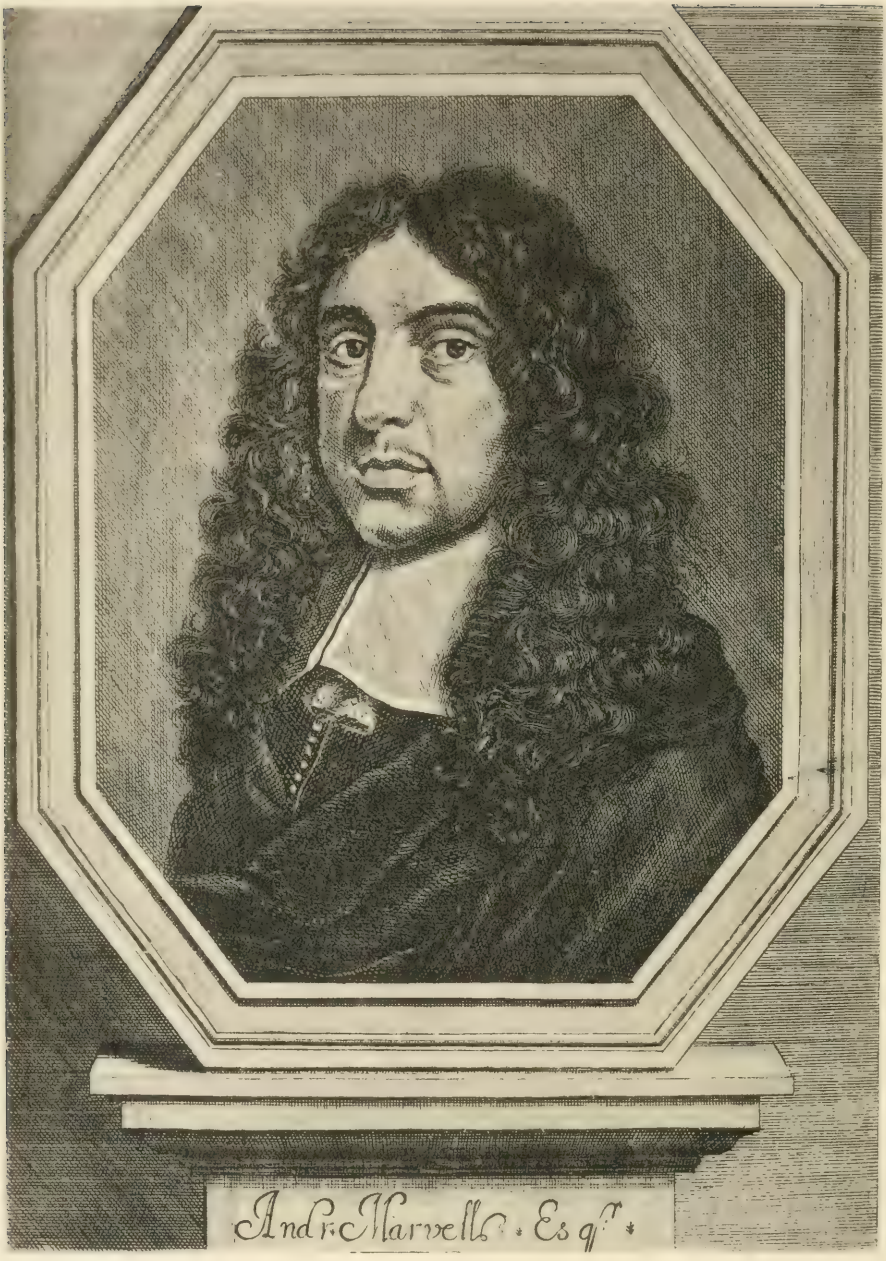
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Andr: Marvell: Esq:

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS

BY

ANDREW MARVELL, Esq.

Late Member of the Honourable House of Commons



LONDON
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TO THE READER

THese are to Certifie every Ingenious Reader, that all these Poems, as also the other things in this Book contained, are Printed according to the exact Copies of my late dear Husband, under his own Hand-Writing, being found since his Death among his other Papers, Witness my Hand this 15*th* day of *October,* 1680.

Mary Marvell.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

The Resolved Soul, and Created Pleasure.

COurage my Soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal Shield.
Close on thy Head thy Helmet bright.
Ballance thy Sword againſt the Fight.
See where an Army, ſtrong as fair,
With silken Banners spreads the air.
Now, if thou bee'ſt that thing Divine,
In this day's Combat let it shine:
And shew that Nature wants an Art
To conquer one resolved Heart.

Pleasure.

Welcome the Creations Gueſt,
Lord of Earth, and Heavens Heir.
Lay aside that Warlike Creſt,
And of Nature's banquet share:
Where the Souls of fruits and flow'rs
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

Soul.

I sup above, and cannot ſtay
To bait so long upon the way.

Pleasure.

On these downy Pillows lye,
Whose soft Plumes will thither fly :
On these Roses ſtrow'd so plain
Leſt one Leaf thy Side should ſtrain.

Soul.

My gentler Reſt is on a Thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure.

If thou bee'ſt with Perfumes pleas'd,
Such as oft the Gods appeas'd,
Thou in fragrant Clouds shalt show
Like another God below.

Soul.

A Soul that knowes not to presume
Is Heaven's and its own perfume.

Pleasure.

Every thing does seem to vie
Which should firſt attract thine Eye :
But since none deserves that grace,
In this Cryſtal view *thy* face.

Soul.

When the Creator's skill is priz'd
The reſt is all but Earth disguis'd.

Pleasure.

Heark how Musick then prepares
For thy Stay these charming Aires ;

Which

Which the posting Winds recall,
And suspend the Rivers Fall.

Soul.

Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease Tempter. None can chain a mind
Whom this sweet Chordage cannot bind.

Chorus.

Earth cannot shew so brave a Sight
As when a single Soul does fence
The Batteries of alluring Sense,
And Heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere : for still new Charges sound :
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crown'd.

Pleasure.

All this fair, and cost, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one Beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul.

If things of Sight such Heavens be,
What Heavens are those we cannot see ?

Pleasure.

Where so e're thy Foot shall go
The minted Gold shall lie ;
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new Worlds to buy.

Soul.

Wer't not a price who'ld value Gold ?
And that's worth nought that can be sold.

Pleasure.

Pleasure.

Wilt thou all the glory have
That War or Peace commend?
Half the World shall be thy Slave
The other half thy Friend.

Soul.

What Friends, if to my self untrue?
What Slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure.

Thou shalt know each hidden Cause;
And see the future Time:
Try what depth the Centre draws;
And then to Heaven climb.

Soul.

None thither mounts by the degree
Of Knowledge, but Humility.

Chorus.

Triumph, triumph, victorious Soul;
The World has not one Pleasure more:
The rest does lie beyond the Pole,
And is thine everlasting Store.

On a Drop of Dew.

SEE how the Orient Dew,
Shed from the Bosom of the Morn
Into the blowing Roses,
Yet careless of its Mansion new;
For the clear Region where 'twas born
Round in its self incloses:

And

And in its little Globes Extent,
Frames as it can its native Element.
How it the purple flow'r does slight,
Scarce touching where it lyes,
But gazing back upon the Skies,
Shines with a mournful Light;
Like its own Tear,
Because so long divided from the Sphear.
Restless it roules and unsecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure:
Till the warm sun pitty it's Pain,
And to the Skies exhale it back again.
So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray
Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day,
Could it within the humane flow'r be seen,
Remembring still its former height,
Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green;
And, recollecting its own Light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.
In how coy a Figure wound,
Every way it turns away:
So the World excluding round,
Yet receiving in the Day.
Dark beneath, but bright above:
Here disdaining, there in Love.
How loose and easie hence to go:
How girt and ready to ascend.
Moving on but a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil;
White and intire, though congeal'd and chill.
Congeal'd on Earth: but does, dissolving, run
Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun.

Ros.

CErnis ut Eoi *descendat Gemmula Roris,*
Inque Rosas roseo transfluat orta sinu.
Sollicitâ Flores stant ambitione supini,
Et certant foliis pellicuisse suis.
Illa tamen patriæ lustrans fastigia Sphæræ,
Negligit hospitii limina picta novi.
Inque sui nitido conclusa voluminis orbe,
Exprimit ætherei quâ licet Orbis aquas.
En ut odoratum spernat generosior Ostrum,
Vixque premat casto mollia strata pede.
Suspicit at longis distantem obtutibus Axem,
Inde & languenti lumine pendet amans,
Tristis, & in liquidum mutata dolore dolorem,
Marcet, uti roseis Lachryma fusa Genis.
Ut pavet, & motum tremit irrequieta Cubile,
Et quoties Zephyro *fluctuat Aura, fugit.*
Qualis inexpertam subeat formido Puellam,
Sicubi nocte redit incomitata domum.
Sic & in horridulas agitatur Gutta procellas,
Dum præ virgineo cuncta pudore timet.
Donec oberrantem Radio clemente vaporet,
Inq; jubar reducem Sol genitale trahat.
Talis, in humano si possit flore videri,
Exul ubi longas Mens agit usq; moras;
Hæc quoque natalis meditans convivia Cœli,
Evertit Calices, purpureosque Thoros.
Fontis stilla sacri, Lucis scintilla perennis,
Non capitur Tyriâ *veste, vapore* Sabæ.
Tota sed in proprii secedens luminis Arcem,
Colligit in Gyros se sinuosa breves.
Magnorumque sequens Animo convexa Deorum,
Sydereum parvo fingit in Orbe Globum.
Quam bene in aversæ modulum contracta figuræ

Oppositum

Oppositum Mundo claudit ubiq ; latus.
Sed bibit in ſpeculum radios ornata rotundum ;
Et circumfuso ſplendet aperta Die.
Qua Superos ſpectat rutilans, obscurior infra ;
Cætera dedignans, ardet amore Poli.
Subsilit, hinc agili Poscens discedere motu,
Undique cæleſti cincta soluta Viæ.
Totaque in aereos extenditur orbita cursus ;
Hinc punctim carpens, mobile ſtringit iter.
Haud aliter Mensis exundans Manna beatis
Deserto jacuit Stilla gelata solo :
Stilla gelata solo, sed Solibus hauſta benignis,
Ad sua quâ cecidit purior Aſtra redit.

The Coronet.

WHen for the Thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound,
My Saviours head have crown'd,
I seek with Garlands to redress that Wrong :
Through every Garden, every Mead,
I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
Dismantling all the fragrant Towers
That once adorned my Shepherdesses head.
And now when I have summ'd up all my ſtore,
Thinking (so I my self deceive)
So rich a Chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the king of Glory wore :
Alas I find the Serpent old
That, twining in his speckled breaſt,
About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,
With wreaths of Fame and Intereſt.
Ah, foolish Man, that would'ſt debase with them,
And mortal Glory, Heavens Diadem !
But thou who only could'ſt the Serpent tame,
Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,

And

And disintangle all his winding Snare :
Or shatter too with him my curious frame :
And let these wither, so that he may die,
Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care.
That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread,
May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.

Eyes and Tears.

I.

HOW wisely Nature did decree,
With the same Eyes to weep and see !
That, having view'd the object vain,
They might be ready to complain.

II.

And, since the Self-deluding Sight,
In a false Angle takes each hight ;
These Tears which better measure all,
Like wat'ry Lines and Plummets fall.

III.

Two Tears, which Sorrow long did weigh
Within the Scales of either Eye,
And then paid out in equal Poise,
Are the true price of all my Joyes.

IV.

What in the World most fair appears,
Yea even Laughter, turns to Tears :
And all the Jewels which we prize,
Melt in these Pendants of the Eyes.

V.

I have through every Garden been,
Amongst the Red, the White, the Green ; And

And yet, from all the flow'rs I saw,
No Hony, but these Tears could draw.

VI.

So the all-seeing Sun each day
Distills the World with Chymick Ray ;
But finds the Essence only Showers,
Which straight in pity back he powers.

VII.

Yet happy they whom Grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less :
And, to preserve their Sight more true,
Bath still their Eyes in their own Dew.

VIII.

*So *Magdalen*, in Tears more wise
Dissolv'd those captivating Eyes,
Whose liquid Chaines could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemers feet.

IX.

Not full sailes hasting loaden home,
Nor the chast Ladies pregnant Womb,
Nor *Cynthia* Teeming show's so fair,
As two Eyes swoln with weeping are.

X.

The sparkling Glance that shoots Desire,
Drench'd in these Waves, does lose it fire.
Yea oft the Thund'rer pitty takes
And here the hissing Lightning slakes.

XI.

The Incense was to Heaven dear,
Not as a Perfume, but a Tear.
And Stars shew lovely in the Night,
But as they seem the Tears of Light.

XII.

Ope then mine Eyes your double Sluice,
And practise so your noblest Use.
For others too can see, or sleep ;
But only humane Eyes can weep.

XIII.

Now like two Clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each Tear in distance stop :
Now like two Fountains trickle down :
Now like two floods o'return and drown.

XIIII.

Thus let your Streams o'reflow your Springs,
Till Eyes and Tears be the same things :
And each the other's difference bears ;
These weeping Eyes, those seeing Tears.

*Magdala, *lascivos sic quum dimisit Amantes,*
Fervidaque in castas lumina solvit aquas ;
Hæsit in irriguo lachrymarum compede Christus,
Et tenuit sacros uda Catena pedes.

Bermudas.

WHere the remote *Bermudas* ride
In th' Oceans bosome unespy'd,
From a small Boat, that row'd along,
The listning Winds receiv'd this Song.
What should we do but sing his Praise
That led us through the watry Maze,
Unto an Isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where he the huge Sea-Monsters wracks,
That lift the Deep upon their Backs.
He lands us on a grassy Stage ;
Safe from the Storms, and Prelat's rage.

He

He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamells every thing ;
And sends the Fowl's to us in care,
On daily Visits through the Air.
He hangs in shades the Orange bright,
Like golden Lamps in a green Night.
And does in the Pomgranates close,
Jewels more rich than *Ormus* show's.
He makes the Figs our mouths to meet ;
And throws the Melons at our feet.
But Apples plants of such a price,
No Tree could ever bear them twice.
With Cedars, chosen by his hand,
From *Lebanon*, he stores the Land.
And makes the hollow Seas, that roar,
Proclaime the Ambergris on shoar.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospels Pearl upon our Coast.
And in these Rocks for us did frame
A Temple, where to sound his Name.
Oh let our Voice his Praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heavens Vault :
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Eccho beyond the *Mexique Bay*.
Thus sung they, in the *English* boat,
An holy and a chearful Note,
And all the way, to guide their Chime,
With falling Oars they kept the time.

Clorinda and Damon.

C. *Damon* come drive thy flocks this way.
D. No : 'tis too late they went astray.
C. I have a grassy Scutcheon spy'd,
Where *Flora* blazons all her pride.

The Grass I aim to feast thy Sheep :
The Flow'rs I for thy Temples keep.
D. Grass withers ; and the Flow'rs too fade.
C. Seize the short Joyes then, ere they vade.
Seest thou that unfrequented Cave ?
D. That den ? *C.* Loves Shrine. *D.* But Virtue's Grave.
C. In whose cool bosome we may lye
Safe from the Sun. *D.* not Heaven's Eye.
C. Near this, a Fountaines liquid Bell
Tinkles within the concave Shell.
D. Might a Soul bath there and be clean,
Or slake its Drought ? *C.* What is't you mean ?
D. These once had been enticing things,
Clorinda, Pastures, Caves, and Springs.
C. And what late change ? *D.* The other day
Pan met me. *C.* What did great *Pan* say ?
D. Words that transcend poor Shepherds skill,
But he ere since my Songs does fill :
And his Name swells my slender Oate.
C. Sweet must *Pan* sound in *Damons* Note.
D. *Clorinda's* voice might make it sweet.
C. Who would not in *Pan's* Praises meet ?

Chorus.

Of Pan *the flowry Pastures sing,*
Caves eccho, and the Fountains ring.
Sing then while he doth us inspire ;
For all the World is our Pan's *Quire.*

A Dialogue between the Soul and Body.

Soul.

O Who shall, from this Dungeon, raise
A Soul inslav'd so many wayes ?
With bolts of Bones, that fetter'd stands
In Feet ; and manacled in Hands.

Here

Here blinded with an Eye ; and there
Deaf with the drumming of an Ear.
A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains
Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.
Tortur'd, besides each other part,
In a vain Head, and double Heart.

Body.

O who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this Tyrannic Soul ?
Which, ſtretcht upright, impales me so,
That mine own Precipice I go ;
And warms and moves this needless Frame :
(A fever could but do the same.)
And, wanting where its spight to try,
Has made me live to let me dye.
A Body that could never reſt,
Since this ill Spirit it poſſeſt.

Soul.

What Magick could me thus confine
Within anothers Grief to pine ?
Where whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
And all my Care its self employes,
That to preserve, which me deſtroys :
Conſtrain'd not only to indure
Diseases, but, whats worse, the Cure :
And ready oft the Port to gain,
Am Shipwrackt into Health again.

Body.

But Physick yet could never reach
The Maladies Thou me doſt teach ;
Whom firſt the Cramp of Hope does Tear :
And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear.

The

The Peſtilence of Love does heat :
Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat.
Joy's chearful Madness does perplex :
Or Sorrow's other Madness vex.
Which Knowledge forces me to know ;
And Memory will not foregoe.
What but a Soul could have the wit
To build me up for Sin so fit ?
So Architects do square and hew,
Green Trees that in the Forest grew.

The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun.

THE wanton Troopers riding by
Have shot my Faun and it will dye.
Ungentle men ! They cannot thrive
To kill thee. Thou neer didst alive
Them any harm : alas nor cou'd
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'me sure I never wisht them ill ;
Nor do I for all this ; nor will :
But, if my simple Pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will Joyn my Tears
Rather then fail. But, O my fears !
It cannot dye so. Heavens King
Keeps register of every thing :
And nothing may we use in vain.
Ev'n Beasts must be with justice slain ;
Else Men are made their *Deodands*.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the Heart,
Yet could they not be clean : their Stain
Is dy'd in such a Purple Grain.

There

There is not such another in
The World, to offer for their Sin.
Unconstant *Sylvio*, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Ty'd in this silver Chain and Bell,
Gave it to me : nay and I know
What he said then ; I'me sure I do.
Said He, look how your Huntsman here
Hath taught a Faun to hunt his *Dear*.
But *Sylvio* soon had me beguil'd.
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my Smart,
Left me his Faun, but took his Heart.
Thenceforth I set my self to play
My solitary time away,
With this : and very well content,
Could so mine idle Life have spent.
For it was full of sport ; and light
Of foot, and heart ; and did invite,
Me to its game : it seem'd to bless
Its self in me. How could I less
Than love it ? O I cannot be
Unkind, t' a Beast that loveth me.
Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As *Sylvio* did : his Gifts might be
Perhaps as false or more than he.
But I am sure, for ought that I
Could in so short a time espie,
Thy love was far more better then
The love of false and cruel men.
With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nurst.
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a Breath ! And oft
I blusht to see its foot more soft,

And white, (shall I say then my hand ?)
NAY any Ladies of the Land.
It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the Race :
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould ſtay, and run again, and ſtay.
For it was nimbler much than Hindes ;
And trod, as on the four Winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with Roses over grown,
And Lillies, that you would it guess
To be a little Wilderness.
And all the Spring time of the year
It onely loved to be there.
Among the beds of Lillyes, I
Have sought it oft, where it should lye ;
Yet could not, till it self would rise,
Find it, although before mine Eyes.
For, in the flaxen Lillies shade,
It like a bank of Lillies laid.
Upon the Roses it would feed,
Until its Lips ev'n seem'd to bleed :
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those Roses on my Lip.
But all its chief delight was ſtill
On Roses thus its self to fill :
And its pure virgin Limbs to fold
In whiteſt sheets of Lillies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lillies without, Roses within.
O help ! O help ! I see it faint :
And dye as calmely as a Saint.
See how it weeps. The Tears do come
Sad, slowly dropping like a Gumme.
So weeps the wounded Balsome : so
The holy Frankincense doth flow.

The

The brotherless *Heliades*
Melt in such Amber Tears as these.
I in a golden Vial will
Keep these two crystal Tears ; and fill
It till it do o'reflow with mine ;
Then place it in *Diana's* Shrine.
Now my sweet Faun is vanish'd to
Whether the Swans and Turtles go :
In fair *Elizium* to endure,
With milk-white Lambs, and Ermins pure.
O do not run too fast : for I
Will but bespeak thy Grave, and dye.
First my unhappy Statue shall
Be cut in Marble ; and withal,
Let it be weeping too : but there
Th' Engraver sure his Art may spare ;
For I so truly thee bemoane,
That I shall weep though I be Stone :
Until my Tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest Alabaster made :
For I would have thine Image be
White as I can, though not as Thee.

Young Love.

I.

COme little Infant, Love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged Fathers brow
From cold Jealousie and Fears.

II.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd :

While our Sportings are as free
As the Nurses with the Child.

III.

Common beauties ſtay fifteen ;
Such as yours should swifter move ;
Whose fair Blossoms are too green
Yet for Luſt, but not for Love.

IV.

Love as much the snowy Lamb
Or the wanton Kid does prize,
As the luſty Bull or Ram,
For his morning Sacrifice.

V.

Now then love me : time may take
Thee before thy time away :
Of this Need wee'l Virtue make,
And learn Love before we may.

VI.

So we win of doubtful Fate ;
And, if good she to us meant,
We that Good shall antedate,
Or, if ill, that Ill prevent.

VII.

Thus as Kingdomes, fruſtrating
Other Titles to their Crown,
In the craddle crown their King,
So all Forraign Claims to drown,

VIII.

So, to make all Rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my Love :

Crown

Crown me with thy Love again,
And we both shall Monarchs prove.

To his Coy Mistress.

HAD we but World enough, and time,
This coyness Lady were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.
Thou by the *Indian Ganges* side
Should'st Rubies find : I by the Tide
Of *Humber* would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood :
And you should if you please refuse
Till the Conversion of the *Jews*.
My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster then Empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.
Two hundred to adore each Breast :
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An Age at least to every part,
And the last Age should show your Heart.
For Lady you deserve this State ;
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged Charriot hurrying near :
And yonder all before us lye
Desarts of vast Eternity.
Thy Beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
My ecchoing Song : then Worms shall try
That long preserv'd Virginity :
And your quaint Honour turn to durst ;
And into ashes all my Lust.
The Grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hew
Sits on thy skin like morning glew,
And while thy willing Soul transpires
At every pore with instant Fires,
Now let us sport us while we may ;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our Time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.
Let us roll all our Strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one Ball :
And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the Iron gates of Life.
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

The unfortunate Lover.

