

THE
WORKS

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

OF THE

• ENGLISH POETS, •

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

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

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F. S. A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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

SUCKLING, 1600-42
CARTWRIGHT, Wm 1612-43
CRASHAW, 1612-47
SHERBURNE, 1612-47
BROME, 1612-47
C. COTTON.

LONDON:

WELLS FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; E. BALDWIN; F. AND C. RIVINGTON; W. OTTRIDGE AND SON;
G. AND SOTHEBY; R. FAULDER AND SON; G. NICOL AND SON; T. PAYNE; G. ROBINSON; WILKIE AND
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TREWS AND LEIGH; J. MAWMAN; J. BOOTH; J. ASPERNE; P. AND W. WYRNE; AND W. GRACE. DEIGHTON
SON AT CAMBRIDGE, AND WILSON AND SON AT YORK.

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THE
POEMS
OF
CHARLES COTTON.

THE

LIFE OF CHARLES COTTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS poet was the son of Charles Cotton, esq.^s of Beresford, in Staffordshire, a man of considerable fortune and high accomplishments. Lord Clarendon says, he “had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen: such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man in the court, or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person: all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage, and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression upon his mind; which being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgencies to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less revered than his youth had been; and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long².”

His son, who inherited many of these characteristics, was born on the 28th of April, 1630, and educated at the university of Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Mr. Ralph Rawson, whom he celebrates in the translation of an ode of Johannes Secundus. At the university he is said to have studied the Greek and Roman classics with distinguished success, and to have become a perfect master of the French and Italian languages. It does not appear, however, that he took any degree, or studied with a view to any learned profession; but after his residence at Cambridge, travelled into France and other parts of the continent. On his return, he resided during the greater part of his life at the family seat at Beresford.

In 1656, when he was in his twenty-sixth year, he married Isabella, daughter of sir Thomas Hutchinson, knight, of Owthorp, in the county of Nottingham, a distant relation, and took her home to his father's house, as he had no other establishment. On his father's death, in 1658, he succeeded to the family estate, encumbered by those imprudencies noticed by lord Clarendon, from which it does not appear that he was ever able to relieve it.

¹ Who was the son of sir George Cotton, of Hampshire, and married the only child of sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, by his first wife, Olive, heiress of Edward Beresford, esq. of Beresford.—*Topographer*, vol. III. Suppl. 25. C.

² Continuation of the *Life of Lord Clarendon*. The other particulars of Cotton's life are taken from the *Biog. Brit.* and from sir John Hawkins' account of him prefixed to the Second Part of the *Complete Angler*. C.

From this time, almost all we have of his life is comprized in a list of his various publications, which were chiefly translations from the French, or imitations of the writers of that nation. In 1663, he published Mons. de Vaix's Moral Philosophy of the Stoics, in compliance, sir John Hawkins thinks, with the will of his father, who was accustomed to give him themes and authors for the exercise of his judgment and learning. In 1665, he translated the Horace of Corneille for the amusement of his sister, who, in 1670, consented that it should be printed. In this attempt he suffered little by being preceded by sir William Lower, and followed by Mrs. Catherine Phillips. In 1670, he published a translation of the Life of the Duke of d'Espernon; and about the same time, his affairs being much embarrassed, he obtained a captain's commission in the army, and went over to Ireland. Some adventures he met with on this occasion gave rise to his first burlesque poem, entitled A Voyage to Ireland, in three cantos. Of his more serious progress in the army, or when, or why he left it, we have no account.

In 1674, he published the translation of the Fair One of Tunis, a French novel; and of the Commentaries of Blaise de Montluc, marshal of France: and in 1675, The Planter's Manual, being instructions for cultivating all sorts of fruit trees. In 1678 appeared his most celebrated burlesque performance, entitled "Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie: a Mock Poem, on the First and Fourth Books of Virgil's Æneis, in English Burlesque." To this was afterwards added, "Burlesque upon Burlesque, or the Scoffer scoffed: being some of Lucian's Dialogues newly put into English fustian."

In 1681, he published The Wonders of the Peak, an original poem; which, however, proved that he had not much talent for the descriptive branch of poetry. His next employment was a translation of Montaigne's Essays, which was highly praised by the marquis of Halifax, and has often been reprinted, as conveying the spirit and sense of the original with great felicity. His style certainly approaches very closely to the antiquated gossip of that "old prater."

The only remaining production of our author is connected with his private history. One of his favourite recreations was angling, which led to an intimacy between him and honest Isaac Walton, whom he called his father. His house was situated on the banks of the Dove, a fine trout stream, which divides the counties of Derby and Stafford. Here he built a little fishing house dedicated to anglers, *piscatoribus sacrum*, over the door of which the initials of the names of Cotton and Walton were united in a cypher. The interior of this house was a cube of about fifteen feet, paved with black and white marble; the walls wainscoted, with painted pannels representing scenes of fishing: and on the doors of the beaufet were the portraits of Cotton and Walton. His partnership with Walton in this amusement induced him to write Instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling, in a clear Stream, which have since been published as a second part, or Supplement to Walton's Complete Angler.

At what time his first wife died, is not recorded. His second was Mary, countess dowager of Ardglass, widow of Wingfield, lord Cromwell, second earl of Ardglass, who died in 1649. She must therefore have been considerably older than our poet, but she had a jointure of 1500l. a year, which, although it afforded him

many comforts, was secured from his imprudent management. He died in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, in 1687, and, it would appear, in a state of insolvency, as Elizabeth Bludworth, his principal creditor, administered to his effects, his widow and children having previously renounced the administration. These children were by the first wife. One of them, Mr. Beresford Cotton, published in 1694 the *Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis*, translated by his father; and perhaps assisted in the collection of his poems which appeared in 1689⁴. This gentleman had a company given him in a regiment of foot raised by the earl of Derby, for the service of king William: and one of his sisters was married to the celebrated Dr. George Stanhope, dean of Canterbury.

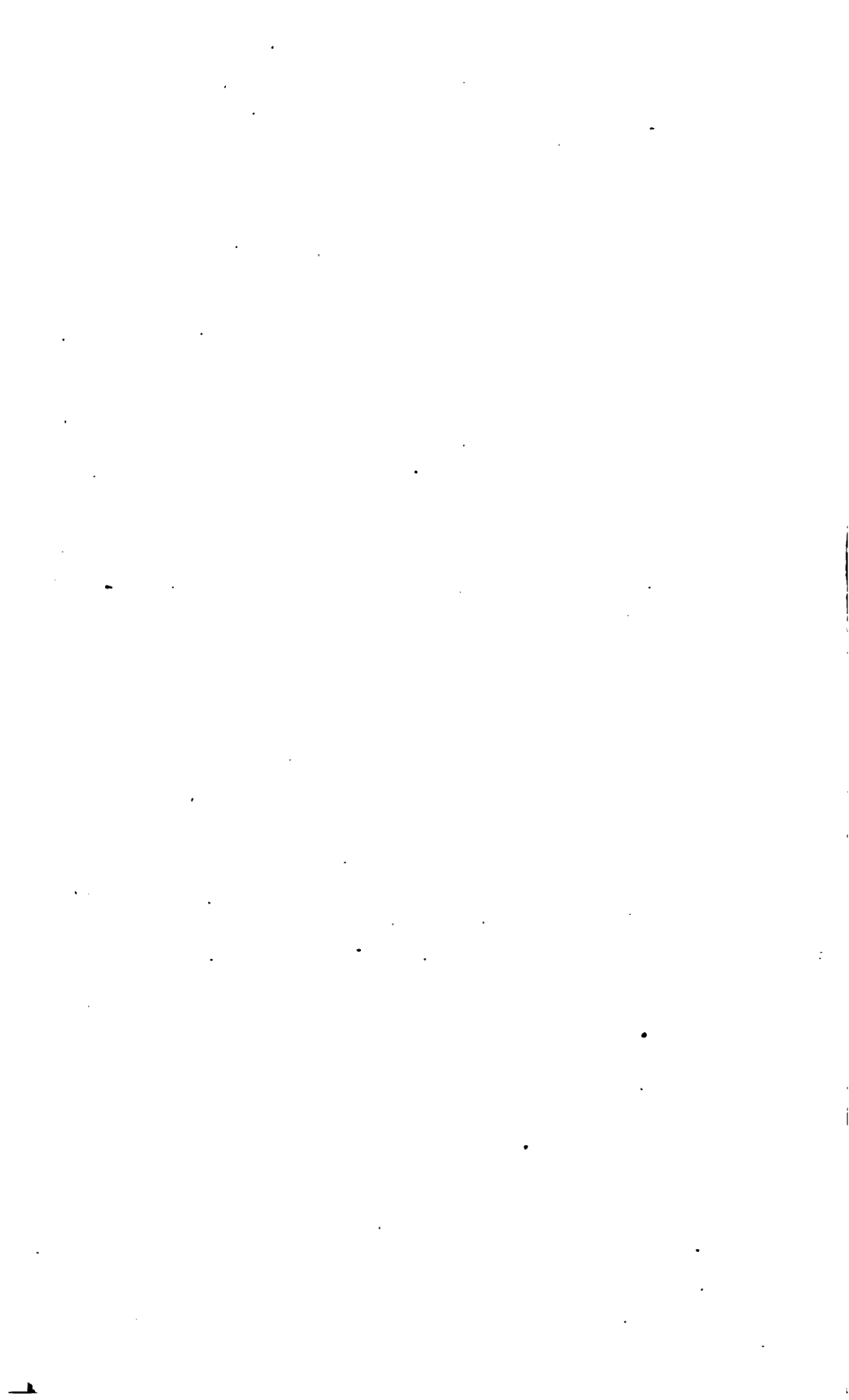
The leading features of Mr. Cotton's character may be gathered from the few circumstances we have of his life, and from the general tendency of his works. Like his father, he was regardless of pecuniary concerns, a lively and agreeable companion, a man of wit and pleasure, and frequently involved in difficulties from which he did not always escape without some loss of character. It has been reported that on one occasion he offended an aunt or grandmother, by introducing, in his *Virgil Travestie*, the mention of a singular ruff which she wore, and that this provoked the lady to revoke a clause in her will by which she had bequeathed an estate to him. The lines are supposed to be these.

And then there is a fair great ruff,
Made of a pure and costly stuff,
To wear about her highness' neck,
Like Mrs. Cockney's in the Peak.

But the story is probably not authentic. In his poems, we find a most affectionate epitaph on his aunt Mrs. Ann Stanhope.

His fate as a poet has been very singular. The *Virgil Travestie* and his other burlesque performances have been perpetuated by at least fifteen editions, while his poems, published in 1689¹, in which he displays true taste and elegance, have never been reprinted until now. The present, indeed, is but a selection, as many of his smaller pieces abound in those indelicacies which were the reproach of the reign of Charles II. In what remain, we find a strange mixture of broad humour and drollery mixed with delicacy and tenderness of sentiment, and even with devotional poetry of a superior cast. His Pindarics will probably not be thought unworthy of a comparison with those of Cowley. His verses are often equally harmonious, while his thoughts are less encumbered with amplification. In his burlesque poems, Butler appears to have been his model, but we have the Hudibrastic measure only: nothing can be more vulgar, disgusting or licentious than his parodies on *Virgil* and *Lucian*. That they should have been so often reprinted, marks the slow progress of the refinement of public taste during the greater part of the eighteenth century: but within the last thirty years it has advanced with rapidity, and Cotton is no longer tolerated. The *Travestie*, indeed, even when executed with a more chaste humour than in Cotton's *Virgil*, or *Bridges' Homer*, is an extravagance pernicious to true taste, and ought never to be encouraged unless where the original is a legitimate object of ridicule.

⁴ This collection was made in a very slovenly manner, several of the pieces being repeated in different parts of the volume. C.



POEMS

OF

CHARLES COTTON.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO CÆLIA.

ODE.

Give me my heart again (fair treachery)
You ravish'd from me with a smile,
Oh ! let it in some nobler quarrel die
Than a poor trophy of your guile.
And faith (bright Cœlia) tell me, what should
you,
Who are all falsehood, do with one so true ?

Or lend me yours awhile instead of it,
That I in time my skill may try,
Though ill I know it will my bosom fit,
To teach it some fidelity ;
Or that it else may teach me to begin
To be to you what you to me have been.

False and imperious Cœlia, cease to be
Proud of a conquest is your shame,
You triumph o'er an humble enemy,
Not one you fairly overcame.
Your eyes alone might have subdu'd my
heart,
Without the poor confed'racy of art.

But to the pow'r of beauty you must add
The witchcraft of a sigh and tear :
I did admire before, but yet was made
By those to love ; they fix'd me there :
I else, as other transient lovers do,
Had twenty lov'd ere this as well as you.

And twenty more I did intend to love,
E're twenty weeks are past and gone,
And at a rate so modish, as shall prove
My heart a very civil one :
But Oh, (false fair !) I thus resolve in vain,
Unless you give me back my heart again.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

HAVE I lov'd my fair so long,
Six Olympiads at least,
And to youth and beauty's wrong,
On virtue's single interest,
To be at last with scorn oppress'd ?

Have I lov'd that space so true,
Without looking once awry,
Lest I might prove false to you,
To whom I vow'd fidelity,
To be repay'd with cruelty ?

Was you not, oh sweet ! confess,
Willing to be so belov'd ?

Favour gave my flame increase,
By which it still aspiring mov'd,
And had gone out, if disapprov'd.

Whence then can this change proceed ?
Say ; or whither does it tend ?

That false heart will one day bleed,
When it has brought so true a friend
To cruel and untimely end.

SONNET.

What have I left to do but die,
Since Hope, my old companion,
That train'd me from my infancy,
My friend, my comforter is gone ?

Oh fawning, false, deceiving friend !
Accused be thy flatteries,
Which treacherously did intend
I should be wretched to be wise :

And so I am ; for being taught
To know thy guiles, have only wrought
My greater misery and pain :

My misery is yet so great,
That, though I have found out the cheat
I wish for thee again in vain.


THE TEMPEST.

STANDING upon the margin of the main,
 Whilst the high boiling tide came tumbling in,
 I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain
 As great an ocean, and as rude, within;
 As full of waves, of depths, and broken grounds,
 As that which daily laves her chalky bounds.

Soon could my sad imagination find
 A parallel to this half world of flood.
 An ocean by my walls of earth confin'd,
 And rivers in the channels of my blood:
 Discovering man, unhappy man, to be
 Of this great frame Heaven's epitome.

There pregnant Argosies with full sails ride,
 To shoot the gulphs of sorrow and despair,
 Of which the love no pilot has to guide,
 But to her sea born mother steers by pray'r,
 When, oh! the hope her anchor lost, undone,
 Rolls at the mercy of the regent Moon.

'Tis my ador'd Diana, then must be
 The guid'ress to this beaten bark of mine,
 'Tis she must calm and smooth this troubled sea,
 And waft my hope over the vaulting brine:
 Call home thy venture, Dian, then at last,
 And be as merciful as thou art chaste.

TO CÆLIA.

ODS.

When Cælia must my old day set,
 And my young morning rise,
 In beams of joy so bright as yet
 Ne'er bless'd a lover's eyes?
 My state is more advanc'd, than when
 I first attempted thee;
 I su'd to be a servant then,
 But now to be made free.

I've serv'd my time faithful and true,
 Expecting to be plac'd
 In happy freedom, as my due,
 To all the joys thou hast:
 Ill husbandry in love is such
 A scandal to love's pow'r,
 We ought not to mispend so much
 As one poor short-liv'd hour.

Yet think not (sweet) I'm weary grown,
 That I pretend such haste,
 Since none to surfeit e'er was known,
 Before he had a taste;
 My infant love could humbly wait,
 When young it scarce knew how
 To plead; but, grown to man's estate,
 He is impatient now.

THE PICTURE.

How, Chloris, can I e'er believe
 The vows of women kind,
 Since yours I faithless find,
 So faithless, that you can refuse
 To him your shadow, that to choose
 You swore you could the substance give?

It's not enough that I must go
 Into another clime,
 Where feather-footed time
 May turn my hopes into despair,
 My youthful dawn to bristled hair,
 But that you add this torment too?

Perchance you fear idolatry
 Would make the image prove
 A woman fit for love;
 Or give it such a soul as shone
 Through fond Pigmalion's living stone,
 That so I might abandon thee.

O no! 'twould fill my genius' room,
 My honest one, that when
 Frailty would love again,
 An', failing, with new objects burn,
 Then, sweetest, would thy picture turn
 My wand'ring eyes to thee at home.

ELEGY.

Goes! are you just, and can it be
 You should deal man his misery
 With such a liberal hand, yet spare
 So meanly when his joys you share?
 Durst timerous mortality
 Demand of this the reason why?
 The argument of all our ills
 Would end in this, that 'tis your will.
 Be it so then, and since 'tis fit
 We to your harsh decrees submit,
 Farewe! all durable content,
 Nothing but woe is permanent.

How strangely, in a little space,
 Is my state chang'd from what it was,
 When my Chlorinda with her rays
 Illustrated this happy place?
 When she was here, was here, alas!
 How sadly sounds that, when she was!
 That monarch rul'd not under sky,
 Who was so great a prince as I:
 And if who boasts most treasure be
 The greatest monarch, I was he;
 As seiz'd of her, who from her birth
 Has been the treasure of the Earth:
 But she is gone, and I no more
 That mighty sovereign, but as poor,
 Since stript of that my glorious trust,
 As he who grovels in the dust.

Now I could quarrel Heav'n, and be
 Ringleader to a mutiny,
 Like that of the gigantic wars,
 And hector my malignant stars;
 Or, in a tamer method, sit
 Sighing, as though my heart would split;
 With looks dejected, arms across,
 Moaning and weeping for a loss
 My sweet (if kind as heretofore)
 Can in two short-liv'd hours restore.

Some god then, (sure you are not all
 Deaf to poor lovers when they call)
 Commiserating my sad smart,
 Touch fair Chlorinda's noble heart
 To pity a poor sufferer,
 Disdains to sigh, unless for her!
 Some friendly deity possess
 Her generous breast with my distress!

Oh! tell her how I sigh away
 The tedious hours of the day;
 Lating all light that does not rise
 From the gay morning of her eyes.
 Tell her that friends, which were to be
 Welcome to men in misery,
 To me, I know not how, of late
 Are grown to be importunate.
 My books which once were wont to be
 My best beloved company,
 Are (save a prayer-book for form)
 Left to the canker or the worm.
 My study's grief, my pleasure care,
 My joys are woe, my hope despair,
 My ears are my drink, deep sighs my food,
 And my companion's solitude.
 Night too, which Heav'n ordain'd to be
 My chiefest friend's my enemy.
 When she her sable curtain spreads,
 The whole creation make their beds,
 And every thing on Earth is bless'd
 With gentle and refreshing rest;
 But wretched I, more pensive made
 By the addition of that shade,
 Am left alone, with sorrow roar
 The grief I did but sigh before;
 And tears, which, check'd by shame and light,
 Do only drop by day, by night
 No longer aw'd by nice respects,
 Rush out in floods and cataracts.
 O life, ah love, why is it so!
 To me is measur'd out by woe,
 Whilst she, who is that life's great light,
 Conceals her glories from my sight.
 O fair Chlorinda, why should he,
 Who is thy virtue's creature, be
 More wretched than the rest of men,
 Who love and are belov'd again?
 I know my passion, not desert,
 Has giv'n me int'rest in a heart,
 Truer than ever man possess'd,
 And in that knowledge I am bless'd:
 'Tis even thence proceeds my care,
 That makes your absence hard to bear;
 Or were you cruel, I should be
 Glad to avoid your cruelty;
 But happy in an equal flame,
 O sweetest, thus impatient am.
 When since your presence can restore
 My heart the joy it had before;
 Since lib'ral Heaven never gave
 To woman such a pow'r to save;
 'Tis practise that sovereign pow'r on one
 Must live or die for you alone.

TAKING LEAVE OF CHLORIS.

My sighs as if she would restore
 The life she took away before;
 As if she did recant my doom,
 And sweetly would relieve me home:
 Such hope to one condemn'd appears
 From every whisper that he hears:
 But what do such vain hopes avail,
 If those sweet sighs compose a gale,
 To drive me hence, and swell my sail?
 See, see, she weeps! who would not swear
 That love descended in that tear,
 Bestowing him of his wounded prize
 Thus in the bleeding of her eyes?

Or that those tears with just pretence
 Would quench the fire that came from thence?
 But oh! they are (which strikes me dead)
 Chrystal her frozen heart has bred,
 Neither in love nor pity shed.

Thus of my merit jealous grown,
 My happiness I dare not own;
 But wretchedly her favours wear,
 Blind to my self, unjust to her
 Whose sighs and tears at least discover
 She pities, if not loves her lover:
 And more betrays the tyrant's skill,
 Than any blemish in her will,
 That thus laments whom she doth kill.

Pity still (sweet) my dying state,
 My flame may sure pretend to that,
 Since it was only unto thee
 I gave my life and liberty;
 Howe'er my life's misfortune's laid,
 By love I'm pity's object made.
 Pity me then, and if thou hear
 I'm dead, drop such another tear,
 And I am paid my full arrears.

SONG.

Fie, pretty Doris! weep no more,
 Damon is doubtless safe on shore,
 Despite of wind and wave;
 The life is fate-free that you cherish,
 And 'tis unlike he now should perish
 You once thought fit to save.

Dry (sweet) at last, those twins of light,
 Which whilst eclips'd, with us 'tis night,
 And all of us are blind:
 The tears that you so freely shed,
 Are both too precious for the dead,
 And for the quick too kind.

Fie, pretty Doris! sigh no more,
 The gods your Damon will restore,
 From rocks and quicksands free;
 Your wishes will secure his way,
 And doubtless he for whom you pray,
 May laugh at destiny.

Still then those tempests of your breast,
 And set that pretty heart at rest,
 The man will soon return;
 Those sighs for Heav'n are only fit,
 Arabian gums are not so sweet,
 Nor off'rings when they burn.

On him you lavish grief in vain,
 Can't be lamented, nor complain,
 Whilst you continue true:
 That man's disaster is above,
 And needs no pity, that does love,
 And is belov'd by you.

ON MY PRETTY MARTEN.

Come, my pretty little Muse,
 Your assistance I must use,
 And you must assist me too
 Better than you use to do,
 Or the subject we disgrace
 Has oblig'd us many ways.
 Pretty Matty is our theme,
 Of all others the supreme;

Should we study for't a year,
 Could we choose a prettier?
 Little Mat, whose pretty play
 Does divert us ev'ry day,
 Whose caresses are so kind,
 Sweet, and free, and undesign'd,
 Meekness is not more disarming,
 Youth and modesty more charming;
 Nor from any ill intent
 Nuns or doves more innocent:
 And for beauty, Nature too
 Here would show what she could do;
 Finer creature ne'er was seen,
 Half so pretty, half so clean.
 Eyes as round and black as sloe,
 Teeth as white as morning snow;
 Breath as sweet as blowing roses,
 When the morn their leaves discloses,
 Or, what sweeter you'll allow,
 Breath of Vestals when they vow,
 Or, that yet doth sweeter prove,
 Sighs of maids who die for love.
 Next his feet my praise commands,
 Which methinks we should call hands,
 For so finely they are shap'd,
 And for any use so apt,
 Nothing can so dextrous be,
 Nor fine handed near as he.
 These, without though black as jet,
 Within are soft and supple yet
 As virgin's palm, where man's deceit
 Seal of promise never set.
 Back and belly soft as down,
 Sleeps which peace of conscience crown,
 Or the whispers love reveal,
 Or the kisses lovers steal:
 And of such a rich perfume,
 As, to say I dare presume,
 Will out-ravish and out-wear
 That of th' fulsome milliner.
 Tail so bushy and so long,
 (Which t' omit would do him wrong)
 As the proudest she of all
 Proudly would he faan'd withal.

Having given thus the shape
 Of this pretty little ape,
 To his virtues next I come,
 Which amount to such a sum,
 As not only well may pass
 Both my poetry and dress
 To set forth as I should do't,
 But arithmetic to boot.

Valour is the ground of all
 That we mortals virtues call;
 And the little cavalier
 That I do present you here,
 Has of that so great a share,
 He might lead the world to war.
 What the beasts of greater size
 Tremble at, he does despise,
 And is so compos'd of heart,
 Drums nor guns can make him start:
 Noises which make others quake,
 Serve his courage to awake.
 Libyan lions make their feasts
 Of subdu'd plebeian beasts,
 And Hyrcanian tigers prey
 Still on creatures less than they,
 Or less arm'd; the Russian bears
 Of tamer beasts make massacres.

Irish wolves devour the dams,
 English foxes prey on lambs.
 These are all effects of course,
 Not of valour, but of force;
 But my Matty does not want
 Heart t' attack an elephant.
 Yet his nature is so sweet,
 Mice may nibble at his feet,
 And may pass as if unseen,
 If they spare his magazine.
 Constancy, a virtue then
 In this age scarce known to men,
 Or to womankind at least,
 In this pretty little beast
 To the world might be restor'd,
 And my Matty be ador'd.
 Chaste he is as turtle doves,
 That abhor adult'rate loves;
 True to friendship and to love,
 Nothing can his virtue move,
 But his faith in either giv'n,
 Seems as if 'twere seal'd in Heaven.
 Of all brutes to him alone
 Justice is, and favour known.
 Nor is Matty's excellence
 Merely circumscrib'd by sense,
 He for judgment what to do,
 Knows both good and evil too,
 But is with such virtue blest,
 That he chooses still the best,
 And wants nothing of a wit
 But a tongue to utter it:
 Yet with that we may dispense,
 For his signs are eloquence.
 Then for fashion and for mien,
 Matty's fit to court a queen;
 All his motions graceful are,
 And all courts outshine as far
 As our courtiers Peakish clowns,
 Or those Peaknills northern loons,
 Which should ladies see, they sure
 Other beasts would ne'er endure;
 Then no more they would make suit
 For an ugly pissing-coat
 Rammish cat, nor make a pet
 Of a bawdy mamoset.
 Nay, the squirrel, though it is
 Pretty'st creature next to this,
 Would henceforward be discarded,
 And in woods live unregard.
 Here sweet beauty is a creature
 Purposely ordain'd by Nature,
 Both for cleanness and for shape
 Worthy a fair lady's lap.
 Live long, my pretty little boy,
 Thy master's darling, lady's joy,
 And when fate will no more forbear
 To lay his hands on him and her,
 E'en then let fate my Matty spare,
 And when thou dy'st then turn a star.

THE NEW YEAR.

TO MR. W. T.

HARK, the cock-crows, and you bright star,
 Tells us the day himself's not far;

And see where, breaking from the night,
 The gilds the western hills with light.
 With him old Janus does 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 reverse face may show distaste,
 And frown upon the ill he 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 influences of a year
 Who smiles upon us the first morn,
 And speaks us good so soon as born?

Pox 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 superexcellently good:
 For the worst ill we daily see,
 Have no more perpetuity
 Than the best fortunes that do fall;
 Which also bring 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 ingrateful in the case,
 And merits not the good he has.

Then let us welcome the new guest,
 With lusty brimmers of the best;
 Firth always should good fortune meet,
 And renders e'en 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.

THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE.

How uneasy is his life
 Who is troubled with a wife!
 Be she ne'er so fair or comely,
 Be she ne'er so foul or homely,
 Be she ne'er so young and toward,
 Be she ne'er so old and froward,
 Be she kind with arms enfolding,
 Be she cross and always scolding,
 Be she blithe or melancholy,
 Have she wit or have she folly,

Be she wary, be she squand'ring,
 Be she staid, or be she wand'ring,
 Be she constant, be she fickle,
 Be she fire, or be she ickle,
 Be she pious or ungodly,
 Be she chaste or what sounds oddly:
 Lastly, be she good or evil,
 Be she saint, or be she devil;
 Yet uneasy is his life,
 Who is marry'd to a wife.

If fair, she's subject to temptation,
 If foul, herself's solicitation,
 If young and sweet, she is too tender,
 If old and cross, no man can mend her,
 If too too kind, she's over clinging,
 If a true scold, she's ever ringing,
 If blithe, find fiddles, or y' undo her,
 If sad, then call a casuist to her,
 If a wit, she'll still be jeering,
 If a fool, she's ever fleeing,
 If too wary, then she'll shrew thee,
 If too lavish, she'll undo thee,
 If staid, she'll mope a year together,
 If gadding, then to London with her,
 If true, she'll think you don't deserve her,
 If false, a thousand will not serve her,
 If lustful, send her to a spittle,
 If cold, she is for one too little,
 If she be of th' reformation,
 Thy house will be a convocation,
 If a libertine, then watch it,
 At the window thou may'st catch it,
 If chaste, her pride will still importune,
 If a whore, thou know'st thy fortune:
 So uneasy is his life
 Who is marry'd to a wife.

These are all extremes I know,
 But all womankind is so,
 And the golden mien to none
 Of that cloven race is known;
 Or to one if known it be,
 Yet that one's unknown to me.
 Some Ulyssean traveller
 May perhaps have gone so far,
 As t' have found (in spite of Nature)
 Such an admirable creature.
 If a voyager there be
 Has made that discovery,
 He the fam'd Odcombian gravels,
 And may rest to write his travels.

But alas! there's no such woman,
 The calamity is common,
 The first rib did bring in ruin,
 And the rest have since been doing,
 Some by one way, some another,
 Woman still is mischief's mother,
 And yet cannot man forbear,
 Though it cost him ne'er so dear.

Yet with me 'tis out of season
 To complain thus without reason,
 Since the best and sweetest fair
 Is allotted to my share:
 But alas! I love her so
 That my love creates my woe;
 For if she be out of humour,
 Straight displeas'd I do presume her,
 And would give the world to know
 What it is offends her so:

Or if she be discontented,
 Lord, how am I then tormented !
 And am ready to persuade her
 That I have unhappy made her :
 But if sick, I then am dying,
 Meat and med'cine both defying :
 So uneasy is his life
 Who is marry'd to a wife.

What are then the marriage joys
 That make such a mighty noise ?
 All's enclos'd in one short sentence,
 Little pleasure, great repentance ;
 Yet it is so sweet a pleasure,
 To repent we scarce have leisure,
 Till the pleasure wholly fails,
 Save sometimes by intervals :
 But those intervals again,
 Are so full of deadly pain,
 That the pleasure we have got,
 Is in conscience too dear bought.

Pux on't ! would womankind be free,
 What needed this solemnity,
 This foolish way of coupling so,
 That all the world (forsooth) must know ?
 And yet the naked truth to say,
 They are so perfect grown that way,
 That if 't only be for pleasure
 You would marry, take good leisure,
 Since none can ever want supplies
 For natural necessities ;
 Without exposing of his life
 To the great trouble of a wife.

Why then all the great pains taking ?
 Why the sighing ? why the wailing ?
 Why the riding ? why the running ?
 Why the artifice and cunning ?
 Why the whining ? why the crying ?
 Why pretending to be dying ?
 Why all this clutter to get wives,
 To make us weary of our lives.

If fruition we profess
 To be the only happiness,
 How much happier then is he,
 Who with the industrious bee
 Preys upon the several sweets
 Of the various flow'rs he meets,
 Than he who with less delight
 Dulls on one his appetite ?

Oh 'tis pleasant to be free !
 The sweetest Miss is liberty ;
 And though who with one sweet is bless'd
 May reap the sweets of all the rest.
 In her alone, who fair and true,
 As love is all for which we sue,
 Whose several graces may supply
 The place of full variety,
 And whose true kindness or address
 Sums up the all of happiness ;
 Yet 'tis better live alone,
 Free to all than ty'd to one,
 Since uneasy is his life
 Who is marry'd to a wife.

 ODE

TO LOVE.

GREAT LOVE, I thank thee, now thou hast
 Paid me for all my sufferings past,

And wounded me with Nature's pride,
 For whom more glory 'tis to die
 Scorn'd and neglected, than enjoy
 All beauty in the world beside.

A beauty above all pretence,
 Whose very scars are recompence,
 The regent of my heart is crown'd,
 And now the sorrows and the woe,
 My youth and folly help'd me to,
 Are buried in this friendly wound.

Led by my folly or my fate,
 I lov'd before I knew not what,
 And threw my thoughts I knew not where :
 With judgment now I love and sue,
 And never yet perfection knew,
 Until I cast mine eyes on her.

My soul, that was so base before
 Each little beauty to adore,
 Now rais'd to glory, does despise
 Those poor and counterfeit'd rays
 That caught me in my childish days,
 And knows no power but her eyes.

Rais'd to this height, I have no more,
 Almighty Love, for to implore
 Of any auspicious stars or thee,
 Than that thou bow her noble mind
 To be as mercifully kind
 As I shall ever faithful be.

 SONG.

SAD thoughts make haste and kill me out,
 I live too long in pain ;
 'Tis dying to be still in doubt,
 And Death, that ends all miseries,
 The chief and only favour is
 The wretched can obtain.

I have liv'd long enough to know
 That life is a disease,
 At least it does torment me so,
 That Death, at whom the happy start,
 I court to come, and with his dart
 To give me a release.

Come, friendly Death, then strike me dead,
 For all this while I die,
 And but long dying nothing dread ;
 Yet being with grief the one half slain,
 With all thy power thou wilt gain
 But half a victory.

 ELEGY.

AWAY to th' other world, away,
 In this I can no longer stay ;
 I long enough in this have stay'd
 To see my self poorly betray'd,
 Forsaken, robb'd, and left alone,
 And to all purposes undone.
 What then can tempt me to live on,
 My peace and honour being gone !
 O yes ! I still am call'd upon
 To stay by my affliction.
 Oh fair affliction ! let me go,
 You best can part with me I know ;
 'Tis an ill-natur'd pride you take
 To triumph o'er the fool you make,

And you lose time in trampling o'er
 One, whilst you might make twenty more.
 Your eyes have still the conqu'ring pow'r
 They had in that same dang'rous hour
 They laid me at your beauty's feet,
 Your roses still as fair and sweet ;
 And there more hearts are to subdue,
 But, oh ! not one that's half so true.
 Dismiss me then t' eternal rest,
 I cannot live but in your breast ;
 Where, banish'd by inconstancy,
 The world has no more room for me.

ODE.

TO CHLORIS.

Fair and cruel, still in vain
 Must I adore, still, still persevere,
 Languish still, and still complain,
 And yet a medicine for my fever
 Never, never must obtain ?

Chloris, how are you to blame,
 To him that dies to be so cruel
 Not to stay my falling frame,
 Since your fair eyes do dart the fuel
 That still nourishes my flame ?

Shade those glories of thine eye,
 Or let their influence be milder ;
 Beauty and disdain destroy
 Alike, and make our passions wilder,
 Either let me live or die.

I have lov'd thee (let me see,
 Lord, how long a time of loving !)
 Years no less than three times three,
 Still my flame and pain improving,
 Yet still paid with cruelty ?

What more wouldst thou have of me ?
 Sure I've serv'd a pretty season,
 And so prov'd my constancy,
 That methinks it is but reason
 Love or death should set me free.

TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

COULD you and I our lives renew,
 And be both young again,
 Retaining what we ever knew
 Of manners, times, and men,

We could not frame so loose to live,
 But must be useful then,
 Ere we could possibly arrive
 To the same age again :

But youth's devour'd in vanities
 Before we are aware ;
 And so grown old before grown wise,
 We good for nothing are :

Or, if by that time knowing grown,
 By reading books and men,
 For others' service, or our own,
 'Tis with the latest then.

Happy's that man, in this estate,
 Whose conscience tells him still,
 That though for good he comes too late,
 He ne'er did any ill.

The satisfaction flowing thence
 All dolours would assuage,
 And be sufficient recompence
 For all the ills of age.

But very few, (my friend) I fear,
 Whom this ill age has bred,
 At need have such a comforter
 To make their dying bed.

