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THE POEMS OF
THOMAS CAREW.









THOMAS CAREW.

Ætat. suæ 35. 1633

From a medallion of him by Varin

THE POEMS OF
THOMAS CAREW

SEWER IN ORDINARY TO CHARLES I. AND A GENTLEMAN
OF HIS PRIVY CHAMBER.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED WITH NOTES FROM THE
FORMER EDITIONS AND NEW NOTES AND A
MEMOIR BY W. CAREW
HAZLITT.

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A COLLATION OF ALL THE OLD PRINTED
COPIES AND MANY EARLY MSS.



PRINTED FOR THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY

M DCCC LXX



167057.
10.11.21.

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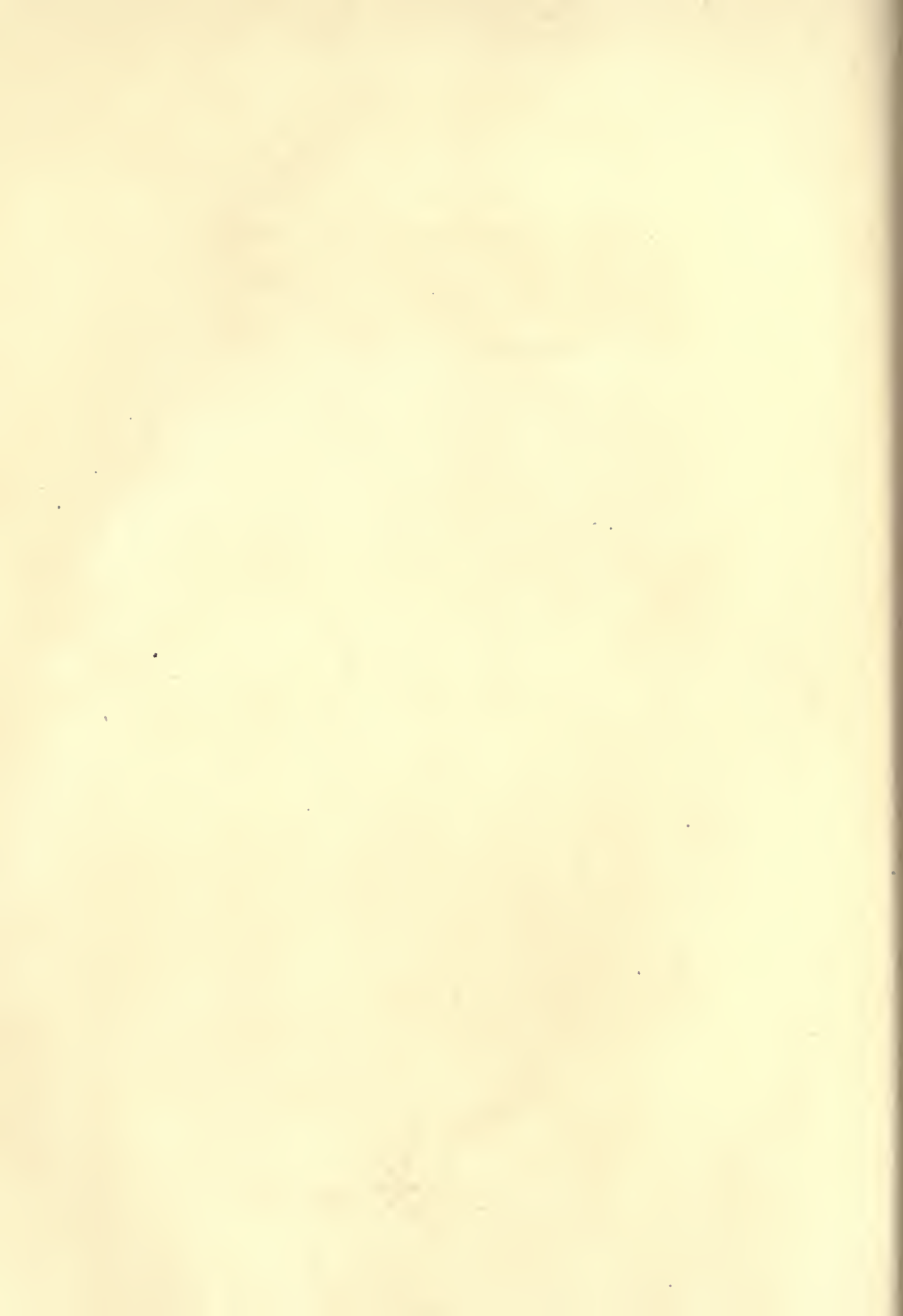
TO
FREDERIC WILLIAM COSENS, ESQ.

OF CLAPHAM,

THE PRESENT VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS SINCERE AND OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.





PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH Oldys has remarked that Carew's sonnets were more in request than any poet's of his time, yet from 1640, the date of the earliest edition of the Poems, to 1845 (or indeed to the present time) the public has shown itself satisfied with seven editions of the Works of Thomas Carew and a volume of selections. The present publication proceeds on a different plan from all its predecessors, which were merely reprints of each other with all the old mistakes preserved and new mistakes introduced. Some trouble has in fact been taken to discover, in public and private libraries, as many MSS. of Carew's poems as possible, with a view to the purification of the text and the supply of any supplemental matter which might be found to exist. The result has been that seventeen MSS. have been applied to the accomplishment of this twofold object; that a large body of misprints and corruptions, common to all the editions, has been removed, and that upwards of thirty additions have been collected or recovered. It was obviously necessary to exercise great care in selecting from early MS. miscellanies; and I have tried to err (if possible) on the side of caution in the admittance, on this very treacherous kind of authority, of poems and readings.

In Carew's time, unfortunately, two or three other writers owned the initials *T. C.*, and it was only where internal evidence or some other collateral proof was at hand, that I allowed myself to be persuaded to make room for the strangers.

I am aware that the authorship of two poems, which were printed as Carew's in 1640 and 1642, and were inserted in Herrick's *Hesperides* in 1648, has been disputed. Lawes, a contemporary, attributed them in his *Ayres and Dialogues* to Herrick, and as the latter writer was living, when his works were published, and all the editions of Carew were posthumous, I am very strongly disposed to adopt the ascription of Lawes. Still, as there seemed to be legitimate ground for doubt, I thought it better to place the two compositions in an appendix.

But besides the collation of the printed and collected poems and the extension of their number by the employment of MSS., I have re-arranged the works to some extent, and instead of grouping them together without order or method, I have classified them under what appeared to be, on the whole, the most appropriate heads. Such of the notes which occur in the editions of 1772 and 1810 (the others are unaccompanied by illustrative matter), as I conceived to be of any interest or value, I have given in their places, and I have added to them a few of my own and the inedited memoranda (mostly bibliographical) found in a copy of the impression of 1651, which belonged to Joseph Haslewood.

In a bookseller's catalogue, some years ago, there was a copy of the first edition of the Poems, described as having MSS. corrections *in the hand of the author*, by some one who was apparently unaware that the book was posthumous.

This volume is embellished with an engraving of the medallion of Carew himself by Jean Varin. The likeness seems to have been executed in 1633, and purports to represent the poet in his *thirty-fifth* year. It was superfluous to reproduce the portrait by Vandyke, preserved in the Royal Collection at Windsor, and already inserted in Mr. Procter's *Effigies*

Poeticæ, 1824. It appears that Varin also made a likeness of *the poet's wife*, and that this was in the possession of Mr. Fry, of Bristol, or at least accessible to that gentleman, who proposed to give both in his announced edition. Neither medallion is to be found in the British Museum; but that of Carew was fortunately engraved by Thane in 1794; and from a beautiful impression of this scarce print it is transferred to the present pages. In the memoir below will be found a signature, believed to be the author's autograph; and in a note further on I have given another of a rather less authentic character, but which, after all, may be genuine, and which, if so, belongs of course to a much later period of life; it has been copied from the margin of one of the leaves in Mr. Wyburd's MS., referred to elsewhere.

The notes of Davies, Fry and Haslewood have been distinguished by the addition of the initial *D.*, *F.*, and *H.* respectively. It must be owned beforehand that many of these are of a somewhat trite and supererogatory character.

It has been presumed that it was hardly necessary to offer any explanation or apology in this case. Carew, in the form of specimens or extracts, occurs in all our collections and selections; and on more than one occasion good judges have declared that a new edition, with such improvements as could be introduced, was a want and *desideratum* in our early literature.

It seemed proper to annex a particular description of all the former impressions of Carew's Poems; they for the most part follow each other very faithfully, and are all more or less incomplete and unsatisfactory:—

1. Poems./ *By*/ Thomas Carew/ Esquire./ One of the Gentlemen of the/ Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in/ Ordinary to His Majesty./ London,/ Printed by *I. D.* for *Thomas Walkley*,/ and are to be sold at the signe of the/ flying Horse, betweene Brittain's/ Burse, and York-House./ 1640./

Octavo, A, 2 leaves: B—S 6, in eights. Copies were printed on thick paper.

2. Poems./ *By*/ Thomas Carew/ Esquire./ One of the

Gentlemen of the/ Privie-Chamber, and Sewer/ in Ordinary to His Majesty./ *The second Edition revised and enlarged.*/ London,/ Printed by I. D. for Thomas Walkley,/ and are to be sold at the signe of the/ flying Horse, betweene Brittaines/ Burse, and Yorke-House./ 1642.

Octavo, A—S 6, in eights, the first leaf of A blank. This impression has eight additional poems; but the text is less accurate than that of 1640.

3. Poems,/ With a/ Maske:/ By/ Thomas Carew Esq;/ One of the Gent. of the Privy-/ Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to his late Majesty./ The Songs were set in Musick by/ Mr. Henry Lawes Gent. of the/ Kings Chappell, and one of his late/ Majesties Private Musick./ *The third Edition revised and enlarged.*/ London/ Printed for H. M. and are to be sold/ by J: Martin, at the signe of the/ Bell in St. Pauls-Church-/ Yard. 1651./

Octavo, O in eights. The *Masque* has a separate title, as in the first and second editions.

4. Poems,/ Songs/ And/ Sonnets./ Together with a/ Masque./ By Thomas Carew Esq;:/ One of the Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber,/ and Sewer in Ordinary to His late Majesty./ The Songs set to Musick by M^r. Henry Lawes,/ Gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of/ His late Majesties Private Musick./ *The Fourth Edition revised and enlarged.*/ London,/ Printed for H. Herringman at the Blew Anchor/ in the Lower Walk, of the New Exchange,/ and are to be sold by Hobart Kemp at the Sign/ of the Ship in the Upper Walk of the/ New Exchange. 1671./

Octavo, A—P 4, in eights. This impression contains three poems not in those of 1640-2-51. The separate title to the *Masque* bears date 1670.

5. Poems,/ Songs/ And/ Sonnets:/ Together with a/ Masque./ By Thomas Carew, Esq;:/ One of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, and/ Sewer in Ordinary to King Charles I./ A New Edition./ London:/ Printed for T. Davies, in Ruffel Street,/ Covent-Garden./ M DCC LXXII./

Duodecimo, pp. x. + 276. Prefixed is "The Life of Thomas Carew, Esq.; With a Short Character of his Writings," and there are occasional notes.

6. A/ Selection/ from the/ Poetical Works/ of/ THOMAS CAREW./ London:/ Printed for Longman, Hurst, &c./ And sold by/ Thomas Fry & Co. No. 46 High Street, Bristol./ 1810./

Octavo, pp. xvi. + 96. The editor, John Fry, has added a Preface, Biographical Notice, and illustrations. Mr. Fry contemplated a complete edition of the Poet, and in 1814 issued a prospectus, of which I have a copy before me. Mr. Fry there says: "This new edition will be very elegantly printed on fine Drawing-Paper, in small Quarto: it will be illustrated with Portraits of the Authour and his Wife, from a rare Medal by Warin [*sic*]. The price to be charged will be not more than what will cover the expences incurred. One hundred and fifty copies only will be printed." The design, however, was not carried into execution: nor is it known by the family what became of the materials, if any, collected by Mr. Fry for the purpose. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1811, this edition is said to be in preparation, and in *Bibliographical Memoranda*, 1816, it is described as being *in the press* (P. 27).

7. The Works/ of/ Thomas Carew,/ Sewer in Ordinary to/ Charles the First./ Reprinted from/ The Original edition of/ M. DC. XL./ Edinburgh:/ Printed for W. and C. Tait./ M. D. CCC. XXIV./

Octavo, pp. vi and xii + 214. Edited by Mr. Thomas Maitland, a Lord of Session, and only 125 copies (it is said) printed. In an Appendix the poems not contained in the edition of 1640 are added from the editions of 1642 and 1671, but not very correctly. The edition has also the disadvantage of presenting a mixture of original and modern orthography; those poems which form the appendix having been adapted to the existing standard of spelling, while the body of the volume is a literal reprint of the edition of 1640.

8. The Poetical Works of Thomas Carew, Sewer in Ordinary to Charles the First. London: H. G. Clarke and Co. 66, Old Bailey. 1845.

Small octavo, pp. 224. An edition of no value, and chiefly a reprint of that of 1824.

Cælum Britannicum./ A/ Masque/ At/ White-Hall/ in the Banqvets-/ ting-Hovse, on Shrove-/ Tvesday-Night, The/ 18. of February, 1633./

*Non habeo ingenium; Cæsar sed jussit: habebo,
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat?*

London:/ Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold/ at his Shop neare White-Hall./ 1634.

Quarto, B—F 2, in fours, and the title page. In 1640, the title received this addition after “1633:” “The Inventors. Tho. Carew. Inigo Jones.”

Some account may here also be properly introduced of the MSS. used on the present occasion. They are in number not fewer than seventeen, and are as follow:—

1. Harl. MS. 6917. A thick 4° MS. (No. 6918 being bound up with it), written in a clear and educated hand of the time probably of Charles II., and containing a variety of poems by Carew, Randolph, Sydney Godolphin, &c. This volume was purchased from the library of Lord Somers. Its readings, so far as Carew is concerned, are not very noteworthy, but it has enabled me to correct a few serious errors in the printed text. On the other hand, the MS. itself is occasionally very corrupt.

2. Addit. MS. 11608. A MS. on paper, the size small folio, containing a variety of songs set to music by Henry and William Lawes, John Hilton, and other celebrated composers of the time of Charles I. and of the Commonwealth. This MS. was formerly (1760) in the possession of the Guise family, and was purchased of them by Mr. Thorpe the bookseller, who sold it to the British Museum in 1839. I have used this MS. merely incidentally.

3. Addit. MS. 11811. A MS. in 4°, on paper, written about the period of the Restoration, or perhaps a little later; containing poems by Carew and others. It has yielded two short pieces, which I have not met with elsewhere, and a few corrections of the printed text. As a rule, however, the readings are of no special importance or value.

4. Addit. MS. 22118. A small octavo MS. purchased for the British Museum, Oct. 21, 1857, of C. Booth. It contains at present forty-nine leaves, but it is in bad condition, and seems to have been mutilated. There are several poems, however, by our author, including a copy of his version of the 104th Psalm; and the MS. supplies one or two desirable elucidations.

5. Ashmole MS. 36. This MS. which is fully described in Mr. Black's Catalogue, contains only two poems by Carew; they have been collated for me by my friend, Mr. George Waring, M. A., of Oxford.

6. Ashmole MS. 38. A folio volume on paper, written after 1638, perhaps about 1640. See Herrick's Works, by Hazlitt, pp. 470-1 *Note*, and *Handb. of E. E. Lit.* 1867, art. CAREW. In the latter place I gave a list of the poems by Carew in this MS.; with the exception of the Psalms and the lines, *Mr. Carew to his Frind*; they all appear to be printed. Of the Psalms, one (No. 137) was published in Bliss's edition of Wood's *Athenæ*, from which source it was transferred to Maitland's edition of Carew's Poems, 1824, 8°, xii—xiv. The copies of Psalms 1 and 137 seem to be unique, as neither is in another MS. presently to be noticed.

The following description of this important MS. is borrowed from Mr. Black's *Catalogue of the Ashmolean MSS.*, 1845, p. 38:—"A folio MS. closely written on paper in the former part of the XVIIth century. A large collection of miscellaneous English Poetry, Songs, Elegies, Epigrams, and Epitaphs, original and selected: with the names of the authors subscribed to their respective pieces, where known to the writer, Nicholas Burghe; and with an Index to the same lately prefixed."

7. Ashmole MS. 47. This MS. has also yielded a few readings. It contains several poems by Carew. Mr. George Waring has collated them all for me.

8. A very pretty MS. in octavo, containing altogether eighty-eight leaves, in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth. From some memoranda in the book in his well-known hand it appears to have formerly belonged to the Rev. John Mitford. But the original owner was one R. Berkeley, who has registered his proprietorship on the flyleaf thus: *R. Berkeley his Booke Año. 1640.* This MS. contains two pieces by Carew, both printed in the old copies, by Davies in 1772, and by Maitland in 1824.

9. A MS. in duodecimo size in the original vellum binding, in the same collection. It contains 130 leaves, but a portion of the matter is in Latin, being a copy of the Latin drama of *Adelphi*, performed at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1612-13. This MS. has apparently only one piece by Carew, namely, *The Amorous Fly*, which is in the editions under a different title, and in Ashmole MS. 38, entitled as here. This is the same MS. which has been already described in *Inedited Poetical Miscellanies*, 1870, as bearing autographs of the Scattergood family, 1667-8.

10. A MS. on paper, 4° size, containing seventy-one leaves (not including blanks), with the autograph on a flyleaf: *E. Libris C. Agard.* In the possession of Mr. F. W. Cofens, of Clapham Park. This MS. is referred to in the Notes as *MS. Cofens. A. 4°.* It contains early and good copies of poems by Carew, Donne, Beaumont, &c. By Carew there are seven pieces, of which two are, I believe, unpublished, and a third so entirely differs from the ordinary text as to deserve to be considered in the same light.

11. A MS. on paper, oblong 8° size, containing (not reckoning many blanks) thirty-nine leaves. In the same collection, for which it was procured some few years since from a bookseller at Ashton-under-Lyne: it is referred to in the Notes as *MS. Cofens B. obl. 8°.* It has proved

extremely serviceable in the present case, for although it has not yielded any unpublished poem by Carew, it has furnished one or two important elucidations, as will be found pointed out elsewhere. The MS. contains six pieces by our author.

12. A MS. written about 1634, on very thick paper, in *large folio*, and containing in its present mutilated state sixty leaves, of which one is torn in half, one moiety being lost. I have little doubt that this very interesting and valuable MS. (the work though it be of an ignorant and careless copyist) originally included all Carew's writings; but the appearance of the vellum cover too evidently shews that about half the MS. has perished. What remains is in capital preservation, with the single exception just mentioned. The text seems to have undergone revision by erasure and substitution of different words; and in one place, in the margin, occurs what has greatly the air of an autograph attestation by Carew himself, as if the MS. had been executed under his direction and eye. Of the peculiar interest of this volume enough, perhaps, has been said in other places; it may be well, however, to state generally that it has preserved to us the bulk of Carew's Poems, that it is in all likelihood many years earlier than the first printed edition (1640), and that it is, so far as can be ascertained, the sole repository of several poems by our author. Of one I question the authenticity, but I thought it best to give it the benefit of a doubt.

The MS. under notice belongs to Mr. F. Wyburd, who obtained it about three years ago of a dealer at Knightsbridge for a trifle. Its previous history is unknown. That there are the productions of other writers, both in verse and prose, mixed up with Carew's, will not surprise those who are at all conversant with these early miscellanies. Mr. Wyburd considers that the entire MS. proceeded from the same pen—that pen Carew's—but to such an opinion I do not think I should easily become a convert. I have read with care such portions of the MS. as I have not used; and that Carew was not con-

cerned in the authorship of these pieces (they are both in prose and verse) I am perfectly persuaded. Under what circumstances the MS. became a receptacle for the compositions of Carew and others (or at least one other person), I cannot pretend to decide.

13. Harl. MS. 6057. A quarto MS. of 65 leaves, of which the original possessor and part-writer (or copyist), Thomas Crosse, has introduced his name in an acrostic on the opening page. This volume was written probably between 1640 and 1680, and is in three or four hands. It is of some importance and interest, as affording a nearly contemporary text of ten poems by Carew, three of which are inedited. But it is to be remarked that Crosse himself, whose initials correspond with Carew's, has inserted here some of his own productions, which must not be taken as those of the more eminent poet; he subscribes himself indifferently *T. C.*, *T. Cr.*, *T. Cro.*, and *T. Crosse*.

14. Harl. MS. 6931. An octavo volume, containing poems by Carew, Beaumont, Donne, W. Strode, W. Cartwright, Ben Jonson, &c., and having ninety leaves of poetry, besides many blanks, and a few pages of MS. in prose. This volume is in two or three hands, and appears to have been written between 1660 and 1680. It has supplied some very useful emendations of Carew's text, but at the same time it is incorrectly and carelessly written in several places.

15. Rawlinson MS. 34. This MS. contains only one poem: *The Amorous Fly*, with a few unimportant variations.

16. Rawl. MS. 84. This MS. also has but a single poem by Carew: *To his Mistress in absence*. The variations from the printed copies are not of consequence.¹

17. Rawl. MS. 88. *Verses and Poems by James Shirley*. This volume, which was written about 1700, formerly

¹ Mr. Hunter erroneously states that there are some of Carew's poems in Harl. MS. 3157, a copy of one of the works of St. Jerome.

belonged to Hearne. All the poems are inserted in Shirley's Works, 1833, vol. vi. ; but some of them also occur (with variations) in the old edition of Shirley's Poems, 1646. One is the *Hue and Cry*, of which an account will be found elsewhere. See p. 128, and *Index*, art. *Shirley*.

The nine Psalms, of which a complete text has been obtained by the collation of the only two MSS. known, of which both are imperfect, can add nothing to Carew's fame. They do not even add anything to his personal history, for of the circumstances under which these paraphrases were composed we have been left in absolute ignorance. The best compliment which it is in our power to pay this partial version of the Psalms is, that it is superior in its poetical tone to many of those which preceded and followed it ; but it was probably the work of Carew's latest years, and may have been executed under the disadvantages which attend a man in failing health and with impaired powers. It reads like the languid and deflatory exercises of a valetudinarian, with the "narrow house" in his mind's eye. There seems to be something in our Psalmody, which has the effect of paralyzing the happiest pens and the most accomplished votaries of the Muses. The mantle of Sternhold and Hopkins is the common and imperishable property of all their successors.

Elaborate pedigrees of the Carew family have been printed by Sir Thomas Phillips in a single folio sheet and by Mr. Maclean in his *Life and Times of Sir Peter Carew*, 1857 ; but neither of these gentlemen touches upon the branch with which we are here more immediately concerned.

The registers of Sunninghill in Berkshire, from 1635 to 1641, have been obligingly examined for me by the present vicar, the Rev. A. M. Wale, but no notice of Carew or of his connections could be discovered. The registers of St. James's, Piccadilly, in which I had hoped to find some entry, commence only in 1685. Those of the Court of

Probate have also been searched (ineffectually) in the hope of finding the poet's will or letters of administration.

My thanks and acknowledgments are, at the same time, due to the following gentlemen, who have rendered me, in the course of the present inquiry, services and kindnesses of various sorts—all, in their way, important. I am indebted to Mr. Henry Huth, Mr. F. W. Cofens, and Mr. F. Wyburd, for the loan of several MSS. miscellanies containing pieces by Carew; the Rev. A. M. Wale, vicar of Sunninghill, examined the parish registers not less obligingly because unsuccessfully, with a view to the discovery of notices of the poet or his family; Mr. Alfred Kingston, of the Record Office, assisted me in respect to the documents preserved there which bear on Carew's personal history; Mr. Vaux, superintendent of the Medal Department, and Mr. Reid, Keeper of the Print Room, at the British Museum, responded to my inquiries with equal promptitude and courtesy; Mr. Thomas Jones, M. A. kindly forwarded to me an exact tracing of a poem by Carew, preserved in MS. in the college library at Manchester under his charge; nor should I omit to express my gratitude for the valuable help which I have derived from the communications of Mr. Yeowell, Mr. Maclean, Dr. Rimbault, and other gentlemen, some years since, to the pages of *Notes and Queries*.

I also desire to mention that, in reply to a communication on my part, influenced by a reference in Nash's *History of Worcestershire*, the Right Honourable the Lord Lyttelton was so good as to inform me that there were no papers at Hagley which threw light on the family history of the Carews of Middle-Littleton.¹

W. C. H.

KENSINGTON.

October 1, 1870.

¹ There does not seem to be any Visitation of Worcestershire, containing a pedigree of the Carews of Middle-Littleton.



Some Account of Thomas Carew.

IT seems that we are not without authority for the belief, that THOMAS CAREW, of whose poetical writings the present volume seeks to represent the first complete and satisfactory collection, was a younger son of Sir Matthew Carew, of Middle-Littleton, Worcestershire, by his wife Alice Inkpenny. Sir Matthew was this lady's second husband; she was the daughter of Sir John Rivers, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1573,¹ and the son of Richard Rivers of Penshurst.² Of Lady Carew's first husband we do not happen to have met with any particulars.

¹ It must be at once stated with all frankness, that this portion of the memoir is based principally on the researches of Monro (*Acta Cancellariæ*, 1847, pp. 3-4) and Nichols (*Collestanea Topographica et Genealogica*, 1838, v. 206-7). It seems that there were persons of this name in the county at an earlier date, for Nash says, under *Wichbold*: "Thomas Carowe, cousin and heir of John Carowe, was lord of Wichbold, 6 Edward VI. It came afterwards by purchase to the *Pakingtons* of Westwood."

² Stow's *Survey of London*, 1720, book v. p. 135.

Sir Matthew Carew, who was bred to the law, and rose to be a master in Chancery, a position which he occupied about five and thirty years, was the tenth of the nineteen children of Sir Wymond Carew, K. B., of East Antony, on the confines of Devonshire and Cornwall, near Plymouth, and of Kingsland, Hackney, Middlesex,¹ by his wife Martha, daughter of Sir Edmund Denny, of Cheshunt, Herts, &c., who died in 1520, and sister of Sir Anthony Denny, K. G., who was one of the executors of King Henry VIII. Sir Matthew was born, probably at Hackney, in 1533-4; was educated at Westminster School under Alexander Nowell, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; took his Master's degree in 1551, and having abandoned his original intention of taking holy orders, followed the law as his profession.² He travelled in France and Italy, visited the universities of Louvaine, Paris, Padua, Bologna, and Sienna, obtained his doctor's degree, and was appointed companion and tutor to Henry, Earl of Arundel, in his tour through Italy. Returning home with his pupil, Dr. Carew practised in the Court of Arches till 1576, when he was successful in obtaining a Mastership in Chancery which he held, it is supposed, till his death. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him in 1603. The registers of St. Dunstan's in the West contain the following entry:—"1618. Aug. 2. Mathew Carew, Knight." The tablet erected to his memory in the church, with a long Latin inscription, was in all probability written by

¹ Nichols (*Topographer and Genealogist*, iii. 210). But the pedigree there given of the immediate descendants of Sir Wymond Carew seems to be incomplete, only one child (a daughter Elizabeth) being named, although Sir Matthew Carew himself says that he was one of a family of 19 (*Collect. ut sup.*). See Dingley's *History from Marble*, edit. Nichols, xli.

² Nichols, *Collect. ubi sup.* It has been stated incorrectly that the poet belonged to the Carews of Gloucestershire, in which county I do not trace the family; but Sir John Carew was sheriff of *Somersetshire* in 1634. *Cal. St. Papers*, Ch. i. 1634-5, p. 105.

Carew himself. The first draft of it, supposed to be in his own hand, is in Harl. MS. 1196.¹

By his wife aforesaid, Sir Matthew had a very large family, and it is curious that he not only followed his father's example here, but shared Sir Wymond Carew's misfortune in surviving nearly all his children. Three only, Martha, Matthew and Thomas, outlived, it appears, the period of childhood.²

Sir Matthew Carew the younger, the poet's elder brother, was born at Wickham, in Kent, April 3, 1590.³ He seems to have entered the military service, and to have distinguished himself in Ireland. He was made a knight banneret in 1609, at the very early age of nineteen. Sir Matthew resided during the first portion of his married life in the parish of St. Dunstan's in the West, as his father had done; and the baptisms of five of his children are recorded in the registers.⁴

THOMAS CAREW, the author of the Poems contained in the present volume, was perhaps the youngest child of his father, Sir Matthew. The pedigrees which we possess name only Matthew (the eldest son), Martha, whose first husband was Mr. James Cromer, of Kent, afterwards knighted,⁵ and

¹ Nichols, *ubi supra*.

² Sir Matthew not only survived his children, but his fortune, for in Lansd. MS. 163, fol. 287, quoted by Mr. Monro, *ubi supra*, it is said that he lost his whole estate four years before he died. Mr. Monro adds: "For the last year also of his life, he appears to have confined himself, almost entirely, to taking affidavits." But documents preserved at the Record Office shew what immediately occasioned Sir Matthew's misfortunes and pecuniary losses—money lent and never recovered.

³ Nash's *Worcestershire*, ii. 105. Nash gives thus the arms of Carew of Worcestershire: "3 lions impaling a chevron ingrailed between 3 birds."

⁴ Nichols (*Collect.* v. 372). Christian, one of the daughters of Sir Matthew Carew, was buried at Middle-Littleton, in Smith's Chapel, March 1, 1695-6.—Nash's *Worcestershire*, ii. 105.

⁵ Martha, afterwards Mrs. and eventually Lady Cromer, must have been

Thomas, the poet. Two circumstances join in contradicting the generally received opinion, that the latter was born in or about 1589. The first is, that his elder, if not eldest, brother was not born till 1590; and the second, that a medal of the poet, executed by Jean Varin (his contemporary), expressly states him to have been five and thirty years of age in 1633, or in other words, places his birth in 1598. Moreover, in a letter from his father written between 1613 and 1616, and to be noticed more particularly by and by, Thomas who, according to the present supposition, would be from fifteen to eighteen, is mentioned in a way which indicates him at that period to have been little more than a mere lad. The date quoted (1598) would represent very well the probable interval between the births of the two brothers; and in the absence of superior testimony we may perhaps accept this view as the correct one.

Carew was educated (more than possibly after a preliminary *curriculum* at Westminster, where his elder brother was certainly grounded in learning) at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but, as Wood informs us, left the university without taking a degree.¹ Wood remarks: “[he] had his academical education in Corp. Ch. coll. as those that knew him have informed me, yet he occurs not matriculated as a member of that house, or that he took a scholastical degree.”

The truth is, that Carew seems to have developed an unfortunate propensity, at a very early age, for neglecting the work of preparation for making his way in the world, and to have surrendered himself to idle habits or unprofitable and expensive amusements. His father, to little or no purpose,

by some years the senior of Matthew, for the baptism of her daughter Elizabeth is recorded in the register of St. Dunstan's in the West as having taken place on the 11th Nov. 1599. Nichols (*Collect. v.* 368).

¹ *Athenæ*, by Blisæ, ii. 657-8.

dissuaded him from this course, and used all his influence with men of authority, especially Dudley Carleton, our representative at the Hague, a connection of the family by marriage, and George, Lord Carew, who was also collaterally related to our poet's family. There was not any great degree of difficulty, probably, in procuring employment; but Carew invariably misconducted himself or neglected his duties, and was accordingly thrown back on his father who, towards the end of his life, through the unexpected loss of a large sum of money, found himself contending against severe pecuniary straits. We first hear of Carew's doings in the year 1613, when, if the date assigned above be correct, the future poet could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen. In a letter to Dudley Carleton, Feb. 25, 1613, poor Sir Matthew reports "that one of his sons [Thomas?] is roving after hounds and hawks, the other studying in the Temple, but doing little at law." Carleton, probably for the sake of the father, took young Thomas, in 1614, into his employment as secretary, and it is to be concluded that he retained the post at least two years; for in 1616, we find Sir Matthew expressing a hope that his son may give satisfaction. Here he was soon to be disappointed, for in September of the same year the secretary was discharged in consequence of some aspersions he was understood to have cast on Sir Dudley and Lady Carleton. The next project, which was to obtain occupation through the interest of Lord Carew, is described at large in a letter from the poet to Carleton, at the Hague, dated Sept. 2, 1616:—

"Right Honorable my most singul^r good L^d.¹

"I have bene thus long in giving y^r L^p account of y^e success of my business, by reason of my L^d Carewes absence from this towne, where after I was arrived & had awhile consulted wth my fath^r & oth^r friends, it was thought fitt I should

¹ *Domestic James I.* 1616, July—O³., vol. 88, No. 67.

repayre unto him to y^e Queenes Court, w^{ch} then wth y^e King & Princes was at Woodstock, where I delivered y^r L^{ps} lett^r. His answere to me was, y^r he had allready in that employment a M^r of Artes, whose seaven yeares service had not yet deserved to be so displaced, & added, y^r I being his kinsman might expect from him all those greatest curtesies whatsoever, whereunto his neereness of blood did oblige him, w^{ch} I should allwayes finde him readie to performe, but to admitt me into his familie as a servant, it were a thing, sayde he, farr beneath y^r qualitie, & w^{ch} my blood could not suffer wthowt much reluctance. I told him y^r my comming was not to supplant any man, but y^r I thought this late addition of hon^r might have made those small abilities w^{ch} I had acquired by my travells & experience in y^r L^{ps} service, of use to his, w^{ch} I did humbly prostitute before his L^p. whoe if he thought not my youth unworthy so greate honor, I should esteeme my self no wayes disparaged by his service. He replyed y^r my languages & whatever serviceable partes I had would rust in his service for want of use, & therefore prayed me to propose to my self any oth^r meanes wherein he might pleasure me; were it y^e service of some oth^r whoe had more employment & better meanes of preferment for a Secretarie, or whatsoever proiect I could devise; wherein he promised not only to employe his credit but his purse, if neede were, & so referred me to his returne to London for his answere to y^r L^{ps} lett^r, at what time he would talke more at large wth me & my fath^r about his busines. This is y^e issue of my hopes wth my L^d Carew, nor am I likely to gayne any thing at his return heth^r from him but fayre wordes & complement.

“ Y^r L^{ps} lett^r to my L^d of Arrondell, because it was necessarie for me to wayte uppon my L^d Carew, & could at no time see him but wth y^e King, from whose side he feldome moveth, I left wth M^r. Havers to be delivered to him, of whome I learned y^r he was as yet unfurnished of a Secretarie; wherefore according to y^r L^{ps} instructions my fath^rs councell & my owne inclination I will labour my

admittance into his service, wherein I have these hopes, y^e present vacancie of y^e place, y^e reference my fath^r had to his Grandfath^r, & y^e knowledge w^{ch} by y^r L^{ps} meanes he had of me at Florence, wherein if neede be & if M^r Chamberlane shall so thinke good I will engage my L^d Carew, and whereunto I humbly beseech y^r L^p to add y^r effectually reco^mendation, w^{ch} I knowe will be of more power than all my oth^r pretences, w^{ch} yow will be pleased wth y^r most convenient speede to afforde me, y^t I may at his returne heth^r (w^{ch} will be wth y^e Kings some 20 dayes hence) meete him wth y^r L^{ps} lett^s & y^t I may in case of refusall returne to y^r service y^e sooner from w^{ch} I professe (notwthstanding all these fayre shewes of preferment) as I did wth much unwillingness depart, so doe I not wthowt greate affliction discontinue; my thoughts of th^r prop^r & regular motion not aspiring higher then the orbe of y^r L^{ps} service, this irregul^r being caused by y^r self whoe are my Primum mobile, for I ever accounted it hon^r enough for me to correre la fortuna del mio Sig^r nor did I ever ayme at at (*sic*) greater happines then to be held as I will allways rest

Y^r L^{ps}

most humbly devoted

“ London this 2. of
Septemb^r 1616.”¹

to y^r service

THO. CAREW.”

Nine days later, however, Carew addressed to the same quarter a second letter, in which he appeared to entertain

¹ [endorsed]

Tom Carew the
2^d of 7^{ber} 1616.

To the Right Hon^{ble} my most singul^r
good L^d S^r Dudley Carleton, Knight;
L^d Ambassad^r for his Ma^{tie} wth the
States of y^e United Provinces of y^e
Low Contreyes at the

Haghe.

more hopeful expectations, and added some items of miscellaneous news.

“ Right Hon^{ble} my most singul^r good L^d.¹

“ Since my last to y^r L^p of y^e 2^d of this p^{nt} my L^d Carewes repayre to towne gave me occasion to attend his resolution at his lodging: w^{ch} he delivered wth much passion, protesting y^e he did not therefore refuse me because he had no intent to take care or charge of me, for I should upon any occasion be assured of y^e contrary, but merely for y^e he should have no employment for me, & therefore prayed me, since he tendred herein my owne good more then his particul^r interest, to surcease this suite & prevayle my self of him in an oth^r kinde; to y^e same effect was his excuse to my fath^r, so as y^e string hath fayled, but as there was ever more appearance, so doe I conceive better hope of good success, wth my L^d of Arondell, & y^e rath^r because my L^d Carew hath so willingly engaged himself in my behalf & promifeth to deale very effectually for me, but chiefly when I shall have y^r L^{ps} recommendation w^{ch} I dayly expect.

“ Although I know y^r L^p hath very particul^r advertisments of all y^e occurrents here, yet because other mens fayth can not save me, as neyth^r th^r penns discharge my duty, I will be bold to give y^r L^p notice of what I have observed or learned since my arrivall.

“ My L^d Roos tooke his leave this morning of y^e King but goes not yet these tenn dayes, his bravery entertaynes both Court & citty wth discourse, his golden liveryes are so frequent in y^e strectes, y^e it is thought they have th^r severall walkes, & are duly relieved by Sig^r. Diegoes appoyntment; he came this day to y^e Court attended wth 10 or 12 Gent. 8 pages very richly accoutred in suites of 80^{li} a peece, & some 20 staffers all in gold lace. Sig^r Diego protested y^e all y^e liveryes (for

¹ *Domestic James I.* 1616, July—*OA.* vol. 88, No. 77.

every man hath two suites) cost 2500^{li} ster. besides my L^d giveth to 20 Gent y^r attend him 50^{li} a man to equippe themselves for the voyage; he hath with him 3 Secretaries. Mr. Goldburrough whome y^r L^p knew in Italy is one, & Duncomb a second, & two Chaplaines. There goe wth him 12 Gent en compaignon, amongst y^e rest S^r Ed. Sommerfett, S^r Richard Lumley newly knighted for y^e voyage, M^r. Giles Bridges, & M^r. Tho. Hopton; they imbarke at Portsmouth, & thence goe by sea to Lisbon. Sig^r Diego leaves my L^d at y^e seafide.

“ My L^d Dingwell is returned from Venice, hath seene France & Italy & brought home a chayne of 2000 scudi, w^{ch} is all y^e effect of his iourney.

“ Mr. Albert Morton hath taken his leave of y^e K. & doth wthin 15 dayes take his iourney for Heidelbergh; his waye, unless he bee comãded to the contrary (he sayes) shall lye by y^e Haghe.

“ S^r Ed. Cecill arrived here on Sunday last & went this morning wth my L^d Roos to kifs y^e K^s handes.

“ My Lady Winwood hath bene lately at y^e point of death & is not yet past danger. M^r Kantfield told me y^t he left M^{rs} Anne Wood now Lady Harrington (whome y^r L^p knowes) irrecoverably sick, so as he peremptorily sayde she was by y^t time deade.

“ I was told by a Gent of good creditt that there is lately happened a greate breach betwene y^e new created Viscount Villiars & M^r. Secretary Winwood, w^{ch} is likely much to impayre M^r. Secretaryes credit wth his Ma^{ty}, and cast all at least y^e gaynfull employment uppon S^r Tho. Lake; y^e occasions of th^r particul^r disgusts I can not yet learne.

“ Sig^r Diego & Duncomb have bene very busy at y^e Exchange in compounding in th^r L^{ds} name wth y^e Spanish Merchants for a Shipp of th^{rs} lately taken in Spayne, whereof y^e King is determind to make a present to my L^d Roos, & w^{ch} he is bound to restore, but y^e merchants offer my L^d for composition or rath^r a gratuitie 5000^{li}. This money wth y^e 5000^{li} ex-

traordinary he hath from y^e King & 6^{li} per diem since the first of May, considering my L^d goes to Lisbon by sea & shall from thence be defrayed to Madrid, will with little addition discharge his voyage.

“ But y^r I should be to iniurious to y^r L^{ps} leysure I would add y^e pr^{nt} discourfes of my L^d Cooke, but they are so various & so uncertayne y^t they serve only to rompre la teste, only y^e more popul^r & generall bruite hath given him a Barronry in lieu of his Chief Justiceshipp, wherewth it had invested M^r. Record^r Mountague, but he for being too corrupt is now supplanted, & y^e aura popularis hath conferd y^r hon^r on Baron Tanfield.

“ These enclosed M^r Attorney Gräls Secretary reco[~]ended to my adress this morning.

“ It is thought Viscount Villiars & S^r John Deckam of y^e Dutchie office shall shortly be preferd to y^e Counsell table.

