sphere that move,
 Or angels in their orbs above;
 The winged chariot of the light,
 Or the slow silent wheels of night;
 The shade which from the swifter sun
 Doth in a swifter motion run,
 Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,
 Make far less noise than Celia's breath in
 sleep.

But if the angel which inspires
 This subtle flame with active fires,
 Should mould this breath to words, and those
 Into a harmony dispose,
 The music of this heavenly sphere
 Would steal each soul (in) at the ear,
 And into plants and stones infuse
 A life that cherubim would chuse,
 And with new powers invert the laws of fate,
 Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

Thomas Stanley.—Born 1625, Died 1678.

567.—SPEAKING AND KISSING.

The air which thy smooth voice doth break,
 Into my soul like lightning flies;
 My life retires while thou dost speak,
 And thy soft breath its room supplies.

Lost in this pleasing ecstasy,
 I join my trembling lips to thine,
 And back receive that life from thee
 Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonic fools! 't inquire
 What numbers do the soul compose;
 No harmony can life inspire,
 But that which from these accents flows.

Thomas Stanley.—Born 1625, Died 1678.

568.—LA BELLE CONFIDANTE.

You earthly souls that court a wanton flame
 Whose pale, weak influence
 Can rise no higher than the humble name
 And narrow laws of sense,
 Learn by our friendship to create
 An immaterial fire,
 Whose brightness angels may admire,

But cannot emulate.
 Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
 Or make the lilies fade,
 But all the subtle ways that death doth seek
 Cannot my love invade.

Thomas Stanley.—Born 1625, Died 1678.

569.—NOTE TO MOSCHUS.

Along the mead Eurroph walks,
 To choose the fairest of its gems,
 Which, plucking from their slender stalks,
 She weaves in fragrant diadems.

Where'er the beauteous virgin treads,
 The common people of the field,
 To kiss her feet bowing their heads,
 Homage as to their goddess yield.

'Twixt whom ambitious wars arise,
 Which to the queen shall first present
 A gift Arabian spice odours,
 The votive offering of their scent.

When deathless Amaranth, this strife,
 Greedy by dying to decide,
 Begs she would her green thread of life,
 As love's fair destiny, divide.

Plant Ananthis now the vine
 And ivy enviously belacks,
 Wishing her odorous arms might twine
 About the fair in such strict folds.

The Violet, by her foot opprest,
 Doth from that touch enamour'd rise,
 But, losing straight what made her blest,
 Hangs down her head, looks pale, and dies.

Clitia, to new devotion won,
 Doth now her former faith deny,
 Seem in her face a double sun,
 And glories in apostacy.

The Gillyflower, which mocks the skies,
 (The meadow's painted rainbow) seeks
 A brighter lustre from her eyes,
 And richer scarlet from her cheeks.

The jocund Flower-de-luce appears,
 Because neglected, discontent;
 The morning furnish'd her with tears:
 Her sighs expiring odours vent.

Narcissus in her eyes, once more,
 Seems his own beauty to admire;
 In water not so clear before,
 As represented now in fire.

The Crocus, who would gladly claim
 A privilege above the rest,
 Begs with his triple tongue of flame,
 To be transplanted to her breast.

The Hyacinth, in whose pale leaves
 The hand of Nature writ his fate,
 With a glad smile his sigh deceives
 In hopes to be more fortunate.

His head the drowsy Poppy rais'd,
 A wak'd by this approaching morn,
 And view'd her purple light amaz'd,
 Though his, alas! was but her scorn.

None of this aromatic crowd,
 But for their kind death humbly call,
 Courting her hand, like martyrs proud,
 By so divine a fate to fall.

The royal maid th' applause disdain
 Of vulgar flowers, and only chose
 The bushful glory of the plains,
 Sweet daughter of the Spring, the Rose.

She, like herself, a queen appears,
 Rais'd on a verdant thorny throne,
 Guarded by amorous winds, and wears
 A purple robe, a golden crown.

Thomas Stanley.—Born 1625, Died 1678.

570.—THE VALEDICTION.

Vain world, what is in thee?
 What do poor mortals see
 Which should esteem'd be
 Worthy their pleasure?
 Is it the mother's womb,
 Or sorrows which soon come,
 Or a dark grave and tomb;
 Which is their treasure?
 How dost thou man deceive
 By thy vain glory?
 Why do they still believe
 Thy false history?

Is it children's book and rod,
The labourer's heavy load,
Poverty underrid.

The world desireth ?
Is it distracting cares,
Or heart-tormenting fears,
Or pining grief and tears,
Which man requireth ?
Or is it youthful rage,
Or childish toying ?
Or is decrepit age
Worth man's enjoying ?

Is it deceitful wealth,
Got by care, fraud, or stealth,
Or short, uncertain health,
Which thus befool men ?
Or do the serpent's lies,
By the world's factories
And tempting vanities,
Still overrule them ?
Or do they in a dream
Sleep out their season ?
Or borne down by lust's stream,
Which conquers reason ?

The silly lambs to-day
Pleasantly skip and play,
Whom butchers mean to slay,
Perhaps to-morrow ;
In a more brutish sort
Do careless sinners sport,
Or in dead sleep still snort,
As near to sorrow ;
Till life, not well begun,
Be sadly ended,
And the web they have spun
Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that's gone,
And what is that to come ?
Is it not now as none ?
The present stays not.
Time posteth, O how fast !
Unwelcome death makes haste ;
None can call back what's past—
Judgment delays not ;
Though God bring in the light,
Sinners awake not ;—
Because hell's out of sight,
They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show ;
They know, yet will not know ;
Sit still when they should go—
But run for shadows,
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow
In Christ's sweet meadows.
Life's better slept away
Than as they use it ;
In sin and drunken play
Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world, adieu !
Where no foul vice is now—
Only to Satan true,
God still offended ;
Though taught and warned by God,
And His chastising rod,
Keeps still the way that's broad,
Never amended.
Baptismal vows some make,
But ne'er perform them ;
If angels from heaven spake,
'Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath,
They labour hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
To overtake it.
Hell is not had for sought,
Damnation's dearly bought,
And with great labour sought—
They'll not forsake it.
Their souls are Satan's fee—
He'll not abate it.
Grace is refused that's free—
Mad sinners hate it.

Vile man is so perverse,
It's too rough work for verse
His madness to rehearse,
And show his folly ;
He'll die at any rate—
He God and conscience hates,
Yet sin he consecrates,
And calls it holy.
The grace he'll not endure
Which would renew him—
Constant to all, and sure,
Which will undo him.

His head comes first at birth,
And takes root in the earth—
As Nature shooteth forth,
His feet grow highest,
To kick at all above,
And spurn at saving love ;
His God is in his grove,
Because it's highest ;
He loves this world of strife,
Hates that would mend it ;
Loves death that's called life,
Fears what would end it.

All that is good he'd crush,
Blindly on sin doth rush—
A pricking, thorny bush,
Such Christ was crowned with ;
Their worship's like to this—
The rod, the Judas kiss ;
Such the religion is
That these abound with ;
They mock Christ with the knees
Where'er they bow it—
As if God did not see
The heart and know it.

Of good they choose the least,
 Despise that which is best—
 The joyful, heavenly feast,
 Which Christ would give them;
 Heaven hath scarce one cold wish;
 They live unto the flesh;
 Like swine they feed on wash—
 Satan doth drive them.
 Like weeds they grow in mire,
 Which vices nourish—
 Where, warmed by Satan's fire,
 All sins do flourish.

Is this the world men choose,
 For which they heaven refuse,
 And Christ and grace abuse,
 And not receive it?
 Shall I not guilty be
 Of this in some degree,
 If hence God would me free,
 And I'd not leave it?
 My soul, from Sodom fly,
 Lest wrath thou find thee;
 Thy refuge—rest is nigh—
 Look not behind thee!

There's none of this ado,
 None of the belliah crew;
 God's promise is most true—
 Boldly believe it.
 My friends are gone before,
 And I am near the shore,
 My soul stands at the door—
 O Lord, receive it!
 It trusts Christ and His merits—
 The dead He raises;
 Join it with blessed spirits
 Who sing Thy praises.

Richard Baxter.—Born 1615, Died 1691.

571.—SONG.

See, O see!
 How every tree,
 Every bower,
 Every flower,
 A new life gives to others' joys;
 While that I
 Grief-stricken lie,
 Nor can meet
 With any sweet
 But what fast: mine destroys.
 What are all the senses' pleasures,
 When the mind has lost all measures?
 Hear, O hear!
 How sweet and clear
 The nightingale
 And water's fall
 In concert join for others' ease;
 While to me,
 For harmony,

Every air
 Echoes despair,
 And every drop provokes a tear.
 What are all the senses' pleasures,
 When the soul has lost all measures?
Lord Bristol.—Born 1612, Died 1678.

572.—THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

Sing aloud! His praise rehearse,
 Who hath made the universe,
 He the boundless heavens has spread,
 All the vital orb has kneed;
 He that on Olympus high
 Tends His flock with watchful eye;
 And this eye has multiplied
 Midst each flock for to reside,
 Thus, as round about they stray,
 Toucheth each with outstretched ray;
 Nimbly they hold on their way,
 Shaping out their night and day.
 Never slack they; none responsive,
 Dancing round their central fire.

In due order as they move,
 Echoes sweet be gently drove
 Through heaven's vast hollowness,
 Which unto all concerns press—
 Music, that the heart of Jove
 Moves to joy and sportful love,
 Fills the listening ear's ears,
 Riding on the wondrous sphere.
 Neither speech nor language is;
 Where their voice is not transmise.

God is good, is wise, is strong—
 Witness all the creature throng—
 Is confes'd by every tongue.
 All things back from whence they sprung,
 As the thankful rivers pay
 What they borrowed of the sea.

Now, myself I do resign;
 Take me whole, I all am Thine.
 Save me, God! from self-desire,
 Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,
 Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire;
 Let not lost my soul expire.

Quit from these, Thy praise I'll sing,
 Loudly sweep the trembling string.
 Bear a part, O wisest's name,
 Freed from vain religious;
 Lo! from far I yet mistake,
 Sweetly warbling on my lute—
 India, Egypt, Assy,
 Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
 Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,
 With the Mountains of the Moon,
 From whence waddy Nile doth run;
 Or, wherever else you roam,
 Breathing in one vital air—
 One we are though distant far.

Rise at once—let's sacrifice!
Odours sweet perfume the skies.
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires;
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls!
Leave us nothing to ourselves
Save a voice—what need we else?
Or a hand to wear and time
On the thankful lute or lyre.
Sing aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made this universe.

Henry More.—Born 1614, Died 1687.

573—CHARITY AND HUMILITY.

Far have I clambered in my mind,
But naught so great as love I find;
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
Are naught compared to that good spright.
Life of delight, and soul of bliss!
Sure source of lasting happiness!
Higher than heaven, lower than hell!
What is thy tent? Where mayest thou dwell?
My mansion high Humility,
Heaven's vastest capability—
The further it doth downward tend,
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost naught,
It shall return with that it sought.

Lord, stretch Thy tent in my straight
breast—

Enlarge it downward, that sure rest
May there be pight; for that pure fire
Wherewith thou woudest to inspire
All self-dead souls. My life is gone—
Sad solitude's my irksome wonne.
Cut off from men and all this world,
In Lethé's lonesome ditch I'm hurried.
Nor might nor sight doth aught me move,
Nor do I care to be above:
O feeble rays of mental light.

That best be seen in this dark night!
What are you? What is any strength
If it be not laid in one length?
With pride or love? I naught desire
But a new life, or quite t'empire.
Could I demolish with mine eye
Strong towers, stop the feet stars in sky,
Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,
Or turn black midnight to bright noon—
Though all things were put in my hand—
As parched, as dry as the Libyan sand
Would be my life, if Charity

Were wanting. But humility
Is more than my poor soul durst crave,
That lies incumber'd in lowly grass.
But if 'twere lawful up to send
My voice to heaven, this should it rend:
Lord, thrust me deeper into dust.
That Thou mayest raise me with the just!

Henry More.—Born 1614, Died 1687.

574—THE SOUL AND BODY.

Like to a light fast lock'd in lantern dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do
gild,
And fisher streams perhaps from honny
side.
But when we've passed the peril of the way,
Arriv'd at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as
summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confin'd to these strict instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole here, the sight must ray from
thence,

Here tastes, there smells; but when she's
gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one-shining sphere;
And round about has perfect cognoscence:
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all ear.

Henry More.—Born 1614, Died 1687.

575—THE PRE-EXISTENCY OF THE SOUL.

Rise then, Aristo's son, assist my Muse;
Let that high sprite, which did enrich thy
brains
With choice conceits, some worthy thoughts
infuse,
Worthy thy title and the reader's pains.
And thou, O Lycian sage! whose pen contains
Treasures of heavenly light with gentle fires,
Give leave awhile to warm me at thy flames,
That I may also kindle sweet desire
In holy minds that unto highest things aspire.

For I would sing the pre-existency
Of human souls, and live once o'er again,
By recollection and quick memory;
All that is past since first we all began;
But all too shallow be my wits to scan
So deep a point, and mind too dull to clear
So dark a matter: But thou, more than man;
Arise, thou sacred soul of Plotin doer;
Tell me what mortals are—tell what of old
they were.

A spark or ray of the divinity,
Clouded with earthy fogs, yoked in clay,
A precious drop sunk from eternity,
Spilt on the ground, or rather sunk away;
For then we fell when we'gan first t'assay;
By stealth of our own selves, something to
be;
Uncontending ourselves from our great stay,

Which fondly we new liberty did ween,
And from that prank right jolly wits ourselves
did deem.

Show fitly how the pre-existent soul
Enacts and enters bodies here below,
And then entire unhurt can leave this mould,
And thence her airy vehicle can draw.
In which by sense and motion they may know,
Better than wa, what things transacted be
Upon the earth, and when they list may show
Themselves to friend or foe, their phantasies
Moulding their airy orb to gross consistency.

Wherefore the soul possess'd of matter meet,
If she hath power to operate thereon,
Can each transform this vehicle to sight,
Dight with due colour figuration.
Can speak, can walk, and then disappear anon,
Spreading herself in the dispersed air,
Then, if she please, recall again what's gone:
Those th' uncouth mysteries of fancy are—
Than thunder far more strong, more quick
than lightning far.

Some heaving toward this strange activity
We may observe ev'n in this mortal state;
Here health and sickness of the phantasie
Often proceed, which working minds create,
And pox and pestilence do malleate,
Their thoughts still beating on those objects ill,
Which doth the master'd blood contaminate,
And with foul poisonous impressions fill,
And last, the precious life with deadly colour
kill.

All these declare the force of phantasie,
Though working here upon this stubborn clay;
But th' airy vehicle yields more easily,
Unto her beck more nimbly doth obey,
Which truth the joint confessions bewray
Of damned hags and masters of bold skill,
Whose hellish mysteries fully to display,
The earth would groan, trees sigh, and horror
all o'erpill.

But he that out of darkness giveth light,
He guides my steps in this so uncouth way;
And ill-dome deeds by children of the night
Convert to good, while I shall hence assay
The noble soul's condition ope to lay,
And show her empire on her airy sphere,
By what of sprites and spectres stories say:
For sprites and spectres that by night appear
Be, or all with the soul, or of a nature near.

Up then, renowned wizard, hermit sage,
That twice ten years didst in the desert woe,
With sprites conversing in thy hermitage,
Since thou of mortals didst the commerce
shun:
Well seen in these foul deeds that have fore-
doce

Many a bold wit. Up, Marcus, tell again
That story to thy Thrax, who has thee won
To Christian faith; the guise and haunts
explain
Of all air-trampling ghosts that in the world
remain.

There be six sorts of sprites: Lelurion
Is the first kind, the next are named from air;
The first aloft, yet far beneath the moon,
The other in this lower region fare:
The third terrestrial, the fourth watery are;
The fifth be subterranean; the last
And worst, light-hating ghosts, more cruel far
Than bear or wolf with hunger hard oppress'd,
But doltish yet, and dull, like an unwieldy
beast.

Camelion-like they thus their colour change,
And size contract, and then dilate again,
Like the soft earth-worm hurt by heedless
chance,
Shrinks in herself to shun or ease her pain.
Nor do they only thus themselves constrain
Into less bulk, but if with courage bold,
And flaming brand, thou strike these shades in
twain
Close quick as cloven air. So sang that wizard
old.

And truth he said, whatever he has told,
As even this present age may verify,
If any lists its stories to unfold,
Of Hugo, of hobgoblins, of incubi,
Abhorred dings by devils sucken dry;
Of leaping lamps, and of fierce flying stones,
Of living wool and such like witchery;
Or proved by sight or self-confessions,
Which things much credence gain to past tra-
ditions.

Wherefore with boldness we will now relate
Some few in brief; as of th' Astorian lad
Whose peevish mother, in fell ire and haste,
With execration bold, the devil had
Take him alive. Which mood the boy n'ote
bear.
But quits the room—walks out with spirit and,
Into the court, where lo! by night appear
Two giants with grim looks, rough limbs, black
grizzly hair.

The walking skeleton in Bolonia,
Laden with rattling chains, that show'd his
grave
To the watchful student, who without dismay
Bid tell his wants and speak what he would
have,
Thus cleared he the house by courage brave.
Nor may I pass the fair Cordimas maid
Whose love a jolly swain did kindly crave,
And oft with unusual noisance with her stand,
Yet he no jolly swain, but a deceitful shade.

In arctic climes an isle that Thulé hight,
Famous for snowy mounds, whose hoary heads
Sure sign of cold; yet from their fiery feet
They strike out burning stones with thunders
dread,
And all the land with smoke and ashes spread;
Here wand'ring ghosts themselves have often
shown,
As if it were the region of the dead,
And met departed, met with whom they've
known,
In seemly sort shake hands, and ancient
friendship own.

A world of wonders hither might be thrown
Of sprites and spectres, as that frequent noise
Of heard upon the plain of Marathon,
Of neighing horses and of martial boys;
The Greek the Persian nightly here destroys
In hot assault umbrell'd in a long war;
Four hundred years did last those dreadful
toys,
As doth by Attic records plain appear,
The seeds of hate by death so little slaked are.

Henry More.—Born 1614, Died 1687.

576.—COOPEE'S HILL.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those,
And as courts make not kings, but kings the
court,

So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantaged in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the
space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's the late throne of such a Muse, whose
flight

Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy
height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time,
or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the business and the
crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,

And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where, with like haste, though several ways
they run,

Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retired content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus
dwells,

Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforced ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grand;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain
bears,

But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus
advance,

'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
To invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heav'nly
race

Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that numerous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor; nor doth
Fame's

Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnut;
(Though this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities
strove)
(Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in
fame,

As thine his fate, if mine had been his fame)
But whoso'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'n'd kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward; and thy greater son,
(The lilies which his father wore he won)
And thy Bellona, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king,
And brought that son which did the second
bring;
Then didst thou find that Order (whether
love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move.)

Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
That the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives
were,

In after-times should spring a royal pair
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves what's er
The victor hopes for or the vanquish'd fear;
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire
shed.

And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unsplit, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confined
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to forget and prophecy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath
join'd.

Which nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound which to the world's extremest
ends.

Endless itself, its liquid arms extends,
Near doth he need those emblems which we
point,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should'st my wonder dwell, and here my
praise;

But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye
betrays,

Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such
storm.

Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire
offence,

What crime, could any Christian king increase
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? they were his own
much more;

But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crowns,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;

And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good.

Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Time he the church at once protects and
spoils;

But princes' swords are sharper than their
styles;

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lay cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell.
And like the black removed lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stark devout.

Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must
advance

So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps but would
demand

What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did
bring

This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and
fear,

Those for what's past, and this for what's too
near,
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys
strays;

Thames! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tributes to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance
hold,

Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;

Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he
gave.

No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's
toil;

But godlike his unweari'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to hasten or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his firing tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies
ours;

Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it
wants,

Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange.
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not
dull.

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Heav'n hur Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's
lost;

Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bache the gods:
Hence Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties,

(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from several causes
move,

For so our children, thus our friends, we love)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;

While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence
delight.

The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,

While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shaggy mantle clothes; his curl'd brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly
flows.

While winds and storms his lofty forehead
beat;

The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream em-
braced,

Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears

Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Behold of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their forests, their revels, and their am'rous
flames?

'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts

To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone:
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbond his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasur with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a toe that would not only fly.

The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should
inva'de

His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Roused with the noise, he scarce believes his
ear,

Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his
view

Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his
speed,

His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye

Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry:
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness let;
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks; the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.

Thence to the covert and the conscious
grove,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves;
Sadly envying where he ranged alone;
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving branch

Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,

Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and mourns
Repents his courage than his fear before;

Finds that uncertain ways unsafe are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor
fores,

Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst for
blood.

So t'wards a ship the ear-finn'd galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall revenged on those that dare
Temp't the last fury of extreme despair.

So fares the stag; among th' enraged hounds
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for
 wounds:

And as a hero, whom his baser foes
 In troops surround, now these assaults, now those,
 Though a prodigal of life, disdains to die
 By common hands; but if he can desert
 Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
 So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent and happy chase
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 Fair Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
 When in that remedy all hope was placed
 Which was, or should have been at least, the
 last.

Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier style of king and subject bear:
 Happy when both to the same centre move,
 When kings give liberty and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes
 gave.

Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
 Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
 And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
 "Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear
 reviles.

Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts,
 but spoils."
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could
 hold,

First made their subjects by oppression bold;
 And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river raised with sudden rains,
 Or snow dissolved, o'erflows th' adjoining
 plains,

The husbandmen with high-raised banks secure
 Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
 But if with bays, and dams they strive to force
 His channel to a new or narrow course,
 No longer then within his banks he dwells,
 First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
 Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
 And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his
 shores.

Sir John Denham.—Born 1615, Died 1668.

577.—ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S
 TRIAL AND DEATH.

Great Strafford! worthy of that name, though
 all
 Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,

Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
 Which too much merit did accumulate.
 As chemists gold from brass by fire would
 draw,

Pretexts are into treason forged by law.
 His wisdom such, at once it did appear
 Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms'
 fear,
 Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd,
 although
 Each had an army, as an equal foe;
 Such was his force of eloquence, to make
 The hearers more concern'd than he that
 spake,
 Each seem'd to act that part he came to
 see,

And none was more a looker-on than he.
 So did he move our passions, some were
 known

To wish, for the defence, the crime their
 own,

Now private pity strove with public hate,
 Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.
 Now they could him, if he could them for-
 give;

He's not too guilty, but too wise, to live:
 Less seem those facts which treason's nickname
 bore

Than such a fear'd ability for more.
 They after death their fears of him express,
 His innocence and their own guilt confess.
 Their legislative frenzy they repent,
 Enacting it should make no precedent.

This fate he could have escap'd, but would
 not lose

Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
 Death from their fears than safety from his
 own,
 That his last action all the rest might crown.

Sir John Denham.—Born 1615, Died 1668.

578.—SONG TO MORPHEUS.

Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
 In cottages and smoky cells,
 Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
 And, though he fears no prince's frown,
 Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
 And thy leaden charming rod,
 Dipt in the Lethæan lake,
 O'er his wakeful temples shake.
 Let him should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
 Obligated to thy greatest foe?
 Sleep, that in thy best repose,
 Yet of death it bears a taste,
 And both are the same thing at last.

Sir John Denham.—Born 1615, Died 1668.

579.—A SUMMER MORNING.

The morning hath not lost her virgin blush.
Nor step, but mine, sell'd the earth's tinsell'd
robe.

How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain;
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused
up,

In 's morning exercise saluted is
By a full quire of feather'd choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamour'd air!
Here nature in her unaffected dress
Flaunted with valleys, and emboss'd with hills
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with
woods,

Sits lovely in her native russet.

William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, Died 1689.

580.—VIRGIN PURITY.

The morning pearls,
Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
Less chaetly cool, ere the meridian sun
Leath kiss'd them into heat.

William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, Died 1689.

581.—ARGALIA CONDEMNED ON FALSE EVIDENCE.

High mounted on an ebon throne on which
Th' embellish'd silver show'd so sadly rich
As if its varied form strove to delight
Those solemn souls which death-pale fear did
fright,

In Tyrian purple clad, the prince's saté,
Between two sterner ministers of fate,
Impartial judges, whose distinguish'd tasks
Their various habit to the view unmasks.
One, in whose looks, as pity strove to draw
Compassion in the tablets of the law,
Some softness dwelt, in a majestic vest
Of state-like red was clothed; the other,
dread'd

In dismal black, whose terrible aspect
Declared his office, serv'd but to detect
Her slow consent, if, when the first forsook
The cause, the law so far as death did look.
Silence proclaim'd, a harsh command calls
forth

The undaunted prisoner, whose exolling worth
In this low ebb of fortune did appear
Such as we fancy virtues that come near
The excellence of angels—fear had not
Bided one drop of blood, nor rage begot
More colour in his cheeks—his soul in state,
Thru'd in the medium, constant virtue sat.

Yet, though now depress'd
Even in opinion, which oft proves the best
Support to those whose public virtues we
Adore before their private guilt we see,
His noble soul still wings itself above
Passion's dark fogs; and like that prosperous
dove

The world's first pilot, for discovery sent,
When all the floods that bound the firmament
O'erwhelm'd the earth, conscience' calm joys
to increase,

Returns, freight with the olive branch of peace,
Thus fortified from all that tyrant fear
Perawed the guilty with, he doth appear.

Not all
His virtues now protect him, he must fall
guiltless sacrifice, to expiate
So other crime but their envenom'd hate.
In ominous silence—such as oft precedes
the fatal sentence—while the accuser reads
his charge, possess'd the pitying court in
which

Pressaging calm Pharonida, too rich
In mercy, heaven's supreme prerogative,
To stifle tears, did with her passion strive
So long, that what at first assualted in
Scorrow's black armour, had so often been
For pity cherish'd, that at length her eyes
Found there those spirits that did sympathise
With those that warm'd her blood, and unseen,
move
That engine of the world, mysterious love.

The beauteous princess, whose free soul had
been

Yet guarded in her virgin ice, and now
A stranger is to what she doth allow
Such easy entrance. By those rays that fall
From either's eyes, to make reciprocal
Their yielding passions, brave Argalia felt,
Even in the grasp of death, his functions
melt
To flames, which on his heart an onset make
For sadness, such as weary mortals take
Eternal farewells in. Yet in this high
Tide of his blood, in a soft calm to die,
His yielding spirits now prepare to meet
Death clothed in thoughts white as his winding-
sheet.

That fatal doom, which unto heaven affords
The sole appeal, one of the assisting lords
Had now pronounced whose horrid thunder
could
Not strike his laurell'd brow; that voice which
would

Have petrified a timorous soul, he hears
With calm attention. No disorder'd fears
Ruffled his fancy, nor domestic war
Raged in his breast; his every look so far
From vulgar passions, that, unless amazed
At beauty's majesty, he sometime gazed
Wildly on that as emblems of more great
Glorie than earth afforded, from the seat
Of resolution his fix'd soul had not
Been stirr'd to passion, which had now begot

Wonder, not fear, within him. No harsh
frown
Contracte his brow; nor did his thoughts pull
down
One fainting spirit, wrapt in another's groans,
To clog his heart. From her most eminent
thrope
Of sense, the eyes, the lightning of his soul
Flew, with such vigour forth, it did control
All weaker passions, and at once include
With Roman valour Christian fortitude.

William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, Died 1684

582.—THE FATHER OF PHARONNIDA
DISCOVERS HER ATTACHMENT TO
ARGALIA.

Silent with passion, which his eyes inflamed,
The prince awhile beholds her ere he blames
The frailty of affection; but at length,
Through the quick throng of thoughts, arm'd
with a strength,

Which crush'd the soft paternal smiles of
love,
He thus begins—"And must, O must the
prove

My greatest curse on which my hopes ordain'd.
To raise my happiness? Have I refrain'd
The pleasures of a nuptial bed, to joy
Alone in thee, nor trembled to destroy
My name, so that advancing time I might
Live to behold my sceptre take its flight
To a more spacious empire? Have I spent
My youth till, grown in debt to age, she hath

Discas'd to arrest me that impair
My strength and hopes o'er to enjoy an heir,
Which might preserve our name, which only
now

Must in our dusty annals live; whilst thou
Transfer'st the glory of my house on one,
Which find not I warm'd into life, had gone,
A wretch forgotten of the world, to th' earth
From whence he sprung? But tear this

monstrous birth
Of fancy from thy soul, quick as thou'dst fly
Descending wrath if visible, or I
Shall blast thee with my anger till thy name
Rot in my memory; not as the same
That once thou wert behold thee, but as some
fierce prodigy, which to fateshew should come
All ill which through the progress of my life
Did chance were sent. I lost a queen and
wife,

Thy virtuous mother, who for goodness might
Have been supplied, before she took her flight
To heaven, my better angel's place; have
since

Stood storms of strong affliction; still a prince
I've; my passions until now, but this
Hath proved me coward. Oh! thou dost
scorn

To grieve me thus, fond girl."—With that he
shook

His reverend head; beholds her with a look
Compos'd of grief and anger, which she sees
With melting sorrow; but resolv'd love from
Her from more yielding pity—

She falls
Prostrate at a feet; to his remembrance calls
Her dying mother's will, by whose pale dust
She now conjures him not to be unjust
Unto that promise, with which her pure soul
Fled satisfied from earth—as to control
Her freedom of affection.—

She then
Calls to remembrance who relieved him when
Distress'd within Aegyptius' walls; the love
His subjects bore Argalia, which might prove
Her choice her happiness; with all, how great
A likelihood, it was but the retreat
Of royalty to a more safe disguise
Had show'd him to their state's denied eyes
So mean a thing. Love's boundless rhetoric
About to dictate more, he, with a quick
And furious haste, forsakes the room, his rage
Thus boiling o'er—"And must my wretched
age

Be thus by thee tormented? but take heed,
Correct thy passions, or their cause must
bleed,
Until he quench the flame—"

Her soul, oppress'd,
Sinks in a pale swoon, catching at the rest
It must not yet enjoy; swift help lends light,
Though faint and glimmering, to behold what
night

Of grief o'ershadow'd her. You that have
been
Upon the rack of passion, tortured in
The engines of forbidden love, that have
Shed fruitless tears, spent hopeless nights, to
cave

A rigid parent's fair aspect, conceive
What with distraction seized her. I must
have

Her passions' volume only to be read
Within the bosom of such whose hearts have
bled
At the like dangerous wounds.

William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, Died 1684.

583.—ARGALIA TAKEN PRISONER BY
THE TURKS

The Turks had ought
Made desperate onslaughts on the isle, but
brought

Brought back but wounds and infamy; but
now

Wearied with toil, they are resolv'd to bow
Their stubborn resolutions with the strength
Of not-to-be-resisted want; the length
Of the chronic disease extended had
To some few months, since to oppress the ad

But constant islanders, the army lay,
Circling their confines. Whilst this tedious
stay

From battle rists the soldier's valour in
His tainted cabin, there had often been,
With all variety of fortune, fought
Brave single combats, whose success had
brought

Honour's unwither'd laurels on the brow
Of either party; but the balance, now
Forced by the hand of a brave Turk, inclined
Wholly to them. Thrice had his valour shined
In victory's refulgent rays, thrice heard
The shout of conquest; thrice on his lance
appear'd

The heads of noble Rhodians, which had struck
A general sorrow amongst the knights. All
look

Who next the lists should enter; each desires
The task were his, but honour now requires
A spirit more than vulgar, or she dies
The next attempt, their valour's sacrifice;
To prop whose ruins, chosen by the free
Consent of all, Argalia comes to be
Their happy champion. Truce proclaim'd,
until

The combat ends, th' expecting people fill
The spacious battlements; she Turks forsake
Their tents, of whom the city ladies take
A dreadful view, till a more noble sight
Diverts their looks; each part beheld their
knight

With various wishes, whilst in blood and sweat
They toil for victory. The conflict's heat
Raged in their veins, which honour more
inflamed

Than burning calentes could do; both
blamed

The feeble influence of their stars, that gave
No speedier conquest; each neglects to save
Himself, to seek advantage to offend
His eager foe.

• • • • • But now so long
The Turks' proud champion had endured the
strug

Assaults of the stout Christian, till his strength
Cool'd, on the ground, with his blood—he fell
at length,

Beneath his conquering sword. The barbarous
crew

O' the villains that did at a distance view
Their champion's fall, all hands of truce forgot,
Running to succour him, begin a hot
And desperate combat with those knights that
stand

To aid Argalia, by whose conquering hand
Whole squadrons of them fall, but here he
spent

His mighty spirit in vain, their cannons rent
His scatter'd troops.

• • • • •

Argalia lies in chains, ordain'd to die
A sacrifice unto the cruelty
Of the fierce bashaw, whose loved favourite in
The combat late he slew; yet had not been

In that so much unhappy, had not he,
That honour'd then his sword with victory,
Half-brother to James been, a bright
But cruel lady, whose refined delight
Her slave (though husband), Ammanit, durst
not
Ruffle with discontent; wherefore, so cool
that hot

Contention of her blood, which he foresew
That heavy news would from her anger draw,
To quench with the brave Christian's death, he
sent

Him living to her, that her anger, spent
In flaming torments, might not settle in
The dregs of discontent. Staying to win
Some Rhodian castles, all the prisoners were
Sent with a guard into Sardinia, there
To meet their wretched thraldom. From the
rest

Argalia sever'd, soon hopes to be blest
With speedy death, though wasted on by all
The hell-instructed torments that could fall
Within invention's reach; but he's not yet
Arrived to his period, his unmoved stars sit
Thus in their orbs secured. It was the use
Of th' Turkish pride, which triumphs in th'
abuse

Of suffering Christians, once, before they take
The ornaments of nature off, to make
Their prisoners public to the view, that all
Might mock their miseries: this sight did call
James to her palace-window, where,
Whilst she beholds them, love resolved to bear
Her ruin on her treacherous eye-beams, till
Her heart infected grew; their orbs did fill,
As the most pleasing object, with the sight
Of him whose sword open'd a way for the
flight

Of her loved brother's soul. At the first view
Fusion had struck her dumb, but when it
grew

Into desire, she speedily did send
To have his name—which known, hate did
defend

Her heart; besieged with love, she sighs, and
straight

Commands him to a dungeon: but love's bait
Cannot be so cast up, though to efface
His image from her soul she strives. The
place

For execution she commands to be
Gains the next day prepared; but rest and
she

Grow enemies about it: if she steal
A slumber from her thoughts, that doth reveal
Her passions in a dream, sometimes she
thought

She saw her brother's pale grim ghost, that
brought

His grisly wounds to show her, smear'd in
blood,

Standing before her sight; and by that flood
Those red streams wropt, imploring vengeance
thum,
Enrag'd, she cries, "O, let dim die!" B
wian

Her sleep-imprison'd fancy, wandering in
 The shades of darken'd reason, did begin
 To draw Argalia's image on her soul,
 Love's sovereign power did suddenly controul
 The strength of those abortive embryos,
 sprung
 From another'd anger. The glad birds had
 sung
 A lullaby to night, the lark was fled,
 On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
 To fan them in the rising sunbeams, ere
 Whose early reign Janusa, that could bear
 No longer lock'd within her breast so great
 An army of rebellious passions, beat
 From reason's conquer'd fortress, did unfold
 Her thoughts to Manto, a stout wench; whose
 bold
 Wit, join'd with zeal to serve her, had en-
 dear'd
 Her to her best affections. Having clear'd
 All doubts with hopeful promises, her maid,
 By whose close wiles this plot must be con-
 vey'd,

To secret action of her council makes
 Two eunuch pandars, by whose help she takes
 Argalia from his keeper's charge, as to
 Suffer more torments than the rest should do,
 And lodged him in that castle to affright
 And soften his great soul with fear. The light,
 Which lent its beams into the dismal place
 In which he lay, without presents the face
 Of horror smear'd in blood; a scaffold built
 To be the stage of murder, blush'd with guilt
 Of Christian blood, by several torments let
 From th' imprisoning veins. This object set
 To startle his resolves if good, and make
 His future joys more welcome, could not shake
 The heaven-built pillars of his soul, that stood
 Steady, though in the slippery paths of blood.
 The gloomy night now sat enthroned in dead
 And silent shadows, midnight curtains spread
 The earth in black for what the falling day
 Had blush'd in fire, whilst the brave pris'ner
 lay,
 Circled in darkness, yet in those shades spends
 The hours with angels, whose assistance lends
 Strength to the wings of faith.

• • • • •
 He beholds

A glimmering light, whose near approach
 unfolds
 The leaves of darkness. While his wonder
 grows
 Big with amazement, the dim taper shows
 False Manto enter'd, who, prepared to be
 A bard unto her lustful mistress, came,
 Not with persuasive rhetoric to inflame
 A heart congeal'd with death's approach.

• • • • •
 Most blest of men!

Compose thy wonder, and let only joy
 Dwell in thy soul. My coming's to destroy,
 Not nurse thy trembling fears: be but so wise
 To follow thy swift fate, and thou may'st rise

Above the reach of danger. In thy arms
 Circle that power whose radiant brightness
 charms
 Fierce Ammurat's anger, when his crescents
 shine
 In a full orb of force; what was thine
 Ere made a prisoner, though the doubtful
 state
 Of her best Christian monarch, will abate
 Its splendour, when that daughter of the
 night,
 Thy feeble star, shines in a heaven of light.
 If life or liberty, then, bear a shape
 Worthy thy courting, swear not to escape
 By the attempts of strength, and I will free
 The iron bonds of thy captivity.
 A solemn oath, by that great power he served,
 Took, and believed: his hopes no longer starved
 In expectation. From that swartly seat
 Of sad despair, his narrow jail, replete
 With lazy damps, she leads him to a room
 In whose delights joy's summer seem'd to
 bloom,
 There left him to the brisk society
 Of costly baths and Cornic wines, whose high
 And sprightly tempers from cool sherbets
 found

A calm ally; here his harsh thoughts unworded
 Themselves in pleasure, as not fearing fate
 So much, but that he durst to recreate
 His spirit, by unwieldy action tired,
 With all that lust into no crime had bred.
 By mutes, those silent ministers of sin,
 His sullied garments were removed, and in
 Their place such various habits laid, as pride
 Would clothe her favourites with.

• • • • •
 Unruffled here by the rash wearer, rests
 Fair Persian mantles, rich Schavonian vests.

• • • • •
 Though on this swift variety of fate
 He looks with wonder, yet his brave soul sets
 Too safe within her guards of reason, to
 Be shook with passion: that there's some-
 thing new
 And strange approaching after such a storm,
 This gentle calm assures him.

• • • • •
 His limbs from wounds but late recover'd,
 now
 Refresh'd with liquid odours, did allow
 Their suppled nerves no softer rest, but in
 Such robes as wore their ornament within,
 Veil'd o'er their beauty.

• • • • •
 His guilty conduct now had brought him near
 Janusa's room, the glaring lights appear
 Thorough the window's crystal walk, the
 strong
 Perfumes of balmy incense mix'd among
 The wandering atoms of the air did fly,
 • • • • • The open doors allow

A free access into the room, where come,
Such real forms he saw as would strike dumb
The Alcoran's tales of Paradise, the fair
And sparkling gems 't the gilded roof impair
Their taper's fire, yet both themselves confess
Weak to those flames Jannus's eyes possess
With such a joy as bodies that do long
For souls, shall meet them in the doomsday
through,
She that ruled princes, though not passions,
sate
Waiting her lover, on a throne whose state
Epitomized the empire's wealth; her robe,
With costly pride, had robb'd the chaquer'd
globe
Of its most fair and orient jewels, to
Enhance its value; captive princes who
Had lost their crowns, might there those gems
have seen.

Placed in a seat near her bright throne, to
stir
His settled thoughts she thus begins: "From
her
Your sword hath so much injured as to shed
Blood so near kin to mine, that it was fed
By the same milky fountain, and within
One womb warm'd into life, is such a sin
I could not pardon, did not love commit
A rape upon my mercy: all the wit
Of man in vain inventions had been lost,
Ere thou redeem'd; which now, although it
cost
The price of all my honours, I will do:
Be but so full of gratitude as to
Repay my care with love. Why dost thou
thus
sit dumb to my discourse? it lies in us
To raise or ruin thee, and make my way
Through their bloods that our embraces
stay."

To charm those sullen spirits that within
The dark cells of his conscience might have
been
Yet by religion hid—that gift divine,
The soul's composure, music, did refine
The lazy air, whose polish'd harmony,
Whilst dancing in redoubled echoes, by
A wanton song was answer'd, whose each part
Invites the hearing to betray the heart.
Having with all these choice flowers strew'd the
way
That leads to lust, to shun the slow decay
Of his approach, her sickly passions haste
To die in action. "Come," she cries, "we
waste
The precious minutes. Now thou know'st for
what
Thou'rt sent for hither."
Brave Argalia sits,
With virtue cool'd. "And must my freedom then
At such a rate be purchased? rather, when

My life expires in torments, let my name
Forgotten die, than live in black-mouth'd
fame.
A servant to thy lust. Go, tempt thy own
Damsel's infidels to sin, that ne'er had known
The way to virtue: not this cobweb veil
Of beauty, which thou wear'st but as a jail
To a soul pale with guilt, can cover o'er
Thy mind's deformity. * * *

Ret from these gilded pleasures, send me to
A dungeon dark as hell, where shadows do
Reign in eternal silence; let these rich
And costly robes, the gaudy trappings which
Thou mean'st to clothe my sin in, be exchanged
For sordid rags. When thy fierce spleen hath
ranged
Through all invented torments, choose the
worst
To punish my denial; less accout
I so shall perish, than if by consent
I taught thy guilty thoughts how to augment
Their sin in action, and, by giving ease
To thy blood's fever, took its loath'd disease."
Her look,
Cast like a felon's—
Was sad; with silent grief the room she leaves.
William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, Died 1689.

584.—THE DEATH OF JANUSA AND AMMURAT.

Placed, by false Manto, in a closet, which,
Silent and sad, had only to enrich
Its roof with light, some few neglected beams
Sent from Jannus's room, which serve as streams
To watch intelligence; here he beheld,
While she who with his absence had expell'd
All thoughtful cares, was with her joy swell'd
high,
As captives are when call'd to liberty.
Perfumed and costly, her fair bed was more
Adorn'd than shrines which costly things adore;
Incense, in smoky curls, climbs to the fair
Roof, whilst choice music ravishes the air;
Each element in more perfection here,
Than in the first creation did appear,
Yet lived in harmony: the wing'd fire lent
Perfumes to the air, that to moist cordials part
In crystal vials, strength; and those impart
Their vigour to that ball of earth, the heart.
The nice eye here epitomized might see
Rich Farnia's wealth, and old Rome's luxury.

But now, like Nature's new-made favourite,
Who, until all created for delight
Was framed, did ne'er see Paradise, comes in
Deceived Argalia, thinking he had been
Call'd thither to behold a penitent.

• • With such a high
 Heroic scorn as aged saints that die,
 Heaven's fav'rites, leave the trivial world—he
 mights
 That gilded pomp; no splendid beam invites
 His serious eye to meet their objects in
 An amorous glance, reserved as he had been
 Before his grave confessor; he beholds
 Beauty's bright magic, while its art unfolds
 Great love's mysterious riddles, and commands
 Captive Janna to infringe the bands
 Of matrimonial modesty. When all
 Temptation fails, she leaves her throne to fall,
 The scorn of greatness, at his feet: but prayer,
 Like flattery, expires in useless air,
 Too weak to batter that firm confidence
 Their torment's thunder could not shake.

From hence
 Despair, love's tyrant, had enforced her to
 More wild attempts, had not her Ammurat,
 who,
 Unseen, beheld all this, prevented, by
 His sight, the death of blooming modesty.

Made swift with rage, the ruffled curtain flies
 His angry touch—he orders—fir'd his eyes,
 From whence some drops of rage distil, on her
 Whose heart had lent her face its character:
 Whilst he stood red with flaming anger, she
 Looks pale with fear—passion's disparity
 Dwelt in their troubled bosoms; his wild eyes
 stood

Like comets, when attracting storms of blood
 Shock with portentous sad, the whilst ears
 Like the dull earth, when trembling at the
 fate

Of those ensuing evils—heavy fir'd
 Within their orbs. Passion thus strangely
 mix'd,
 No various fever e'er created in
 The phrenzied brain, when sleep's sweet calm
 had been
 From her soft throne deposed.

• • • • •
 So having passed, his dreadful voice thus broke
 The dismal silence:—

“Thou curse of my nativity, that more
 Affects me than eternal wrath can do—
 Spirit's condemn'd, some fiends, instruct me to
 Heighten revenge to thy desert; but so
 I should do more than mortals may, and throw
 Thy spotted soul to flames. Yet I will give
 Its passport hence; for think not to outlive
 This hour, this fatal hour, ordain'd to see
 More than an age before of tragedy.”

• • • • •
 Fearing tears should win
 The victory of anger, Ammurat draws
 His scimitar, which had in blood writ laws
 For conquer'd provinces, and with a swift
 And cruel' rage, ere penitence could lift
 Her burthen'd soul in a repentant thought

Tow'rd's heaven, sheathes the cold steel in her
 soft
 And snowy breast: with a loud groan she falls
 Upon the bloody floor, half breathless, calls
 For his untimely pity; but perceiving
 The floating spirits, with her blood, were
 leaving

Her heart unguarded, she smoothes that breath
 Which yet remain'd, not to bewail her death,
 But beg his life that caused it—on her knees,
 Struggling to rise. But now calm'd Ammurat
 frays

Her from disturbing death, in his last great
 work,
 And thus declares some virtue in a Turk.

