A

with the Editor's most respectful compliments

SELECTION

FROM THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

Thomas Carew.

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TO

SIR S. EGERTON BRYDGES, K. J.

THE RENOVATOR OF EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE,

THIS SELECTION

FROM THE WORKS OF

CAREW,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE PUBLIC is here presented with a selection from the Poetical Works of an unjustly-neglected Author, and I shall feel ample gratification in the consciousness of reviving his memory, if what I have done be instrumental to that effect.

To many readers, the notes appended may appear prolix and unnecessary; I can only observe, they appeared to me not irrelative. One principal object in gathering them was, to induce the Lover of Poesy to give more attention to the contemporaries of my Author. In our enthusiastic admiration of "Fancy's

"sweetest children," SPENSER, SHAKSPEARE, and the immortal MILTON, we seem to have forgotten the existence of Drayton, Daniel, Browne, the two Fletchers, Drummond, and Wither*—poets who, although not possessing the power to engage the imagination so strongly as the great triumvirate, are still, to a high degree, sublime, picturesque, and pathetic; and they must, either from the present age or from posterity, receive that regard to their merits which has hitherto been denied them, except by the "*chosen few.*"

I now commit this volume to the indulgent Critic, with an earnest hope,

* To these may be added, Habington, Lovelace, Herrick, and, in the department of the Drama, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Shirley, and Ford.

that CAREW may be at last restored to that rank he ought long ago to have possessed, and that Waller may be no longer exclusively considered the Refiner of English Poetry.

A learned Critic has long ago remarked, that "CAREW opens the poetical age of "Charles I. with great lustre. He pre-"served the harmony of his verse, if not "the purity of his taste, untainted by "his metaphysical contemporaries. In "point of versification, he is the link "which joins Spenser and Fairfax to "Waller and Denham."—*British Critic*, vol. xix. p. 621.

To conclude,—I devoutly wish the reader may receive as much pleasure in perusing, as I have in editing, this Selection.

JOHN FRY.

Bristol, January 1810.

SOME ACCOUNT OF

THOMAS CAREW.

The trite observation, that the Life of a Man of Letters is too uniform for much diversity of relation in narrating it, although the fallacy of such corollary is evinced in many instances to the contrary, on the present occasion remains in full force. The life of Carew had few incidents, and those are easily told.

The æra of his birth is doubtful, but, from collateral circumstances, probably about 1577. He was a descendant from the ancient and honorable family of his name, long seated in Cornwall (but the branch whence he immediately sprung was of Glocestershire), and brother to Sir Matthew Carew, a strenuous and distinguished adherent to Charles, in the unfortunate dissensions which, a century and an half ago, deluged this country with blood. Thomas received his education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and although, according to Wood, it does not appear that he was matriculated as a member, or admitted to a degree, his genius and abilities early acquired him the notice of the wise and good.

His attainments and education were improved by travel, and the manners and customs of different countries which he visited were observed with an attentive eye.

On his return, birth, as well as accomplishments, were his introductions to the circles of the great; and Wood tells us, " he was adored by the poets of his time." Trusting implicitly to the honest biographer, we know he was beloved by Jonson, Donne, D'Avenant, May, and Suckling; although after his death the latter could write of him,

" Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
" That would not well stand with a Laureat;
" His Muse was hide-bound, and th' issue of's brain
" Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain."

To this unmerited censure we need only oppose the opinion of the ingenious Mister Headley: " He " has the *ease* without the pedantry of Waller, and " perhaps less conceit."

The interest of his brother probably opened the way for an introduction to Charles, the fruits of which were, being appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer in ordinary to His Majesty: those posts he retained till his death, which happened in 1639, universally regretted.

Lord Clarendon has recorded of him that he possessed excellent parts, and " was a person of a " pleasant and facetious wit, and made many

"poems (especially in the amorous way), which "for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegancy "of the language, in which that language was "spiced, were at last equal, if not superior to any "of that time. But his glory was, that after fifty "years of his life, spent with less severity or exact-"ness than it ought to have been, he died with the "greatest remorse for that license, and with the "greatest manifestation of Christianity that his "best friends could desire."

A little remains to be said relative to Celia, the lady to whom most of his amatory productions are addressed. At this period of time it would be difficult, and indeed impracticable, to ascertain her real name: we have no clue to direct us, either in his own writings or those of his contemporaries. For her, however, a sincere affection seems to have been entertained, although he never received a return.

"Oh Love, *requited Love*, how fine thy thrills,
"That shake the trembling frame with ecstacy,
"E'en every vein celestial pleasure fills,
"And inexpressive bliss is in each sigh."

Brydges, *Son.* 30, *Poems*, ed. 1807.

This disappointment may palliate, if it does not excuse the irregularities of his conduct.

I may be expected to say a few words respecting the merit of the Poems selected in the following

pages. Among the elegant *Reliques* of Bishop Percy, and *Specimens* of Mister Ellis, many of them have already found a place, as well as in the *Select Beauties* of Mister Headley, who seems to have entertained a very just idea of Carew, although his critique has not succeeded in regaining the public attention.

It is in the Amatory department that we must seek, in order to form a correct opinion of his poetical talent. In it I do not hesitate to assert, every reader of taste will discover a tender glow of imagination and felicity in combining ideas, that mark him as a true poet. It is easy to scribble verses, but quite different to write poetry. In Carew we almost always perceive an unaffected method of sentiment, so many beautiful images that are not to be found in any former author; added to which, so mellifluous a flow of harmony in his lines, that we cannot deny him the praise of the latter. He is the first that has sung the praises of Beauty, and the delightful sensations of Love, with Doric delicacy. He displays a manner of his own, much superior to the pedantic metaphysical effusions of Waller, and he only requires to be more known to be more redde.

The beautiful little piece, Disdaine Returned, has already met the commendation of that elegant critic, Bishop Percy, and been inserted in Mister Ellis's *Specimens*.

In the Pastoral Dialogue, there are some passages exquisitely fine. Such are,

> " See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear,
> " And now she hangs her pearly store,
> " Rob'd from the eastern shore,
> " I' th' cowslips bell and roses rare."

> " They kist and wept, and from their lips and eyes,
> " In a mixt dew of briny sweet,
> " Their joys and sorrows meet."

The ensuing image has been used in a dilated manner by many of our modern poets.

> " The winged hours fly fast while we embrace,
> " But when we want their help to meet,
> " They move with leaden feet."

The Primrose also so sweetly

> " Bepearl'd with *true poetic* dew,"

evidently ranks our author amongst " Fancy's children," who

> " Warble *their* native wood notes wild."

It may not be improper to remark, that for this Selection the 2d edition of Carew, 1642, has been used, with one exception, in which I have conjecturally altered a word.

> " The parents that first gave her *breath*,
> " And their sad friends laid her in earth."

So stand the two lines in that edition, and the one of 1772; but I have taken the liberty, for the sake of the rime, of altering the first line to

"The parents that first gave her *birth*."

And so it is most probable Carew wrote it.

J. F.

Bristol, Jan. 1810.

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Amatory.

Amatory.

TO

A. L.

PERSWASIONS TO LOVE.

THINKE not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y'are fresh as Aprill, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning-starre
That you are so; or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem 5
All men unworthy your esteeme:

v. 3. Bright as is the morning starre.]—Thus Milton, *Ode on May Morning*, l. 1.

> "Now the *bright morning star*, day's harbinger,
> "Comes dancing from the East."

Spenser, *F. Q.* b. i. c. 12. st. 21.

> "As *bright* as doth the *morning starre* appeare
> Out of the East."