“ M^r. Shireburn perfwades me to attempt Viscount Villiers service, who hath only M^r. Packer (a man though well skild in home businesfes, yet alltogeth^r ignorant of forrayne); but as I have no waye open to him, so have I no appetite if I fayle in my present proiect, to hazard a third repulse; howsoever I shall governe my self according to y^r L^{ps} lett^{ns} w^{ch}, wth y^r reco[~]endation to my L^d of Arondell I doe wth greate devotion attend.

“ Thus I in all humilitie take leave & rest

“ London this 11th
of 7^{ber} 1616. It^o vet.¹

Y^r L^{ps}
most humbly de-
voted to y^r service
THO. CAREW.”

Lord Carew recommended his young relative to the Earl of Arundel, who at first held out a contingent hope of assistance, as appears from the following letter:—

¹ [endorfed]

“ Tom Carew the
11th of 7^{ber} 1616.”

“ Right Hon^{ble} my most singul^r good L^d.¹

“ But that I could not lett this messenger goe emptie, I should not have given y^r L^p the trouble of these lines at this time, not having any thing worth y^r L^{ps} knowledge, nor being able as yet to resolve yow of y^e effect of my busines by reason of my L^d of Arondells indefinite answere, whereby he holdes me in suspence though not wthowt hope of good success; for he protesteth y^r if he can by any meanes satisfie the pretences of two competitors, whoe are wth dayly importunitie recommended unto him from his hon^{ble} and especiall good frendes w^{ch} (he sayes) he will endeavour & hopes to effect, he will then wth all willingnes embrace my service, y^e tender whereof he takes very kindly; thus much he hath professed unto my L^d Carew whoe made the first overture to M^r. Shireborn, who in y^r L^{ps} name seconded y^r recomēdation, & to my self craving besides a fortnights respite, w^{ch} doth wthin these fewe dayes expire; in y^e meane time my L^d Carew doth promise to omitt no occasion or argument of perswasion, so as if y^r L^{ps} recommendatory lett^s (w^{ch} would very oportunely arrive in this coniuncture, & y^e attending whereof may happily be occasion of my L^d of Arondells delaye) should meete wth these circumstances I might well hope this busines would sort to y^e wished issue. I have in this interstice had leysure to see my sifter, Grandmoth^r, & oth^r my frends in Kent, whoe remember th^r most affectionate services to y^r L^p & my Lady. I came down yesterday & will on Monday returne to London, at what time the King will be there: when it is expected y^e resolution about my L^d Chief Justice & many oth^r busineses will be taken, of y^e effect whereof I will be bold to advertise y^r L^p.

“ My L^d Rosses comōration here is upon new busineses prolonged, y^e negotiation whereof will allsoe lengthen his residence in Spayne; he hath taken a second leave of y^e King (at what time M^r. Giles Bridges was knighted), but departeth not yet these 8 dayes.

¹ *Domestic James I.* 1616, July—OÆ. vol. 88, N^o 87.

“ Not having wherewth to give y^r L^p furth^r trouble, I humbly take leave, [and] rest

Y^r L^{ps}
Most humbly devoted
to y^r service
Jho: Carew

“ Tunstall this
 20th of 7^{ber} 1616. ft^o vet.¹

But subsequently the Earl hesitated to avail himself of Carew's services, on learning the circumstances under which he had been dismissed by Carleton. Lord Arundel eventually declared his inability to provide any employment, and in spite of the repeated exertions and prayers of his father, Carleton declined, it seems, to receive him back into his service. On the 4th October, 1617, in a letter to Carleton, Sir Matthew confesses that his son has nothing to do, and is leading a loose and debauched life. In a later letter to Lady Carleton (March 24, 1618), no improvement in Carew's prospects had occurred, but it is to be collected that he had expressed sorrow for his irregularities, and that he was living with his father.

¹ [endorfed]

“ Tom Carew y^e 20th of
 7^{ber} 1616.”

“ To the Right Hon^{ble} my most fig^lr
 good L^d S^r Dudley Carleton Knight,
 L^d Amb^r for his Mat^{ie} wth the States
 of the United Prov^{es} of the Low
 Countreyes at the

Haghe.”

These by no means satisfactory glimpses of the earlier portion of the career of the poet, with the few scattered facts throwing light on his origin and family, which have now for the first time been brought together, represent, it is to be feared, all that can ever be known of the private or personal history of Thomas Carew. For all further information we must, with one exception to be indicated in due course, go to different sources—the occasional and generally vague allusions to Carew which occur in the writings of his own, or of the succeeding, age. To begin, however, with Wood:¹—“Afterwards,” says this not very trustworthy authority, signifying the time subsequent to Carew’s sojourn at Christ Church, “improving his parts by travelling, and conversation with ingenious men in the metropolis, he became reckon’d among the chiefest of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy. About which time being taken into the royal court for his most admirable ingenuity, he was made gentleman of the privy chamber, and sewer in ordinary to King Charles I., who always esteemed him to the last one of the most celebrated wits in his court.” Wood adds “that Carew was much valued by his King, and that he was a great favourite among his poetical and other acquaintance,” among whom must not be omitted Walt. Montague, afterwards Lord Abbot of Poitou, Aurelian Townsend of the same family with those of Raynham in Norfolk, Tho. May, afterwards the long parliament’s historian, George Sandys the traveller and poet, Will. Davenant, &c.”

It is not at all surprizing that Wood, with his limited opportunities, should have remained ignorant of some of the most important among the not very many known incidents of Carew’s life. It was not generally known till of late years, that Charles I. signalized his partiality for the poet in a very substantial manner, by granting him the royal demesne of Sunninghill, which then formed part of the forest of Windsor, and

¹ *Athenæ*, ubi sup.

which was alienated from the crown in favour of the subject of this imperfect notice. Search has been made without success for the original grant, or any other document shewing at what time and for what consideration (if any) the alienation was made;¹ but the fact is established by evidence of an indirect though positive character, which shall be adduced presently. Besides the manor of Sunninghill, which he disforested and enclosed, Carew seems to have had a regular residence in King Street, St. James's, in the latter part of his life. This fact we owe to a passage in one of Davenant's poems, printed in 1638. It is a copy of verses addressed—

“ TO THO: CAREW.”²

I.

“ Vpon my conscience, whenso e're thou dy'ft,
 (Though in the black, the mourning time of Lent)
 There will be seene in Kings-street (where thou ly'ft)
 More triumphs than in dayes of Parl'ament.

II.

“ How glad and gaudy then will Lovers be?
 For ev'ry Lover, that can Verses read,
 Hath beene so injur'd by thy Muse and thee,
 Ten thousand thousand times he wist'd thee dead.

III.

“ Not but thy Verses are as smooth and high,
 As Glory, Love, or Wine from Wit can rayse;
 But now the Devil take such destinie!
 What should commend them, turnes to their dispraise.

Parliament

¹ Lysons says merely: “Sunninghill Park was formerly part of the royal demesnes; and is supposed to have been granted by King Charles I. to the family of *Carey*. Sir Thomas Draper of Sunninghill Park, who was created a baronet in 1660, married an heiress of that family.”—*Magna Britannia*, i. 382.

² Davenant's Poems, 1638, pp. 136-7.

IV.

“ Thy Wit’s chiefe Virtue is become its Vice ;
 For ev’ry Beauty thou haft rays’d so high,
 That now coarfe Faces carry such a price
 As must undoe a Lover, if he buy.

V.

“ Scarce any of the Sex admits commerce ;
 It shames mee much to urge this in a Friend ;
 But more, that they should so mistake thy Verse,
 Which meant to conquer, whom it did commend.”

In Stowe’s time, King Street was no doubt a sufficiently fashionable and respectable resort, as it still in a measure remains. In the *Survey of London*, the street is described as we may very fairly suppose it to have presented itself in Carew’s day: “ *King’s-street*, a good handsome Street, which fronts *St. James’s Square* Eastwards, and Westwards it hath a Passage through an open paved Alley, called *Little King’s-street*, into *St. James’s street*. On the South side is *Angel Court*, not over well built or inhabited ; and near unto this is a long Yard for Coaches and Stablings, useful for the Gentry in these Parts.”¹

The intimacy of Carew and Davenant, of which of course there is abundant evidence in the following pages themselves, seems to receive a little further illustration from a short piece in a volume by Clement Barksdale,—*Nympha Libethris: Or the Cotswold Muse*, 1651. This slight link in the chain of biographical evidence belongs to the year 1638, when Davenant’s “ *Madagascar, and other Poems* ” came from the press. If I may be allowed to guess, the subjoined lines refer to a copy of Davenant’s little volume, dispatched to Carew by Barksdale, while the former was staying at Saxham in Suffolk with his good friends the Crofts’ :

¹ *Surv. of Lond.* 1720, book vi. p. 81.

“ AD THOMAM CAREW, APUD J[OH.] C[ROFTS?]
CUM DAVENANTII POEMATIS.

“ Teque meum, cùm triste fuit mihi tempus, amorem,
Officiis dico demeruisse tuis :
Meque tuum, si forte occasio detur, amorem,
Officiis dices demeruisse meis.
Si placet, interea, hoc grandis non grande Poetæ
Ingenii dignum munus habeto tui.”

Wood, it will have been observed perhaps, does not profess to specify all Carew's literary associates ; but it is surely rather strange that he should have overlooked men like John Hales of Eton, Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and James Howell. With all these eminent persons and brother-authors he must have been on the friendliest terms.

With the second Carew was intimate, when both were in the spring of life. The future statesman was the friend of our poet's youth.

In the *Life of Lord Chancellor Clarendon*,¹ it is said : “ whilst he was only a student of the law, and stood at gaze, and irresolute what course of life to take, his chief acquaintance were Ben Johnson, John Selden, Charles Cotton, John Vaughan, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and THOMAS CAREW, and some others of eminent faculties in their several ways. . . . Mr. Carew was a younger brother of a good family, and of excellent parts, and had spent many years of his youth in France and Italy ; and returning from travel followed the court ; which the modesty of that time disposed men to do sometime, before they pretended to be of it ; and he was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himself, some years before he could obtain to be sewer to the king : and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret even of the whole Scotch nation, which united themselves in recom-

¹ *Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, &c.* ed. 1827, i. 34, 40.

mending another gentleman to it: of so great value were those relations held in that age, when majesty was beheld with the reverence it ought to be. He 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 elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time: but his glory was that, after fifty years¹ of his life spent with less severity or exactness 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."

In a letter which he dates April 5, 1636,² James Howell tells Sir Thomas Hawk that he had been the evening before to "a solemn supper" at Ben Jonson's, and that Carew was among the guests. "I was invited," says Howell, "yesternight to a solemn supper by B. J. where you were deeply remembered; there was good Company, excellent Cheer, choice Wines, and jovial welcome: One Thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the Discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own Muse. *T. Ca.* buzzed me in the Ear, that tho Ben had barrell'd up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the *Ethics* which, among other Precepts of Morality, forbid Self-commendation." Such anecdotes as this, slight as they may appear, bring us a little nearer to a man who, although the biographical records touching his short and checkered life are scanty and dim enough, must have occupied, at least towards the

¹ This appears to be a statement made at random, for the poet can hardly have been more than *forty*, when he died. Wood conjectured that Carew died *about* 1639. Out of these two accounts, of which it may be said that the latter is accurate in comparison with the former, the earlier biographers have constructed an hypothetical declaration that the poet was born about 1589; by taking fifty years back from Wood's approximate date.

² *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vi. 12.

close of his career, a high position in the favour of his sovereign and in the estimation of his literary contemporaries.

But John Hales of Eton was bound to Carew by even a closer tie than that of mere social intimacy; he was connected with him by marriage: for the poet's sister, Lady Crowmer, had re-married after her first husband's death Sir Edward Hales. Hales of Eton seems to have been regarded by Carew and by the poet's friends as a kind of Mentor, whose services were to be put in requisition, whenever it was thought necessary to read a lecture, or to receive assurances of reform and contrition. Ifaak Walton, in his MSS. collections for the life of Hales,¹ preserves an anecdote,² which belongs of course to a comparatively late period in Carew's life: "Then was I told this by Mr. Anthony Faringdon, and have heard it discoursed by others, that Mr. Thomas Cary, a poet of note, and a great libertine in his life and talk, and one that had in his youth been acquainted with Mr. Ha[les,] sent for Mr. Hales, to come to him in a dangerous fit of sickness, and desired his advice and absolution, which Mr. Hales, upon a promise of amendment, gave him (this was, I think in the country). But Mr. Cary came to London, fell to his old company, and into a more visible scandalous life, and especially in his discourse, and be[ing] taken very sick, that which proved his last, and being much troubled in mind, procured Mr. Ha[les] to come to him in this his sickness and agony of mind, desiring earnestly, after confession of many of his sins, to have his prayers and his absolution. Mr. Ha[les] told him he should have his prayers, but would by noe meanes give him either the sacrament or absolution."

It is a more important piece of testimony, perhaps, than

¹ *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vi. 12.

² The story is told with some variations in Hunter's *Cborus Vatum* (Addit. MSS. B. M. 24489, fol. 254). Here Lady Salter is said to have been the narrator; and this is likely enough, since the Salters resided in the vicinity of Eton.

might at first sight appear, to the date of Carew's death, that in Lord Falkland's poem to the memory of Jonson, Carew's name is mentioned as if he had been then alive. Jonson died on the 6th August, 1637. Falkland says:

“ Let Digby, Carew, Killigrew and Maine,
Godolphin, Waller, that inspired train,
Or whose rare pen besides deserves the grace,
Or of an equal, or a neighbouring place,
Answer thy wish.”

But no tribute from the pen of our poet occurs in *Jonsonus Virbius*, printed early in 1638. Clement Barksdale, in sending Carew a copy of Davenant's Poems, published early in March, 1638,¹ addressed to him some lines inserted elsewhere; the writer was evidently under the impression that Carew was living. Davenant himself, in that very volume, has a set of stanzas inscribed to his friend, then living or staying in King's Street, St. James's; they occur near the close of the book, as if they had been quite lately composed; and the writer must be supposed to have been not only ignorant of the death of his associate, but assured of the contrary, when the copy was sent to press, or he would not have preserved the allusion to Carew's possible decease or even the playful raillery at his expense. All the scattered particles of evidence we possess seem to point to the conclusion that Carew died suddenly, possibly of the complaint which had brought him low at least twice previously, between February and April, 1638. We ought not to be surprised, if it should be found hereafter, that he breathed his last at the house of his friend, John Crofts, where (if my conjecture be right) Barksdale clearly expected his book and verses to find him; and perhaps it was to Saxham, that Hales of Eton was summoned to attend him, according to the anecdote of Isaak Walton already related.

That Carew was no more in April, 1638, appears to be

¹ These were licensed Feb. 26, 1637-8.

made sufficiently clear by the circumstance, unknown to his former biographers (in common with the fact of the grant itself), that very shortly after his death a petition was addressed to the Crown by the Vicar of Sunninghill, of which the following is an exact copy :—

“ To the Kings most Excellent Maieftie.¹

“ The most humble Petiçõn of John Robinson

“ Vicar of Sunninghill in y^e Countie of Berks.

“ Shewing

“ That before yo^r Ma^{tie} was graciously pleased to part wth y^e Parke of Sunninghill in y^e Forrest of Windsor to M^r. Tho. Carew, yo^r Ma^{tie}, when it was full stored wth deare, out of yo^r love and bounty to y^e Church gave to y^e Vicar of Sunninghill xx^d for one Lodge and 3^s 4^d for y^e other p^a añ. Besides yo^r Ma^{ty} Keeper knowing the Vicarage to bee worth at most but 20 marks p^a añ allowed y^e said Vicar y^e going of a Nagg for nothing, and 6 or 8 Cowes for 6 [pence?] a weeke. But since it came to the hands of the said M^r Carew, notwthstanding (as it may bee truely said) it is disparked, for there are onely some 8 or 10 deere kept, to colo^r y^e keeping of y^e Tithes from y^e poore Vicar, the Ground being let to Tenants & devided into severall parts, some for pasture & meadowe, & other for arable, & at y^e p^sent there is great store of Corne growing upon some part of y^e said ground to their verie greate advantage, they doe not onely deny y^e Tithes w^{ch} y^e Pet^r (upon y^e converting it to y^e improvem^t aforesaid) conceaves to bee due unto him, but also y^e former benefit allowed by yo^r Ma^{tie} and Keeper, when y^e said Parke was full stored wth deere as aforesaid, and will onely give him a marke p^a añ, saying if hee will have more hee must get it by Lawe.

“ But the Petiçõner being a poore man charged wth wife and children, and altogether unable to wage Law wth them—

¹ *Domestic Charles I. 1638, April 1—17, vol. 387, No. 31.*

“ Most humbly beseecheth yo^r Ma^{tie} to bee graciously pleased to referre y^e particulers to y^e confidera^{cion} of y^e Most Reverend Father in God the Lord Arch. B^{pp}. of Canterbury his Grace, and y^e Lord Keeper of yo^r Ma^{ty} Great Seale of England, authorising them to call y^e Executo^{rs} of y^e said M^r. Carew, or such others as it may concerne, before them & upon hearing y^e Pet^r & such witnesses as hee shall produce, & examina^{cion} of y^e Allega^{cion}s herein, to settle such a Course for releife & maintenance of y^e Pet^r & his Succesors in that Church as in their grave wisdomes shalbee thought fitt.

“ And the Peti^{cioner}, &c.”

The question was referred to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Keeper who, on the 30th May in the same year made the ensuing report and order, which are the last that we hear of the matter. Probably the vicar concluded that it was wiser not to go to law, the issue being questionable.

31 May.¹

Lo. A[rchbishop]

Lo. Keep[er.]

“ This day upon a Reference fr^o his Ma^{tie}, their Lo^{ps} heard the mater of Complaynt exhibited by John Robinson, Clerke, Vicar of Sunninghill Co^m. Berks, against the heirs and ex^{ts} of Thomas Carew esq^r, touching the tyeths of the Parke there; w^{ch} the pet^r claymeth as Vicar and as ferm^r of the Rectorie Impropriat to St. John’s Colledge in Cambridge; and in regard it was aledged against the p^r that xij^s iiij^d had used to have byn paid in lieu of all tyethes in that pte, & that the heirs were now under age & the Exe^{ts} but in trust, & therefore nothing could by their assent bee done wthout p^{ri}udice to themselves. It is by their Lo^{ps} ordred that the pet^r shall forthwith bring

¹ *Domestic Charles I.* 1638, May 25—31, vol. 391, No. 99.

his ac^cōn at Law upon the Stat. of Ed. 6. for not setting forth of tythes against M^r Carewe and M^r Fyshe; whereto the Defts shall p^rntly appeare gratis & plead this terme, so as the matter may p^rceed to tryall att the next assises for y^r Contey; & no advantage to bee taken on either side, but to insift upon the right only, whether there bee such a rate or noe, & (admitting there bee) whether it will barre the Pet^r, the P^rke being now for y^e most p^rte employed for tyllage & other uses and very few deere in y^e same. And their Lo^{pp}s this next Terme will further consider how the Pet^r (in case the tryall fall out against the Pet^r) may bee relieved.¹

Wood leads us to understand that Carew, gay and dissolute in his course of life, was a person of polished manners and attractive conversation, whose society was sought not only by all the literary men of distinction at that time, but by the King and Court. The author of the *Athenæ* says:—

“ He was much respected, if not ador’d by the poets of his time, especially by Ben Johnson; yet Sir Joh. Suckling, who had a great kindness for him, could not let him pass in his *Sessions of [the] Poets*, without this character [Poems, 1646, p. 8]:—

“ Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault,
That would not well stand with a Laureat.
His muse was hard bound, and th’ issue of ’s brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.”

Among the works of our author Carew, who by the strength of his curious fancy hath written many things which still maintain their fame amidst the curious of the present age, must be remembered his—[here follows a list of his works more fully described elsewhere.] “ The songs in the said poems were set to music, or if you please were wedded to the charming notes

¹ [endorfed]

30^o May 1638.
An Order touching y^e
Parson of Sunninghill.
Cñt.

of Hen. Lawes, at that time the prince of musick composers, gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of the private musick to K. Ch. I."

Wood and others have omitted to notice that Suckling¹ has a copy of verses, purporting to be a dialogue between Carew and himself upon the Countess of Carlisle, the *Lucinda* of the following pages. When the meagre character of the information which has come down respecting Carew is considered, I trust that I shall be pardoned for introducing such a purely collateral piece of illustrative matter as this same Dialogue will be seen to be:—

Vpon my Lady Carlisles walking in
Hampton-Court-Gardens.

DIALOGUE.

T[homas] C[arew]. I[ohn] S[uckling].

Thom.

DIDST thou not find the place inspir'd,
And flow'rs, as if they had desired
No other Sun, start from their beds
And for a sight steal out their heads?
Heardst thou not musick when she talkt?
And didst not find that, as she walk't,
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean-blossoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give?

J. S.

I must confesse those perfumes (*Tom*)
I did not smell, nor found that from
Her passing by ought sprung up new:
The flow'rs had all their birth from you;
For I pass't o'er the selfsame walk,
And did not find one single stalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after spring.

¹ Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646, pp. 26-7.

*Some Account of**Thom.*

Dull and insensible, couldst see
 A thing so near a Deity
 Move up and down, and feel no change ?

J. S.

None, and so great, were alike strange.
 I had your Thoughts, but not your way :
 All are not born (Sir) to the Bay ;
 Alas ! *Tom*, I am flesh and blood,
 And was consulting how I could,
 In spite of masks and hoods, descry
 The parts deni'd unto the eye ;
 I was undoing all she wore,
 And had she walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her first state had not been
 More naked, or more plainly seen.

Thom.

'Twas well for thee she left the place ;
 There is great danger in that face.
 But hadst thou view'd her legg and thigh,
 And upon that discovery
 Searcht after parts that are more dear
 (As Fancy seldom stops so near),
 No time or age had ever seen
 So lost a thing as thou hadst been."

All this partakes of the playful, but not always too delicate, raillery of Suckling, and the little poem itself throws a slight ray of additional light on the subject immediately in hand. After all, these lines are well worth their room, if they assist in bringing us a little nearer to those times and these two men.

In a tract printed after Carew's death, there is a passage which might almost seem too long for transcription ; but the desire has been in this case to draw together all the notices of Carew discoverable, which had a value as proceeding from men, who either were personally acquainted with him, or had abundant opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of his character and career. This further testimony is therefore

added ;¹ it is in a part of the tract described below, where the author of the Civil War newspaper entitled *Diurnal Occurrences* challenges Carew as a juryman :—

“ The Pris’ner also crav’d he might be heard,
While he against a jury-man preferr’d
A just exception : his request was granted,
And fraught with malice, though much wit he wanted.
He gentle Mr. *Cary* did refuse,
Who pleas’d the Ladies with his courtly muse :
He said that he by his luxurious penne
Deserv’d had better the *Trophonian Denne*
Then many now which stood to be arraign’d ;
For he the *Tbespian Fountaine* had distain’d
With foule conceits, and made their waters bright
Impure, like those of the *Hermaphrodite*.
He said that he in verse more loose had bin
Than old *Chærephanes*, or *Aretine*
In obscene portraitures, and that this fellow
In *Helicon* had reard the first *Burdello* ;
That he had chang’d the chaste *Castalian Spring*
Into a *Carian Well*, whose waters bring
Effeminate desires and thoughts uncleane
To minds that earst were pure and most serene.
Thus spake the pris’ner, when a furious glance
Was darted from *Apollos* countenance.”

Scaliger then rises, and after asserting that he had endeavoured to purify the literature of the time by his criticisms, proceeds to vindicate Carew :—

“ For I have try’d my industry and wit
Both Arts and Authours to refine and mend,
As well as times, yet can I not defend
But some luxuriant witt will often vent
Lascivious Poems against my consent :
Of which offence if *Cary* guilty be,
Yet may some chaster Songs him render free

¹ *The Great Assises Holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours*, &c. 1645, 4^o, pp. 24-6. One of the assessors or jurors is Carew himself.

From Censure sharp, and expiate those crimes
Which are not fully his, but rather Times :
But let your Grace vouchsafe that he may try,
How he can make his own Apology :

Apollo then gave *Cary* leave to speake,
Who thus in modest sort did silence breake.

In wisdomes nonage and unriper yeares
Some lines slipt from my penne, which since with teares
I labour'd to expunge. This Song of mine
Was not infused by the Virgins nine,
Nor through my dreames divine upon this Hill
Did this vain *Rapture*¹ issue from my quill.
No Thespian waters, but a Paphian fire,
Did me with this foule extasie inspire :
I oft have wish'd, that I (like *Saturne*) might
This Infant of my folly smother quite ;
Or that I could retract what I had done
Into the bosome of Oblivion.

Thus *Cary* did conclude : for, prest by grieffe,
Hee was compell'd to be concise and brieffe :
Phæbus at his contrition did relent,
And Edicts soon through all Parnassus sent,
That none should dare to attribute the shame
Of that fond *rapture* unto *Caryes* name,
But Order'd that the infamy should light
On those, who did the same read or recite."

[Robert Baron speaks of Carew as an intimate acquaintance
in a poem entitled : *Truth and Tears* :—²

" Sweet Suckling then, the glory of the Bower,
Wherein I've wantoned many a geniall hower.
Fair Plant ! whom I have seen Minerva wear,
An ornament to her well-plaited hair.
On highest daies remove a little from
Thy excellent Carew ; & thou, dearest Tom,
Love's oracle, lay thee a little off
Thy flourishing Svckling, that between you both
I may find room : then, strike when will my fate,
I'll proudly part to such a princely feat.
But you have crownes : our god's chaste darling tree
Adorn[s] your brows with her fresh gallantry."

¹ Carew's piece so called. See present volume, p. 62.

² [*Pocula Castalia*, 1650, p. 102. *Mr. Haslewood's Note*.

In his poems, written between 1636 and 1653, which still remain in MS.¹ George Daniel of Befwick thus introduces Carew in company with some of his poetical compeers and contemporaries :—

“ The noble Falkland, Digbie, CAREW, Maine,
Beaumont, Sands, Randolph, Allen, Rutter, May :
The devine Herbert and the Fletchers twaine :
Habinton, Shirley, Stapilton. I stay
Too much on names : yet may I not forget
Davenant and Suckling, eminent in witt.”

Shirley, in a poem “ To his Honoured Friend Thomas Stanley, Esquire, upon his Elegant Poems,” thus refers to Carew :—²

“ Carew, whose numerous language did before
Steer every genial soul, muſt be no more
The oracle of love ; and might he come
But from his own to thy Elyſium,
He would repent his immortality
Given by looſe idolaters, and die
A tenant to theſe ſhades ; and by thy ray
He need not bluſh to court his Celia.”

In *Stipendiariæ Lachrymæ*, 1654, an anonymous poetical tribute to Charles I. exhibiting more than the uſual degree of merit found in ſuch pieces, the author feigns himſelf in the ſhades, where he ſaw many departed celebrities, among them Carew :—

“ There (purged of the folly of diſdayning)
Laura walk'd hand in hand with Pet[r]arch joind,
No more of Tyrant Goblin Honour plaining :
There SIDNEY in rich STELLA's arms lay twind :
CAREW and SUCKLING there mine eye did find.”

¹ Addit. MS. Brit. Mus. 19255, fol. 18. This beautiful volume, which was formerly in Mr. Caldecott's library, was purchaſed at his ſale in 1833 by Lord Kingsborough, and in 1852 was acquired for the Britiſh Muſeum.

² Dyce's Shirley, 1833, vi. 427.

Two years after the appearance of *Stipendiariæ Lachrymæ*, Samuel Holland published his little volume entitled *Don Zara del Fogo, a mock-romance*, and there introduced a group of the English poets, who had lived in the preceding age, comfortably installed in Elysium, as the author of the *Lachrymæ* had done before: "Spenser waited upon by a numerous troop of the best book-men in the world: Shakespeare and Fletcher surrounded with their life-guard: viz. *Goffe, Massinger, Decker, Webster, Sucklin, Cartwright, CAREW, &c.*"¹

[Headley has remarked: "The consummate elegance of this gentleman [Carew] entitles him to very considerable attention. Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous, every part of his works displays the man of sense, gallantry and breeding. Indeed, many of his productions have a certain happy finish, and betray a dexterity both of thought and expression much superior to any thing of his contemporaries, and (on similar subjects) rarely surpassed by his successors. Carew has the ease without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He reminds us of the best manner of Lord Lyttelton. Waller is too exclusively considered as the first man who brought versification to any thing like its present standard. Carew's pretensions to the same merit are seldom sufficiently either considered or allowed. Though Love had long before softened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, ostentatious and romantic cast; and, with a very few exceptions, its effects on composition were similar to those on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring was still wanting; in everything but sincerity of intention it [Poetry] was deficient. . . . Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy these defects.

¹ There is a volume in the Bodleian Library, marked MSS. Rawl. Poet. 147, with the following couplet:—

"To Tho. Carew.

"No Lute or Lover durst contend with thee,
Hadst added to thy love but charity.

C[lement] P[aman]."—H.

In them Gallantry, for the first time, was accompanied by the Graces."

In Lloyd's *Worthies*, Carew is likewise called "elaborate and accurate." However the fact might be, the internal evidence of his poems says no such thing. Hume has properly remarked, that Waller's pieces "aspire not to the sublime, still less to the pathetic." Carew, in his beautiful Masque, has given instances of the former; and, in his Epitaph on Lady Mary Villiers, eminently of the latter.¹]

Two or three writers had anticipated Carew in the name which he has chosen for his mistress. In 1594, William Percy printed *Sonnets to the fairest Coelia*; Sir David Murray of Gorthy celebrated the same unknown goddess in 1611; and about 1625 William Browne, the Devonshire poet, composed fourteen stanzas similarly superscribed. The Sonnets of Percy and Murray are scarcely worth discussion; some of Browne's are excellent both in matter and manner; but on the whole Carew may certainly be allowed to excel in purity and perspicuity of diction, in exquisite happiness and elegance of sentiment, in the harmony of his numbers, in a certain

¹ Mr. Haslewood's note. It may be added that in some laudatory lines prefixed to Lovelace's *Lucrecia*, 1649, the writer couples Carew and Waller together:

"Well might that charmer his faire Cœlia crowne,
And that more polish'd Tyterus renowne
His Sacariffa, when in groves and bowres
They could repose their limbs on beds of flowrs:"

Poems, by Hazlitt, p. 10.

According to Philips, whose testimony, however, is not worth a great deal, Carew's reputation survived the Restoration. "Thomas Carew," he says, in his customarily dry and monotonous style, "one of the Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber [Privy Chamber] to his late Majesty King Charles the first: he was reckoned among the chiefest of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy; by the strength of which his extant Poems still maintain their fame amidst the curious of the present age."—*Theatrum Poetarum* (1675), edit. 1824, p. (14.)

charming finish of style, and in peculiar freedom from affectation, pedantry, and false taste.

It is to be regretted that here and there (but very occasionally) are to be found exceptionable descriptions or allusions, which place Carew in this respect at a disadvantage in comparison with the politer Waller; but the licentiousness of Carew's muse proceeds from an unpruned luxuriance of fancy and a tolerated freedom of expression; and although it outrages modern ideas of decorum, it is not either prurient or nauseous, like many of the obscenities in Herrick's *Hesperides*.

The writings of Carew abound with conceits, but, unlike the conceits of some of his less noted contemporaries, they generally reconcile themselves to us by good taste in the treatment and delicacy of execution.

We look back with changed feelings and different eyes upon these things; time has wrought a powerful alteration in the position before the world of old Sir Matthew Carew, the respectable and ill-fated Master in Chancery: his gallant son Sir Matthew, who was doubtless viewed as the hope and mainstay of the family: and the scapegrace youth to whom no one would have anything to say, and of whom his relatives despaired. For while the lives and fortunes of the high judicial functionary and the brave young knight-banneret are forgotten, while the persons of rank, fashion and influence with whom they mixed have passed, for the most part, completely away, and while even Sir Dudley Carleton is familiar only to a few antiquaries, the lustre which one man of genius has shed on the name of CAREW remains unfaded, and can never decline.

It is almost impossible for us at this time to clear up the confusion between Thomas Cary, son of Henry, Lord Lepington, who was afterwards Earl of Monmouth, and Thomas Carew. This confusion is, perhaps, increased by the twofold circumstance, that both these accomplished men had literary tastes, and that both held an office at court. Cary was a

gentleman of the bed-chamber; Carew, a gentleman of the privy-chamber, and sewer-in-ordinary. Even Lawes¹ attributes to Cary the poem commencing:—"Farewell, dear Saint," which occurs in none of the editions of Carew; and Lawes ought to have been acquainted with the true state of the case. Can it be the fact, then, that some of the pieces, constantly ascribed to Carew, proceeded from the pen of the Honourable Thomas Cary, his contemporary and friend? This question of authorship, where so many persons, with the same initials, not to say an almost identical name (for *Cary* and *Carew* are still frequently pronounced alike), is one very difficult to determine; but certainly in the small collection of pieces, which is comprised in the Poems of Carew, there is a correspondence of style, tone, and treatment, which seems to indicate the existence of one and the same hand throughout. Upon the whole, I am disposed to think that Lawes has erred in the attribution to Cary of the Bed-chamber of the line before mentioned; such mistakes were by no means rare in those days; and the whole texture of the composition tempts us to claim it for the more distinguished author. The same view must, I think, be entertained with regard to the other poem first published by Fanshawe, in his English version of Guarini, 1648 and 1664; there also the writer is said to have been "Mr. T. C. of his Majesties Bed-Chamber;" but the character and style of the production betrays its parentage, unless Cary was a happier imitator of Carew, than any man before or since.

The truth seems to be, however, that Cary of the Bed-chamber has proved, not only that his style was totally distinct from that of Carew, but that he was incapable of attaining the excellence which marks the compositions of the latter. In his translation of Puget La Serre's *Mirroure which flatters not*, 1639, 8vo. are some of Cary's metrical interpolations and

¹ *Ayres and Dialogues*, Book i. table.

1 *Some Account of Thomas Carew.*

additions, which shew him to have been utterly destitute of the poetical faculty. I entertain, therefore, very little doubt that all the poems which have come down to us, as written by Thomas *Cary* or Thomas *Carew*, were from one and the same pen—that pen, our author's; and that Lawes was at fault in ascribing to Cary of the Bed-chamber the lines beginning, "Farewell, dear Saint."

My conclusion upon the whole is, that there were certainly two persons coexistent, both of whom were known as Thomas *Carey* or *Cary*, the second syllable of *Carew* being then, as now, more usually than otherwise pronounced short; that Thomas *Carew* the Poet, and not Thomas *Cary* of the bed-chamber, was the writer of *all* the *poems* which are extant in print or MS. with the name *Carew* or *Cary* attached to them, and that *Cary's* poetical efforts were exclusively confined to the very poor metrical compositions to be found in his translation of *La Serre*, 1639. Following up this deduction from such testimonies as I have been able to collect for myself, I have included, in the present edition, both the pieces printed by Fanshawe, with his *Pastor Fido*, in 1648, and attributed (as I consider, by mistake) to *Cary* in the *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653.¹

¹ I have little or no doubt that the Thomas *Cary*, who received the grant of a pension of £500 a-year in 1625 from Charles I., was the gentleman of the Bed-chamber, as he is termed indeed in the instrument (Rymer's *Fœdera*, edit. 1749, viii. Part 1, p. 69), and not the poet.



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THE WORKS OF
THOMAS CAREW.

THE SPRING.¹



OW that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes ; and now no more the
frost

Candies² the grasse, or casts an ycie creame
Upon the silver lake or chrystall streame :

But the warme sunne thawes the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender ; gives a second³ birth
To the dead swallow ; wakes in hollow tree
The drowfie cuckow and the humble-bee.
Now doe a quire of chirping minstrels sing,
In triumph to the world, the youthfull Spring :
The vallies, hills, and woods in rich araye
Welcome the comming of the long'd-for-May.

¹ Old printed copies ; Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 11811, fol. 4.

² This beautiful idea seems closely imitated from Drayton. See his *Quest of Cinthia*, in *Poems*, 4°. [folio] 1627, p. 137.

“ Since when those frosts that Winter brings,
Which *candy* every *greene*.”

Compare also Browne's *Brit. Paß. B. i. f. 4.—F.*

³ *Sacred*—old printed copies.

The Works of

Now all things smile ; onely my Love doth lowre ;
 Nor hath the scalding noon-day funne the power
 To melt that marble yce, which still doth hold
 Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pittie cold.
 The oxe, which lately did for shelter flie
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open field ; and love no more is made
 By the fire-side, but in the cooler shade.
 Amyntas now doth by his Cloris sleepe
 Under a sycamoure, and all things keepe
 Time with the seafon : only shee doth carry
 June in her eyes, in her heart January.

To A. L.

PERSWASIONS TO LOVE.¹



THINKE not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
 Y'are fresh as Aprill, sweet as May,²
 Bright as is the morning starre,
 That you are so ; or, though you are,
 Be not therefore proud, and deeme
 All men unworthy your esteeme :
 For, being so, you loose the pleasure
 Of being faire, since that rich treasure

¹ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at the beginning) ; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 4 (where it is called *His counsell to his Mistrisse*) ; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 39 (with the same title) ; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 25 (ditto) ; Ashmole MS. 47, art. 101 (where the title is : *An Admonition to coy acquaintance*).

² *Fayre as Helen, fresh as May*.—Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118, and Harl. MS. 6931. Also in a MS. seen and collated by Haslewood, and in Ashm. MS. 47.

Of rare beauty and sweet feature
Was bestow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd; and 'twere a sinne
There to be scarce, where shee hath bin
So prodigall of her best graces.
Thus common beauties and meane faces
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you loofe by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue
Onely concerne my selfe, not you:
Were men so fram'd, as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,
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 bee
Kinde to your selfe if not to mee;
Starve not your selfe, because you may
Make me thereby to pine away;
Neither let brittle beautie make
You your wiser thoughts forsake;
For that now lovely face will faile:
Beautie is sweet, but beautie's fraile;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's raine, than winter's fun;
Most fleeting when it is most deare:
'Tis gone while wee but say 'tis here.
These curious locks, so aptly twin'd,
Whose every¹ haire a foule doth bind,
Will change their abroun hue, and grow

¹ Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118 read *seuerall*, i. e. each distinct hair. This is a technical term. Mr. Fry thought that there was "a great similitude between this poem and Daniel's 'Description of Beauty,' translated from Marino, particularly the four stanzas commencing: 'Old trembling age.'"

The Works of

White and cold as winter's snow.
 That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
 Will prove his grave, and all the rest
 Will follow; in the cheeke, chin, nose,
 Nor lilly shall be found nor rose:
 And what will then become of all
 Those whom you now do servants call?
 Like swallows when the summer's done,
 They'le flye and seeke some warmer sun.
 Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
 Whose love may, when your beauties end,
 Remaine still firme: 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
 Of lovers, that seeke 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.
 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 spread where red once shin'd,
 When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
 Love may returne, but lovers never:
 And old folkes¹ say there are no paynes
 Like itch of love in aged vaines.
 O love me then, and now begin it,
 Let us not loose this present minute;
 For time and age will worke that wrack
 Which time and age shall ne're call backe.

¹ *fooles*—Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.

The snake each yeare fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes ;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves :
But if your beauties once decay,
You nere shall know a second May.
O then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you dayes for sport, doe reason ;
Spend not in vaine your lives short houre,
But crop in time your beautie's flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

TO HIS MISTRESSE RETIRING IN AFFECTION.¹

FLY not from him whose silent miserie
Breath's many an unwitnes'd sigh to thee ;
Who having felt thy scorne, yet constant is,
And whom thy self thou hast cal'd onely his.
When first mine eyes threw flames, whose spirit moov'd thee,
Had'st not thou lookt againe, I had not lov'd thee.
Nature did nere two different thinges vnite
With peace, which are by nature opposite.
If thou force nature, and be backward gone,
O blame not me y' s'riue to draw thee on :
But if my constant loue shall faile to moue thee,
Then know my reason hates thee, though I loue thee.

¹ Addit. MS. Brit. Mus. 11811, fol. 6. Not in the old printed copies.

LIPS AND EYES¹.

N 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 (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blisses
 Which lovers reape by kind words and sweet kisses.
 Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did powre
 Of liquid orientall pearles a shower;
 Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,
 Through a sweete smile unlockt their pearlie treasure,
 And bad Love judge, whether did adde more grace,
 Weeping or smiling Pearles to Celia's face.

A DIVINE MISTRIS.²


N Nature's peeces still I see
 Some errour that might mended bee;
 Something my wish could still remove,
 Alter, or adde; but my faire Love
 Was fram'd by hands farre more divine;
 For she hath every beauteous line:
 Yet I had beene farre happier,
 Had Nature, that made me, made her;
 Then likenes might (that love creates)
 Have made her love what now she hates:

¹ This poem is included in all the old printed copies; in Mr. Huth's "Scattergood" MS.; in Cofens MS. A 4^o.; in Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 10; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 43; and in *Witts Recreations*, 1640, No. 179, or reprint, 1817, ii. 18. In *Witts Recreations* the lines are headed, *On Cælia*.