I.

ALas, how pleasant are their dayes
With whom the Infant Love yet playes !
Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
By Fountains cool, and Shadows green.
But soon these Flames do lose their light,
Like Meteors of a Summers night :
Nor can they to that Region climb,
To make impression upon Time.

II.

'Twas in a Shipwrack, when the Seas
Rul'd, and the Winds did what they please,
That my poor Lover floting lay,
And, e're brought forth, was cast away :
Till at the last the master-Wave
Upon the Rock his Mother drave ;

And

And there she split againſt the Stone,
In a *Cesarian Section.*

III.

The Sea him lent these bitter Tears,
Which at his Eyes he alwaies bears.
And from the Winds the Sighs he bore,
Which through his surging Breaſt do roar.
No Day he saw but that which breaks,
Through frighted Clouds in forked ſtreaks.
While round the ratling Thunder hurl'd,
As at the Fun'ral of the World.

IV.

While Nature to his Birth presents
This masque of quarrelling Elements ;
A num'rous fleet of Corm'rants black,
That sail'd insulting o're the Wrack,
Receiv'd into their cruel Care,
Th' unfortunate and abject Heir :
Guardians moſt fit to entertain
The Orphan of the *Hurricane.*

V.

They fed him up with Hopes and Air,
Which soon digeſted to Despair.
And as one Corm'rant fed him, ſtill
Another on his Heart did bill.
Thus while they famish him, and feaſt,
He both consumed, and increaſt :
And languished with doubtful Breath,
Th' *Amphibium* of Life and Death.

VI.

And now, when angry Heaven wou'd
Behold a ſpectacle of Blood,

Fortune

Fortune and He are call'd to play
At sharp before it all the day :
And Tyrant Love his breſt does ply
With all his wing'd Artillery.
Whilſt he, betwixt the Flames and Waves,
Like *Ajax*, the mad Tempeſt braves.

VII.

See how he nak'd and fierce does ſtand,
Cuffing the Thunder with one hand ;
While with the other he does lock,
And grapple, with the ſtubborn Rock :
From which he with each Wave rebounds,
Torn into Flames, and ragg'd with Wounds.
And all he saies, a Lover dreſt
In his own Blood does relish beſt.

VIII.

This is the only *Banneret*
That ever Love created yet :
Who though, by the Malignant Starrs,
Forced to live in Storms and Warrs ;
Yet dying leaves a Perfume here,
And Musick within every Ear :
And he in Story only rules,
In a Field *Sable* a Lover *Gules*.

The Gallery.

I.

CLora come view my Soul, and tell
Whether I have contriv'd it well.
Now all its several lodgings lye
Compos'd into one Gallery ;

And

And the great *Arras*-hangings, made
Of various Faces, by are laid ;
That, for all furniture, you'l find
Only your Picture in my Mind.

II.

Here Thou art painted in the Dress
Of an Inhumane Murtheress ;
Examining upon our Hearts
Thy fertile Shop of cruel Arts :
Engines more keen than ever yet
Adorned Tyrants Cabinet ;
Of which the most tormenting are
Black Eyes, red Lips, and curled Hair.

III.

But, on the other side, th' art drawn
Like to *Aurora* in the Dawn ;
When in the East she slumb'ring lyes,
And stretches out her milky Thighs ;
While all the morning Quire does sing,
And *Manna* falls, and Roses spring ;
And, at thy Feet, the wooing Doves
Sit perfecting their harmless Loves.

IV.

Like an Enchantress here thou show'st,
Vexing thy restless Lover's Ghost ;
And, by a Light obscure, dost rave
Over his Entrails, in the Cave ;
Divining thence, with horrid Care,
How long thou shalt continue fair ;
And (when inform'd) them throw'st away,
To be the greedy Vultur's prey.

V.

V.

But, againſt that, thou ſit'ſt a float
Like *Venus* in her pearly Boat.
The *Halcyons*, calming all that's nigh,
Betwixt the Air and Water fly.
Or, if some rowling Wave appears,
A Mass of Ambergris it bears.
Nor blows more Wind than what may well
Convoy the Perfume to the Smell.

VI.

These Pictures and a thousand more,
Of Thee, my Gallery doſt ſtore ;
In all the Forms thou can'ſt invent
Either to please me, or torment :
For thou alone to people me,
Art grown a num'rous Colony ;
And a Collection choicer far
Then or *White-hall's*, or *Mantua's* were.

VII.

But, of these Pictures and the reſt,
That at the Entrance likes me beſt :
Where the same Poſture, and the Look
Remains, with which I firſt was took.
A tender Shepherdess, whose Hair
Hangs loosely playing in the Air,
Transplanting Flow'rs from the green Hill,
To crown her Head, and Bosome fill.

The

The Fair Singer.

I.

TO make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an Enemy,
In whom both Beauties to my death agree,
Joyning themselves in fatal Harmony ;
That while she with her Eyes my Heart does bind,
She with her Voice might captivate my Mind.

II.

I could have fled from One but singly fair :
My dis-intangled Soul it self might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair.
But how should I avoid to be her Slave,
Whose subtile Art invisibly can wreath
My Fetters of the very Air I breath ?

III.

It had been easy fighting in some plain,
Where Victory might hang in equal choice.
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has th' advantage both of Eyes and Voice.
And all my Forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the Wind and Sun.

Mourning.

I.

YOU, that decipher out the Fate
Of humane Off-springs from the Skies,
What mean these Infants which of late
Spring from the Starrs of *Chlora's* Eyes ?

II.

Her Eyes confus'd, and doubled ore,
With Tears suspended ere they flow ;
Seem bending upwards, to restore
To Heaven, whence it came, their Woe.

III.

When, molding of the watry Sphears,
Slow drops unty themselves away ;
As if she, with those precious Tears,
Would strow the ground where *Strephon* lay.

IV.

Yet some affirm, pretending Art,
Her Eyes have so her Bosome drown'd,
Only to soften near her Heart
A place to fix another Wound.

V.

And, while vain Pomp does her restrain
Within her solitary Bowr,
She courts her self in am'rous Rain ;
Her self both *Danae* and the Showr.

VI.

Nay others, bolder, hence esteem
Joy now so much her Master grown,
That whatsoever does but seem
Like Grief, is from her Windows thrown.

VII.

Nor that she payes, while she survives,
To her dead Love this Tribute due ;
But cast abroad these Donatives,
At the installing of a new.

VIII.

VIII.

How wide they dream! The *Indian* Slaves
That sink for Pearl through Seas profound,
Would find her Tears yet deeper Waves
And not of one the bottom sound.

IX.

I yet my silent Judgment keep,
Disputing not what they believe:
But sure as oft as Women weep,
It is to be suppos'd they grieve.

Daphnis and Chloe.

I.

Daphnis must from *Chloe* part:
Now is come the dismal Hour
That must all his Hopes devour,
All his Labour, all his Art.

II.

Nature, her own Sexes foe,
Long had taught her to be coy:
But she neither knew t'enjoy,
Nor yet let her Lover go.

III.

But, with this sad News surpriz'd,
Soon she let that Niceness fall;
And would gladly yield to all,
So it had his stay compriz'd.

IV.

Nature so her self does use
To lay by her wonted State,
Leſt the World should separate ;
Sudden Parting closer glews.

V.

He, well read in all the wayes
By which men their Siege maintain,
Knew not that the Fort to gain
Better 'twas the Siege to raise.

VI.

But he came so full poſſeſt
With the Grief of Parting thence,
That he had not so much Sence
As to see he might be bleſt.

VII.

Till Love in her Language breath'd
Words she never spake before ;
But then Legacies no more
To a dying Man bequeath'd.

VIII.

For, Alas, the time was spent,
Now the lateſt minut's run
When poor *Daphnis* is undone,
Between Joy and Sorrow rent.

IX.

At that *Why*, that *Stay my Dear*,
His disorder'd Locks he tare ;
And with rouling Eyes did glare,
And his cruel fate forswear.

X.

X.

As the Soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of Friends aghaſt,
Looks diſtracted back in haſt,
And then ſtraight again is fled.

XI.

So did wretched *Daphnis* look,
Frighting her he loved moſt.
At the laſt, this Lovers Ghoſt
Thus his Leave resolved took.

XII.

Are my Hell and Heaven Joyn'd
More to torture him that dies?
Could departure not suffice,
But that you muſt then grow kind?

XIII.

Ah my *Chloe* how have I
Such a wretched minute found,
When thy Favours should me wound
More than all thy Cruelty?

XIV.

So to the condemned Wight
The delicious Cup we fill;
And allow him all he will,
For his laſt and short Delight.

XV.

But I will not now begin
Such a Debt unto my Foe;
Nor to my Departure owe
What my Presence could not win.

XVI.

XVI.

Absence is too much alone :
Better 'tis to go in peace,
Than my Losses to increase
By a late Fruition.

XVII.

Why should I enrich my Fate ?
'Tis a Vanity to wear,
For my Executioner,
Jewels of so high a rate.

XVIII.

Rather I away will pine
In a manly stubborness
Than be fatted up express
For the *Canibal* to dine.

XIX.

Whilst this grief does thee disarm,
All th' Enjoyment of our Love
But the ravishment would prove
Of a Body dead while warm.

XX.

And I parting should appear
Like the Gourmand *Hebrew* dead,
While he Quailes and *Manna* fed,
And does through the Desert err.

XXI.

Or the Witch that midnight wakes
For the Fern, whose magick Weed
In one minute casts the Seed,
And invisible him makes.

XXII.

Gentler times for Love are ment :
Who for parting pleasure ſtrain
Gather Roses in the rain,
Wet themselves and spoil their Sent.

XXIII.

Farewel therefore all the fruit
Which I could from Love receive :
Joy will not with Sorrow weave,
Nor will I this Grief pollute.

XXIV.

Fate I come, as dark, as sad,
As thy Malice could desire ;
Yet bring with me all the Fire
That Love in his Torches had.

XXV.

At these words away he broke ;
As who long has praying ly'n,
To his Heads-man makes the Sign,
And receives the parting ſtroke.

XXVI.

But hence Virgins all beware.
Laſt night he with *Phlogis* slept ;
This night for *Dorinda* kept ;
And but rid to take the Air.

XXVII.

Yet he does himself excuse ;
Nor indeed without a Cause.
For, according to the Lawes,
Why did *Chloe* once refuse ?

The Definition of Love.

I.

MY Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high :
It was begotten by despair
Upon Impossibility.

II.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'r have flown
But vainly flapt its Tinsel Wing.

III.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended Soul is fixt,
But Fate does Iron wedges drive,
And alwaies crouds it self betwixt.

IV.

For Fate with jealous Eye does see
Two perfect Loves ; nor lets them close :
Their union would her ruine be,
And her Tyrannick pow'r depose.

V.

And therefore her Decrees of Steel
Us as the distant Poles have plac'd,
(Though Loves whole World on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embrac'd.

VI.

VI.

Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
And Earth some new Convulsion tear;
And, us to joyn, the World should all
Be cramp'd into a *Planisphere*.

VII.

As Lines so Loves *oblique* may well
Themselves in every Angle greet:
But ours so truly *Paralel*,
Though infinite can never meet.

VIII.

Therefore the Love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debarrs,
Is the Conjunction of the Mind,
And Opposition of the Stars.

The Picture of little T. C. *in a Prospect of Flowers.*

I.

SEE with what simplicity
This Nimph begins her golden daies!
In the green Grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair Aspect tames
The Wilder flow'rs, and gives them names:
But only with the Roses playes;
And them does tell
What Colour best becomes them, and what Smell.

II.

Who can foretel for what high cause
This Darling of the Gods was born !
Yet this is She whose chaſter Laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his Bow broke and Ensigns torn.
Happy, who can
Appease this virtuous Enemy of Man !

III.

O then let me in time compound,
And parly with those conquering Eyes ;
Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
In Triumph over Hearts that ſtrive,
And them that yield but more despise.
Let me be laid,
Where I may see thy Glories from some Shade.

IV.

Mean time, whilſt every verdant thing
It self does at thy Beauty charm,
Reform the errours of the Spring ;
Make that the Tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair ;
And Roses of their thorns disarm ;
But moſt procure
That Violets may a longer Age endure.

V.

V.

But O young beauty of the Woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
Gather the Flow'rs, but spare the Buds ;
Leſt *Flora* angry at thy crime,
To kill her Infants in their prime,
Do quickly make th' Example Yours ;
And, ere we see,
Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee.

Tom May's Death.

AS one put drunk into the Packet-boat,
Tom May was hurry'd hence and did not know't.
But was amaz'd on the Elysian side,
And with an Eye uncertain, gazing wide,
Could not determine in what place he was,
For whence in Stevens ally Trees or Grass.
Nor where the Popes head, nor the Mitre lay,
Signs by which ſtill he found and loſt his way.
At laſt while doubtfully he all compares,
He saw near hand, as he imagin'd *Ares*.
Such did he seem for corpulence and port,
But 'twas a man much of another sort ;
'Twas *Ben* that in the dusky Laurel shade
Amongſt the Chorus of old Poets laid,
Sounding of ancient Heroes, such as were
The Subjects Safety, and the Rebel's Fear.
But how a double headed Vulture Eats,
Brutus and *Cassius* the Peoples cheats.
But seeing *May* he varied ſtreight his Song,
Gently to signifie that he was wrong.
Cups more then civil of *Emilthian* wine,
I sing (said he) and the *Pharsalian* Sign,
Where the Hiſtorian of the Common-wealth
In his own Bowels sheath'd the conquering health.

By this *May* to himself and them was come,
He found he was tranflated, and by whom.
Yet then with foot as ſtumbling as his tongure
Preſt for his place among the Learned throng.
But *Ben*, who knew not neither foe nor friend,
Sworn Enemy to all that do pretend,
Rose more then ever he was seen severe,
Shook his gray locks, and his own Bayes did tear
At this intrusion. Then with Laurel wand,
The awful Sign of his supream command.
At whose dread Whisk *Virgil* himself does quake,
And *Horace* patiently its ſtroke does take,
As he crowds in he whipt him ore the pate
Like *Pembroke* at the Masque, and then did rate.
Far from these blessed shades tread back agen
Moſt servil' wit, and Mercenary Pen.
Polydore, Lucan, Allan, Vandale, Goth,
Malignant Poet and Hiſtorian both.
Go seek the novice Statesmen, and obtrude
On them some Romane caſt similitude,
Tell them of Liberty, the Stories fine,
Until you all grow Consuls in your wine.
Or thou *Dictator* of the glass beſtow
On him the *Cato*, this the *Cicero*.
Transferring Old *Rome* hither in your talk,
As *Bethlem's* House did to *Loretto* walk.
Foul Architect that hadſt not Eye to see
How ill the measures of these States agree.
And who by *Romes* example *England* lay,
Those but to *Lucan* do continue *May*.
But the nor Ignorance nor seeming good
Misled, but malice fixt and underſtood.
Because some one than thee more worthy weares
The sacred Laurel, hence are all these teares ?
Muſt therefore all the World be set on flame,
Because a Gazet writer miſt his aim ?
And for a Tankard-bearing Muse muſt we
As for the Basket *Guelphs* and *Gibellines* be ?

When

When the Sword glitters ore the Judges head,
And fear has Coward Churchmen silenced,
Then is the Poets time, 'tis then he drawes,
And single fights forsaken Vertues cause.
He, when the wheel of Empire, whirleth back,
And though the World disjointed Axel crack,
Sings ſtill of ancient Rights and better Times,
Seeks wretched good, arraigns successful Crimes.
But thou base man firſt proſtituted haſt
Our spotless knowledge and the ſtudies chaſt.
Apoſtatizing from out Arts and us,
To turn the Chronicler to *Spartacus*.
Yet waſt thou taken hence with equal fate,
Before thou couldſt great *Charles* his death relate.
But what will deeper wound thy little mind,
Haſt left surviving *Davenant* ſtill behind
Who laughs to see in this thy death renew'd,
Right Romane poverty and gratitude.
Poor Poet thou, and grateful Senate they,
Who thy laſt Reckoning did so largely pay.
And with the publick gravity would come,
When thou hadſt drunk thy laſt to lead thee home.
If that can be thy home where *Spencer* lyes
And reverend *Chaucer*, but their duſt does rise
Againſt thee, and expels thee from their side,
As th' Eagles Plumes from other birds divide.
Nor here thy shade muſt dwell, Return, Return,
Where Sulphrey *Phlegeton* does ever burn.
The *Cerberus* with all his Jawes shall gnash,
Megæra thee with all her Serpents lash.
Thou rivited unto *Ixion's* wheel
Shalt break, and the perpetual Vulture feel.
'Tis juſt what Torments Poets ere did feign,
Thou firſt Hiſtorically shouldſt suſtain.
Thus by irrevocable Sentence caſt,
May only Maſter of these Revels paſt.
And ſtreight he vanisht in a Cloud of pitch,
Such as unto the Sabboth bears the Witch.

The

The Match.

I.

NAture had long a Treasure made
Of all her choiseſt ſtore ;
Fearing, when She should be decay'd
To beg in vain for more.

II.

Her *Orienteſt* Colours there,
And Essences moſt pure,
With sweeteſt Perfumes hoarded were,
All as she thought secure.

III.

She seldom them unlock'd, or us'd,
But with the niceſt care ;
For, with one grain of them diffus'd,
She could the World repair.

IV.

But likeness soon together drew
What she did separate lay ;
Of which one perfect Beauty grew,
And that was *Celia*.

V.

Love wisely had of long fore-seen
That he muſt once grow old ;
And therefore ſtor'd a Magazine,
To save him from the cold.

VI.

VI.

He kept the several Cells repleat
With Nitre thrice refin'd ;
The Naphta's and the Sulphurs heat,
And all that burns the Mind.

VII.

He fortifi'd the double Gate,
And rarely thither came ;
For, with one Spark of these, he ſtreight
All Nature could inflame.

VIII.

Till, by vicinity so long,
A nearer Way they sought ;
And, grown magnetically ſtrong,
Into each other wrought.

IX.

Thus all his fewel did unite
To make one fire high :
None ever burn'd so hot, so bright :
And *Celia* that am I.

X.

So we alone the happy reſt,
Whilſt all the World is poor,
And have within our Selves poſſeſt
All Love's and Nature's ſtore.

The

The Mower againſt Gardens.

LUxurious Man, to bring his Vice in use,
Did after him the World seduce :
And from the fields the Flow'rs and Plants allure,
Where Nature was moſt plain and pure.
He firſt enclos'd within the Gardens square
A dead and ſtanding pool of Air :
And a more luscious Earth for them did knead,
Which ſtupifi'd them while it fed.
The Pink grew then as double as his Mind ;
The nutriment did change the kind.
With ſtrange perfumes he did the Roses taint.
And Flow'rs themselves were taught to paint.
The Tulip, white, did for complexion seek ;
And learn'd to interline its cheek :
Its Onion root they then so high did hold,
That one was for a Meadow sold.
Another World was search'd, through Oceans new,
To find the *Marvel of Peru.*
And yet these Rarities might be allow'd,
To Man, that sov'raign thing and proud ;
Had he not dealt between the Bark and Tree,
Forbidden mixtures there to see.
No Plant now knew the Stock from which it came ;
He grafts upon the Wild the Tame :
That the uncertain and adult'rate fruit
Might put the Palate in dispute.
His green *Seraglio* has its Eunuchs too ;
Leſt any Tyrant him out-doe.
And in the Cherry he does Nature vex,
To procreate without a Sex.
'Tis all enforc'd ; the Fountain and the Grot ;
While the sweet Fields do lye forgot :

Where

Where willing Nature does to all dispence
A wild and fragrant Innocence :
And *Fauns* and *Faryes* do the Meadows till,
More by their presence then their skill.
Their Statues polish'd by some ancient hand,
May to adorn the Gardens ſtand :
But howso'ere the Figures do excel,
The *Gods* themselves with us do dwell.

Damon *the Mower*.

I.

HEark how the Mower *Damon* Sung,
With love of *Juliana* ſtung !
While ev'ry thing did seem to paint
The Scene more fit for his complaint.
Like her fair Eyes the day was fair ;
But scorching like his am'rous Care.
Sharp like his Sythe his Sorrow was,
And wither'd like his Hopes the Grass.

II.

Oh what unusual Heats are here,
Which thus our Sun-burn'd Meadows sear !
The Grass-hopper its pipe gives ore ;
And hamſtring'd Frogs can dance no more.
But in the brook the green Frog wades ;
And Grass-hoppers seek out the shades.
Only the Snake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its second skin.

III.

This heat the Sun could never raise,
Nor Dog-ſtar so inflame's the dayes.

It from an higher Beauty grow'th,
Which burns the Fields and Mower both :
Which made the Dog, and makes the Sun
Hotter then his own *Phaeton.*
Not *July* causeth these Extremes,
But *Juliana's* scorching beams.

IV.

Tell me where I may pass the Fires
Of the hot day, or hot desires.
To what cool Cave shall I descend,
Or to what gelid Fountain bend ?
Alas ! I look for Ease in vain,
When Remedies themselves complain.
No moisture but my Tears do rest,
Nor Cold but in her Icy Breast.

V.

How long wilt Thou, fair Shepheardess,
Esteem me, and my Presents less ?
To Thee the harmless Snake I bring,
Disarmed of its teeth and sting.
To Thee *Chameleons* changing-hue,
And Oak leaves tipt with hony due.
Yet Thou ungrateful hast not sought
Nor what they are, nor who them brought.

VI.

I am the Mower *Damon*, known
Through all the Meadows I have mown.
On me the Morn her dew distills
Before her darling Daffadils.
And, if at Noon my toil me heat,
The Sun himself licks off my Sweat.
While, going home, the Ev'ning sweet
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.

VII.

VII.

What, though the piping Shepherd ſtock
The plains with an unnum'red Flock,
This Sithe of mine discovers wide
More ground then all his Sheep do hide.
With this the golden fleece I shear
Of all these Closes ev'ry Year.
And though in Wooll more poor then they,
Yet am I richer far in Hay.

VIII.

Nor am I so deform'd to sight,
If in my Sithe I looked right;
In which I see my Picture done,
As in a crescent Moon the Sun.
The deathless Fairyes take me oft
To lead them in their Danses ſoft:
And, when I tune my self to sing,
About me they contract their Ring.

IX.

How happy might I ſtill have mow'd,
Had not Love here his Thiſtles sow'd!
But now I all the day complain,
Joyning my Labour to my Pain;
And with my Sythe cut down the Grass,
Yet ſtill my Grief is where it was:
But, when the Iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my Sythe and Woes.

X.