For being so, you loose the pleasure
Of being faire, since that rich treasure
Of rare beauty and sweet feature
Was bestow'd on you by Nature 10
To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sin
There to be scarce, where she hath beene
So prodigall of her best graces;
Thus common beauties and meane faces
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy 15
The sport you loose, by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue,
Onely concerne myselfe, not you;
Were men so fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none, 20
Then had you reason to be scant;
But twere a madnesse not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you the giver, more content
Than me the beggar; oh then be 25
Kind to yourselfe, if not to mee;
Starve not yourselfe, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;

Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake: 30
For that lovely face will faile;
Beautie's sweet, but beautie's fraile;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
Than summer's raine, or winter's sun;
Most fleeting when it is most deare; 35
'Tis gone, while wee but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twind,
Whose every haire a soule doth bind,

v. 32. *Beautie's sweet, but beautie's frail.*]—Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. xi. v. 538.

...."thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy *beauty*, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and *gray*."

v. 37. *These curious locks so aptly twind*, &c.]—There is a great similarity between this poem and Daniel's "Description of Beauty," translated from Marino, particularly the four following stanzas.

Old trembling age will come,
With wrinkl'd checks and stains,
With motion troublesome;
With skin and bloodless veins,
That lively visage reaven,
And made deform'd and old,
Hates sight of glass it lov'd so to behold.

Will change their abroun hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow. 40
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest

Thy gold and scarlet shall
Pale silver-colour be;
Thy row of pearls shall fall
Like wither'd leaves from tree;
And thou shalt shortly see
Thy face and hair to grow,
All plough'd with furrows, overswoln with snow.

That which on Flora's breast,
All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly drest
Saw in her dawning spring;
Quite dry and languishing,
Depriv'd of honour quite,
Day closing Hesperus beholds at night.

Fair is the lily; fair
The rose; of flow'rs the eye!
Both wither in the air,
Their beauteous colours die;
And so at length shall lie,
Depriv'd of former grace,
The lillies of thy breasts, the roses of thy face.

v. 39. *Abroun.*]—Auburn.

Will follow; in the cheeke, chin, nose,
Nor lilly shall be found, nor rose;
And what will then become of all 45
Those, whom now you servants call?
Like swallowes, when your summer's done
They'le fly, and seeke some warmer sun.
Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end) 50
Remaine still firm: be provident,
And thinke before the summer's spent
Of following winter; like the ant
In plenty hoord for time of scant.
Cull out amongst the multitude 55
Of lovers, that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
One that will quench your youthfull fires,
And feed in age your hot desires. 60

v. 53. .....*like the ant*
In plenty hoord for time of scant.]—Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. vii. 485.

"The parsimonious *emmet*, provident
"Of *future*."

For when the stormes of Time have mov'd
Waves on that cheeke which was belov'd;
When a faire ladie's face is pin'd,
And yellow spred, where red once shin'd;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her, 65
Love may returne, but lovers never:
And old folkes say there are no paines
Like itch of love in aged vaines.
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not loose this present minute: 70
For time and age will worke that wrack
Which time or age shall nere call back.
The snake each yeare fresh skin resumes,
And Eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded Rose each spring receives 75
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:

v. 73. *The snake each yeare fresh skin resumes.*]—Thus Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. x. 218.

" Or as the *snake* with *youthful coat* repaid."

v. 75. *The faded rose each spring receives*
A fresh red tincture on her leaves.]—Milton, *Sonn* 20. v. 6.

....." Favonius reinspire
" The frozen earth, and *clothe* in *fresh attire*
" The lily and *rose*."

But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you dayes for sport, doe reason; 80
Spend not in vaine your lives short houre,
But crop in time your beauties flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

LIPS AND EYES.

In Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautifull, her Lips or Eyes:
We (said the Eyes) send forth those poynted darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.
From us (replyde the Lips) proceed those blisses, 5
Which lovers reape by kind words and sweet kisses.
Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did powre
Of liquid orientall pearle a shower.

v. 7. .....*and from their springs did powre*
Of liquid orientall pearle *a shower.*]—This metaphor is very beautiful; as in Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. v. 1.

"Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
"Advancing, sow'd the earth with *orient pearl.*"

Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlockt their pearlie treasure;
And bad Love judge, whether did adde more grace,
Weeping, or smiling pearles in Celia's face. 12

SONG.

MURDRING BEAUTY.

I'LL gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in every place:
For my enchanted soule alike she drowns
With calmes or tempests of her smiles and frownes.
I'le love no more those cruell eyes of her's, 5
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers:
For if shee dart (like lightning) thro' the ayre
Her beames of wrath, she kils me with despaire:
If she behold mee with a pleasing eye,
I surfet with excesse of joy, and dye. 10

v. 7. ..... *dart, like lightning, thro' the ayre.*]—Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. vi. 642.

" *Light* as the *lightning* glimpse they ran."

B. x. 184.

" Saw Satan *fall*, like *lightning*, down from Heaven."

Samson. Agon. 1284.

" *Swift* as the *lightning* glance."

SECRECIE PROTESTED.

FEARE not (deare Love) that I'le reveale
Those houres of pleasure we two steale;
No eye shall see, nor yet the sun
Descry, what thou and I have done;
No eare shall heare our love; but wee 5
Silent as the night will be;
The God of Love himselfe (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know, that we can tell,
What sweets in stolne embraces dwell: 10
This only meanes may find it out;
If, when I dye, physicians doubt
What caus'd my death; and, there to view
Of all their judgements which was true,
Rip up my heart: O then I feare 15
The world will see thy picture there.

v. 6. *Silent* as the *night*.]—Milton has, *Par. Lost*, b. iv. 647, "*Silent night*."

Browne's *Brit. Past.* b. i. s. 4.
"All husht and silent as the mid of night."

A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

GOE thou gentle whispering wind,
Beare this sigh; and if thou find

v. 1. *Goe thou gentle* whispering wind.]—Thus Milton, *Par. Reg.* b. ii. 26.

"Where *winds* with reeds and osiers *whispering* play."

L'Allegro, 116.

"By *whispering winds* soon lull'd asleep."

Ode on Christ's Nat. 64, &c.

"The *winds*, with wonder whist,
"Smoothly the waters kist,
"*Whispering* new joys to the mild ocean."

Consult also Mister Todd's Notes on the two former passages, in his last edition of Milton.

Browne's *Brit. Past.* b. i. s. 4.

"A western, mild, and pretty *whispering* gale,
"Came dallying with the leaves along the dale."

v. 1. *Goe thou gentle whispering wind,*
Beare this sigh; and if thou find
Where my cruell faire doth rest,
Cast it in her snowie breast.]—Pope seems to have had this passage in view when he wrote

"Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
"To Delia's ear the tender notes convey."

Autumn, Past. 3.

Where my cruell faire doth rest,
Cast it in her snowie brest;
So, enflam'd by my desire,
It may set her heart afire:
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gaine
Will reward thee for thy paine.
Boldly light upon her lip,
There suck odours, and thence skip
To her bosome; lastly, fall
Downe, and wander over all;
Range about those ivorie hills
From whose every part distils
Amber-dew; there spices grow,
There pure streams of Nectar flow;
There perfume thyselfe and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'st, change by thy power
Every weed into a flower;
Turne each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble eglantine;

v. 4. *Cast it in her snowie breast.*]—Thus Spenser, *F. Q.* b. iv. c. 11. st. 51.

"And Psamathe, for her broad *snowy breasts.*"

For so rich a bootie made,
Doe but this, and I am paid.
Thou canst with thy powerfull blast 25
Heat apace, and coole as fast:
Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And agen destroy the same:
Then, for pitty, either stir
Up the fire of love in her, 30
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

SONG.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

GIVE me more love, or more disdaine,
  The torrid, or the frozen zone
Bring equall ease unto my paine;
  The temperate affords me none:
Either extreame, of love, or hate, 5
Is sweeter than a calme estate.

Give me a storme; if it be love,
  Like Danae in that golden showre
I swimme in pleasure; if it prove
  Disdaine, that torrent will devoure 10
My vulture-hopes; and he's possest
  Of Heaven, that's but from Hell releast:
Then crowne my joyes, or cure my paine;
Give me more love, or more disdaine.

