



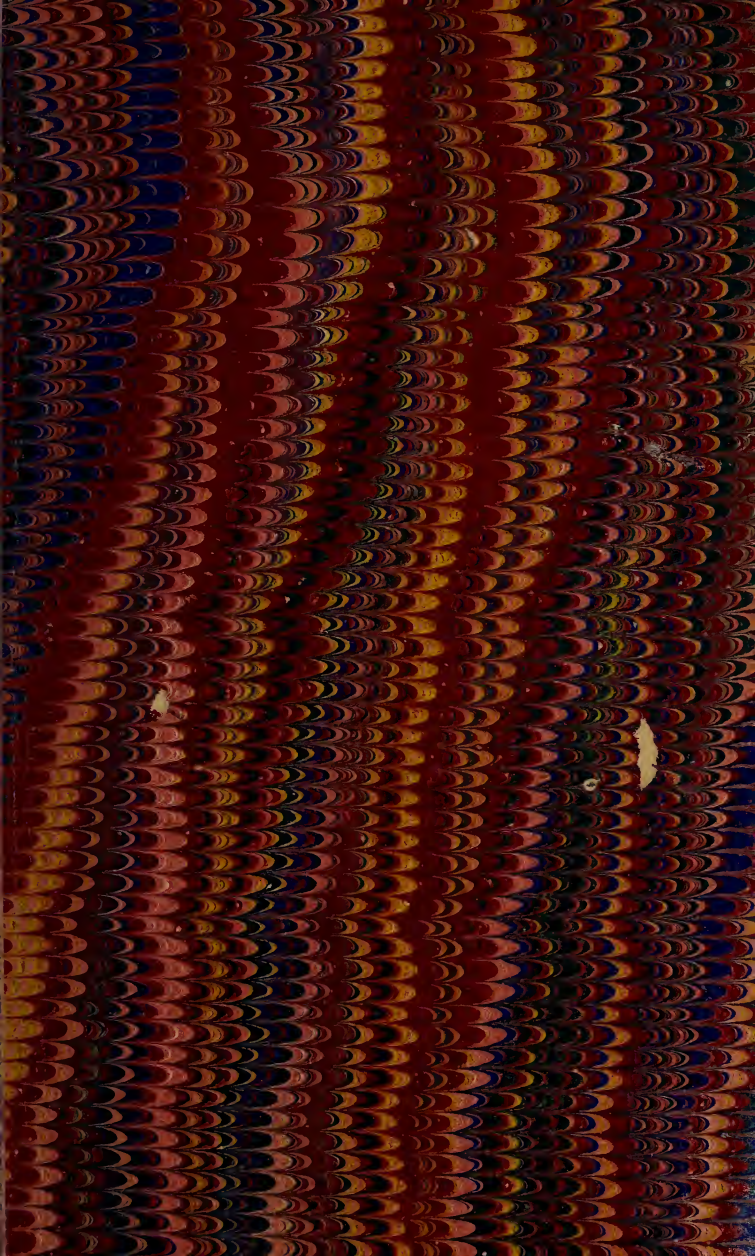
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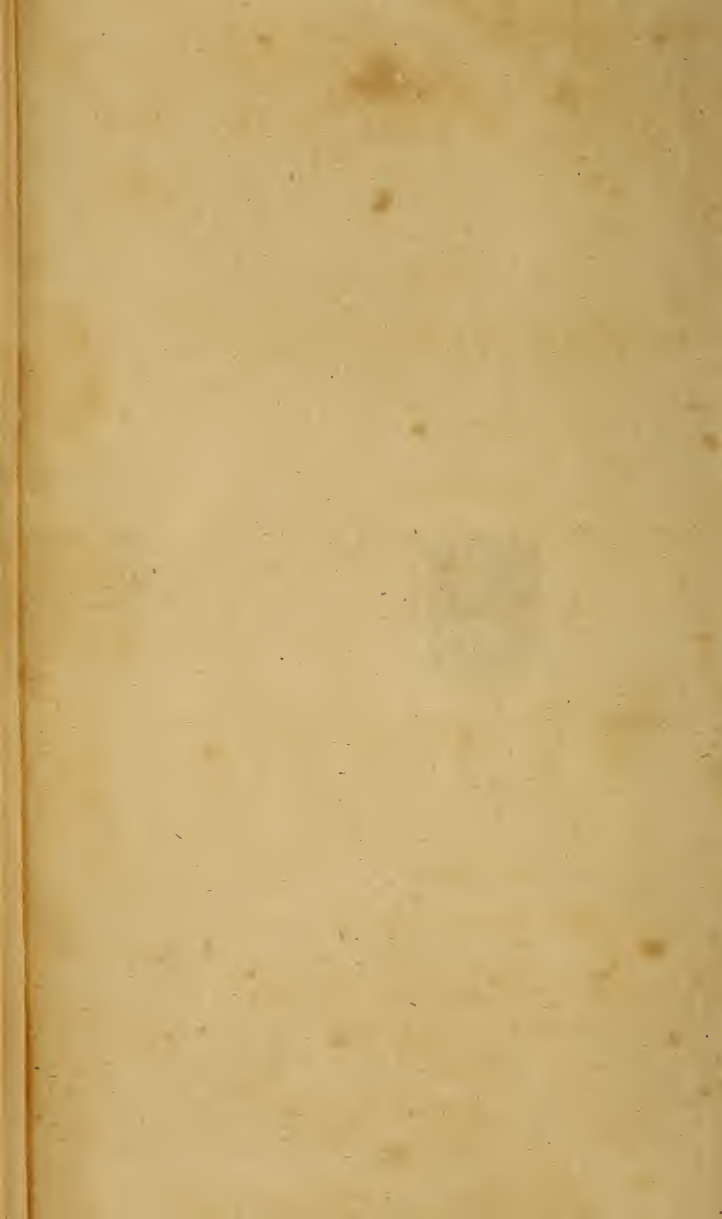








STANLEY'S
Poems.



POEMS,

BY

THOMAS STANLEY, ESQ.

Quæ mea culpa tamen, nisi si lucisse vocari
Culpa potest: nisi culpa potest et amasse, vocans.

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1651.

1871

LONDON:

From the Private Press

OF

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

Printed by T. Davison, Whitefriars.

1814.

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1814

TO
WILLIAM HAMMOND, ESQ.

OF

ST. ALBAN'S COURT,

IN THE PARISH OF

NONINGTON, IN EAST KENT,

A HOUSE INHERITED FROM A LONG LINE OF

PATERNAL ANCESTORS,

WHICH GAVE BIRTH TO THE MOTHER OF STANLEY,

AS WELL AS TO THE PATERNAL GRANDFATHER

OF AN ELEGIAC POET

WHO HAS IMMORTALIZED THE NAME OF HAMMOND,

THIS REPRINT OF THE SCARCE VOLUME OF

STANLEY'S ORIGINAL POEMS

IS DEDICATED BY

HIS SINCERE FRIEND AND RELATION,

THE EDITOR.

August 4, 1814.

PREFACE.

WHEN men have deserved fame by an union of deep and extraordinary learning, with no slight portion of original and elegant genius, it is not easy to account for an early oblivion of their writings, or an ignorance of the history of their lives.

Scarce any thing has been told of THOMAS STANLEY, the author of these poems, but that which has been copied from Anthony Wood; and in the brief memoir of that laborious biographer, there is an error, very remarkable in one who is characterized by his antiquarian accuracy. The poet's descent is deduced from an entirely wrong stock.

The general reader feels himself slightly interested about an author's descent; but when little else is recorded of him; we imagine that we can fill up something of the course of his life from a knowledge of his birth and his alliances. From hence, at least, we may form an opinion, as to the collateral aid which a writer obtained in his youth, to cherish those pursuits by which he afterwards distinguished himself. Nor is it just to withhold from any family the honour of having produced a man eminent for his intellectual gifts and acquirements.

Our poet sprung immediately, though in an oblique line, from an house illustrious for its titles, ancient nobility, and feudal power; the venerable stock of a race, who for more than three centuries have enjoyed the **EARLDOM OF DERBY**.

Edward Earl of Derby had a *natural* son, **THOMAS STANLEY**, who was father of

JAMES Stanley, of London*, who lies buried at Ensham Abbey, near Oxford, and had a second daughter, Frances, married to Sir Edward Sherburne, Knight, (by whom she had Sir Edward Sherburne, the poet) and a son,

Sir THOMAS Stanley†, of Leytonstone, in Essex, Knight, who had two wives. *First*, Mary, daughter of Sir Roger Apulton, of South Benflet, in Essex, Knight and Baronet, by whom he had three sons, who all died without issue.

The *second* wife of Sir Thomas was Mary, daughter of Sir William Hammond, of St. Alban's Court, in the parish of Nonington, between

* In Chalmers's Life of Sherburne, he is called *John Stanley* of Roydon Hall, in Essex, Esq.

† Wood, and all biographers after him, confound this Sir Thomas with Sir Thomas Stanley of Cumberlow, in Hertfordshire, who was descended from a citizen, and whose alliance to the noble family of Derby is not traced.

Canterbury and Deal, by Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Aucher, Esq., of Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury, by Margaret, daughter of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York. The entry of this marriage of Sir Thomas is to be found in the parish register of Bishopsbourne; a place rendered remarkable by the residence and death of the celebrated Richard Hooker, the author of the immortal work of *Ecclesiastical Policy*. Sir Thomas had issue by this second wife (besides two younger children, Elizabeth and Steward), a son,

THOMAS STANLEY, (who was aged about nine years in 1634,) the subject of the present memoir. His mother's sister was married to the learned Sir John Marsham. Thus allied to learning, and to poetry (for George Sandys, the great traveller and translator, was brother to Lady Aucher, his mother's grandmother), young Stanley had his literary emulation early excited and cherished. He was

educated in his father's own house, under the tuition of William Fairfax, son of Edward Fairfax, of Newhall, in the parish of Ottley, in Yorkshire, the celebrated translator of Tasso. From thence he was sent as a gentleman commoner to Pembroke hall, in Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in polite learning; having still, as he had in more advanced years, the advantage of Mr. Fairfax's society, as the director of his studies.

Having spent some time in foreign travel, he took up his residence, during the time of the usurpation, in the Middle Temple, where he formed a friendship and community of studies with his first cousin, Edward Sherburne, afterwards knighted, and celebrated as a poet and translator*. These ingenious men arrived at the Temple about

* See his Poems in A. Chalmers's Collection, vol. vi. p. 610. with a dedication to Stanley.

the same time, from the unfortunate surrender of Oxford to the Parliament forces.

Stanley, as Wood says, now “became much
 “deserving of the Commonwealth of Learning in
 “general, and particularly for the smooth and
 “genteel spirit in poetry, which appears not only
 “in his genuine poems, but also from those things
 “he hath translated out of the ancient Greek and
 “Latin, as the modern Italian, Spanish, and
 “French poets*.”

He is much celebrated by *John Hall*, of Dur-

* Wood, in this place, again falls into confusion with the Stanleys of *Cumberlow*: for he says that our poet married Dorothy eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir James Enyon of Flowre, in Northamptonshire, Bart. by whom he had the accession of a fair estate to that of his own; but this marriage belongs to *Thomas Stanley of Cumberlow*, quite a different person.

ham, in his *Poems*, which he dedicated to him, 1646, 8vo.

The first edition of his Poetical Translations was published under the title of *Europa* (in the Idylls of *Theocritus*), *Cupid Crucified*, *Venus' Vigils*, London, 1649, 8vo.

This was reprinted, with several other things, in one vol. 8vo. 1651, pp. 260, and contained the following four titles.

First title.—"Anacreon, Bion, Moschus. Kisses, by Secundus. Cupid Crucified, by Ausonius. Venus' Vigils, Incerto Authore. Printed in the year 1651."

Second title, at p. 79.—"Excitations. Printed in the year 1651." This contains notes on the preceding translations.

Third title, at p. 165.—“ Sylvia’s Park, by Theophila. Oronta, by Preti. Echo, by Marino. Love’s Embassy, by Boscan. The Solitude, by Gongora. Printed in the year 1651.”

Fourth title, at p. 213.—“ A Platonick Discourse upon Love. Written in Italian, by John Picus Mirandula, in explication of a Sonnet by Hieronimo Benivieni. Printed in the year 1651.”

The next publication was,

Aurora, Ismenia, and the Prince. By Don Juan Perez de Montalvan. Translated by Thomas Stanley, Esq. The second edition, with additions. London: printed by W. Wilson, for H. Moseley, 1650, 8vo*.

* Oronta is added to the title; but it does not appear in the volume.

His Original *Poems* were published in 1651, in 8vo*.

The History of Philosophy, first vol. 1655, fol. Second vol. 1656, fol. Third vol. 1660, fol. All reprinted 1687, fol.

History of Chaldaic Philosophy, 1662.

Version of, and Commentary on, *Æschyli Tragædiæ septem cum scholiis Græcis omnibus, deperditorum Dramatum Fragmentis*. London, 1664, fol.

* Some of these, says Wood, (and not others, in his translations) had, if I am not mistaken, musical compositions set to them, by JOHN GAMBLE, in his book entitled *Ayres and Dialogues, to be sung to the theorbo-lute, or bass-viol*, London, 1651, folio: which J. Gamble was an apprentice under Ambrose Bayland, a celebrated master of music, was afterwards a musician to a playhouse, one of the violins to King Charles II. and a composer of lessons for the king's playhouse.