While thus he threw his Elbow round,
Depopulating all the Ground,
And, with his whiſtling Sythe, does cut
Each ſtroke between the Earth and Root,

The edged Stele by careless chance
Did into his own Ankle glance ;
And there among the Grass fell down,
By his own Sythe, the Mower mown.

XI.

Alas ! said He, these hurts are slight
To those that dye by Loves despight.
With Shepherds-purse, and Clowns-all-heal,
The Blood I ſtanch, and Wound I seal.
Only for him no Cure is found,
Whom *Julianas* Eyes do wound.
'Tis death alone that this muſt do :
For Death thou art a Mower too.

The Mower to the Glo-Worms.

I.

YE living Lamps, by whose dear light
The Nightingale does sit so late,
And ſtudying all the Summer-night,
Her matchless Songs does meditate ;

II.

Ye Country Comets, that portend
No War, nor Prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Then to presage the Grasses fall ;

III.

Ye Glo-worms, whose officious Flame
To wandring Mowers shows the way,
That in the Night have loſt their aim,
And after foolish Fires do ſtray ;

IV.

IV.

Your courteous Lights in vain you waſt,
Since *Juliana* here is come,
For She my Mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.

The Mower's Song.

I.

MY Mind was once the true survey
Of all these Medows fresh and gay ;
And in the greenness of the Grass
Did see its Hopes as in a Glass ;
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

II.

But these, while I with Sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant ſtill and fine ;
That not one Blade of Grass you spy'd,
But had a Flower on either side ;
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

III.

Unthankful Medows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gawdy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet ?
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

IV.

IV.

But what you in Compassion ought,
Shall now by my Revenge be wrought:
And Flowr's, and Grass, and I and all,
Will in one common Ruine fall.
For *Juliana* comes, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

V.

And thus, ye Meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the Heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my Tomb;
For *Juliana* comes, and She
What I do to the Grass, does to my Thoughts and Me.

Ametas *and* Thestylis *making Hay-Ropes.*

I.

Ametas.

THink'ſt Thou that this Love can ſtand,
Whilſt Thou ſtill doſt say me nay?
Love unpaid does soon disband:
Love binds Love as Hay binds Hay.

II.

Theſtylis.

Think'ſt Thou that this Rope would twine
If we both should turn one way?
Where both parties so combine,
Neither Love will twiſt nor Hay.

III.

III.

Ametas.

Thus you vain Excuses find,
Which your selve and us delay :
And Love tyes a Woman's Mind
Looser then with Ropes of Hay.

IV.

Thestylis.

What you cannot constant hope
Must be taken as you may.

V.

Ametas.

Then let's both lay by our Rope,
And go kiss within the Hay.

Musicks Empire.

I.

First was the World as one great Cymbal made,
Where Jarring Windes to infant Nature plaid.
All Musick was a solitary sound,
To hollow Rocks and murm'ring Fountains bound.

II.

Jubal first made the wilder Notes agree ;
And *Jubal* tun'd Musicks *Jubilee* :
He call'd the *Ecchoes* from their sullen Cell,
And built the Organs City where they dwell.

III.

III.

Each sought a consort in that lovely place ;
And Virgin Trebles wed the manly Base.
From whence the Progeny of numbers new
Into harmonious Colonies withdrew.

IV.

Some to the Lute, some to the Viol went,
And others chose the Cornet eloquent.
These practising the Wind, and those the Wire,
To sing Mens Triumphs, or in Heavens quire.

V.

Then Musick, the Mosaique of the Air,
Did of all these a solemn noise prepare :
With which She gain'd the Empire of the Ear,
Including all between the Earth and Sphear.

VII.

Victorious sounds ! yet here your Homage do
Unto a gentler Conqueror then you ;
Who though he flies the Musick of his praise,
Would with you Heavens Hallelujahs raise.

The Garden.

I.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes ;
And their uncessant Labours see
Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree,
Whose short and narrow verged Shade
Does prudently their Toyles upbraid ;

While

While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
To weave the Garlands of repose.

II.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.
Your sacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

III.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far these Beauties Hers exceed!
Fair Trees! where s'eer you barkes I wound,
No Name shall but your own be found.

IV.

When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The *Gods*, that mortal Beauty chase,
Still in a Tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted *Daphne* so,
Only that She might Laurel grow.
And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

V.

What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my head;

The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine ;
The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

VI.

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness :
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Does streight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade.

VII.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide :
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings ;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

VIII.

Such was that happy Garden-state,
While Man there walk'd without a Mate :
After a Place so pure, and sweet,
What other Help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

IX.

IX.

How well the skilful Gardner drew
Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;
Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholsome Hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

Hortus.

QUisnam adeo, mortale genus, præcordia versat?
Heu Palmæ, Laurique furor, vel simplicis Herbæ!
Arbor ut indomitos ornet vix una labores;
Tempora nec foliis præcingat tota malignis.
Dum simul implexi, tranquillæ ad serta Quiætis,
Omnigeni coeunt Flores, integraque Sylva.
Alma Quies, teneo te! & te Germana Quietis
Simplicitas! Vos ergo diu per Templa, per urbes,
Quæsivi, Regum perque alta Palatia frustra.
Sed vos Hotrorum per opaca silentia longe
Celarant Plantæ virides, & concolor Umbra.
O! mihi si vestros liceat violasse recessus.
Erranti, lasso, & vitæ melioris anhelo,
Municipem servate novum, votoque potitum,
Frondosæ Cives optate in florea Regna.
Me qu que, vos Musæ, *&, te conscie testor* Apollo,
Non Armenta juvant hominum, Circique *boatus,*
Mugitusve Fori; sed me Penetralia veris,
Horroresque trahunt muti, & Confortia sola.
Virgineæ quem non suspendit Gratia formæ?
Quam candore Nives vincentum, Ostrumque rubore,
Vestra tamen viridis superet (me judice) Virtus.
Nec foliis certare Comæ, nec Brachia ramis,

Nec possint tremulos voces æquare susurros.
Ah quoties sævos vidi (quis credat?) Amantes
Sculpentes Dominæ potiori in cortice nomen?
Nec puduit truncis inscribere vulnera sacris.
Ast Ego, si vestras unquam temeravero stirpes,
Nulla Neæra, Chloe, Faustina, Corynna, *legetur:*
In proprio sed quæque libro signabitur Arbos.
O charæ Platanus, Cyparissus, Populus, Ulnus!
Hic Amor, exutis crepidatus inambulat alis,
Enerves arcus & stridula tela reponens,
Invertitque faces, nec se cupit usque timeri;
Aut experrectus jacet, indormitque pharetræ;
Non auditurus quanquam Cytherea vocarit;
Nequitias referunt nec somnia vana priores.
Lætantur Superi, *defervescente Tyranno,*
Et licet experti toties Nymphasque Deasque,
Arbore *nunc melius potiuntur quisque cupita.*
Jupiter *annosam, neglecta conjuge,* Quercum
Deperit; haud alia doluit sic pellice Juno.
Lemniacum *temerant vestigia nulla Cubile,*
Nec Veneris *Mavors meminit si* Fraxinus *adsit.*
Formosæ pressit Daphnes *vestigia* Phœbus
Ut fieret Laurus; *sed nil quæsiverat ultra.*
Capripes & peteret quòd Pan Syringa *fugacem,*
Hoc erat ut Calamum *posset reperire Sonorum.*

Desunt multa.

Nec tu, Opifex horti, grato sine carmine abibis:
Qui brevibus plantis, & læto flore, notasti
Crescentes horas, atque intervalla diei.
Sol ibi candidior fragrantia Signa pererrat;
Proque truci Tauro, *stricto pro forcipe* Cancri,
Securis violæque rosæque allabitur umbris.
Sedula quin & Apis, mellito intenta labori,
Horologo sua pensa thymo Signare videtur.
Temporis O suaves lapsus! O Otia sana!
O Herbis dignæ numerari & Floribus Horæ!

To

To a Gentleman that only upon the sight of the Author's writing, had given a Character of his Person and Judgment of his Fortune.

Illustrissimo Vero

Domino Lanceloto Josepho de Maniban

Grammatomantis.

Quis posthac chartæ committat sensa loquaci,
Si sua crediderit Fata subesse stylo?
Conscia si prodat Scribentis Litera sortem,
Quicquid & in vita plus latuisse velit?
Flexibus in calami tamen omnia sponte leguntur:
Quod non significant Verba, Figura notat.
Bellerophonteas *signat sibi quisque Tabellas;*
Ignaramque Manum Spiritus intus agit.
Nil præter solitum sapiebat Epistola nostra,
Exemplumque meæ Simplicitatis erat.
Fabula jucundos qualis delectat Amicos;
Urbe, lepore, novis, carmine tota scatens.
Hic tamen interpres quo non securior alter,
(*Non res, non voces, non ego notus ei*)
Rimatur fibras notularum cautus Aruspex,
Scripturæque inhians consulit exta meæ.
Inde statim vitæ casus, animique recessus
Explicat; (*haud* Genio *plura liquere putem.*)
Distribuit totum nostris eventibus orbem,
Et quo me rapiat cardine Sphæra *docet.*
Quæ Sol *oppositus, quæ* Mars *adversa minetur,*
Jupiter *aut ubi me,* Luna, Venusque *juvent.*
Ut trucis intentet mihi vulnera Cauda Draconis;
Vipereo levet ut vulnera more Caput.
Hinc mihi præteriti rationes atque futuri
Elicit; Astrologus *certior* Astronomo.

Ut

Ut conjecturas nequeam discernere vero,
Historiæ superet sed Genitura fidem.
Usque adeo cæli respondet pagina nostræ,
Astrorum & nexus syllaba scripta refert.
Scilicet & toti subsunt Oracula mundo,
Dummodo tot foliis una Sibylla *foret.*
Partum, Fortunæ mater Natura, propinquum
Mille modis monstrat mille per indicia :
Ingentemque Uterum quâ mole Puerpera solvat ;
Vivit at in præsens maxima pars hominum.
Ast Tu sorte tuâ gaude Celeberrime Vatum ;
Scribe, sed haud superest qui tua fata legat.
Nostra tamen si fas præsagia jungere vestris,
Quo magis inspexti sydera spernis humum.
Et, nisi stellarum furis divina propago,
Naupliada *credam te* Palamede *satum.*
Qui dedit ex avium scriptoria signa volatu,
Sydereaque idem nobilis arte fuit.
Hinc utriusque tibi cognata scientia crevit,
Nec minus augurium Litera quam dat Avis.

Fleckno, *an English Priest at* Rome.

OBlig'd by the frequent visits of this man,
Whom as Priest, Poet, and Musician,
I for some branch of *Melchizedeck* took,
(Though he derives himself from *my Lord Brooke*)
I sought his Lodging ; which is at the Sign
Of the sad *Pelican* ; Subject divine
For Poetry : There three Stair-Cases high,
Which signifies his triple property,
I found at last a Chamber, as 'twas said,
But seem'd a Coffin set on the Stairs head.
Not higher than Seav'n, nor larger then three feet ;
Only there was nor Seeling, nor a Sheet,

Save

Save that th' ingenious Door did as you come
Turn in, and shew to Wainscot half the Room.
Yet of his State no man could have complain'd ;
There being no Bed where he entertain'd :
And though within one Cell so narrow pent,
He'd *Stanza's* for a whole Appartement.
Straight without further information,
In hideous verse, he, and a dismal tone,
Begins to exercise ; as if I were
Possest ; and sure the *Devil* brought me there.
But I, who now imagin'd my self brought
To my last Tryal, in a serious thought
Calm'd the disorders of my youthful Breast,
And to my Martyrdom prepared Rest.
Only this frail Ambition did remain,
The last distemper of the sober Brain,
That there had been some present to assure
The future Ages how I did indure :
And how I, silent, turn'd my burning Ear
Towards the Verse ; and when that could not hear,
Held him the other ; and unchanged yet,
Ask'd still for more, and pray'd him to repeat :
Till the Tyrant, weary to persecute,
Left off, and try'd t' allure me his Lute.
Now as two Instruments, to the same key
Being tun'd by Art, if the one touched be
The other opposite as soon replies,
Mov'd by the Air and hidden Sympathies ;
So while he with his gouty Fingers craules
Over the Lute, his murmuring Belly calls,
Whose hungry Guts to the same streightness twin'd
In Echo to the trembling Strings repin'd.
I, that perceiv'd now what his Musick ment,
Ask'd civilly if he had eat this Lent.
He answered yes ; with such, and such an one.
For he has this of gen'rous, that alone
He never feeds ; save only when he tryes
With gristly Tongue to dart the passing Flyes.

I ask'd if he eat flesh. And he, that was
So hungry that though ready to say *Mass*
Would break his faſt before, said he was Sick,
And th' *Ordinance* was only Politick.
Nor was I longer to invite him : Scant
Happy at once to make him Proteſtant,
And Silent. Nothing now Dinner ſtay'd
But till he had himself a Body made.
I mean till he were dreſt : for else so thin
He ſtands, as if he only fed had been
With consecrated Wafers : and the *Hoſt*
Hath sure more flesh and blood then he can boaſt.
This *Basso Relievo* of a Man,
Who as a Camel tall, yet easly can
The Needles Eye thread without any ſtitch,
(His only impossible is to be rich)
Leſt his too suttle Body, growing rare,
Should leave his Soul to wander in the Air,
He therefore circumscribes himself in rimes ;
And swaddled in's own papers seaven times,
Wears a close Jacket of poetick Buff,
With which he doth his third Dimension Stuff.
Thus armed underneath, he over all
Does make a primitive *Sotana* fall ;
And above that yet caſts an antick Cloak,
Worn at the firſt Counsel of *Antioch* ;
Which by the *Jews* long hid, and Diseſteem'd,
He heard of by Tradition, and redeem'd.
But were he not in this black habit deck't,
This half transparent Man would soon reflect
Each colour that he paſt by ; and be seen.
As the *Chamelion*, yellow, blew, or green.
He dreſt, and ready to disfurnish now
His Chamber, whose compactness did allow
No empty place for complementing doubt,
But who came laſt is forc'd firſt to go out ;
I meet one on the Stairs who made me ſtand,
Stopping the passage, and did him demand :

I answer'd he is here *Sir* ; but you see
You cannot pass to him but thorow me.
He thought himself affronted ; and reply'd,
I whom the Pallace never has deny'd
Will make the way here ; I said *Sir* you'l do
Me a great favour, for I seek to go.
He gathring fury ſtill made sign to draw ;
But himself there clos'd in a Scabbard saw
As narrow as his Sword's ; and I, that was
Delightful, said there can no Body pass
Except by penetration hither, where
Two make a crowd, nor can three Persons here
Conſiſt but in one subſtance. Then, to fit
Our peace, the Prieſt said I too had some wit :
To prov't, I said, the place doth us invite
But its own narrowness, Sir, to unite.
He ask'd me pardon ; and to make me way
Went down, as I him follow'd to obey.
But the propitiatory Prieſt had ſtraight
Oblig'd us, when below, to celebrate
Together our attonement : so increas'd
Betwixt us two the Dinner to a Feaſt.
Let it suffice that we could eat in peace ;
And that both Poems did and Quarrels cease
During the Table ; though my new made Friend
Did, as he threatened, ere 'twere long intend
To be both witty and valiant : I loth,
Said 'twas too late, he was already both.
But now, Alas, my firſt Tormentor came,
Who satisfy'd with eating, but not tame
Turns to recite ; though Judges moſt severe
After th' Assizes dinner mild appear,
And on full ſtomach do condemn but few :
Yet he more ſtrict my sentence doth renew ;
And draws out of the black box of his Breaſt
Ten quire of paper in which he was dreſt.
Yet that which was a greater cruelty
Then *Nero's* Poem he calls charity :

And so the *Pelican* at his door hung
Picks out the tender bosome to its young.
Of all his Poems there he ſtands ungirt
Save only two foul copies for his ſhirt:
Yet these he promises as ſoon as clean.
But how I loath'd to see my Neighbour glean
Those papers, which he pilled from within
Like white fleaks rising from a Leaper's skin!
More odious then those raggs which the *French* youth
At ordinaries after dinner show'th,
When they compare their *Chancres* and *Poulains*.
Yet he firſt kiſt them, and after takes pains
To read; and then, because he underſtood (good.
Not one Word, thought and swore that they were
But all his praises could not now appease
The provok't Author, whom it did displease
To hear his Verses, by ſo juſt a curse,
That were ill made condemn'd to be read worse:
And how (impossible) he made yet more
Absurdityes in them then were before.
For he his untun'd voice did fall or raise
As a deaf Man upon a Viol playes,
Making the half points and the periods run
Confus'der then the atomes in the Sun.
Thereat the Poet swell'd, with anger full,
And roar'd out, like *Perillus* in's own *Bull*;
Sir you read false. That any one but you
Should know the contrary. Whereat, I, now
Made Mediator, in my room, said, Why?
To say that you read false *Sir* is no Lye.
Thereat the waxen Youth relented ſtraight;
But saw with sad dispair that was too late.
For the disdainful Poet was retir'd
Home, his moſt furious Satyr to have fir'd
Againſt the Rebel; who, at this ſtruck dead,
Wept bitterly as disinherited.
Who should commend his Miſtress now? Or who
Praise him? both difficult indeed to do

With

With truth. I counsell'd him to go in time,
Ere the fierce Poets anger turn'd to rime.
He hasted; and I, finding my self free,
As one scap't strangely from Captivity,
Have made the Chance be painted; and go now
To hang it in *Saint Peter's* for a Vow.

Dignissimo suo Amico Doctori Wittie.

De Translatione Vulgi Errorum *D. Primrosii.*

NEmpe sic innumero succrescunt agmine libri,
Sæpia vix toto ut jam natet una mari.
Fortius assidui surgunt a vulnere prœli:
Quoque magis pressa est, auctior Hydra redit.
Heu quibus Anticyris, quibus est sanabilis herbis
Improba scribendi pestis, avarus amor!
India sola tenet tanti medicamina morbi,
Dicitur & nostris ingemuisse malis.
Utile Tabacci dedit illa miserta venenum,
Acci veratro quod meliora potest.
Jamque vides olidas libris fumare popinas:
Naribus O doctis quam pretiosus odor!
Hâc ego præcipua credo herbam dote placere,
Hinc tuus has nebulas Doctor in astra vehit.
Ah mea quid tandem facies timidissima charta?
Exequias Siticen jam parat usque tuas.
Hunc subeas librum Sancti ceu limen asyli,
Quem neque delebit flamma, nec ira Jovis.

To his worthy Friend Doctor Witty *upon his Translation of the Popular Errors.*

SIT further, and make room for thine own fame,
Where just desert enrolles thy honour'd Name

The good Interpreter. Some in this task
Take of the Cypress vail, but leave a mask,
Changing the Latine, but do more obscure
That sence in *English* which was bright and pure.
So of Translators they are Authors grown,
For ill Translators make the Book their own.
Others do ſtrive with words and forced phrase
To add such luſtre, and so many rayes,
That but to make the Vessel shining, they
Much of the precious Metal rub away.
He is Translations thief that addeth more,
As much as he that taketh from the Store
Of the firſt Author. Here he maketh blots
That mends ; and added beauties are but spots.
Cælia whose English doth more richly flow
Then *Tagus*, purer then dissolved snow,
And sweet as are her lips that speak it, she
Now learns the tongues of *France* and *Italy* ;
But she is *Cælia* ſtill : no other grace
But her own smiles commend that lovely face ;
Her native beauty's not Italianated,
Nor her chaſte mind into the *French* translated :
Her thoughts are *English*, though her sparkling wit
With other Language doth them fitly fit.
Translators learn of her : but ſtay I slide
Down into Error with the Vulgar tide ;
Women muſt not teach here : the Doctor doth
Stint them to Cawdles Almond-milk, and Broth.
Now I reform, and surely so will all
Whose happy Eyes on thy Translation fall,
I see the people haſtning to thy Book,
Liking themselves the worse the more they look,
And so disliking, that they nothing see
Now worth the liking, but thy Book and thee.
And (if I Judgment have) I censure right ;
For something guides my hand that I muſt write.
You have Translations ſtatutes beſt fulfil'd.
That handling neither sully nor would guild.

On

On Mr. Milton's *Paradise lost.*

WHen I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
Messiah Crown'd, *Gods* Reconcil'd Decree,
Rebelling *Angels*, the Forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
Held me awhile misdoubting his Intent,
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song,
(So *Sampson* groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)
The World o'rewhelming to revenge his Sight.
Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;
Through that wide Field how he his way should find
O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he perplext the things he would explain,
And what was easie he should render vain.
Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet alwayes what is well,
And by ill imitating would excell)
Might hence presume the whole Creations day
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.
Pardon me, *mighty Poet*, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a Share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.
That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.

And

And things divine thou treats of in such ſtate
As them preserves, and Thee inviolate.
At once delight and horrour on us seize,
Thou ſingſt with so much gravity and ease ;
And above humane flight doſt soar aloft,
With Plume so ſtrong, so equal, and so soft.
The *Bird* nam'd from that *Paradise* you sing
So never Flags, but alwaies keeps on Wing.
Where couldſt thou Words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vaſt expense of Mind ?
Juſt Heav'n Thee, like *Tiresias*, to requite,
Rewards with *Prophesie* thy loss of Sight.
Well might thou scorn thy Readers to allure
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own Sense secure ;
While the *Town-Bays* writes all the while and spells,
And like a Pack-Horse tires without his Bells.
Their Fancies like our bushy Points appear,
The Poets tag them ; we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the *Mode* offend,
And while I meant to *Praise* thee, muſt Commend.
Thy verse created like thy *Theme* sublime,
In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not *Rhime*.

Inscribenda Luparæ.

C*Onsurgit* Luparæ *Dum non imitabile culmen*,
Escuriale *ingens uritur invidia*.

Aliter.

Regibus hæc posuit Ludovicus *Templa futuris* ;
Gratior aſt ipsi Caſtra *fuere Domus*.

Aliter.

Hanc sibi Sydream Ludovicus *condidit Aulam* ;
Nec se propterea credidit esse Deum.

Aliter.

Aliter.

Atria miraris, summotumque Æthera sceptro ;
Nec tamen in toto est arctior Orbe Casa.

Aliter.

Instituente domum Ludovico, *prodiit Orbis ;*
Sic tamen angustos incolit ille Lares.

Aliter.

Sunt geminæ Jani *Portæ, sunt Tecta* Tonantis ;
Nec deerit Numen *dum* Ludovicus *adest.*

Upon an Eunuch ; a Poet.

Fragment.

NEC sterilem te crede ; licet, mulieribus exul,
Falcem virginiæ nequeas immitere messi,
Et nostra peccare modo. Tibi Fama perennè
Prægnabit ; rapiesque novem de monte Sorores ;
Et pariet modulos Echo *repitita Nepotes.*

In the *French* translation of *Lucan*, by Monsieur *De Brebeuf* are these Verses.