SONG.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

GAZE not on thy beauties pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide
That from lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithful Chrystall show,
How thy colours come and goe: 5
Beautie takes a foyle from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streames lyes
Under pitties faire disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprize.

* 10
*
*

Then beware; for those that cure
Love's disease, themselves endure
For reward, a calenture. 15

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheeke should assigne
A perpetuall blush to thine.

v. 15. *a calenture.*]—A distemper peculiar to sailors in hot climates; wherein they imagine the sea to be green fields, and will throw themselves into it.—Johnson's *Dict.*

TO MY MISTRIS,

SITTING BY A RIVER'S SIDE, AN EDDY.

MARKE how yond eddy steales away
From the rude streame into the bay;
There lockt up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the channels course,
And scornes the Torrent, that did bring 5
Her headlong from her native spring,
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst hee runs murmuring away.
Mark how shee courts the bankes, whilst they
As amorously their armes display, 10
T'embrace and clip her silver waves:
See how shee strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat shee frownes, threatning to fly
Home to her streame, and 'gins to swim 15
Backward, but from the chanels brim

Smiling, returnes into the creeke,
With thousand dimples on her cheeke.
  Be thou this eddy, and I'le make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take 20
Secure repose, and never dreame
Of the quite forsaken streame:
Let him to the wide ocean haste,
There lose his colour, name, and taste;
Thou shalt save all, and safe from him, 25
Within these armes for ever swim.

v. 18. *With thousand* dimples *on her* cheeke.]—Browne, *Brit. Past.* s. v. v. 135.

" And every river, with unusual pride
" And *dimpled cheek.*"

Milton, *Comus*, 119.

" By *dimpled* brook and fountain brim."

Shenstone, *Rural Elegance.*

" For *dimpled* brook and leafy grove."

Thomson, *Spring*, 173.

....." softly shaking on the *dimpled* pool
" Prelusive drops."

425. " The *dimpled* water."

Little's (Moore) *Poems.* Edit. 1805, p. 172.

" Floating within the *dimpled* stream."

SONG.*

CONQUEST BY FLIGHT.

LADIES, fly from Love's smooth tale,
Oathes steep'd in teares do oft prevaile;
Griefe is infectious, and the ayre
Enflam'd with sighes will blast the fayre:
Then stop your eares, when lovers cry, 5
Lest yourselfe weep, when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing teare repay
That pitty which you cast away.

Young men, fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts: 10
The fixt marke gives the shooter ayme,
And ladies lookes have power to mayme:

* The 2d stanza of this song is to be found in "Festum Voluptatis, or the Banquet of Pleasure," by S (amuel) P (ecke) 1639, 4°.

Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile, or kisse Love lies;
Then fly betimes, for only they 15
Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

TO MY INCONSTANT MISTRIS.

When thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joyes of love, shalt see
The full reward, and glorious fate,
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine owne inconstancy. 5

A fayrer hand than thine, shall cure
That heart which thy false oathes did wound;
And to my soule, a soule more pure
Than thine shall by love's hand be bound,
And both with equall glory crown'd. 10

Then shalt thou weepe, entreat, complaine
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy teares shall be as vaine
As mine were then, for thou shalt bee
Damn'd for thy false Apostasie. 15

SONG.*

PERSWASIONS TO ENJOY.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must dye;
If every sweet, and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;
Then (Celia) let us reape our joys, 5
Ere time such goodly fruit destroyes.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade; 10
Then feare not (Celia) to bestow
What still being gather'd still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vaine, or else in vaine his wings.

* This mellifluous Song has been inserted in the elegant specimens of Doctor Aikin. See his Essays on Song-writing, p. 247, ed. 1774, The learned Doctor, however, was ignorant of the author.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATNED.

KNOW, Celia, (since thou art so proud)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renowne:
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknowne,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name, 5
And with it ympt the wings of Fame.

v. 6. .....ympt *the wings of Fame.*]—This phrase is borrowed from Falconry. To IMP is to add a new piece to a broken stump. See Spenser's *Hymne of Heavenly Beautie,* v. 134.

" Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation
" To *impe* the *wings* of thy high flying mynd."

Spenser, *Faerie Queene,* b. iv. c. 9. 4.

" And, having *ympt* the head to it agayne."

Fletcher, *Purp. Isl.* c. 1st, 24.

....." *imping* their flaggy *wing*
" With thy stoln plumes."

Milton, *Sonnet* 15.

....." the false North displays
" Her broken league to *imp* their serpent *wings.*"

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voyce and eyes:
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my starre, shinst in my skies; 10
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Cleavland's *Rebel Scot*, v. 29.

" Help, ye tart satirists, to *imp* my rage,
" With all the scorpions that should whip this age."

Browne, *Brit. Past.* b. i. s. 2.

....." a barren tree,
" Which when the gard'ner on it pains bestows,
" To graft an *imp* thereon, in time it grows."

.....b. ii. s. 2.

" And when thy temple's well deserving bays
" Might *imp* a pride in thee to reach thy praise."

Massinger, *Renegado*, act v. sc. 8.

....." to *imp*
" New feathers to the broken *wings* of time."

..... *Roman Actor*, act v. sc. 2.

" Could I *imp* feathers to the *wings* of time."

..... *The Great Duke of Florence*, act i. sc. 1.

" *Imp* feathers to the broken *wings* of time."

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
  Lest what I made, I uncreate:
Let fooles thy mystique formes adore, 15
  I'le know thee in thy mortall state.
Wise poets, that wrap't Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veiles.

DISDAINE RETURNED.

HEE that loves a rosie cheeke,
  Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
  Fuell to mantaine his fires;
As old Time makes these decay, 5
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth, and stedfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calme desires,
Hearts with equall love combind,
  Kindle never dying fires. 10
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
  My resolv'd heart to return;
I have searcht thy soule within, 15
  And find nought, but pride, and scorne;

v. 3. ....star-like eyes.]—Milton, *P. L.* b. vii. 446, has "*starry eyes.*"

I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdaine as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge convey
That love to her, I cast away. 20

SONG.

ETERNITY OF LOVE PROTESTED.

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retaine
His heate, in spite of absence or disdaine;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire, 5
Burne, and expire!
True love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
That noble flame, which my brest keeps alive,
Shall still survive 10
When my soule's fled;
Nor shall my love dye when my bodye's dead;
That shall waite on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.
My very ashes in their urne 15
Shall like a hollow'd lamp, for ever burne.

GOOD COUNSELL TO A YOUNG MAID.

When you the Sun-burnt Pilgrim see,
  Fainting with thirst, hast to the springs;
Marke how at first with bended knee
  He courts the crystal Nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he 5
Prostrate, adores the flowing Deitie,
But when his sweaty face is drencht
  In her coole waves, when from her sweet
Bosome, his burning thirst is quencht;
  Then marke how with disdainfull feet 10
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresht him, moves with sullen pace.
So shalt thou be despis'd, faire Maid,
  When by the sated Lover tasted;
What first he did with teares invade, 15
  Shall afterwards with scorne be wasted;
When all the Virgin-springs grow dry,
When no streames shall be left, but in thine eye.

SONG.

TO ONE, WHO, WHEN I PRAIS'D MY MISTRIS BEAUTY, SAID I WAS BLIND.

WONDER not though I am blind,
For you must be
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind;
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me; 5
If the powerful beames that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lye
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart, 10
Then you'le confesse your mortall sight
Too weake for such a glorious light:
For if her graces you discover,
You grow like me a dazel'd Lover;
But if those beauties you not spy, 15
Then are you blinder farre then I.

SONG

TO MY MISTRIS, I BURNING IN LOVE.