“I have, brave Christian, by perusing thee
 In this great art of honour, learnt to be,
 Too late, thy follower: this ring (with that
 Gives him his signet) shall, when question'd at
 The court's guard, thy safety be. And now
 I see her blood's low water doth allow
 Me only time to hancek my soul's black bark
 Into death's rubric sea—for to the dark
 And silent region, though we been we by
 Passion divorced, fortune shall not deny
 Our souls to sail together. From thy eyes
 Remove death's load, and see what sacrifice
 My love is offering.” With that word, a stroke
 Pierces his breast, whose speedy pains invoke
 Death's opiates to appease them: he sinks
 down

By's dying wife, who, ere the cold flood drowns
 Life in the deluge of her wounds, once more
 Betrays her eyes to the light; and though they
 were

The weight of death upon their lids, did keep
 Them so long open, till the icy sleep
 Began to seize on him, and then she cries—
 “O see, just heaven! see, see my Ammurat dies,
 To wander with me in the unknown shades
 Of immortality—But I have made
 The wounds that murder'd both: his hand
 that gave

Mine, did but gently let me bleed to ease
 An overhauling fever. Pardon me,
 My dear, my dying lord. Eternity
 Shall see my soul white-wash'd in tears; but
 oh!
 I now feel time's dear wand—they will not flow
 Fast as my stream of blood. Christian, fare-
 well!

Whence'er thou dost our tragic story tell,
 Do not extenuate my crimes, but let
 Them in their own black characters be set,
 Near Ammurat's bright virtues, that, read by
 Th' unperplexed laws, which posterity,
 Whilst wanton winds play with our dust, shall
 raise

On beauties; that the good may justice praise
 By his example, and the bad by mine
 From vice's thorns be scared to virtues'
 shrine.

• • • • • This,
 She cries, in our last interview”—a kiss

Then joins their bloodless lips—each close the eyes
Of the other, whilst the parting spirit flies.
William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, Died 1689.

585.—ON A GIRLDE.

That which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer ;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !
A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

586.—ON LOVE.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes ;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief :
So ev'ry passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move ;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs ;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep ;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd,
For women (born to be controll'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold ;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud,
Who first the gun runs steel against,
Not knowing aid seeks the breast ;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, stand th' unruly horde.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress'd
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill ;
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His beauteous ladies, bright and young,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook

My blasted soul: and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorn'd dogs, resolves to try
The combat next ; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care ;
Leaves the untrasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

587.—A PANEGYRIC TO THE LORD PROTECTOR.

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too :

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot
reign,

And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race ;
So has your highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress'd.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state ;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations great,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet :
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give
law,

To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle !

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created: it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppress'd shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court ;
And thus your highness, not for our's alone,
But for the world's protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land, that near the ocean lies ;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful
news

To all that pry and espine use.

With such a chief the meekest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest :
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the sea and you ?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean,
we

Whole forests send to reign upon the sea ;
And every coast may trouble, or relieve :
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive :
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky :
So, what our Earth, and what our Heaven,
denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it
grow :
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine ;
And, without plaiting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs :
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap what others
sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds,
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds :
Rome, though her eagle through the world
had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince
too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd, and now
you ;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more words the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet : a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwartike Persians and the Mede,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their climate made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind :
Here foreign gold no more shall make them
come ;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to
know

No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun ; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one :
So kind dictators made, when they came
home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanced to be a portion of our state ;
While by your valour, and your bounteous
mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the continent :
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar ;
But our conjunction makes them tremble
more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace ;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone ;
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing, and to punish, loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with
both ;
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you give
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread ;
The only cure, which could from Heaven come
down,
Was so much power and piety in one.

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again, that well-born men may
shine ;

The meekest in your nature, mild and good ;
The noblest rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these ;
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should
live;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you
forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless
worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still, as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when
without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your
story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Caesar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and
rage;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars,
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To smelt a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that
sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them
lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their power
was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their
foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits
compose;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their
rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty
beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now docs, with like toil oppress,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won,
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did
choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse:
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing:
But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive
bring

To crown your head, while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbour princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605. Died 1687.

588.—AT PENSURST.

While in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in
showers.

To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the
heav'n!
Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely
feign

'Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock;

That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those healing
springs
Which not more help than that destruction
brings.

Thy heart no ruler than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous mourn
Melt to compassion; now my trait'rous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what arguments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint the indulgent ears did
piece

Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concern'd that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing;

Thus he advised me : " On you aged trees
Hang up thy lute, and bid thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some trace, at least, may with this passion
find."

Ah, cruel nymph ! from whom her humble
swain

Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A wilder fate than from her cold neglect !
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice ; and vows this endless
love

Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heav'n has heap'd
on her.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

589.—THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose ;
I pluck'd it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame soon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flow'r my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of parent love and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move ?
When that which lifeless buds persuade
To wax more soft, her youth invades ?

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

590.—SAY, LOVELY DREAM !

A SONNET.

Say, lovely dream ! where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face ?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itself thou sure wert dress'd
With that angel-like disguise ;
Thus deluded, am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But, ah ! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream ;
O cruel Bacchus's maid
Ne'er put on that sweet extreme.

Fair dream ! if thou intend' at me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine ;
Paint despised love in thy face,
And make it 't appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,
With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from grasses escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so ;
Softly in her sleeping ear
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surprised, she may fall ;
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And, death resembling, equals all.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

591.—GO, LOVELY ROSE !

A SONNET.

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And chaste to love her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no man abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That see so wondrous sweet and fair !

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

592.—OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For them we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descryes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time
has made :

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they
view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

593.—TO AMORET.

Fair! that you may truly know,
What you unto Thyrsis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.
Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am struck,
While I see the other look.
If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine,
Sacharissa's captive fair
Would undo his iron chain;
And, those searching beams to shun
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some power above,
Which controls our wills in love!

If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendid wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how can 'I I may do,
Heaven (as eas'ly scaled) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarcely can I to Heaven expose
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'T would to Heaven itself be due,
To encrease her, and not you:

Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry:
Which, though not so scarce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-lived than love.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

594.—TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow dies,
And our youth before us flies.
Oh, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in love to Heaven does climb.
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past desire:
On what shepherd you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

595.—OF THE QUEEN.

The lark, that shuns an lofty bough to build,
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora, smiling, bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of
voice
Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing she mounts; her airy wings are
stretch'd
Tow'rd's heaven, as if from heaven her note
she fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the distressed find,
From her large power, and from her larger
mind,

That whom ill Fate would ruin, it prefers,
 For all the miserable are made hers.
 So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,
 Poor sheep from tempests, and their shep-
 herds, shields:
 The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
 But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

596.—ON MY LADY SYDNEY'S PICTURE.

Such was Philoëa, and such Dorus' flame!
 The matchless Sydney, that immortal frame
 Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd,
 Not his high fancy could one pattern, graced
 With such extremes of excellence, compose
 Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
 Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
 Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate
 As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
 Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
 All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
 Amazed we see in this one garland bound.
 Had but this copy (which the artist took
 From the fair picture of that noble book)
 Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends had
 jarr'd.

And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
 Just Nature, first instructed by his thought,
 In his own house thus practis'd what he taught.
 This glorious piece transcends what he could
 think.

So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

597.—OF MY LADY ISABELLA PLAYING
THE LUTE.

Such moving sounds from such a careless
 touch!

So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
 What art is this, that with so little pains
 Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
 The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
 And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud.

Small force there needs to make them tremble
 so:
 Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble
 too?

Here love takes stand, and while she charms
 the ear,

Empties his quiver on the list'ning dear.
 Music so softens and disarms the mind,
 That not an arrow does resistance find.

Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
 And acts herself the triumph of her eyes;
 So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
 His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

598.—TO A LADY

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Chloris, yourself you so excel,
 When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
 That, like a spirit, with this spell
 Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
 Which, on the shaft that made him die,
 Espy'd a feather of his own,
 Wherewith he went to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
 Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
 Not for reflection of his face,
 But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

599.—LOVE'S FAREWELL.

Treading the path to nobler ends,
 A long farewell to love I gave,
 Resolv'd my country and my friends
 All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dares,
 None but those eyes could have o'erthrown;
 The nymph I dare not, need not name,
 So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
 Above the fear of private fires,
 Grown and design'd for nobler use,
 Not to make warm; but build the house,
 Though from our meaner flames secure,
 Must that which falls from heaven endure.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

600.—ON LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not caring to observe the wind,
 Or the new sea explore,
 Statch'd from myself how far behind
 Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
 In the smooth bosom of this deep?
 No: 'tis so reckless and so clear,
 That the rich bottom does appear.
 Paved all with precious things; not torn
 From shipwreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
 Which time and we are wont to teach,
 The eye may in a moment reach
 And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy ;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy ;
Can with a single look inflame
The coldest breast, the roughest tame.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

601.—THE SELF-BANISHED.

It is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay ;
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas ! for everything
Which I have known belong to you
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phoebus through his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire ;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you ;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made—to love you too.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

602.—THE NIGHT-PIECE, OR A PICTURE
DRAWN IN THE DARK.

Darkness, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms :
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found ;
And all her well-placed words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars and Milky-way,
Show'd by the night, are hid by day ;
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, now graces find,
Which by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark :
Her shining image is a light
Fir'd in our hearts, and conquers night.
Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get ;

There blushes, frowns, and oold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.
Yet fringed by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care :
He that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays ;
They with a touch (they are so keen !)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.
All near approaches threaten death ;
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath :
Love favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven or the rock of love.

So we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow !
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear,

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, Died 1687.

603.—L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy !
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd
rocks,

As ragged as thy looks,
In dark Cimærian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yelop'd Euphrosyna,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth ;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore :
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying ;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So brim, blithe, and debonaire.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, I wish me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unrequit pleasure's view.
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morn,
Through the sweetest music, or the vine,
Or the twisted agurians:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the yaw of Darkness thin,
And to the church, or the bare door,
Stoutly struts his damasked floor;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hour hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillside green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Where in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow's head,
And the mill-race sings his tale,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale,
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
Bow'd high in infant arms,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynoure of neighbouring eyes,
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged eaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their saucy dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Rhodan dances;
 And then in haste her bosom she leaves,
With Thersites to hand the cheeses;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the team'd haycock in the mead,
 Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecke sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sun-shine holiday.
 Till the live-long daylight fall,
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With steeps bold of many a fust,
 How fairy Mab the jinkets out:

She was pluck'd, and pull'd, she said;
 And so, by fair's lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy toil hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon all'd asleep.
 Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all compassed.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry;
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-wad stage come,
 If Jonson's learned cock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse;
 Such as the meeting soul soon pierces,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may leave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of hesp'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

604.—II. FENEBOSO.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancy's fond with gaudy shapes person,
As thick and numberless
As the gay notes that people the sun-beams;
Or liket hovering drosses,

The fickle pensioners of Mercury's train.
 But had, thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Had, divinest Melancholy!
 Thine earthly visage in too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'enslaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might esteem,
 Or that star'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's pains above
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended:
 Thine bright hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not hold a stain:
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's innermost grove,
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait;
 And looks commencing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with these calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Eye round about Jove's altar sing:
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in team gardens takes his pleasure:
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that von soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the scimitar'd oak;
 Sweet bird, that sham'st the noise of
 fully,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 These, chaztrez, oft, the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song:
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heaven's wide pathless way:
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud,
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curlew sound,

Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with swelling roar:
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or upbraid
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine;
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Massena from his bow'er!
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek!
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Cambal, and of Algarsa,
 And who had Canosa to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 And of the Tartar king did ride;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of torneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-sunder'd Moon appear,
 Not trick'd and frowned as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the sun hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With mintage drops from off the eaves.
 And, when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
 To arch'd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe, with level stroke,
 Was never heard the nymphs to dam,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt:
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profane eye may look,

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wrings in every stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortal good,
Or the unsexen genius of the wood,
But let my dms feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embow'd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at least my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with these will choose to live.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

605.—LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sear,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude:
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and wretter to the parching wind,
Without the sound of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and
rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battering our flocks with the fresh dews of
night,
Off till the star, that rose, at evening bright,
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his
westerling wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven
heel
From the glad sound would not be absent
long:
And old Damocles loved to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art
gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert
caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er-
grown,
And all their echoes, mourn:
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-herb to the weaning herds that
graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe
wear,
When first the white-thorn blows:
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorse-
less deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids,
lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have
done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus
loves,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, alighted, shepherd's
trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nyctan's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;

But the fair garden when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd
 shears,
 And slits the thin-ey'd life. "But not the
 praise,"
 Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling
 ears:
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glittering foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure
 eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."'
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd
 flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal
 reeds!
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oar proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea;
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon
 winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle
 swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beak'd promontory:
 They knew not of his story;
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
 The air was calm, and on the leavel brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses
 dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
 Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing
 slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with
 woe.
 "Ah! who hath ruf't" (quoth he) "my dearest
 pledge?"
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two mazy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opens, the iron shuts amain,
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:
 "How well could I have spared for thee,
 young swain,
 Know of such, as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know
 how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the
 least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They
 are sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy
 songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
 straw,
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swain with wind and the rank mist they
 draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fed:
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
 more."
 Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian
 Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing
 brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely
 looks;
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd
 showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the sabbath primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with
 jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the wall-attired wood-
 bine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
 head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodills all their eyes with tears,
 To strew the laurest hearse where Lycid lies.
 For, so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false sur-
 mise;
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding
 seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hur'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming
 tide,
 Vind'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vovs denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Euboeus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Naxos and Bayona's hold:
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with
 ruth:
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
 Weep no more, woful shepherd, weep no
 more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled
 ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of him that walk'd
the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he leaves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, staging in their glory, move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks
and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals
gray:
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the
hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

606.—HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.
Only with speeches fair
She wooed the gentle ear,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The misty veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.
But he, her fume to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly
sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger.
With tartlewing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and
land.
No war or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up
hung;

The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood:
The trumpet spake not to the arm'd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign lord was
by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
ware.

The stars, with deep amazement
Stood fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence:
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them
go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlighten'd world no more should
need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree,
could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy
keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger struck,
Divinity-warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy regions thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had have its last fulfilling;
She knew each harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier
union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night
array'd;

The helmet cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings
display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-
born heir.

Such music, as 'his said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chimes
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ
blow:
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of
gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
day.

Yea, Truth and Justice than
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace
hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those yohann'd in sleep,
The woful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds
outbrake;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the centres to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread
his throne.

And then at last our bliss,
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon, under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurp'd sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fall,
Swings the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arch'd roof in words
deceiving,
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
leaving.
No nightly trance, or breath'd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled
thickets moura.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lark and Lamina mourn with midnight
plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service
queint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted
seat.

Poor and Beallim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice better'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Antarah,
Heaven's guess and mother both,
Now sit not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyan Hammon shrinks his horns;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
Thammes moura.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haeta.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with low-
ings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his
abroad;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd
ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Ours babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damn'd
crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
loved mase.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have
ending:
Heaven's youngest-teem'd star
Hath fix'd her polish'd ear,
Her attending Lord with handmaid lamp
attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

607.—PRAISE OF CHASTITY.

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity;
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd
heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilde,
Where, through the sacred eyes of Chastity,
No savage feroe, bandit, or mountaineer,

Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shag'd with horrid
shades
She may pass on with unbleas'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time;
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded Ithace
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen
o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she frozeed her foes to congeal'd
stones,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquer her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guile,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

608.—THE LADY'S SONG IN "COMUS."

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margin green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well!
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the
sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give rebounding grace to all Heaven's
harmonies.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

609.—THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE IN
COMUS.

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky :
There I smok the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund spring ;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Thither all their bounties bring ;
There eternal summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew ;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen :
But far above in spangled shewn
Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn,
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd walkin slow doth bend ;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free :
She can teach ye how to climb ;
Higher than the spherie clime ;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

610.—ON MAY MORNING.

A SONG.

Now the bright morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with
her
The slow'r May, who from her green lap
throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May ! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing !
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

611.—SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are
still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart
dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckow's bill,
Portend success in love ; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft
lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his
mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

612.—SONNET ON AGE OF TWENTY-
THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of
youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth
year !
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom
showeth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the
truth,
That I to manhood . . . arrived so near,
And inward ripeness . . . with much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'd
th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high.
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
Heaven ;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

613.—SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and
wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent

To serve therewith, my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not
need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best;
His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."
Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

614.—SONNET ON HIS DECEASED
WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband
gave
Rescued from death by force, though pale and
faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed
taint.
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person
shined,
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, O! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my
night.
Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

615.—SONNET ON THE LATE MASSACRE
IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose
bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of
old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and
stones,
Forget not! in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient
fold
Stain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their
moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes
sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
sway
The triple tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy
way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.
Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

616.—SAMSON BEWAILING HIS
BLINDNESS AND CAPTIVITY.

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade;
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Believes me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draughts; but here I feel amends,
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and
sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to
respire—
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with
leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind,
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly
swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am
now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven fore-
told
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column, charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great
act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and proscribed
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits: if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gage;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious
strength,
Put to the labour of a beast, debased
Lower than bond slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find
him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds, under Philistian yoke.
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is
extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have
eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm: the vilest here equal me;
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed

To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without; still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than
half.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecovertly dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first-created Beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every
pore?

That had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried: but, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

617.—TRANSLATION OF HORACE
ODES, 1. 5.

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid
odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrhia? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy nastiness? Oh, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and
sees
Rough with black winds and storms,
Unwonted, shall admire!—
Who now enjoys thee,—credulous,—all gold,
Who, always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they,
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in
my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of sea.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

618.—ATHENS.

Look once more ere we leave this specular
mount,

Westward, much nearer by south-west behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess.
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academia,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer
long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Iliuss rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls then
view

The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lycoun there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret
power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher
sung,
Blind Mæsisigenæ, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they
treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human
life;
High actions and high passions best describing;
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

619.—THE INVOCATION AND INTRO-
DUCTION TO PARADISE LOST.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
woes,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen
seed,

In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or, if Sion hill
Delight the more, and Silex's brook that
flow'd

Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the
first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings out-
spread,

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from
thy view,

Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what
cause

Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his
host

Of rebel angels: by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in Heaven, and battle
proud,

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty
power

Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal
sky

With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

620.—SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the
stars

Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy
name,

O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what
state

I fell, how glorious once—above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless
king.

Ah, wherefore? He deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none, nor was his service hard.

What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due!—yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I 'dained subjection, and thought one step

higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit

The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?

O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood

Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition! Yet why not?—some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though
mean,

Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to
stand?

Thou hadst: whom hast thou, then, or what
to accuse?

But heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurst; since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:

Nay, cur'd be thou; since against his thy
will

Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable!—which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?

Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep a lower deep

Still threatening to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

O then at last relent; is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?

None left but by submission; and that word
Diadain forbids me, and my dread of shame

Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vanities

Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vain;

Under what torments inwardly I groan.

While they adore me on the throne of hell.

With diadems and sceptres high advanced,

The lower still I fall; only supreme

In misery: such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain

By act of grace my former state; how soon

Would recall hunt high thoughts, how soon

unmy

What feign'd submission averse! Ease would

recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and good.

For never can true reconciliation grow

Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so

deep;

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Furnisher; therefore as far
From granting me, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of my outcast, evil'd, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope; and with hope, farewell
fear:
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will
reign;
As man ere long and this new world shall
know.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

621.—ASSEMBLING OF THE FALLEN ANGELS.

All these and more came flocking; but with
looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein ap-
pear'd
Obscure some glimpses of joy, 't have found
their chief
Not in despair, 't have found themselves not
lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hne: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently
raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their
fears.
Then straight commands that, at the warlike
sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be spread'd
His mighty standard; that proud honour
claim'd
Asazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff un-
furl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich embliad
Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders: such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,

Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd,
With dread of death, to fight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'nudge,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and
chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and
pain.
From mortal or immortal minds: Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fix'd thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that
charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and
now
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in
guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear, and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion, views their order due,
Their visages and statures as of Gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his
heart
Distends with pride, and hard'n'ing in his
strength
Glories; for never since created man
Met such embodied force as, nam'd with
these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
War'd on by cranes; though all the giant
brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each
side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what re sounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptis'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Morocco, or Tebiscand;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shores,
When Charlemain with all his peorage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander; he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and
oars
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once behold in him) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;

Millions of spirits for his fault smere'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood.
Their glory wither'd; as when Heav'n's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain
pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though
bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now pre-
par'd
To speak: whereat their doubled ranks they
bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him
round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essay'd; and thrice, in spite of
scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at
last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their
way.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

622.—SATAN MEETS SIN AND DEATH.

Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest
design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of
Hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He secures the right hand coast, sometimes the
left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then
soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As, when far off at sea, a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants
bring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
• Fly stemming nighly toward the pole: so
seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And three threefold the gates; three folds
were brass
Three iron, three of adamant rock
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist and fair;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds, never ceasing, bark'd
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and
rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would
creep
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,

And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and
howl'd,
Within unseem. Far less abhor'd than these
Var'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring
Moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had
none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow
seem'd,
For each seem'd either: black it stood as
night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his
head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he
strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be
admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began:
" Whence and what art thou, execrable
shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreant front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to
pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee—
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of
Heaven."
To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:
" Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith,
till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's
sons
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both
thou
And they, outcast from God, are here con-
demn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of
Heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and
scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pains unsift
before."
So speaks the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold

More's dreadful and deform. — On the other side,
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black
clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling
on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they
stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe; and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that set
Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

From her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole
turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rook with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power: the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass
through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth reounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth,
and height,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest
Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand,
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions
ere,
Strive hard for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several chace,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift,
or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands

Of Boreas or Cyrene's torrid soil;
Levi'd to side with warping winds, and poise
Their lighter wings: To whom these most
adhere,

He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high abster
Chaos governs all. Into this wild abyss
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds:
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd
while,
Pondering his voyage: for no narrow faith
He had to cross.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

623.—ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-
born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is
light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essences increase,
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before thee
Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the
voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Worn from the void and formless infinite.
Thou I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while, in my fight,
Through utter and through middle darkness
borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture
down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thou I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their
orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and washing
flow
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget

Those other two, equall'd with me in fate,
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineas, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the warbling bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadesiest covert hid,
 Tuness her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her
 powers
 Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from
 thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

624.—THE ANGELIC WORSHIP.

No sooner had the Almighty cess'd, but
 all
 The multitude of angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven
 rung
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
 The eternal regions: lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the
 ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold;
 Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
 To Heav'n removed where first it grew, there
 grows,
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of bliss through midst of
 Heavens
 Rolls o'er Elysian fountains her amber stream:
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks inwrad'd with
 beams;
 Now in loose garlands thick throws off, the
 bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
 Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they
 took,
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preambles sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce

Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

625.—PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied; and overhead upgrew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their
 tops
 The verd'rous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighbour'd round.
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appeas'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd;
 Of which the sun more glad impress'd his
 beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath shower'd the earth: so lowly
 seem'd
 That landscape; and of pure, now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair; now gentle gales
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they
 stole
 Those balmy spoils: as when to them who
 sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Moombic, off at sea north-west winds blow
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the blest; with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, and
 many a league,
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean
 smiles.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

626.—ADAM AND EVE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all;
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine

The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders
broad;

She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay,
Nor those mysterious parts were than conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame: dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming
pure,

And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the
sight

Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair,
That ever since in love's embraces met:
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain
side

They sat them down: and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they
fell,

Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the
rind,

Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming
stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as becoms
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of the Earth, since wild, and of all
chase

In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gamboll'd before them; the unwieldy ele-
phant,

To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and
wrestl'd

His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal gulle
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Conch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing
sat,

Or bedward ruminating; for the Sun,
Declin'd, was hastening now with prone career
To the ocean isle, and in the ascending scale
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

627.—EVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Thus Eve replied: "O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, speak of thy
flesh,

And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head! what thou hast said is just and
right.

For we to Him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring
where:

And what I was, whence thither brought, and
how.

Not distant far from thence a murm'ring
sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd,
Pure as the expanse of Heav'n; I thither
went

With unexperie'd thought, and laid me
down

On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answer'ing
looks

Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: 'What
thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thy-
self:

With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
I will bring thee where no shadow stays
'My coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy,
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?

Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image: back I
turn'd;
Thou following cry'd'st aloud, 'Return, fair
Eve,

Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st of him
thou art,

His flesh, his bone: to give thee being I lent,
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time
see

How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction, unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing, lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron
hip

With kisses pure.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

628.—MORNING IN PARADISE.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his
sleep

Was airy-light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only
sound

Of leaves and fanning rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve,

With tresses discompos'd and glowing cheek,
As through unmnet rest: he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial
love,

Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beamy, which, wheth' waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar grace; then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus or Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus:

"Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
How'st thou'st my last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh
field

Calls us: we lose the prime, to mark how
spring

Our tender plants, how blows the citron
grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy
reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

To the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arb'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up-
risen,

With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean
brim,

Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,

Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or
sung

Unmediated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous
verse,

More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of
good,

Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wondrous
then!

Unspeaking, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power
divine.

Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold Him, and with songs,
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing: ye in heav'n's,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without
end!

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling
morn

With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy
sphere

While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun! of this world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His
praise

In thy eternal course, both when thou
climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when
thou fall'st.

Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now
fly'st

With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that
dies

And ye five other wand'ring fires! that move
In mystic dance not without song, succeed

His praise, who out of darkness call'd up
light.

Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless
change

Vary to our great Maker still now praise.
Ye mists and exhalations! that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your feeble skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd
sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.

His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters
blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye
Pines!

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His
praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds
That singing up to Heav'n-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His
praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His
praise.

Hail, universal Lord! be honourous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So pray'd they innocent, and to their
thoughts

Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any
row

Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to
check

Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, sponser'd, about him
twines

Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r, th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

629.—EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their
nests,

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd; now glow'd the firmament

With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair Consort,
th' hour

Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, in-
clines

Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;

While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be
risn,

And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton
growth:

Those blossoms also, and those dropping
gums,
That lie bestrown, unrightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us
rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty
adorn'd:

"My Author and Disposer; what thou bidst
Ungrasp'd I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time:

All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the
sun,

When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and
flower,

Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile
earth

After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry
train;

But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit,
flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after
showers,

Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet;
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom

This glorious night, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied:
"Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,

These have their course to finish round the earth

By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires

Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtues on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:

All these with ceaseless praise His works be- hold

Both day and night. How often from the steep

Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,

With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our souls to Heaven."

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place
Chor'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd

All things to man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firn and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,

Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between,
and wreath'd

Mosses; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broiler'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creatures here,

Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;

Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bow'r,

More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,

Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,

Espos'd Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly choirs the hymensman sung;
What day the genial Angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more ador'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and, O too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet, brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus, at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,

Both turn'd, and, under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven;

Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,

And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,

Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,

Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd happy in our mutual help

And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place

For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and unscrypt falls to the ground.

But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

630.—THE MESSIAH.

He, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred mora began to shine,
Dawning through Heaven. Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,

Itself instinct with spirit, but convey'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels

Of beryl, and carving's fire between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showery arch,
He, in celestial canopy all arm'd

Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd, beside hung him his bow
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd;
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles
 dire:
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
 He onward came; far off his coming shone:
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen:
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublimes
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
 Illustrious far and wide.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

631.—TEMPEANCE.

Well observe

The rule of *Not too much*, by temperance
 taught,
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking
 from thence
 One nourishment, not gluttonous delight;
 Till many years over thy head return,
 So may'st at thine live; till, like ripe fruit, thou
 drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; for death
 mature.
 This is Old Age; but then, thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which
 will change
 To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then,
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
 To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
 The balm of life.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

632.—EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

He ended; and the Archangel soon drew
 night,
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man
 Cload to meet man; over his lucid arms
 A military vest of purple flow'd,
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 Of Samrah, worn by kings and heroes old
 In times of truce; his hand dipt the woof;
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
 In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
 As in a glit'ring zodiac, hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
 Adam bow'd low; he kingly, from his state

Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declared:—

"Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface
 needs;
 Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and
 death
 Then dus by sentence when thou didst trans-
 gress,
 Defeated of his seizure many days,
 Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st
 repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 May'st cover: well may then thy Lord ap-
 pear'sd
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious
 claim;
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
 And send thee from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter
 soil."

He added not, for Adam at the news
 Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow
 stood,

That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseem,
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

"O unexpected stroke; worse than of
 death!

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus
 leave

Thee, native soil! these happy walks and
 shades,
 Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to
 spend,

Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers!
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last

At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye
 names!

Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial
 fount?

Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from
 thee

How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accus'd to immortal fruits?"

"Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:—
 "Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign:
 What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy
 heart,

Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
 Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
 Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
 Where he abides, think there thy native
 soil."

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
 To Michael thus his humble words ad-
 dress'd:

"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or
 nam'd

Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem

Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in talking wound,

And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;
Departure from that happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left.
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant, I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary Him with my assiduous cries:
But pray'r against His absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it
forth:

Therefore to His great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from His face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where He vouchsafed

Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
"On this mount He appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines His voice
I heard, here with Him at this fountain talk'd."
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and
flowers.

In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I find Him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but His utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off His steps adore."

Now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marsh glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front ad-
vanced,

The brandish'd sword of God before them
blaz'd

Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapours as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereas
In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
Our king's ring parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain: then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side be-
held

Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,

Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt; but wip'd
them soon.

The world was all before them, where to
choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their
guide.

They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and
slow

Through Eden took their solitary way.

Milton.—Born 1608, Died 1674.

633.—THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-veg'd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flow'rs, and trees, do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistresses' name.
Little, alas, they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head:
The lascivious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Inmear'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside;
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walk'd with a mate
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant sodia run:
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers?

Andrew Marvell.—Born 1620, Died 1678.

634.—THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unspied,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The list'ning winds received their song.
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate's close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our months to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast:
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.

Oh let our voice His-praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexic bay."
Thus sang they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvell.—Born 1620, Died 1678.

635.—YOUNG LOVE.

Come, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.
Pretty, surely, 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguiled;
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child.
Common beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move,
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

Low! as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid, does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me: Time may take
Thee before thy time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful fate;
And if good to us she meant,
We that good shall antedate;
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus do kingdoms, frustrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all foreign claims to drown

Eq to make all rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my love;
Crown me with thy love again,
And we both shall monarchs prove.
Andrew Marvell.—Born 1620, Died 1678.

636.—THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,

Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill,
Nor do I for all this; nor will;
But, if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deadlands.
Though they should wash their guilty
hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, I remember well,
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then—"I'm sure I do.
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer."
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this; and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game; it seem'd to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time say,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and crafty man.

With sweetest milk and sugar fast
I it at mine own fingers nurs'd;
And as it grew so every day,
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had no sweet a breath! and oft
I bask'd to see its foot move soft,
And white, shall I say? than my hand—
Than any lady's of the land!

It was a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimble much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring-time of the year
It loved only to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the hazen lilies shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed;
And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill:
And its pure virgin lips to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

Andrew Marvell.—Born 1620, Died 1678

637. — ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF
HUDIBRAS.

When civil daggers first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why:
When hard words, jealousy, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for.
Though not a man of them knew where-

fore:
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ser'd rook, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, dress ecclesiastic,
Was bent with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him, mirror of knight-hood;
That never bow'd his stubborn knees
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errand,
Either for charter or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great on the saddle,
That could as well bend o'er, as swaddle:

Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of war as well as peace
 (So some rate, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water).
 But here our authors make a doubt,
 Whether he were more wise or stout;
 Some hold the one, and some the other:
 But howe'er they make a pothos,
 The difference was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a fool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
 For 't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras
 (For that's the name our valiant knight
 To all his challengers did write).
 But they're mistaken very much;
 'Tis plain enough he was no such:
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 He was very shy of using it;
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about;
 Unless on holidays, or so,
 As men their best apparel do;
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficult,
 Than to a blackbird, 'tis to whistle:
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounteous unto such as wanted;
 But much of either would afford
 To many, that had not one word.

• • •
 He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute;
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with rationation:
 All this by syllogisms, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words, ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by:
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Touch nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to show 't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect:

It was a party-colour'd dress
 Of patch'd and piebald languages;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if he had talk'd three parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did
 gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large:
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on;
 And when with lassy noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em;
 That had the orator, who ope
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones,
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He had have used no other ways.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, Died 1680.

638.—RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit.
 'Twas Presbyterian true-blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly thorough reformation,
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss;
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distraught or monkey sick;
 That with more care keep holiday
 The wrong, than others the right way;
 Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to.
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite;
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for;
 Frowill they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow;

All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin;
 Rather than fall, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-por-
 ridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme curstard through the nose.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so link'd,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, Died 1680.

639.—PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF HUDBRAS.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face;
 In out and oye so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile;
 The upper part thereof was waley,
 The nether, orange, mix'd with gray.
 This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
 With grialy type did represent
 Declining age of government;
 And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the state's were made.
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grow
 In time to make a nation rue;
 Though it contributed its own fall,
 To wait upon the public downfall;
 It was monastic, and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow;
 Of rule as sullen and severe,
 As that of rigid Cordelier;
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
 And martyrdom with resolution;
 'T oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed state,
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn;
 With red-hot irons to be tortured,
 Reviled, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
 Mangles all which 'twas to stand fast
 As long as monarchy should last;
 But when the state should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A sacrifice to fall of state;
 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
 Did twist together with its whinkers,
 And 'twine so close, that Time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever;
 But with his rusty sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword, yet ougel proof;
 Wheroby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
 His breeches were of rugged woolen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen;
 To old king Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own;
 Though they were lined with many a piece
 Of ammunition, bread and cheese,
 And fat black puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood;
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry victual in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 Th' ammunition to surprise;
 And when he put a hand but in
 The one or t' other magazine,
 They stontly on defence on't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood;
 And till they were storm'd and beaten out,
 Ne'er left the fortified redoubt;
 And though knights-errant, as some think,
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,
 Because when thorough deserts vast,
 And regions desolate they pass'd,
 Where belly-timber above ground,
 Or under, was not to be found,
 Unless they grassed, there's not one word
 Of their provision on record;
 Which made some confidently write
 They had no stomachs but to fight.
 'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
 Round table like a farthingal;
 On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
 And eke before, his good knights dined;
 Though 'twas no table some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
 In which he carried as much meat
 As he and all the knights could eat;
 When laying by their swords and
 truncheons,
 They took their breakfasts or their
 luncheons.
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digress'd,
 As learned authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to the purpose come.
 His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
 With basket hit that would hold broth,
 And serve for sight and dinner both;
 In it he melted lead for bullets
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting, was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of somebody to hew and hack;
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
 The rancour of its edge had felt;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devour'd, it was so marful,
 And so much scorn'd to hurt in case,
 As if it durst not show its face.

In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
'Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a servicable dudgson,
Either for fighting, or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, would not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, Died 1680.

640.—HUDIBRAS COMMENCING BATTLE
WITH THE RABBLE.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gunshot, that in holsters watch'd,
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull,
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth oow nor bullock murder:
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charged the Knight;
But he with petronal upheaved,
Instead of shield, the blow received:
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not used to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal gripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruised his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon;
The trusty ondul did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then avenged itself again.
And though the sword (some 'nderstood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so: both sides were balanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st;
For wood, with honour b'ing engaged,

Is so implacably enraged,
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tired in the hot pursuits of death,
Whilst all the rest amazed stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observed; and getting,
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit as sure as that below.

Meanwhile the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
His Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two:
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with
wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood,
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crabtree and old iron rang,
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grow on barron ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having crop't them from the root,
He clapt them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail:
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince
As if he'd been beside his sense.
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back;
And blundering still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By flight escaped the fatal blow,
He rallied, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearest foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound;
Like featherbed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, ours fared as well

In body, though his mighty spirit,
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The Bear was in a greater fright,
 Back down, and worsted by the Knight;
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and fang about,
 To shake off bondage from his snout:
 His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
 His jaws of death he threw the foam;
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,
 And more than ever herald drew him,
 He tore the earth which he had sav'd
 From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and
 sav'd,

And var'd the more, because the harms
 He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
 For men he always took to be
 His friends, and dogs the enemy;
 Who never so much hurt had done him,
 As his own side did falling on him;
 It griev'd him to the guts that they
 For whom he'd fought so many a fray,
 And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
 Should offer such inhuman wrong;
 Wrong of unacknowledg'd condition,
 For which he flung down his commission;
 And laid about him till his nose
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
 Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
 And made way through th' amazed crew;
 Some he o'erran, and some o'ertrew,
 But took none; for by long flight
 He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
 From whom he fled with as much haste
 And dread as he the rabble chased:
 In haste he fled, and so did they,
 Each and his fear a sev'ral way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
 Not stirring from the place he held,
 Though beaten down, and wounded sore
 I' th' Fiddle and a leg that bore
 One side of him, not that of bone,
 But much his better, th' wooden one.
 He spying Hadibras his stave'd
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,
 With fright of fall, supposed wound,
 And loss of urine, in a swoon,
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
 That, hurt i' th' ankle, lay by him,
 And fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
 For getting up on stump and huckle
 He with the foe began to buckle,
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
 Of Crowl and skin, upon the wretch,
 Sole member of all detriment
 He and his Fiddle underwent.

But Ralpho (who had now begun
 T' adventure resurrection
 From heavy squelch, and had got up
 Upon his legs, with sprain'd crup),
 Looking about, beheld perdition
 Approaching Knight from fell musician;
 He snatch'd his whinny up, that fled
 When he was falling off his steed
 (As rats do from a paring hussie),

To hide itself from rage of blows;
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue Knight from black and blue;
 Which ere he could achieve, his sounce
 The leg encounter'd twice and once,
 And now 't was rais'd to smile agen,
 When Ralpho thrust himself between:
 He took the blow upon his arm,
 To shield the Knight from further harm,
 And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
 On th' wooden member such a load,
 That down it fell, and with it bore
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
 To him the Squire right nimbly ran,
 And setting conq'ring foot upon
 His trunk, thus spake: What deep-rate
 frenzy

Made thee, thou whelp of Sin, to fancy
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
 T' encounter as in battle able?
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curmbig
 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
 And Hadibras or me provoke,
 Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
 And th' other half of thee as good
 To bear out blows as that of wood?
 Could not the whipping-post prevail,
 With all its rhetoric, nor the jail,
 To keep from slaying scourge thy skin
 And scall free from iron gn?
 Which now thou shalt—but first our care
 Must see how Hadibras does fare.
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
 And set him on his bum upright.
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,
 He twank'd his nose, with gentle thump
 Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within;
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
 From inward room to window eye,
 And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
 Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
 This gladd'n'd Ralpho much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
 Twanking his nose, Ye on ere, great Sir,
 A self-denyng conqueror;
 As high, victorious, and great,
 As o'er fought for the churches yet,
 If you will give yourself but leave
 To make out what y' already have;
 That's victory. The foe, for dread
 Of your sine-worthiness, is fled,
 All save Crowdero, for whose sake
 You did th' supposed cause undertake;
 And he lies wr' now at your feet,
 To be disposed as you think meet,
 Either for life, or death, or sale,
 The gallows, or perpetual jail;
 For one wink of your powerful eye
 Must sentence him to live or die.
 His fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the service of the churches;
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or he no more, a Crowd;
 For though success did not confer
 Just title on the conqueror;

Though dispensations were not strong
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
 Although Outgoings did confirm,
 And Owning were but a mere term;
 Yet as the wicked have no right
 To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,
 The property is in the saint,
 From whom th' injuriously detain't!
 Of him they hold their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
 All which the saints have title to,
 And ought t' enjoy if they 'ad their due.
 What we take from 'em is no more
 Than what was ours by right before;
 For we are their true landlords still,
 And they our tenants but at will.
 At this the Knight began to rouse,
 And by degrees grow valorous:
 He stared about, and seeing none
 Of all his foes remain but one,
 He snatch'd his weapon, that lay near him,
 And from the ground began to rear him,
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay
 For all the rest that ran away.
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
 His fury mildly thus withstood:
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
 Is raised too high, this slave does merit
 To be the hangman's bus'nasa, sooner
 Than from your hand to have the honour
 Of his destruction; I that am
 A nothingness in deed and name,
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
 Or ill untreat his Fiddle or case:
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
 Will you employ your conquering sword
 To break a Fiddle, and your word?

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, Died 1680.

641.—VICARIOUS JUSTICE.

Justice gives sentence many times
 On one man for another's crimes;
 Our brethren of New England use
 Choice malefactors to excuse,
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,
 Of whom the churches have less need;
 As lately 't happened: In a town
 There lived a cobbler, and but one,
 That out of doctrine could out use,
 And mend men's lives, as well as shoes.
 This precious brother having slain,
 In times of peace, an Indian,
 Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
 (Because he was an Infidel),
 The mighty Tottipotmoy
 Sent to our elders an envoy,
 Complaining sorely of the breach
 Of leagues, held forth by Brother Patch,

Against the articles in force
 Between both churches, his and ours,
 For which he craved the saints to render
 Into his hands, or hang th' offender:
 But they maturely having weigh'd
 They had no more but him o' th' trade,
 (A man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to teach and obble),
 Resolved to spare him: yet, to do
 The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
 Impartial justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old weaver that was bedrid.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, Died 1680.

642.—HUDIBRAS CONSULTING THE
 LAWYER.

An old dull sot, who toll'd the clock
 For many years at Bridewell-dock,
 At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
 And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
 Where in all governments and times,
 He'd been both friend and foe to crimes,
 And used to equal ways of gaining,
 By hind'ring justice, or maintaining:
 To many a whore gave privilege,
 And whipp'd, for want of quarterage,
 Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent;
 For being behind a fortnight's rent;
 And many a trusty pimp and crony
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money;
 Engaged the constable to seize
 All those that would not break the peace;
 Nor give him back his own foul words,
 Though sometimes commoners, or lords,
 And kept 'em prisoners of course,
 For being sober at ill hours;
 That in the morning he might free
 Or bind 'em over for his fee;
 Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
 For leave to practise in their ways;
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
 With th' headborough and scavenger;
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
 For taking up the public ground;
 The kennel and the king's highway,
 For being unmolested, pay;
 Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
 And cage, to those that gave him most;
 Imposed a task on bakers' ears,
 And, for false weights, on chandeliers;
 Made victuallers and vintners fine
 For arbitrary ale and wine;
 But was a kind and constant friend
 To all that regularly offend,
 As residential bawds,
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
 That cheat in lawful mysteries
 And pay church duties and his fees:
 But was implacable and awkward
 To all that interloped and hawk'd.
 To this brave man the Knight repairs
 For counsel in his law-affairs,

And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money placed, for shew,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay :

To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case ;
Which he as promptly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd ;
And, to assure him 't was not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.
And now he brags to 've beaten me—
Better and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.

'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When he's confest'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me hang
him,

And take my goods again—Marry, hang
him.

Now, whether I should beforehand
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.
Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson !
Or, if 't is better to endure,
And bring him to his trial?—Right.

Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant
In this case has the better end on 't ;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' action?—Better still.

Then there's a lady too—Ay, marry !
That's easily proved accessory ;
A widow who by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combined with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord !
Suborn'd th' sforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fends and men
Upon my body—Good agen.

And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretched miscarriage.

Sir, (quoth the lawyer,) not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a history
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim ;
For if they've need you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy ;
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe :
I would no trowce her, and her parson,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse :
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,

That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose ;
And if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I've known ;
But we that practise dare not own :

The law severely contrabands
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crotches them till there is not leather
To stick a pin in, left of either :

For which some do the summer-sault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault :
But you may swear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state ;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear.

But make oath ; that is, in plain terms,
To testify whatever he affirms.

I thank you (quoth the Knight) for
that,
Because 'tis to my purpose put—
For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity ; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Conveys men's interest and right
From Stiles's pocket into Mokes's,
As easily as *Hocus Focuss* ;
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clears again like *hocus doctor*,
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The bus'ness to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon ;
And you can want no witnesses
To swear to anything you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out to hire their ears
To slavish customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for juries, or tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.

For that (quoth he) let me alone ;
We've store or such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, (quoth he,) but I should
grow.

By washing all advantages,
Your secret way is first to pitch
On Honey for a water-witch ;
And when ye've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye've time enough to deal with her.
In th' int'rim spare for no trepan
To draw her neck into the ban ;
Fly her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillots,
With trains t' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies ;

And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To steal in something to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temple, under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th'
Posts,

About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
To expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools.
Besides the Gospel and their souls:
And when ye're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give (quoth Hudibras)
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a course
Against the weath'rage of laws,
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your
fee.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, Died 1680.

643.—THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

A learn'd society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed upon a summer's night,
To search the moon by her own light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real estate, and personal;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyors stole a shire;
To observe her country how 'twas planted,
With what sh' abounded most, or wanted;
And make the prop' rest observations
For setting of new plantations,
If the society should incline
To attempt so glorious a design.

This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heav'n itself assail,
Was mounted full against the moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour
To plant an ensign first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuous then in chief,
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Cried, Strange! then reinforc'd his sight
Against the moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow
As if he meant to gaze her through:
When all the rest began to admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cried out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' moon,
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep and eighty round
(In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th' enemy),
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people's civiler
Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Prevolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly engag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done.

With that a great philosopher,
Admir'd and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Applied one eye and half a nose
Unto the optic engine close;
For he had lately undertook
To prove and publish in a book,
That men whose natural eyes are out,
May, by more powerful art, be brought
To see with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again!
And if they chanc'd to fall of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted.
This great man, having fix'd both sights
To view the formidable fight,
Observ'd his host, and then cried out,
The battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvian rally,
And from their trenches make a rally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to route and fly.
These silly ranting Prevolvans
Have ev'ry summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as Solar geese,
I' th' islands of the Orades,

Courageously to make a stand,
 And face their neighbours hand to hand,
 Until the long'd-for winter's come,
 And then return in triumph home,
 And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
 And vap'ring of their victories;
 From th' old Arcadians they're believ'd
 To be, before the moon, deriv'd,
 And when her orb was new created,
 To people her were thence translated;
 For as th' Arcadians were reputed
 Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
 Whom nothing in the world could bring
 To civil life, but fiddling,
 They still retain the antique course
 And custom of their ancestors,
 And always sing and fiddle to
 Things of the greatest weight they do.