C'Est de luy que nous vient cet Art ingenieux
De peindre la Parole, et deparler aua Yeux ;
Et, parles traits divers de figures tracees,
Donner de la couleur et du corps aux pensees.

Translated

Translated.

Facundis dedit ille notis, interprete plumas
Insinuare sonos oculis, & pingere voces,
Et mentem chartis, oculis impertiit aurem.

Senec. Traged. ex Thyeſte Chor. 2.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico &c.

Translated.

CLimb at *Court* for me that will
Tottering favors Pinacle ;
All I seek is to lye ſtill.
Settled in some ſecret Neſt
In calm Leisure let me reſt ;
And far of the publick Stage
Pass away my silent Age.
Thus when without noise, unknown,
I have liv'd out all my span,
I shall dye, without a groan,
An old honeſt Country man.
Who expos'd to others Ey's,
Into his own Heart ne'r pry's,
Death to him's a Strange surprise

Janæ

Janæ Oxenbrigiæ Epitaphium.

JUxta hoc Marmor, breve Mortalitatis Speculum, Exuviæ jacent Janæ Oxenbrigiæ. *Quæ nobili, si id dixisse attinet, paterno* Butleriorum, *materno* Claveringiorum *genere orta,* Johanni Oxenbrigio *Collegii hujus socio nupsit. Prosperorum deinceps et odversorum ei Consors fidelissima. Quem, Religionis causa aberrantem, Usque ad incertam* Bermudæ Insulam *secuta : Nec Mare vastum, nec tempestates horridas exhorruit: sed, delicato Corpore quos non Labores ex antlavit ? quæ non, obivit Itinera ? Tantum* Mariti *potuit Amor, sed magis* Dei. *Tandem cum, (redeunte conscientiarum libertate) in patriam redua, magnam partem* Angliæ *cum Marito pervagata ; qui lætus undequaque de novo disseminabat* Evangelium. *Ipsa maximum ministerii sui decus, & antiqua modestia eandem animarum capturam domi, quam ille foris exercens, hic tandem divino nutu cum illo consedit : Ubi pietatis erga* Deum, *conjugalis & materni affectus, erga proximos charitatis, omnium denique Virtutum* Christianarum *Exemplum degebat inimitabile. Donec quinque annorum hydrope laborans, per lenta incrementa ultra humani corporis modum intumuit. Anima interim Spei plena, fidei ingens, Stagnanti humorum diluvio tranquillè vehebatur. Et tandem, post* 37. *peregrinationis annos,* 23 Apr. *Anno* 1658. *Evolavit ad Cœlos, tanquam Columba ex Arca Corporis: Cujus semper dulci, semper amaræ memoriæ, Mœrens Maritus posuit. Flentibus juxta quatuor liberis,* Daniele, Bathshua, Elizabetha, Maria.

Johannis Trottii Epitaphium.

Charissimo Filio &c.
Pater & Mater &c.
funebrem tabulam curavimus.

AGe *Marmor, & pro solita tua humanitate,*
(*Ne inter Parentum Dolorem & Modestiam*
Supprimantur præclari Juvenis meritæ laudes)
Effare Johannis Trotii *breve Elogium.*
Erat ille totus Candidus, Politus, Solidus,
Ultra vel Parii Marmoris metaphoram,
Et Gemmâ Sculpi dignus, non Lapide :
E Schola Wintoniensi *ad* Academiam Oxonii,
Inde ad Interioris Templi *Hospitium gradum fecerat:*
Summæ Spei, Summæ Indolis, ubique vestigia reliquit;
Supra Sexum Venustus,
Supra Ætatem Doctus,
Ingeniosus supra Fidem.
Et jam vicesimum tertium annum inierat,
Pulcherrimo undequaque vitæ prospectu,
Quem Mors immatura obstruxit.
Ferales Pustulæ Corpus tam affabre factum
Ludibrio habuere, & vivo incrustarunt sepulchro.
Anima evasit Libera, Æterna, Fælix,
Et morti insultans
Mortalem Sortem cum Fœnore accipiet.
Nos interim, meri vespillones,
Parentes Filia extra ordinem Parentantes,
Subtus in gentilitio crypta reliquias composuimus,
Ipsi eandem ad Dei *nutum subituri.*
Natus est &c. *Mortuus &c. reviviscet*
Primo Resurrectionis.

To

TO

Sir John Trott

Honoured Sir,

I Have not that vanity to believe, if you weigh your late Loss by the common ballance, that any thing I can write to you should lighten your resentments : nor if you measure things by the rule of Christianity, do I think it needful to comfort you in your own duty and your Sons happiness. Only having a great esteem and affection for you, and the grateful memory of him that is departed being still green and fresh upon my Spirit, I cannot forbear to inquire how you have stood the second shock at your sad meeting of Friends in the Country. I know that the very sight of those who have been witnesses of our better Fortune, doth but serve to reinforce a Calamity. I know the contagion of grief, and infection of Tears, and especially when it runs in a blood. And I my self could sooner imitate then blame those innocent relentings of Nature, so that they spring from tenderness only and humanity, not from an implacable sorrow. The Tears of a family may flow together like those little drops that compact the Rainbow, and if they be plac'd with the same advantage towards Heaven as those are to the Sun, they too have their splendor : and like that bow while they unbend into seasonable showers, yet they promise that there shall not be a second flood. But the dissoluteness of grief, the prodigality of sorrow is neither to be indulg'd in a mans self, nor comply'd within others. If that were allowable in these cases, *Eli's* was the readiest way and highest complement of mourning,

mourning, who fell back from his seat and broke his neck. But neither does that precedent hold. For though he had been Chancellor, and in effect King of *Israel*, for so many years; and such men value as themselves so their losses at an higher rate then others; yet when he heard that *Israel* was overcome, that his two Sons *Hophni* and *Phineas* were slain in one day, and saw himself so without hope of Issue, and which imbittered it further without succession to the Government, yet he fell not till the News that the Ark of God was taken. I pray God that we may never have the same paralel perfected in our publick concernments. Then we shall need all the strength of Grace and Nature to support us. But upon a private loss, and sweetned with so many circumstances as yours, to be impatient, to be uncomfortable, would be to dispute with God and beg the question. Though in respect of an only gourd an only Son be inestimable, yet in comparison to God man bears a thousand times less proportion: so that it is like *Jonah's* sin to be angry at God for the withering of his Shadow. *Zipporah*, though the delay had almost cost her husband his life, yet when he did but circumcise her Son, in a womanish pevishness reproacht *Moses* as a bloody husband. But if God take the Son himself, but spare the Father, shall we say that he is a bloody God. He that gave his own Son, may he not take ours? 'Tis pride that makes a Rebel. And nothing but the over-weening of our selves and our own things that raises us against divine Providence. Whereas *Abraham's* obedience was better then Sacrifice. And if God please to accept both, it is indeed a farther Tryal, but a greater honour. I could say over upon this beaten occasion most of those lessons of morality and religion that have been so often repeated and are as soon forgotten. We abound with precept, but we want examples. You, Sir, that have all these things in your memory, and the clearness of whose Judgment is not to be obscured by any greater

interposition,

interposition, it remains that you be exemplary to others in your own practice. 'Tis true, it is an hard task to learn and teach at the same time. And, where your self are the experiment, it is as if a man should dissect his own body and read the Anatomy Lecture. But I will not heighten the difficulty while I advise the attempt. Only, as in difficult things, you will do well to make use of all that may strengthen and assist you. The word of God : The society of good men : and the books of the Ancients. There is one way more, which is by diversion, business, and activity ; which are also necessary to be used in their season. But I my self, who live to so little purpose, can have little authority or ability to advise you in it, who are a Person that are and may be much more so generally useful. All that I have been able to do since, hath been to write this sorry Elogie of your Son, which if it be as good as I could wish, it is as yet no undecent imployment. However I know you will take any thing kindly from your very affectionate friend and most humble Servant.

Edmundi Trotii Epitaphium.

Charissimo Filio
Edmundo Trotio
Posuimus Pater & Mater
Frustra superstites.

L*Egite Parentes, vanissimus hominum ordo,*
Figuli Filiorum, Substructores Hominium,
Fartores Opum, Longi Speratores,
Et nostro, si fas, sapite infortunio.
Fuit Edmundus Trottius.
E quatuor masculæ stirpis residuus,
Statura justa, Forma virili, Specie eximia,

Medio

Medio juventutis Robore simul & Flore,
Aspectu, In cessu, sermone juxta amabilis,
Et siquid ultra Cineri pretium addit.
Honesta Disciplina domi imbutus,
Peregre profectus
Generosis Artibus Animum
Et exercitiis Corpus firmaverat.
Circæam Insulam, Scopulos Sirenum
Præternavigavit,
Et in hoc naufragio morum & sæculi
Solus perdiderat nihil, auxit plurimum.
Hinc erga Deum *pietate,*
Erga nos Amore & Obsequio,
Comitate erga Omnes, & intra se Modestia
Insignis, & quantævis fortunæ capax:
Delitiæ Æqualium, Senum Plausus,
Oculi Parentum, (nunc, ah, Lachrymæ)
In eo tandem peccavit quod mortalis.
Et fatali Pustularum morbo aspersus,
Factus est
(*Ut veræ Laudis Invidiam ficto Convitio levemus*)
Proditor Amicorum, Parricida Parentum,
Familiæ Spongia:
Et Naturæ invertens ordinem
Nostri suique Contemptor,
Mundi Desertor, defecit ad Deum.
Undecimo Augusti; Æræ Christæ 1667.
Talis quum fuerit Calo non invidemus.

An Epitaph upon——

HEre under rests the body of , who in his life-time reflected all the lustre he derived from his Family, and recompens'd the Honour of his Descent by his Virtue. For being of an excellent Nature, he cultivated it nevertheless by all the best means of

of improvement: nor left any spot empty for the growth of Pride, or Vanity. So that, although he was polished to the utmost perfection, he appeared only as a Mirrour for others, not himself to look in. Chearful without Gall, Sober without Formality, Prudent without Stratagem; and Religious without Affectation. He neither neglected, nor yet pretended to Business: but as he loved not to make work, so not to leave it imperfect. He understood, but was not enamour'd of Pleasure. He never came before in Injury, nor behind in Courtesie: nor found sweetness in any Revenge but that of Gratitude. He so studiously discharged the obligations of a Subject, a Son, a Friend, and an Husband, as if those relations could have consisted only on his part. Having thus walked upright, and easily through this World, nor contributed by any excess to his Mortality; yet Death took him: wherein therefore, as his last Duty, he signaliz'd the more his former Life with all the Decency and Recumbence of a departing Christian.

An Epitaph upon———

ENough: and leave the rest to Fame.
'Tis to commend her but to name.
Courtship, which living she declin'd,
When dead to offer were unkind.
Where never any could speak ill,
Who would officious Praises spill?
Nor can the truest Wit or Friend,
Without Detracting, her commend.
To say she liv'd a *Virgin* chast,
In this Age loose and all unlac't;
Nor was, when Vice is so allow'd,
Of *Virtue* or asham'd, or proud;

That

That her Soul was on *Heaven* so bent
No Minute but it came and went;
That ready her last Debt to pay
She summ'd her Life up ev'ry day;
Modest as Morn; as Mid-day bright;
Gentle as Ev'ning; cool as Night;
'Tis true: but all so weakly said;
'Twere more Significant, *She's Dead.*

Epigramma in Duos montes Amosclivum
Et Bilboreum. *Farfacio.*

CErnis ut ingenti distinguant limite campum
Montis Amos clivi Bilboreique juga!
Ille stat indomitus turritis undique saxis:
Cingit huic lætum Fraxinus *alta Caput.*
Illi petra minax rigidis cervicibus horret:
Huic quatiunt virides lenia colla jubas.
Fulcit Atlanteo *Rupes ea vertice cœlos:*
Collis at hic humeros subjicit Herculeos.
Hic ceu carceribus visum sylvaque coercet:
Ille Oculos alter dum quasi meta trahit.
Ille Giganteum surgit ceu Pelion Ossa*:*
Hic agit ut Pindi *culmine* Nympha *choros.*
Erectus, præceps, salebrosus, & arduus ille:
Acclivis, placidus, mollis, amœnus hic est.
Dissimilis Domino coiit Natura sub uno;
Farfaciaque *tremunt sub ditione pares.*
Dumque triumphanti terras perlabitur Axe,
Præteriens æqua stringit utrumque Rota.
Asper in adversos, facilis cedentibus idem:
Ut credas Montes extimulasse suos.
Hi sunt Alcidæ Borealis *nempe Columnæ,*
Quos medio scindit vallis opaca freto.
An potius longe sic prona cacumina nutant,
Parnassus *cupiant esse* Maria *tuus.*

Upon

Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borow.

To the Lord Fairfax.

I.

SEE how the arched Earth does here
Rise in a perfect Hemisphere!
The ſtiffeſt Compass could not ſtrike
A Line more circular and like;
Nor ſofteſt Pensel draw a Brow
So equal as this Hill does bow.
It seems as for a Model laid,
And that the World by it was made.

II.

Here learn ye Mountains more unjuſt,
Which to abrupter greatness thruſt,
That do with your hook-shoulder'd height
The Earth deform and Heaven frght.
For whose excrescence ill design'd,
Nature muſt a new Center find,
Learn here those humble ſteps to tread,
Which to securer Glory lead.

III.

See what a soft access and wide
Lyes open to its grassy side;
Nor with the rugged path deterrs
The feet of breathless Travellers.
See then how courteous it ascends,
And all the way it rises bends;
Nor for itself the height does gain,
But only ſtrives to raise the Plain.

IV.

Yet thus it all the field commands,
And in unenvy'd Greatness ſtands,
Discerning further then the Cliff
Of Heaven-daring *Teneriff*.
How glad the weary Seamen haſt
When they salute it from the Maſt!
By Night the Northern Star their way
Directs, and this no less by Day.

V.

Upon its creſt this Mountain grave
A Plum of aged Trees durſt wave.
No hoſtile hand durſt ere invade
With impious Steel the sacred Shade.
For something alwaies did appear
Of the *great Maſters* terrour there:
And Men can hear his Armour ſtill
Ratling through all the Grove and Hill.

VI.

Fear of the *Maſter*, and reſpect
Of the great *Nymph* did it protect;
Vera the *Nymph* that him inspir'd,
To whom he often here retir'd,
And on these Okes ingrav'd her Name;
Such Wounds alone these Woods became:
But ere he well the Barks could part
'Twas writ already in their Heart.

VII.

For they ('tis credible) have sense,
As We, of Love and Reverence,
And underneath the Courser Rind
The *Genius* of the house do bind.

Hence

Hence they successes seem to know,
And in their *Lord's* advancement grow ;
But in no Memory were seen
As under this so ſtreight and green.

VIII.

Yet now no further ſtrive to shoot,
Contented if they fix their Root.
Nor to the winds uncertain guſt,
Their prudent Heads too far intruſt.
Onely sometimes a flutt'ring Breez
Discourses with the breathing Trees ;
Which in their modeſt Whispers name
Those Acts that swell'd the Cheek of Fame.

IX.

Much other Groves, say they, then these
And other Hills him once did please.
Through Groves of Pikes he thunder'd then,
And Mountains rais'd of dying Men.
For all the *Civick Garlands* due
To him our Branches are but few.
Nor are our Trunks enow to bear
The *Trophees* of one fertile Year.

X.

'Tis true, the Trees nor ever spoke
More certain *Oracles* in Oak.
But Peace (if you his favour prize)
That Courage its own Praises flies.
Therefore to your obscurer Seats
From his own Brightness he retreats :
Nor he the Hills without the Groves,
Nor Height but with Retirement loves.

Upon

Upon Appleton House, to my Lord Fairfax

I.

WIthin this sober Frame expect
Work of no Forrain *Architect* ;
That unto Caves the Quarries drew,
And Forrests did to Pastures hew ;
Who of his great Design in pain
Did for a Model vault his Brain,
Whose Columnes should so high be rais'd
To arch the Brows that on them gaz'd.

II.

Why should of all things Man unrul'd
Such unproportion'd dwellings build ?
The Beasts are by their Denns exprest :
And Birds contrive an equal Nest ;
The low roof'd Tortoises do dwell
In cases fit of Tortoise-shell :
No Creature loves an empty space ;
Their Bodies measure out their Place.

III.

But He, superfluously spread,
Demands more room alive then dead.
And in his hollow Palace goes
Where Winds as he themselves may lose.
What need of all this Marble Crust
T'impark the wanton Mose of Dust,
That thinks by Breadth the World t'unite
Though the first Builders fail'd in Height ?

IV.

IV.

But all things are composed here
Like Nature, orderly and near :
In which we the Dimensions find
Of that more sober Age and Mind,
When larger sized Men did ſtoop
To enter at a narrow loop ;
As practising, in doors so ſtrait,
To ſtrain themselves through *Heavens Gate*.

V.

And surely when the after Age
Shall hither come in *Pilgrimage*,
These sacred Places to adore,
By *Vere* and *Fairfax* trod before,
Men will dispute how their Extent
Within such dwarfish Confines went :
And some will smile at this, as well
As *Romulus* his Bee-like Cell.

VI.

Humility alone designs
Those short but admirable Lines,
By which, ungirt and unconſtrain'd,
Things greater are in less contain'd.
Let others vainly ſtrive t'immure
The *Circle* in the *Quadrature* !
These *holy Mathematicks* can
In ev'ry Figure equal Man.

VII.

Yet thus the laden House does sweat,
And scarce indures the *Maſter* great :
But where he comes the swelling Hall
Stirs, and the *Square* grows *Spherical* ;

More

More by his *Magnitude* diſtreſt,
Then he is by its ſtraitness preſt :
And too officiously it slights
That in it self which him delights.

VIII.

So Honour better Lowness bears,
Then That unwonted Greatness wears.
Height with a certain Grace does bend,
But low Things clownishly ascend.
And yet what needs there here Excuse,
Where ev'ry Thing does answer Use ?
Where neatness nothing can condemn,
Nor Pride invent what to contemn ?

IX.

A Stately *Frontiſpice of Poor*
Adorns without the open Door :
Nor less the Rooms within commends
Daily new *Furniture of Friends.*
The House was built upon the Place
Only as for *a Mark of Grace* ;
And for an *Inn* to entertain
Its *Lord* a while, but not remain.

X.

Him *Biſhops-Hill*, or *Denton* may,
Or *Bilbrough*, better hold then they :
But Nature here hath been so free
As if she said leave this to me.
Art would more neatly have defac'd
What she had laid so sweetly waſt ;
In fragrant Gardens, shaddy Woods,
Deep Meadows, and transparent Floods.

XI.

XI.

While with slow Eyes we these survey,
And on each pleasant footstep stay,
We opportunly may relate
The Progress of this Houses Fate.
A *Nunnery* first gave it birth.
For *Virgin Buildings* oft brought forth.
And all that Neighbour-Ruine shows
The Quarries whence this dwelling rose.

XII.

Near to this gloomy Cloysters Gates
There dwelt the blooming Virgin *Thwates* ;
Fair beyond Measure, and an Heir
Which might Deformity make fair.
And oft She spent the Summer Suns
Discoursing with the *Suttle Nunns*.
Whence in these Words one to her weav'd,
(As 'twere by Chance) Thoughts long conceiv'd.

XIII.

'Within this holy leisure we
'Live innocently as you see.
'These Walls restrain the World without,
'But hedge our Liberty about.
'These Bars inclose that wider Den
'Of those wild Creatures, called Men.
'The Cloyster outward shuts its Gates,
'And, from us, locks on them the Grates.

XIV.

'Here we, in shining Armour white,
'Like *Virgin Amazons* do fight.
'And our chast *Lamps* we hourly trim,
'Lest the great *Bridegroom* find them dim.

'Our

'Our *Orient* Breaths perfumed are
'With insense of incessant Pray'r.
'And Holy-water of our Tears
'Most strangly our Complexion clears.

XV.

'Not Tears of Grief; but such as those
'With which calm Pleasure overflows;
'Or Pity, when we look on you
'That live without this happy Vow.
'How should we grieve that must be seen
'Each one a *Spouse*, and each a *Queen*;
'And can in *Heaven* hence behold
'Our brighter Robes and Crowns of Gold?

XVI.

'When we have prayed all our Beads,
'Some One the holy *Legend* reads;
'While all the rest with Needles paint
'The Face and Graces of the *Saint*.
'But what the Linnen can't receive
'They in their Lives do interweave.
'This Work the *Saints* best represents;
'That serves for *Altar's Ornaments*.

XVII.

'But much it to our work would add
'If here your hand, your Face we had:
'By it we would *our Lady* touch;
'Yet thus She you resembles much.
'Some of your Features, as we sow'd,
'Through ev'ry *Shrine* should be bestow'd.
'And in one Beauty we would take
'Enough a thousand *Saints* to make.

XVIII.

XVIII.

'And (for I dare not quench the Fire
'That me does for your good inspire)
''Twere Sacriledge a Mant t'admit
'To holy things, for *Heaven* fit.
'I see the *Angels* in a Crown
'On you the Lillies show'ring down :
'And round about you Glory breaks,
'That something more then humane speaks.

XIX.

'All Beauty, when at such a height,
'Is so already consecrate.
'*Fairfax* I know ; and long ere this
'Have mark'd the Youth, and what he is.
'But can he such a *Rival* seem
'For whom you *Heav'n* should disesteem ?
'Ah, no ! and 'twould more Honour prove
'He your *Devoto* were, then *Love*.

XX.

'Here live beloved, and obey'd :
'Each one your Sister, each your Maid.
'And, if our Rule seem strictly pend,
'The Rule it self to you shall bend.
'Our *Abbess* too, now far in Age,
'Doth your succession near presage.
'How soft the yoke on us would lye,
'Might such fair Hands as yours it tye !

XXI.

'Your voice, the sweetest of the Quire,
'Shall draw *Heav'n* nearer, raise us higher.
'And your Example, if our Head,
'Will soon us to perfection lead.

'Those Virtues to us all so dear,
'Will straight grow Sanctity when here :
'And that, once sprung, increase so fast
'Till Miracles it work at last.

XXII.

'Nor is our *Order* yet so nice,
'Delight to banish as a Vice.
'Here Pleasure Piety doth meet ;
'One perfecting the other Sweet.
'So through the mortal fruit we boyl
'The Sugars uncorrupting Oyl :
'And that which perisht while we pull,
'Is thus preserved clear and full.

XXIII.