I Burne, and cruell you, in vaine,
Hope to quench me with disdaine;
If from your eyes those sparkles came
That have kindled all this flame,
What boots it me, tho' now you shrowd 5
Those fierce comets in a cloud,

v. 5. *What* boots *it me*]—To *boot;* profit, advantage, as in Shakspeare, *Ant. & Cleop.* act iv. sc. 1.

.....“ Give him no breath, but now
“ Make *boot* of his distraction.”

Milton, *Sampson Agonistes*, 560.

“ What *boots* it at one gate to make defence,
“ And at another to let in the foe.”

Milton, *Lycidas*, 64.

“ Alas! what *boots* it with incessant care
“ To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade.”

Browne, *Brit. Past* b. i. s. 1.

.....“ what *boot*
“ Is it to me to pluck up by the root
“ My former love, and in his place to sow
“ As ill a seed.”

Since all the flames that I have felt,
Could your snow yet never melt?
Nor can your snow (tho' you should take
Alpes into your bosome) slake 10
The heate of my enamour'd heart;
But with wonder learne Love's art.
No seas of yce can cool desire;
Equall flames must quench Love's fire:
Then thinke not that my heart can die, 15
Till you burne as wel as I.

SONG

TO HER AGAINE, SHE BURNING IN A FEAVER.

Now she burnes as well as I,
Yet my heat can never dye;
She burnes that never knew desire,
She that was yee, she that was fire. 4
She, whose cold heart chaste thoughts did arme
So, as Loves could never warme
The frozen bosome where it dwelt;
She burnes, and all her beauties melt:
She burnes, and eryes, Loves fires are mild;
Feavers are Gods—he's a child. 10
Love, let her know the difference
'Twixt the heat of soule and sense;
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So shalt thou quench her fire and mine.

A FLY THAT FLEW INTO MY MISTRIS HER EYE.*

When this fly liv'd, she us'd to play
In the sunshine all the day;
'Till coming neere my Celia's sight,
She found a new and unknowne light,
So full of glory, as it made 5
The nooneday sun a gloomy shade;
Then this amorous fly became
My rivall, and did court my flame,
She did from hand to bosome skip,
And from her breath, her cheeke, and lip, 10
Suck'd all the incense, and the spice,
And grew a bird of Paradise:
At last into her eye she flew,
There scoreht in flames, and drown'd in dew,

* Cleavland has closely imitated this poem in one with the same title. See *Poems*, ed. 1659, p. 126.

Like Phaeton from the sun's spheare, 15
She fell, and with her dropt a teare;
Of which a pearle was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lye enclos'd,
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's eye,
Funerall flame, tomb obsequie. 20

SONG.

CELIA SINGING.

You, that thinke Love can convey,
No other way
But through the eyes, into the heart
His fatall dart,
Close up those casements, and but heare 5
This Syren sing,
And on the wing
Of her sweet voyce it shall appeare
That Love can enter at the eare:
Then unvaile your eyes, behold 10
The curious mould
Where that voyce dwels; and as we know,
When the cocks crow,
We freely may
Gaze on the day; 15
So may you, when the musique's done,
Awake and see the rising Sun.

BOLDNESSE IN LOVE. *

MARK how the bashfull morne in vaine
  Courts the amorous Marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping raine;
  Yet she refuses to unfold:
But when the planet of the day 5
Approacheth with his powerfull ray,

* Compare with this little piece, the *Sunflower and the Ivy*, in Langhorne's *Fables of Flora*, wherein he seems to have imitated it.

v. 5. *But when the planet of the day*, &c.]—The marigold is said to open and shut its leaves with the Sun. Thus Browne's *Brit. Past*, b. i. s. 5.

> ....."The day is woxen olde,
> "And gins to shut in with the *marigold*."

Cleavland's *Poems*, 1659, p. 27.

> "The *marigold*, whose courtiers face
> "Echoes the *Sun*, and doth unlace
> "Her at his *rise*, at his full *stop*
> "Packs, and shuts up her gaudy shop."

When she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beames into her virgin leaves.
So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If thy teares and sighs discover 10
Thy griefe, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover:
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant faith, and service vow,
Thy Celia shalt receive those charmes 15
With open eares, and with unfolded armes.

Shakspeare, *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 3.

"The *marigold*, that goes to bed with the *Sun*,
"And with him *rises* weeping."

Prime's *Sermon at Oxford*, 12mo, 1588.

"No *marigold* servant of God, to *open* with the *Sun*, and shut with the dewe."

Lord Howard's *Defensative*, 1583, 4to.

"The *marigolde* dooth *close* and *open* with the *Sunne*."

Thomson's *Summer*.

"But one, the lofty follower of the Sun,
"Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves
"Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
"Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray."

A PASTORALL DIALOGUE.*

SHEPHERD, NIMPHS, CHORUS.

SHEPHERD.

THIS mossie banke they prest.—NIM. That aged oak
Did canopie the happy payre
All night from the dampe ayre.
CHO. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke. 5

SHEPHERD.

See, Love, the blushes of the morne appear;

* The commencement of this dialogue is very closely imitated from Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 5.

v. 6. *See, Love, the blushes of the morne appear.*]

Romeo. .....look, Love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

And now she hangs her pearly store
(Rob'd from the easterne shore)
I' th' couslips bell and roses rare;
Sweet, I must stay no longer here. 10

NIMPH.

Those streakes of doubtfull light, usher not day,
But shew my Sunne must set; no Morne
Shall shine till thou returne:
The yellow Planets, and the gray
Dawne, shall attend thee on thy way. 15

v. 6. *See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear;*
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Rob'd from the easterne shore)
I' th' couslips bell and roses rare.]—See Note on the Primrose.

v. 11. *Those streakes of doubtfull light*, &c.]
Juliet. You light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

v. 14. *The yellow Planets, and the gray*
Dawne, shall attend thee on thy way.]—The Rev. H. J. Todd has already, in his excellent edition of Milton, remarked

SHEPHERD.

nine eyes guild my pathes, they may forbear
Their uselesse shine.—NIM. My teares will quite
Extinguish their faint light.

SHEP. Those drops will make their beames more cleare,
Loves flames will shine in every teare. 20

CHORUS.

They kist, and wept, and from their lips, and eyes,

the similarity between these two lines and *Par. Lost*, b. vii. v. 373.

.....“ the gray
“ Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
“ Shedding sweet influence.”

See also *Lycidas*, v. 187.

.....“ the still *morn* went out with sandals *gray*.”

Cleavland's *Poems*, 1659, p. 155.

“ As the *gray morning dawn'd*.”

Dorset's *Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates*.

“ The *morrow gray*.”

In a mixt dew of briny sweet,
Their joyes and sorrowes meet;
But she cryes out.—NIM. Shepherd, arise,
The Sun betrayes us else to spies.

SHEPHERD.

The winged houres fly fast whilst we embrace;
But when we want their helpe to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
NIM. Then let us pinion time, and chace
The day for ever from this place. 30

SHEPHERD.

Harke!—NIM. Ah me, stay!—SHEP. For ever.
NIM. No, arise;
We must begone.—SHEP. My nest of spice.
NIM. My soule.—SHEP. My Paradise.
CHO. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Griefe interrupted speech with tears supplies.

v. 26. *The winged houres.*]—Thus in G. Fletcher's *Christ's Victory*, st. 22.

"The swift-winged hours."

v. 28. *They move with leaden feet.*]—Milton. O[illegible]

RED AND WHITE ROSES.*

READE in these Roses the sad story
Of my hard fate, and your own glory.
In the White you may discover
The palenesse of a fainting Lover;
In the Red, the flames still feeding 5
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The White will tell you how I languish
And the Red expresse my anguish:
The White my innocence displaying,
The Red my martyrdome betraying, 10
The frownes that on your brow resided,
Have those Roses thus divided;
Oh! let your smiles but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

* A learned friend has informed me that this is an imitation of Bonefonius.