² Old printed copies; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 6 (where it is called *His M^{rs}. ber perfections*); Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 40 (with the same title).


Yet I confesse I cannot spare
From her just shape the smallest haire ;
Nor need I beg from all the store
Of heaven for her one beautie more :
Shee hath too much divinity for mee :
You Gods ! teach¹ her some more humanitie.

HIS PERPLEXED LOUE.

 F she must still denye,
Weepe not, but dye :
For my Faire will not giue
Loue enough to let me liue,
Nor dart from her faire eye
Scorne enough to make me dye.
Then let me weepe alone, till her kind breath
Or blow my teares away, or speake my death.²

A BEAUTIFULL MISTRIS.³

Song.

 F when the Sun at noone displays
His brighter rayes
Thou but appeare,
He then, all pale with shame and feare,
Quencheth his light,

¹ *Send*—Addit. MSS.

² Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 *verso*; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 40. Not in the editions.

³ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17 (where it is headed *On his Beautifull mistress*); Ashmole MS. 38, art. 218 (subscribed *Tho. Carew*); Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, p. 18 (with the music).

The Works of

Hides his darke brow, flyes from thy fight,
 And growes more dimme,
 Compar'd to thee, than starres to him.
 If thou but show thy face againe,
 When darkenesse doth at midnight raigne,
 The darkenesse flyes, and light is hurl'd
 Round about the silent world :
 So as alike thou driv'ft away
 Both light and darkenesse, night and day.

A CRUELL MISTRIS.¹

WEE read of kings and gods that kindly tooke
 A pitcher fil'd with water from the brooke ;
 But I have dayly tendred without thankes
 Rivers of teares that overflow their bankes.
 A slaughter'd bull appeas'd angry Jove,
 A horse the sun, a lambe the god of love ;
 But shee disdaines the spotlesse sacrifice
 Of a pure heart that at her altar lyes.
 Vesta is not displeas'd if her chaste urne
 Doe with repayred fuell ever burne ;
 But my faint frownes, though to her honour'd name
 I consecrate a never-dying flame.
 Th' Assyrian king did none i' th' furnace throw
 But those that to his image would not bow ;
 With bended knees I daily worship her,
 Yet she consumes her owne idolater.
 Of such a goddesse no times leave record,
 That burnes the temple where she is ador'd.

¹ Old printed copies ; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 6 *verso* (where the lines are headed *His loue neglected*) ; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 40 (with the same heading) ; Ashmole MS. 47, art. 83 (unsigned).

MURDRING BEAUTIE.¹

Song.

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

MY MISTRIS COMMANDING ME TO RETURNE
HER LETTERS.²

SO grieves th' adventrous merchant, when he throwes
All the long toyl'd-for treafure his ship stowes
Into the angry maine, to save from wrack
Himselfe and men, as I grieve to send backe
These letters; yet so powerfull is your sway,
That, if you bid me die, I must obey.
Goe then, blest papers, you shall kisse those hands
That gave you freedome, but hold me in bands, |

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at end); Add. MS. 11811, fol. 4 *verso* (where the lines are headed *On his Mißbrenne*); Harl. MS. 4057, fol. 10 (where it is headed *A Charming Beauty*), and the 3rd and 4th stand 5th and 6th.

² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 *verso*; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 41-2; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 36; Ashmole MS. 47, art. 132 (imperfect).

Which with a touch did give you life, but I,
 Because I may not touch those hands, must die.
 Me thinks, as if they knew they should be sent
 Home to their native soile from banishment,
 I see them smile, like dying faints, that know
 They are to leave earth, and tow'rd heaven goe.
 When you returne, pray tell your soveraigne
 And mine, I gave you courteous entertaine ;
 Each line receiv'd a teare, and then a kisse ;
 First bath'd in that, it 'scap'd unscorcht from this :
 I kist it 'cause her hand had once been there ;
 But, 'cause it was not then, I shed a teare.
 Tell her, no length of time, no change of ayre,
 No crueltie, disdaine, absence, dispaire :
 No, nor her stedfast constancie : can deterre
 My vassall heart from ever honouring her.
 Though these be powerfull arguments to prove
 I love in vaine, yet I must ever love ;
 Say, if she frowne when you that word rehearse,
 Service in prose is oft call'd love in verse :
 Then pray her, since I send back on my part
 Her papers, she will send me back my heart.
 If she refuse, warne her to come before
 The god of love, whom thus I will implore :
 Trav'ling thy countries road (great God) I spide
 By chance this lady, and walkt by her side
 From place to place, fearing no violence ;
 For I was well arm'd, and had made defence,
 In former fights 'gainst fiercer foes than shee
 Did at the first incounter seeme to bee.
 But, going farther, every step reveal'd
 Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
 Seeing those outward armes, I did begin
 To feare some greater strength was lodg'd within.
 Looking into her mind, I might survay
 An hoast of beauties that in ambush lay ;

And won the day before they fought the field ;
For I, unable to resist, did yeild.
But the insulting tyrant so destroyes
My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joyes,
Breaks my sweete sleepes, invades my harmlesse rest,
Robs me of all the treasure of my brest,
Spare not my heart, nor (yet a greater wrong)—
For, having stolne my heart, she binds my tongue.
But at the last her melting eyes unseal'd
My lips, enlarg'd my tongue ; then I reveal'd
To her owne eares the story of my harmes,
Wrought by her vertues and her beauties charmes.
Now heare, just judge, an act of savagenesse ;
When I complaine, in hope to find redresse,
Shee bends her angry brow, and from her eye
Shootes thousand darts. I then well hop'd to die ;
But in such soveraigne balme love dips his shot
That, though it wounds a heart, it kills it not.
Shee saw the bloud gush forth from many a wound,
Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
Nor sought my cure, nor saw me since : 'tis true
Absence and Time (two cunning leaches) drew
The flesh together ; yet, sure, though the skin
Be clos'd without, the wound festers within.
Thus hath this cruell lady us'd a true
Servant and subject to herselfe and you ;
Nor know I (great Love,) if my life be lent
To shew thy mercy or my punishment ;
Since by the onely magic of thy art
A lover still may live that wants a heart.
If this enditement fright her so as shee
Seeme willing to returne my heart to mee,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
'Mongst other trifeling things, be out o' th' way ;)
If she repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but send me hers, and we are friends.

SECRESIE PROTESTED.¹

FEARE not, dear Love, that I'll 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
 Silent as the night will bee.
 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.
 This only meanes may find it out :
 If, when I dye, physicians doubt

What caus'd my death, and then to view
 Of all their judgements which was true,
 Rip up my heart, Oh! then, I feare,
 The world will see thy picture there.

¹ Old printed copies; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1655, p. 39 (with the music for one, two, or three voices;); Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 27 (with many variations); Ashmole MS. 38, art. 32, where the title is as follows (I give it just as it stands):—"A gentle man that had a M^{rs}. and after was constrynd to marry a nother; the first was a frayd that hee would reveale to his new wyfe thair secreet loves: wheruppon hee wrights thus to hur."

A PRAYER TO THE WIND.¹

Song.



GOE, thou gentle whispering wind,²
 Beare this sigh; and if thou find
 Where my cruell faire doth rest,
 Cast it in her snow-white brest,
 So, enflamed by my desire,
 It may set her heart on fire.
 Those sweet kisses thou wilt gaine,
 Shall 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 distills
 Amber deaw; there spices grow,
 There pure streames of nectar flow;
 There perfume thyselfe, and bring
 All those sweets upon thy wing:
 As thou return'st, change by thy power

¹ Old printed copies; Cofens MS. A 4^o; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (imperfect at end); Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 7 *recto* and *verso* (where the poem is called *A Sigh*) Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 39, (with the same title).

² Browne's *Brit. Past.* b. i. f. 4:

“A western, milde, and pretty whispering gale,
 Came dallying with the leaves along the dale.”

[Roxb. Lib. edit. i. 118, and compare *ibid.* ii. 270.] 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.”—F.

Every weed into a flower ;
 Turne each thistle to a vine,
 Make the bramble eglantine :
 For so rich a bootie made
 Doe but this, and I am payd.
 Thou canst with thy powerfull blast¹
 Heat apace, and coole as fast ;
 Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
 And againe destroy the same.
 Then for pittie either stir
 Up the fire of love in her,
 That alike both flames may shine,
 Or else quite extinguish mine.

MEDIOCRITIE IN LOVE REJECTED.²

Song.

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,
 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 devour

¹ This and the following line are omitted in Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.

² Old printed copies ; Lawes (*Ayres and Dialogues*, book i. 1653, p. 21). In the *Ayres and Dialogues* it is set to music. See Lovelace's Poems, edit. Hazlitt, 1864, p. 135 and *Note*.

My vulture-hopes ; and he's posselt
Of heaven, that's but from hell releast ;
Then crowne my joyes, or cure my paine :
Give me more love or more disdaine.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.¹

Song.



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

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

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

Netts of passion's finest thred,
Snaring poems, will be spread,
All to catch thy maiden-head.

¹ We shall observe, once for all, that elegance characterizes all our Poet's Love Pieces. This Song, with the *Persuasions to Love*, &c. and several other Poems which the judicious reader will easily distinguish, are incontestable proofs of it.—D.

The Works of

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

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

TO MY MISTRIS SITTING BY A RIVERS SIDE.

AN EDDY.¹

MARKE how yon eddy steales away
 From the rude streame into the bay;
 There, lockt up safe, she doth divorce
 Her waters from the chanel's course,
 And scornes the torrent that did bring
 Her headlong from her native spring;
 Now doth she with her new love play,
 Whilst he runs murmuring away.
 Marke how she courts the bankes, whilst they
 As amorously their armes display,
 T'embrace and clip her silver waves:
 See how she strokes their sides, and craves
 An entrance there, which they deny;
 Whereat she frownes, threat'ning to flye
 Home to her streame, and 'gins to swim
 Backward, but from the chanel's brim
 Smiling returnes into the creeke,
 With thousand dimples on her cheeke.

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 25-6.

Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dreame
Of the quite forsaken streame:
Let him to the wide ocean hast,
There lose his colour, name, and taste:
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these armes for ever swim.

CONQUEST BY FLIGHT.¹

Song.

LADYES, flye from Love's smooth tale,
Oathes steep'd in teares doe oft prevaile;
Griefe is infectious, and the ayre,
Enflam'd with sighes, will blast the fayre:
Then stop your eares, when lovers cry,
Left yourselfe weepe, when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing teare repay
That pittie which you cast away.
Young men, fly, when beautie darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fixt marke gives the shooter ayme;
And ladies' looks have power to mayme;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile or kisse, Love lyes;
Then flye betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away. | *

¹ The second stanza of this song is to be found in *Festum Voluptatis, or the Banquet of Pleasure*, by S[amuel] P[ick], 1639, 4^o.—F

TO MY INCONSTANT MISTRIS.¹*Song.*

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 curfe thine own inconstancie.

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.

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.

PERSWASIONS TO JOY.

Song.

F the quick spirits in your eye
 Now languish, and anon must dye ;
 If every sweet and every grace
 Must fly from that forsaken face ;

¹ Old printed copies ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17, *verso* ; Addit. MS. 11, 811, fol. 7 (second and third stanzas only) ; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 41 (second and third stanzas only) ; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, p. 8, (with the music) ; Lawes omits the second stanza.

Then, Celia, let us reape our joyes,
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,
Then feare not, Celia, to bestow
What, still being gather'd, still must grow.
Thus either Time his fickle brings
In vaine, or else in vaine his wings.

A DEPOSITION FROM LOVE.¹



WAS foretold, your rebell sex
Nor love nor pittie knew ;
And with what scorne you use to vex
Poore hearts that humbly sue ;
Yet I believ'd, to crowne our paine,
Could we the fortresse win,
The happy lover sure should gaine
A paradise within :
I thought Love's plagues, like dragons, fate
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happier lovers prove ;
For I could kisse, and sport, and toy,
And tast those sweets of love

¹ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 17, verso.

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Which, had they but a lasting state,
 Or if in Celia's breast
 The force of love might not abate,
 Jove were too meane a guest.
 But now her breach of faith far more
 Afflicts, than did her scorne before.

Hard fate! to have been once possesst
 As victor of a heart,
 Atchiev'd with labour and unrest,
 And then forc'd to depart.
 If the stout foe will not resigne,
 When I besiege a towne,
 I lose but what was never mine;
 But he that is cast downe
 From enjoy'd beautie feelles a woe,
 Onely depos'd kings can know.

INGRATEFULL BEAUTY THREATNED.¹

NOW, Celia, (since thou art so proud,) |
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renoune. |
 Thou had'st in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties liv'd unknowne,

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (ends imperfectly); Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 57, verso; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1655, pp. 18, 19 (with the music). An imitation is in *Holborn Drollery, or, The Beautiful Chlores surprized in the sheets*, 1673, p. 22. It is to be presumed that this is the piece to which Wood refers, where he says: "Henry Jacob of Merton Coll. the greatest prodigy of criticism in his time, hath most admirably well turn'd into Latin a poem of our author Carew, which Mr. Jacob entitled, *Αντιρεχνος, ad ingrata pulchram*;" but no copy of the version by Jacob has fallen under my notice.

Had not my verfe extoll'd thy name,
And with it ympt¹ the wings of fame.

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, shin'ft in my skies ;
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with fuch affrights no more,
Left what I made I uncreate ;
Let fooles thy myftique formes adore,
I know thee in thy mortall ftate :
Wife poets that wrapt Truth in tales,
Knew her themfelves through all her vailes.

DISDAINE RETURNED.²



HEE that loves a roſie cheekē,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or, from ſtar-like eyes, doth ſeeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires ;

¹ This technical phraſe is borrowed from falconry. Falconers ſay, *To imp a feather* in a hawk's wing, i. e. to add a new piece to an old ſtump.—D.

“ His plumes onely imp the Muſes wings :
He ſleepes with them : his head is rapt with baies.”—

Chapman's *Conſpiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron*, 1608.

“ 'Tis thou haſt honour'd muſick, done her right,
Fitted her for a ſtrong and uſefull flight.
She droop'd and flagg'd before as hawks complain,
Of the ſick feathers of their wing and train :
But thou haſt imp'd the wings ſhe had before.”—

Lines by Charles Colman Doctōr in Muſic, prefixed to
Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, book ii.—H.

² Old printed copies ; Porter's *Madrigalles and Ayres*, 1632 (with the

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As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind :
Gentle thoughts and calme desires :
Hearts with equall love combin'd :
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

Celia, now, no teares shall win
My resolv'd heart to returne ;
I have searcht thy soule within,
And find nought but pride and scorne ;
I have learn'd thy arts,¹ and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some god in my revenge convey
That love to her I cast away.

A LOOKING GLASSE.²

HAT flatt'ring glasse, whose smooth face weares
Your shadow, which a sunne appeares,
Was once a river of my teares.

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the brinie lake
Congeal'd into a crystall cake.

mufic); Ashmole MS. 39, art 8, (signed *Mr. Tho. Carew*); Cofens MS. B. obl. 8°.; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, book 1, 1653, p. 12 (with the mufic); *Academy of Compliments*, 1658. Porter prints the first and second stanzas only; perhaps the remainder was added subsequently.

¹ "I hate those cruell eyes."—*Ashm. MS.*

² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; MS. Chetham (Halliwell's *Catalogue of Proclamations, &c.* 1851).

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For feare the native crueltie
Dooe you, as it doth all, to dye.

For feare left the fair object move
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you yourself my rival prove.

Looke rather on my pale cheekes pin'de,
There view your beauties, there you'le finde
A fair face, but a cruell minde.

Be not for ever frozen, coy ;
One beame of love will soone destroy,
And melt that yce to fouds of joy.

ON HIS M^{rs}. LOOKEING IN A GLASSE.¹

[*Another Version.*]



HIS flatteringe glasse, whose smooth face weares
Your shaddow which a funne appeares,
Was once a Riuer of my teares.

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the brinie lake
Congeal'd into a Christall cake.

This glasse and shaddow feeme to fay :
Like vs, the beauties you furuay
Will quickly breake or fly away.

¹ This copy, which contains *seven*, instead of *six*, stanzas, and has only the first and second in common with the preceding one, occurs in the Cofens MS. A. 4^o. and in Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 8, 9.

Since then my teares can onely show
 You your owne face, you cannot know
 How faire you are but by my woo.

Nor had the world else knowne your name,
 But that my sad verſe ſpread the fame
 Of the moſt faire and cruell dame.

Forſake but your diſdaineſfull minde,
 And in my ſonges the world ſhall finde,
 That you are not more faire than kinde.

Change but your ſcorne : my verſe ſhall chafe
 Decay far from you, and your face
 Shall ſhine with an immortall grace.

AN ELEGIE ON THE LA. PEN.¹ SENT TO MY
 MISTRESSE OUT OF FRANCE.



LET him, who from his tyrant miſtreſſe did
 This day receive his cruell doome, forbid
 His eyes to weepe that loſſe, and let him here
 Open thoſe floud-gates to bedeaw this beere ;
 So ſhall thoſe drops, which elſe would be but brine,
 Be turn'd to manna, falling on her ſhrine.
 Let him who, baniſht farre from her deere fight,
 Whom his ſoule loves, doth in that abſence write,

¹ The time is too diſtant to trace out this Lady's name with any certainty ; probably ſhe belonged to the Pennington family, who were then well known. Our Poet is not ſo ſucceſſful in grave elegy as in love ſonnets. Perhaps he was not ſo ſincere in his grief as in his love. When the fancy wanders after frivolous pointedneſs and epigrammatic conceit, it ſhews too well that the heart is at eaſe.—D.

Or lines of passion, or some powerfull charmes,
To vent his own grieffe, or unlock her armes ;
Take off his pen, and in sad verse bemone
This generall forrow, and forget his owne.
So may those verses live, which else must dye :
For though the muses give eternitie
When they embalme with verse, yet she could give
Life unto that muse by which others live.
Oh, pardon me, faire soule ! that boldly have
Dropt, though but one teare, on thy silent grave,
And writ on that earth, which such honour had,
To cloath that flesh wherein thyselfe was clad.
And pardon me, sweet Saint ! whom I adore,
That I this tribute pay out of the store
Of lines and teares, that's only due to thee :
Oh, doe not thinke it new idolatrie,
Though you are only soveraigne of this land,
Yet universall losses may command
A subsidie from every private eye,
And presse each pen to write, so to supply
And feed the common grieffe. If this excuse
Prevaile not, take these teares to your owne use,
As shed for you ; for when I saw her dye,
I then did thinke on your mortalitie ;
For since nor vertue will, nor beautie could,
Preserve from Death's hand this their heavenly mould,
Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt ;
I then knew you must dye too, and did melt
Into these teares ; but, thinking on that day,
And when the gods resolv'd to take away
A faint from us, I that not knew¹ what dearth
There was of such good soules upon the earth,
Began to feare lest Death, their officer,
Might have mistooke, and taken thee for her ;
So had'st thou robb'd us of that happinesse,

¹ All the edits. have *did not know*.

Which she in heaven, and I in thee possesse.
 But what can heaven to her glory adde?
 The prayfes she hath dead, living she had;
 To say she's now an angell is no more
 Praise than she had, for she was one before.
 Which of the faints can shew more votaries
 Than she had here? Even those that did despise
 The angels, and may her, now she is one,
 Did, whilst she liv'd, with pure devotion
 Adore and worship her. Her vertues had
 All honour here, for this world was too bad
 To hate or envy her; these cannot rise
 So high as to repine at deities:
 But now she's 'mongst her fellow-faints, they may
 Be good enough to envy her this way.
 There's losse i'th'change 'twixt heaven and earth, if she
 Should leave her servants here below to be
 Hated of her competitors above;
 But sure her matchlesse goodnesse needs must move
 Those blest foules to admire her excellence;
 By this meanes only can her journey hence
 To heaven prove gaine if, as she was but here
 Worshipt by men, she be by angels there.
 But I must weepe no more over this urne,
 My teares to their own chanell must returne;
 And having ended these sad obsequies,
 My muse must back to her old exercise,
 To tell the story of my martyrdome.
 But, oh thou Idol of my soule! become
 Once pittifull, that she may change her stile,
 Drie up her blubbred eyes, and learne to smile.
 Rest then, blest soule! for, as ghosts flye away,
 When the shrill cock proclaimes the infant day,
 So must I hence, for loe! I see from farre
 The minions of the muses comming are:
 Each of them bringing to thy sacred herse
 In either eye a teare, each hand a verse.

TO MY MISTRESSE IN ABSENCE.¹

THOUGH I must live here, and by force
Of your command suffer divorce ;
Though I am parted, yet my mind
(That's more myfelfe) still stayes behind ;
I breath in you, you keepe my heart ;
'Twas but a carkasse that did part.
Then though our bodyes are disjoyn'd,
As things that are to place confin'd,
Yet let our boundlesse spirits fleet,
And in love's sphaere each other meet ;
There let us worke a mystique wreath,
Unknowne unto the world beneath ;
There let our claspt loves sweetly twine ;
There let our secreet thoughts unseen
Like nets be weav'd and intertwin'd,
Wherewith wee'le catch each others mind.
There, whilst our foules doe fit and kisse,
Tasting a sweet and subtile blisse,
(Such as grosse lovers cannot know,
Whose hands and lips meet here below),
Let us looke downe, and marke what paine
Our absent bodyes here sustaine,
And smile to see how farre away
The one doth from the other stray,
Yet burne and languish with desire
To joyne, and quench their mutuall fire.
There let us joy to see from farre
Our emulous flames at loving warre ;

¹ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. ; Rawl. MS. 84 (with a few variations).

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Whilſt both with equall luſter ſhine,
 Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
 There, ſeated in thoſe heavenly bowers,
 Wee'le cheat the long and lingring houres,
 Making our bitter abſence ſweet,
 Till foules and bodyes both may meet.

EXCUSE OF ABSENCE.¹

YOU'LE aſke perhapps wherefore I ſtay,
 Louinge ſoe much, ſoe longe away?
 O doe not thinke 'twas I did part:
 It was my body, not my hart.
 For, like a compaſſe, on your loue
 One foote is fixt, and cannot moue.
 Th' other may follow the blinde guide
 Of giddy Fortune, but not ſlide
 Beyond your ſeruice, nor dare venter
 To wander farre frō you the center.

A LADIES PRAYER TO CUPID.²

SINCE I muſt needes into thy ſchoole returne,
 Be pittifull (O Loue) and doe not burne
 Mee wth deſier of cold and frozen age,
 Nor let me follow a fond boy or page.

¹ This and the ſucceeding piece occur in Coſens MS. only; they are not found in the old printed copies. Both poems are ſubſcribed with Carew's initials, and accompany productions well known to be from his pen.

² Theſe lines are infered in Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 116, anonymouſly.

But, gentle Cupid, giue mee, if you can,
One to my loue, whom I may call a man.
Of person comely and of face as sweete,
Let him be sober, secret and discrete.
Well practis'd in loues schoole, let him within
Weare all his beard, and none vppon his chinn.

TO HER IN ABSENCE.

A SHIP.



LOST in a troubled sea of griefes, I floate
Farre from the shore in a storme-beaten boat ;
Where my sad thoughts doe (like the compasse) show
The severall points from which crosse winds doe blow.
My heart doth, like the needle, toucht with love,
Still fixt on you, point which way I would move :
You are the bright Pole-starre which, in the darke
Of this long absence, guides my wandring barke :
Love is the pilot ; but, o'recome with feare
Of your displeasure, dares not homewards steare.
My fearefull hope hangs on my trembling sayle,
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale ;
Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet lip.
Bid it but move ; and, quick as thought, this ship
Into your armes, which are my port, will flye,
Where it forever shall at anchor lye.

ETERNITIE OF LOVE PROTESTED.¹*Song.*

HOW ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
 Whose pale weake flame
 Cannot retaine
 His heate, in spight of absence or disdain;
 But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
 Burne and expire!
 True love can never change his feat;
 Nor did he² ever love that can retreat.

That noble flame, which my brest keeps alive,
 Shall still survive
 When my soules fled.
 Nor shall my love dye, when my bodies dead;
 That shall waite on me to the lower shade,
 And never fade;
 My very ashes in their urne
 Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burne.

UPON SOME ALTERATIONS IN MY MISTRESSE, AFTER
 MY DEPARTURE INTO FRANCE.

OH, gentle love, doe not forsake the guide
 Of my fraile barke, on which the swelling tide
 Of ruthlesse pride
 Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every side.

¹ Old printed copies; Cofens MS. A. 4to; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 7 (where it is headed *The quality of bis loue*); Add. MS. 22118, fol. 41.

² Cofens MS. reads *they*.

Gulfes of difdaine do gape to overwhelme
This boat, nigh funke with grieffe; whilst at the helme
 Dispaire commands;
And round about the shifting sands
Of faithlesse love and false inconstancie,
 With rocks of crueltie,
Stop up my passage to the neighbour lands.

My fighs have rayf'd those winds, whose fury beares
My fayles or'eboord, and in their place spreads teares;
 And from my teares
This sea is sprung, where naught but death appeares.
A mystic cloud of anger hides the light
Of my faire starre; and everywhere black night
 Usurpes the place
Of those bright rayes, which once did grace
My forth-bound ship; but when it could no more
 Behold the vanisht shore,
In the deep flood she drown'd her beamic face.

GOOD COUNSELL TO A YOUNG MAID.¹

WHEN you the sun-burnt pilgrim see
Fainting with thirst, hast to the springs;
Marke how at first with bended knee
He courts the crystall nimph, and flings
His body to the earth, where² he
Prostrate adores the flowing deitie.

¹ Old printed copies; *Poems*, edit. 1772, p. 34; Mr. Huth's Berkeley MS.; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 12. In the Berkeley MS. it is headed: *Good Counsell to a Maiden, by Mr. Tho. Cary*. An imitation occurs in *Holborn Drollery*, 1673, p. 29.

² *when*, Berkeley MS.

But when his sweaty¹ face is drencht
 In her coole waves, when from her sweet
 Bosome his burning thirst is quencht;
 Then marke how with disdainfull feet
 He kicks the banks, and from the place
 That thus refresht him, moves with fullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, faire maid,
 When by the fated² lover tasted;
 What first he did with teares invade
 Shall afterward with scorne be wasted;
 When all thy virgin-springs grow dry,
 Then no streame shall be left but in thine eye.³

CELIA BLEEDING. TO THE SURGEON.

FOND man, that canst beleeve her blood
 Will from those purple chanel flow;
 Or that the pure untainted flood
 Can any foule distemper know;
 Or that thy weake steele can incize
 The crystall case wherein it lyes.

Know, her quick blood, proud of his feat,
 Runs dauncing through her azure veines,
 Whose harmony no cold nor heat
 Disturbs, whose hue no tincture stains;
 And the hard rock, wherein it dwells,
 The keenest darts of love repels.

¹ *botter*, Berkeley MS.

² *glutted*, Berkeley MS.

³ This little poem is entirely worthy of Carew's sense and elegance.—D.

But thou reply'ft, Behold, ſhe bleeds !
 Foole, thou'rt deceiv'd ; and doſt not know
 The myſtique knot whence this proceeds,
 How lovers in each other grow ;
 Thou ſtruckſt her arm, but 'twas my heart
 Shed all the blood, felt all the ſmart.

TO T. H. A LADY RESEMBLING MY MISTRESSE.¹



FAVRE copie of my Celia's face,
 Twin of my loue, thy perfect grace
 May clayme with her an equall place.

Diſdaine not a divided heart,
 Though all be hers, you ſhall have part ;
 Love is not tyde to rules of art.

For as my foule firſt to her flew,
 Yet ſtay'd with me ; ſo now 'tis true
 It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertaine this wand'ring gueſt,
 And if not love, allow it reſt ;
 It left not, but miſtooke, the neſt.

¹ Old printed copies ; Coſens MSS. A. 4° and B. obl. 8° (the latter imperfect) ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. ; Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 8 ; *To a lady y^t had a reſemblance of his M^{rs}.*—Coſens MS. A. 4° ; in Mr. Wyburd's MS. it is headed, *Of one like his Celia*. In Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 10, it is entitled : *To a gentle-woman like his Celia*. See an imitation of the lines in *Holborn-Drollery*, 1673, p. 25, and a reference in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. vii., pp. 146, 184, to parallel paſſages in Wycherley and Burns.

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Nor thinke my love or your faire eyes
Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathyes¹
You hold with her these flames arise.

To lead, or brasse, or some such bad
Mettall, a Princes stamp may adde
That valew, which it never had.

But to the pure refined ore
The stamp of kings imparts no more
Worth, than the mettall held before.

Only the image gives the rate
To subjects of a forraine state:
'Tis priz'd as much for its owne waight.

So though all other hearts resigne
To your pure worth, yet you have mine,
Only because you are her coyne.

TO SAXHAM.²

HOUGH frost and snow lockt from mine eyes
That beautie which without dores lyes,
Thy gardens, orchards, walkes, that so
I might not all thy pleafures know:
Yet, Saxham, thou within thy gate
Art of thy selfe so delicate,

¹ Old printed copy of 1640—*sympatbise*.

² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed: *A winters entertainment att Saxham*); Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 9; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 24-5. This poem was probably written in 1634, the year of the great frost. Cartwright has a long poem on this subject (Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 78).

So full of native sweets, that blesse
Thy rooffe with inward happinesse ;
As neither from nor to thy store
Winter takes ought, or spring addes more.
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
Coarse cates unto thy neighbours board,
Yet thou hadst daintyes, as the skie
Had only been thy volarie ;¹
Or else the birds, fearing the snow
Might to another deluge grow,
The pheasant, partiridge and the larke
Flew to thy house, as to the arke.
The willing ox of himselfe came
Home to the slaughter, with the lambe ;
And every beast did thither bring
Himselfe, to be an offering.
The scalie herd more pleasure tooke,
Bath'd in thy dish than in the brooke ;
Water, earth, ayre, did all conspire
To pay their tribute to thy fire,
Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
Through every roome, where they deride
The night and cold abroad ; whilst they,
Like suns, within keepe endlesse day.
Those chearfull beames send forth their light
To all that wander in the night,
And seeme to becken from aloofe
The weary pilgrim to thy rooffe ;

¹ A great Bird-cage, in which the Birds have room to fly up and down.—D.

Where, when refresht, if hee'll away,¹
 Hee's fairly welcome; but, if stay,
 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 his welcome or his cheere
 Grow lesse, 'cause he staies longer here.
 There's none observes (much lesse repines)
 How often this man sups or dines.
 Thou hast no porter at the doore
 T' examine or keep back the poore;
 Nor locks, nor bolts; thy gates have bin
 Made onely to let strangers in;
 Untaught to shut, they doe not feare
 To stand wide open all the yeare,
 Carelesse who enters, for they know
 Thou never didst deserve a foe;
 And as for theeves, thy bounties such,
 They cannot steale, thou giv'st so much.

UPON A RIBBON TYED ABOUT HIS ARME

BY A LADY.²



HIS filken wreath, that circles thus mine arme,
 Is but an emblem of that mysticke charme,
 Wherewith the magick of your beautie binds
 My captive soule, and round about it winds

¹ The old printed copies read *if refresht, he will away*. The present is the reading of Harl. MS. 6931.

² Old printed copies (where it is headed merely *Upon a Ribband*); Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 13; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 44; Cofens MS. B. obl. 8° (where it is headed as above).

Fetters of lasting love ; this hath entwin'd
 My flesh alone, that hath empalde my mind.
 Time may weare out these soft weak bands ; but those
 Strong chaines of brasse fate shall not discompose.
 This holy relique may preserve my wrist,
 But my whole frame doth by that power subsist :
 To that my prayers and sacrifice, to this
 I onely pay a superstitious kisse :
 This but an idoll, that's the deitie :
 Religion is due there, here ceremonie :
 That I received by faith, this but in trust ;
 Here I may tender dutie, there I must.
 This order as a layman I may beare,
 But I become love's priest when that I weare.
 This moves like ayre, that as the center stands ;
 That knot your vertues tide, this but your hands ;
 That Nature fram'd, but this was made by Art ;
 This makes my arme your prisoner, that my heart.

ANOTHER VERSION.¹

THIS filken wreath, which circles in myne arme,
 Is but an Embleme of that mistike² charme,
 Wherewth the magiq[ue] of yo^r beautie binds
 My captiue hart, and round³ about it winds
 Fetters of lasting loue ; y^t doth entwyne
 My flesh alone : this make[s] my foule yo^r shryne.

¹ From the Cofens MS. cited above, which seemed to differ in so many places, and to be so early a copy of the poem, that I thought it desirable to print both texts.

² *mistake*—MS.

³ *runnes*—MS.

Confuming age may those weake bonds deuide ;
 But this strong charme noe eye shall see vntyed.
 To y^t, as to a relique, I may giue
 An outward worshipp ; but by this I liue.
 My dayly sacrifice and pray'rs to this :
 There I but pay a superstitious kisse.
 That is the Idoll, this the dietie :
 Religiō here is due, there, ceremony :
 I am to this, that's given to my trust :
 Here I may pay tribute, there I must.
 That order as a layman I may beare ;
 But I become Love's priest, when this I weare,
 I over this, that over me cōmands :
 This knott yo' virtues tyes, but that yo' hands.
 This Nature made, but y^t was made by Art ;
 This makes my arme yo' prisoner, that my hart.

TO THE KING AT HIS ENTRANCE INTO SAXHAM,

BY MASTER IO. CROFTS.¹



SIR, ere you passe this threshold, stay,
 And give your creature leave to pay
 Those pious rites, which unto you,
 As to our household gods, are due.
 In stead of sacrifice, each brest
 Is like a flaming altar drest

¹ Old printed copies ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 18-19. When it is said that these verses were by Mr. John Crofts, the meaning is, that that gentleman merely delivered the address, as written for him by Carew.

With zealous fires, which from pure hearts
Love mixt with loyaltie imparts.

Incense nor gold have we, yet bring
As rich and sweet an offering ;
And such as doth both these expresse,
Which is our humble thankfulnesse ;
By which is payd the all we owe
To gods above or men below.

The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
The hungrie flames, we for pure need
Dresse for your supper ; and the gore,
Which should be dash't on every dore,
We change into the lustie blood
Of youthfull vines, of which a flood
Shall sprightly run through all your veines,
First to your health, then your faire traines.

✓ We shall want nothing but good fare,
To shew your welcome and our care ;
Such rarities that come from farre,
From poore men's houses banisht are ;
Yet wee'le expresse in homely cheare,
How glad we are to see you here.
Wee'le have what foe the season yeelds
Out of the neighbouring woods and fields ;
For all the dainties of your board
Will only be what those afford ;
And, having supt, we may perchance
Present you with a cuntry dance.

Thus much your servants, that beare sway
Here in your absence, bade me say,
And beg besides, you'd hither bring
Only the mercy of a King,
And not the greatnesse, since they have
A thousand faults must pardon crave,
But nothing that is fit to waite
Upon the glory of your state.

Yet your gracious favour will,
 They hope, as heretofore, shine still
 On their endeavours, for they swore,
 Should Jove descend, they could no more.

UPON THE SICKNESSE OF E. S.

MUST she then languish, and we sorrow thus,
 And no kind god helpe her, nor pittie us?
 Is justice fled from heaven? can that permit
 A foule deformed ravisher to sit
 Upon her virgin cheek, and pull from thence
 The rose-buds in their maiden excellence?
 To spread cold paleness on her lips, and chase
 The frighted rubies from their native place?
 To lick up with his searching flames a flood
 Of dissolv'd corall flowing in her blood;
 And with the dampes of his infectious breath
 Print on her brow moyst characters of death?
 Must the cleare light, 'gainst course of nature, cease
 In her faire eyes, and yet the flames encrease?
 Must feavers shake this goodly tree, and all
 That ripened fruit from the faire branches fall,
 Which princes have desir'd to taste? Must she,
 Who hath preserv'd her spotlesse chastitie
 From all sollicitation, now at last
 By agues and diseases be embrast?
 Forbid it, holy Dian! else who shall
 Pay vows, or let one graine of incense fall
 On thy neglected altars, if thou blesse
 No better this thy zealous votaresse?
 Hasten then, O maiden Goddesse, to her ayde;
 Let on thy quiver her pale cheek be layd,

And rock her fainting body in thine armes ;
Then let the God of Musick with still charmes
Her restlesse eyes in peacefull slumbers close,
And with soft straines sweeten her calme repose.
Cupid, descend ; and whilst Apollo sings,
Fanning the coole ayre with thy panting wings,
Ever supply her with refreshing wind ;
Let thy faire mother with her tresses bind
Her labouring temples, with whose balmie sweat
She shall perfume her hairie coronet,
Whose precious drops shall upon every fold
Hang like rich pearles about a wreath of gold ;
Her looser locks, as they unbraded lye,
Shall spread themselves into a canopie,
Under whose shadow let her rest secure
From chilling cold or burning calenture ;
Unlesse she freeze with yce of chaste desires,
Or holy Hymen kindle nuptiall fires.
And when at last Death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

A NEW-YEARES SACRIFICE.

TO LUCINDA. 1632.¹



THOSE that can give, open their hands this day ;
Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray,
That health may crowne the seasons of this yeare,
And mirth daunce round the circle ; that no teare
(Unlesse of joy) may with its brinie dew
Discolour on your cheek the rosie hue ;

¹ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (from which the date is ascertained) ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 1.

That no access of yeares perfume t'abate
 Your beauties ever-flourishing estate.
 Such cheape and vulgar wishes I could lay
 As triviall offerings at your feet this day ;
 But that it were apostasie in me
 To send a prayer to any deitie
 But your divine selfe, who have power to give
 Those blessings unto others such as live,
 Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
 Whose faire aspects governe our destinies.

Such incense, vowes, and holy rites, as were
 To the involved serpent¹ of the yeare
 Payd by Egyptian priests, lay I before
 Lucinda's sacred shrine, whilst I adore
 Her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dresse
 With gums and spice of humble thankfulness.

So may my Goddesse from her heaven inspire
 My frozen bosome with a Delphique fire ;
 And then the world shall, by that glorious flame,
 Behold the blaze of thy immortall name.²

¹ The Egyptians, in their Hieroglyphics, represented the year by a serpent rolled in a circular form, biting his tail, which they afterwards worshipped : to which the poet here alludes. This was the famous serpent which Claudian describes :

“ Perpetuumq; virens squamis, caudamq; reducto
 Ore vorans, tacito religens exordia morfu.”—D.

² In the margin of Mr. Wyburd's MS., at this point, occurs in what may not improbably be the autograph of Carew : *Adbuc T. Car.* A facsimile is annexed :

adju
T. Car.

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

*Song.*¹

WONDER not though I am blind,
For you must see
In your eyes or in your mind
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me.
If the powerfull beames that flye
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lye
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Finde a passage to your heart ;
Then you'le confesse your mortall fight
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,
Then are you blinder farre than I.

TO MY MISTRIS, I BURNING IN LOVE.

*Song.*²

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,

¹ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. The present text has been collated with Mr. Wyburd's MS. &c.

² Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. ; Harl. MS. 6917. The present text has been collated with the MSS.

The Works of

What bootes it me, though now you shrowde
 Those fierce comets in a cloude?
 Since all the flames that I have felt
 Could your snow yet never melt;
 Nor can your snow (though you should take
 Alpes into your bosome) flake
 The heate of my enamour'd heart.
 But with wonder learne loves art;
 No seas of yce can coole desire,
 Equall flames must quench Loves fire:
 Then thinke not that my heat can dye,
 Till you burne as well as I.

TO HER AGAINE, SHE BURNING IN A FEVER.

*Song.*¹

NOW she burnes as well as I,
 Yet my heat can never dye;
 She burnes that never knew desire,
 She that was yce, she now is² fire;
 She whose cold heart chaste thoughts did arme,
 So as loves flames could never warme
 The frozen bosome where it dwelt
 She burnes, and all her beauties melt;
 She burnes, and cryes, Loves fires are milde,
 Feavers are Gods, and hees a Childe:
 Love, let her know the difference
 'Twixt the heat of soule and fence;
 Touch her with thy flames divine,
 So shalt thou quench her fire and mine.

¹ Ibid.

² Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 3. The printed editions have *that was*.

UPON THE KINGS' SICKNESSE.²

SICKNESSE, the minister of death, doth lay
So strong a feige against our brittle clay,
As whilst it doth our weake forts singly win,
It hopes at length to take all mankind in.
First, it begins upon the wombe to waite,
And doth the unborne child there uncreate ;
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lyes,
Where, e're it fully be alive, it dyes.
It never leaves fond youth, untill it have
Found or an early or a later grave.
By thousand subtle sleights from heedlesse man
It cuts the short allowance of a span ;
And where both sober life and art combine
To keepe it out, age makes them both resigne.
Thus by degrees it onely gain'd of late
The weake, the aged, or intemperate ;
But now the tyrant hath found out a way
By which the sober, strong and young decay :
Entring his royall limbes that is our head,
Through us (his mistique limbes) the paine is spread ;
That man that doth not feele his part, hath none
In any part of his dominion ;
If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.
This griefe is felt at Court, where it doth move
Through every joynt, like the true soule of love.
All those faire starres, that doe attend on him,
Whence they deriv'd their light, wax pale and dim.
That ruddie morning beame of Majestie,
Which should the sun's eclipsed light supply,

¹ Charles I.—D.² Old printed copies ; Mr Wyburd's MS.