Aurora is in prose, intermixed with poetry. Five copies of commendatory verses are prefixed, signed W. H., W. F., J. H., E. S., and W. F., whom I take to be William Hammond*, William Fairfax, James Howell (or perhaps John Hall), Edward Sherburne, and William Fairfax again.

I transcribe the lines signed W. H. as, if my conjecture be right, it will add a name to the list of writers of English verse.

UPON AURORA.

This transplantation of Sicilian loves
 To the more pleasing shades of Albion's groves,
 Though I admire, yet not the thing betrays
 My soul to so much wonder, as the ways
 And manner of effecting; that thy youth
 Untravell'd there should with such happy truth
 Unlock us this Iberian cabinet,
 Whose diamonds you in polish'd English set,

* See an account of MS. Letters, containing an account of the Travels of this Wm. Hammond, in *Censura Literaria*.

Such as may teach the eyes of any dame
 I' th' British Court to give and take a flame ;
 But here the greatest miracle we see,
 That Spain for this hath travell'd unto thee.

W. H.

Stanley died at his lodgings, in Suffolk-street, in St. Martin's in the Fields, 12th April, 1678, and was buried in the church there.

He left a son of both his own names, who was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and when very young translated into English *Claud. Ælianus's Various Histories*, which he dedicated to his aunt, the Lady Newton*, wife of Sir Henry Puckering Newton, Knight and Bart., to whom his father had dedicated his *Æschylus*.

The learned Dr. William Wotton (whose wife

* This lady's name was Murray. See *Collins's Baronetage*, 1720. vol. ii.

was a Hammond, allied to the poet) wrote an Eulogium on him, which was published at the end of Scævola Sammarthanus's *Elogia Gallorum*.

There is a simplicity in the touches of powerful and commanding genius, which relies on the pathos or the grandeur of its sentiments and images; and is heedless of little decorations and technical beauties. "Where truth," says Johnson, "is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless." This I think may be correctly applied to the great materials of thought which give soul to the higher classes of poetry, compared with those affected prettinesses and ornaments of language, which alone are too generally to be found in the minor efforts of that noble art.

I am afraid that Stanley belongs to this latter order; but in this, his ingenuity is elegant, highly

wrought, and striking. He has not the depth, the energy, the copiousness, or the comprehension of Cowley; but he is generally less abstruse, less unequal, and more graceful. Infected as he is with Italian conceits, it may seem strange to pronounce him more classical, because this praise cannot strictly belong to either of these authors: yet to Stanley, in many respects, it pre-eminently belongs.

Where skill is happily exercised in an art, which above all others deals in intellectual instruments, it would be as stupid, as it would be uncandid, to refuse high praise. New illustrations are thus struck out; and novelty and attraction are drawn to useful truths, which have been exposed by their triteness to neglect.

That Stanley, who must have devoted so much time to the niceties of elegant scholarship, and

the abstruse recesses of ancient philosophy, could find time to cultivate his mind and exercise his genius in the production of these exquisite trifles of a refined and romantic gallantry, must excite the veneration of those whose generous and enlarged thoughts and feelings know how to prize the flowers of mental pre-eminence.

The Editor feels confident, that he will be deemed by every reader of a polished understanding and an extensive and varied taste, to have performed a grateful task, in thus reviving the scarce and unjustly-forgotten poems of Stanley.

August 4, 1814.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE editor has found reason, since this preface was printed, to retract his opinion as to the distinction* between the Stanleys of *Leytonstone*, in Essex, the ancestors of the poet, and the Stanleys of *Cumberlow*, in Hertfordshire.

He now believes that Thomas Stanley, natural son of Edward, Earl of Derby, was *the same* Thomas Stanley, who was citizen and scrivener of London, and who bought *Cumberlow* of William Goodman, and that his son was

JOHN † (not *James*) Stanley, of *Roydon Hall*,

* See Brit. Bibliogr. vol. iv. p. 361.

† It is yet possible that this *John* Stanley was not the father of Sir Thomas; but that John had a brother *James*, who was Sir Thomas's father. The editor's friend, Mr. Lodge, made a search for him in the Heralds' College, where nothing could be found to clear these doubts.

in Essex*, Esq., who married Beatrice, daughter of Henry Dynne, of Heydon Hall, in Essex, Esq., one of the seven Auditors of the Exchequer, by whom he had a daughter, Frances Stanley, born 1588, married to Edward Sherburne, Esq. Clerk of the Ordnance, who died 1641, (father by her of Sir Edward Sherburne, the poet, born 1616,) and a son,

Sir Thomas Stanley of Leytonstone, in Essex, and Cumberlow, in Hertfordshire, Knight, father (by Mary Hammond) of

Thomas Stanley the poet, who married Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of Sir James Enyon, of Flower, in Northamptonshire, Bart.

The conviction of this identity has been produced in the editor's mind by a passage in the

* See Chauncey's Hertfordshire, p. 62.

work of an obscure author, who seems to have been patronized by or allied to the family of Hammond of St. Albans Court, and who combines the Stanleys of Cumberlow with that family in a striking manner. The passage is in Matthew Carter's book of heraldry, entitled *The Analysis of Honour*, 1660, and is here copied at length.

“ I shall instance one escutcheon of examples more, which I think (though not difficult to blazon) not easily reducible to any such judgment, yet the families are well known of noble and ancient descent.

“ The first is Sab. a cross engrailed, Or, in the dexter canton a mullet, Arg. an inescutcheon of Ulstre, the addition of a Knight Baronet, being the coat-armor of Sir Thomas Peyton, of Knolton, in East Kent, Knight and Baronet.

“ The second is Ermin, on a chief Azure, three

lyoncels rampant, Or. The atchievement of Sir Anthony Aucher, of Littlebourne*, in East Kent.

“ The third is Barry of twelve, Or and Sable, by Sir James and Sir Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, in Wiltshire.

“ The fourth is Arg. on a chevron, Sab. three escollop-shels, Or, between three pellets, charged with as many martlets of the first; all within a border, Vert, by Anthony Hammon, of St. Albons, in East Kent, Esq.

“ The fifth is Arg. on a bend, Az. three stags' heads cabossed, Or. On an escutcheon of pretence, Arg. a cheveron, Sab. betwixt three ravens, by Thomas Stanley, of Cumberlow, in Hertfordshire, Esq. The paternal coat his right by descent,

* Should be, *Bishopsbourne*.—EDITOR.

(with the distinction of the third house) of the Earls of Derby, the escutcheon of pretence as by match with the daughter and heir of Sir James Enyon, of Flower, in Northamptonshire.

“ Where observe that although a man marry the daughter and heir of a coat-armor, yet he hath not the power of quartering it, but only to empale it, or bear it thus in an escutcheon of pretence; the liberty of quartering being in the heir, who enjoys both their coats by right of blood. Observe also, that if any thing be thus hid by an addition, either canton or escutcheon of pretence, it is notwithstanding to be nominated, that no detriment be to the coat.

“ The sixth is Gules, three barbed arrows, Arg. headed, Or, by Edward Hales, of Tunstal, in Kent, Esq.

“ The seventh is Arg. a cheveron between three

milrines, Sab. by Roger James, of Rigate, in Surrey, Esq.

“The eighth within a border, bezanty, Sab. Arg. and imperial eagle, by the family of the Kilgrews, in Cornwall.

“The ninth, Arg. a fesse ermines, between six mullets, Sab. by Steven Penckhurst, of Buxsted, in Sussex, Esq.”

In addition to this, Edward Phillips both in the dedication and body of his *Theatrum Poetarum* speaks of Stanley, the poet, as of *Cumberlow*.

In Jordan's *Forest of Fancies* is an epithalamium “on the much honoured Pair, T. S. Esq. and Mrs. D. E.” which could be no other than Thomas Stanley, and Dorothy Enyon.

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Poems.

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1881-1882

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POEMS,

BY

THOMAS STANLEY, ESQ.

Quæ mea culpa tamen, nisi si luisse vocari
Culpa potest: nisi culpa potest, et amasse, vocari?

PRINTED IN THE YEAR
1651.

1837

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

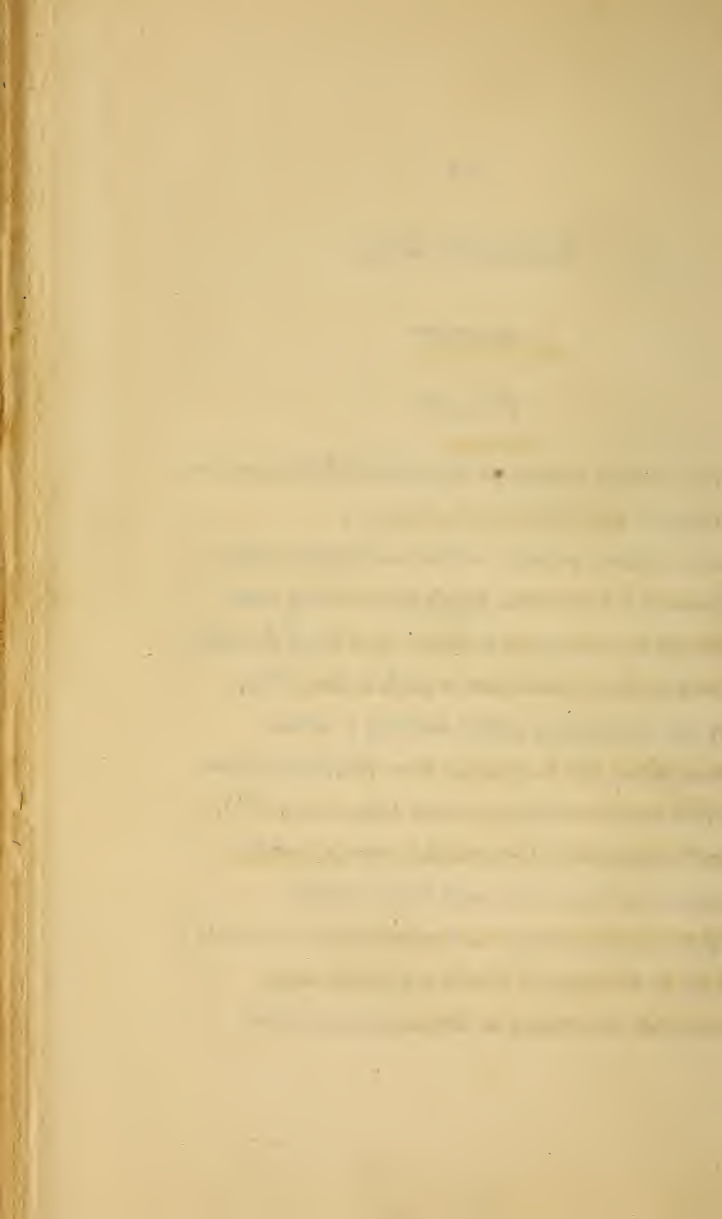
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THE
DEDICATION.

TO LOVE.

THOU, whose sole name all passions doth comprize,
Youngest and eldest of the Deities;
Born without parents, whose unbounded reign
Moves the firm earth, fixeth the floating main,
Inverts the course of heaven; and from the deep
Awakes those souls that in dark Lethe sleep,
By thy mysterious chains seeking t' unite,
Once more, the long-since torn Hermaphrodite.
He, who thy willing prisoner long was vow'd,
And uncompell'd beneath thy sceptre bow'd,
Returns at last in thy soft fetters bound,
With victory, though not with freedom crown'd:
And, of his dangers pass'd a grateful sign,
Suspends this tablet at thy numerous shrine.



POEMS.

THE GLOW-WORM.

STAY, fairest Chariessa, stay and mark
This animated gem, whose fainter spark
Of fading light its birth had from the dark.

A Star thought by the erring passenger,
Which falling from its native orb dropt here,
And makes the earth (its centre,) now its sphere.

Should many of these sparks together be,
He that the unknown light far off should see,
Would think it a terrestrial Galaxy.

Take't up, fair Saint ; see how it mocks thy fright!
 The paler flame doth not yield heat, though light,
 Which thus deceives thy reason, through thy sight.

But see how quickly it (ta'en up) doth fade,
 To shine in darkness only being made,
 By th' brightness of thy light turn'd to a shade ;

And burnt to ashes by thy flaming eyes,
 On the chaste altar of thy hand it dies,
 As to thy greater light a sacrifice.*

THE BREATH.

FAVONIUS the milder breath o' th' Spring,
 When proudly bearing on his softer wing

* A stile of poetry so full of quaint and far-fetched conceits cannot be commended as the most chaste and classical. But, among trifles of this kind, the *Glow-worm* is singularly elegant and happy. The poems which succeed bear the same character.

Rich odours, which from the Panchean groves
He steals, as by the Phenix pyre he moves,
Profusely doth his sweeter theft dispense
To the next rose's blushing innocence,
But from the grateful flower, a richer scent
He back receives than he unto it lent.
Then laden with his odours' richest store,
He to thy breath hastes ; to which these are poor !
Which whilst the amorous wind to steal essays,
He like a wanton Lover 'bout thee plays,
And sometimes cooling thy soft cheek doth lie,
And sometimes burning at thy flaming eye :
Drawn in at last by that breath we implore,
He now returns far sweeter than before,
And rich by being rob'd, in thee he finds
The burning sweets of Pyres, the cool of Winds.

DESIRING HER TO BURN HIS VERSES.

THESE papers, Chariessa, let thy breath
Condemn ; thy hand unto the flames bequeath ;
Tis fit, who gave them life, should give them death.

And whilst in curled flames to Heaven they rise,
Each trembling sheet shall as it upward flies,
Present it self to thee a sacrifice.