THE ENQUIRY.*

AMONGST the myrtles as I walkt,
Love and my sighes thus intertalkt:
Tell me (said I, in deep distresse,)
Where may I find my shepherdesse?

Thou foole (said Love), knowst thou not this, 5
In every thing that's good she is?
In yonder tulip, goe and seeke,
There maist find her lip, her cheeke.

* This piece, and the Primrose, have been inserted in Herrick's *Hesperides*, 1647; and an acute critic (Doctor Drake) has contended for their being his property. But not to argue on the internal evidence, it will only be necessary to consider, that both had been published as Carew's, seven years previous. Herrick could not be ignorant of that circumstance, and therefore would have noticed it, had they been his own productions. He probably only borrowed them—no unusual occurrence in that age.

In yon enammel'd pansie by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye. 10
In bloome of peach, in rosie bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

In brightest lillies that there stands,
The emblems of her whiter hands.
In yonder rising hill there smels 15
Such sweets as in her bosome dwels.

'Tis true (said I): and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a suddaine all was gone. 20

With that I stopt: said Love, These be
(Fond man) resemblances of thee:
And, as these flowres, thy joyes shall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye:
And all thy hopes of her shall wither, 25
Like these short sweets thus knit together.

v. 9. *In yon enammel'd pansie by,* &c.]—Thus Milton, *Lycidas*, v. 144.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASKE me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant yeare;
Aske me why I send to you
This Primrose all bepearl'd with dew;

v. 2. *This firstling of the infant yeare.*]—The early birth and short-liv'd bloom of the primrose is a favorite subject with our elder poets.

Milton, *Lycidas*, 142.

"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies."

Ode on the Death of a fair Infant, 2.

"Soft silken primrose, fading timelessly."

Ode on May Morning, 4.

....."and the pale primrose."

Shakspeare, *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 5.

....."pale primroses
"That die unmarried."

..... *Cymbeline*, act iv. sc. 2.

"The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose."

v. 4. ..... *Primrose all* bepearl'd *with* dew.]—Fletcher, *Piscatory Eclogues*. E. vii. v. 5.

"Her weeping eyes in *pearled dew* she steeps."

I strait will whisper in your eares, 5
The sweets of Love are washt with teares:
Aske me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;

Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. v. 746.

.....“ *dew drops*, which the sun
“ *Impearls* on every leaf and every *flower*.”

Spenser, *Faer. Q.* b. iv. c. 5, 45.

“ With *pearly dew* sprinkling the morning *grasse*.”

Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, p. 70, ed. 1621.

.....“ the flowry *meads*
“ *Impearl'd* with tears.”

Drayton, *Sonnet* 53. *Poems*, 12mo. (*circ.* 1630).

.....“ the daintie *dew impearled* flowers.”

Browne, *Brit. Past.* b. i. s. 2.

“ Next morn with *pearls* of *dew* bedecks our plains.”

G. Fletcher's *Triumph on Earth*, st. 42.

.....“ the round sparks of *dew*,
“ That hung upon their azure leaves, did show
“ Like twinkling stars.”

Mason too has “ *each dewy-spangled flowret*.”
Elfrida in Poems, ed. 1779, p. 78.

Pope's *Autumn*, Past. 3.

.....“ falling *dews* with *spangles* deck'd the glade.”

Aske me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break; 10
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

THE PROTESTATION.

A SONNET.

No more shall meads be deckt with flowers,
Nor sweetnesse dwell in rosie bowers;

v. 1. .....*meads be deckt with flowers.*]—So Daniel, *Ode to Delia.*

.....“ the *earth*, our common mother,
“ Hath her bosom *deck'd with flow'rs.*”

Spenser, *Prothalamion.*

“ And all the *meades adornd* with daintie gemmes.”

..... *Ruins of Time.*

.....“ *deckt* with daintie *flowres.*”

Sylvester's *Bethulian's Rescue, in Poems*, 1614, 16mo. p. 119.

“ In May, the *meads* are not so *py'd* with *flowers*,” &c.

Milton, *L'Allegro*, 75.

“ *Meadows* trim with *daisies pied.*”

Mason's *Elfrida, Poems*, ed. 1779, p. 75.

.....“ the *flow'r besprinkled lawn.*”

Little's (Moore) *Poems*, ed. 1805, p. 96.

“ Where *flowrets deck* the green earth's breast.”

Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor Aprill violets paint the grove; 5
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burne,
And fountaines sweet shall bitter turne;
The humble oake no flood shall know,
When floods shall highest hils oreflow; 10
Black Læthe shall oblivion leave;
If ere my Celia I deceive.

v. 4. *Nor warbling birds delight to sing.*]—Pope, *Autumn*, Past. 3.

" *The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,*
" The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
" And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love."

v. 5. *Nor Aprill* violets paint *the grove.*]—Compare Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. iv. 700.

....." Under foot the *violet*,
" Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,
" *Broider'd* the ground."

Comus, 233.

" And in the *violet-embroider'd* vale."

v. 11. *Black* Læthe *shall oblivion leave.*]—*Lethe*, well known as the river of oblivion in the Heathen Mythology, has

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus Doves want wings to fly;
The Sun refuse to shew his light, 15
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no starre appear;
If once I leave my Celia deare.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor Lovers more shall love for worth; 20
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor paine torment poore soules in hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove;
If ere I leave bright Celia's love. *

been beautifully described by Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. ii. 582.

> ....."a slow and silent stream
> "Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
> "Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks
> "Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
> "Forgets both joy and grief, pleasnre and pain."

* There is a great similarity between this "Sonnet" and a Poem by E. S. in *The Paradise of dayntie Devises*, 1576, p. 46. That part which more immediately relates to the subject, I extract.

"The grase me thinkes should growe in skie:
"The starres unto the yearth cleave faste:
"The water streame should passe awrie,
"The winds should leve their stregt of blast.
"The Sonne and Moone, by one assent,
"Should both forsake the firmament.

"The fishe in ayer should flie with finne,
"The foules in floud should bryug forth fry,
"All thyngs me thinks should erst beginne
"To take their course unnaturally:
"Afore my frende should alter so,
"Without a cause to bee my foe."

At p. 62, a *Poem*, by M. Edwards.

"The fire shall freese, the frost shall frie, the frozen mountains hie;
"What strange thinges shall dame Nature force to turne her course awrie.
"My ladie hath me left and taken a newe man."

THE DART.

Oft when I looke, I may descry
A little face peepe through that eye;
Sure that's the Boy, which wisely chose
His throne among such beames as those,
Which if his quiver chance to fall, 5
May serve for darts to kill withall.

UPON A MOLE IN CELIA's BOSOME.

THAT lovely spot which thou dost see
In Celia's bosome, was a Bee,
Who built her amorous spicy nest
I' th' hyblas of her either breast;
But, from close ivery hyves, she flew 5
To suck the aromatick dew
Which from the neighbour vale distils,
Which parts those two twin sister hils;
There feasting on ambrosiall meat,
A rowling file of balmy sweat 10
(As in soft murmurs, before death,
Swan-like she sung) chokt up her breath,

v. 3. .....*amorous* spicy nest.]—See the *Pastoral Dialogue*, v. 33.

"My nest of spice."

v. 11. *As in soft murmurs, before death*
Swan-like she sung.]—Thus Gorges' Sonnet in Todd's *Life of Spenser*, p. 89.

"So sings the swann, when life is taking flight."

So she in water did expire,
More precious than the Phœnix fire;
Yet still her shaddow there remaines 15
Confind to those Elyzian plaines;
With this strict law, that who shall lay
His bold lips on that milky way,
The sweet and smart, from thence shall bring
Of the Bees honey and her sting. 20

Browne, *Brit. Past.* b. ii. s. 5.

.....“ as a dying swan that sadly sings
“ Her moaneful dirge unto the silver springs.”

Poems to the Memory of Edm. Waller, Esq. 1688.

“ Now, in soft notes, like dying swans, he'd sing.”