'For such indeed are all our Arts ;
'Still handling Natures finest Parts.
'Flow'rs dress the Altars ; for the Clothes,
'The Sea-born Amber we compose ;
'Balms for the griv'd we draw ; and Pasts
'We mold, as Baits for curious tasts.
'What need is here of Man ? unless
'These as sweet Sins we should confess.

XXIV.

'Each Night among us to your side
'Appoint a fresh and Virgin Bride ;
'Whom if *our Lord* at midnight find,
'Yet Neither should be left behind.
'Where you may lye as chast in Bed,
'As Pearls together billeted.
'All Night embracing Arm in Arm,
'Like Chrystal pure with Cotton warm.

XXV.

'But what is this to all the ſtore
'Of Joys you see, and may make more!
'Try but a while, if you be wise:
'The Tryal neither Coſts, nor Tyes.
Now *Fairfax* seek her promis'd faith:
Religion that dispensed hath;
Which She hence forward does begin;
The *Nuns* smooth Tongue has suckt her in.

XXVI.

Oft, though he knew it was in vain,
Yet would he valiantly complain.
'Is this that *Sanctity* so great,
'An Art by which you finly'r cheat?
'Hypocrite Witches, hence *avant*,
'Who though in prison yet inchant!
'Death only can such Theeves make faſt,
'As rob though in the Dungeon caſt.

XXVII.

'Were there but, when this House was made,
'One Stone that a juſt Hand had laid,
'It muſt have fall'n upon her Head
'Who firſt Thee from thy Faith misled.
'And yet, how well soever ment,
'With them 'twould soon grow fraudulent:
'For like themselves they alter all,
'And vice infects the very Wall.

XXVIII.

'But sure those Buildings laſt not long,
'Founded by Folly, kept by Wrong.
'I know what Fruit their Gardens yield,
'When they it think by Night conceal'd.

'Fly from their Vices. 'Tis thy ſtate,
'Not Thee, that they would conſecrate.
'Fly from their Ruine. How I fear
'Though guiltleſs leſt thou perish there.

XXIX.

What should he do ? He would reſpect
Religion, but not Right neglect :
For firſt Religion taught him Right,
And dazled not but clear'd his sight.
Sometimes resolv'd his Sword he draws,
But reverenceth then the Laws :
For Juſtice ſtill that Courage led ;
Firſt from a Judge, then Souldier bred.

XXX.

Small Honour would be in the Storm.
The *Court* him grants the lawful Form ;
Which licens'd either Peace or Force,
To hinder the unjuſt Divorce.
Yet ſtill the *Nuns* his Right debar'd,
Standing upon their holy Guard.
Ill-counſell'd Women, do you know
Whom you reſiſt, or what you do ?

XXXI.

Is not this he whose Offspring fierce
Shall fight through all the *Universe* ;
And with successive Valour try
France, *Poland*, either *Germany* ;
Till one, as long since prophecy'd,
His Horse through conquer'd *Britain* ride ?
Yet, againſt Fate, his Spouse they kept ;
And the great Race would intercept.

XXXII.

Some to the Breach againſt their Foes
Their *Wooden Saints* in vain oppoſe.
Another bolder ſtands at push
With their old *Holy-Water Brush.*
While the disjointed *Abbeſs* threads
The gingling Chain-shot of her *Beads.*
But their lowd'ſt Cannon were their Lungs ;
And sharpeſt Weapons were their Tongues.

XXXIII.

But, waving these aside like Flyes,
Young *Fairfax* through the Wall does rise,
Then th' unfrequented Vault appear'd,
And superſtitions vainly fear'd.
The *Relicks false* were set to view ;
Only the Jewels there were true.
But truly bright and holy *Thwaites*
That weeping at the *Altar* waites.

XXXIIII.

But the glad Youth away her bears,
And to the *Nuns* bequeaths her Tears :
Who guiltily their Prize bemoan,
Like Gipsies that a Child hath ſtoln.
Thenceforth (as when th' Inchantment ends
The Caſtle vanishes or rends)
The waſting Cloiſter with the reſt
Was in one inſtant dispoſſeſt.

XXXV.

At the demolishing, this Seat
To *Fairfax* fell as by Escheat.
And what both *Nuns* and *Founders* will'd
'Tis likely better thus fulfill'd.

For

For if the *Virgin* prov'd not theirs,
The *Cloyster* yet remained hers.
Though many a *Nun* there made her Vow,
'Twas no *Religious House* till now.

XXXVI.

From that blest Bed the *Heroe* came,
Whom *France* and *Poland* yet does fame :
Who, when retired here to Peace,
His warlike Studies could not cease ;
But laid these Gardens out in sport
In the just Figure of a Fort ;
And with five Bastions it did fence,
As aiming one for ev'ry Sense.

XXXVII.

When in the *East* the Morning Ray
Hangs out the Colours of the Day,
The Bee through these known Allies hums,
Beating the *Dian* with its *Drumms*.
Then Flow'rs their drowsie Eylids raise,
Their Silken Ensigns each displayes,
And dries its Pan yet dank with Dew,
And fills its Flask with Odours new.

XXXVIII.

These, as their *Governour* goes by,
In fragrant Vollyes they let fly ;
And to salute their *Governess*
Again as great a charge they press :
None for the *Virgin Nymph* ; for She
Seems with the Flow'rs a Flow'r to be.
And think so still ! though not compare
With Breath so sweet, or Cheek so faire.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Well shot ye Firemen ! Oh how sweet,
And round your equal Fires do meet ;
Whose shrill report no Ear can tell,
But Ecchoes to the Eye and smell.
See how the Flow'rs, as at *Parade*,
Under their *Colours* ſtand displaid :
Each *Regiment* in order grows,
That of the Tulip Pinke and Rose.

XL.

But when the vigilant *Patroul*
Of Stars walks round about the *Pole*,
Their Leaves, that to the ſtalks are curl'd,
Seem to their Staves the *Ensigns* furl'd.
Then in some Flow'rs beloved Hut
Each Bee as Sentinel is shut ;
And sleeps so too : but, if once ſtir'd,
She runs you through, or askes *the Word.*

XLI.

Oh Thou, that dear and happy Isle
The Garden of the World ere while,
Thou *Puradise* of four Seas,
Which *Heaven* planted us to please,
But, to exclude the World, did guard
With watry if not flaming Sword ;
What luckless Apple did we taſt,
To make us Mortal, and The Waſt ?

XLII.

Unhappy ! shall we never more
That sweet *Militia* reſtore,
When Gardens only had their Towrs,
And all the Garrisons were Flowrs,

When

When Roses only Arms might bear,
And Men did rosie Garlands wear ?
Tulips, in several Colours barr'd,
Were then the *Switzers* of our *Guard.*

XLIII.

The *Gardiner* had the *Souldiers* place,
And his more gentle Forts did trace.
The Nursery of all things green
Was then the only *Magazeen.*
The *Winter Quarters* were the Stoves,
Where he the tender Plants removes.
But War all this doth overgrow :
We Ord'nance Plant and Powder sow.

XLIV.

And yet there walks one on the Sod
Who, had it pleased him and *God,*
Might once have made our Gardens spring
Fresh as his own and flourishing.
But he preferr'd to the *Cinque Ports*
These five imaginary Forts :
And, in those half-dry Trenches, spann'd
Pow'r which the Ocean might command.

XLV.

For he did, with his utmost Skill,
Ambition weed, but *Conscience* till.
Conscience, that Heaven-nursed Plant,
Which most our Earthly Gardens want.
A prickling leaf it bears, and such
As that which shrinks at ev'ry touch ;
But Flowrs eternal, and divine,
That in the Crowns of Saints do shine.

XLVI.

XLVI.

The sight does from these *Bastions* ply,
Th' invisible *Artilery* ;
And at proud *Cawood Castle* seems
To point the *Battery* of its Beams.
As if it quarrell'd in the Seat
Th' Ambition of its *Prelate* great.
But ore the Meads below it plays,
Or innocently seems to gaze.

XLVII.

And now to the Abbyss I pass
Of that unfathomable Grass,
Where Men like Grasshoppers appear,
But Grasshoppers are Gyants there :
They, in their squeking Laugh, contemn
Us as we walk more low then them :
And, from the Precipices tall
Of the green spir's, to us do call.

XLVIII.

To see Men through this Meadow Dive,
We wonder how they rise alive.
As, under Water, none does know
Whether he fall through it or go.
But, as the Marriners that sound,
And show upon their Lead the Ground,
They bring up Flow'rs so to be seen,
And prove they've at the Bottom been.

XLIX.

No Scene that turns with Engines strange
Does oftner then these Meadows change.
For when the Sun the Grass hath vext,
The tawny Mowers enter next ;

Who seem like *Israelites* to be,
Walking on foot through a green Sea.
To them the Grassy Deeps divide,
And crowd a Lane to either Side.

L.

With whistling Sithe, and Elbow strong,
These Massacre the Grass along :
While one, unknowing, carves the *Rail*,
Whose yet unfeather'd Quils her fail.
The Edge all bloody from its Breast
He draws, and does his stroke detest ;
Fearing the Flesh untimely mow'd
To him a Fate as black forebode.

LI.

But bloody *Thestylis*, that waites
To bring the mowing Camp their Cates,
Greedy as Kites has trust it up,
And forthwith means on it to sup :
When on another quick She lights,
And cryes, he call'd us *Israelites* ;
But now, to make his saying true,
Rails rain for Quails, for Manna Dew.

LII.

Unhappy Birds ! what does it boot
To build below the Grasses Root ;
When Lowness is unsafe as Hight,
And Chance o'retakes what scapeth spight ?
And now your Orphan Parents Call
Sounds your untimely Funeral.
Death-Trumpets creak in such a Note,
And 'tis the *Sourdine* in their Throat.

LIII.

LIII.

Or sooner hatch or higher build :
The Mower now commands the Field ;
In whose new Traverse seemeth wrought
A Camp of Battail newly fought :
Where, as the Meads with Hay, the Plain
Lyes quilted ore with Bodies slain :
The Women that with forks it fling,
Do represent the Pillaging.

LIV.

And now the careless Victors play,
Dancing the Triumphs of the Hay ;
Where every Mowers wholesome Heat
Smells like an *Alexanders sweat.*
Their Females fragrant as the Mead
Which they in *Fairy Circles* tread :
When at their Dances End they kiss,
Their new-made Hay not sweeter is.

LV.

When after this 'tis pil'd in Cocks,
Like a calm Sea it shews the Rocks :
We wondring in the River near
How Boats among them safely steer.
Or, like the *Desert Memphis Sand*,
Short *Pyramids* of Hay do stand.
And such the *Roman Camps* do rise
In Hills for Soldiers Obsequies.

LVI.

This *Scene* again withdrawing brings
A new and empty Face of things ;
A levell'd space, as smooth and plain,
As Clothes for *Lilly* strecht to stain.

The World when first created sure
Was such a Table rase and pure.
Or rather such is the *Toril*
Ere the Bulls enter at Madril.

LVII.

For to this naked equal Flat,
Which *Levellers* take Pattern at,
The Villagers in common chase
Their Cattle, which it closer rase ;
And what below the Sith increast
Is pincht yet nearer by the Breast.
Such, in the painted World, appear'd
Davenant with th' Universal Heard.

LVIII.

They seem within the polisht Grass
A Landskip drawen in Looking-Glass.
And shrunk in the huge Pasture show
As Spots, so shap'd, on Faces do.
Such Fleas, ere they approach the Eye,
In Multiplyiug Glasses lye.
They feed so wide, so slowly move,
As *Constellations* do above.

LIX.

Then, to conclude these pleasant Acts,
Denton sets ope its *Cataracts* ;
And makes the Meadow truly be
(What it but seem'd before) a Sea.
For, jealous of its *Lords* long stay,
It try's t'invite him thus away.
The River in it self is drown'd,
And Isl's th' astonish Cattle round.

LX.

LX.

Let others tell the *Paradox*,
How Eels now bellow in the Ox ;
How Horses at their Tails do kick,
Turn'd as they hang to Leeches quick ;
How Boats can over Bridges sail ;
And Fishes do the Stables scale.
How *Salmons* trespassing are found ;
And Pikes are taken in the Pound.

LXI.

But I, retiring from the Flood,
Take Sanctuary in the Wood ;
And, while it lasts, my self imbark
In this yet green, yet growing Ark ;
Where the first Carpenter might best
Fit Timber for his Keel have Prest.
And where all Creatures might have shares ;
Although in Armies, not in Paires.

LXII.

The double Wood of ancient Stocks
Link'd in so thick, an Union locks,
It like two *Pedigrees* appears,
On one hand *Fairfax*, th' other *Veres* :
Of whom though many fell in War,
Yet more to Heaven shooting are :
And, as they Natures Cradle deckt,
Will in green Age her Hearse expect.

LXIII.

When first the Eye this Forrest sees
It seems indeed as *Wood* not *Trees* :
As if their Neighbourhood so old
To one great Trunk them all did mold.

There

There the huge Bulk takes place, as ment
To thrust up a *Fifth Element* ;
And stretches still so closely wedg'd
As if the Night within were hedg'd.

LXIV.

Dark all without it knits ; within
It opens passable and thin ;
And in as loose an order grows,
As the *Corinthean Porticoes*.
The arching Boughs unite between
The Columnes of the Temple green ;
And underneath the winged Quires
Echo about their tuned Fires.

LXV.

The *Nightingale* does here make choice
To sing the Tryals of her Voice.
Low Shrubs she sits in, and adorns
With Musick high the squatted Thorns.
But highest Oakes stoop down to hear,
And listning Elders prick the Ear.
The Thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws
Within the Skin its shrunken claws.

LXVI.

But I have for my Musick found
A Sadder, yet more pleasing Sound :
The *Stock-doves*, whose fair necks are grac'd
With Nuptial Rings their Ensigns chast ;
Yet always, for some Cause unknown,
Sad pair unto the Elms they moan.
O why should such a Couple mourn,
That in so equal Flames do burn !

LXVII.

LXVII.

Then as I careless on the Bed
Of gelid *Straw-berryes* do tread,
And through the Hazles thick espy
The hatching *Thraſtles* shining Eye;
The *Heron* from the Ashes top,
The eldeſt of its young lets drop,
As if it Stork-like did pretend
That *Tribute* to *its Lord* to send.

LXVIII.

But moſt the *Hewel's* wonders are,
Who here has the *Holt-felſters* care.
He walks ſtill upright from the Root,
Meas'ring the Timber with his Foot;
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the Bark the Wood-moths glean.
He, with his Beak, examines well
Which fit to ſtand and which to fell.

LXIX.

The good he numbers up, and hacks;
As if he mark'd them with the Ax.
But where he, tinkling with his Beak,
Does find the hollow Oak to speak,
That for his building he designs,
And through the tainted Side he mines.
Who could have thought the *talleſt Oak*
Should fall by such a *feeble Strok*'!

LXX.

Nor would it, had the Tree not fed
A *Traitor-worm*, within it bred.
(As firſt our *Fleſh* corrupt within
Tempts impotent and bashful *Sin*.

And

And yet that *Worm* triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the *Hewels young.*
While the Oake seems to fall content,
Viewing the Treason's Punishment.

LXXI.

Thus I, *easie Philosopher,*
Among the *Btrds* and *Trees* confer :
And little now to make me, wants
Or of the *Fowles,* or of the *Plants.*
Give me but Wings as they, and I
Streight floting on the Air shall fly :
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted Tree.

LXXII.

Already I begin to call
In their most learned Original :
And where I Language want, my Signs
The Bird upon the Bough divines ;
And more attentive there doth sit
Then if She were with Lime-twigs knit.
No Leaf does tremble in the Wind
Which I returning cannot find.

LXXIII.

Out of these scatter'd *Sibyls* Leaves
Strange *Prophecies* my Phancy weaves :
And in one History consumes,
Like *Mexique Paintings,* all the *Plumes.*
What *Rome, Greece, Palestine,* ere said
I in this light *Mosaick* read.
Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
Hath read in *Natures mystick Book.*

LXXIV.

And see how Chance's better Wit
Could with a Mask my studies hit!
The Oak-Leaves me embroyder all,
Between which Caterpillars crawl:
And Ivy, with familiar trails,
Me licks, and clasps, and curles, and hales.
Under this *antick Cope* I move
Like some great *Prelate of the Grove*,

LXXV.

Then, languishing with ease, I toss
On Pallets swoln of Velvet Moss;
While the Wind, cooling through the Boughs,
Flatters with Air my panting Brows.
Thanks for my Rest ye *Mossy Banks*,
And unto you *cool Zephyr's* Thanks,
Who, as my Hair, my Thoughts too shed,
And winnow from the Chaff my Head.

LXXVI.

How safe, methinks, and strong, behind
These Trees have I incamp'd my Mind;
Where Beauty, aiming at the Heart,
Bends in some Tree its useless Dart;
And where the World no certain Shot
Can make, or me it toucheth not.
But I on it securely play,
And gaul its Horsemen all the Day.

LXXVII.

Bind me ye *Woodbines* in your 'twines,
Curle me about ye gadding *Vines*,
And Oh so close your Circles lace,
That I may never leave this Place:

But, lest your Fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your Silken Bondage break,
Do you, *O Brambles*, chain me too,
And courteous *Briars* nail me through.

LXXVIII.

Here in the Morning tye my Chain,
Where the two Woods have made a Lane;
While, like a *Guard* on either side,
The Trees before their *Lord* divide;
This, like a long and equal Thread,
Betwixt two *Labyrinths* does lead.
But, where the Floods did lately drown,
There at the Ev'ning stake me down.

LXXIX.

For now the Waves are fal'n and dry'd,
And now the Meadows fresher dy'd;
Whose Grass, with moister colour dasht,
Seems as green Silks, but newly washt.
No *Serpent* new nor *Crocodile*
Remains behind our little *Nile*;
Unless it self you will mistake,
Among these Meads the only Snake.

LXXX.

See in what wanton harmless folds
It ev'ry where the Meadow holds;
And its yet muddy back doth lick,
Till as a *Chrystal Mirrour* slick;
Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
If they be in it or without.
And for his shade which therein shines,
Narcissus like, the *Sun* too pines.

LXXXI.

Oh what a Pleasure 'tis to hedge
My Temples here with heavy sedge ;
Abandoning my lazy Side,
Stretcht as a Bank unto the Tide ;
Or to suspend my sliding Foot
On the Osiers undermined Root,
And in its Branches tough to hang,
While at my Lines the Fishes twang !

LXXXII.

But now away my Hooks, my Quills,
And Angles, idle Utensils.
The *young Maria* walks to night :
Hide trifling Youth thy Pleasures slight.
'Twere shame that such judicious Eyes
Should with such Toyes a Man surprize ;
She that already is the *Law*
Of all her *Sex*, her *Ages Aw*.

LXXXIII.

See how loose Nature, in respect
To her, it self doth recollect ;
And every thing so whisht and fine,
Starts forth with to its *Bonne Mine*.
The *Sun* himself, of *Her* aware,
Seems to descend with greater Care ;
And lest *She* see him go to Bed,
In blushing Clouds conceales his Head.

LXXXIV.

So when the Shadows laid asleep
From underneath these Banks do creep,
And on the River as it flows
With *Eben Shuts* begin to close ;

The modeſt *Halcyon* comes in sight,
Flying betwixt the Day and Night;
And such an horror calm and dumb,
Admiring Nature does benum.

LXXXV.

The viscous Air, wheres'ere She fly,
Follows and sucks her Azure dy;
The gellying Stream compacts below,
If it might fix her shadow so;
The ſtupid Fishes hang, as plain
As *Flies* in *Chryſtal* overt'ane;
And Men the silent *Scene* assiſt,
Charm'd with the *Saphir-winged Miſt.*

LXXXVI.

Maria such, and so doth hush
The *World*, and through the *Ev'ning* rush.
No new-born *Comet* such a Train
Draws through the Skie, nor Star new-slain.
For ſtreight those giddy Rockets sail,
Which from the putrid Earth exhale,
But by her *Flames*, in *Heaven* try'd,
Nature is wholly *vitrifi'd.*

LXXXVII.

'Tis *She* that to these Gardens gave
That wondrous Beauty which they have;
She ſtreightness on the Woods beſtows;
To *Her* the Meadow sweetness owes;
Nothing could make the River be
So Chryſtal-pure but only *She*;
She yet more Pure, Sweet, Streight, and Fair,
Then Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are.

LXXXVIII.

Therefore what first *She* on them spent,
They gratefully again present.
The Meadow Carpets where to tread ;
The Garden Flow'rs to Crown *Her* Head ;
And for a Glass the limpid Brook,
Where *She* may all *her* Beautyes look ;
But, since *She* would not have them seen,
The Wood about *her* draws a Skreen.

LXXXIX.

For *She*, to higher Beauties rais'd,
Disdains to be for lesser prais'd.
She counts her Beauty to converse
In all the Languages as *hers* ;
Nor yet in those *her self* imployes
But for the *Wisdome*, not the *Noyse* ;
Nor yet that *Wisdome* would affect,
But as 'tis *Heavens Dialect*.

LXXXX.

Blest Nymph ! that couldst so soon prevent
Those *Trains* by Youth against thee meant ;
Tears (watry Shot that pierce the Mind ;)
And *Sighs* (Loves Cannon charg'd with Wind ;)
True Praise (That breaks through all defence ;)
And *feign'd complying Innocence* ;
But knowing where this *Ambush* lay,
She scap'd the safe, but roughest Way.

LXXXXI.

This 'tis to have been from the first
In a *Domestick Heaven* nurst,
Under the *Discipline* severe
Of *Fairfax* and the starry *Vere* ;

Where

Where not one object can come nigh
But pure, and spotless as the Eye ;
And *Goodness* doth it self intail
On *Females*, if there want a *Male*.

LXXXXII.

Go now fond Sex that on your Face
Do all your useless Study place,
Nor once at Vice your Brows dare knit
Lest the smooth Forehead wrinkled sit :
Yet your own Face shall at you grin,
Thorough the Black-bag of your Skin ;
When *knowledge* only could have fill'd
And *Virtue* all those *Furrows till'd*.

LXXXXIII.

Hence *She* with Graces more divine
Supplies beyond her *Sex* the *Line* ;
And, like a *Sprig of Misleto*,
On the *Fairfacian Oak* does grow ;
Whence, for some universal good,
The *Priest* shall cut the sacred Bud ;
While her *glad Parents* most rejoice,
And make their *Destiny* their *Choice*.

LXXXXIV.

Mean time ye Fields, Springs, Bushes, Flow'rs,
Where yet She leads her studious Hours,
(Till Fate her worthily translates,
And find a *Fairfax* for our *Thwaites*)
Employ the means you have by Her,
And in your kind your selves preferr ;
That, as all *Virgins* She preceds,
So you all *Woods*, *Streams*, *Gardens*, *Meads*.