Then when about its native orb it came,
And reach'd the lesser lights o' th' sky, this flame
Contracted to a star should wear thy name.

Or falling down on earth from its bright sphere,
Shall in a diamond's shape its lustre bear,
And trouble (as it did before) thine ear.

But thou wilt cruel even in mercy be,
Inequal in thy justice, who dost free
Things without sense from flames, and yet not Me.

THE NIGHT.

A DIALOGUE.

CHARIESSA.

WHAT if Night
Should betray us, and reveal
 To the light
All the pleasures that we steal?

PHILOCHARIS.

Fairest, we
Safely may this fear despise ;
 How can She
See our actions who wants eyes ?

CHARIESSA.

Each dim star
And the clearer lights, we know,
 Night's eyes are ;
They were blind that thought her so !

PHILOCHARIS.

Those pale fires
Only burn to yield a light
T' our desires,
And though blind, to give us sight.

CHARIESSA.

By this shade,
That surrounds us, might our flame
Be betray'd,
And the day disclose its name.

PHILOCHARIS.

Dearest Fair,
These dark witnesses we find
Silent are ;
Night is dumb as well as blind.

CHORUS.

Then whilst these black shades conceal us,
We will scorn
Th' envious Morn,
And the Sun that would reveal us.
Our flames shall thus their mutual light betray,
And night, with these joys crown'd, outshine the day.

EXCUSE FOR WISHING HER LESS FAIR.

WHY thy passion should it move
That I wish'd thy beauty less?
Fools desire what is above
Power of nature to express;
And to wish it had been more,
Had been to outwish her store!

If the flames within thine eye
Did not too great heat inspire,
Men might languish yet not die,
At thy less ungentle fire;

And might on thy weaker light
Gaze, and yet not lose their sight.

Nor would'st thou less fair appear,
For detraction adds to thee ;
If some parts less beauteous were,
Others would much fairer be :
Nor can any part we know
Best be stil'd, when all are so.

Thus this great excess of light,
Which now dazzles our weak eyes,
Would, eclips'd, appear more bright ;
And the only way to rise,
Or to be more fair, for thee,
Celia, is less fair to be.*

* One cannot avoid admiring the ingenuity exercised in this continual play upon words.

CHANG'D, YET CONSTANT.

WRONG me no more
In thy complaint,
Blam'd for inconstancy ;
I vow'd t' adore
The fairest Saint,
Nor chang'd whilst thou wert she :
But if another thee outshine,
Th' inconstancy is only thine.

To be by such
Blind fools admir'd,
Gives thee but small esteem,
By whom as much
Thou'dst be desir'd,
Didst thou less beauteous seem :
Sure why they love they know not well,
Who why they should not cannot tell.

Women are by
 Themselves betray'd,
And to their short joys cruel,
 Who foolishly
 Themselves persuade
Flames can outlast their fuel ;
None (though Platonic their pretence)
With reason love unless by sense.

And He, by whose
 Command to thee
I did my heart resign,
 Now bids me choose
 A Deity
Diviner far than thine ;
No power can Love from Beauty sever ;
I'm still Love's subject, thine was never.

The fairest She
 Whom none surpass
To love hath only right,
 And such to me

Thy beauty was
Till one I found more bright ;
But 'twere as impious to adore
Thee now, as not t' have done't before.

Nor is it just
By rules of Love
Thou should'st deny to quit
A heart that must
Another's prove,
Ev'n in thy right to it ;
Must not thy subjects captives be
To her who triumphs over Thee ?

Cease then in vain
To blot my name
With forg'd Apostasy,
Thine is that stain
Who dar'st to claim
What others ask of Thee.
Of Lovers they are only true
Who pay their hearts where they are due.

THE SELF-DECEIVER.

MONTALVAN.

DECEIV'D and undeceiv'd to be
At once I seek with equal care,
Wretched in the discovery,
Happy if cozen'd still I were :
Yet certain ill of ill hath less
Than the mistrust of happiness.

But if when I have reach'd my aim,
(That which I seek less worthy prove,)
Yet still my love remains the same,
The subject not deserving love ;
I can no longer be excus'd,
Now more in fault as less abus'd.

Then let me flatter my desires,
And doubt what I might know too sure,
He that to cheat himself conspires,
From falsehood doth his faith secure ;

In love uncertain to believe
I am deceiv'd, doth undeceive.

For if my life on doubt depend,
And in distrust inconstant steer,
If I essay the strife to end,
(When Ignorance were Wisdom here ;)
All thy attempts how can I blame
To work my death? I seek the same.

THE CURE.

NYMPH.

WHAT busy cares too timely born
(Young Swain!) disturb thy sleep?
Thy early sighs awake the Morn,
Thy tears teach her to weep.

SHEPHERD.

Sorrows, fair Nymph, are full alone ;
Nor counsel can endure.

NYMPH.

Yet thine disclose, for until known
Sickness admits no cure.

SHEPHERD.

My griefs are such as but to hear
Would poison all thy joys,
The pity which thou seem'st to bear
My health, thine own destroys.

NYMPH.

How can diseased minds infect?
Say what thy grief doth move!

SHEPHERD.

Call up thy virtue to protect
Thy heart, and know 'twas love.

NYMPH.

Fond Swain!

SHEPHERD.

By which I have been long
Destin'd to meet with hate.

NYMPH.

Fy, Shepherd, fy: thou dost love wrong,
To call thy crime thy fate.

SHEPHERD.

Alas what cunning could decline,
What force can love repel?

NYMPH.

Yet, there's a way to unconfine
Thy heart.

SHEPHERD.

For pity tell.

NYMPH.

Choose one whose love may be allur'd
 By thine : who ever knew
 Inveterate diseases cur'd
 But by receiving new ?

SHEPHERD.

All will like her my soul perplex.

NYMPH.

Yet try.

SHEPHERD.

Oh could there be,
 But any softness in that sex,
 I'd wish it were in thee.

NYMPH.

Thy prayer is heard : learn now t' esteem
 The kindness she hath shewn,
 Who thy lost freedom to redeem
 Hath forfeited her own.

CELIA SINGING.

ROSES in breathing forth their scent,
Or stars their borrowed ornament ;
Nymphs in the watery sphere that move,
Or Angels in their orbs above ;
The winged chariot of the light,
Or the slow silent wheels of night ;
The shade, which from the swifter sun
Doth in a circular motion run ;
Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,
Make far less noise than Cælia's breath in sleep.

But if the Angel, which inspires
This subtile flame with active fires,
Should mould this breath to words, and those
Into a harmony dispose,
The music of this heavenly sphere
Would steal each soul out at the ear,
And into plants and stones infuse
A life that Cherubins would choose ;
And with new powers invert the laws of Fate,
Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

A LA MESME.

BELLE voix, dont mes charmes desrobent mon âme,
 Et au lieu d'un esprit m'animent d'une flamme,
 Dont je sens la subtile, et la douce chaleur,
 Enter par non oreille et glisser dans mon cœur ;
 Me faisant esprever par cette aimable vie,
 Nos ames ne consistent que d'une harmonie ;
 Que la vie m'est douce, la mort m'est sans peine,
 Puisq'on les trouve toutes deux dans ton haleine :
 Ne m'espargne donc pas satisfais tes rigueurs ;
 Car si tu me souffres de vivre, je me meurs.

*THE RETURN.*

BEAUTY, whose soft magnetic chains
 Nor time nor absence can unite,
 Thy power the narrow bounds disdains
 Of Nature or philosophy,
 That can'st by unconfined laws
 A motion, though at distance, cause.

Drawn by the sacred influence
Of thy bright eyes, I back return ;
And since I no where can dispense
With flames that do in absence burn,
I rather choose 'midst them t' expire
Than languish by a hidden fire.

But if thou insulting pride
Of vulgar Beauties dost despise,
Who by vain triumphs deified,
Their votaries do sacrifice,
Then let those flames, whose magic charm
At distance scorch'd, approach'd but warm.



SONG.

WHEN I lie burning in thine eye,
Or freezing in thy breast,
What Martyrs, in wish'd flames that die,
Are half so pleas'd or blest ?

When thy soft accents, through mine ear
 Into my soul do fly,
What Angel would not quit his sphere,
 To hear such harmony?

Or when the kiss thou gav'st me last
 My soul stole in its breath,
What life would sooner be embrac'd
 Than so desir'd a death?

Then think no freedom I desire,
 Or would my fetters leave,
Since Phenix-like I from this fire
 Both life and youth receive.*

* A very elegant little song, with all the harmony of modern rhythm.

THE SICK LOVER.

GUARINI.

My sickly breath
Wastes in a double flame;
Whilst Love and Death
To my poor life lay claim;
The fever, in whose heat I melt,
By her that causeth it not felt.

Thou who alone
Can'st, yet wilt grant no ease,
Why slight'st thou one
To feed a new disease?
Unequal fair! the heart is thine;
Ah, why then should the pain be mine?

SONG.

CELINDA, by what potent art
Or unresisted charm,
Dost thou thine ear and frozen heart
Against my passion arm?

Or by what hidden influence
Of powers in one combin'd,
Dost thou rob Love of either sense,
Made deaf as well as blind?

Sure thou, as friends united, hast
Two distant Deities ;
And scorn within thy heart hast plac'd,
And love within thine eyes.

Or those soft fetters of thy hair,
A bondage that disdains
All liberty, do guard thine ear
Free from all other chains.

Then my complaint how can'st thou hear,
Or I this passion fly,
Since thou imprison'd hast thine ear,
And not confin'd thine eye?

SONG.

FOOL take up thy shaft again;
If thy store
Thou profusely spend in vain,
Who can furnish thee with more?
Throw not then away thy darts,
On impenetrable hearts.

Think not thy pale flame can warm
Into tears,
Or dissolve the snowy charm,
Which her frozen bosom wears,
That expos'd, unmelted lies
To the bright suns of her eyes.

But since thou thy power hast lost,
Nor can'st fire
Kindle in that breast, whose frost
Doth these flames in mine inspire,
Not to thee but her I'll sue,
That disdains both me and you.

DELAY.

DELAY! Alas there cannot be
To Love a greater tyranny:
Those cruel beauties that have slain
Their votaries by their disdain,
Or studied torments, sharp and witty,
Will be recorded for their pity,
And after-ages be misled
To think them kind, when this is spread.
Of deaths the speediest is despair,
Delays the slowest tortures are;
Thy cruelty at once destroys,
But Expectation starves my joys,

Time and Delay, may bring me past
The power of Love to cure, at last;
And should'st thou wish to ease my pain,
Thy pity might be lent in vain;
Or if thou hast decreed, that I
Must fall beneath thy cruelty,
O kill me soon! Thou wilt express
More mercy, e'en in shewing less.

COMMANDED BY HIS MISTRESS TO WOO FOR HER.

MARINO.

STRANGE kind of love! that knows no president,
A faith so firm as passeth Faith's extent,
By a tyrannic beauty long subdu'd,
I now must sue for her to whom I su'd,
Unhappy Orator! who, though I move
For pity, pity cannot hope to prove,
Employing thus against myself my breath,
And in another's life begging my death.

But if such moving powers my accents have,
Why first my own redress do I not crave?
What hopes that I to pity should incline
Another's breast, who can move none in thine?
Or how can the griev'd patient look for ease,
When the physician suffers the disease?
If thy sharp wounds from me expect their cure,
'Tis fit those first be heal'd that I endure.

Ungentle fair one! why dost thou dispense
Unequally thy sacred influence?
Why pining me, offer'st the precious food
To one by whom nor priz'd, nor understood;
So some clear brook to the full main, to pay
Her needless crystal tribute hastes away,
Profusely foolish; whilst her niggard tide
Starves the poor flowers that grow along her side.

Thou who my glories art design'd to own,
Come then, and reap the joys that I have sown:
Yet in thy pride acknowledge, though thou bear
The happy prize away, the palm I wear.

Nor the obedience of my flame accuse,
That what I sought, myself conspir'd to lose:
The hapless state where I am fix'd is such,
To love I seem not, 'cause I love too much.

THE REPULSE.

NOT that by this disdain
I am releas'd,
And freed from thy tyrannic chain,
Do I myself think bless'd ;

Nor that thy flame shall burn
No more ; for know
That I shall into ashes turn,
Before this fire doth so.

Nor yet that unconfin'd
I now may rove,
And with new beauties please my mind,
But that thou ne'er did'st love :

For since thou hast no part
Felt of this flame,
I only from thy tyrant heart
Repuls'd, not banish'd am.

To lose what once was mine
Would grieve me more
Than those inconstant sweets of thine
Had pleas'd my soul before.

Now I have not lost the bliss
I ne'er possess;
And spite of fate am blest in this,
That I was never blest.

THE TOMB.

WHEN, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am born,

Thy fetters must their power bequeath
 To those of Death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn;
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
There is more liberty in Death than Love.

And when forsaken Lovers come
 To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
 And (as a Victor) proud
To view the spoils thy beauty made
 Press near my shade,
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth, or marble, must
 Conceal my dust,
Whilst hid in some dark ruins, I
 Dumb and forgotten lie,

The pride of all thy victory
 Will sleep with me;
 And they who should attest thy glory,
 Will, or forget, or not believe this story.
 Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
 Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.*

THE ENJOYMENT.

ST. AMANT.

FAR from the court's ambitious noise
 Retir'd, to those more harmless joys
 Which the sweet country, pleasant fields,
 And my own court, a cottage, yields;
 I liv'd from all disturbance free,
 Though prisoner (Sylvia) unto thee;
 Secur'd from fears, which others prove,
 Of the inconstancy of Love;

* There are passages in this poem which are more than pretty; but it ends with a feeble conceit.