'Tis then high time we should prepare
 In a new world to live,
 Since here we breathe but panting air,
 Alas ! by short reprieve.

Life then begins to be a pain,
 Infirmary prevails,
 Which, when it but begins to reign,
 The bravest courage quails.

But could we, as I said, procure
 To live our lives again,
 We should be of the better sort,
 Or the worst sort of men.

WINTER.

DE MONSIEUR MARIIGNY.

DIRECTED TO SIR ROBERT COKE.

BLEAK Winter is from Norway come,
 And such a formidable groom,
 With icled beard and hoary head,
 That, or with cold, or else with dread,
 Has frighted Phoebus out on's wit,
 And put him int' an ague fit :
 The Moon, too, out of rev'rend care
 To save her beauty from the air,
 And guard her pale complexion,
 Her hood and vizard mask puts on
 Old gray-pate Saturn too is seen,
 Muffled up in a great bear's skin :
 And Mars a quilted cap puts on,
 Under his shining morion :
 And in these posting luminaries
 It but a necessary care is,
 And very consonant to reason,
 To go well clad in such a season.
 The very Heaven itself, alas !
 Is now so pav'd with liquid glass,
 That if they ha'n't (on th' other side)
 Learn'd in their younger days to slide,
 It is so slippery made withal,
 They cannot go two steps but fall.
 The nectar which the gods do troll,
 Is frozen i' th' celestial bowl ;
 And the cup-bearer, Ganymede,
 Has capp'd his frizzled flax'd head.
 The naked Gemini, God wot,
 A very scurvy rheum have got ;
 And in this coldest of cold weathers,
 Had they not been warm wrapp'd in feathers,
 Mercury's heels had been, I trow,
 Pepper'd with running kibes ere now.
 Nor are these deities, whom love
 To men has tempted from above
 To pass their time on Earth, more free
 From the cold blast than th' others be.
 For Truth, amidst the blust'ring rout,
 Can't keep her torch from blowing out.

Justice, since none would take her word,
 Has for a waistcoat pawn'd her sword;
 And it is credibly related,
 Her fillet's to a quoil translated.
 Fortune's foot's frozen to her ball,
 Bright crystal from her nose does fall;
 And all the work she now intends,
 Is but to blow her fingers' ends.
 The Muses have the schools forsook
 To creep into the chimney nook,
 Where, for default of other wood,
 (Although it goes to his heart's blood)
 Apollo, for to warm their shins,
 Makes fires of lutes and violins.
 The trout and grailing that did rove
 At liberty, lik' swift-wing'd dove,
 In ice are crusted up and pent,
 Enslav'd with the poor element.
 'Tis strange! but what's more strange than these,
 Thy bounties, knight, can never freeze,
 But e'en amidst the frost and snow
 In a continued torrent flow!
 Oh! let me come and live with thee,
 I winter shall nor feel, nor see.

ON RUTT, THE JUDGE.

RUTT, to the suburb beauties full well known,
 Was from the bag scarce crept into a gown,
 When he, by telling of himself fine tales,
 Was made a judge, and sent away to Wales:
 'Twas proper and most fit it should be so,
 Whither should goats but to the mountains go?

ON SIM AND SIMON.

THOUGH Sim, whilst Sim, in ill repute did live,
 He yet was but a knave diminutive;
 But now his name being swell'd two letters bigger,
 Simon's a knave at length, and not in figure.

VIRELAY.

THOU cruel fair, I go
 To seek out any fate but thee,
 Since there is none can wound me so,
 Nor that has half thy cruelty;
 Thou cruel fair, I go!

For ever then farewell!
 'Tis a long leave I take: but, oh!
 To tarry with thee here is Hell,
 And twenty thousand Hells to go,
 For ever though farewell!

LA' ILLUSTRISSIMA.

ON MY FAIR AND DEAR SISTER, MRS. ANNE KING.

OFF have I lov'd, but ne'er aright,
 Till th' other day I saw a sight [light.
 That shot me through and through with conqu'ring

A beauty of so rare a frame
 As does all other beauties shame,
 And renders poetry to praise it lame.

Poor sotted poets, cease to praise
 Your Lauras, Cynthia's, Lydia's,
 Fondly ador'd in your mistaken days:

Tell me no more of golden hair,
 Of all ill colours the worst wear,
 And renders beauty terrible as fair:

Almanna's curls are black as night,
 Thorough whose sable ring's a white,
 Whiter than whiteness, strikes the wounded sight.

Tell me no more of arched brows,
 Nor henceforth call them Cupid's bows,
 Which common praise to common form allows:

Hers, shining, smooth, and black as jet,
 Short, thick, and even without fret,
 Exceed all simile and counterfeit.

Study no more for eulogies,
 For English gray, or French blue eyes,
 Which never yet but of a fool made prize:

Almanna's eyes are such as none
 Could ever dare to gaze upon,
 But in a trice he found his heart was gone.

Those lights the coldest blood can thaw,
 And hearts by their attraction draw,
 As warm chaf'd jet licks up a trembling straw.

No more for cheeks make senseless poses
 Of lilies white, and damask roses,
 Which more of fancy than of truth discloses:

In hers complexion's mixed so,
 That white and red together grow,
 Like lovers' blood sprinkled on virgin snow.

Cease, cease, of coral lips to prate,
 Of rubies, and I can't tell what,
 Those epithets are all grown stale and flat:

Almanna's rosy lips are such,
 To praise them is for wit too much,
 Till first inspir'd by their most blessed touch.

No more hang teeth upon a string,
 And ropes of pearl for grinders bring,
 Your treasure is too poor an offering:

Comparisons do hers no right,
 Ivory's yellow in their sight, [white.
 Which are than all things but themselves more

No more of odours go in quest
 As far as the remotest East,
 Thence to perfume a lady's rotten chest:

Her breath, much sweeter than the spring
 With all its join'd perfumes can bring,
 Gives life, and happy life, to ev'ry thing.

Tell me no more of swan-white breasts,
 Which you call little Cupids' nests,
 In those you praise fit for such wanton guests:

Almanna's ten times whiter are
 Than those of the supremest fair,
 But yet, alas! no Loves inhabit there.

Oh! set your wits no more o' th' least
 To praise a nymph's contorted waist,
 By such admirers fit to be embrac'd:

Here is a shape, and such a one
As regulates proportion,
And but to see is half fruition.

Tell me no more poetic lies
Of hard, cold, crusted, marble thighs,
Hopeless and fond impossibilities:

Hers, by the rule of symmetry,
Although unseen, we know must be
Above the poor report of poetry.

Tell me no more of legs and feet,
Where grace and elegance meet,
But leave your lying, and come here to see't:

Here's shape, invention that disgraces,
And when she moves the charming Graces
Both number, figure, and adjust her paces:

But to this shape there is a mind
From flesh and blood so well refin'd,
As renders her the glory of her kind.

On the world's centre never yet
Were form and virtue so well met,
Nor priceless diamond so neatly set.

Beauty but beauty is alone,
But fair Almanna's such a one
As Earth may glory in, and Heav'n may own.

Almanna is the only she
Deserves the gen'ral eulogy,
The praise of all the rest is poetry.

CHANSON A BOIRE.

Come, let's mind our drinking,
Away with this thinking;
It ne'er, that I heard of, did any one good;
Prevents not disaster,
But brings it on faster,
Mischance is by mirth and by courage withstood.

He ne'er can recover
The day that is over,
The present is with us, and does threaten no ill;
He's a fool that will sorrow
For the thing call'd to-morrow, [will.
But the hour we've in hand we may wield as we

There's nothing but Bacchus
Right merry can make us,
That virtue particular is to the vine;
It fires ev'ry creature
With wit and good-nature; [do shine?
Whose thoughts can be dark when their noses

A night of good drinking
Is worth a year's thinking,
There's nothing that kills us so surely as sorrow;
Then to drown our cares, boys,
Let's drink up the stars, boys,
Each face of the gang will a sun be to-morrow.

THE ANGLER'S BALLAD.

AWAY to the brook,
All your tackle out look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing;
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very spite
To want tools when a man goes a fishing.

Your rod with tops two,
For the same will not do;
If your manner of angling you vary;
And fall well you may think,
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

Then basket, neat made
By a master in's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle;
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain,
Who a true brother was of the angle.

Next, pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail
With wax, crewels, silks, hair, furs, and feathers,
To make several flies
For the several skies,
That shall kill in despite of all weathers.

The boxes and books
For your lines and your hooks,
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your scissors, and your hone
To adjust your points on,
With a net to be sure for your landing.

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure;
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight
To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all nature does seem to invite us;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.
Or stream now, or still,
A large pannier will fill,
Trout and grilling to rise are so willing;
I dare venture to say
'Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

Away, then, away,
We lose sport by delay,
But first leave all our sorrows behind us;
If Misfortune do come,
We are all gone from home,
And a fishing she never can find us.

The angler is free
From the cares that degree
Finds itself with so often tormented;
And although we should slay
Each a hundred to day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

And though we display
All our arts to betray
What were made for man's pleasure and diet;
Yet both princes and states
May, for all our quaint baits,
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

Whilst quiet we sit
 We conclude all things fit,
 Acquiescing with hearty submission;
 For, though simple, we know
 That soft murmurs will grow
 At the last unto downright sedition.

We care not who says,
 And intends it dispraise,
 That an angler t' a fool is next neighbour;
 Let him prate, what care we,
 We're as honest as he,
 And so let him take that for his labour.

We covet no wealth
 But the blessing of health,
 And that greater good conscience within;
 Such devotion we bring
 To our God and our king,
 That from either no offers can win.

Whilst we sit and fish,
 We do pray as we wish,
 For long life to our king James the second;
 Honest anglers then may,
 Or they've very foul play,
 With the best of good subjects be reckon'd.

EPISTLE

TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

FROM Porto Nova as pale wretches go
 To swing on fatal tripus, even so,
 My dearest friend, I went last day from thee,
 Whilst for five miles the figure of that tree
 Was ever in my gully fancy's eye,
 As if in earnest I'd been doom'd to die
 For, what deserv'd it, so unworthily
 Stealing so early, Jack, away from thee.
 And that which (as 'twell might) increas'd my fear,
 Was the ill luck of my vile charioteer,
 Who drove so nicely too, t' increase my dread,
 As if his horses with my vital thread
 Had harness'd been, which being, alas! so weak,
 He fear'd might snap, and would not it should
 Till be himself the honour had to do't [break,
 With one thrice stronger, and my neck to boot,
 Thus far in hanging posture then I went,
 (And sting of conscience is a punishment -
 On Earth, they say, the greatest, and some tell
 It is more'er the only one in Hell,
 The work that never dies, being alone
 The thing they call endless damnation:)-
 But leaving that unto the wise that made it,
 And knowing best the gulph, can best evade it,
 I'll tell you, that being pass'd thro' Highgate, there
 I was saluted by the country air,
 With such a pleasing gale, as made me smell
 The Peak itself; nor is't a miracle,
 For all that pass that portico this way
 Are transmontani, as the courtiers say;
 Which suppos'd true, one then may boldly speak,
 That all of th' north-side Highgate are i' th' Peak;
 And so to hanzing when I thought to come,
 Wak'd from the dream, I found myself at home,
 Wonder not, then, if I, in such a case
 So overjoy'd, forgot thee for a space;
 And but a little space; for, by this light,
 I thought on thee again ten times ere night;

Though when the night was come, I then indeed
 Thought all on one of whom I'd greater need:
 But being now cur'd of that malady,
 I'm at full leisure to remember thee,
 And (which I'm sure you long to know) set forth
 In northern song my journey to the north.

Know, then, with horses twain, one sound, one
 On Sunday's eve I to St. Alban's came. [lame,
 Where, finding by my body's lusty state
 I could not hold out home at that slow rate,
 I found a coachman, who, my case bemoaning,
 With three stout geldings, and one able stonning,
 For eight good pounds did bravely undertake,
 Or for my own, or for my money's sake,
 Thro' thick and thin, fall out what could befall,
 To bring me safe and sound to Basford-hall.
 Which having drunk upon, he bid good night,
 And (Heaven forgive us) with the morning's light,
 Not fearing God, nor his vicegerent constable,
 We roundly rolling were the road to Dunstable,
 Which, as they chim'd to prayers, we trotted
 And fore eleven ten minutes came unto [through,
 The town that Brickhill hight, where we did rest,
 And din'd indifferent well, both man and beast.
 'Twas two and four to Stratford, 'twas well driven,
 And came to Towcester to lodge at even.
 Next day we din'd at Dunchurch, and did lie
 That night four miles on our side Coventry.
 Tuesday at noon at Lichfield town we baited,
 But there some friends, who long that hour had
 waited,

So long detain'd me, that my charioteer
 Could drive that night but to Uttoxeter.
 And there the Wednesday, being market-day,
 I was constrained with some kind lads to stay
 Tippling till afternoon, which made it night
 When from my Hero's tower I saw the light
 Of her flambeaux, and fancy'd, as we drave,
 Each rising hillock was a swelling wave,
 And that I swimming was, in Neptune's spite,
 To my long long'd for harbour of delight.

And now I'm here set down again in peace,
 After my troubles, business, voyages,
 The same dull northern clod I was before,
 Gravelly inquiring how ewes are a score,
 How the hay-harvest, and the corn was got,
 And if or no there's like to be a rot;
 Just the same sot I was e'er I remov'd,
 Nor by my travel nor the court improv'd;
 The same old-fashion'd squire, no whit refin'd,
 And shall be wiser when the Devil's blind:
 But find all here too in the self-same state,
 And now begin to live at the old rate,
 To bub old ale, which nonsense does create,
 Write lewd epistles, and sometimes translate
 Old tales of tubs, of Guyenne, and Provence,
 And keep a clutter with th' old blades of France,
 As D' Avenant did with those of Lombardy,
 Which any will receive, but none will buy,
 And that has set H. R. and me awry.
 My river still through the same channel glides,
 Clear from the tumult, salt, and dirt of tides;
 And my poor fishing-house, my seat's best grace,
 Stands firm and faithful in the self-same place
 I left it four months since, and ten to one
 I go a fishing ere two days are gone:
 So that (my friend) I nothing want but thee
 To make me happy as I'd wish to be;
 And sure a day will come I shall be blest
 In his enjoyment whom my heart loves best;

Which when it comes will raise me above men
 Greater than crowned monarchs are, and then
 'll not exchange my cottage for Whitehall,
 Windsor, the Louvre, or th' Escorial.

ANACREONTIC.

FILL a bowl of lusty wine,
 Briskest daughter of the vine;
 Fill 't until it sea like flow,
 That my cheek may once more glow.
 I am fifty winters old,
 Blood then stagnates and grows cold;
 And when youthful heat decays,
 We must help it by these ways.
 Wine breeds mirth, and mirth imparts
 Heat and courage to our hearts,
 Which in old men else are lead,
 And not warm'd, would soon be dead.

Now I'm sprightly, fill again,
 Stop not though they mount to ten;
 Though I stagger, do not spare,
 'Tis to rock and still my ear;
 Though I stammer, 'tis no matter,
 I should do the same with water:
 When I belch, I am but trying
 How much better 'tis than sighing;
 If a tear spring in mine eye,
 'Tis for joy, not grief, I cry:
 This is living without thinking,
 These are the effects of drinking.

Fill amain, (boy) fill amain,
 Whilst I drink I feel no pain;
 Gout or palsy I have none,
 Hang the cholic and the stone:
 I methinks grow young again,
 New blood springs in ev'ry vein;
 And supply it (sirrah!) still,
 Whilst I drink you sure may fill:
 If I nod, boy, rouse me up
 With a bigger, fuller cup;
 But when that, boy, will not do,
 Faith e'en let me then go to;
 For 'tis better far to lie
 Down to sleep, than down to die.

BURLESQUE.

UPON THE GREAT FROST.

TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

You now, sir, may, and justly, wonder
 That I, who did of late so thunder
 Your frontier garrison by th' terry,
 Should on a sudden grow so weary;
 And thence may raise a wrong conclusion,
 That you have bobbd my resolution;
 Or else that my poetic battery,
 With which so smartly I did patter ye,
 (Though I am not in that condition)
 Has shot away her ammunition;
 Or (if in kindness peradventure
 You are more gentle in your censure)

That I my writing left pursuing,
 'Cause I was weary of ill doing.
 Now of these three surmises any,
 Except the last, might pass with many;
 But such as know me of the nation,
 Know I so hate all reformation,
 Since so much harm to do I've seen it,
 That in myself I'll ne'er begin it;
 And should you under your hand give it,
 Not one of twenty would believe it.

But I must tell you, in brief clauses,
 If you to any of these causes
 Impute the six weeks' truce I've given,
 That you are wide, sir, the whole Heaven:
 For know, though I appear less eager,
 I never mean to raise my leaguer,
 Till or by storm, or else by famine,
 I force you to the place I am in:
 Yourself sans article to tender,
 Unto discretion to surrender;
 Where see what comes of your vain glory,
 To make me lie so long before ye.
 To show you next I want no powder,
 I thus begin to batter louder;
 And for the last vain hope that fed ye,
 I think I've answer'd it already.

Now, to be plain, although your spirit
 Will ill, I know, endure to hear it,
 You must of force at least miscarry,
 For reasons supernumerary:
 And though I know you will be striving
 To do what lies in mortal living,
 And may, it may be, a month double
 To lie before you give me trouble,
 (Though with the stronger men but vapour ill)
 And hold out stiff till th' end of April,
 Or possibly a few days longer;
 Yet then you needs must yield for hunger,
 When, having eaten all provisions,
 You're like to make most brave conditions.

Now having friendship been so just to,
 To tell you what you're like to trust to,
 I'll next acquaint you with one reason
 I've let you rest so long a season,
 And that my Muse has been so idle:
 Know Pegasus has got a bridle,
 A bit and curb of crusted water,
 Or if I call't plain ice, no matter,
 With which he now is so commanded,
 His days of galloping are ended,
 Unless I with the spur do prick him;
 Nay, rather though I whip and kick him:
 He, who unbidden us'd to gambol,
 Can now nor prance, nor trot, nor amble,
 Nor stir a foot to take his airing,
 But stands stiff froze, like that at Charing,
 With two feet up, two down: 'tis pity
 He's not erected in the city.

But, to leave scolding, I assure ye
 I've never was so cold a fury
 Of nipping frost, and pinching weather,
 Since Eve and Adam met together.
 Our Peak, that always has been famous
 For cold, wherewith to cramp and lame us,
 Worse than its lf, did now resemble a
 Certain damn'd place call'd Nova Zembla,
 And we who boast us human creatures,
 Had happy been had we chang'd features,
 Garments at least, though theirs be shabbed,
 With those who that cold place inhabit,

The bears and foxes, who sans question
 Than we by odds have warmer vests on.
 How cold that country is, he knows most
 Has there his fingers and his toes lost ;
 But here I know that every member
 Alike was handled by December :
 Who blew his nose had clout or fat all,
 Instead of snivel fill'd with crystal :
 As men were fierce, or gentle landed,
 Their fists were clutch'd, or palms expanded ;
 Limbs were extended, or contracted,
 As use or humour most affected ;
 For, as men did to th' air expose 'em,
 It catch'd and in that figure froze 'em ;
 Of which think me not over ample,
 If I produce you here example :
 Where, though I am believ'd by scarce one,
 None will, I hope, suspect the person,
 Who, from lies he far remote is,
 Will give in verbo sacerdotis.

One going to discharge at wild duck,
 Had for his recompence the ill luck
 (Or my informer's an impostor)
 To be in that presenting posture,
 Surpris'd with his left eye fast winking,
 Till by good fires, and hot things drinking,
 He thaw'd, to the beholders' laughter,
 Unto itself a few hours after.
 Two towns, that long that war had waged,
 Being at foot-ball now engaged
 For honour, as both sides pretended,
 Left the brave trial to be ended
 Till the next thaw, for they were frozen
 On either part at least a dozen ;
 With a good handsome space between 'em,
 Like Rollrich stones, if you're seen 'em,
 And could no more run, kick, or trip ye,
 Than I can quaff off Aganippe ;
 Till ale, which crowns all such pretences,
 Mull'd them again into their senses.
 A maid, compell'd to be a gadder,
 T' abate th' extension of her bladder,
 Which is an importuning matter,
 Was so supported by her water,
 To ease her knees with a third pillar,
 That as she sat, the poor distiller
 Look'd on the tripod, like the famous
 Astrologer hight Nostradamus.
 These stories sound so very oddly,
 That though men may be pretty godly,
 One should though store of mustard give 'em,
 Ere they expect they should believe 'em.
 But, to allure your faith a little,
 What follows true is to a tittle :
 Our country air was, in plain dealing,
 Some weeks together so congealing,
 That if, as men are rude in this age,
 One spit had in another's visage ;
 The constable by th' back had got him,
 For he infallibly had shot him.
 Nay, friend with friend, brother with brother,
 Must needs have wounded one another
 With kindest words, were they not wary
 To make their greetings sideways carry ;
 For all the words that came from gullets,
 If long, were slugs ; if short ones, bullets.
 You might have read from mouths (sans fable)
 " Your humble servant, sir," in label :
 Like those (yet theirs were warmer quarters)
 We see in Fox's Book of Martyrs.

Eyes that were weak, and apt to water,
 Wore spectacles of their own matter ;
 And noses that to drop were ceas'd,
 To such a longitude increased,
 That who'er wrung for ease or losses,
 Snapp'd off two handfuls of proboscis.
 Beards were the strangest things, God save us !
 Such as dame Nature never gave us !
 So wild, so pointed, and so staring,
 That I should wrong them by comparing
 Hedge-hogs, or porcupines' small taggers,
 To their more dangerous swords and daggers.
 Mustachios look'd like heroes' trophies
 Behind their arms i' th' herald's office ;
 The perpendicular beard appear'd
 Like hop-poles in a hop-yard rear'd :
 'Twixt these the underwoody acres
 Look'd just like bays at a baker's,
 To heat the oven mouth most ready,
 Which seem'd to gape for heat already.
 In mouths with salivation flowing,
 The horrid hairs about 'em growing,
 Like reeds look'd, in confused order,
 Growing about a fish-pond's border.
 But stay, myself I caught have tripping,
 (This frost is perilous for slipping)
 I've brought this stupifying weather,
 These elements, too near together ;
 The bearded, therefore, look'd as Nature,
 Instead of forming human creature,
 So many garrisons had made us,
 Our beards t' our sconces palisadoes.
 Perukes now stuck so firm and steadfast,
 They all were riveted to head fast ;
 Men that bought wigs to go a wooing,
 Had them made natural now and growing :
 But let them have a care, for truly
 The hair will fall 'twixt this and July.
 The tender ladies, and the lasses,
 Were vitrifi'd to drinking-glasses,
 Contriv'd to such an admiration,
 After so odd fantastic fashion,
 One scarce knew at which end to guzzle,
 The upper or the lower muzzle.
 The earth to that degree was crusted,
 That, let me never more be trusted,
 (I speak without poetic figure)
 If I don't think a lump no bigger
 Than a good walnut, had it hit one,
 Would as infallibly have split one,
 As cannon-shot, that killing's sure at,
 Had not both been alike obdurate.
 The very rocks, which in all reason
 Should stoutly stand withstood the season,
 Repetris'd with harder matter,
 Had no more privilege than water.
 Had Pegasus struck such a mountain,
 It would have fail'd him for a fountain :
 'Twas well Parnassus, when he started,
 Prov'd to his hoof more tender-hearted,
 Or else of Greece the sullen bully,
 And Trojan Hector, had been dully
 In threadbare prose, alas ! related,
 Which now in song are celebrated ;
 For steed poetic ne'er had whined
 Greek Iliad, or Latin Æneid :
 Nor Nero writ his ribble rabbles
 Of sad complaints, love, and strange fables :
 Then too Anacreon and Flaccus
 Had ne'er made odes in praise of Bacchus,

And taught blind harpers for their bread sneak,
 'From feast to feast to make cats dead squeak.
 For Martial giv'n so great offences,
 With epigrams of double senses.
 Rhyme then had ne'er been scann'd on fingers,
 No ballad-makers then, or singers,
 Had e'er been heard to twang out metre,
 Music than which back-drones make sweeter:
 Of poetry, that writing mystic,
 There had not extant been one distich;
 And, which is worst, the noblest sort on't,
 And to the world the most important
 Of th' whole poetical creation,
 Burlesque, had never been in fashion.
 But how have I this while forgot so
 My mistress dove, who went to pot too,
 My white dove, that was smoking ever,
 In spite of winter's worst endeavour,
 And still could so evade or fly him,
 As never to be pinion'd by him:
 Now, numb'd with bitterness of weather,
 Had not the pow'r to stir a feather;
 Wherein the nymph was to be pity'd,
 But flagg'd her wings, and so submitted.
 The ruffian bound though, knowing's betters,
 Her silver feet in crystal fetters;
 In which estate we saw poor Dove lie,
 Even in captivity more lovely:
 But in the fate of this bright princess
 Reason itself, you know, convinces,
 That her pinniferous fry must die all,
 Imprison'd in the crystal vial;
 And doubtless there was great mortality
 Of trout and gralling of great quality,
 Whom love and honour did importune
 To stick to her in her misfortune,
 Though we shall find, no doubt, good dishes
 Next summer of plebeian fishes;
 Or, if with greater art and trouble,
 An old patrician trout we bubble,
 In better liquor swim we'll make him;
 By odds, than that from whence we take him.

Now, though I have in stuff confounded,
 Of small truths and great lies compounded,
 Giv'n an account, that we in England
 May, for cold weather, vie with Greenland,
 I ha'n't yet the main reason given,
 Why I so very long have driven
 My answer to the last you sent me,
 Which did so highly compliment me:
 Know, therefore, that both ink and cotton
 So desperately hard were gotten,
 It was impossible by squeezing
 To get out either truth or leasing:
 My fingers, too, no more being jointed,
 My love and manners disappointed;
 Nay, I was numb'd on that strange fashion,
 I could not sign an obligation,
 (Though Heaven such a friend ne'er sent me)
 Would one a thousand pounds have lent me
 On my own bond; and who is't buckles?
 To writing, pray, that has no knuckles?
 But now I'm thaw'd beyond all conscience
 Into a torrent of damn'd nonsense:
 Yet still in this our climate frigid
 I'm out day limber, next day rigid;
 Nay, all things yet remain so crusty,
 That were I now but half so lusty

As when we kiss'd four months agoe,
 And had but Dutch galloshoes on,
 At one run I would slide to Lon—
 But surely this transforming weather
 Will soon take leave for altogether;
 Then what now Lapland seems, in May
 You'll swear is sweet Arcadia.

 CLEPSYDRA.

Why, let it run! who bids it stay?
 Let us the while be merry;
 Time there in water creeps away,
 With us it posts in sherry.

Time not employ'd's an empty sound,
 Nor did kind Heaven lend it,
 But that the glass should quick go round,
 And men in pleasure spend it.

Then set thy foot, brave boy, to mise,
 Ply quick to cure our thinking;
 An hour-glass in an hour of wine
 Would be but lazy drinking.

The man that snores the hour-glass out
 Is truly a time-waster;
 But we, who troll this glass about,
 Make him to post it faster.

Yet though he flies so fast, some think,
 'Tis well known to the sages,
 He'll not refuse to stay and drink,
 And yet perform his stages.

Time waits us whilst we crown the hearth,
 And doats on ruby faces,
 And knows that this career of mirth
 Will help to mend our paces.

He stays with him that loves good time,
 And never does refuse it,
 And only runs away from him
 That knows not how to use it.

He only steals by without noise
 From those in grief that waste it,
 But lives with the mad roaring boys
 That husband it, and taste it.

The moralist, perhaps, may prate
 Of virtue from his reading;
 'Tis all but stale and foisted chat
 To men of better breeding.

Time, to define it, is the space
 That men enjoy their being;
 'Tis not the hour, but drinking glass,
 Makes time and life agreeing.

He wisely does oblige his fate,
 Does cheerfully obey it,
 And is of fops the greatest, that
 By temp'rance thinks to stay it.

Come, ply the glass then quick about,
 To titillate the gullet;
 Sobriety's no charm, I doubt,
 Against a cannon bullet.

ECLOGUE.

CORYDON, CLOTTEN.

CORYDON.

Rise, Clotten, rise, take up thy pipe and play,
The shepherds want thee, 'tis Pan's holiday;
And thou, of all the swains, wert wont to be
The first to grace that great solemnity.

CLOTTEN.

True, Corydon; but then I happy was,
And in Pan's favour had a minion's place:
Clotten had then fair flocks, the finest fleeces
These plains and mountains yielded then was his.
In these auspicious times the fruitful dams
Brought me the earliest and the kindliest lambs;
Nor nightly watch about them need I keep,
For Pan himself was shepherd to my sheep:
But now, alas! neglected and forgot
Are all my off'rings, and he knows me not.
The bloody wolf, that lurks away the day,
When night's black palm beckons him out to prey
Under the cover of those guilty shades,
No folds but mine the ravenous foe invades;
And there he has such bloody havoc made,
That, all my flock being devour'd or stray'd,
I now have lost the fruits of all my pain,
And am no more a shepherd, but a swain.

CORYDON.

So sad a tale thou tell'st me, that I must
Allow thy grief (my Clotten) to be just;
But mighty Pan has thousand flocks in store;
He, when it pleases him, can give thee more,
And has perhaps afflicted thee, to try
Thy virtue only, and thy constancy.
Repine not then at him, that thou art poor,
'Twas by his bounty thou wert rich before;
And thou should'st serve him at the same free rate,
When most distress'd, as when most fortunate.

CLOTTEN.

Thus do the healthful still the sick advise,
And thus men preach when they would fain seem
But if in my wretched estate thou wert, [wise;
I fear me thy philosophy would start,
And give thee o'er to an afflicted sense,
As void of reason as of patience.
Had I been always poor, I should not be,
Perhaps, so discontent with poverty,
Nor now so sensible of my disgrace,
Had I ne'er known what reputation was;
But from so great a height of happiness
To sink into the bottom of distress,
Is such a change as may become my care,
And more than, I confess, I well can bear.

CORYDON.

But art thou not too sensible, my lad,
Of those few losses thou hast lately had?
Thou art not yet in want, thou still dost eat
Bread of the finest flour of purest wheat;
Who better cider drinks, what shepherd's board
Does finer curds, butter, or cheese afford?
Who wears a frock, to grace a holiday,
Spun of a finer wool, or finer grey?
Whose cabin is so neatly swept as thine,
With flow'rs and rushes kept so sweet and fine?

Whose name amongst our many shepherds' swain,
So great as thine is throughout all these plains?
Who has so many friends, so pretty loves?
Who by our bubbling fountains and green groves
Passes away the summer heats so well?
And who but thee in singing does excel?
So that the swains, when Clotten sings or plays,
Lay down their pipes, and listen to his lays.
Wherein then can consist, I fain would know,
The misery that thou complain'st of so?

CLOTTEN.

Some of these things are true: but, Corydon,
That which maintain'd all these, alas! is gone.
The want of wealth I reckon not distress,
But of enough to do good offices;
Which growing less, those friends will fall away;
Poverty is the ground of all decay.
With our prosperities our friendships end,
And to misfortune no one is a friend,
Which I already find to that degree,
That my old friends are now afraid of me,
And all avoid me, as good men would fly
The common hangman's shameful company.
Those who by fortune were advanc'd above,
Being oblig'd by my most ready love,
Shun me, for fear lest my necessity
Should urge what they're unwilling to deny,
And are resolv'd they will not grant; and those
Have shar'd my meat, my money, and my clothes,
Grown rich with others' spoils as well as mine,
The coming near me now do all decline,
Lest shame and gratitude should draw them in,
To be to me what I to them have been;
By which means I am stripp'd of all supplies,
And left alone to my own miseries.

CORYDON.

In the relation that thy grief has made,
The world's false friendships are too true display'd;
But courage, man, thou hast one friend in store,
Will ne'er forsake thee for thy being poor:
I will be true to thee in worst estate,
And love thee more now, than when fortunate.

CLOTTEN.

All goodness then on Earth I see'st not lost,
I of one friend in misery can boast,
Which is enough, and peradventure more
Than any one could ever do before;
And I to thee as true a friend will prove,
Not to abuse, but to deserve, thy love.

TO MY DEAR AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND,
MR. ISAAC WALTON.

WHILEN in this cold and blust'ring climate,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been for many years before:

WHILEN from the most tempest'ous nooks
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made:

WHILEN 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 without 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.

There, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just with treach'rous 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 pastime and our theme ;
But then, should you not deign to come,
You make all this a fann'ring dream.

TO
THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD,
ON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST SON.

MADAM, let an humble stranger
Give you joy, without the danger
Of correction from your brow ;
And I fancy 'tis not easy
For the rudest to displease ye,
Y'are in so good an humour now.

Such a treasure you have brought us,
As in gratitude has taught us
To praise and bless your happy womb ;
And since you have oblig'd so many,
You cannot but expect sure (can ye ?)
To be thank'd at least by some.

A more wish'd-for heir by Heaven
Ne'er to family was given,
Nor a braver boy to boot ;
Finer ne'er was born before him,
One may know who got and bore him,
And now-a-days 'tis hard to do't.

You copy well, for which the rather,
Since you so well have hit the father,
Madam, once more try your skill,
To bring of th'other sex another
As fair, and good, and like the mother,
And double 'em after when you will.

TO CHLORIS.

STANZES IRREGULIERS.

Lord ! how you take upon you still !
How you crow and domineer !
How ! still expect to have your will,
And carry the dominion clear,
As you were still the same that once you were !

Fie, Chloris ! 'tis a gross mistake,
Correct your error, and be wise ;
I kindly still your-kindness take,
But yet have learn'd, though love I prize,
Your forward humours to despise,
And now disdain to call them cruelties.

I was a fool whilst you were fair,
And I had youth t' excuse it,
And all the rest are so that lovers are ;
I then myself your vassal swear,
And could be still so, (which is rare)
Nay, I could force my will
To love, and at a good rate still,
But on condition that you not abuse it ;
I am now master of the gate,
And therefore, Chloris, 'tis too late
Or to insult, or to capitulate.

'Tis beauty that to womankind
Gives all the rule and sway,
Which once declining, or declin'd,
Men afterwards unwillingly obey :
Your beauty 'twas at first did awe me,
And into bondage, woeful bondage, draw me ;
It was your cheek, your eye, your lip,
Which rais'd you first to the dictatorship :

But your six months are now expir'd,
'Tis time I now should reign ;
And if from you obedience be requir'd,
You must not to submit disdain,
But practise what y'ave seen me do,
And love and honour me, as I did you ;
That will an everlasting peace maintain,
And make me crown you sovereign once again.

And, faith, consult your glass, and see
If I ha'n't reason on my side ;
Are those eyes still the same they use to be ?
Come, come, they're alter'd, 'twill not be de-
And yet although the glass be true, [ny'd ;
And show you, you no more are you,
I know you'll scarce believe it,
For womankind are all born proud, and never,
never leave it.

Yet still you have enough, and more than needs,
To rule a more rebellious heart than mine ;
For as your eyes still shoot, my heart still bleeds,
And I must be a subject still,
Nor is it much against my will,
Though I pretend to wrestle and repine :
Your beauties sweet are in their height,
And I must still adore ;
New years, new graces still create,
Nay, maugre time, mischance, and fate,
You in your very ruins shall have more
Than all the beauties that have grac'd the world
before.

OLD TITYRUS TO EUGENIA.