While thus the learn'd man entertains
 Th' assembly with the Prevolvans,
 Another, of as great renown,
 And solid judgment, in the moon,
 That understood her various soils,
 And which produc'd best gunnet-moyles,
 And in the register of fame
 Had enter'd his long-living name,
 After he had por'd long and hard
 I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd—
 Quoth he, A stranger sight appears
 Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;
 A wonder more unparallel'd
 Than ever mortal tube beheld;
 An elephant from one of those
 Two mighty armies is broke loose,
 And with the horror of the fight
 Appears amas'd, and in a fright:
 Look quickly, lest the sight of us
 Should cause the startled beast t' emboss.
 It is a large one, far more great
 Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
 From which we boldly may infer
 The moon is much the fruitfuller.
 And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
 Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
 Against the Romans in the field,
 It may an argument be held
 (Arcadia being but a piece,
 As his dominions were, of Greece),
 To prove what this illustrious person
 Has made so noble a discovery on,
 And amply satisfied us all
 Of th' Prevolvans' original.
 That elephants are in the moon,
 Though we had now discover'd none,
 Is easily made manifest,
 Since, from the greatest to the least,
 All other stars and constellations
 Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
 And heaven, like a Tartar's heard,
 With great and numerous droves is stor'd;
 And if the moon produce by nature
 A people of so vast a stature,
 'Tis consequent she should bring forth
 Far greater beasts, too, than the earth
 (As by the best accounts appears
 Of all our great 'st discoveries),

And that those monstrous creatures there,
 Are not such rarities as here.
 Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
 Of all particulars o' the fight,
 And ev'ry man, with equal care,
 Perus'd o' th' elephant his share;
 When one, who, for his excellence
 In height'ning words and shad'wing sense,
 And magnifying all he writ,
 With curious microscopic wit,
 Was magnified himself no less
 In home and foreign colleges,
 Began, transported with the twang
 Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue:
 "Most excellent and virtuous friends,
 This great discover'y makes amends
 For all our unsuccessful pains,
 And lost expence of time and brains;
 For, by this sole phenomenon,
 We've gotten ground upon the moon,
 And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
 With all the planets that stand out;
 To carry this most virtuous war
 Home to the door of every star,
 And plant the artillery of our tubes
 Against their proudest magnitudes:
 To stretch our victories beyond
 Th' extent of planetary ground,
 And fix our engines, and our engines,
 Upon the fix'd stars' vast dimensions
 (Which Archimede, so long ago,
 Durst not presume to wish to do),
 And prove if they are other suns,
 As some have held opinions,
 Or windows in the empyreum,
 From whence those bright effluvia come
 Like flames of fire (as others guess)
 That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.
 Nor is this all we have achiev'd,
 But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
 And have no more our best designs,
 Because they're ours, believ'd ill signs,
 T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
 Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
 Nor shall our ablest virtuozes
 Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
 Nor those devices, that are laid
 Too truly on us, nor those made
 Hereafter, gain belief among
 Our strictest judges, right or wrong:
 Nor shall our past misfortunes more
 Be charg'd upon the ancient score;
 No more our making old dogs young
 Make men suspect as still i' th' wrong;
 Nor new invented chariots draw
 The boys to course us without law;
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to snare,
 Have turn'd 'em into mongrel curs,
 Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,
 And hold too much wit, or too little;
 Nor shall our speculations, whether
 An elder-stick will save the leather
 Of schoolboy's breeches from the rod,
 Make all we do appear so odd.
 This one discovery is enough
 To take all former scandals off:

But since the world 's incredulous
Of all our scotomies, and us,
And with a prejudice prevents
Our best and worst experiments
(As if they were destin'd to miscarry,
In concert triad, or solitary),
And since it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur again,
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact narrative
Of what we ev'ry one can swear
Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
That, when we publish the account,
We all may take our oaths upon't."

This said, they all with one consent
Agreed to draw up th' instrument,
And, for the gen'ral satisfaction,
To print it in the next transaction;
But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
This strange memoir o' th' telescope,
One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Behold the elephant advance,
And from the west side of the moon
To th' east was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And ev'ry man, amaz'd anew
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race
So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At least as possible as he could,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what he 'ad seen with them.

While all were thus resolv'd, a man
Of great renown there, thus began:—
" 'Tis strange, I grant, but who can say
What cannot be—what can—and may?
Especially at so hugely vast
A distance as this wonder's plac'd,
Where the least error of the sight
May show things false, but never right;
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublimary proof:
For who can say that Nature there
Has the same laws she goes by here?
Nor is it like she has infus'd,
In ev'ry species there produc'd,
The same efforts she does confer
Upon the same productions here,
Since those with us, of sev'ral nations,
Have such prodigious variations,
And she effects so much to use
Variety in all she does:
Hence may b' inferr'd that, though I grant
We've seen i' th' moon an elephant,
That elephant may differ so
From those upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,
As being of a different breed,
That though our own are but slow-pac'd,
These there may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be elephants no less.
Than those of Indian pedigrees."

This said, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,

Look'd wise, then said:—"All this is true,
And learnedly observ'd by you;
But there 's another reason for't,
That falls but very little short
Of mathematic demonstration,
Upon an accurate calculation;
And that is—as the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster spaces may be past
In less time than the beast has gone,
Though he'd no motion of his own,
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim to a nobler inference,
And make this great phenomenon
(Were there no other) serve alone
To clear the grand hypothesis
Of th' motion of the earth from this."

With this they all were satisfied,
As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,
Applauded the profound dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And, to complete their narrative,
Agreed to insert this strange retrieve.
But while they were diverted all
With wording the memorial,
The footboys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure:
Began to gaze upon the moon,
As those they waited on had done,
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to promise what they see;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, discover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he:—"A little thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye."

This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guess
At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant
Than all their hints of th' elephant,
And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true;
For he had scarce applied his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows, in restraint,
Was swell'd into an elephant,
And prov'd the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:

And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child they say, and bore
A silly mouse; this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
Meanwhile, the rest in consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
To attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,
When this occur'd phenomenon
Confounded all they 'd said or done:
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But they all were in a tumult straight,
More furiously enrag'd by far,
Than those that in the moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed to have seen't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obstructed with a paltry doubt.

This being resolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the mouse, and moon;
But still the narrower they pried,
The more they were unsatisfied,
In no one thing they saw agreeing,
As if they 'ad sev'ral faiths of seeing;
Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they 'ad seen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One syllable of th' claimant;
Aword'd his snout could be no mouse's,
But a true elephant's proboscis,
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which e' th' two to favour,
And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of th' elephant or mouse.
Some held no way so orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box,
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find or make the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
To unmount the tube and open it,
And, for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the transaction,
And after, explicate the rest
As they should find cause for the best.
To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent;
But ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the first phenomenon;
For, at the end, prodigious swarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all pass'd muster, by mischance,
Both for the Sub- and Prevotians.
This being discover'd, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
Asham'd that men so grave and wise
Should be chalded by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble insects' swarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;
As vain as those who, when the moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,
Threw casting nets as subtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' the water.
But when they had unscrow'd the glass,
To find out where the impostor was,

And saw the mouse that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they got them gone,
With this discovery alone,
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful, instead of true,
That in their speculations choose
To make discoveries strange news,
And natural history a gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explosive appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please;
In vain strive mature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, Died 1680.

644—MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men used to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight
entire.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality;
Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to Heaven but Love.
All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
For when 'tis settled on the lees,
And from the impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

As at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees are to fall,
And leave them naked, to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year;

So when their glorious season's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The greatest calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, Died 1680.

645.—TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long suppress'd.
In its own ashes it design'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, Died 1680.

646.—THE NEW YEAR.

Hark! the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us the day himself 's not far;
And see, where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns serenity in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His reversed face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born Year.
He looks, too, from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.

Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influence of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good as soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be super-excellently good:
For the worst ills, we daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also brings us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best:
Mirth always should good fortune meet,
And renders 'em disaster sweet;
And though the princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out
Till the next year she face about.

Charles Cotton.—Born 1630, Died 1687.

647.—INVITATION TO IZAAK WALTON.

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam ;
A warm, but not a scorching sun ;
A southern gale to curl the stream ;
And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey ;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like Leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pasture and our theme ;
But then—should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

Charles Cotton.—Born 1630, Died 1687.

648.—THE RETIREMENT.

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again ;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.
Good God ! how sweet are all things here !
How beautiful the fields appear !
How cleanly do we feed and lie !
Lord ! what good hours do we keep !
How quietly we sleep !
What peace, what unanimity !
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation !

Oh, how happy here's our leisure !
Oh, how innocent our pleasure !
O ye valleys ! O ye mountains !
O ye groves, and crystal fountains !
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye !

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders dost make,
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul
awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none !

To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own
ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to
displease.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam !
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty ;
And with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd, industriously to try !

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot
show ;
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle water all compar'd with thine ;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer to compare ;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine

Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority ;
Nay, Fame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rooks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down ;
And, from the vales, to view the noble heights
above !
O my beloved caves ! from dog-star's heat,
And all anxieties, my safe retreat ;
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take !
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society,
E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your
privacy !

Lord ! would men let me alone.
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be ;
Might I in this desert place
(Which most men in discourse disgrace)
Live but undisturb'd and free !
Here, in this despic'd recess,
Would I, manage winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old ;
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

Charles Cotton.—Born 1630, Died 1687.

649.—A VOYAGE TO IRELAND IN
BURLESQUE.

CANTO I.

The lives of frail man are compared by the
sage
Or unto short journeys, or pilgrimages,
As men to their inns do come sooner or
later,
That is, to their ends (to be plain in my
matter);
From whence, when one dead is, it currently
follows,
He has run his race, though his goal be the
gallows;
And this 'tis, I fancy, sets folks so a madding,
And makes men and women so eager of
gadding;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of these
people
Would have gone a great way to have seen an
high steeple,
And though I was bred 'mongst the wonders
o' th' Peak,
Would have thrown away money, and ventured
my neck
To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And though there was nothing so pleasant and
brave:
But at forty years old you may (if you please)
Think me wiser than run such errands as
these;
Or had the same humour still ran in my toes,
A voyage to Ireland I ne'er should have
chosè;
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was
neither
Improvement nor pleasure for which I went
thither;
I know then you'll presently ask me for what?
Why, faith, it was that makes the old woman
fret;
And therefore I think I'm not much to be
blamed
If I went to the place whereof Nick was
sahamed.
O Coryate! thou traveller famed as Ulysses,
In such a stupendous labour as this is,
Come lend me the aids of thy hands and thy
feet,
Though the first be pedantic, the other not
sweet,
Yet both are so restless in peregrination,
They'll help both my journey, and ake my
relaxation.
'Twas now the most beautiful time of the
year,
The days were now long, and the sky was now
clear,
And May, that fair lady of splendid renown,
Had dress'd herself fine, in her flower'd tabby
gown,
When about some two hours and a half after
noon,
When it grew something late, though I thought
it too soon.

With a pitiful voice, and a most heavy heart,
I tuned up my pipes to sing "loth to depart;"
The ditty concluded, I call'd for my horse,
And with a good pack did the jument en-
dorse,
Till he groan'd and he f--d under the burden,
For sorrow had made me a cumbersome
burden;
And now farewell Dove, where I've caught
such brave dishes
Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scaled fishes;
Thy trout and thy grailing may now feed
securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so
surely;
Feed on them, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrears.
By pacing and trotting betimes in the
even,
Ere the sun had forsaken one half of the
Heaven,
We all at fair Congerton took up our inn,
Where the sign of a king kept a king and his
queen;
But who do you think came to welcome me
there?
No worse a man, marry, than good master
mayor,
With his staff of command, yet the man was
not lame,
But he needed it more when he went, than he
came;
After three or four hours of friendly potation
We took leave each of other in courteous
fashion,
When each one, to keep his brains fast in his
head,
Put on a good nightcap, and straightway to
bed.
Next morn, having paid for boil'd, roasted,
and bacon,
And of sovereign hostess our leaves kindly
taken,
(For her king (as 'twas rumour'd) by late
pouring down,
This morning had got a foul flaw in his
crown.)
We mounted again, and full soberly riding,
Three miles we had rid ere we met with a
biding;
But there (having over-night plied the tap
well)
We now must needs water at place call'd
Holmes Chapel:
"A hay!" quoth the foremost, "ho! who
keeps the house?"
Which said, out an host comes as brisk as a
louse;
His hair comb'd as sleek as a barber he'd
been,
A cravat with black ribbon tied under his
chin;
Though by what I saw in him, I straight 'gan
to fear
That knot would be one day slipp'd under his
ear.

Quoth he (with low congé) "What lack you,
my lord?"

"The best liquor," quoth I, "that the house
will afford."

"You shall straight," quoth he; and then
calls out, "Mary,

Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary."

"Hold, hold, my spruce host! for 'i th' morn-
ing no early

I never drink liquor but what's made of
barley."

Which words were scarce out, but, which
made me admire,

My lordship was presently turn'd into 'squire:
"Aha, 'squire, you mean?" quoth he nimbly
again,

"What, must it be pur'd?"—"No, I love it
best plain."

"Why, if you'll drink ale, sir, pray take my
advice,

Here's the best ale i' th' land, if you'll go to
the price:

Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple;
But then, in plain truth, it is sixpence a
bottle.

"Why, faith," quoth I, "friend, if your liquor
be such,

For the best ale in England it is not too
much:

Let's have it, and quickly."—"O sir! you may
stay;

A pot in your pate is a mile in your way:
Come, bring out a bottle here presently, wife,
Of the best Cheeshire hum he e'er drank in his
life."

Straight out comes the mistress in waistcoat
of silk,

As clear as a milkmaid, as white as her milk,
With visage as oval and sleek as an egg,

As straight as an arrow, as right as my leg:
A curtsy she made, as demure as a sister,

I could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd
her:

Then ducking another with most modest mien,
The first word she said, was, "Will 't please
you walk in?"

I thank'd her; but told her, I then could not
stay,

For the haste of my bus'ness did call me
away.

She said, she was sorry it fell out so odd,
But if, when again I should travel that road,
I would stay there a night, she assur'd me the
nation

Should nowhere afford better accommodation:
Meanwhile my spruce landlord has broken the
cork.

And call'd for a bodkin, though he had a
fork;

But I show'd him a screw, which I tolt my
brisk gull

A trepan was for bottles had broken their
skull;

Which, as it was true, he believed without
doubt,

But 'twas I that apply'd it, and pull'd
the cork out.

Bounce, quoth the bottle, the work being
done,

It roar'd, and it smoked, like a new-fired
gun;

But the shot miss'd us all, or else we'd been
routed,

Which yet was a wonder, we were so about
it.

Misce host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill
no fuller:

"Look here, sir," quoth he, "both for nap
and for colour,

Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er
do 't;

I defy Leek, and Lambhith, and Sandwich to
boot."

By my troth, he said true, for I speak it with
tears,

Though I have been a tose-pot these twenty
good years,

And have drank so much liquor as made me
a debtor,

In my days, that I know of, I never drank
better:

We found it so good, and we drank so pro-
foundly,

That four good round shillings were whipt
away roundly;

And then I conceived it was time to be
jogging,

For our work had been done, had we stay'd
't'other noggin.

From thence we set forth with more mettle
and spright,

Our horses were empty, our coxcombs were
light;

O'er Delliamore forest we, tantivy, potted,
Till our horses were basted as if they were
roasted:

In truth, we pursued might have been by our
haste,

And I think Sir George Booth did not gallop
so fast,

Till about two o'clock after noon, God be
blest,

We came, safe and sound, all to Chester i' th'
west.

And now in high time 'twas to call for some
meat,

Though drinking does well, yet some time we
must eat;

And 't' faith we had victuals both plenty and
good,

Where we all laid about us as if we were
wood:

Go thy ways, mistress Anderton, for a good
woman,

Thy guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a
common;

And whoever of thy entertainment complains,
Let him lie with a drab, and be pox'd for his
pains.

And here I must stop the career of my
Muse,

The poor jade is weary, 'las! how should she
choose?

And if I should farther here spur on my
course,
I should, questionless, tire both my wits and
my horse:
To-night let us rest, for 'tis good Sunday's
even,
To-morrow to church, and ask pardon of
Heaven.
Thus far we our time spent, as here I have
pen'd it,
And odd kind of life, and 'tis well if we mend
it;
But to-morrow (God willing) we'll have t' other
bout,
And better or worse be't, for murder will
out,
Our future adventures we'll lay down before
ye,
For my Muse is deep sworn to use truth of the
story.

CANTO II.

After seven hours' sleep, to commence for pains
taken,
A man of himself, one would think, might
awaken;
But riding, and drinking hard, were two such
spells:
I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of bells,
Which, ringing to matins all over the town,
Made me leap out of bed, and put on my
gown,
With intent (so God mend me) I have gone to
the choir,
When straight I perceived myself all on a fire;
For the two fore-named things had so heated
my blood,
That a little phlebotomy would do me good:
I sent for chirurgeon, who came in a trice,
And swift to shed blood, needed not be called
twice,
But tilted stiletto quite thorough the vein,
From whence issued out the ill humours
again;
When having twelve ounces, he bound up my
arm,
And I gave him two Georges, which did him
no harm:
But after my bleeding, I soon understood
It had cool'd my devotion as well as my
blood:
For I had no more mind to look on my psalter,
Than (saving your presence) I had to a
halter!
But, like a most wicked and obstinate sinner,
Then sat in my chamber till folks came to
dinner:
I dined with good stomach, and very good
cheer,
With a very fine woman, and good ale and
beer;
When myself having stuff'd than a bagpipe
more full,
I fell to my smoking until I grew dull;

And, therefore, to take a fine nap thought it
best,
For when belly full is, bones would be at
rest:
I tumbled me down on my bed like a swad,
Where, O! the delicious dream that I had!
Till the bells, that had been my morning
molesters,
Now waked me again, chiming all in to
vespers;
With that starting up, for my man I did
whistle,
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that
were grizzle;
Had my clothes neatly brush'd, and then put
on my sword;
Resolved now to go and attend on the word.
Thus trick'd, and thus trim, to set forth I
begin,
Nest and cleanly without, but scented cleanly
within;
For why, Heaven knows it, I long time had
been
A most humble obedient servant to sin:
And now in devotion was even so proud,
I scorned (forsooth) to join pray'r with the
crowd;
For though courted by all the bells as I went,
I was deaf, and regarded not the compliment,
But to the cathedral still held on my nose,
As 'twere, scornng to kneel but in the best
place,
I there made myself sure of good music at
least,
But was something deceived, for 'twas none
of the best;
But however, I stay'd at the church's com-
manding
Till we came to the "Peace passes all under-
standing,"
Which no sooner was ended, but whir and
away:
Like boys in a school when they've leave got
to play,
All save master mayor, who still gravely
stays
Till the rest had left room for his worship
and 's mace:
Then he and his brethron in order appear,
I out of my stall, and fell into his rear;
For why, 'tis much safer appearing; no
doubt,
In authority's tail, than the head of a rout.
In this rev'rend order we march'd from
pray'r;
The mace before me borne as well as the
may'r;
Who looking behind him, and seeing most
plain
A glorious gold belt in the rear of his train,
Made such a low congé, forgetting his place,
I was never so honour'd before in my days;
But then off went my scalp-case, and down
went my hat,
Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles
was kiss'd;

By which, though thick-skull'd, he must understand this,
That I was a most humble servant of his;
Which also so wonderful kindly he took,
(As I well perceived both b' his gesture and look.)
That to have me dogg'd home he straightway appointed,
Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted.
I was scarce in my quarters, and set down on crupper,
But his man was there too, to invite me to supper:
I start up, and after most respective fashion
Gave his worship much thanks for his kind invitation;
But bogg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small,
And I never did eat any supper at all;
But that after supper I would kiss his hands,
And would come to receive his worship's commands,
Sure no one will say, but a patron of slander,
That this was not pretty well for a Moorlander:
And since on such reasons to sup I refused,
I nothing did doubt to be holden excused;
But my quaint repartee had his worship possess'd
With so wonderful good a conceit of the rest,
That with mere impatience he hop'd in his breeches
To see the fine fellow that made such fine speeches:
"Go, sirrah!" quoth he, "get you to him again,
And will and require, in his Majesty's name,
That he come; and tell him, obey he were best, or
I'll teach him to know that he's now in West Chester."
The man, upon this, comes me running again,
But yet minces his message, and was not so plain;
Saying to me only, "Good sir, I am sorry
To tell you my master has sent again for you;
And has such a longing to have you his guest,
That I, with these ears, heard him swear and protest,
He would neither say grace, nor sit down on his bum,
Nor open his napkin, until you do come,"
With that I perceived no excuse would avail,
And, seeing there was no defence for a fall,
I said I was ready whate'er may'r to obey,
And therefore desired him to lead me the way. ☉
We went, and ere Malkin could well lick her ear,
(For it but the next door was, forsooth) we were there:
Where lights being brought me, I mounted the stairs,
The worst I e'er saw in my life at a mayor's:

But every thing else must be highly commended.
I there found his worship most nobly attended,
Besides such a supper as well did convince,
A may'r in his province to be a great prince;
As he sat in his chair he did not much vary
In state nor in face from our eighth English Harry;
But whether his face was swell'd up with fat,
Or puff'd up with glory, I cannot tell that.
Being enter'd the chamber half length of a pike,
And cutting of faces exceedingly like
One of those little gentlemen brought from the Indies,
And screwing myself into congrés and erings,
By then I was half-way advanced in the room,
His worship most rev'rendly rose from his bum,
And with the more honour to grace and to greet me,
Advanced a whole step and a half for to meet me:
Where leisurely doffing a hat worth a tester,
He bade me most heartily welcome to Chester.
I thank'd him in language the best I was able,
And so we forthwith sat us all down to table.
Now here you must note, and 'tis worth observation,
That as his chair at one end o' th' table had station,
So sweet mistress may'reas, in just such another,
Like the fair queen of hearts, sat in state at the other:
By which I perceived, though it seem'd a riddle,
The lower end of this must be just in the middle:
But perhaps 'tis a rule there, and one that would mind it
Amongst the town-statutes 'tis likely might find it.
But now into th' pottage each deep his spoon claps,
As in truth one might safely for burning one's chaps,
When straight, with the look and the tone of a scold,
Mistress may'reas complain'd that the pottage was cold:
"And all long of your saddle-fiddle," quoth she.
"Why, what then, Goody Two-Shoes, what if it be?"
Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle," quoth he.
I was glad she was snapp'd thus, and guess'd by th' discourse,
The may'r, not the gray mare, was the better horse,
And yet for all that, there is reason to fear,
She submitted but out of respect to his year:

However, 'twas well she had now so much
 grace,
 Though not to the man, to submit to his
 place;
 For had she proceeded, I verily thought
 My turn would the next be, for I was in fault:
 But this brush being past, we fell to our diet,
 And ev'ry one there fill'd his belly in quiet.
 Supper being ended, and things away taken,
 Master mayor's curiosity 'gan to awaken;
 Wherefore, making me draw something nearer
 his chair,
 He will'd and required me there to declare
 My country, my birth, my estate, and my
 parts,
 And whether I was not a master of arts;
 And eke what the business was had brought
 me thither,
 With what I was going about now, and
 whither:
 Giving me caution no lie should escape me,
 For if I should trip he should certainly trap
 me.
 I answer'd, my country was famed Stafford-
 shire;
 That in deeds, bills, and bonds, I was ever
 writ squire;
 That of land I had both sorts, some good, and
 some evil,
 But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the
 Devil;
 That as for my parts, they were such as he
 saw;
 That, indeed, I had a small smattering of
 law,
 Which I lately had got more by practice than
 reading,
 By sitting o' th' bench whilst others were
 pleading;
 But that arms I had ever more studied than
 arts,
 And was now to a captain raised by my
 deserts;
 That the business which led me through
 Palestine ground
 Into Ireland was whither now I was bound;
 Where his worship's great favour I loud will
 proclaim,
 And in all other places wherever I came.
 He said, as to that, I might do what I list,
 But that I was welcome, and gave me his
 fist;
 When, having my fingers made crack with his
 gripes,
 He call'd to his man for some bottles and
 pipes.
 To trouble you here with a longer narra-
 tion
 Of the several parts of our confabulation,
 Perhaps would be tedious; I'll therefore remit
 to
 Even to the most reverend records of the city,
 Where, doubtless, the acts of the may'rs are
 recorded,
 And if not more truly, yet much better
 worded.

In short, then, we piped and we tipped
 Canary,
 Till my watch pointed one in the circle
 horary;
 When, thinking it now was high time to de-
 part,
 His worship I thank'd with a most grateful
 heart;
 And because to great men presents are accept-
 able,
 I presented the may'r, ere I rose from the
 table,
 With a certain fantastical box and a stopper;
 And he having kindly accepted my offer,
 I took my fair leave, such my visage adorning,
 And to bed, for I was to rise early i' th'
 morning.

CANTO III.

The Sun in the morning disclosed his light,
 With complexion as ruddy as mine over
 night;
 And o'er the eastern mountains peeping up a
 head,
 The casement being open, espied me in bed;
 With his rays he so tickled my lids that I
 waked,
 And was half ashamed, for I found myself
 naked;
 But up I soon start, and was dress'd in a
 trice,
 And call'd for a draught of ale, sugar, and
 spice;
 Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,
 And pecking my nails, whipp'd to horse, and
 away.
 A guide I had got, who demanded great vails
 For conducting me over the mountains of
 Wales;
 Twenty good shillings, which sure very large
 is;
 Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his
 charges;
 And yet, for all that, rode astride on a beast,
 The worst that e'er went on three legs, I pro-
 test:
 It certainly was the most ugly of jades,
 His hips and his rump made a right soe of
 spades;
 His sides were two ladders, well sprun-gall'd
 withal;
 His neck was a halve, and his head was a
 mail;
 For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll
 spare,
 For the creature was wholly demud'd of
 hair;
 And, except for two things, as bare as my
 nail,
 A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail;
 And by these the true colour one can no more
 know,
 Than by mouse-skins above stairs, the merkin
 below.

Now such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
 With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider;
 A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
 The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat.
 Even such was my guide and his beast; let them pass,
 The one for a horse, and the other an ass.
 But now with our horses, what sound and what rotten,
 Down to the shore, you must know, we were gotten:
 And there we were told it concern'd us to ride,
 Unless we did mean to encounter the tide;
 And then, my guide lab'ring with heels and with hands,
 With two up and one down hopp'd over the sands,
 Till his horse, finding the labour for three legs too sore,
 Fol'd out a new leg, and then he had four:
 And now by plain dint of hard spurring and whipping,
 Dry shod we came where folks sometimes take shipping;
 And where the salt sea, as the Devil were in's,
 Came rearing t' have hinder'd our journey to Flint:
 But we, by good luck, before him got thither,
 He else would have carried us no man knows whither.
 And now her in Wales is, saint Taph be her speed,
 Gott splutter her taste, some Welsh ale her had need;
 For her ride in great haste, and.....
 For fear of her being catch'd up by the fishes:
 But the lord of Flint castle's no lord worth a lone,
 For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his house;
 But in a small house near unto't there was store
 Of such ale as (thank God) I ne'er tasted before;
 And surely the Welsh are not wise of their fiddle,
 For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.
 From thence then we march'd, full as dry as we came.
 My guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,
 O'er hills and o'er valleys uncouth and uneven,
 Until, 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven,
 More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well tell,
 We happily came to St. Winifred's well:
 I thought it the pool of Bethesda had been,
 By the cripples lay there; but I went to my inn

To speak for some meat, for so stomach did motion,
 Before I did farther proceed in devotion:
 I went into th' kitchen, where victuals I saw:
 Both beef, veal, and mutton, but all on't was raw;
 And some on't alive, but soon went to slaughter,
 For four chickens were slain by my dame and her daughter;
 Of which to saint Win, ere my vows I had paid,
 They said I should find a rare fricasée made:
 I thank'd them, and straight to the well did repair,
 Where some I found cursing, and others at pray'r;
 Some dressing, some stripping, some out, and some in,
 Some naked, where botches and boils might be seen;
 Of which some were feverers of Venus, I'm sure,
 And therefore unfit for the virgin to cure:
 But the fountain, in truth, is well worth the sight,
 The beautiful virgin's own tears not more bright;
 Nay, none but she ever shed such a tear,
 Her conscience, her name, nor herself were more clear.
 In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white,
 But streak'd with pure red, as the morning with light,
 Which they say is her blood, and so it may be,
 But for that, let who ahd it look to it for me.
 Over the fountain a chapel there stands,
 Which I wonder has 'scaped master Oliver's hands:
 The floor's not ill paved, and the margin o' th' spring
 Is enclosed with a certain octagonal ring:
 From each angle of which a pillar does rise,
 Of strength and of thickness enough to suffice
 To support and uphold from falling to ground
 A carpio wherewith the virgin is crown'd.
 Now 'twixt the two angles that fork to the north,
 And where the cold nymph does her basin pour forth,
 Under ground is a place where they bathe, as 'tis said,
 And 'tis true, for I heard folks' teeth hack in their head;
 For you are to know that the rogues and the.....
 Are not let to pollute the spring-head with their sores.
 But one thing I chiefly admired in the place,
 That a saint and a virgin enclosed with such grace,

So fought the knights; and fighting must abide,
Till fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.

The power that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what Heaven foresees,

Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her way.

Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
And some one day, some wondrous chance

appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For sure, what'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above;
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foresight necessitate the will.

In Thebes this appears; whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy.
This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day,

And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.
Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emly staid in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry

To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The lawn on which they fought th' appointed place

in which th' uncoupled hounds began the chase.

Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
That, shaded by the fern, in harbour lay;
And, thence dialog'd, was wont to leave the wood.

For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,
He saw proud Arcite and fierce Palamm
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightning flam'd their faulchions to and fro,

And shot a dreadful gleam: so strong they strook,
There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak:

He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Resolv'd to learn, he spur'd his fiery steed.
With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So soon he was betwix them on the place;
And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life,

Commands both combatants to cease their strife;

Then with imperious tone pursues his threat:
"What are you? why in arms together met?
How darest your pride presume against my laws,

As in a listed field to fight your cause?"

Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
As knightly rites require: nor judge to try?"
Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
Thus hasty spoke: "We both deserve the death."

And both would die; for look the world around,

A pair so wretched is not to be found:
Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.
Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace, for grace is cruelty.

He first, O kill me first, and cure my woe;
Then sheath the sword of justice on my foe:
Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
He foremost will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:
On whom thy grace did liberty bestow;
But first contracted, that, if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head should pay the forfeit; see return'd
The perjurd knight, his oath and honour scorn'd;

For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd services, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee,
A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains: from Thebes my birth I own,

And call myself th' unhappy Palamon.

Think me not like that man; since no disgrace

Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.

Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of heaven.

Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I, with this Arcite, am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, since I thy life pursue;
For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
More would'st thou know? I love bright

Emily,
And for her sake and in her sight will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no less
Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess."

To this reply'd the stern Athenian prince,
And sourly smil'd: "In owning your offence
You judge yourself; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.

Take your desert, the death you have decreed,
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:

By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die."

He said: dumb Sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
The queen, above the rest by nature good
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood),
For tender pity wept: when she began,
Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.

This is not all; for Juno, to my shame,
Has lov'd me to forsake my former name:
Arcite I was, Philostrateas I am.
That side of Heaven is all my enemy;
Mars ruin'd Thebes, his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, the unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not
free:
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;
But love's a malady without a cure:
Fierce love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd;
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my sufferings, if you knew my
pain."

At this a sickly quaver his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word mis'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart:
No longer stand, but starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile
face:

"False traitor, Arcite; traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
Now art thou found forsworn, for Emily;
And dar'st attempt her love for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free:
But rest assur'd that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily:
For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by
chance)

Am bare without my sword or pointed lance:
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to
go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe."

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the
man,
His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus be-
gan:

"Now by the gods who govern Heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with
love,

That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy
love.

The surety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Know I will serve the fair in thy despite,
But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
And Heaven so help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel
both unknown:

With arms of proof both for myself and
thee,
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to
me.

And, that a better case thou may'st abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful sustenance, that thou may'st be
A conquest better won, and worthy me."
His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
O Love! thou sternly dost thy power main-
tain,

And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
His foe with bedding and with food supply'd;
Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he
brought:

Both were of shining steel, and wrought so
pure,

As might the strokes of two such arms endure,
Now, at the time and in th' appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So stands the Thracian herdsmen with his
spears;

Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees,
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks he lifts aloft his dart;
A generous chillsness seizes every part;
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the
heart.

Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury
burn;

None greets; for none the greeting will re-
turn:

But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
His foe protest, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and
lance:

They lash, they foam, they pass, they strive to
bore

Their corselets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And wounded, wound; till both were stob'd
in blood;

And not a foot of ground had either got
As if the world depended on the spot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:

Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they
wound,

With grunts and groans the forest rings
around:

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

O then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost
In storms of guilty terror tost.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death.
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find.

Earl of Roscommon.—Born 1633, Died 1684.

654.—SONG.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a bless'd amaze,
His pleasing, happy ruin;
'Tis not for pity that I move,
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
His vanquish'd die with pleasure.

Earl of Rochester.—Born 1647, Died 1680.

655.—CONSTANCY.

A SONG.

I cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no; your heart to move
A surer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on—will still love on, and die.

When kill'd with grief Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour that ends this smart
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful, tender heart
Can never break—can never break in vain.

Earl of Rochester.—Born 1647, Died 1680.

656.—SONG.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love you.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

Earl of Rochester.—Born 1647, Died 1680.

657.—SONG.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy 's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Earl of Rochester.—Born 1647, Died 1680.

658.—REASON.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering
ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemi-
sphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves, in supernatural
light.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, Died 1700.

659.—PALAMON AND ARCTE; OR, THE
KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK I.

In days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name:
A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising nor the setting Sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquered, then by
love:
He brought in triumph back the beauteous
dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came:
With honour to his home let Theseus ride,
With Love to friend, and Fortune for his
guide,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on
the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town besieg'd, and how much blood it
cost
The female army and th' Athenian host;
The spouses of Hippolyta, the queen;
What tilts and turnneys at the feast were
seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies' fear:
But these, and other things, I must forbear.
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my
strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborn.
That others may have time to take their
turn;

As was at first enjoy'd us by mine host,
That he whose tale is best, and pleasest most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.
And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mentioned, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town.
When, in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching, he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands
on high,
Crawping and crying, till they said at last
His courses' bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
"Tell me," said Theseus, "what and whence
you are,
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd woods?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your request, and I will ease your
grief."

The most in years of all the mourning train
Began (but swooned first away for pain):
Then scarce recover'd spoke; "Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy
successes—

We, wretched women, see for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve
relief:

For none of us, who now thy grace employ,
But held the rank of sovereign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never
beats,
That mortal bliss should last for length of
years,

She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple high,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.

But reverence thou the power whose name it
beats,
Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widow's
tears,

I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell, erst be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town, besieg'd by our confederate
host:

But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of funeral fire to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburied, unbury'd, on a heap they lie:
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;

No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are
fed."

At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful
train
Echo'd her grief, and, groveling on the plain,
With groans, and hands uphaid, to move his
mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind!
The prince was touch'd, his tears began to
flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd, and could not but their fate
deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising, one by one, the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood
bore
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their
wrongs:
That Greece should see perform'd what he
declar'd;
And cruel Creon find his just reward.
He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way:
But left his sister and his queen behind.
And way'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argant field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
Bed was his sword, and shield, and whole
attire,
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with
fire;
E'er'n the ground glitter'd where the standard
flow'd,
And the green grass was dy'd to sanguine
hue.
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Crestan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur:
The soldiers about around with generous
rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardour: inly pleas'd to see
His host the flower of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd; and all th' ensuing
night;
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon
fell.
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the
town:
How to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain:
And with what ancient rites they were
inter'd;
All these to sifter times shall be deferr'd;
I spare the widows' tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies;
How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames
dismis'd.

Thus when the victor chief had Creon
slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the
plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a
load oppress'd
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they
sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody
monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they
seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds
describ'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats,
were the same,
Close by each other laid, they press'd the
ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a
grievous wound,
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the
heart.
These two were sisters' sons; and Arsite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoils
rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
Whom, known of Creon's line, and cur'd with
care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a lingering death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike
sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and
more renown'd.
But in a tower, and never to be loos'd,
The woeful captive kinsmen are enclous'd.
Thus year by year they pass, and day by
day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms
new,
For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to
keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their
sluggard sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she
moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd
loves.

In this remembrance, Emily, ere day,
 "rose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
 Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
 Her shoulders fall her length of hair;
 A ribbon did the braided tresses bind,
 The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind.
 Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
 And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
 When to the garden walk she took her way,
 To sport and trip along in cool of day,
 And offer maiden vows in honour of the
 May.

At every turn she made a little stand,
 And thrust among the thorns her lily hand,
 To draw the rose; and every rose she drew,
 She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the
 dew:

Then party-colour'd flowers of white and red
 She wove, to make a garland for her head:
 This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
 That men and angels might rejoice to hear:
 Ev'n a wondering Philomel forgot to sing,
 And learn'd from her to welcome-in the
 Spring.

The tower, of which before was mention
 made,

Within whose keep the captive knights were
 laid,

Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
 Was one partition of the palace wall:
 The garden was enclor'd within the square,
 Where young Emilia took the morning air.

It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight,
 Restless for woe, arose before the light,
 And with his gaoler's leave desir'd to breathe
 An air more wholesome than the damps be-
 neath:

This granted, to the tower he took his way,
 Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day;
 Then cast a languishing regard around,
 And saw with hateful eyes the temples
 crown'd

With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
 He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he
 knew

'Twas but a larger goal he had in view:
 Then look'd below, and, from the castle's
 heights,

Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight,
 The garden, which before he had not seen,
 In Spring's new livery clad of white and
 green.

Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady
 walks between.

This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms
 across

He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
 Himself an object of the public scorn,
 And often wish'd he never had been born.

At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
 With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
 He through a little window cast his sight,
 Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty

light:
 But ev'n that glimmering serv'd him to descry
 The inevitable charms of Beauty.

Source had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden
 smart,

Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
 Struck blind with over-powering light he
 stood,

Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.
 Young Arcite heard, and up he ran with
 haste,

To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
 And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
 And whence and how his change of cheer
 began.

Or who had done th' offence? "But if," said
 he,

"Your grief alone is hard captivity,
 For love of Heaven, with patience undergo
 A crueler ill, since Fate will have it so:

So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
 And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
 Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
 When all the friendly stars were under

Earth.
 Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done;
 And better bear like men than vainly seek to
 shun."

"Nor of my bonds," said Palamon again,
 "Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
 But when my mortal anguish caus'd me cry,
 That moment I was hurt through either eye;
 Fenc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
 And perish with insensible decay.

A glance of some new goddess gave the
 wound.

Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
 Look how she walks along you shady space,
 Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
 And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.

If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
 That face was form'd in Heaven, nor art thou
 less:

Diagnis'd in habit, undiagnis'd in shape),
 O help us captives from our chains; 't
 escape;
 But if e'er down he past, in bonds to lie
 For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
 Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
 And show compassion to the Theban race,
 Oppress'd by tyrant power!" While yet he
 spoke,

Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
 The fatal dart a ready passage found,
 And deep within his heart mix'd the wound:

So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
 Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more.
 Thus from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and
 said,

"The beauty I behold has struck me dead;
 Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance,
 Poison is in her eyes and death in every
 glance

O, I must ask, nor ask alone, but move
 Her mind to mercy, or must die for love."

Thus Arcite, and thus Palamon replies
 (Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes),
 "Speak 't thou in earnest, or in jesting vein?"

"Jesting," said Arcite, "scite but ill with
 pain."

"It suits far worse" (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows) "with men who honour
weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendship to
betray;
But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both;
One soul should both inspire, and neither
prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the Gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the
bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design,
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the
plain
Approach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care de-
pend:
And would'st thou court my lady's love,
which I
Much rather than release would choose to
die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee first my pain,
For first my love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound to assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perj'ur'd knight."
Thus Palamon: but Arcite, with disdain,
In haughty language, thus reply'd again:
"Foresworn thyself: the traitor's odious
name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurst
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the best above,
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not no law is made for
love?
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a
general waste;
Maid, widow, wive, without distinction
fall:
The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and
covers all.
If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less;

And both are mad alike, since neither can
possess.
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the Sun, but as he passes o'er."
Like Æsop's hounds contending for the
bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:
The fruitless fight continued all the day,
A cur came by and snatch'd the prize away.
"As courtiers therefore justice for a grant,
And, when they break their friendship, plead
their want,
So thou, if Fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance;
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or, failing in th' adventure, die."
Great was their strife, which hourly was
renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in
hand,
But when they met they made a surly stand,
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that every look might be their
last.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' at-
tend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man:
Companions of the war, and lov'd so well,
That when one died, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.
But to pursue my tale. To welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long
since,
And honour'd by this young Thessalian
prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Bestow'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on what'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.
Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his
way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too
late?
"What have I gain'd," he said, "in prison
pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And, banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom than I felt in bonds before:
For'd from her presence, and condemn'd to
live:
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heaven is not but where Emly abides,
And where she's absent all is hell besides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accout

Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first.
Had I not known that prince I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen;
For, though I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompense enough to see and serve.

O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure, thine the victory;
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee.
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine
eyes.

In prison—no; but blissful Paradise!
Thou daily see'st that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night,
And who can tell but since thou hast her
sight,

And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may cease to
frown,

And by some ways unknown thy wishes
crown?

But I, the most forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But, doom'd to drag my loathsome life in
cure,

For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor Nature's hand can ease my
grief;

Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that
dwell

With youth and life, and life itself farewell!
"But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants re-
quire,

And better things than those which we desire.
Some pray for riches, riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are
slain.

Some pray from prison to be freed; and
come,

When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their
life,

A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to
pray.

Like drunken sots about the street we roam;
Well knows the sot he has a certain home.
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain
place.

And blunders on, and staggers every pace.
Thus all seek happiness; but few can find,
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost
good

Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came, from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily."

Thus gains Arctic; but if Arctic thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.

For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath—he makes outrageous
moan;

He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the
ground,

The hollow tower with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his letter'd feet,
And dropt all o'er with agony of sweat.

"Alas!" he cried, "I wretch in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine;
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native
air,

Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my
despair:

Thou may'st, since thou hast youth and
courage join'd,

A sweet behaviour, and a solid mind,
Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.

So thine shall be the besetstone prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all th' advantage of the strife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows
mine."

The rage of jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his
veins,

Like water which the freezing wind con-
strains.

Then thus he said: "Eternal deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What, is the race of human kind your care,
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother beast, is
slain.

Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless, oft endure;
Or does your justice, power, or prescience
fail,

When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?
What worms to wretched Virtue could befall,
If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?

Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;
Them to pursue their pleasures you create;
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our
will,

And your commands, not our desires, fulfil;
Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;
Not man, in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer
more.

A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller;
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and
snake,

One gains the thickness, and one thrice the
brute.

This let divines decide; but well I know,
Just or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartile, move
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love."

Let Palamon, oppress'd in bondage, mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this, the Sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd, to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free:
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
"Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains,
One sees his love, but cannot break his
chains,

One free, and all his motions uncontrol'd,
Beholds what's'er he would, but what he would
behold.

Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befell.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worse than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roas'd, he beat his breast, he tore his
hair.

Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink:
Bereft of sleep, he loathes his meat and
drink;

He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man,
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of spleen's boxen leaves:

In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone;
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures
shares,

But sighs when songs and instruments he
hears:

His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of Love and gay Desire;

But fall of useful moppings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly changed from what he was be-
fore,

It happen'd once that, stumbling as he lay,
He dream'd (his dream began at break of
day)

That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with soft words his drooping spirits
cheer'd:

His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclose'd the
god.

And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling
rod;

Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's com-
mand,

On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
"Arise," he said, "to conquering Athens
go,

There Fate appoints an end to all thy woe."
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start,
Against his bosom bound his leaving
heart;

But soon he said, with scarce recover'd
breath,

"And thither will I go, to meet my death,
Sure to be slain, but death is my desire,
Since in Emilia's sight I shall expire."
By chance he spy'd a mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wondering, he saw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd that scarce himself he
knew.

A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
"Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may search in vain with all their
eyes,

But never penetrate through this disguise.
Thanks to the change which grief and sickness
give,

In low estate I may securely live,
And see, unknown, my mistress day by day."
He said, and clothed himself in coarse array:
A labouring hind in show then forth he went,
And to th' Athenians tovers his journey bent:
One squire attend'd in the same disguise,
Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:
Proffering for hire his services at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.

So fair befell him, that for little gain
He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain;
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye:
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He pass'd a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was
blown;

All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace,
That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theseus to high favour rais'd:
Among his menial servants first enroll'd,

And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:

This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and
fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it
came.

Thus for three years he liv'd with large in-
crease,
In arms of honour, and esteem in peace;
To Theseus' person he was ever near;
And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.

BOOK II.

While Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immur'd, the captiv'd
knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the
light:
Lost liberty and love at once he bore;
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more.
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.
But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the Sun,
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny,
Which forms in causes first what'e'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey, mix'd with added store
Of opium: to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising Sun.
A thick-spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his
way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Theseus might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life
Or won the beautiful Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day
beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous Fortune caught him in the
snare.
The morning-lark, the messenger of Day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;
And soon the Sun arose with beams so bright
That all the' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous
sight:
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And lifts the drooping leaves, and dries the
dews;
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Obedience to 'ne month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betwixen he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he
trod:
At once he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the
plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,

The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.
"For thee, sweet month, the groves green
liveries wear.
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers;
When thy short reign is past, the feverish
Sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly
on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils
bite.
As thou shalt guide my wandering feet to
find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to
bind."
His vows address'd, within the grove he
stray'd,
Till Fate, or Fortune, near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his
flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning
mortal sight:
And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been said of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have
ears;
For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon,
Who, listening, heard him, while he search'd
the grove,
And loudly sung his roundelay of love:
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood;
Now high as Heaven; and then as low as
hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well:
For Venus, like her day, will change her
cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite, having sung, with alit'd hose
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom
drew
A desperate sigh, accusing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
"Curs'd be the day when first I did appear,
Let it be blotted from the calendar,
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the
year.
Still will the jealous queen pursue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was;
Yet ceases not her hate - for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood: unjust deserves I
That punishes another's crime on me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.

How many ages since has Virgil writ !
How few are they who understand him yet !
Approach his altars with religious fear ;
No vulgar deity inhabits there.
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial
nod

Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Had mighty Maro ! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse ;
The Muse instructs my voice, and thou inspire
the Muse !

Earl of Roscommon.—Born 1683, Died 1684.

651.—AN AUTHOR SHOULD BE
SINCERE.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute the pen ;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or
plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas
lead !
But you, Pompilian, wealthy pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and
cares ;
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse.
'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose,
For though true wit adorns your birth or
place,
Degenerate lines degrade the attained noce.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they
write.
Have you been led through the Cumsean cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave ?
I hear her now ; I see her rolling eyes ;
And panting, Lo, the god, the god ! she
cries :
With words not hers, and more than human
sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling
through the ground.
But though we must obey when Heaven com-
mands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast ;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd :
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting
glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat :
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights ;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.

Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate measures to the sterling stamp
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines :
These, nervous, bold ; those, languid and
romais ;

There, cold salutes ; but here, a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Saene divide,
Whose lasy waters without motion lay,
While he with eager force urg'd his impetuous
way !

Earl of Roscommon.—Born 1683, Died 1684.

652.—A QUACK.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and
fame ;
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chate the doctor's
praise ;
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies
With mandlin eloquence of trieking eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man !
(How very active in his own tropan !)
For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees ;
Struts in a new unlicensed gown, and then
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand grenades flew,
And where they fell, as certainly they slew :
His name struck everywhere as great a damp,
As Archimedes' through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool ;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace ;
And meagre famine star'd him in the face :
Fain would he to the wives be reconciled,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd
too ;
In this sad case, what could our vermin do ?
Worried with debts, and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail :
And there with basket-aims, scarce kept alive,
Shows how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

Earl of Roscommon.—Born 1683, Died 1684.

653.—ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

Should yet be so wonderful kind a well-willer
 To that whoring and sipping trade of a
 miller,
 As within a few paces to furnish the wheels
 (Of I cannot tell how many water-mills :
 I've studied that point much, you cannot
 guess why,
 But the virgin was, doubtless, more righteous
 than I
 And now, for my welcome, four, five, or six
 lasses,
 With as many crystalline, liberal glasses,
 Did all importune me to drink of the water
 Of Saint Winifreds, good Thewith's fair
 daughter.
 A while I was doubtful, and stood in a maze,
 Not knowing, amidst all that choice, where to
 choose.
 Till a pair of black eyes, darting full in my
 sight,
 From the rest o' th' fair maidens did carry
 me quite ;
 I took the glass from her, and whip, off it
 went.
 I half doubt I fancied a health to the saint:
 But he was a great villain committed the
 slaughter,
 For St. Winifred made most delicate water.
 I slipp'd a hard stalling into her soft hand,
 Which had like to have made me the place
 have profaned ;
 And giving two more to the poor that were
 there,
 Did, sharp as a hawk, to my quarters repair.
 My dinner was ready, and to it I fell,
 I never ate better meat, that I can tell ;
 When having half dined, there comes in my
 host,
 A catholic good, and a rare drunken toast :
 This man, by his drinking, inflamed the scoot,
 And told me strange stories, which I have
 forgot ;
 But this I remember, 'twas much on's own
 life,
 And one thing, that he had converted his
 wife.
 But now my guide told me it time was to
 go,
 For that to our beds we must both ride and
 row ;
 Wherefore calling to pay, and having ac-
 counted,
 I soon was down stairs, and as suddenly
 mounted.
 On then we travell'd, our guide still before,
 Sometimes on three legs, and sometimes on
 four,
 Coasting the sea, and over hills crawling,
 Sometimes on all four, for fear we should fall
 in ;
 For, underneath, Neptune lay skulking to
 watch us,
 And, had we but slipp'd once, was ready to
 catch us.
 Thus in places of danger taking more heed,
 And in safer travelling mending our speed,

Redland Castle and Abergeeny we pass'd.
 And o'er against Curroway came at the last:
 Just over against a castle there stood,
 O' th' right hand the tower, and o' th' left
 hand a wood ;
 'Twixt the wood and the castle they see at
 high water
 The storm, the place makes it a dangerous
 matter ;
 And besides, upon such a steep rock it is
 founded,
 As would break a man's neck, should he 'scape
 being drowned :
 Perhaps though in time one may make them
 to yield,
 But 'tis pretti' at Cob-castle o'er I beheld.
 The Sun now was going t' unbarren his
 steeds,
 When the ferry-boat breaking her sides 'gainst
 the weeds,
 Came in as good time, as good time could be,
 To give us a cast o'er an arm of the sea ;
 And bestowing our horses before and abaft,
 O'er god Neptune's wide ood-piece gave us a
 waft ;
 Where securely landing at foot of the fort,
 Within very few paces we enter'd the port,
 Where another King's Head invited me down,
 For indeed I have ever been true to the
 crown.

Charles Cotton.—Born 1630, Died 1687.

650.—AGAINST FALSE PRIDE.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
 And with attractive majesty surprise ;
 Not by affected meretricious arts,
 But strict harmonious symmetry of parts ;
 Which through the whole insensibly must
 pass
 With vital heat, to animate the mass.
 A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
 And bright as heaven, from whence the
 blessing came.
 But few—O few! souls pre-ordain'd by fate,
 The race of gods, have reach'd that envied
 height.
 No rebel Tytan's sacrilegious crime,
 By heaping hills on hills, can hinder climb:
 The grisly terryman of hell denied
 Eneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
 How justly then will impious mortals fall,
 Whose pride would soar to heaven without a
 call.
 Pride (of all others the most dangerous
 fault)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of
 thought.
 The men who labour and digest things moist,
 Will be much apter to despond than boast ;
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid,
And thus among themselves they softly said:
"What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight!
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The mastery of Heaven in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind,
See their wide streaming wounds; they neither
grieve

For pride of empire, nor desire of fame;
Kings for kingdoms, madmen for applause;
But love for love alone, that crowns the lover's
triumph."

This thought, which ever bribes the beautiful
kind,

Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the
ground,
From the fierce king, implor'd th' offenders
grace.

He paus'd awhile, stood silent in his mood
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
But soon his tender mind th' impression felt
(As softest metals are not slow to melt
And pity soonest runs in softest minds):
Then reasons, with himself; and first he
finds

His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnify'd th' offence.
"Offence! of what? to whom? who judg'd
the cause?"

The prisoner freed himself by Nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he
freed

Was perjurd, but his love excus'd the deed."
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his
eyes,

And saw the women's tears, and heard their
cries,
Which mov'd compassion more: he shook his
head.

And softly sighing to himself he said:
"Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom
tears can draw

To no remorse; who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
Rends all alike; the penitent and proud."

At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head;
Reason return'd her place, and passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spoke: "The power of

Love,
In Earth, and sea, and air, and Heaven
above,

Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a god:
He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the
blind;

And moulds and stamps anew the lover's
mind.

Behold that Arotes, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil;
But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought them in their own despite again,
To suffer death deserv'd; for well they know,
'Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe;

The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
See how the madmen bleed, behold the gains
With which their master, Love, rewards their
pains;

For seven long years, on duty every day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on:
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
For 'tis their maxim, love is love's reward.
This is not all: the fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from
far,

Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.
But sure a general doom on man is cast,
And all are fools and lovers, first or last:
This both by others and myself I know,
For I have serv'd their sovereign long ago:
Oft have been caught within the winding
train

Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the god can human hearts
constrain.

To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
Who for th' offending warriors interpose,
I give their forfeit lives, on this accord,
To do me homage as their sovereign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right."

This freely sworn, the knights their grace ob-
tain'd,
Then thus the king his secret thoughts ex-
plain'd:

"If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born; and such is she you serve:
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known;
But should you combat till you both were
dead,

Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to Destiny.

Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love.
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you please
repair;

But on the day when this returning Sun
To the same point through every sign has
run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall
bring.

In royal lists to fight before the king;
And then the knight whom Fate or happy
Chance

Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recumbent on the plain,
The prize of valour: and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.

The charge be mine to adorn the chosen ground.

The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd;
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And Heaven of me so judge, as I shall judge
aright.

If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my
sword."

Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Aroite seems to touch the sky;
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as
well,

Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights,
with leave,

Departing from the place, his last commands
receive;

On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took:
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their
way,

Each to provide his champions for the day.
It might be deem'd, on our historian's
part,

Or too much negligence or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Thebes, and his large expense.
He first enclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to meet the place about.
Within, an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees, to sixty paces rear'd;
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a gate of marble white:
The like adorn'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was,

Rome never saw; nor of so vast a space:
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd
land,

All arts and artists Thebes could command,
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better
fame,

The master-painters, and the carvers, came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.

Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd, above,
A temple, sacred to the Queen of Love;
An altar stood below; on either hand
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle
wand.

The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was enclos'd,
Within the wall, of alabaster white,
And crimson coral, for the Queen of Night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.

Within these storeries might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
Where every figure to the life express'd
The godhead's power to whom it was
address'd.

In Venus' temple on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of ensour'd men,

Prayers, that even spoke, and pity seem'd to
call.

And issuing sighs, that smok'd along the wall,
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell,
And scolding tears, that wore a channel where
they fell;

And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy;
And sorceries to raise th' infernal powers,
And sigils, fram'd in planetary hours:
Expense, and Afterthought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley hue, and dark Despair;
Suspicious, and fantastical Surmises,
And Jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her
eyes,

Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd,
Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fat.
Oppos'd to her, on t'other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels and music, poetry and play,
And balls by nights, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and
more,

With acts and monuments of times before;
And others added by prophetic doom,
And loves yet unborn, and loves to come;
For there th' Idalian mount, and Otheron,
The court of Venus, was in colours drawn;
Before the palace-gate, in careless dress,
And loose array, sat portress Idleness;
There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone;
There Samson was, with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd ensour'd youth to
beasts.

Here might be seen that beauty, wealth, and
wit,

And progress, to the power of love submit:
The spreading snare for all mankind is hid;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The goddess' self some noble hand had
wrought;

Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing
thought;

From ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the
skies,

She trod the brims, all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the
rest;

A into she held, and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red and myrtles green;
Her turtles fam'd the buxom air above,
And, by his mother, stood an infant Love,
With wings unfeign'd; his eyes were band'd
o'er,

His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a
deadly store.

But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were
spread;

This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
 Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
 For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
 And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
 The landscape was a forest wide and bare,
 Whence neither beast, nor human kind repair;
 The fowl, that soot aiaz, the borders fly,
 And shrub the bitter blast, and wheel about
 the sky.
 A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
 And prickly stubs, instead of tress, are
 found;
 Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and
 old;
 Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
 A rattling tempest through the branches went,
 That stripp'd them bare, and' one sole way
 they bent.
 Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds con-
 gual,
 And through the crystal vault appear'd the
 standing hail.
 Such was the face without; a mountain stood
 Threatening from high, and overlook'd the
 wood:
 Beneath the lowering brow, and on a bent,
 The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
 The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
 From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing
 air.
 A straight long entry to the temple led,
 Blind with high walls, and Horror over
 head:
 Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
 As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the
 door;
 In through that door a northern light there
 shone;
 'Twas all it had, for windows there were none;
 The gate was adamant, eternal frame!
 Which, how'd by Mars himself, from Indian
 quarries came,
 The labour of a god; and all along
 Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it
 strong.
 A tun about was every pillar there;
 A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
 There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
 And Treason labouring in the traitor's thought:
 And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder
 brought.
 There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
 Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,
 Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
 But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
 Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend,
 And, far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
 On t'other side there stood Destruction bare,
 Unpunish'd Rapine, and a waste of war.
 Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters
 drawn,
 And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
 Loud menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
 And bawling infamy, in language base:
 Till sense was lost in sound, and Silence fed
 the place.

The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
 The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair;
 With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he
 lay,
 And grim, as when he breath'd his sudden soul
 away.
 In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sat,
 And gloomy Discontent, and fall Dobats,
 And Madness laughing in his ireful mood,
 And arm'd complaint on Theft, and cries of
 Blood.
 There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
 And violent Death in thousand shapes dis-
 play'd;
 The city to the soldiers' rage resign'd;
 Successless wars, and Poverty behind;
 Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
 And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
 The new-born babe by nurses overlaid,
 And the cook caught within the raging fire he
 made.
 All ill of Mars's nature, flame and steel;
 The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
 Of his own car; the ruin'd house, that falls
 And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls;
 The whole division that to Mars pertains,
 All trades of death, that deal in steel for
 gains,
 Were there: the butcher, armourer, and
 smith,
 Who forges sharpen'd faulchions, or the
 scythes.
 The scarlet Conquest on a tower was plac'd,
 With shouts, and soldiers' acclamations
 grac'd:
 A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his
 head,
 Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
 There saw I Mars's ideo, the Capitol,
 The seat in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
 The last triumphs, and the wars they move,
 And Antony, who lost the world for love,
 These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
 Their fates were painted ere the men were
 born,
 All copied from the Heavens, and ruling force
 Of the red star in his revolving course.
 The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
 All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the
 god:
 Two geomantic figures were display'd
 Above his head, a warrior and a maid:
 One when direct, and one when retrograde.
 Th' with deformities of death, I haste
 To the third temple of Diana chaste.
 A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
 Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:
 The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
 Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns
 resound:
 Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
 And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
 Her son was next, and, by peculiar grace,
 In the cold circle held the second place:
 The stag Actæon in the stream had spy'd
 The naked huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd:

His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chase, and their mistaken master slew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th' adjoining fane th' assembled Greeks ex-
press'd,
And hunting of the Calydonian beast.
Oenides' valour, and his envy'd prize;
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murderess mother, and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little besgies seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions
of their queen.
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before
In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a waxing moon, that soon would
wane,
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again;
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such com-
mand,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his
hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theeius beheld the faces of every god,
And thought his mighty cost was well be-
stow'd.
So princes now their posts should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the lists enclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to
bring
The knights to combat, and their arms to
sing.

BOOK III.

The day approach'd when Fortune should
decide
Th' important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now the rivals round the world had
sought,
And each his rival well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And send the flower of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone:
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight

Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British
ground
(An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arctite sent his name:
And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world
provide the rest.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name.
Their arms were several, as their nations
were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat armour, imitating scales,
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of
mail;
Some wore a breast-plate and a light jupon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison;
Some for defence would leathern bucklers
use
Of folded hides, and others shields of peace.
One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe.
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambesaux arm'd, and double plates of
steel.
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glaz'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair:
Big-bow'd, and large of limbs, with sinews
strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round
and long,
Four milkwhite bulls (the Thracian use of
old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of buriaih'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the
field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven
black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet,
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies
set;
Ten brass, and more, of grey hounds, snowy
fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and com'd around
his char,
A match for pards in flight, in grasping for
the bear;
With golden snuzzles all their mouths were
bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his
way:
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud
array.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
 Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
 On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
 The trappings of his horse adorn'd with
 barbarous gold.
 Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
 His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thraee,
 Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and
 great:
 His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set.
 His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
 With rubies thick and sparkling as the fire:
 His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
 With graceful negligence, and shone against
 the Sun;
 His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
 Budy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:
 Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
 Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the
 skin:
 His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
 Nor bliss of men below and gods above,
 Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
 So fierce they flash'd intolerable day.
 His age in Nature's youthful prime appear'd,
 And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
 Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard
 around,
 Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound:
 A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green;
 And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were
 mix'd between.
 Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
 An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.
 His hundred knights attend him to the war,
 All arm'd for battle; save their heads were
 bare.
 Words and devices blas'd on every shield,
 And pleasing was the terror of the field.
 For kings, and dukes, and barons you might
 see,
 Like sparkling stars, though different in de-
 gree,
 All for th' increase of arms, and love of
 chivalry.
 Before the king tame leopards led the way,
 And troops of lions innocently play.
 So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies
 rode,
 And boasts in gambols frisk'd before the
 honest god.
 In this array the war of either side
 Through Athens pass'd with military pride.
 At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
 Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers
 the posts adorn.
 The town was all a jubilee of feasts;
 So Theseus will'd, in honour of his guests:
 Himself with open arms the king embrac'd,
 'Thon all the rest in their degrees ware grac'd.
 No harbinger was needful for a night,
 For every house was proud to lodge a knight.
 I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
 The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions
 sat:

Who first, or last, or how the knights ad-
 dress'd
 Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast;
 Whose voice, whose graceful dance, did most
 surprise;
 Soft amorous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
 The rivals call my Muse another way,
 To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day.
 'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night,
 And Phosphor, on the confines of the light,
 Promis'd the Sun, ere day began to spring;
 The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,
 And, flickering on her nest, made short essays
 to sing:
 When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
 Took to the royal lists his early way,
 To Venus at her fane, in her own house, to
 pray.
 Thence, falling on his knees before her shrine,
 He thus implor'd with prayers her power
 divine.
 "Creator Venus, genial power of love,
 The bliss of men below and gods above!
 Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy race,
 Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place.
 For thee the winds: their eastern blasts for-
 bear,
 Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all
 the year.
 Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
 Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the
 sky,
 And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes
 apply.
 For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,
 And roaring hunts his female through the
 wood:
 For thee the bulls rebel through the groves,
 And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent
 loves.
 'Tis thine, what'er is pleasant, good, or fair:
 All nature is thy province, life thy care:
 Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world
 repair.
 Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
 Increase of Jove, companion of the Sun;
 If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
 Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the
 smart.
 Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
 To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
 Light sufferings give us leisure to complain.
 We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
 O goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
 Thou know'st it; and I feel too much to pray.
 So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
 In love to be thy champion and thy knight;
 A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
 A foe profest to barren chastity.
 Nor ask I fame or honour of the field,
 Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield;
 In my divine Emilia make me blest,
 Let fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest -
 Find thou the manner, and the means pre-
 pare,
 Possession, more than conquest, is my care.
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Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the prize;
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The Fates but only spin the coarser clus,
The finest of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
And let the sisters cut below your line:
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality),
Then let me sink beneath proud Arcté's arms,
And I, once dead, let him possess her charms."
Thus ended he; then, with observance due,
The sacred incense on her altar threw:
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the
fires:
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze ex-
pires;
At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine:
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took,
For, since the flames purer'd the trailing
smoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with
long delay.

Now Morn with rosy light had streak'd the
sky,

Up rose the Sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's lane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they
crown,
Nor wanted sight besides in honour of the
Moon.

Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd
steam,

They wash the virgin in a living stream:
The secret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal;
But such they were as pagan use requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious
rites

Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.
Well-means think no harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the
best.

Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A crown of mistle oak adorn'd her head:
When, to the shrine approach'd, the spotless
maid

Had kneeling fires on either altar laid
(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told),
Then kneeling with her hands across her
breast,

Thus lowly she prefer'd her chaste request:
"O goddess, banister of the woodland
grove,
To whom both Heaven and Earth and Seas
are seen,

Queen of the nether skies, where half the
year

Thy silver beams descend and light the gloomy
sphere;

Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,
When hissing through the skies the feather'd
deaths were sent,

As I desire to live a virgin life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.

Thy votress from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan
game.

Like death, thou know'st, I loathe the nuptial
state,

And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate.

Where love is dirty on the female side,
On their mere sensual gust, and sought with
silly pride.

Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
In Heaven, Earth, Hell, and everywhere a
queen,

Grant this my first desire:—let discord cease,
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace;

Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on some other love;

Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,

Make him my lord, within whose faithful
breast

Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
But, oh! ev'n that avert! I choose it not,
But take it as the least unhappy lot;

A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh! let me still that spotless name retain!

Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
And only make the beasts of chase my
prey."

The flames ascend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameless maid address'd her
prayer.

When, lo! the burning fire that shone so
bright

Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
And left one altar dark a little space,
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the
blaze;

The other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd
wood;

For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
Forsook the blackning coals, and sunk to
night:

At either end it whistled as it flew,
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the
dew.

Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.
The maid from that ill omen turn'd her
eyes,

And with loud shrieks and clamours rest the
skies;

Nor knew what signified the boding sign,
But found the powers displeas'd, and fear'd
the wrath divine.

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden
light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made
the temple bright.

The power behold! the power in glory shone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known;
The rest, a huzress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornal spear she stood.

Then gracious thus began: "Dismiss thy
fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive
hear:

More powerful gods have torn thee from my
side,

Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride;
The two contending knights are weigh'd
above;

One Mars protects, and one the queen of
love;

But which the man, is in the Thunderer's
breast,
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee
best.

The fire that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foreknew the love allotted to remain.

Farewell!" she said, and vanish'd from the
place;

The shaft of arrows shook and rattled in the
case.

Aghast at this the royal virgin stood
Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the
wood;

But to the parting goddess thus she pray'd:
"Propitious still be present to my aid,
Nor quite abandon you once favour'd maid."

Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd be-
twixt,

With hopes, and fears, and joys, with sorrows
mixt.

The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,
His steps bold Arcté to the temple bent,
T' adore with pagan rites the power armi-
potent;

Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to
pray:

"Strong god of arms, whose iron sceptre
sways

The freezing north and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter
coast,

Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd
most;

There most, but everywhere thy power is
known,

The fortune of the fight is all thy own;
Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong;
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.

Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care;
If to my utmost power with sword and shield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:

Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has softened into love:
Now by her blandishments and powerful
charms,

When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd;
O envy'd ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every God that saw thee wish'd thy
place!

By those dear pleasures aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade,
And want the soothing arts that catch the
fair,

But, caught myself, lie struggling in the
snare:

And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well, and pays me
with disdain.

For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand exclud'd from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my strength avail unless by thee
Endued by force I gain the victory;

Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous
heart,

Pity thy subject's pains and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conquest thine:

Then shall the war, and stern debate, and
strife

Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
High on the burnish'd roof my banner shall
be hung,

Rank'd with my champion's bukklers, and
below,
With arms revers'd, th' achievements of my
foe;

And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;
Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be
thine,

And eyes eternal in thy temple shine.
The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,

Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more; let Fate dispose the rest."

The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the
close

A hollow groan, a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were
hung

Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung;
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rushed in, and Arcté stood
aghast;

The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright.

Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arsite heaps the fire;
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms;

At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd, the word of victory.

For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,

And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.
Those vows, thus granted, rais'd a strife above,

Between the god of war, and queen of love.
She, granting first, had right of time to plead:

But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife:
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the difference to compose.
Though sparing of his grace, to mischiefs bent,

He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise, by long experience taught
To please both parties, for ill ends he sought;
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.
By Fortune he was now to Venus trim'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him disposing in his own abode,

He saith'd the goddess while he gull'd the god:
"Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife,

Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife;
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.

Man feels me when I press th' ethereal plains,
My hand is heavy and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck in a watery sign,
And in an earthy, the dark dampson mine.
Cold, shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter, blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.

The throating quinsy 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints;
When charms rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;
And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Bought scimitars and deserting troops are mine.

Mine is the privy poisoning; I command
Unkindly seasons and wasteful land.
By sea kings' palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.

'Twas I slew Samson when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.

My looking is the fire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.

Now weep no more, but trust thy grandaire's art,
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.

'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
The family of Heaven for men should war."
Th' expedient pleas'd where neither lost his right.

Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,

All proper to the spring and sprightly May,
Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smil'd, and gladdened was the heart of man;

And Venus had the world as when it first began.

At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,

As at a signal given the streets with clamour ring:
At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high
Ev'n from the Heaven was heard a shouting cry;

For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,

Sharpening their sights and leaning from their stars.

The neighing of the generous horse was heard,

For battle by the busy groom prepar'd;
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour, furbish'd for the field,
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Battering the pavement with their couriers' feet;

The greedy sight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold;
And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their glossy pride,
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One led'd the helm, another held the lance,
A third the shining buckler did advance.

The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champing'd the golden bit.

The scimitars and arrows on half-ways side,
Flies in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for horses' spurs, and thongs for shields provide.

The yeomen guard the streets in seemly bands,
And down come crowding on, with cudgels
in their hands.

The trumpete, next the gate in order plac'd,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.

The throng is in the midst; the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk;
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk,

Factions, and favouring this or t' other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide;
Their wagers back their wishes; numbers
hold

With the fair freckled king and beard of gold;
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they
cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.

But most their looks on the black monarch
bend,
His rising muscles and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe and beaming spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.

All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind,
And, safe themselves, at others' cost divid'd.
Wald by the crisis, th' Athenian chief
arose,

The knightly forms of combat to dispose;
And passing through th' obsequious guards, he
sate
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;

There for the two contending knights he sent;
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they
bent;

He smil'd on both, and with superior look,
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people press on every side to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.

Then, signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king-at-arms bespeaks the knights and
listening crowd:

"Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his
mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree,
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills not death should terminate their
strife,

And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of
life;
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That slings afar, and poinards hand to hand,
Be banish'd from the field; that none shall
dare

With shortened sword to stab in closer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at
length.

The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash with the sharp-grinded
spear;
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the
plain,

And fight on foot their honour to regain;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.

The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights
and young

Fight each, his fill with swords and maces
long."

The herald ends. The vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is
rent:

"Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so
good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!"
This was the general cry. The trumpets
sound,

And warlike symphony is heard around,
The marching troops through Athens take
their way,

The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp be-
hold;

A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry
tread;

The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of
strife.

The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshall'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take
their way,

And at the list arriv'd ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs
divide,

And, wheeling east and west, before their
many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on
high,

And after him the queen and Emily;
Next these the hundred of the crown are
grac'd

With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd.
Scarce were they seated, when, with clamours
loud,
In rushed at once a rude, promiscuous crowd;
The guards, and then each other, overbear,
And in a moment through the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers
low,

As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the earl
In plac'd aloft that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.

Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron god.

At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus and the rising sun;
War'd by the wanton winds his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.

From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found;

Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature mix'd; so proud an equipage;
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.

Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims

A silence while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun the care,
The fraud of musters false, the common bane
Of war.

The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd,

And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.

The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes reply:

With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky,
Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest:
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And, spurring, see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelopes either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost.
Darkling they join adverse, and shoo'd unseen,

Couriers with couriers jostling, men with men;

As, labouring in eclipse, awhile they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day,
They look anew: the besutcon form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears, a grisly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie groveling on the ground.

The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.

The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering falchions cast a gleaming light;

Hauberts and helms are hew'd with many a wound,

Out spins the streaming blood, and dyes the ground.

The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid armour bend.

This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;

Down goes at once the horseman and the horse;

That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And, floundering, throws the rider o'er his head.

One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foe;

One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.

This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound;

Where, by the king's award, he must abide,
Th're goes a captive led on t' other side.

By fits they cease: and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath awhile, and to new fight advance.

Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.

The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent:

Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows

Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their falchions bite that every stroke

Fierc'd to the quick, and equal wounds they gave and took.

Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.

So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion, issuing from the wood,

Roars loudly fierce, and challenges the food:
Each claims possession, neither will obey,

But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear, and while in vain they strive,

The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.

At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all things tend

By course of time to their appointed end:
So when the Sun to west was far declin'd,

And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emestrus came in Arctic's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:

For, turning short, he struck with all his might

Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.

Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blow,

And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;

Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him down,

And clef't the circle of his golden crown.

But Arctic's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:

O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the ground.

Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycargus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.

Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field?

And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!

The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bad cease the war; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beautiful Emily.
The sound of trumpets to the voice reply'd,
And found the royal lists the heralds cry'd,
"Arcite of Thebes has won the beautiful
bride."

The people read the skies with vast
applause;
All own the chief, when Fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conquering Mars insults the queen of love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fall'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in Heaven prevail'd;
Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And, weeping, on the lists distill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of
Love is lost.

Till Saturn said, "Fair daughter, now be still,
The blustering fool has satisfy'd his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the
day,

But lost the prize, th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise
free."

Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, Heaven and Earth
resound;

A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,

And paid the salutations of the crowd.
Then, spurring at full speed, ran onward on
Where Theseus sat on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where next the queen was plac'd his Emily;
Then passing to the saddle-bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent
(For woman, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way):
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing
fire,

By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:
The starting steed was seiz'd with sudden
fright;

And bounding, o'er the pommel cast the
knight:

Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his count'enance in a little space.
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the
ground,

And from his cumbersome arms his limbs
unbound;

Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning
breath:

It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his
death.

The saddle-bow the noble parts had prest,
All bruis'd and mortify'd his manly breast.
Him still entranc'd and in a litter laid,
They bore from field and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.

Meantime the king, though inwardly he
mourn'd,

In pomp triumphant to the town return'd.
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop com-
pell'd).

Compos'd his looks to counterfeit cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladdened all the warrior-train,
Though most were sorely wounded, none were
again

The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their
arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some
with charms;

Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign
draughts of sage.

The king in person visits all around,
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for three three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd; for falling is no shame,
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.

The venturesome knight is from the saddle
thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own.
If crowds and palms the conquering side
adorn,

The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his
cause;

Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he
can:
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.

Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was set according to his place.
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.

At length they took their leave, the time ex-
pir'd,

Well pleas'd, and to their several homes
retir'd.

Meanwhile the health of Arcite still im-
pairs;

From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the
leeches' cares;
Swoll'n is his breast, his inward pains increase;
All means are us'd, and all without success.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupt, and there remains in spite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will pre-
vail;

All outward remedies and inward fail;
The mold of Nature's fabric is destroy'd,
Her vessels decompos'd, her virtue void;
The bellows of his lungs begin to swell,
All out of frame is every secret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.

Those breathing organs, thus within oppress,
With venom soon distend the sinews of his
breast.

Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxa-
tive.

The midmost region better'd and destroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th' effect of art is
void.

For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous
bride,

Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past,
Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.

With her, at his Desire, came Palamon:
Then, on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun:

"No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel and suffer in my heart,
For you, whom best I love and value most.

But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which, from this mortal body when unty'd,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side,

Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
Nor wait officious, and your steps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuse my faltering tongue,

My spirits feeble and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die
Because I lose my charming Emily:

To die, when Heaven had put you in my
power,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!

What greater curse could envious Fortune
give,
Than just to die when I began to live!

Vain man; how vanishing a bias we crave;
Now warm in love, now withering in the
grave.

Never—O never more to see the Sun;
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath

Near bliss, and yet not bless'd before my
death.

Farwell! but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign;

Ah, could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my
last.

Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But Love the sense of right and wrong con-
founds;

Strong Love and proud Ambition have no
bounds.

And much I doubt, should Heaven my life
prolong,

I should return to justify my wrong:
For while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of power to sin.

With mortal hatred I pursu'd his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife:

Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind,
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;

For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.

Fate made it mine, and justify'd his right,
Nor holds this Earth a more deserving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,

Truth, honour, all that is compris'd in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.

He loves you too, with such an holy fire,
As will not, cannot but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,

Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suffering, and my short command,

If ever you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon."

This was his last; for Death came on
again,
And exercis'd below his iron reign;

Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he
froze:

Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay.

Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his
soul away.

But whither went his soul let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe,
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstra-
tive:

For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,

To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they
know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears;
Silent he wept, ashamed to show his tears.
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd

With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from so sad a sight the swooning fair.

'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate;
I'll bear the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state:

But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,

That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:
Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.

Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair,

The women beat their breasts, their cheeks
they tare.

"Why would'st thou go," with one consent
they cry,
"When thou had'st gold enough, and Emily?"

Thesens himself, who should have cheer'd
the grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief.
Old Egens only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known.
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and after pain delight;
Alternate like the scenes of day and night:
"Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond
our care.
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's
end.
Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is
done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the
throne."
With words like these the crowd was satisfy'd,
And so they would have been had Thesens
dy'd.
But he, thér king, was labouring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral poms to find,
Which were in honour of the dead design'd.
And; after long debate, at last he found
(As Love itself had mark'd the spot of
ground)
That grove for ever green, that conscious
-land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest
fres,
There other flames might waste his earthly
part,
And burn his limbs where love had burn'd his
heart.
This once resolv'd, the peasants were en-
join'd
Sere-wood, and fir, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fall, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpse of Archite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his
head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Mean'd his countenance; ev'n in death
severe.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
Groans, cries, and howlings fill the crowded
place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, drow'd with gushing tears:
His sabbars looks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:

But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed, that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining
bright,
And cover'd with th' achievements of the
knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the
bier;
With sober pace they march'd, and often
staid,
And through the master-street the corpse
convey'd.
The horses to thairtops with black were spread,
And ev'n the pavements were with mourning
hid.
The right side of the pall old Egens kept,
And on the left the royal Thesens wept,
Each bore a golden bowl, of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with
reddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinsman of the elain
And after him appear'd the illustrious train,
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bride,
With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan-honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft
below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With osaking straw beneath in due proportion
strow'd.
The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous
fir,
And mountain ash, the mother of the spear;
The mourner yew and builder oak were there:
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And laurels, which the gods for conquering
chiefs ordain.
How they were rank'd, shall rest unfold by
me;
With nameless nymphs that liv'd in every
tree;
Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest
bar'd.
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly
fright
Beheld the sudden Sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,

And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array,
In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes

The stubble fir'd; the smouldering flames arise;

This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,

I want the wit in moving words to dress;
But by themselves the tender sex may-guess.
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;
And some their shields, and some their lances throw,

And gave their warrior's ghost, a warrior's due.

Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.

Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around

The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound;

Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again;

Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering shields;

The women mix their cries; and Clamour fills the fields,

The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were played at new returning light,

Who, naked, wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,

Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.

I pass the rest: the year was fully mourn'd,

And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:

When, by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:

Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be freed;

Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.

Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.

The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on high,

Commands into the court the beastsome Emily;

So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.

And first soft whispers through th' assembly went:

With silent wonder then they watch'd th' event:

All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face.

At length, he sigh'd; and, having first prepar'd

Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.
"The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above,

Hung down on Earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent,
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,

And love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.

The chain still holds; for, though the forms decay,

Eternal matter never wears away:

The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,

How long those perishable forms shall last:
Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd

By that all-seeing and all-making Mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;

But never pass th' appointed destiny.
So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,

Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.
Then, since those forms begin, and have their end,

On some unalter'd course they sure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole:

Who gives us life and animating soul:
For a creature cannot from a part derive

That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,

Subject to change, and different in degree;
Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,

We more or less of his perfection share.
But by a long descent, th' ethereal fire

Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part expire
As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,

And the same matter makes another mass;
This law th' Omnipotent power was pleas'd to

give,

That every kind should by succession live!
That individuals die, his will ordains,

The propagated species still remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the tree,

Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays

Supreme in state, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the street,

And towns and towers their fatal periods meet.

So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Fountains of their springs; and leave their

channels dry.

So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;

Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,

And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.

He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,
Grades through his life, from whence his own

began:

Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,
 Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne :
 First vegetive, then feeble, and reasons last ;
 Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.

Some thus ; but thousands more in flower of age :
 For few arrive to run the latter stage.
 Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
 And others whalm'd beneath the stormy main.

What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
 At whose command we perish, and we spring ?

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
 To make a virtue of necessity,
 Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain ;
 The bad grows better, which we well sustain ;
 And could we choose the time, and choose aright,

'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
 When we have done our ancestors no shame,
 But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame ;

Then should we wish our happy life to close,
 And leave no more for Fortune to dispose :
 So should we make our death a glad relief
 From future shame, from sickness, and from grief :

Enjoying while we live the present hour,
 And dying in our excellence and flower,
 Then round our death-bed every friend should run,
 And joys of our conquest early won :

While the malicious world with envious tears
 Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.

Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
 Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,

Or call untimely what the gods decreed ?
 With grief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,
 From a foul prison to free air restor'd.
 Ought he to thank his kinsman or his wife,
 Could tears recall him into wretched life ?
 Their sorrow hurt themselves ; on him is lost ;
 And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.

What then remains, but, after past annoy,
 To take the good vicissitude of joy ?
 To thank the gracious gods for what they give,

Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live ?
 Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
 And in one point th' extremes of grief to join ;
 That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
 As pond'ring notes in harmony conclude.

Then I propose that Palamon shall be
 In marriage joined with beautiful Emily ;
 For which already I have gain'd th' assent
 Of my free people in full parliament.
 Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
 And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him right :

'Tis time to mend her fault ; since Emily
 By Arcite's death from former vows is free
 If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,
 And take him for your husband and your lord.

'Tis no dishonour to confer your grace
 On one descended from a royal race :
 And were he less, yet years of service past
 From grateful souls exact reward at last :
 Pity is Heaven's and yours ; nor can she find
 A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."

He said : she blush'd ; and, as o'erw'd by might,
 Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight.

Then turning to the Theban thus he said :
 " Small arguments are needful to persuade
 Your temper to comply with my command ;"
 And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
 Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
 Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight ;
 And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet laborious night.

Eros, and Anteros, on either side,
 One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warn'd the bride ;
 And long-attending Hymen, from above,
 Shower'd on the bed the whole Italian grove.
 All of a tenour was their after-life,
 No day discolour'd with domestic strife ;
 No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
 Secure repose, and kindness undeseiv'd.

Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
 Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.
 So may the queen of love long duty bless,
 And all true lovers find the same success.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, Died 1700.

660.—MAC-FLECKNOE.

All human things are subject to decay ;
 And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.

This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus,
 young
 Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long ;
 In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
 Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.

This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state ;
 And pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
 Cried, " 'Tis resolved ; for Nature pleads, that he

Should only rule who most resembles me.
 Shadwell, alone, my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years ;
 Shadwell, alone, of all my sons, was he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strikes through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty;
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the

plain,
And, spread in solemn state, espinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggot, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.

My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal I sang,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy

way
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of a host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom-blankets toss'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to

shore,
The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar;
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning least that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wald'st thy papers in thy thrashing

band.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time;
Not e'en the feet of thine own Psyche's
rhyme:

Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like Tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph

bore.
And wou'd he ne'er would act Villarias more.
Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept
for joy,

In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Angusta bind
(The fair Angusta, much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd 't inform the sight,
Thence stood of yore, and Barbican it hight,
A watch-tower once; but now, so late
obscure.

Of all the pile an empty name remains; *
Near those a nursery cradles its head,
Whose queens are form'd, and future heroes
bred;

Where untedg'd actors learn to laugh and
cry,

Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Flecker never made in buxins here,
Nor greater Janson darts in socks along;

But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds;
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless was with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well-

known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne:
For ancient Dekker prophesied, long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense;
To whom true dulness should some Psyche's
owe;

But worlds of misers from his pen should
flow;
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce;
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of
Bruce.

Now empress Fame had publish'd the
renown

Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Bous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Ban Hill, and distant Woking
Street;

No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbe of mangled poets lay; *
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stoo't prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.

At his right hand our young Aescalus sat,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state;
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories,
grace,

And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the alters come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome,
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be
vain,

That he, till death, true dulness would main-
tain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with
Sense.

The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
"Love's Kingdom" to his right he did
convey

At once his sceptre and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous love the prince had practis'd
young,

And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung:
His temples last with poppies were o'erspread,
That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve rev' rend owls did fly.

So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Preamble of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.

The fire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:

"Heav'n bless my son, from Ireland let
him reign,
To far Barbados on the western main ;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne ;
Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his
pen."

He paus'd ; and all the people cried, Amen.
Then thus continued he : " My son, advance
Skill in new impudence, new ignorance,
Success let others teach ; learn thou, from
me,

Panga without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the
stage,

Make Dominant betray, and Lovett rage ;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And, in their folly, show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense,
Let 'em be all by thy own modal made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid ;

That thy to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit, too, be the same,
All full of these, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And, when false flowers of rhetoric thou
wouldest cull,

Trust nature, do not labour to be dull ;
But write thy best, and top ; and, in each
line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine ;
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy
quill,

And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to
fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Oplaby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no
part :

What share have we in nature or in art ?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand ?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psycho's humble strain ?
Whun 'did his muse from Fletcher scenes
partain,

As thou whole Etharage dost transfuse to
thine ?
But so transfus'd as oil and waters flow ;
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play ;
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclin'd ;
Which makes thy writings lean on one side
still,

And, in all change, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness ; thine's a tympany of sense.

A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ ;
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep ;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles ; thy comic,
sleep.

With what's'er gall thou sett'st thyself to
write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.

In thy felonious heart, thou venom lies.
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Lambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy
command

Some peaceful province in Acrostic land . . .
There thou may'st wings display, and altars
raise,

And torture one poor word ten thousand
ways.

Or, if thou wouldest thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy
lute."

He said : but his last words were scarcely
heard ;

For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd ;
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his dragget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind,
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, Died 1700.

661.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son ;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sat

On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles
bound :

(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :

The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form bel'y'd the god
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd :
And while he sought her snowy breast :
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign
of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around :
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician
sung

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes :
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flaunt'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face ;
Now give the hauboy's breath : he comes, he
comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice
he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise :
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And, while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Mien
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And wailing in his blood ;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed :
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor
sate,
Evolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Evolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree :
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
Honour but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winking,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
Lovely 'Tis sit beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause :
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the
cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gas'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again ;
At length, with love and wine at once
oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gas'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length, with love and wine at once
oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head!
As swar'd from the dead,
And snar'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair;
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
slain,

And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft
desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, Died 1700.

662.—CHARACTER OF SHAFTESBURY.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst;
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went
high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his
wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honours
blest,

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Furnish a body which he could not please?
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfesther'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state:
To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And sited Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.

So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes;
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill!
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be
known.

Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more
clean,

Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper for the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand ;
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achtophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, Died 1700.

663.—CHARACTER OF VILLIERS, DUKE
OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land :
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was ev'rything by starts, and nothing long ;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming,
drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in
thinking.
Best madman ! who could ev'ry hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy.
 railing and praising were his usual themes ;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes ;
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That ev'ry man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert :
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too
late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate ;
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought
relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achtophel :
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not factions, but of that was left.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, Died 1700.

664.—THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna
stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts ;
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour
held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name :

Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than beams so soft a kind ;
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none),
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone.
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing
gain'd ;

For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize,
But found no favour in his lady's eyes :
Reckless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said ;
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
move :

The work went backward, and the more he
strove
To advance his suit, the farther from her
love.

Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die ;
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow :
For who would die to gratify a foe ?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate ;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainier that relief than all the rest.
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd ;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his
breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his
care :

He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease :
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking, he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not, he
dies.

Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.
His friends beheld and pitied him in vain :
For what advice can ease a lover's pain ?
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind :
This means they long propos'd, but little
gain'd ;

Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous
train.

Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him
short :

Coez'd within the purities of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could retreat ;
His travels ended at his country-seat ;
To Chaeris' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to
stay.

The spring was in the prime ; the neighbour-
ing grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love ;
Music unthought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and hail'd his cares by
night.

There he discharg'd his friends, but not th' expense
 Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.
 He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
 From public business, yet with equal charge ;
 With house and heart still open to receive ;
 As well content as love would give him leave :
 He would have liv'd more free ; but many a guest,
 Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.
 It chapt one morning, as his fancy led,
 Before his usual hour he left his bed ;
 To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
 On every side surrounded by a wood :
 Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
 And sought the deepest solitude to find.
 'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd ;
 The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
 And dancing trees a mournful music made.
 The place itself was suiting to his care,
 Unconouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
 He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
 Lost in the wood, and all on love intent ;
 The day already half his race had run,
 And summon'd him to duns repeat at noon,
 But love could feel no hunger but his own.
 Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood
 More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
 At once the wind was laid ; the whispering sound
 Was dumb ; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground ;
 With deeper brown the grove was over-spread ;
 A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
 And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled ;
 Nature was in alarm ; some danger nigh
 Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
 Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
 And stood collected in himself, and whole ;
 Not long ; for soon a whirlwind rose around,
 And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
 As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
 And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.
 A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
 With briars and brambles chok'd, and dwarf-ish wood ;
 From thence the noise, which now, approaching near,
 With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear ;
 He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
 With hair dishvell'd, issuing through the shade ;
 Stripp'd of her clothes, and ev'n those parts reveal'd
 Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.

Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were seen,
 With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn ;
 Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
 And oft their fastened fangs in blood imbru'd ;
 Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side.
 Mercy, O mercy, heaven ! she ran and cried.
 When heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
 Then sprang she forth, they follow'd her again.
 Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
 High on a coal-black steed, pursu'd the chase ;
 With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
 And in his hand a naked sword he held ;
 He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
 And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
 As Theodore was born of noble kind,
 The brutal action rous'd his manly mind ;
 Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
 He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
 A sapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
 The readiest weapon that his fury found.
 Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
 Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey,
 The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
 Thus in imperious tone forbade the war :
 Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
 Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief ;
 But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
 And let eternal justice take the way :
 I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
 And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.
 He said, at once dismounting from the steed ;
 For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
 Had reach'd the dame, and, fastening on her side,
 The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed,
 Stood Theodore, surpris'd in deadly fright,
 With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright ;
 Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whatso'er, said he,
 Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee,
 Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defid !
 The specter, fiercely staring, thus replied :
 Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
 And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
 One common sire our fathers did beget ;
 My name and story some remember yet.
 Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
 When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid ;
 Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
 Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
 What did I not her stubborn heart to pain ?
 But all my vows were answer'd with disdain :
 She scorn'd my sorrows and despis'd my pain.

Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless
care;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep
despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in
hell.