Is overcast with mists, and in the liew
 Of cherefull rayes fends us downe drops of dew :
 That curious forme made of an earth refin'd,
 At whose blest birth the gentle¹ planets shin'd
 With faire aspects, and sent a glorious flame
 To animate so beautifull² a frame ;
 That darling of the gods and men doth weare
 A cloude on's brow, and in his eye a teare :
 And all the rest (save when his dread command
 Doth bid them move) like livelesse statues stand ;
 So full a griefe, so generally worne,
 Shewes a good King is sick, and good men mourne.

TO A LADY NOT YET ENJOY'D BY HER HUSBAND.³

Song.

COME, Celia, fixe thine eyes on mine,
 And through those crystalls our soules flitting,
 Shall a pure wreath of eye-beames twine,
 Our loving hearts together knitting.
 Let eaglets the bright sun survey,
 Though the blind mole discerne not day.

When cleere Aurora leaves her mate,
 The light of her gray eyes dispifing,
 Yet all the world doth celebrate
 With sacrifice her faire up-rifing.
 Let eaglets, &c.

¹ *Blessed*—Wyburd MS.

² *Beauteous*—Wyburd MS.

³ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4.

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
Yet he those dainties never tasted ;
As others pin'd in the pursuit,
So he himselfe with plentie wasted.
Let eaglets, &c.

THE WILLING PRISONER TO HIS MISTRIS.

Song.



LET fooles great Cupid's yoake disdain,
Loving their owne wild freedome better ;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chaine,
I fit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdring glances, snaring haire,
And her bewitching smiles so please me ;
As he brings ruine, that repaires
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious vayles from my beholding ;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheelles
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the paines my sicke heart feelles,
And wounds themselves have made discover.

A FLYE THAT FLEW INTO MY MISTRIS
HER EYE.¹

WHILE this Flye liv'd, she us'd to play
In the bright sunshine all the day;
Till, comming neere my Celia's fight,
She found a new and unknowne light,
So full of glory, that it made
The noone-day sun a gloomy shade;
At last this amorous Fly became
My rivall, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bosome skip,
And from her breasts, her cheek, and lip,
Suckt all the incense and the spice,
And grew a Bird of Paradise:
At last into her eye she flew;
There scorcht in heate and drown'd in dew,
Like Phaeton, from the sun's spheare
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, tombe, obsequie.

¹ Old printed copies; Ashmole MS. 38, art. 10 (where it is called *The Amourous Fly*); Ashmole MS. 47, art. 35; Mr. Huth's "Scattergood" MS. (where it is called simply *An Elegie on a Flie*); Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 2 (where the title is: *Vppon a fly drown'd in a Ladyes eye*); Rawl. MS. 34 (with a few trivial variations). "Cleveland has closely imitated this poem in one with the same title. See *Poems*, ed. 1659, p. 126."—F. Haslewood collated the lines with two early MSS. but the variations are chiefly literal or mere transpositions of words.

SAW fayre Celia walk alone
 When feathered rayne came gently downe,
 And Joue descended from her bower
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The wanton snow flew in her breast
 Like prettye byrdes into theyr nest,
 But ouercome wth whitenes thare
 For greyf ytt thawd into a teare ;
 Whence falling on her garments hem
 To decke her freezd into a gem.¹

ON A LADY [CELIA] SINGING TO HER LUTE
 IN ARUNDELL GARDEN.

*Song.*²

MARKE, how my Celia with the choyce
 Musique of her hand and voyce
 Stills the loude wind, and makes the wilde
 Enraged Boare and Panther milde.

¹ MS. Ashmole 38, art. 11. In *Witts Recreations*, 1640, it is printed with *Cbloris* substituted for *Celia*. In the MS. it is unsigned, and follows immediately *The Amourouse fly*. Printed in *Pieces of Ancient Poetry*, 1814, by Fry, and (under the supposition that it was in Herrick's style) in my edit. of that writer, 1869, ii. 485. After all, it may be Carew's.

² Old printed copies; Ashmole MS. 36, art. 65; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 10; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 42; Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 27. The printed editions have merely this heading: *Song. Cælia Singing*. In the Ashmole copy the lines are entitled: "Upon Cælia singing in y^e vault at York-howse;" and in Cofens MS. B. obl. 8vo. it runs: *On her singing in y^e Gallery at Yorke-houise*. In Addit. MS. 11811 and 22118, the heading is: *On a Lady singing to her Lute in Arundell garden*, as above. The internal evidence is in favour of this being the correct superscription.

Marke how those statues like men move,
 Whilst men with wonder statues prove.
 This stiffe rock bends to worship her :
 The idoll turnes idolater.

Now, see how all the new inspir'd
 Images with love are fir'd !
 Harke how the tender marble grones,
 And all the late transformed stons
 Court the faire nymph with many a teare,
 Which she (more stony than they were)
 Beholds with unrelenting mind ;
 Whilst they, amaz'd to see combin'd
 Such matchlesse beautie with disdaine,
 Are turned into stone againe.

CELIA SINGING.

Song.



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
 This fyren sing ;
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voyce it shall appeare
 That love can enter at the eare :
 Then unvaile your eyes : behold
 The curious mould

Where that voyce dwels, and as we know,
When the cocks crow,
We freely may
Gaze on the day ;
So may you, when the musiques done,
Awake and see the rising sun.

TO ONE THAT DESIRED TO KNOW MY MISTRIS.¹

Song.

SEEKE not to know my love, for shee
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me ;
Her milde aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy brow ;
For if her beautie stirre desire
In me, her kisses quench the fire ;

Or I can to Loves fountaine goe,
Or dwell upon her hills of snow ;
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to coole the ayre.
Thou shalt not climbe those Alpes, nor spye
Where the sweet springs of Venus lye.

Search hidden Nature, and there find
A treasure to enrich thy mind ;
Discover arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my Mistris live conceal'd ;
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

¹ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed *To a gent. curious to know his Mistris.*) ; Ashm. MS. 38, art. 238.

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY TO HER INCONSTANT

SERVANT.¹

WHEN on the altar of my hand
 (Bedeaw'd with many a kisse and teare)
 Thy now revolted heart did stand
 An humble martyr, thou didst sweare
 Thus; (and the God of Love did heare,)
 By those bright glances of thine eye,
 Unlesse thou pittie me, I dye.

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
 Bepal'd with blasting fighes, did seale
 Their violated faith on mine,
 From the soft bosome that did heale
 Thee thou my melting heart didst steale;
 My soule, enflam'd with thy false breath,
 Poyson'd with kiffes, suckt in death.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
 Revenge or mercy to procure
 From the offended God of Love;
 My curse is fatall, and my pure
 Love shall beyond thy scorne endure.
 If I implore the Gods, they'le find
 Thee too ingratefull, me too kind.

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4 (where it is headed *To her Inconstant friend*); Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, p. 9 (with the music).

TRUCE IN LOVE ENTREATED.¹

NO more, blind God, for see my heart
Is made thy quiver, where remains
No voyd place for another dart;
And, alas! that conquest gains
Small praise, that only brings away
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold! a nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weak artillerie,
That hath thy bow and quiver charm'd:
A rebell beautie, conquering Thee;
If thou dar'st equall combat try,
Wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

TO MY RIVALL.²

FLENCE, vaine intruder, hast away,
Wash not with thy unhallowed brine
The footsteps of my Celia's shrine;
Nor on her purer altars lay
Thy empty words: accents that may
Some looser dame to love encline;
She must have offerings more divine;

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4 *verso*.

² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (first four lines only); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 4 *verso*. There is an imitation in *Holborn-Drollery*, 1673, p. 33.

Such pearlie drops, as youthfull May
 Scatters before the rising day ;
 Such smooth soft language, as each line
 Might stroake¹ an angry God, or stay
 Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine
 With envie ; doe this, thou shalt be
 Servant to her, rivall to me.

BOLDNESSE IN LOVE.²

MARKE how the bathfull morne in vaine
 Court[er]s the amorous Marigold
 With sighing blasts and weeping raine ;
 Yet she refuses to unfold.
 But when the planet of the day
 Approacheth with his powerfull ray,
 Then she spreads, then she receives
 His warmer beames into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy ;
 If thy teares and sighes discover
 Thy grieffe, 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 shall receive those charmes
 With open eares and with unfolded armes.

¹ An ancient word for *pacify*.—D.

² Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed *The Marygold*).

Compare with this little piece the *Sunflower and the Ivy* in Langhorne's *Fables of Flora*, wherein he seems to have imitated it.—F. But this resemblance is pointed out in edit. 1772.

A PASTORALL DIALOGUE.¹

CELIA. CLEON.



AS Celia rested in the shade
With Cleon by her side ;
The swaine thus courted the yong mayd,
And thus the nymph replide :

Cl. Sweet! let thy captive fetters weare
Made of thine armes and hands,
Till such, as thraldome scorne or feare,
Envie those happy bands.

Ce. Then thus my willing armes I winde
About thee, and am so
Thy pris'ner ; for myselfe I bind,
Untill I let thee goe.

Cl. Happy that slave whom the faire foe
Tyes in so soft a chaine.

Ce. Farre happier I, but that I know
Thou wilt breake loose againe.

Cl. By thy immortall beauties, never !

Ce. Fraile as thy love 's thine oath.

Cl. Though beautie fade, my love lasts ever.

Ce. Time will destroy them both.

¹ Old printed copies ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 5 ; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, p. 5 (with the music).

That the reader may not be surpris'd at our author's having entitled this piece a Pastoral Dialogue, in which we do not find even the most distant allusion drawn from pastoral life, it may be necessary to inform him, that it was a prevailing custom in our author's time to style almost every poetical dialogue, of which Love was the subject, pastoral. Most of the wits of Charles's court left propriety to be studied by the following age.—D.

Cl. I dote not on that snow-white skin.

Ce. What then? *Cl.* Thy purer mind.

Ce. It lov'd too soone. *Cl.* Thou hadst not bin
So faire, if not so kind.

Ce. Oh, strange vaine fancie! *Cl.* But yet true.

Ce. Prove it. *Cl.* Then make a brade
Of those loose flames that circle you,
My funnes, and yet your shade.

Ce. 'Tis done. *Cl.* Now give it me. *Ce.* Thus thou
Shalt thine owne error find ;
If these were beauties, I am now
Lesse faire, because more kind.

Cl. You shall confesse you erre ; that haire
Shall it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden mountaine bare?
Ce. Aye me ! it is too true.

Cl. But this small wreathe shall ever stay
In its first native prime,
And smiling when the rest decay,
The triumph sing of time.

Ce. Then let me cut from thy faire grove
One branch, and let that be
An embleme of eternall love ;
For such is mine to thee.

Both. Thus are we both redeem'd from time ;

Cl. I by thy grace. *Ce.* And I
Shall live in thy immortall rime,
Untill the Muses dye.

Cl. By heaven! *Ce.* Swear not; if I must weepe,
 Jove shall not smile at me;
 This kisse, my heart, and thy faith keepe.
Cl. This breathes my soule to thee.

Then forth the thicket Thirsis rusht,
 Where he saw all the play:
 The swaine stood still, and smil'd, and blusht;
 The nymph fled fast away.

GRIEFE INGROST.



HEREFORE doe thy sad numbers flow
 So full of woe?
 Why dost thou melt in such soft straines,
 Whilst she disdaines?
 If she must still denie,
 Weepe not, but dye;
 And in thy funerall fire,
 Shall all her fame expire.
 Thus both shall perish; and as thou on thy hearse
 Shall want her teares, so she shall want thy verse.
 Repine not then at thy blest state;
 Thou art above thy fate.
 But my faire Celia will not give
 Long enough to make me live;
 Nor yet dart from her eye
 Scorne enough to make me dye.
 Then let me weepe alone; till her kind breath,
 Or blow my teares away, or speake my death.¹

¹ Compare p. 7 *supra*, where an imperfect copy of these lines has been given from a MS.

A PASTORALL DIALOGUE.¹

SHEPHERD. NYMPH. CHORUS.

Shepherd.

HIS mossie bank they prest. *Ny.* That aged oak
 Did canopie the happy payre
 All night from the danke ayre.
Cho. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
 Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shep.

See, Love, the blushes of the morne appeare,
 And now she hangs her pearlie store
 (Robb'd from the Easterne shore,)
 I'th' cowslips bell, and roses rare :
 Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streakes of doubtfull light usher not day,
 But shew my funne must set ; no moone
 Shall shine till thou returne ;
 The yellow planet and the gray
 Dawne shall attend thee on thy way.²

¹ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (begins imperfectly) ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 6.

“ This Pastoral Dialogue seems to be entirely an imitation of the scene between Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 7. The *time*, the *persons*, the *sentiments*, the *expressions*, are the same :—

‘ *Jul.* Your light is not day-light, I know it well ;
 It is some meteor, &c.

‘ To light you on your way to Mantua.’—D.

Mr. Fry also remarked this parallelism, without being aware, it seems, that he had been forestalled.

² Todd has already, in his excellent edition of Milton, remarked the similarity between these two lines and *Par. Lost*, B. vii. v. 370.—F.

Shep.

If thine eyes guild my pathes, they may forbear
Their uselesse shine. *Nymph.* My teares will quite
Extinguish their faint light.

Shep. Those drops will make their beames more cleare,
Love's flames will shine in every teare.

Cho.

They kist, and wept,¹ and from their lips and eyes,
In a mixt dew of brinie sweat,
Their joyes and sorrowes meet;
But she cries out. *Nymph.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrayes us else to spies.

Shep.

The winged houres flye fast whilst we embrace,
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion Time, and chafe
The day for ever from this place.

Shep.

Harke! *Ny.* Aye me! stay. *Shep.* For ever? *Ny.* No, arise,
Wee must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nymph. My soule. *Shep.* My Paradise.
Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Griefe interrupted speach with teares supplies.

¹ *wept and kist*—Wyburd MS.

² It is impossible to pass over these three lines with inattention. The delicacy of the thought is equalled only by the simplicity of the description. Those soft sensations, which arise in lovers, when their joys and sorrows meet, as a man of genius only can describe them, so a man of taste only can conceive them.—D.

RED AND WHITE ROSES.¹

READE in these Roses the sad story
 Of my hard fate and your owne glory ;
 In the White you may discover
 The paleness of a fainting lover ;
 In the Red, the flames still feeding
 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 martyrdom betraying.
 The frownes that on your brow resided
 Have those roses thus divided.
 Oh ! let your smiles but cleare the weather,
 And then they both shall grow together.

TO MY COUSIN C. R. MARRYING MY LADY A.²

HAPPY youth, that shalt possesse
 Such a spring-tyde of delight,
 As the fated appetite
 Shall, enjoying such excesse,
 With the flood of pleasure lesse ;
 When the Hymeneall rite
 Is perform'd, invoke the night,

¹ A learned friend has informed me that this is an imitation of Bonifonius.—F.

² Old printed copies ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 6 *verso* and 7 *recto* (where it is headed merely *To my Cozen on his marriage*). *Lady A.* is forsan *Lady Altbam*.

That it may in shadowes dresse
Thy too reall happineffe ;
 Elfe (as Semele)¹ the bright
 Deitie in her full might
May thy feeble soule oppresse.
 Strong perfumes and glaring light
 Oft destroy both smell and fight.

A LOVER UPON AN ACCIDENT NECESSITATING HIS
DEPARTURE CONSULTS WITH REASON.²

Lover.

WEEPE not, nor backward turne your beames,
 Fond eyes: sad fighes, locke in your breath,
 Left on this wind or in those streames
 My griev'd soule flye, or sayle to death :
 Fortune destroys me if I stay,
 Love kills me if I goe away ;
 Since Love and Fortune both are blind,
 Come, Reason, and resolve my doubtfull mind.

Reason.

Flye, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
 And 'gainst the blinder God rebell,
Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
 Where scorne and selfe-will'd error dwell ;

¹ When Jupiter descended from heaven to Semele, she was dazzled and overpowered by the splendour of his divinity.—D.

² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 19; Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1655, p. 30 (with the music). Lawes calls it *A Dialogue betwene a Lover and Reason*.

Where entrance unto Truth is barr'd ;
 Where Love and Faith find no reward ;
 For my iust hand may sometime move
 The wheele of Fortune, not the spheare of Love.
 Flye, &c.

PARTING, CELIA WEEPES.¹

WEEPE not, my deare, for I shall goe
 Loaden enough with mine owne woe ;
 Adde not thy heavinessse to mine ;
 Since fate our pleasures must disjoyne,
 Why should our sorrowes meet ? if I
 Must goe, and lose thy company,
 I wish not theirs ; it shall relieve
 My griefe, to thinke thou dost not grieve.
 Yet grieve, and weepe, that I may beare
 Every sigh and every teare
 Away with me, so shall thy brest
 And eyes discharg'd enjoy their rest :
 And it will glad my heart to see,
 Thou art thus loath to part with me.

A RAPTURE.²

WILL enjoy thee now, my Celia, come
 And flye with me to loves Elizium ;
 The gyant Honour, that keepes cowards out,
 Is but a masquer, and the servile rout

¹ Old printed copies ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 19.

² Old printed copies ; Harl. MS. 6057, folios 1-4 ; Ashmole MS. 36, art. 197 ; Ashmole MS. 38, art. 82 ; Cofens MS. B. obl. 8vo.

In Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 125, a poem with a similar title occurs anonymously. It commences :—

Of baser subjects onely bend in vaine
To the vast idoll, whilst the nobler traine
Of valiant lovers daily fayle betweene
The huge Coloffvs legs, and passe unseene
Unto the blisful shore; be bold and wise,
And we shall enter; the grim Swisse denies
Only tame fooles a passage, that not know
He is but forme, and onely frights in shew.
Lett thy dull eyes that looke from farre, draw neere,
And thou shalt scorne what we were wont to feare.
We shall see how the stalking pageant goes
With borrowed legs, a heavie load to those
That made, and beare him; not, as we once thought,
The seed of Gods, but a weake modell wrought
By greedy men, that seeke t' enclose the common,
And within private armes empale free woman.

Come, then, and mounted on the wings of love
Wee'le cut the fleeting ayre, and soare above
The monster's head, and in the noblest seate
Of those blest shades quench and renew our heate.
There shall the Queens of Love and Innocence,
Beautie and Nature, banish all offence
From our close twinings; there I will behold
Thy bared snow and thy unbraided gold;
There my enfranchiz'd hand on every side
Shall o're thy naked polish'd ivory slide.

“Solicit not my chaster eyes”—

This poem contains looser sentiments than any other part of Carew's works. The chastity which generally characterizes our poet's muse induces us therefore to believe, that it was written rather to prove his abilities than to please his heart. It might have been the child of one of those poetical dreams, when poets fancy much more than they ever felt; and, indeed, the title he has given to it seems to imply, that it was written when the fancy had got the start of the judgment.—D. The MSS. vary a good deal, but not for the better, from the printed copies.

No curtaine, though of moſte transparent lawne,
 Shall be before thy virgin-treasure drawne;
 But the rich mine, to the enquiring eye
 Expos'd, ſhall ready ſtill for mintage lye,
 And we will coyne young Cupids. There a bed
 Of roſes and freſh myrtles ſhall be ſpread
 Under the cooler ſhade of cypreſſe groves;
 Our pillowes, of the downe of Venus doves,
 Whereon our panting limmes wee'le gently lay
 In the faint respites of our active play;
 That ſo our ſlumbers may in dreams have leiſure
 To tell the nimble fancie our paſt pleaſure;
 And ſo our ſoules that cannot be embrac'd,
 Shall the embraces of our bodies taſte.
 Meanwhile the babbling ſtreame ſhall court the ſhore;
 Th' enamour'd chirping wood-quire ſhall adore
 In varied tunes the Deitie of Love;
 The gentle blaſts of weſterne wind ſhall move
 The trembling leaves, and through their cloſe boughs breath
 Still muſick, whiſt we reſt ourſelves beneath
 Their dancing ſhade; till a ſoft murmur, ſent
 From ſoules entranc'd in amorous languishment,
 Rouze us, and ſhoot into our veines freſh fire,
 Till we in their ſweet extaſie expire.

Then, as the empty bee, that lately bore
 Into the common treasure all her ſtore,
 Flyes 'bout the painted fields with nimble wing,
 Deſtrowring the freſh virgins of the ſpring—
 So will I rifle all the ſweets that dwell
 In thie delicious paradise, and ſwell
 My bagge with honey, drawne forth by the power
 Of feruent kiſſes from each ſpicie flower.
 I'le ſeize the roſe-buds in their perfum'd bed,
 The violet knots, like curious mazes ſpread
 O're all the garden; taſte the rip'ned cherry,
 The warme firme' apple, tipt with corall berry;

Then will I visit with a wand'ring kisse
The vale of lillies and the bower of blisse ;
And where the beauteous region doth divide
Into two milkie wayes, my lips shall slide
Downe those smooth allies, wearing as they goe
A tracke for lovers on the printed snow ;
Thence climbing o're the swelling Appenine,
Retire into the grove of eglantine ;
Where I will all those raviisht sweets distill
Through loves alimbique, and with chimmique skill
From the mixt masse one soveraigne balme derive,
Then bring the great Elixir to thy hive.

Now in more subtile wreathes I will entwine
My sinowie thighes, my legs and armes, with thine ;
Thou like a sea of milke shall lye display'd,
Whilst I the smooth calme ocean invade
With such a tempest, as when Jove of old
Fell downe on Danae in a storme of gold ;
Yet my tall pine shall in the Cyprian straight
Ride safe at anchor, and unlade her freight ;
My rudder with thy bold hand, like a tryde
And skilfull pilot, thou shalt steere, and guide
My bark into Loves channell, where it shall
Dance, as the bounding waves doe rise or fall.
Then shall thy circling armes embrace and clip
My naked bodie, and thy balmie lip
Bathe me in juyce of kisses, whose perfume
Like a religious incense shall consume,
And send up holy vapours to those powers
That bleffe our loves, and crowne our happy howers.
That with such halcion calmenesse fix our soules
In stedfast peace, that no affright controules.
There no rude sounds shake us with sudder starts ;
No jealous eares, when we unrip our hearts,
Sucke our discourse in ; no observing spies
This blush, that glance traduce ; no envious eyes

Watch our close meetings ; nor are we betray'd
 To rivals by the bribed chambermaid.
 No wedlock bonds untwist our wreathed loves ;
 We seeke no midnight arbors nor darke groves
 To hide our kisses ; there the hated name
 Of husband, wife : chaste, modest : lust and shame :
 Are vaine and empty words, whose very sound
 Was never heard in the Elizian ground.
 All things are lawfull there that may delight
 Nature or unrestrained appetite ;
 Like and enjoy, the will and act is one ;
 We only sinne when Loves rites are not done.

The Roman Lucrece there reads the divine
 Lectures of Love's great master Aretine,
 And knowes as well as Lais how to move
 Her plyant body in the act of love.
 To quench the burning ravisher, she hurles
 Her limbs into a thousand winding curles,
 And studies artfull postures, such as be
 Carv'd on the barke of every neighbouring tree
 By learned hands, that so adorn'd the rinde
 Of those faire plants which, as they lay entwinde,
 Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian dame,
 That in her endlesse webb toyl'd for a name
 As fruitlesse as her worke, doth now display
 Herselfe before the Youth of Ithaca,
 And th' amorous sport of gamesome nights prefer
 Before dull dreames of the lost traveller.
 Daphne hath broke her barke, and that swift foot,
 Which th' angry Gods had fast'ned with a root
 To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run
 To meet th' embraces of the youthfull Sun ;
 She hangs upon him, like his Delphique lyre:
 Her kisses blow the old, and breath new, fire ;
 Full of her God, she sings inspired layes,
 Sweet odes of love, such as deserve the bayes,

Which she herselfe was. Next her, Laura lyes
In Petrarch's learned armes, drying those eyes
That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
These, and ten thousand beauties more, that dy'de
Slave to the tyrant, now enlarg'd deride
His cancell'd lawes, and for their time mispent
Pay into Love's Exchequer double rent.

Come then, my Celia, wee'le no more forbear
To taste our joyes, struck with a pannique feare,
But will depose from his imperious sway
This proud usurper, and walke free as they,
With necks unyoak'd; nor is it just that hee
Should fetter your soft sex with chastitie,
Which Nature made unapt for abstinence;
When yet this false impostor can dispence
With humane justice and with sacred right,
And (maugre both their lawes) command me fight
With rivals and with emulous loves, that dare
Equall with thine their mistresse eyes or haire.
If thou complain'st of wrong, and call my sword
To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
With markes of infamie my coward hands:
And yet religion bids from blood-shed flye,
And damns me for that act. Then tell me why
This goblin Honour, which the world adores,
Should make men atheists, and not women whores.

ODE.¹

DHILLIS, though thy powerfull charms
 Have forced me from my Celia's armes,
 A sure defence against all powers
 But those resistles eyes of yours,
 Think not your conquest to maintaine
 By rigour or unjust disdaine;
 In vaine, faire nimph, in vaine you strive,
 For love doth seldome hope survive.

THE MOURNFULL PARTYNGE OF TWO LOVERS
 CAUSED BY THE DISPROPORTION OF ESTATES.²

MY once deare loue, haplesse that I no more
 Must call the[e] foe, the rich affection's store
 That fedd our hopes lies nowe exhaust & spent,
 Like somes of treasure vnto banquerovts lent.
 Wee that didd nothing studdy but the way
 To loue each other: with which thoughts the day
 Rose with delights to vs, and with them sett.
 Must learne the hatefull art howe to forgett.
 Wee, that did nothing wish that heauen might giue
 Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
 Beyond that night: all theis nowe cancell must,
 As is not writt in faith, but words & dust.
 But witnesse those cleere vowes which lovers make:
 Witnesse the chaste desires that never breake
 Into vnrulie heates: witnes that breast

¹ Ashmole MS. 36, art. 198. Not in the editions. In the MS. cited it immediately succeeds *The Rapture*.

² Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 6 verso and 7 recto. Not in the editions. The lines are subscribed *T. Car.* by the copyist. The text has been given with scrupulous accuracy, but it is by no means free from obscurities.

Which in thy bosome anchorde his whole nest,
 Tis noe defaulte in vs ; I dare acquite
 Thy maiden faith, thy purpose faire & white
 As thy pure selfe. Close planetts did conspire
 Our sweete felicity and harts desire
 Faster then vowes could binde, so that the starre
 (When lovers meete) should stande oppos'd in warre.
 Since then some higher destinies comãd,
 Lett vs not stirre or labour to withstand
 What is past helpe: the longest date of grefe
 Can never yeild a hope of our releife.
 And though we waste our selves in moist laments,
 Teares may drown vs, but not our discontents.
 Fould back our armes, take honnors fruitlesse loues
 That must newe fortunes trie ; like turtle-doues
 Dislodged from their haunt, wee must in teares
 Vnwinde our loues knitt vpp in many yeares.
 In this laste kisse I heere surrender thee
 Backe to thy selfe. Loe, thou againe art free :
 Thou in another, sad as that, resign'd
 The truest harte that lover ere did bind.
 Nowe turne from each foe farr our severd hartes,
 As the divorst soule from the bodie partes.

A HEALTH TO HIS MISTRESSE.¹

TO her, whose beauty doth excell
 Stories, wee tossè theis cupps, and fill
 Sobrietie, a sacrifice
 To the bright lustre of her eyes.
 Each soule that sippis this is divine :
 Her beauty deifies the wine.

¹ Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 7 verso. Not in the editions. Subscribed *Tb. Car.* In *Wits Interpreter*, by John Cotgrave, 1655, p. 42, it occurs anonymously. The Harl. MS. calls it a *Charme for my mistresse*.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLERS.

THE Lady Mary Villers lyes
 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
 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,
 Bewaile in theirs thine owne hard case ;
 For thou, perhaps, at thy returne
 Mayest find thy darling in an urne.

ANOTHER.

THE purest soule that e're was sent
 Into a clayie tenement
 Inform'd this dust ; but the weake mould
 Could the great guest no longer hold ;
 The substance was too pure, the frame
 Too glorious that thither came ;
 Ten thousand Cupids brought along
 A Grace on each wing, that did throng
 For place there, till they all opprest
 The seat in which they sought to rest ;
 So the faire modell broke for want
 Of roome to lodge th' Inhabitant.

¹ Old printed copies ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20.

ANOTHER.¹

THIS little vault, this narrow roome,
Of love and beautie is the tombe ;
The dawning beame, that 'gan to cleare
Our clouded skie, lyes dark'ned here,
For ever fet to us ; by death
Sent to inflame the world beneath.²
'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.
This hopefull beautie 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 :
The flames, the arrowes, all lye here.

EPITAPH ON LADY S[ALTER] WIFE TO SIR W.
S[ALTER].³

THE harmony of colours, features, grace,
Resulting ayres (the magicke of a face)
Of muscally sweet tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one soveraigne beauty, lies confin'd
To this darke vault. Shee was a cabinet
Where all the choyfest stons of price were set :

¹ Old printed copies ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20-1.

² Politeness, as well as charity, must incline us to believe, that the bard alludes in this expression to the heathen mythology, and that by the words "world beneath" he meant the Elysium of the Ancients.—D.

³ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where the heading, by a blunder of the transcriber, is *An Epitaph on the Lady Psalter*) ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20 (where it is headed merely *An Epitaph on a Lady*).

The Works of

Whose native colours and pure lustre lent
 Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament ;
 Whose rare and hidden vertues did expresse
 Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dresse.
 The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
 The devout saphyre, emrauld apt to write
 Records of memory, cheerefull agat, grave
 And serious onyx, topas, that doth save
 The braine's calme temper, witty amathist :
 This precious quarrie, or what else the list
 On Aaron's ephod planted had, shee wore ;
 One only pearle was wanting to her store,
 Which in her Saviour's book she found exprest ;
 To purchase that she sold Death all the rest.

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBE OF THE
 LADY MARY WENTWORTH.

MARIA WENTWORTH ILLUSTRISSIMI THOMÆ COMITIS CLEVELAND FILIA PRÆ

MORTUÆ PRIMA ANIMAM VIRGINEAM EXHALAUT : JANU :

ANNO DOMINI 1632. ÆTATIS SUÆ 18.¹



HERE here the precious dust is layd,
 Whose purely-temper'd clay was made
 So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (by which the heading has been corrected and completed); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20. "She was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth (fourth Lady Wentworth), who was afterwards (7 Feb. 1625-6) raised to the title of Cleveland, and to several important dignities in the State, by the interest of Archbishop Laud."—D.

Else the foule grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sinne,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height, it soar'd to God above ;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to generall love.

Before a pious duty shin'd
To parents, courtesie behind :
On either side an equall mind.

Good to the poore, to kindred deare,
To servants kind, to friendship cleare,
To nothing but her selfe severe.

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justifi'd
A chaste poligamie, and dy'd.

Learne from hence, reader, what small trust
We owe this world, where vertue must,
Fraile as our flesh, crumble to dust.

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBE OF THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

BEATISSIMIS MANIBUS CHARISSIMI VIRI ILLUSTRISSIMA
CONIUX MOERENS SIC PARENTAVIT.¹

WHEN in the brazen leaves of fame
The life, the death, of Buckingham
Shall be recorded, if truth's hand
Incize the story of our land,
Posteritie shall see a faire
Structure, by the studious care
Of two kings rayf'd, that did no lesse
Their wisdom than their power expresse.
By blinded zeale (whose doubtfull light
Made murder's scarlet robe seeme white :
Whose vain-deluding phantomes charm'd
A cloudy fullen soule, and arm'd
A desperate hand, thirstie of blood.)
Torne from the faire earth where it stood,
So the majestique fabrique fell.
His actions let our Annals tell ;
Wee write no Chronicle ; this pile
Weares onely sorrowe's face and stile,

¹ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (from which the heading has been adopted) ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 20-1 (where the lines are simply entitled : *On the Duke of Buckingham*). " This was George Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham, who was introduced to the court of James I. as his favourite ; and afterwards, in the reign of Charles I., ascended to the highest dignities. He was the admiration and terror of his time."—D.

Which even the envie that did waite
 Upon his flourishing estate,
 Turn'd to soft pittie of his death,
 Now payes his hearſe; but that cheape breath
 Shall not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
 Puddle thoſe ſtreames that bathe this ſhrine.

Theſe are the pious obſequies,
 Drop'd from his chaſt wife's pregnant eyes
 In frequent ſhowres, and were alone
 By her congealing ſighes made ſtone,
 On which the carver did beſtow
 Theſe formes and characters of woe;
 So he the faſhion onely lent,
 Whiſt ſhe wept all the monument.¹

THE OTHER INSCRIPTION ON THE SAME TOMBE.²

SISTE HOSPES, SIVE INDIGENA, SIVE ADVENA, VICISSITUDINIS

RERUM MEMOR, PAUCA PELLEGE.



READER, when theſe dumbe ſtones have told
 In borrowed ſpeech what gueſt they hold,
 Thou ſhalt confeſſe the vaine purſuit
 Of humane glory yeelds no fruit,
 But an untimely grave. If Fate
 Could conſtant happineſſe create,

¹ This little poem is not deſtitute of ſome pathetic touches, expreſſive of the illuſtrious lady's grief, who is ſuppoſed to utter them; but the eight concluding lines, inſtead of being the mournful monody of a widow, degrade it into the wretched conceit of a poetaſter. But this was the ſuſtian of the times.—D.

² *Ubi ſupr.* The heading in Mr. Wyburd's MS., omits the word *pauca*, and the poem is a mere fragment there. In Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 21, the heading is merely: *An Epitaph on the Duke of Buckingham.*

Her ministers, fortune and worth
 Had here that myracle brought forth ;
 They fix'd this child of honour where
 No roome was left for hope or feare,
 Of more or lesse ; so high, so great
 His growth was, yet so safe his seate.
 Safe in the circle of his friends ;
 Safe in his loyall heart and ends ;
 Safe in his native valiant spirit ;
 By favour safe, and safe by merit ;
 Safe by the stampe of Nature, which
 Did strength with shape and grace enrich ;
 Safe in the cheerefull curtesies
 Of flowing gestures, speech and eyes ;
 Safe in his bounties, which were more
 Proportion'd to his mind than store.
 Yet, though for vertue he becomes
 Involv'd himselfe in borrowed summes,
 Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
 No friend engag'd, no debt unpay'd.
 But though the starres conspire to shower
 Upon one head th' united power
 Of all their graces, if their dire
 Aspects must other breasts inspire
 With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
 May cut (as here) their darlings life.
 Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
 To make one happy man, make all men just ?

FOURE SONGS, BY WAY OF CHORUS TO A PLAY,

AT AN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE KING AND QUEENE, BY

MY LORD CHAMBERLAINE:

THE FIRST OF JEALOUSIE. DIALOGUE.¹*Question.*

FROM whence was first this furie hurl'd,
 This Jealousie into the world?
 Came she from hell? *Ans.* No, there doth raigne
 Eternal hatred, with disdaine;
 But she the daughter is of Love,
 Sister of Beauty. *Reply.* Then above
 She must derive from the third spheare
 Her heavenly offspring. *Ans.* Neither there,

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS (where it is merely headed *A chorus of iealousie*); Harl. MS. 6917 (where this and the other three Songs which follow occur, with a general title as above and in the old edits). "These entertainments were frequent in Charles's court, and had always attached to them a musical interlude or some sumptuous piece of pageantry. On one of these occasions the present Songs were composed. They are written in imitation of the ancient manner."—D. Mr. Yeowell writing in *Notes and Queries*, (2nd Series, vi. 52) remarks: "This song is in [Thomas] Killigrew's tragi-comedy *Cicilia and Clorinda*, part ii. [written abroad in 1651], act v. sc. 2. Immediately after the song is the following note by Killigrew: 'This chorus was written by Mr. Thomas Carew, cupbearer to Charles I., and sung in a masque at Whitehall, anno 1633. And I presume to make use of it here, because in the first design, 'twas writ at my request upon a dispute held betwixt mistres Cecilia Crofts and myself, where he was present; she being then maid of honour. This I have set down, lest any man should believe me so foolish as to steal such a poem from so famous an author; or so vain as to pretend to the making of it myself: and those that are not satisfied with this apology, and this song in this place, I am always ready to give them a verse of my own. Written by Thomas Killigrew, resident for Charles II. in Venice, 1651.'"

From those immortall flames, could shee
Draw her cold frozen pedigree.

Quest. If not in¹ heaven nor hell, where then
Has she her birth? *Ans.* I' th' hearts of men ;
Beauty and Feare did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate,
Sister to both, by Beautie's side
To Love, by Feare to Hate, ally'de ;
Despayre her issue is, whose race
Of fruitfull mischiefes drownes the space
Of the wide earth in a swolne flood
Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage and blood.

Ques. Ah how can such a spurious line
Proceed from parents so divine ?

Ans. As streames, which from their crytall spring
Doe sweet and cleare their waters bring,
Yet, mingling with the brackish maine,
Nor taste nor colour they retaine.

Ques. Yet rivers 'twixt their own bankes flow
Still fresh ; can jealousie doe so ?

Ans. Yes, whilst shee keeps the stedfast ground
Of Hope and Feare, her equall bound,
Hope sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Towards the faire object doth advance ;
Whilst Feare, as watchfull sentinell,
Doth the invading foe repell ;
And Jealousie thus mixt doth prove
The season and the salt of love ;
But when Feare takes a larger scope,
Stifling the child of Reason, Hope,
Then sitting on the' usurped throne,
She like a tyrant rules alone,
As the wilde ocean unconfinde,
And raging as the northern winde.

¹ Ed. 1640, and Harl. MS.—*from.*

II. FEMININE HONOUR.¹

N what esteeme did the Gods hold
 Faire Innocence and the chaste bed,
 When sandall'd vertue might be bold
 Bare-foot upon sharpe cultures spread
 O're burning coles to march, yet feele
 Nor scorching fire, nor piercing steele?²

Why, when the hard edg'd iron did turne
 Soft as a bed of roses blowne,
 When cruell flames forgot to burne
 Their chaste pure limbes, should man alone
 'Gainst female innocence conspire,
 Harder than steele, fiercer than fire?

Oh haplesse sex! Unequall sway
 Of partiall honour! Who may know
 Rebels from subjects that obey,
 When malice can on vestals throw
 Disgrace, and fame fixe high repute
 On the close shamelesse prostitute?

Vaine honour! thou art but disguise,
 A cheating voyce, a jugling art;
 No judge of vertue, whose pure eyes
 Court her owne image in the heart,
 More pleas'd with her true figure there,
 Than her false eccho in the eare.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed: *Of femall honour betraid*); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 21.

² This alludes to the ancient Ordeal by Fire, a method by which accused persons undertook to prove their Innocence, by walking blindfold and bare-foot over nine red-hot Ploughshares or Pieces of Iron, placed at unequal distances. This barbarous custom began before the Conquest, and continued till the time of Henry III.—D.

III. SEPARATION OF LOVERS.¹

STOP the chafed bore, or play
 With the lyon's paw, yet feare
 From the lover's side to teare
 Th' idoll of his foule away.

Though love enter by the fight
 To the heart, it doth not flye
 From the mind, when from the eye
 The faire objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,
 When we lose what wee before
 Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
 So is love more set on fire.

Love doth with an hungrie eye
 Glut on beautie, and you may
 Safer snatch the tyger's prey,
 Than his vitall food deny.

Yet though absence for a space
 Sharpen the keene appetite,
 Long continuance doth quite
 All love's characters efface.

For the sense, not fed, denies
 Nourishment unto the minde
 Which with expectation pinde,
 Love of a consumption dyes.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 22.

IV. INCOMMUNICABILITIE OF LOVE.¹

Quest.

BY what power was love confinde
To one object? Who can binde,
Or fix a limit to the free-borne minde?

Ans. Nature; for as bodyes may
Move at once but in one way,
So nor can mindes to more than one love stray.

Reply. Yet I feele a double smart,
Love's twinn'd-flame, his forked dart.

Ans. Then hath wilde lust, not love, possesse thy heart.

Qu. Whence springs love? *Ans.* From beauty. *Qu.* Why
Should th' effect not multiply
As fast i' th' heart, as doth the cause i' th' eye?

Ans. When two beauties equall are,
Sense preferring neither fayre,
Desire stands still, distracted 'twixt the paire.

So in equall distance lay
Two fayre lambes in the wolfe's way;
The hungry beast will sterue e're chuse his prey.

But where one is chiefe, the rest
Cease, and that's alone possesse,
Without a rivall, monarch of the breast.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 23.

OTHER SONGS IN THE PLAY.

I. A LOVER, IN THE DISGUISE OF AN AMAZON, IS DEARLY
BELOVED OF HIS MISTRESSE.¹

CEASE, thou afflicted soule, to mourne,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorne;
For I am starv'd that feele the blisses
Of deare embraces, smiles, and kisses
From my soule's idoll, yet complaine
Of equall love more than disdaine.

Cease, beautie's exile, to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that faire bosome dwell
That is my paradise and hell;
Banisht at home, at once at ease
In the safe port, and toft on seas.