EUGENIA, young and fair, and sweet,
 The glories of the plains,
 In thee alone the Graces meet
 To conquer all the swains:
 Tall as the poplar of the grove,
 Straight as the winged shaft of Love,
 As the spring's early blossoms white,
 Soft as the kisses of the light,
 Serene and modest as the morn,
 Ere vapours do from fens arise,
 To dim the glory of the skies,
 Untainted or with pride or scorn, [born.
 To oblige the world, bright nymph, thou sure wast

O! be still fair, thou charming maid,
 For beauty is no crime;
 May thy youth's flower never fade,
 But still be in its prime:
 Be calm, and clear, and modest still,
 Oblige as many as you will,
 Still, still be humble, still be sweet,
 By those ways conquer all you meet;
 But let them see 'tis undesign'd,
 Nat'ral virtues, not put on
 To make a prize of any one,
 The native goodness of your mind,
 And have a care of being over-kind.

That's (my Eugenia) a mistake,
 That noblest ardours cools,
 And serves on th' other side to make
 Damn'd overweening fools.
 Be courteous unto all, and free,
 As far as virgin modesty;
 Be not too shy, but have a care
 Of being too familiar;
 The swain you entertain alone,
 To whom you lend your hand or lip,
 Will think he has you on the hip,
 And straight conclude you are his own,
 Women so easy, men so vain, are grown.

Reserv'dness is a mighty friend
 To form and virtue too,
 A shining merit should pretend
 To such a star as you:
 'Tis not a roundelay well play'd,
 A song well sung, a thing well said,
 A fall well giv'n, a bar well thrown,
 Should carry such a lovely one.
 Should these knacks win you, you will be
 (Of all the nymphs that with their beams
 Gild sweet Columba's crystal streams)
 Lost to the world, yourself, and me,
 And more despis'd than freckled Lalage.

Maintain a modest kind of state,
 'Tis graceful in a maid;
 It does at least respect create,
 And makes the fools afraid.
 Eugenia, you must pitch upon
 A Sylvia, not a Corydon;
 'Twould grate my soul to see those charms
 In an unworthy shepherd's arms.
 A little coldness (girl) will do,
 Let baffled lovers call it pride,
 Pride's an excess o' th' better side;
 Contempt to arrogance is due,
 Keep but state now, and keep't hereafter too.

EPISTLE

TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

Sir, you may please to call to mind,
 That letters you did lately find
 From me, which I conceiv'd were very kind:
 So hearty kind, that by this hand, sir,
 Briefly, I do not understand, sir, [swan.
 Why you should not vouchsafe some kind of an-
 What though in rhyme you're no proficient?
 Your love should not have been deficient,
 When downright prose to me had been sufficient.

'Tis true, I know that you dare fight, sir,
 But what of that? that will not fright, sir:
 I know full well your worship too can write, sir.

Where the peace, therefore, broken once is,
 Unless you send some fair responses,
 I doubt there will ensue some broken sconces.

Then dream not valour can befriend you,
 For if I justly once suspend you,
 Your sanct'ary, nor your club, can yet defend you:

But fairly, sir, to work to go:
 What the fiend is the matter, trow,
 Should make you use an old companion so?

I know the life you lead a-days,
 And, like poor swan, your foot can trace
 From home to pray'rs, thence to the forenam'd
 place¹.

And can you not from your precaton,
 And your as daily club-potation,
 To think of an old friend find some vacation?

'Tis true you sent a little letter,
 With a great present, which was better,
 For which I must remain your humble debtor.

But for th' epistle, to be plain,
 That's paid with int'rest back again,
 For I sent one as long at least as twain.

Then mine was rhyme, and yours but reason;
 If, therefore, you intend t' appease one,
 Let me hear from you in some mod'rate season.

'Tis what y're bound to by the tie
 (Of friendship first, then equity,
 To which I'll add a third, call'd charity.

For one that's banish'd the grand monde,
 Would sometimes by his friends be own'd:
 'Tis comfort after whipping to be moan'd.

But though I'm damn'd t' a people here,
 Than whom my dog's much civiler,
 I hear from you some twice or thrice a year.

Saints that above are plac'd in glory,
 Unless the papists tell a story,
 Commiserate poor souls in purgatory.

Whilast you, sir, captain, Heav'n remit ye,
 Who live in Heav'n on Earth, the city,
 On me, who live in Hell, can have no pity.

In faith it looks unkind! pray mend it,
 Write the least scrip you will, and send it,
 And I will bless and kiss the hand that penn'd it

¹ Viz. the sanctuary.

EPISTLE TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

WHAT though I writ a tedious letter,
 Whereas a shorter had been better,
 And that 'twas writ in moor-land's metre,
 To make it run, I thought, the sweeter,
 'et there was nought in that epistle,
 At which your worship ought to bristle;
 Or though it was too long, 'twas civil,
 And though the rhyme, 'tis true, was evil,
 Will maintain 'twas well meant yet,
 And full of heart, though void of wit:
 Why with a horse-pox, then should you,
 Thought my friend, keep such ado,
 And set Tom Weaver on my back,
 Because I ha'n't forsooth the knack
 To please your over-dainty ear;
 Impossible for me I fear)
 Or can my poesy strew with posies
 Of red, white, damask, Provence roses,
 Ear's-ears, anemonies, and lilies,
 As he did in *diebus illis*?

That man! all amblers are not courtyats,
 Either can all who rhyme be laureats:
 Besides the moor-lands not a clime is,
 Or of the year it now the time is
 To gather flowers, I suppose,
 Either for poetry or prose;
 Therefore, kind sir, in courteous fashion,
 Wish you spare your expectation.
 And since you may be thin of clothing,
 Something being better too than nothing)
 Winter now growing something rough,
 Send you here a piece of stuff,
 Since your old Weaver's dead and gone,
 To make a fustian waistcoat on.
 Accept it, and I'll rest your debtor,
 When more wit sends it, I'll send better.

And here I cannot pretermit
 To that epitome of wit,
 Knowledge and art, to him whom we
 Sincerely call, and I more sincerely
 Resume to write the little *d*.
 If that your language can improve
 Of service, honour, and of love:
 After whose name the rest I know
 Would sound so very flat and low,
 They must excuse, if in this case
 Wind them up et cæteras.
 Lastly, that in my tedious scribble
 May not seem incorrigible,
 Will conclude by telling you
 And on my honest word ('tis true)
 Long as much as new made bride
 Goes for the marriage even tide,
 Our plump corpusculum to embrace,
 In this abominable place:
 And therefore when the spring appears,
 I'll within short days will seem long years)
 And that under this scurvy hand,
 Give you, sir, to understand,
 In April, May, or then abouts,
 Love's people are your humble trouts,
 Be sure you do not fail but come,
 To make the Peak Elisium;
 Where you shall find them, and for ever,
 As true a friend² as was Tom Weaver¹.

¹ For rhimes take a new figure.² Though not half so good a poet.³ A dissolute poet of Cromwell's time. C.

THE RETIREMENT,

STANES IRREGULIERS.

TO MR. ISAAC WALTON.

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 thy most conspicuous theatres,
 Where nought but vice and vanity do reign.

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 bus'ness, all our conversation!

Oh how happy here's our leisure!
 Oh how innocent our pleasure!
 Oh ye vallies, oh ye mountains,
 Oh ye groves and chrysal fountains,
 How I love at liberty,
 By turn to come and visit ye!
 O solitude, the soul's best friend,
 That man acquainted with himself dost make,
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend;
 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
 It is alone
 To read, and meditate, and write,
 By none offended, nor offending none;
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
 And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

Oh my beloved nymph! fair Dove,
 Princess of rivers, how I love
 Upon thy bow'ry 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, to practise and to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tyber cannot show,
 Th' Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po:
 The Meuse, 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, Tame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
 And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

Oh my beloved rocks! 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!

Oh my beloved caves ! from dog-star heats,
 And hotter persecution safe retreats,
 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,
 Even of my dearest friends, have I
 In your recesses' friendly shade
 All my sorrows open laid,
 And my most secret woes entrusted 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 by their voice disgrace,
 Live but undisturb'd and free !
 Here in this despis'd recess
 Would I, maugre 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 waler fortune's smile,
 Contented live, and then contented die.

RONDEAU.

Thou fool ! if madness be so rife,
 That, spite of wit, thou'lt have a wife,
 I'll tell thee what thou must expect,
 After the honey-moon neglect,
 All the sad days of thy whole life.

To that a world of woe and strife,
 Which is of marriage the effect,
 And thou thy woe's own architect,
 Thou fool !

Thou'lt nothing find but disrespect,
 Ill words i'th' scolding dialect,
 For she'll all tabor be, or fife ;
 Then prythee go and whet thy knife,
 And from this fate thy self protect,
 Thou fool !

TO CUPID.

FOND Love, deliver up thy bow,
 I am become more love than thou ;
 I am as wanton grown, and wild,
 Much less a man, and more a child,
 From Venus born, of chaster kind,
 A better archer, though as blind.

Surrender without more ado,
 I am both king and subject too,
 I will command, but must obey,
 I am the hunter and the prey,
 I vanquish, yet am overcome,
 And sentencing receive my doom.

No springing beauty 'scapes my dart,
 And ev'ry ripe one wounds my heart ;
 Thus whilst I wound, I wounded am,
 And, firing others, turn to flame,
 To show how far love can combine
 The mortal part with the divine.

Faith, quit thine empire, and come down,
 That thou and I may share the crown,
 I've tri'd the worst thy arms can do,
 Come then, and taste my power too,
 Which (howso'er it may fall short)
 Will doubtless prove the better-sport.

Yet do not ; for in field and town,
 The females are so loving grown,
 So kind, or else so lustful, we,
 Can neither err, though neither see ;
 Keep then thine own dominions, lad.
 Two Loves would make all women mad.

SONNET.

Go false one, now I see the cheat,
 Your love was all a counterfeit,
 And I was gall'd to think that you,
 Or any she, could long be true.

How could you once so kind appear,
 To kiss, to sigh, and shed a tear,
 To cherish and caress me so,
 And now not let but bid me go ?

Oh woman ! frailty is thy name,
 Since she's untrue y'are all to blame,
 And but in man no truth is sound :

'Tis a fair sex, we all must love it,
 But (on my conscience) could we prove it,
 They all are false ev'n under ground.

STANZES DE MONSIEUR BERTAUD.

WALTER wish'g Heaven in his ire
 Would punish with some judgment dire
 This heart to love so obstinate ;
 To say I love her is to lie,
 Though I do love t' extremity,
 Since thus to love her is to hate.

But since from this my hatred springs,
 That she neglects my sufferings,
 And is unto my love ingrate,
 My hatred is so full of flame,
 Since from affection first it came,
 That 'tis to love her thus to hate.

I wish that milder love, or death,
 That ends our miseries with our breath,
 Would my affections terminate ;
 For to my soul, depriv'd of peace,
 It is a torment worse than these
 Thus wretchedly to love and hate.

Let love be gentle or severe,
 It is in vain to hope or fear
 His grace or rage in this estate,
 Being I from my fair one's spirit
 Nor mutual love, nor hatred merit,
 Thus foolishly to love and hate.

Or, if by my example here
 It just and equal do appear,
 She love and loath, who is my fate,
 Grant me, ye powers, in this case,
 Both for my punishment and grace,
 That, as I do, she love and hate.

THE EIGHTH PSALM PARAPHRASED.

1. O Lord, our governor, whose potent sway
 All pow'rs in Heav'n and Earth obey,
 Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame
 How great is thy adored name!
 Thy glories thou hast seated, Lord, on high,
 Above the empirean sky.

2. Out of the mouths of infants, newly come
 From the dark closet of the womb,
 Thou hast ordain'd powerful truth to rise,
 To baffle all thine enemies;
 That thou the furious rage might'st calm again,
 Of bloody and revengeful men.

3. When on thy glorious Heavens I reflect,
 Thy work, almighty architect,
 The changing Moon and Stars that thou hast made
 To illuminate night's sable shade:
 Oh! what is man, think I, that Heaven's King
 Should mind so poor a wretched thing;
 Or man's frail offspring, that Almighty God
 Should stoop to visit his abode?
 For thou createdst him but one degree
 Below the heav'nly hierarchy
 Of bless'd and happy angels, and didst crown
 Frail dust with glory and renown.
 Over the works of thy almighty hand
 Thou giv'st him absolute command,
 And all the rest that thou hast made
 Under his feet hast subject laid;
 All sheep, and oxen, and the wilder breed
 Of beasts, that on their fellows feed;
 The air's inhabitants, and scaly brood,
 That live and wanton in the flood,
 And whatsoever does either swim or creep
 Through th' investigable deep:
 Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame
 How great is thy adored name!

ADVICE.

So, thou perpetual whining lover,
 For shame leave off this humble trade,
 'Tis more than time thou gav'st it over,
 For sighs and tears will never move her,
 By them more obstinate she's made,
 I thou by love, fond, constant love, betray'd.

'He more, vain fop, thou su'st unto her,
 The more she does torment thee still,
 'Tis more perverse the more you woo her,
 When thou art humblest lays thee lower,
 And when most prostrate to her will
 U meanly begg'st for life, does basely kill.

y Heav'n 'tis against all nature,
 Honour and manhood, wit and sense,
 To let a little female creature
 Rule on the poor account of feature,
 And thy unmanly patience
 Strous and shameful as her insolence.

hou may'st find forty will be kinder,
 Or more compassionate at least,
 One will serve, two hours will find her,
 And half this 'do for ever bind her,
 As firm and true as thine own breast,
 Love and virtue's double interest:

But if thou canst not live without her,
 This only she, when it comes to 't,
 And she relent not (as I doubt her)
 Never make more ado about her,
 To sigh and wimper is no boot;
 Go, hang thyself, and that will do't.

LYRICK.

BY CORNELIO GALLO.

TRANS.

LYDIA, thou lovely maid, whose white
 The milk and lily does outvie,
 The pale and blushing roses light,
 Or polish'd Indian ivory,

Dishevel, sweet, thy yellow hair,
 Whose ray doth burnish'd gold surprize,
 Disclose thy neck so white and fair,
 That doth from snowy shoulders rise.

Virgin, unveil those starry eyes,
 Whose sable brows like arches spread,
 Unveil those cheeks, where the rose lies
 Streak'd with the Tyrian purple's red.

Lend me those lips with coral lin'd,
 And kisses mild of doves impart,
 Thou ravishest away my mind,
 Those gentle kisses wound my heart.

Why suck'st thou from my panting breast
 The youthful vigour of my blood?
 Hide those twin-apples, ripe, if press'd,
 To spring into a milky flood.

From thy expanded bosom breathe
 Perfumes Arabia doth not know;
 Thy ev'ry part doth love bequeath,
 From thee all excellencies flow.

Thy bosom's killing white then shade,
 Hide that temptation from mine eye;
 See'st not I languish, cruel maid!
 Wilt thou then go, and let me die?

ESTRENNES.

TO CALISTA.

I reckon the first day I saw those eyes,
 Which in a moment made my heart their prize
 To all my whole futurity,
 The first day of my first new year,
 Since then I first began to be,
 And knew why Heaven plac'd me here;
 For till we love, and love discreetly too,
 We nothing are, nor know we what we do.

Love is the soul of life, though that I know
 Is call'd soul too, but yet it is not so.

Not rational at least, until
 Beauty with her diviner light
 Illuminates the groping will,
 And shows us how to choose aright;
 And that's first prov'd by th' objects it refuses,
 And by being constant then to that it chooses.

Days, weeks, months, years, and lustres take,
 So small time up i' th' lover's almanack,

And can so little love assuage,

That we (in truth) can hardly say,

When we have liv'd at least an age,

A long one, we have lov'd a day.

This day to me, so slowly does time move,
Seems but the noon unto my morning love.

Love by swift time, which sickly passions dread,
Is no more measur'd than 'tis limited :

That passion where all others cease,

And with the fuel lose the flame,

Is evermore in its increase,

And yet being love, is still the same :

They err call liking love ; true lovers know
He never lov'd who does not always so.

You, who my last love have, my first love had,

To whom my all of love was, and is paid,

Are only worthy to receive

The richest new year's-gift I have,

My love, which I this morning give,

A nobler never monarch gave,

Which each new-year I will present a new,
And you'll take care, I hope, it shall be due.

EPIGRAMME DE MONSIEUR DES-PORTES.

SOME four years ago I made Phillis an offer,
Provided she would be my wh-re,
Of two thousand good crowns to put in her coffer,
And I think should have given her more.

About two years after, a message she sent me,
She was for a thousand my own,
But unless for an hundred she now would content me,
I sent her word I would have none.

She fell to my price six or seven weeks after,
And then for a hundred would do ;
I then told her in vain she talk'd of the matter,
Than twenty no farther I'd go.

T' other day for six ducatoons she was willing,
Which I thought a great deal too dear.
And told her unless it would come for two shilling,
She must seek a chapman elsewhere.

This morning she's come, and would fain buckle
But she's grown so fulsome a wh-re, [gratis,
That now methinks nothing a far dearer rate is,
Than all that I offer'd before.

EPIGRAMME DE MONSIEUR COTIN.

I PERISH of too much desire
If she inexorable prove,
And shall with too much joy expire
If she be gracious to my love.

Thus nought can cure my wounded breast,
But I most certain am to die,
Or by the ill by which possess'd,
Or by the happy remedy.

A VOYAGE TO IRELAND IN BURLESQUE.

THE lives of frail men are compar'd by the sages,
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 folk so a madding,
And makes men and women so eager of gadding ;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of those people
Would have gone a great way to have seen an high
steepie, [Peak,

And though I was bred 'mongst the wonders o'th'
Would have thrown away money, and ventur'd my
neck

To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And thought there was nothing so pleasant and
brave ;

But at forty years old you may (if you please)
I 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 chose :
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
trot ;

And therefore I think I'm not much to be blam'd
If I went to the place whereof Nick was asham'd.

Oh Coriate ! thou traveller fam'd as Ulysses,
In such a stupendious 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 eke my relation.

'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 flow'r'd tabby gown,
When about some two hours and an half after noon,
When it grew something late, though I thought it
too soon,

With a pitiful voice, and a most heavy heart,
I tun'd 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 endorse,
Till he groan'd and he f—d under the burthen,
For sorrow had made me a cumbersome lurchen :
And now farewell Dove, where I've caught such
brave dishes

Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scal'd fishes ;
Thy trout and thy grailing may now feed securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely ;
Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrears.

By pacing and trotting, betimes in the even,
E'er the Sun had forsaken one half of the Heavens,
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 potato
We took leave each of other in courteous fashion,
When each one, to keep his brains fast in his head,
Put on a good night-cap, and straight way 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 pouing
down,

This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown,)

We mounted again, and full soberly riding,
 Three miles we had rid e'er we met with a biding;
 But there (having over night plied the tap well)
 We now must needs water at place call'd Hokes
 Chapel: [the house?]

"A hay!" quoth the foremost, "ho! who keeps
 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 ty'd under his chin;
 Tho' 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 congee) "What lack you,
 my lord" [afford.]"

"The best liquor," quoth I, "that the house will
 "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' morning
 so 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:
 "Ale, 'squire, you mean?" quoth he nimbly again,
 "What, must it be pull'd?"—"No, I love it best
 plain." [advice,
 "Why, if you'll drink ale, sir, pray take my
 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,
 for the best Cheshire hum he e'er drank in his life."
 Traight out comes the mistress in waistcoat of
 silk,
 as clear as a milkmaid, and white as her milk,
 With visage as oval and sleek as an egg,
 as straight as an arrow, as right as my leg:
 curtsy she made, as demure as a sister,
 could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd her:
 hen ducking another with most modest mien,
 he first word she said, was, "Will't please you
 walk in?"
 thank'd her; but told her, I then could not stay,
 or the haste of my bus'ness did call me away.
 he said, she was sorry it fell out so odd,
 ut if, when again I should travel that road,
 would stay there a night, she assur'd me the
 nation
 could no where afford better accommodation:
 meanwhile my spruce landlord has broken the cork,
 and call'd for a bodkin, though he had a fork;
 at I show'd him a screw, which I told my brisk
 gull
 trepan was for bottles had broken their scull;
 'twich, as it was true, he believ'd without doubt,
 at 'twas I that apply'd it, and pull'd the cork out.
 sounce, quoth the bottle, the work being done,
 roard'd, and it smok'd, like a new fir'd gun;
 at the shot mis'd us all, or else we'd been routed,
 which yet was a wonder, we were so about it.
 ime host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill no
 fuller: [for colour,
 Look here, sir," quoth he, "both for nap and

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 toss-pot these twenty good
 years, [debtor,
 And have drank so much liquor has made me a
 In my days, that I know of, I never drank better:
 We found it so good, and we drank so profoundly,
 That four good round shillings were whipt away
 roundly;
 And then I conceiv'd it was time to be jogging,
 For our work had been done, had we staid t'other
 noggin.
 From thence we set forth with more mettle and
 spright,
 Our horses were empty, our coxcombs were light;
 O'er D. llamore forest we, tantivy, posted,
 Tiv' our horses were basted as if they were roasted:
 In truth, we pursu'd 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 i' 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 wo-
 man, [mon;
 Thy guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a com-
 And whoever of thy entertainment complains,
 Let him lie with a drab, and be jox'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, unquestionless, 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 penn'd it,
 An 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 commute 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 mattins 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-nam'd 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 call'd 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 din'd with good stomach, and very good cheer,
With a very fine woman, and good ale and beer ;
When myself having stuff'd than a bag-pipe
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 mo-
lesters,

Now wak'd 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
grize ;

Had my clothes neatly brush'd, and then put on
my sword,

Resolv'd now to go and attend on the word.

Thus trick'd, and thus trim, to set forth I begin,
Neat and cleanly without, but scarce 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 scorn'd (forsooth) to join pray'r with the crowd ;
For though courted by all the bells as I went,
I was deaf, and regard'd not the compliment,
But to the cathedral still held on my pace,
As 'twere, scorning to kneel but in the best place.
I there made myself sure of good music at least,
But was something deceiv'd, for 'twas none of
the best :

But, however, I staid at the church's commanding
Till we came to the peace passes all understanding,
Which no sooner was ended, but whirl 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 brethren 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 list, [kist ;

Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was
By which, though thick-scul'd, he must under-
stand this,

That I was a most humble servant of his ;
Which also so wonderful kindly he took,
(As I well perceiv'd both b' his gesture and look)
That to have me dogg'd home he straightway ap-
pointed,

Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted.

I was scarce in my quarters, and set down as
crupper, [per :

But his man was there too, to invite me to sup-
I start up, and after most respective fashions
Gave his worship much thanks for his kind in-
vitation ;

But begg'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 com-
mands.

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 refus'd,
I nothing did doubt to be bolden excus'd ;
But my quaint repartée had his worship possess'd
With so wonderful good a conceit of the rest,
That with mere impatience he hup'd in his
breaches [speeches :

To see the fine fellow that made such fine
"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 mind'd his message, and was not so plain ;
Saying to me only, "Good sir, I am surry
To tell you my master has sent again for you ;
And has such a longing to have you his guest,
That I, with these cars, heard him swear and
protest, [hum

He would neither say grace, nor sit down on his
Nor open his napkin, until you do come."
With that I perceiv'd no excuse would avail,
And, seeing there was no defence for a snail,
I said I was ready master may'r to obey,
And therefore desir'd 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 ; [stair,

Where lights being brought me, I mounted the
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 pipe,
And cutting of faces exceedingly like [look
One of those little gentlemen brought from the
And screwing myself into congress and cringes,
By then I was half way advanc'd in the room,
His worship most res'readly rose from his bun,
And with the more honour to grace and to greet
me,

Advanc'd a whole step and an 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.

By which you may note, that either the man
was mistaken, or the mayor was not so good as his
word, when he said he would not sit down till I
came.

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'ress, in just such another,
Like the fair queen of hearts, sat in state at the other;

By which I perceiv'd, though it seemed 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, [cold;

Mistress may'ress complain'd that the pottage was
"And all long of your fiddle-faddle," quoth she.

"Why, what then, Goody Two-shoes, what if it be? [he.

Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle," quoth I
I was glad she was wapp'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 requir'd 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 bus'ness 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 fam'd Staffordshire;
That in deeds, bills, and bonds, I was ever writ squire;

That of land, I had both sorts, some good, and some evil, [Devil;

But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the
That as for my parts, they were such as he saw;
That, indeed, I had a small smatt'ring of law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading, [ing;

By sitting o' th' bench, whilst others were plead-
But that arms I had ever more study'd than arts,
And was now to a captain rais'd by my deserts;
That the bus'ness which led me through Palatine 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 list;
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 narration
Of the several parts of our confabulation,

Perhaps would be tedious; I'll therefore remit ye
Even to the most rev'rend 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 pip'd, and we tippled Canary,
Till my watch pointed one in the circle horary;
When thinking it now was high time to depart,
His worship I thank'd with a most grateful heart;
And because to great men presents are acceptable,
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 th' eastern mountains peeping up's head,
The casement being open, espy'd me in bed;
With his rays he so tickled my lids that I wak'd,
And was half asham'd, for I found myself nak'd;
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 packing 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 protest;
It certainly was the most ugly of jades,
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-gall'd withal;

His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,

For the creature was wholly denuded 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, [low.

Than by mouse-skins above stairs, the merkin be-
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, [gotten;

Down to the shore, you must know, we were
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, [sands,

With two up and one down, hopp'd over the
Till his horse, finding th' 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 whipp-
ing, [shipping;

Dry-shod we came where folks sometimes take
And where the salt sea, as the Devil were in't,
Came roaring, 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, [need ;

Gott splntter her taste, some Welch ale her had
For her ride in great haste, and was like shit her
breeches,

For fear of her being catch'd up by the fishes:
But the lord of Flint castle's no lord worth a
louse, [house ;

For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his
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 Welch are not wise of their fuddle,
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 vallies 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 it 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, [seen ;

Some naked, where botches and boils might be
Of which some were fevers 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, [light,

But streak'd with pure red, as the morning with
Which they say is her blood, and so it may be,
But for that, let who shed it look to it for me.
Over the fountain a chapel there stands,
Which I wonder has 'scap'd master Oliver's hands ;
The floor's not ill pav'd, and the margin o' th'
spring

Is enclos'd 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 cupola wherewith the virgin is crown'd.

Now 'twixt the two angles, that fork to the north,
And where the cold nymph does her bason pour
forth,

Under ground is a place, where they bathe, as 'tis
said,

And 'tis true, for I heard folks' teeth back in their
head ; [whores

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 admir'd in the place,
That a saint, and a virgin, endu'd with such grace,
Should yet be so wonderful kind a well-springer
To that whoring and filching trade of a miller,
As within a few paces to furnish the wheels
Of I cannot tell how many water-mills :
I've study'd that point much, you cannot guess
why, [than I

But the virgin was, doubtless, more righteous
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 Winifreda, good Thewith's fair daughter.
A while I was doubtful, and stood in a muse,
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 fancy'd 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 shilling into her soft hand,
Which had like to have made me the place have
profan'd ;

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 din'd, there comes in my host,
A catholic good, and a rare drunken toast :
This man, by his drinking, inflam'd the Scot,
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 accounted,
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 Abergoney we past,
And o'er against Connaway came at the last :
Just over against a castle there stood,
O' th' right hand the town, and o' th' left hand a
wood ; [water

'Twixt the wood and the castle they see at high
The storm, the place makes it a dangerous matter ;
And besides, upon such a steep rock it is found
As would break a man's neck, should he 'scape
being drowned :

Perhaps tho' in time one may make them to yield,
But 'tis prettiest Cob-castle e'er I beheld.

The Sun now was going i' unbarness his steeds,
When the ferry-boat brasking her sides 'gainst
the weeds,

me in as good time, as good time could be,
 I give us a cast o'er an arm of the sea;
 And bestowing our horses before and abaft,
 Her god Neptune's wide cod-piece gave us a waft;
 Here scurvily landing at foot of the fort,
 'T'wixt very few paces we enter'd the port,
 'T'here another King's Head invited me down,
 And indeed I have ever been true to the crown.

THE STORM.

TO THE EARL OF

How with ill nature does this world abound!
 When I, who ever thought myself most sound,
 And free from that infection, now must choose
 To trouble with a tempest, who have none
 But your firm breast 't' afflict you of your own:
 'T'is since of friendship it the nature is,
 In any accident that falls amiss,
 Whether of sorrow, terror, loss, or pain,
 Caus'd or by men or fortune, to complain
 To those who of our ills have deepest sense,
 And in whose favour we've most confidence,
 And on, if in a storm I here engage
 Our calmer thoughts, and on a sea, whose rage,
 When but a little mov'd, as far outbraves
 The tamer mutinies of Adria's waves,
 As they, when worst for Neptune to appease,
 The softest curls of most pacific seas;
 And though I'm vain enough half to believe
 My danger will some little trouble give,
 Yet more vainly fancy 'twill advance
 Our pleasure too, for my deliverance.
 'Twas now the time of year, of all the rest,
 Or slow but certain navigation best;
 The Earth had dress'd herself so fine and gay,
 That all the world, our little world, was May;
 The Sea, too, had put on his smoothest face,
 Clear, sleek, and even as a looking-glass;
 Her rugged winds were lock'd up in their jails,
 And were but Zephyrs whisper'd in the sails;
 All nature seem'd to court us to our woe;
 Good God! can elements dissemble too?
 Whilst we, secure, consider'd not the whiles
 That greatest treasons lie conceal'd in smiles.
 Aboard we went, and soon were under sail,
 And with so small an over-modest gale,
 And to our virgin canvass so unkind,
 As not to swell their laps with so much wind,
 A common courtship would in breeding pay
 To maids less huxom and less trim than they.
 But of this calm we could not long complain,
 Or scarcely were we got out to the main
 From the still harbour but a league, no more,
 When the false wind (that seem'd so chaste before)
 The ship's lac'd smock began to stretch and tear,
 Not like a suitor, but a ravisher;
 As if delight were lessen'd by consent,
 And tasted worse for being innocent.
 A sable curtain, in a little space,
 Of thick wove clouds, was drawn o'er Phœbus' face,
 We might not see the horror of the light,
 Nor we the comfort of his heav'nly sight:
 When, as this darkness had the signal been,
 At which the furious storm was to begin,

Heaven's loud artillery began to play,
 And with pale flashes made a dreadful day:
 The centre shook by these, the ocean
 In hills of brine to swell and heave began;
 Which growing mountains, as they rolling hit,
 To surge and foam, each other broke and split,
 Like men, who, in intestine storms of state,
 Strike any they nor know, nor yet for what;
 But with the stream of fury headlong run
 To war, they know not how nor why begun.

In this disorder straight the winds forlorn,
 Which had lain ambush'd all the flatt'ring morn,
 With unexpected fury rushes in,
 The ruffling skirmish rudely to begin;
 The sea with thunder-claps alarm'd before,
 Assaulted thus anew, began to roar
 In waves, that striving which should fastest run,
 Crowd'd themselves into confusion.

At which advantage Æolus brought on
 His large spread wings, and main battalion,
 When by opposing shores the flying foe
 Forc'd back against the enemy to flow,
 So great a conflict follow'd, as if here
 Th' enraged enemies embattled were;
 Not only one another to subdue,
 But to destroy themselves and nature too.

To paint this burrow to the life, weak art
 Must want a hand, humanity a heart;
 And I, the bare relation whilst I make,
 Methinks am brave, my hand still does not shake;
 For surely since men first in planks of wood
 Themselves committed to the faithless flood,
 Men born and bred at sea, did ne'er behold
 Neptune in such prodigious furrows roll'd;
 Those winds, which with the loudest terror
 roar,

Never so stretch'd their lungs and cheeks before;
 Nor on this floating stage has ever been
 So black a scene of dreadful ruin seen.

Poor yacht! in such a sea how canst thou live?
 What ransom would not thy pale tenants give
 To be set down on the most desprate shore,
 Where serpents hiss, tigers and lions roar?
 And where the men, inhuman savages,
 Are yet worse vermin, greater brutes, than these!
 Who would not for a danger that may be
 Exchange a certain ruin that they see?
 For such, unto our reason, or our fear,
 Ours did in truth most manifest appear;
 And how could we expect a better end,
 When winds and seas seem'd only to contend,
 Not which should conquer other in this war,
 But in our wreck which should have greatest
 share?

The winds were all let loose upon the main,
 And every wind that blew a hurricane,
 Nereus' whole pow'r too muster'd seem'd to be,
 Wave rode on wave, and every wave a sea.
 Of our small bark gusts rush'd the trembling
 sides

Against vast billows that contain'd whole tides,
 Which in disdainful fury beat her back
 With such a force, as made her stout sides crack,
 'Gainst others that in crowds came rolling in,
 As if they meant their liquid walls between
 To engage the wretched-hulk, and crush her flat,
 And make her squeeze to death her dying freight
 Sometimes she on a mountain's ridge would ride,
 And from that height her gliding keel then slide

Into a gulph, yawning and deep as Hell,
 Whilst we were swooning all the while we fell;
 Then by another billow rais'd so high,
 As if the sea would dart her into th' sky,
 To be a pinnacle to the Argoey;
 Then down a precipice so low and steep,
 As it had been the bottom of the deep:
 Thus whilst we up and down, and to and fro,
 Were miserably toss'd and bandy'd so,
 'Twas strange our little pink, tho' ne'er so tight,
 Could weather't so, and keep herself upright;
 Or was not sunk with weight of our despair,
 For hope, alas! could find no anch'ring there:
 Her prow, and poop, starboard, and larboard side,
 B'ing with these elements so hotly ply'd,
 'Twas no less than a miracle her seams
 Not ripp'd and open'd, and her very beams
 Continu'd faithful in these load extremes;
 That her tall masts, so often bow'd and bent
 With gust on gust, were not alow'd; that
 That all, or any thing, indeed, withstood
 A sea so hollow, such a high-wrought flood.

Here, where no seaman's art nor strength avails,
 Where use of compass, rudder, or of sails,
 There now was none; the mariners all stood
 Bloodless and cold as we; or though they could
 Something, perhaps, have help'd in such a stress,
 Were ev'ry one astonish'd ne'ertheless
 To that degree, they either had no heart
 Their art to use, or had forgot their art.
 Meanwhile the miserable passengers,
 With sighs the hardest, the moan soft with tears,
 Mercy of Heav'n in various accents crav'd,
 But after drowning hoping to be sav'd.
 How oft, by fear of dying, did we die?
 And every death, a death of cruelty,
 Worse than worst cruelties provok'd impose
 On the most hated, most offending foes.
 We fancy'd death riding on every wave,
 And every hollow seem'd a gaping grave:
 All things we saw such horror did present,
 And all of dying too were so intent,
 Ev'ry one thought himself already dead,
 And that for him the tows he saw were shed.
 Such as had not the courage to behold
 Their danger above deck, within the hold
 Utter'd such groans in that their floating grave,
 As even unto terror terror gave;
 Whilst those above pale, dead, and cold appear,
 Like ghosts in Charon's boat that sailing were.
 The last day's dread, which none can comprehend,
 But to weak fancy only recommend,
 To form the dreadful image from sick fear,
 That fear and fancy both were heighten'd here
 With such a face of horror, as alone
 Was fit to prompt imagination,
 Or to create it where there had been none.
 Such as from under hatches thrust a head
 To inquire what news, seem'd rising from the dead,
 Whilst those who staid above, bloodless with fear,
 And ghastly look, as they new risen were.
 The bold and timorous, with like horror struck,
 Were not to be distinguish'd by their look;
 And he who could the greatest courage boast,
 Howe'er within, look'd still as like a ghost.

Ten hours in this rude tempest we were tost,
 And ev'ry moment gave ourselves for lost:
 Heav'n knows how ill prepar'd for sudden death,
 When the rough winds, as they'd been out of
 breath,

Now seem'd to pant, and panting to subside,
 The waves with gentler force against us beat;
 The sky clear'd up, the Sun again shone bright,
 And gave us once again new life and light;
 We could again bear sail in those rough seas,
 The seamen now resume their offices;
 Hope warm'd us now anew, snow the heart
 Did to our cheeks some streaks of blood impart;
 And in two hours, or very little more,
 We came to anchor falcon-shot from shore,
 The very same we left the morn before;
 Where now in a yet working sea, and high,
 Until the wind shall veer, we rolling lie,
 Resting secure from present fear; but then
 The dangers we escap'd must tempt again;
 Which if again I safely shall get through,
 (And sure I know the worst the sea can do)
 So soon as I shall touch my native land,
 I'll thence ride post to kiss your lordship's hand.