A life, in my esteem, more blest,
Than e'er yet stoop'd to Death's arrest.

My senses and desires agreed,
With joint delight each other feed:
A bliss, I reach'd, as far above
Words, as her beauty, or my love;
Such as compar'd with which, the joys
Of the most happy seem but toys:
Affection I receive and pay,
My pleasures knew not Grief's allay:
The more I tasted I desir'd,
The more I quench'd my thirst was fir'd.

Now, in some place where Nature shews
Her naked beauty, we repose;
Where she allures the wand'ring eye
With colours, which faint art outvie;
Pearls scatter'd by the weeping morn,
Each where the glitt'ring flowers adorn;
The mistress of the youthful year
(To whom kind Zephyrus doth bear

His amorous vows and frequent prayer)
Decks with these gems her neck and hair.

Hither, to quicken Time with sport,
The little sprightly Loves resort,
And dancing o'er the enamel'd mead,
Their mistresses the Graces lead;
Then to refresh themselves, repair
To the soft bosom of my fair;
Where from the kisses they bestow
Upon each other, such sweets flow
As carry in their mixed breath
A mutual power of life and death.

Next in an elm's dilated shade
We see a rugged Satyr laid,
Teaching his reed, in a soft strain,
Of his sweet anguish to complain;
Then to a lonely grove retreat,
Where day can no admittance get,
To visit peaceful solitude;
Whom seeing by repose pursu'd,

All busy cares, for fear to spoil
Their calmer courtship, we exile.

There underneath a myrtle, thought
By Fairies sacred, where was wrought
By Venus' hand Love's mysteries,
And all the trophies of her eyes,
Our solemn prayers to Heaven we send,
That our firm love might know no end ;
Nor time its vigor e'er impair:
Then to the winged God we swear,
And grav'd the oath in its smooth kind,
Which in our hearts we deeper find.

Then to my dear (as if afraid
To try her doubted faith) I said,
Would in thy soul my form as clear,
As in thy eyes I see it, were.
She kindly angry saith, thou art
Drawn more at large within my heart ;
These figures in my eye appear
But small, because they are not near,

Thou, through these glasses see'st thy face,
As pictures through their crystal case.

Now with delight transported, I
My wreathed arms about her tie;
The flattering Ivy never holds
Her husband Elm in stricter folds:
To cool my fervent thirst, I sip
Delicious nectar from her lip.
She pledges, and so often past
This amorous health, till Love at last
Our souls did with these pleasures sate,
And equally inebriate.

Awhile, our senses stol'n away,
Lost in this extasy we lay,
Till both together rais'd to life,
We reingage in this kind strife.
Cythæra with her Syrian boy
Could never reach our meanest joy.
The childish God of Love ne'er try'd
So much of love with his cold bride,

As we in one embrace include,
Contesting each to be subdu'd.*

TO CELIA PLEADING WANT OF MERIT.

DEAR, urge no more that killing cause
Of our divorce;
Love is not fetter'd by such laws,
Nor bows to any force:
Though thou deniest I should be thine,
Yet say not thou deserv'st not to be mine.

Oh rather frown away my breath
With thy disdain,
Or flatter me with smiles to death;
By joy or sorrow slain,
'Tis less crime to be kill'd by thee,
Than I thus cause of mine own death should be.

* Many lines in this poem are elegantly expressed and happily versified: and frequent passages in subsequent poets may be traced to this source.

See how these neighb'ring Palms do bend
Their heads, and mutual murmurs send,
As whispering with a jealous fear
Their loves, into each other's ear.
Then blush not such a flame to own,
As like thyself no crime hath known ;
Led by these harmless guides, we may
Embrace and kiss as well as they.

And like those blessed souls above,
Whose life is harmony and love,
Let us our mutual thoughts betray,
And in our wills our minds display ;
This silent speech is swifter far
Than the ears' lazy species are ;
And the expression it affords,
As our desires, 'bove reach of words.

Thus we, my dear, of these may learn
A passion others not discern ;
Nor can it shame or blushes move,
Like plants to live, like Angels love :
Since all excuse with equal innocence,
What above reason is, or beneath sense.

THE BRACELET.

TRISTAN.

Now Love be prais'd! that cruel fair,
Who my poor heart restrains
Under so many chains,
Hath weav'd a new one for it of her hair.

These threads of amber us'd to play
With every courtly wind;
And never were confin'd;
But in a thousand curls allow'd to stray.

Cruel each part of her is grown;
Nor less unkind than she
These fetters are to me,
Which to restrain my freedom, lose their own.

THE KISS.

WHEN on thy lip my soul I breathe,
Which there meets thine,
Freed from their fetters by this death
Our subtle forms combine;
Thus without bonds of sense they move,
And like two Cherubins converse by love.

Spirits, to chains of earth confin'd,
Discourse by sense;
But ours, that are by flames refin'd,
With those weak ties dispense.
Let such in words their minds display;
We in a kiss our mutual thoughts convey.

But since my soul from me doth fly,
To thee retir'd,
Thou can'st not both retain: for I
Must be with one inspir'd.
Then, dearest, either justly mine
Restore, or in exchange let me have thine.

Yet, if thou dost return mine own,
Oh tak't again!
For 'tis this pleasing death alone
Gives ease unto my pain.
Kill me once more, or I shall find
Thy pity, than thy cruelty, less kind.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

GARCILASSO MARINO.

WHEN Phœbus saw a rugged bark beguile
His love, and his embraces intercept,
The leaves, instructed by his grief to smile,
Taking fresh growth and verdure as he wept:
“How can,” saith he, “my woes expect release,
When tears, the subject of my tears, increase!”

His chang'd, yet scorn-retaining Fair he kiss'd,
From the lov'd trunk plucking a little bough;
And though the conquest which he sought he miss'd,
With that triumphant spoil adorns his brow.

Thus this disdainful maid his aim deceives:
Where he expected fruit he gathers leaves.

SPEAKING AND KISSING.

THE air, which thy smooth voice doth break,
Into my soul like lightning flies;
My life retires whilst thou dost speak,
And thy soft breath its room supplies.

Lost in this pleasing extasy,
I join my trembling lips to thine;
And back receive that life from thee,
Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonic fools, t' enquire
What numbers do the soul compose!
No harmony can life inspire,
But that which from these accents flows.

THE SNOW-BALL.

DORIS, I that could repel
All those darts about thee dwell,
And had wisely learn'd to fear,
'Cause I saw a foe so near ;
I that my deaf ear did arm
'Gainst thy voice's powerful charm,
And the lightning of thine eye
Durst (by closing mine) defy,
Cannot this cold snow withstand
From the whiter of thy hand.
Thy deceit hath thus done more
Than thy open force before :
For who could suspect or fear
Treason in a face so clear ;
Or the hidden fires descry
Wrapt in this cold outside lie ?
Flames might thus involve in ice
The deceiv'd world sacrifice ;
Nature, ignorant of this
Strange antiperistasis,

Would her falling frame admire,
That by snow were set on fire.

THE DEPOSITION.

THOUGH when I lov'd thee thou wert fair,
Thou art no longer so ;
Those glories all the pride they wear
Unto opinion owe ;
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre shine ;
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye,
Do now, with mine, expire ;
Thy brightest graces fade and die
At once with my desire ;
Love's fires thus mutual influence return ;
Thine cease to shine, when mine to burn.

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more
 To be implor'd or woo'd,
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
 The wealth my love bestow'd ;
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall find
That none are fair but who are kind.

TO HIS MISTRESS IN ABSENCE.

TASSO.

FAR from thy dearest self, the scope
 Of all my aims,
I waste in secret flames ;
And only live because I hope.
 Oh, when will Fate restore
 The joys, in whose bright fire
My expectation shall expire,
That I may live because I hope no more !

LOVE'S HERETIC.

HE whose active thoughts disdain
To be captive to one foe,
And would break his single chain,
Or else more would undergo ;
Let him learn the art of me,
By new bondage to be free!

What tyrannic mistress dare
To one beauty love confine,
Who, unbounded as the air,
All may court but none decline ?
Why should we the heart deny
As many objects as the eye ?

Wheresoe'er I turn or move,
A new passion doth detain me :
Those kind beauties that do love,
Or those proud ones that disdain me ;
This frown melts, and that smile burns me ;
This to tears, that ashes turns me.

Soft fresh Virgins, not full blown,
 With their youthful sweetness take me ;
Sober Matrons, that have known
 Long since what these prove, awake me ;
Here staid coldness I admire ;
There the lively active fire.

She that doth by skill dispense
 Every favour she bestows,
Or the harmless innocence,
 Which nor court nor city knows,
Both alike my soul enflame,
That wild Beauty, and this tame.

She that wisely can adorn
 Nature with the wealth of Art,
Or whose rural sweets do scorn
 Borrow'd helps to take a heart,
The vain care of that's my pleasure,
Poverty of this my treasure.

Both the wanton and the coy,
 Me with equal pleasures move ;

She whom I by force enjoy,
 Or forceth me to love:
This, because she'll not confess,
That not hide, her happiness.

She whose loosely flowing hair,
 Scatter'd like the beams o' th' morn,
Playing with the sportive air,
 Hides the sweets it doth adorn,
Captive in that net restrains me,
In those golden fetters chains me.

Nor doth she with power less bright
 My divided heart invade,
Whose soft tresses spread like night
 O'er her shoulders a black shade;
For the starlight of her eyes
Brighter shines through those dark skies.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
 I alike with all can sport;

The bold sprightly Thais woo,
Or the frozen Vestal court ;
Every Beauty takes my mind,
Tied to all, to none confin'd.



LA BELLE CONFIDENTE.

You earthly souls that court a wanton flame,
Whose pale weak influence
Can rise no higher than the humble name,
And narrow laws of sense,
Learn by our friendship to create
An immaterial fire,
Whose brightness Angels may admire,
But cannot emulate.

Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
Or make the lilies fade ;
But all the subtile ways that Death doth seek,
Cannot my love invade.

Flames that are kindled by the eye,
 Through time and age expire;
 But ours, that boast a reach far higher,
 Can nor decay nor die.

For when we must resign our vital breath,
 Our loves by Fate benighted,
 We by this friendship shall survive in death,
 Even in divorce united.
 Weak Love, through fortune or distrust,
 In time forgets to burn,
 But this pursues us to the urn,
 And marries either's dust. *

LA BELLE ENNEMIE.

I YIELD, dear enemy, nor know
 How to resist so fair a foe!

* However far-fetched these ideas may be, there is uncommon elegance and ingenuity in the expression, and polish in the versification.

Who would not thy soft yoke sustain,
 And bow beneath thy easy chain,
 That with a bondage bless'd might be,
 Which far transcends all liberty?

But since I freely have resign'd
 At first assault my willing mind,
 Insult not o'er my captiv'd heart
 With too much tyranny and art,
 Lest by thy scorn thou lose the prize
 Gain'd by the power of thy bright eyes,
 And thou this conquest thus shalt prove,
 Though got by Beauty, kept by Love!



THE DREAM.

LOPE DE VEGA.

To set my jealous soul at strife,
 All things maliciously agree,
 Though sleep of Death the image be,
 Dreams are the portraiture of life.

I saw, when last I clos'd my eyes,
 Celinda stoop t' another's will;
 If specious Apprehension kill,
What would the truth without disguise?

The joys which I should call mine own,
 Methought this rival did possess:
 Like dreams is all my happiness;
Yet dreams themselves allow me none.



TO THE LADY D.

MADAM,

 The blushes I betray,
When at your feet I humbly lay
These papers, beg you would excuse
Th' obedience of a bashful Muse,
Who, bowing to your strict command,
Trusts her own errors to your hand,
Hasty abortives, which, laid by,
She meant, ere they were born should die:
But since the soft power of your breath
Hath call'd them back again from Death,

To your sharp judgment now made known,
 She dares for hers no longer own ;
 The worst she must not, these resign'd
 She hath to th' fire, and where you find
 Those your kind Charity admir'd,
 She writ but what your eyes inspir'd.

LOVE DEPOSED.

You that unto your mistress' eyes
 Your hearts do sacrifice,
 And offer sighs or tears at Love's rich shrine,
 Renounce with me
 Th' idolatry,
 Nor this infernal Power esteem divine.

The brand, the quiver, and the bow,
 Which we did first bestow,
 And he as tribute wears from every lover,
 I back again
 From him have ta'en,
 And the impostor, now unveil'd, discover.

I can the feeble child disarm,
Untie his mystic charm,
Divest him of his wings, and break his arrow;
We will obey
No more his sway,
Nor live confin'd to laws or bounds so narrow.

And you, bright Beauties, that inspire
The Boy's pale torch with fire,
We safely now your subtle power despise,
And unscorch'd may
Like atoms play,
And wanton in the sun-shine of your eyes.

Nor think hereafter by new arts
You can bewitch our hearts,
Or raise this devil by your pleasing charm;
We will no more
His power implore,
Unless, like Indians, that he do no harm.

THE DIVORCE.

DEAR, back my wounded heart restore,
And turn away thy powerful eyes;
Flatter my willing soul no more!
Love must not hope what Fate denies.

Take, take away thy smiles and kisses!
Thy love wounds deeper than disdain;
For he that sees the heaven he misses,
Sustains two hells, of loss and pain.

Should'st thou some other's suit prefer,
I might return thy scorn to thee,
And learn apostasy of her,
Who taught me first idolatry.

Or in thy unrelenting breast
Should I disdain or coyness move,
He by thy hate might be releas'd,
Who now is prisoner to thy love.