LXXXXV.

LXXXXV.

For you *Thessalian Tempe's Seat*
Shall now be scorn'd as obsolete ;
Aranjeuz, as less, disdain'd ;
The *Bel-Retiro* as constrain'd ;
But name not the *Idalian Grove*,
For 'twas the Seat of wanton Love ;
Much less the Dead's *Elysian Fields*,
Yet nor to them your Beauty yields.

LXXXXVI.

'Tis not, what once it was, the *World* ;
But a rude heap together hurl'd ;
All negligently overthrown,
Gulfes, Deserts, Precipices, Stone.
Your lesser *World* contains the same.
But in more decent Order tame ;
You Heaven's Center, Nature's Lap.
And Paradice's only Map.

LXXXXVII.

But now the *Salmon-Fishers* moist
Their *Leathern Boats* begin to hoist ;
And, like *Antipodes* in Shoes,
Have shod their *Heads* in their *Canoos*.
How *Tortoise* like, but not so slow,
These rational *Amphibii* go ?
Let's in : for the dark *Hemisphere*
Does now like one of them appear.

On

On the Victory obtained by Blake *over the* Spaniards, *in the Bay of* Sanctacruze, *in the Island of* Teneriff, 1657.

NOW does *Spains* Fleet her spatious wings unfold,
Leaves the new World and haſtens for the old:
But though the wind was fair, they slowly swoome
Frayted with acted Guilt, and Guilt to come:
For this rich load, of which so proud they are,
Was rais'd by Tyranny, and rais'd for War;
Every capatious Gallions womb was fill'd,
With what the Womb of wealthy Kingdomes yield,
The new Worlds wounded Intails they had tore,
For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more.
Wealth which all others Avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caus'd as much fear, as Joy.
For now upon the Main, themselves they saw,
That boundless Empire, where you give the Law,
Of winds and waters rage, they fearful be,
But much more fearful are your Flags to see.
Day, that to those who sail upon the deep,
More wish't for, and more welcome is then sleep,
They dreaded to behold, Leaſt the Sun's light,
With *English* Streamers, should salute their sight:
In thickeſt darkness they would choose to ſteer,
So that such darkness might suppress their fear;
At length theirs vanishes, and fortune smiles;
For they behold the sweet Canary Isles;
One of which doubtless is by Nature bleſt
Above both Worlds, since 'tis above the reſt.
For leaſt some Gloominess might ſtain her sky,
Trees there the duty of the Clouds supply;
O noble Truſt which Heaven on this Isle poures,
Fertile to be, yet never need her showres.

A happy People, which at once do gain
The benefits without the ills of rain.
Both health and profit, Fate cannot deny ;
Where ſtill the Earth is moiſt, the Air ſtill dry ;
The jarring Elements no discord know,
Fewel and Rain together kindly grow ;
And coolness there, with heat doth never fight,
This only rules by day, and that by Night.
Your worth to all these Isles, a juſt right brings,
The beſt of Lands should have the beſt of Kings.
And these want nothing Heaven can afford,
Unless it be, the having you their Lord ;
But this great want, will not along one prove,
Your Conquering Sword will soon that want remove.
For *Spain* had better, Shee'l ere long confess,
Have broken all her Swords, then this one Peace,
Caſting that League off, which she held so long,
She caſt off that which only made her ſtrong.
Forces and art, she soon will feel, are vain,
Peace, againſt you, was the sole ſtrength of *Spain*.
By that alone those Islands she secures,
Peace made them hers, but War will make them yours
There the indulgent Soil that rich Grape breeds,
Which of the Gods the fancied drink exceeds ;
They ſtill do yield, such is their pretious mould,
All that is good, and are not curſt with Gold.
With fatal Gold, for ſtill where that does grow,
Neither the Soyl, nor People quiet know.
Which troubles men to raise it when 'tis Oar,
And when 'tis raised, does trouble them much more.
Ah, why was thither brought that cause of War,
Kind Nature had from thence remov'd so far.
In vain doth she those Islands free from Ill,
If fortune can make guilty what she will.
But whilſt I draw that Scene, where you ere long,
Shall conqueſts act, your present are unsung,
For *Sanctacruze* the glad Fleet takes her way,
And safely there caſts Anchor in the Bay.

Never so many with one joyful cry,
That place saluted, where they all muſt dye.
Deluded men ! Fate with you did but sport,
You scap't the Sea, to perish in your Port.
'Twas more for *Englands* fame you should dye there,
Where you had moſt of ſtrength, and leaſt of fear.
The Peek's proud height, the *Spaniards* all admire,
Yet in their breſts, carry a pride much higher.
Onely to this vaſt hill a power is given,
At once both to Inhabit Earth and Heaven.
But this ſtupendious Proſpect did not neer,
Make them admire, so much as as they did fear.
For here they met with news, which did produce,
A grief, above the cure of Grapes beſt juice.
They learn'd with Terrour, that nor Summers heat,
Nor Winters ſtorms, had made your Fleet retreat.
To fight againſt such Foes, was vain they knew,
Which did the rage of Elements subdue.
Who on the Ocean that does horror give,
To all besides, triumphantly do live.
With haſt they therefore all their Gallions moar,
And flank with Cannon from the Neighbouring shore.
Forts, Lines, and Sconces all the Bay along,
They build and acſt all that can make them ſtrong.
Fond men who know not whilſt such works they raise,
They only Labour to exalt your praise.
Yet they by reſtless toyl, became at Length,
So proud and confident of their made ſtrength.
That they with joy their boaſting General heard,
Wish then for that assault he lately fear'd.
His wish he has, for now undaunted *Blake*,
With winged speed, for *Sanctacruze* does make.
For your renown, his conquering Fleet does ride,
Ore Seas as vaſt as is the *Spaniards* pride.
Whose Fleet and Trenches view'd, he soon did say,
We to their Strength are more obilg'd then they.
Wer't not for that, they from their Fate would run,
And a third World seek out our Armes to shun.

Those

Those Forts, which there, so high and ſtrong appear,
Do not so much suppress, as shew their fear.
Of Speedy Victory let no man doubt,
Our worſt works paſt, now we have found them out.
Behold their Navy does at Anchor lye,
And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.
This said, the whole Fleet gave it their applause,
And all assumes your courage, in your cause.
That Bay they enter, which unto them owes,
The nobleſt wreaths, that Victory beſtows.
Bold *Stainer* Leads, this Fleets design'd by fate,
To give him Lawrel, as the laſt did Plate.
The Thund'ring Cannon now begins the Fight,
And though it be at Noon, creates a Night.
The Air was soon after the fight begun,
Far more enflam'd by it, then by the Sun.
Never so burning was that Climate known,
War turn'd the temperate, to the Torrid Zone.
Fate these two Fleets, between both Worlds had brought
Who fight, as if for both those Worlds they fought.
Thousands of wayes, Thousands of men there dye,
Some Ships are sunk, some blown up in the skie.
Nature never made Cedars so high a Spire,
As Oakes did then, Urg'd by the active fire.
Which by quick powders force, so high was sent,
That it return'd to its own Element.
Torn Limbs some leagues into the Island fly,
Whilſt others lower, in the Sea do lye.
Scarce souls from bodies sever'd are so far,
By death, as bodies there were by the War.
Th' all-seeing Sun, neer gaz'd on such a sight,
Two dreadful Navies there at Anchor Fight.
And neither have, or power, or will to fly,
There one muſt Conquer, or there both muſt dye.
Far different Motives yet, engag'd them thus,
Necessity did them, but Choice did us.
A choice which did the higheſt worth express,
And was attended by as high success.

For your reeiſtless genious there did Raign,
By which we Laurels reapt ev'n on the Mayn.
So prosperous Stars, though absent to the sence,
Bless those they shine for, by their Influence.
Our Cannon now tears every Ship and Sconce,
And o're two Elements Triumphs at once.
Their Gallions sunk, their wealth the Sea does fill,
The only place where it can cause no Ill.
Ah would those Treasures which both Indies have,
Were buryed in as large, and deep a grave,
Wars chief support with them would buried be,
And the Land owe her peace unto the Sea.
Ages to come, your conquering Arms will bless,
There they deſtroy, what had deſtroy'd their Peace.
And in one War the present age may boaſt,
That certain seeds of many Wars are loſt.
All the Foes Ships deſtroy'd, by Sea or fire,
Victorious *Blake*, does from the Bay retire,
His Seige of *Spain* he then again pursues,
And there firſt brings of his success the news ;
The saddeſt news that ere to *Spain* was brought,
Their rich Fleet sunk, and ours with Lawrel fraught.
Whilſt fame in every place, her Trumpet blowes,
And tells the World, how much to you it owes.

A Dialogue between Thyrsis *and* Dorinda.

Dorinda. WHen Death, shall snatch us from these
And shut up our divided Lids, (Kids,
Tell me, *Thyrsis*, prethee do,
Whither thou and I must go.

Thyrsis To the Elizium : (*Dorinda*) oh where i'st ?
Thyrsis A Chast Soul, can never mis't.
Dorinda. I know no way, but one, our home
Is our Elizium ?

Thyrsis. Cast thine Eye to yonder Skie,
There the milky way doth lye ;
'Tis a sure but rugged way,
That leads to Everlasting day.

Dorinda. There Birds may nest, but how can I,
That have no wings and cannot fly.

Thyrsis. Do not sigh (fair Nimph) for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit, against the pole,
Heaven's the Center of the Soul.

Dorinda. But in Elizium how do they
Pass Eternity away.

Thyrsis. Ho, ther's, neither hope nor fear
Ther's no Wolf, no Fox, no Bear.
No need of Dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away ;
And there most sweetly thine Ear
May feast with Musick of the Sphear.

Dorinda.

How I my future ſtate
By silent thinking, Antidate :
I preethe let us spend, our time come,
In talking of *Elizium*.

Thyrsis. Then I'le go on : There, sheep are full
Of softeſt grass, and softeſt wooll ;
There, birds sing Consorts, garlands grow,
Cold winds do whisper, springs do flow.
There, alwayes is, a rising Sun,
And day is ever, but begun.
Shepheards there, bear equal sway,
And every Nimph's a Queen of *May*.

Dorinda. Ah me, ah me.

Thyrsis. *Dorinda*, why do'ſt Cry ?
Dorinda. I'm sick, I'm sick, and fain would dye :
Convinc't me now, that this is true ;
By bidding, with mee, all adieu
I cannot live, without thee, I
Will for thee, much more with thee dye.

Dorinda. Then let us give *Corellia* charge o'th Sheep,
And thou and I'le pick poppies and them ſteep
In wine, and drink on't even till we weep,
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

The

The Character of Holland.

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of *Land*,
As but th' Off-scouring of the *British Sand*;
And so much Earth as was contributed
By *English Pilots* when they heaved the Lead;
Or what by th' Oceans slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrackt Cockle and the Muscle-shell;
This indigested vomit of the Sea
Fell to the *Dutch* by just Propriety.
Glad then, as Miners that have found the Oar,
They with mad labour fish'd the *Land* to *Shoar*;
And div'd as desperately for each piece
Of Earth, as if't had been of *Ambergreece*;
Collecting anxiously small Loads of Clay,
Less then what building Swallows bear away;
Or then those Pills which sordid Beetles roul,
Tranfusing into them their Dunghil Soul.
How did they rivet, with Gigantick Piles,
Thorough the Center their new-catched Miles;
And to the stake a strugling Country bound,
Where barking Waves still bait the forced Ground;
Building their *watry Babel* far more high
To reach the *Sea*, then those to scale the *Sky*.
Yet still his claim the Injur'd Ocean laid,
And oft at Leap-frog ore their Steeples plaid:
As if on purpose it on Land had come
To shew them what's their *Mare Liberum*.
A daily deluge over them does boyl;
The Earth and Water play at *Level-coyl*;
The Fish oft-times the Burger dispossest,
And sat not as a Meat but as a Guest;
And oft the *Tritons* and the *Sea-Nymphs* saw
Whole sholes of *Dutch* serv'd up for *Cabillau*;

Or

Or as they over the new Level rang'd
For pickled *Herring*, pickled *Heeren* chang'd.
Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,
Would throw their Land away at *Duck* and *Drake*.
Therefore *Necessity*, that first made *Kings*,
Something like *Government* among them brings.
For as with *Pygmees* who best kills the *Crane*,
Among the *hungry* he that treasures *Grain*,
Among the *blind* the one-ey'd *blinkard* reigns,
So rules among the *drowned* he that *draines*.
Not who first see the *rising Sun* commands,
But who could first discern the *rising Lands*.
Who best could know to pump an Earth so leak
Him they their *Lord* and *Country's Father* speak.
To make a *Bank* was a great *Plot of State* ;
Invent a *Shov'l* and be a *Magistrate*.
Hence some small *Dyke-grave* unperceiv'd invades
The *Pow'r*, and grows as 'twere a *King of Spades*.
But for less envy some *joynt States* endures,
Who look like a *Commission of the Sewers*.
For these *Half-anders*, half wet, and half dry,
Nor bear *strict service*, nor *pure Liberty*.
'Tis probable *Religion* after this
Came next in order ; which they could not miss.
How could the *Dutch* but be converted, when
Th' *Apostles* were so many Fishermen ?
Besides the Waters of themselves did rise,
And, as their Land, so them did re-baptize.
Though *Herring* for their *God* few voices mist,
And *Poor-John* to have been th' *Evangelist*.
Faith, that could never Twins conceive before,
Never so futile, spawn'd upon this shore :
More pregnant then their *Marg'ret*, that laid down
For *Hans-in-Kelder* of a whole *Hans-Town*.
Sure when *Religion* did it self imbark,
And from the *East* would *Westward* steer its Ark,
It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found :

Hence

Hence *Amsterdam*, *Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew*,
Staple of Sects and Mint of Schisme grew ;
That *Bank of Conscience*, where not one so strange
Opinion but finds Credit, and Exchange.
In vain for *Catholicks* our selves we bear ;
The *universal Church* is onely there.
Nor can Civility there want for *Tillage*,
Where wisely for their *Court* they chose a *Village*.
How fit a Title clothes their *Governours*,
Themselves the *Hogs* as all their Subjects *Bores !*
Let it suffice to give their Country Fame
That it had one *Civilis* call'd by Name,
Some Fifteen hundred and more years ago ;
But surely never any that was so.
See but their *Mairmaids* with their *Tails of Fish*,
Reeking at *Church* over the *Chafing-Dish*.
A vestal Turf enshrin'd in Earthen Ware
Fumes through the loop-holes of wooden Square.
Each to the *Temple* with these *Altars* tend,
But still does place it at her *Western End* :
While the fat stream of *Female Sacrifice*
Fills the *Priests Nostrils* and puts out his *Eyes*.
Or what a Spectacle the *Skipper gross*,
A Water-Hercules Butter-Coloss,
Tunn'd up with all their sev'ral *Towns of Beer* ;
When Stagg'ring upon some Land, *Snick and Sneer*,
They try, like Statuaries, if they can,
Cut out each others *Athos* to a Man :
And carve in their large Bodies, where they please,
The Armes of the *United Provinces*.
But when such Amity at home is show'd ;
What then are their confederacies abroad ?
Let this one court'sie witness all the rest ;
When their whole Navy they together prest,
Not Christian Captives to redeem from Bands :
Or intercept the Western golden Sands :
No, but all ancient Rights and Leagues must vail,
Rather then to the *English* strike their sail ;

To whom their weather-beaten *Province* ows
It self, when as some greater Vessel tows
A Cock-boat tost with the same wind and fate ;
We buoy'd so often up their *sinking State*.
Was this *Jus Belli & Pacis* ; could this be
Cause why their *Burgomaster of the Sea*
Ram'd with Gun-powder, flaming with Brand wine,
Should raging hold his Linstock to the Mine ?
While, with feign'd *Treaties*, they invade by stealth
Our sore new circumcised *Common wealth*.
Yet of his vain Attempt no more he sees
Then of *Case-Butter* shot and *Bullet-Cheese*.
And the torn Navy stagger'd with him home,
While the Sea laught it self into a foam,
'Tis true since that (as fortune kindly sports,)
A wholesome Danger drove us to our Ports.
While half their banish'd keels the Tempest tost,
Half bound at home in Prison to the frost :
That ours mean time at leizure might careen,
In a calm Winter, under Skies Serene.
As the obsequious Air and Waters rest,
Till the dear *Halcyon* hatch out all its nest.
The *Common wealth* doth by its losses grow ;
And, like its own Seas, only Ebbs to flow.
Besides that very Agitation laves,
And purges out the corruptible waves.
And now again our armed *Bucentore*
Doth yearly their *Sea-Nuptials* restore.
And how the *Hydra of seaven Provinces*
Is strangled by our *Infant Hercules*.
Their Tortoise wants its vainly stretched neck ;
Their Navy all our Conquest or our Wreck :
Or, what is left, their *Carthage* overcome
Would render fain unto our better *Rome*.
Unless our *Senate*, lest their Youth disuse,
The War, (but who would) Peace if begg'd refuse.
For now of nothing may our *State* despair,
Darling of Heaven, and of Men the Care ;

Provided

Provided that they be what they have been,
Watchful abroad, and honeſt ſtill within.
For while our *Neptune* doth a *Trident* ſhake, (*Blake*.
Steel'd with thoſe piercing Heads, *Dean*, *Monck* and
And while *Jove* governs in the higheſt Sphere,
Vainly in *Hell* let *Pluto* domineer.

An Horation *Ode upon* Cromwel's *Return from Ireland.*

THE forward youth that would appear
Muſt now forſake his *Muſes* dear,
Nor in the ſhadows ſing
His Numbers languiſhing.
'Tis time to leave the Books in duſt,
And oyl th' unuſed Armours ruſt,
Removing from the Wall
The Corſlet of the Hall.
So reſtleſs *Cromwel* could not ceaſe
In the inglorious Arts of Peace,
But through adventrous War
Urged his active Star.
And, like the three fork'd Lightning, firſt
Breaking the Clouds where it was nurſt,
Did through his own Side
His fiery way divide.
For 'tis all one to Courage high
The Emulous or Enemy;
And with ſuch to inclose
Is more then to oppoſe.
Then burning through the Air he went,
And Pallaces and Temples rent:
And *Cæſar's* head at laſt
Did through his Laurels blaſt.
'Tis Madneſs to reſiſt or blame
The force of angry Heavens flame:

And, if we would speak true,
Much to the Man is due.
Who, from his private Gardens, where
He liv'd reserved and austere,
As if his highest plot
To plant the Bergamot,
Could by industrious Valour climbe
To ruine the great Work of Time,
And cast the Kingdome old
Into another Mold.
Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the antient Rights in vain :
But those do hold or break
As Men are strong or weak.
Nature that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less :
And therefore must make room
Where greater Spirits come.
What field of all the Civil Wars,
Where his were not the deepest Scars ?
And *Hampton* shows what part
He had of wiser Art.
Where, twining subtile fears with hope,
He wove a Net of such a scope,
That *Charles* himself might chase
To *Caresbrooks* narrow case.
That thence the *Royal Actor* born
The *Tragick Scaffold* might adorn :
While round the armed Bands
Did clap their bloody hands.
He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable Scene :
But with his keener Eye
The Axes edge did try :
Nor call'd the *Gods* with vulgar spight
To vindicate his helpless Right,
But bow'd his comely Head,
Down as upon a Bed.

This

This was that memorable Hour
Which first assur'd the forced Pow'r.
So when they did design
The *Capitols* first Line,
A bleeding Head where they begun,
Did fright the Architects to run;
And yet in that the *State*
Foresaw it's happy Fate.
And now the *Irish* are asham'd
To see themselves in one Year tam'd:
So much one Man can do,
That does both act and know.
They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest Trust:
Nor yet grown stiffer with Command,
But still in the *Republick's* hand:
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.
He to the *Common Feet* presents
A *Kingdome*, for his first years rents:
And, what he may, forbears
His Fame to make it theirs:
And has his Sword and Spoyls ungirt,
To lay them at the *Publick's* skirt.
So when the Falcon high
Falls heavy from the Sky,
She, having kill'd, no more does search,
But on the next green Bow to pearch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The Falckner has her sure.
What may not then our *Isle* presume
While Victory his Crest does plume!
What may not others fear
If thus he crown each Year!
A *Cæsar* he ere long to *Gaul*,
To *Italy* an *Hannibal*,

And to all States not free
Shall *Clymacterick* be.
The *Pict* no shelter now shall find
Within his party-colour'd Mind ;
But from this Valour sad
Shrink underneath the Plad :
Happy if in the tufted brake
The *English Hunter* him mistake.
Nor lay his Hounds in near
The *Caledonian* Deer.
But thou the Wars and Fortunes Son
March indefatigably on :
And for the last effect
Still keep thy Sword erect ;
Besides the force it has to fright
The Spirits of the shady Night,
The same *Arts* that did *gain*
A *Pow'r* must it *maintain*.

The

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

Of the Government under O. C.