ODE.

Is't come to this, that we must part?
 Then Heav'n is turn'd all our cruelty,
 And Fate has neither eyes nor heart,
 Or else (my sweet) it could not be.

She's a blind deity I'm sure;
 For woful sights compassion move,
 And heav'nly minds could ne'er endure
 To persecute the truest love.

Love is the highest attribute
 Of pow'rs unknown we mortals know;
 For that all homage we commute,
 From that all good and mercies flow.

And can there be a deity
 In those eternal seats above,
 Will own so dire a cruelty,
 As thus to punish faithful love?

Oh, heav'nly pow'rs! be good and just,
 Cherish the law yourselves have made,
 We else in vain in virtue trust,
 And by religion are betray'd.

Oh! punish me some other way
 For other sins, but this is none;
 Take all the rest you gave away,
 But let my dearest dear alone.

Strip me as into th' world I came,
 I never shall dispute your will;
 Or strike me dumb, deaf, blind, or lame,
 But let me have Chlorinda still.

Why was she given me at all?
 I thought indeed the gift too great
 For my poor merit; but withal
 I always knew to value it.

I first by you was worthy made,
 Next by her choice; let me not prove
 Blasphemous, if I'm not afraid
 To say most worthy by my love.

And must I then be damn'd from bliss
 For valuing the blessing more,
 Be wretched made through happiness,
 And by once being rich more poor?

This separation is, alas!
Too great a punishment to bear,
Oh! take my life, or let me pass
That life, that happy life, with her.

O my Chlorinda! couldst thou see
Into the bottom of my heart,
There's such a mine of love for thee,
The treasure would supply desert.

Let the king send me where he please,
Ready at drum and trumpet's call,
I'll fight at home, or cross the seas,
His soldier, but Chlorinda's thrall.

No change of diet, or of air,
In me can a distemper breed;
And if I fall, it should be fair,
Since 'tis her blood that I'm to bleed.

And sitting so, I nothing fear
A noble she of living fame;
And who shall then be by, may hear,
In my last groans, Chlorinda's name.

But I am not proscrit'd to die,
My adversaries are too wise;
More rigour and less charity
Condemns me from Chlorinda's eyes.

Ah, cruel sentence, and severe!
That is a thousand deaths in one;
Oh! let me die before I hear
A sound of separation.

And yet it is decreed, I see,
The race of men are now combin'd,
'Though I still keep the body free,
'To persecute a loyal mind.

And that's the worst that man can do,
To banish me Chlorinda's sight;
Yet will my heart continue true,
Maugre their power and their spite.

Meanwhile my exit now draws nigh,
When, sweet Chlorinda, thou shalt see
That I have heart enough to die,
Not half enough to part with thee.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

HYMN.

Rise, happy mortals, from your sleep,
Bright Phosphor now begins to peep,
In such apparel as ne'er drest
The proudest day-break of the East!
Death's sable curtain 'gins disperse,
And now the blessed morn appears,
Which has long'd and pray'd for him
So many centuries of years,
To defray th' arrears of sin.
Now through the joyful universe
Beams of mercy and of love
Shoot forth comfort from above,
And choirs of angels do proclaim
The holy Jesus' blessed name.

Rise, shepherds, leave your flocks, and run;
The soul's great Shepherd now is come!
Oh! wing your tardy feet, and fly
To greet this dawning majesty:

Heaven's messenger, in tidings bless'd,
Invites you to the sacred place,
Where the blessed Babe of joy,
Wrapp'd in his holy Father's grace,
Comes the serpent to destroy,
That lurks in ev'ry human breast.
To Judah's Beth'lem turn your feet,
There you shall salvation meet;
There, in a homely manger harld'
Lies the Messias of the world.

Riding upon the morning's wings,
The joyful air salvation sings,
"Peace upon Earth, to wroth men good will,"
Echoes from ev'ry vale and hill;
For why, the Prince of Peace is come,
The glorious infant, who this morn
(By a strange mysterious birth)
Is of his virgin mother born,
To redeem the seed of Earth
From foul rebellious heavy doom.
Travel, magi of the East,
To adore this sacred Guest;
And offer up (with reverence)
Your gold, your myrrh, and frankincense.

At th' teeming of this blessed womb
All nature is one joy become;
The fire, the earth, the sea, and air,
The great salvation to declare:
The mountains skip with joy's excess,
The ocean's briny billows swell
O'er the surface of their lapds,
And at this sacred miracle
Floods do clap their liquid hands,
Joy's inundation to express:
Babes spring in the narrow rooms
Of their tender mothers' wombs,
And all for triumph of the morn
Wherein the Child of bliss was born.

Let each religious soul then rise
To offer up a sacrifice,
And on the wings of pray'r and praise
His grateful heart to Heaven raise; -
For this, that in a stable lies,
This poor neglected Babe, is he,
Hell and Death that must control,
And speak the blessed word, "Be free,"
To ev'ry true believing soul:
Death has no sting, nor Hell no prize,
Through his merits great, whilst we
Travel to eternity,
And with the blessed angels sing
Hosannahs to the heav'nly King.

CHORUS.

Rise, then, O rise! and let your voices
Tell the spheres the soul rejoices.
In Beth'lem, this auspicious morn,
The glorious Son of God is born.
The Child of glory, Prince of Peace,
Brings mercy that will never cease;
Merits that wipe away the sin
Each human soul was forfeit in;
And washing off the fatal stain,
Man to his Maker knits again:
Join then your grateful notes, and sing
Hosannahs to the heav'nly King.

SAPPHIC ODE.

How easy is his life, and free,
Who, urg'd by no necessity,
Eats cheerful bread, and over night does pay
For's next day's crapula.

No suitor such a mean estate
Invites to be importunate,
No supple flatt'rer, robbing villain, or
Obstreperous creditor.

This man does need no bolts nor locks,
Nor needs he starts when any knocks,
But may on careless pillow lie and snore,
With a wide open door.

Trouble and danger wealth attend,
An useful but a dangerous friend,
Who makes us pay, e'er we can be releas'd,
Quadruple interest.

Let's live to day then for to-morrow,
The fool's too provident will borrow
A thing, which, through chance or infirmity,
'Tis odds he ne'er may see.

Spend all then ere you go to Heaven,
So with the world you will make even ;
And men discharge by dying Nature's score,
Which done, we owe no more,

THE MORNING QUATRAINS,

The cock has crow'd an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego ;
Tir'd nature is by sleep redress'd,
And labour's overcome by rest.

We have out-done the work of night,
'Tis time we rise t' attend the light,
And ere he shall his beams display,
To plot new bus'ness for the day.

None but the slothful, or unsound,
Are by the Sun in feathers found ;
Nor, without rising with the Sun,
Can the world's bus'ness e'er be done.

Hark ! hark ! the watchful chanticler
Tells us the day's bright harbinger
Peeps o'er the eastern hills, to awe
And warn night's sov'reign to withdraw.

The morning curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn ;
Aurora has her roses shed,
To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

Xanthus and Æthon harness'd are,
To roll away the burning car,
And, snorting flame, impatient bear
The dressing of the charioteer.

The sable cheeks of sullen Night
Are streak'd with rosy streams of light,
Whilst she retires away in fear,
To shade the other hemisphere.

The merry lark now takes her wings,
And long'd-for days loud welcome sings,
Mounting her body out of sight,
As if she meant to meet the light.

Now doors and windows are unbar'd,
Each-where are cheerful voices heard ;
And round about good-morrrows fly,
As if day taught humanity.

The chimnies now to smoke begin,
And the old wife sits down to spin ;
Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip
Mull's swain and straddling paps to strip.

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing ;
And Silvio, with his bugle horn,
Winds an imprime unto the morn.

Now through the morning doors behold
Phœbus, array'd in burning gold,
Lashing his fiery steeds, displays
His warm and all enlight'ning rays.

Now each ore to his work prepares,
All that have hands are labourers ;
And manufactures of each trade,
By op'ning shops, are open laid.

Hob yokes his oxen to the team,
The angler goes unto the stream ;
The woodman to the purlieus hies,
And lab'ring bees to load their thighs.

Fair Amarillis drives her flocks,
All night safe folded from the fox,
To flow'ry downs, where Colin stays
To court her with his roundelays.

The traveller now leaves his inn,
A new day's journey to begin,
As he would post it with the day,
And early rising makes good way.

The sleek-fac'd schoolboy satchel takes,
And with slow pace small riddance makes ;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To knowledge and to virtue's slow.

The fore-horse gingles on the road,
The waggoner lugs on his load ;
The field with busy people snies,
And city rings with various cries.

The world is now a busy swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm ;
But let's take heed our acts be true,
For Heaven's eye sees all we do.

None can that piercing sight evade,
It penetrates the darkest shade ;
And sin, though it could 'scape the eye,
Would be discover'd by the cry.

NOON QUATRAINS.

The Day grows hot, and darts his rays
From such a sure and killing place,
That this half world are fain to fly
The danger of his burning eye.

His early glories were benign,
Warm to be felt, bright to be seen,
And all was comfort ; but who can
Endure him when meridian ?

Of him we as of kings complain,
Who mildly do begin to reign;
But to the zenith got of pow'r,
Those whom they should protect devour.

Is not another Phaeton
Mounted the chariot of the Sun,
And, wanting art to guide his horse,
Is hurry'd from the Sun's due course?

If this hold on, our fertile lands
Will soon be turn'd to parched sands,
And not an onion that will grow
Without a Nile to overflow.

The grazing herds now droop and pant,
E'en without labour fit to faint,
And willingly forsook their meat,
To seek out cover from the heat.

The lagging ox is now unbound,
From larding the new turn'd-up ground,
Whilst Hobbinol, alike o'er-laid,
Takes his coarse dinner to the shade.

Cellars and grottos now are best
To eat and drink in, or to rest;
And not a soul above is found
Can find a refuge under ground.

When pagan tyranny grew hot,
Thus persecuted Christians got
Into the dark but friendly womb
Of unknown subterranean Rome.

And as that heat did cool at last,
So a few scorching hours o'er past,
In a more mild and temp'rate ray
We may again enjoy the day.

THE NIGHT.

WRITTEN BY MONSIEUR LE COMTE DE CREMAIL.

STANZES.

Oh, Night! by me so oft requir'd,
Oh, Night! by me so much desir'd,
Of my felicity the cause,
Oh, Night! so welcome to my eyes,
Grant, in this horror of the skies,
This dreadful shade thy curtain draws,
That I may now adore this night
The star that burns and gives me light.

Spread o'er the Earth thy sable veil,
Heaven's twinkling sparklets to conceal,
That darkness seems to day t' improve;
For other light I do need none
To guide me to my lovely one,
But only that of mine own love;
And all light else offends my sight,
But hers whose eye does give me light.

Oblivion of our forepass'd woes,
Thou charm of sadness, and repose
Of souls that languish in despair,
Why dost thou not from Lethe rise?
Dost thou not see the whole world snies
With lovers, who themselves declare
Enemies to all noise and light,
And covet nothing but the night?

At her transparent window there
Thou'lt see Aminta's eye appear,
That, like a Sun set round with ray,
The shadows from the sky shall chase,
Changing the colour of its face
Into a bright and glorious day;
Yet do not fear this Sun so bright,
For 'tis a mighty friend to Night.

Rise then, lov'd Night, rise from the sea,
And to my Sun Aurora be,
And now thy blackest garment wear;
Dull sleep already thee foregoes,
And each-where a dumb silence does
Thy long'd-for long approach declare;
I know the star that gives me light,
To see me only stays for Night.

Ha! I see shades rise from th' abyss,
And now I go the lips to kiss,
The breasts and eyes have me deceiv'd;
Oh, Night! the height of my desire,
Canst thou put on so black attire.
That I by none can be perceiv'd,
And that I may this happy night
See the bright star that gives me light?

Oh! that my dusky goddess could
In her thick mantle so enfold
Heaven's torches, as to damp their fire,
That here on Earth thou might'st for ever
Keep thy dark empire, Night, and never
Under the waves again retire;
That endless so might be the night,
Wherein I see the star, my light!

EVENING QUATRAINS.

The day's grown old, the fainting Sun
Has but a little way to run;
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

With labour spent, and thirst oppress,
Whilst they strain hard to gain the West,
From fetlocks hot drops melted light,
Which turn to meteors in the night.

The shadows now so long do grow,
That brambles like tall cedars show;
Molehills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;
Whilst the small stripling following them,
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

These being brought into the fold,
And by the thrifty master told,
He thinks his wages are well paid,
Since none are either lost or stray'd.

Now lowing herds are each-where heard,
Chains rattle in the villains' yard;
The cart's on tail set down to rest,
Bearing on high the cuckold's crest.

The hedge is stript, the clothes brought in,
Naught's left without should be within;
The bees are hiv'd, and hum their charm,
Whilst every house does seem a swarm.

The cock now to the roost is prest,
For he must call up all the rest:
The sow's fast pegg'd within the sty,
To still her squeaking progeny.

Each one has had his supping mess,
The cheese is put into the press;
The pans and bowls clean scalded all,
Rear'd up against the milk-house wall.

And now on benches all are sat
In the cool air to sit and chat,
Till Phoebus, dipping in the West,
Shall lead the world the way to rest.

NIGHT QUATRAINS.

THE Sun is set, and gone to sleep
With the fair princess of the deep,
Whose bosom is his cool retreat,
When fainting with his proper heat:

His steeds their flaming nostrils cool
In spume of the Cerulean pool;
Whilst the wheels dip their hissing naves
Deep in Columbus' western waves.

From whence great rolls of smoke arise
To overhade the beauteous skies;
Who bid the world's bright eye adieu
In gelid tears of falling dew.

And now from the Iberian vales
Night's sable steeds her chariot hales,
Where double cypress curtains screen
The gloomy melancholic queen.

These, as they higher mount the sky,
Ravish all colour from the eye,
And leave it but an useless glass,
Which few or no reflections grace.

The crystal arch o'er Pindus' crown
Is on a sudden dusky grown,
And all's with fun'ral black o'erspread,
As if the day, which sleeps, were dead.

No ray of light the heart to cheer,
But little twinkling stars appear;
Which like faint dying embers lie,
Fit nor to work nor travel by.

Perhaps to him they torches are,
Who guide Night's sovereign's drowsy car,
And him they may befriend so near,
But us they neither light nor cheer.

Or else those little sparks of light
Are nails, that tire the wheels of Night,
Which to new stations still are brought,
As they roll o'er the gloomy vault.

Or nails that arm the horses' hoof,
Which trampling o'er the marble roof,
And striking fire in the air,
We mortals call a shooting star,

That's all the light we now receive,
Unless what belching Vulcans give;
And those yield such a kind of light
As adds more horror to the night.

Nyctimene, now freed from day,
From sullen bush flies out to prey,
And does with ferret note proclaim
Th' arrival of th' usurping dame.

The rail now cracks in fields and meads,
Toads now forsake the nettle-beds,
The tim'rous hare goes to relief,
And wary men bolt out the thief.

The fire's new rak'd, and hearth swept clean,
By Midge, the dirty kitchen quean;
The safe is lock'd, the mouse-trap set,
The leaven-laid, and bucking wet.

Now in false floors and roofs above,
The lustful cats make ill-tun'd love;
The ban-dog on the dunghill lies,
And watchful nurse sings lullabies.

Philomel chants it whilst she bleeds,
The bittern booms it in the reeds;
And Reynard ent'ring the back yard,
The Capitolian cry is heard.

The goblin now the fool alarms,
Hags meet to mumble o'er their charms;
The night-mare rides the dreaming ass,
And fairies trip it on the grass.

The drunkard now supinely snores,
His load of ale sweats through his pores;
Yet, when he wakes, the swine shall find
A crapula remains behind.

The sober now and chaste are blest
With sweet, and with refreshing rest;
And to sound sleeps they've best pretence,
Have greatest share of innocence.

We should so live, then, that we may,
Fearless, put off our clots and clay,
And travel through Death's shades to light;
For every day must have its night.

ODE.

Good night, my love, may gentle rest
Charm up your senses till the light,
Whilst I, with care and woe oppress'd,
Go to inhabit endless night.

There, whilst your eyes shall grace the day,
I must, in the despairing shade,
Sigh such a woeful time away,
As never yet poor lover had.

Yet to this endless solitude
There is one dangerous step to pass,
To one that loves your sight so rude,
As flesh and blood is loth to pass.

But I will take it, to express
I worthily your favours wore;
Your merits (sweet) can claim no less,
Who dies for you, can do no more.

ODE DE MONSIEUR RACAN.

INGRATEFUL cause of all my harms,
I go to seek, amidst alarms,
My death, or liberty;
And that's all now I've left to do,
Since (cruel fair!) in serving you
I can nor live or die.

The king his towns sees desert made,
His plains with armed troops o'erspread,
Violence does control ;
All's fire and sword before his eyes,
Yet has he fewer enemies

Than I have in my soul.

But yet, alas ! my hope is vain
To put a period to my pain,

By any desperate ways ;

'Tis you that hold my life enchain'd,
And (under Heaven) you command,
And only you, my days.

If in a battle's loud'st alarms
I rush amongst incens'd arms,
Invoking Death to take me,
Seeing me look so pale, the foe
Will think me Death himself, and so
Not venture to attack me.

In bloody fields, where Mars doth make
With his loud thunder all to shake,
Both Earth and Heav'n to boot ;
Man's pow'r to kill me I despise,
Since love, with arrows from your eyes,
Had not the pow'r to do't.

No ! I must languish still unblest,
And in worst torments manifest
My firm fidelity ;
Or that my reason set me free,
Since (fair) in serving you, I see
I can nor live nor die.

CONTENTATION.

DIRECTED TO MY DEAR FATHER, AND MOST WORTHY
FRIEND, MR. ISAAC WALTON.

HEAV'N, what an age is this ! what race
Of giants are sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
And with his providence make war !

I can go no where but I meet
With malecontents and mutineers,
As if in life was nothing sweet,
And we must blessings reap in tears

O senseless man ! that murmurs still
For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

'Is it true happiness to be
By undiscerning Fortune plac'd,
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast ?

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils,
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare :
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The one supinely yawns at rest,
Th' other eternally doth toil ;
Each of them equally a beast,
A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moul.

The titulados oft disgrac'd,
By public hate or private frown,
And he whose hand the creature rais'd,
Has yet a foot to kick him down.

The drudge who would all get, all save,
Like a brute beast both feeds and lies ;
Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
And in the very labour dies.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf,
Does only death and danger breed ;
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself
With what would thousand others feed.

By which we see what wealth and pow'r,
Although they make men rich and great,
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these,
Who in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate.

For he, by those desires misled,
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked, empty head,
To all the storms man's peace invade.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick'd up in favours of the fair,
Mirroures, with every breath made dim,
Birds, caught in every wanton snare.

Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss,
Does o'er far, than serve, enslave,
And with the magic of a kiss,
Destroys whom she was made to save.

Oh, fruitful grief, the world's disease !
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving shapes and names to things ;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness, which is health,
That persecution, which is grace ;
That poverty, which is true wealth,
And that dishonour, which is praise.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye ;
And if to misery we fall,
'Tis through our own infirmity.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
Ambitious youth to danger climb ;
And want of virtue, when the old
At persecution do repine.

Alas ! our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heav'n has done, unde
By an unruly appetite.

'Tis contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below ;
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heav'n too.

A very little satisfies
 An honest and a grateful heart;
 And who would more than will suffice,
 Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his share,
 Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,
 Whose necessaries bound his care,
 And honest labour makes his bed.

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
 Honours those laws that others fear,
 Who ill of princes, in worst times,
 Will neither speak himself, nor hear.

Who from the busy world retires,
 To be more useful to it still,
 And to no greater good aspires,
 But only the eschewing ill.

Who, with his angle and his books,
 Can think the longest day well spent,
 And praises God when back he looks,
 And finds that all was innocent.

This man is happier far than he
 Whom public business oft betrays,
 Through labyrinths of policy,
 To crook'd and forbidden ways.

The world is full of beaten roads,
 But yet so slippery withal,
 That where one walks secure, 'tis odds
 A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
 Where the frequented are unsure;
 And he comes soonest to his rest,
 Whose journey has been most secure.

It is content alone that makes
 Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
 And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
 An ill commodity too dear.

But he has fortunes worst withstood,
 And happiness can never miss,
 Can covet naught, but where he stood,
 And thinks him happy where he is.

MELANCHOLY.

PINDARIC ODE.

WHAT in the name of wonder's this
 Which lies so heavy at my heart,
 That I ev'n death itself could kiss,
 And think it were the greatest bliss
 Even at this moment to depart!
 Life, even to the wretched dear,
 To me's so nauseous grown,
 There is no ill I'd not commit,
 But proud of what would forfeit it,
 Would act the mischief without fear,
 And wade through thousand lives to lose my own.

Yea, Nature never taught me bloody rules,
 Nor was I yet with vicious precept bred;
 And now my virtue paints my cheeks in gules,
 To check me for the wicked thing I said.
 'Tis not then I, but something in my breast,
 With which unwittingly I am possest,
 Which breathes forth horror to proclaim,
 That I am now no more the same:

One that some seeds of virtue had;
 But one run resolutely mad,
 A fiend, a fury, and a beast!
 Or a demoniae at least,
 Who, without sense of sin or shame,
 At nothing but dire mischiefs aim, [same.
 Egg'd by the prince of fiends, and Legion is his

Alas! my reason's overcast,
 That sovereign guide is quite displac'd,
 Clearly dismounted from his throne,
 Banish'd his empire, fled and gone!

And in his room
 An infamous usurper's come,
 Whose name is sounding in mine ear
 Like that, methinks, of Oliver.
 Nay, I remember in his life
 Such a disease as mine was mighty rife,
 And yet, methinks, it cannot be,

That he
 Should be crept into me;
 My skin could ne'er contain sure so much evil,
 Nor any place but Hell can hold so great a devil.

But by its symptoms now I know
 What 'tis that does torment me so;

'Tis a disease,
 As great a fiend almost as these,
 That drinks up all my better blood,
 And leaves the rest a standing pool,
 And though I ever little understood,
 Makes me a thousand times more fool.
 Fumes up dark vapours to my brain,
 Creates burnt cholera in my breast,
 And of these nobler parts possest,
 Tyrannically there does reign.
 Oh! when (kind Heaven) shall I be well again?

Accurs'd Melancholy! it was sin
 First brought thee in;
 Sin lodg'd thee first in our first father's breast,
 By sin thou'rt nourish'd, and by sin increas'd,
 Thou'rt man's own creature, he has giv'n thee
 pow'r

The sweets of life thus to devour:
 ' To make us shun the cheerful light,
 And creep into the shades of night,
 Where the sly tempter ambush'd lies,
 To make the discontented soul his prize.
 There the progenitor of guile
 Accosts us in th' old serpent's style;
 Rails at the world as well as we,
 Nay, Providence itself's not free:

Proceeding then to arts of flattery,
 He there extols our valour and our parts,
 Spreads all his nets to catch our hearts,
 Concluding thus: "What generous mind
 Would longer here draw breath,
 That might so sure a refuge find
 In the repose of death!"

Which having said, he to our choice presents
 All his destroying instruments,
 Swords and stilettos, halters, pistols, knives,
 Poisons, both quick and slow, to end our lives.
 Or if we like none of those fine devices,
 He then presents us pools and precipices;
 Or to let out, or suffocate our breath,
 And by once dying to obtain an everlasting death.

Avant, thou devil, Melancholy!
 Thou grave and sober folly!

Light of the mind, wherein our reasons grope
 or future joys, but never can find hope.
 Parent of murders, treasons, and despair,
 Thou pleasing and eternal care ;
 Go sow thy rank and pois'nous seeds
 In such a soil of mind as breeds,
 With little help, black and nefarious deeds ;
 And let my whiter soul alone,
 For why should I thy sable weed put on,
 Who never meditated ill, nor ill have never done !

Alas, 'tis ill done to me, that makes me sad
 And thus to pass away
 With sighs the tedious nights, and does
 Like one that either is, or will be mad.
 Repentance can our own foul souls make pure,
 And expiate the foulest deed,
 Whereas the thought others offences breed.
 Nothing but true amendment one can cure.
 Thus man, who of this world a member is,
 Is by good nature subject made
 To smart for what his fellows do amiss,
 As he were guilty, when he is betray'd,
 And mourning for the vices of the time,
 Suffers unjustly for another's crime.

Go, foolish soul, and wash thee white,
 Be troubled for thine own misdeeds
 That heav'nly sorrow comfort breeds,
 And true contrition turns delight.
 Let princes thy past services forget.
 Let dear bought friends thy foes become,
 Though round with misery thou art beset,
 With scorn abroad, and poverty at home,
 Keep yet thy hands but clear, and conscience pure,
 And all the ills thou shalt endure
 Will on thy worth such lustre set
 As shall out-shine the brightest coronet.
 And men at last will be asham'd to see,
 That still,

For all their malice, and malicious skill,
 Thy mind revives as it was us'd to be, [thee.
 And that they have disgrac'd themselves to honour

HOPE.

PINDARIC ODE.

Hope, thou darling, and delight
 Of unforeseeing reckless minds,
 Thou deceiving parasite,
 Which now where entertainment finds
 But with the wretched, or the vain ;
 'Tis they alone fond hope maintain.
 Thou easy fool's chief favourite ;
 Thou fawning slave to slaves, that still remains
 In galleys, dungeons, and in chains,
 Or with a whining lover lov'd to play,
 With treach'rous art
 Fanning his heart,
 A greater slave by far than they
 Who in worst durance wear their age away.
 Thou, whose ambition mounts no higher,
 Nor dost to greater fame aspire,
 Than to be ever found a liar :
 Thou treacherous fiend, deluding shade,
 Who would with such a phantom be betray'd,
 By whom the wretched are at last more wretched
 made.

Yet once, I must confess, I was
 Such an overweening ass,
 As in fortune's worst distress
 To believe thy promises ;
 Which so brave a change foretold,
 Such a stream of happiness,
 Such mountain hopes of glittering gold,
 Such honours, friendships, offices,
 In love and arms so great success ;
 That I even hugg'd myself with the conceit,
 Was myself party in the cheat,
 And in my very bosom laid
 That fatal hope by which I was betray'd,
 Thinking myself already rich, and great :
 And in that foolish thought despis'd
 Th' advice of those who out of love advis'd ;
 As I'd foreseen what they did not foresee,
 A torrent of felicity,
 And rudely laugh'd at those, who pitying wept for
 me.

But of this expectation, when 't came to 't,
 What was 'the fruit ?
 In sordid robes poor Disappointment came,
 Attended by her handmaids, Grief and Shame ;
 No wealth, no titles, no friend could I see,
 For they still court prosperity,
 Nay, what was worst of what mischance could
 do,
 My dearest love forsook me too ;
 My pretty love, with whom, had she been true,
 Even in banishment,
 I could have liv'd most happy and content ;
 Her sight which nourish'd me withdrew.
 I then, although too late, perceiv'd
 I was by flattering Hope deceiv'd,
 And call'd for it t'expostulate
 The treachery and foul deceit :
 But it was then quite fled away,
 And gone some other to betray,
 Leaving me in a state
 By much more desolate,
 Than if when first attack'd by fate,
 I had submitted there
 And made my courage yield unto despair.
 For Hope, like cordials, to our wrong
 Does but our miseries prolong,
 Whilst yet our vitals daily waste,
 And not supporting life, but pain
 Call their false friendships back again
 And unto Death, grim Death, abandon us at
 last.

In me, false Hope, in me alone,
 Thou thine own treach'ry hast out-done :
 For chance, perhaps may have befriended
 Some one thou'st labour'd to deceive
 With what by thee was ne'er intended,
 Nor in thy pow'r to give :
 But me thou hast deceiv'd in all, as well
 Possible, as impossible,
 And the most sad example made
 Of all that ever were betray'd.
 But thou hast taught me wisdom yet,
 Henceforth to hope no more
 Than I see reason for,
 A precept I shall ne'er forget :
 Nor is there any thing below
 Worth a man's wishing, or his care,
 When what we wish begets our woe,
 And hope deceiv'd becomes despair.

Then, thou seducing Hope, farewell,
 No more thou shalt of sense bereave me,
 No more deceive me,
 I now can counterebarm thy spell,
 And for what's past, so far I will be even,
 Never again to hope for anything but Heaven.

—————
 EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF —————

To write in verse, O count of mine,
 To you, who have the ladies nine,
 With a wet finger, at your call,
 And I believe have kiss'd 'em all,
 Is such an undertaking, none
 But Peakrill bold would venture on :
 Yet having found, that, to my woes
 No help will be procur'd by prose,
 And to write that way is no boot,
 I'll try if rhyming will not do't.

Know then, my lord, that on my word,
 Since my first, second, and my third,
 Which I have pester'd you withal,
 I've heard no syllable at all,
 Or where you are, or what you do ;
 Or if I have a lord, or no.
 A pretty comfort to a man
 That studies all the ways he can
 To keep an interest he does prize
 Above all other treasures.

But let that pass, you now must know
 We do on our last quarter go ;
 And that I may go bravely out,
 And trowing merry bowl about,
 To lord and lady, that and this,
 As nothing were at all amiss,
 When after twenty days are past,
 Poor Charles has eat and drunk his last.
 No more plumb-porridge then, or pye,
 No brawn with branch of rosemary,
 No chine of beef, enough to make
 The tallest yeoman's chine to crack ;
 No bag-pipe humming in the hall,
 Nor noise of house-keeping at all,
 Nor sign, by which it may be said,
 This house was once inhabited.
 I may, perhaps, with much ado,
 Rub out a Christmas more or two ;
 Or, if the fats be pleas'd, a score,
 But never look to keep one more.

Some three months hence, I make account
 My spur-gall'd Pegasus to mount,
 When, whither I intend to go,
 My horse, as well as I, will know :
 But being got, with much ado,
 Out of the reach a stage or two,
 Though not the conscience of my shame,
 And Pegasus fall'n desp'rate lame,
 I shake my stirrups, and forsake him ;
 Leaving him to the next will take him ;
 Not that I set so lightly by him,
 Would any be so kind to buy him ;
 But that I think those who have seen
 How ill my Muse has mounted been,
 Would certainly take better heed
 Than to bid money for her steed.

Being then on foot, away I go,
 And bang the hoof, incognito,
 Though in condition so forlorn,
 Little disguise will serve the turn,

Since best of friends, the world's so base,
 Scarce know a man when in disgrace.

But that's too serious. Then suppose,
 Like trav'ling Tom¹, with dint of toes,
 I'm got unto extremest shore,
 Sick, and impatient to be o'er
 That channel which secur'd my state
 Of peace, whilst I was fortunate,
 But in this moment of distress,
 Confines me to unhappiness :
 But where's the money to be had
 This surly Neptune to persuade ?
 It is no less than sbillings ten,
 Gods will be brib'd as well as men.
 Imagine then your Highlander
 Over a can of muddy beer,
 Playing at Passage with a pair
 Of drunken fumbler for his fare ;
 And see I've won, oh, lucky chance,
 Hoist sail again, my mates, for France ;
 Fortune was civil in this throw,
 And having robb'd me, lets me go.
 I've won, and yet how could I choose,
 He needs must win, that cannot lose ;
 Fate send me then a happy wind,
 And better luck to those behind.

But what advantage will it be
 That winds and tides are kind to me,
 When still the wretched have their woes,
 Wherever they their feet dispose ?
 What satisfaction, or delight
 Are ragouts to an appetite ?
 What ease can France or Flanders give
 To him that is a fugitive ?
 Some two years hence, when you come o'er,
 In all your state, ambassador,
 If my ill nature be so strong
 T' out-live my infamy so long,
 You'll find your little officer
 Ragged as his old colours are ;
 And naked, as he's discontent,
 Standing at some poor sutler's tent,
 With his pike cheek'd, to guard the tum
 He must not taste when he has done.
 " Humph," says my lord, " I'm half afraid
 My captain's turn'd a reformade,
 That scurvy face I sure should know."
 " Yes faith, my lord, 'tis even so,
 I am that individual he :
 I told your lordship how 't would be."
 " Thou did'st so, Charles, it is confess'd ;
 Yet still I thought thou wer't in jest ;
 But comfort ! poverty's no crime,
 I'll take thy word another time."

This matters now are coming to,
 And I'm resolv'd upon't ; whilst you,
 Sleeping in Fortune's arms, ne'er dream
 Who feels the contrary extreme ;
 Faith write to me, that I may know,
 Whether you love me still, or no ;
 Or if you do not, by what ways
 I've pull'd upon me my disgrace ;
 For whilst I still stand fair with you,
 I dare the worst my fate can do ;
 But your opinion long I find,
 I'm sunk for ever to mankind.

BEAUTY.

PINDARIC ODE.

ANSWER TO AN ODE OF MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S
UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

auty ! thou master-piece of Heaven's best skill,
so in all shapes and lights art beauty still,
d whether black, or brown, tawny, or white,
ll strik'st with wonder every judging sight ;
Thou triumph, which dost entertain the eye
With admiration's full variety ;
Who, though thou variest here and there,
d trick'st thyself in various colour'd hair,
d though with several washes Nature has
ought fit thy several lineaments to grace,
t beauty still we must acknowledge thee,
Whatever thy complexion be.

auty, Love's friend, who help'st him to a throne,
wisdom deify'd, to whom alone

Thy excellence is known,
d ne'er neglected but by those have none ;
ou noble coin, by no false sleight allay'd,
r whom we lovers militant are paid,
True to the touch, and ever best
When thou art brought unto the test,
d who dost still of higher value prove,
As deeper thou art search'd by love.
e who allows thee only in the light
Is there mistaken quite,
r there we only see the outer skin,
When the perfection lies within ;
Beauty more ravishes the touch than sight,
And seen by day, is still enjoy'd by night,
r beauty's chiefest parts are never seen.

Beauty, thou active, passive good !
Who both inflam'st and cool'st our blood !
Thou glorious flow'r, whose sov'reign juice
Does wonderful effects produce,
Who, scorpion-like, dost with thee bring
The balm that cures thy deadly sting.
What pity 'tis the fairest plant

That ever Heaven made
Should ever ever fade :
Yet beauty we shall never want,
For she has off-sets of her own,
Which ere she dies will be as fairly blown,
nd though they blossom in variety,
Yet still new beauties will descry.
nd here the fancy's govern'd by the eye.

Beauty, thy conquests still are made
Over the vigorous more than the decay'd ;
nd chiefly o'er those of the martial trade ;
nd whom thou conquer'st still thou keep'st in
Until you both together fall : [thrall,
Whereas of all the conquerors, how few
Know how to keep what they subdue ?
Nay, even froward age subdues thee too.
Thy power, Beauty, has no bounds,
All sorts of men it equally confounds,
The young and old does both enslave,
The proud, meek, humble, and the brave,
And if it wounds, it only is to save.

Beauty, thou sister to Heav'n's glorious lamp,
Of finer clay, thy finer stamp !
Thou second light, by which we better live,
Thou better sex's vast prerogative !
Thou greatest gift that Heaven can give !

VOL. VI

He who against thee does inveigh,
Never yet knew where beauty lay,
And does betray
A deplorable want of sense,
Blindness, or age, or impotence :
For wit was given to no other end,
But beauty to admire, or to commend ;
And for our sufferings here below
Beauty is all the recompence we know :
'Tis then for such as cannot see,
Nor yet have other sense to friend,
Adored Beauty, thus to slander thee,
And he who calls thee madness let him be,
By his own doom from beauty doom'd for me.

RONDEAU.