Since then unkind Fate will divorce
Those whom Affection long united,
Be thou as cruel as this force,
And I in death shall be delighted.

Thus while so many suppliants woo,
And beg they may thy pity prove,
I only for thy scorn do sue:
'Tis charity here not to love.



TIME RECOVERED.

CASONE.

COME, my dear, whilst youth conspires
With the warmth of our desires;
Envious Time about thee watches,
And some grace each minute snatches;
Now a spirit, now a ray,
From thy eye he steals away;
Now he blasts some blooming rose,
Which upon thy fresh cheek grows;

Gold now plunders in a hair;
Now the rubies doth impair
Of thy lips; and with sure haste
All thy wealth will take at last;
Only that of which thou mak'st
Use in time, from time thou tak'st.



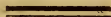
THE BRACELET.

REBELLIOUS fools that scorn to bow
Beneath Love's easy sway,
Whose stubborn wills no laws allow,
Disdaining to obey,
Mark but this wreath of hair, and you shall see,
None that might wear such fetters would be free!

I once could boast a soul like you,
As unconfin'd as air;
But mine, which force could not subdue,
Was caught within this snare;
And, by myself betray'd, I, for this gold,
A heart that many storms withstood, have sold.

No longer now wise Art enquire,
With this vain search delighted,
How souls, that human breasts inspire,
Are to their frames united;
Material chains such spirits well may bind,
When this soft braid can tie both arm and mind.

Now, Beauties, I defy your charm,
Rul'd by more powerful art:
This mystic wreath which crowns my arm,
Defends my vanquish'd heart;
And I, subdu'd by one more fair, shall be
Secur'd from Conquest by Captivity.



THE FAREWELL.

SINCE Fate commands me hence, and I
Must leave my soul with thee, and die,
Dear, spare one sigh, or else let fall
A tear to crown my funeral,

That I may tell my grieved heart,
Thou art unwilling we should part,
And Martyrs, that embrace the fire,
Shall with less joy than I expire.

With this last kiss I will bequeath
My soul transfus'd into thy breath,
Whose active heat shall gently slide
Into thy breast, and there reside,
And be in spite of Fate, thus bless'd
By this sad death, of Heaven possess'd.
Then prove but kind, and thou shalt see
Love hath more power than Destiny.

CLAIM TO LOVE.

GUARINI.

ALAS! alas! thou turn'st in vain
Thy beauteous face away,
Which, like young sorcerers, rais'd a pain
Above its power to lay.

Love moves not, as thou turn'st thy look,
 But here doth firmly rest ;
He long ago thy eyes forsook,
 To revel in my breast.

Thy power on him why hop'st thou more
 Than his on me should be ?
The claim thou lay'st to him is poor,
 To that he owns from me.

His substance in my heart excels
 His shadow in thy sight ;
Fire, where it burns, more truly dwells,
 Than where it scatters light.

TO HIS MISTRESS,
WHO DREAMED HE WAS WOUNDED.

GUARINI.

THINE eyes, bright Saint, disclose,
And thou shalt find
Dreams have not with illusive shews
Deceiv'd thy mind:
What sleep presented to thy view,
Awake, and thou shalt find is true.

Those mortal wounds I bear,
From thee begin,
Which though they outward not appear,
Yet bleed within.
Love's flame like active lightning flies,
Wounding the heart, but not the eyes.

But now I yield to die
Thy sacrifice,
Nor more in vain will hope to fly

From thy bright eyes :
Their killing power cannot be shunn'd,
Open or close alike they wound.

THE EXCHANGE.

DIALOGUE.

PHIL.

THAT kiss, which last thou gav'st me, stole
My fainting life away,
Yet, though to thy breast fled, my soul
Still in mine own doth stay ;

CHAR.

And with the same warm breath did mine
Into thy bosom slide ;
There dwell contracted unto thine,
Yet still with me reside.

CHOR.

Both souls thus in desire are one,
And each is two in skill;
Doubled in intellect alone,
United in the will.
Weak Nature no such power doth know:
Love only can these wonders show.

UNALTERED BY SICKNESS.

SICKNESS, in vain thou dost invade
A Beauty that can never fade!
Could all thy malice but impair
One of the sweets which crown this fair,
Or steal the spirits from her eye,
Or kiss into a paler dye
The blushing roses of her cheek,
Our drooping hopes might justly seek
Redress from thee, and thou might'st save
Thousands of lovers from the grave:

But such assaults are vain, for she
Is too divine to stoop to thee ;
Blest with a form as much too high
For any change, as Destiny,
Which no attempt can violate ;
For what's her Beauty, is our Fate.



ON HIS MISTRESS'S DEATH.

PETRARCH.

LOVE the ripe harvest of my toils
Began to cherish with his smiles,
Preparing me to be indued
With all the joys I long pursued,
When my fresh hopes, fair and full blown,
Death blasts, ere I could call my own.

Malicious Death! why with rude force
Dost thou my Fair from me divorce?
False Life! why in this loathed chain
Me from my Fair dost thou detain?
In whom assistance shall I find?
Alike are Life and Death unkind.

Pardon me, Love; thy power outshines,
And laughs at their infirm designs.
She is not wedded to a tomb,
Nor I to sorrow in her room.
They, what thou join'st, can ne'er divide:
She lives in me, in her I died.

THE EXEQUIES.

DRAW near,
You Lovers that complain
Of Fortune or Disdain,
And to my ashes lend a tear;
Melt the hard marble with your groans,
And soften the relentless stones,
Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide,
Of all Love's cruelties, and Beauty's pride!

No verse,
No epicedium bring,
Nor peaceful requiem sing,
To charm the terrours of my hearse;

No profane numbers must flow near
 The sacred silence that dwells here.
 Vast griefs are dumb ; softly, oh ! softly mourn,
 Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew
 Upon my dismal grave
 Such offerings as you have,
 Forsaken cypress and sad yew ;
 For kinder flowers can take no birth,
 Or growth, from such unhappy earth.
 Weep only o'er my dust, and say, Here lies
 To Love and Fate an equal sacrifice.

THE SILKWORM.

THIS silkworm, to long sleep retir'd,
 The early year hath re-inspir'd,
 Who now to pay to thee prepares
 The tribute of her pleasing cares ;

And hastens with industrious toil
 To make thy ornament, her spoil:
 See with what pains she spins for thee
 The thread of her own destiny ;
 Then growing proud in Death, to know
 That all her curious labours thou
 Wilt, as in triumph, deign to wear,
 Retires to her soft sepulchre.

Such, dearest, is that hapless state,
 To which I am design'd by Fate,
 Who by thee, willingly, o'ercome,
 Work mine own fetters and my tomb.



A LADY WEeping.

MONTALVAN.

As when some brook flies from itself away,
 The murmuring crystal loosely runs astray ;
 And as about the verdant plain it winds,
 The meadows with a silver riband binds,

Printing a kiss on every flower she meets,
Losing herself to fill them with new sweets,
To scatter frost upon the lily's head,
And scarlet on the gilliflower to spread;
So melting sorrow, in the fair disguise
Of humid stars, flow'd from bright Cloris' eyes,
Which wat'ring every flower her cheek discloses,
Melt into jasmynes here, there into roses.

AMBITION.

I MUST no longer now admire
The coldness which possess'd
Thy snowy breast,
That can by other flames be set on fire.
Poor Love, to harsh Disdain betray'd,
Is by Ambition thus out-weigh'd.

Hadst thou but known the vast extent
Of constant faith, how far
'Bove all that are

Born slaves to Wealth, or Honour's vain ascent;
No richer treasure couldst thou find
Than hearts with mutual chains combin'd.

But Love is too despis'd a name,
And must not hope to rise
Above these ties;

Honour and Wealth outshine his paler flame;
These unite souls, whilst true desire
Unpitied dies in its own fire.

Yet, cruel fair one, I did aim
With no less justice too,
Than those that sue
For other hopes, and thy proud fortune's claim.
Wealth honours, honours wealth approve,
But Beauty's only meant for Love.

SONG.

WHEN, dearest beauty, thou shalt pay
Thy faith and my vain hope away
To some dull soul that cannot know
The worth of that thou dost bestow;
Lest with my sighs and tears I might
Disturb thy unconfin'd delight,
To some dark shade I will retire,
And there, forgot by all, expire.

Thus, whilst the difference thou shalt prove
Betwixt a feign'd and real love,
Whilst he, more happy, but less true,
Shall reap those joys I did pursue,
And with those pleasures crowned be
By Fate, which Love design'd for me,
Then thou, perhaps, thyself wilt find
Cruel too long, or too soon kind.

THE REVENGE.

RONSARD.

FAIR Rebel to thyself and Time,
Who laugh'st at all my tears,
When thou hast lost thy youthful prime,
And Age his trophy rears,

Weighing thy inconsiderate pride
Thou shalt in vain accuse it,
Why beauty am I now denied,
Or knew not then to use it?

Then shall I wish, ungentle fair,
Thou in like flames may'st burn;
Venus, if just, will hear my prayer,
And I shall laugh my turn.

SONG.

I WILL not trust thy tempting graces,
Or thy deceitful charms ;
Nor pris'ner be to thy embraces,
Or fetter'd in thy arms ;
No, Celia, no, not all thy art
Can wound or captivate my heart.

I will not gaze upon thy eyes,
Or wanton with thy hair,
Lest those should burn me by surprise,
Or these my soul ensnare ;
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away.

Since then my wary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine,
If thou would'st mine should captive be,
Thou must thine own resign,
And gratitude may thus move more
Than Love or Beauty could before.

SONG.

No, I will sooner trust the wind,
 When falsely kind
It courts the pregnant sails into a storm,
 And when the smiling waves persuade,
 Be willingly betray'd,
Than thy deceitful vows or form.

Go, and beguile some easy heart
 With thy vain art ;
Thy smiles and kisses on those fools bestow,
 Who only see the calms that sleep
 On this smooth flatt'ring deep,
But not the hidden dangers know.

They that like me thy falsehood prove,
 Will scorn thy love.
Some may, deceiv'd at first, adore thy shrine ;
 But he that, as thy sacrifice,
 Doth willingly fall twice,
Dies his own martyr, and not thine.

TO A BLIND MAN IN LOVE.

MARINO.

LOVER, than Love more blind, whose bold thoughts
dare

Fix on a woman is both young and fair!

If Argus, with a hundred eyes, not one

Could guard, hop'st thou to keep thine, who hast
none?

ANSWER.

I'M blind, 'tis true, but, in Love's rules, defect

Of sense is aided by the intellect;

And senses by each other are supplied:

The touch enjoys what's to the sight denied.

SONG.

I PRITHEE let my heart alone,
 Since now 'tis rais'd above thee,
Not all the beauty thou dost own,
 Again can make me love thee:

He that was shipwreck'd once before
 By such a Syren's call,
And yet neglects to shun that shore,
 Deserves his second fall.

Each flatt'ring kiss, each tempting smile,
 Thou dost in vain bestow,
Some other lovers might beguile,
 Who not thy falsehood know.

But I am proof against all art,
 No vows shall e'er persuade me
Twice to present a wounded heart
 To her that hath betray'd me.

Could I again be brought to love
Thy form, though more divine,
I might thy scorn as justly move,
As now thou sufferest mine.

*THE LOSS.*

YET ere I go,
Disdainful Beauty, thou shalt be
So wretched, as to know
What joys thou fling'st away with me.

A faith so bright,
As Time or Fortune could not rust;
So firm, that lovers might
Have read thy story in my dust,

And crown'd thy name
With laurel verdant as thy youth,
Whilst the shrill voice of Fame
Spread wide thy beauty and my truth.

This thou hast lost;
For all true lovers, when they find
That my just aims were crost,
Will speak thee lighter than the wind.

And none will lay
Any oblation on thy shrine,
But such as would betray
Thy faith, to faiths as false as thine.

Yet, if thou choose
On such thy freedom to bestow,
Affection may excuse,
For love from sympathy doth flow.



THE SELF-CRUEL.

CAST off, for shame, ungentle Maid,
That misbecoming joy thou wear'st;
For in my death, though long delay'd,
Unwisely cruel thou appear'st.

Insult o'er captives with disdain,
Thou canst not triumph o'er the slain.

No, I am now no longer thine,
Nor canst thou take delight to see
Him whom thy love did once confine,
Set, though by Death, at liberty ;
For if my fall a smile beget,
Thou gloriest in thy own defeat.

Behold how thy unthrifty pride
Hath murder'd him that did maintain it!
And wary souls, who never tried
Thy tyrant beauty, will disdain it:
But I am softer, and that me
Thou would'st not pity, pity thee.

SONG.

BY M. W. M.

WERT thou yet fairer than thou art,
Which lies not in the power of Art ;
Or hadst thou in thine eyes more darts
Than ever Cupid shot at hearts ;
Yet if they were not thrown at me,
I would not cast a thought on thee.

I'd rather marry a disease,
Than court the thing I cannot please :
She that will cherish my desires,
Must meet my flames with equal fires.
What pleasure is there in a kiss
To him that doubts the heart's not his?

I love thee not because th' art fair,
Softer than down, smoother than air ;

Nor for the Cupids that do lie
In either corner of thine eye:
Would'st thou then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you, 'cause you love me.

ANSWER.

WERT thou by all affections sought,
And fairer than thou would'st be thought;
Or had thine eyes as many darts
As thou believ'st they shoot at hearts;
Yet if thy love were paid to me,
I would not offer mine to thee.