Cease in cold jealous feares to pine,
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;
For though I hold lockt in mine armes
My life's sole joy, a traytor's charmes
Prevaile, whilst I may onely blame
Myselfe, that myne owne rivall am.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is merely headed *The Amazons Song*); Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 23-4.

[II.] ANOTHER.

A LADY, RESCUED FROM DEATH BY A KNIGHT WHO IN THE
INSTANT LEAVES HER, COMPLAINS THUS :¹

OH whither is my fayre sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat, away ?
If thou repose in the moyst bed
Of the Sea Queene, bring backe the day
To our darke clime, and thou shalt lye
Bathed in the sea flowes from mine eye.

Upon what whirlwind didst thou ride
Hence, yet remainst fixt in my heart ?
From me and to me, fled and ty'de ?
Darke riddles of the amorous art !
Love lent thee wings to flye, so hee,
Unfeather'd now, must rest with mee.

Helpe, helpe, brave youth : I burne, I bleed ;
The cruell God with bow and brand
Pursues that life thy valour freed,
Disarme him with thy conquering hand ;
And that thou may'st the wilde boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.

¹ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is called *The Princess[s]'s* Song) ; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 24.

TO BEN JONSON.¹

UPON OCCASION OF HIS ODE OF DEFIANCE ANNEXT TO HIS
PLAY OF THE NEW INNE.²

TIS true (deare Ben) thy iust chastizing hand
Hath fixt upon the fotted age a brand
To their swolne pride and empty scribbling due ;
It can not judge, nor write, and yet 'tis true
Thy commique muse, from the exalted line
Toucht by thy Alchymist, doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretells a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed ;
Yet such as shall outshine the glimmering light
With which all stars shall guild the following night.
Nor thinke it much (since all thy eaglets may
Endure the sunnie tryall,) if we say
This hath the stronger wing, or that doth shine
Trickt up in fairer plumes, since all are thine.
Who hath his flock of cackling geese compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of swans? or who hath dar'd

¹ Old printed copies ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (last nine lines only) ; Cofens MS. B. obl. 8vo. ; Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11811, fol. 12 ; Domestic Papers, Charles I. (S. T. O.) vol. 155, No. 79 (where there are many differences of orthography).

² In the S. T. O. copy, which appears to be autograph, the heading of this piece is : *To Ben Johnson, vppon occasio of his Ode to Himselfe*. "This was the last of Ben Johnson's dramatic productions, and it bore every mark of departing genius. The *New Inn* gave him more vexation than all his former pieces had done. It was exhibited at the Theatre without any success ; but a great Poet is never tired of fame ; he appealed from the stage to the closet, and published his comedy, having prefixed [annexed at the end] to it an ode addressed to himself, in which he complimented his own abilities, and set the critics at defiance. To this ode our poet here alludes."—D.

To call thy births deform'd? but if thou bind
By Citie-Custome or by Gavell-kind
In equall shares thy love on all thy race,
We may distinguish of their sexe and place;
Though one hand shape them, and though one brain strike
Soules into all, they are not all alike.
Why should the follies, then, of this dull age
Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage,
As seemes to blast thy (else-immortall) Bayes?
When thine owne tongue proclaimes thy ytch of praise.
Such thirst will argue drouth. No, let be hurl'd
Upon thy workes by the detracting world
What malice can suggest; let the rowte say,
The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
Count the slow minutes, might a Goodwin¹ frame
To swallow when th' hast done thy shipwrackt name.
Let them the deare expence of oyle upbraid,
Suckt by thy watchfull lampe, that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
Into thy inke, whilst thou growest pale with guilt.
Repine not at the taper's thriftie waste,
That sleeke thy terfer poems, nor is haste
Prayse, but excuse; and if thou overcome
A knottie writer, bring the bootie home;
Nor thinke it theft, if the rich spoyles so torne
From conquer'd Authors be as Trophies worne.
Let others glut on the extorted praise
Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after dayes;
Thy labour'd workes shall live, when time devoures
Th' abortive offspring of their hastie houres.
Thou art not of their ranke, the quarrell lyes
Within thine owne verge; then let this suffice—
The wiser world doth greater thee confesse
Than all men else, than thy selfe onely lesse.

¹ The Goodwin Sands.—D.

AN HYMENEALL DIALOGUE.

BRIDE AND GROOME.¹*Groome.*

ELL me, my love, since Hymen ty'de
 The holy knot, hast thou not felt
 A new infused spirit slide
 Into thy brest, whilst thine did melt?

Bride. First tell me, sweet, whose words were those?
 For though your voyce the ayre did breake,
 Yet did my soule the fence compose,
 And through your 'lips my heart did speake.

Groome. Then I perceive, when from the flame
 Of love my scorch'd soule did retire,
 Your frozen heart in her place came,
 And sweetly melted in that fire.

Bride. 'Tis true, for when that mutuall change
 Of soules was made with equall gaine,
 I straight might feele diffus'd a strange,
 But gentle, heat through every veine.

Chorus. O blest disjunction, that doth so
 Our bodyes from our soules divide,
 As two doe one, and one foure grow,
 Each by contraction multiply'de.

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 25-6.

Bride. Thy bosome then I'le make my nest,
 Since there my willing foule doth pearch.
Grome. And for my heart, in thy chaff brest,
 I'le make an everlasting search.
Chorus. O blest disfunction, &c.

OBSEQUIES TO THE LADY ANNE HAY.¹



HEARD the virgins sigh, I saw the flecke
 And polisht courtier channell his fresh cheeke
 With reall teares; the new-betrothed maid
 Smil'd not that day; the graver senate layd
 Their businesse by; of all the courtly throng,
 Griefe seal'd the heart, and silence bound the tongue.
 I, that ne're more of private sorrow knew
 Than from my pen some froward mistresse drew,
 And for the publike woe had my dull sense
 So fear'd with ever adverse influence,
 As the invader's sword might have unfelt
 Pierc'd my dead bosome, yet began to melt;
 Griefe's strong instinct did to my blood suggest
 In the unknowne losse peculiar interest.
 But when I heard the noble Carlil's gemme,
 The fayrest branch of Denny's ancient stemme,
 Was from that casket stolne, from this trunke torne,
 I found just cause why they, why I, should mourne.
 But who shall guide my artlesse pen, to draw
 Those blooming beauties, which I never saw?
 How shall posteritie beleve my story,

¹ She was the daughter of James Hay, first Earl of Carlisle [of that family.]
 —D. He was created in 1622, and died in 1636.

If I her crowded graces, and the glory
 Due to her riper vertues, shall relate
 Without the knowledge of her mortall state?
 Shall I, as once Apelles, here a feature,
 There steale a grace, and rifling so whole Nature
 Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
 Figure one Venus, and say, such was shee?
 Shall I her legend fill with what of old
 Hath of the worthies of her sex beene told,
 And what all pens and times to all dispence,
 Restraine to her by a prophetique fence?
 Or shall I to the morall and divine
 Exactest lawes shape, by an even line,
 A life so straight, as it should shame the square
 Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare,
 And call it hers? say, so did she begin,
 And, had she liv'd, such had her progresse been?
 These are dull wayes, by which base pens for hire
 Dawbe glorious vice, and from Apollo's quire
 Steale holy dittyes, which prophanely they
 Upon the herse of every strumpet lay.

We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd teare,
 Nor shall thy traine borrow the blacks they weare:
 Such vulgar spice and gums embalme not thee:
 Thou art the theame of truth, not poetrie.
 Thou shalt endure a tryall by thy peeres,
 Virgins of equall birth, of equall yeares,
 Whose vertues held with thine an emulous strife,
 Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life.
 One shall enspheare thine eyes, another shall
 Impearle thy teeth; a third; thy white and small
 Hand shall besnow; a fourth, incarnadine
 Thy rosie cheeke, untill each beauteous line,
 Drawne by her hand, in whom that part excells,
 Meet in one center, where all beautie dwells.
 Others in taske shall thy choyce vertues share,

Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare.
Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds,
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every vertue which, in the purfuit
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit.
Thus shalt thou from the mouth of envy raise
A glorious journall of thy thrifty dayes,
Like a bright starre shot from his spheare, whose race
In a continued line of flames we trace.
This, if surway'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wert, thou art ;
This shall gaine credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens nor partiall rimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is storied by the partners of thy youth ;
Their breath shall faint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus even by rivals to be deifide.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF ANGLEISIE
UPON THE IMMODERATLY-BY-HER-LAMENTED DEATH OF
HER HUSBAND [1630.]¹

MADAM, men say you keepe with dropping eyes
Your sorrowes fresh, wat'ring the rose that lyes
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear lord's hearse.
Alas ! those odors now no more can pierce
His cold pale nostrill, nor the crymson dye

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6917, fol. 24-5 (where the heading is differently arranged).

Christopher Villiers, third son of Sir George Villiers, by Mary, Countess of Buckingham, was created Earl of Anglesey in 1623, and died April 3, 1630.

Present a gracefull blush to his darke eye.
 Thinke you that flood of pearly moysture hath
 The vertue fabled of old Æson's bath ?
 You may your beauties and your youth consume
 Over his urne, and with your sighes perfume
 The solitarie vault which, as you grone,
 In hollow ecchoes shall repeate your moane ;
 There you may wither, and an autumnne bring
 Upon your selfe, but not call back his spring.
 Forbeare your fruitlesse grieve then, and let those,
 Whose love was doubted, gaine beliefe with shoves
 To their suspected faith ; you, whose whole life
 In every act crown'd you a constant wife,
 May spare the practise of that vulgar trade,
 Which superstitious custome onely made ;
 Rather (a widow now) of wisedome prove
 The patterne, as (a wife) you were of love :
 Yet, since you surfet on your grieve, 'tis fit
 I tell the world upon what cates you sit
 Glutting your sorrowes ; and at once include
 His story, your excuse, my gratitude.
 You, that behold how yond' sad lady blends
 Those ashes with her teares, lest, as she spends
 Her tributarie sighes, the frequent gust
 Might scatter up and downe the noble dust,
 Know, when that heape of atomes was with bloud
 Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood
 On stately pillars, the rare forme might move
 The froward Juno's or chaste Cinthia's love.
 In motion active grace, in rest a calme
 Attractive sweetnesse, brought both wound and balme
 To every heart. He was compos'd of all
 The wishes of ripe virgins, when they call
 For Hymen's rites, and in their fancies wed
 A shape of studied beauties to their bed.
 Within this curious palace dwelt a soule

Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole :
This dress'd his face in courteous smiles, and so
From comely gestures sweeter manners flow :
This courage joyn'd to strength ; so the hand bent
Was valour's : open'd, bountie's instrument,
Which did the scale and sword of Justice hold,
Knew how to brandish steele and scatter gold.
This taught him not to engage his modest tongue
In suites of private gaine, though publike wrong ;
Nor misemploy (as is the great man's use)
His credit with his master, to traduce,
Deprave, maligne, and ruine innocence,
In proud revenge of some misjudg'd offence.
But all his actions had the noble end
T' advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.
He chose not in the active streame to swim,
Nor hunted honour, which yet hunted him ;
But like a quiet eddie, that hath found
Some hollow creeke, there turnes his waters round,
And in continuall circles dances free
From the impetuous torrent ; so did hee
Give others leave to turne the wheele of state,
(Whose restless motions spins the subject's fate,)
Whilst he, retir'd from the tumultuous noyse
Of Court and suitors' presse, apart enjoys
Freedome and mirth, himselfe, his time, and friends,
And with sweet rellish tastes each houre he spends.
I could remember how his noble heart
First kindled at your beauties ; with what art
He chas'd his game through all opposing feares,
When I his sighes to you, and back your teares
Convay'd to him ; how loyall then, and how
Constant he prov'd since to his marriage vow,
So as his wand'ring eyes never drew in
One lustfull thought to tempt his soule to sinne ;
But that I feare such mention rather may

Kindle new griefe, than blow the old away.
 Then let him rest joyn'd to great Buckingham,
 And with his brother's mingle his bright flame.
 Looke up, and meet their beames, and you from thence
 May chance derive a chearfull influence.
 Seeke him no more in dust, but call agen
 Your scatter'd beauties home, and so the pen,
 Which now I take from this sad elegie,
 Shall sing the trophies of your conquering eye.

AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF DR. DONNE,
 DEAN OF PAUL'S.¹



CAN we not force from widowed poetrie,
 Now thou art dead, great Donne, one elegie,
 To crowne thy hearse? Why yet did we not trust,
 Though with unkneaded dow-bak'd prose, thy dust,
 Such as th' uncizar'd lect'rer from the flower
 Of fading rhet'rique, short-liv'd as his houre,
 Drie as the sand that measures it, might lay
 Upon the ashes on the funerall day?
 Have we nor tune, nor voyce? Didst thou dispence
 Through all our language both the words and sence?
 'Tis a sad truth. The pulpit may her plaine
 And sober Christian precepts still retaine;

¹ This excellent Poet is better known in our age [1772] by his Satires, which were modernised and versified by Mr. Pope, than by his other works, which are scarce. If he was not the greatest poet, he was at least the greatest wit, of James the First's reign. Carew seems to have thought still more highly of him; for in another place he exalts him above all the other bards, ancient and modern:

“ — Donne, worth all that went before.”
 He died in the year 1631.—D.

Doctrines it may and wholesome uses frame,
Grave homilies and lectures; but the flame
Of thy brave soule, that shot such heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
And the deepe knowledge of darke truths so teach,
As sence might judge what fancy could not reach—
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with spirit and heate the Delphique quire,
Which, kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here awhile, lyes quencht now in thy death.
The Muses' garden, with pedantique weedes
O'respread, was purg'd by thee, the lazie seeds
Of servile imitation throwne away,
And fresh invention planted; thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious banquerout age:
Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage
A mimique furie, when our soules must be
Possess'd, or with Anacreon's extasie,
Or Pindar's, not their owne; the subtle cheate
Of sly exchanges, and the jugling feate
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke or Latine tongue,
Thou hast redeem'd, and opened as a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancie, drawne a line
Of masculine expression which, had good
Old Orpheus seene, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold
Their leade more precious than thy burnisht gold,
Thou hadst beene their exchequer, and no more
They each in others dung had search'd for ore.
Thou shalt yeeld no precedence but of time
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charmes the outward sence; yet thou may'st claime
From so great disadvantage greater fame,

Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit,
 With her tough thick-rib'd hoops, to gird about
 Thy gyant fancie, which had prov'd too stout
 For their soft melting phraſes. As in time
 They had the ſtart, ſo did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred yeare,
 And left the riſed fields, beſides the feare
 To touch their harveſt; yet from thoſe bare lands,
 Of what was onely thine, thy onely hands
 (And that their ſmalleſt worke) have gleaned more
 Than all thoſe times and tongues could reape before.

But thou art gone, and thy ſtrickt lawes will be
 To hard for libertines in poetrie;
 They will recall the goodly exil'd traine
 Of gods and goddeſſes, which in thy juſt rainge
 Was baniſht nobler poems; now with theſe
 The ſilenc'd tales i' th' *Metamorphoſes*
 Shall ſtuffe their lines, and ſwell the windie page,
 Till verſe, refin'd by thee in this laſt age,
 Turne ballad-rime, or thoſe old idols be
 Ador'd againe with new apoſtaſie.

O pardon me, that breake with untun'd verſe
 The reverend ſilence that attends thy hearſe:
 Whoſe ſolemne awfull murmurs were to thee,
 More than theſe rude lines, a loude elegie,
 That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence
 The death of all the arts, whoſe influence,
 Growne feeble, in theſe panting numbers lyes
 Gaſping ſhort-winded accents, and ſo dyes.
 So doth the ſwiftly-turning wheele not ſtand
 In th' inſtant we withdraw the moving hand;
 But ſome ſhort time retaine a faint weake courſe
 By vertue of the firſt impulſive force;
 And ſo, whilſt I caſt on thy funerall pile
 Thy crowne of bayes, O let it crack awhile,

And spit disdain, till the devouring flames
Suck all the moisture up, then turne to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engrosse
All thy perfections, or weepe all the losse;
Those are too numerous for one elegie,
And this too great to be exprest by me.
Let others carve the rest; it will suffice
I on thy grave this epitaph incize:—
Here lyes a King that rul'd, as he thought fit
The univerrall monarchie of wit;
Here lyes two Flamens, and both those the best:
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.¹

IN ANSWER OF AN ELEGIACALL LETTER UPON THE DEATH
OF THE KING OF SWEDEN FROM AURELIAN
TOWNSEND, INVITING ME TO WRITE
ON THAT SUBJECT.²

WHY dost thou found (my deare Aurelian)
In so shrill accents from thy Barbican
A loude allarum to my drowfie eyes,
Bidding them wake in teares and elegies
For mightie Sweden's fall? Alas! how may
My lyrique feet, that of the smooth soft way
Of love and beautie onely know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead

¹ Alluding to his being both a poet and a divine.—D.

² Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is called simply *Thomas Carew his answere to Aurelian Townsend*); "Gustavus Adolphus, the great protector of the Protestants in Germany, who, after having subdued Ingria, Livonia, and Pomerania, was killed at the battle of Lutzen, near Leipfic [in 1632].—D.

Victorious King, or his majesticke hearse
 Prophane with th' humble touch of their low verse?
 Virgil nor Lucan, no, nor Tasso—more
 Than both, not Donne, worth all that went before—
 With the united labour of their wit
 Could a just poem to this subject fit.
 His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
 Higher by verse: let him in prose be pray'd,
 In modest faithfull story, which his deedes
 Shall turne to poems: when the next age reades
 Of Frankfort, Leipfih, Wursburgh, of the Rhyne,
 The Leck, the Danube, Tilly, Wallenstein,
 Bavaria, Pappenheim, Lutzen-field, where hee
 Gain'd after death a posthume victorie,
 They'le thinke his acts things rather feign'd than done,
 Like our romances of the Knight o' th' Sun.
 Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler
 Who, though to annals he can not refer
 His too-briefe storie, yet his Journals may
 Stand by the Cæsar's yeares; and, every day
 Cut into minutes, each shall more containe
 Of great designements then an emperour's raigne;
 And (since 'twas but his church-yard) let him have
 For his owne ashes now no narrower grave
 Than the whole German continent's vast wombe,
 Whilst all her cities doe but make his tombe.
 Let us to supream Providence commit
 The fate of monarchs, which first thought it fit
 To rend the empire from the Austrian graspe;
 And next from Sweden's, even when he did claspe
 Within his dying armes the soveraigntie
 Of all those provinces, that men might see
 The Divine wisedome would not leave that land
 Subject to any one King's sole command.
 Then let the Germans feare, if Cæsar shall,
 Or the united princes, rise and fall.

But let us, that in myrtle bowers fit
 Under secure shades, use the benefit
 Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
 Of our good King gives this obdurate¹ land ;
 Let us of Revels sing, and let thy breath
 (Which fill'd Fame's trumpet with Gustavus' death,
 Blowing his name to heaven) gently inspire
 Thy Pastorall Pipe, till all our swaines admire
 Thy song and subject, whilst they both comprise
 The beauties of the SHEPHERDS PARADISE.²
 For who like thee, (whose loose discourse is farre
 More neate and polisht than our Poems are,
 Whose very gate's more gracefull than our dance,)
 In sweetly-flowing numbers may advance
 That glorious night when, not to act foule rapes,
 Like birds or beafts, but in their angel-shapes,
 A troope of deities came downe to guide
 Our steerelesse barkes in passion's swelling tide
 By vertue's carde, and brought us from above
 A patterne of their owne celestially love.
 Nor lay it in darke fullen precepts drown'd,
 But with rich fancie and cleare action crown'd,
 Through a misterious fable (that was drawne
 Like a transparant veyle of purest lawne
 Before their dazelling beauties) the divine
 Venus did with her heavenly Cupid shine.
 The storie's curious web, the masculine file,
 The subtile fence, did time and sleepe beguile ;
 Pinnion'd and charm'd they stood to gaze upon
 Th' angellike formes, gestures and motion ;
 To heare those ravishing sounds, that did dispence
 Knowledge and pleasure to the soule and sense.

¹ *Ingratefull*—Wyburd MS.

² The title of a Poem written by [the Honourable Walter Montague].—D.

It fill'd us with amazement to behold
 Love made all spirit : his corporeall mold,
 Dissected into atomes, melt away
 To empty ayre, and from the grosse allay
 Of mixtures and compounding accidents
 Refin'd to immateriall elements.

But when the Queene of Beautie did inspire
 The ayre with perfumes and our hearts with fire,
 Breathing from her celestiall organ sweet
 Harmonious notes, our soules fell at her feet,
 And did with humble reverend dutie more
 Her rare perfections than high state adore.

These harmlesse pastimes let my Townsend sing
 To rurall tunes ; not that thy Muse wants wing
 To soare a loftier pitch, for she hath made
 A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroique shade
 Above the reach of our faint flagging ryme ;
 But these are subjects proper to our clyme.
 Tourneyes,¹ masques, theaters better become
 Our Halcyon dayes ; what though the German drum
 Bellow for freedome and revenge, the noyse
 Concernes not us, nor should divert our joyes ;
 Nor ought the thunder of their carabins
 Drowne the sweet ayres of our tun'd violins.
 Beleeve me, friend, if their prevailing powers
 Gaine them a calme securitie like ours,
 They'le hang their armes upon the olive bough,
 And dance and revell then, as we doe now.

¹ This species of entertainment, we suppose, was akin to our modern Routs, the expression seeming to be borrowed from the Spanish *Tornado*, or *Hurricane*.—D.

UPON MASTER W. MOUNTAGUE HIS RETURNE
FROM TRAVELL.

FEADE the black bull to slaughter, with the bore
And lambe; then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea gods for their carefull waftage pay;
Send gratefull incense up in pious smoake
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 darling's safe returne,
The Muse's quire shall thus with voyce and hand
Blesse the fayre gale that drove his ship to land:
Sweetly breathing vernall ayre,
That with kind warmth doest repayre
Winter's ruines, from whose brest
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Guilts the morne and cleares the skie:
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearles upon the violet bed,
On whose brow, with calme smiles drest,
The halcion sits and builds her nest;
Beautie, youth, and endlesse spring,
Dwell upon thy rosie wing.
Thou, if stormie Boreas throwes
Downe whole forrests when he blowes,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth;
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's faire or good,

The Works of

If he scatter our choyce flowers,
 If he shake our hills or bowers,
 If his rude breath threaten us,
 Thou canst stroake great Æolus,
 And from him the grace obtaine
 To binde him in an iron chaine.

Thus, whilst you deale your body 'mongst your friends,
 And fill their circling armes, my glad soule fends
 This her embrace: Thus we of Delphos greet:
 As laymen claspe their hands, we joyne our feet.

TO MASTER W. MOUNTAGUE.



IR, I arest you at your countreyes suit,
 Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit
 Of that rich stock, which she by Nature's hand
 Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole land.
 Next, she endites you of a felonie,
 For stealing what was her proprietie—
 Your selfe—from hence: so seeking to convey
 The publike treasure of the state away.
 More, y'are accus'd of ostracisme, the fate
 Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
 On eminent vertue; but that curse, which they
 Cast on their men, you on your countrey lay.
 For, thus divided from your noble parts,
 This kingdome lives in exile, and all hearts,
 That rellish worth or honour, being rent
 From your perfections, suffer banishment:
 These are your publike injuries; but I
 Have a just private quarrell to dese,
 And call you coward, thus to run away
 When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay

Till I redeem'd my honour ; but I sweare,
 By Celia's eyes, by the same force to teare
 Your heart from you, or not to end this strife
 Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
 But as in single fights it oft hath beene,
 In that unequall equall tryall seene,
 That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first
 Came from the combat oft too with the worst ;
 So, if you foyle me when we meet, I'll then
 Give you fayre leave to wound me so agen.

TO HIS VNCONSTANT M^{RS}.¹

BUT say, O very woman, why to mee
 The fitt of weakenes and inconstancy ?
 What forfett haue I made of word or vow,
 That I am rackt on thy displeasure nowe ?
 If I haue done a fault, I, doe not shame
 To cite itt from thy lipps, give itt a name.
 I aske the bañes : stand forth, & tell mee why
 Wee should not in our wonted loue comply ?
 Did thy cloy'd appetite vrge the[e] to trye,
 If any other man could doo't as I ?
 I see freinds are, like clothes, layd vpp whilst newe,
 But after wearinge cast, though nere foe true.
 Or did thy fi[e]rce ambition longe to make
 Some lover turne a martir for thy sake :
 Thinking thy beauty had deserv'd no name,
 Vnlesse some one had perisht in the flame ;
 Vppon whose loueing dust this sentence lyes :
Here one was murdered by his mistrefs' eyes ?

¹ Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 11—12 (subscribed *Tb: Car.*). Not in the editions.

Or was't because my loue to thee was such
 I could not chuse but blabb it—sweare how much
 I was thy slaue, and (dotinge) lett the[e] knowe
 I better could my selfe than the[e] forgoe.
 Harken, yee men, thet soe shall love like mee,
 Ile give you counsell gratis! if you bee
 Possesst of what you like, lett yo^r faire freind
 Lodge in yo^r bosome, but noe secretts fend
 To seeke their lodginge in a female breast,
 For soe much is abated of yo^r rest.
 The steed, that comes to vnderstand his strength,
 Growes wilde, and casts his manager at length;
 And that tame lover that vnlocks his harte
 Vnto his mistresse, teaches her an art
 To plunge him selfe: shewes her the secrett way
 Howe shee may tyrannize another day.
 And nowe my faire vnkindnesse thvs to thee,
 Marke how wise passion and I agree:
 Heare, and be sorry for't, I will not dye
 To expiate thy crime of levity.
 I walke (not crofs-arm'd neither), eate and liue,
 Yea for to pittie thy neglect not grieue,
 Nor envy him that by my losse hath won,
 That thou art from thy faith and promise gon.
 Thou shalt beleive thy changinge moone-like fitts
 Haue not infected mee nor turned my witts
 To lunacy: I doe not meane to weepe,
 When I should eate, or fighe when I should sleepe.
 I will not fall vppon my pointed quill,
 Bleed incke, and Poems or invention spill,
 To contrive ballads, or weaue elegies
 For nurfes wearings, when the infant cries,
 Nor, like th' enamour'd Triftrams of the tyme,
 Dispaire in prose, or hange my selfe in ryme;
 Nor thether runn vppon my verses feete,
 Where I shall none but fooles and madd men meete

Who, 'midst the silent shades and mirtle walkes,
Pule and doe pennaunce for their mistres' faults.
I'me none of those (Poeticke malecontents)
Borne to make paper deare with my laments,
Or vile Orlando that will rayle and vex,
And for thy sake fall out with all thy fex.
No, I will loue againe, and seeke a prize
That shall redeeme mee from thy poore dispise ;
I'll court my fortune nowe in such a shape
That will not faigne dye, nor sterne cullor take ;
Thus launch I of[f] with triumph from thy shore
To which my laste fare-well : for never more
Will I touch there to¹ putt to sea againe,
Blowne with the churlish winde of thy disdain ;
Nor will I stopp the course, till I haue found
A coaste that yeilds safe harbour and firme ground.
Smile yee, Loues starrs ; wing'd with desires, fly
To make my wished-for discovery,
Nor doubt I but for one that proves like you,
I shall finde tenn as faire, and yett more true.

ON THE MARIAGE OF T[HOMAS] K[ILLIGREW] AND
C[ECILIA] C[ROFTS]: THE MORNING STORMIE.



UCH should this day be, so the sun should hide
His bashfull face, and let the conquering bride
Without a rivall shine, whilst he forbears
To mingle his unequall beames with hers ;
Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye
Betweene the parting cloudes, 'tis but to spye,

¹ MS. has *I*.

Not emulate her glories ; so comes drest
 In vayles, but as a masquer to the feast.
 Thus heaven should lower, such stormy gusts should blow,
 Not to denounce ungentle fates, but show
 The cheerefull bridegroome to the clouds and wind
 Hath all his teares and all his sighes assign'd.
 Let tempests struggle in the ayre, but rest
 Eternall calmes within thy peacefull breast,
 Thrice happy youth ; but ever sacrifice
 To that fayre hand that dry'de thy blubbred eyes,
 That croun'd thy head with roses, and turn'd all
 The plagues of love into a cordiall,
 When first it joyn'd her virgin snow to thine,
 Which when to-day the priest shall recombine,
 From the misterious holy touch such charmes
 Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed armes,
 And open a free passage to that fruit
 Which thou hast toy'd for with a long pursuit.
 But ere thou feed, that thou may'st better taste
 Thy present joyes, thinke on thy torments past ;
 Thinke on the mercy freed thee ; thinke upon
 Her vertues, graces, beauties, one by one ;
 So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
 Delights of her faire body and pure soule.
 Then boldly to the fight of love proceed :
 'Tis mercy not to pittie, though she bleed ;
 Wee'le strew no nuts, but change that ancient forme,
 For till to-morrow wee'le prorogue this storme,
 Which shall confound with its loude whistling noyse
 Her pleasing shreekes, and fan thy panting joyes.

FOR A PICTURE, WHERE A QUEEN LAMENTS OVER
THE TOMBE OF A SLAINE KNIGHT.

BRAVE youth, to whom Fate in one hower
Gave death and conquest, by whose power
Those chaines about my heart are wound,
With which the foe my kingdome bound :
Freed and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either act an offering ;
For victory, this wreathe of bay ;
In signe of thraldome, downe I lay
Scepter and crowne ; take from my fight
Those royall robes, since fortune's spight
Forbids me live thy vertue's prize,
I'le dye thy valour's sacrifice.

TO A LADY THAT DESIRED I WOULD LOVE HER.

I.

NOW you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you doe ?
Shall I your mirth or passion move
When I begin to wooe ?
Will you torment, or scorne, or love me too ?

II.

Each pettie beautie can disdaine, and I,
Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can see, and die ;
Dispence a nobler fate ;
'Tis easie to destroy, you may create.

P

UPON MY LORD CHIEFE JUSTICE¹ HIS ELECTION OF MY
LADY A[NNE] W[ENTWORTH] FOR HIS MISTRESSE.

I.



H EARE this and tremble, all
Ufurping beauties, that create
A government tyrannicall
In Love's free state :
Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
His equall ballance joyn'd, his sage head lyes
In Love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

II.

Harke how the sterne law breathes
Forth amorous fighs, and now prepares
No fetters, but of filken wreathes
And braded hayres ;
His dreadfull rods and axes are exil'd,
Whilst he fits crown'd with roses: Love hath fil'de
His native roughnesse, Justice is growne milde.

III.

The golden age returnes :
Love's bowe and quiver uselesse lye :
His shaft, his brand, nor wounds, nor burnes,
And crueltie
Is funke to hell ; the fayre shall all be kind ;
Who loves shall be belov'd, the froward mind
To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

¹ "Sir John Finch was made Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 21 Jan. 1635[-6], and was succeeded 27 Jan. 1639[-40]. The marriage did not take place. The lady was Lady Ann Wentworth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Cleveland. She afterwards married Lord Lovelace. Her mother was a Crofts of Saxham."—Hunter's *Chorus Vatum*, iii. 255 [Addit. MSS. Brit. Mus. 24489).

IV.

Astræa hath possesst
 An earthly feate, and now remains
 In Finche's heart, but Wentworth's brest
 That gueft containes ;
 With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies,
 Nor lost her spheare ; for, new-enthron'd, she cries
 I know no heaven but fayre Wentworth's eyes.

TO A. D. UNREASONABLE DISTRUSTFUL OF HER
 OWNE BEAUTY.

FAYRE Doris, breake thy glasse ; it hath perplext
 With a darke comment beautie's clearest text ;
 It hath not told thy face's story true,
 But brought false copies to thy jealous view.
 No colour, feature, lovely ayre, or grace,
 That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
 But thou maist reade in thine, or justly doubt
 Thy glasse hath beene suborn'd to leave it out ;
 But if it offer to thy nice survey
 A spot, a staine, a blemish, or decay,
 It not belongs to thee—the treacherous light
 Or faithlesse stone abuse thy credulous sight.
 Perhaps the magique of thy face hath wrought
 Upon th' enchanted crysell, and so brought
 Fantasticke shadowes to delude thine eyes
 With ayrie repercussive forceries ;
 Or else th' enamoured image pines away
 For love of the fayre object, and so may
 Waxe pale and wan, and though the substance grow
 Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe ;

Give then no faith to the false specular stone,
But let thy beauties by th' effects be knowne.
Looke, sweetest Doris, on my love-sick heart,
In that true mirrour see how fayre thou art ;
There, by Love's never-erring penfill drawne,
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawne,
Shoot through the shadie covert of thy hayre,
Enameling and perfuming the calme ayre
With pearles and roses, till thy suns display
Their lids, and let out the imprison'd day ;
Whilst Delfique priests, enlightned by their theame,
In amorous numbers count thy golden beame,
And from Love's altars cloudes of fighes arise
In smoaking incence to adore thine eyes.
If then love flow from beautie as th' effect,
How canst thou the resistlesse cause suspect ?
Who would not brand that foole, that should contend
There was no fire, where smoke and flames ascend ?
Distrust is worse than scorne : not to beleve
My harmes, is greater wrong than not to grieve.
What cure can for my festring sore be found,
Whilst thou beleev'st thy beautie cannot wound ?
Such humble thoughts more cruell tyrants prove
Than all the pride that e're usurp'd in love,
For Beautie's herald here denounceth war,
There are false spies betray me to a snare.
If fire, disguis'd in balls of snow, were hurl'd,
It unsuspected might consume the world ;
Where our prevention ends, danger begins,
So wolves in sheepes', Lyons in asses' skins,
Might farre more mischief worke, because lesse fear'd ;
Those the whole flock, these might kill all the herd.
Appare then as thou art, break through this cloude,
Confesse thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud ;
Be faire, though scornfull ; rather let me find
Thee cruell, than thus mild and more unkind ;

Thy crueltie doth only me defie,
 But these dull thoughts thee to thy selfe denie.
 Whether thou meane to bartar, or bestow
 Thy selfe, 'tis fit thou thine owne valew know.
 I will not cheate thee of thy selfe, nor pay
 Lesse for thee than th' art worth ; thou shalt not say
 That is but brittle glasse, which I have found
 By strict enquirie a firme diamond.
 I'le trade with no such Indian foole, as sells
 Gold, pearles and pretious stones for beads and bells ;¹
 Nor will I take a present from your hand,
 Which you or prize not or not understand.
 It not endeares your bountie that I doe
 Esteeme your gift, unlesse you doe so too ;
 You undervalew me, when you bestow
 On me what you nor care for, nor yet know.
 No, lovely Doris, change thy thoughts, and be
 In love first with thy selfe, and then with me.
 You are afflicted that you are not faire,
 And I as much tormented that you are.
 What I admire, you scorne ; what I love, hate ;
 Through different faiths, both share an equall fate ;
 Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick ;
 I dye a martyr, you an heretique.

¹ Alluding to the ignorance of the Indian tribes in South America, who used to barter their Riches for the Toys and Trinkets of the Europeans.—D.

TO MY FRIEND G[ILBERT] N. FROM WREST.

BBREATHE, sweet Ghib, the temperate ayre of Wrest,
Where I, no more with raging stormes opprest,
Weare the cold nights out by the bankes of Tweed,
On the bleake mountains, where fierce tempests breed,
And everlasting winter dwells; where milde
Favonius and the vernall windes exilde,
Did never spread their wings; but the wilde north
Brings sterill fearne, thistles, and brambles forth.
Here; steep'd in balmie dew, the pregnant earth
Sends forth her teeming wombe a flowrie birth,
And, cherisht with the warme sun's quickning heate,
Her porous bosome doth rich odours sweate,
Whose perfumes through the ambient ayre diffuse
Such native aromatiques, as we use
No forraigne gums nor essence fetcht from farre,
No volatile spirits nor compounds that are
Adulterate; but at Nature's cheape expence
With farre more genuine sweetes refresh the sense.
Such pure and uncompounded beauties bleste
This mansion with an usefull comelinessse,
Devoide of art, for here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or porpherie,
But built a house for hospitalitie;
No sumptuous chimney-peece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertaines his sight, but cleare
And cheerefull flames cherish and warme him here;
No Dorique nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this structure's naked face.

The lord and lady of this place delight
 Rather to be in act, than seeme in sight;
 In stead of statues to adorne their wall,
 They throng with living men their merry hall,
 Where, at large tables fill'd with wholesome meates,
 The servant, tennant and kind neighbour eates.
 Some of that ranke spun of a finer thred
 Are with the women, steward and chaplaine, fed
 With daintier cates; others of better note,
 Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coate,
 Have sever'd from the common, freely fit
 At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit
 A large accessse of friends, to fill those seates
 Of his capacious circle, fill'd with meates
 Of choycest rellish, till his oaken back
 Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
 Nor thinke, because our piramids and high
 Exalted turrets threaten not the skie,
 That therefore Wrest of narrownessse complains,
 Or streightned walls, for the more numerous traines
 Of noble guests daily receives, and those
 Can with farre more conveniencie dispose
 Than prouder piles, where the vaine builder spent
 More cost in outward gay embellishment
 Than reall use, which was the sole designe
 Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
 But fit for service. Amaltheas horne¹
 Of plentie is not in effigie worne
 Without the gate, but she within the dore
 Empties her free and unexhausted store.

¹ Amalthea was the daughter of Meliffus, King of Crete. She is fabled to have fed Jupiter, while an infant, with the milk of a goat, whose Horn the god afterwards made her a present of, endued with this virtue, that whoever possessed it should have everything they wished for. Hence it was called the *Horn of Plenty*.—D.

Nor, croun'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,
But to the taste, those usefull deities.
We presse the juycie God, and quaffe his blood,
And grinde the yeallow Goddesse into food.
Yet we decline not all the worke of art ;
But where more bounteous Nature beares a part,
And guides her handmaid, if she but dispence
Fit matter, she with care and diligence
Employes her skill ; for where the neighbour fourse
Powers forth her waters, she directs their course,
And entertaines the flowing streames in deepe
And spacious channells, where they slowly creepe
In snakie windings, as the shelving ground
Leades them in circles, till they twice surround
This island mansion which, i' th' center plac'd,
Is with a double cryfall heaven embrac'd,
In which our watery constellations floate,
Our fishes, swans, our water-man and boate,
Envy'd by those above, which wish to flake
Their starre-burnt limbes in our refreshing lake.
But they stick fast nayl'd to the barren spheare,
Whilst our encrease, in fertile waters here
Disport and wander freely where they please,
Within the circuit of our narrow seas.

With various trees we fringe the water's brinke,
Whose thirstie rootes the soaking moysture drinke ;
And whose extended boughes in equall rankes
Yeeld fruit, and shade, and beautie to the bankes.
On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
His ruddie-cheek'd Pomona ; Zephyre sports
On th' other with lov'd Flora, yeelding there
Sweetes for the smell, sweetes for the palate here.

But did you taste the high and mighty drinke
 Which from that fountaine flowes, you'd cleerly think
 The god of wine did his plumpe clusters bring,
 And crush the Falerne' grape into our spring ;
 Or else, disguis'd in watery robes, did swim
 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 autumnne, but our fire boyles here
 As lustie liquour as the sun makes there.

Thus I enjoy my selfe, and taste the fruit
 Of this blest peace ; whilst, toyl'd in the pursuit
 Of bucks and stags, th' embleme of warre, you strive
 To keepe the memory of our armes alive.

THE NEW-YEARES GIFT.

TO THE KING.

HOOKE back, old Janus,² and survey,
 From Time's birth till this new-borne day,
 All the successefull season bound
 With lawrell wreathes and trophies crown'd ;
 Turne o're the annals past, and where
 Happie auspicious dayes appeare,

¹ The grape of Falerne is celebrated by all antiquity. It was produced from vines of a peculiar strength and flavour, which grew in the Falernian fields in Campania.—D.

² Janus, who was painted with two faces. He was worshipped as a god, war had a temple built to him. In time of peace it was shut: in time of and it was open.—D.

Mark'd with the whiter stone, that cast
On the darke brow of th' ages past
A dazeling luster, let them shine
In this succeeding circle's twine,
Till it be round with glories spread ;
Then with it crowne our Charles his head,
That we th' ensuing yeare may call
One great continued festivall.
Fresh joyes, in varied formes, apply
To each distinct captivitie.
Season his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugall delights ;
May the choyce beauties that enflame
His royall brest be still the same ;
And he still thinke them such, since more
Thou canst not give from Nature's store.
Then as a father let him be
With numerous issue blest, and see
The faire and God-like offspring growne
From budding starres to suns full blowne.
Circle with peacefull olive bowes
And conquering bayes his regall browes.
Let his strong vertues overcome,
And bring him bloodlesse trophies home ;
Strew all the pavements where he treads
With loyall hearts or rebels' heads ;
But, Byfront, open thou no more
In his blest raigne the temple dore.

TO THE QUEENE.