Short was her joy; for soon th' insulting
maid
By heav'n's decree in this cold grave was
laid,
And as in unreported sin she died,
Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd for
her pride;
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried, and both
were cast,

And this irrevocable sentence pass'd:
That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life, that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below);
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed;
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her open back or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her
breast,

Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry
hounds a feast.

Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and feels no second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.

This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight
relates,

And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he
drew,

And fed the hounds that help'd him to
pursue;

Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his
will,

Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the
wound,

Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:

Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,

So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every several place,

Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!

As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,

As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes even here, on this revolving day.

Thus, while he spoke, the virgin from the
ground

Upstart fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore;

The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and
blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wanted
food;
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his
pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with
awe,

And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing
nature's law.

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to
wake;

But dreams, he knew, no long impression
make,

Though strong at first; if vision, to what
end

I ~~do~~ such as must his future state portend?
I ~~do~~ see the damsel, and himself the fiend.

But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From heaven, which cannot impose acts
deceit.

Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;

And, as the better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from heaven, he homeward took
his way,

Nor pall'd his new design with long delay;
But of his train a trusty servant sent

To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,

With words premeditated thus he said:
What you have often counsel'd, to remove

My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrif't my sinking fortune to repair,

Though late, yet is at last become my care.
My heart shall be my own: my vast expense

Redm'd to bounds by timely providence.
This only I require: invite for me

Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine; the cause I shall

display
On Friday next, for that's th' appointed day.

Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task
was light;

The father, mother, daughter, they invite:
Hardly the dame was drawn to this request,

But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,

And with the rest th' inexorable dame.
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,

Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that hazel'd

grove
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love;

The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue overhead;

The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face

To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well fore-
cast,

That just when the desert and fruits were
plac'd,

The fiend's alarm began : the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the
ground.

Nor long betwixt the loud laments arise
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled
cries :

And first the dame came rushing through the
wood.

And next the famish'd hounds that sought
their food,

And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their
jaws in blood.

Last came the felon on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his
dogs to speed.

She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordain'd for
punishment.

Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest ;
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the
feast ;

The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely
bay'd ;

The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid ;
She rent the heaven with loud laments,
imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their fashions brandish'd at the grisly
sprite.

High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight ;
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And whither'd all their strength before he
spoke :

Back, on your lives ! Let be, said he, my
prey,

And let my vengeance take the destined
way ;

Vain see your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against th' eternal doom of Providence :

Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven
design'd ;
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall
she find.

At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tones, and dreadful to
behold.

Sunk were their hearts with horror of the
crime,

Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back ; some knew the
face.

And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal
place.

And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury launch'd
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost
heart,

Drew backward, as before, th' offending part ;
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.

The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words pre-
par'd ;

The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general ; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand :
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Stek at the sight of hateful justice done ;
For conscience rang th' alarm, and made the
case their own.

So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high :
They close their trembling troop, and all
attend

On whom the sousing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd th'
event,

And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd ;
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.

'Twas a mute scene of sorrow mix'd with
fear :

Still on the table lay th' unfinished cheer ;
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around ;
The mangled dame lay breathless on the
ground :

When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death ;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter
staid,

But follow'd, as before, the flying maid ;
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging
sword,

And mounting light as air, his sable steed he
spur'd.

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her
light,

And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.

Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs ; which, when Honoria
view'd,

The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd ;
She thought herself the trembling dame who
fled,

And him the grisly ghost that spur'd th'
infernal steed ;

The more dismay'd : for when the guests with-
drew,

Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd with
kind adieu ;

That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd.

And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse
renew'd

Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.

None dost arraign the righteous doom she
bore ;

Ev'n they who pitied most, yet blam'd her
more,

The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living
dame.

At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knights was present to her mind;
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman ghost came thund-
ering for his prey.

Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral
feast;

Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her
brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double
pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to
sleep,

Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching sprite
behind.

Darling and desperate, with a staggering
pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace,
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart
assail'd;

Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forththought the fiend would change
his game,

And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her
o'er the plain.

This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope, and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man:

Rich, brave, and young, who past expression
lov'd;

Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd;
Of all the men respected and admir'd;

Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd;
Why not of her? preterr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love
profess'd?

So had another been, where he his vows
address'd.

This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts
remain'd,

That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd:
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd.

He took a lowering leave: but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love
conceal?

Her sex's arts she knew: and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in
men?

Here hope began to dawn: resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die;

'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight; a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal
fall.

One maid she had, belov'd above the rest:
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd;
She with no winding turns the truth un-
ceas'd,

But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd.
With faults confess'd commission'd her to
go,

If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon re-
ceiv'd;

'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce
believ'd;

Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might
repent,

Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a
care

The modesty of maidens will might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd
(As women, where they will, are all in haste),
The father, mother, and the kin beside,

Were overcome by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.

By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil
design'd

For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, Died 1700.

665.—ENJOYMENT OF THE PRESENT HOUR RECOMMENDED.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's pow'r:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,

And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless, gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;

As soon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous
force;

And trunks of trees come rolling down;
Sheep and their folds together down:
Both houses and homestead into seas are
borne;

And rocks are from their old foundations
torn;

And woods, made thin with winds, their
scatter'd honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd
to-day.

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are
mine.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had
my hour.

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.
The little or the much she gave is quietly
resign'd:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me
warm.

What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Containing all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, Died 1700.

666.—THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

" . . . Sing, heavenly Muse!
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In sicken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists
arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton
eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous
flames,

Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry
tale,

Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom gripping Penny surrounds,
And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
With scanty ofials, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers: or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (verr'd in pedigree
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing ridos, with a design
To vend his waras, or at th' Arronian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yelep'd Brechinia, or where Vega's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may
vie

With Massie, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus while my joyless minutes tedious
flow,

With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster I hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn?
Amas'd,

Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs
erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to
tell)

My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic
beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern
saints,

Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!). Behind
him stalks

Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods,
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obscureous (as whenon knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains

In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect: oft with insidious ken
The crafty eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdué in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye,
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless
 mice

Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obrivous to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell: the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings,
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make; with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with venom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal
 shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel beumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of
 wood;

Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights: distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Dark'ning I sigh, and feed with dismal
 thoughts

My anxious mind: or sometimes mournful
 verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched
 throat

Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale.
In rain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom
 curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite
 debarr'd,

Nor taste the fruits that the Sun's genial
 rays

Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,

By time subdued (what will not time subdue?)

A horrid chasm diabol'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Enrus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' *Egean*
 deep,

Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd
 cask,

So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea: in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous
 rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; Death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they sweat,
they pray:

(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush
 in,

Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyas.

John Philips.—Born 1676, Died 1708.

667.—TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day;
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine,
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond Love, as unperceiv'd did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new blazing dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art,
To make a Beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may wall
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

Sir Charles Sedley.—Born 1639, Died 1701.

668.—SONG.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather toss'd;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to scape,
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear,
In a more cruel shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sun,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celomene,
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears,
Perhaps, would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could not deeper love.

Sir Charles Sedley.—Born 1639, Died 1701.

669.—COSMELIA'S CHARMS.

Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in Nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastenbury thorn.

Cosmelia's a cruel at threescore;
Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life pass guiltless o'er,
But in the fifth she slays.

If e'er, in eager hopes of bliss,
Within her arms you fall,
The plaster'd fair returns the kiss—
Like Thisbe—through a wall.

Sir Charles Sedley.—Born 1639, Died 1701.

670.—SONG.

Phillis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learned to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

Sir Charles Sedley.—Born 1639, Died 1701.

671.—THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

I sowed the seeds of love, it was all in the
spring.

In April, May, and June, likewise, when small
birds they do sing;

My garden's well planted with flowers every-
where.

Yet I had not the liberty to choose for myself
the flower that I loved so dear.

My gardener he stood by, I asked him to
choose for me,

He chose me the violet, the lily, and pink, but
those I refused all three;

The violet I forsook, because it fades so soon,
The lily and the pink I did o'erlook, and I
vowed I'd stay till June.

In June there's a red rose-bud, and that's the
flower for me!

But often have I plucked at the red rose-bud
till I gained the willow-tree;

The willow-tree will twist, and the willow-tree
will twine,—

Oh! I wish I was in the dear youth's arms
that once had the heart of mine.

My gardener he stood by, he told me to take
great care,
For in the middle of a red rose-bud there
grows a sharp thorn there:
I told him I'd take no care till I did feel the
smart.
And often I plucked at the red rose-bud till I
pierced it to the heart.

I'll make me a posy of hyssop,—no other I
can touch,—
That all the world may plainly see I love one
flower too much;
My garden is run wild! where shall I plant
anew—
For my bed, that once was covered with
thyme, is all overrun with rue?

Mrs. Fleethood Habergham.—About 1689.

672.—FOB THOUGHTS.

Thoughts! what are they?
They are my constant friends;
Who, when harsh fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a smiling ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

When I retire and flee
The busy throng of company,
To hug myself in privacy,
O the discourse, the pleasant talk
'Twixt us, my thoughts, along a lonely walk!

You like the stupifying wine,
The dying malefactors sip,
With shivering lip,
'T' abate the rigour of their doom
By a less troublous cut to their long home,
Make me slight crosses though they piled up
lie,
All by th' enchantments of an ecstasy.

Do I desire to see
The throne and majesty
Of that proud one,
Brother and uncle to the stars and sun,
Those can conduct me where such joys reside,
'And waft me cross the main, sans wind and
tide.

Would I descry
Those radiant mansions 'bove the sky,
Invisible by mortal eye,
My thoughts, my thoughts can lay
A shining track there to,
And nimbly fleeting go:
Through all the eleven orbs can above away;
These too like Jacob's ladder are,
A most angelic thoroughfare.

The wealth that shines
In the Oriental mines,
Those sparkling gems which nature keeps
Within her cabinet the deeps,

The verdant fields,
The rarities the rich world yields,
Rare structures, whose each gilded spire,
Glimmers like lightning, which while men
admire

They deem the neigh'ring sky on fire;
These can I gaze upon, and gild mine eyes
With myriads of varieties,
As on the front of Pisgah I
Can th' Holy Land through these my optics
spy.

Contemn we then
The peevish rage of men,
Whose violence ne'er can divorce
Our mutual amity,
Or lay so damn'd a curse
As non-address'd 'twixt my thoughts and me;
For though I sigh in irons, they
Use their old freedom, readily obey,
And when my bosom friends desert me stay.

Come then, my darlings, I'll embrace
My privilege: make known
The high prerogative I own
By making all allurements give you place;
Whose sweet society to me
A sanctuary and a shield shall be
'Gainst the full quivers of my destiny.

Thomas Flatman.—Born 1635, Died 1686.

673.—DYING.

When on my sick-bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish;
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Fainting, groaning, speechless, dying—
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say—
"Be not fearful, come away!"

Thomas Flatman.—Born 1635, Died 1686.

674.—THE THOUGHT OF DEATH.

Oh! the sad day
When friends shall shake their heads, and
say—
"Oh, miserable me!"
Hark! how he groans; look how he pants for
breath;
See how he struggles with the pangs of
Death!
When they shall say of these poor eyes,
How hollow and how dim they be;
Hark how his breast doth swell and rise
Against his potent enemy!
When some old friend shall slip to my bed-
side,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently
slide;

And when his next companions say—
"How doth he do? What hopes?" shall turn
away;

Answering only with a lift-up hand—
"Who can his fate withstand!"
Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e'er my rhetoric could before;
Persuade the peevish world to trouble me no
more.

Thomas Flatman.—Born 1635, Died 1688.

675.—AN EVENING HYMN.

Sleep, downy sleep, come close my eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities;
Welcome, sweet sleep, that drives away
The toils and follies of the day.

On thy soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world and learn to die:
O Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread
Thine angel tents around my bed.
Clouds and thick darkness veil thy throne,
Its awful glories all unknown:
Oh! dart from thence one cheering ray,
And turn my midnight into day.

Thus, when the morn, in crimson drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
My grateful songs of praise shall rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

Thomas Flatman.—Born 1635, Died 1688.

676.—HYMN TO THE ALMIGHTY.

Great God, whose sceptre rules the earth,
Distil Thy fear into my heart,
That being wrapt with holy mirth,
I may proclaim how good Thou art:
Open my lips, that I may sing
Full praises to my God, my King.

Great God, Thy garden is defaced,
The weeds thrive there, Thy flowers decay;
O call to mind Thy promise past,
Bestore Thou them, out these away:
Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do flee;
O make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by Thee:
Lord, let Thy gracious trials show
That I am just, or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, boat, and tree,
Yield to that heavenly voice of Thine;
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone—this heart of mine?
No, Lord, till Thou new bore mine ear,
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of Light, and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with life that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days,
To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

Lord, God of Gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, O what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises and a wounded heart.

O Thou, that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within;
Be Thou my prince, be Thou my priest,—
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Bring me no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possess'd and blest in Thee:
What I enjoy, oh, make it mine,
In making me—that have it—Thine.

Where winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends—when eyes grow
strange;
When plighted faith forgets its vows—
When earth and all things in it change:
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never,—
When once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel, and live:
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

John Quarles.—Born —, Died 1665.

677.—CUSTOM.

Custom, the world's great idol, we adore,
And knowing this, we seek to know no
more;

What education did at first receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we
need,

To learn opinions, and our country's creed:
The parent's precepts early are install'd,
And spoil'd the man, while they instruct the
child.

To what hard fate is human kind betray'd,
When thus implicit fate a virtue made:
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what custom seals!

Thus, from the time we first began to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.
We seldom use our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by universal light:
Our repossessions and affections bind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the
mind;
And if self-interest be but in the case,
Our unexamined principles may pass!
Good Heavens! that man should thus himself
deceive,
To learn on credit, and on trust believe!
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd:
For now, who truth from falsehood would
discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once removed will smooth the way to
truth;
To dispose the child the mortal lives,
But death approaches ere the man arrives.
Those who would learning's glorious king-
dom find,
The dear-bought purchase of the trading
mind,
From many dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
Oh! what an ocean must be voyaged o'er,
To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
And adverse waves retard it as they roll.
Does not that foolish deference we pay
To men that lived long since, our passage
stay?
What odd, preposterous paths at first we
trod,
And learn to walk by stumbling on the
dead!
First we a blessing from the grave implore,
Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
The reverend sage with vast esteem we
prize:
He lived long since, and must be wondrous
wise!
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
For all those errors which their fancies
bred;
Errors, indeed! for real knowledge staid
With those first times, not farther was con-
vey'd:
While high opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float;
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.
Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,
Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind at
last?
Ah! no, 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,
Hides all its charms and undiscover'd lies!
Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right!
But what resembles truth is soon descried,
Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!
The first man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious search of long inquiring minds:

But yet what's worse, we know not what we
err;
What mark does truth, what bright distinction
bear?
How do we know that what we know is
true?
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth
pursue?
Let none then here his certain knowledge
boast;
'Tis all but probability at most:
This is the easy purchase of the mind,
The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may
find!
The truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

John Pomfret.—Born 1667, Died 1703.

678.—THE WISH.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend:
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great;
Better, if on a rising ground it stood:
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring
wood.
It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain;
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure,
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by;
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or cypresses should grow;
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd.
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew;
He that with judgment reads his charming
lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excuse;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well,
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise;
For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately spend,
A little more sometimes, t'oblige a friend.
Nor should the soma of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of
mine;

And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be relieved with what my wants could
 spare ;

For that our Maker has too largely given
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread ;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread ;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger and the neighbouring poor
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what 's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take ; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

John Pomfret.—Born 1667, Died 1703.

679.—SONG.

Wine, wine in a morning,
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar,
In the pride of the day ;
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light ;
We imitate him,
When by noon we're at height ;
They steal wine, who take it
When he 's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines ;
The higher he rises
The more he refines,
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

Thomas Brown.—Born —, Died, 1704.

680.—SONG.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite ;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write :
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the sea's main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind :

Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold ;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they used of old :
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story ;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree ;
For what resistance can they find
From men who 've left their hearts behind ?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who 's our friend, or who 's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main ;
Or else at serious ombre play ;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away :
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play ;
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note ;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote ;
Think how often love we 've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we 've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears ;
Let 's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Earl of Dorset.—Born 1637, Died 1706.

681.—HOMER AND VIRGIL.

By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have just a pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought

forth—
Homer and Virgil; with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention
draw!

Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather as a two-legg'd beast,
So these gigantic souls, amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had *Boson* never writ, the world had still,
Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous piece of
skill:

As something of divine the work admir'd,
Not hope to be instructed, but inspir'd;
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all their mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.

But what, alas! avails it, poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above *Tasso's* lofty heights prevail;
Succeed when *Spenser*, and ev'n *Milton* fail.

Duke of Buckinghamshire.—Born 1649, Died
1721.

682.—TO THE EVENING STAR.

Bright star! by *Venus* fix'd above,
To rule the happy realms of Love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
Dost other lights as far outshine:
As *Cynthia's* silver glories thine;
Known by superior beauty there,
As much as *Pactonilla* here.
Ere't, bright Star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night!

Defranded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold,
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph I'm forced to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away.

George Stepney.—Born 1663, Died 1707.

683.—SONG.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst.

By partners in each other kind
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are lab'ring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest.

How great see'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

William Walsh.—Born 1683, Died 1709.

684.—SONG.

Fair and soft, and gay and young,
All charm—she play'd, she danced, she sung:
There was no way to 'scape the dart.
No care could guard the lover's heart.
"Ah, why," cried I, and dropp'd a tear,
Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone,
"Why was such sweetness made for one?"

But, growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft numbers told my care:
She heard, and raised me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess;
"Ay, fool," said I, "what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one!"

But long she had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her charms,
She sunk into another's arms.
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He, too, will find he is undone,
And that she was not made for one.

Robert Gould.—About 1690.

685.—SONG.

Celis is cruel : Sylvia, thou,
I must confess, art kind ;
But in her cruelty, I vow,
I more repose can find.
For, oh ! thy fancy at all games does fly,
Fond of address, and willing to comply.

Thus he that loves must be undone,
Each way on rocks we fall ;
Either you will be kind to none,
Or worse, be kind to all.
Vain are our hopes, and endless is our care ;
We must be jealous, or we must despair.

Robert Gould.—About 1689.

686.—THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate : in a country town,
May I have a warm house, with a stone at
the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my passion with an
absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my
strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle
decay.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may
look ;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy ped-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarck, and two or three
more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages
before ;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or
veal,
And clean, though coarse linen, at every
meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout hum-
ming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar ;
With Monte Fiascome or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last
day,
And when I am dead may the better sort
say—

"In the morning when sober, in the evening
when mellow,
He 's gone, and [has] left not behind him his
fellow

For he govern'd his passion with an
absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better, as his
strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle
decay."

Dr. Walter Pope.—About 1689.

687.—A BLESSING.

Then hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous
head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand : let peace,
Honour, and safety always hover round her :
Feed her with plenty ; let her eyes ne'er see
A night of sorrow, nor her heart know mourn-
ing ;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with
rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts ; and prop her
virtue,
To bear the loss of one that too much loved ;
And comfort her with patience in our parting.
Thomas Otway.—Born 1651, Died 1685.

688.—PARTING.

Where am I ? Sure I wander 'midst enchant-
ment,
And never more shall find the way to rest.
But O Monimia ! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence ?
Why turn'st thou from me ? I'm alone already !
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds and to the seas complaining ;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd !
Wilt thou not turn ? O could those eyes but
speak !
I should know all, for love is pregnant in
them !
They swell, they press their beams upon me
still !
Wilt thou not speak ? If we must part for
ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is
breaking.

Thomas Otway.—Born 1651, Died 1685.

689.—PICTURE OF A WITCH.

Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown
double,

Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself ;
 Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and
 red,
 And paly shook her head ; her hands seemed
 wither'd ;
 And on her crooked shoulder had she wrapp'd
 The tatter'd remnant of an old striped
 hanging,
 Which served to keep her carcases from the
 cold.
 So there was nothing of a piece about her.
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely
 patched
 With different coloured rags—black, red,
 white, yellow,
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
 I ask'd her of the way, which she inform'd
 me ;
 Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten
 To save a sister.

Thomas Otway.—Born 1651, Died 1685.

690.—SONG.

Come, all ye youths whose hearts o'er bleed
 By cruel beauty's pride,
 Bring each a garland on his head,
 Let none his sorrows hide ;
 But hand in hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest tales of love ;
 And see, when your complaints ye join,
 If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
 My heart no sorrow knew ;
 Pity the pain with which I die,
 But ask not whence it grew ;
 Yet if a tempting fair you find,
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Though bright as heaven whose stamp she
 bears,
 Think on my fate and shun her snares.

Thomas Otway.—Born 1651, Died 1685.

691.—DESCRIPTION OF MORNING.

Wish'd Morning's come ; and now upon the
 plains,
 And distant mountains, where they feed their
 flocks,
 The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
 And with their pipes proclaim the new-born
 day.
 The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd
 scrip
 Of healthful viands, which, when hunger
 calls,
 With much content and appetite he eats,
 To follow in the field his daily toil,
 And dress the grateful globe that yields him
 fruits.

The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
 And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are
 up ;
 And, looking towards the neighbouring
 pastures, raise
 Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good
 morrow.
 The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
 Assemble all in choir ; and with their notes
 Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

Thomas Otway.—About 1689.

692.—SPEECH.

Speech is morning to the mind ;
 It spreads the besotted images abroad,
 Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

Nathaniel Lee.—About 1689.

693.—LOVE.

I disdain
 All pomp when thou art by : far be the
 noise
 Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle
 souls
 Our kinder stars have steer'd another way.
 Free as the forest-birds we'll pair together,
 Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
 And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls :
 Together drink the crystal of the stream,
 Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields ;
 And when the golden evening calls us home,
 Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

Nathaniel Lee.—About 1689.

694.—SELF-MURDER.

What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
 Who, gossaming with the burden of despair,
 No longer will endure the cares of life,
 But boldly set themselves at liberty,
 Through the dark caves of death to wander
 on.
 Like wilder'd travellers, without a guide ;
 Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
 Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,
 By a faint glimmer check'ring through the
 trees,
 Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
 That never hope to reach the blessed fields.

Nathaniel Lee.—About 1689.

695.—WISHES FOR OBSCURITY.

How miserable a thing is a great man,
Take noisy vexing greatness they that please;
Give me obscure and safe and silent ease.
Acquaintance and commerce let me have
none.

With any powerful thing but Time alone:
My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
And creep by me as by a slumbering friend;
Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
As men to sleep after a plentiful meal.
Oh, wretched he who, call'd abroad by power,
To know himself can never find an hour!
Strange to himself, but to all others known,
Lends every one his life, but uses none;
So, e'er he tasted life, to death he goes,
And himself loses ere himself he knows.

John Crowne.—About 1665.

696.—PASSIONS.

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights;
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them
dark.

John Crowne.—About 1665.

697.—LOVE IN WOMEN.

These are great maxims, sir, it is confess'd;
Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
Poor love is lost in man's capacious minds;
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

John Crowne.—About 1665.

698.—INCONSTANCY OF THE
MULTITUDE.

I'll not such favour to rebellion show,
To wear a crown the people do bestow;
Who, when their giddy violence is past,
Shall from the king, the Adored, revolt at
last;

And then the throne they gave they shall
invade,
And scorn the idol which themselves have
made.

John Crowne.—About 1665.

699.—WARRIORS.

I hate those potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they, by their great
deeds,
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.

John Crowne.—About 1665.

700.—INCONSTANCY OF LOVE.

How long must women wish in vain
A constant love to find?
No art can fickle man retain,
Or fix a roving mind.

Yet fondly we ourselves deceive,
And empty hopes pursue;
Though false to others, we believe
They will to us prove true.

But oh! the torment to discern
A perjured lover gone;
And yet by sad experience learn
That we must still love on.

How strangely are we fool'd by fate,
Who tread the maze of love;
When most desirous to retreat,
We know not how to move.

Thomas Shadwell.—Born 1640, Died 1692.

701.—SONG.

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue;
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain;
You are not free because you're fair,
The boy did not his mother spare:
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armour for the heart.

Sir Geo. Etherege.—Born 1636, Died 1694.

702.—SONG.

See, how fair Corinna lies,
Kindly calling with her eyes:
In the tender minute prove her;
Shepherd, why so dull a lover?
Prithee, why so dull a lover?

In her blushes see your shame,—
Anger they with love proclaim;
You too coldly entertain her:
Lay your pipe a little by;
If no other charms you try,
You will never, never gain her.

While the happy minute is,
Court her, you may get a kiss,
May be, favours that are greater:
Leave your piping; to her fly;
When the nymph for love is nigh,
Is it with a tune you treat her?

Dull Amintor! see, O! see:
Now your Shepherdess is nigh
Can you pass your time no better?
Sir Geo. Etherege.—Born 1636, Died 1694.

703.—SONG.

When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep,
Not one poor lamb was made a prey;
Yet she had cause enough to weep,
Her silly heart did go astray;
Then flying to the neighbouring grove,
She left the tender flock to rove,
And to the winds did breathe her love.
She sought in vain
To ease her pain;
The heedless winds did fan her fire;
Venting her grief
Gave no relief,
But rather did increase desire.
Then sitting with her arms across,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye;
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolved to die.
Sir Geo. Etherege.—Born 1636, Died 1694.

704.—SONG.

A curse upon that faithless maid
Who first her sex's liberty betray'd;
Born free as man to love and range,
Till nobler nature did to custom change;
Custom, that dull excuse for fools,
Who think all virtues to consist in rules.

From love our fetters never sprung,
That smiling god, all wanton, gay, and young,
Shows by his wings he cannot be
Confined to artless slavery;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fix'd to glittering courts or shady groves.

Then she that constancy profess'd
Was but a well dissembler at the bed;
And that imaginary sway
She seem'd to give in feigning to obey,
Was but the height of prudent art
To deal with greater liberty her heart.
Aphra Behn.—Born 1630, Died 1689.

705.—SONG.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he show'd.

From thy bright eyes he took his fire,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desire
Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee;
Thus thou and I the god have arm'd,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
While thine the victor is, and free.

Aphra Behn.—Born 1630, Died 1689.

706.—FROM A POEM ENTITLED
"AMANDA."

I have an eye for her that's fair,
An ear for her that sings;
Yet don't I care for golden hair,
I scorn the portion lech'ry brings
To bawdy Beauty. I'm a churl,
And hate, though a melodious girl,
Her that is nought but air.

I have a heart for her that's kind,
A lip for her that smiles;
But if her mind be like the wind,
I'd rather foot it twenty miles.

• • •
Is thy voice mellow, is it smart?
Art Venus for thy beauty?
If kind, and tart, and chaste thou art,
I'm bound to do thee duty.
Though, pretty Mall, or bonny Kate,
Hast thou one hair adulterate,
I'm blind, and deaf, and out of heart.

Amanda, thou art kind, well-bred,
Harmonious, sweetly kind;
If thou wilt wed my virgin bed,
And taste my love, thou'rt to my mind;
Take hands, lips, heart, and eyes,
Are all too mean a sacrifice.

N. Hook.—About 1659.

707.—TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Why, little charmer of the air,
Dost thou in music spend the morn,
While I thus languish in despair,
Oppress'd by Cynthia's hate and scorn?
Why dost thou sing and hear me cry?
Tell, warren songster, tell me why.

From 1649 to 1689.]

THE MIDNIGHT MESSENGER.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Great to the ear, though small to sight,
The happy lover's dear delight:
Fly to the bowers where such are laid,
And there bestow thy serenade:
Haste thee from sorrow, haste away,
Alas, there's danger in thy stay,
Lest hearing me so oft complain
Should make thee change thy cheerful strain.

Then cease, thou charmer of the air,
No more in music spend the morn
With me that languish in despair,
Oppress'd by Cynthia's hate and scorn;
And do not this poor boon deny,
I ask but silence while I die.

Philip Ayres.—About 1689.

708.—ON THE SIGHT OF HIS
MISTRESS'S HOUSE.

To view these walls each night I come alone,
And pay my adoration to the stone;
Whence joy and peace are influenced on me,
For 'tis the temple of my duty.

As nights and days an anxious wretch by
stealth
Creeps out to view the place which hoards his
wealth,
So to this house, that keeps from me my
heart,
I come, look, traverse, weep, and then depart.

Philip Ayres.—About 1689.

709.—THE YOUNG MAN'S WISH.

If I could but attain my wish,
I'd have each day one wholesome dish,
Of plain meat, or fowl, or fish.

A glass of port, with good old beer.
In winter time a fire burnt clear,
Tobacco, pipes, an easy chair.

In some clean town a snug retreat,
A little garden 'fore my gate,
With thousand pounds a year estate.

After my house expense was clear,
Whatever I could have to spare,
The neighbouring poor should freely share.

To keep content and peace through life,
I'd have a prudent cleanly wife,
Stranger to noise, and eke to strife.

Then I, when blest with such estate,
With such a house, and such a mate,
Would envy not the worldly great.

Let them for aisy honours try,
Let them seek worldly praise, while I
Unnotic'd would live and die.

But since dame Fortune's not thought fit
To place me in affluence, yet
I'll be content with what I get.

He's happiest far whose humble mind,
Is unto Providence resigned,
And thinketh Fortune always kind.

Then I will strive to bound my wish,
And take, instead of fowl and fish,
Whate'er is thrown into my dish.

Instead of wealth and fortune great,
Garden and house and loving mate,
I'll rest content in servile state.

I'll from each folly strive to fly,
Each virtue to attain I'll try,
And live as I would wish to die.

Anonymous.—Before 1689

710.—THE MIDNIGHT MESSENGER.

DEATH.

Thou wealthy man of large possessions here,
Amounting to some thousand pounds a year,
Extorted by oppression from the poor,
The time is come that thou shalt be no more;
Thy house therefore in order set with speed,
And call to mind how you your life do lead.
Let true repentance be thy chiefest care,
And for another world now, now prepare.
For notwithstanding all your heaps of gold,
Your lands and lofty buildings manifold,
Take notice you must die this very day;
And therefore kiss your bags and come away.

RICH MAN.

(He started straight and turned his head
aside,
Where seeing pale-faced Death, aloud he
cried),
Lean famished slave! why do you threaten
so,
Whence come you, pray, and whither must
I go?

DEATH.

I come from ranging round the universe,
Through courts and kingdoms far and near I
pass,
Where rich and poor, distress'd, bond and
free,
Fall soon or late a sacrifice to me.
From crown'd kings, to captives bound in
chains

My power reaches, sir; the longest reigns
That ever were, I put a period to;
And now I'm come in fine to conquer you.

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RICH MAN.

I can't nor won't believe that you, pale
Death,
Were sent this day to stop my vital breath,
By reason I in perfect health remain,
Free from diseases, sorrow, grief, and pain;
No heavy heart, nor fainting fits have I,
And do you say that I am drawing nigh
The latter minute? sure it cannot be;
Depart, therefore, you are not sent for me!

DEATH.

Yes, yes, I am, for did you never know,
The tender grass and pleasant flowers that
grow
Perhaps one minute, are the next cut down?
And so is man, though famed with high
renown.
Have you not heard the doleful passing bell
Ring out for those that were alive and well
The other day, in health and pleasure too,
And had as little thoughts of death as you?
For let me tell you, when my warrant's
sealed,

The sweetest beauty that the earth doth
yield

At my approach shall turn as pale as lead;
'Tis I that lay them on their dying bed.
I kill with dropsy, phtisic, stone, and gout;
But when my raging fevers fly about,
I strike the man, perhaps, but over-night,
Who hardly lives to see the morning light;
I'm sent each hour like to a nimble page,
To infants, hoary heads, and middle age;
Time after time I sweep the world quite
through;

Then it's in vain to think I'll favour you.

RICH MAN.

Proud Death, you see what awful sway I bear,
For when I frown none of my servants dare
Approach my presence, but in corners hide
Until I am appeased and pacified.
Nay, men of greater rank I keep in awe
Nor did I ever fear the force of law,
But ever did my enemies subdue,
And must I after all submit to you?

DEATH.

'Tis very true, for why, thy daring soul,
Which never could endure the least control,
I'll thrust thee from this earthly tenement,
And thou shalt to another world be sent.

RICH MAN.

What! must I die and leave a vast estate,
Which, with my gold, I purchased but of late?
But, as what I had many years ago?—
Why, I must my wealth and I be parted so?
If, on your darts and arrows must let fly,
Go search the jails, where mourning debtors
lie;
Believe them from their sorrow, grief, and
wo,
For I am rich and therefore loth to go.

DEATH.

I'll search no jails, but the right mark I'll
hit;
'And though you are unwilling to submit,
Yet die you must, no other friend can do,—
Prepare yourself to go, I'm come for you.
If you had all the world and ten times more,
Yet die you must,—there's millions gone
before;
The greatest kings on earth yield and obey,
And at my feet their crowns and sceptres lay:
If crowned heads and right renowned peers
Die in the prime and blossoms of their years,
Can you suppose to gain a longer space?
No! I will send you to another place.

RICH MAN.

Oh! stay thy hand and be not so severe,
I have a hopeful son and daughter dear,
All that I beg is but to let me live
That I may them in lawful marriage give:
They being young when I am laid in the
grave,

I fear they will be wronged of what they
have:
Although of me you will no pity take,
Yet spare me for my little infants' sake.

DEATH.

If such a vain excuse as this might do,
It would be long ere mortals would go
through
The shades of death; for every man would find
Something to say that he might stay behind.
Yet, if ten thousand arguments they'd use,
The destiny of dying to excuse,
They'll find it is in vain with me to strive,
For why, I part the dearest friends alive:
Poor parents die, and leave their children
small

With nothing to support them here withal,
But the kind hand of gracious Providence,
Who is their father, friend, and sole defence.
Though I have held you long in disrepute,
Yet after all here with a sharp salute
I'll put a period to your days and years,
Causing your eyes to flow with dying tears.

RICH MAN.

[Then with a groan he made this sad com-
plaint]:

My heart is dying, and my spirits faint;
To my close chamber let me be conveyed;
Farewell, false world, for thou hast me be-
trayed.

Would I had never wronged the fatherless,
Nor mourning widows when in sad distress;
Would I had ne'er been guilty of that sin,
Would I had never known what gold had
been;

For by the same my heart was drawn away
To search for gold: but now this very day
I find it is but like a slender reed,
Which fails me most when most I stand in
need;

For, woe is me! the time is come at last,
 Now I am on a bed of sorrow cast,
 Where in lamenting tears I weeping lie,
 Because my sins make me afraid to die:
 Oh! Death, be pleased to spare me yet awhile,
 That I to God myself may reconcile,
 For true repentance some small time allow;
 I never feared a future state till now!
 My bags of gold and land I'd freely give,
 For to obtain the favour here to live,
 Until I have a sure foundation laid.
 Let me not die before my peace be made!

DEATH.

Thou hast not many minutes here to stay,
 Lift up your heart to God without delay,
 Implore his pardon now for what is past,
 Who knows but He may save your soul at
 last?

RICH MAN.

I'll water now with tears my dying bed,
 Before the Lord my sad complaint I'll spread,
 And if He will vouchsafe to pardon me,
 To die and leave this world I could be free.
 False world! false world, farewell! farewell!
 adieu!

I find, I find, there is no trust in you!
 For when upon a dying bed we lie,
 Your gilded balms are naught but misery.
 My youthful son and loving daughter dear,
 Take warning by your dying father here:
 Let not the world deceive you at this rate,
 For fear a sad repentance comes too late.
 Sweet babes, I little thought the other day,
 I should so suddenly be matched away
 By Death, and leave you weeping here behind;
 But life 's a most uncertain thing, I find.
 When in the grave my head in lain full low,
 Pray let not folly prove your overthrow;
 Serve ye the Lord, obey his holy will,
 That He may have a blessing for you still.
 [Having saluted them, he turned aside,
 These were the very words before he died]:

A painful life I ready am to leave,
 Wherefore, in mercy, Lord, my soul
 receive.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

711.—SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

PART I.

This Indian weed, now withered quite,
 Though green at noon, set down at night,
 Shows thy decay;
 All flesh is hay:
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
 Does thou thy mortal state bespeak;
 Thou art o'm such,—
 Gone with a touch:
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
 Then thou behold't the vanity
 Of worldly stuff,
 Gone with a puff:
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
 Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
 For then the fire
 It does require:
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And meet the ashes cast away,
 Then to thyself thou mayest say,
 That to the dust
 Return thou must.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
 So was the plant of great renown,
 Which Mercy sends
 For nobler ends.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
 From such a naughty foreign weed?
 Then what's the power
 Of Jesse's flower?
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, allays,
 And by the mouth of faith conveys,
 What virtue flows
 From Sharon's rose.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow,
 Your pains in outward means are so,
 Till heavenly fire
 Your heart inspire.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Thus smoke, like burning incense, towers,
 So should a praying heart of yours,
 With ardent ories,
 Surmount the skies.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Ralph Erskine.—About 1750.

712.—THE CATHOLICK.

I hold as faith	What England's church
	allows
What Rome's church	My conscience dis-
saith	avows
Where the King's	That church can have
head	no shame
The flock 's misled	That holds the Pope
	supreme.

When the altar's There's service scarce
 drest divine
 The people 's blest With table, bread, and
 wine.
 He's but an ase Who the communion
 flies
 Who shuns the masse Is catholick and wise.

Anonymous.—1655.

713.—THE THREE KNIGHTS.

There did three knights come from the west,
 With the high and the lily oh!
 And these three knights courted one ladye,
 As the roe was a sweetly blown.

The first knight came was all in white,
 And asked of her if she'd be his delight.

The next knight came was all in green,
 And asked of her if she'd be his queen.

The third knight came was all in red,
 And asked of her if she would wed.

"Then have you asked of my father dear?
 Likewise of her who did me bear?"

And have you asked of my brother John?
 And also of my sister Anne?"

"Yes, I've asked of your father dear,
 Likewise of her who did you bear.

And I've asked of your sister Anne,
 But I have not asked of your brother John."

Far on the road as they rode along,
 There did they meet with her brother John.

She stooped low to kiss him sweet,
 He to her heart did a dagger meet.

"Ride on, ride on," cried the servingman,
 "Methinks your bride she looks wondrous
 wan."

"I wish I were on yonder stile,
 For there I would sit and bleed awhile.

I wish I were on yonder hill,
 There I'd slight and make my will."

"What would you give to your father dear?"
 "The gallant steed which doth me bear."

"What would you give to your mother
 dear?"

"My wedding shift which I do wear;
 But she must wash it very clean,
 For my heart's blood sticks in every seam."

"What would you give to your sister Anne?"
 "My gay gold ring, and my feathered fan."

"What would you give to your brother
 John?"

"A rope, and a gallows to hang him on."

"What would you give to your brother John's
 wife?"

"A widow's weeds, and a quiet life."

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

714.—THE BLIND BEGGAR OF
 BEDNALL GREEN.

PART I.

This song's of a beggar who long lost his
 sight,
 And had a fair daughter, most pleasant and
 bright,
 And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
 And none was so comely as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of complexion most fair,
 And seeing she was but a beggar his heir,
 Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,
 Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessee did
 say:
 "Good father and mother, let me now go
 away,

To seek out my fortune, whatever it be."
 This suit then was granted to pretty Bessee.

This Bessee, that was of a beauty most bright,
 They clad in grey russet; and late in the
 night

From father and mother alone parted she,
 Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

She went till she came to Stratford-at-Bow,
 Then she knew not whither or which way
 to go,

With tears she lamented her sad destiny;
 So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessee.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
 And went unto Hamford, along the highway;
 And at the King's Arms entertained was
 she,

So fair and well-favoured was pretty Bessee.

She had not been there one month at an end,
 But master and mistress and all was her
 friend:

And every brave gallant that once did her
 see,
 Was straightway in love with pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and
 gold,

And in their songs daily her love they ex-
 tolled:

Her beauty was blazed in every degree,
 So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy,
She showed herself courteous, but never too coy,
And at their commandment still she would be,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

Four suitors at once unto her did go,
They craved her favour, but still she said no;
"I would not have gentlemen marry with me!"
Yet ever they honour'd pretty Bessee.

Now one of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night;
The second, a gentleman of high degree,
Who woo'd and su'd for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
Was then the third suitor, and proper withal;
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessee.

"If that thou wilt marry with me," quoth the knight,
"I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight;
My heart is enthralled in thy fair beauty,
Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessee."

The gentleman said, "Come, marry with me,
In silks and in velvet my Bessee shall be;
My heart lies distracted, oh I hear me," quoth he,
"And grant me thy love, my dear pretty Bessee."

"Let me be thy husband," the merchant did say,
"Thou shalt live in London most gallant and gay;
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee."

Then Bessee she sigh'd and thus she did say:
"My father and mother I mean to obey;
First get their good will, and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your dear pretty Bessee."

To every one of them that answer she made,
Therefore unto her they joyfully said:
"This thing to fulfil we all now agree,
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?"

"My father," quoth she, "is soon to be seen:
The silly blind beggar of Bednall Green,
That daily sits begging for charity,
He is the kind father of pretty Bessee."

His marks and his token are known full well,
He always is led by a dog and a bell;
A poor silly old man, God knoweth is he,
Yet he's the true father of pretty Bessee."

"Nay, nay," quoth the merchant, "thou art not for me."
"She," quoth the innholder, "my wife shall not be."
"I loathe," said the gentleman, "a beggar's degree,
Therefore, now farewell, my pretty Bessee."

"Why, then," quoth the knight, "hap better or worse,
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree,
Then welcome to me, my dear pretty Bessee."

With thee to thy father forthwith I will go."
"Nay, forbear," quoth his kinsman, "it must not be so:
A poor beggar's daughter a lady shan't be;
Then take thy adieu of thy pretty Bessee."

As soon then as it was break of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessee away;
The young men of Rumford, so sick as may be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,
Until they came near unto Bednall Green,
And as the knight lighted most courteously,
They fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came presently over the plain,
Or else the knight there for his love had been slain;

The fray being ended, they straightway did see
His kinsman come railing at pretty Bessee.

Then bespoke the blind beggar, "Although I be poor,
Nail not against my child at my own door,
Though she be not deck'd in velvet and pearl,
Yet I will drop angels with thee for my girl;
And then if my gold should better her birth,
And equal the gold you lay on the earth,
Then neither nail you, nor grudge you to see,
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.

But first, I will hear, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop it shall be all your own."

With that they replied, "Contented we be!"
"Then here is," quoth the beggar, "for pretty Bessee!"

With that an angel he dropped on the ground,
And dropp'd, in angels, full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes it proved most plain,
For the gentleman's one, the beggar dropp'd twain;

So that the whole place wherein they did sit,
With gold was covered every whit.
The gentleman having dropped all his store,
Said, "Beggars! your hand hold, for I have no more."

"Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright,
Then marry my girl," quoth he to the knight;
"And then," quoth he, "I will throw you down,
An hundred pounds more to buy her a gown."

The gentlemen all, who his treasure had seen,
Admired the beggar of Bednall Green;
And those that had been her suitors before,
Their tender flesh for anger they tore.

Thus was the fair Bessie matched to a knight,
And made a lady in others' despite.
A fairer lady there never was seen
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bednall Green.

But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
And what fine lords and ladies there prest,
The second part shall set forth to your sight,
With marvellous pleasure and wished-for delight.

Of a blind beggar's daughter so bright,
That late was betrothed to a young knight,
All the whole discourse therefore you may see:

But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessie.

PART II.

It was in a gallant palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding it was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the love of pretty Bessie.

And all kind of dainties and delicacies sweet,
Was brought to their banquet, as it was thought meet,
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.

The wedding through England was spread by report,

So that a great number thereto did resort
Of nobles and gentles of every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then away went this gallant young knight,
His bride followed after, an angel most bright,
With troops of ladies, the like was ne'er seen,
As went with sweet Bessie of Bednall Green.

This wedding being solemnized then,
With music performed by skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentlemen down at the side,
Each one beholding the beautiful bride.

But after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk and to reason a number began,
And of the blind beggar's daughter most bright;
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marvel have we
This jolly blind beggar we cannot yet see!"
"My lords," quoth the bride, "my father so base
Is loth with his presence these states to disgrace."

"The praise of a woman in question to bring,
Before her own face is a flattering thing;
But we think thy father's baseness," quoth they,
"Might by thy beauty be clean put away."

They no sooner this pleasant word spoke,
But in comes the beggar in a silken cloak,
A velvet cap and a feather had he,
And now a musician, forsooth, he would be.
And being led in from catching of harm,
He had a dainty lute under his arm,
Said, "Please you to hear any music of me,
A song I will sing you of pretty Bessie."

With that his lute he twang'd straightway,
And thereon began most sweetly to play,
And after a lesson was played two or three,
He strain'd out this song most delicately:—

"A beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,
Who for her beauty may well be a queen,
A blithe bonny lass, and dainty was she,
And many one called her pretty Bessie.

Her father he had no goods nor no lands,
But begged for a penny all day with his hands,
And yet for her marriage gave thousands three,
Yet still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessie.

And here if any one do her disdain,
Her father is ready with might and with main
To prove she is come of noble degree,
Therefore let none scout at my pretty Bessie."

With that the lords and the company round
With a hearty laughter were ready to sound,
At last said the lords, "Full well we may see,
The bride and the bridegroom's beholders to thee."

With that the fair bride all blushing did rise,
With crystal water all in her bright eyes,
"Pardon my father, brave nobles," quoth she,
"That through blind affection thus doats upon me."

"If this be thy father," the nobles did say,
"Well may he be proud of this happy day,
Yet by his countenance well may we see,
His birth with his fortune could never agree;

And therefore, blind beggar, we pray thee
bewray,

And look to us then the truth thou dost say,
Thy birth and thy parentage what it may be,
E'en for the love thou bearest pretty Bessee."