I'd sooner court a fever's heat,
Than her that owns a flame as great:
She that my love will entertain,
Must meet it with no less disdain;
For mutual fires themselves destroy,
And willing kisses yield no joy.

I love thee not because alone
Thou canst all beauty call thine own;

Nor doth my passion fuel seek
In thy bright eye or softer cheek:
Then, fairest, if thou would'st know why
I love thee, 'cause thou canst deny.

THE RELAPSE.

OH, turn away those cruel eyes,
The stars of my undoing!
Or Death, in such a bright disguise,
May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious pride,
Who dare contemn thy glory;
It was my fall that deified
Thy name, and seal'd thy story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee;
Though my first Death proclaim thee fair,
My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
No other for thy fuel,
And if thou burn one victim twice,
Both think thee poor and cruel.

TO THE COUNTESS OF S. WITH
THE HOLY COURT.

MADAM,

Since every place you bless, the name
This book assumes may justlier claim,
(What more a court than where you shine?
And where your soul, what more divine?)
You may, perhaps, doubt at first sight,
That it usurps upon your right;
And praising virtues, that belong
To you, in others, doth your's wrong;
No; 'tis yourself you read, in all
Perfections earlier ages call
Their own; all glories they e'er knew
Were but faint prophecies of you.

You then have here sole interest whom 'tis meant
As well to entertain, as represent.

SONG.

DE VOITURE.

I LANGUISH in a silent flame;
For she, to whom my vows incline,
Doth own perfections so divine,
That but to speak were to disclose her name.
If I should say that she the store
Of Nature's graces doth comprise,
The love and wonder of all eyes,
Who will not guess the beauty I adore?

Or though I warily conceal
The charms her looks and soul possess;
Should I her cruelty express,
And say she smiles at all the pains we feel;
Among such suppliants as implore

Pity, distributing her hate,
Inexorable as their fate,
Who will not guess the beauty I adore?



DRAWN FOR VALENTINE BY THE

L. D. S.

THOUGH 'gainst me Love and Destiny conspire,
Though I must waste in an unpitied fire,
By the same Deity, severe as fair,
Commanded adoration and despair;
Though I am mark'd for sacrifice, to tell
The growing age what dangerous glories dwell
In this bright dawn, who, when she spreads her rays,
Will challenge every heart, and every praise;
Yet she who to all hope forbids my claim,
By Fortune's taught indulgence to my flame.

Great Queen of Chance! unjustly we exclude
Thy power an interest in beatitude,
Who, with mysterious judgment, dost dispense
The bounties of unerring Providence,

Whilst we, to whom the causes are unknown,
 Would style that blindness thine, which is our own,
 As kind in justice to thyself as me,
 Thou hast redeem'd thy name and votary;
 Nor will I prize this less for being thine,
 Nor longer at my destiny repine:
 Counsel and choice are things below thy state;
 Fortune relieves the cruelties of Fate.

THE MODEST WISH.

BARCLAY.

REACH incense, boy! thou pious flamen, pray!
 To genial Deities these rites we pay.
 Fly far from hence, such as are only taught
 To fear the Gods by guilt of crime or thought!
 This is my suit, grant it Celestial Powers,
 If what my will affects, oppose not yours.
 First, pure before your altars may I stand,
 And practise studiously what you command;

My parent's faith devoutly let me prize,
Nor what my ancestors esteem'd, despise;
Let me not vex'd inquire, (when thriving ill
Depresseth good,) why thunder is so still?
No such ambitious knowledge trouble me;
Those curious thoughts advance not Piety:
Peaceful my house, in wife and children bless'd,
Nor these beyond my fortune be increas'd:
None couzen me with Friendship's specious gloss;
None dearly buy my friendship with their loss:
To suits nor wars my quiet be betray'd;
My quiet, to the Muses justly paid:
Want never force me court the rich with lies,
And intermix my suit with flatteries:
Let my sure friends deceive the tedious light,
And my sound sleeps, with debts not broke, the night:
Cheerful my board, my smiles shar'd by my wife,
O Gods! yet mindful still of human life,
To die nor let me wish nor fear; among
My joys mix griefs, griefs that not last too long:
My age be happy; and when Fate shall claim
My thread of life, let me survive in fame.

Enough: the gods are pleas'd; the flames aspire,
 And crackling laurel triumphs in the fire.



E CATALECTIS VET. POET.

A SMALL well-gotten stock and country seat
 I have, yet my content makes both seem great.
 My quiet soul to fears is not inur'd,
 And from the sins of Idleness secur'd.
 Others may seek the camp, others the town,
 And fool themselves with pleasure or renown;
 Let me, unminded in the common crowd,
 Live master of the time that I'm allow'd.



*ON THE EDITION OF MR. FLETCHER'S
 WORKS.*

FLETCHER (whose fame no age can ever waste;
 Envy of ours, and glory of the last)
 Is now alive again; and with his name

His sacred ashes wak'd into a flame;
Such as before did by a secret charm
The wildest heart subdue, the coldest warm,
And lend the ladies' eyes a power more bright,
Dispensing thus to either, heat and light.

He to a sympathy those souls betray'd,
Whom Love or Beauty never could persuade;
And in each mov'd spectator could beget
A real passion by a counterfeit;
When first Bellario bled, what lady there
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?
And when Aspasia wept, not any eye
But seem'd to wear the same sad livery.
By him inspir'd, the feign'd Lucina drew
More streams of melting sorrow than the true;
But then the scornful lady did beguile
Their easy griefs, and teach them all to smile.

Thus he affections could, or raise or lay;
Love, Grief, and Mirth thus did his charms obey:
He Nature taught her passions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new;
Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.

Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept
 In the same urn wherein his dust hath slept,
 Nor had he ris'n the Delphic wreath to claim,
 Had not the dying scene expir'd his name.
 O, the indulgent justice of this age,
 To grant the Press, what it denies the Stage!
 Despair our joy hath doubled ; he is come
 Twice welcome by this *post liminium* ;
 His loss preserv'd him ; they that silenc'd wit
 Are now the authors to eternize it :

Thus poets are in spite of Fate reviv'd,
 And plays, by intermission, longer liv'd.

TO MR. W. HAMMOND.*

THOU best of friendship, knowledge, and of art !
 The charm of whose lov'd name preserves my heart

* William Hammond, Esq. of St. Albans Court, in the parish of Nonington, between Canterbury and Deal, son of Anthony Hammond, Esq. of the same place, by Anne, daughter of Sir Dudley Digges, of Chilham Castle, Master of the Rolls.

Elizabeth Hammond, one of the sisters of Anthony,

From female vanities (thy name, which there,
 Till Time dissolves the fabric, I must wear)
 Forgive a crime which long my soul opprest,
 And crept by chance in my unwary breast,
 So great, as for thy pardon were unfit,
 And to forgive were worse than to commit,
 But that the fault and pain were so much one,
 The very act did expiate what was done.

I, who so often sported with the flame,
 Play'd with the Boy, and laugh'd at both as tame,

was married to the learned Sir John Marsham, author of the *Chronicon*, and was ancestress by him of the present Earl of Romney.

Mary Hammond, another sister of Anthony, was mother of our poet, who was consequently first cousin to the person to whom the present poem is addressed.

Anthony Hammond, of Somersham, in Huntingdonshire, younger brother of this William, was father of Anthony Hammond, of Somersham, who, by *Anne Clarges*, (not *Walpole*, as Dr. Johnson erroneously states), was father of *James Hammond* the Elegiac Poet.

Sir William Hammond, father of the first-named Anthony, married a daughter of Sir Anthony Aucher, by a sister of George Sandys, *the poet*; so that poetical blood flowed in the veins of this family.

The above-named William Hammond married his first cousin, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Marsham.

William Hammond, Esq. his great great grandson, still resides at St. Albans Court.

Betray'd by Idleness and Beauty, fell
At last in love, love, both the sin and hell:
No punishment great as my fault esteem'd,
But to be that which I so long had seem'd,
Behold me such, a face, a voice, a lute,
The sentence in a minute execute!
I yield ; recant ; the faith which I before
Denied, profess ; the power I scorn'd, implore.
Alas, in vain ! no prayers, no vows can bow
Her stubborn heart, who neither will allow.
But see how strangely what was meant no less
Than torment, prov'd my greatest happiness:
Delay, that should have sharpen'd, starv'd Desire,
And Cruelty not fann'd, but quench'd my fire ;
Love bound me : now by kind Disdain set free,
I can despise that Love as well as she.
That sin to friendship I away have thrown:
My heart thou may'st without a rival own,
While such as willingly themselves beguile,
And sell away their freedoms for a smile,
Blush to confess our joys as far above
Their hopes, as Friendship's longer liv'd than Love,

ON MR. SHIRLEY'S* POEMS.

WHEN, dearest friend, thy verse doth re-inspire
Love's pale decaying torch with brighter fire,
Whilst every where thou dost dilate thy flame,
And to the world spread thy Odelia's name,
The justice of all ages must remit
To her the prize of Beauty, thee of Wit.
Then, like some skilful artist, that to wonder
Framing a piece, displeas'd, takes it asunder,
Thou Beauty dost depose, her charms deny,
And all the mystic chains of Love untie:
Thus thy diviner Muse a power 'bove Fate
May boast, that can both make and uncreate.

Next thou call'st back to life that love-sick boy,
To the kind-hearted nymphs less fair than coy,
Who, by reflex beams burnt with vain desire,
Did, Phœnix-like, in his own flames expire:
But should he view his shadow drawn by thee,
He with himself once more in love would be.

* James Shirley, the dramatic poet.

Echo (who though she words pursue, her haste
Can only overtake and stop the last)
Shall her first speech and human veil obtain
To sing thy softer numbers o'er again.
Thus, into dying poetry, thy Muse
Doth full perfection and new life infuse ;
Each line deserves a laurel, and thy praise
Asks not a garland, but a grove of bays ;
Nor can ours raise thy lasting trophies higher,
Who only reach at merit to admire.

But I must chide thee, friend : how canst thou be
A patron, yet a foe to poetry ?
For while thou dost this age to verse restore,
Thou dost deprive the next of owning more ;
And hast so far e'en future aims surpast,
That none dare write : thus being first and last,
All, their abortive Muses will suppress,
And poetry by this increase grow less.

ON MR. SHERBURN'S * TRANSLATION OF SENECA'S
MEDEA, AND VINDICATION OF THE AUTHOR.

THAT wise philosopher, who had design'd
To life the various passions of the mind,
Did wrong'd Medea's jealousy prefer
To entertain the Roman theatre;
Both to instruct the soul, and please the sight,
At once begetting horror and delight.

This cruelty thou dost once more express,
Though in a strange, no less becoming dress;
And her revenge hast robb'd of half its pride,
To see itself thus by itself outvied,
That boldest ages past may say, our times
Can speak, as well as act their highest crimes.

Nor was 't enough to do his scene this right,
But what thou gav'st to us, with equal light
Thou wouldst bestow on him, nor wert more just
Unto the author's work, than to his dust;
Thou dost make good his title, aid his claim,
Both vindicate his poem and his name,

* Afterwards Sir Edward Sherburn. See Chalmers's
Poets.

So shar'st a double wreath; for all that we
Unto the poet owe, he owes to thee.
Though change of tongues stol'n praise to some
 afford,
Thy version hath not borrow'd, but restor'd.



ON MR. HALL'S ESSAYS.

WITS that matur'd by time have courted praise,
Shall see their works outdone in these essays;
And blush to know, thy earlier years display
A dawning, clearer than their brightest day.
Yet I'll not praise thee, for thou hast outgrown
The reach of all mens praises, but thine own.
Encomiums to their objects are exact;
To praise, and not at full, is to detract.
And with most justice are the best forgot,
For praise is bounded when the theme is not:
Since mine is thus confin'd, and far below
Thy merit, I forbear it; nor will show
How poor the autumnal pride of some appears,
To the ripe fruit thy vernal season bears.

Yet though I mean no praise, I come t' invite
Thy forward aims still to advance their flight ;
Rise higher yet, what though thy spreading wreath
Lessen to their dull sight who stay beneath ?
To thy full learning how can all allow
Just praise, unless that all were learn'd as thou ?
Go on in spite of such low souls, and may
Thy growing worth know age, though not decay,
Till thou pay back thy theft ; and live to climb
As many years as thou hast snatch'd from Time.

*ON SIR JOHN SUCKLING, HIS PICTURE
AND POEMS.*

SUCKLING, whose numbers could invite
Alike to wonder and delight,
And with new spirit did inspire
The Thespian scene and Delphic lyre,
Is thus express'd in either part,
Above the humble reach of Art.
Drawn by the pencil, here you find
His form, by his own pen, his mind.

THE UNION.

Μία ψυχὴ δὺὸ σώματα.

BY MR. WILLIAM FAIRFAX.

As in the crystal centre of the sight,
 Two subtle beams make but one cone of light,
 Or when one flame twin'd with another is,
 They both ascend in one bright pyramis;
 Our spirits thus into each other flow,
 One in our being, one in what we know,
 In what we will, desire, dislike, approve,
 In what we love, and one is that pure love,
 As in a burning glass th' aërial flame,
 With the producing ray, is still the same:
 We to Love's purest quintessence refin'd,
 Do both become one undefiled mind.
 This sacred fire into itself converts
 Our yielding spirits, and our melting hearts,
 Till both our souls into one spirit run,
 So several lines are in their centre one.
 And when thy fair idea is imprest
 In the soft tablet of my easier breast,

The sweet reflection brings such sympathy,
That I my better self behold in thee ;
And all perfections that in thee combine,
By this resultance are entirely mine ;
Thy rays disperse my shades, who only live
Bright in the lustre thou art pleas'd to give.