THOU great commandresse, that doest move
 Thy scepter o're the crowne of love,
 And through his empire with the awe
 Of thy chaste beames doest give the law ;
 From his prophaner altars we
 Turne to adore thy deitie :
 He only can wilde lust provoke,
 Thou those impurer flames canst choke ;
 And where he scatters looser fires,
 Thou turn'st them into chaste desires ;
 His kingdome knowes no rule but this :
 Whatever pleaseth, lawfull is ;
 Thy sacred lore shewes us the path
 Of modestie and constant faith,
 Which makes the rude male satisfied
 With one faire female by his side ;
 Doth either sex to each unite,
 And forme love's pure hermaphrodite.
 To this thy faith behold the wilde
 Satyr already reconciled,
 Who from the influence of thine eye
 Hath suckt the deepe divinitie.
 O free them then, that they may teach
 The centaur and the horsman preach
 To beasts and birds sweetly to rest,
 Each in his proper lare and nest :
 They shall convey it to the fload,
 Till there thy law be understood :
 So shalt thou with thy pregnant fire
 The water, earth, and ayre inspire.

TO THE NEW YEARE,
FOR THE COUNTESSE OF CARLILE.



GIVE Lucinda pearle nor stone;
Lend them light who else have none;
Let her beauties shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the east,
For the phenix in her brest
Builds his funerall pile and nest.

No tyre thou canst invent,
Shall to grace her forme be sent;
She adornes all ornament.

Give her nothing; but restore
Those sweet smiles, which heretofore
In her chearfull eyes she wore.

Drive those envious cloudes away,
Vailes that have o're-cast my day,
And ecclips'd her brighter ray.

Let the royall Goth mowe downe
This yeare's harvest with his owne
Sword, and spare Lucinda's frowne.

Janus, if, when next I trace
Those sweet lines, I in her face
Reade the charter of my grace,

Then from bright Apollo's tree
Such a garland wreath'd shall be,
As shall crowne both her and thee.

THE COMPARISON.¹

DEAREST, thy twin'd haire are not threads of gold,
 Nor thine eyes diamonds, nor doe I hold
 Thy lips for rubies; nor thy cheekes to be
 Fresh roses, nor thy teeth of Ivoire:
 The skin that doth thy daintie bodie sheath
 Not alabaſter is, nor doſt thou breath
 Arabian odours: ſuch the earth brings forth,
 Compar'd with which would but impaire thy worth.
 Such may be others miſtreſſes, but mine
 Holds nothing earthly, but is all diuine.
 Thy treſſes are thoſe rayes that doe ariſe,
 Not from one ſunne, but two; ſuch are thy eyes;
 Thy lips congealed neſtar are, and ſuch
 As but a deitie ſhould none dare touch.
 The perfect crimſon that thy cheek doth cloath
 (But onely that it farre excells them both)
 Aurora's bluſh reſembles, or that redd
 Which Iris ſtruts in when her mantles ſpred;

¹ Old printed copies; Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 9 (where it is entitled: *Vppon bis Miſtres*); Aſhmole MS. 47, art. 57, (where the title is *On y^e Perfection of bis m^{rs}*); Aſhmole MS. 38, art. 229 (where the lines are headed *On bis M^{rs} features*); *Witts Recreations*, 1640, ſign. D 3 (imperfect). In *Witts Recreations*, it is accompanied by the following:—

THE ANSWER.

If earth doth never change, nor move,
 There's nought of earth, ſure in thy love,
 Sith heavenly bodies with each one
 Concur in generation,
 And (wanting gravitic) are light,
 Or in a borrowed luſtre bright;
 If meteors and each falling ſtar
 Of heavenly matter framed are:
 Earth hath my miſtriſſe, but ſure thine
 All heavenly is, though not diuine.

Thy teeth in whiteneffe Leda's swan exceede ;
Thy skin's a heavenly and immortall weede ;
And as thou breath'ft, the winds are readie straight
To filch it from thee, and doe therefore wait
Close at thy lips and, snatching it from thence,
Beare it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.
Faire Goddesse (for thy feature makes thee one),
Yet be not such for these respects alone ;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as faire, as good, as true.¹

THE SPARKE.²

MY first love, whom all beauties did adorne,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorne ;
Sun-like to tinder in my brest it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
And that is free to all that was entire :
Desiring more, by thee (desire) I lost,³
As those that in consumptions hunger most ;
And now my wandring thoughts are not confind
Unto one woman, but to woman kinde.

¹ In Ashm. MSS. 38 and 47 the termination is different. In the former it runs :—

“ Yet bee not foe for that respecte alone,
Shaped onely and exposed to the view ;
Bee Goddes-like in all : bee good, bee true.”

Ashm. MS. 47 corresponds, with the exception of a few verbal alterations.

² Old printed copies ; Mr. Huth's “ Berkeley ” MS. 1640.

³ This and the following line are not in Mr. Huth's MS.

This for her shape I love, that for her face,
 This for her gesture or some other grace ;
 And where I none of these doe use to find,
 I choose thereby the kernell, not the rynd :
 And so I hope, though my chiefe hope be¹ gone,
 To find in many what I lost in one,
 And like to merchants after some great losse
 Trade by retaile, which cannot doe in grosse.²
 The fault is hers that made me goe astray,—
 He needs must wander that hath lost his way.
 Guiltles I am ; shee did this change provoke,
 And made that charcoale which at first³ was oake ;
 And as a looking glasse to⁴ the aspect,
 Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
 But being crack't or broken, there are showne
 Many lesse faces, where was first but⁵ one ;
 So love into my heart did first preferr⁶
 Her image, and there planted none but her ;
 But since 'twas broke and martird by her scorne,
 Many lesse faces in her seate were⁷ borne ;
 Thus, like to tynder, am I prone to catch
 Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

¹ Mr. Huth's MS. The old editions read, *since my first hopes are, &c.*

² Ibid. Old editions have, *that cannot now ingrosse.*

³ Ibid. Printed copies read, *to ber.*

⁴ Ibid. Printed copies, *from.*

⁵ Ibid. Printed copies read, *half faces, which at first were.*

⁶ Ibid. Printed copies, *unto proffer.*

⁷ Ibid. Printed copies, *face was.*

THE COMPLEMENT.¹



MY deereft, I fhall grieve thee
When I fwere, yet (fwete) beleve me :
By thine eyes, that cryftall brooke²

On which crabbed old age looke,
I fwere to thee, (though none abhorre them)
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that faire
Rich fanne³ of thy moft curious haire,
Though the wires thereof be drawne
Finer than the threds of lawne,
And are fofter than the leaves
On which the fubtle spinner weaves.

I doe not love thee for thofe flowers
Growing on thy cheeks, (Loves bowers)
Though fuch cunning them hath fspread,
None can part their white⁴ and red ;
Love's golden arrowes thence are fhot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for thofe foft
Red corral lips I've kift fo oft ;
Nor teeth of pearle, the double guard
To fpeech, whence muficke ftill is heard ;
Though from thence a kiffe being taken
Would tyrants melt, and death awaken.

¹ Old printed copies; Ashmole MS. 38, art. 36 (where it is called *In praife of the excellent compofure of his miftrefs*); Harl. MS. 6057, fol. 12 (where it is called *Loues Complement*). The Harl. MS. has enabled me to correct the text in feveral places, where the readings of the old copies were clearly wrong.

² Old printed copies have *the tempting booke*.

³ Harl. MS. 6057 has *gem*.

⁴ Old printed copy has *paint them whit*.

The Works of

I doe not love thee, O my fairest,
 For that richeft, for that rareft
 Silver pillar which ftands under
 Thy round head, that globe of wonder ;
 Though that necke be whiter farre
 Than towers of pollifht ivory are.

I doe not love thee for thofe mountaines
 Hill'd with fnow, whence milkey fountaines
 (Suger'd sweets, as firropt berries)
 Muft one day run through pipes of cherries:
 O how much thofe breafths doe move me !
 Yet for them I doe not love thee.

I doe not love thee for that belly,
 Sleeke as fatten, foft as jelly,
 Though within that chriftall round
 Heapes of treasure may be found
 So rich, that for the leaft of them
 A king would give his diadem.

I doe not love thee for thofe thighes,
 Whofe alabafter rocks doe rife
 So high and even, that they ftand
 Like fea-markes to fome happy land.
 Happy are thofe eyes have feene them,
 But happier hee hath fay'd betweene them.

I do not love thee for that palme,
 Though the dew thereof be balme ;
 Nor for thy pretty legg and foote,
 Although it be the precious roote
 On which this goodly cedar growes :
 Sweete, I love thee not for thofe.

Nor for thy wit foe pure and quicke,
Whose substance no arithmeticke
Can number out; nor for the charmes
Mask't in thy embracing armes;
Though in them one night to lie,
Dearest, I would gladly die.

I love thee not for eye nor haire,
Nor cheekes, nor lips, nor teeth so rare,
Nor for thy necke, nor for thy breast,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest,
Nor for thy hand, nor foote so small;
But, wouldst thou know, deere sweet?—for all.

ON SIGHT OF A GENTLEWOMAN'S FACE IN
THE WATER.¹



STAND still, you floods, doe not deface
That image which you beare;
So votaries from every place
To you shall altars reare.

No winds but lovers' sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streames,
On which no starre from any spheare
Did ever dart such beames.²

¹ Old printed copies; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed: *On a Mistresses face in the water*).

² In Mr. Wyburd's MS. this stanza runs thus:—

“Noe windes but louers sighes drawe nigh
To trouble their gladd streames,
On which nor starr, nor the worlds eye,
Did euer dart such beames.”

The Works of

To christall then in hast congeale,
 Least you should loose your blisse ;
 And to my cruell faire reveale
 How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious nymphes shall feare
 Their beauties will be scorn'd,
 And hire the ruder winds to teare
 That face which you adorn'd ;

Then rage and foame amaine, that we
 Their malice may despise ;
 When from your froath we soone shall see
 A second Venus rise.

VERSES.

[*Begins imperfectly.*]¹

HEE gaue her Jewells in a Cuppe of Gold,
 Wherein were grauen stories donne of old ;
 And in his hand hee held a book, which shew'd
 The birth-Starres of the Cittie, when Brute plow'd
 The furrows for the wall : on euery page
 A king was drawne, his fortune and his age ;
 But shee lik't best, and lou'd to see againe
 The Brittish Princes that had match'd with Spaine.
 Thus entred shee the Court, where euery one
 To entertaine her made provision.
 Nays had angled all the night, and took
 The trout, the Gudgeon, with her siluer hook :

¹ Mr. Wyburd's MS. where they immediately precede the poem which follows. I consider the authorship doubtful. The lines have a tincture of mingled gravity and erudition not characteristic of Carew.

The Graces all were busie in the Downes
 In gattering falletts and in wreathing crownes:
 The wood-nimphes ran about, and while twas dark,
 With light and lowebell caught th' amazed lark:
 One with some hayres, pluckt from a Centaures taile,
 Made springes for the woodcock in the dale:
 One spredd her nett, the Coney to infnare:
 Another with her houndes pursued the hayre.
 Diana earely, with her bugle cleare,
 Armed with a quiver shott the fallowe deere.
 The stately stagg, hitt with her fatell shaft,
 Shedd teares in falling, while the huntresse laugh't.
 All sent their gaines to Hymen for a present:
 The Buck, the Partridge, and the painted Pheasant;
 And Joue, to grace the feast of Hymens ioye,
 Sent thither Nectar by his Troyan Boy.
 The Graces and the Driades were there, &c.

[Ends imperfectly.]

A SONG.¹

ASKE me no more where Jove bestowes,
 When June is past, the fading rose;
 For in your beautie's orient deepe
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleepe.

Aske me no more whither doth stray
 The golden atoms of the day;
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders to inrich your haire.

¹ Old printed copies; *Wit Restored*, 1658, and *Westminster Drollery*, 1672 (with a parody in each case). Collated with an early MS. by Haslewood; in his copy the first stanza stands third. Patherike Jenkyns, in his *Amorea*, 1661, has a song, "On the Death of his Mistresse," which seemed to Haslewood an imitation of Carew. I cannot see it.

The Works of

Aske me no more whither doth haft
 The nightingale when May is past ;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters and keepes warme her note.

Aske me no more where those starres light,
 That downwards fall in dead of night ;
 For in your eyes they fit, and there
 Fixed become as in their sphere.

Aske me no more if east or west
 The Phenix builds her spicy nest ;
 For unto you at last shee flies,
 And in your fragrant bosome dyes.

SONG.

WOULD you know what's soft? I dare
 Not bring you to the downe or aire,
 Nor to starres to shew what's bright,
 Nor to snow to teach you white :

Nor, if you would musique heare,
 Call the orbes to take your eare ;
 Nor, to please your sence, bring forth
 Bruised Nard, or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac't,
 Bring you Nectar for a tast :
 Would you have all these in one,
 Name my mistris, and 'tis done.

THE SECOND RAPTURE.

NO, worldling, no, 'tis not thy gold,
Which thou dost use but to behold,
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life :
Children or friends, nor a good wife,
That makes thee happy ; these things be
But shaddowes of felicitie.
Give me a wench about thirteene,
Already voted to the Queene
Of lust and lovers ; whose soft haire,
Fann'd with the breath of gentle aire,
O'respreads her shoulders like a tent,
And is her vaile and ornament ;
Whose tender touch will make the blood
Wild in the aged and the good ;
Whose kisses, fastned to the mouth
Of threescore yeares and longer slouth,
Renew the age, and whose bright eye
Obscures those lesser lights of skie ;
Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
That snow, that never melts at all)
Makes Jove invent a new disguise,
In spite of Junoe's jealousies ;
Whose every part doth re-invite
The old decayed appetite ;
And in whose sweet embraces I
May melt myselfe to lust, and die.
This is true blisse, and I confesse
There is no other happineffe.

THE HUE AND CRY.¹

N Love's name you are charged hereby
 To make a speedy hue and cry
 After a face, who t' other day
 Came and stole my heart away ;
 For your directions in brief
 These are best marks to know the thief :
 Her hair a net of beams would prove,
 Strong enough to captive Jove,
 Playing the eagle : her clear brow
 Is a comely field of snow.
 A sparkling eye, so pure a gray
 As when it shines it needs no day.
 Ivory dwelleth on her nose ;
 Lilies, married to the rose,
 Have made her cheek the nuptial bed ;
 [Her] lips betray their virgin red,
 As they only blush'd for this,
 That they one another kifs ;

¹ This piece is taken from the *Wittie Faire One*, performed as early as 1628 (Shirley's Works, edit. 1833, i, 311) ; Mr. Dyce was evidently unaware of the circumstance that this poem was inserted (with material variations) as Carew's in all the editions of his *Works*. The ordinary version and a third (totally different) from a MS. will be given also presently. There is very little or no probability that a writer of Carew's ability and original genius would have appropriated the work of another man ; and as it is well known that songs written long before by other pens were often inserted in plays, it is not altogether unlikely that Shirley may have had Carew's permission to make use of the *Hue and Cry* in this way, and that the production thus found its way into the printed copy of the *Wittie Faire One*, 1633. On this supposition I have given in the text all the versions.

But observe, beside the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for if your ear
Shall once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men
But from that voice shall hear again,
That, that is she: oh, take her t' ye;
None can rock heaven asleep but she.

ANOTHER VERSION.¹



I N Love's name you are charg'd hereby,
To make a speedy hue and crie
After a face which, t'other day,
Stole my wandring heart away.
To direct you, these, in briefe,
Are ready markes to know the thiefe.
Her haire a net of beames would prove
Strong enough to captive Jove
In his eagle's shape; her brow
Is a comely field of snow;
Her eye so rich, so pure a grey,
Every beame creates a day;
And if she but sleepe (not when
The sun sets) 'tis night agen.
In her cheekes are to be seene
Of flowers both the king and queene,
Thither by the Graces led,
And freshly laid in nuptiall bed;
On whom lips like nymphes doe waite,
Who deplore their virgin state;

¹ Old printed copies.

Oft they blush, and blush for this,
 That they one another kisse ;
 But observe besides the rest,
 You shall know this fellow best
 By her tongue, for if your eare
 Once a heavenly musicke heare,
 Such as neither gods nor men,
 But from that voice, shall heare agen—
 That, that is she. O strait surprife,
 And bring her unto Love's affize.
 If you let her goe, she may
 Antedate the latter day,
 Fate and philosophy controle,
 And leave the world without a soule.

ANOTHER VERSION.¹

GOOD folk, for gold or hire,
 One help mee to a Cryer ;
 For my poore heart is gonne astray
 After two eyes that past this waie.
 If there be anie man
 In towne or Country can
 Bring mee my heart againe,
 Ile paie him for his paine ;
 And by these markes I will you showe,
 That onelie I this heart doe owe.

¹ Mr. Wyburd's MS. only. This seems to be by Carew also. There is a piece called *A Hue and Cry after Cupid*, perhaps imitated from the present, in *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660, 8^o, a copy of which, set to music, is in Addit. MS. Br. Mus. 11608, fol. 81.

Itt is a wounded heart,
Wherein yett sticks the dart :
Maymde in euerie part throughout it :
Faith and troath writt round about itt.
It was a tame hart and a Deare,
And never vf'd to roame ;
But haueing gott this haunt, I feare
'Twill neuer bide at home.
For God's sake, passing by the waye,
If you my heart doe see,
Either impound it for a straye,
Or send it home to mee.

TO HIS MISTRIS CONFINED.

Song.



THINKE not, Phœbe, 'cause a cloud
Doth now thy silver brightnes shrowd,
My wandring eye
Can stoope to common beauties of the skye.
Rather be kind, and this eclips
Shall neither hinder eye nor lips,
For wee shall meete
Within our hearts, and kisse, and none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
Without some living signe of me ;
When thou dost spye
A sun beame peepe into the roome, 'tis I ;
For I am hid within a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee see
In what a martyredome I burne for thee.

A SONG.

IN her faire cheekes two pits doe lye,
To bury those flaine by her eye;
So, spight of death, this comforts me,
That fairely buried I shall be.
My grave with rose and lilly spread:—
O 'tis a life to be so dead!
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For, if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold those lips againe,
Reviving what those eyes have flaine
With kisses sweet, whose balsome pure
Love's wounds, as soon as made, can cure,
Me thinkes 'tis sickenes to be found,
And there's no health to such a wound.
Come then, &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold
Those downy mounts of snow ne're cold,
And those blest hearts her beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climing those faire hills,
Mee thinkes there's life in such a death,
And so t' expire inspires new breath.
Come then, &c.

Nymphes, since no death is deadly, where
Such choice of antidotes are neere,
And your keene eyes but kill in vaine,
Those that are found, as soone as flaine;

The Works of

That I no longer dead survive,
 Your way's to bury me alive
 In Cupid's cave, where happy I
 May dying live, and living die.
 Come then and kill me with thy eye,
 For, if thou let me live, I die.

THE CARVER.

TO HIS MISTRIS.



CARVER, having lov'd too long in vaine,
 Hewd out the portraiture of Venus' funne
 In marble rocke, upon the which did raine
 Small drifling drops that from a fount did runne ;
 Imagining the drops would either weare
 His fury out, or quench his living flame :
 But when hee saw it bootlesse did appeare,
 He swore the water did augment the fame.
 So I, that seeke in verse to carve thee out,
 Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,
 Viewing my lines impolish't all throughout,
 Find my will rather to my love obey ;
 That with the carver I my work doe blame,
 Finding it still th' augmenter of my flame.

TO THE PAINTER.



FOND man, that hop'ft to catch that face
 With those false colours, whose short grace
 Serves but to shew the lookers on
 The faults of thy presumption ;

Or at the least to let us see
That is divine, but yet not shee :
Say you could imitate the rayes
Of those eyes that outshine the dayes,
Or counterfeite in red and white
That most uncounterfeited light
Of her complexion ; yet canst thou
(Great master though thou be) tell how
To paint a vertue ? Then desist,
This faire your artifice hath mist ;
You should have markt how shee begins,
To grow in vertue, not in finnes ;
In stead of that same rosie die,
You should have drawne out modestie,
Whose beauty fits enthroned there,
And learne to looke and blush at her.
Or can you colour just the same,
When vertue blushes, or when shame,
When sicknes, and when innocence,
Shewes pale or white unto the fence ?
Can such course varnish ere be fed
To imitate her white and red ?
This may doe well elsewhere in Spaine,
Among those faces died in graine ;
So you may thrive, and what you doe
Prove the best picture of the two.
Besides, if all I heare be true,
'Tis taken ill by some that you
Should be so insolently vaine,
As to contrive all that rich gaine
Into one tablet, which alone
May teach us superstition ;
Instructing our amazed eyes
To admire and worship imag'ries,
Such as quickly might outshine
Some new faint, wer't allow'd a shrine,

THE PROTESTATION,

*A Sonnet.*¹

NO more shall meads be deck't with flowers,
Nor sweetnesse dwell in rosie bowers,
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
Nor Aprill violets paint the grove,
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 hills o'reflow.
Blacke Læthe shall oblivion leave,
If ere my Celia I deceive.

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

Love shall no more inhabite earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
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.

¹ There is a great similitude between this "sonnet" and a Poem by E. S. in the *Paradice of daynty devises*, 1576, p. 46.—F.

THE TOOTH-ACH CURED BY A KISSE.

FATE'S now growne mercifull to men,
 Turning difeafe to bliffe;
 For had not kind rheume vext me then,
 I might not Celia kiffe.
 Phifitians, you are now my fcorne,
 For I have found a way
 To cure difeafes, (when forlorne
 By your dull art,) which may
 Patch up a body for a time,
 But can reftore to health
 No more than chimifts can fublime
 True gold, the Indies' wealth.
 That angell fure, that us'd to move
 The poole¹ men fo admir'd,
 Hath to her lip, the feat of love,
 As to his heaven, retir'd.

TO HIS JEALOUS MISTRIS.


ADMIT, thou darling of mine eyes,
 I have fome idoll lately fram'd
 That, under fuch a false difguife,
 Our true loves might the leffe be fam'd.
 Canft thou, that knoweft my heart, fuppofe
 I'le fall from thee, and worfhip thofe?

¹ The pool of Bethesda, near Jerufalem, which was frequented by all kinds of difeafed people, waiting for the moving of the waters. "For an angel," fays St. John, "went down at a certain feafon into the pool, and troubled the water: whofoever then firft after the troubling of the water ftepped in, was made whole of whatfoever difeafe he had."—D.


Remember, deare, how loath and flow
I was to cast a looke or smile,
Or one love-line to misbestow,
Till thou hadst chang'd both face and stile ;
And art thou growne afraid to see
That maske put on thou mad'st for me.

I dare not call those childish feares,
Comming from love, much lesse from thee,
But wash away with frequent teares
This counterfeit idolatrie ;
And henceforth kneele at ne're a shrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

THE DART.

FT 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,
May serve for darts to kill withall.

THE MISTAKE.

HEN on faire Celia I did spie
A wounded heart of stone,
The wound had almost made me cry,
Sure this heart was my owne.

The Works of

But when I saw it was enthron'd
In her celestiall brest,
O then I it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne're so blest.

Yet if in highest heavens doe shine
Each constant martyr's heart,
Then thee may well give rest to mine,
That for her sake doth smart.

Where seated in so high a blisse,
Though wounded, it shall live;
Death enters not in Paradise,
The place free life doth give.

Or if the place lesse sacred were,
Did but her saving eye
Bath my sicke heart in one kind teare,
Then should I never dye.

Slight balmes may heale a slighter sore,
No medicine lesse divine
Can ever hope for to restore
A wounded heart like mine.

THE PROLOGUE TO A PLAY PRESENTED BEFORE THE KING
AND QUEENE, ATT AN ENTERTAINEMENT OF THEM
BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAINE AT
WHITEHALL HALL [*sic*].¹

Song.

S,



SINCE you haue pleas'd this night to vnbend
Your ferious thoughts, and with your Person lend
Your Pallace out, and foe are hither come
A stranger : in your owne house not at home ;
Diuesting state, as if you meant alone
To make your Servants loyall heart your throne :
Oh, see how wide those values themselues display
To entertaine his royall guests ! survey
What Arches² triumphall, Statues, Alters, Shrines
Inscribd to your great names : hee these assignes
Soe from that stock of zeale, his coarse cates may
Borrow some rellish, though but thinly they
Coverd his narrow table, foe may theis
Succeeding trifles by that title please.
Els, gracious Maddam, must the influence
Of your faire eyes propitious beames dispence
To crowne such pastimes as hee could prouide
To oyle the lazie minutes as they slide.

¹ Mr. Wyburd's MS., to which this and the Epilogue seem to be peculiar. These two pieces were probably written for Carew's masque or entertainment prepared for the Lord Chamberlain, when he received the King at Whitehall. They therefore may appropriately accompany the *Four Songs* written for the same occasion.

² MS. has *Argues*.

For well hee knowes vpon your smile depends
 This night[s] successe; since that alone comends
 All his endeauors, giues the musick praise,
 Painters and vs, and guilds the Poet's bayes.

THE EPILOGUE TO THE SAME PLAY.¹



HUNGER is sharp, the sated stomach dull :
 Feeding delights twixt emptines and full :
 The pleasure lyes not in the end, but streames
 That flowe betwixt two opposite extreames.
 Soe doth the flux from hott to cold combine
 An equall temper : such is noble wine,
 Twixt fullsome must and vinegar too tart,
 Measures the scratching betwixt itch and smart.
 It is a shifting Tartar, that still flies
 From place to place : if it stand still, it dyes.
 After much rest, labour delights : when paine
 Succeeds long trauaile, rest growes sweete againe.
 Paine is the base, on which his nimble feete
 Move in contynuall change from sower to sweete.

This the Contriuer of your sports to night
 Hath well obserued, and soe, to fix delight
 In a perpetuall circle, hath applyed
 The choyfests obiects that care could provide
 To euery sence. Onely himself hath felt
 The load of this greate honour, and doth melt
 All into humble thancks, and at your feete
 Of both your majestyes prostrates the sweete
 Perfume of gratefull service, which hee sweares
 Hee will extend to such a length of yeares,

¹ Mr. Wyburd's MS. as above described.

As fitts not vs to tell, but doth belong
To a farre abler pen and nobler tongue.
Our task ends heere : if wee haue hitt the lawes
Of true delight, his gladd heart joyes ; yet, 'cause
You cannot to succeeding pleasures climbe,
Till you growe weary of the instant tyme,
Hee was content this last peece should grow fower,
Onely to sweeten the insueing hower.
But if the Cook, Musitian, Player, Poett,
Painter, and all, haue fail'd, hee'le make them know itt,
That haue abusd him : yett must grieue att this,
Hee should doo pennance, when the fin was his.

TO MY LORD ADMIRALL,¹ ON HIS LATE

SICKNESSE AND RECOVERY.

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth invade
Orpheus returning from th' Elyfian shade,
Embrace the Heroe, and his stay implore,
Make it their publike fuit he would no more
Desert them so, and for his Spoufes fake,
His vanisht 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 faire Euridice succeed ;
Euridice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes list'ning Trees and savage Mountaines groane

¹ The Duke of Buckingham, the unhappy favourite of Charles I. by whom he was appointed Lord High Admiral of England.—D. First printed in 1642.

Through all the ayre his founding strings dilate
 Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late ;
 Your pining sicknesse and your restlessse paine
 At once the Land affecting and the mayne.
 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 a new :
 So more then private was the joy and grieve
 That, at the worst, it gave our soules relief,
 That in our Age such sense of vertue liv'd,
 They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

Nature, her fairest light eclipsed, seemes
 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
 Droope all the branches of that noble Tree ;
 Their beauties they, and we our love suspend ;
 Nought can our wishes save thy health intend :
 As lillies over-charg'd with raine, they bend
 Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend,
 Fold thee within their snowy armes, and cry,
 He is too faultlesse and too young to die :
 So, like Immortals, round about thee thay
 Sit, that they fright approaching death away.
 Who would not languish, by so faire a train
 To be lamented and restor'd againe ?
 Or thus with-held, what hasty soule would goe,
 Though to the Blest ? Ore young Adonis so
 Faire Venus mourn'd, and with the precious showre
 Of her warme teares cherisht the springing flower.
 The next support, faire hope, of your great name,
 And second Pillar of that noble frame,
 By losf of thee would no advantage have,

But, step by step, pursues thee to thy grave.
 And now relentlesse Fate, about to end
 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,
 Such storms no more shall shake that house; but they,
 Like Neptune and his sea-born niece, shall be
 The shining glories of the Land and Sea:
 With courage guard, and beauty warm our Age,
 And Lovers fill with like Poetique rage.

THE RETIRED BLOOD EXHORTED TO RETURNE IN THE
 CHEEKES OF THE PALE SISTERS M^{ris}. KATHERINE
 AND M^{ris}. MARY NEVILL.¹



STAY, coward blood, and do not yield
 To thy pale sifter beauty's field,
 Who, there displaying all her white
 Ensigns, hath usurp'd thy right;
 Invading thy peculiar throne,
 The lip, where thou should'st rule alone;
 And on the cheeke, where Nature's care
 Allotted each an equal share,
 The spreading lily only grows,
 Whose milky deluge drowns thy rose.
 Quit not the field (faint blood) nor rush
 In the short fally of a blush

¹ Not in ed. 1640, but first printed in that of 1642; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 44. In the old printed copy it is headed: *On Mistres N. To the Green Sicknes*. The title given to the poem in the present text is authorized by Addit. MSS. 11811 and 22118.

Upon thy sifter foe, but strive
 To keep an endless war alive ;
 Though peace do petty states maintain,
 Here war alone makes beauty reign.

TO MISTRISSE KATHARINE NEVILL, ON
 HER GREENE SICKNESSE.¹

WHITE Innocence, that now lyeft spread,
 Forfaken on thy widdowed bedd,
 Cold and alone, if Feare, Love, hate,
 Or shame recall thy Crimson Mate
 From his dark Mazes to reside
 With the[e] his chaff and mayden Bride,
 That hee may never backward flowe,
 Congeale him to thy virgin snow :
 Or if his owne heate with thy paire
 Of neighbouring Suns and flameing hayre
 Thawe him into a new divorce,
 Least to thy heart hee take his courfe,
 Oh lodge mee there, where Ile defeate
 All future hopes of his retreat,
 And force the fugitive to seeke
 A constant ftation in thy cheek.
 Soe each fhall keepe his proper place :
 I in your heart, hee in your face.

¹ Addit. MS. 11811, fol. 11; Addit. MS. 22118, fol. 43; Mr. Wyburd's MS.; not in the old editions.

AGAINE AN OTHER OF THE SAME.¹

Song.

BRIGHT Albion, where the Queene of love
 Pressing the pinion of her snow-white Dove,
 With silver harness ore thy faire
 Region in Trivmph drives her ivory chaire ;
 Where now retyr'd shee rests at home
 In her white frothie bedd and native fome ;
 Where the graye Morne through mists of lawne
 Snowing soft pearles shootes an eternall dawne
 On thy Elizian shade. Thou blest
 Empire of love and beautie vnpossfest :
 Chast virgin kingdome, but create
 Mee Monarch of thy free Elective State :
 Lett me surround with circling armes
 My beauteous Island, and with amorous charmes,
 Mixt with this flood of frozen snowe,
 In crimson streames Ile force the redd sea flowe.

UPON A MOLE IN CELIA'S BOSOM.²

THAT lovely spot which thou dost see
 In Celia's bosom was a bee,
 Who built her amorous spicy nest
 I' th' hyblas of her either breast ;

¹ Mr. Wyburd's MS ; not in the old editions.

² Old printed copies (but not in first edit.); Mr. Wyburd's MS. (where it is headed *A mole betwixt Celia's breasts*).

But from those ivory hives she flew
 To suck the aromatic dew,
 Which from the neighbour vale distils,
 Which parts those two twin-sister hills ;
 There feasting on ambrosial meat,
 A rowling file of balmy sweat¹
 (As in soft murmurs before death
 Swan-like she sung,) chok'd up her breath :
 So she in water did expire,
 More precious than the Phœnix fire.

Yet still her shadow there remains
 Confin'd to those Elysian plains,
 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 bee's honey and her sting.

AN HYMENEALL SONG ON THE NUPTIALS OF THE LADY
 ANN WENTWORTH AND THE LORD LOVELACE.²

BREAK not the slumbers of the Bride,
 But let the sunne in Triumph ride,
 Scattering his beamy light ;
 When she awakes, he shall resigne
 His rayes : and she alone shall shine
 In glory all the night.

For she, till day returne, must keepe
 An Amorous Vigill and not sleepe
 Her fayre eyes in the dew of sleepe.

¹ Printed copies read *sweet*.

² First printed in 1642. Not in first edition.

Yet gently whisper as she lies,
And say her Lord waits her uprise,
 The Priests at the Altar stay ;
With flow'ry wreathes the Virgin crew
Attend, while some with roses strew,
 And Mirtles trim the way.

Now to the Temple and the Priest
See her convoid, thence to the Feast ;
Then back to bed, though not to rest.

For now, to crowne his faith and truth,
Wee must admit the noble youth
 To revell in Loves spheare ;
To rule, as chiefe Intelligence,
That Orbe, and happy time dispence
 To wretched Lovers here.

For they're exalted far above
All hope, feare, change, nor try¹ to move
The wheele that spins the fates of Love.

They know no night, nor glaring noone,
Measure no houres of Sunne or Moone,
 Nor mark time's restlesse Glafs ;
Their kisses measure as they flow,
Minutes, and their embraces shew
 The howers as they passe.

Their Motions the yeares Circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take
Rules to make Love an Almanack.

¹ Old copies read *or they*.

A MARRIED WOMAN.¹

WHEN I shall marry, if I doe not find
 A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind :
 Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
 Beauty or wit, shall she derive a power
 To prejudice my right ; but if she be
 A subject borne, she shall be so to me :
 As to the soule the flesh, so² Appetite
 To reason is ; which shall our wils unite
 In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway
 Shall once appeare, if she but learne t' obey.
 For in habituall vertues sense is wrought
 To that calme temper, as the bodie's thought
 To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude
 Passions of Lust and Anger are subdu'd ;
 When 'tis the faire obedience to the soule
 Doth in the birth those swelling Acts controule.
 If I in murder steepe my furious rage,
 Or with Adult'ry my hot lust asswage,
 Will it suffice to say my sense (the Beast)
 Provokt me to't? Could I my soule divest,
 My plea were good. Lyons and Bulls commit
 Both freely, but man must in judgement sit,
 And tame this Beast ; for Adam was not free,
 When in excuse he said, Eve gave it me :
 Had he not eaten, she perhaps had beene
 Vnpunisht ; his consent made hers a sinne.

¹ First printed in second edition.

² This correction is suggested in a MS. note to a copy of the edition of 1642 in the British Museum. The old copies read *as*.

A DIVINE LOVE.¹

I.

WHY should dull Art, which is wise Natures ape,
If she produce a Shape
So far beyond all patternes that of old
Fell from her mold,
As thine, (admir'd Lucinda!) not bring forth
An equall wonder to expresse that worth
In some new way, that hath,
Like her great worke, no print of vulgar path?

II.

Is it because the rapes of Poetry,
Rifling the spacious sky
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
Did those dispence
On ayrie creations that surpast
The reall workes of Nature, she at last,
To prove their raptures vaine,
Shew'd such a light as Poets could not faine?

III.

Or is it 'cause the factious wits did vie
With vaine Idolatry,
Whose Goddesse was supream, and so had hurld
Scisme through the world,
Whose Priest sung sweetest layes, thou didst appeare
A glorious mysterie, so darke, so cleare,
As nature did intend
All should confesse, but none might comprehend?

¹ First printed in 1642.

Ore Rocks and Gulphs, with our owne fighs for gale,
Must we to Cyprus or to Paphos sayle ?

Can there no way be given,
But a true Hell, that leads to her false Heaven ?

LOVES FORCE.¹

IN the first ruder Age, when love was wild,
Not yet by Lawes reclaim'd, not reconcil'd
To order, nor by Reason mann'd, but flew,
Full-summ'd by Nature, on the instant view,
Upon the wings of Appetite at all
The eye could faire or sense delightfull call :
Election was not yet ; but as their cheape
Food from the Oake, or the next Acorne heape,
As water from the nearest spring or brooke,
So men their undistinguisht females took
By chance, not choice. But soone the heavenly sparke
That in mans bosome lurkt broke through this darke
Confusion ; then the noblest breast first felt
Itselfe for its owne proper object melt.

A FANCY.¹

MARKE how this polisht Easterne sheet
Doth with our Northerne tincture meet ;
For though the paper seeme to sinke,
Yet it receives and bears the Inke ;

¹ First printed in 1642.

And on her smooth soft brow these spots
 Seeme rather ornaments then blots,
 Like those you Ladies use to place
 Mysteriously about your face ;
 Not only to set off and breake
 Shaddowes and Eye-beames, but to speake
 To the skild Lover, and relate,
 Vnheard, his sad or happy fate.
 Nor do their Characters delight,
 As careles workes of black and white :
 But 'cause you underneath may find
 A sence that can informe the mind ;
 Divine or moral rules impart,
 Or Raptures of Poetick Art :
 So what at first was only fit
 To fold up filkes, may wrap up wit.

TO HIS MISTRESS.¹

I.

GRIEVE not, my Celia, but with haste
 Obey the fury of thy fate :
 'Tis some perfection to waste
 Discreetly out our wretched state,
 To be obedient in this sence
 Will prove thy vertue, though offence.

II.

Who knows but destiny may relent ?
 For many miracles have been,

¹ First printed in 1671.

Thou proving thus obedient
To all the griefs she plung'd thee in ;
And then the certainty she meant
Reverted is by accident.

III.


But yet I must confess 'tis much,
When we remember what hath been,
Thus parting never more to touch,
To let eternal absence in ;
Though never was our pleasure yet
So pure, but chance distracted it.

IV.

What, shall we then submit to fate,
And dye to one anothers love ?
No, Celia, no, my soul doth hate
Those Lovers that inconstant prove.
Fate may be cruel, but if you decline,
The Crime is yours, and all the glory mine.

Fate and the Planets sometimes bodies part,
But canker'd nature only alters th' heart.

SONG.¹


OME, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love ;
Time will not be ours for ever :
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain ;

¹ Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1655, p. 141. Not in the editions.

Suns that set may rise again,
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetuall night.
 Why should we defer our joyes?
 Fame and rumour are but toyes.
 Cannot we delude the eyes
 Of a few poor household spies?
 Or his easier eares beguile,
 So removed by our wile?
 'Tis no sin loves fruit to steal,
 But the sweet theft to reveal.
 To be taken, to be seen:
 These have crimes accounted been.

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.¹

I.

OU, that will a wonder know,
 Go with me,
 Two Suns in a Heaven of Snow
 Both burning be
 All they fire, that do but eye them,
 But the snow's unmelted by them.

II.

Leaves of Crimson Tulips met,
 Guide the way
 Where Two Pearly rows be set
 As white as day.
 When they part themselves afunder,
 She breathes Oracles of wonder.

¹ First printed in 1671.

III.

Hills of Milk with Azure mix'd
Swell beneath,
Waving sweetly, yet still fix'd,
While she doth breath.
From those hills descends a valley,
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

IV.

As fair Pillars understand
Statues Two,
Whiter than the Silver Swan
That swims in *Po*;
If at any time they move her,
Every step begets a Lover.

V.

All this but the Casket is
Which contains
Such a Jewel, as the mis
Breeds endless pains;
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot show it.

TO CELIA UPON LOVE'S UBIQUITY.¹

AS one that strives, being sick, and sick to death,
By changing places to preserve a breath,
A tedious restless breath: removes and tries
A thousand rooms, a thousand policies,
To cozen pain, when he thinks to find ease,
At last he finds all change, but his disease;

¹ First printed in 1671.

So (like a Ball with fire and powder fill'd)
 I restless am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
 And with that moving torture must retain,
 (With change of all things else) a constant pain.
 So I stay with you, presence is to me
 Nought but a light to shew my misery,
 And parting are as racks, to plague love on,
 The further stretch'd, the more affliction.
 Go I to Holland, France, or furthest Inde,
 I change but onely countreys, not my mind.
 And though I pass through Air and Water free,
 Despair and hopeless fate still follow me.
 Whilst in the bosome of the waves I reel,
 My heart I'll liken to the tottering Keel,
 The Sea to my own troubled fate, the Wind
 To your disdain, sent from a soul unkind :
 But when I lift my sad looks to the skies,
 Then shall I think I see my Celia's Eyes ;
 And when a Cloud or Storm appears between,
 I shall remember what her frowns have been.
 Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,
 All things but make me mind my business—you.
 The good things that I meet, I think streams be
 From you the Fountain ; but when bad I see,
 How vile and cursed is that thing, think I,
 That to such goodness is so contrary !
 My whole life is 'bout you, the center star,
 But a perpetual Motion Circular.
 I am the Dials hand, still walking round ;
 You are the Compass ; and I never found
 Beyond your Circle ; neither can I shew
 Aught but what first expressed is in you,
 That wherefoer my Tears do cause me move,
 My fate still keeps me bounded with your love ;
 Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
 Time shall stand still, and moist Waves flaming be :

Yet being gone, think not on me ; I am
A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name ;
But when I die, and with all comforts given,
P'le think on you, and by you think on heaven.