"Then give me leave, ye gentles each one,
A song more to sing and then I'll begone,
And if that I do not win good report,
Then do not give me one groat for my sport:—

When first our king his fame did advance,
And sought his title in delicate France,
In many places great perils passed he;
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.

And at those wars went over to fight
Many a brave duke, a lord, and a knight,
And with them young Monford of courage so
free;

But then was not born my pretty Bessee.

And there did young Monford with a blow on
the face

Lose both his eyes in a very short space;
His life had been gone away with his sight,
Had not a young woman gone forth in the
night.

Among the said men, her fancy did move,
To search and to seek for her own true love,
Who seeing young Monford there gasping to
die,
She saved his life through her charity.

And then all our victuals in beggar's attire,
At the hands of good people we then did
require;

At last into England, as now it is seen,
We came, and remained in Bednall Green,

And thus we have lived in Fortune's despite,
Though poor, yet contented with humble
delight,

And in my old years, a comfort to me,
God sent me a daughter called pretty Bessee.

And thus, ye nobles, my song I do end,
Hoping by the same no man to offend;
Full forty long winters thus I have been
A silly blind beggar of Bednall Green."

Now when the company, every one,
Did hear the strange tale he told in his song,
They were amazed, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessee.

With that the fair bride they all did embrace,
Saying, "You are come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of high degree,
And thou art right worthy a lady to be."

Thus was the feast ended with joy and
delight,

A happy bridegroom was made the young
knight,

Who lived in great joy and felicity
With his fair lady, dear pretty Bessee.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

715.—LORD DELAWARE.

In the Parliament House, a great rout has
been there,
Betwixt our good King and the Lord
Delaware:

Says Lord Delaware to his Majesty full soon,
"Will it please you, my liege, to grant me a
boon?"

"What's your boon," says the King, "now
let me understand?"

"It's, give me all the poor men we've starving
in this land;

And without delay I'll bid me to Lincolnshire,
To sow hemp-seed and flax-seed, and hang
them all there.

For with hempen cord it's better to stop each
poor man's breath,

Than with famine you should see your subjects
starve to death."

Up starts a Dutch Lord, who to Delaware did
say,

"Thou deserves to be stabbed!" then he
turned himself away;

"Thou deserves to be stabbed, and the dogs
have thine ears,

For insulting our King in this Parliament of
peers."

Up sprang a Welsh Lord, the brave Duke of
Devonshire,

"In young Delaware's defence, I'll fight this
Dutch Lord, my sire;

For he is in the right, and I'll make it so
appear:

Him I dare to single combat, for insulting
Delaware."

A stage was soon erected, and to combat they
went,

For to kill, or to be killed, it was either's full
intent.

But the very first flourish, when the heralds
gave command,

The sword of brave Devonshire bent backward
on his hand;

In suspense he paused awhile, scanned his foe
before he strake,

Then against the King's armour, his bent
sword he brake.

Then he sprang from the stage, to a soldier in
the ring,

Saying, "Lend your sword, that to an end
this tragedy we bring;

Though he's fighting me in armour, while I
am fighting bare,

Even more than this I'd venture for young
Lord Delaware."

Leaping back on the stage, sword to buckler
now resounds,

Till he left the Dutch Lord a bleeding in his
wounds:

This seeing, cries the King to his guards
without delay,
"Call Devonshire down,—take the dead man
away!"

"No," says brave Devonshire, "I've fought
him as a man,
Since he's dead, I will keep the trophies I have
won:
For he fought me in your armour, while I
fought him bare,
And the same you must win back, my liege,
if ever you them wear."

God bless the Church of England, may it
prosper on each hand,
And also every poor man now starving in this
land;
And while I pray success may crown our
King upon his throne,
I'll wish that every poor man may long enjoy
his own.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

716.—THE GOLDEN GLOVE.

A wealthy young squire of Tamworth, we
hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair;
And for to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations gave their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding-day,
A young farmer chosen to give her away;
As soon as the farmer the young lady did spy,
He inflamed her heart; "O, my heart!" she
did cry.

She turned from the squire, but nothing she
said,
Instead of being married she took to her bed;
The thought of the farmer soon ran in her
mind.

A way far to have him she quickly did find.
Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she then did
put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog and her
gun;

She hunted all round where the farmer did
dwell,
Because in her heart she did love him full
well:

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she killed,
At length the young farmer came into the
field;
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she
went.

"I thought you had been at the wedding,"
she cried
"To wait on the squire, and give him his
bride."

"No, sir," said the farmer, "if the truth I
may tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

"Suppose that the lady should grant you her
love,
You know that the squire your rival will
prove."

"Why, then," says the farmer, "I'll take
sword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her when she shall
command."

It pleased the lady to find him so bold;
She gave him a glove that was flowered with
gold,
And told him she found it when coming along,
As she was a hunting with her dog and gun.

The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove;
And said, "Who has found it, and brings it
to me,
Whoever he is, he my husband shall be."

The farmer was pleased when he heard of the
news,

With heart full of joy to the lady he goes:
"Dear honoured lady, I've picked up your
glove,
And hope you'll be pleased to grant me your
love."

"It's already granted, I will be your bride;
I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she
cried.

"I'll be mistress of my dairy, and milking my
cow,
While my jolly briak farmer is whistling at
plough."

And when she was married she told of her fun,
How she went a hunting with her dog and
gun:

"And now I've got him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare!"

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

717.—KING JAMES I. AND THE TINKLER.

And now, to be brief, let's pass over the rest.
Who seldom or never were given to jest.
And come to King Jamie, the first of our
thrones,

A pleasure monarch sure never was known.

As he was a hunting the swift fallow-deer,
He dropped all his nobles; and when he got
clear,

In hope of some pasture away he did ride.
Till he came to an alnhouse, hard by a wood-
side.

And there with a tinkler he happened to meet,
And him in kind sort he so freely did greet :
" Pray thee, good fellow, what hast in thy jug,
Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly
lug ? "

" By the mass ! " quoth the tinkler, " it's
nappy brown ale,
And for to drink to thee, friend, I will not
fail ;
For although thy jacket looks gallant and fine,
I think that my twopenn as good is as thine. "

" By my soul ! honest fellow, the truth thou
hast spokn, "
And straight he sat down with the tinkler to
joke ;

They drank to the King, and they pledged to
each other ;
Who'd soon 'em had thought they were brother
and brother.

As they were a-drinking the King pleased to
say,

" What news, honest fellow ? come tell me, I
pray. "

" There's nothing of news, beyond that I hear
The King's on the border a-chasing the deer.

And truly I wish I so happy may be,
Whilst he is a-hunting, the King I might see ;
For although I've travelled the land many
ways,
I never have yet seen a King in my days. "

The King, with a hearty brisk laughter,
replied,

" I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but
ride,
Thou shalt get up behind me, and I will thee
bring
To the presence of Jamie, thy sovereign
King. "

" But he'll be surrounded with nobles so gay,
And how shall we tell him from them, sir, I
pray ? "

" Thou'lt easily ken him when once thou art
there ;
The King will be covered, his nobles all bare. "

He got up behind him, and likewise his sack,
His budget of leather, and tools at his back ;
They rode till they came to the merry green-
wood,
His nobles came round him, bareheaded they
stood.

The tinkler then seeing so many appear,
He shy did whisper the King in his ear :
Saying, " They're all clothed on gloriously gay,
But which amongst them is the King, sir, I
pray ? "

The King did with hearty good laughter, reply,
" By my soul ! my good fellow, it's thou art
it's I !

The rest are bareheaded, uncovered all
round. "

With his bag and his budget he fell to the
ground,

Like one that was frightened quite out of his
wits,

Then on his knees he instantly gets,
Beseeching for mercy ; the King to him said,
" Thou art a good fellow, so be not afraid.

Come tell thy name ? " " I am John of the
Dale,

A mender of kettles, a lover of ale. "

" Rise up, Sir John, I will honour thee here, —
I make thee a knight of three thousand a
year ! "

This was a good thing for the tinkler indeed ;
Then unto the court he was sent for with
speed,

Where great store of pleasure and pastime
was seen,

In the royal presence of King and of Queen.

Sir John of the Dale he has land, he has fee,
At the court of the king who so happy as he ?
Yet still in his hall hangs the tinkler's old
sack,

And the budget of tools which he bore at his
back.

Anonymous.—Before 1680.

718.—THE KEACH O' THE CREEEL.

A fair young May went up the street,
Some white fish for to buy ;
And a bonny clerk's fa'n i' love wi' her,
And he's followed her by and by, by,
And he's followed her by and by.

" O ! where live ye my bonny lass,
I pray thee tell to me ;
For gin the night were over me mirk,
I wad come and visit thee, thee ;
I wad come and visit thee. "

" O ! my father he eye locks the door,
My mither keeps the key ;
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wicht,
Ye canna win in to me, me ;
Ye canna win in to me. "

But the clerk he had so true brother,
And a wily wicht was he ;
And he has made a lang ladder,
Was thirty steps and three, three ;
Was thirty steps and three.

He has made a cloak but and a creel —
A creel but and a pin ;
And he's away to the chimney-top,
And he's letten the bonny clerk in, in ;
And he's letten the bonny clerk in

The auld wife, being not asleep,
Tho' late, late was the hour;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man i' our dochter's bower,
bower;
There's a man i' our dochter's bower."

The auld man he gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But she's ta'en the bonny clerk in her arms,
And covered him owre wi' bla, bla;
And covered him owre wi' bla.

"O! where are ye gaun now, father?"
she says,
"And where are ye gaun see late?
Ye've disturbed me in my evening prayers,
And O! but they were sweet, sweet;
And O! but they were sweet."

"O! ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye dee;
She has the muckle buik in her arms,
And she's prayin' for you and me, me;
And she's prayin' for you and me."

The auld wife being not asleep,
Then something sair was said;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man, by our dochter's bed,
bed;
There's a man by our dochter's bed."

The auld wife she gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But what the wrack took the auld wife's fit?
For into the creel she flew, flew;
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimley-top,
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rape round his left shouther,
And fast to him he drew, drew;
And fast to him he drew.

"O, help! O, help! O, hinny, noo, help!
O, help! O, hinny, do!
For him that ye aye wished me at,
He's carryin' me off just noo, noo;
He's carryin' me off just noo."

"O! if the fowl thief's gotten ye,
I wish he may keep his hand;
For a' the lee lang winter nicht,
Ye'll never lie in your bed, bed;
Ye'll never lie in your bed."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's towed her through an' through;
"O, Gude! assist," quo' the silly auld wife,
"For I'm just departin' noo, noo;
For I'm just departin' noo."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's gien her a richt down fa',
Till every rib i' the auld wife's side,
Played nick nack on the wa', wa';
Played nick nack on the wa'.

O! the bla, the bonny, bonny bla,
And I wish the bla may do weel;
And every auld wife that's see jealous o'
her dochter,
May she get a good keach i' the creel,
creel;
May she get a good keach i' the creel!

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

719.—SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

There came three men out of the West,
Their victory to try;
And they have taken a solemn oath,
Poor Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him in,
And harrowed clods on his head;
And then they took a solemn oath,
Poor Barleycorn was dead.

There he lay sleeping in the ground,
Till rain from the sky did fall;
Then Barleycorn sprang up his head,
And so amazed them all.

There he remained till Midsommer,
And looked both pale and wan;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard,
And so became a man.

Then they sent men with scythes so sharp,
To cut him off at knee;
And then poor little Barleycorn,
They served him barbarously.

Then they sent men with pitchforks strong
To pierce him through the heart;
And like a dreadful tragedy,
They bound him to a cart.

And then they brought him to a barn,
A prisoner to endure;
And so they fetched him out again,
And laid him on the floor.

Then they set men with holly clubs,
To beat the flesh from his bones;
But the miller he served him worse than
that,
For he ground him betwixt two stones.

O! Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That ever was sown on land;
It will do more than any grain,
By the turning of your hand.

It will make a boy into a man,
And a man into an ass;
It will change your gold into silver,
And your silver into brass.

It will make the hunterman hunt the fox,
That never wound his horns;
It will bring the tinker to the stocks,
That people may him scorn.

It will put sack into a glass,
And claret in the can;
And it will cause a man to drink
Till he neither can go nor stand.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

720.—THE NOBLEMAN'S GENEROUS
KINDNESS.

A nobleman lived in a village of late,
Hard by a poor thrasher, whose charge it was
great;
For he had seven children, and most of them
small,
And nought but his labour to support them
withal.

He never was given to idle and lurk,
For this nobleman saw him go daily to work,
With his flail and his bag, and his bottle of
beer,
As cheerful as those that have hundreds a
year.

Thus careful, and constant, each morning he
went,
Unto his daily labour with joy and content;
So jocular and jolly he'd whistle and sing,
As blithe and as brisk as the birds in the
spring.

One morning, this nobleman taking a walk,
He met this poor man, and he freely did talk;
He asked him [at first] many questions at
large,

And then began talking concerning his charge.

"Thou hast many children, I very well know,
Thy labour is hard, and thy wages are low,
And yet thou art cheerful; I pray tell me
true,

How can you maintain them as well as you
do?"

"I carefully carry home what I do earn,
My daily expenses by this I do learn;
And find it is possible, though we be poor,
To still keep the ravenous wolf from the door.

"I reap and I mow, and I harrow and sow,
Sometimes a hedging and ditching I go;
No work comes amiss, for I thrash, and I
plough,

Thus my bread I do earn by the sweat of my
brow.

"My wife she is willing to pull in a yoke,
We live like two lambs, nor each other
provoke;

We both of us strive, like the labouring ant,
And do our endeavours to keep us from want.

"And when I come home from my labour at
night,

To my wife and my children, in whom I
delight;

To see them come round me with prattling
noise,—

Now these are the riches a poor man enjoys.

"Though I am as weary as weary may be,
The youngest I commonly dance on my knee;
I find that content is a moderate feast,
I never repine at my lot in the least."

Now the nobleman hearing what he did say,
Was pleased, and invited him home the next
day;

His wife and his children he charged him to
bring;
In token of favour he gave him a ring.

He thank'd his honour, and taking his leave,
He went to his wife, who would hardly
believe

But this same story himself he might raise;
Yet seeing the ring she was [lost] in amaze.

Betimes in the morning the good wife she
arose,
And made them all fine, in the best of their
clothes;

The good man with his good wife, and children
small,
They all went to dine at the nobleman's hall.

But when they came there, as truth does
report,

All things were prepared in a plentiful sort;
And they at the nobleman's table did dine,
With all kinds of dainties, and plenty of wine.

The feast being over, he soon let them know,
That he then intended on them to bestow
A farm-house, with thirty good acres of land;
And gave them the writings then, with his
own hand.

"Because thou art careful, and good to thy
wife,
I'll make thy days happy the rest of thy life;
It shall be for ever, for thee and thy heirs,
Because I beheld thy industrious cares."

No tongue then is able in full to express
The depth of their joy, and true thankful-
ness;

With many a curtesy, and bow to the
ground,—

Such noblemen there are but few to be found.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

721.—THE BRAVE EARL BRAND AND
THE KING OF ENGLAND'S
DAUGHTER.

O did you ever hear of the brave Earl Brand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie;
He's courted the king's daughter o' fair
England,

I' the brave nights so early!

She was scarcely fifteen years that tide,
When aye boldly she came to his bed-side.

"O, Earl Brand; how fain wad I see
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea."

"O, lady fair, I have no steed but one,
But thou shalt ride and I will run."

"O, Earl Brand, but my father has two,
And thou shalt have the best of the'."

Now they have ridden o'er moss and moor,
And they have met neither rich nor poor;
Till at last they met with old Carl Hood,
He's aye for ill, and never for good.

"Now Earl Brand, an ye love me,
Slay this old Carl and gar him dee."

"O, lady fair, but that would be sair,
To slay an auld Carl that wears grey hair.

My own lady fair, I'll not do that,
I'll pay him his fee"

"O, where have ye ridden this lee lang day,
And where have ye stown this fair lady
away?"

"I have not ridden this lee lang day,
Nor yet have I stown this lady away;

For she is, I trow, my sick sister,
Whom I have been bringing fra' Winchester."

"If she's been sick, and nigh to dead,
What makes her wear the ribbon so red?"

"If she's been sick, and like to die,
What makes her wear the gold aye high?"

When came the Carl to the lady's yett,
He rudely, rudely rapped therest.

"Now where is the lady of this hall?"

"She's out with her maids a playing at the
ball."

"Ha, ha, ha! ye are all mista'en,
Ye may count your maidens owre again.

I met her far beyond the lea
With the young Earl Brand his leman to be."

Her father of his best men armed fifteen,
And they're ridden aither thens bideen.

The lady looked owre her left shoulder then,
Says "O Earl Brand we are both of us ta'en."

"If they come on me one by one,
You may stand by till the fights be done;

But if they come on me one and all,
You may stand by and see me fall."

They came upon him one by one,
Till fourteen battles he has won;

And fourteen men he has them slain,
Each after each upon the plain.

But the fifteenth man behind stole round,
And dealt him a deep and a deadly wound.

Though he was wounded to the deid,
He set his lady on her steed.

They rode till they came to the river Doun,
And there they lighted to wash his wound.

"O, Earl Brand, I see your heart's blood!"
"It's nothing but the gient and my scarlet
hood."

They rode till they came to his mother's yett,
So faint and feebly he rapped therest.

"O, my son 's alain, he is falling to swoon,
And it's all for the sake of an English loon."

"O, say not so, my dearest mother,
But marry her to my youngest brother—

"To a maiden true he'll give his hand,
 Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie;
To the king's daughter o' fair England,
To a prize that was won by a slain brother's
brand,
 I' the brave nights so early!"

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

722.—THE JOVIAL HUNTER OF BROMSGROVE.

Old Sir Robert Bolton had three sons,
 Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And one of them was Sir Ryalas,
 For he was a jovial hunter.

He ranged all round down by the wood side,
 Wind well thy horn, good hunter,
Till in a tree-top a gay lady he spied,
 For he was a jovial hunter.

"Oh, what dost thee mean, fair lady," said he,
 Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"The wild boar's killed my lord, and has
 thirty men pored,
And thou best a jovial hunter."

"Oh, what shall I do this wild boar for to
see?"

 Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"Oh, thee blow a blast and he'll come into
thee,
As thou best a jovial hunter."

Then he blowed a blast, full north, east, west,
and south.

 Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And the wild boar then heard him full in his
den,
As he was a jovial hunter.

Then he made the best of his speed unto him,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
[Swift flew the boar, with his tusks smeared
with gore],
To Sir Byalas, the jovial hunter.

Then the wild boar, being so stout and so
strong,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Thrashed down the trees as he ramped him
along,
To Sir Byalas, the jovial hunter.

"Oh, what dost thee want of me?" wild
boar, said he,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"Oh, I think in my heart I can do enough for
thee,
For I am the jovial hunter."

Then they fought four hours in a long summer
day,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Till the wild boar fain would have got him
away,
From Sir Byalas, the jovial hunter.

Then Sir Byalas drew his broadsword with
might,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And he fairly out the boar's head off quite,
For he was a jovial hunter.

Then out of the wood the wild woman flew,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"Oh, my pretty spotted pig thou hast slew,
For thou beest a jovial hunter."

"There are three things, I demand them of
thee,"
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"It's thy horn, and thy hound, and thy gay
lady,
As thou beest a jovial hunter."

"If these three things thou dost ask of me,"
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"It's just as my sword and thy neck can
agree,
For I am a jovial hunter."

Then into his long locks the wild woman flew,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Till she thought in her heart to tear him
through,
Though he was a jovial hunter.

Then Sir Byalas drew his broadsword again,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And he fairly split her head into twain,
For he was a jovial hunter.

In Bromsgrove church, the knight he doth lie,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And the wild boar's head is preserved thereby,
Sir Byalas, the jovial hunter.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

723.—LADY ALICE.

Lady Alice was sitting in her bow window,
At midnight mending her quof; :
And there she saw as fine a corpse
As ever she saw in her life.

"What bear ye, what bear ye, ye six men
tall?

What bear ye on your should'rs?"
"We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,
An old and true lover of yours."

"O lay him down gently, ye six men tall,
All on the grass so green,
And to-morrow when the sun goes down,
Lady Alice a corpse shall be seen.

"And bury me in Saint Mary's Church,
All for my love so true;
And make me a garland of marjoram,
And of lemon thyme, and rue."

Giles Collins was buried all in the east,
Lady Alice all in the west;
And the roses that grew on Giles Collins's
grave,
They reached Lady Alice's breast.

The priest of the parish he chanced to pass,
And he severed those roses in twain.
Sure never were seen such true lovers before,
Nor e'er will there be again.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

724.—THE USEFUL PLOW.

A country life is sweet !
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair !
In every field of wheat,

The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow ;
To that I say, no courtesier may
Compare with they who clothe in grey,
And follow the useful plow.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark ;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to
sleep ;

While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are
singing,

On each green, tender bough,
With what content, and merriment,
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plow.

The gallant that dresses fine,
And drinks his bottles of wine,
Were he to be tried, his feathers of pride,
Which deck and adorn his back,
Are tailors' and mercers', and other men
dressers,

For which they do damn them now.

But Ralph and Will no combers fill
For tailor's bill, or garments still,
But follow the useful plow.

Their hundreds, without remorse,
Some spend to keep dogs and horse,
Who never would give, as long as they live,
Not two-pence to help the poor;
Their wives are neglected, and harlots
respected;

This grieves the nation now;
But 'tis not so with us that go
Where pleasures flow, to reap and mow,
And follow the useful plow.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

725.—THE FARMER'S BOY.

The sun had set behind yon hills,
Across yon dreary moor,
Wearied and lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door:

"Can you tell me if any there be
That will give me employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy?"

"My father is dead, and mother is left
With five children, great and small;
And what is worse for mother still,
I'm the oldest of them all.
Though little, I'll work as hard as a Turk,
If you'll give me employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy."

"And if that you won't me employ,
One favour I've to ask,—
Will you shelter me till break of day,
From this cold winter's blast?
At break of day, I'll trudge away
Elsewhere to seek employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy."

"Come, try the lad," the mistress said,
"Let him no further seek."
"O, do, dear father!" the daughter cried,
While tears ran down her cheek:
"He'd work if he could, so 'tis hard to want
food,
And wander for employ;
Don't turn him away, but let him stay,
And be a farmer's boy."

And when the lad became a man,
The good old farmer died,
And left the lad the farm he had,
And his daughter for his bride.
The lad that was, the farm now has,
Oft smiles and thanks with joy
Of the lucky day he came that way,
To be a farmer's boy.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

726.—THE MOW.

Now our work's done, thus we feast,
After labour comes our rest;
Joy shall reign in every breast,
And right welcome is each guest:
After harvest merrily,
Merrily, merrily, will we sing now,
After the harvest that heaps up the mow.

Now the plowman he shall plow,
And shall whistle as he go,
Whether it be fair or blow,
For another barley mow,
O'er the furrow merrily:
Merrily, merrily, will we sing now,
After the harvest, the fruit of the plow.

Toil and plenty, toil and ease,
Still the husbandman he sees;
Whether when the winter freezes,
Or in summer's gentle breeze;
Still he labours merrily,
Merrily, merrily, after the plow,
He looks to the harvest, that gives us the
mow.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

727.—THE HITCHIN MAY-DAY SONG.

Remember us poor Mayers all!
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all the night,
And almost all the day;
And now returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands:
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are no green,
As green as any leek;
Our heavenly Father he watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain;
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourisheth like a flower;
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a
light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

728.—THE HAYMAKER'S SONG,

In the merry month of June,
In the prime time of the year ;
Down in yonder meadows
There runs a river clear :
And many a little fish
Doth in that river play ;
And many a lad, and many a lass,
Go abroad a-making hay.

In come the jolly mowers,
To mow the meadows down ;
With budget and with bottle
Of ale, both stout and brown.
All labouring men of courage hold
Come here their strength to try ;
They sweat and blow, and out and mow,
For the grass cuts very dry.

Here's nimble Ben and Tom,
With pitchfork, and with rake ;
Here's Molly, Liz, and Susan,
Come here their hay to make.
While sweet, jug, jug, jug !
The nightingale doth sing,
From morning unto even-song,
As they are hay-making.

And when that bright day faded,
And the sun was going down,
There was a merry piper
Approach'd from the town :
He pulled out his pipe and tabor,
So sweetly he did play,
Which made all lay down their rakes,
And leave off making hay.

Then joining in a dance,
They jig it o'er the green ;
Though tired with their labour,
No one less was seen.

But sporting like some fairies,
Their dance they did pursue,
In leaping up, and ceasing off,
Till morning was in view.

And when that bright daylight,
The morning it was come,
They lay down and rested
Till the rising of the sun :
Till the rising of the sun,
When the merry larks do sing,
And each lad did rise and take his lass,
And away to hay-making.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

729.—THE GARDEN-GATE.

The day was spent, the moon shone bright,
The village clock struck eight ;
Young Mary hasten'd with delight,
Unto the garden-gate :
But what was there that made her sad ?—
The gate was there, but not the lad,
Which made poor Mary say and sigh,
" Was ever poor girl so sad as I ? "

She traced the garden here and there,
The village clock struck nine ;
Which made poor Mary sigh, and say,
" You shan't, you shan't be mine !
You promised to meet at the gate at eight,
You ne'er shall keep me, nor make me wait,
For I'll let all such creatures see
They ne'er shall make a fool of me ! "

She traced the garden here and there,
The village clock struck ten ;
Young William caught her in his arms,
No more to part again :
For he'd been to buy the ring that day,
And O ! he had been a long, long way ;—
Then, how could Mary cruel prove,
To banish the lad she so dearly did love ?

Up with the morning sun they rose,
To church they went away,
And all the village joyful were,
Upon their wedding-day :
Now in a cot, by a river side,
William and Mary both reside ;
And she blesses the night that she did wait
For her absent swain, at the garden-gate.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

730.—THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

As I walked forth one summer's morn,
Hard by a river's side,
Where yellow cowslips did adorn
The blushing field with pride,
I spied a dunsel on the grass,
More blooming than the may ;
Her looks the Queen of Love surpassed,
Among the new-mown hay.

I said, " Good morning, pretty maid,
How came you here so soon ? "
" To keep my father's sheep, " she said,
" The thing that must be done :
While they are feeding 'mong the dew,
To pass the time away,
I sit me down to knit or sew,
Among the new-mown hay. "

Delighted with her simple tale,
I sat down by her side ;
With vows of love I did prevail
On her to be my bride :
In strains of simple melody,
She sung a rural lay ;
The little lambs stood listening by,
Among the new-mown hay.

Then to the church they went with speed,
And hymen joined them there ;
No more her ewes and lambs to feed,
For she's a lady fair :
A lord he was that married her,
To town they came straightway :
She may bless the day he spied her there,
Among the new-mown hay.

Anonymous.—Before 1689

731.—BEGONE DULL CARE.

Begone dull care !
 I prithee begone from me :
 Begone dull care !
 Thou and I can never agree.
 Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou wouldst me kill ;
 But i' faith, dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
 Will make a young man grey ;
 Too much care
 Will turn an old man to clay.
 My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day ;
 For I hold it in the wisest thing,
 To drive dull care away.

Hence, dull care,
 I'll none of thy company ;
 Hence, dull care,
 Thou art no pair for me.
 We'll hunt the wild boar through the wold,
 So merrily pass the day ;
 And then at night, o'er a cheerful bow
 We'll drive dull care away.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

732.—WHEN THE KING COMES HOME
IN PEACE AGAIN.

Oxford and Cambridge shall agree,
 With honour crown'd, and dignity ;
 For learned men shall then take place,
 And bad be silenced with disgrace :
 They'll know it to be but a casualty
 That hath so long disturb'd their brain ;
 For I can surely tell that all things will go
 well

When the King comes home in peace again.

Church government shall settled be,
 And then I hope we shall agree
 Without their help, whose high-brain'd seal
 Hath long disturb'd the common weal ;
 Greed out of date, and cobblers that do prate
 Of wars that still disturb their brain ;
 The which you will see, when the time it shall
 be
 That the King comes home in peace again.

Though many now are much in debt,
 And many shops are to be let,
 A golden time is drawing near,
 Men shops shall take to hold their ware ;
 And then all our trade shall flourishing be
 made,
 To which ere long we shall attain ;
 For still I can tell all things will be well
 When the King comes home in peace again.

Maids shall enjoy their mates,
 And honest men their lost estates ;
 Women shall have what they do lack,
 Their husbands, who are coming back.
 When the wars have an end, then I and my
 friend

All subjects' freedom shall obtain ;
 By which I can tell all things will be well
 When we enjoy sweet peace again.

Though people now walk in great fear
 Along the country everywhere,
 Thieves shall then tremble at the law,
 And justice shall keep them in awe :
 The Frenchies shall flee with their treachery,
 And the foes of the King ashamed remain ;
 The which you shall see, when the time it
 shall be

That the King comes home in peace again.

The Parliament must willing be,
 That all the world may plainly see
 How they do labour still for peace,
 That now these bloody wars may cease ;
 For they will gladly spend their lives to
 defend

The King in all his right to reign :
 So then I can tell all things will be well
 When we enjoy sweet peace again.

When all these things to pass shall come
 Then farewell mucket, pick, and drum :
 The lamb shall with the lion feed,
 Which was a happy time indeed.
 O let us pray we may all see the day
 That peace may govern in his name,
 For then I can tell all things will be well
 When the King comes home in peace again.

Anonymous.—Between 1642 and 1684.

733.—I LOVE MY KING AND COUNTRY
WELL.

I love my King and country well,
 Religion and the laws :
 Which I'm mad at the heart that o'er we did
 sell

To buy the good old cause.
 Those unnatural wars
 And brotherly jure
 Are no delight or joy to me ;
 But it is my desire
 That the wars should expire,
 And the King and his realms agree.

I never yet did take up arms,
 And yet I dare to dye ;
 But I'll not be seduced by phantasmal charms
 Till I know a reason why.
 Why the King and the state
 Should fall to debate
 I ne'er could yet a reason see,
 But I find many one
 Why the wars should be done,
 And the King and his realms agree.

I love the King and the Parliament,
But I love them both together:
And when they by division asunder are rent,
I know 'tis good for neither.

Whichsoe'er of these
Be victorious,
I'm sure for us no good 'twill be,
For our plague will increase
Unless we have peace,
And the King and his realms agree.

The King without them can't long stand,
Nor they without the King;
'Tis they must advise, and 'tis he must
command,

For their power from his must spring.
'Tis a comfortless sway
When none will obey;
If the King han't his right, which way
shall we?
They may vote and make laws,
But no good they will cause
Till the King and his realms agree.

A pure religion I would have,
Not mixt with human wit;
And I cannot endure that each ignorant
knave

Should dare to meddle with it.
The tricks of the law
I would fain withdraw,
That it may be alike to each degree:
And I fain would have such
As do meddle so much,
When the King and the Church agree.

We have pray'd and pray'd that the wars
might cease,
And we be free men made;

I would fight, if my fighting would bring any
peace,
But war is become a trade.
Our servants did ride
With swords by their side,
And made their masters footmen be;
But we'll be no more slaves
To the beggars and knaves
Now the King and the realms do agree.

Anonymous.—Between 1642 and 1684.

734.—THE TUB-PREACHER.

With face and fashion to be known,
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck awry and swivelling tons,
And handkerchiefs from nose new-blown,
And loving cant to sister Joan,
'Tis a new teacher about the town,
Oh! the town's new teacher!

With oozening laugh, and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week,

With paltry sense as man can speak,
With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
With hums and haws when stuff's to seek;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With hair cut shorter than the brow,
With little band, as you know how,
With cloak like Paul, no coat I throw,
With surplice none, nor girdle now,
With hands to thump, nor knees to bow;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With shop-board breeding and intrusion,
By some ostiandiah institution,
With Calvin's method and conclusion,
To bring all things into confusion,
And far-stretched sighs for mere illusion;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With threats of absolute damnation,
But certainty of some salvation
To his new sect, not every nation,
With election and reprobation,
And with some use of consolation;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With troops expecting him at door
To hear a sermon and no more,
And women follow him good store,
And with great Bibles to turn o'er,
Whilst Tom writes notes, as bar-boys score,
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With double cap to put his head in,
That looks like a black pot tipp'd with tin;
While with antic gestures he doth gape and
grin;

The sisters admire, and he wheedles them in,
Who to cheat their husbands think no sin;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With great pretended spiritual motions,
And many fine whimsical notions,
With blind zeal and large devotions,
With broaching rebellion and raising com-
motions,
And poisoning the people with Geneva
potions;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

Samuel Butler.—Between 1642 and 1684.

735.—THE NEW LITANY.

From an extempore prayer and a golly ditty,
From the churchly government of a city,
From the power of a country committee,
Libera nos, Domine.

From the Turk, the Pope, and the Scottish
nation,

From being govern'd by proclamation,
And from an old Protestant, quite out of
fashion,
Libera, &c.

From meddling with those that are out of our
 resolve.

From a fighting ground, and a soldier that

From an opportunity that wishes, and a woman
 that wishes.

Liberty, &c.

From the doctrine of denying of a King,
 from the Government, or any such thing.

From a false new marriage without a song.

Liberty, &c.

From a city that yields at the first assault,
 from plucking quills, either soon or
 without 's.

Or having to do with the House of Commons.

Liberty, &c.

From a meddling house that troubles o'er and
 o'er

From violating a holy, or sacred house.

From an English-born rebel, sorry ever o'er.

Liberty, &c.

From conspiring, or hanging in a chain
 alone.

From other bad customs, and being punished
 to a woman.

From unchristian, or Post-justice.

Liberty, &c.

From worldly honour, and more here
 from a building that, and a Pisher's chair.

From a heretic's head, and a disobedience.

Liberty, &c.

From Nick Nones, for you, and for you,
 from Thomas Tom-wood, that will never pass
 away.

From a universal Duke that's worse than a
 King.

Liberty, &c.

From a woman's Justice that will judge by
 from meddling, or too makes by.

Or having of the Seventh Jig.

Liberty, &c.

From being taken in a bargain,
 from the denial of the personal law.

From the Devil, and the Devil's.

Liberty, &c.

From a building, you with a good job,
 from a highway for a lawyer and a vicar.

And from a building, as there is a stone.

Liberty, &c.

From one that speaks in state, yet talks at
 you for one.

From an evil woman, and a Parliament man.

From an Ambassador, and a Parliament man.

Liberty, &c.

From such words, and such buildings,
 from independence, and your who-sons.

From words, and your who-sons.

Liberty, &c.

From one that never rest what he needs,
 from trusting one that never profits, both.

From a private printer, and a private both.

Liberty, &c.

From a conspiring house, and a Burnfield to
 bid.

From serving Jack Cowen, with many Jacks

from every.

From words, and such soldiers' staff.

Liberty, &c.

From highway, and all that a holy.

From heretics, and heretics, and all that's
 holy.

From laws or learning, since that's holy.

Liberty, &c.

And now to make an end of all.
 I wish the Parliament had a ball.

Or else were they in some Court, Ball.

And ever were they in some Court.

*Annotations.—*Between 1642 and 1694.

76.—THE OLD PROTESTANT'S LITANY.

That thou wilt be pleased to grant our
 services.

And your charity, all the year's work.

That England be ever your Majesty's.

That England be ever your Majesty's.

That England be ever your Majesty's.

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That England be ever your Majesty's.

From 1648 to 1688.]

HEY, THEN, UP GO WE.

[ANSWERS.

That now the day-don't are fully original,
That these great ones, which our justices
have tried, are by their justice original,
May suffer what is by their justice original,

To respond, &c.

That there will be pleased to make company
Themselves

(Who now hath both city and Tower gotten
from us,
That he may be just in performing his pro-
cess,

To respond, &c.

That our loyal Prisoners and our justices
Ourselves

(Whom we have in England long time have
not seen)
May soon be restored to what they have
been,

To respond, &c.

That the part of the royal issue may be
From the same party restored to us from,
And be kept according to their high degrees,
To respond, &c.

That our ancient Liberty may be restored,
That the engines (by accidents so much ab-
used)⁴
May stand divine justice, according to the
word,

To respond, &c.

That the ring in marriage, the cross at the
font,
Which the Devil and the Beardsbands so much
abuse,

May be used again, as before they were used,
To respond, &c.

That Episcopacy, used in its right kind,
In England soon more establishment may
find,
That State and law's fictions may go down
the wind,

To respond, &c.

That there will be pleased equals to restore
All things in due order, as they were before,
That the Church and the State may be void
no more,

To respond, &c.

That all the King's Subjects may enjoy their
rights,
And not be kept, as they have been, at law
prison,
That the poor may find comfort again at their
goals,

To respond, &c.

That there will all our oppressions remove,
And give us firm faith and hope, just'd with
true love,
Convert or condition all which versus respond,
To respond, &c.

That all persons such that would free us
And will not be govern'd, as all subjects
should,
To show England may just, or free good, &c.⁵

Or,

To respond, &c.

That giving King Charles, with his children
and wife,
Who have been under'd through this civil
war,

May and with high honour their natural King,
To respond, &c.

That they who have stood on honest men's
Oath for their loyalty to God and to Ours,
May in their convents find succours for
succours,

To respond, &c.

That there all those blessings upon us will
Who were, judgments on Thos we opposed,
And so we believe, from all hearts so desired;
To respond, &c.

Answer.—Between 1648 and 1684.

737.—HEY, THEN, UP GO WE.

Knew that, my brethren, between is done,
And all the deeds are gone;

To respond, we are still search you,

That they are broken, and be glad,

And also rejoice with us;
Lovers above and nobles shall go down,
And lay, them, up go we.

We'll break the yolkens which the whom
Of Babylon had prisoned,
As when the Popish shall be banished;

That's another cross we are credit:
Small stand for men to see,
None's trust and temporary shall go down,
And lay, them, up go we.

Woe for the Popish hands have built
Our houses shall undo;

We'll break their pipes and burn their organs,
We'll pull down their towers,
We'll burn down within their prisons,
And teach beneath a tree;

We'll make a prophet of a tree;
And lay, them, up go we.

We'll put down unreviv'd;
We'll break their
Rocks, their pyres of the dead;

We'll drive the Ancients out of dung,
And all that burned us;

We'll cry all arts and learning down,
And lay, them, up go we.

We'll down with deans and prebends too,
And I rejoyce to tell ye
We then shall get our fill of pig,
And oasons for the belly.
We'll burn the Fathers' weighty tomes,
And make the School-men flee ;
We'll down with all that smells of wit,
And hey, then, up go wa.

If once the Antichristian crew
Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to stoop,
And keep the gentry down :
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride, we see,
We'll therefore put good manners down,
And hey, then, up go wa.

The name of lords shall be abhorr'd,
For every man 's a brother ;
No reason why in Church and State
One man should rule another ;
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make these wanton sisters stoop,
And hey, then, up go wa.

What though the King and Parliament
Do not accord together,
We have more cause to be content,
This is our sunshine weather :
For if that reason should take place,
And they should once agree,
Who would be in a Roundhead's case,
For hey, then, up go wa.

What should we do, then, in this case .
Let's put it to a venture ;
If that we hold out seven years' space
We'll sue out our indenture.
A time may come to make us rue,
And time may set us free,
Except the gallows claim his due,
And hey, then, up go wa.

Francis Quarles.—1642.

738.—THE CAMERONIAN CAT.

There was a Cameronian cat
Was hunting for a prey,
And in the house she catch'd a mouse
Upon the Sabbath-day.

The Whig, being offended
At such an act profane,
Lay by his book, the cat he took,
And bound her in a chain.

" Thou damned, thou cursed creature,
This deed so dark with thee,
Think'st thou to bring to hell below
My holy wife and me ?

Assure thyself that for the deed
Thou blood for blood shalt pay,
For killing of the Lord's own mouse
Upon the Sabbath-day."

The presbyter laid by the book,
And earnestly he pray'd
That the great sin the cat had done
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution
Poor Pussy she was drawn,
And high hang'd up upon a tree—
The preacher sung a psalm.

And when the work was ended,
They thought the cat near dead,
She gave a paw, and then a mew,
And stretched out her head.

" Thy name," said he, " shall certainly
A beacon still remain,
A terror unto evil ones
For evermore, Amen."

Anonymous.—Between 1642 and 1684.

739.—I THANK YOU TWICE.

The hierarchy is out of date,
Our monarchy was sick of late,
But now 'tis grown an excellent state :
Oh, God a-mercy, Parliament !

The teachers knew not what to say,
The 'prentices have leave to play,
The people have all forgotten to pray ;
Still, God a-mercy, Parliament !

The Roundhead and the Cavalier
Have fought it out almost seven year,
And yet, methinks, they are never the near :
Oh, God, &c.

The gentry are sequester'd all ;
Our wives you find at Goldsmith Hall,
For there they meet with the devil and all ;
Still, God, &c.

The Parliament are grown to that height
They care not a pin what his Majesty saith ;
And they pay all their debts with the public
faith.

Oh, God, &c.

Though all we have here is brought to
nought,
In Ireland we have whole lordships bought,
There we shall one day be rich, 'tis thought :
Still, God, &c.

We trust forsake our father and mother,
And for the State undo our own brother,
And never leave murdering one another :
Oh, God, &c.

Now the King is taugth and the devil is dead,
Fairfax must be disbanded,
Or else he may chance be Hotham-ed.
Still, God, &c.

They have made King Charles a glorious king,
He was told, long ago, of such a thing;
Now he and his subjects have reason to sing,
Oh, God, &c.

Anonymous.—Between 1642 and 1684.

740.—THE PURITAN.

With face and fashion to be known,
For one of sure election;
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck aside to draw in tone,
With hary in 's nose, or he is none:
See a new teacher of the town,
Oh the town, oh the town's new teacher!

With pate out shorter than the brow,
With little ruff starch'd, you know how,
With cloak like Paul, no capo I trow,
With surplice none; but lately now
With hands to thump, no knees to bow:
See a new teacher, &c.

With coz'ning cough, and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week,
With paltry change of *and to eke*,
With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
To find out words, when staff 's to seek:
See a new teacher, &c.

With shop-board breeding and intrusion,
With some outlandish institution,
With Uraine's catechism to muse on,
With system's method for confusion,
With grounds strong laid of mere illusion:
See a new teacher, &c.

With rights indifferent all damned,
And made unlawful, if commanded;
Good works of Popery down banded,
And moral laws from him estranged,
Except the sabbath still unchanged:
See a new teacher, &c.

With speech unthought, quick revelation,
With boldness in predestination,
With threats of absolute damnation,
Yet *yea* and *noy* hath some salvation
For his own tribe, not every nation:
See a new teacher, &c.

With after license cast a crown,
When bishop saw had put him down;
With tricks call'd repetition,
And doctrine newly brought to town
Of teaching men to hang and drown:
See a new teacher, &c.

With flesh-provision to keep Lent,
With shelves of sweetmeats often spent,

Which new maid bought, old lady sent,
Though, to be saved, a poor present,
Yet legacies assure to event:
See a new teacher, &c.

With troops expecting him at th' door,
That would hear sermons, and no more;
With noting tools, and signs great stores,
With Bibles great to turn them o'er,
While he wrests places by the score:
See a new teacher, &c.

With running text, the name forsaken,
With *for* and *but*, both by sense shaken,
Cheap doctrines forced, wild uses taken,
Both sometimes one by mark mistaken;
With anything to any shapen:
See a new teacher, &c.

With new-wrought caps against the canon,
For taking cold, tho' sure he have none;
A sermon's end, where he began one,
A new hour long, when 's glass had run one,
New use, new points, new notes to stand on:
See a new teacher, &c.

John Cleveland.—Between 1642 and 1684.

741.—THE ROUNDHEAD.

What creature 's that, with his short hairs,
His little band, and huge long ears,
That this new faith hath founded?
The saints themselves were never such,
The prelates ne'er ruled half so much;
Oh! such a rogue 's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth the bishops hate,
And counts their calling reprobate,
'Cause by the Pope propounded;
And thinks a zealous cobbler better
Than learned Usher in ev'ry letter?
Oh! such a rogue 's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth *high treason* say,
As often as his *yea* and *noy*,
And wish the King confounded;
And dares maintain that Mr. Pim
Is fitter for a crown than him?
Oh! such a rogue 's a Roundhead.

What's he that if he chance to hear
A little piece of *Common Prayer*,
Doth think his conscience wounded;
Will go five miles to preach and pray,
And meet a sister by the way?
Oh! such a rogue 's a Roundhead.

What's he that met a holy sister,
And in a haycock gently kiss'd her?
Oh! then his zeal abounded:
'Twas underneath a shady willow,
Her Bible served her for a pillow,
And there he got a Roundhead.
Samuel Butler.—Between 1642 and 1684.

742.—PRATTLE YOUR PLEASURE
UNDER THE ROSE.

There is an old proverb which all use words
knows,
Anything may be spoke, if 't be under the rose :
Then now let us speak, whilst we are in the hint,
Of the state of the land, and th' enormities
in't.

Under the rose be it spoke, there is a number
of knaves,
More than ever were known in a State before:
But I hope that their mischiefs have digg'd
their own graves,
And will never trust knaves for their sakes
any more.

Under the rose be it spoken, the city's an ass
So long to the public to let their gold run,
To keep the King out; but 'tis now come to
pass,
I am sure they will lose, whosoever has won.

Under the rose be it spoken, there's a company
of men,
Trainbands they are called—a plague con-
found 'em :—
And when they are waiting at Westminster
Hall,
May their wives be beguiled and begot with
child all!

Under the rose be it spoken, there's a damn'd
committee
Sits in hell (Goldsmiths' Hall), in the midst of
the city,
Only to sequester the poor Cavaliers—
The devil take their souls, and the hangman
their ears.

Under the rose be it spoken, if you do not
repent
Of that horrible sin, your pure Parliament,
Pray stay till Sir Thomas doth bring in the
King,
Then Derrick may chance have 'em all in a
string.