ANSWER.

IF we are one, dear friend! why shouldst thou be
At once unequal to thyself and me?
By thy release thou swell'st my debt the more,
And dost but rob thyself to make me poor.
What part can I have in thy luminous cone?
What flame, since my love's thine, can call my own?
The palest star is less the son of night,
Who, but thy borrow'd, know no native light:
Was't not enough thou freely didst bestow
The Muse, but thou wouldst give the laurel too?
And twice my aims by thy assistance raise,
Conferring first the merit, then the praise?
But I should do thee greater injury,
Did I believe this praise were meant to me,

Or thought, though thou hast worth enough to spare,
T' enrich another soul, that mine should share.
Thy Muse, seeming to lend, calls home her fame,
And her due wreath doth in renouncing claim.

PYTHAGORAS, HIS MORAL RULES.

FIRST to immortal God thy duty pay,
Observe thy vow, honour the saints: obey
Thy prince and rulers, nor their laws despise,
Thy parents reverence, and near allies:
Him that is first in virtue make thy friend;
And with observance his kind speech attend:
Nor, to thy power, for light faults cast him by;
Thy power is neighbour to necessity.

These know, and with intente care pursue;
But Anger, Sloth, and Luxury subdue.
In sight of others, or thyself, forbear
What 's ill; but of thyself stand most in fear.
Let Justice all thy words and actions sway,
Nor from the even course of reason stray;

For know that all men are to die ordain'd,
And riches are as quickly lost as gain'd.
Crosses that happen by divine decree,
If such thy lot, bear not impatiently.
Yet seek to remedy with all thy care,
And think the just have not the greatest share.
'Mongst men discourses good and bad are spread,
Despise not those, nor be by these misled.
If any some notorious falsehood say,
Thou the report with equal judgment weigh.
Let not mens smoother promises invite,
Nor rougher threats from just resolves thee fright.
If ought thou would'st attempt, first ponder it,
Fools only inconsiderate acts commit.
Nor do what afterward thou may'st repent,
First learn to know the thing on which th' art bent.
Thus thou a life shalt lead with joy replete.

Nor must thou care of outward health forget;
Such temperance use in exercise and diet,
As may preserve thee in a settled quiet.
Meats unprohibited, not curious, choose,
Decline what any other may accuse:

The rash expense of vanity detest,
And sordidness: a mean in all is best.
Hurt not thyself; act nought thou dost not weigh;
And every business of the following day
As soon as by the morn awak'd, dispose;
Nor suffer sleep at night thy eyes to close,
Till thrice that diary thou hast o'errun;
How slipt? what deeds, what duty left undone?
Thus thy account summ'd up from first to last,
Grieve for the ill, joy for what good hath past.

These, if thou study, practise, and affect,
To sacred Virtue will thy steps direct.
Nature's eternal fountain I attest,
Who did the soul with fourfold power invest.
Ere thou begin, pray well thy work may end,
Then shall thy knowledge to all things extend,
Divine and human; where enlarg'd, restrain'd;
How Nature is by general likeness chain'd.
Vain Hope nor Ignorance shall dim thy sight:
Then shalt thou see that hapless men invite
Their ills; to good, though present, deaf and blind;
And few the cure of their misfortunes find:

This only is the fate that harms, and rolls,
 Through miseries successive, human souls.
 Within is a continual hidden fight,
 Which we to shun must study, not excite:
 Good God! how little trouble should we know,
 If thou to all men wouldst their genius show!

But fear not thou; men come of heav'nly race,
 Taught by diviner Nature what t' embrace;
 Which, if pursued, thou all I nam'd shalt gain,
 And keep thy soul clear from thy body's stain:
 In time of prayer and cleansing meats denied,
 Abstain from; thy mind's reins let reason guide:

Then rais'd to Heaven, thou from thy body free,
 A deathless saint, no more shalt mortal be.

The common received opinion that *Pythagoras* is not the author of these verses, seems to be defended by *Chrysippus* in *Agellius*, *Plutarch*, *Lactertius*, and *Iamblichus*, who affirm, that the rules and sense only were his, digested into verse by some of his scholars. But it is not improbable, that they did no more than collect the verses, and

so gave occasion to the mistake; for *Laertius* confesseth that *Pythagoras* used to deliver his precepts to his disciples in verse, one of which was

Πῆ παρέβην; τί δ' ἔρεξα; τί μοι δέον ἐκ ἐτελέσθη;
How slipt? what deeds, what duty left undone?

Of this opinion I believe *Clemens Alexandrinus*, who cites one of these lines under his name, and *Proclus*, when he calls him τῶν χρυσῶν ἐπῶν πατέρα, *the father of the golden verses.*

[*Thy duty pay*]

Νόμῳ ὡς διακεῖται; though *Hierocles* in another sense read διάκεινται.

[*Thy vow*]

Ορκῶ. *Hierocles*, τήρησις τῶν θειῶν νόμων, *observance of religious rules.*

[*Honour the saints*]

Ἡρώας. *Laertius* on these words explains *souls whereof the air is full. Hierocles*, *angels, the sons of God, &c.*

[*Thy prince and rulers*]

Καταχθονίης, δαίμονας, *Hierocles* Τῆς ἐπὶ γῆς πολιτευεσθαί δυναμενης; *capable of government.*

[*Nor their laws despise*]

Ἐννομα ῥέζειν. *Hierocles* Πείθεσθαι οἷς ἀπολελοί-
 πασιν ἡμῖν παραγγέλμασι; *to obey their commands.*

[*With observance*]

Ἔργα ἐποφέλιμα, *that is, ευεργεσία Θεραπεία: yet,*
Hierocles otherwise.

[*Thy power is neighbour to necessity*]

Whatsoever necessity can force thee to bear, it is
 in thy power to bear voluntarily. If thy friend
 have wronged thee, how canst thou say, thou art
 not able to endure his company, when imprison-
 ment might constrain thee to it? See *Hierocles.*

[*'Mongst men discourses good and bad are spread;*
Despise not these, nor be by those misled.]

So *Hierocles*, *Marcilius* reads ὦν (that is, ἄν) for
 ων, which best agrees with this sense.

[*What any other may accuse*]

φθόνον. *Hierocles* interprets μέμψιν, *invidia*, so
 taken sometimes by *Cicero*, *Marcil.*

[*And every business of the following day*

As soon as by the morn awak'd, dispose]

These two lines I have inserted upon the autho-

riety of *Porphyrus*, Πρὸ μὲν ἄν τῷ ὕπνῳ ταῦτα
ἑαυτῷ τὰ ἔπη ἱπαδεῖν ἕκασον.

Μήδ' ὕπνον μαλακοῖσιν, &c.

Πρὸ δὲ τῆς ἐξανασάσεως ἐκεῖνα.

Πρῶτα μὲν ἐξ ὕπνοιο μελιφρονῶς ἐξυπανισὰς

Εὖ μάλα ποιανευεῖν ὅσ' ἐν ἡματι ἔργα τελέσσει.

*He advised every one before he slept to repeat these
verses to himself,*

Nor suffer sleep at night, &c.

And before he rose these,

And every business, &c.

How much this confirms *Pythagoras* the author,
and his scholars but disposers of the verses (who,
as it appears, forgot these two), is evident enough.
The main argument they insist upon, who labour
to prove the contrary, is derived from these words,

[*Nature's eternal fountain I attest,*

Who did the soul with fourfold power invest]

Where *Marcilius* expounds παραδόντα τετρακλήν *illum a quo scientiam τετρακλίῳ acceperant, is autem
doctor eorum Pythagoras, as if it were*

*Him who the Tetrad to our souls exprest,
(Nature's eternal fountain) I attest;*

And then takes pains to show that his scholars used to swear by him. But παραδιδόναι ψυχῆ μαθητῶν for διδάσκειν is not without a little violence to ἀμετερεῖ ψυχῶν (which makes *Iamblicus* read ἀμετερας σοφίας) *Marcilius* in this being the less excusable for confessing immediately, *Animæ vero nostræ dixerunt Pythagorei quoniam quaternarius animæ numerus est*, an explanation inconsistent with the other, but (as I conceive) truer; *Macrobius* expressly agreeth with it; *Juro tibi per eum qui dat animæ nostræ quaternarium numerum*; or, as others,

Per qui nostræ animæ numerum dedit ipse quaternum.

By him who gave us life—God. In which sense, παγάν ἀεννάε φύσεως, much more easily will follow παρόδοντα than τετρακῆν. The four powers of the soul are, *mens, scientia, opinio, sensus*, which *Aristotle* calls the four instruments of judgment, *Hierocles*, κριτικας δυνάμεις. The mind is com-

pared to an *unit*, in that of many singulars it makes one. *Science* to the number *two*, (which amongst the Pythagoreans is *numerus infinitatis*,) because it proceeds from things certain, and granted to uncertain and infinite. *Opinion* to *three*, a number of indefinite variety. *Sense* to *four*, as furnishing the other three. In this exposition I am the more easily persuaded to dissent from *Plutarch*, *Hierocles*, *Iamblichus*, and other interpreters, since they differ no less amongst themselves.

[*Within is a continual hidden fight*]

Betwixt Reason and Appetite.

[*How little trouble*]

As *Marcilius* reads, Η πολλῶν, &c.

[*Their genius*]

Οἷω δαίμονι, *Hierocles* expounds ὅια ψυχῆ. *Genius* includes both.

[*What t' embrace*]

Hierocles, πάντα τὰ δεόντα, *all that they ought to do*.

[From the body's stain]

Hierocl. from the infection of the body.

[In times of prayer]

Ἐν τε λύσει ψυχῆς, *Meditation.* See *Plato* in *Phaedone*.

[And cleansing]

Which extended (saith *Hierocles*) ἔων σίλων καὶ πόντων καὶ τ' ὅλης διαίτης τε θνήτῃς ἡμῶν σώματι, *to meat and drink, &c.*

[Meats denied]

what they were is expressed by *Laertius*, *Suidas*, *Hierocles*, *Agellius*, &c. *Hierocles* affirms that in these words ὦν ἔιπομεν, he cites his *sacred Apothegms*: τὰ δὲ ἐπὶ μέρες ἐν τοῖς ἱεροῖς ἀποφθέγμασιν, ἐν ἀπορρήτῳ παρεδίδοιτο. *Concerning meat is particularly delivered in his holy Apothegms, that which was not lawful to make known to every one.* Which is a great testimony that *Pythagoras*, and not any of his disciples, writ these verses; for if the author had cited him before in the third person (as they argue from παραδόντα τετρακῆν), he would have cited him now in the first.