ON HIS MISTRESS GOING TO SEA.¹

FAREWELL, fair Saint! may not the seas and wind
Swell like the heart and eyes you leave behind ;
But, calm and gentle (as the lookes you beare)
Smile on your face, and whisper in your eare.

Let no bold Billow offer to arise,
That it may nearer look upon your eyes :
Left wind and wave, enamour'd of your Forme,
Should throng and crowd themselves into a storme.

But if it be your fate (vaste Seas) to love,
Of my becalmed breast learn how to move ;
Move then, but in a gentle Lovers pace :
No furrows nor no wrinkles in your face.

And ye, fierce wind, see that you tell your tale
In such a breath as may but fill her Sail :
So, whilst ye court her, each his sev'rall way,
Ye will her safely to her Port convey.

And lose her in a noble way of wooing,
Whilst both contribute to your own undoing.

¹ *Ayres and Dialogues*, by H. Lawes, book i. p. 10 ; Abraham Wright's *Parnassus Biceps*, 1657, p. 120. Not in the edits. The lines also occur with many literal variations, and a Latin version entitled, *Dominæ Navigaturæ*, in Fanshawe's translation of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, 1648.

1.

TELL me, *Eutresia*,¹ since my fate
 And thy more powerfull Forme decrees
 My heart an Immolation at thy Shrine,
 Where it is ever to incline,
 How I must love, and at what rate,
 And by what steps and what degrees
 I shall my hopes enlarge, and my desires confine?

A.

First when thy flames begin,
 See they burne all within,
 And so, as lookers on may not descry,
 Smoake in a sigh, or sparkle in an eye.
 I'de have thy love a good while there,
 Ere thine owne heart should be aware,
 And I my selfe would choose to know it
 First by thy care and cunning not to show it.

2.

When my flame thine owne way is thus betrayd;
 Must it be still afrayd?

¹ This, like the preceding piece, not included hitherto in any collection of Carew's writings, occurs at the end of Sir Richard Fanshawe's translation of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, 1648, 4to, and 1664, 8vo, among Fanshawe's miscellaneous poems and translations. The present verses are headed: *Written by Mr. T. C. of his Majesties Bed-Chamber*, and are much in Carew's usual manner. By a curious (apparent) error in the index to the volume, the two poems are said there to be "by Mistris T. C." and the name of the lady is changed from *Eutresia* to *Lucretia*. Fanshawe has added a Latin version of both productions; on the first he has bestowed the title of *Methodus Amandi*.

It is to be added that Ellis met with a copy of the present poem in a MS. then belonging to Malone, but not now in the Bodleian, and printed it with modernized spelling in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets* (edit. 1801, iii. 144-6). The text here used seems, on the whole, preferable.

May it not be sharpfichted too aswell,
 And know thou knowst that which it dares not tell;
 And by that knowledge finde it may
 Tell it felfe ore a lowder way ?

B.

Let me alone a while,
 For so thou maist beguile
 My heart to a consent,
 Long ere it meant.
 For while I dare not disapprove,
 Least that betray a knowledge of thy love,
 I shall be so accustom'd to allow,
 That I shall not know how
 To be displeas'd, when thou shalt it avow.

3.

When by loves powerfull secret sympathy
 Our Soules are got thus nigh,
 And that by one another seene,
 There needs no breath to goe betweene,
 Though in the maine agreement of our breasts
 Our *Hearts* subscribe as *Interests*,
 Will it not need
 The Tongues signe too as *Witnesse* to the deed ?

C.

Speake then, but when you tell the tale
 Of what you ayle,
 Let it be so disorder'd that I may
 Guesse onely thence what you would say.
 Then to speake sence
 Were an offence,
 And 'twill thy passion tell the subleft way
 Not to know what to say.

MR. CAREW TO HIS FRIND.¹

LIKE to the hand, that hath bine vsd to playe
 One lesson longe, still runns the selfe same way,
 And waights not what the heavens bidde yt stricke,
 But dothe presume by custome this will like.
 Soe runne my thoughts which are soe perfect growne,
 Soe well acquainted with my passion,
 That now they dare preuent me with their hast,
 And ere I thincke to fighe, my fighe is past :
 Its past and flowen to you, for you alone
 Are all the object that I thincke vppon ;
 And did not you supplye my soule with thought,
 For want of action ytt to none were brought.
 What, though our absent armes may not infolde
 Reall embraces, yet wee firmly hold
 Each other in possession ; thus wee see
 The lord enioyes his lands, whear ere hee bee.
 If kings posses no more then whear they fate,
 What would they greater then a meane estate ?
 This makes me firmlye yours, you firmlye myne,
 That somthing more then bodies us combine.

WHEN, Celia, I intend to flatter you,
 And tell you lyes to make you true,
 I swear
 Theres none so fair ;
 And you believe it, too.

¹ MS. Ashmole 38, art. 81. This is not in the old copies, but has been printed by Blifs in his edition of the Oxford *Athenæ* (edit. Blifs, ii. 659).

EPIGRAM.



ALL Phillip *flatt-nose*, and he fretts at that :
And yet this Phillip hath a nose that's flatt.

ON ONE THAT DYED OF THE WIND-COLLICK.



HERE lyes John Dumbelow, who dyed because he
was fo,
If his taylor could haue spoke, his hart had not broke.

ON A CHILD'S DEATH.



CHILD, and dead ! alas, how could it come ?
Surely the thread of life was but a thrumme !





Commendatory Verses.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS MAY,
UPON HIS COMEDIE, THE HEIRE.¹



HE Heire, being borne, was in his tender age
Rockt in the Cradle of a private Stage,
Where, lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairely stand ;
Since, having gather'd strength, he dares pre-
ferre

His steps into the publike Theater,
The World: where he despaire not but to find
A doome from men more able, not lesse kind.

¹ Old printed copies of Carew's poems ; prefixed to the edit. of *The Heire*, 4°. 1633 ; Mr. Wyburd's MS. (the first four lines only). This drama was written in or before 1620 ; but at what period Carew's encomium may have been composed, is slightly uncertain. The probability seems to be, however, that the verses were written in 1633, to accompany the printed copy of the play. " These complimentary verses must be considered rather as a tribute to Friendship than to Genius ; for, though May was a competitor with Sir William D'Avenant for the Royal Laurel, his abilities were much less splendid. He translated the Georgics of Virgil and Lucan's *Pharsalia*, and was the Historian of the Oliverian Parliament."—D.

I but his Usher am, yet if my word
 May passe, I dare be bound he will afford
 Things must deserve a welcome, if well knowne,
 Such as best writers would have wisht their owne.

You shall observe his words in order meet,
 And softly stealing on with equall feet
 Slide into even numbers with such grace,
 As each word had beene moulded for that place.

You shall perceive an amorous passion spunne
 Into so smooth a web, as had the Sunne,
 When he pursu'd the swiftly flying Maid,¹
 Courted her in such language, she had staid;
 A love so well exprest must be the same
 The Authour felt himselfe from his faire flame.

The whole plot doth alike itselfe disclose
 Through the five Acts, as doth a Locke that goes
 With letters, for, till every one be knowne,
 The Lock's as fast as if you had found none;
 And where his sportive Muse doth draw a thread
 Of mirth, chaste Matrons may not blush to reade.

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveale
 My want of art, deare friend, than to conceale
 My love. It did appeare I did not meane
 So to commend thy well-wrought Comick scene,
 As men might judge my aime rather to be
 To gaine praise to my selfe, than give it thee;
 Though I can give thee none but what thou hast
 Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath out-last.

Yet was this garment (though I skilleffe be
 To take thy measure) onely made for thee,
 And if it prove too scant, 'tis cause the stuffe
 Nature allow'd me was not large enough.²

¹ Alludes to the fable of Apollo and Daphne.—D.

² The text of 1640 has been collated with the 4^o. edit. of the *Heire*; it was not thought worth while to note the trivial differences of orthography.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MASTER GEORGE SANDYS,
ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE PSALME.



PRESSE not to the quire, nor dare I greet
The holy Place with my unhallowed feet ;
My unwasht Muse pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine ;
Here humbly at the Porch she listning staves,
And with glad eares sucks in thy Sacred Laves.
So devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without dore, and some beneath the Font,
To stand and heare the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemne Exercise :
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
Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun ;
A pure Flame may, shot by Almighty Power
Into my brest, the earthy flame devoure.
My Eyes in Penitentiall dew may steepe
That brine which they for sensuall love did weepe ;
So, though ('gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water be with water drencht,
Perhaps my restlesse Soul, tyr'de with perfruit
Of mortall beauty, seeking without fruit

¹ These lines were originally prefixed to *A Paraphrase upon the Divine Poems*. By George Sandys. Lond. 1638, folio. A second edition appeared in 1648, without place or printer's name, 8°. "Dryden calls him the best versifier of his time."—D.

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' immortall Love.
 Prompted by thy Example then, no more
 In moulds of Clay will I my God adore;
 But teare those idols from my heart, and write
 What his blest Sp'rit, 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,
 Than all the flourishing Wreathes by Laureats worne.

TO MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, HENRY LORD CARY
 OF LEPINGTON, UPON HIS TRANSLATION
 OF MALVEZZI.¹

MY LORD,



IN every triviall worke 'tis knowne
 Translators must be masters of their owne
 And of their Author's language; but your taske
 A greater latitude of skill did aske;
 For your Malvezzi first requir'd a man
 To teach him speak vulgar Italian.
 His matter's so sublime, so now his phrase
 So farre above the stile of Bemboe's dayes,

¹ Old printed copies. These lines were originally prefixed to the second edition of Malvezzi's *Romulus and Tarquin*, translated by Henry Cary, Lord Lepington, Lond. 1638, 12°. There was an edition of this work in 1637 without the verses by Carew, Suckling and others, and with the translator's name in a monogrammatical disguise.

Old Varchie's rules, or what the Crufca yet
For currant Tufcan mintage will admit,
As I beleve your Marqueffe, by a good
Part of his natives, hardly understood.
You muft expect no happier fate; 'tis true
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts nor words fit common eares;
He writes, and you translate, both to your peeres.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, M. D'AVENANT, UPON HIS
EXCELLENT PLAY, THE JUST ITALIAN.¹



LE not mifpend in praife the narrow roome
I borrow in this leafe; the garlands bloome
From thine owne feedes, that crowne each glorious
page

Of thy triumphant worke; the fullen age
Requires a fatyre. What ftarre guides the foule
Of thefe our froward times, that dare controule,
Yet dare not learne to judge? When didft thou flie
From hence, cleare, candid Ingenuitie?
I have beheld when, pearch'd on the fsmooth brow
Of a faire modest troope, thou didft allow
Applaufe to flighter workes; but then the weake
Spectator gave the knowing leave to fpeake.

¹ Old printed copies of Carew's *Poems*; Davenant's *Iuft Italian*, 1630, 4°, fign. A. 2 *verso* and A 3 *recto*. "This gentleman, who was fupposed, but with the greateft improbability, to be a natural fon of Shakespear, was one of the firft Poets of his time. It was he who harmonized the ftage. He firft introduced fcenery, and the order and Decorum of the French Theatre, upon the Britifh one. He fucceeded Ben Johnfon as Poet Laureat to Charles."—D.

Now noyfe prevailes, and he is tax'd for drowth
 Of wit that with the crie spends not his mouth.
 Yet aske him reason why he did not like ;
 Him, why he did : their ignorance will strike
 Thy soule with scorne and pity. Marke the places
 Provoke their smiles, frownes, or distorted faces,
 When they admire, nod, shake the head,—they'le be
 A scene of myrth, a double comedie.
 But thy strong fancies (raptures of the braine,
 Dreft in poetique flames,) they entertaine
 As a bold, impious reach ; for they'le still flight
 All that exceeds Red Bull¹ and Cockpit flight.
 These are the men in crowded heape that throng
 To that adulterate stage, where not a tong
 Of th' untun'd kennell can a line repeat
 Of serious sence : but like lips meet like meat ;
 Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone
 Keepe naturall unstrain'd action in her throne,
 Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
 The terfer Beaumont's or great Johnson's verse.
 Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
 Rules not the stage alone ; perhaps the State
 Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good
 Have by the rabble beene misunderstood.
 So was thy Play, whose cleere, yet loftie straine
 Wise men, that governe fate, shall entertaine.

¹ After the Restoration, there were two companies of Players formed, one under the title of the *King's Servants*, the other that of the *Duke's Company*, both by patent from the Crown ; the first granted to Mr. [Thomas] Killigrew, and the latter to Sir William D'Avenant. The King's Servants acted first at the Red Bull in St. John's Street, and afterwards at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, to which places our Poet here alludes. It seems by the verses before us that, though Killigrew's company was much inferior to D'Avenant's, it was more successful, though the company of the latter, who performed at the Duke's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, acted the pieces of Shakespeare, Johnson, Beaumont, and were headed by the celebrated Betterton.—D.

TO THE READER OF MASTER WILLIAM
DAVENANT'S PLAY.¹

IT hath been said of old, that playes bee Feasts,
Poets the Cookes, and the Spectators Guests,
The Actors Waiters. From this Similie
Some have deriv'd an unsafe libertie
To use their Judgements as their Tastes, which chuse
Without controule this Dish, and that refuse;
But Wit allows not this large Priviledge:
Either you must confesse, or feele it's edge;
Nor shall you make a currant inference,
If you transfer your reason to your sense:
Things are distinct, and must the same appeare
To every piercing Eye or well-tun'd Eare.
Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my tast meet;
Both must agree, this meat's or sharpe or sweet:
But if I f[c]ent a stench or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: So you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humerous Play,
If, though the kind distaste or please, the Good
And Bad be by your Judgement understood;
But if, as in this play, where with delight
I feast my Epicurean appetite
With rellishes so curious, as dispence
The utmost pleasure to the raviht sense,
You should professe that you can nothing meet
That hits your taste either with sharpe or sweet,

¹ Old printed copies. These lines were originally prefixed to *The Witts, a Comedie*, &c. Lond. 1636, 4^o, which text has been collated with that of 1640.

But cry out, 'tis insipid, your bold Tongue
 May doe it's Master, not the Author wrong ;
 For men of better Pallat will by it
 Take the just elevation of your Wit.


TO MY FRIEND, WILL. D'AVENANT.



CROWDED 'mongst the first to see the stage
 (Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
 By thy bright fancie dazled ; where each sceane
 Wrought like a charme, and forc't the audience leane
 To th' passion of thy pen. Thence ladyes went
 (Whose absence lovers sigh'd for) to repent
 Their unkind scorne, and courtiers, who by art
 Made love before with a converted heart,
 To wed those virgins, whom they woo'd t' abuse ;
 Both rendred Hymen's pros'lits by thy muse.

But others, who were prooffe 'gainst love, did fit
 To learne the subtle dictats of thy wit ;
 And as each profited, took his degree,
 Master or bachelor, in comedie.
 Wee of th' adult'rate mixture not complaine ;
 But thence more characters of vertue gaine ;
 More pregnant patternes of transcendent worth,
 Than barren and insipid truth brings forth :
 So oft the bastard nobler fortune meets
 Than the dull issue of the lawfull sheets.

TO WILL. DAVENANT MY FRIEND.¹


 HEN I behold, by warrants from thy Pen,
 A Prince rigging our Fleets, arming our Men ;
 Conducting to remotest shores our force
 (Without a *Dido* to retard his course),
 And thence repelling in successe-full fight
 Th' usurping Foe (whose strength was all his Right)
 By two brave Heroes (whom wee justly may
 By *Homer's Ajax* or *Achilles* lay),
 I doubt the Author of the Tale of Troy,
 With him that makes his Fugitive enjoy
 The Carthage Queene, and thinke thy Poem may
 Imposé upon Posteritie, as they
 Have done on us : what though Romances lye
 Thus blended with more faithfull Historie,
 Wee of th' adult'rate mixture not complaine,
 But thence more Characters of Vertue gaine ;
 More pregnant Patterns of transcendent worth,
 Than barren and insipid Truth brings forth :
 So oft the Bastard nobler fortune meets
 Than the dull issue of the lawfull sheets.

¹ This is another, and the original, version of the copy of verses just given. I print them precisely as they occur among the Prolegomena to *Madagascar; With other Poems. By W. Davenant.* Lond. 1638, 12°. In both texts the conclusion is similar.



A Paraphrafe of Certain Pſalms.

PSALME I.¹

I.



APPHE the man that dothe not walke
In wicked counsells, nor hath lent
His glad eare to the rayling talke
Of ſkorners, nor his prompt ſteeps² bent
To wicked pathes, where ſinners went.

2. But to thoſe fafer tractſ confine,
Which Gods law-giueing finger made,
Neuer withdrawes his weried mynde
From practize of that holye trade,
By noonedayes funne or midnights ſhade.

¹ MS. Aſhmole 38. No other copy ſeems to be known. It has been printed already in Fry's *Bibliographical Memoranda*, 1816, but for the preſent purpoſe the text has been collated with the MS.

² Steps.

3. Like the fayre plante whom neighbouring fouds
Refresh, whose leafe feeles no decayes ;
That not alone wth flattering buds,
But earely fruitts his Lords hope payes :
So shall he thriue in all his wayes.
4. But the loose finner shall not share
Soe fixt a state ; like the light dust,
That vpp and downe the empty ayre
The wylde wynd driues wth various gust :
Soe shall crosse fortunes tofs th' unjust.
5. Therefore, att the last judgement day,
The trembling sinnefull soule shall hyde
His confused face, nor shall he stay,
Whear the elected troopes abyde,
But shall be chafed farr from their side.
6. For the clere pathes of righteous men
To the all-feeing Lord are knowne ;
But the darke maze and dismall den,
Whear finners wander vpp and downe,
Shall by his hand be overthrowne.

PSALME 2.¹

1, 2, 3.



WHY rage the heathen, wherefore swell
The People with vaine thoughts, why meete
Their Kings in counsell to rebell
'Gainst God and Christ, trampling his sweete,
But broken, bonds vnder their feete?

¹ MS. Ashmole 38 and Mr. Wyburd's MS. From these sources are also derived Psalms 51, 91, 104, 113 and 114, which follow.

- 4, 5, 6. Alas, the glorious God that hath
 His throne in heaven, derides th' vnfound
 Plotts of weak mortalls: in his wrath
 Thus shall hee speak: my self hath crownd
 The Monarch of my holy ground.
- 7, 8. I will declare what God hath told;
 Thou art my sonne: this happie day
 Did thie incarnate birth vnfold;
 Ask, and the heathen shall obey,
 With the remotest Earth, thy sway.
- 9, 10, 11. Thy rodd of iron shall, if Kings ryfe
 Against thee, bruisse them into dust
 Like potts of clay; therefore bee wise,
 Yee Princes, and learne judgments iust:
 Serve God with feare: tremble, yet trust.
12. Kisse and doe homage to the Sonne,¹
 Least his displeasure ruyne bring,
 For if the fire bee but begunn,
 Then happie those that themselues fling
 Vnder the shelter of his wing.

PSALME 51.

I.



GOOD God, vnlock thy magazins
 Of mercie, and forgive my finnes.

2. Oh, wash and purifie the foule
 Pollution of my sin-staynd foule.

¹ Both the MS. have *Sunn*.

3. For I confesse my faults, that lye
In horrid shapes before myne eye. }
4. Against the[e] onely and alone,
In thie fight was this evill donne,
That all men might thy Iustice see,
When thou art iudg'd for iudgeing mee.
5. Euen from my birth I did begin
With mothers milk to suck in finn.
6. But thou lov'ft truth, and shalt impart
Thy secreet wifdome to my heart.
7. Thou shalt with yfopp purge mee, foe
Shall I feeme white as mountaine fnowe.
8. Thou shalt fend ioyfull newes, and then
My broaken bones growe strong againe.
9. Lett not thine eyes my fins survey ;
But cast those cancell'd debts away.
10. Oh, make my cleans'd heart a pure cell,
Where a renewed spiritt may dwell.
11. Cast mee not from thy fight, nor chafe
Away from mee thy spiritt of grace.
12. Send mee thy faueing health againe,
And with thy Spiritt those ioyes mainetaine.
13. Then will I preach thy wayes, and drawe
Converted finners to thy lawe.
- 14, 15. Oh God, my God of health, vnseale
My blood-shutt lipps, and Ile reveale
What mercyes in thy justice dwell,
And with lowd voyce thy praises tell.
- 16, 17. Could sacrifice haue purgd my vice,
Lord, I had brought thee sacrifice ;

But though burnt offerings are refus'd,
 Thou shalt accept the heart that's bruis'd :
 The humbled soule, the spiritt opprest :
 Lord, such oblations please the[e] best.

18. Bless Syon, Lord; repaire with pittie
 The ruynes of thy holy Cittie.
19. Then will wee holy dower present thee,
 And peace offerings that content thee ;
 And then thyne Alters shall be prest
 With many a sacrificed beast.

PSALME 91.

1, 2, 3.



MAKE the greate God thy Fort, and dwell
 In him by faith, and doe not care
 (Soe shaded) for the power of hell
 Or for the cunning Fowler's snare,
 Or poyson of th' infected ayre.

- 4, 5. His plumes shall make a downy bedd,
 Where thou shalt rest : hee shall display
 His wings of truth over thy head
 Which, like a shield, shall drive away
 The feares of night, the darts of day.
- 6, 7. The winged plague that flies by night,
 The murdering sword that kills by day,
 Shall not thy peacefull sleepes affright,
 Though on thy right and left hand they
 A thousand and ten thousand slay.

- 8, 9, 10. Yet shall thine eyes behould the fall
 Of finners ; but, because thy heart
 Dwells with the Lord, not one of all
 Those ill, nor yet the plaguie dart,
 Shall dare approach neere where thou art.
- 11, 12, 13. His Angells shall direct thie leggs,
 And guard them in the stony streets :
 On lyons' whelps and addars' eggs
 Thy stepps shall march ; and if thou meete
 With draggons, they shall kifs thy feete.
- 14, 15, 16. When thou art troubled, hee shall heare,
 And help thee for thy loue embraft,
 Unto¹ his name ; therefore hee'l reare
 Thy honours high, and when thou hast
 Enioyd them long, faue the[e] att last.

PSALME 104.²

I.



- Y foule the great Gods praises sings,
 Encircled round with glorious wings.
2. Cloath'd with light, o're whome the skie
 Hangs like a starry cannopie.
3. Whoe dwells vppon the gliding streames,
 Enamel'd with his golden beames :
 Enthron'd in clouds, as in a chayre,
 Hee rydes in tryvmph through the ayre.

¹ The MSS. have *And knowe* and *And knew*.

² Besides the copies in Ashm. MS. 38 and in Mr. Wyburd's MS. there is one in Addit. MS 22, 118, fol. 35-6. All the texts have been collated.

The Works of

4. The winds and flameing element
Are on his greate Ambassage sent.
5. The fabrick of the Earth shall stand
For aye, built by his powerfull hand.
- 6, 7, 8, 9. The floods that with their watry robe
Once covered all this earthlie Globe,
Soone as thie thundering voyce was heard,
Fledd fast, and straight the hills appear'd :
The humble valleys sawe the Sunn,
Whilst the affrighted waters runn
Into their channells, and noe more
Shall drowne the earth, or passe the shoare.
10. Along those Vales the coole springs flowe,
And wash the mountaines feete belowe.
11. Hither for drinck the whole heard strays :
There the wild asse his thirst allayes
12. And on the bowghs that shade the spring
The featherd quire shall fitt and sing.
- 13, 14, 15. When on her wombe thy dewe is shedd,
The pregnant Earth is brought to bedd,
And, with a fruitfull birth encreast,
Yeelds hearbes and grafs for man and beast :
Heart-strengthening breade, care-drowning wyne,
And oyle that makes the face to shyne.
16. On Lebanon his cedars stand :
Trees full of sapp, works of his hand.
17. In them the birds their cabines dight :
The firr-tree is the storks delight.
18. The wild goat on the hills, in cells
Of rockes the hermitt conye, dwells.

19. The Moone obserues her course ; the Sunn
Knowes when his weary race is donne.
20. And when the Night her dark vaile spredds,
The wilder beafts forsake their sheddts :
21. The hungrie lions hunt for blood,
And roareing begg from God their food.
- 22, 23. The Sunn returnes : theis beafts of pray
Flye to their denns, and from the day ;
And whilst they in dark cavernes lurk,
Mann till the evening goes to work.
24. How full of creatures is the Earth,
To which thy wisdome gaue their birth !
25. And those that in the wide sea breed,
The bounds of number farre exceed.
26. There the huge whales with finny feete
Dance vnderneath the faileing fleete.
- 27, 28, 29, 30. All theis expect their nourishment
From thee, and gather what is sent.
Bee thy hand open, they are fedd,
Bee thie face hidd, astonished :
If thou withdrawe their Soule, they must
Returne into their former dust ;
If thou send back thy breath, the face
Of th' Earth is spread with a new race.
31. Gods glorie shall for ever stay ;
Hee shall with ioy his works survey.
- 32, 33. The stedfast Earth shall shake, if hee
Look downe, & if the mountaines bee
Tought, they shall smoak ; yet still my verse
Shall, whilst I liue, his praise reherse.

34. In him with ioy my thoughts shall meete ;
Hee makes my meditations sweete.
35. The finner shall appeare noo more :
Then, oh my foule, the Lord adore !

PSALME 113.

1, 2, 3.



EE children of the Lord, that waite
Vppon his wille, sing hymnes divine
From henceforth to tymes endles date
To his name, prais'd from the first shine
Of th' earthly sunn, till it decline.

- 4, 5, 6. The hoasts of Heauen or earth haue none
May to his height of glory rise ;
For whoe like him hath fixd his throne
Soe high, yet bends downe to the skyes,
And lower[s to] Earth his humble eyes ?
- 7, 8, 9. The poore from loathed dust hee draws,
And makes them regall state inuest
'Mongst kings he¹ gives his people lawes ;
Hee makes the barren mother rest
Vnder her rooffe, with children blest.

¹ Ashm. MS. *the* ; Mr, Wyburd's MS. *that*.

PSALME 114.

I, 2.

WHEN the feede of Iacob fledd
From the cruell Pharaohs land,
Iuda was in safety ledd
By the Lord, whose powerfull hand
Guided all the Hebrew band.

- 3, 4. This the sea saw, and dismayde
Flyes : swift Iourdane backward makes :
Mountaines skipt like ramms affraid ;
And the lower hillocks shakes,
Like a tender lambe that quakes.
- 5, 6. What, Oh Sea, hath thee dismaide ?
Why did Iourdane backwards make ?
Mountaines why, like ramms affraide,
Skipt yee ? wherefore did yee shake,
Hillocks, like the lambes that quake ?
- 7, 8. Tremble, Oh thou stedfast Earth,
Att the presence of the Lord,
That makes rocks give rivers birth,
And by virtue of whose word
Flints shall floweing springs afford.

PSALME 119.¹*Aleph. Beati Immaculati. 1.*

I.



LEST is hee that spottles stands
 In the way of Gods comãnds.

2. Blessed hee that keeps his word :
 Whose intire heart seekes the Lord ;
3. For the man, that walketh in
 His iust paths, comitts noe finn.
4. By thine strickt comãunds wee are
 Bound to keepe thy lawes with care.
5. Oh that my stepps might not slide
 From thy statutes' perfect guide !
6. Soe shall I decline thy wrath,
 Treading thy comãunded path ;
7. Haueing learn'd thy righteous wayes,
 With true heart I'le sing thy praise ;
8. In thy statutes I'll persever :
 Then forsake mee not for ever !

Beth. In quo corriget ? 2.

9. How shall youth but by the leuell
 Of thy word bee kept from euill ?

¹ Mr. Wyburd's MS. No other copy seems to be known.

10. Lett my foule, that seekes the way
Of thy truth, not goe astraye.
11. Where leaft my fraile feet might slide,
In my heart thy words I hide.
12. Bleft bee thou, oh Lord : oh, shoue
How I may thy statutes knowe.
13. I haue publisht the divine
Judgments of thy mouth with myne ;
14. Which haue fill'd my foule with pleasure,
More then all the heaps of treasure.
15. They shall all the subiect proue
Of my talk and of my love.
16. Those my darlings noe tyme shall
From my memory lett fall.

Gimel. Retribue seruo tuo. 3.

17. Lett thie grace, O Lord, preserue mee,
That I may but live to serue thee ;
18. Open my dark eyes, that I
May thy wonderous lawes descry.
19. Lett thy glorious light appeare :
I am but a pilgrime heere.
20. Yet the zeale of their defyre
Hath euen fett my heart on fire.
21. Thy feare rodd and curse oretaketh
Him that proudly thee forsaketh.
22. I haue kept thy lawes, Oh God :
Turne from mee thy curse and rodd.

The Works of

23. Though combined Princes raild,
Yet thy Servant hath not faild
24. In their studdie to abide ;
For they are my Joy, my guide.

Daleth. Adhæsit pavimento. 4.

25. For thy words fake, give new birth
To my foule that cleaues to earth.
26. Thou hast heard my tongue vntwine
All my waies : Lord, teach mee thyne !
27. Make mee knowe them, that I may
All thie wonderous workes display.
28. Thou hast said the word : then bring
Eafe to my foule languishing.
29. Plant in mee thy lawes' true love,
And the Vaile of lyes remove.
30. I have choosen truth to lye,
The fixt obiect of myne eye.
31. On thy word my faith I grounded :
Lett me not then bee confounded.
32. When my foule from bonds is freed,
I shall runne thy wayes with speed.

He. Legem pone. 5.

33. Teach mee, Lord, thy waies, and I
From that roade will never fly ;
34. Give mee knowledge, that I may
With my heart thy lawes obey.

35. Vnto that path my steps move,
For I there haue fixt my love.
36. Fill my heart with those pure fires,
Not with covetous desyres.
37. To vaine fights lett mee bee
Blinde, but thy waies lett mee see.
38. Make thy promise firme to mee,
That with feare have serued thee.
39. 'Cause thy judgements ever were
Sweete, divert the shame I feare.
40. Lett not him in justice perish,
That desyres thy lawes to cherish.

Vau. Et venias super me. 6.

41. Lett thy loving mercies cure mee,
As thy promises assure mee ;
42. Soe shall the blasphemers see,
I not vainely trust in thee ;
43. Take not quite the words away
Of thy truth, that are my stay ;
44. Then I'll keepe thy lawes, even till
Winged tyme it self stand still ;
45. And whilst I pursue thy search,
With secure steps will I march.
46. Vnashamed I'll record
Euen before greate kings thy word.
47. That shall be my ioy, for there
My thoughts ever fixed were ;

48. With bent mynd and stretch'd out hands
I will feek thie lov'd commands.

Zaine. Memor esto Verbi tui. 7.

49. Thinck vppon thy promise made,
For in that my trust is layd ;
50. That my comfort in distrefs,
That hath brought my life redresse.
51. Though the proud hath scorn'd mee, they
Made mee not forsake thy waie ;
52. Thy eternall judgements brought
Joy to my remembring thought ;
53. With great forrowe I am taken,
When I see thy lawes forsaken,
54. Which haue made me songs of myrth
In this pilgrimage of Earth :
55. Which I myndefull was to keepe,
When I had forgott to sleepe ;
56. Thy comãundes I did embrace,
Therefore I obtain'd thy grace.

Heth. Portio mea, Domine. 8.

57. Thou, O Lord, art my reward :
To thy lawes my thoughts are squar'd ;
58. With an humble heart I craue
Thou wilt promis'd mercy haue.
59. I have marked my waies, and now
To thie waies my feete I bowe.

60. Nor haue I the tyme delaid,
But with haft this iourney made,
61. Where, though hands of finners lay
Snareing netts, I keepe my waie.
62. I my self att midnight raife
Singing thy iust iudgements praife.
63. I conuerse with those that beare
To thie lawes obedyent feare.
64. Teach mee them, Lord, by that grace
Which hath fil'd the worlds wide space.

[Concludes imperfectly.]

PSALME 137.¹

SITTING by the streames that glide
Downe by Babell's towring wall,
With our tears wee filde the tyde,
Whilst our myndfull thoughts recall
Thee, O Sion, and thy fall.

Our neglected harps vnstrunge,
Not acquainted with the hand
Of the skillfull tuner, hunge
On the willow trees that stand
Planted in the neighbour land.

¹ MS. Ashmole 38. No other copy is at present known. I have little doubt, however, that Mr. Wyburd's MS. in its original integrity contained this as well as the remainder of Psalm 119.

The Works of

Yett the spightfull foe commands
 Songs of mirthe, and bids vs lay
 To dumbe harps our captiue hands,
 And to scoffe our forrowes, say,
 Sing vs some sweet Hebrewe lay.

But, say wee, our holye strayn
 Is too pure for heathen land,
 Nor may wee God's himmes prophane,
 Or moue eyther voyce or hand
 To delight a sauage band.

Holye Salem, yf thy loue
 Fall from my forgetfull harte,
 May the skill, by which I moue
 Strings of muficke tun'd with art,
 From my withered hand departe.

May my speachles tongue giue found
 To noe accents, but remayne
 To my prifon roofe fast bound,
 Iff my fad foule entertayne
 Mirth, till thou rejoyce agayne.

In that day remember, Lord,
 Edom's breed, that in our groanes
 They triumph; and with fier, sword,
 Burn their cittie, herfe their bones,
 And make all one heape of ftones.

Cruell Babell, thou shalt feele
 The reuenger of our groanes,
 When the happie victor's fteele,
 As thine our's, shall hew thy bones,
 And make all one heape of ftones.

Men shall blefs the hand that teares
From the mothers foft embraces
Sucking infants, and befmeares
With their braynes the rugged faces
Of the rockes and ftony places.





COELUM BRITANNICUM.

A MASQUE

AT WHITE-HALL IN THE BANQUETTING-HOUSE

on Shrove-Tuesday-Night, the 18. of February, 1633.





The Description of the Scène.¹



THE first thing that presented it selfe to the sight was a rich Ornament that enclosed the Scène; in the upper part of which were great branches of Foliage, growing out of leaves and huskes, with a Coronice² at the top; and in the midst was placed a large compartiment, composed of Grotteske worke, wherein were Harpies, with wings and Lyons clawes, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches: over all was a broken Frontispice, wrought with scrowles and masque heads of Children; and within this a Table, adorn'd with a lesser compartiment, with this inscription, COELVM BRIT-TANICVM. The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and

¹ The present text is from the 4to tract of 1634, collated with the edition of 1640; but the first is the more correct, and appeared, as the only work of Carew which was printed in his lifetime, perhaps under his eye, to be the more suitable for selection and use in the present case. In edit. 1772 there is a long note here on the nature and origin of Masques, which seemed altogether scarcely worth printing. The full title of the Masque will be found elsewhere.

² The uppermost member of the entablature of a Column, or that which crowns the order.—D.

on the Plinth¹ stood a great vase of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with Sculptures of great Releive,² with frutages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this fate two youths naked, in their naturall colours; each of these with one arme supported the Vaze, on the cover of which stood two young women in Draperies, arme in arme, the one figuring the glory of Princes, and the other Manfuetude;³ their other armes bore upan Ovall in which to the Kings Majesty was this Imprese, A Lyon with an Imperial Crowne on his head; the word, *Animum sub pectore forti*. On the other side was the like Composition, but the designe of the Figures varied; and in the Oval on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Imprese to the Queens Majesty, a Lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser Lillies springing out of the Stemme; the word, *Semper inclita Virtus*. All this Ornament was heightned with Gold, and for the Invention and various composition, was the newest and most gracious that hath beene done in this place.

The curtaine was watchet,⁴ and a pale yellow in paines, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scène, representing old Arches, old Palaces, decayed walls, parts of Temples, Theaters, Basilicas,⁵ and Thermæ,⁶ with confused heaps of broken Columnes, Bases, coronices, and Statues, lying as under ground, and altogether resembling the ruines of some great city of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Brittaines.

¹ The square member which serves as the foundation to the base of a pillar.—D.

² That part of a figure which projects much beyond the ground on which it is carved is called by artists *alto relievo*.—D. The editions have *releive*. This emendation is suggested in a MS. note to a copy of ed. 1642 in the British Museum.

³ Gentleness.—D.

⁴ Pale blue.—D.

⁵ Basilicas, in Architecture, are public halls with two ranges of pillars, and galleries over them.—D.

⁶ Baths.—D.

This strange prospect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators some time, when, to a loud musicke, Mercury descends; on the upper part of his Chariot stands a Cocke, in action of crowing; his habit was a Coat of flame colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimm'd with gold and silver; upon his head a wreath, with small falls of white feathers, a Caduceus in his hand, and wings at his heeles. Being come to the ground, he dismounts, and goes up to the State.

Mercury.

From the high Senate of the gods, to You
Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majesty,
Before whose Throne three warlike Nations bend
Their willing knees: on whose Imperiall browes
The Regall Circle prints no awfull frownes
To fright your Subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerefull loyall reverence,
Come I, Cyllenius, Joves Ambassadour;
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love into the glowing eare
Of some choyce beauty in this numerous traine;
Those dayes are fled, the rebell flame is quench'd
In heavenly brests; the gods have sworne by Styx,
Never to tempt yeelding mortality
To loose embraces. Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your vertuous Court,
By whose bright blaze your Pallace is become
The envy'd patterne of this underworld;
But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven;
Th' immortal bosomes burne with emulous fires,
Jove rivals your great vertues, Royall fir,
And Juno, Madam, your attractive graces;
He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies

She layes aside, and through th' Olympique hall,
 As yours doth here, their great Example spreads.
 And though of old, when youthfull blood conspir'd
 With his new Empire, prone to heats of lust,
 He acted incests, rapes, adulteries,
 On earthly beauties, which his raging Queene,
 Swolne with revengefull fury, turn'd to beasts,
 And in despight he transformèd to Stars,
 Till he had fill'd the crowded Firmament
 With his loose Strumpets and their spurious race,
 Where the eternall records of his shame
 Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
 When in the Chrystall myrrour of your reigne
 He view'd himselfe, he found his loathsome staines;
 And now, to expiate the infectious guilt
 Of those detested luxuries, hee'll chace
 Th' infamous lights from their usurped Spheare,
 And drowne in the Lethæan flood their curs'd
 Both names and memories. In whose vacant roomes
 First you succeed, and of the wheeling Orbe
 In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
 With dazeling beames and spreading magnitude,
 Shine the bright Pole-starre of this Hemispheare;
 Next, by your side, in a triumphant Chaire,
 And crown'd with Ariadnes Diadem,
 Sits the faire Consort of your heart and Throne;
 Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
 As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
 Hee'll fix this Noble traine, of either sexe;
 So to the Brittish stars this lower Globe
 Shall owe its light, and they alone dispence
 To th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus*, attired in a long darkish robe, all wrought over
 with ponyards, Serpents' tongues, eyes, and eares; his
 beard and haire party coloured, and upon his head a

wreath stucke with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the Forepart.

Momus.

By your leave, Mortals, goodden cozen Hermes! your pardon, good my lord Ambassadour. I found the tables of your Armes and Titles in every Inne betwixt this and Olympus, where your present expedition is registred your nine thousandth nine hundred ninety-ninth Legation. I cannot reach the policy why your Master breeds so few Statesmen; it suits not with his dignity that in the whole empyræum there should not bee a god fit to send on these honourable errands but your selfe, who are not yet so carefull of his honour or your owne, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant; the Hosts upon the highway cry out with open mouth upon you for supporting pilfery in your traine; which, though as you are the god of petty larcinry, you might protect, yet you know it is directly against the new orders, and opposes the Reformation in Diameter.

Merc. Peace, Rayler, bridle your licentious tongue,
And let this Prefence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it if it can; in the meane time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know (gay people) that though your Poets, who enjoy by Patent a particular privilege to draw downe any of the Deities from Twelfnight till Shrove tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar entercourse betweene the two Courts, have as yet never invited me to these Solemnities; yet it shall appeare by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable Person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is *Momus-ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demorgorgon-ap-Eternity*. My Offices and Titles are, the Supreme Theomastix, Hupercritique of manners, Protonotarie of abuses, Arch-Informer, Dilator-Generall, Vniversall Calumniator, Eternall Plaintiffe, and perpetuall Foreman of the Grand

Inquest. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, dores, curtaines, through key-holes, chinkes, windowes, about all Veneriall Lobbies, Skonces, or Redoubts, though it bee to the surprize of a perdu¹ Page or Chambermaid, in, and at all Courts of civill and criminall judicature, all Counfels, Consultations, and Parliamentary assemblies, where, though I am but a Wooll-sacke god, and have no vote in the sanction of new lawes, I have yet a Prærogative of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoofe, or prejudice, of Iupiter his Crowne and Dignity, for, or against the Rights of either house of Patrician or Plebeian gods. My naturall qualities are to make Iove frowne, Iuno powt, Mars chafe, Venus blush, Vulcan glow, Saturne quake, Cynthia pale, Phæbus hide his face, and Mercury here take his heeles. My recreations are witty mischiefes, as when Saturne guelt his father; the Smith caught his wife and her Bravo in a net of Cobweb-Iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Halfpase, presented the Embleme of the forked tree, and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowie cliffs of Calabria, with the Grotto of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me by the familiar illustration of a Bird of mine owne feather, old Peter Aretine, who reduc'd all the Scepters and Myters of that Age tributary to his wit, was my Parallel; and Frank Rablais suck'd much of my milke too; but your moderne French Hospitall of Oratory is meere counterfeit, an arrant Mountebanke; for, though fearing no other tortures than his Sciatica, hee discourse of Kings and Queenes with as little reverence as of Groomes and Chambermaids, yet the wants their fangteeth and Scorpions taile; I meane that fellow who, 'to adde to his stature, thinkes it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like

¹ Lying in wait to watch anything.—D.

a Dogge in a doublet, than to walke like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more, impertinent trifeler! you disturbe
The great Affaire with your rude scurrilous chat :
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concerne Joves solemne Message ?