Under the rose be it spoken, let the synod
now leave
To wrest the whole Scripture, how souls to
deceive ;
For all they have spoken or taught will ne'er
save 'em,
Unless they will leave that fault, hell's sure
have 'em!

Anonymous.—Between 1642 and 1684.

743.—THE CAVALIER'S FAREWELL TO
HIS MISTRESS.

Fair Fidelia, tempt no more,
I may no more thy deity adore
Nor offer to thy shrine,
I serve one more divine
And far more great than you :

I must go!
Lest the foe
Gain the cause and win the day.
Let's march bravely on,
Charge ym in the van,
Our cause God's is,
Though their odds is
Ten to me.

Tempt no more, I may not yeeld
Altho' this eyes
A kinddose may surprize :
Leave off thy wanton toiles,
The highborn Prince of Wales
Is wounded in the field,
Where the royal gentry flooke.
Through slown
Nobly borne
Of a w'er decaying stocks.
Cavaliers, be bold,
Bravely keep your hold,
He that loyers
Is by traytors
Brought and sold.

One kiss more, and then farewell ;
Oh no, no more,
I prithe give me o'er,—
Why cloudest thou thy beams?
I see by these extremes
A woman's heaven or hell.
Pray the King may have his owne,
And the Queen
May be seen
With her babes on England's throne,
Bally up your mer,
One shall vanquish ten,
Victory, we
Come to try these
Once agen.

John Adamson.—Between 1642 and 1684.

744.—THE COBBLER AND THE VICAR
OF BRAY.

In Bedfordshire there dwelt a knight,
Sir Samuel by name,
Who by his feats in civil broils
Obtain'd a mighty fame.

He was he much less wise and stout,
But fit in both respects
To humble sturdy Cavaliers,
And to support the sects.

This worthy knight was one that swore
He would not cut his beard
Till this ungodly nation was
From kings and bishops clear'd :

Which holy vow he firmly kept,
And most devoutly wore
A grisly meteor on his face
Till they were both no more.

His worship was, in short, a man
Of such exceeding worth,
No pen or pencil can describe,
Or rhyming bard set forth.

Many and mighty things he did
Both sober and in liquor,—
Witness the mortal fray between
The Cobbler and the Vicar ;

Which by his wisdom and his power
He wisely did prevent,
And both the combatants at once
In wooden durance pent.

The manner how these two fell out
And quarrell'd in their ale,
I shall attempt at large to show
In the succeeding tale.

A strolling cobbler, who was wont
To trudge from town to town,
Happen'd upon his walk to meet
A vicar in his gown.

And as they forward jogg'd along,
The vicar, growing hot,
First ask'd the cobbler if he knew
Where they might take a pot ?

"Yes, marry that I do," quoth he ;
"Here is a house hard by,
That far exceeds all Bedfordshire
For ale and landlady."

"Thither let's go," the vicar said ;
And when they thither came,
He liked the liquor wondrous well,
But better far the dame.

And she, who, like a cunning jilt,
Knew how to please her guest,
Used all her little tricks and arts
To entertain the priest.

The cobbler, too, who quickly saw
The landlady's design,
Did all that in his power was
To manage the divine.

With smutty jests and merry songs
They charm'd the vicar so,
That he determin'd for that night
No further he would go.

And being first the cobbler thought
'Twas proper to go try
If he could get a job or two
His charges to supply.

So going out into the street,
He bawls with all his might—
"If any of you tread awry
I'm here to set you right.

I can repair your leaky boots,
And underlay your soles ;
Backsiders, I can underprop
And patch up all your holes."

The vicar, who unluckily
The cobbler's outcry heard,
From off the bench on which he sat
With mighty fury rear'd.

Quoth he, "What priest, what holy priest
Can hear this bawling slave,
But must, in justice to his coat,
Chastise the saucy knave ?

What has this wretch to do with souls,
Or with backsiders either,
Whose business only is his awls,
His lasts, his thread, and leather ?

I lose my patience to be made
This strolling varlet's sport ;
Nor could I think this saucy rogue
Could serve me in such sort."

The cobbler, who had no design
The vicar to displease,
Unluckily repeats again—
"I'm come your souls to ease :

The inward and the outward too
I can repair and mend ;
And all that my assistance want,
I'll use them like a friend."

The country folk no sooner heard
The honest cobbler's tongue,
But from the village far and near
They round about him throng.

Some bring their boots, and some their shoes,
And some their buskins bring :
The cobbler sits him down to work
And then begins to sing.

"Death often at the cobbler's stall
Was wont to make a stand,
But found the cobbler singing still,
And on the mending hand ;

Until at length he met old Time,
And then they both together
Quite tear the cobbler's aged sole
From off the upper leather.

Even so a while I may old shoes
By care and art maintain,
But when the leather's rotten grown
All art and care is vain."

And thus the cobbler stich'd and sung,
Not thinking any harm ;
Till out the vicar angry came
With ale and passion warm.

"Dost thou not know, vile slave !" quoth he,
"How impious 'tis to jest
With sacred things, and to profane
The office of a priest ?

How dar'st thou, most audacious wretch !
Those vile expressions use,
Which make the souls of men as cheap
As soles of boots and shoes ?

Such reprobates as you betray
Our character and gown,
And would, if you had once the power,
The Church itself pull down."

The cobbler, not aware that he
Had done or said amiss,
Reply'd, "I do not understand
What you can mean by this.

Tho' I but a poor cobbler be,
And stroll about for bread,
None better loves the Church than I
That ever wore a head.

But since you are so good at names.
And make so loud a pother,
I'll tell you plainly I'm afraid
You're but some obbling brother.

Come, vicar, tho' you talk so big,
Our trades are near akin;
I patch and cobble outward soles
As you do those within.

And I'll appeal to any man
That understands the nation,
If I han't done more good than you
In my respective station.

Old leather, I must needs confess,
I've sometimes used as new;
And often pared the sole so near
That I have spoil'd the shoe.

You vicars, by a different way,
Have done the very same;
For you have pared your doctrines so
You made religion lame.

Your principles you've quite disown'd,
And old ones changed for new,
That no man can distinguish right
Which are the false or true.

I dare be bold, you're one of those
Have took the Covenant;
With Cavaliers are Cavalier,
And with the saints a saint."

The vicar at this sharp rebuke
Began to storm and swear;
Quoth he, "Thou vile apostate wretch!
Dost thou with me compare?"

I that have care of many souls,
And power to damn or save,
Durst thou thyself compare with me,
Thou vile, ungodly knave!

I wish I had thee somewhere else,
I'd quickly make thee know
What 'tis to make comparisons,
And to revile me so.

Thou art an enemy to the State,
Some priest in masquerade,
That, to promote the Pope's designs,
Has leas'd the cobbling trade:

Or else some spy to Cavaliers,
And art by them sent out
To carry false intelligence,
And scatter lies about."

But whilst the vicar full of ire
Was railing at this rate,
His worship, good Sir Samuel,
O'erlighted at the gate.

And asking of the landlady
Th' occasion of the stir:
Quoth she, "If you will give me leave,
I will inform you, sir.

This cobbler happening to o'ertake
The vicar in his walk,
In friendly sort they forward march,
And to each other talk.

Until the parson first proposed
To stop and take a whet;
So cheek by jole they hither came
Like travellers well met.

A world of healths and jests went round,
Sometimes a merry tale:
Till they resolv'd to stay all night,
So well they liked my ale.

Thus all things lovingly went on,
And who so great as they;
Before an ugly accident
Began this mortal fray.

The case I take it to be this,—
The vicar being first,
The cobbler chanced to cry his trade,
And in his cry he mixt

Some harmless words, which I suppose
The vicar falsely thought
Might be design'd to banter him,
And scandalize his cost."

"If that be all," quoth he, "go out
And bid them both come in;
A dozen of your nappy ale
Will set 'em right again.

And if the ale should chance to fail,
For so perhaps it may,
I have it in my powers to try
A more effectual way.

These vicars are a wilful tribe,
A restless, stubborn crew;
And if they are not humbled quite,
The State they will undo.

The cobbler is a cunning knave,
That goes about by stealth,
And would, instead of mending shoes,
Repair the Commonwealth.

However, bid 'em both come in,
This fray must have an end;
Such little feuds as these do oft
To greater mischiefs tend."

Without more bidding out she goes
And told them, by her troth,
"There was a magistrate within
That needs must see 'em both.

But, gentlemen, pray distance keep,
And don't too testy be;
Ill words good manners still corrupt
And spoil good company."

To this the vicar first replies,
"I fear no magistrate;
For let 'em make what laws they will,
I'll still obey the State.

Whatever I can say or do,
I'm sure not much avails;
I shall still be Vicar of Bray
Whichever side prevails.

My conscience, thanks to Heaven, is comf
To such a happy pass,
That I can take the Covenant
And never hang an ass.

I've took so many oaths before,
That now without remorse
I take all oaths the State can make,
As merely things of course.

Go therefore, dame, the justice tell
His summons I'll obey;
And further you may let him know
I Vicar am of Bray."

"I find indeed," the cobbler said,
"I am not much mistaken;
This vicar knows the ready way
To save his reverend bacon.

This is a hopeful priest indeed,
And well deserves the rope;
Rather than lose his vicarage
He'd swear to Turk or Pope.

For gain he would his God deny,
His country and his King;
Swear and forewear, recant and lye,
Do any wicked thing."

At this the vicar set his teeth,
And to the cobbler flew;
And with his sacerdotal fist
Gave him a box or two.

The cobbler soon return'd the blows,
And with both head and heel
So manfully behared himself,
He made the vicar reel.

Great was the outcry that was made,
And in the woman ran
To tell his worship that the fight
Betwixt them was began.

"And is it so indeed?" quoth he;
"I'll make the slaves repent;"
Then up he took his basket hilt,
And out enraged he went.

The country folk no sooner saw
The knight with naked blade,
But for his worship instantly
An open lane was made;

Who with a stern and angry look
Cried out, "What knaves are these
That in the face of justice dare
Disturb the public peace?"

Vile rascals! I will make you know
I am a magistrate,
And that as such I bear about
The vengeance of the State.

Go, seize them, Ralph, and bring them in,
That I may know the cause,
That first induced them to this rage,
And thus to break the laws."

Ralph, who was both his squire and clerk,
And constable withal,
I' th' name o' th' Commonwealth aloud
Did for assistance bawl.

The words had hardly pass'd his mouth
But they secure them both;
And Ralph, to show his furious zeal
And hatred to the cloth,

Runs to the vicar through the crowd,
And takes him by the throat:
"How ill," says he, "doth this become
Your character and coat!"

Was it for this not long ago
You took the Covenant,
And in most solemn manner swore
That you'd become a saint?"

And here he gave him such a pinch
That made the vicar shout—
"Good people, I shall murder'd be
By this angodly'nt."

He gripes my throat to that degree
I can't his talons bear;
And if you do not hold his hands,
He'll throttle me, I fear."

At this a butcher of the town
Stepe up to Ralph in ire,—
"What, will you squeeze his gullet through,
You son of blood and fire?"

You are the Devil's instrument
To execute the laws;
What, will you murder the poor man
With your phanstick claws?"

At which the squire quits his hold,
And lugging out his blade,
Full at the sturdy butcher's pate
A furious stroke he made.

A dismal outcry then began
Among the country folk;
Who all conclude the butcher slain
By such a mortal stroke.

But here good fortune, that has still
A friendship for the brave,
I th' nick misguides the fatal blow,
And does the butcher save.

The knight, who heard the noise within,
Runs out with might and main,
And seeing Ralph amidst the crowd
In danger to be slain,

Without regard to age or sex
Old basket-hilt so ply'd,
That in an instant three or four
Lay bleeding at his side.

And greater mischiefs in his rage
This furious knight had done,
If he had not prevented been
By Dick, the blacksmith's son,

Who catch'd his worship on the hip,
And gave him such a squelch,
That he some moments breathless lay
Ere he was heard to belch.

Nor was the squire in better case,
By sturdy butcher ply'd,
Who from the shoulder to the flank
Had soundly swung his hide.

Whilst things in this confusion stood,
And knight and squire disarm'd,
Up comes a neighbouring gentleman
The outcry had alarm'd;

Who riding up among the crowd,
The vicar first he spy'd,
With sleeveless gown and bloody band
And hands behind his ty'd.

"Bless me," says he, "what means all this?"
Then turning round his eyes,
In the same plight, or in a worse,
The cobbler bleeding lies.

And looking further round he saw,
Like one in doleful dump,
The knight, amidst a gaping mob,
Sit pensive on his rump.

And by his side lay Ralph his squire,
Whom butcher fell had maul'd;
Who bitterly bemoan'd his fate,
And for a surgeon call'd.

Surprised at first he paused awhile,
And then accosts the knight,—
"What makes you here, Sir Samuel,
In this unhappy plight?"

At this the knight gave 's breast a thump,
And stretching out his hand,—
"If you will pull me up," he cried,
"I'll try if I can stand.

And then I'll let you know the cause;
But first take care of Ralph,
Who in my good or ill success
Doth always stand my half."

In short, he got his worship up
And let him in the door;
Where he at length relates the tale
As I have told before.

When he had heard the story out,
The gentleman replies,—
"It is not in my province, sir,
Your worship to advise.

But were I in your worship's place,
The only thing I'd do,
Was first to reprimand the fools,
And then to let them go.

I think it first advisable
To take them from the rabble,
And let them come and both set forth
The occasion of the squabble.

This is the Vicar, sir, of Bray,
A man of no repute,
The score and scandal of his tribe,
A loose, ill-manner'd brute.

The cobbler 's a poor strolling wretch
That mends my servants' shoes;
And often calls as he goes by
To bring me country news."

At this his worship grip'd his beard,
And in an angry mood,
Swore by the laws of chivalry
That blood required blood.

"Besides, I'm by the Commonwealth
Entrusted to chastise
All knaves that straggle up and down
To raise such mutinies.

However, since 'tis your request,
They shall be call'd and heard;
But neither Ralph nor I can grant
Such masals should be clear'd."

And so, to wind the tale up short,
They were call'd in together:
And by the gentleman were ask'd
What wind 'twas blew them thither.

"Good ale and handsome ladies
You might have never home;
And therefore 'tis for something more
That you so far are come."

To which the vicar answer'd first,—
"My living is so small,
That I am forced to stroll about
To try and get a call."

"And," quoth the cobbler, "I am forced
To leave my wife and dwelling,
To escape the danger of being press'd
To go a coloneling.

There's many an honest jovial lad
Unwarily drawn in,
That I have reason to suspect
Will scarce get out again.

The proverb says, *Harm watch harm catch,*
I'll out of danger keep,
For he that sleeps in a whole skin
Doth most securely sleep.

My business is to mend bad soals
And stitch up broken quarters :
A cobbler's name would look but odd
Among a list of martyrs."

"Faith, cobbler," quoth the gentleman,
"And that shall be my case ;
I will neither party join,
Let what will come to pass.

No importunities or threats
My fixt resolve shall rest ;
Come here, Sir Samuel, where's his health
That loves old England best.

I pity those unhappy fools
Who, ere they were aware,
Designing and ambitious men
Have drawn into a snare.

But, vicar, to come to the case,—
Amidst a senseless crowd,
What urged you to such violence,
And made you talk so loud ?

Passion I'm sure does ill become
Your character and cloath,
And, tho' the cause be ne'er so just,
Brings scandal upon both.

Vicar, I speak it with regret,
An inadvertent priest
Renders himself ridiculous,
And everybody's jest."

The vicar to be thus rebuked
A little time stood mute ;
But having gnup'd his passion down,
Replies,—"That cobbling brute

Has treated me with such contempt,
Such vile expressions used,
That I no longer could forbear
To hear myself abused.

The rascal had the insolence
To give himself the lie,
And to aver h' had done more good
And saved more soals than I.

Nay, further, sir, this miscreant
To tell me was so bold,
Our trades were very near of kin,
But his was the more o'ill.

Now, sir, I will to you appeal
On such a provocation,
If there was not sufficient cause
To use a little passion ?"

"Now," quoth the cobbler, "with your leave
I'll prove it to his face,
All this is mere suggestion,
And foreign to the case.

And since he calls so many names
And talks so very loud,
I will be bound to make it plain
'Twas he that raised the crowd.

Nay, further, I will make 't appear
He and the priests have done
More mischief than the cobblers far
All over Christendom.

All Europe groans beneath their yoke,
And poor Great Britain owes
To them her present miseries,
And dread of future woes.

The priests of all religions are,
And will be still the same,
And all, tho' in a different way,
Are playing the same game."

At this the gentleman stood up,—
"Cobbler, you run too fast ;
By thus condemning all the tribe,
You go beyond your last.

Much mischief has by priests been done,
And more is doing still ;
But then to censure all alike
Must be exceeding ill.

Too many, I must needs confess,
Are mightily to blame,
Who by their wicked practices
Disgrace the very name.

But, cobbler, still the major part
The minor should conclude ;
'To argue at another rate 's
Impertinent and rude."

By this time all the neighbours round
Were look'd about the door,
And some were on the vicar's side,
But on the cobbler's more.

Among the rest a grazier, who
Had lately been at town
To sell his oxen and his sheep,
Brim-full of news came down.

Quoth he, "The priests have preach'd and
pray'd,
And made so damn'd a pothar,
That all the people are run mad
To murder one another.

By their contrivances and arts
'They've play'd their game so long,
That no man knows which side is right,
Or which is in the wrong.

I'm sure I've Smithfield market used
For more than twenty years,
But never did such murmuring
And dreadful outcries hear.

Some for a church, and some a tub,
And some for both together ;
And some, perhaps the greater part,
Have no regard for either.

Some for a king, and some for none;
And some have hankering
To mend the Commonwealth, and make
An empire of all kings.

What's worse, old Noll is marching off,
And Dick, his heir-apparent,
Succeeds him in the government,
A very lame vicegerent.

He'll reign but little time, poor fool,
But sink beneath the State,
That will not fail to ride the fool
'Eve common horseman's weight.

And rulers, when they lose the power,
Like horses overweigh'd,
Must either fall and break their knees,
Or else turn perfect jade."

The vicar to be twice rebuked
No longer could contain;
But thus replies,—“To knaves like you
All arguments are vain.

The Church must use her arm of flesh,
The other will not do;
The clergy waste their breath and time
On miscreants like you.

You are so stubborn and so proud,
So dull and prepossess'd,
That no instructions can prevail
How well see'er address.

Who would reform such reprobates,
Must drub them soundly first;
I know no other way but that
To make them wise or just."

"Fie, vicar, fie," his patron said,
"Sure that is not the way;
You should instruct your auditors
To suffer or obey.

Those were the doctrines that of old
The learned fathers taught;
And 'twas by them the Church at first
Was to perfection brought.

Come, vicar, lay your fends aside,
And calmly take your cup;
And let us try in friendly wise
To make the matter up.

That's certainly the wiser course,
And better too by far—
All men of prudence strive to quench
The sparks of civil war.

By furious heats and ill advice
Our neighbours are undone,
Then let us timely caution take
From their destruction.

If we would turn our heads about,
And look towards forty-one,
We soon should see what little jars
Those cruel wars begun.

A one-eyed cobbler then was one
Of that rebellious crew,
That did in Charles the martyr's blood
Their wicked hands imbrue.

I mention this not to deface
This cobbler's reputation,
Whom I have always honest found,
And useful in his station.

But this I urge to let you see
The danger of a fight
Between a cobbler and a priest,
Though he were ne'er so right.

The vicars are a numerous tribe,
So are the cobblers too;
And if a general quarrel rise,
What must the country do?

Our outward and our inward soles
Must quickly want repair;
And all the neighbourhood around
Would the misfortune share."

"Sir," quoth the grazier, "I believe
Our outward soles indeed
May quickly want the cobbler's help
To be from leakings freed.

But for our inward soles, I think
They're of a worth too great
To be committed to the care
Of any holy cheat,

Who only serves his God for gain,
Religion is his trade;
And 'tis by such as these our Church
So scandalous is made.

Why should I trust my soul with one
That preaches, swears, and prays,
And the next moment contradicts
Himself in all he says?

His solemn oaths he looks upon
As only words of course!
Which like their wives our fathers took
For better or for worse.

But he takes oaths as some take w—s,
Only to serve his ease;
And rogues and w—s, it is well known,
May part where'er they please."

At this the cobbler bolder grew,
And stoutly thus reply'd.—
"If you're so good at drubbing, sir,
Your smashhood shall be try'd.

What I have said I will maintain,
And further prove withal—
I daily do more good than you
In my respective call.

I know your character," quoth he,
"You speak insulting vice,
Who only buff and downer,
And quarrel in your byes."

The honest gentleman, who saw
 "Twould come again to blows,
 Commands the cobbler to forbear,
 And to the vicar goes.

"Vicar," says he, "for shame give o'er
 And mitigate your rage;
 You scandalize your cloth too much
 A cobbler to engage.

All people's eyes are on your tribe,
 And every little ill
 They multiply and aggravate,
 And will because they will.

But now let's call another cause,
 So let this health go round;
 Be peace and plenty, truth and right,
 In good old England found."

Quoth Ralph, "All this is empty talk,
 And only tends to laughter;
 If these two varlets should be spared,
 Who'd pity us hereafter?

Your worship may do what you please,
 But I'll have satisfaction
 For drubbing and for damages
 In this ungodly action.

I think that you can do no less
 Than send them to the stocks;
 And I'll assist the constable
 In fixing in their locks.

There let 'em sit and fight it out,
 Or scold till they are friends;
 Or, what is better much than both,
 Till I am made amends."

"Ralph," quoth the knight, "that's well
 advised,
 Let them both hither go,
 And you and the sub-magistrate
 Take care that it be so.

Let them be lock'd in face to face,
 Bare buttocks on the ground;
 And let them in that posture sit,
 'Till they with us compound.

Thus first, we'll leave them for a time,
 Whilst we with grief relate,
 How at a wake this knight and squire
 Got each a broken pate."

Anonymous.—Between 1642 and 1684.

745.—A COUNTRY SONG, INTITULED
 THE RESTORATION.

Come, come away
 To the temple, and pray,

And sing with a pleasant strain;
 The schismatick's dead,
 The liturgy's read,
 And the King enjoys his own again.

The vicar is glad,
 The clerk is not sad,
 And the parish cannot refrain
 To leap and rejoice
 And lift up their voyces,
 That the King enjoys his own again.

The country doth bow
 To old justices now,
 That long aside have been lain;
 The bishop's restored,
 God is rightly adored,
 And the King enjoys his own again.

Committee-men fall,
 And majors general,
 No more do those tyrants reign;
 There's no sequestration,
 Nor new decimation,
 For the King enjoys the sword again.

The scholar doth look
 With joy on his book,
 Tom whistles and plover amain;
 Soldiers plunder no more
 As they did heretofore,
 For the King enjoys the sword again.

The citizens trade,
 The merchants do lade,
 And send their ships into Spain;
 No pirates at sea
 To make them a prey,
 For the King enjoys the sword again.

The old man and boy,
 The clergy and lay,
 Their joyes cannot contain;
 'Tis better than of late
 With the Church and the State,
 Now the King enjoys the sword again.

Let's render our praise
 For these happy dayes
 To God and our sovereign;
 Your drinking give o'er,
 Swear not as before,
 For the King bears not the sword in vain.

Fansticks, be quiet,
 And keep a good diet,
 To cure your crazy brain;
 Throw off your disguise,
 Go to church and be wise,
 For the King bears not the sword in vain.

Let faction and pride
 Be now laid aside,
 That truth and peace may reign;
 Let every one mend,
 And there is an end,
 For the king bears not the sword in vain.

Anonymous.—1661.

746.—THE LOYAL SOLDIER.

When in the field of Mars we lie,
 Amongst those martial rights,
 Who, never daunted, are to dye
 For King and countrie's rights;
 As on Belona's god I wait,
 And her attendant be,
 Yet, being absent from my mate,
 I live in misery.

When lofty winds aloud do blow,
 It snoweth, hail, or rain,
 And Charon in his boat doth row,
 Yet steadfast I'll remain;
 And for my shelter in some barn creep,
 Or under some hedge lye;
 Whilst such as do now strong castles keep
 Knows no such misery.

When down in straw we tumbling lye,
 With Morpheus' charms asleep,
 My heavy, sad, and mournful eye
 In security so deep;
 Then do I drowse within my arms
 With those I sleeping lye,
 Then do I dread or fear no harms,
 Nor feel no misery.

When all my joys are thus compleat
 The cannons loud do play,
 The drums alarms straight do beat,
 Trumpet sounds, horse, away!

Awake I then, and nought can find
 But death attending me,
 And all my joys are vanish quite,—
 This is my misery.

When hunger oftentimes I feel,
 And water cold do drink,
 Yet from my colours I'll not steal,
 Nor from my King will shrink;
 No traitor base shall make me yield,
 But for the cause I'll be:
 This is my love, pray Heaven to shield,
 And farewell misery.

Then to our arms we straight do fly,
 And forthwith march away;
 Few towns or cities we come nigh:
 Good liquor us deny;
 In Lethe deep our woes we steep—
 Our loves forgotten be,
 Amongst the jovialst we sing,
 Hang up all misery.

Propitious fate, then be more kind,
 Grim death, lend me thy dart,
 O sun and moon, and eke the wind,
 Great Jove, take thou our part;
 That of these Bonnhheads and those wags
 An end that we may see,
 And thy great name we'll all applaud,
 And hang all misery.

Anonymous.—1686.

THE FIFTH PERIOD,

FROM 1689 TO 1727.

THESE thirty-eight years produced a class of writers in prose and poetry, who, during the whole of the eighteenth century, were deemed the best, or nearly the best, that the country had ever known. The central period of twelve years, which compose the reign of Anne (1702-14), was, indeed, usually styled the "Augustan Era of English Literature," on account of its supposed resemblance in intellectual opulence to the reign of the Emperor Augustus. This opinion has not been followed or confirmed in the present age. The praise due to good sense, and a correct and polished style, is allowed to the prose writers, and that due to a felicity in painting artificial life, is awarded to the poets; but modern critics seem to have agreed to pass over these qualities as of secondary moment, and to hold in greater estimation the writings of the times preceding the Restoration, and of our own day, as being more boldly original, both in style and in thought, more imaginative, and more sentimental. The "Edinburgh Review" appears to state the prevailing sentiment in the following sentences:—"Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy, no pathos and no enthusiasm, and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but, for the most part, cold, timid, and superficial." The same critic represents it as their chief praise that they corrected the indecency, and polished the pleasantry and sarcasm, of the vicious school introduced at the Restoration. "Writing," he continues, "with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen, and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison." While there is general truth in these remarks, it must at the same time be observed, that the age produced several writers, who, each in his own line, may be called extraordinary. Satire, expressed in forcible and copious language, was certainly carried to its utmost pitch of excellence by Swift. The poetry of elegant and artificial life was exhibited, in a perfection never since attained, by Pope. The art of describing the manners and discussing the morals of the passing age, was practised for the first time, with unrivalled felicity, by Addison. And with all the loquaciousness of Congreve and Farquhar, it may be fairly said that English comedy was in their hands what it had never been before, and has scarcely in any instance been since.—Chambers' "Cyclopedia of English Literature," vol. i., p. 534.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

"Matthew Prior, a distinguished poet, was born in 1664, in London according to one account, according to another, at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire. His father dying when he was young, an uncle, who was a vintner, or tavern-keeper, at Charing Cross, took him

under his care, and sent him to Westminster School, of which Dr. Busby was then master. Before he had passed through the school, his uncle took him home, for the purpose of bringing him into his own business; but the Earl of Dorset, a great patron of letters, having found him one day reading Horace, and being pleased with his conversation, determined to

give him an university education. He was accordingly admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1682, proceeded bachelor of arts in 1686, and was soon after elected to a fellowship. After having proved his poetic talents by some college exercises, he was introduced at court by the Earl of Dorset, and was so effectually recommended, that, in 1690, he was appointed secretary to the English plenipotentiaries who attended the congress at the Hague. Being now enlisted in the service of the court, his productions were, for some years, chiefly directed to courtly topics, of which one of the most considerable was an Ode presented to King William in 1695, on the death of Queen Mary. In 1697, he was nominated secretary to the commissioners for the treaty of Ryswick; and, on his return, was made secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He went to France in the following year, as secretary, first to the Earl of Portland, and then to the Earl of Jersey; and being now regarded as one conversant in public affairs, he was summoned by King William to Loo, where he had a confidential audience. In the beginning of 1701 he sat in Parliament for East Grinstead.

"Prior had hitherto been promoted and acted with the Whigs; but the Tories now having become the prevalent party, he turned about, and ever after adhered to them. He even voted for the impeachment of those lords who advised that partition treaty in which he had been officially employed. Like most converts, he embraced his new friends with much zeal, and from that time almost all his social connections were confined within the limits of his party.

"The successes in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign were celebrated by the poets on both sides; and Prior sung the victories of Blenheim and Ramilies: he afterwards, however, joined in the attack of the great general who had been his theme. It will not be worth while here to take notice of all his changes in the political world, except to mention the disgraces which followed the famous congress of Utrecht, in which he was deeply engaged. For the completion of that business he was left in France, with the appointments and authority of an ambassador, though without the title, the proud Duke of Shrewsbury having refused to be joined in commission with a man so meanly born. Prior, however, publicly assumed the character till he was superseded by the Earl of Stair on the accession of George I. The Whigs being now in power, he was welcomed, on his return, by a warrant from the House of Commons, under which he was committed to the custody of a messenger. He was examined before the Privy Council respecting his share in the peace of Utrecht, was treated with rigour, and Walpole moved an impeachment against him, on a charge of high treason, for holding clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary. His name

was excepted from an act of grace passed in 1717; at length, however, he was discharged, without being brought to trial, and his days in retirement.

"We are now to consider Prior among the poetical characters of the time. In his writings is found that incongruous mixture of light and rather indecent topics with grave, and even religious ones, which was not uncommon at that period. In the faculty of telling a story with ease and vivacity, he yields only to Swift, compared to whom his humor is occasionally strained and quaint. His songs and amatory pieces are generally elegant and classical. The most popular of his serious compositions are, 'Henry and Emma, or the Nut-Brown Maid,' modernised from an antique original; and 'Solomon,' the idea of which is taken from the Book of Ecclesiastes. These are harmonious in their versification, splendid and correct in their diction, and copious in poetical imagery; but they exert no powerful effect on the feelings or the fancy, and are enslaved by prolixity. His 'Alms,' a piece of philosophical pleasantry, was written to console himself when under confinement, and displays a considerable share of reading. As to his elaborate effusions of loyalty and patriotism, they seem to have sunk into total neglect.

"The life of Prior was cut short by a lingering illness, which closed his days at Wimpole, the seat of Lord Oxford, in September, 1721, in the fifty-eighth year of his age."—*Alkin's "Select Brit. Poets,"* p. 239.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

"Joseph Addison was the son of the Reverend Lancelot Addison, at whose parsonage at Milton, near Ambrosbury, Wiltshire, he was born in 1672. At the age of fifteen he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in classical literature, especially in Latin poetry. He was afterwards elected a demy of Magdalen College, where he took the degree of bachelor and master of arts. In his twenty-second year he became an author in his own language, publishing a short copy of verses addressed to the veteran poet, Dryden. Other pieces in verse and prose succeeded; and in 1695 he opened the career of his fortune as a literary man, by a complimentary poem on one of the campaigns of King William, addressed to the Lord-keeper Somers. A pension of £200 from the crown, which his patron obtained for him, enabled him to indulge his inclination for travel; and an epistolary poem to Lord Halifax in 1701, with a prose relation of his travels, published on his return, are distinguished by the spirit of liberty which they breathe, and which,

during life, was his ruling passion. The most famous of his political poems, 'The Campaign,' appeared in 1704. It was a task kindly imposed by Lord Halifax, who intimated to him that the writer should not lose his labour. It was accordingly rewarded by an immediate appointment to the post of commissioner of appeals.

"This will be the proper place for considering the merits of Addison in his character of a writer in verse. Though Dryden and Pope had already secured the first places on the British Parnassus, and other rivals for fame were springing to view, it will scarcely be denied that Addison, by a decent mediocrity of poetic language, rising occasionally to superior efforts, has deserved that degree of praise, which, in general estimation, has been allotted to him. It cannot be doubted that playful and humorous wit was the quality in which he obtained almost unrivalled pre-eminence; but the reader of his 'Poem to Sir Godfrey Kneller,' will discover, in the comparison of the painter to Phidias, a very happy and elegant resemblance pointed out in his verse. His celebrated tragedy of 'Cato,' equally remarkable for a correctness of plan, and a sustained elevation of style, than unusual on the English stage, was further distinguished by the glow of its sentiments in favour of political liberty, and was equally applauded by both parties.

"A very short account will suffice for the remainder of his works. His connection with Steele engaged him in occasionally writing in the 'Tatler,' the 'Spectator,' and the 'Guardian,' in which his productions, serious and humorous, conferred upon him immortal honour, and placed him deservedly at the head of his class. Some other periodical papers, decidedly political, were traced to Addison, of which the 'Freeholder' was one of the most conspicuous. In 1718 he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, a connection which is said not to have been remarkably happy. In the following year he was raised to the office of one of the principal secretaries of state; but finding himself ill suited to the post, and in a declining state of health, he resigned it to Mr. Craggs. In reality, his constitution was suffering from an habitual excess in wine; and it is a lamentable circumstance that a person so generally free from moral defects, should have given way to a fondness for the pleasures of a tavern life. Addison died in June, 1719, leaving an only daughter by the Countess of Warwick."—See Spence's "Anecdotes"; Lord Macaulay; Dr. Lockier, Dean of Peterborough; Abbé Philippeaux, of Blois; Lady M. W. Montagu; Dr. Drake; Blair's "Lect. on Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres"; Thackeray's "English Humourists of the Eighteenth Cent."; Professor T. B. Shaw; Dr. Young; Professor C. D. Cleveland; Dr. Hard; Robert Chambers; Dr. Anderson; Maunders; Professor G. W.

Greene. We may say that Baskerville published a splendid edition of Addison's works in 1761, of which the genial Dibdin says: "He who hath the Baskerville edition, hath a good, and even a glorious, performance. It is pleasant, and, of course, profitable, to turn over the pages of these lovely tomes at one's Tusculum, on a day of oppression from heat, or of confinement from rain." Bohn has also published a beautiful edition. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. of Eng. Lit."; Campbell's "Spec."; Shaw; Spalding; Angus.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Jonathan Swift, born 1687, died 1745. "When we come to the name of Swift we feel ourselves again approaching an Alpine region. The air of a stark mountain-summit breathes chill around our temples, and we feel that if we have no amiability to melt, we have altitudes at least to measure, and strange profound secrets of nature, like the ravines of lofty hills, to explore. The men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be compared to Lebanon, or Snowdon, or Benlomon, towering grandly over fertile valleys, on which they smile.—Swift to the tremendous Romsdale Horn in Norway, shedding abroad, from a brow of four thousand feet high, what seems a scowl of settled indignation, as if resolved not to rejoice even over the wide-stretching deserts which, and nothing but which, it everlastingly beholds. Mountains all of them, but what a difference between such a mountain as Shakspeare and such a mountain as Swift!

"Instead of going minutely over a path so long since trodden to mire as the life of Swift, let us expend a page or two in seeking to form some estimate of his character and genius. It is refreshing to come upon a new thing in the world, even though it be a strange or even a bad thing; and certainly, in any age and country, such a being as Swift must have appeared an anomaly, not for his transcendent goodness, nor for his utter badness, but because the elements of good and evil were mixed in him into a medley so astounding, and in proportions respectively so large, yet unequal, that the analysis of the two seemed to many competent only to the Great Chemist, Death, and that a sense of the disproportion seems to have moved the man himself to indistinguishable laughter,—a laughter which, radiating out of his own singular heart as a centre, swept over the circumference of all beings within his reach, and returned crying, 'Give, give,' as if he were demanding a universal sphere for the exercise of the savage scorn which dwelt within him, and as if he laughed not more 'consumedly' at others than he did at himself.

"For speaking of Swift as a man, let us say something about his genius. That, like his character, was intensely peculiar. It was a compound of infinite ingenuity, with very little poetical imagination; of gigantic strength, with a propensity to incessant trifling; of passionate purpose, with the clearest and coldest expression, as though a furnace were fuelled with snow. A Brobdingnagian by size, he was for ever toying with Lilliputian slings and small craft. One of the most violent of party men, and often fierce as a demonia in temper, his favourite motto was *Vive la bagatelle*. The creator of entire new worlds, we doubt if his works contain more than two or three lines of genuine poetry. He may be compared to one of the locusts of the Apocalypse, in that he had a tail like unto a scorpion, and a sting in his tail; but his 'face is not as the face of man, his hair is not as the hair of women, and on his head there is no crown like gold.' All Swift's creations are more or less disgusting. Not one of them is beautiful. His Lilliputians are amazingly life-like, but compare them to Shakespeare's fairies, such as Psephenosom, Cobweb, and Mustardseed; his Brobdingnagians are essences like enormous warts; and his Yahoos might have been spawned in the nightmare of a drunken butcher. The same coarseness characterises his poems and his 'Tale of a Tub.' He might well, however, in his old age, exclaim, in reference to the latter, 'Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!' It is the wildest, wittiest, wickedest, wealthiest book of its size in the English language. Thoughts and figures swarm in every corner of its pages, till you think of a disturbed nest of angry ants, for all the figures and thoughts are black and bitter. One would have imagined the book to have issued from a mind that had been gathering gall as well as sense in an antenatal state of being.

"Swift, in all his writings—sermons, political tracts, poems, and fictions—is essentially a satirist. He consisted originally of three principal parts,—sense, an intense feeling of the ludicrous, and selfish passion; and these were sure, in certain circumstances, to ferment into a spirit of satire, 'strong as death, and cruel as the grave.' Born with not very much natural benevolence, with little purely poetic feeling, with furious passions and unbounded ambition, he was entirely dependent for his peace of mind upon success. Had he become, as by his talents he was entitled to be, the prime minister of his day, he would have figured as a greater tyrant in the cabinet than even Chatham. But as he was prevented from being the first statesman, he became the first satirist of his time. From vain efforts to grasp supremacy for himself and his party, he retired growing to his Dublin den; and there, as Haman, thought scorn to lay his hand on Mordecai, but extended his murderous purpose to all the people of the Jews,—and as Nero

wished that Rome had one neck, that he might destroy it at a blow,—so Swift was stung by his personal disappointment to hurl out scorn at man and suspicious at his Maker. It was not, it must be noticed, the evil which was in man which excited his hatred and contempt; it was man himself. He was not merely, as many are, disgusted with the selfish and malignant elements which are mingled in man's nature and character, and disposed to trace them to any cause save a Divine will, but he believed man to be, as a whole, the work and child of the devil; and he told the imaginary creator and creature to their face, what he thought the truth,—'The devil is an ass.' His was the very madness of Manichæism. That heresy held that the devil was one of two aboriginal creative powers, but Swift seemed to believe at times that he was the only God. From a Yahoo man it was difficult to avoid the inference of a demon deity. It is very laughable to find writers in *Blackwood* and elsewhere striving to prove Swift a Christian, as if, whatever were his professions, and however sincere he might be often in these, the whole tendency of his writings, his perpetual and unlimited abuse of man's body and soul, his denial of every human virtue, the filth he pours upon every phase of human nature, and the doctrines he inculcates—that man has fallen indeed, but fallen, not from the angel, but from the animal; or, rather, is just a bungled brute,—were not enough to show that either his notions were grossly erroneous and perverted, or that he himself deserved, like another Nebuchadnezzar, to be driven from men, and to have a beast's heart given unto him. Sometimes he reminds us of an impure angel, who has surprised man naked and asleep, looked at him with microscopic eyes, ignored all his peculiar marks of fallen dignity and incipient godhood, and in heartless rhymes reported accordingly.

"Swift belonged to the same school as Pope, although the feminine element which was in the latter modified and mellowed his feelings. Pope was a more successful and a happier man than Swift. He was much smaller, too, in soul as well as in body, and his gall-organ was proportionably less. Pope's feeling to humanity was a tiny malice; Swift's became, at length, a black malignity. Pope always reminds us of an injured and pouting hero of Lilliput, 'doing well to be angry' under the goad of a pocket-flap, or squelching out his griefs from the centre of an empty snuff-box; Swift is a man, nay, monster of misanthropy. In minute and microscopic vision of human infirmities, Pope excels even Swift; but then you always conceive Swift leaning down a giant, though gnarled, stature to behold them, while Pope is on their level, and has only to look straight before him. Pope's wrath is always measured; Swift's, as in the 'Legion-Club,' is a whirlwind of 'black fire and horror,' in the breath of which no Seek can live, and against which

genius and virtue themselves furnish zo shield.

"After all, Swift might, perhaps have put in the place of Byron—

'All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know.'

There was a black spot of madness in his brain, and another black spot in his heart; and the two at last met, and closed up his destiny in night. Let human nature forgive its most determined and systematic reviler, for the sake of the wretchedness in which he was involved all his life long. He was born (in 1667) a posthumous child; he was brought up an object of charity; he spent much of his youth in dependence; he had to leave his Irish college without a degree; he was flattered with hopes from King William and the Whigs, which were not fulfilled; he was condemned to spend a great part of his life in Ireland, a country he detested; he was involved—partly, no doubt, through his own blame—in a succession of fruitless and miserable intrigues, alike of love and politics; he was soured by want of success in England, and spoiled by enormous popularity in Ireland; he was tried by a kind of religious doubts, which would not go out to prayer or fasting; he was haunted by the fear of the dreadful calamity which at last befell him; his senses and his soul left him one by one; he became first giddy, then deaf, and then mad; his madness was of the most terrible sort—it was a 'silent rage'; for a year or two he lay dumb; and at last, on the 19th of October, 1745,

'Swift expired, a driveller and a show,'

leaving his money to found a lunatic asylum, and his works as a many-volumed legacy of curse to mankind."—Giffillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," iii. 43-47. See Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets"; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

ALEXANDER POPE.

"Alexander Pope, an English poet of great eminence, was born in London in 1688. His father, who appears to have acquired wealth by trade, was a Roman Catholic, and being disinherited to the politics of King William, he retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he purchased a small house, with some acres of land, and lived frugally upon the fortune he had saved. Alexander, who was from infancy of a delicate habit of body, after learning to read and write at home, was placed about his eighth year under the care of a Romish priest, who taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek. His natural fondness for books was

indulged about this period by Ogilby's translation of 'Homer,' and Sandys's of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' which gave him so much delight, that they may be said to have made him a poet. He pursued his studies under different priests, to whom he was consigned. At length he became the director of his own pursuits, the variety of which proved that he was by no means deficient in industry, though his reading was rather excursive than methodical. From his early years poetry was adopted by him as a profession, for his poetical reading was always accompanied with attempts at imitation or translation; and it may be affirmed that he rose at once almost to perfection in this walk. His manners and conversation were equally beyond his years; and it does not appear that he ever cultivated friendship with any one of his own age or condition.

"Pope's 'Pastorals' were first printed in a volume of Tonson's 'Miscellanies' in 1709, and were generally admired for the sweetness of the versification and the lustre of the diction, though they betrayed a want of original observation and an artificial cast of sentiment; in fact, they were anything rather than real pastorals. In the mean time he was exercising himself in compositions of a higher class; and by his 'Essay on Criticism,' published two years afterwards, he obtained a great accession of reputation, merited by the comprehension of thought, the general good sense, and the frequent beauty of illustration which it presents, though it displays many of the inaccuracies of a juvenile author. In 1712, his 'Rape of the Lock,' a mock heroic, made its first appearance, and conferred upon him the best title he possesses to the merit of invention. The machinery of the 'Sylphs' was afterwards added, an exquisite fancy-piece, wrought with unrivalled skill and beauty. The 'Temple of Fame,' altered from Chaucer, though partaking of the embarrassment of the original plan, has many passages which may rank with his happiest efforts.

"In the year 1713, Pope issued proposals for publishing a translation of Homer's 'Iliad,' the success of which soon removed all doubt of its making an accession to his reputation, whilst it afforded an ample remuneration for his labour. This noble work was published in separate volumes, each containing four books; and the produce of the subscription enabled him to take that house at Twickenham which he made so famous by his residences and decorations. He brought hither his father and mother: of whom the first parent died two years afterwards. The second long survived, to be comforted by the truly filial attentions of her son. About this period he probably wrote his 'Epistle from Eliza to Abelard,' partly founded upon the extant letters of those distinguished persons. He has rendered this one of the most impressive poems of which love is the subject; as it is likewise the most finished of all his works of

equal length, in point of language and versification. The exaggeration, however, which he has given to the most impassioned expressions of Eloisa, and his deviations from the true story, have been pointed out by Mr. Berrington in his 'Lives of the Two Lovers.'

"During the years in which he was chiefly engaged with the 'Iliad,' he published several occasional works, to which he usually prefixed very elegant prefaces; but the desire of farther emolument induced him to extend his translation to the 'Odyssey,' in which task he engaged two inferior hands, whom he paid out of the produce of a new subscription. He himself, however, translated twelve books out of the twenty-four, with a happiness not inferior to his 'Iliad'; and the transaction, conducted in a truly mercantile spirit, was the source of considerable profit to him. After the appearance of the 'Odyssey,' Pope almost solely made himself known as a satirist and moralist. In 1728 he published the three first books of the 'Dunciad,' a kind of mock heroic, the object of which was to overwhelm with indelible ridicule all his antagonists, together with some other authors whom spleen or party led him to rank among the dunces, though they had given him no personal offence. Notwithstanding that the diction and versification of this poem are laboured with the greatest care, we shall borrow nothing from it. Its imagery is often extremely gross and offensive; and irritability, ill-nature, and partiality, are so prominent through the whole, that whatever he gains as a poet, he loses as a man. He has, indeed, a claim to the character of a satirist in this production, but none at all to that of a moralist.