FORBEAR (fair Phillis) oh forbear
Those deadly killing frowns, and spare
A heart so loving, and so true,
By none to be subdu'd, but you,
Who my poor life's sole princess are.
You only can create my care ;
But offend you, I all things dare ;
Then, lest your cruelty you rue,
Forbear ;
And lest you kill that heart, beware,
To which there is some pity due,
If but because I humbly sue.
Your anger therefore, sweetest fair,
Though mercy in your sex is rare,
Forbear.

WOMAN.

PINDARICK ODE.

WHAT a bold theme have I in hand,
What fury has possess'd my Muse,
That could no other subject choose,
But that which none can understand !
Woman, what tongue, or pen is able
To determine what thou art,
A thing so moving and unstable,
So sea-like, so investigable,
That no land map, nor seaman's chart,
Though they show us snowy mountains,
Chalky cliffs, and christal fountains,
Sable thickets, golden groves,
All that man admires and loves,
Can direct us to thy heart !
Which, though we seek it night and day,
Through vast regions ages stray,
And over seas with canvas wings make way ;
That heart the whales,
Like to the floating isles,
Our compass evermore beguiles,
And still, still, still remains Terra Incognita.

Woman ! the fairest sweetest flow'r
That in happy Eden grew,
Whose sweets and graces had the pow'r
The world's sole monarch to subdue,
What pity 'tis thou wert not true.
But there, even there, thy frailty brought in sin,
Sin that has cost so many sighs and tears,
Enough to ruin all succeeding heirs,
To beauty's temple let the Devil in.
And though (because there was no more)
It in one single story did begin ;

B b b

Yet from the seeds shed from that fruitful core,
 Have sprung up volumes infinite, and great,
 With which th' o'er charged world doth sweat,
 Of women false, proud, cruel, insolent ;
 And what could else befall,
 Since she herself was president
 Who was the mother of them all ;
 And who, altho' mankind indeed was scant,
 To show her malice, rather than her want,
 Would make a loathsome serpent her gallant.

O mother Eve, sure 't was a fault
 So wild a rule to give,
 Ere there were any to be taught,
 Or any to deceive.
 'Twas ill to ruin all thy offspring so,
 E're they were yet in embryo,
 Great mischiefs did attend thy easy will,
 For all thy sons (which usually are
 The mother's care)
 For ever lost, and ruin'd were,
 By thy instructing thy fair daughters ill.
 What's he that dares his own fond choice ap-
 prove
 Or be secure his spouse is chaste ;
 Or if she be, that it will last ?
 Yet all must love.
 Oh cruel Nature, that does force our wills
 T' embrace those necessary ills !
 Oh negligent, and treacherous eyes,
 Given to man for true and faithful spies ;
 How oft do you betray your trust,
 And, join'd confederate with our lust,
 Tell us that beauty is, which is but flesh, that flesh
 but dust.

Heaven, if it be thy undisputed will
 That still
 This charming sex we must adore,
 Let us love less, or they love more ;
 For so the ills that we endure,
 Will find some ease, if not a cure :
 Or if their hearts from the first gangrene be
 Infected to that desperate degree
 As will no surgery admit ;
 Out of thy love to men at least forbear
 To make their faces so subduing fair,
 And if thou wilt give beauty, limit it :
 For moderate beauty, though it bear no price,
 Is yet a mighty enemy to vice,
 And who has virtue once, can never see
 Any thing of deformity,
 Let her complexion swart, or tawny be,
 A twilight olive, or a midnight ebony.

She that is chaste, is always fair,
 No matter for her hue,
 And though for form she wear a star,
 She's ugly, if untrue :
 True beauty always lies within,
 Much deeper, than the outer skin,
 So deep, that in a woman's mind,
 It will be hard, I doubt, to find ;
 Or if it be, she's so deriv'd,
 And with so many doors contriv'd,
 Harder by much to keep it in.
 For virtue in a woman's breast
 Seldom by title is possess'd,
 And is no tenant, but a wand'ring guest.

But all this while I've soundly slept,
 And rav'd as dreamers use :
 Fy ! what a coil my brains have kept
 T' instruct a saucy Muse
 Her own fair sex t' abuse.
 'Tis nothing but an ill digestion
 Has thus brought women's fame in question,
 Which have been, and still will be what they are,
 That is, as chaste, as they are sweet and fair ;
 And all that has been said
 Nothing but ravings of an idle head,
 Troubled with fumes of wine ;
 For now, that I am broad awake,
 I find 'tis all a gross mistake,
 Else what a case were his, and thine, and mine ?



THE WORLD.

ODE.

Fix ! what a wretched world is this ?
 Nothing but anguish, griefs, and fears,
 Where, who does best, must do amiss.
 Frailty the ruling power bears
 In this our dismal vale of tears.

Oh ! who would live that could but die,
 Die honestly, and as he shou'd,
 Since to contend with misery
 Will do the wisest man no good,
 Misfortune will not be withstood.

The most thrt helpless man can do
 Towards the bett'ring his estate
 Is but to barter woe for woe,
 And he ev'n there attempts too late,
 So absolute a prince is fate.

But why do I of fate complain ;
 Man might live happy, if not free,
 And fortune's shocks with ease sustain,
 If man would let him happy be :
 Man is man's foe, and destiny.

And that rib woman, though she be
 But such a little little part ;
 Is yet a greater fate than he,
 And has the power, or the art
 To break his peace ; nay break his heart.

Ah, glorious flower, lovely piece
 Of superfine refined clay,
 Thou poison'st only with a kiss,
 And dar'st an suspicious ray
 On him thou meanest to betray.

These are the world, and these are they
 That life does so unpleasant make.
 Whom to avoid there is no way
 But the wild desert straight to take,
 And there to husband the last stake.

Fly to the empty deserts then,
 For so you leave the world behind ;
 There's no world where there are no men,
 And brutes more civil are, and kind,
 Than man whose reason passions bind.

For should you take an hermitage,
 Tho' you might scape from other wrongs,
 Yet even there you bear the rage
 Of venomous, and slanderous tongues,
 Which to the innocent belongs.

Grant me then, Heav'n, a wilderness,
 And there an endless solitude,
 Where, though wolves howl, and serpents hiss,
 Though dang'rous, 'tis not half so rude
 As the un govern'd multitude.

And solitude in a dark cave,
 Where all things hush'd, and silent be,
 Resembleth so the quiet grave,
 That there I would prepare to flee,
 With death, that hourly waits for me.

DE VITA BEATA.

PARAPHRAS'D FROM THE LATIN.

OMES, y' are deceiv'd, and what you do
 Esteem a happy life's not so:
 He is not happy that excels
 'Th' lapidary's bagatelles;
 For he, that when he sleeps doth lie
 Under a stately canopy;
 For he, that still supinely hides,
 A easy down, his lazy sides;
 For he that purple wears, and sups
 Luxurious draughts in golden cups;
 For he that loads with princely fare,
 His bowing tables, whilst they'll bear;
 For he that has each spacious vault
 With deluges of plenty fraught,
 'All'd from the fruitful Libyan fields,
 When Autumn his best harvest yields:
 But he whom no mischance affrights,
 For popular applause delights,
 'hat can unmov'd, and undismay'd
 'onfront a ruffian's threat'ning blade;
 Who can do this; that man alone
 Has power fortune to dethrone.

Q. CICERO DE MULIERUM LEVITATE.

TRANSL.

OMMIT a ship unto the wind
 ut not thy faith to woman-kind,
 or th' ocean's waving billows are
 after than woman's faith by far.
 o woman's good, and if there be
 hereafter such a thing as she,
 's by, I know not what, of fate,
 hat can from bad, a good create.

DESPAIR.

ODE.

's decreed, that I must die,
 And could lost men a reason show
 or losing so themselves, 'tis I,
 Woman and fate will have it so,
 oman, more cruel than my fate,
 From thee this sentence was severe,
 's thou condemn'st me, fair ingrate,
 Fate's but the executioner.
 nd mine must be fate's hands to strike
 At this uncomfortable life,
 'hich I do loath, 'cause you dislike,
 And court cold death to be my wife.

In whose embraces though I must
 Fail of those joys, that warm'd my heart,
 And only be espous'd to dust,
 Yet death and I shall never part.

That's one assurance I shall have,
 Although I wed deformity,
 And must inhabit the cold grave,
 More than I, sweet, could have with thee.

And yet if thou could'st be so kind,
 As but to grant me a reprieve,
 I'm not to death so much inclin'd,
 But I could be content to live.

But so, that that same life should be
 With thee, and with thy kindness blest;
 For without thee, and all of thee,
 'Twere dying only with the rest.

But that, you'll say's too arrogant,
 T' enslave your beauties, and your will,
 And cruelty in you to grant,
 Who saving one, must thousands kill.

And yet you women take a pride
 To see men die by your disdain;
 But thou wilt weep the homicide,
 When thou consider'st whom thou'st slain.

Yet don't; for being as I am,
 Thy creature, thou in this estate,
 To life and death hast equal claim,
 And may'st kill him thou didst create.

Then let me thine own doom abide,
 Nor once for him o'ercast thine eyes,
 Who glories that he liv'd and dy'd
 Thy lover, and thy sacrifice.

POVERTY.

PINDARIC ODE.

Thou greatest plague that mortals know!
 Thou greatest punishment,
 That Heav'n has sent
 To quell and humble us below!
 Thou worst of all diseases and all pains,
 By so much harder to endure,
 By how much thou art hard to cure,
 Who, having robb'd physicians of their brains,
 As well as of their gain,
 A chronic disease doth still remain!
 What epithet can fit thee, or what words thy ills
 explain!

This puzzles quite the Æsculapian tribe
 Who, where there are no fees, can have no wit,
 And make them helpless med'cines still provide,
 Both for the sick, and poor alike unfit:
 For inward griefs all that they do prepare
 Nothing but crumbs, and fragments are,
 And outwardly apply no more
 But sordid rags unto the sore.
 Thus poverty is drest, and dos'd
 With little art and little cost,
 As if poor remedies for the poor were fit,
 When poverty in such a place doth sit, [quer it,
 That 'tis the grand projection only that must con-
 Yet poverty, as I do take it,
 Is not so epidemical
 As many in the world would make it,
 Who all that want their wishes poor do call;

For if who is not with his dividēt
 Amply content,
 Within that acceptation fall,
 Most would be poor, and peradventure all.
 This would the wretched with the rich confound :
 But I not call him poor does not abound,
 But him, who, snar'd in bonds, and endless strife,
 The comforts wants more than supports of life ;
 Him, whose whole age is measur'd out by fears,
 And though he has wherewith to eat,
 His bread does yet
 Taste of affliction, and his cares
 His purest wine mix and allay with tears.

'Tis in this sense that I am poor,
 And I'm afraid shall be so still,
 Obstrep'rous creditors besiege my door,
 And my whole house clamorous echoes fill ;
 From these there can be no retirement free,
 From room to room they hunt and follow me ;
 They will not let me eat, nor sleep, nor pray,
 But persecute me night and day,
 Torment my body and my mind ;
 Nay, if I take my heels, and fly,
 They follow me with open cry :
 At home no rest, abroad no refuge can I find.

Thou worst of ills ! what have I done,
 That Heav'n should punish me with thee ?
 From insolence, fraud, and oppression,
 I ever have been innocent and free.

Thou wert intended (poverty)
 A scourge for pride and avarice,
 I ne'er was tainted yet with either vice ;
 I never in prosperity,

Nor in the height of all my happiness,
 Scorn'd, or neglected any in distress,
 My hand, my heart, my door
 Were ever open'd to the poor ;
 And I to others in their need have granted,
 Ere they could ask, the thing they wanted ;
 Whereas I now, although I humbly crave it,
 Do only beg for peace, and cannot have it.

Give me but that, ye bloody persecutors,
 (Who formerly have been my suitors)
 And I'll surrender all the rest
 For which you so contest.

For Heav'n's sake, let me but be quiet,
 I'll not repine at clothes nor diet ;
 Any habit ne'er so mean,
 Let it be but whole and clean,
 Such as nakedness will hide,
 Will amply satisfy my pride ;
 And as for meat

Husks and acorns I will eat,
 And for better never wish ;
 But when you will me better treat,
 A turnip is a princely dish :
 Since then I thus far am subdu'd,
 And so humbly do submit,
 Faith, be no more so monstrous rude,
 But some repose at least permit ;
 Sleep is to life and human nature due,
 And that, alas, is all for which I humbly sue.

DEATH.

PINDARIC ODE.

At a melancholic season,
 As alone I musing sat,
 I fell, I know not how, to reason
 With myself of man's estate,
 How subject unto death and fate :

Names that mortals so affright,
 As turns the brightest day to night,
 And spoils of living the delight,
 With which so soon as life is tasted,
 Lest we should too happy be,
 Even in our infancy,
 Our joys are quash'd, our hopes are blasted ;
 For the first thing that we hear,
 (Us'd to still us when we cry)
 The nurse to keep the child in fear,
 Discreetly tells it, it must die.
 Be put into a hole, eaten with worms ;
 Presenting death in thousand ugly forms,
 Which tender minds so entertain,
 As ever after to retain,
 By which means we are cowards bred,
 Nurs'd with unnecessary dread,
 And ever dream of dying, 'till we're dead.

Death ! thou child's bug-bear, thou fools' terror,
 Ghastly set forth the weak to awe ;
 Begot by fear, increas'd by error,
 Whom none but a sick fancy ever saw ;
 Thou who art only fear'd
 By the illiterate and tim'rous herd,
 But by the wise

Esteem'd the greatest of felicities :
 Why, since by a universal law,
 Entail'd upon mankind thou art,
 Should any dread, or seek t' avoid thy dart,
 Whea of the two, fear is the greatest smart ?
 O senseless man, who vainly flies
 What Heaven has ordain'd to be

The remedy
 Of all thy mortal pains and miseries.

Sorrow, want, sickness, injury, mischance,
 The happi'st man's certain inheritance,

With all the various ills,
 Which the wide world with mourning fills,
 Or by corruption, or disaster bred,
 Are for the living all ; not for the dead.

When life's sun sets, death is a bed
 With sable curtains spread,
 Where we lie down

To rest the weary limbs, and careful head,
 And to the good, a bed of down.

There, there no frightful tintamarre
 Of tumult in the many-headed beast,

Nor all the loud artillery of war,
 Can fright us from that sweet, that happy rest,

Wherewith the still and silent grave is blest
 Nor all the rattle, that above they keep, [sleep]
 Break our repose, or rouse us from that everlasting

The grave is privileg'd from noise and care,
 From tyranny, and wild oppression,

Violence has so little power there,
 Ev'n worst oppressors let the dead alone :

We're there secure from princes' frowns,
 The insolences of the great,

From the rude hands of barb'rous clowns,
 And policies of those that sweat,

The simple to betray, and cheat :
 Or if some one with sacrilegious hand

Would persecute us after death,
 His want of power shall his will withstand,

And he shall only lose his breath ;
 For all that he by that shall gain

Will be dishonour for his pain,
 And all the clutter he can keep
 Will only serve to rock us while we soundly sleep.

The dead no more converse with tears,
 With idle jealousies and fears;
 No danger makes the dead man start,
 No idle love torments his heart,
 No loss of substance, parents, children, friends,
 Either his peace, or sleep offends;
 Nought can provoke his anger or despise,
 He out of combat is, and injury,
 'Tis he of whom philosophers so write;
 And who would be a Stoic let him die,
 For whilst we living are, what man is he,
 Who the world's wrongs does either feel, or see,
 That possibly from passion can be free!

But must put on
 A noble indignation
 Warranted both by virtue and religion.

Then let me die, and no more subject be
 Unto the tyrannizing pow'rs,
 To which this short mortality of ours,
 Is either preordain'd by destiny,
 Or bound by natural infirmity.

We nothing, whilst we here remain,
 But sorrow, and repentance gain,
 Nay, ev'n our very joys are pain;
 Or, being past,
 To woe and torment turn at last:
 Nor is there yet any so sacred place,
 Where we can sanctuary find,
 No man's a friend to sorrow and disgrace;
 But flying one, we other mischiefs meet;
 Or if we kinder entertainment find,
 We bear the seeds of sorrow in the mind,
 And keep our frailty, when we shift our feet.
 Whilst we are men we still our passions have,
 And he that is most free, is his own slave,
 There is no refuge but the friendly grave.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE

THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY.

CARMEN IRREGULARE.

ENOUGH! enough! I'll hear no more,
 And would to Heav'n I had been deaf before
 That fatal sound had struck my ear:
 Harsh rumour has not left so sad a note
 In her hoarse trumpet's brazen throat
 To move compassion, and enforce a tear.
 Methinks all nature should relent and droop,
 The centre shrink, and heaven stoop,
 The day be turn'd to mourning night,
 The twinkling stars weep out their light,
 And all things out of their distinction run
 Into their primitive confusion,
 A chaos with cold darkness overspread,
 Since the illustrious Ossory is dead.

When Death that fatal arrow drew,
 Ten thousand hearts he pierced through,
 Though one alone be outright slew;
 Never since sin gave him his killing trade,
 He, at one shot, so great a slaughter made;
 He needs no more at those let fly,
 They of that wound alone will die,
 And who can now expect to live, when he
 Thus fell unprivileg'd we see!
 He met death in his greatest triumph, war,
 And always thence came off a conqueror,

Through ratt'ling shot, and pikes the slave he
 sought

Knock'd at each cuirass for him, as he fought,
 Beat him at sea, and baffled him on shore,
 War's utmost fury he outbrav'd before:
 But yet, it seems, a fever could do more.

The English infantry are orphans now,
 Pale sorrow hangs on every soldier's brow:
 Who now in honour's path shall lead you on,
 Since your beloved general is gone?
 Furl up your ensigns, cease the warlike drum,

Pay your last honours to his tomb;
 Hang down your manly heads in sign of woe;
 That now is all that your poor loves can do;
 Unless by Winter's fire, or Summer's shade
 To tell what a brave leader once you had:
 Hang your now useless arms up in the hall,
 There let them rust upon the sweating wall;
 Go, till the fields, and, with inglorious sweat,
 An honest, but a painful living get:
 Your old neglected callings now renew,
 And bid to glorious war a long adieu.

The Dutch may now have fishing free,
 And, whilst the consternation lasts,
 Like the proud rulers of the sea,

Show the full stature of their masts;
 Our English Neptune, deaf to all alarms,
 Now soundly sleeps in Death's cold arms,
 And on his ebon altar has laid down
 His awful trident, and his naval crown.

No more shall the tall frigate dance
 For joy she carries this victorious lord,
 Who to the capstain chain'd Mischance,
 Commanding on her lofty board.
 The sea itself, that is all tears,
 Would weep her soundless channel dry,
 Had she unhappily but ears,
 To hear that Ossory could die.

Ah, cruel fate, thou never struck'st a blow,
 By all mankind regretted so;

Nor can't be said who should lament him most,
 No country such a patriot e'er could boast,
 And never monarch such a subject lost.

And yet we knew that he must one day die,
 That should our grief assuage;

By sword, or shot, or by infirmity;
 Or, if these fail'd, by age.

But he, alas! too soon gave place
 To the successors of his noble race:

We wish'd, and coveted to have him long,
 He was not old enough to die so soon,
 And they to finish what he had begun,

As much too young:

But time, that had no hand in his mischance,
 Is fitter to mature, and to advance

Their early hopes to the inheritance
 Of titles, honours, riches, and command,

Their glorious grandsire's merits have obtain'd,
 And which shines brighter than a ducal crown,
 Of their illustrious family's renown.

Oh, may there never fail of that brave race,
 A man as great, as the great Ossory was,
 To serve his prince, and as successful prove
 In the same valour, loyalty, and love;

Whilst his own virtues swell the checks of fame,
 And from his consecrated urn doth flame

A glorious pyramid to Boteler's name.

ODE BACCHIQUE.

DE MONSIEUR BACAN.

Now that the day's short and forlorn,
Dull melancholy Capricorn
To chimney-corners men translate,
Drown we our sorrows in the glass,
And let the thoughts of warfare pass,
The clergy, and the third estate.

Menard, I know what thou hast writ,
That sprightly issue of thy wit
Will live whilst there are men to read :

But, what if they recorded be
In memory's temple, boots it thee,
When thou art gnawn by worms, and dead ?

Henceforth those fruitless studies spare,
Let's rather drink until we stare
Of this immortal juice of ours,
Which does in excellence precede
The beverage which Ganimede
Into th' immortals' goblet pours.

The juice that sparkles in this glass
Makes tedious years like days to pass,
Yet makes us younger still become,
By this from lab'ring thoughts are chas'd
The sorrow of those ills are past,
And terror of the ills to come.

Let us drink brimmers then, time's fleet,
And steals away with winged feet,
Haling us with him to our urn,
In vain we sue to it to stay,
For years like rivers pass away,
And never, never do return.

When the spring comes attir'd in green,
The winter flies and is not seen :
New tides do still supply the main :
But, when our frolic youth's once gone,
And age has ta'en possession,
Time ne'er restores us that again.

Death's laws are universal, and
In princes' palaces command,
As well as in the poorest hut,
We're to the Parcæ subject all,
The threads of clowns and monarchs shall,
Be both by the same scissors cut.

Their rigours, which all this deface,
Will ravish in a little space
Whatever we most lasting make,
And soon will lead us out to drink,
Beyond the pitchy river's brink,
The waters of oblivion's lake.

EPISTLE TO SIR CLIFFORD CLIFTON,

THEN SITTING IN PARLIAMENT.

WHEN from thy kind hand, my dearest, dear brother,
Whom I love as th'adst been the son of my mother,
Nay, better to tell you the truth of the story,
Had you into the world but two minutes before me ;
I receiv'd thy kind letter, good Lord ! how it eas'd me
Of the villainous spleen, that for six days had seiz'd
me :

I start from my couch, where I lay dull and maddy,
Of my servants inquiring the way to my study.
For, in truth, of late days I so little do mind it,
Should one turn me twice about I never should
find it :

But by help of direction, I soon did arrive at
The place where I us'd to sit fooling in private.

So soon as got thither, I straight fell to calling,
Some call it invoking, but mine was plain hawling :
I call'd for my Muse, but no answer she made me,
Nor could I conceive why the slut should evade
me.

I knew I there left her, and lock'd her so safe in,
There could be no likelihood of her escaping :
Besides had she scap'd, I was sure to retrieve her,
She being so ugly that none would receive her,
I then fell to searching, since I could not bear her,
I sought all the shelves, but never the nearer :
I tumbled my papers, and rifled each packet,
Threw my books all on heaps, and kept such a
racket,

Disordering all things, which before had their place
Distinct by themselves in several classes,
That who'd seen the confusion, and look'd on the
ware,

Would have thought he had been at Babylon fair.
At last, when for lost I had wholly resign'd her,
Where canst thou imagine, dear knight, I should
find her ?

Faith, in an old drawer, I late had not been in,
'Twixt a coarse pair of sheets of the housewife's own
spinning,

A sonnet instead of a coif her head wrapping,
I happily took her small ladyship napping.

" Why, how now, minx," quoth I, " what's the
matter I pray,

That you are so hard to be spoke with to day ?
Fie, fie on this idleness, get up and rouse you :

For I have at present occasion to use you :
Our noble Mecænas, sir Clifford of Cud-con,
Has sent here a letter, a kind and a good one,
Which must be suddenly answer'd, and finely,
Or the knight will take it exceeding unkindly."

To which having some time sat musing and murr,
She answer'd she'd broke all the strings of her lute ;
And had got such a rheum with lying alone,
That her voice was utterly broken and gone :
Besides this, she had heard, that of late I had made
A friendship with one that had since been her
maid ;

One Prose, a slatternly ill-favour'd toad,
As common as hackney, and beaten as road,
With whom I sat up sometimes whole nights together,
Whilst she was expos'd to the wind and weather.
Wherefore, since that I did so slight and abuse her,
She likewise now hop'd I would please to excuse her.

At this sudden reply I was basely confounded,
I star'd like a Quaker, and groan'd like a Round-
head.

And in such a case, what the fiend could one do ?
My conscience convinc'd her reproaches were true ;
To swagger I durst not, I else could have beat her,
But what if I had, I'd been never the better,
To quarrel her then had been quite out of season,
And ranting would ne'er have reduc'd her to reason ;
I therefore was fain to dissemble repentance,
I disclaim'd and forswore my late new acquaintance.
But the jade would not buckle, she pish'd and she
pouted,
And wriggling away, fairly left me without it :

Caught her, and offer'd her money, a little,
 At which she cry'd that were to plunder the spittle :
 Then, to allure her, propos'd to her Fame,
 Which she so much despised, she pish'd at the
 name ;

And told me in answer, that she could not glory at
 The sail-bearing title of Muse to a laureat,
 Much less to a rhymur, did nought but disgust one,
 And pretended to nothing but pitiful fustian.

But oh, at that word, how I rated and call'd her,
 And had my fist up, with intent to have maul'd her :
 At which, the poor slut, half afraid of the matter,
 Changing her note, 'gan to wheedle and flatter ;
 ' protesting she honour'd me, Jove knew her heart,
 Above all the peers o' th' poetical art :
 But that of late time, and without provocation,
 Had been extremely unjust to her passion.

She thought this sounded, I then laid before her,
 How long I had serv'd her, how much did adore
 her ;

How much she herself stood oblig'd to the knight,
 For his kindness and favour, to whom we should
 write ;

And thereupon called, to make her amends,
 For a pipe and a bottle, and so we were friends.

Being thus made friends, we fell to debating
 What kind of verse we should congratulate in :
 said 't must be doggrel, which when I had said,
 Maliciously smiling, she nodded her head,
 saying doggrel might pass to a friend would not
 And do well enough for a Derbyshire poet. [show it,
 'et mere simple doggrel, she said, would not do't,
 't needs must be galloping doggrel to boot, [feet,
 'or amblers and trotters, tho' they'd thousands of
 'ould never however be made to be fleet ;
 'but would make so damnable slow a progression,
 'they'd not reach up to Westminster till the next
 session.

Thus then unto thee, my dear brother, and sweeting,
 In Canterbury verse I send health and kind greeting,
 Wishing thee honour, but if thou best' cloy'd wi't,
 Above what thy ancestry ever enjoy'd yet ;
 say'st thou sit where now seated, without fear of
 blushing,

Fill thy little fat buttock e'en grow to the cushion.
 Give his majesty money, no matter who pays it,
 For we never can want it so long as he has it ;
 but, wer't wisdom to trust saucy counsel in letters,
 'd advise thee beware falling out with thy betters ;
 have heard of two dogs once that fought for a bone,
 but the proverb's so greasy I'll let it alone ;
 A word is enough to the wise ; then resent it,
 A rash act than mended is sooner repented :
 And, as for the thing call'd a traitor, if any
 be prov'd to be such, as I doubt there's too many ;
 let him e'en be hang'd up, and never be pray'd for,
 What a pox were blocks, gibbets, and gallowses
 made for? [choose,

but I grow monstrous weary, and how should I
 This galloping rhyme has quite jaded my Muse :
 And I swear, if thou look'st for more posting of hers,
 Little knight, thou must needs lend her one of thy
 spurs.

Farewell then, dear bully, but ne'er look for a name,
 For, expecting no honour, I will have no shame :
 'et that you may guess at the party that writes t'ye,
 And not grope in the dark, I'll hold up these lights
 t' ye.

For his stature, he's but a contemptible male,
 And grown something swab with drinking good ale ;

His looks, than your brown, a little thought
 brighter, [whiter ;
 Which grey hairs make every year whiter and
 His visage, which all the rest mainly disgraces,
 Is warp'd, or by age, or cutting of faces ;
 So that, whether 't were made so, or whether 't
 were marr'd,

In good sooth, he's a very unpromising bard :
 His legs, which creep out of two old-fashion'd knap-
 sacks, [sticks ;

Are neither two mill-posts, nor yet are they trap-
 They bear him, when sober, bestir 'em and spare not,
 And who the devil can stand when they are not ?

Thus much for his person, now for his condition,
 That's sick enough full to require a physician :
 He always wants money, which makes him want
 ease,

And he's always besieg'd, tho' himself of the peace,
 By an army of duns, who batter with scandals,
 And are foemen more fierce than the Goths or the
 Vandals ;

But when he does rally, as sometimes he does,
 Then hey for Bess Jackson, and a fig for his foes :
 He's good fellow enough to do every one right,
 And never was first that ask'd, what time of night :
 His delight is to toss the can merrily round,
 And loves to be wet, but hates to be drown'd :
 He fain would be just, but sometimes he cannot,
 Which gives him the trouble that other men ha' not.
 He honours his friend, but he wants means to show
 it,

And loves to be rhyming, but is the worst poet.
 Yet among all these vices, to give him his due,
 He has the virtue to be a true lover of you. [it,
 But how much he loves you, he says you may guess
 Since nor prose, nor yet metre, he swears can ex-
 press it.

STANZES DE MONSIEUR BERTAUD.

WHILST wishing, Heaven, in his ire,
 Would punish with some judgement dire,
 This heart to love so obstinate ;

To say I love her is to lie,
 Though I do love t' extremity,
 Since thus to love her is to hate.

But since from this my hatred springs,
 That she neglects my sufferings,
 And is unto my love ingrate ;
 My hatred is so full of flame,
 Since from affection first it came,
 That 'tis to love her, thus to hate.

I wish that milder love, or death,
 That ends our miseries with our breath,
 Would my afflictions terminate,
 For to my soul depriv'd of peace,
 It is a torment worse than these,
 Thus wretchedly to love and hate.

Let love be gentle or severe,
 It is in vain to hope or fear
 His grace, or rage in this estate ;
 Being I, from my fair one's spirit,
 Nor mutual love, nor hatred merit,
 Thus senselessly to love and hate.

Or, if by my example here,
 It just and equal do appear,

She love and loath who is my fate ;
Grant me, ye powers, in this case,
Both for my punishment and grace,
That as I do, she love and hate.

CONTENTMENT.

PINDARIC ODE.

Thou precious treasure of the peaceful mind,
Thou jewel of inestimable price,
Thou bravest soul's terrestrial paradise,
Dearest contentment, thou best happiness
That man on Earth can know,
Thou greatest gift Heav'n can on man bestow,
And greater than man's language can express ;
(Where highest epithets would fall so low,
As only in our dearth of words to show
A part of thy perfection ; a poor part
Of what to us, what in thyself thou art)
What sin has banish'd thee the world,
And in thy stead despairing sorrow hurl'd
Into the breasts of human kind ;
Ah, whither art thou fled ! who can this treasure find !
No more on Earth now to be found,
Thou art become a hollow sound,
The empty name of something that of old
Mankind was happy in, but now,
Like a vain dream, or tale that's told,
Art vanish'd hence, we know not how.
Oh, fatal loss, for which we are
In our own thoughts at endless war,
And each one by himself is made a sufferer !
Yet 't were worth seeking, if a man knew where,
Or could but guess of whom 't inquire :
But 'tis not to be found on Earth, I fear,
And who can best direct will prove a liar,
Or be himself the first deceiv'd,
By none, but who'd be cheated too, to be believ'd.
Show me that man on Earth, that does profess
To have the greatest share of happiness,
And let him if he can,
Forbear to show the discontented man :
A few hours' observation will declare,
He is the same that others are.
Riches will cure a man of being poor,
But oft creates a thirst of having more, [store.
And makes the miser starve, and pine amidst his
Or if a plentiful estate,
In a good mind, good thoughts create,
A generous soul, and free,
Will mourn at least, though not repine,
To want an overflowing mine
Still to supply a constant charity ;
Which still is discontent, whate'er the motive be.
Th' ambitious, who to place aspire,
When rais'd to that they did pretend,
Are restless still, would still be higher ;
For that's a passion has no end,
'Tis the mind's wolf, a strange disease,
That ev'n satiety can't appease,
An appetite of such a kind,
As does by feeding still increase,
And is to eat, the more it eats, inclin'd.
As the ambitious mount the sky,
New prospects still allure the eye,

Which makes them upwards still to fly ;
Till from the utmost height of all,
Painting in their endeavour, down they fall,
And lower, than at first they were, at last do
lie.

I then would know where lies the happiness
Of bring great,
For which we blindly so much strive and press,
Fawn, bribe, dissemble, toil, and sweat ;
Whilst the mind, tortur'd in the doubtful quest,
Is so solicitous to be at rest ;
Nay, when that greatness is obtain'd, is yet
More anxious how to keep, than 't was to get
'nto that glorious height of tickle place,
And most, when unto honour rais'd, suspects dis-
grace.
Were men contented, they'd sit still,
Embrace, and hug their present state,
Without contriving good or ill,
And have no conflicts with the will,
That still is prompting them to love, to hate,
Fear, envy, anger, and I can't tell what,
All which, and more, do in the mind make war,
And all with contentation inconsistent are.

And he who says he is content,
But hides ill-nature from mens' sight ;
Nor can he long conceal it there,
Something will vent,
For all his cunning and his care,
That will disclose the hypocrite.
A man may be contented for an hour
Or two, or three ; perhaps a night ;
But then his pleasure wanting power,
His taste goes with his appetite.
Frailly the peace of human life confounds ;
Flesh does not know, reason obeys no bounds.
But 'tis ourselves that give this frailty sway,
By our own promptness to obey
Our lust, pride, envy, avarice ;
By being so confederate with vice,
As to permit it to controul
The rational immortal soul,
Which, whilst by these subjected and oppress'd,
Cannot enjoy itself, nor be at rest ;
But, or transported is with ire,
Puff'd up with vain and empty pride ;
Or languishes with base desire,
Or pines with th' envy it would bide.
And (the grave Stoic let me not displease)
All men that we converse with here,
Have some, or all of their disturbances,
And rarely settled are, and clear.
If ever any mortal then could boast
So great a treasure, with that man 'tis lost ;
And no one should, because none truly can,
Though sometimes pleas'd, say, he's a contented
man.

EPIGRAM.

Fix, Delia, talk no more of love,
It galls me to the heart ;
You threescore are, I doubt above,
For all your plaist'ring art,
And therefore spare your pains you may ;
For though you press me night and day,

I can't do that my soul abhors :
 Dr, by your art's assistance, though I might
 Prevail upon my appetite,
 I durst not couple, though I swear,
 With you, of all the world, for fear
 Of cuckolding my ancestors.

IN MENDACEM.

EPIC.

MENDAX, 'tis said th'art such a liar grown,
 That thou'st renounc'd all truth, and 'tis well done;
 Lying best fits our manners and our times :
 But pr'ythee, Mendax, do not praise my rhymes.

SONG.

SET BY MR. COLEMAN.

WHY, dearest, should'st thou weep, when I relate
 The story of my woe ?
 Let not the swarthy mists of my black fate
 O'ercast thy beauty so ;
 For each rich pearl lost on that score,
 Adds to mischance, and wounds your servant more.
 Quench not those stars, that to my bliss should
 Oh, spare that precious tear ! [guide,
 Nor let those drops unto a deluge tide,
 To drown your beauty there ;
 That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
 You lose your lustre, but the world its light.

THE PICTURE.

SET BY MR. LAWS.

How, Chloris, can I e'er believe
 The vows of womankind,
 Since yours I faithless find,
 So faithless, that you can refuse
 To him your shadow, t' whom, to choose,
 You swore you could the substance give ?

Is't not enough that I must go
 Into another clime,
 Where feather-footed Time
 May turn my hopes into despair,
 My downy youth to bristled hair,
 But that you add this torment too ?

Perhaps you fear m' idolatry
 Would make the image prove
 A woman fit for love ;
 Or give it such a soul as shone
 Through fond Pygmalion's living bone,
 That so I may abandon thee.

Oh, no ! 'twould fill my genius' room,
 Mine honest one, that when
 Frailty would love again,
 And falt'ring with new objects burn,
 Then, sweetest, would thy picture turn
 My wand'ring eyes to thee at home.

ON ONE,

WHO SAID HE DRANK TO CLEAR HIS EYES.