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more
especiall Commission of employment from Iupiter, and a
larger entertainment from his Exchequer, yet, as a freeborne
god, I have the liberty to travell at mine owne charges,
without your passe or countenance legatine ; and that it may
appeare a fedulous acute observer may know as much as a
dull flegmatique Ambassadour, and wearas a treble key to
unlocke the misterious Cyphers of your darke secrecies, I will
discourse the polititique state of heaven to this trimme Audience.

At this the Scæne changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a
Spheare, with Starres placed in their severall Images, borne
up by a huge naked Figure (onely a peece of Drapery
hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards, as
if the great weight lying on his shoulders opprest him ;
upon his head, a Crowne ; by all which hee might easly be
knowne to be Atlas.

You shall understand, that Iupiter, upon the inspection of
I know not what vertuous Presidents extant (as they say) here
in this Court, but as I more probably ghesse, out of the con-
sideration of the decay of his naturall abilities, hath, before a
frequent cōvocation of the Superlunary Peeres in a solemne
Oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the
lascivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepast
licentious life, and taken his oath on Junos Breviary, re-
ligiously kissing the two-leav'd Booke, never to stretch his
limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets, and hath with patheticall
remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyned, a
respective conformity in the severall subordinate Deities ; and

because the Libertines of Antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those Strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to Posterity the Pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards; it is therefore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole Army of constellations be immediately disbanded and cashiered, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the Cœlestial Spirits, and all lustfull influences upon terrestriall bodies; and, consequently, that there be an Inquisition erected to expunge in the Ancient, and suppress in the moderne and succeeding Poems and Pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incontinences, and punish them in their high Commission Court. Am not I in election to be a tall Statesman, think you, that can repeat a passage at a Counsell-table thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vaine the importunity
 With which this Snarler vexeth all the gods;
 Love cannot scape him: well, what else from heaven?

Mom. Heaven!—Heaven is no more the place it was: a cloyster of Carthusians, a Monastery of converted gods; Iove is growne old and fearefull, apprehends a subversion of his Empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a legall succession in the legetimate heire, by repossessing the Titanian line; and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the Prefence Chamber by the Vi-President of Parnassus, too strict to bee observed long: Monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on Commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly Beverage of a narcotique weed which hath rendred the Idæaes confus'd in the Divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in Saturnes reigne. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repayre of Families to the

Metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of solliciting busineses in their owne persons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. Bacchus hath commanded all Tavernes to be shut, and no liquor drawne after tenne at night. Cupid must goe no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoyned to make him breeches, though of his mothers petticoates. Ganimede is forbidden the Bedchamber, and must only minister in publique. The gods must keep no Pages, nor Groomes of their Chamber, under the age of 25, and those provided of a competent stocke of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by especiall permission. Vulcan was brought to an Oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into one of the Sunnes Chariot-wheeles, and frost-nailing his horses, upon the fifth of November last, for breach of a penall Statute prohibiting worke upon Holydayes, that being the annual celebration of the Gygantomachy.¹ In briefe, the whole state of the Hierarchy suffers a totall reformation, especially in the poynt of reciprocation of conjugall affection. Venus hath confest all her adulteries, and is received to grace by her husband who, conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allowes those levities as an equall counterpoize; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowie fingers combing his footy beard. Iupiter too beginnes to learne to lead his owne wife; I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universall obedience, where the Law-giver himselfe in his owne person observes his decrees so punctually, who, besides to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimoniall union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber dore and feeling fretted with starres in capitall letters, engraven the inscription of

¹ This alludes to the *Gunpowder Plot*, and was intended, with the preceding list of all the Regulations in Heaven, to compliment Charles I. and his Consort on their temperance, their chastity, their justice, &c.—D.

CARLO MARIA. This is as much, I am sure, as either your knowledge or Instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without State-formality, politike inferences, or suspected Rhetoricall elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexteriously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of yon heavenly sparks up in the Embers, or reducing the CÆtheriall lights to their primitive opacity, and grosse darke subsistence; they are all unrivited from the Spheare, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes, and appear before you in their owne naturall deformities.

Merc. Momus, thou shalt prevaile, for since thy bold
Intrusion hath inverted my resolves,
I must obey necessity, and thus turne
My face, to breath the Thundrers just decree
'Gainst this adulterate Spheare, which first I purge
Of loathsome Monsters and mis-shapen formes:
Downe from her azure concave thus I charme
The Lyrnean hydra, the rough unlick'd Beare,
The watchfull Dragon, the storme-boading Whale,
The Centaure, the horn'd Goatfish Capricorne,
The Snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar.
Divest'd of your gorgeous starry robes,
Fall from the circling Orbe, and e're you sucke
Fresh venome in, measure this happy earth;
Then to the Fens, Caves, Forrests, Deferts, Seas,
Fly, and resume your native qualities.

*They dance in these monstrous shapes the first
Antimaske¹ of naturall deformity.*

¹ It is a mistake to suppose (as is generally done) that *Antimasque* signifies a kind of half-entertainment or Prelude to the Masque itself. The derivation of it is from *Antick* and *Masque*, and it means a dance of such strange and monstrous figures, as have no relation to order, uniformity, or even probability.—D.

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim playfellows for the Deities? Yet these and their fellows have made up all our conversation for some thousands of yeeres. Doe not you faire ladies acknowledge yourselves deeply engaged now to those Poets your servants that, in the height of commendation, have rais'd your beauties to a parallell with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? But now that these heavenly Mansions are to be voyd, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable; especially since Vertue alone shall be sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a Lady not competently stock'd that way, she shall not on the instant utterly despair, if shee carry a sufficient pawn of handsomenesse; for however the letter of the Lawe runnes, Iupiter, notwithstanding his Age and present austerity, will never refuse to stampe beauty, and make it currant with his owne Impression; but to such as are destitute of both I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed, Cozen Mercury; what followes?

Merc. Look up, and marke where the bright Zodiacke
Hangs like a Belt about the brest of heaven;
On the right shoulder, like a flaming Iewell,
His shell with nine rich Topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this Tropique, sits the skalding Crab:
He, when the Sunne gallops in full careere
His annuall race, his gaitly clawes uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the torrid zone,
The fiery teame, and proudly stops their course,
Making a solstice, till the fierce Steeds learne
His backward paces, and so retrograde
Poste downe-hill to th' oppos'd Capricorne.

Thus I depose him from his haughty¹ Throne ;
 “ Drop from the Sky into the briny flood,
 “ There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea ;
 “ But let those fires that beautifi'd thy shell
 “ Take humane shapés, and the disorder show
 “ Of thy regressive paces here below.”

*The second Antimasque is danc'd in retrograde paces,
 expressing obliquity in motion.*

Mom. This Crab, I confesse, did ill become the heavens ;
 but there is another that more infests the Earth, and makes
 such a solstice in the politer Arts and Sciences, as they have
 not beene observed for many Ages to have made any sensible
 advance. Could you but lead the learned Squadrons with
 a masculine resolution past this point of retrogradation, it
 were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and
 to be payed with Altars ; but that not being the worke
 of this night, you may pursue your purposes : what now
 succeeds ?

Merc. Vice that, unbodied, in the Appetite
 Erects his Throne, hath yet in bestiall shapés
 Branded by Nature with the Character
 And distinct stampe of some peculiar ill,
 Mounted the sky, and fix'd his Trophies there :
 As fawning flattery in the little Dog,
 I' th' bigger, churlish Murmur ; Cowardize
 I' th' timorous Hare ; Ambition in the Eagle ;
 Rapine and Avarice in th' adventurous Ship,
 That sail'd to Colchos for the Golden fleece.
 Drunken distemper in the Goblet flowes ;
 I' th' Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny ;

¹ Old copies have *laughty*.

In Hercules and the Lyon, furious rage ;
 Vaine Ostentation in Cassiope :
 All these I to eternall exile doome,
 But to this place their emblem'd Vices summon,
 Clad in those proper Figures, by which best
 Their incorporateall nature is exprest.

*The third Antimasque is danc'd of these severall vices,
 expressing the deviation from Vertue.*

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more said in the Proverbe, when you would expresse a riotous Assembly, That hell, but heaven, is broke loose. This was an arrant Goale-delivery ; all the prisons of your great Cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter ; but, Cozen Cyleneus, in my judgement it is not safe that these infectious persons should wander here, to the hazard of this Island ; they threatned less danger when they were nay'd to the Firmament : I should conceive it a very discreet course, since they are provided of a tall vessell of their owne, ready rigg'd, to embarque them all together in that good Ship call'd the Argo, and send them to the plantation in New-England, which hath purg'd more virulent humors from the politique body, then Guacum and all the West-Indian druggs have from the naturall bodies of this kingdome. Can you devise how to dispose them better ?

Merc. They cannot breath this pure and temperate Aire, Where Vertue lives ; but will, with hasty flight, 'Mongst fogs and vapours, seeke unfound abodes. Fly after them, from your usurped seats, You foule remainders of that viperous brood : Let not a Starre of the luxurious race With his loose blaze staine the skyes chryftall face.

All the Starres are quench'd, and the Spheare darkned.

Before the entry of every Antimasque, the Starres in those

figures in the Spheare which they were to repret, were extinct; so as, by the end of the Antimasques in the Spheare, no more Stars were seene.

Mom. Here is a totall Ecclipse of the eighth Spheare, which neither Booker, Allestre, nor any of your prognosticators, no, nor their great master Tycho, were aware of; but yet, in my opinion, there were some innocent, and some generous Constellations, that might have beene reserved for Noble uses; as the Skales and Sword to adorne the statue of Iustice, since she resides here on Earth onely in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had beene a fit present for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The Dolphin, too, had beene most welcome to the French; and then, had you but clapt Perseus on his Pergasus, brandishing his Sword, the Dragon yawning on his backe under the horses feet, with Pythons dart through his throat, there had beene a Divine St George for this Nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it now rests onely that wee provide an immediate succession; and to that purpose I will instantly proclaime a free Election.

*O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of Men.*

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the Princes of these latter Ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprises, sieges, battels, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapistry, Embroyderies, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their publique Palaces, and taken into Our more distinct and serious consideration the particular Christmas hanging of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the Navall Victory of 88.¹ is, to the eternall glory of this Nation,

¹ The defeat of the famous Spanish Armada, which Philip sent against England, and which was completely ruined by Queen Elizabeth's Fleet in 1588.—D.

exactly delineated ; and whereas We likewise, out of a propheticall imitation of this so laudable custome, did, for many thousand yeares before, adorne and beautifie the eighth roome of Our cælestiall Mansion, commonly called the Starre-Chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, atchievements, feats and defeats, performed in Our Owne person, whilest yet Our Standard was erected, and We a Combattant in the Amorous Warfare: it hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate held first in our owne inscrutable bosome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privy Councill, seemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for causes to Our selfe best knowne, to unfurnish and dis-array our foresaid Starre-Chamber of all those Ancient Constellations which have for so many Ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places such Persons onely as shall be qualified, with exemplar Vertue and eminent Desert, there to shine in indelible Characters of glory to all Posterity. It is therefore Our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of Our owne free and proper motion, meere grace and speciall favour, by these presents, to specifie and declare to all Our loving People, that it shall be lawfull for any Person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or herselfe to bee really endued with any Heroicall Vertue or transcendent Merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their severall pleas and pretences before Our Right trusty and Welbeloved Cozen and Councillor, Don Mercury and god Momus, &c. our peculiar Delegates for that affaire, to¹ whom We have Transferr'd an absolute power to conclude and determine, without Appeale or Revocation, accordingly as to their wisdomes it shall in such cases appeare behoovefull and expedient. Given at Our Palace in Olympus the first day of the first moneth, in the first yeare of the Reformation.

¹ Old editions have *upon*.

*Plutus*¹ enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thinne white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a buncht backe, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloth of gold.

Plutus appeares.

Merc. Who's this appeares ?

Mom. This is a subterranean fiend, *Plutus*, in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of gold ; a Poyson hid by Providence in the bottome of Seas and Navill of the earth from mans discovery ; where, if the seeds beganne to sprout above-ground, the excrescence was carefully guarded by Dragons ; yet at last by humane curiosity brought to light to their owne destruction, this being the true Pandora's box, whence issued all those mischiefes that now fill the Universe.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,
Which ought in Iustice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortall Powers ;
But to exclude the hope of partiall Grace
In all Pretenders who, since I descend
To equall tryall, must by my example,
Waving your favour, clayme by sole Desert.
If Vertue must inherit, shee's my slave ;
I lead her captive in a golden chaine
About the world ; shee takes her Forme and Being
From my creation ; and those barren seeds
That drop from Heaven, if I not cherish them
With my distilling dewes and fotive² heat,

¹ *Plutus* was the god of wealth in the mythological creed of the ancients ; but it seems questionable whether *Pluto* and *Plutus* were not the same.

² Nourishing.—D.

They know no vegetation ; but expos'd
To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not shoot forth at all, or budding wither.
Should I proclaime the daily sacrifice
Brought to my Temples by the toyling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject Beasts,
But humane sweat and blood powr'd on my Altars,
I might provoke the envy of the gods.
Turne but your eyes, and marke the busie world,
Climbing steepe Mountaines for the sparkling stone,
Piercing the Center for the shining Ore,
And th' Oceans bosome to rake pearly sands :
Crossing the torrid and the frozen Zones,
'Midst rocks and swallowing Gulfes, for gainful trade :
And through opposing fwords, fire, murdring Canon,
Skaling the walled Towne for precious spoyles.
Plant, in the passage to your heavenly feats,
These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
Advance his desperate foot ; yet am I fought,
And oft in vaine, through these and greater hazards :
I could discover how your Deities
Are for my sake fleighted, despis'd, abus'd ;
Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images
Uncover'd, rifled, rob'd, and difarray'd
By sacrilegious hands ; yet is this treasure
To th' golden Mountaine, where I sit ador'd,
With superstitious solemne rights convay'd,
And becomes sacred there, the fordid wretch
Not daring touch the consecrated Ore,
Or with prophane hands lessen the bright heape ;
But this might draw your anger downe on mortals,
For rendring me the homage due to you ;
Yet what is said may well expresse my power,
Too great for Earth, and onely fit for Heaven.
Now, for your pastime, view the naked root
Which, in the dirty earth and base mould drown'd,

Sends forth this precious Plant and golden fruit.
 You lusty Swaines, that to your grazing flocks
 Pipe amorous roundelayes; you toyling Hinds,
 That barbe the fields, and to your merry Teames
 Whistle your passions; and you mining Moles,
 That in the bowels of your mother-Earth
 Dwell, the eternall burthen of her wombe,
 Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you play,
 Sing, dance, and keepe a chearefull holyday.

*They dance the fourth Antimasque, consisting of
 Country people, musique, and measures.*

Merc. Plutus, the gods know and confesse your power,
 Which feeble Vertue seldome can resist;
 Stronger then Towers of brasse or Chastity;
 Iove knew you when he courted Danae,
 And Cupid weares you on that arrowes head,
 That still prevails. But the gods keepe their Thrones
 To enfall Vertue, not her Enemies.
 They dread thy force, which even themselves have felt:
 Witnesse Mount Ida, where the Martiall Maid
 And frowning Iuno did to mortall eyes
 Naked for gold their sacred bodies show!
 Therefore for ever be from heaven banish'd:
 But since with toyle from undiscover'd Worlds
 Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst breathe
 The thirst of Empire into Regall brests,
 And frightedst quiet Peace from her meek Throne,
 Filling the World with tumult, blood and warre;
 Follow the Camps of the contentious earth,
 And be the Conqu'ers slave; but he that can
 Or conquer thee, or give thee Vertues stampe,
 Shall shine in heaven a pure immortall Lampe.

Mom. Nay stay, and take my benediction along with you.

I could, being here a Co-Iudge, like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either raile at you, or breake jests upon you ; but I rather chuse to loose a word of good counsell, and entreat you to bee more carefull in your choysse of company ; for you are alwayes found either with Misers, that not use you at all, or with fooles, that know not how to use you wel. Be not hereafter so reserv'd and coy to men of worth and parts, and so you shall gaine such credit, as at the next Sessions you may be heard with better successe. But till you are thus reform'd, I pronounce this positive sentence, That wheresoever you shall chuse to abide, your society shall adde no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance, or totall absence, be matter of disparagement to any man ; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemn'd to weare perpetuall Motley, unlesse he recant his opinion. Now you may voyd the Court.

Pania enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her haire started up like a fury ; her Robe was of a darke color, full of patches ; about one of her hands was tide a chaine of Iron, to which was fastned a weighty stone, which shee bore up under her arme.

Pania enters.

Merc. What Creature's this ?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other ; they move like two Buckets, or as two nayles drive out one another. If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortall Powers)
But that the place your wisdome hath deny'd
My foe, your Iustice will conferre on me ;
Since that which renders him incapable
Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,
Even in these rags, a larger Soverainty

Then gaudy Wealth in all his pompe can boast ;
 For marke how few they are that share the World ;
 The numerous Armies, and the swarming Ants
 That fight and toyle for them, are all my Subjects ;
 They take my wages, weare my Livery :
 Invention too and Wit are both my creatures,
 And the whole race of Vertue is my Offspring ;
 As many mischiefes issue from my wombe,
 And those as mighty, as proceed from gold.
 Oft o're his Throne I wave my awfull Scepter,
 And in the bowels of his state command,
 When, 'midst his heapes of coyne and hils of gold,
 I pine and starve the avaritious foole.
 But I decline those titles, and lay clayme
 To heaven by right of Diuine contemplation ;
 She is my Darling ; I in my soft lap,
 Free from disturbing cares, bargaines, accounts,
 Leafes, Rents, Stewards, and the feare of theeves,
 That vex the rich, nurse her in calme repose,
 And with her all the Vertues speculative,
 Which but with me find no secure retreat.

For entertainment of this howre, I'll call
 A race of people to this place, that live
 At Natures charge, and not importune heaven
 To chayne the winds up, or keepe back the stormes,
 To stay the thunder, or forbid the hayle
 To thresh the unreap'd eare ; but to all weathers,
 Both chilling frost and skalding Sunne, expose
 Their equall face. Come forth, my swarthy traine,
 In this faire circle dance, and as you move,
 Marke and foretell happy events of Love.

They dance the fifth Antimasque of Gypsies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder, that your perpetuall conversation with Poets and Philosophers hath furnished you with

no more Logicke, or that you should thinke to impose upon us so grosse an inference, as, because Plutus and you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denyed of the one must be true of the other; as if it should follow of necessity, because he is not Iupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, then to swallow such a fallacie; for though you two cannot bee together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both, and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me advise you to marry your selfe to Content, and beget sage Apothegms and goodly morall Sentences, in dispraise of Riches and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poore needy wretch,
To claime a station in the Firmament,
Because thy humble Cottage or thy Tub
Nurfes some lazie or Pedantique virtue
In the cheape Sun-shine or by shady springs,
With roots and pot-herbs; where thy right hand,
Tearing those humane passions from the mind,
Vpon whose stockes faire blooming vertues flourish,
Degradeth Nature, and benummeth sense,
And, Gorgon-like, turnes active men to stone.
We not require the dull society
Of your necessitated Temperance,
Or that unnaturall stupidity
That knowes nor joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
Falsly exalted passive Fortitude
Above the active. This low abject brood,
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile minds; but we advance
Such vertues onely as admit excesse:
Brave bounteous Acts, Regall Magnificence,
All-seeing Prudence, Magnanimity
That knowes no bound, and that Heroicke vertue
For which Antiquity hath left no name,

But patternes only, such as Hercules,
 Achilles, Theseus. Backe to thy loath'd cell!
 And when thou feest the new enlightned Spheare,
 Study to know but what those Worthies were.

Tiche enters, her head bald behind, and one great locke before; wings at her shoulders, and in her hand a wheele; her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her garment wrought all over with Crownes, Scepters, Bookes, and such other things as expresse both her greatest and smallest gifts.

Mom. See, where Dame Fortune comes; you may know Her by her wheele, and that vaile over eyes, with which She hopes, like a feel'd¹ Pigeon, to mount above the Clouds, And perch in the eight Spheare: listen, she begins.

Fort. I come not here, you gods, to plead the Right
 By which Antiquity assign'd my Deitie,
 Though no peculiar station 'mongst the Stars,
 Yet generall power to rule their influence;
 Or boast the Title of Omnipotent,
 Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Iove,
 Since you have cancell'd all those old records.
 But, confident in my good cause and merit,
 Claime a succession in the vacant Orbe;
 For since Astræa fled to heaven, I fit
 Her Deputy on Earth; I hold her scales,
 And weigh mens Fates out, who have made me blind,
 Because themselves want eyes to see my causes,
 Call me inconstant, 'cause my workes surpassè
 The shallow fathom of their human reason;
 Yet here, like blinded Iustice, I dispence
 With my impartiall hands their constant lots;
 And if desertlesse, impious men engrossè

¹ Hooded, a term of Falconry.—D.

My best rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,
 That scant your graces to mortality,
 And, niggards of your good, scarce spare the world
 One vertuous for a thousand wicked men.
 It is no error to conferre dignity,
 But to bestow it on a vicious man ;
 I gave the dignity, but you made the vice ;
 Make you men good, and I'll make good men happy.
 That Plutus is refus'd, dismaies me not ;
 He is my Drudge, and the externall pompe
 In which he decks the world proceeds from me,
 Not him; like Harmony, that not resides
 In strings or notes, but in the hand and voyce.
 The revolutions of Empires, States,
 Scepters and Crownes, are but my game and sport,
 Which as they hang on the events of Warre,
 So those depend upon my turning wheele.
 You warlike Squadrons who, in battles joyn'd,
 Dispute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
 Present the modell of that martiall frame,
 By which, when Crownes are stak'd, I rule the game.

*They dance the sixth Antimaske, being the
 representation of a Battell.*

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso clamore*,
 for preferring a scandalous cros-bill of recrimination against
 the gods, but your blindnesse shall excuse you. Alas! what
 would it advantage you, if vertue were as univerrall as vice is ?
 It would onely follow that, as the world now exclames upon
 you for exalting the vicious, it would then raile as fast at you
 for depressing the vertuous ; so they would still keepe their
 tune, though you chang'd their ditty.

Merc. The mists in which future events are wrap'd,
 That oft succeed beside the purposes

Of him that workes, his dull eyes not discerning
 The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
 To his enquiring search ; so in the darke
 The groping world first found thy Deity,
 And gave thee rule over contingencies,
 Which to the piercing eye of Providence
 Being fix'd and certaine, where past and to come
 Are alwayes present, thou dost disappeare,
 Lofest thy being, and art not at all.
 Be thou then onely a deluding Phantome,
 At best a blind guide, leading blinder fooles
 Who, would they but survey their mutuall wants,
 And helpe each other, there were left no roome
 For thy vaine ayd. Wisedome, whose strong-built plots
 Leave nought to hazard, mockes thy futile power :
 Industrious labour drags thee by the lockes,
 Bound to his toying Car and, not attending
 Till thou dispence, reaches his owne reward.
 Onely the lazie sluggard yawning lyes
 Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
 And lickes the easie hand that feeds his sloth ;
 The shallow, rash and unadvised man
 Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
 Of his mis-guided actions on thy shoulders.
 Vanish from hence, and seeke those ideots out
 That thy fantasticke god-head hath allow'd,
 And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone, Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a
 light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver and gold ; her
 Temples crown'd with a garland of Roses, and over that
 a rainbow circling her head downe to her shoulders.

Hedone enters.

Merc. What wanton's this?

Mom. This is the sprightly Lady Hedone: a merry gamester this; people call her Pleasure.

Plea. The reasons (equall Iudges,) here alleag'd
 By the difmist Pretenders, all concurre
 To strengthen my juſt title to the ſpheare.
 Honour or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
 Have in themſelves no ſimple reall good,
 But as they are the meanes to purchaſe Pleaſure:
 The paths that lead to my delicious Palace.
 They for my ſake, I for mine owne, am prized.
 Beyond me nothing is; I am the Gole,
 The journeys end, to which the ſweating world
 And wearied Nature travels. For this the beſt
 And wiſeſt ſect of all Philoſophers
 Made me the ſeat of ſupreme happineſſe;
 And though ſome more aſtere upon my ruines
 Did to the prejudice of Nature raiſe
 Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas becauſe
 They wanted wings to reach my ſoaring pitch.
 Had they beene Princes borne, themſelves had prov'd
 Of all mankind the moſt luxurious.
 For thoſe delights, which to their low condition
 Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
 Suck'd and devour'd: from offices of State,
 From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, feares,
 Retir'd, the churliſh Cynicke in his Tub
 Enjoy'd thoſe pleaſures which his tongue defam'd.
 Nor am I rank'd 'mongſt the ſuperfluous goods;
 My neceſſary offices preſerve
 Each ſingle man, and propagate the kind.
 Then am I univerſall as the light
 Or common ayre we breath; and ſince I am
 The generall deſire of all mankinde,
 Civil Felicity muſt reſide in me.
 Tell me what rate my choyceſt pleaſures beare,

The Works of

When, for the short delight of a poore draught
 Of cheape cold water great Lyfimachus
 Rendred himfelfe slave to the Scythians?
 Should I the curious ftructure of my feats,
 The art and beauty of my feverall objects,
 Rehearfe at large, your bounties would referve
 For every fenfe a proper constellation;
 But I prefent their Perfons to your eyes.

Come forth, my fubtle Organs of delight,
 With changing figures pleafe the curious eye,
 And charme the eare with moving Harmonie.

They dance the feventh Antimafke of the five fenfes.

Merc. Bewitching fyren, gilded rottenneffe,
 Thou haft with cunning artifice difplay'd
 Th' enamel'd outside and the honied verge
 Of the faire cup, where deadly poyfon lurkes.
 Within a thoufand forrowes dance the round;
 And like a fhell Paine circles thee without;
 Griefe is the fhadow waiting on thy fteps,
 Which, as thy joyes 'ginne tow'rds their Weft decline,
 Doth to a Gyants fpreading forme extend
 Thy Dwarfifh ftature. Thou thy felfe art Paine;
 Greedy, intenfè Defire, and the keene edge
 Of thy fierce Appetite oft ftrangles thee,
 And cuts thy flender thread; but ftill the terror
 And apprehenfion of thy hafty end
 Mingles with Gall thy moft refined fweets;
 Yet thy Cyrcaean charmes transforme the world.
 Captaines that have refifted warre and death,
 Nations that over Fortune have triumphed;
 Are by thy Magicke made effeminate;
 Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
 Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
 Thou wert the Author of the firft exceffe

That drew this reformation on the gods.
 Canst thou then dreame, those Powers that from heaven have
 Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the' cause?
 To thy voluptuous Denne flye, Witch, from hence,
 There dwell for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concurre, and am growne so weary of these tedious
 pleadings, as I'le packe up too and be gone. Besides, I see a
 crowd of other suitors pressing hither; I'le stop 'em, take their
 petitions, and preferre 'em above; and as I came in bluntly with-
 out knocking, and nobody bid mee welcome, so I'le depart
 as abruptly without taking leave, and bid no bodie farewell.

Merc. These with forc'd reasons and strain'd arguments
 Urge vaine pretences, whilst your Actions plead,
 And with a silent importunity
 Awake the droufie Iustice of the gods
 To Crowne your deeds with immortality.
 The growing Titles of your Ancestors,
 These Nations' glorious Acts, joyn'd to the stocke
 Of your owne Royall vertues, and the cleare
 Reflexe they take from th' imitation
 Of your fam'd Court, make Honors storie full,
 And have to that secure fix'd state advanc'd
 Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
 Wading through streames of blood, sweats to aspire.
 Those Ancient Worthies of these famous Isles,
 That long have slept, in fresh and lively shapes
 Shall straight appeare, where you shall see your selfe
 Circled with moderne Heroes, who shall be
 In Act, whatever elder times can boast
 Noble or Great, as they in Prophecie
 Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
 The sacred hand of bright Eternitie

¹ In the old copies *tb*.

Mould you to Stars, and fix you in the Spheare.
 To you, your Royall halfe, to them shee'll joyne
 Such of this traine, as with industrious steps
 In the faire prints your vertuous feet have made,
 Though with unequall paces, follow you.
 This is decreed by Iove, which my returne
 Shall see perform'd; but first behold the rude
 And old Abiders here, and in them view
 The point from which your full perfections grew;
 You naked, ancient, wild Inhabitants,
 That breath'd this Ayre, and prest this flowery Earth,
 Come from those shades where dwels eternall night,
 And see what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas and the Spheare vaniseth, and a new Scène appears of mountaines, whose eminent height exceed the Clouds, which past beneath them; the lower parts were wild and woody: out of this place comes forth a more grave Antimasque of Picts, the naturall Inhabitants of this Isle, antient Scots and Irish; these dance a Perica, or Martiall dance.

When this Antimasque was past, there began to arise out of the earth the top of a hill which, by little and little, grew to bee a huge mountaine, that covered all the Scène; the under part of this was wild and craggy, and above somewhat more pleafant and flourishing; about the middle part of this Mountaine were seated the three kingdomes of England, Scotland, and Ireland, all richly attired in regall habits, appropriated to the severall Nations, with Crownes on their heads, and each of them bearing the ancient Armes of the kingdomes they represented. At a distance above these sate a young man in a white embroidered robe; upon his faire haire an Olive garland with wings at his shoulders, and holding in his hand a Cornucopia fill'd with corne and fruits, representing the Genius of these kingdomes.

The First Song.

GENIUS.

*Raise from these rockie cliffs your heads,
Brave Sonnes, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings ; where Majesty,
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
Diffusive joy ; where Good and Faire
United sit in Honours chayre.
Call forth your aged Priests and chrystall streames,
To warme their hearts and waves in these bright beames.*

KINGDOMES.

1. *From your consecrated woods,
Holy Druids ; 2. Silver floods,
From your channels fring'd with flowers,*
3. *Hither move ; forsake your bowers*
1. *Strew'd with hallowed Oaken leaves,
Deck'd with flags and sedge sheaves,
And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
What doe your duller eyes survey ?*

CHORVS OF DRUIDS AND RIVERS.

*We see at once, in dead of night,
A Sun appeare, and yet a bright
Nooneday springing from Starre-light.*

GENIUS.

*Looke up, and see the darkned Spheare
Depriv'd of light ; her eyes shine here.*

CHORVS.

These are more sparkling then those were.

The Works of

KINGDOMES.

1. *These shed a nobler influence,*
2. *These by a pure intelligence*
Of more transcendent Vertue move ;
3. *These first feele, then kindle love ;*
1. 2. *From the bosomes they inspire,*
These receive a mutuall fire ;
1. 2. 3. *And where their flames impure returne,*
These can quench as well as burne.

GENIVS.

Here the fare victorious eyes
Make Worth onely Beauties prize ;
Here the hand of Vertue tyes
'Bout the heart loves amorous chayne ;
Captives tryumph, vassals reigne,
And none live here but the slaine.

CHORVS.

These are th' Hesperian bowers, whose faire trees beare
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.

GENIVS.

Then from your impris'ning wombe,
Which is the cradle and the tombe
Of British Worthies, (faire sonnes) send
A troope of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of love.

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. *Open thy stony entrailles wide,*
And breake old Atlas, that the pride
Of three fam'd kingdomes may be spy'd.

CHORVS.

*Pace forth, thou mighty British Hercules,
With thy choyce band, for onely thou and these
May revell here in Loves Hesperides.*

At this, the under-part of the Rocke opens, and out of a Cave are seene to come the Masquers, richly attired like ancient Heroes, the Colours yellow, embroydered with silver, their antique Helmes curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troope of young Lords and Noble-mens sonnes, bearing Torches of Virgin-wax. These were apparelled after the old British fashion in white Coats, embroydered with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square coller'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them. First these dance with their lights in their hands, after which the Masquers descend into the roome, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appeares in the further part of the heaven comming downe a pleasant Cloud, bright and transparent which, comming softly downewards before the upper part of the mountaine, embraceth the Genius, but so as through it all his body is seene; and then rising againe with a gentle motion, beares up the Genius of the three kingdomes, and being past the Airy Region, pierceth the heavens, and is no more seene; at that instant, the Rocke with the three kingdomes on it sinkes, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration, but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the Stage, which was but six foot high.

The second Song.

KINGDOMES.

1. *Here are shapes form'd fit for heaven;*
2. *These move gracefully and even.*

The Works of

3. *Here the Ayre and paces meet
So just, as if the skilfull feet
Had struck the Vials.—1. 2. 3. So the Eare
Might the tunefull footing heare.*

CHORVS.

*And had the Musicke silent beene,
The eye a moving tune had seene.*

GENIVS.

*These must in the unpeopled skie
Succeed, and governe Destinie:
Iove is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend
And helpe the Worke.*

KINGDOMES.

1. *We cannot lend
Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay
But rendring what it takes away.
Why should they, that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?*

CHORVS.

*Or be to one eternall posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide?*

GENIVS.

*Iove shall not, to enrich the Skie,
Beggard the Earth: their Fame shall flye
From hence alone, and in the Spheare
Kindle new Starres, whilst they rest here.*

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. *How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Yet hit the marke?*

GENIUS.

*Did not the River
Eridanus the grace acquire
In Heaven and Earth to flow:
Above in streames of golden fire,
In silver waves below?*

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. *But shall not wee, now thou art gone
Who wert our Nature, wither,
Or breake that triple Vnion
Which thy soule held together?*

GENIUS.

*In Concords pure immortall Spring
I will my force renew,
And a more active Vertue bring
At my returne. Adieu.*

KINGDOMES. *Adieu.*—CHORVS. *Adieu.*

The Masquers dance their maine dance; which done, the Scæne againe is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, cleane differing from all the other; the nearest part shewing a delicious garden, with severall walkes and parterra's set round with low trees, and on the sides, against these walkes, were fountaines and grots, and in the furthest part a Palace, from whence went high walkes upon Arches, and above them open Terraces planted with Cypresse trees; and all this together was composed of such Ornaments as might expresse a Princely Villa.

From hence the Chorus, descending into the roome, goes up to the State.

The third Song.

BY THE CHORUS GOING UP TO THE QUEENE.

*Whilst thus the darlings of the Gods
From Honours Temple to the Shrine
Of Beauty and these sweet abodes
Of Loue we guide, let thy Diuine
Aspects (bright Deity) with faire
And Halcyon beames becalme the Ayre.*

*We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
St. George himselfe (great Queene) to you :
You'll soone discern him ; and we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-Table Knight, as ever fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought.*

*Plant in their Martiall hands, Warr's feat,
Your peacefull pledges of warme snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Loves knowne language tales of woe :
Say in soft whispers of the Palme,
As Eyes shoot darts, so Lips shed Balme.*

*For though you seeme, like Captives, led
In triumph by the Foe away,
Yet on the Conqu'ers necke you tread,
And the fierce Viſtor proves your prey ;
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue ?*

The Song done, they retire, and the Masquers dance the Revels with the Ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Majesty seated under the State by the Queene, for Conclusion to this Masque there appears comming forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great Cloud which, arriving at the middle of the heaven, stayeth; this was of severall colours, and so great, that it covered the whole Scène. Out of the further part of the heaven begins to breake forth two other Clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there appeared sitting in one of them Religion, Truth, and Wisdom. Religion was apparelled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light vaile, in one hand a booke, and in the other a flame of fire: Truth in a Watchet Robe, a Sunne upon her fore-head, and bearing in her hand a Palme; Wisdom in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rayes about her head, and Apollo's Cithera in her hand. In the other Cloud sat Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was Carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of stickes bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corne on her head; Government was figured in a coat of Armour, bearing a shield, and on it a Medusa's head, upon her head a plumed helme, and in her right hand a Lance; Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurell wreath on his head. These being come downe in an equall distance to the middle part of the Ayre, the great Cloud beganne to breake open, out of which strooke beames of light; in the midst, suspended in the Ayre, sat Eternity on a Globe; his Garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with Stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a circle, with his taylor in his mouth. In the firmament about him was a troope of fifteene starres, expressing the stellifying of our British Heroes; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured his Majesty: and in the lower part

was seene, a farre off, the prospect of Windsor Castell, the famous feat of the most honourable Order of the Garter.

The fourth Song.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALETHIA, SOPHIA, HOMONOIA,
DICÆARCHE, EUPHEMIA.

ETERNITIE.

*Be fix'd, you rapid Orbes, that beare
The changing seasons of the yeare
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepit spheare growne darke and cold ;
Nor did love quench her fires : these bright
Flames have ecclips'd her sullen light :
This Royall Payre, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still ;
Since Good is here so perfect, as no Worth
Is left for After-Ages to bring forth.*

EVSEBIA.

*Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeale the gods adore.*

ALETHIA.

*My Truths, from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.*

SOPHIA.

*Nor doe their Actions from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.*

HOMONOIA.

*And as their owne pure Soules entwin'd,
So are their Subjeēts hearts combin'd.*

DICÆARCHE.

*So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seemes Empire to obey.*

EVPHEMIA.

*And their faire Fame, like incense hurl'd
On Altars, hath perfum'd the world.*
So. *Wisdome.*—AL. *Truth.*—EUS. *Pure Adoration.*
Ho. *Concord.*—DI. *Rule.*—EUP. *Cleare Reputation.*

CHORVS.

Crowne this King, this Queene, this Nation.

CHORVS.

Wisdome, truth, &c.

ETERNITIE.

*Brave Spirits, whose adventrous feet
Have to the Mountaines top aspir'd,
Where faire Desert and Honour meet,
Here from the toyling Presse retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evill,
For ever in my Temple revell.*

*With wreatbes of Starres circled about,
Guild all the spacious firmament,
And, smiling on the panting Rout
That labour in the steepe ascent,
With your resistlesse influence guide
Of human change th' uncertaine tide.*

The Works of

EVS. ALE. SOP.

*But oh, you royall Turtles, sbed,
When you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruit of your chaste bed
Those sacred seeds of Love*

CHORVS.

*Which no Power can but yours dispence,
Since you the patterne beare from hence.*

HOM. DIC. EVP.

*Then from your fruitfull race shall flow
Endlesse Succession;
Scepters shall bud, and Lawrels blow
Bout their immortall Throne.*

CHORVS.

*Propitious Starres shall crowne each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.*

The song ended, the two Clouds, with the person sitting on them, ascend; the great Cloud clofeth againe, and so passeth away overthwart the Scæne, leaving nothing behind it but a serene Skye. After which, the Masquers dance[d] their last dance, and the Curtaine was let fall.

The Names of the Masquers.

THE KINGS MAJESTY.

Duke of LENOX,	Lord FEILDING,
Earle of DEVONSHIRE,	Lord DIGBY,
Earle of HOLLAND,	Lord DUNGARVAN,
Earle of NEWPORT,	Lord DUNLUCE,
Earle of ELGIN,	Lord WHARTON,
Viscount GRANDISON,	Lord PAGET,
Lord RICH,	Lord SALTON.

The Names of the young Lords and
Noble-mens Sonnes.

Lord WALDEN,	Mr THOMAS HOWARD,
Lord CRANBORNE,	Mr THOMAS EGERTON,
Lord BRACKLEY,	Mr CHARLES CAVENDISH,
Lord CHANDOS,	Mr ROBERT HOWARD,
Mr WILLIAM HERBERT,	Mr HENRY SPENCER.

FINIS.

The Songs and Dialogues of this Booke
were fet with apt Tunes to them, by M^r.
HENRY LAWES, one of His Majesties
Musitians.¹

¹ Not in the 4^{to} of 1634.



Supplement.

THE ENQUIRY.¹

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk't,
Love and my sighes thus intertalk't:
Tell me (said I in deepe distresse)
Where may I find my shepheardesse?

Thou fool, (said love,) knowst thou not this?
In every thing that's good shee is;
In yonder tulip goe and seeke,
There thou maist find her lip, her cheeke.

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

¹ This and the following poem are the two pieces referred to as being of doubtful authorship; but it seems to be tolerably clear that they proceeded from the pen of Herrick.

In brightest lilies that there stands,
 The emblems of her whiter hands ;
 In yonder rising hill there smells
 Such sweets as in her bosome dwells.

'Tis true, (said I,) and thereupon
 I wente to plucke them one by one,
 To make of parts a union,
 But on a suddaine all was gone.

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,
 Like these short sweets thus knit together.

THE PRIMROSE.



ASKE me why I fend you here
 This sweet Infanta of the yeere ?
 Aske me why I fend to you
 This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew ?
 I will whisper to your eares,
 The sweets of love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do's show
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