"The other selected pieces, though not entirely free from the same defects, may yet be tolerated; and his noble work, called the 'Essay on Man,' which may stand in the first class of ethical poems, does not deviate from the style proper to its topic. This piece gave an example of the poet's extraordinary power of managing argumentation in verse, and of compressing his thoughts into clauses of the most energetic brevity, as well as of expanding them into passages distinguished by every poetic ornament. The origin of this essay is, however, generally ascribed to Lord Bolingbroke, who was adopted by the author as his 'guide, philosopher, and friend'; and there is little doubt that, with respect to mankind in general, Pope adopted, without always fully understanding, the system of Bolingbroke.

"On his works in prose, among which a collection of letters appears conspicuous, it is unnecessary here to remark. His life was not prolonged to the period of old age; an oppressive asthma indicated an early decline, and accumulated infirmities incapacitated him from pursuing the plan he had formed for new works. After having complied, through the instigation of a Catholic friend, with the cere-

monies of that religion, he quietly expired on May 30th, 1744, at the age of fifty-six. He was interred at Twickenham, where a monument was erected to his memory by the commentator and legatee of his writings, Bishop Warburton.

"Revered as a poet, while it is allowed that Pope was deficient in invention, his other qualifications will scarcely be disputed; and it will generally be admitted that no English writer has carried to a greater degree correctness of versification, strength and splendour of diction, and the truly poetical power of vivifying and adorning every subject that he touched. The popularity of his productions has been proved by their constituting a school of English poetry, which in part continues to the present time."—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," pp. 345, 346.

THOMAS TICKELL.

This poet is now "chiefly remembered from his connection with Addison. He was born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle. In April, 1701, he became a member of Queen's College, Oxford. In 1706, he was made M.A., and two years after was chosen Fellow. He held his Fellowship till 1726, when, marrying in Dublin, he necessarily vacated it. He attracted Addison's attention first by some elegant lines in praise of Rosamond, and then by the 'Prospect of Peace,' a poem in which Tickell, although called by Swift Whiggismus, for once took the Tory side. This poem Addison, in spite of its politics, praised highly in the *Spectator*, which led to a lifelong friendship between them. Tickell commenced contributing to the *Spectator*, among other things publishing there a poem entitled the 'Royal Progress.' Some time after, he produced a translation of the first book of the *Iliad*, which Addison declared to be superior to Pope's. This led the latter to imagine that it was Addison's own, although it is now, we believe, certain, from the MS., which still exists, that it was a veritable production of Tickell's. When Addison went to Ireland, as secretary to Lord Sunderland, Tickell accompanied him, and was employed in public business. When Addison became Secretary of State, he made Tickell Under-Secretary; and when he died, he left him the charge of publishing his works, with an earnest recommendation to the care of Craggs. Tickell faithfully performed the task, prefixing to them an elegy on his departed friend, which is now his own chief title to fame. In 1725, he was made secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a place of great trust and honour, and which he retained to his death. This event happened at Bath, in the year 1746.

"His genius was not strong, but elegant and refined, and appears, as we have just stated, to best advantage in his lines on Addison's death, which are warm with genuine love, tremulous with sincere sorrow, and shine with a sober splendour, such as Addison's own exquisite taste would have approved."—Giffillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 29, 30.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

Sir Samuel Garth, died 1718—1719. He was a native of Yorkshire, educated at Peter House, Cambridge, took the degree of M.D. in 1691, and was admitted fellow, June 26, 1693. In 1687 he commenced a dispute between the physicians and apothecaries; the apothecaries opposing the design of the physicians to furnish the poor with advice gratis, and medicines at prime cost. To hold the apothecaries up to public reprobation and ridicule, Garth published, in 1689, &c., his satirical poem of the "Dispensary," which pleased the town so much, that it went through three editions in a few months. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.," Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"; Giffillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets."

BISHOP KEN.

Bishop Ken, born 1637, died 1710. He was educated at Winchester School, whence he removed to New College, Oxford, where he was elected fellow. About 1680 he was appointed chaplain to the Princess of Orange, whom he accompanied to Holland. He afterwards went with Lord Dartmouth to Tangiers, and on his return, was made chaplain to Charles II., whom he attended in his last illness, but was hindered from exercising the duties of his function by the Romish priests. The king, who had a great regard for him, nominated him to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, which was confirmed by James II. Ken was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower for resisting the tyranny of his sovereign. He however refused to take the oaths at the Revolution, for which he was deprived. Queen Anne granted him a pension of £200 per annum, and he was universally esteemed for his amiable manners, childlike simplicity, and unaffected piety. A meeker and a braver man never lived, and by his pure and holy life he has thrown a lustre on the bench of bishops. He published several works of piety, and wrote some exquisite hymns, and also an epic poem, entitled "Edmund." He was born at Berkhamstead, Herts, and died in Wiltshire. See Beeton's "Dict. Univer. Biog."

NAHUM TATE.

Nahum Tate, an Irish poet; he was appointed Laureate in 1692. He wrote "Pannace," a poem on tea; ten dramatic pieces, a number of poems on various subjects, and, in conjunction with Brady, translated the Psalms into metre. Born at Dublin, 1653; died in London, 1715. See Beeton's "Dict. Univer. Biog."

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Sir Richard Blackmore, born 1658 (?), died 1728. He was a physician, had an extensive practice, knighted by William III., and wrote several epic poems, of which the "Creation" has been admitted into the collections of the British Poets. Johnson remarks, that "Blackmore, by the unremitting enmity of the wits, whom he provoked more by his virtue than his dulness, has been exposed to worse treatment than he deserved," and he adds that "the poem on 'Creation' wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction." Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Ambrose Philips, born 1675, died 1749. "Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, was a friend of Addison and Steele, but was violently attacked by Pope. He wrote three tragedies and some Pastorals, which were much admired at the time, but are now deservedly forgotten. 'The pieces of Philips that please best,' observes Johnson, 'are those which, from Pope and Pope's adherents, procured him the name of 'Nabby Pambby,' the poems of short lines, by which he paid his court to all ages and characters, from Walpole, the 'steerer of the realm,' to Miss Pulteney in the nursery. The numbers are smooth and sprightly, and the diction is seldom faulty. They are not much loaded with thought, yet, if they had been written by Addison, they would have had admirers.'"—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," p. 312.

JOHN GAY.

John Gay, born 1688, died 1732. "Gay was the second son of John Gay, Esq., of Frithelstock, near Great Torrington, Devonshire. His parents died during his infancy, and after receiving his education at Barnstaple, the

poet was placed apprentice to a silk-mercer in London. The Duchess of Monmouth in 1713 (by which time Gay had appeared as a poet) made him her private secretary, and he attracted the notice and friendship of Pope and the other leading literary men of the time. 'Gay was the general favourite of the whole association of wits; but they regarded him as a playfellow rather than as a partner.' His connections with the Tory party excluded him from the patronage of the house of Brunswick; but after the loss of an illusive wealth in the wreck of the South Sea Scheme in 1720, the compelled industry of the luxurious and indolent poet realized for him a tolerable competency. Sheltered in the last years of his life under the hospitable roof of his noble patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, and in the enjoyment of an affectionate correspondence with his friends, Pope and Swift, he suddenly died of fever in 1732. The death of this single-hearted man was deeply lamented.

"Gay is best known by his Fables and his 'Beggars' Opera.' The former bear the first rank in the language of their class of writing; the latter, though the applications of its political satire are obsolete, and its morality not especially commendable, still, by the vigour and liveliness of its personages, retains its place on the stage. It banished the affectations of the Italian Opera, as his Pastorals, written in ridicule of those of Ambrose Philips, effectually suppressed the false taste in that species of composition.

"The style of Gay is fluent, lively, and natural. His genius is not of a high order, but is eminently adapted to the subjects it has selected. He may be termed the inventor of the English Ballad Opera. The most popular of his ballads is 'Black-eyed Susan.'—See Empson's "Poetry and Poets of Britain," pp. 295-7. See Campbell's "Spec.," Allibone's "Crit. Dic. Eng. Lit.," Dr. Johnson's "Life of Gay"; Hazlitt's "Lect. Eng. Poets"; "Biog. Brit.," Swift's Works; Pope's Works; Spencer's "Anecdotes"; "Mischief arising from the Beggars' Opera"; "Lon. Gent. Mag.," vol. xliii.; Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of Eminent Brit. Poets"; Thackeray's "Humourists of the Eighteenth Cent."

THOMAS PARNELL.

Thomas Parnell, born 1679, died 1717. "An agreeable poet, was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire. His father, who was attached to the cause of the Parliament in the civil wars of Charles I., withdrew to Ireland after the restoration, where he purchased an estate. His eldest son, Thomas, was born at Dublin, in 1679, and received

his school education in that city. At an early age he was removed to the college, where he was admitted to the degree of B.A. in 1700, took degrees' orders in the same year, and was ordained priest three years afterwards. In 1705 he was presented to the archdeaconry of Clogher, and about the same time married a lady of great beauty and merit. He now began to make those frequent excursions to England, in which the most desirable part of his life was thenceforth spent. His first connections were principally with the Whigs, at that time in power; and Addison, Congreve, and Steele are named among his chief companions. When, at the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, the Tories were triumphant, Parnell deserted his former friends, and associated with Swift, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. Swift introduced him to Lord-Treasurer Harley; and, with the dictatorial air which he was fond of assuming, insisted upon the Treasurer's going with his staff in his hand into the antichamber, where Parnell was waiting to welcome him. It is said of this poet, that every year, as soon as he had collected the rents of his estate, and the revenue of his benefices, he came over to England, and spent some months, living in an elegant style, and rather impairing than improving his fortune. At this time he was an assiduous preacher in the London pulpits, with the intention of rising to notice; but the change of the ministry at Queen Anne's death put an end to his more brilliant prospects in the church. By means, however, of Swift's recommendation to Archbishop King, he obtained a prebend, and the valuable living of Finglass.

"His domestic happiness received a severe shock in 1712, by the death of his beloved wife; and it was the effect on his spirits of this affliction which led him into such a habit of intemperance in wine as shortened his days. This, at least, is the gloss put upon the circumstance by his historian, Goldsmith, who represents him 'as in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity.' But it can scarcely be doubted, that this mode of life had already been formed when his very unequal spirits had required the aid of a glass for his support. He died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, in July, 1717, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in Trinity Church, in that city.

"Parnell was the author of several pieces, both in prose and verse; but it is only by the latter that he is now known. Of these a collection was published by Pope, with a dedication to the Earl of Oxford. Their characters are ease, sprightliness, fancy, clearness of language, and melody of versification; and though not ranking among the most finished productions of the British muse, they claim a place among the most pleasing. A large addition to these was made in a work printed in Dublin, in 1758, of

which Dr. Johnson says, 'I know not whence they came, nor have ever enquired whether they are going.'—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," p. 221.

MATTHEW GREEN.

Matthew Green, born 1696, died 1737. "His parents were respectable Dissenters, who brought him up within the limits of the sect. His learning was confined to a little Latin; but, from the frequency of his classical allusions, it may be concluded that what he read when young, he did not forget. The austerity in which he was educated had the effect of inspiring him with settled disgust; and he fled from the gloom of dissenting worship when he was no longer compelled to attend it. Thus set loose from the opinions of his youth, he speculated very freely on religious topics, and at length adopted the system of outward compliance with established forms and inward laxity of belief. He seems at one time to have been much inclined to the principles of Quakerism; but he found that its practice would not agree with one who lived 'by pulling off the hat.' We find that he had obtained a place in the Custom house, the duties of which he is said to have discharged with great diligence and fidelity. It is further attested, that he was a man of great probity and sweetness of disposition, and that his conversation abounded with wit, but of the most inoffensive kind. He seems to have been subject to low spirits, as a relief from which he composed his principal poem, 'The Spleen.'

"The poems of Green, which were not made public till after his death, consist of 'The Spleen'; 'The Grotto'; 'Verses on Barclay's Apology'; 'The Seeker,' and some smaller pieces, all comprised in a small volume. In manner and subject they are some of the most original in our language. They rank among the easy and familiar, but are replete with uncommon thoughts, new and striking images, and those associations of remote ideas by some unexpected similitudes, in which wit principally consists. Few poems will bear more repeated perusals; and, with those who can fully enter into them, they do not fail to become favorites."—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," p. 310.

ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

Anne Countess of Winchelsea, died 1730, was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill of Sidmonton, in the county of Southampton, maid of honour to the Duchess of York, and wife to Henrage Earl of Winchelsea. A col-

lection of her poems was printed in 1713; several still remain unpublished.

"It is remarkable," says Wordsworth, "that excepting the 'Nocturnal Reverie,' and a passage or two in the 'Windsor Forest' of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of 'Paradise Lost' and 'The Seasons' does not contain a single new image of external nature."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 705.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

William Somerville, born 1692, died 1742, was descended from an ancient family. He possessed an estate of £1,500 per annum, was amiable and hospitable, and united elegant and refined pursuits with the active amusements which he has so graphically described in his "Chace"; but from deficiency in economy and temperance, was driven, according to Shenstone's account, to drink himself into pains of body in order to get rid of those of the mind. Campbell's "Spec."

ALLAN RAMSAY.

He was born 1686, died 1758. He was of a happy, jovial, and contented humour, and rendered great services to the literature of his country by reviving the taste for the excellent old Scottish poets, and by editing and imitating the incomparable songs and ballads current among the people. He was also the author of an original pastoral poem, the 'Gentle (or Noble) Shepherd,' which grew out of two eulogues he had written, descriptive of the rural life and scenery of Scotland. The complete work appeared in 1725, and consists of a series of dialogues in verse, written in the melodious and picturesque dialect of the country, and interwoven into a simple but interesting love-story. The pictures of nature given in this charming work, equally faithful and ideal, the exact representation of real peasant life and sentiment, which Ramsay, with the true instinct of a poet, knew how to make strictly true to reality without a particle of vulgarity, and the light but firm delineations of character, render this poem far superior in interest, however inferior in romantic ideality, to the 'Pastor Fido,' the 'Galatea,' or the 'Faithful Shepherdess.' The songs he has occasionally interspersed, though they may sometimes be out of place by retarding the march of events, are often eminently beautiful, as are many scattered through Ramsay's voluminous collections, in which he combined the revival of older compositions with imitations and originals of his own. The treasures of tenderness, beautiful description, and sly humour which Ramsay transmitted

from Dunbar, James I., David Lyndsay, and a thousand nameless national bards, were concentrated into one splendid focus in the writings of the author of 'Tam O'Shanter.'—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 811-2.

ELIJAH FENTON.

Elijah Fenton, born 1683, died 1730. A native of Shelton, Staffordshire, educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, is best known as the assistant of Pope in the translation of the "Odyssey." Johnson and Warton state that he translated only the 1st, 4th, 19th, and 20th books, but the Earl of Orrery asserts that he really translated double the number of books that Pope has owned. "His reward was a trifle, an arrant trifle," writes the Earl in a letter to Mr. Duncombe. He has even told me that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved him. He had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him, in the words of Bishop Atterbury, "*Mons curva in corpore curvo*." He was for some time master of the free Grammar school, Sevenoaks, Kent, and subsequently for Lord Broghill, son of his friend the Earl of Orrery. He published "Poems on Several Occasions," 1717, "Marianne," a tragedy.—Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.," Johnson's "Lives of the Eng. Poets"; Bowles' ed. of Pope.

EDWARD WARD.

Edward Ward, born 1667, died 1731. "Edward (famously called Ned) Ward was a low-born uneducated man, who followed the trade of a publican. He is said, however, to have attracted many eminent persons to his house by his colloquial powers as a landlord, to have had a general acquaintance among authors, and to have been a great retailer of literary anecdotes. In those times the tavern was a less discreditable haunt than at present, and his literary acquaintance might probably be extensive. Ten thick volumes attest the industry or coarseness of this facetious publican, who wrote his very well in verse. His favourite measure is the Hudibrastic. His works give a complete picture of the mind of a vulgar but acute cockney. His sentiment is the pleasure of eating and drinking, and his wit and humour are equally gross; but his descriptions are still curious and full of life, and are worth preserving, as delineations of the manners of the times."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 356.

BARTON BOOTH.

Barton Booth, born 1661, died 1733, an eminent English author. He wrote those

charming stanzas, "Sweet are the charms of her I love." He left a dramatic piece entitled "The Death of Dido," 1716, 8vo. The memoirs of Booth were published in London, 1733; also by Theop. Cibber, and by Mr. Victor.—Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

JOHN OLDMIXON.

John Oldmixon, born 1673, died 1742. "Ridiculed in the Tatler under the name of Omikron, the unborn poet, and one of the heroes of the 'Dunciad,' who mounts the side of a lighter in order to plunge with more effect. His party violence was rewarded with the place of collector of the customs at the port of Bridgewater."—Campbell's "Specimens."

DR. GEORGE SEWELL.

Dr. George Sewell, died Feb. 8, 1726. He was the author of "Sir Walter Raleigh," a tragedy; several papers in the fifth volume of the Tatler, and ninth of the Spectator; a life of John Philips, and several other things. He was a physician at Hampstead, with very little practice, and chiefly subsisted on the invitations of the neighbouring gentlemen, to whom his amiable character made him acceptable; but at his death not a friend or relative came to commit his remains to the dust. He was buried in the meanest manner, under a hollow tree, that was once part of the boundary of the church-yard of Hampstead. No memorial was placed over his remains.—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 245.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

Thomas Southerne, born in Dublin, 1659, died 1746. "He studied the law in the Temple, but quitted that profession for the army. The close of his life was tranquil and surrounded with competence. Southerne was the author of ten plays, the most conspicuous of which are the tragedies of 'Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage,' and 'The pathetic drama of 'Oroonoko.' The sufferings of the generous and unhappy Africas, torn by the slave-trade from his country and his home, and his love for Imoinda, furnish good materials to the pathetic genius of Southerne, who was the first English author to hold up to execration the cruelties of that infernal traffic that so long remained a stain upon our country. The distress in 'Isabella' is also carried to a high degree of intensity, and tenderness and pathos may be asserted to be the primary characteristics of Southerne's dramatic genius."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

From 1689 to 1727.]

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

Nicholas Rowe, born 1673, died 1718. "He was descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, was the son of John Rowe, Esquire, a barrister of reputation and extensive practice. Being placed at Westminster School, under Dr. Busby, he pursued the classical studies of that place with credit. At the age of sixteen he was removed from school, and entered a student of the Middle Temple, it being his father's intention to bring him up to his own profession; but the death of this parent, when Nicholas was only nineteen, freed him from what he probably thought a pursuit foreign to his disposition; and he turned his chief studies to poetry and polite literature. At the age of twenty-five he produced his first tragedy, 'The Ambitious Stepmother,' which was afterwards succeeded by 'Tamerlane'; 'The Fair Penitent'; 'Ulysses'; 'The Royal Convert'; 'Jane Shore'; and 'Lady Jane Grey.' Of these, though all have their merits, the third and the two last alone keep possession of the stage; but 'Jane Shore' in particular never fails to be viewed with deep interest. His plays, from which are derived his principal claims upon posterity, are chiefly founded on the model of French tragedy; and in his diction, which is poetical without being bombastic or affected; in his versification, which is singularly sweet; and in tirades of sentiment, given with force and elegance, he has few competitors.

"As a miscellaneous poet, Rowe occupies but an inconsiderable place among his countrymen; but it has been thought proper to give some of his songs or ballads in the pastoral strain; which have a touching simplicity, scarcely excelled by any piece of the kind. His principal efforts, however, were in poetical translation; and his version of Lucan's Pharsalia has been placed by Dr. Johnson among the greatest productions of English poetry." — Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," p. 280.

GEORGE LILLO.

George Lillo, born 1698, died 1739, "is in many respects a remarkable and singular literary figure. He was a jeweller in London, and appears to have been a prudent and industrious tradesman, and to have accumulated a fair competence. His dramatic works consist of a peculiar species of what may be called tragedies of domestic life. The principal of them are 'George Barnwell'; 'the Fatal Curiosity,' and 'Arden of Feversham.' Lillo composed sometimes in verse and sometimes in prose; he based his pieces upon remarkable examples of crime, generally

in the middle ranks of society, and worked up the interest to a high pitch of intensity. In 'George Barnwell' is traced the career of a London shopman—a real person—who is lured by the artifices of an abandoned woman and the force of his own passion first into embroilment, and then into the murder of an uncle. The hero of the play, like his prototype in actual life, expiates his offences on the scaffold. The subject of the 'Fatal Curiosity.' Lillo's most powerful work, is far more dramatic in its interests. A couple, reduced by circumstances, and by the absence of their son, to the lowest depths of distress, receive into their house a stranger, who is evidently in possession of a large sum; while he is asleep, they determine to assassinate him for the purpose of plunder, and afterwards discover in their victim their long-lost son. It will be remembered that the tragic story of 'Arden of Feversham,' a tissue of conjugal infidelity and murder, was an event that really took place in the reign of Elizabeth, and had furnished materials for a very popular drama, attributed, but on insufficient evidence, to Shakspeare among other playwrights of the time. It was again revived by Lillo, and treated in his characteristic manner—a manner singularly intense in spirit, though prosaic in form. Indeed, the very absence of imagination in this writer may have contributed to the effect he produced, by augmenting the air of reality in his conceptions. He has something of the gloom and sombre directness which we see in Webster or Tournear, but he is entirely devoid of the wild fantastic fancy which distinguishes that great writer. He is real, but with the reality, not of Walter Scott, but of Defoe."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 265-6.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

Sir John Vanbrugh, born 1666, died 1726, "was the oldest son of Mr. Giles Vanbrugh of London, merchant; he was born in the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, 1666. He received a very liberal education, and at the age of nineteen was sent by his father to France, where he continued several years. In 1703 he was appointed Clarendon's king of arms, and in 1706 was commissioned by Queen Anne to carry the habit and ensigns of the order of the garter to King George the First, then at Hanover. He was also made comptroller-general of the board of works, and surveyor of the gardens and waters. In 1714 he received the order of knighthood, and in 1719 married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Colonel Yarborough. Sir John died of a quinsy at his house in Scotland-yard, and is interred in the family vault under

the church of St. Stephen Walbrook. He left only one son, who fell at the battle of Fontenoy."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 343.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

George Farquhar "was born at Londonderry in Ireland in 1678, and in his personal as well as his literary character he exemplifies the merits and the defects of his nation. He received some education at college, but at the early age of eighteen embraced the profession of an actor. Having accidentally wounded one of his comrades in a fencing-match, he quitted the stage and served for some time in the army, in the Earl of Orrery's regiment. His military experience enabled him to give very lively and faithful representations of gay, rattling officers, and furnished him with materials for one of his pleasantest comedies. His dramatic productions, which were mostly written after his return to his original profession, are more numerous than those of his predecessors, and consist of seven plays: 'Love and a Bottle,' the 'Constant Couple,' the 'Inconstant,' the 'Stage Coach,' the 'Twin Rivals,' the 'Recruiting Officer,' and the 'Beaux' Stratagem. These were produced in rapid succession, for the literary career of poor Farquhar was compressed into a short space of time—between 1698, when the first of the above pieces was acted, and the author's early death about 1708. The end of this brief course, which terminated at the age of thirty, was clouded by ill health and poverty; for Farquhar was induced to marry a lady who gave out, contrary to truth, that she was possessed of some fortune.

"The works of Farquhar are a faithful reflection of his gay, loving, vivacious character; and it appears that down to his early death, not only did they go on increasing in joyous animation, but exhibit a constantly augmenting skill and ingenuity in construction, his last works being incomparably his best. Among them it will be unnecessary to dwell minutely on any but the 'Constant Couple' (the intrigue of which is extremely animated), the 'Inconstant,' and chiefly the 'Recruiting Officer' and the 'Beaux' Stratagem.' In Farquhar's pieces we are delighted with the overflow of high animal spirits, generally accompanied, as is nature, by a certain frankness and generosity. We readily pardon the peccadillo of his personages, as we attribute their escapades less to innate depravity than to the heat of blood and the effervescence of youth. His heroes often engage in deceptions and tricks, but there is no trace of the deep and deliberate rascality which we see in Wycherley's intrigues, or of

the thorough scoundrelism of Vanbrugh's sharpers. The 'Beaux' Stratagem' is decidedly the best-constructed of our author's plays; and the repudiation of the two embarrassed gentlemen, who come down into the country disguised as the master and his servant, though not perhaps very probable, is extremely well conducted, and furnishes a series of lively and amusing adventures. The contrast between Archer and Aimwell and Dick Amlet and Brass in Vanbrugh's 'Confederacy,' shows a higher moral tone in Farquhar, as compared with his predecessor; and the numerous characters with whom they are brought in contact—Boniface the landlord, Cherry, Squire Sulen, and the immitable Scrub, not to mention Gibbet the highwayman, and Father Foigard the Irish-French Jesuit—are drawn with never-failing vivacity. Passages, expressions, say, sometimes whole scenes, may be found among the dramas of Farquhar, stamped with that rich humour and oddity which engrave them on the memory. Thus Boniface's laudation of his ale, 'as the saying is,' Squire Sulen's inimitable conversation with Scrub: 'What day of the week is it? Scrub. Sunday, sir. Sul. Sunday? Then bring me a dram! And Scrub's suspicions: 'I am sure they are talking of me, for they laughed comically!'—such traits prove that Farquhar possessed a true comic genius. The scenes in the 'Recruiting Officer,' where Sergeant Kite inveigles the two clowns to enlist, and those in which Captain Plume figures, are also of high merit. In those plays upon which I have not thought it necessary to insist, as the 'Constant Couple' and the 'Inconstant,' the reader will not fail to find scenes worked up to a great brilliancy of comic effect: as, for example, the admirable interview between Sir Harry Wildair and Lady Lurewell, when the snavish coquette endeavours to make him jealous of his wife, and he drives her almost to madness by dilating on his conjugal happiness. Throughout Farquhar's plays the predominant quality is a gay geniality, which more than compensates for his less elaborate brilliancy in sparkling repartee. He seems always to write from his heart; and therefore, though we shall in vain seek in his dramas for a very high standard of morality, his writings are free from that insensate tone of black-guard heartlessness which disgraces the comic literature of the time."—Gaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 255-7.

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

Lord Lansdowne, born 1667, died 1733. A noble imitator, in an aristocratic sense, of Waller, and better known "as Granville the poet, than Granville the peer."

FIFTH PERIOD.

From 1689 to 1727.

747.—AN ODE.

Man ! foolish man !
 Scarce know'st thou how thyself began ;
 Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove
 thou art ;
 Yet steed with studied boldness, thou dar'st
 try
 To send thy doubting reason's dazzled eye
 Through the mysterious gulf of vast immen-
 sity.
 Much thou canst there discern, much thence
 impart.
 Vain wretch ! suppress thy knowing pride ;
 Mortify thy learned lust !
 Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art
 dust.

Let Wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend ;
 The helm let politic Experience guide :
 Yet cease to hope thy short-lived bark shall
 ride
 Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
 What, though still it farther tend ?
 Still 'tis farther from its end ;
 And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
 Still finds its error lengthen with its way.
 With daring pride and insolent delight
 Your doubts resolved you boast, your labours
 crowned ;
 And 'EYPHKA ! your god, forsooth is found
 Incomprehensible and infinite.
 But is he therefore found ? vain searcher ! no :
 Let your imperfect definition show,
 That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

Say, why should the collected main
 itself within itself contain ?
 Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
 And with delighted silence sleep
 On the loved bosom of its parent deep ?
 Why should its numerous waters stay
 In comely discipline, and fair array,
 Till winds and tides exert their high command ?
 Then prompt and ready to obey,
 Why do the rising surges spread
 Their opening ranks o'er earth's submissive
 head,
 Marching through different paths to different
 lands ?

Why does the constant sun
 With measured steps his radiant journey
 run ?

Why does he order the diurnal hours
 To leave earth's other part, and rise on ours ?
 Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
 And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
 Commanding her with delegated powers
 To beautify the world, and bless the night ?

Why does each animated star
 Love the just limits of its proper sphere ?
 Why does each consenting sign
 With prudent harmony combine
 In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
 To gird the globe, and regulate the year ?

Man does with dangerous curiosity
 These unfathomed wonders try :
 With fancied rules and arbitrary laws
 Master and motion he restrains ;
 And studied lines and fictions circles draws :
 Then with imagined sovereignty
 Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
 He reigns : how long ! till some usurper
 rise,
 And he, too, mighty thoughtful, mighty
 wise,

Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
 From this last toll again what knowledge
 flows ?

Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
 That all his predecessor's rules
 Were empty cant, all jargon of the Schools ;
 That he on the other's ruin rears his
 throne ;

And shows his friend's mistake, and thence
 confirms his own.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
 Mountainous heaps of wonders rise ;
 Whose towering strength will ne'er submit
 To Reason's batteries, or the mines of Wit :
 Yet still inquiring, still mistaking men,
 Each hour repulsed, each hour dare onward
 press ;

And levelling at God his wandering guess,
 (That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
 Which guides his doubts, and combats his
 despair)

Laws to his Maker the learned wretch can
 give:
 Can bound that nature, and prescribe that
 will,
 Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill:
 Can tell us whence all beings are, and how
 they move and live.

Through either ocean, foolish man!
 That pregnant word sent forth again,
 Might to a world extend each atom there;
 For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for
 every star.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful wonders
 hide;
 And only lift thy staggering reason up
 To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top;
 Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy
 pride,

Explaining how Perfection suffered pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and eternal died:
 How by her patient victor Death was slain;
 And earth profaned, yet blessed with
 deities.

Then down with all thy boasted volumes,
 down;

Only reserve the sacred one:

Low, reverently low,
 Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;
 Weep out thy reason's and thy body's
 eyes;
 Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise;
 To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light,
 shall give

Her immortal perspective;
 And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
 Then thy enlivened soul shall see,
 That all the volumes of philosophy,
 With all their comments, never could invent
 So politic an instrument.

To reach the Heaven of Heavens, the high
 abode,

Where Moses places his mysterious God,
 As was that ladder which old Jacob reared,
 When light divine had human darkness
 cleared;

And his enlarged ideas found the road,
 Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, Died 1721.

748.—A SONG.

In vain you tell your parting lover,
 You wish fair winds may waft him over.
 Alas! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love!
 Alas! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those that I sustain,
 From slighted vows, and cold disdain!
 Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempests loose:

That, thrown again upon the coast,
 Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain;
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, Died 1721.

749.—THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

Alexis shunned his fellow swains,
 Their rural sports, and jocund strains,
 (Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks;
 And wandering through the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came:
 His grief some pity, others blame,
 The fatal cause all kindly seek;
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest;
 And she too kind concern expressed,
 And asked the reason of his woe;
 She asked, but with an air and mien,
 That made it easily foreseen,
 She feared too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head;
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal;
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain;
 You are the cause of all my care:
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
 I love and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard;
 'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
 And yet I pardon you, ah cruel!
 But you shall promise ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:
 He bow'd, eheyst, and died!

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, Died 1721.

750.—THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Celia and I the other day
 Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea;
 The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
 And on the surface of the deep,
 The winds lay only not asleep.

The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air:
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large glass descry;
When thou art in good humour dressed,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee.
'Tis then, that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain, I hand my car;
Nor think on all I left on shore.
But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art you angry main,
Deformed by winds, and dashed by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make;
While Love and Fate still drive me back;
Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I wish thee, or without thee, die!

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, Died 1721.

751.—CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

In Heaven, one holiday, you read
In wise Anacron, Ganyমেদে
Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
A main, to pass an hour, or so;
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, played all the play.
The god unhappily engaged,
By nature rash, by play enraged,
Complained, and sighed, and cried, and
Fretted;
Lost every earthly thing he betted:
In ready-money, all the store
Picked up long since from Danaë's shower;
A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierced with diamond darts;
His nine-pins made of myrtle-wood
(The tree in Ida's forest stood);
His bowl pure gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table-books in shagreen covers;
Filled with good verse from real lovers;
Merchandise rare! a billet-doux,

Its matter passionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair-rings, and ciphered seals;
Rich trifles; serious bagatelles.
What sad disorders play bagates!
Desperate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecates his power;
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise: those darts—Come, seven's the main,
Cries Ganyমেদে; the usual trick;
Seven, alur a six; eleven, a nick.
Ill news go fast: 'twas quickly known,
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son:
Come hither, sirrah! no, begone;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed?
A comrade you for Ganyমেদে!
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy;
A prince's son! a blackguard boy;
A sharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither;
Juno herself has had no peace:
And truly I've been favoured less:
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name),
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
And thou, unhappy child, she said
(Her anger by her grief allayed),
Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despised, thy weakness known?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crowned;
Nor shall thy power in Heaven be owned;
When thou, nor man, nor god canst wound.
Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
Yet why this great excess of trouble?
The dice were false: the darts are gone:
Yet how are you or I undone?
The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Cioe's eye:
Fear not we e'er can be disgraced,
While that bright magazine shall last.
Your crowded altars still shall smoke;
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove shall again reverse your power,
And rise a swan, or fall a shower.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, Died 1721.

752.—CUPID MISTAKEN.

As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new filled his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well-guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried;
O cruel, couldst thou find none other,
To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake;
I took you for your likeness Cloe.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, Died 1721.

753.—MERCURY AND CUPID.

In sullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes should the weapons break,
Or throw them into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand;
He found his man, produced his warrant;
Cupid, your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending against power.

How sullen Jupiter, just now,
I think I said; and you'll allow,
That Cupid was as bad as he:

Hear but the youngster's repartee.
Come, kinsman (said the little god),
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower,
And rest yourself for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heaven,
But you fly fast; and 'tis but seven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celestial Hector—

He break my dart, or hurt my power!
He, Leda's swan, and Danaë's shower!
Go, bid him his wife's tongue restrain,
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—

My darts! O certainly I'll give them:
From Cloe's eyes he shall receive them.
There's one, the best in all my quiver,
Twang! through his very heart and liver,
He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave:
Good lord! what bustle shall we have!
Neptune must straight be sent to sea,
And Flora summoned twice a day:
One must find shells, and t'other flowers,
For cooling grove, and fragrant bowers,

That Cloe may be served in state:
The Hours must at her toilet wait:
Whilst all the reasoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too slow.
Lys must fly south, and Eurus east,
For jewels for her hair and breast;
No matter though their cruel haste
Sink cities, and lay forests waste;
No matter though this fleet be lost;
Or that he wind-bound on the coast.

What whispering in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno should not hear!
What work among you scholar gods!
Phœbus must write him amorous odes;
And thou, poor cousin, must compose
His letters in submissive prose;
Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain
The honour of my mystic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows disdain;
And laugh at your old bully's pain.
Dear coz., said Hermes in a fright,
For Heaven's sake, keep your darts! good
night.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, Died 1721.

754.—THE GARLAND.

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face;
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day;
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undressed at evening when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropped sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour; pry'three, tell
That falling tear—What does it mean?

She sighed; she smiled; and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung;
The amorous youth around her bowed;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, Died 1721.

755.—HENRY AND EMMA.

TO CLOE.

Thou, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Though low my voice, though artless be my
hand)

I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play,
Careless of what the censuring world may say:
Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow;

Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's
strains,

And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his
pains?

No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Though since her youth three hundred years
have roll'd:

As thy desire she shall again be lusted;
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be
praised.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love, and not be loved again;
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female passion feigned, or faith decayed;
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.

And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquered love, and ever-during flame;

O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse;
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse;
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me, love, the just reward of verse!

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorned thy face;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful Henry
felt;

O let the story with thy life agree,
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.

Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banished man to rove.
But oh! with pity, long-entreated, crown
My pains and hopes; and when thou say'st
that one

Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me
alone.

Where boateous Isis and her husband
Tame

With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron lived;
Great gifts bestowed, and great respect re-
ceived.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war,
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully discharged)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarged
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retired and noisy
court,

In honourable ease and rural sport,

The remnant of his days he safely pass'd;
Nor found they lagged too slow, nor flew too
fast.

He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and
fair.

His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir;
They called her Emma; for the beauteous
dame,

Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the
name;

The name the indulgent father doubly loved;
For in the child the mother's charms im-
proved.

Yet as, when little, round his knees she
played,

He called her oft in sport his Nut-brown
Maid,

The friends and tenants took the fondling
word

(As still they please, who imitate their lord);
Usage confirmed what fancy had begun;

The mutual terms around the ladies were
known;

And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were,
one.

As with her stature, still her charms in-
creased;

Through all the isle her beauty was confessed.
Oh! what perfection met that virgin share,

Who fairest is esteemed, where all see fair;
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessened truth.

By wonder first, and then by passion moved,
They came, they saw, they marvelled, and
they loved.

By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each owned the general power of Emma's
eyes.

In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.

In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And graced their choicest songs with Emma's
name.

In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their
wit.

Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's
heart,

Spite of the attempts of force, and soft effects
of art.

Great Venus must prefer the happy one;
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown;
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him
alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His squire, his arms, and equipage forsakes,
In borrowed name and false attire arrayed,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit
dressed,

Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast;

In his right hand his beechen pole he bears,
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her
way,

With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake,
And shows the path her steed may safest
take ;

Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound,
Pleased in his toils to have her triumph
crowned ;

And blows her praises in no common sound.
A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks ;
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks ;
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practised to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry
down ;

With humble reverence he accosts the fair.
And with the honoured feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is expressed,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger
throng,

Or to admire, or emulate his song :

While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,

With dutiful respect, and studious fear ;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now, the house he harras,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.

With the fond maids in palmistry he deals ;
They tell the secret first, which he reveals ;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be be-
guiled ;

What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain
the child.

But, when bright Emma would her fortune
know,

A softer look unbends his opening brow ;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply ;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair ;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are 'all reserved
for her.

Now oft had Henry changed his sly dis-
guise,

Unmarked by all but benighted Emma's eyes ;
Oft had fond means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame,
And oft the pangs of absence to remove

By letters, soft interpreters of love.

Till Time and Industry (the mighty two)
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Received his vows with no reluctant ear ;
That Venus had confirmed her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's
pain.

While Cupid smiled, by kind occasion
blessed,
And, with the secret kept, the love increased ;
The amorous youth frequents the silent
groves ;

And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves ; 'tis true ; and is beloved again ;
Great are his joys, but will they long remain ?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame ;
But smiling, will she ever be the same !
Beautiful looks are ruled by fickle minds ;
And summer seas are turned by sudden
winds.

Another love may gain her easy youth :
Time changes thought ; and flattery conquers
truth.

O impotent estate of human life,
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife !
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And meet we question what we most desire !
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven
bestow
Our cup of love unmixed ; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in ; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief ; for our ill-judging
thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste ;
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot
last.

With wishes raised, with jealousies op-
pressed
(Alas ! the tyrants of the human breast),
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.

If scanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure ;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail ;
If, poised aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail ;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in
war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade ;
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had
heard,
Here oft her silence had her heart declared.
As active spring awaked her infant buds,
And genial life informed the verdant woods,
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half expressed and half concealed his
sues.

Upon this tree ; and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widened with the
bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might
increase.

As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And decked the various mead with opening
flowers ;
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;

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Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;

As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And decked the various mead with opening
flowers ;

Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;

Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleased with his conquest, with her present
crowned.

Glorious through all the plains he oft had
gone,

And to each swain the mystic honour shown;
The gift still praised, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes,
To the known tree the lovely maid invites;
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforseen mischance disturbed his
peace;

That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct, and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note received,
The remnant of the day alone she grieved;

For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;

Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;

Which always blessed her eyes, and owned
her power;

And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanced. The house in sleep
were laid;

The nurse experienced, and the prying maid;
And last that sprite, which does incessant
haunt

The lover's steps, the ancient maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,

With quickened pace repairing forced delay;
For love, fantastic power, that is afraid

To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless
ways.

Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide! is
blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were night;

With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.

But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fixed regards are cast;

His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears unborn fall copious from his
eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love;
His painted grief does real sorrow move

In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current
break;

Attentive stood the mournful nymph; the
man

Broke silence first, the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?

Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?

Hasst thou now dreaded, and now blest his
sway,

By turns averse, and joyful to obey?

Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewailed;
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevailed?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy
heart?

If so, with pity view my wretched state,
At least deplore, and then forget my fate;

To some more happy knight reserve thy
charms;

By Fortune favoured, and successful arms:
And only, as the sun's revolving ray

Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,

To an abandoned exile's endless care.
For me, alas! out-cast of human race,

Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For lo! these hands in murder are imbrued,

These trembling feet by justice are pursued;
Fate calls aloud, and hastes me away,

A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,

Condemned in lonely woods, a banished man,
to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the
moon;

And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies,

And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! 'be pain, the pain I bear

No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one
feigned,

The flames which long have in my bosom
reigned:

The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and
care,

His complement of stores, and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;

And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;

Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upraid

The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,

While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolved, where'er thou lead'st, to go,

Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,

That I, of all mankind, will love but thee
alone.

HENRY.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy venturesome
way,

And take good heed, what man will think and
say;

That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
Her father's house and civil life forsook:

That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodland with an exile ran.

Reflect, that lessened flame is ne'er regained;
And virgin honour, once, is always stained:

Timely advised, the coming evil shun ;
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame ;
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out
 shame.
 Then fly the sad effects of desperate love ;
 And leave a banished man through lonely
 woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young, or the ill-natured old ;
 Let every tongue its various censures choose,
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse ;
 Fair truth at last her radiant beams will
 raise,
 And malice vanquished heightens virtue's
 praise.
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight,
 O ! let my presence make thy travels light,
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
 Above the rumours of censorious Fame.
 Nor from that busy demon's restless power
 Will ever Emma's other grace explore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be
 known,
 That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee
 alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend
 the bow,
 With active force repel the sturdy foe ?
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle
 nigh,
 And winged death in whistling arrows fly ;
 Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted
 stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous
 day ?
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will
 fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all
 pale ;
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betrayed :
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharged, deny
 Thy little useless aid, and onward fly :
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made
 thee love
 A banished man, condemned in lonely woods
 to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew ;
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandished high the British spear.
 Could this threat of vengeance and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame,
 And shall not love's divinest power inspire
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire ?
 Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side,
 Though my inferior strength may not allow,
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow ;

With ready hand, I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touched in the battle by the hostile reel,
 Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it !) shouldst
 thou bleed ;
 To staunch the wounds, my finest lawn I'd
 tear,
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with
 my hair ;
 Blest, when my dangers and my toils have
 shown
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee
 alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou
 sustain
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain ?
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk arrayed,
 From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid ;
 Can they bear angry Jove ! can they resist
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-
 east ?
 When, chilled by adverse snows and beating
 rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome
 plain ;
 When with hard toil we seek our evening
 food,
 Berries and acorns, from the neighbouring
 wood ;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gathered boughs ;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste ; and weeping try
 (Though then, alas ! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding
 ate !
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must
 mourn ;
 That gate, for ever barred to thy return :
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banished man, condemned in
 woods to rove ?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determined to recede ;
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea ;
 While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And fortune's favour fills the swelling main ;
 But would forsake the ship, and make the
 shore,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests
 roar ?
 No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has tied
 Our loves ; one destiny our life shall guide ;
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
 Whene'er from the cave thou risest with the
 day,
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding
 prey ;
 The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
 And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return.

And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten
deer
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err);
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring
wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the
food;
With humble duty and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring;
And, when at night with weary toil oppress'd,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome
rest;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight
prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joys we seek, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father,
friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him
alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's
case
Shall in the wilderness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unobscipiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fits by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their oblate beauties with a modest
pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
The ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropped off and lost, scarce lower than thy
ear
Shall stand uncouth: a horseman's coat shall
hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side.
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and
knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free:
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
No solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find;
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were
there:
Or guardian gods made innocence their care,
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view;
For snob must be my friends, a hideous crew.
By adverse fortunes mixed in social ill,
Trained to assault, and disciplined to kill;

Their common loves, a lewd abandoned pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back:
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want and prostitute for bread,
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey:
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inured to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful
wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply:
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful
curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must
forego:
By our ill-omened stars, and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love;
Or leave a banished man, condemned in woods
to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee
shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go:
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe;
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward set is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin;
By her own choice free virtue is approved,
Nor by the force of outward objects moved.
Who has essay'd no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fixed her seat,
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their
threat.
For thee alone these little charms I dressed:
Condemned them, or absolved them by thy
test.
In comely figure ranged my jewels shone,
Or negligently placed for thee alone;
For thee again they shall be laid aside:
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchanged for
these,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O fine extremes of human infamy!
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll
tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my
brow,
Lost by my look or colour be expressed

The mark of aught high-born, or ever better
dressed.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him
alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thoughts of an abandoned mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Even honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whose raving fancy would resolve the same
With him, who next shall tempt her easy
fame;
And blow with empty words the susceptible
flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind
perplex,
Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou
long'st to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames,
and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or
flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words, they murder
Emma's fame.
And fall these sayings from that gentle
tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious
strain,
Counting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Called sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame conveyed,
Still blame the coldness of the Nut-brown
Maid?
Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light.
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Lid e'er my tongue speak my unguarded
heart
The least inclined to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee
alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and sickle is our mind;
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade;
With arms armed with rage we march against the
foe,
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow;
When, fired with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
As thy our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou
pursue?

Forget the present flame, indulge a new:
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth;
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt
believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and
leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's
flight.

Why shouldst thou weep? let nature judge
our case;
I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty; blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine
flame;

The object altered, the desire the same.
This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful
charms;
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my subjected mind
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her turf the
maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decayed:
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wiliness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with
her.

Love, well thou know'st, no partnership
allows:
Cupid's fierce rejects divided vows:
Them from thy foolish heart, vain maid,
remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starred love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods
to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led:
Is each man perjured, and each nymph be-
trayed?

Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely cursed?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.