P. Fletcher's *Purple Island*, c. i. st. 30.

“ The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
“ In music's strains breathes out her life and verse,
“ And chanting her own dirge, tides on her watry herse.”

G. Fletcher's *Triumph over Death*, st. 1.

“ So down the silver streams of Eridan,
“ On either side bankt with a lily wall,
“ Whiter than both, rides the triumphant swan,
“ And sings his dirge, and prophecies his fall,
“ Diving into his watry funeral.”

Spenser's *Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney.*

“ The swan that sings about to die.”

Descriptive.

Descriptive.

THE SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or chrystal stream: 4

v. 1. *Now that the winter's gone*, &c.]—Spenser's *Shepherd's Cal. March.*

....."pleasant Spring appeareth,
"The grasse now gins to be refresht:
"The swallow peeps out of her nest."

v. 2. ..... *and now no more the* frost
Candies *the* grass.]—This beautiful idea seems closely imitated from Drayton. See his *Quest of Cynthia*, in poems, 4to. 1627, p. 137.

"Since when those *frosts* that winter brings,
Which *candy* every *greene*."

Compare also Browne's *Brit. Past.* b. i. s. 4.

"And hoaried *frosts* had *candied* all the plains."

But the warm Sun thaws the benummed earth,
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckow and the humble bee.
Now do a quire of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world, the youthful spring; 10
The vallies, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.

v. 11. *The* vallies, hills, *and* woods, *in rich artay,*
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.]—Thus Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, v. 1511.

"O *Maye*, with all thy floures and thy *grene*,
"Right *welcome be thou*, faire freshe *May*."

Milton, *Ode on May Morning*, 3.

"The *flowery May*, who from her green lap throws
"The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

....v. 5.

"Hail, bounteous *May*, that dost inspire
"Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
"*Woods* and groves are of thy dressing,
"*Hill*, and dale, doth boast thy blessing!"

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, b. vii. c. 7, 34.

"Then came faire *May*, the fayrest Mayd on ground,
"Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
"And throwing *flowres* out of her *lap* around."

Now all things smile; only my Love doth low'r:
Nor hath the scalding noon-day-sun the pow'r
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold 15
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields: and love no more is made
By the fire-side; but in the cooler shade 20
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season; only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

But more especially consult *The Paradise of dayntie Devises*, 1st ed. 1576; of which collection the second poem is "*M. Edwardes May*;" and in the edit. of 1580, there is "*A Replie to M. Edwards May*," by M. S. [Sackville.]

Dolarny's Primrose, by John Reynolds, 4to. 1606.

"When *flowring May* had, with her morning deawes,
"Watred the *meadowes* and the *vallies* greene,
"The tender lambes with nimble footed eawes,
"Came forth to meete the wanton Sommers queene.
"The lively kidds came with the little fawnes,
"Tripping with speed over the pleasant lawnes," &c.

TO SAXHAM.

THOUGH frost and snow lockt from mine eyes
That beauty which without dore lyes;
The gardens, orchards, walkes, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;
Yet (Saxham) thou, within thy gate, 5
Art of thy selfe so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that bless
Thy roofe with inward happinesse;
As neither from, nor to thy store,
Winter takes ought, or Spring adds more. 10
The cold and frozen ayre had sterv'd
Much poore, if not by thee preserv'd;
Whose prayers have made thy Table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.
The season hardly did afford 15
Coarse cates unto thy neighbour's board,

v. 16. *Coarse* cates *unto thy neighbour's board.*]—*Cates* is here used, in an enlarged sense, for food; but it generally implies

Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
Had only been thy volarie;
Or else the birds, fearing the snow,
Might to another deluge grow, 20
The Pheasant, Partridge, and the Larke,
Flew to thy house, as to the Arke.
The willing Oxe of himself came
Home to the slaughter, with the Lambe,
And every beast did thither bring 25
Himselfe to be an offering,
The scalie herd more pleasure tooke,
Bath'd in thy dish, then in the brooke.
Water, Earth, Ayre, did all conspire
To pay their tributes to thy fire; 30
Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
Thro' every roome, where they deride
The night, and cold abroad; whilst they
Like Suns within, keep endlesse day.

that kind only of a luxurious nature, as in Milton, *Par. Reg.* b. ii. 348.

"Alas! how simple, to these cates compar'd,
"Was that crude apple that diverted Eve."

Those chearfull beames send forth their light, 35
To all that wander in the night,
And seeme to beckon from aloofe
The weary Pilgrim to thy roofe;
Where, if refresht, he will away,
He's fairly welcome; or, if stay, 40
Farre more, which he shall hearty find,
Both from the Master and the Hinde.
The stranger's welcome each man there
Stamp'd on his chearfull brow doth weare;
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheere, 45
Grow less, 'cause he stayes longer here.
There's none observes (much less repines)
How often this man sups or dines,
Thou hast no porter at the doore
T' examine or keepe back the poore; 50

v. 42. ..... and the *Hinde.*]—Hind formerly was the term for a servant, as in Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 5, "A couple of Ford's knaves, his *hinds*, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane."—It is derived from the Saxon hine, *famulus*, *servus*. Douglas' *Virgil*. Hynis, *hinds*, *servants*, &c.

Nor locks nor bolts; thy gates have beene
Made only to let strangers in;
Untaught to shut, they do not feare
To stand wide open all the yeare;
Carelesse who enters, for they know 55
Thou never didst deserve a foe;
And as for theeves, thy bountie's such,
They cannot steale, thou giv'st so much.

TO MY FRIEND G. N. FROM WREST.

I BREATHE (sweet Ghib) the temperate ayre of
Wrest,
Where I no more with raging stormes opprest,
Weare the cold nights out by the banke of
Tweed,
On the bleake mountains where fierce tempests
breed,
And everlasting Winter dwels; where milde 5
Favonius, and the Vernall winds, exil'd,
Did never spread their wings; but the wild
North
Brings sterill Fearne, Thistles, and Brambles
forth.
Here, steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant earth
Sends from her teeming wombe a flowrie birth;
And cherisht with the warme Suns quickning
heate, 11
Her porous bosome doth rich odours sweat;

Whose perfumes through the ambient ayre diffuse
Such native aromatiques, as we use
No forraigne gums, nor essence fetcht from farre, 15
No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
Adulteráte; but, at Natures cheape expence,
With farre more genuine sweets refresh the sense.
Such pure and uncompounded beauties, bless
This mansion with an usefull comelinesse 20
Devoid of art; for here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or porphyry,
But built a house for hospitality. 24
No sumptuous chimney-peece of shining stone
Invites the strangers eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertaines his sight; but cleare
And cheerfull flames, cherish and warme him here.

v. 13. .....*ambient ayre.*]—Thus Milton, *Par. Lost*, *b.* vii. 89.

.....“ the *ambient air* wide interfus'd
“ Embracing round this florid earth.”

No Dorique, nor Corinthian pillars grace
With Imagery this structures naked face: 30
The Lord and Lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than seeme, in sight.
Instead of Statues to adorne their Wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall.
Where, at large tables fill'd with wholsome meats, 35
The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats:
Some of that ranke, spun of a finer thread,
Are with the women, steward, and chaplaine fed
With daintier cates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the heralds coat
Have sever'd from the common, freely sit 40
At the Lords table, whose spread sides admit
A large accesse of friends to fill those seats
Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats

v. 44. ..... *fill'd with* meats
Of choycest relish, *till his oaken back*
Under the load of pil'd-up dishes *crack.*]—Compare Milton, *Par. Reg.* b. ii. 341.