Like the vain Curlings of the Watry maze, (raise;
Which in smooth streams a sinking Weight does
So Man, declining alwayes, disappears
In the weak Circles of increasing Years;
And his short Tumults of themselves Compose,
While flowing Time above his Head does close.
Cromwell alone with greater Vigour runs,
(Sun-like) the Stages of succeeding Suns:
And still the Day which he doth next restore,
Is the just Wonder of the Day before.
Cromwell alone doth with new Lustre spring,
And shines the Jewel of the yearly Ring.
'Tis he the force of scattered Time contracts,
And in one Year the work of Ages acts:
While heavy Monarchs make a wide Return,
Longer, and more Malignant then *Saturn*:
And though they all *Platonique* years should raign
In the same Posture would be found again.
Their earthy Projects under ground they lay,
More slow and brittle then the *China* clay:
Well may they strive to leave them to their Son,
For one Thing never was by one King don.
Yet some more active for a Frontier Town
Took in by Proxie, beggs a false Renown;

Another

Another triumphs at the publick Coſt,
And will have Wonn, if he no more have Loſt ;
They fight by Others, but in Person wrong,
And only are againſt their Subjects ſtrong ;
Their other Wars seem but a feign'd conteſt,
This Common Enemy is ſtill oppreſt ;
If Conquerors, on them they turn their might ;
If Conquered, on them they wreak their Spight :
They neither build the Temple in their dayes,
Nor Matter for succeeding Founders raise ;
Nor sacred Prophecies consult within,
Much less themselves to perfect them begin ;
No other care they bear of things above,
Nor sacred Prophecies consult within,
Much less themselves to perfect them begin ;
No other care they bear of things above,
But with Aſtrologers divine, and *Jove*,
To know how long their Planet yet Reprives
From the deserved Fate their guilty lives :
Thus (Image-like) and useless time they tell,
And with vain Scepter ſtrike the hourly Bell ;
Nor more contribute to the ſtate of Things,
Then wooden Heads unto the Viol ſtrings.
While indefatigable *Cromwell* hyes,
And cuts his way ſtill nearer to the Skyes,
Learning a Musique in the Region clear,
To tune this lower to that higher Sphere.
So when *Amphion* did the Lute command,
Which the God gave him, with his gentle hand,
The rougher Stones, unto his Measures hew'd,
Dans'd up in order from the Quarreys rude ;
This took a Lower, that an Higher place,
As he the Treble alter'd, or the Base :
No Note he ſtruck, but a new Story lay'd,
And the great Work ascended while he play'd.
The liſtning Structures he with Wonder ey'd,
And ſtill new Stopps to various Time apply'd :
Now through the Strings a Martial rage he throws,
And joying ſtreight the *Theban* Tow'r arose ;
Then as he ſtrokes them with a Touch more sweet,
The flocking Marbles in a Palace meet ;

But

But, for he moſt the graver Notes did try,
Therefore the Temples rear'd their Columns high :
Thus, ere he ceas'd, his ſacred Lute creates
Th' harmonious City of the ſeven Gates.
Such was that wondrous order and Conſent,
When *Cromwell* tun'd the ruling Inſtrument ;
While tedious Statesmen many years did hack,
Framing a Liberty that ſtill went back ;
Whose num'rous Gorge could swallow in an hour
That Island, which the Sea cannot devour :
Then our *Amphion* issues out and sings,
And once he ſtruck, and twice, the pow'rful Strings.
The Commonwealth then firſt together came,
And each one enter'd in the willing Frame ;
All other Matter yields, and may be rul'd ;
But who the Minds of ſtubborn Men can build ?
No Quarry bears a Stone so hardly wrought,
Nor with such labour from its Center brought ;
None to be sunk in the Foundation bends,
Each in the House the higheſt Place contends,
And each the Hand that lays him will direct,
And some fall back upon the Architect ;
Yet all compos'd by his attractive Song,
Into the Animated City throng.
The Common-wealth does through their Centers all
Draw the Circumf'rence of the publique Wall ;
The croſſeſt Spirits here do take their part,
Faſt'ning the Contignation which they thwart ;
And they, whose Nature leads them to divide,
Uphold, this one, and that the other Side ;
But the moſt Equal ſtill suſtein the Height,
And they as Pillars keep the Work upright ;
While the reſiſtance of opposed Minds
The Fabrick as with Arches ſtronger binds,
Which on the Basis of a Senate free,
Knit by the Roofs Protecting weight agree.
When for his Foot he thus a place had found,
He hurles e'er since the World about him round;

And in his sev'ral Aspects, like a Star,
Here shines in Peace, and thither shoots a War.
While by his Beams observing Princes steer,
And wisely court the Influence they fear ;
O would they rather by his Pattern won.
Kiss the approaching, nor yet angry Son ;
And in their numbred Footsteps humbly tread
The path where holy Oracles do lead ;
How might they under such a Captain raise,
The great Designes kept for the latter Dayes !
But mad with Reason, so miscall'd, of State
They know them not, and what they know not, hate;
Hence still they sing Hosanna to the Whore,
And her whom they should Massacre adore :
But Indians whom they should convert, subdue ;
Nor teach, but traffique with, or burn the Jew.
Unhappy Princes, ignorantly bred,
By Malice some, by Errour more misled ;
If gracious Heaven to my Life give length,
Leisure to Time, and to my Weakness Strength,
Then shall I once with graver Accents shake
Your Regal sloth, and your long Slumbers wake ;
Like the shrill Huntsman that prevents the East,
Winding his Horn to Kings that chase the Beast.
Till then my Muse shall hollow far behind
Angelique *Cromwell* who outwings the wind ;
And in dark Nights and in cold Dayes alone
Pursues the Monster through every Throne :
Which shrinking to her *Roman* Den impure,
Gnashes her Goary teeth ; nor there secure.
Hence oft I think, if in some happy Hour
High Grace should meet in one with highest Pow'r,
And then a seasonable People still
Should bend to his, as he to Heavens will,
What we might hope, what wonderful Effect
From such a wish'd Conjuncture might reflect.
Sure, the mysterious Work, where none withstand,
Would forthwith finish under such a Hand.

Fore-

Fore-shortened Time its useless Course would ſtay,
And ſoon precipitate the lateſt Day.
But a thick Cloud about that Morning lyes,
And intercepts the Beams of Mortal eyes,
That 'tis the moſt which we determine can,
If these the Times, then this muſt be the Man.
And well he therefore does, and well has gueſt,
Who in his Age has always forward preſt:
And knowing not where Heaven's choice may light,
Girds yet his Sword, and ready ſtands to fight;
But Men alas, as if they nothing car'd,
Look on, all unconcern'd, or unprepar'd;
And, Stars ſtill fall, and ſtill the Dragons Tail
Swinges the Volumes of its horrid Flail.
For the great Juſtice that did firſt ſuspend
The World by Sin, does by the same extend.
Hence that bleſt Day ſtill counterpoysed waſtes,
The Ill delaying, what th' Elected haſtes;
Hence landing Nature to new Seas is toſt,
And good Designes ſtill with their Authors loſt.
And thou, great *Cromwell*, for whose happy birth
A Mold was chosen out of better Earth;
Whose Saint-like Mother we did lately see
Live out an Age, long as a Pedigree;
That she might seem, could we the Fall dispute,
T' have smelt the Blossome, and not eat the Fruit;
Though none does of more laſting Parents grow,
But never any did them Honor so;
Though thou thine Heart from Evil ſtill unſtain'd,
And always haſt thy Tongue from fraud refrain'd;
Thou, who so oft through Storms of thundring Lead
Haſt born securely thine undaunted Head,
Thy Breſt through ponyarding Conspiracies,
Drawn from the Sheath of lying Prophecies;
Thee proof beyond all other Force or Skill,
Our Sins endanger, and shall one day kill.
How near they fail'd, and in thy sudden Fall
At once assay'd to overturn us all.

Our brutish fury ſtruggling to be Free,
Hurry'd thy Horses while they hurry'd thee.
When thou hadſt almoſt quit thy Mortal cares,
And soyl'd in Duſt thy Crown of silver Hairs.
Let this one Sorrow interweave among
The other Glories of our yearly Song.
Like skilful Looms which through the coſtly threed
Of purling Ore, a shining wave do shed:
So shall the Tears we on paſt Grief employ,
Still as they trickle, glitter in our Joy.
So with more Modeſty we may be True,
And speak as of the Dead the Praises due:
While impious Men deceiv'd with pleasure short,
On their own Hopes shall find the Fall retort.
But the poor Beaſts wanting their noble Guide,
What could they more? shrunk guiltily aside.
Firſt winged Fear transports them far away,
And leaden Sorrow then their flight did ſtay.
See how they each his tow'ring Creſt abate,
And the green Grass, and their known Mangers hate,
Nor through wide Noſtrils snuffe the wanton air,
Nor their round Hoofs, or curled Mane's compare;
With wandring Eyes, and reſtless Ears they ſtood,
And with shrill Neighings ask'd him of the Wood.
Thou *Cromwell* falling, not a ſtupid Tree,
Or Rock so savage, but it mourn'd for thee:
And all about was heard a Panique groan,
As if that Nature's self were overthrown.
It seemed the Earth did from the Center tear;
It seemed the Sun was faln out of the Sphere:
Juſtice obſtructed lay, and Reason fool'd;
Courage disheartened, and Religion cool'd.
A dismal Silence through the Palace went,
And then loud Shreiks the vaulted Marbles rent.
Such as the dying Chorus sings by turns,
And to deaf Seas, and ruthless Tempeſts mourns,
When now they sink, and now the plundring Streams
Break up each Deck, and rip the Oaken seams.

But

But thee triumphant hence the firy Carr,
And firy Steeds had born out of the Warr,
From the low World, and thankless Men above,
Unto the Kingdom bleſt of Peace and Love :
We only mourn'd our selves, in thine Ascent,
Whom thou hadſt left beneath with Mantle rent.
For all delight of Life thou then didſt lose,
When to Command, thou didſt thy self Depose ;
Resigning up thy Privacy so dear,
To turn the headſtrong Peoples Charioteer ;
For to be *Cromwell* was a greater thing,
Then ought below, or yet above a King :
Therefore thou rather didſt thy Self depress,
Yielding to Rule, because it made thee Less.
For, neither didſt thou from the firſt apply
Thy sola Spirit unto things too High,
But in thine own Fields exercisedſt long,
An healthful Mind within a Body ſtrong ;
Till at the Seventh time thou in the Skyes,
As a small Cloud, like a Man's hand didſt rise ;
Then did thick Miſts and Winds the air deform,
And down at laſt thou pow'rdſt the fertile Storm ;
Which to the thirſty Land did plenty bring,
But though forewarn'd, o'r-took and wet the King.
What since he did, an higher force him push'd
Still from behind, and it before him rush'd,
Though undiscern'd among the tumult blind,
Who think those high Decrees by Man design'd.
'Twas Heav'n would not that his Pow'r should cease,
But walk ſtill middle betwixt War and Peace ;
Choosing each Stone, and poysing every weight,
Trying the Measures of the Bredth and Height ;
Here pulling down, and there erecting New,
Founding a firm State by Proportions true.
When *Gideon* so did from the War retreat,
Yet by the Conqueſt of two Kings grown great,
He on the Peace extends a Warlike power,
And *Is'rel* silent saw him rase the Tow'r ;

And how he *Succoths* Elders durſt suppress,
With Thorns and Briars of the Wildnerness.
No King might ever such a Force have done ;
Yet would not he be Lord, nor yet his Son.
Thou with the same ſtrength, and an Heart as plain,
Didſt (like thine Olive) ſtill refuse to Reign ;
Though why should others all thy Labor spoil,
And Brambles be anointed with thine Oyl,
Whose climbing Flame, without a timely ſtop,
Had quickly Levell'd every Cedar's top.
Therefore firſt growing to thy self a Law,
Th' ambitious Shrubs thou in juſt time didſt aw.
So have I seen at Sea, when whirling Winds,
Hurry the Bark, but more the Seamens minds,
Who with miſtaken Course Salute the Sand,
And threat'ning Rocks misapprehend for Land ;
While baleful *Tritons* to the shipwrack guide,
And Corposants along the Tacklings slide.
The Passengers all wearyed out before,
Giddy, and wishing for the fatal Shore ;
Some luſty Mate, who with more careful Eye
Counted the Hours, and ev'ry Star did spy,
The Helm does from the artless Steersman ſtrain,
And doubles back unto the safer Main.
What though a while they grumble discontent,
Saving himself he does their loss prevent.
'Tis not a Freedome, that where All command ;
Nor Tyranny, where One does them withſtand :
But who of both the Bounders knows to lay
Him as their Father muſt the State obey.
Thou, and thine House, like *Noah's* eight did reſt,
Left by the Wars Flood on the Mountains Creſt :
And the large Vale lay subject to thy Will,
Which thou but as an Husbandman would Till :
And only didſt for others plant the Vine
Of Liberty, not drunken with its Wine.
That sober Liberty which men may have,
That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave :

And such as to their Parents Tents do press,
May shew their own, not see his Nakedness.
Yet such a *Chammish* issue ſtill does rage,
The Shame and Plague both of the Land and Age,
Who watch'd thy halting, and thy Fall deride,
Rejoycing when thy Foot had slipt aside ;
That their new King might the fifth Scepter shake,
And make the World, by his Example, Quake :
Whose frantique Army should they want for Men
Might muſter Heresies, so one were ten.
What thy Misfortune, they the Spirit call,
And their Religion only is to Fall.
Oh ! *Mahomet !* now couldſt thou rise again,
Thy Falling-sickness should have made thee Reign,
While *Feake* and *Simpson* would in many a Tome,
Have writ the Comments of thy Sacred Foame :
For soon thou mightſt have paſt among their Rant
Wer't but for thine unmoved Tulipant ;
As thou muſt needs have own'd them of thy band
For prophecies fit to be *Alcorand.*
Accursed Locuſts, whom your King does spit
Out of the Center of th' unbottom'd Pit ;
Wand'rers, Adult'rers, Lyers, *Munser's* reſt,
Sorcerers, Atheiſts, Jesuites, Poſſeſt ;
You who the Scriptures and the Laws deface
With the same liberty as Points and Lace ;
Oh Race moſt hypocritically ſtrict !
Bent to reduce us to the ancient Pict ;
Well may you act the *Adam* and the *Eve ;*
Ay, and the Serpent too that did deceive.
But the great Captain, now the danger's ore,
Makes you for his sake Tremble one fit more ;
And, to your spight, returning yet alive
Does with himself all that is good revive.
So when firſt Man did through the Morning new
See the bright Sun his shining Race pursue,
All day he follow'd with unwearied sight,
Pleas'd with that other World of moving Light ;

But

But thought him when he miss'd his setting beams,
Sunk in the Hills, or plung'd below the Streams.
While dismal blacks hung round the Universe,
And Stars (like Tapers) burn'd upon his Herse :
And Owls and Ravens with their screeching noyse
Did make the Fun'rals sadder by their Joyes.
His weeping Eyes the doleful Vigils keep,
Not knowing yet the Night was made for sleep :
Still to the West, where he him lost, he turn'd,
And with such accents, as Despairing, mourn'd :
Why did mine Eyes once see so bright a Ray ;
Or why Day last no longer then a Day ?
When streight the Sun behind him he descry'd,
Smiling serenely from the further side.

So while our Star that gives us Light and Heat,
Seem'd now a long and gloomy Night to threat,
Up from the other World his Flame he darts,
And Princes shining through their windows starts ;
Who their suspected Counsellors refuse,
And credulous Ambassadors accuse.

'Is this, saith one, the Nation that we read
'Spent with both Wars, under a Captain dead ?
'Yet rig a Navy while we dress us late ;
'And ere we dine, rase and rebuild our State.
'What Oaken Forrests, and what golden Mines !
'What Minds of Men, what Union of Designes !
'Unless their Ships, do, as their Fowle proceed
'Of shedding Leaves, that with their Ocean breed.
'Theirs are not Ships, but rather Arks of War,
'And beaked Promontories sail'd from far ;
'Of floting Islands a new Hatched Nest ;
'A Fleet of Worlds, of other Worlds in quest ;
'An hideous shole of wood-Leviathans,
'Arm'd with three Tire of brazen Hurricans ;
'That through the Center shoot their thundring side
'And sink the Earth that does at Anchor ride.
'What refuge to escape them can be found,
'Whose watry Leaguers all the world surround ?

'Needs

'Needs must we all their Tributaries be,
'Whose Navies hold the Sluces of the Sea.
'The Ocean is the Fountain of Command,
'But that once took, we Captives are on Land.
'And those that have the Waters for their share,
'Can quickly leave us neither Earth nor Air.
'Yet if through these our Fears could find a pass ;
'Through double Oak, and lin'd with treble Brass ;
'That one Man ſtill, although but nam'd, alarms
'More then all Men, all Navies, and all Arms.
'Him, all the Day, Him, in late Nights I dread,
'And ſtill his Sword seems hanging o'er my head.
'The Nation had been ours, but his one Soul
'Moves the great Bulk, and animates the whole.
'He Secrecy with Number hath inchas'd,
'Courage with Age, Maturity with Haſt :
'The Valiants Terror, Riddle of the Wise ;
'And ſtill his Fauchion all our Knots unties.
'Where did he learn those Arts that coſt us dear?
'Where below Earth, or where above the Sphere ?
'He seems a King by long Succession born,
'And yet the same to be a King does scorn.
'Abroad a King he seems, and something more,
'At home a Subject on the equal Floor.
'O could I once with him our Title see,
'So should I hope yet he might Dye as wee.
'But let them write his Praise that love him beſt,
'It grieves me sore to have thus much confeſt.

Pardon, great Prince, if thus their Fear or Spight
More then our Love and Duty do thee Right.
I yield, nor further will the Prize contend ;
So that we both alike may miss our End :
While thou thy venerable Head doſt raise
As far above their Malice as my Praise.
And as the *Angel* of our Commonweal,
Troubling the Waters, yearly mak'ſt them Heal.

In Legationem Domini *Oliveri St. John* ad Provincias Fœderatas.

INgeniosa Viris contingunt Nomina magnis,
Ut dubites Casu vel Ratione data.
Nam Sors, *cæca licet, tamen est præsaga* futuri ;
Et sub fatidico Nomine *vera premit.*
Et Tu, cui soli voluit Respublica *credi,*
Fœdera seu Belgis *seu nova Bella feras ;*
Haud frustra cecidit tibi Compellatio fallax,
Ast scriptum ancipiti Nomine *Munus erat ;*
Scilicet hoc Martis, *sed* Pacis *Nuntius illo :*
Clavibus his Jani *ferrea Claustra regis.*
Non opus Arcanos Chartis committere Sensus,
Et varia licitos condere Fraude Dolos.
Tu *quoque si taceas tamen est* Legatio Nomen
Et velut in Scytale *publica verba refert.*
Vultis Oliverum, Batavi, Sanctumve, Johannem ?
Antiochus *gyro non breviore stetit.*

A Letter to Doctor *Ingelo*, then with my Lord *Whitlock*, Ambassador from the *Protector* to the Queen of *Sweden*.

QUid facis Arctoi *charissime transfuga cœli,*
Ingele, *proh serò cognite, rapte citò ?*
Num satis Hybernum defendis pellibus Astrum,
Qui modo tam mollis nec bene firmus eras ?
Quæ Gentes Hominum, quæ sit Natura Locorum,
Sint Homines, potius dic ibi sintne Loca ?
Num gravis horrisono Polus *obruit omnia lapsu,*
Jungitur & præceps Mundus utraque nive ?

An

An melius canis horrescit Campus Aristis,
Annuus Agricolis & redit Orbe labor?
Incolit, ut fertur, sævam Gens mitior Oram,
Pace vigil, Bello strenua, justa Foro.
Quin ibi sunt Urbes, *atque alta* Palatia Regum,
Musarumque domus, *& sua* Templa Deo.
Nam regit Imperio populum Christina *ferocem,*
Et dare jura potest regia Virgo *viris.*
Utque trahit rigidum Magnes *Aquilone Metallum,*
Gaudet eam Soboles ferra sponte sequi.
Dic quantum liceat fallaci credere Famæ,
Invida num taceat plura, sonetve loquax.
At, si vera fides, Mundi melioris ab ortu,
Sæcula Christinæ *nulla tulere parem.*
Ipsa licet redeat (nostri decus orbis) Eliza,
Qualis nostra tamen quantaque Eliza *fuit.*
Vidimus Effigiem, mistasque Coloribus Umbras:
Sic quoque Sceptripotens, *sic quoque visa* Dea.
Augustam decorant (raro concordia) frontem
Majestas & Amor, Forma Pudorque *simul.*
Ingens Virgineo spirat Gustavus *in ore:*
Agnoscas animos, fulmineumque Patrem.
Nulla suo nituit tam lucida Stella sub Axe;
Non Ea quæ meruit Crimine Nympha *Polum.*
Ah quoties pavidum demisit conscia Lumen,
Utque suæ timuit Parrhasis *Ora* Deæ!
Et, simulet falsa ni Pictor imagine Vultus,
Delia *tam similis nec fuit ipsa sibi.*
Ni quod inornati Triviæ *sint forte Capilli,*
Sollicita sed huic distribuantur Acu.
Scilicet ut nemo est illa reverentior æqui;
Haud ipsas igitur fert sine Lege Comas.
Gloria sylvarum pariter communis utrique
Est, & perpetuæ Virginitatis Honos.
Sic quoque Nympharum *supereminet Agmina collo,*
Fertque Choros Cynthi *per Juga, per Nives.*
Haud aliter pariles Ciliorum contrahit Arcus
Acribus ast Oculis tela subesse putes.

Luminibus dubites an ſtraverit illa Sagittis
Quæ foret exuviis ardua colla Feram.
Alcides *humeros coopertus* pelle Nemæa
Haud ita labentis ſuſtulit Orbis Onus.
Heu quæ Cervices ſubnectunt Pectora tales,
Frigidiora Gelu, candidiora Nive.
Cætera non licuit, ſed vix ea tota, videre;
Nam clau ſi rigido ſtant Adamante *Sinus.*
Seu Chlamys Artifici nimium ſuccurrerit auſo,
Sicque imperfectum fugerit impar Opus:
Sive tribus ſpernat Victrix certare Deabus,
Et pretium formæ nec ſpoliata ferat.
Junonis *properans & clara Trophæa* Minervæ;
Mollia nam Veneris *præmia noſſe piget.*
Hinc neque conſuluit fugitivæ prodiga Formæ,
Nec timuit ſeris invigilaſſe Libris.
Inſomnem quoties Nymphæ *monuere ſequaces*
Decedet roſeis heu color ille Genis.
Jamque vigil leni ceſſit Philonela *ſopori,*
Omnibus & Sylvis conticuere Feræ.
Acrior illa tamen pergit, Curaſque fatigat:
Tanti eſt doctorum volvere ſcripta Virum.
Et liciti quæ ſint moderamina diſcere Regni,
Quid fuerit, quid ſit, noſcere quicquid erit.
Sic quod in ingenuas Gothus *peccaverit Artes*
Vindicat, & ſtudiis expiat Una *ſuis.*
Exemplum dociles imitantur nobile Gentes,
Et geminis Infans imbuit Ora ſonis.
Tranſpoſitos Suecis *credas migraſſe* Latinos,
Carmine Romuleo *ſic ſtrepit omne Nemus.*
Upſala *nec priſcis impar memoratur* Athenis,
Ægidaque & Currus *hic ſua* Pallas *habet.*
Illinc O quales liceat ſperaſſe Liquores,
Quum Dea *præſideat fontibus ipſa ſacris!*
Illic Lacte ruant illic & flumina Melle,
Fulvaque inauratam tingat Arena Salam.
Upſalides Musæ *nunc & major a canemus,*
Quæque mihi Famæ non levis Aura tulit.