As Phœbus, drawing to his western seat,
 His shining face bedew'd with beamy sweat,

His flaming eyes at last grown blood-shot red,
 By atoms sprung from his hot horses' speed,
 Drives to that sea-green bosom of his love's,
 And in her lap his fainting light improves :

So, Thyrsis, when at th' unresisted frame
 Of thy fair mistress' eye thine dull became,
 In sovereign sack thou didst an eye-salve seek,
 And stol'st a blest dew from her rosy cheek :
 When straight thy lids a cheerful vigour wore,
 More quick and penetrating than before.

I saw the sprightly grape in glory rise,
 And with her day thy drooping night surprise ;
 So that, where now a giddy darkness dwells,
 Brightness now breaks through liquid spectacles.

Had Adam known this cure in Paradise,
 He'd scap'd the tree, and drunk to clear his eyes.

ON

THE GREAT EATER OF GRAY'S-INN.

Oh ! for a lasting wind ! that I may rail
 At this vile cormorant, this harpey-male :
 That can, with such an hungry haste, devour
 A year's provision in one short-liv'd hour.
 Prodigious calf of Pharaoh's lean-ribb'd kine,
 That swallowest beef, at every bit a chine !
 Yet art thyself so meagre. men may see
 Approaching famine in thy phys'nomy.

The world may yet rejoice, thou wert not one
 That shar'd Jove's mercy with Deucalion ;
 Had he thy grindiers trusted in that boat,
 Where the whole world's epitome did float,
 Clean and unclean had dy'd, th' Earth found a
 Of her irrational inhabitant : [want

'Tis doubted, there their fury had not ceas'd,
 But of the human part too made a feast !
 How fruitless then had been Heaven's charity ?
 No man on Earth had liv'd, nor beast, but thee.
 Had'st thou been one to feed upon the fare
 Stor'd by old Priam for the Grecian war,
 He and his sons had soon been made a prey,
 Troy's ten years' siege had lasted but one day ;
 Or thou might'st have preserv'd them, and at once
 Chopp'd up Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Had'st thou been Bell, sure thou had'st sav'd
 the lives [wives ;
 O' th' cheating priests. their children, and their
 But at this rate, 'twould be a heavy tax
 For Hercules himself to clean thy jakes. [please

Oh ! that kind Heav'n to give to thee would
 An estridge-maw, for then we should have peace.
 Swords then, or shining engines, would be none,
 No guns, to thunder out destruction ;
 No rugged shackles would be extant then,
 Nor tedious grates, that limit free-born men.
 But thy gut-pregnant womb thy paws do fill
 With spoils of Nature's good, and not her ill.

'Twas th' inns of court's improvidence to own
 Thy wolfish carcass for a son o' th' gown :
 The danger of thy jaws they ne'er foresaw ;
 For, faith ! I think thou hast devour'd the law.

No wonder thou'rt complain'd of by the rout,
 When very curs begin to smell thee out.
 The reasons Southwark rings with howlings, are,
 Because thou robb'st the hull dogs of their share.

Beastly consumer ! not content to eat
 The wholesome quarters destin'd for men's meat,
 But excrement, and all : nor wilt thou bate
 One entrail, to inform us of thy 'ate :

Which will, I hope, be such an ugly death,
As hungry beggars can in cursings breathe.

But I have done, my Muse can scold no more,
She to the bearward's sentence turns thee o'er;
And, since so great's thy stomach's tyranny,
For writing this, pray God, thou eat not me.

AN EPITAPH

ON MY DEAR AUNT, MRS. ANN STANHOPE.

FORBEAR, bold passenger, forbear
The verge of this sad sepulchre!
Put off thy shoes, nor dare to tread
The hallowed earth, where she lies dead:
For in this vault the magazine
Of female virtue's stor'd, and in
This marble casket is confin'd
The jewel of all womankind.

For here she lies, whose spring was crown'd
With every grace in beauty found;
Whose summer to that spring did suit,
Whose autumn crack'd with happy fruit:
Whose fall was, like her life, so spent,
Exemplary, and excellent.

For here the fairest, chastest maid,
That this age ever knew, is laid:
The best of kindred, best of friends,
Of most faith, and of fewest ends;
Whose fame the tracks of time survives;
The best of mothers, best of wives.
Lastly, which the whole sum of praise implies,
Here she, who was the best of women, lies.

SONG.

SET BY MR. COLEMAN.

SEE, how like twilight slumber falls
T' obscure the glory of those balls;
And, as she sleeps,
See how light creeps

Thorough the chinks, and beautifies
The raye fringe of her fair eyes.

Observe Love's fends, how fast they fly
To every heart from her clos'd eye;
What then will she,
When waking be?

A glowing light for all t' admire,
Such as would set the world on fire.

Then seal her eye-lids, gentle sleep,
Whiles cares of her mine open keep:
Lock up, I say,
Those doors of day,

Which with the morn for lustre strive,
That I may look on her, and live.

THE RETREAT.

I AM return'd, my fair, but see
Perfection in none but thee:

Yet many beauties have I seen,
And in that search a truant been,
Through fruitless curiosity.

I've been to see each blear-ey'd star,
Fond men durst with thy light compare;
And, to my admiration, find
That all, but I, in love are blind,
None but thee divinely fair.

Here then I fix, and, now grown wise,
All objects, but thy face, despise:
(Taught by my folly) now I swear,
If you forgive me, ne'er to err,
Nor seek impossibilities.

THE TOKEN.

WELL, cruel mistress, though you're too unkind,
Since thus my banishment's by you design'd,
I go, but with you leave my heart behind.

A truer heart, I'm sure, you never wore,
'Tis the best treasure of the blind god's store,
And, truly, you can justly ask no more.

Then blame me not, if curious to know,
I ask, on what fair limb you will bestow
The token, that my zeal presents you now?

I shall expect so great an interest
For such a gift, as t' have that gem possess'd,
Not of your cabinet, but of your breast.

There fix, 'twill glory in its blest remove,
And flaming degrees by a vigil prove,
Icy disdain to thaw, nay, kindle love.

SONG.

MONTROSS.

ASK not, why sorrow shades my brow,
Nor why my sprightly looks decay?
Alas! what need I beauty now,
Since he, that lov'd it, dy'd to day!

Can ye have ears, and yet not know
Mirtillo, brave Mirtillo's slain?
Can ye have eyes, and they not flow,
Or hearts, that do not share my pain?

He's gone! he's gone! and I will go;
For in my breast such wars I have,
And thoughts of him perplex me so,
That the whole world appears my grave.

But I'll go to him, though he lie
Wrapt in the cold, cold arms of Death:
And under yon sad cypress tree
I'll mourn, I'll mourn away my breath.

SONG.

PR'YTHEE, why so angry, sweet?
'Tis in vain
To dissemble a disdain;
That frown i' th' infancy I'll meet,
And kiss it to a smile again.

In that pretty anger is
Such a grace,
As Love's fancy would embrace,
As to new crimes may youth entice,
So that disguise becomes that face.

When thy rosy cheek thus checks
My offence,
I could sin with a pretence:
Through that sweet chiding blush there breaks,
So fair, so bright an innocence.

Thus your very frowns entrap
My desire,

And inflame me to admire
That eyes, diest in an angry shape,
Should kindle as with amorous fire.

A JOURNEY INTO THE PEAK.

TO SIR ASTON COCKAIN.

SIR, coming home into this frozen clime,
Grown cold, and almost senseless, as my rhyme,
I found that winter's bold impetuous rage
Prevented time, and antedated age;
For in my veins did nought but crystal dwell,
Each hair was frozen to an isicle;
My flesh was marble, so that, as I went,
I did appear a walking monument:
'T might have been judg'd, rather than marble,
Had there been any spark of fire in't. [Hint,

My mistress looking back, to bid good night,
Was metamorphos'd like the Sodomite.
Like Sinon's horse our horses were become,
And since they could not go, they slid home:
The hills were hard, to such a quality,
So beyond reason in philosophy,
If Pegasus had kick'd at one of those,
Homer's Odysseus had been writ in prose.

These are strange stories, sir, to you, who sweat
Under the warm Sun's comfortable heat;
Whose happy seat of Pooley far outvies
The fabled pleasures of blest Paradise:
Whose Canaan fills your house with wine and oil,
Till 't crack with burthens of a fruitful soil:
Which house, if it were plac'd above the sphere,
Would be a palace fit for Jupiter.

The humble chapel, for religious rites;
The inner rooms, for honest, free delights;
And Providence, that these miscarry loth,
Has plac'd the tower a centinel to both:
So that there's nothing wanting to improve
Either your piety, or peace, or love.

Without, you have the pleasure of the woods,
Fair plains, rich meadows, and transparent floods;
With all that's good and excellent, beside
The tempting apples by Euphrates' side;
But that which does above all these aspire,
Is Delphos, brought from Greece to Warwickshire.

But, oh, ungodly Hodge! that valued not
That saving juice o' th' enigmatic pot;
Whose charming virtue made me to forget
T' inquire of Fate; else I had staid there yet,
Nor had I then once dar'd to venture on
The cutting air of this our frozen zone.

But once again, dear sir, I mean to come,
And thankful be, as well as troublesome.

HER NAME.

To write your name upon the glass,
Is that the greatest you'll impart
Of your commands? when, dear, alas!

'Twas long since graven in my heart!
But you foresee my heart must break, and, sure,
Think 't in that brittle quarry more secure.

My breast impregnable is found,
Which nothing but thy beauty wracks,
Than this frail metal far more sound,
That every storm and tempest cracks.

And, if you add faith to my vows and tears,
More firm and more transparent it appears.

Yet I obey you, when, behold!
I tremble at the forced fact,
My hand too saucy and too bold,
Timorously shivers at the act;
And 'twixt the wounded glass and th' harder stone,
I hear a murmuring emulation.

'Tis done; to which let all hearts bow,
And to the tablet sacrifice;
Incense of loyal sighs allow,
And tears from wonder-struck eyes;
Which, should the schismatics of Sion see,
Perchance they'd break it for idolatry.

But, cursed be that awkward hand
Dares raise the glory from this frame,
That, notwithstanding thy command,
Tears from this glass thy ador'd name:
Whoe'er he be, unless he do repent,
He's damn'd for breaking thy commandment.

Yet, what thy dear will here has plac'd,
Such is its unassured state,
Must once, my sweetest, be defac'd,
Or by the stroke of Time or Fate;
It must at last, howe'er, dissolve and die,
With all the world, and so must thou and I.

EPITAPH

ON MR. ROBERT PORT.

HERE lies he, whom the tyrant's rage
Snatch'd in a venerable age;
And here, with him, entomb'd do lie
Honour and Hospitality.

SONG.

SET BY MR. COLEMAN.

BRING back my comfort, and return,
For well thou know'st that I
In such a vigorous passion burn,
That missing thee, I die.
Return, return, insult no more,
Return, return, and me restore
To those sequester'd joys I had before.
Absence, in most, that quenches love,
And cools the warm desire,
The ardour of my heat improves,
And makes the flame aspire:
Th' opinion therefore I deny,
And term it, though a tyranny,
The nurse to faith, and truth, and constancy.

Yet, dear, I do not urge thy stay,
That were to prove unjust
To my desires; nor court delay:
But, ah! thy speed I must;
Then bring me back the stol'n delight
Snatch'd from me in thy speedy flight,
Destroy my tedious day, my longing night.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

TO MR. COTTON.

UNLUCKY fire, which tho' from Heaven deriv'd,
Is brought too late, like cordials to the dead,
When all are of their sovereign sense depriv'd,
And honour, which my rage should warm, is fled.

Dead to heroic song this isle appears,
The ancient music of victorious verse;
They taste no more than he his dirges hears,
Whose useless mourners sing about his hearse.

Yet shall this sacred lamp in prison burn,
And through the darksome ages hence invade
The wondering world, like that in Tully's urn,
Which, tho' by time conceal'd, was not decay'd.

And, Charles, in that more civil century,
When this shall wholly fill the voice of Fame,
The busy antiquaries then will try
To find amongst their monarchs' coin thy name.

Much they will bless thy virtue, by whose fire
I'll keep my laurel warm, which else would fade;
And, thus enclos'd, think me of Nature's choir,
Which still sings sweetest in the shade.

To Fame, who rules the world, I lead thee now,
Whose solid power the thoughtful understand;
Whom, tho' too late weak princes to her bow,
The people serve, and poets can command.

And Fame, the only judge of empire past,
Shall to Verona lead thy fancy's eyes;
Where Night so black a robe on Nature cast,
As Nature seem'd afraid of her disguise.

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

IN ANSWER TO THE SEVENTH CANTO, OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HIS CONDIBERT, DIRECTED TO MY FATHER.

WRITTEN BY SIR WILLIAM, WHEN PRISONER IN THE TOWER. 1652.

OH, happy fire! whose heat can thus control
The rust of age, and thaw the frost of death,
That renders man immortal, as his soul,
And swells his fame with everlasting breath.

Happy's that hand, that unto honour's clime
Can lift the subject of his living praise;
That rescues frailty from the scythe of Time,
And equals glory to the length of days.

Such, sir, is yours, that, uncontrol'd as Fate,
In the black bosom of o'er shading Night
Can sons of immortality create,
To dazzle envy with prevailing light.

In vain they strive your glorious lamp to hide
In that dark lantern to all noble minds;
Which through the smallest cranny is deserv'd,
Whose force united no resistance finds.

Blest is my father, that has found his name
Amongst the heroes by your pen reviv'd;
By running in Time's wheel, his thriving fame
Shall still more youthful grow, and longer liv'd.

Had Alexander's trophies thus been rear'd,
And in the circle of your story come,
The spacious orb full well he might have spar'd,
And reap'd his distant victories at home.

Let men of greater wealth than merit cast
Medals of gold for their succeeding part;
That paper monument shall longer last,
Than all the rubbish of decaying art.

LES AMOURS.

See, that I pursue, still flies me;
Her, that follows me, I fly;
She, that I still court, denies me:
Her, that courts me, I deny.
Thus in one web we're subt'ly wove,
And yet we mutiny in love.

She, that can save me, must not do it;
She, that cannot, fain would do:
Her love is bound, yet I still woo it:
Hers by love is bound in woe.
Yet, how can I of love complain.
Since I have love for love again?

This is thy work, imperious child,
Thine's this labyrinth of love,
That thus hast our desires beguill'd,
Nor see'st how thine arrows rove.
Then prythee, to compose this stir,
Make her love me, or me love her.

But, if irrevocable are
Those keen shafts, that wound us so,
Let me prevail with thee thus far,
That thou once more take thy bow;
Wound her hard heart, and by my troth,
I'll be content to take them both.

ELEGY.

How was I blest when I was free
From mercy, and from cruelty!
When I could write of love at ease,
And guess at passions in my peace;
When I could sleep, and in my breast
No love-sick thoughts disturb'd my rest;
When in my brain of her sweet face
No torturing idea was,
Not planet-struck with her eye's light,
But blest with thoughts as calm as night!
Now I could sit and gaze to death,
And vanish with each sigh I breathe;
Or else in her victorious eye
Dissolve to tears, dissolving die:
Nor is my life more pleasant than
The minutes of condemned men,
Toss'd by strange fancies, wrack'd by fears,
Sunk by despair, and drown'd in tears,
And dead to hope; for, what bold he
Dares hope for such a bliss as she?
And yet I am in love: ah! who
That ever saw her, was not so?
What tiger's unrelenting seed
Can see such beauties, and not bleed?

Her eyes two sparks of heavenly fire,
To kindle and to charm desire;
Her cheeks Aurora's blush; her skin
So delicately smooth and thin,
That you may see each azure vein
Her bosom's snowy whiteness stain:
But with so rich a tincture, as
China's above baser metals has,

She's crown'd with unresisted light
Of blooming youth, and vigorous sprit;
Careless charms, unstudied sweetness,
Innate virtue, humble greatness,
And modest freedom, with each grace
Of body, and of mind, and face;
So pure, that men nor gods can find
Throughout that body, or that mind,
A fault, but this, to disapprove,
She cannot, or she will not love.

Ah! then some god possess her heart
With mine uncessant vows and smart;
Grant but one hour that she may be
In love, and then she'll pity me.
Is it not pity such a guest
As cruelty should arm that breast
Against a love assaults it so?
Can heavenly minds such rigour know?
Then make her know, her beauties must
Decay, and moulder into dust:
That each swift atom of her glass
Runs to the ruin of her face;
That those fair blossoms of her youth
Are not so lasting as my truth,
My lasting firm integrity:
Tell her all this; and if there be
A lesson to present her sense
Of more persuading eloquence,
Teach her that too, for all will prove
Too little to provoke her love.
Thus dying people use to rave,
And I am grown my passion's slave;
For fall I must, my lot's despair,
Since I'm so worthless, she so fair.

Ὁ ἄλλοτερος ὑπερβαίνουτος.

HER HAIR.

ODE.

WELCOME, blest symptom of consent,
More welcome far,
Than if a star,
Instead of this bright hair,
Should beautify mine ear,
And light me to my banishment.

Methinks I'm now all sacred fire,
And wholly grown
Devotion:
Sensual love's in chains,
And all my boiling veins
Are blown with sanctify'd desire.

Sure, she is Heaven itself, and I,
In fervent zeal;
This lock did steal,
And each life-giving thread,
Snatch'd from her beamy head,
As once Prometheus from the sky.

No: 'tis a nobler treasure: she
(Woa to believe)
Was pleas'd to give
These rays unto my care:
The spheres have none so fair,
Nor yet so blest a deity.

Yet knows she not what she has done,
She'll hear my prayers,
And see my tears;
She's now a Nazarite
Robb'd of her vigorous light,
For her resisting strength is gone.

I now could glory in my power.
And in pretence
Of my suspence,
Revenge, by kissing those
Twins, that Nature's pride disclose,
My languishing and tedious hours.

Yet I'll not triumph: but, since she
Will that I go
Thus wrapt in woe,
I'll tempt my prouder fate
T' improve my estimate,
And juggle with my destiny.

As well I may, thus being sure,
Whether on land
I firmly stand;
Or Fortune's footsteps trace,
Or Neptune's foamy face,
Mischance to conquer, or endure.

If on a swelling wave I ride,
When Eolus
His winds lets loose,
Those winds shall silent lie,
And moist Orion dry,
By virtue of this charming guide.

Or, if I hazard in a field,
Where Danger is
The sole mistress,
Where Death, in all his shapes,
Commits his horrid rapes,
And he, that but now slew, is kill'd:

Then in my daring crest I'll place
This plume of light
T' amaze the sight
O' th' fiercest sons of Mars,
That rage in bloody wars,
And make them fly my conquering face.

Thus in her favour I am blest;
And, if by these
Few of her rays,
I am exalted so,
What will my passions do
When I have purchas'd all the rest?

They must continue in the same
Vigour and force,
Better nor worse:
I lov'd so well before,
I cannot love her more,
Nor can I mitigate my flame.

In love then persevere I will
Till my hairs grow
As white as snow:
And when in my warm veins
Nought but trembling cold remains,
My youthful love shall flourish still.

SONG.

JORN once again, my Celia, join
Thy rosy lips to these of mine,
Which, though they be not such,
Are full as sensible of bliss,
That is, as soon can taste a kiss,
As thine of softer touch.

Each kiss of thine creates desire,
Thy odorous breath inflames love's fire,
And wakes the sleeping coal :
Such a kiss to be I find
The conversation of the mind,
And whisper of the soul.

Thanks, sweetest, now thou'rt perfect grown,
For by this last kiss I'm undone ;
Thou breathest silent darts,
Henceforth each little touch will prove
A dangerous stratagem in love,
And thou wilt blow up hearts.

THE SURPRISE.

ON a clear river's flow'ry side,
When Earth was in her gaudy pride,
Defended by the friendly shade
A woven grove's dark entrails made,
Where the cold clay, with flowers strew'd,
Made up a pleasing solitude ;
'Twas there I did my glorious nymph surprise,
There stole my passion from her killing eyes.

The happy object of her eye
Was Sidney's living Arcady ;
Whose amorous tale had so betray'd
Desire in this all-lovely maid ;
That, whilst her cheek a blush did warm,
I read love's story in her form :
And of the sisters the united grace,
Pamela's vigour in Philoclea's face.

As on the brink this nymph did sit,
(Ah ! who can such a nymph forget ?)
The floods straight disposess'd their foam,
Proud so her mirror to become ;
And ran into a twirling maze,
On her by that delay to gaze ;
And, as they pass'd, by streams' succeeding force,
In losing her, murmur'd t' obey their course.

She read not long, but clos'd the book,
And up her silent lute she took,
Perchance to charm each wanton thought,
Youth, or her reading, had begot.
'The hollow carcase echo'd such
Airs, as had birth from Orpheus' touch,
And every snowy finger, as she play'd,
Danc'd to the music that themselves had made.

At last she ceas'd : her odorous bed
With her enticing limbs she spread,
With limbs so excellent, I could
No more resist my factious blood :
But there, ah ! there, I caught the dame,
And boldly urg'd to her my flame :
I kiss'd : when her ripe lips, at every touch,
Swell'd up to meet, what she would shun so much.

I kiss'd, and play'd in her bright eyes,
Discour'd, as is the lover's guise,
Call'd her the auth'ress of my woe :
The nymph was kind, but would not do ;
Faith, she was kind, which made me bold,
Grow hot, as her denials cold.
But, ah ! at last I parted, wounded more
With her soft pity, than her eyes before.

THE VISIT.

DARK was the silent shade, that hid
The fair Castanna from my sight :
The night was black (as it had need)
That could obscure so great a light.
Under the concave of each lid
A flaming ball of beauty bright,
Wrapt in a charming slumber lay,
That else would captivate the day.

(Led by a passionate desire)
I boldly did attempt the way ;
And though my dull eyes wanted fire,
My seeing soul knew where she lay.
Thus, whilst I blindly did aspire,
Fear to displeasè her made me stay,
A doubt too weak for mine intent,
I knew she would forgive, and went.

Near to her maiden bed I drew,
Blest in so rare a chance as this ;
When by her odorous breath I knew
I did approach my love, my bliss :
Then did I eagerly pursue
My hopes, and found and stole a kiss :
Such as perhaps Pygmalion took,
When cold his ivory love forsook.

Soft was the sleep sat on her eyes,
As softest down, or whitest snow ;
So gentle rest upon them lies,
Happy to charm those beauties so ;
For which a thousand thousand dies,
Or living, live in restless woe ;
For all that see her killing eye,
With love or admiration die.

Chaste were the thoughts that had the power
To make me hazard this offence ;
I mark'd the sleeps of this fair flower,
And found them full of innocence ;
Wond'ring that hers, who slew each hour,
Should have so undisturb'd a sense :
But, ah ! these murders of mankind
Fly from her beauty, not her mind.

Thus, while she sweetly slept, sat I
Contemplating the lovely maid,
Of every tear, and every sigh
That sallied from my breast, afraid.
And now the morning star drew nigh,
When, fearing thus to be betray'd,
I softly from my nymph did move,
Wounded with everlasting love.

DE LUPO.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Lupus has wrought hard all day,
And the declining Sun,
By stooping to embrace the sea,
Tells him the day's nigh done ;

Then to his young wife home he hies,
 With his sore labour sped,
 Who bids him welcome home, and cries,
 " Pray, husband, come to bed."
 " Thanks, wife," quoth he, " but I were blest,
 Would'st thou once call me to my rest."

ON UPSTART.

UPSTART last term went up to town,
 There purchas'd arms, and brought them down:
 With Welborne's then he compares,
 And with a horrid loudness swears,
 That his are best: " For look," quoth he,
 " How gloriously mine gilded be!
 Thine's but a threadbare coat," he cry'd,
 Compar'd to this!" Who then reply'd:
 " If my coat be threadbare, or rent, or torn,
 There's cause; than thine it has been longer worn."

EPITAPH

ON MRS. MARY DRAPER.

READER, if thou cast thine eye
 On this weeping stone below:
 Know, that under it doth lie
 One, that never man did know.
 Yet of all men full well known
 By those beauties of her breast:
 For, of all she wanted none,
 When Death call'd her to her rest.
 Then the ladies, if they would
 Die like her, kind reader, tell,
 They must strive to be as good
 Alive, or 'tis impossible.

CÆLIA'S FALL.

CÆLIA, my fairest Cælia, fell,
 Cælia, than the fairest, fairer;
 Cælia, (with none I must compare her)
 That all alone is all in all,
 Of what we fair and modest call;
 Cælia, white as alabaster,
 Cælia, than Diana chaster;
 This fair, fair Cælia, grief to tell,
 This fair, this modest, chaste one, fell.
 My Cælia, sweetest Cælia, fell,
 As I have seen a snow-white dove
 Decline her bosom from above,
 And down her spotless body fling
 Without the motion of the wing,
 Till she arrest her seeming fall
 Upon some happy pedestal:
 So soft, this sweet, I love so well,
 This sweet, this dove-like Cælia, fell.
 Cælia, my dearest Cælia, fell,
 As I have seen a melting star
 Drop down its fire from its sphere,
 Rescuing so its glorious sight
 From that paler snuff of light:
 Yet is a star bright and entire,
 As when 'twas wrapt in all that fire:
 So bright, this dear, I love so well,
 This dear, this star-like Cælia, fell.

And yet my Cælia did not fall
 As grosser earthly mortals do,
 But stoop'd, like Phœbus, to renew
 Her lustre by her morning rise,
 And dart new beauties in the skies.
 Like a white dove, she took her flight,
 And, like a star, she shot her light:
 This dove, this star, so lov'd of all,
 My fair, dear, sweetest, did not fall.

But, if you'll say my Cælia fell,
 Of this I'm sure, that, like the dart
 Of Love it was, and on my heart;
 Poor heart, alas! wounded before,
 She needed not have hurt it more:
 So absolute a conquest she
 Had gain'd before of it, and me,
 That neither of us have been well
 Before, or since my Cælia fell.

HER SIGH.

SHE sighs, and has blown over now
 The storms that threat'ned in her brow:
 The Heaven's now serene and clear,
 And bashful blushes do appear,
 Th' error sh' has found
 That did me wound,
 Thus with her od'rous sigh my hopes are crown'd.

Now she relents, for now I hear
 Repentance whisper in my ear,
 Happy repentance! that begets
 By this sweet airy motion heats,
 And does destroy
 Her heresy,
 That my faith branded with inconstancy.

When Thisbe's Pyramus was slain,
 This sigh had fetch'd him back again,
 And such a sigh from Dido's chest
 Wafted the Trojan to her breast.
 Each of her sighs
 My love does prize
 Reward, for thousand thousand cruelties.

Sigh on, my sweet, and by thy breath,
 Immortal grown, I'll laugh at death.
 Had fame so sweet a one, we should
 In that regard learn to be good:
 Sigh on, my fair,
 Henceforth, I swear,
 I couldameleon turn, and live by air.

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF MY DEAR UNCLE,
 MR. RADCLIFF STANHOPE.

SUCH is th' unsteady state of human things,
 And death so certain, that their period brings,
 So frail is youth, and strength, so sure this sleep,
 That much we cannot wonder, though we weep.
 Yet, since 'tis so, it will not misbecome,
 Either perhaps our sorrows or his tomb
 To breathe a sigh, and drop a mourning tear,
 Upon the cold face of his sepulchre.
 Well did his life deserve it, if to be
 A great example of integrity,

Honour and truth, fidelity and love,
 In such perfection, as if each had strove
 To outdo posterity, may deserve our care,
 Or to his funeral command a tear.
 Faithful he was, and just, and sweetly good,
 To whom ally'd in virtue, or in blood:
 His breast (from other conversation chaste)
 Above the reach of giddy vice was plac'd:
 Then, had not Death (that crops in 's savage speed
 The fairest flower with the rankest weed)
 Thus made a beastly conquest of his prime,
 And cut him off before grown ripe for time,
 How bright an evening must this morn pursue,
 Is to his life a contemplation due.

Proud Death, 't' arrest his thriving virtue thus!
 Unhappy fate! not to himself, but us,
 That so have lost him; for, no doubt but he
 Was fit for Heav'n, as years could make him be;
 Age does but muster sin, and heap up woes
 Against the last and general rendezvous;
 Whereas he dy'd full of obedient truth,
 Wrapt in his spotless innocence of youth.

Farewel, dear uncle, may thy hop'd-for bliss
 To thee be real, as my sorrow is;
 May they be nam'd together, since I do
 Nothing more perfect than my sorrow know;
 And if thy soul into men's minds have eyes,
 It knows I truly weep these obscures.

ON THE LORD DERBY.

To what a formidable greatness grown
 Is this prodigious beast, rebellion,
 When sovereignty, and its so sacred law,
 Thus lies subjected to his tyrant awe!
 And to what daring impudence he grows,
 When, not content to trample upon those,
 He still destroys all that with honest flames
 Of loyal love would propagate their names!

In this great ruin, Derby, lay thy fate,
 (Derby, unfortunately fortunate)
 Unhappy thus to fall a sacrifice
 To such an irreligious power as this;
 And blest, as 'twas thy nobler sense to die
 A constant lover of thy loyalty.

Nor is it thy calamity alone,
 Since more lie whelm'd in this subversion:
 And first, the justest, and the best of kings,
 Rob'd in the glory of his sufferings,
 By his too violent fate inform'd us all,
 What tragic ends attended his great fall;
 Since when his subjects, some by chance of war,
 Some by perverted justice at the bar, [takes,
 Have perish'd: thus, what th' other leaves, this
 And whose 'scapes the sword, falls by the axe:
 Amongst which throng of martyrs none could
 boast

Of more fidelity, than the world has lost
 In losing thee, when (in contempt of spite)
 Thy steady faith, at th' exit crown'd with light,
 His head above their malice did advance,
 They could not murder thy allegiance,
 Not when before those judges brought to th' test,
 Who, in the symptoms of thy ruin dress'd,
 Pronounc'd thy sentence. Basilisks! whose breath
 Is killing poison, and whose locks are death.

Then how unsafe a guard man's virtue is
 In this false age, (when such as do amiss

Control the honest sort, and make a prey
 Of all that are not villainous as they)
 Does to our reason's eyes too plain appear
 In the mischance of this illustrious peer.
 Bloodthirsty tyrants of usurped state!
 In facts of death prompt and insatiate!
 That in your flinty bosoms have no sense
 Of manly honour, or of conscience;
 But do, since monarchy lay drown'd in blood,
 Proclaim 't by act high treason to be good:
 Cease yet at last, for shame! let Derby's fall,
 Great and good Derby's, expiate for all;
 But if you will place your eternity
 In mischief, and that all good men must die,
 When you have finish'd there, fall on the rest,
 Mix your abum'd slaughters with the worst and
 best;
 And, to perpetuate your murdering fame,
 Cut your own throats, despair, and die, and damn.
 Ainsi soit il.

ON MARRIOT'.

TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.

THANKS for this rescue, Time; for thou hast won
 In this more glory than the states have done
 In all their conquests; they have conquer'd men,
 But thou hast conquer'd that would conquer them,
 Famine! and in this parricide hast shown
 A greater courage than their acts dare own;
 Thou'st slain thy eating brother, 'tis a fame
 Greater than all past heroes e'er could claim:
 Nor do I think thou could'st have conquer'd him
 By force; it surely was by stratagem.
 There was a death when he gave up the ghost:
 For (on my life) his stomach he ne'er lost,
 That never fail'd him; and, without all doubt,
 Had he been victuall'd, he had still held out:
 Howe'er, it happen'd for the nation well,
 All fear of famine now's impossible, [rhymes,
 Since we have 'scap'd his reign! Blest were my
 Could they but prove, that for the people's crimes
 He an atonement fell; for in him dy'd
 More bulls, and rams, than in all times beside,
 Though we the numbers of them all engross'd,
 Offer'd with antique piety and cost:
 And 't might have well become the people's care
 To have embowell'd him, if such there were,
 Who, in respect of their forefathers' peace,
 Would have attempted such a task as this;
 For 'tis discreetly doubted he'll go hard
 To eat up all his fellows i' th' churchyard:
 Then, as from several parts each mangled limb
 Meet at the last, they all will rise in him;
 And he (as once a pleader) may arise
 A general advocate at the last assize.

I wonder, Death durst venture on this prize,
 His jaws more greedy were, and wide, than his;
 'Twas well he only was compos'd of bone,
 Had he been flesh, this eater had not gone;
 Or had they not been empty skeletons,
 As sure as death he'd crush'd his marrow-bones;
 And knock'd 'em too, his stomach was so rife,
 The rogue lov'd marrow, as he lov'd his life.

¹ See Verses on the Great Eater of Gray's Inn, p. 745.

Behold ! behold, O brethren ! you may see,
 'Tis this late object of mortality,
 Is not the lining of the inward man [can
 'though ne'er so soundly stuff'd and cramm'd] that
 keep life and soul together ; for if that
 mild have preserv'd him, he had kick'd at Fate
 'ith his high shoes, and liv'd to make a prey
 f' butchers' stinking offal to this day.
 But he is gone ; and 't had been excellent sport,
 'hen first he stalk'd into Pluto's court,
 and one but seen with what an angry gust
 he greedily rascal worried Cerberus :
 now he'd do't before he would retreat,
 and he and his stomach are not parted yet ;
 it, that digested, how he'll do for meat
 can't imagine : for the devil a bit
 'll purchase there, unless this tedious time
 the tree of Tantalus was sav'd for him :
 could it prove so, no doubt he would rejoice,
 'tite of the Devil and Hell's horrid noise.
 it then, could 't not be touch'd, 't would prove
 a curse

worse than the others, or he'd bear it worse :
 't would his fortitude in suffering rise
 much, in glory 'bove his gluttonies,
 't rather than confess them to his sire,
 't would, like Porcia, swallow coals of fire,
 't might extinguish Hell ; and, to prevent
 eternal pains, void ashes, and repent :
 't, without that, his torments still would last,
 't were damnation for him to fast."
 But how had I been like to have forgot
 myself, with raving of a thing is not,
 't his eternity ! I should condole
 't death and ruin, had he had a soul ;
 't he had none ; or 't was more sensitive ;
 't could the gormandizing beast outlive :
 't that 't may properly of him be said,
 Marriot, the eater of Gray's Inn, is dead,
 't is no more !" Dear Jove, I thee entreat,
 't ad us no more such eaters, or more meat.

TO CÆLIA'S AGUE.

ODE.

xxx, fond disease ! I say, forbear,
 and strive t' afflict my fair no more !
 vain are thy attempts on her,
 she was, alas ! so cold before.

't thou at once, by sympathy,
 Disturb'st two persons in one ill ;
 't when she freezes, then I fry,
 and so complete her ague still.

't thou my choice would'st fain disgrace,
 't by making her look pale and green ;
 't she no beauties but her face,
 't never had a lover been.

't sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks,
 't dust, as her youth does fade, decay :
 't virtue, which her bosom decks,
 't Will, when they're sunk and wither'd, stay.

't thou would'st eclipse that virtue too,
 't or such a triumph far too dear,
 't king her tremble, as they do,
 't Whom jealous guilt has taught to fear.

I wish thy malice might so thrive
 'T to my advantage, as to shake
 Her stinky breast, that I might live,
 And on that part a battery make.

But since assaults without some fire
 Are seldom to perfection brought,
 I may, like thee, baffled retire :
 Thou hast her burning fit forgot.

Since thy attempts then never can
 Achieve the power to destroy
 This wonder and delight of man,
 Hence to some grosser body fly.

Yet, as returning stomachs do
 Still covet some one dish they see ;
 So when thou from my fair dost go,
 Kind ague, make her long for me.

A VALEDICTION.

I go, I go, perfidious maid,
 Obeying thee, my froward fate,
 Whether forsaken or betray'd,
 By scorn or hate.

I go, th' exact'st professor of
 Desire, in its diviner sense,
 That ever in the school of love
 Did yet commence.