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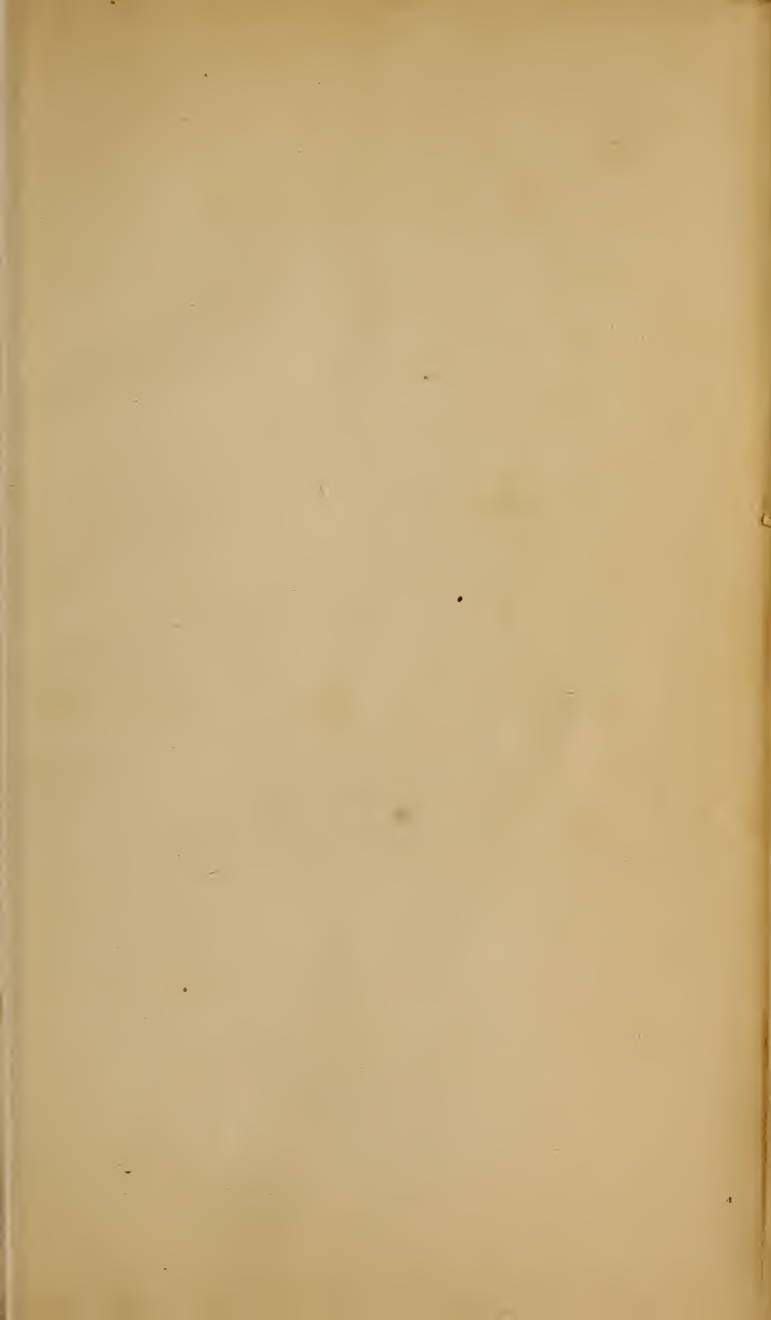
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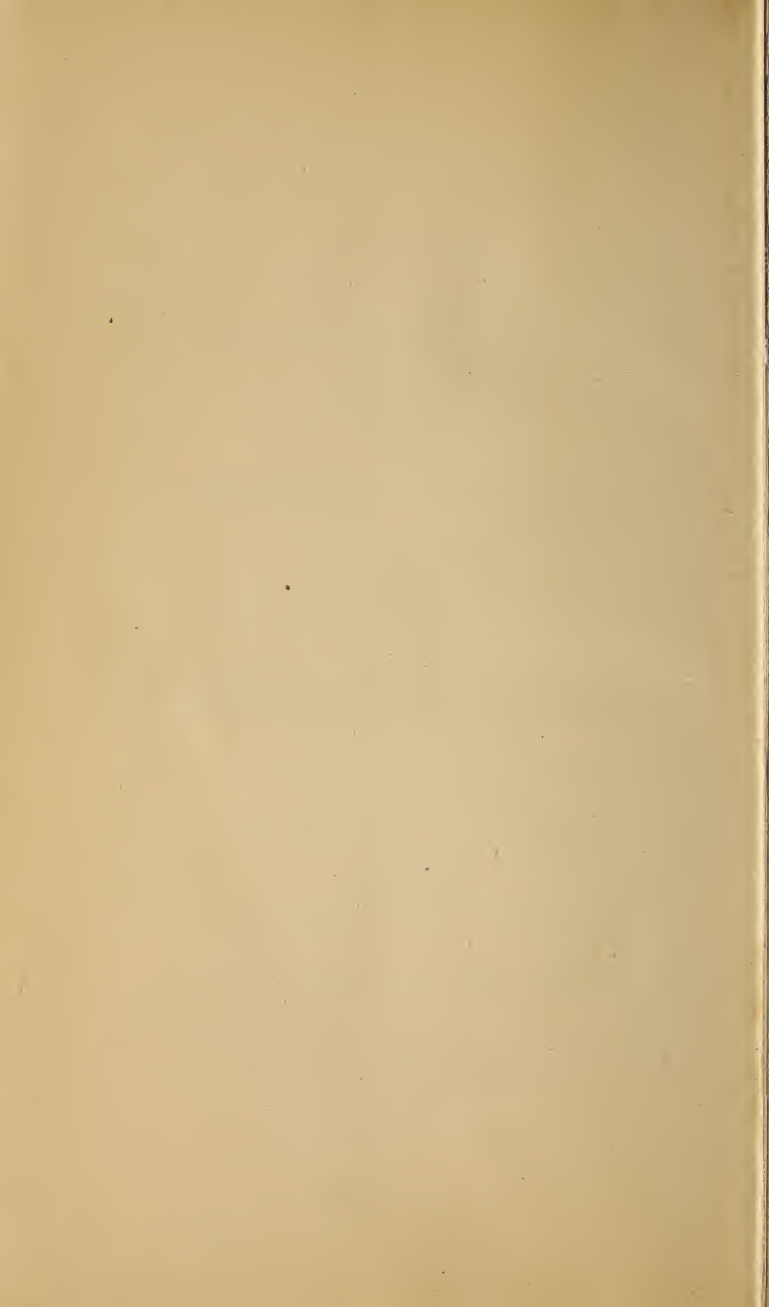
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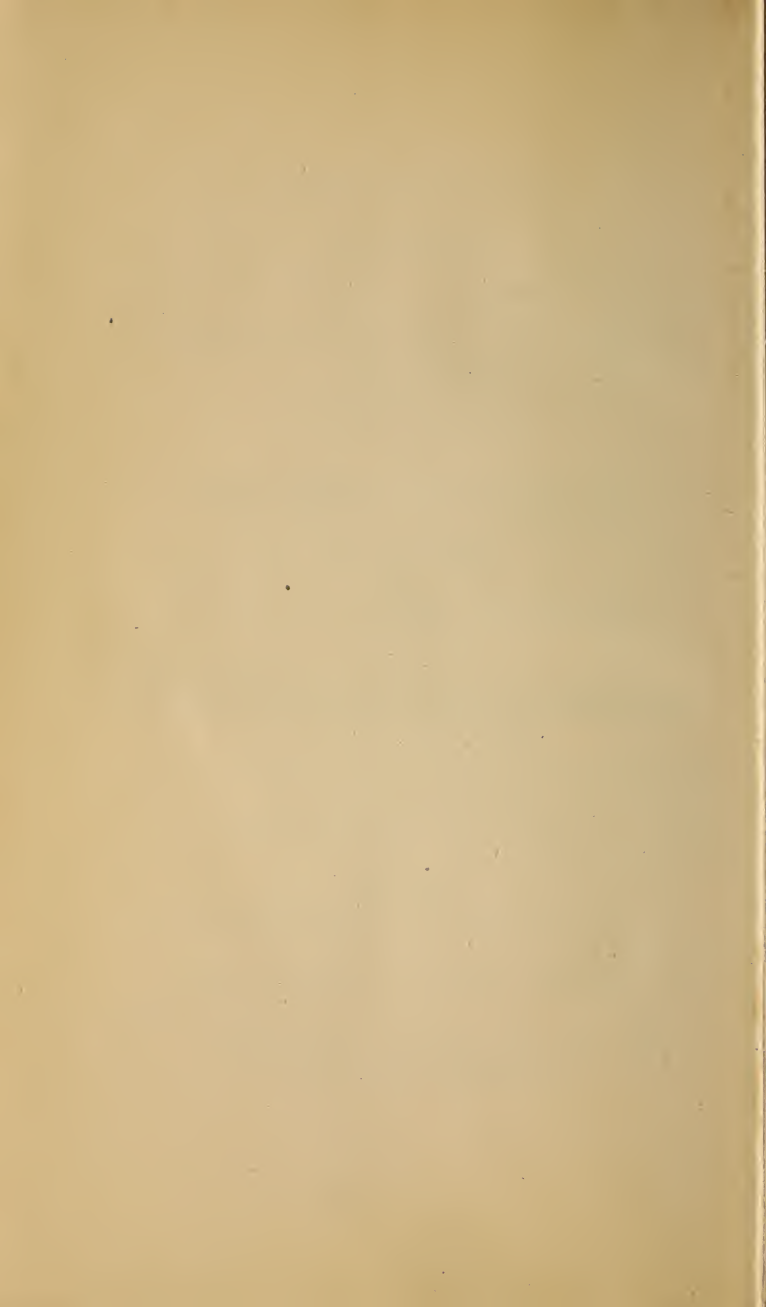
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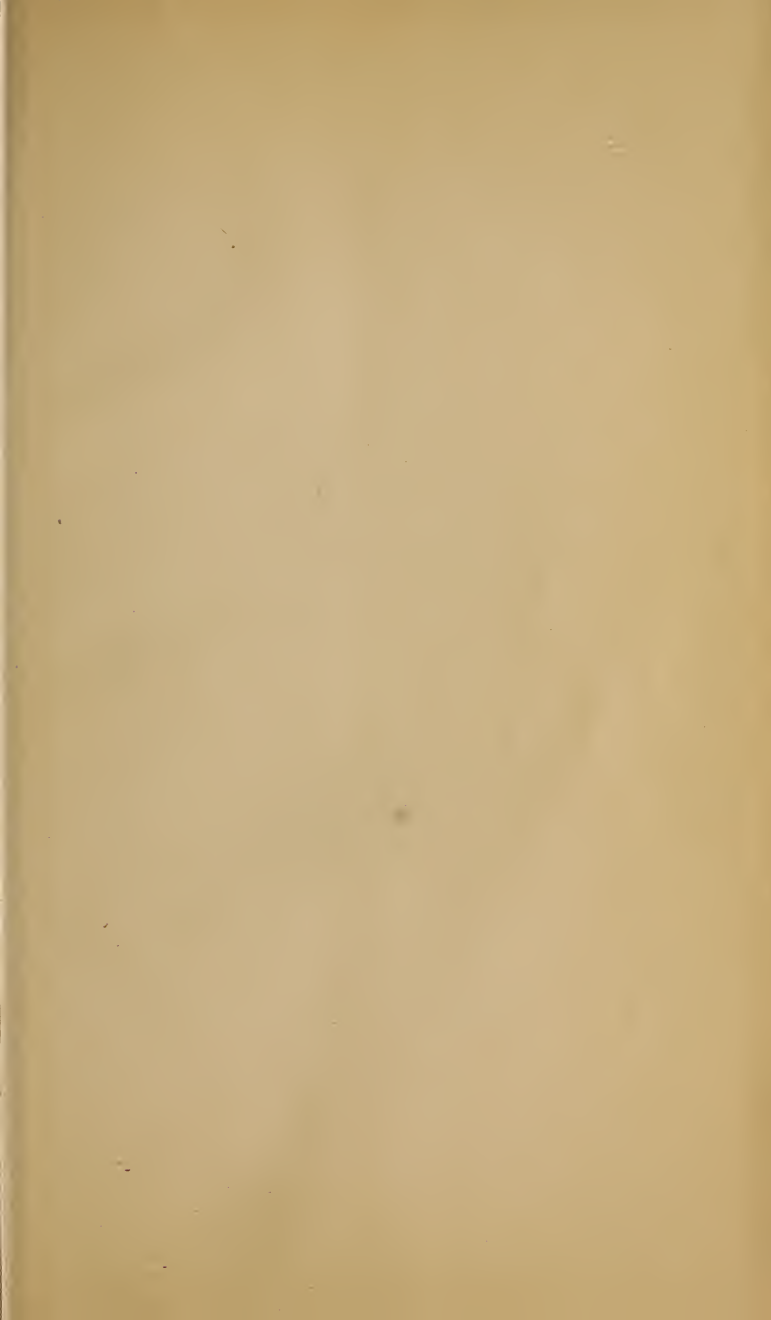
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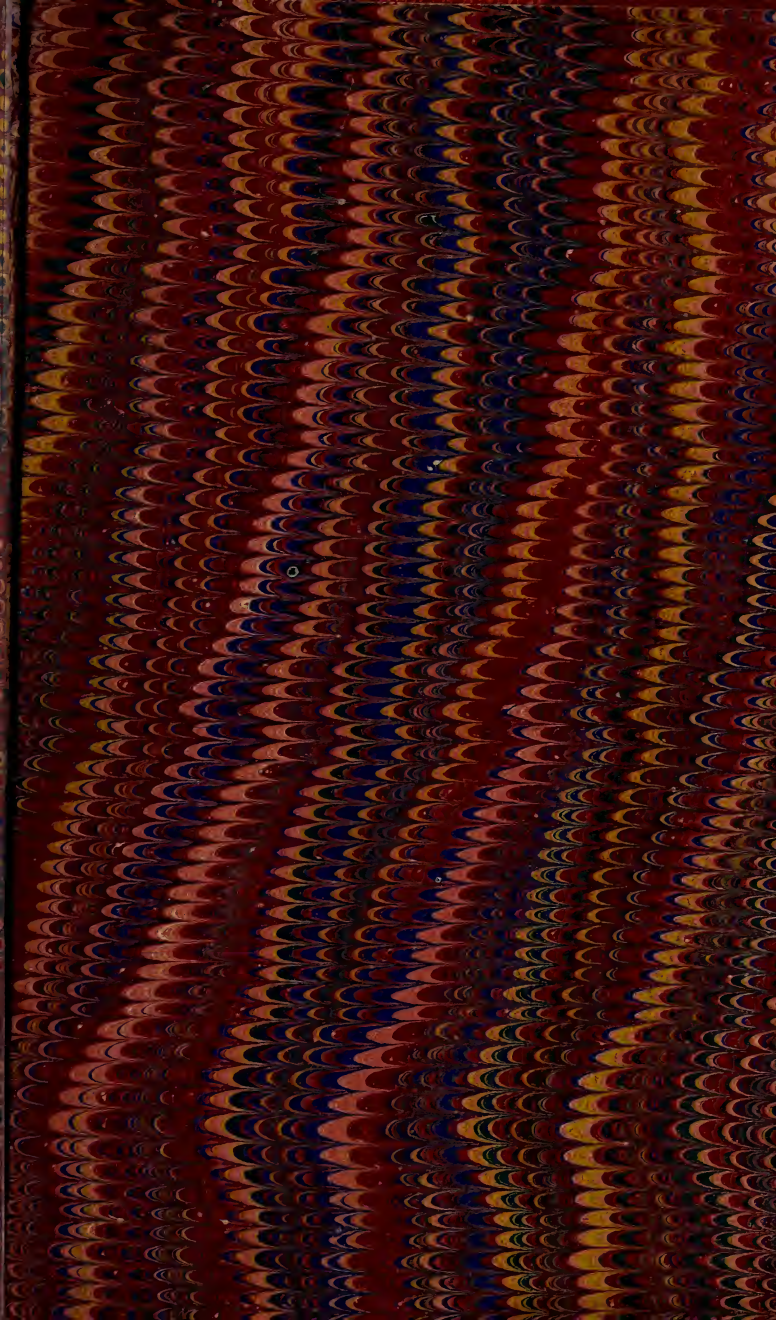












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