"With *dishes pil'd*, and *meats* of *noblest sort*
"And *savour.*"

Of choycest relish, till his oaken back 45
Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
Nor think, because our piramids, and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,
That therefore Wrest of narrownesse complaines,
Or streightned walls; for she more numerous trains 50
Of noble guests daily receives, and those
Can with farre more convenience dispose,
Than prouder piles, where the vaine builder spent
More cost in outward gay embellishment
Than reall use; which was the sole designe 55
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for service. Amalthea's horne
Of plenty is not in effigie worne

v. 57. ..... *Amalthea's horne*
Of plenty.....]—*Amalthea*, in the Heathen Mythology, is the daughter of *Melissus*, King of *Crete*, and nurse of Jupiter, from whom she received a goat's horn, which had the power of supplying her wishes, and from thence called *Cornucopia*, or horn of plenty (see Ovid). Thus Milton, *Par. Reg.* ii. 356.

"Fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn."

Without the gate, but she within the dore
Empties her free and unexhausted store; 60
Nor crown'd with wheaten wreathes doth Ceres stand
In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand:
Nor on a marble tunne, his face besmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd uncizard Bacchus rear'd.
We offer not in emblemes, to the eyes, 65
But to the taste those useful deities:
We presse the juicie God, and quaffe his blood,
And grind the yellow Goddesse into food.
Yet we decline not all the worke of Art; 69
But where more bounteous Nature bears a part,

v. 61. *Ceres.*]—Ceres, in the Heathen Mythology, is the Goddess of corn and harvests.

v. 64. .....*curl'd* uncizard *Bacchus.*]—*Uncizard*, probably, is the old orthography for *unscissar'd*, and derived from the Latin, *incido*, to cut off. The same word is to be found in his *Elegy on Dr. Donne*, v. 5.

> "Such as th' *uncizard* lectrer from the flower
> "Of fading rhetorick."

v. 68. .....*the yellow Goddesse.*]—Ceres has generally the epithet of yellow, in allusion to ripe corn.

And guides her handmaid, if she but dispence
Fit matter, she with care and diligence
Employes her skill; for where the neighbour sourse
Powers forth her waters, she directs her course,
And entertaines the flowing streames in deepe 75
And spacious channels, where they slowly creepe
In snaky windings, as the shelving ground
Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
This island Mansion, which, i' th' centre plac'd,
Is with a double Crystal heaven embrac'd; 80
In which our watery constellations floate,
Our fishes, swans, our waterman and boat,

v. 74. .....*she directs her course,*
And entertaines the flowing streames in deepe
And spacious channels, where they slowly creepe
In snaky windings, as the shelving ground
Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
This island Mansion.....]—P. Fletcher's *Purple Island*, c. ii. st. 9.

....." for thousand brooks
" In azure channels glide on silver sand
" Their *serpent windings*, and deceiving crooks
" *Circling about*, and watering all the plain."

Envy'd by those above, which wish to slake
Their starre-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake;
But they stick fast, nayled to the barren spheare.
Whilst our encrease in fertile waters here 86
Disport, and wander freely where they please
Within the circuit of our narrow seas.
With various trees we fringe the water's brinke,
Whose thirsty roots the soaking moysture drinke,
And whose extended boughes in equal rankes 91
Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyre sports

v. 93. *On this side young* Vertumnus, &c.]—Vertumnus was the God of tradesmen, and had the power of taking any shape. His courtship of Pomona forms one of Ovid's *Met.* In the disguise of an old woman, he visited her gardens, and, after artfully praising the fruit, insinuated the pleasure of a married life. Pomona heard him with indifference, having already refused Pan, Priapus, and Silenus; but when Vertumnus assumed the appearance of youth, the Goddess could no longer resist the beauties of his person.—Zephyr, the son of Aurora, is represented as presiding over fruits and flowers, and married Flora, the Goddess of flowers; thus alluded to by Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. v. 16.

"Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes."

Lycidas, 19.

"Zephyr with Aurora playing."

On th' other, with lov'd Flora, yeelding there 95
Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
But did you taste the high and mighty drinke
Which from that fountaine flows, yould thinke
The God of wine did his plumpe clusters bring,
And crush the Faleme grape into our spring;
Or else, disguis'd in watery robes did swim 101
To Ceres bed, and make her big of him,
Begetting so himselfe on her: for know
Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in Autumne; but our fire boyles here
As lusty liquor as the sun makes there. 106
Thus I enjoy myselfe, and taste the fruit
Of this blest place; whilst, toyl'd in the pursuit
Of bucks and stags, th' embleme of warre you strive
To keepe the memory of our armes alive. 110

Elegiac.

Elegiac.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLERS.*

THE Lady Mary Villers lies
Under this stone: with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth
And their sad friends, lay'd her in earth.
If any of them (Reader) were 5
Knowne unto thee, shed a teare,
Or if thyselfe possesse a gemme,
As deare to thee as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewayle in theirs, thine own hard case; 10
For thou perhaps at thy returne
Mayest find thy darling in an urne.

* In his epitaph on *Lady Mary Villers*, he is eminently pathetic.—ANDERSON.

ANOTHER.

THIS little vault, this narrow roome,
Of Love and Beauty is the tombe;
The dawning beame, that gan to cleare
Our clouded sky, lyes darkened here,
For ever set to us by death: 5
Sent to inflame the world beneath;
'Twas but a bud, yet did containe
More sweetnesse than shall spring againe;
A budding Starre, that might have growne
Into a Sun, when it had blowne: 10
This hopefull Beauty did create
New life in Love's declining state;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free:
His brand, his bow, let no man feare; 15
The flames, the arrowes, all lye here.

Epistolary.

Epistolary.

UPON MASTER W. MOUNTAGUE HIS RETURNE FROM TRAVELL.

LEADE the black bull to slaughter, with the bore
And lambe, then purple with their mingled gore
The oceans curled brow, that so we may
The Sea-Gods for their careful wastage pay:
Send grateful Incense up in pious smoake 5
To those mild Spirits that cast a curbing yoake
Upon the stubborne winds, that calmely blew
To the wisht shore our long'd-for Mountague.
Then, whilst the Aromatique odours burne
In honour of their Darlings safe returne, 10

v. 3. *The oceans* curled *brow.*]—So Browne's *Brit. Past.* b. i. s. 5.

.....“ *curled stream.*”

The Muse's quire shall thus with voyce and hand
Bless the faire gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernall Ayre,
That with kind warmth doest repayre
Winter's ruines; from whose breast 15
All the gums and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Guilds the morn, and cleares the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearles upon the violet bed; 20

v 13. *Sweetly-breathing vernall Ayre,*
That with kind warmth, &c.]—Compare Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. iv. 156.

.....“ Now gentle gales,
“ Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
“ Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
“ Those balmy spoils.”

..... I. 264.

.....“ airs, vernal airs,
“ Breathing the smell of field and grove.”

v. 18. *Guilds the morn.*]—Thus Pope's *Messiah*, v. 99.

“ No more the rising Sun shall *gild the morn.*”

v. 20. *Pearles upon the violet bed.*]—See Note on “ *The Primrose.*”

On whose brow, with calme smiles drest,
The Halcion sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, Youth, and endlesse Spring,
Dwell upon thy rosie wing.
Thou, if stormy Boreas throwes 25
Doune whole Forrests when he blowes,

v. 21. *On whose brow, with calme smiles drest,*
The Halcion sits and builds her nest.]—So in Browne's *Brit. Past.* b. ii. s. 1.

"As smooth as when the Halcyon builds her nest."

The best account of this popular belief respecting the King Fisher, that I have ever redde in any old work, I here extract from Melanchton's *Dedicatory Epistle* to the Duke of Savoy, prefixed to Joye's *Exposicion of Daniel the Prophete*, 1st edit. Geneve, 1545.