Cruel and false, could'st thou find none
 Amongst those fools thy eyes engross'd,
 But me to practise falsehood on,
 That lov'd thee most ?

I lov'd thee 'bove the day's bright eye,
 Above mine own ; who melting drop,
 As oft as opening they miss thee,
 And 'love my hope :

Till (by thy promise grown secure)
 That hope was to assurance brought,
 My faith was such, so chaste pure,
 I doubted not

Thee, or thy vows ; nor should I yet
 (Such, false one, is my love's extreme)
 Should'st thou now swear, the breath's so sweet
 That utters them.

Ah, syren ! why didst th' me entice
 To that unconstant sea, thy love,
 That ebbs and flows so in a trice ?
 Was it to prove

The power of each attractive spell
 Upon my fond enamour'd youth ?
 No : I must think of thee so well,
 Thou then spak'st truth.

Else amongst overweening boys,
 Or dotards, thou had'st chosen one
 Than me, methinks, a fitter choice
 To work upon.

Mine was no wither'd old man's suit,
 Nor like a boy's just come from school :
 Had'st thou been either deaf or mute,
 I'd been no fool.

Faith ! I was then, when I embrac'd
 A false belief thy vows were true ;
 Or, if they were, that they could last
 A day or two.

Since I'd been told a woman's mind
Varies as oft as April's face;
But I suppos'd thine more resu'd,
And so it was.

Till (sway'd by thy unruly blood)
Thou changest thy uncertain will,
And 'tis far worse to have been good,
Than to be ill.

Methinks thou'rt blemish'd in each part,
And so or worse than others are;
Those eyes grown hollow as thy heart,
Which two suns were.

Thy cheeks are sunk, and thy smooth skin
Looks like a conquest now of Time;
Sure thou'd'st an age to study in
For such a crime.

Thou'rt so transform'd, that I in thee
(As 'tis a general loss) more grieve
Thy falling from thyself, than me
Fool to believe!

For I by this am taught to prize
The inward beauties of the breast,
'Bove all the gaities of the eyes
Where treasures rest.

Whereas, grown black with this abuse
Offer'd to Love's commanding throne,
Thou may'st despair of an excuse,
And wish 't undone.

Farewel, thou pretty brittle piece
Of fine-cut crystal, which once was,
Of all my fortune and my bliss,
The only glass,

Now something else: but in its state
Of former lustre, fresh and green
My faith shall stand, to show thee what
Thou should'st have been.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

God Cupid's power was ne'er so shown,
Since first the boy could draw a bow,
In all past ages, as this one,
This lovesick age we live in now:
Now he and she, from high to low,
Or lovers are, or would seem so.

His arrows now are every where,
In every lip, and every eye,
From young, from old, from foul, and fair,
This little archer lets them fly:
He is a traitor to Love's throne,
That has no love, or seems 't have none.

If she be young and fair, we do
Think her the blessing of this life;
And, out of that opinion, woo
Her for a mistress or a wife;
And if they think us able men,
The pretty souls will love again.

Or, if she be a wife, and that
A jealous ass corrupts her bed,
We build our pleasures on his fate,
And for her sake do crown his head;
So what he fears a truth doth prove,
And what's this but a trick of love?

If she be left a widow, then
Her first amours have warm'd her blood,
She'll think us puppies, or no men,
Should not her wants be understood:
Pity then makes us lovers prove,
And Pity is the child of Love.

If she be wither'd, and yet itch
To do as once in time of old,
We love a little, for she's rich,
Though but to scare away the cold:
She has (no doubt) the rift t' assuage,
Then never stand upon her age.

Thus maid, wife, widow, do all wound,
Though each one with a different eye;
And we by love to love are bound,
Either in heat or policy;
That is, we love, or say we do,
Women, we love ourselves, or you.

Cupid may now slacken his nerve,
Hang bow and quiver in some place
As useless grown, useless they serve
For trophies of what once he was:
Love's grown a fashion of the mind,
And we shall henceforth love by kind.

Lord! what a childish ape was this!
How vain improvident an elf!
To conquer all at once, when 'tis,
Alas! a triumph o'er himself!
He has usurp'd his own fear'd throne,
Since now there's nothing to be done.

And yet there is, there is one prize,
Lock'd in an adamant breast;
Storm that then, Love, if thou be'st wise,
A conquest above all the rest,
Her heart, who binds all hearts in chains,
Castanna's heart untouch'd remains.

THE CONTEST.

Come, my Corinna, let us try
Which loves you best, of you, and I:
I know you oft have in your glass
Seen the faint shadow of your face;
And, consequently, then became
A wond'ring lover, as I am:
Though not so great a one, for what
You saw but a glimpse of that,
So sweet, so charming majesty,
Which I in its full lustre see.
But if you then had gaz'd upon
Yourself, as your reflection,
And seen those eyes for which I die,
Perhaps you'd been as sick as I.
Thus, sweetest, then it is confess'd,
That of us lovers, I love best:
You'll say 'tis reason, that my share
Be great as my affections are,
When you insensibly are grown
More mine, by conquest, than your own.
But, if this argument I name
Seem light to such a glorious claim;
Yet, since you love yourself, this do,
Love me, at least, for loving you:
So my despair you may destroy,
And you your loved self enjoy;
Acting those things, can ne'er be done,
Whilst you remain yourself alone:
So for my sighs you make amends,
So you have yours, and I my ends.

THE FALSE ONE.

AN IMITATION OF THAT OF HORACE.

Non erat & Cœlo, &c.

OLD, false maid, yon horned light,
Which in Heav'n's arched vault doth range,
I view part of thyself in it;
'Tis she but once a month does change.

raging sea, th' uncertain air,
r, what does yet more change admit,
variation emblems are;
When thou, and only thou, art it.

osophers their pains may spare
eternal motion where to find;
Which a thing be any where,
'Tis, woman, in thy fickle mind.

oft, incenter'd in thine arms,
ing with betraying sighs and tears,
thou secur'd me, by thy charms,
om other lovers' natural fears?

s, that improv'd the honest flame,
Which made my faithful bosom pant;
tears so gentle, as might claim
relief from hearts of adamant.

as were the arts seduc'd my youth,
captive to thy wanton will:
With a falsehood, like to truth,
The same instant cure and kill.

tell the next you will betray,
mean that fool usurps my room).
for his sake I'm turn'd away;
The same fortune he must come.

n I, restored to that sense
you hast distemper'd, sound and free,
l, with a very just pretence,
aspise and laugh at him and thee.

ODE.

VALEDICTORY.

; but never to return:
such a killing flame I burn,
all th' enraged waves that beat
hip's calk'd ribs, can quench that heat:
thy disdain, which colder are
climates of the northern star,
freeze the blood, warm'd by thine eye:
sweet, I must thy martyr die.

canst thou know, that losing thee,
universe is dead to me,
I to it: yet not become
nd, as to revoke my doom?
le heart, do: if I remove,
can I hope t' achieve thy love?
t, I shall 't a blessing call,
she who wounds may see my fall.

y thou lov'st, and bid me go
re never Sun his face did show:
what's worse, want of thy light,
d dissipates the shades of night;
angers, death, Hell dares not own,
sly to apprehension known,

Arm'd with thy will, (despote of fear)
I'll seek them, as if thou wert there.

But, if thou wilt I die, and that,
By, worse than thousand deaths, thy hate;
When I am dead, if thou wilt pay
My tomb a tear, and sighing say,
Thou dost my timeless fall deplore,
Wishing thou'dst known my truth before:
My dearest dear, thou mak'st me then,
Or sleep in peace, or live again.

TO MY FRIEND, MR. LELY,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE EXCELLENTLY VIRTUOUS
LADY, THE LADY ISABELLA TRYAN.

NATURE and art are here at strife;
This shadow comes so near the life:
Sit still, (dear Lely) thou'st done that
Thyself must love and wonder at.
What other ages e'er could boast,
Either remaining yet, or lost,
Are trivial toys, and must give place
To this, that counterfeits her face:
Yet I'll not say, but there have been,
In every past age, paintings seen
Both good and like, from every hand,
That once had mast'ry and command,
But none like her! Surely she sat
Thy pencil thus to celebrate
Above all others that could claim
An echo from the voice of Fame.
For he, that most, or with most cause,
Speaks, or may speak, his own applause;
Can't, when he shows his master-piece,
Brag, he e'er did a face like this.
Such is thy chance to be the man,
None, but who shares thy honour, can:
If such another do arise,
To steal more glory from her eyes;
But 'twould improvident bounty show
To hazard such a beauty so:
'Tis strange thy judgment did not err,
Or want a hand, beholding her,
Whose awing graces well might make
Th' assured'st pencil to mistake.
To her and truth, then, what a crime,
To us, to all the world, and time,
(Who most will want her copy) 'twere
To have it then unlike appear!
But she's preserved from that fate,
Thou know'st so well to imitate,
And in that imitation show
What oil and colour mixt can do,
So well, that had this piece the grace
Of motion, she and note else has;
Or, if it could the odour breathe,
That her departing sighs bequeath,
And had her warmth, it then would be
Her glorious self, and none but she.
So well 'tis done! But thou canst go
No farther than what art can do:
And when all's done, this, thou hast made,
Is but a nobler kind of shade;
And thou, though thou hast play'd thy part,
A painter, no creator, art.

TO CHLORIS.

ODE.

FAREWELL, my sweet, until I come,
Improv'd in merit, for thy sake,
With characters of honour, home,
Such as thou canst not then but take.

To loyalty my love must bow,
My honour too calls to the field,
Where, for a lady's busk, I now
Must keen, and sturdy iron wield.

Yet, when I rush into those arms,
Where death and danger do combine,
I shall less subject be to harms,
Than to those killing eyes of thine.

Since I could live in thy disdain,
Thou art so far become my fate,
That I by nothing can be slain,
Until thy sentence speaks my date.

But, if I seem to fall in war,
T' excuse the murder you commit,
Be to my memory just so far,
As in thy heart t' acknowledge it :

That's all I ask ; which thou must give
To him, that dying, takes a pride
It is for thee ; and would not live
Sole princé of all the world beside.

ODE.

THE day is set did Earth adorn,
To drink the brewing of the main ;
And, hot with travel, will ere morn
Carouse it to an ebb again.

Then let us drink, time to improve,
Secure of Cromwell and his spies ;
Night will conceal our healths and love,
For all her thousand thousand eyes.

CHORUS.

Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

Without the evening dew and show'rs,
The Earth would be a barren place,
Of trees, and plants, of herbs, and flow'rs,
To crown her now euanell'd face :

Nor can wit spring, or fancies grow,
Unless we dew our heads in wine,
Plump Autumn's wealthy overflow,
And sprightly issue of the vine.

CHORUS.

Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

Wine is the cure of cares and sloth,
That rust the metal of the mind ;
The juice that man to man does both
In freedom and in friendship bind.

This clears the monarch's cloudy brows,
And cheers the hearts of sullied swains ;
To wearied souls repose allows,
And makes slaves caper in their chains.

CHORUS.

Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

Wine, that distributes to each part
Its heat and motion, is the spring ;
The poet's head, the subject's heart,
'Twas wine made old Anacreon sing.

Then let us quaff it, whilst the night
Serves but to hide such guilty souls,
As fly the beauty of the light ;
Or dare not pledge our loyal bowls.

CHORUS.

Then let us revel, quaff, and sing,
Health, and his sceptre, to the king.

ODE.

FAIR Isabel, if aught but thee
I could, or would, or like, or love ;
If other beauties but approve
To sweeten my captivity :
I might those passions be above,
Those pow'ful passions, that combine
To make and keep me only thine.

Or, if for tempting treasure, I
Of, the world's god, prevailing gold,
Could see thy love and my truth sold,
A greater, nobler treasury :
My flame to thee might then grow cold,
And I, like one whose love is sense,
Exchange thee for convenience.

But when I vow to thee, I do
Love thee above or health or peace,
Gold, joy, and all such toys as these,
'Bove happiness and honour too :
Thou know must know, this love can cease,
Nor change for all the glorious show
Wealth and discretion bribes us to.

What such a love deserves, thou, sweet,
As knowing best, may'st best reward :
I, for thy bounty well prepar'd,
With open arms my blessing meet.
Then do not, dear, our joys retard ;
But unto him propitious be,
That knows no love, nor life, but thee.

IN AMOREM MEDICUM.

EPIC.

FOR cares whilst love prepares the remedies,
The main disease in the physician lies.

THE LEGEND OF THE FAMOUS, FURIOUS, EXPERT,
VALIANT GUITAR-MASTERS,

CAVELIERO COMER AND DON HILL

BALLAD.

You, that love to read the tracts
Of tall fellows' fights and facts,
In this song will hear a wonder,
How two fiddlers fell asunder.
Lampon, &c.

Demer had the first abuse,
Which admitted no excuse;
At, since Hill so ill did treat him,
Dick, in wrath, resolv'd to beat him.
Lampon, &c.

Right a broom-staff was prepar'd,
Which Don Hill no little scar'd;
At he resolv'd, if Dick did baste him,
That his patience should out-last him.
Lampon, &c.

Whilst (good Christian) thus he meant
To despise his punishment,
And first to appease his foe send,
In sight was Dick's fierce nose-end.
Lampon, &c.

When, in terror, Hill did ask,
He durst perform his task;
Dick, in wrath, reply'd, "God damn me!
That purpose now come am I."
Lampon, &c.

And withal, with main and might,
He trips this proper knight,
And with such fury he quell'd Hill,
That to the ground he levell'd Hill.
Lampon, &c.

As shows music discord has,
Which the cause of this war was;
And, that Hill's beaten, is a token
That their string of friendship's broken.
Lampon, &c.

Now behold! this mortal cause
Referr'd to Harry Laws;
And since he's beaten Hill does tell though,
We shall give him salve for's elbow.
Lampon, &c.

ODE.

TO CHLOE.

First one, farewell, thou hast releas'd
The fire imprison'd in my breast;
For beauties make not half the show
They did a year or two ago:

For now I find
The beauties those fair walls enshrin'd,
Foul and deform'd appear,
Ah! where
A woman is a spotless mind?

Could not now take up thine eyes,
In revenge to tyrannize;
We should'st thou make me blot my skin
With the black thou wear'st within:

If thou would'st meet,
Brides do, in the nuptial sheet,
I would not kiss nor play;
But say,
On nothing hast that can be sweet.

Was betray'd by that fair sign
Of entertainment cold within;
I found that fine built fabric lin'd
Which so ill contriv'd a mind,

That now I must
For ever (Chloe) leave to trust
The face that so beguiles
With smiles;
Falsehood's a charm to love or lust.

ODE.

TO CHLORIS FROM FRANCE.

Pity me, Chloris, and the flame
Disdain and distance cannot tame;
And pity my necessity,
That makes my courtship, wanting thee,
Nothing but fond idolatry.

In dark and melancholy groves,
Where pretty birds discourse their loves,
I daily worship on my knee
Thy shadow, all I have of thee,
And sue to that to pity me.

I vow to it the sacred vow,
To thee, and only thee, I owe;
When (as it knew my true intent)
The silent picture gives consent,
And seems to mourn my banishment.

Presaging thence my love's success,
I triumph in my happiness,
And straight consider how each grace
Adorns thy body, or thy face;
Surrender up to my embrace.

I think this little tablet now,
Because less cruel, fair as thou;
I do from it mercy implore,
'Tis the sole saint I do adore;
I do not think I love thee more.

Yet be not jealous, though I do
Thus doat of it, instead of you;
I love it not, for any line
Where captivating beauties shine;
But only (Chloris) as 'tis thine.

And, though thy shadow here take place,
By intimating future grace,
It goes before, but to impart
To thee how beautiful thou art,
And show a reason for my smart.

Nor is't improper, sweet, since thou
Art in thy youthful morning now,
Whilst I, depriv'd of thine eye's light,
Do drooping live a tedious night
In Paris, like an anchorite.

Recall me, then, that I may see,
Once more, how fair and kind you be;
Into thy sunshine call again
Him thus exil'd by thy disdain,
And I'll forget my loss and pain.

AN INVITATION TO PHILLIS.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And thou shalt all the pleasures prove,
The mountains' tow'ring tops can show,
Inhabiting the vales below.
From a brave height my star shall shine
To illuminate the desert clime.

Thy summer's bower shall overlook
 The subtle windings of the brook,
 For thy delight which only springs,
 And cuts her way with turtle's wings.
 The pavement of thy rooms shall shine
 With the bruised treasures of the mine;
 And not a tale of love but shall
 In miniature adorn thy wall.
 Thy closet shall queens' caskets mock
 With rustic jewels of the rock;
 And thine own light shall make a gem
 As bright of these, as queens of them.
 From this thy sphere thou shalt behold
 Thy snowy ewes troop o'er the mold,
 Who yearly pay my love a-piece
 A tender lamb, and silver fleece.
 And when Sol's rays shall all combine
 Thine to out-burn, though not outshine,
 Then, at the foot of some green hill,
 Where crystal Dove runs murmur'ing still,
 We'll angle for the bright-eyed fish,
 To make my love a dainty dish;
 Or, in a cave, by Nature made,
 Fly to the covert of the shade,
 Where all the pleasures we will prove,
 Taught by the little god of love.

And when bright Phœbus' scorching beams
 Shall cease to gild the silver streams,
 Then in the cold arms of the food
 We'll bathing cool the factious blood;
 Thy beautiful limbs the brook shall grace,
 Like the reflex of Cynthia's face;
 Whilst all the wond'ring fry do greet
 The welcome light, adore thy feet,
 Supposing Venus to be come
 To send a kiss to Thetis home.
 And following night shall trifled be,
 Sweet, as thou know'st I promis'd thee:
 Thus shall the summer's days and nights
 Be dedicate to thy delights.
 Then live with me, and be my love,
 And all these pleasures shalt thou prove.

But when the sapless season brings
 Cold winter on her shivering wings,
 Freezing the river's liquid face
 Into a crystal looking-glass,
 And that the trees their naked bones
 Together knock like skeletons,
 Then, with the softest, whitest locks,
 Spun from the tribute of thy flocks,
 We will o'er-cast thy whiter skin,
 Winter without, a spring within.
 At the first peep of day I'll rise,
 To make the sullen hare thy prize;
 And thou with open arms shall come,
 To bid thy hunter welcome home.
 The partridge, plover, and the poot,
 I'll with the subtle mallard shoot;
 The fell-fare and the greedy thrush
 Shall drop from ev'ry hawthorn bush;
 And the slow heron down shall fall,
 To feed my fairest fair withal;
 The feather'd people of the air
 Shall fall to be my Phillis' fare:
 No storm shall touch thee, tempest move;
 Then live with me, and be my love.

But from her cloister when I bring
 My Phillis to restore the spring,
 The ruffling Boreas shall withdraw,
 The snow shall melt, the ice shall thaw;

The aguish plants fresh leaves shall show,
 The Earth put on her verdant hue;
 And thou (fair Phillis) shalt be seen
 Mine and the summer's beautiful queen.

These, and more pleasures, shalt thou prove;
 Then live with me, and be my love.

THE ENTERTAINMENT TO PHILLIS.

Now Phœbus is gone down to sleep
 In cold embraces of the deep,
 And night's pavillion in the sky
 (Crown'd with a starry canopy)
 Erected stands, whence the pale Moon
 Steals out to her Eudymion;
 Over the meads and o'er the floods,
 Through the ridings of the woods,
 Th' enamour'd huntress scours her ways,
 And through night's veil her horns displays.

I have a bower for my love
 Hid in the centre of a grove
 Of aged oaks, close from the sight
 Of all the prying eyes of night.

The polish'd walls of marble be
 Pilaster'd round with porphyry,
 Casements of crystal, to transmit
 Night's sweets to thee, and thine to it;
 Fine silver locks to ebony doors,
 Rich gilded roofs, and cedar floors,
 With all the objects may express
 A pleasing solitariness.

Within my love shall find each room
 New furnish'd from the silk-worm's loom,
 Vessels of the true antique mold,
 Cups cut in amber, myrrh, and gold;
 Quilts blown with roses, beds with down,
 More white than Atlas' aged crown;
 Carpets where flowers woven grow,
 Only thy sweeter steps to strew,
 Such as may emulation bring
 To the wrought mantle of the Spring.
 There silver lamps shall silent shine,
 Supply'd by oils of jessamine;
 And mists of odours shall arise
 To air thy little Paradise.
 I have such fruits, too, for thy taste,
 As seeming Autumn never grac'd;
 Apples as round as thine own eyes,
 Or, as thy sister beauties prize,
 Smooth as thy snowy skin, and sleek
 And ruddy as the morning's cheek;
 Grapes, that the Tyrian purple wear,
 The sprightly matrons of the year,
 Such as Læus never bare
 About his drowsy brows so fair;
 So plump, so large, so ripe, so good,
 So full of flavour and of blood.

There's water in a grot hard by
 To quench thee, when with dalliance dry,
 Sweet as the milk of sand-red cow,
 Brighter than Cynthia's silver bow;
 Cold as the goddess' self e'er was,
 And clearer than thy looking-glass.
 But, oh! the sum of all delight
 For which the day submits to night,
 Is that, my Phillis, thou wilt find,
 When we are in embraces twin'd.
 Pleasures that so have tempted Jove
 To all his masquerades of love;

From them the prince his purple waves,
 And strips him naked as his laves.
 Is they that teach humanity
 The thing we love, the reason why:
 Before we live, but ne'er till then,
 Are females women, or males men:
 This is the way, and this the trade,
 That does perfect what Nature made.
 Then go; but first thy beauties screen,
 Lest they that revel on the lawns,
 The nymphs, the satyrs, and the fawns,
 Adore thee for night's horned queen.

THE LITANY.

From a ruler that's a curse,
 And a government that's worse;
 From a prince that rules by awe,
 Whose tyrannic will's his law;
 From an armed council-board,
 And a sceptre that's a sword,
 Libera nos, &c.

From a kingdom, that from health
 Turns to a commonwealth;
 From such peers as stain their blood,
 And are neither wise, nor good;
 From a greedy steep'd in pots,
 From unkenneled plots,
 Libera nos, &c.

From a church without divines,
 And a presbyter that shines;
 From John Calvin, and his pupils,
 From a sentence without scruples,
 From a clergy without letters,
 And a free state bound in fetters,
 Libera nos, &c.

From the bustle of the town,
 And the knavish tribe o' th' gown;
 From long bills where we are debtors,
 From bum-bailiffs and their setters;
 From the tedious city lectures,
 And thanksgivings for protectors,
 Libera nos, &c.

From ill victuals when we dine,
 And a tavern with ill wine;
 From vile smoke in a short pipe,
 And a landlord that will gripe;
 From long reck'nings, and a wench
 At claps in English, or in French,
 Libera nos, &c.

From demesnes, whose barren soil
 Never produc'd the barley oil;
 From a friend for nothing fit,
 That nor courage has, nor wit;
 From all liars, and from those
 Who write nonsense verse, or prose,
 Libera nos, &c.

From a virgin that's no maid;
 From a kicking, stumbling jade;
 From false servants, and a scold,
 From all women that are old;
 From loud tongues that never lie,
 And from a domestic spy,
 Libera nos, &c.

From a domineering spouse,
 From a smoky, dirty house;
 From foul linen, and the noise
 Of young children, girls or boys;
 From ill beds, and full of fleas,
 From a wife with essences,
 Libera nos, &c.

From trepanns of wicked men,
 From the interest of ten;
 From rebellion, and the sense
 Of a wounded conscience;
 Lastly, from the poet's evil,
 From his bigness', and the Devil,
 Libera nos, &c.

TO SOME GREAT ONES.

EPICRAM.

Poets are great men's trumpets, poets feign,
 Create them virtues, but dare hint no stain:
 This makes the fiction constant, and doth show
 You make the poets, not the poets you.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY WORTHY FRIEND,

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE.

To pay my love to thee, and pay it so,
 As honest men should what they justly owe,
 Were to write better of thy life than can
 Th' assured'st pen of the most worthy man:
 Such was thy composition, such thy mind
 Improv'd to virtue, and from vice refin'd.
 Thy youth, an abstract of the world's best parts,
 Enur'd to arms, and exercis'd in arts;
 Which with the vigour of a man became
 Thine, and thy country's pyramids of flame;
 Two glorious lights to guide our hopeful youth
 Into the paths of honour and of truth.

These parts (so rarely met) made up in thee,
 What man should in his full perfection be:
 So sweet a temper into every sense,
 And each affection, breath'd an influence,
 As smooth'd them to a calm, which still withstood
 The ruffling passions of untamed blood,
 Without a wrinkle in thy face, to show
 Thy stable breast could a disturbance know.
 In fortune humble, constant in mischance,
 Expert of both, and both serv'd to advance
 Thy name, by various trials of thy spirit,
 And give the testimony of thy merit;
 Valiant to envy of the bravest men,
 And learned to an undisputed pen,
 Good as the best in both, and great; but yet
 No dangerous courage, nor offensive wit:
 These ever serv'd the one for to defend,
 The other nobly to advance thy friend;
 Under which title I have found my name
 Fix'd in the living chronicle of Fame
 To times succeeding; yet I hence must go,
 Displeas'd I cannot celebrate thee so.
 But what respect, acknowledgment, and love,
 What these together, when improv'd, improve;
 Call it by any name, (so it express
 Aught like a tribute to thy worthiness,

And may my bounden gratitude become)
Lovelace, I offer at thy honour'd tomb.

And tho' thy virtues many friends have bred
To love thee living and lament thee dead,
In characters far better couch'd than these,
Mine will not blot thy fame, nor theirs increase:
'Twas by thine own great merits rais'd so high,
That, maugre Time and Fate, it shall not die.

TO POET E. W'.

OCCASIONED FOR HIS WRITING A PANEGYRIC ON OLIVER
CROMWELL.

From whence, vile poet, didst thou glean the wit
And words for such a vicious poem fit?
Where couldst thou paper find was not too white,
Or ink, that could be black enough to write!
What servile devil tempted thee to be
A flatterer of thine own slavery?
To kiss thy bondage, and extol the deed,
At once that made thy prince and country bleed?
I wonder much thy false heart did not dread,
And shame to write, what all men blush to read:
Thus with a base ingratitude to rear
Trophies unto thy master's murderer!

Who call'd thee coward (—) much mistook
The characters of thy pedantic look;
'Thou hast at once abus'd thyself and us;
He's stout, that dares flatter a tyrant thus.

Put up thy pen and ink, muzzle thy Muse,
Adulterate hag, fit for a common stew,
No good man's library wilt thou hast,
Treason in rhyme has all thy works defac'd:
Such is thy fault, that when I think to find
A punishment of the severest kind
For thy offence, my malice cannot name
A greater, than, once to commit the same.

Where was thy reason, then, when thou began
To write against the sense of God and man?
Within thy guilty breast despair took place,
Thou would'st despairing die in spite of grace.
At once thou'rt judge and malefactor shown,
Each sentence in thy poem is thine own.

Then, what thou hast pronounc'd to execute,
Hang up thyself, and say, I bid thee do't;
Fear not thy memory, that cannot die,
This panegyric is thy elegy,
Which shall be, when or wheresoever read,
A living poem to upbraid thee dead.

AN EPITAPH

ON ROBERT PORT, ESQ. DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT;
AND NOW SET UP IN ELUM CHURCH, IN THE COUNTY
OF STAFFORD.

Virtue in those good times that bred good men,
No testimony crav'd of tongue, or pen:
No marble columns, nor engraven brass,
To tell the world that such a person was:
For then each pious act, to fair descent,
Stood for the worthy owner's monument:
But in this change of manners, and of states,
Good names, tho' writ in marble, have their fates.
Such is the barb'rous and irrev'rent rage
That arms the rabble of this impious age.

! Edmund Waller. C.

Yet may this happy stone, that bears a name,
(Such as no bold survivor dares to claim)
To ages yet unborn unblemish'd stand,
Safe from the stroke of an inhuman hand.

Here, reader, here a Port's sad reliques lie,
To teach the careless world morality;
Who, while he mortal was, unrival'd stood,
The crown and glory of his ancient blood:
Fit for his prince's and his country's trust,
Pious to God, and to his neighbour just.
A loyal husband to his latest end,
A gracious father, and a faithful friend.
Belov'd he liv'd, and dy'd o'ercharg'd with years,
Fuller of honour than of silver hairs:
And, to sum up his virtues, this was he
Who was what all we should, but cannot be.

PHILOXIPES AND POLICRITE.

AN ESSAY TO AN HEROIC POEM.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This canto serves first to relate
Philoxipes his birth and parts;
His prince's friendship, wealth, and state;
His youth, his manners, arms, and arts;
His strange contempt of Love's dread dart:
Till a mere shadow takes his heart.

In Thetis' lap, and by her arms embrac'd,
Retwixt the Syrian and Cilician coasts,
The poets Cyprus fortunately plac'd,
Like Nature's casket, all her treasure boasts:
An isle that once, for her renowned loves,
Stood consecrate to Venus and her doves.

From whose fair womb once sprung as fair a seed,
To shame the brood of the corrupted world,
The graceful sexes of her happy breed,
In one another's chaste embrace could die:
Nor other difference knew, than did arise
From en'ulous virtue for the virtue's prize.

And these were strifes, where Envy had no place
She was not known in such a virtuous war;
Nor had Ambition, with her giant race,
In such contentions a malignant share:
Love was the cause, and virtue was the claim,
That could their honest, gentle hearts inflame.

But none, amongst that never-failing race,
Could match Philoxipes, that noble youth,
In strength, and beauty, fortitude, and grace,
In gentle manners, and unblemish'd truth;
In all the virtues and the arts, that should
Embellish manhood, or ennoble blood.

A prince descended from the royal lines
Of Greece and Troy, united in one bed,
Where merit and reward did once combine
The seeds of Æacus and Leomed;
And in a brave succession did agree
Bold Pelamon, and fair Hesione.

From this illustrious pair fam'd Teucer sprang,
Who, when return'd from Ilium's fun'ral fire,
Without due vengeance for his brother's wrong,
Was banish'd home by his griev'd father's ire:

~~small~~ *lets* Cyprus fortunately came
To build a city to his country's name.

Great Salamis, whose polish'd turrets stood
For many ages in the course of time,
P' o'erlook the surface of the swelling flood,
The strength and glory of that fruitful clime,
Was his great work, from whose brave issue, since,
The world receiv'd this worthy, matchless prince.

Worthy his ancestors, and that great name,
His own true merits, with the public voice,
Had won throughout the isle, as his just claim,
Above whatever past a general choice:
A man so perfect, none could disapprove,
Save that he could not, or he did not love.

Books were his business, his diversion arms,
His practice honour, his achievements fame;
He had no time to love; nor could the charms,
Of any Cyprian nymph his blood inflame:
He thought the fairest print of womankind
Too small a volume to enrich his mind.

He lov'd the tawny lion's dang'rous chase,
The spotted leopard, or the tusked boar;
Their bloody steps would the young hunter trace,
And having lodg'd them, their tough entrails gore:
Love was too soft to feed his gen'rous fire,
And maids too weak to conquer his desire.

In all his intervals of happy truce,
Knowledge and arts, which his high mind endow'd,
Were still his objects, and what they produce
Was the brave issue of his solitude: [praise
He shunn'd dissembling courts, and thought less
Adber'd to diadems, than wreaths of bays.

Although betwixt him and the youthful king,
Who, at this time, the Paphian sceptre sway'd,
A likeness in their manners, and their spring
Had such a true and lasting friendship made,
That, without him, the king did still esteem
His court a cottage, and her glories dim.

One was their country, one the happy earth,
That (to its glory) these young heroes bred;
One year produc'd either's auspicious birth,
One space matur'd them, and one council led:
All things, in fine, wherein their virtues shone,
Youth, beauty, strength, studies, and arms, were
one.

This, so establish'd friendship, was the cause,
That when this modest prince would fann'r tire
From the fond world's importunate applause,
Or cross'd the workings of his own desire;
And made him, with a favourite's love and skill,
Devote his pleasures to his master's will.

But once his presence and assistance stood
In balance with this hopeful monarch's bliss;
Love's golden shaft had fir'd his youthful blood,
Nor any ear must hear his sighs but his:
Artiphala his heart had overthrown,
Maure his sword, his sceptre, and his crown.

From her bright eyes the wounding light'ning flew
Through the resistance of his manly breast,
By none, but his Philoxipes, that knew
Each motion of his soul to be express:
He must his secrets keep, and courtships bear,
Conceal them from the world, but tell them her.

This held him most to shine in the court's sphere,
And practise passion in another's name,
To dally with those arms that level'd were
His high and yet victorious heart t' inflame:
He sigh'd and wept, expressing all the woe
Despairing lovers in their phrenzy show;

And with so good success, that in some space
The magic of his eloquence, and art,
Had wrought the king into this princess' grace,
And laid the passage open to her heart:
Such royal suiters could not be deny'd,
The whole world's wonder, and one Asia's pride.

The king, thus fix'd a monarch in his love,
And in his mistress' fair surrender crown'd,
Could sometimes now permit his friend's remove,
As having other conversation found;
And now resign him to the peace he sought,
To practise what the wise Athenian taught.

Solon, that oracle of famous Greece,
Could in the course of his experience find
None to bequeath his knowledge to but this,
This glorious youth, bless'd with so rich a mind,
So brave a soul, and such a shining spirit,
As virtue might, by lawful claim, inherit.

It was his precept that did first distil
Virtue into this hopeful young man's breast;
That gave him reason to conduct his will;
That first his soul in sacred knowledge dress'd;
And taught him, that a wise man, when alone,
Is to himself the best companion.

He taught him first into himself retire,
Shunning the greatness, and those gaudy beams,
That often scorch their plumes who high aspire,
And wear the splendour of the world's extremes,
To drink that nectar, and to taste that food,
That, to their greatness, make men truly good.

And his unerring eye had aptly chose
A place so suited to his mind and birth,
For the sweet scene of his below'd repose,
As all the various beauties of the Earth,
Contracted in one plot, could ne'er outvie
To nourish fancy, or delight the eye.

From the far fam'd Olympus' haughty crown,
Which with curl'd cypress perriwigs his brows,
The crystal Lycus tumbles headlong down,
And thence unto a fruitful valley flows;
Twining with am'rous crooks her verdant waist,
That smiles to see her borders so embrace'd.

Upon whose flow'ry banks a stately pile,
Built from the marble quarry, shining stood:
Like the proud queen of that Elysian isle,
Viewing her front in the transparent flood;
Which, with a murmuring sorrow, kiss'd her base,
As loath to leave so beautiful a place.

Lovely, indeed; if tall and shady groves,
Enamel'd meads, and little purling springs,
Which from the grotts, the temples of true loves,
Creep out to trick the earth in wanton rings,
Can give the name of lovely to that place,
Where Nature stands clad in her chiefest grace.

This noble structure, in her site thus bless'd,
Was round adorn'd with many a curious piece;
By ev'ry cunning master's hand express'd,
Of famous Italy, or antique Greece:

As Art and Nature both together strove [love.
Which should attract, and which should fix his

There, whilst the statue and the picture vie
Their shape, and colour, their design, and life,
They value took from his judicious eye,
That could determine best the curious strife :
For naught, that should a prince's virtues fill,
Escap'd his knowledge, or amus'd his skill.

But in that brave collection there was one,
That seem'd to lead her light unto the rest ;
Wherein the mast'ry of the pencil shone
Above whatever painter's art express'd ;
A woman of so exquisite a frame,
As made all life deform'd, and nature lame.

A piece so wrought, as might to ages stand
The work and likeness of some deity,
To mock the labours of a human hand :
So round, so soft, so airy, and so free,
That it had been no less than to prophane,
To dedicate that face t' a mortal name.

For Venus, therefore, goddess of that isle,
The cunning artist nam'd this brave design,
The critic eyes of wond'ers to beguile ;
As if, inspired, had drawn a shape divine :
Venus Urania, parent of their bliss,
Could be express'd in nothing more than this.