Creditur

Creditur haud ulli Christus *signasse suorum*
Occultam gemma de meliore Notam.
Quemque tenet charo descriptum Nomine *semper,*
Non minus exculptum Pectore fida refert.
Sola hæc virgineas depascit Flamma Medullas,
Et licito pergit solvere corda foco.
Tu quoque Sanctorum fastos Christina *sacrabis,*
Unica nec Virgo Volsiniensis *erit.*
Discite nunc Reges (Majestas proxima cœlo)
Discite proh magnos hinc coluisse Deos.
Ah pudeat Tantos puerilia fingere cœpta,
Nugas nescio quas, & male quærere Opes.
Acer Equo *cunctos dum præterit illa* Britanno,
Et pecoris Spolium nescit inerme sequi.
Ast Aquilam *poscit* Germano *pellere* Nido,
Deque Palatino *Monte fugare* Lupam.
Vos etiam latos in prædam jungite Campos,
Impiaque arctatis cingite Lustra Plagis.
Victor Oliverus *nudum Caput exerit Armis,*
Ducere sive sequi nobile lætus Iter.
Qualis jam Senior *Solymæ* Godfredus *ad Arces,*
Spina cui canis floruit alba Comis.
Et Lappos Christina *potest & solvere* Finnos,
Ultima quos Boreæ *carcere Claustra premunt.*
Æoliis *quales Venti fremuere sub antris,*
Et tentant Montis corripuisse moras.
Hanc Dea *si summa demiserit Arce procellam*
Quam gravis Austriacis Hesperiisque *cadat !*
Omnia sed rediens olim narraveris Ipse ;
Nec reditus Spero tempora longa petit.
Non ibi lenta pigro stringuntur frigore Verba,
Solibus, & tandem Vere liquanda novo.
Sed radiis hyemem Regina *potentior urit ;*
Hæcque magis solvit, quam ligat illa Polum.
Dicitur & nostros mœrens audisse Labores,
Fortis & ingenuam Gentis amasse Fidem.
Oblatæ Batavam *nec paci commodat* Aurem *;*
Nec versat Danos *insidiosa* dolos.

Sed

Sed pia festinat mutatis Fœdera rebus,
Et Libertatem *quæ dominatur amat.*
Digna cui Salomon *meritos retulisset honores,*
Et Saba *concretum Thure cremasset Iter.*
Hanc tua, sed melius, celebraverit, Ingele, Musa ;
Et labor est vestræ debitus ille Lyræ.
Nos sine te frustra Thamisis *saliceta subimus,*
Sparsaque per steriles Turba vagamur Agros.
Et male tentanti querulum respondet Avena :
Quin & Rogerio *dissiluere fides.*
Hæc tamen absenti memores dictamus Amico,
Grataque speramus qualiacumque fore.

In Effigiem *Oliveri Cromwell.*

Hæc est quæ toties Inimicos *Umbra fugavit,*
At sub qua Cives *Otia lenta terunt.*

In eandem Reginæ *Sueciæ* transmissam.

Bellipotens Virgo, septem Regina Trionum.
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella Poli ;
Cernis quas merui dura sub Casside Rugas ;
Sicque Senex *Armis impiger Ora fero ;*
Invia Fatorum dum per Vestigia nitor,
Exequor & Populi fortia Jussa Manu.
At tibi submittit frontem reverentior Umbra,
Nec sunt hi Vultus *Regibus usque truces.*

Two Songs at the Marriage of the Lord Fauconberg *and the Lady* Mary Cromwell.

First.

Chorus. Endymion. Luna.

Chorus.

TH' *Astrologers* own Eyes are set,
And even Wolves the Sheep forget;
Only *this Shepheard*, late and soon,
Upon this Hill outwakes the *Moon*.
Heark how he sings, with sad delight,
Thorough the clear and silent Night.

Endymion.

Cynthia, O Cynthia, turn thine Ear,
Nor scorn *Endymions* plaints to hear.
As we our Flocks, so you command
The fleecy Clouds with silver wand.

Cynthia.

If thou a *Mortal*, rather sleep;
Or if a *Shepheard*, watch thy Sheep.

Endymion.

The *Shepheard*, since he saw thine Eyes,
And *Sheep* are both thy *Sacrifice*.
Nor merits he a *Mortal's* name,
That burns with an *immortal Flame*.

Cynthia.

Cynthia.

I have enough for me to do,
Ruling the Waves that Ebb and flow.

Endymion.

Since thou disdain'ſt not then to share
On Sublunary things thy care ;
Rather reſtrain these double Seas,
Mine Eyes uncessant deluges.

Cynthia.

My wakeful Lamp all night muſt move,
Securing their Repose above.

Endymion.

If therefore thy resplendent Ray
Can make a Night more bright then Day ;
Shine thorough this obscurer Breſt,
With shades of deep Despair oppreſt.

Chorus.

Courage, *Endymion*, boldly Woo,
Anchises was a *Shepheard* too :
Yet is *her younger Siſter* laid
Sporting with him in *Ida's shade* :
And *Cynthia*, though the ſtrongeſt
Seeks but the honour to have held out longeſt.

Endymion.

Here unto *Latmos Top* I climbe :
How far below thine *Orbe* sublime ?
O why, as well as Eyes to see,
Have I not Armes that reach to thee ?

Cynthia.

Cynthia.

'Tis needless then that I refuse,
Would you but your own Reason use.

Endymion.

Though I so high may not pretend,
It is the same so you descend.

Cynthia.

These Stars would say I do them wrong,
Rivals each one for thee too strong.

Endymion.

The Stars are fix'd unto their *Sphere*,
And cannot, though they would, come near.
Less Loves set of each others praise,
While *Stars* Eclypse by mixing Rayes.

Cynthia.

That Cave is dark.

Endymion.

Then none can spy :
Or shine Thou there and 'tis the Sky.

Chorus.

Joy to *Endymion*,
For he has *Cynthia's* favour won.
And *Jove* himself approves
With his serenest influence their Loves.
For he did never love to pair
His Progeny above the Air ;
But to be honest, valiant, wise,
Makes *Mortals* matches fit for *Deityes*.

Second Song.

Hobbinol. Phillis. Tomalin.

Hobbinol.

PHillis, *Tomalin*, away :
Never such a merry day.
For *the Northern Shepheards Son*
Has *Menalca's daughter* won.

Phillis.

Stay till I some flow'rs ha' ty'd
In a Garland for the Bride.

Tomalin.

If thou would'st a Garland bring,
Phillis you may wait the Spring :
They ha' chosen such an hour
When *She* is the only flow'r.

Phillis.

Let's not then at least be seen
Without each a Sprig of Green.

Hobbinol.

Fear not ; at *Menalca's Hall.*
There is Bayes enough for all.
He when Young as we did graze,
But when Old he planted Bayes.

Tomalin.

Here *She* comes ; but with a Look
Far more catching then my Hook.

'Twas

'Twas those Eyes, I now dare swear,
Led our Lambs we knew not where.

Hobbinol.

Not our Lambs own Fleeces are
Curl'd so lovely as her Hair :
Nor our Sheep new Wash'd can be
Half so white or sweet as *She*.

Phillis.

He so looks as fit to keep
Somewhat else then silly *Sheep*.

Hobbinol.

Come, lets in some Carol new
Pay to Love and Them their due.

All.

Joy to that *happy Pair*,
Whose Hopes united banish our Despair.
What *Shepheard* could for Love pretend,
Whil'st all the *Nymphs* on *Damon's* choice attend ?
What *Shepherdess* could hope to wed
Before *Marina's* turn were sped ?
Now lesser Beauties may take place,
And meaner Virtues come in play ;
While they,
Looking from high,
Shall grace
Our Flocks and us with a propitious Eye.
But what is most, the gentle Swain
No more shall need of Love complain ;
But Virtue shall be Beauties hire,
And those be equal that have equal Fire.
Marina yields. Who dares be coy ?
Or who despair, now *Damon* does enjoy ?
Joy to that happy Pair,
Whose Hopes united banish our Despair.

A Poem upon the Death of O.C.

THat Providence which had so long the care
Of *Cromwell's* head, and numbred ev'ry hair,
Now in its self (the Glass where all appears)
Had seen the period of his golden Years :
And thenceforth onely did attend to trace,
What death might leaſt so fair a Life deface.
The People, which what moſt they fear eſteem,
Death when more horrid so more noble deem ;
And blame the laſt *Act*, like *Spectators* vain,
Unless the *Prince* whom they applaud be slain.
Nor Fate indeed can well refuse that right
To those that liv'd in War, to dye in Fight.
But long his *Valour* none had left that could
Indanger him, or *Clemency* that would.
And he whom Nature all for Peace had made,
But angry Heaven unto War had sway'd,
And so less useful where he moſt desir'd,
For what he leaſt affected was admir'd,
Deserved yet an End whose ev'ry part
Should speak the wondrous softness of his Heart.
To *Love* and *Grief* the fatal Writ was sign'd ;
(Those noble weaknesses of humane Mind,
From which those Powers that issu'd the Decree,
Although immortal, found they were not free.)
That they, to whom his Breaſt ſtill open lyes,
In gentle Passions should his Death disguise :
And leave succeeding Ages cause to mourn,
As long as Grief shall weep, or Love shall burn.
Streight does a slow and languishing Disease
Eliza, Natures and his darling, seize.
Her when an infant, taken with her Charms,
He oft would flourish in his mighty Arms ;

And

And, leſt their force the tender burthen wrong,
Slacken the vigour of his Muscles ſtrong ;
Then to the Mothers breſt her ſoftly move,
Which while she drain'd of Milk she filled with Love.
But as with riper Years her Virtue grew,
And ev'ry minute adds a Luſtre new ;
When with meridian height her Beauty shin'd,
And thorough that sparkled her fairer Mind ;
When She with Smiles serene and Words discreet
His hidden Soul at ev'ry turn could meet ;
Then might y' ha' daily his Affection spy'd,
Doubling that knot which Deſtiny had ty'd.
While they by sence, not knowing, comprehend
How on each other both their Fates depend.
With her each day the pleasing Hours he shares,
And at her Aspect calms her growing Cares ;
Or with a Grandsire's joy her Children sees
Hanging about her neck or at his knees.
Hold faſt dear Infants, hold them both or none ;
This will not ſtay when once the other's gone.
A silent fire now waſts those Limbs of Wax,
And him within his tortur'd Image racks.
So the Flowr with'ring which the Garden crown'd,
The sad Root pines in secret under ground.
Each Groan he doubled and each Sigh he sigh'd,
Repeated over to the reſtless Night.
No trembling String compos'd to Numbers new,
Answers the touch in Notes more sad more true.
She leſt He grieves hides what She can her pains,
And He to lessen hers his Sorrow feigns :
And so diminishing increaſt their ills :
That whether by each others grief they fell,
Or on their own redoubled, none can tell.
And now *Eliza's* purple Locks were shorn,
Where She so long her *Father's* fate had worn :
And frequent lightning to her Soul that flyes,
Devides the Air, and opens all the Skyes :

And

And now his Life, suspended by her breath,
Ran out impetuously to haſting Death.
Like polish'd Mirrours, so his ſteely Breſt
Had ev'ry figure of her woes expreſt;
And with the damp of her laſt Gasps obscur'd,
Had drawn such ſtaines as were not to be cur'd.
Fate could not either teach with single ſtroke,
But the dear Image fled the Mirrour broke.
Who now shall tell us more of mournful Swans,
Of Halcyons kind, or bleeding Pelicans?
No downy breaſt did ere so gently beat,
Or fan with airy plumes so soft an heat.
For he no duty by his height excus'd,
Nor though a *Prince* to be a *Man* refused:
But rather then in his Eliza's pain
Not love, not grieve, would neither live nor reign:
And in himself so oft immortal try'd,
Yet in compassion of another dy'd.
So have I seen a Vine, whose laſting Age
Of many a Winter hath survived the rage.
Under whose shady tent Men ev'ry year
At its rich bloods expence their Sorrows chear,
If some dear branch where it extends its life
Chance to be prun'd by an untimely knife,
The Parent-Tree unto the Grief succeeds,
And through the Wound its vital humour bleeds;
Trickling in watry drops, whose flowing shape
Weeps that it falls ere fix'd into a Grape.
So the dry Stock, no more that spreading Vine,
Fruſtrates the Autumn and the hopes of Wine.
A secret Cause does sure those Signs ordain
Fore boding Princes falls, and seldom vain.
Whether some Kinder Pow'rs, that wish us well,
What they above cannot prevent, foretell;
Or the great World do by consent presage,
As hollow Seas with future Tempeſts rage:
Or rather Heav'n, which us so long foresees,
Their fun'rals celebrate while it decrees.

But never yet was any humane Fate
By nature solemniz'd with so much ſtate.
He unconcern'd the dreadful paſſage croſt ;
But oh what pangs that Death did Nature coſt !
Firſt the great *Thunder* was ſhot off, and ſent
The Signal from the ſtarry Battlement.
The *Winds* receive it, and its force out-do,
As practiſing how they could thunder too :
Out of the Binders Hand the Sheaves they tore,
And thraſh'd the Harveſt in the airy floore ;
Or of huge Trees, whoſe growth with his did riſe,
The deep foundations open'd to the Skyes.
Then heavy *Showres* the winged Tempeſts dead,
And pour the Deluge ore the *Chaos* head.
The Race of warlike *Horſes* at his Tomb
Offer themſelves in many a *Hecatomb* ;
With penſive head towards the ground they fall,
And helpleſs languiſh at the tainted Stall.
Numbers of *Men* decreaſe with pains unknown,
And haſten not to ſee his Death their own.
Such Tortures all the Elements unfix'd,
Troubled to part where ſo exactly mix'd.
And as through Air his waſting Spirits flow'd,
The Univerſe labour'd beneath their load.
Nature it ſeem'd with him would Nature vye ;
He with *Eliza*, It with him would dye.
He without noiſe ſtill travell'd to his End,
As ſilent Suns to meet the Night deſcend.
The *Stars* that for him fought had only pow'r
Left to determine now his fatal Hour ;
Which, ſince they might not hinder, yet they caſt
To chuſe it worthy of his *Glories* paſt.
No part of time but bore his mark away
Of honour ; all the Year was *Cromwell's* day :
But this, of all the moſt auſpicious found,
Twice had in open field him Victor crown'd :
When up the armed Mountains of *Dunbar*
He march'd, and through deep *Severn* ending war.

What

What day should him *eternize* but the same
That had before *immortaliz'd* his *Name?*
That so who ere would at his Death have joy'd,
In their own Griefs might find themselves imploy'd;
But those that sadly his departure griev'd,
Yet joy'd remembring what he once achiev'd.
And the last minute his victorious *Ghost*
Gave chase to *Ligny* on the *Belgick Coast.*
Here ended all his mortal toyles: He lay'd
And slept in Peace under the *Lawrel shade.*
O Cromwell, Heavens Favorite! To none
Have such high honours from above been shown:
For whom the Elements we Mourners see,
And Heav'n it self would the great *Herald* be;
Which with more care set forth his Obsequies
Then those of *Moses* hid from humane Eyes;
As jealous only here lest all be less,
That we could to his Memory espress.
Then let us to our course of Mourning keep:
Where *Heaven* leads, 'tis Piety to weep.
Stand back ye Seas, and shrunk beneath the vail
Of your Abysse, with cover'd Head bewail
Your *Monarch*: We demand not your supplies
To compass in our *Isle*: our Tears suffice:
Since him away the dismal Tempest rent,
Who once more joyn'd us to the Continent;
Who planted *England* on the *Flandrick shoar,*
And stretched *our frontire* to the *Indian Ore*;
Whose greater *Truths* obscure the *Fables* old,
Whether of *Brittish Saints or Worthy's* told;
And in a valour less'ning *Arthur's* deeds,
For Holyness the *Confessor* exceeds.
He first put Armes into Religions hand,
And tim'rous *Conscience* unto *Courage* man'd:
The Souldier taught that inward Mail to wear,
And *fearing God* how they should *nothing fear.*
Those Strokes he said will pierce through all below
Where those that strike from Heaven fetch their Blow.

Astonish'd

Astonish'd armyes did their flight prepare,
And cityes strong were stormed by his prayer ;
Of that for ever *Preston's* field shall tell
The story, and impregnable *Clonmell*.
And where the sandy mountain *Fennick* scal'd,
The sea between, yet hence his pray'r prevail'd.
What man was ever so in Heav'n obey'd
Since the commanded sun o're *Gibeon* stay'd ?
In all his warrs needs must he triumph, when
He conquer'd *God*, still ere he fought with men :
Hence, though in battle none so brave or fierce,
Yet him the adverse steel could never pierce.
Pity it seem'd to hurt him more that felt
Each wound himself which he to others delt ;
Danger itself refusing to offend
So loose an enemy, so fast a friend.
Friendship, that sacred virtue, long declaime
The first foundation of his house and name :
But within one its narrow limits fall,
His tendernesse extended unto all.
And that deep soule through every channell flows,
Where kindly nature loves itself to lose.
More strong affections never reason serv'd,
Yet still affected most what best deserv'd.
If he *Eliza* lov'd to that degree,
(Though who more worthy to be lov'd than she ?)
If so indulgent to his own, how deare
To him the children of the Highest were ?
For her he once did nature's tribute pay :
For these his life adventur'd every day :
And 'twould be found, could we his thoughts have cast,
Their griefs struck deepest, if *Eliza's* last.
What prudence more than humane did he need
To keep so deare, so diff'ring minds agreed ?
The worser sort, so conscious of their ill,
Lye weak and easy to the ruler's will ;
But to the good (too many or too few)
All law is uselesse, all reward is due.

Oh !

Oh ! ill advis'd, if not for love, for shame,
Spare yet your own, if you neglect his fame ;
Least others dare to think your zeale a maske,
And you to govern only Heaven's taske.
Valour, religion, friendship, prudence dy'd
At once with him, and all that's good beside ;
And we death's refuge nature's dregs confin'd
To loathsome life, alas ! are left behind.
Where we (so once we us'd) shall now no more,
To fetch day, presse about his chamber-door ;
From which he issu'd with that awfull state,
It seem'd Mars broke through *Janus'* double gate ;
Yet always temper'd with an aire so mild,
No *April* sunns that e'er so gently smil'd ;
No more shall heare that powerful language charm,
Whose force oft spar'd the labour of his arm :
No more shall follow where he spent the dayes
In warre, in counsell, or in pray'r, and praise ;
Whose meanest acts he would himself advance,
As ungirt *David* to the arke did dance.
All, all is gone of ours or his delight
In horses fierce, wild deer, or armour bright ;
Francisca faire can nothing now but weep,
Nor with soft notes shall sing his cares asleep.
I saw him dead, a leaden slumber lyes,
And mortal sleep over those wakefull eyes :
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetnesse shed;
That post which so majestique was and strong,
Loose and depriv'd of vigour, stretch'd along :
All wither'd, all discolour'd, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more than man ?
Oh ! humaine glory, vaine, oh ! death, oh ! wings,
Oh ! worthlesse world ! oh transitory things !
Yet dwelt that greatnesse in his shape decay'd
That still though dead, greater than death he lay'd ;
And in his alter'd face you something faigne,
That threatens death, he yet will live again.

Not

Not much unlike the sacred oak, which shoots
To Heav'n its branches, and through earth its roots :
Whose spacious boughs are hung with trophies round,
And honour'd wreaths have oft the victour crown'd.
When angry *Jove* darts lightning through the aire,
At mortalls sins, nor his own plant will spare ;
(It groans, and bruises all below that ſtoood
So many years the shelter of the wood.)
The tree ere while foreshortned to our view,
When fall'n shews taller yet than as it grew :
So shall his praise to after times encrease,
When truth shall be allow'd, and faction cease ;
And his own shadows with him full, the eye
Detracts from objects than itself more high :
But when death takes them from that envy'd ſtate,
Seeing how little we confess, how greate,
Thee, many ages hence, in martial verse
Shall th' *English* souldier, ere he charge, rehearse ;
Singing of thee, inflame themselves to fight,
And with the name of *Cromwell*, armyes fright.
As long as rivers to the seas shall runne,
As long as *Cynthia* shall relieve the sunne,
While ſtaggs shall fly unto the foreſts thick,
While sheep delight the grassy downs to pick,
As long as future time succeeds the paſt,
Always thy honour, praise and name, shall laſt.
Thou in a pitch how farre beyond the sphere
Of humane glory towr'ſt, and raigning there
Despoyl'd of mortall robes, in seas of blisse,
Plunging doſt bathe and tread the bright abysse :
There thy great soule yet once a world does see,
Spacious enough, and pure enough for thee.
How soon thou *Moses* haſt, and *Joshua* found,
And *David*, for the sword and harpe renown'd ;
How ſtreight cans't to each happy mansion goe ?
(Far better known above than here below :)
And in those joyes doſt spend the endlesse day,
Which in expressing, we ourselves betray.

For

For we, since thou art gone, with heavy doome,
Wander like ghoſts about thy loved tombe ;
And loſt in tears, have neither sight nor mind
To guide us upward through this region blinde.
Since thou art gone, who beſt that way could'ſt teach,
Onely our sighs, perhaps, may thither reach.
And *Richard* yet, where his great parent led,
Beats on the rugged track : he, vertue dead,
Revives ; and by his milder beams assures ;
And yet how much of them his griefe obscures.
He, as his father, long was kept from sight
In private, to be view'd by better light ;
But open'd once, what splendour does he throw ?
A *Cromwell* in an houre a prince will grow.
How he becomes that seat, how ſtrongly ſtreigns,
How gently winds at once the ruling reins ?
Heav'n to this choice prepar'd a diadem,
Richer than any eastern silk, or gemme ;
A pearly rainbow, where the sun inchas'd
His brows, like an imperiall jewel grac'd.
We find already what those omens mean,
Earth ne'er more glad, nor Heaven more serene.
Cease now our griefs, calme peace succeeds a war,
Rainbows to ſtorms, *Richard* to *Oliver*.
Tempt not his clemency to try his pow'r,
He threats no deluge, yet foretells a showre.

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THE PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT

This edition is reprinted from the copy of the first (1681) *edition, catalogued as C.*59 i.8 *in the British Museum—a copy unique in that it contains pages* 140 *to* 144, *which were withdrawn for political reasons from the book as it was published. This copy shares with only one other the distinction of including pages* 116 *to* 131, *likewise omitted, and for the same reason, from the published volume. The Nonesuch edition is therefore closer to the original plan of the first edition than was that book itself.*

The Horatian Ode was first published (*though not first printed, as our original demonstrates*) *in* 1776 *in the edition which Captain Edward Thompson edited from MS. sources, which have since disappeared. The final poem in C.* 59 i.8 *is left unfinished; it is here completed from Captain Thompson's edition. The matter thus added begins at the top of page* 145 *and continues to the end of the poems.*

The form "s" has been substituted for "ſ" in our edition, but in other respects it faithfully follows the original even as regards misprints (*for instance, "durſt" for "duſt" in the fourth line from the foot of page* 19). *It is curious that in the unique British Museum copy several misprints which appear in ordinary copies of the first edition are absent.*

It has been necessary to adhere to the reading "glew" in the second line of page 20. *"Dew" is now the accepted reading, and it has the equal authority of the sources from which Captain Thompson worked.*

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