"For thei saye that in the most sharpe and coldest tyme of the yere, these halcions making their nestis in the sea-rockis or sandis, will sitte their egges and hatche forth their chikens. And therfore the same sea that harboureth these fowles thus sitting vpon their egges, wil be so cawme and still to her geistis for 14 dayes, that men may sewerly sayl without perel vpon her, not shaken nor molested with any storme or tempeste, nor yet the nestis of theis birdes so nighe the water not once shaken nor hurt with any sourges. For the seas wil not for that tyme of these birdis sitting and hatching, decease her geistis. And therfore is this tranquilite of the sea for that litle tyme as a trwce taking in the winter, called the halcions dayes"

With a pregnant flowery birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth:
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fayre or good, 30
If hee scatter our choyce flowers,
If he shake our hils or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us;
Thou canst stroake great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtaine 35
To bind him in an iron chaine.
Thus, whilst you deale your body 'mongst your friends,
And fill their circling armes, my glad soule sends
This her embrace: thus wee of Delphos greet;
As lay-men clasp their hands, we joyne our feet. 40

v. 34. ..... stroake *great Æolus.*]—Stroake, to sooth, as in Bacon's *Henry 7th; Works*, ed. 1765, vol. iii. p. 85, "There he set forth a new proclamation, *stroking* the people with fair promises."

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MASTER GEORGE SANDS,*

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

I PRESSE not to the quire, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwasht Muse polutes not things divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine:
Here, humbly at the porch she stayes, 5
And with glad eares sucks in thy sacred layes.

* George Sandys was born at Bishop's Thorp in 1577, the son of Edwin, Archbishop of York. He entered himself at Mary Hall, Oxon, 1589, but received tuition at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In 1610 he began his travels in the East, of which an account was published in 1610, so much esteemed, that it passed through a number of editions. On his return, he was appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles I. and died in 1643.

He translated the Psalms of David, 1636, 12mo.; Grotius' Christ's Passion, 1640; Job, Ecclesiastes, and Lamentations, 1638, folio, and 1676, 8vo.; Solomon's Song, 1641, 4to.; and Ovid's Metamorphoses, with 1st book of Virgil's Æncid; Dryden esteemed him the most harmonious writer of the age.

So, devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without doore, and some beneath the font,
To stand and heare the churches liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemne exercise: 10
Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gaine,
To trim thy vestments, or but beare thy traine;
Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy larke,
Her lyrick-feet may dance before the Arke,
Who knowes, but that her wandring eyes that run, 15
Now hunting glow-wormes, may adore the Sun:
A pure flame may, shot by Almighty power
Into her brest, the earthy flame devoure:
My eyes in penitentiall dew may steepe
That brine, which they for sensuall love did weepe. 20
So (though 'gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water be with water drencht;
Perhaps my restlesse soule, tyr'de with pursuit
Of mortall beauty, seeking without fruit 24

Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quencht all her thirst, nor satisfi'd, though cloy'd;
Weary of her vaine search below, above
In the first Faire may find th' immortal love.
Prompted by thy example then, no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore; 30
But teare those idols from my heart, and write
What his blest Spirit, not fond Love, shall indite;
Then I no more shall court the verdant Bay,
But the dry leavelesse trunke on Golgotha;
And rather strive to gaine from thence one thorne, 35
Than all the flourishing wreathes by Laureats worne.

TO MY LORD ADMIRALL *, ON HIS LATE SICKNESSE AND RECOVERY.

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus, returning from th' Elysian shades,
Embrace the heroe, and his stay implore,
Make it their publike suit he would no more
Desert them so, and for his spouses sake, 5
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethæan lake:
The ladies too, the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climbe,
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed,
Which shall the fair Euridice succeed; 10
Euridice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes listning trees and savage mountaines groane

* George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the unfortunate favorite of Charles I. who fell by the hands of Felton. It is sometimes unfortunate to be the favorite even of a King.

Through all the ayre, his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of
late;
Your pining sicknesse, and your restlesse pain,
At once the land affecting, and the mayne. 16
When the glad newes, that you were Admirall,
Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd
by all
That our great Charles, whose wisdome shines
in you,
Should be perplexed how to chuse anew: 20

v. 11. *Euridice, for whom his numerous moan*
Makes listning trees and savage mountains groan
Through all the ayre.]—Pope's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,* v. 113.

" Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
" Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
" *Eurydice the woods,*
" Eurydice the floods,
" Eurydice the rocks, and hollow *mountains* rung."

v. 19. *Our* great Charles.]—It is to be lamented that Carew should have so ill applied his panegyric; but the poets of his time were too much inclined to flatter Princes at the expence of truth. It is only when a Monarch is truly the father of his People, that he deserves to be praised by Men of

So more then private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst it gave our soules reliefe,
That in our age such sense of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

Genius; a Tyrant should only have his *virtues* echoed by a pensioned Laureat. Milton, the glorious boast of Britain and her Sons, knew better the value of Liberty than to laud the greatest subverter of it; he

.....“ could contemn
“ Riches, though offer'd from the hand of Kings.”

To some, this note may appear out of place; but I could not suffer an opportunity to escape of declaring my abhorrence of the tyranny of Charles I. I cannot forget that I am a Briton, a native of that

.....“ Isle,
“ The greatest and the best of all the main.”

And to the last hour of my existence I hope to exclaim,

“ England! with all thy faults, I love thee still—
“ My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
“ Where English minds and manners may be found,
“ Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
“ Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
“ With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
“ I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
“ And fields without a flower, for warmer France
“ With all her vines.” COWPER.

Nature, her fairest light eclipsed, seemes 25
Herselfe to suffer in these sad extreames;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world
admires.
The stem thus threatned, and the sap, in thee
Droop all the branches of that noble tree; 30
Their beauties they, and we our love suspend,
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend;
As lillies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven
contend,

v. 33. *As lillies overcharg'd with rain, they bend*
Their beauteous heads.]—This beautiful simile is to be found in Homer, *Il.* book viii. l. 306. Thus in Pope's transl. l. 371.

"As full-blown poppies overcharg'd with rain
"Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain."

Compare also Fletcher, *Purp. Isl.* can. xi. st. 38.

"So have I often seen a purple flower,
"Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping head."

P. Fletcher's *Eliza*, part ii. st. 6.

....."like fainting flowers oppress'd with rain."

Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry 35
He is too faultlesse, and too young to die:
So, like immortals, round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.
Who would not languish by so fair a train,
To be lamented and restor'd againe? 40
Or thus withheld, what hasty soule would go,
Though to the blest? Ore young Adonis so
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious showre
Of her warm tearse cherisht the springing flower.

Milton, *Samp. Agon.* 728.

.....“ but now with head declin'd,
“ Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew.”

Dryden, *Aurengzebe.*

“ Your head declin'd,
“ Droops, like a rose surcharg'd with morning dew.”

Carew, however, is the first English poet in whom the idea is to be found.

v. 42. ..... *Ore young Adonis so*
Fair Venus mourn'd.]—Thus Spenser's *Mourning Muse of Thestylis.*

.....“ Venus when she waild
“ Her deare Adonis slaine.”

The next support, fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame, 46
By losse of thee would no advantage have,
But, step by step, pursues thee to thy grave.

And now relentlesse Fate, about to end 49
The line, which backward doth so farre extend
That antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,
Kind Phœbus interposing, bade me say,
Sueh stormes no more shall shake that house; but they,
Like Neptune and his sea-borne Neece, shall be
The shining glories of the Land and Sea, 56
With courage guard, and beauty warm our age,
And lovers fill with like poetique rage *.

* This Epistle has been erroneously ascribed to Waller.

Evans, Printer, Bristol.

The best support, fair hope of some great name,
And second pillar of this noble frame,
By loss of time would as adversaries have,
But, step by step, pass once to thy grave.

And now, ye glorious Fates, about to end
The line, which long ago doth to them extend
The unique arts, which still the world amazing
With honor, wealth, and all high fortune crowning,
Shall thether interposing, back are run,
Such alcumes no more shall adorn this sun;
but they,
Like Kingdoms and the wonders Nature, shall be
The shining glories of the Land and Sea.
While mortage world, and learning, years are age,
And lovers, till with time, pledge rage.*

* This [illegible]