And such a power had the lovely shade
Over this prince's yet unconquer'd mind,
That his indiff'rent eye full oft it stay'd,
And by degrees his noble heart inclin'd
To say, that could this frame a woman be,
She were his mistress, and no fair but she.

Cætera deant.

TO MR. ALEXANDER BROME.

EPODE.

Now let us drink, and with our nimble feet
The floor in graceful measures beat ;
Never so fit a time for harmless mirth
Upon the sea-girt spot of earth.
The king's return'd ! fill nectar to the brim,
And let Lyæus proudly swim :
Our joys are full, and uncontrolled flow,
Then let our cups (my hearts) be so :
Begin the frolic, send the liquor round,
And as our king, our cups be crown'd.
Go, boy, and pierce the old Falernian wine,
And make us chaplets from the vine.
Range through the drowsy vessels of the cave,
Till we an inundation have ;
Spare none of all the store, but ply thy task,
Till Bacchus' throne be empty cask ;
But let the must alone, for that we find
Will leave a crapula behind.
Our griefs once made us thirsty, and our joy,
If not allay'd, may now destroy.
Light up the silent tapers, let them shine,
To give complexion to our wine ;
Fill each a pipe of the rich Indian fume,
To vapour incense in the room,
That we may in that artificial shade
Drink all a night ourselves have made.
No cup shall be discharg'd, whilst round we sit,
Without a smart report of wit ;

Whilst our inventions, quicken'd thus and warm,
Hit all they fly at, but not harm ;
For it wit's mast'ry is, and chiefest art,
To tickle all, but make none smart.
Thus shall our draughts and conversation be
Equally innocent and free :
Our loyalty the centre, we the ring,
Drink round, and changes to the king ;
Let none avoid, dispute, or dread his cups,
The strength or quantity he sops :
Our brains, of raptures full, and so divine,
Have left no room for fumes of wine ;
And though we drink like freemen of the deep,
We'll scorn the frail support of sleep ;
For whilst with Charles his presence we are blest,
Security shall be our rest.
Anacreon, come, and touch thy jolly lyre,
And bring in Horace to the choir :
Mould all our healths in your immortal rhyme,
Who cannot sing, shall drink in time.
We'll be one harmony, one mirth, one voice,
One love, one loyalty, one noise ;
Of wit, and joy, one mind, and that as free,
As if we all one man could be.
Drown'd he past sorrows, with our future care,
For (if we know how heads'd we are),
A knowing prince at last is wafted home,
That can prevent, as overcome.
Make then our injuries, and harms to be
The chorus to our jollity,
And from those iron times, past woes recall,
Extract one mirth to balance all.

ON TOBACCO.

WHAT horrid sin condemn'd the teeming Earth,
And curst her womb with such a monstrous birth ?
What crime America, that Heav'n would please
To make thee mother of the world's disease ?
In thy fair womb what accidents could breed,
What plague give root to this pernicious weed ?
Tobacco ! oh, the very name doth kill,
And has already fox'd my reeling quill :
I now could write libels against the king,
Treason, or blasphemy, or any thing
'Gainst piety, and reason ; I could frame
A panegyre to the protector's name :
Such sly infection does the world infuse
Into the soul of ev'ry, modest Muse.
What politic Peregrine was 't first could boast,
He brought a pest into his native coast ?
Th' abstract of poison in a stinking weed,
The spurious issue of corrupted seed ;
Seed belch'd in earthquakes from the dark abyss,
Whose name a blot in Nature's herbal is.
What drunken fiend taught Englishmen the crime,
Thus to puff out, and spawl away their time ?
Pernicious weed, (should not my Muse offend,
To say Heav'n made aught for a cruel end)
I should proclaim that thou created wert,
To ruin man's high, and immortal part.
Thy Stygian damp obscures our reason's eye,
Debauches wit, and makes invention dry ;
Destroys the memory, confounds our care ;
We know not what we do, or what we are ;
Renders our faculties and members lame
To ev'ry office of our country's claim.
Our life's a drunken dream devoid of sense :
And the best actions of our time offense.

bar health, diseases, lethargies, and rheum,
 our friendship's fire, and all our vows are fume.
 If late there's no such things as wit, or sense,
 counsel, instruction, or intelligence:
 Discourse that should distinguish man from beast,
 by the vapour of this weed suppress;
 Or what we talk is interrupted stuff,
 The one half English, and the other puff:
 Freedom and truth are things we do not know,
 We know not what we say, nor what we do:
 We want in all the understanding's light,
 We talk in clouds, and walk in endless night.

We smoke, as if we meant, conceal'd by spell,
 To spy abroad, yet be invisible:
 But no discovery shall the statesman boast,
 We raise a mist wherein our selves are lost,
 A stinking shade, and whilst we pipe it thus,
 Each one appears an ignis fatuus.

Courtier and peasant, nay the madam nice
 Likewise fall'n into the common vice:
 We all in dusky error groping lie,
 Lobb'd of our reasons, and the day's bright eye,
 Whilst sailors from the main-top see our isle
 Wrapt up in smoke, like the Ætnean pile.

What nameless ill does its contagion shroud
 In the dark mantle of this noisome cloud?
 Sure 'tis the devil: Oh, I know that's it,
 'Oh! how the sulphur makes me cough and spit?
 'Tis he; or else some fav'rite fiend, at least,
 In all the mischief of his malice drest;
 Each deadly sin that lurks 't' intrap the soul;
 Does here conceal'd in curling vapours roll:
 And for the body such an unknown ill,
 As makes physicians' reading, and their skill,
 One undistinguish'd pest, made up of all
 That men experienc'd do diseases call;
 Coughs, asthmas, apoplexies, fevers, rheum,
 All that kill dead, or lingeringly consume;
 Folly and madness, nay the plague, the pox,
 And ev'ry fool wears a Pandora's box.
 From that rich mine the stupid sot doth fill,
 Smokes up his liver, and his lungs, until
 His reeking nostrils monstrously proclaim,
 His brains and bowels are consuming flame.
 What noble soul would be content to dwell
 In the dark lantern of a smoky cell?
 To prostitute his body and his mind
 To a debauch of such a stinking kind?
 To sacrifice to Molech, and to fry,
 In such a base, dirty idolatry;
 Is if frail life, which of itself's too short,
 Were to be whipt away in drunken sport.
 Thus, as if weary of our destin'd years,
 We burn the thread so to prevent the shears.

What noble end can simple man propose
 For a reward to his all-smoking nose?
 His purposes are level'd sure amies,
 Where neither ornament nor pleasure is.
 What can he then design his worthy hire?
 Sure 'tis to inure him for eternal fire:
 And thus his aim must admirably thrive,
 In hopes of Hell, he damns himself alive.

But my infected Muse begins to choke
 In the vile stink of the increasing smoke,
 And can no more in equal numbers chime,
 Unless to sneeze, and cough, and spit in rhyme.
 Half stifled now in this new time's disease,
 The must in fumo vanish, and discease.
 This is her fault's excuse, and her pretence,
 'His satire, perhaps, else had look'd like sense.

Laura Sleeping.

ODE.

Winds, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
 And fan her with your cooling wings;
 Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,
 From pure, and yet unrival'd springs.

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
 To kiss her lip and cheek be bold,
 But with a calm and stealing pace;
 Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
 With such a gale as wings soft love,
 And with so sweet, so rich an air,
 As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hush'd as lovers' sigh,
 Or that unfolds the morning door;
 Sweet as the winds that gently fly,
 To sweep the Spring's enamell'd floor.

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
 That pure and unpolluted run,
 Like to the new-born christal streams,
 Under the bright enamour'd Sun.

But when she waking shall display
 Her sight, retire within your bar,
 Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
 And all mankind her creatures are.

Laura Weeping.

ODE.

Chaste, lovely Laura, 'gan disclose,
 Drooping with sorrow from her bed,
 As with ungentle show'rs the rose,
 O'ercharg'd with wet, declines her head.

With a dejected look and pace,
 Neglectingly she 'gan appear,
 When meeting with her tell-tale glass,
 She saw the face of sorrow there.

Sweet sorrow, drest in such a look,
 As love would trick to catch desire;
 A shaded leaf in beauty's book,
 Character'd with clandestine fire.

Down dropp'd a tear, to deck her cheeks
 With orient treasure of her own;
 Such as the diving Negro seeks
 To adorn the monarch's mighty crown.

Then a full show'r of pearly dew,
 Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall:
 As in due homage to bestrew;
 Or mourn her beauty's funeral.

So have I seen the springing morn
 In dark and humid vapours clad,
 Not to eclipse, but to adorn
 Her glories by that conquer'd shade.

Spare (Laura) spare those beauty's twins,
 Do not our world of beauty drown,
 Thy tears are halm for other sins,
 Thou know'st not any of thine own.

Then let them shine forth to declare
The sweet serenity within,
May each day of thy life be fair,
And to eclipse one hour be sin.

TO SIR ASTON COCKAYNE,

ON CAPTAIN HANNIBALL.

EPIG.

Your captain Hanniball does snort and puff,
Arm'd in his brazen-face, and greasy buff, [roar,
'Mongst punks, and panders, and can rant, and
With Cacala the turd, and his poor whore.
But I would wish his valour not mistake us,
All captains are not like his brother Dacus;
Advise him then be quiet; or I shall
Bring captain Hough, to bait your Hanniball.

IN IMITATION OF A SONG

IN THE PLAY OF ROLLO.

TAKE, O take, my fears away,
Which thy cold disdain has bred;
And grant me one auspicious ray,
From thy morn of beauties shed.
But thy killing beams restrain,
Lest I be by beauty slain.

Spread, O spread, those orient twins
Which thy snowy bosom grace,
Where love in milk and roses swims,
Blind with lustre of thy face.
But let love thaw them first, lest I
Do on those frozen mountains die.

TO SIR ASTON COCKAYNE,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF OVID.

Long live the poet, and his lovely Muse,
The stage with wit and learning to infuse,
Fimbalm him in immortal elegy,
My gentle Naso, for if he should die,
Who makes thee live, thou'lt be again pursu'd,
And banish'd Heaven for ingratitude.
Transform again thy metamorphosis
In one, and turn thy various shapes to his,
A twin-born Muse in such embraces curl'd,
As shall subject the scribblers of the world,
And spite of time, and envy, henceforth sit,
The ruling Gemini of love and wit. [glide

So two pure streams in one smooth channel
In even motion, without ebb or tide,
As in your pens Tybur and Ancor meet,
And run meanders with their silver feet.

Both soft, both gentle, both transcending high,
Both skill'd alike in charming elegy;
So equally admir'd the laurel's due
Without distinction both to him and you:
Naso was Rome's fam'd Ovid, you alone
Must be the Ovid to our Albion;
In all things equal, saving in this case,
Our modern Ovid has the better grace.

PHILODRAMATOS.

DE DIE MARTIS, & DIE VENERIS.

EPIG.

SATURN and Sol, and Luna chaste,
'Twixt Mars and Venus still are plac'd,
Whilst Mercury and Jove divide
The lovers on the other side.
What may the hidden mystery
Of this unriddled order be?
The gods themselves do justly fear,
That should they trust these two too near,
Mars would be drown'd in Venus, and so they
Should lose a planet, and the week a day.

ALIUD.

SHOULD Mars and Venus have their will,
Venus would keep her Friday ill.

TRANSLATIONS OUT OF SEVERAL POETS.

HORACE HIS SECOND EPODE TRANSLATED.

HARRY's that man that is from city care
Sequester'd, as the ancients were;
That with his own ox ploughs his father's lands,
Untainted with usurious bands:
That from alarms of war in quiet sleeps;
Nor's frighted with the raging deeps:
That shuns litigious law, and the proud state
Of his more potent neighbour's gate.
Therefore, he either is employ'd to join
The poplar to the sprouting vine,
Pruning luxurious branches, grafting some
More hopeful offspring in their room:
Or else his sight in humble vallies feasts,
With scatter'd troops of lowing beasts:
Or retir'd honey in fine vessels keeps;
Or shears his snowy tender sheep:
Or, when Autumnus shows his fruitful head
I th' mellow fields with apples covered,
How he delights to pluck the grafted pear,
And grapes, whose cheeks do purple wear!
Of which to thee, Priapus, tithes abound,
And Silvan patron of his ground.
Now, where the aged oak his green arms spreads,
He lies, now in the flow'ry meads:
Whilst through their deep-worn banks the mur-
muring floods
Do glide, and birds chant in the woods:
And bubbling fountains bowing streams do weep,
A gentle summons unto sleep.
But when cold Winter does the s'orns prepare,
And snow of thund'ring Jupiter;
Then with his dogs the furious boar he foils,
Compell'd into objected toils:
Or, on the forks extends his masy net,
For greedy thrushes a deceit.
The fearful hare too, and the stranger crane
With gins he takes, a pleasant gain.
Who but with such diversions would remove
All the malignant cares of love?
But, if to these he have a modest spouse,
To nurse his children, keep his house,
Such, as the Sabine women, or the tann'd
Wife o'th' painful Apulian,

To make a good fire of dry wood, when come
 From his hard labour weary home ;
 The wanton cattle in their booths to tie,
 Stripping their stradling udders dry,
 Drawing the must from forth the cleanly vats,
 To wash down their unpurchas'd cates ;
 Mullet or thornback cannot please n.e more,
 Nor oysters from the Lucrine shore,
 When by an eastern tempest they are tost,
 Into the sea, that sweeps this coast.
 The turkey fair of Afric shall not come,
 Within the confines of my womb :
 As olives from the fruitfull'st branches got,
 Ionian snites so sweet are not ;
 Or sorrel growing in the meadow ground,
 Or mallows for the body sound ;
 The lamb kill'd for the Terminalia ;
 Or kid redeem'd from the wolf's prey.
 Whilst thus we feed, what joy 'tis to behold
 The pastor'd sheep haste to their fold !
 And th' wearied ox with drooping neck to come
 Haling th' inverted culture home ;
 And swarms of servants from their labour quit
 About the shining fire sit !
 Thus when the usurer Alphius had said,
 Now purposing this life to lead,
 P'th' Ides call'd in his money ; but for gain
 P'th' Kalends put it forth again.

HORAT. ODE IX. LIB. 3.

AD LYDIAM.

HOR.

WHILE I was acceptable unto thee,
 And that no other youthful arm might cling
 About thy snowy neck, than mine more free,
 More blest I flourish'd than the Persian king.

LYD.

And, for no other woman's beauty, when [come
 Thou sigh'dst ; and when thy Chloe did not
 Before thy Lydia, thy Lydia then
 Flourish'd more fam'd than Ilia of Rome.

HOR.

Now Thracian Chloe is my only dear,
 Skill'd on the harp, and skilful in an air !
 For whom to die I not at all should fear,
 If gentle fate my soul in her would spare.

LYD.

The son of Ornithus the Thuriæ, me
 With equal violence of heat doth move :
 For whom, with all my heart, I twice would die,
 So fate would spare the gentle boy, my love.

HOR.

What if our friendship should renew,
 And sink our loves in a more lasting chain ?
 Yellow-hair'd Chloe should I slight for you,
 Should my access to thee be free again ?

LYD.

Though than a glorious star he is more bright,
 And thou than is the Adriatic sea
 More raging, and than spongy cork more light,
 Yet should I love to live and die with thee.

HER HEART AND MINE.

OUT OF ASTREA.

MADRICAL.

WELL may I say that our two hearts
 Composed are of stinky rock ;
 Mine as resisting rigorous darts ;
 Yours as it can endure the shock
 Of love, and of my tears and smart.
 But when I weigh the griefs, whereby
 My suff'rings I perpetuate,
 I say, in this extremity,
 In constancy, that I am that
 Rock, which you are in cruelty.

AN ODE OF JOHANNES SECUNDUS,

TRANSLATED.

TO MY DEAR TUTOR MR. RALPH RAWSON.

The world shall want Phœbean light,
 And th' icy Moon obscured lie,
 And sparkling stars their rooms shall quit
 I' th' gloomy sky :

The Crab shall shorter cut the day,
 The Capricorn prolong its hours,
 And t' abridge night's unpleasant stay,
 Command the powers :

Earth shall be plough'd by crooked ships,
 And cars shall roll upon the seas,
 Fishes in woods, boars in the deep
 Shall live and graze :

Before I'll lay aside that care
 Of thee, that's in my bosom bred,
 Whether i'th' centre, or i'th' air,
 Alive, or dead.

EPIG.

TRANSLATED OUT OF HIERON. AMALTHÆUS.

ACON his right, Leonilla her left eye
 Doth want ; yet each in firm the gods outvie.
 Sweet boy, with thine thy sister's light improve ;
 So shall she Venus be, and thou blind Love.

MART. LIB. X. EP. 47.

AD SEIPSUM.

THESE, pleasant Martial, are the things
 That to man's life contentment brings ;
 Wealth by succession got, not toil ;
 A glowing hearth ; a fruitful soil ;
 No strife ; few suits ; a mind not drown'd
 In cares ; clean strength ; a body sound ;
 Prudent simplicity ; equal friends ;
 No diet, that to lavish tends ;
 A night not steep'd in drink, yet freed
 From care ; a chaste and peaceful bed ;
 Untroubled sleeps, that render night
 Shorter, and sweeter till the light ;

To be best pleas'd with thine own state,
Neither to wish, nor fear thy fate.

ID. LIB. VIII. EP. 3.

AD MURAM.

It was enough five, six, seven books to fill,
Yea and too much; why, Muse, dost scribble still?
Cease, and be modest. Fame no farther grace
Can add; my book's worn out in every place.
When ras'd Messalla's monumentals must
Lie with Licinus's lofty tomb in dust,
I shall be read, and travellers that come
Transport my verses to their father's home.
Thus I had once resolv'd, (her clothes and head
Besmear'd with ointment) when Thalia said,
"Canst thou, ungrateful, thus renounce thy
rhyme?"

Tell me, how would'st thou spend thy vacant time?
To tragic buskins would'st thy sock transfer,
And in heroic verse sing bloody war?
That tyrannous pedants with awful voice
May terrify old men, virgins, and boys:
Let rigid antiquaries such things write,
Who by a blinking lamp consume the night,
With Roman air touch up thy poem's dress,
That th' age may read its manners, and confess:
Thou'lt find thou may'st with trifling subjects play,
Until their trumpets to thy reed give way."

ID. LIB. VIII. EP. 35.

IN PESSIMOS CONJUGES.

Since y're alike in manners, and in life,
A wicked husband, and a wicked wife,
I wonder much you are so full of strife!

ID. LIB. VIII. EP. 59.

IN VACERRAM.

But antique poets thou admirest none,
And only praisest them are dead and gone.
I beg your pardon, good Vacerra, I
Can't on such terms find in my heart to die.

ID. LIB. VIII. EP. 41.

AD FAUSTINUM.

SAB Athenagoras nought presents me now,
As in December he was wont to do.
If Athenagoras be sad, or no,
I'll see: I'm sure that he has made me so.

ID. LIB. XII. EP. 7.

DE LIGIA.

If by her hairs Ligia's age be told,
Th' soon cast up, that she is three years old.

DE FORTUNA; AN SIT COECA.

EPIC. EX JOHANN. SECUNDO.

Why do they speak the goddess Fortune blind?
Because she's only to th' unjust inclin'd;
This reason, not her blindness, does declare,
They only Fortune need who wicked are.

OUT OF ASTREA.

MADRIGAL.

I THINK I could my passion sway,
Though great, as beauty's power can move
To such obedience, as to say,
I cannot; or I do not love.
But to pretend another flame,
Since I adore thy conqu'ring eye,
To thee and truth, were such a shame,
I cannot do it, though I die.

If I must one, or th' other do,
Then let me die, I beg of you.

STANZES UPON THE DEATH OF CLEON.

OUT OF ASTREA.

THE beauty which so soon to cinders turn'd,
By death of her humanity depriv'd,
Like lightning vanish'd, like the bolt it burn'd:
So great this beauty was, and so short-liv'd.

Those eyes, so practis'd once in all the arts,
That loyal love attempted; or e'er knew:
Those fair eyes now are shut, that once the hearts
Of all that saw their lustre, did subdue.

If this be true, beauty is ravish'd hence,
Love vanquish'd droops, that ever conquered,
And she who gave life by her influence,
Is, if she live not in my bosom, dead.

Henceforth what happiness can fortune send,
Since death, this abstract of all joy has won;
Since shadows do the substance still attend,
And that our good does but our ill fore-run?

It seems, my Cleon, in thy rising morn,
That destiny thy whole day's course had bound,
And that thy beauty, dead, as soon as born,
Its fatal hearse has in its cradle found.

No, no, thou shalt not die; I death will prove,
Who life by thy sweet inspiration drew;
If lovers live in that which doth them love,
Thou liv'st in me, who ever lov'd most true.

If I do live, love then will have it known,
That even death itself he can controul,
Or, as a god, to have his power shown,
Will that I live without or heart, or soul.

But, Cleon, if Heav'n's unresisted will
'Point thee, of death th' inhuman fate to try,
Love to that fate equals my fortune still,
Thou by my mourning, by thy death I die.

hus did I my immortal sorrows breathe, [woe ;
 Mine eyes to fountains turn'd of springing
 ut could not stay the wounding hand of death ;
 Latent ; but not lessen misfortune so.

hen Love with me having bewail'd the loss
 Of this sweet beauty, thus much did express,
 Cease, cease to weep, this mourning is too gross,
 Our tears are still than our misfortune less."

SONG OF THE INCONSTANT HYLAS.

OUT OF ASTREA.

one disdain me, then I fly
 ler cruelty, and her disdain ;
 nd e'er the morning gild the sky,
 oth'er mistress do obtain.

They err who hope by force to move
 A woman's heart to like ; or love.

oft falls out that they, who in
 discretion seem us to despise,
 ourish a greater fire within,
 though perhaps conceal'd it lies.

Which we, when once we quit our rooms,
 Do kinde for the next that comes.

he faithful fool that obstinate
 ursues a cruel beauty's love,
 o him, and to his truth ingrate
 dolater does he not prove ?

That from his pow'rless idol, never
 Receives a med'cine for his fever.

hey say the unwear'd lover's pains
 by instance meet with good success ;
 or he by force his end obtains :
 tis an odd method of address,

To what design so e'er 't relate,
 Still, still to be importunate.

o but observe the hourly fears
 f your pretended faithful lover,
 othing but sorrow, sighs, and tears,
 ou in his cheerfull'at looks discover ;

As though the lover's sophistry
 Were nothing but to whine and cry.

ught he by a man's name be still'd,
 hat (losing the honour of a man)
 Whines for his pippin, like a child
 Whipp'd and sent back to school again,

Or rather fool that thinks amiss,
 He loves, but knows not what love is !

or my part I'll decline this folly,
 by others' harms (thank fate) grown wise,
 uch dotage begets melancholy,
 must profess love's liberties ;

And never angry am at all
 At them who me inconstant call.

SONNET.

OUT OF ASTREA.

nce I must now eradicate the flame,
 Which, seeing you, love in my bosom plac'd,
 And the desires which thus long could last,
 Indled so well, and nourish'd in the same.

Since time, that first saw their original,
 Must triumph in their end, and victor be,
 Let's have a brave design, and to be free,
 Cut off at once the briar, rose, and all.

Let us put out the fire love has begot,
 Break the tough cord tied with so fast a knot,
 And voluntary take a brave adieu.
 So shall we nobly conquer love and fate,
 And at the liberty of choice do that,
 Which time itself, at last, would make us do.

STANZES DE MONSIEUR DE SCUDERY.

FAIR nymph, by whose perfections mov'd,
 My wounded heart is turn'd to flame ;
 By all admir'd, by all approv'd,
 Indure at least to be belov'd,
 Although you will not love again.

Aminta, as unkind as fair,
 What is there that you ought to fear ?
 For cruel if I you declare,
 And that indeed you cruel are,
 Why the reproach may you not hear ?

Even reproaches should delight,
 If friendship for me you have none ;
 And if no anger, I have yet
 Enough perhaps that may invite
 Your hatred, or compassion.

When your disdain is most severe,
 When you most rigorous do prove,
 When frowns of anger most you wear ;
 You still more charming do appear,
 And I am more and more in love.

Ah ! let me, sweet, your sight enjoy,
 Though with the forfeit of my life ;
 For fall what will, I'd rather die,
 Beholding you, of present joy,
 Than absent, of a ling'ring grief.

Let your eyes lighten till expiring
 In flame my heart a cinder lie ;
 Falling is nobler than retiring,
 And in the glory of aspiring,
 'Tis brave to tumble from the sky.

Yet I would any thing embrace,
 Might serve your anger to appease ;
 And, if I may obtain my grace,
 Your steps shall leave no print, nor trace
 I will not with devotion kiss.

If (cruel) you will have it so,
 No word my passion shall betray ;
 My wounded heart shall hide its woe :
 But if it sigh, those sighs will blow,
 And tell you what my tongue would say.

Should yet your rigour higher rise,
 Even those offending sighs shall cease ;
 I will my pain and grief disguise :
 But (sweet) if you consult mine eyes,
 Those eyes will tell you my distress.

If th' utmost my respect can do,
 Still more your cruelty displease ;
 Consult your face, and that will show
 What love is to such beauty due,
 And to the state of my disease.

EPITAPH DE MONSIEUR MAYNARD.

JOHN, who below here reposes at leisure,
By pilf'ring on all hands, did rake up a treasure
Above what he e'er could have hop'd for him-
self;
He was master of much, but imparted to no man;
So that bad he not had a wife that was common,
Ne'er any man living had shar'd of his wealth.

EPIG. DE MONSIEUR MAYNARD.

ASTORV feigns him sick of late,
Only to show how he at home,
Lies in a princely bed of state,
And in a nobly furnish'd room,
Adorn'd with pictures of Vandike's,
A pair of chrystal candlesticks,
Rich carpets, quilts, the devil, and all:
Then you his careful friends, if ever,
You wish to cure him of his fever,
Go lodge him in the hospital.

EPIG. DE MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.

MARTIN, pox on him, that impudent devil,
That now only lives by his shifts,
By borrowing of dribblets, and gifts,
For a forlorn guinea I lent him last day,
Which I was assured he never would pay;
On my own paper would needs be so civil,
To give me a note of his hand.
But I did the man so well understand,
I had no great mind to be doubly trepann'd,
And therefore told him 'twas needless to
do't:
For, said I, "I shall not be hasty to dun ye,
And 'tis enough surely to part with my
money,
Without losing my paper to boot."

EPIG. DE MONSIEUR DE BENSARAUDE.

HERE lies a great load of extraordinary merit,
Who taught us to know e'er he did hence depart,
That a man may well live without any heart,
And die (which is strange!) without read'ring his
spirit.

SEDE D' AMORE.

MADRICAL. FROM CAVALIER GUARINI.

TELL me, Cupid, where's thy nest,
In Clara's eyes, or in my breast?
When I do behold her rays,
I conclude it in her face:
But when I consider how
They both wound and burn me too,
I conclude then by my smart,
Thou inhabit'st in my heart.
Mighty love, to show thy power,
Though it be but for an hour,
Let me beg without offence,
Thou wilt shift thy residence,
And erect thyself a nest
In my eyes, and in her breast.

FOCO DI SDEGNO,

FROM CAVALIER GUARINI. MADRICAL.

FAIR and false, I burn 'tis true,
But by love am no ways moved;
Since your falsehood renders you
So unfit to be beloved,
Tigress, then, that you no more,
May triumph it in my smart;
It is fit you know before,
That I now have cur'd my heart.
Henceforth then if I do mourn,
And that still I live in pain.
With another flame I burn;
Not with love; but with disdain.

RISPOSTA DEL TASTO.

BURN or freeze at thine own pleasure,
Thou art free to love, or no;
'Tis as little loss, as treasure,
Whether thou be'st friend or foe.
Lover false and unadvised,
Who to threaten are so vain,
Light thy love I ever prized,
And less value thy disdain.
If to love 'twas ever bootless,
And neglected was thy smart:
The disdains will be as fruitless,
Of thy sickle hollow heart.

WINTER.

HARK, hark, I hear the north wind roar,
See how he riots on the shore;
And with expanded wings outstretch,
Ruffles the billows on the beach.
Hark, how the routed waves complain,
And call for succour to the main,
Flying the storm as if they meant
To creep into the continent.
Surely all Æol's huffing brood
Are met to war against the flood,
Which seem surpris'd, and have not yet
Had time his levies to complete.
The beaten bark, her rudder lost,
Is on the rolling billows tost;
Her keel now ploughs the ooze, and soon
Her top-mast tilts against the Moon.
'Tis strange! the pilot keeps his seat;
His bounding ship does so curvet,
Whilst the poor passengers are found,
In their own fears already drown'd.
Now fins do serve for wings, and bear
Their scaly squadrons through the air;
Whilst the air's inhabitants do stain
Their gaudy plumage in the main.
Now stars conceal'd in clouds do peep
Into the secrets of the deep;
And lobsters spued from the brine,
With Cancer constellations shine.
Sure Neptune's watery kingdoms yet
Since first their corral graves were wet,
Were ne'er disturb'd with such alarms,
Nor had such trial of their arms.

where a liquid mountain rides,
 He up of innumerable tides,
 Tumbles headlong to the strand,
 If the sea would come to land.

Ill, a sail, I plainly spy,
 Fixt the ocean and the sky,
 Argosy, a tall built ship,
 And all her pregnant sails a-trip.

Farther, and nearer, she makes way,
 And canvas wings into the bay;
 Now upon the deck appears
 A crowd of busy mariners.

As I sink I hear the conlage crack,
 And furrowing Neptune's foaming back,
 Wounded, and revengeful roars
 A cry to the neighb'ring shores.

As a massy trident high, he heaves
 Sliding keel above the waves,
 And winging his liquid arms to take
 The bold invader in his wrack.

Now she dives into his chest,
 And raising up his floating breast
 Grasps her in, he makes her rise
 From the reach of his surprise.

When she comes, and still doth sweep
 The azure surface of the deep,
 Now at last the waves have thrown
 A rider on our Ataton.

From the black cliff, spumy base,
 A sea-sick hulk her freight displays,
 As she walloweth on the sand,
 And casts her burthen to the land.

On heads erect, and plying oar,
 Hip-wreck'd mates make to the shore;
 Fearless of their danger, climb
 The looting mountains of the brine.

As bark, the noise their echo make
 The land's silver waves to shake;
 With these throes, the lab'ring main
 Ever'd of a hurricane.

As the seas becalm'd behind,
 Whisp'rd with any breeze of wind;
 Tempest has forsook the waves,
 And the land begins his braves.

As bark, their voices higher rise,
 They tear the welkin with their cries;
 They cry rocks their fury feel,
 Like sick drunkards nod and reel.

Farther, and louder, still they come,
 Cataracts to these are dumb;
 Cyclope to these blades are still,
 As anvils shake the burning hill.

As all the stars enlight'ned skies,
 A host of ears as sparkling eyes;
 As little in the christal hall,
 As to be enough to deaf them all.

As monstrous race is hither tost,
 To alarm our British coast
 As wretches, such as never yet
 Or confusion could beget.

Now I know them, let us home,
 As mortal enemy is come,
 And all his blast'ring train,
 As made a voyage o'er the main.

.. VI.

Vanish'd the countries of the Sun,
 The fugitive is hither run.
 To ravish from our fruitful fields
 All that the teeming season yields.

Like an invader, not a guest,
 He comes to rief, not to feast;
 And in wild fury overthrows
 Whatever does his march oppose,

With bleak and with congealing winds,
 The Earth in shining chains he binds;
 And still as he doth farther pass,
 Quarries his way with liquid glass.

Hark, how the blusterers of the Bear,
 Their gibbous cheeks in triumph tear,
 And with continued shouts do ring
 The entry of their palsy'd King.

The squadron nearest to your eye,
 Is his forlorn of infantry,
 Bow-men of unrelenting minds,
 Whose shafts are feather'd with the winds.

Now you may see his vanguard rise
 Above the earthy precipice,
 Bold horse on bleakest mountains bred,
 With hail instead of provend fed.

Their lances are the pointed locks,
 Torn from the brows of frozen rocks,
 Their shields are crystals as their swords,
 The steel the rusted rock affords.

See the main body now appears,
 And hark the Æolian trumpeters,
 By their hoarse levets do declare,
 That the bold general rides there:

And look where mantled up in white,
 He sleds it like the Muscovite;
 I know him by the port he bears,
 And his life-guard of mountaineers.

Their caps are furr'd with hoary frost,
 The bravery their cold kingdom boasts;
 Their spongy plads are milk-white, frieze,
 Spun from the snowy mountain's fleece.

Their partizans are fine carved glass,
 Fringed with the morning's spangled grass;
 And pendant by their brawny thighs,
 Hang cimeters of burnish'd ice.

See, see, the rear-ward now has won
 The promontory's trembling crown,
 Whilst at their numerous spurs, the ground
 Groans out a hollow murmuring sound.

The forlorn now halts for the van;
 The rear-guard draws up to the main;
 And now they altogether crowd
 Their troops into a threat'ning cloud.

Fly, fly; the foe advances fast
 Into our fortress, let us haste
 Where all the roarers of the north
 Can neither storm, nor starve us forth.

There under ground a magazine
 Of sovereign juice is collar'd in,
 Liqueur that will the siege maintain.
 Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

'Tis that, that gives the post rage,
 And thaws the jelly'd blood of age;
 Matures the young, restores the old,
 And makes the fainting coward bold.

It lays the careful hand to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet,
And Venus frolic in the sheet.

Then let the chill sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow,
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar.

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crown'd with mirth and wit:
Where though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to:
When having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want health than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy, th' opprest
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind,
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success,
The lovers shall have mistresses,
Poor unregarded virtue praise,
And the neglected poet bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;
For freed from envy and from care,
What would we be but what we are?

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice
That does this happiness produce,
And will preserve us free together,
Maigre mischance, or wind and weather.

Then let old Winter take his course,
And roar abroad till he be hoarse,
And his lungs crack with ruthless ire,
It shall but serve to blow our fire.

Let him our little castle ply,
With all his loud artillery.
Whilst sack and claret man the fort,
His fury shall become our sport.

Or, let him Scotland take, and there
Confine the plotting Presbyter;
His zeal may freeze, whilst we kept warm
With love and wine, can know no harm.

AN ELEGY UPON THE LORD HASTI

Amongst the mourners that attend his hearse
With flowing eyes, and wish each tear a ve
To embalm his fame, and his dear merit as
Uninjur'd from th' oblivion of the grave;
A sacrificer I am come to be,
Of this poor off'ring to his memory.
O could our pious meditations thrive
So well, to keep his better part alive!
So that, instead of him, we could but find
Those fair examples of his letter'd mind:
Virtuous emulation then might be
Our hopes of good men, though not such a
But in his hopeful progress since he's crost
Pale virtue droops, now her best pattern's
'Twas hard, neither divine, nor human pa
The strength of goodness, learning, and of
Full crowds of friends, nor all the pray'rs of
Nor that he was the pillar of his stem,
Affection's mark, secure of all men's hate,
Could rescue him from the sad stroke of fat
Why was not th' air drest in prodigious foun
To groan in thunder, and to weep in storm
And, as at some men's fall, why did not h
In nature work a metamorphosis?
No; he was gentle, and his soul was sent
A silent victim to the firmament.
Weep, ladies, weep, lament great Hasting
His house is bury'd in his funeral:
Bathe him in tears, till there appear no tr
Of those sad blushes in his lovely face:
Let there be in 't of guilt no seeming stain
Nor other colour than of innocence.
For he was wise and good, though he was
Well suited to the stock from whence he s
And what in youth is ignorance and vice,
In him prov'd piety of an excellent price.
Farewell, dear lord, and since thy body m
In time return to its first matter, dust;
Rest in thy melancholy tomb in peace: f
Would longer live, that could but now d

